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The Colonial Review.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND SOCIETY.

VOL. 1.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

NO. 12.

NEW LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE COLONIAL REVIEW.

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Art, and Society. This Journal is published simultaneously in the Cities of Saint John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S. and is devoted to the Political, Literary, Educational and Social interests of the Lower Provinces.

The Colonial Review will be published every Saturday morning in St. John and Halifax. Its contents will be mainly original, consisting of well-considered Editorials on Colonial topics, Essays, Reviews of New Books, Original Tales, Poetry, &c. It is believed by the Editors, that these Colonies have wandered too far from the wise conservatism of European Institutions, and approached too near to that ultra democracy which has so nearly ruined the neighbouring Republic. It will therefore be one of the objects of this journal, to urge upon the people of the Lower Provinces, a return to English ideas, and a modification to some degree, of the system of Universal Suffrage. Experience has proved the fact that while Property should not of itself be the controlling power in the state or be suffered to assume a dictatorial position on the government, it ought to be allowed to exert its due influence. Citizens who are bound to their country by the ties of interest, who, in brief, have something to lose are apt to prove the wisest patriots and the safest politicians.

Particular attention will be paid, and a department of the Periodical devoted to the subject of popular Education. All the great intercolonial questions such as the Union of the Provinces under one Government, the development of their Agricultural, Mining, and Manufacturing resources, &c. etc. will receive due notice.

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Steamers.

WINNSOR and DIGBY Steamers. "EMPEROR" leaves St. John on Monday and Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. On Tuesday and Friday evenings at high water.

The "Emperor" offers an amusement to ladies and tourists and all who wish to spend a day of recreation. Persons wishing to visit Digby merely for pleasure to return same day will be charged but One Fare Return Tickets free, which will be good for one day only.

THOS. HATHEWAY, Agent, 40 Dock Street.

UNION LINE Great Reduction.

In Paris Through Route Boston and Portland. Fredericton, Woodstock, Tobique and Grand Falls. Steamers of this Line leave Indiantown for Fredericton on Monday, at 12 o'clock noon. Tuesday at 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon. Thursday, at 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., Friday at 12 o'clock noon. Saturday at 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., and during the height of water connecting with Steamer Woodstock, Tobique, and Grand Falls.

The new and fast Steamer "Antelope," has been put upon the route in the place of the "St. John," and the fare to Fredericton and further on will be by both the Steamers "Antelope," and "Forest Queen," One Dollar and by the Steamer "Anna Augusta," the fare is still continued at the low rate of Fifty Cents.

This Line connects with the Steamers of the International Steamship Co., a Steamer of which Line leaves St. John on every Monday and Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock, for

THOS. HATHEWAY, Agent, 40 Dock Street.

TRAVEL NOTICES.

PORTLAND, First Class.....\$4.50
BOSTON.....5.50

Passengers wishing to take Railway between Portland and Boston can do so by paying 50 cents extra upon the Boston Steamer.

Through Tickets can be prepared at Fredericton of the Agent of the "Union Line," and of the Agents of the International Co. at Boston and Portland; and upon the Steamers of all the connecting Lines from the Clerks.

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Drugs and Chemicals.

J. CHALONER, Druggist, corner of King and Germain Streets, St. John, N. B., Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Brushes, Fancy Soaps, Sponges, Artists' Materials, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Botanic Herbs, Syringes, Trusses, Pessaries, Garden and Flower Seeds, Leeches, Syrups, Empty Phials, Toilet Goods, Proprietors of the Tonic Extract, Chaloner's Stove Varnish, Compound Syrup of Bonol, Agents for Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Feno-Phosphorated Elixir of Calia's Bark, Blood Food, Delia's Hair Restorative, Ayer's Medicine, Perry Davis' Pain Killer, &c. &c.

Prescriptions carefully prepared. Phials of Castor Oil, Hair Oil, Peppermint, Flavoring Extracts, &c., for Country Trade, always on hand.

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Foundries.

CITY FOUNDRY, FREDERICTON, N. B. Geo. Todd, Proprietor. Constantly on hand; at the above establishment, Ploughs of a variety of patterns and adapted to all the purposes to which they may be applied. A good assortment of Cook, Parlor and Glass Stoves. Iron and Brass Castings of all descriptions executed in good style and at the shortest notice.

Blacksmith work in all its various branches attended to with promptness and dispatch.

Also, Waggon-Team and Pleasure, manufactured from Native and American woods. Parties wishing a good article are respectfully requested to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Orders respectfully solicited.

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Hotels.

LAWRENCE HOTEL, 106 Prince William

Dry Goods.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS Warehouse! Per steamships "Asia," "Mavrocordatos," and "Talisman" Hales White Shirtings, Hales Striped Shirtings, Hales Print do., Hales Flannels, cases Dressings, cases Mantles and Ribbons, cases Bonnets and Hats, cases Shirts, &c. &c. Oct. 1. BELL & ANDERSON.

LIVERPOOL HOUSE! Granville Street. We now offer one of the largest and best selected Stocks ever imported by us, containing every novelty in Dress Goods, Ribbons, Flowers, and FEATHERS, Cloths, Blankets, Flannels; every kind of Cotton Goods, wholesale and Retail. WETMORE & McCULLOCH. Oct. 1

NEW DRESS MATERIAL.

CHARLES ROBSON & Co., Have received ex Roseneath and Steamers the largest Novelties in French and German Hops, Winceys, Wool Plaids, Shirtings, Black and Fancy Silks, PAISLEY FILLED LONG SHAWLS, new styles in Wool Long Shawls, Black, Wool and Hordered Shawls, Sewed Muslin Collars and Sets, Autumn Bonnet Ribbons, French Kid Gloves in Black, White and colored, assorted—from Paris via Liverpool. Oct. 1.

HORSFALL & SHERATON, 45 King Street, St. JOHN, N. B. Importers of Silks, Woollens, Cottons, Linens, Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, Parasols, Lace and Muslin Goods, Haberdashery, and Family Mourning. A large Stock of House Furnishing Goods, in Carpets and Hearth Rugs, English and American Floor Cloths, Window Poles and Cornices, Curtain Materials and Trimmings, Leather Cloth for Carriages, &c. Oct. 1.

SAMUEL BROWN, 31 King Street, St. JOHN, N. B., importer of British, French & American DRY GOODS, are constantly receiving by Steamers and Packet Ships: Mantles, Silks, Shawls, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Bonnets, Hats, Laces, Crapes, Velvets, Fancy Dress Goods, Gloves and Hosiery, Parasols, Linens, Prints, Cottons, Flannels, Blankets, Threads, Trimmings of all kinds, Carpets, Druggets, Cotton Warps, &c., Family Mourning, Millinery, and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail. Oct. 1 3m

NO. 1, IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, Prince William Street. MAGEE BROTHERS have received from Europe, per steamers via Halifax and Boston, part of their Fall Importation, consisting of mantles, mantle cloths, ladies' dress materials, in plain and fancy receps, winceys, de laines and poplins; cottons, in white, gray, and printed; blankets, &c. &c. The remainder of stock expected by successive mail steamers and sailing vessels. The above goods having been selected by Mr. Wm. Magee, every confidence is felt in recommending them. Oct. 1.

NEW FALL GOODS.

GEORGE ALEXANDER Has just got to hand a large and varied Stock of New and Fashionable GOODS, consisting in part of— New Mantles, New Laces, New Mantle Cloths, New Ribbons, New Shawls, New Flowers, New Silks, New Feathers, New Velvets, New Felt Hats, New Dresses, New Bonnets, New Winceys, New Corsets, New Prints, New Kid Gloves, with a choice assortment of Millinery, in Trim'd Bonnets, Dress Caps, Head Dresses, Coronets, Trim'd Felt Hats, Bonnet Shapes, and Bonnet Borders, in all the newest styles. Chenille Nets, &c. &c. Oct. 1. 108 GRANVILLE STREET.

SAMUEL BROWN, 31 King Street, St. JOHN, N. B., importer of British, French & American DRY GOODS, are constantly receiving by Steamers and Packet Ships: Mantles, Silks, Shawls, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Bonnets, Hats, Laces, Crapes, Velvets, Fancy Dress Goods, Gloves and Hosiery, Parasols, Linens, Prints, Cottons, Flannels, Blankets, Threads, Trimmings of all kinds, Carpets, Druggets, Cotton Warps, &c., Family Mourning, Millinery, and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail. Oct. 1. 3m

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NEW FALL GOODS.

GEORGE ALEXANDER Has just got to hand a large and varied Stock of New and Fashionable GOODS, consisting in part of— New Mantles, New Laces, New Mantle Cloths, New Ribbons, New Shawls, New Flowers, New Silks, New Feathers, New Velvets, New Felt Hats, New Dresses, New Bonnets, New Winceys, New Corsets, New Prints, New Kid Gloves, with a choice assortment of Millinery, in Trim'd Bonnets, Dress Caps, Head Dresses, Coronets, Trim'd Felt Hats, Bonnet Shapes, and Bonnet Borders, in all the newest styles. Chenille Nets, &c. &c. Oct. 1. 108 GRANVILLE STREET.

Per steamers "Talisman" and "Arabia" FALL GOODS! H. MIGNOWITZ & Co., have received per above arrivals a portion of their Fall Stock, comprising, Plain, Checked, Embossed, and Embroidered Repps; Checked and Plain 3-4 and 6-4 Winceys; Embroidered Lama Cloths, Zambesi Checks, French Merinoes, Alpacaes, Muslins, Colours, French Delaines, &c., &c. — a large assortment Printed Cambrics, Grey Cottons, White and Striped Shirtings, Freecy Cottons, Ticks, Brown and Blue Denims, Black Mantle Cloths, Black, Scarlet, and Blue Napped Cloaking, Doeskins, Towels, &c. &c. Also, a large assortment Black, Black and White Checked and Filled Shawls, at very low prices. Furs Mink, Sable, Opossum, Musquash, Imit. Ermine Seaside and Mexican Boas, Hareskin, Mexican Musquash, Imit. Ermine, Black Goat, and Monkeyskin Muffs; with a large variety of other Seasonable Goods. On hand: about 1000 yds. all Wool Country Homespun. Remainder of Fall Supplies expected per "Annie Laurie" and steamers. PALACE BUILDINGS, Halifax, Oct. 1. 142 Granville street.

Dry Goods.

LONDON HOUSE, North Side of Market Square, Saint John, N. B.

DANIEL & BOYD

Importers of British and French Merchandise, are constantly receiving by Steamers and Packet Ships Ladies' Dress Materials, in all the newest styles, Shawls, Mantles, Visites, Furs, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, and Muslin Work, Parasols, Umbrellas, Silks, Satins, crapes, Velvets, Linens, Cottons, Flannels, Blankets, Broadcloths, Kerseys, Satinets, Vestings, Ticks, Denims, Drills, Moreens, Damasks, Threads, and Trimmings of all kinds, Carpets, Druggets, Hearth Rugs, cotton Warps, &c., &c.

Also, in the Wholesale Department will be found, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Boots and Shoes, with a large variety in Millinery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail. Oct. 1.

MAGEE BROS. No. 1 Imperial Buildings, Prince William Street, importers of Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS. In addition to the general assortment usually found in large houses this establishment pays particular attention to the Manufacturing of Mantles. And this department will always be found replete with the latest and choicest novelties from the London and Paris Houses.

French and German Fancy Goods in large variety, German Woofs of all kinds, and assortments of patterns for the various kinds of Fancy Work. St. John, Oct. 1.

BEARD & VENNING,

IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ENGLISH & AMERICAN DRY GOODS, Wholesale and Retail.

40 Prince William Street, opposite the end of the South Market Wharf. ST. JOHN, N. B.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE

The undersigned have entered into Co-partnership, as importers of Goods, in English, French, and other Foreign Goods, under the style and firm of MAGEE BROTHERS;—Wholesale and Retail. C. O. VAUX. H. VAUX.

GLASGOW HOUSE, Topolett's Buildings, No. 162 Granville Street. The above Establishment will be open in a few days, with entirely New Stock of which due notice will be given. Halifax, Oct. 1. V. B.

Groceries.

SMOKING TOBACCO—5 boxes Bird's Eye, natural leaf Tobacco, just received per Halifax—very choice. Halifax, Oct. 1. JAMES SCOTT.

The Finest and Cheapest TEA

Groceries.

1862.....FALL.....1862.

LESSON & CO. beg to call the attention of their customers and Wholesale Dealers generally, to their FALL IMPORTATIONS, per Roseneath, Scotia and Guiltina, from Great Britain, comprising— 300 chests sup. Congou and Souchong TEA 20 half chests do. do. do. 10 hogheads Hennessy's BRANDY 15 qtr. casks do. do. do. 20 hogheads GENEVA } DeKuyper's and 35 qtr. casks do. } other brands. 75 cases do. do. 120 do. Whiskey and Old Tom 4 puncheons Campbelltown Whiskey 120 kegs Coleman's Mustard 35 boxes Crown Blue 8 chests East India Indigo 100 cases Carbonate Soda 10 do. Crystal do. 5 do. Crosse & Blackwell's PICKLES 5 do. E. Lazenby & Sons do. 8 do. Cassia 4 bales Senna Leaves 100 boxes T. D. Pipes 70 do. Woodstock do.

Also—in Store and Warehouse, Puncheons MOLASSES, Java and Demarara RUM, hogheads Porto Rico and Barbadoes SUGAR, barrels Crushed Sugar, boxes and kegs Tobacco, boxes Soap, Candles and Spices, sides New York and Nova Scotia Sole Leather, barrels Extra State and Superfine FLOUR, barrels Meal, bags Rice, Oatmeal, etc., etc., together with the usual varied assortment of Goods in their line. All of which are offered at Lowest Market Rates. 17 Corner of Duke and Barrington Streets. Halifax, Oct. 18.

Petroleum Oils.

EXPLOSIVE, HAZARDOUS, AND EXTRA HAZARDOUS.—The leading Fire Insurance Companies of the United States have declared Petroleum Oil, Well Oils, Earth Oils, and sundry other Oils as highly Dangerous, Liable to Explode, Hazardous and Extra Hazardous.

Of all Illuminating Oils, Albertino Oil is pre-eminently the best, it burns longer, gives a steadier light, and more light for less money than any other Oil. Albertino Oil is perfectly safe in use, and in this respect unlike many other Oils with numerous names, which are highly dangerous, explode in the Lamp, and set fire to persons and property—several instances of which have occurred in the vicinity within the past few weeks.

The Albertino Oil Company are now prepared to fill all orders, at Wholesale and Retail, for their genuine Albertino Oil, pure and unadulterated, manufactured from the celebrated Albert Coal.

JOHN McGRATH, Agent, Albertino Oil Depot, 33 Prince Wm. Street. St. John, Oct. 1

KEROSENE, or Refined Petroleum Oil. The subscriber is reluctant to notice the sweeping charge against Petroleum and all other oils, made by the agent of the Albertino Oil Company in St. John, but feels compelled to do so in defence of the oil sold by him.

This oil is cheaper than the Albertine, the cost of manufacture being less; it is quite as good and safe, and gives as much satisfaction to consumers. And when owners of property can effect insurance with first-class English offices, it is not likely they

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The Kerosene Oil sold by me has given universal satisfaction the last twelve months—and is now offered, in bond or duty paid, at lowest prices. Also at retail by W. K. RYAN, Chebucto Warehouse. Halifax, Oct. 11.

HATS, CAPS & FURS.

A large assortment of Felt Hats, in all the new and leading styles (personally selected by the subscriber), which will be sold wholesale and retail, at low prices. Now opened, one of the largest and best Stock of Furs ever offered to the public in this city, consisting of Fur Coats, Caps, Collars, Gloves, &c., Ladies Furs in every style and quality, made by the best workmen, and from selected Skins.

The Subscriber flatters himself that from the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and the many handsome testimonials received of his manufactures, both in this and other countries, that the public can with confidence rely upon getting a good article, and at a reasonable price.

Hats and Caps made to order. Ladies Furs made, altered and repaired, in the very best manner, and every satisfaction warranted. A. MAGEE. 27 King St. St. John, Oct. 1.

Attornies and Agents.

CHARLES W. WELDON, Attorney at Law, Notary Public, &c., SAINT JOHN, N. B.—Office, 84 Prince William Street. Oct. 1.

JOHN M. ROBINSON, Barrister and Attorney at Law, Notary, &c., No. 11 Princess Street, St. JOHN, N. B. Oct. 1.

C. W. WETMORE, Collector, Estate Broker and General Agent—Agent for the Life Association of Scotland. Office, Coy's Building, corner Queen and Regent Streets, Fredericton, N. B. Oct. 1.

JOHN JAMES FRASER, Attorney and Barrister at Law, and Notary Public. Also—Agent for the following Insurance Co.'s:—State Fire Insurance Co. of London, Capital, £500,000 sterling.—Canada Life Assurance Co., of Hamilton, Capital, £250,000. St. John, Oct. 1.

W. M. JARVIS, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc. Office—No. 4, Judge Ritchie's Building. St. John, Nov. 29, 1862.

MR. G. BLATCH, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, and CONVEYANCER, &c., has removed his Office to No. 3, Judge Ritchie's Building, Princess Street. Residence, 26 Mecklenburg Street. St. John, N. B., Nov. 29, 1862.

FRED. P. ROBINSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. Office—in the Old Post Office Building, Princess Street, St. John, N. B. Nov. 29, 1862.

Miscellaneous.

FANCY REPOSITORY, King St.

DELLA TORRE AND COMPANY, IMPORTERS OF FRENCH & ENGLISH FANCY GOODS, SAINT JOHN, N. B. ALSO, AT HALIFAX AND LONDON. Halifax, Oct. 1.

TO THE PUBLIC. New Livery Stables. The Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the Travelling Public generally, that he has taken the Stables in the rear of the ST. JOHN HOTEL, where parties desirous of a superior turn out can secure the same, on reasonable terms, by giving the Subscriber a call. The undersigned would solicit a share of public patronage. GEORGE STOCKFORD. N. B.—Horses boarded on reasonable terms. St. John, Oct. 1. G. S.

BURSLEM HOUSE, 153 Granville street. We have just received, ex

No. 9, Judge Ritchie's Building, Princess Street. Residence, 26 Mecklenburg Street. St. John, N. B., Nov. 29, 1862.

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BURSLEM HOUSE, 153 Granville street. We have just received, ex "Wild Horse," from Liverpool: part of our Fall Stock, amongst which are some very superior Gold Burnished and Enamelled China, Dessert, Tea, and Breakfast sets, of entirely new patterns and designs, beautiful Enamelled and Gilt Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, &c., &c. Cut Glass, Tumblers, Wine Decanters, Claret Jugs, Champagne Glasses, Liquors, Water Pitchers, Dishes, Custard Cups, Jelly Glasses, Goblets, Salt Cellars, &c., &c., together with a large stock of Assorted Ware, for Wholesale Buyers, which will be found as low as any in the Market! Also—Just landing from ship "Roseneath," a large assortment of Tobacco Pipes, from Glasgow. N. B.—The balance of Fall Stock daily expected per Melville, Rochambeau, Annie Laurie, and other vessels. JENNETT & TAYLOR. Halifax, Oct. 1.

SOME very superior Musical Boxes, playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 airs, which are offered for sale very low, 3 elegant French Clocks and Time Pieces, Alabaster and Gilt, A large assortment of Opera Glasses, of great power, A new stock of Stereoscopes and Views, Albums and Carte de Visite Portraits, in the greatest variety. Also—per "Halifax" from Boston—A few Children's Waggon or Cabs, with hoods. For sale low by DELLA TORRE & Co., Fancy Repository, Granville St. Oct. 1.

THE Colonial Review.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

Oh, give me the Old Love Again.

Oh, give me the old love again, now,
And I don't smile on in that style;
Sure, trouble has made me quite thin, now,
Oh, Barney, bear with me a while.

With Bryan I'll own I have sported,
But sure, dear, I thought it no sin;
Call back, now, the days when we courted,
And give me the old love again.

With Cupid I've trifled and dilted,
Until he smiles on me no more;
Oh! leave me not lone and deserted,
But give me your heart as before.

Now Barney, my honey, believe me—
For Bryan I don't care a pin,
Sure, darling, I'll no more deceive you,
If you'll give me the old love again.

Faith, Barney, just make your mind easy;
My flirting meant nothing at all,
And if 'twill in any way please you,
Why, sure, then, the priest you may call.

Myself knows you never was cruel,
I guess'd you'd all heart I should win,
So I'll leave off teasing, my jewel,
And be true to the old love again.

Our Edible Mollusca.

By J. R. WILLIS, Esq., Halifax, N. S.

THIRD ARTICLE.

PERIWINKLE—*Littorina littorea*.—(FAMILIAR.)—This species, though never introduced to our markets, may be collected at low tide very abundantly around the whole seaboard of Nova Scotia; it appears to me, after a close comparison, to be synonymous with the species of the same name occurring on the coasts of Great Britain. A quart of them, which I sent alive some time since to my scientific friends at Washington D. C. was considered quite a prize. Strange to say, though it is found here so commonly, it has not been to my knowledge, collected on any of the contiguous shores of the New England States.

Description.—SHELL, turbinated, thick, pointed, few-whorled; aperture rounded, outer lip acute, columella rather flattened, no umbilicus; operculum pauci spiral; color, blackish grey; within, purplish brown; margin white, with numerous brown spots. **ANIMAL.**—With muzzled-shaped head; elongated tentacles; eyes sessile at the outer base of the tentacles; mouth only with a lingual band; foot oblong, with a marginal furrow in front; Branchial plume single; operculum lobe, appendaged. (WALKE'S Manual of Mollusca, &c.)

EGG-CASE.—*PERIWINKLE*. *Lunatia Heros*.—(Say.) (*Natica Heros*.—Say. RESSEL, GOLD.)—Though scarcer than the preceding, this species is found most com-

by those who have used it, as the species which is found on the British coasts. Being synonymous with the very common and well known British Whelk, a scientific description of animal and shell is considered superfluous.

WHELK—*Fusus Islandicus* (GOLD.) Though not found so plentifully as *Buccinum Undatum*, it is pretty common in deep water around the whole coast. Parties who have eaten it inform me that they consider it quite a delicacy. The very fine specimen amongst the Nova Scotia Edible Mollusca at the exhibition, was collected at Sable Island, and presented to me by Dr. BERNARD GILBY, Halifax.

Description.—SHELL elongated, fusiform dilated in the middle, eight slightly convex volutions, spire regularly attenuated to the apex; aperture oblong-ovate, half the length of the shell; canal short, sinuous and wide; operculum horny; length, 2 1/2, aperture and canal 1 1/2 inches. **COLOR.**—Epidermis horn-colored, or soiled brown; surface beneath, whitish opale cent; within, pearly white. Annual unknown to me, I have never, as yet, succeeded in capturing a living specimen for the purpose of description.

WHELK—*Fusus Decemcostatus* (GOLD.)—This fine species, like the two preceding, is popularly called *Whelk*; it is much scarcer and more esteemed as an article of food than *F. Islandicus*. I have dredged dead specimens in Halifax Harbor in twelve to fourteen fathoms of water, and so far as I have ascertained it occurs at about the same depth around the whole coast; the specimen exhibited among Nova Scotia Edible Mollusca, was presented to me by Rev. JOHN AMBROSE, A. M., Rector of St. Margaret's Bay District, and is from that locality.

Description.—SHELL large, robust, solid, ventral-convex, oval; whorls, six or seven, obliquely flattened above the shoulder, and with stout, coarse, revolving ribs, there are about ten of these ribs on the body whorl, gradually diminishing beneath. On the upper whorls the ribs are reduced to two or three large and coarse ones, which give a turret appearance to the spire; aperture ovate, lip festooned by the termination of the revolving ribs, pillar lip arched, and with a broad callus, beak cancellate externally, canal short and curved, operculum horny; length 3.2 of aperture and canal 1.10. **COLOR.**—Brownish white, or ash-colored; within, pearly white; grooves on the lip chestnut-colored. Annual unknown to me.

The Grande Breteche.

FROM HONORE DE BALZAC.

(Continued.)

I SHUT my door, after having been awakened from my apathy by this last sally, which the notary considered remarkably clever. I then sat down in my arm-chair, putting my feet on the two dogs on each side of the fireplace. I plunged into a romance, in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe, founded on the legal data supplied by M. Regnault, when my door, manipulated by the

The Grande Breteche.

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"Well, monsieur!" said my landlady. "So M. Regnault has doubtless been boring you with his worn-out story about the Grande Breteche?"

"Yes, Mère Lepas."

"What did he tell you?"

I repeated in few words the gloomy and freezing history of Madame de Merret. At every sentence, my hostess protruded her neck, gazing at me with an inkeeper's perspicacity; which is a sort of 'juste milieu' between the instinct of the gendarme, the astuteness of the spy, and the cunning of the commercial man.

"My dear Dame Lepas!" I added, in conclusion, "you seem to know more about it than I do. If not, why have you come to my room?"

"Ah! on the faith of an honest woman, and as sure as my name is Lepas—"

"Don't make asseverations; your eyes are brimful of a great secret. You knew M. de Merret. What sort of a man was he?"

"By our lady! M. de Merret, you see, was a handsome man, whom you had never done looking at, he was so tall. A worthy gentleman, who came from Picardy, and who had, as we say here, his head close to his cap—(i. e., who was of a passionate

temper). He paid ready money for everything, to avoid disputes. He was hasty, look you. Our ladies thought him a very amiable man."

"Because he was hasty?" I asked my hostess.

"Perhaps so," she said. "You quite understand, monsieur, that a man must have had something in his favor to marry Madame de Merret, who, with all respect to the others, was the handsomest and the richest young person in the Vendôme. Her income was something like twenty thousand lives a year. The whole town went to her wedding. The bride was a charming little creature—a real jewel of a woman. Ah! they were a handsome couple in their time."

"Did they live happily together?"

"Heu, Heu! Yes—and no—as far as one can presume. For such as we, you know, didn't live at 'hail-fellow-well-met' with them. Madame de Merret was a good woman, very nice and pretty, who perhaps had sometimes to put up with her husband's hot temper; but we liked her, although she was a little proud. Bah! It was part of her business to be so. When people are noble, look you—"

"Nevertheless, some catastrophe must have happened to make M. and Madame de Merret separate so abruptly?"

"I never said there was a catastrophe, monsieur; I know nothing about it."

"Good! I am certain, now, that you know everything."

"Well, Monsieur! I will tell you all. When I saw M. Regnault go to your room, I guessed that he would talk to you about Madame de Merret, *apropos* of the Grande Breteche. That gave me the idea of consulting monsieur, who seems to be a man of discretion, and incapable of betraying a poor woman like me, who have never injured a creature, but whose conscience is not easy, in spite of that. Up to the present, I have never dared to open my mind to the people here; they are a set of gossips, with tongues of steel. In short, monsieur, I have never had a traveller stop so long in the house as you, and to whom I could tell the story of the fifteen thousand francs—"

"My dear Dame Lepas!" I replied, trying to stop her flow of words, "if your conscience is likely to be of a nature to condemn me, but be 'burdened with it for the whole world.'"

"Don't be alarmed," she said, interrupting me. "You shall see."

Her eagerness made me believe I was not the first person to whom my good landlady had imparted the secret of which I was to be the sole depository. I listened.

"Monsieur," she said, "when the Emperor sent hither the Spanish prisoners of war, or others I had to lodge at the government expense a young Spaniard, who was ordered to Vendôme on his parole. Notwithstanding the liberty the parole gave him, he thought proper to present himself to the Sous-préfet every day. He was a grandee of Spain! Nothing less! His name was something ending with *os* and *dia*, such as *lages de Férédia*. I have his name written in my register book, you may read it, if you

evening, strolling amongst the ruins of the chateau. That was the poor fellow's only amusement, it reminded him of his own country. They say there's nothing but mountains in Spain! From the beginning of his captivity, he kept late hours. I was uncomfortable at his not coming in before the stroke of midnight, but we all got used to his peculiarities, he took the key of the door, and we did not sit up for him. His lodgings were in the house which belongs to us in the Rue de Casernes. At that time, one of our ostlers told us that one evening, as he went to water his horses, he thought he saw the grandee of Spain swimming in the river, a long way off, like a veritable fish. When he came back, I told him to take care of nettles amongst the grass; he seemed annoyed at having been seen in the water.

"At last, monsieur, one day, or rather one morning, he was not to be found in his chamber; he had not come back. After searching everywhere, I saw a writing in the drawer of his table, where there were fifty Spanish gold pieces which they call *Portugaises*, and which were worth about five thousand francs; and besides, ten thousand francs' worth of diamonds, in a little sealed box. The writing was to the effect, that, in case he should not return, he left us the money and jewels, on condition of founding masses to thank God for his escape and for his salvation. At that time, my husband was still living, and he tried to hunt him up. And this is the strangest part of the story. He brought home the Spaniard's clothes, which he discovered under a great stone in a sort of wooden pier on the river's bank, on the same side as the ruined chateau, nearly opposite to the Grande Breteche. It was so early in the morning when my husband went there, that nobody saw him. He burned the clothes after reading the letter, and we declared, according to Comte Férédia's desire, that he had made his escape. The Sous-préfet sent the whole of the gendarmes on his track; but *brist!* they did not catch him. Lepas believed that the Spaniard was drowned. I, monsieur, do not think so at all; I rather fancy that he had something to do with Madame de Merret's affairs, because Rosalio told me that the crucifix which her mistress was so fond of that she had buried with her, was of ebony and silver. Now, at the beginning of M. Férédia's stay, he had a silver and ebony crucifix, which I never saw afterwards. And now, monsieur, don't you think I may make my conscience easy about the Spaniard's fifteen hundred francs, and that they are honestly mine?"

"Certainly. But have you never tried to question Rosalio?" I asked.

"Oh yes, monsieur, to be sure I have. But what can one do? The girl is as close as a wall. She knows something, but it is impossible to get her to talk."

After chatting with me for a few moments longer, my hostess left me in a state of vague and gloomy thought, possessed by romantic curiosity, by a superstitious terror resembling the deep feeling which master, when you enter by night a dark church, which holds its name in the

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Spaniard's clothes, which he discovered under a great stone in a sort of wooden pier on the river's bank, on the same side as the ruined chateau, nearly opposite to the Grande Breteche. It was so early in the morning when my husband went there, that nobody saw him. He burned the clothes after reading the letter, and we declared, according to Comte Férédia's desire, that he had made his escape. The Sous-préfet sent the whole of the gendarmes on his track; but *brist!* they did not catch him. Lepas believed that the Spaniard was drowned. I, monsieur, do not think so at all; I rather fancy that he had something to do with Madame de Merret's affairs, because Rosalio told me that the crucifix which her mistress was so fond of that she had buried with her, was of ebony and silver. Now, at the beginning of M. Férédia's stay, he had a silver and ebony crucifix, which I never saw afterwards. And now, monsieur, don't you think I may make my conscience easy about the Spaniard's fifteen hundred francs, and that they are honestly mine?"

"Certainly. But have you never tried to question Rosalio?" I asked.

"Oh yes, monsieur, to be sure I have. But what can one do? The girl is as close as a wall. She knows something, but it is impossible to get her to talk."

After chatting with me for a few moments longer, my hostess left me in a state of vague and gloomy thought, possessed by romantic curiosity, by a superstitious terror resembling the deep feeling which master, when you enter by night a dark church, in which a feeble lamp is visible in the distance beneath its lofty arches—an indistinct figure glides along, a rustling of gown or cassock is heard, and you shudder. The Grande Breteche, with its rank weeds, its blocked windows, its rusty railings, its closed doors, its deserted apartments, was fantastically pictured on a sudden before me. I endeavored to penetrate into this mysterious dwelling, by seeking for the clue to its solemn story, its drama ending with the death of three personages. Rosalio became in my eyes the most interesting being in all Vendôme.

On examining Rosalio's countenance, I discovered the traces of a private thought, in spite of the brilliant health which shone on her plump visage. She held within her bosom the principle either of remorse or of hope; her attitude announced a secret, like that of the devotee who abandons herself to excessive prayer, or that of the infanticide mother who for ever hears her infant's last cry. Her demeanor, nevertheless, was unaffected and rustic; her simple smile was the reverse of criminal; and you would have judged her to be innocent, only to look at the great red-and-blue chequered handkerchief which covered her vigorous bust—framed, tightened-in, and laced by a gown with white and violet stripes. "No," I thought to myself, "I will not leave Vendôme without knowing the whole history of the Grande Breteche. To arrive at my ends I will try hard to get into Rosalio's good graces, if needs must."

'Rosalie! I said to her one evening. 'If you please, monsieur?' 'You are not married?' She trembled slightly, and then answered, laughing, 'Oh, I shall not want for husband, whenever I take it into my head to make myself miserable!' She promptly recovered from her inward emotion; for every woman, from the great lady to the chambermaid inclusive, has a presence of mind peculiar to the sex.

'You are young enough and pretty enough to have plenty of sweethearts. But tell me, Rosalie, why did you turn servant in an hotel when you quitted the chateau de Merret? Did not madame leave you anything?' 'Oh yes, Monsieur; but my place is the best in all Vendôme.'

The reply was one of those which judges and advocates call evasive. Rosalie's position in this romantic story appeared to me like that of the middle square of a draught-board. She occupied the centre of interest and of truth. She seemed to be entwined in the very knot itself. It was not an ordinary conquest to attempt. The last chapter of a novel was enshrouded within that girl. Rosalie, therefore, became forthwith the object of my predilection.

As I studied her, I discovered, as in all women who principally occupy our thoughts, a host of good qualities. She was neat and careful; she was pretty, of course; she was soon gifted with all the attractions which our own inclinations bestow on women, no matter in what situation they may happen to be. A fortnight after the notary's visit, one evening, or rather one morning, for it was very early, I said to Rosalie, 'Tell me all you know about Madame de Merret.'

'Oh,' she replied, in terror, 'don't ask me that, Monsieur Horace!' Her handsome face became clouded, her lively and animated complexion turned pale, and her eyes lost their innocent and humid brightness.

'Well,' she resumed, 'since you insist upon it, I will tell you; but pray, strictly keep my secret.'

'Get along with you, silly girl! I will keep all your secrets with the honor of a thief—the most loyal which exists.'

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his wife was well again, that her coyness had improved her looks; and he perceived the fact, as husbands perceive everything, a little late. Instead of calling Rosalie, who at that moment was busy in the kitchen watching the cook and the coachman playing a difficult move at *brisque*, M. de Merret went straight to his wife's room, by the light of his lantern, which he set down on the first step of the staircase. His step, easy or resolute, resounded beneath the vaulted corridor. At the moment when the gentleman turned the key of his wife's chamber-door, he thought he heard the shutting of the door of the cabinet which I have mentioned; but when he entered, Madame de Merret was alone, standing in front of the fireplace. The husband simply thought to himself that Rosalie was in the cabinet; nevertheless, a suspicion which rang in his ears like the tinkling of bells made him distrustful. He gazed at his wife, and remarked in her eyes a slight uneasiness and timidity.

'You are very late home,' she said. Her voice, ordinarily so pure and pleasing, seemed to him to falter slightly. M. de Merret made no reply, for at that moment Rosalie entered. For him it was a thunder-stroke. He walked backwards and forwards in the chamber, from one window to another, at a regular pace, and with folded arms.

'Have you heard any bad news, or are you unwell?' timidly asked his wife, while Rosalie was undressing her.

He kept silence. 'Retire,' said Madame de Merret to her *femme de chambre*; 'I will put on my *papillotes* myself.' At the sole aspect of her husband's countenance, she divined some impending misfortune, and desired to be alone with him.

When Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be gone (for she remained several minutes in the corridor), M. de Merret went in front of his wife, and said, coldly, 'Madame, there is some one in your cabinet.'

She looked at her husband calmly, and replied, in a quiet and simple manner, 'No, monsieur.'

'This 'No,' wounded M. de Merret. He did not believe it; and yet, never had his wife appeared more pure and more conscientious than she appeared at that moment. He rose to go and open the cabinet; Madame de Merret took him by the hand, stopped him, gazed at him with a melancholy look, and said, in a singularly agitated voice, 'If you find no one there, remember that there will be an end of everything between us two.'

The incredible dignity impressed on her attitude revived the husband's profound esteem for her, and inspired one of those resolutions which only require a vaster theater to become immortal.

'No, Josephine,' he said, 'I will not go in. In either case, we should be separated for ever. Listen; I know your purity of soul, and that you lead a holy life! You would not commit a mortal sin, were it to save your life.'

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He nudged his brows. Rosalie went. He called her back again. 'Here; take my master-key,' he said.

'Jean!' shouted M. de Merret in the corridor, with a voice of thunder.

Jean, who was at the same time his coachman and his confidential servant, left his game of *brisque*, and came beckoning him to come nearer; and then he added, in a whisper—'When they are all asleep—asleep—do you understand?—you will come down, and let me know.'

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'Let him come in!' replied the resolute Picard aloud. Madame de Merret turned slightly pale when she saw the mason.

'Govenlot,' said the husband, 'go and fetch some bricks from the coach-house, and bring enough to build up the door of this cabinet. You will afterwards cover the fresh wall with the plaster which is left.' Then, drawing Rosalie and the workman towards him: 'Attend, Govenlot,' he said in an under tone; 'you will sleep here tonight. But to-morrow morning you will have a passport to a foreign country, to a town which I will indicate. You shall have six thousand francs to pay your journey. You will remain ten years in that town; if you do not like the place, you may change for another, provided it be in the same country. You will pass through Paris, and wait my arrival there. Then I will ensure you, by a written agreement, another six thousand francs, which shall be paid on your return, if you have fulfilled the conditions of our bargain. You will keep the strictest silence as to what you may do here tonight. To you, Rosalie, I will give ten thousand francs, to be paid on your wedding-day, and on condition of marrying Govenlot; but, to get married, you must hold your tongues. If not—not a sou of dowry.'

'Rosalie,' said Madame de Merret, 'come and dress my hair.'

The husband tranquilly peered backwards and forwards, watching the door, his wife, and the mason, but without allowing any insinuating suspicions to manifest themselves. Govenlot could not help making a noise. Madame de Merret took advantage of an

He put his hat on his head, and need three steps towards the door, and red a moment and took the crucifix. His wife trembled with joy. 'He is going to Duvivier's!' she thought.

As soon as the gentleman had disappeared, Madame de Merret rang for Rosalie.

'The mattock! the mattock!' she exclaimed, in a terrible voice, 'and to work! I noticed how Govenlot handled it yesterday; we shall have time to make a hole and stop it again.'

In the twinkling of an eye, Rosalie fetched her mistress a sort of mattock-spike; with inconceivable adroitness she began demolishing the wall. She had already pulled down several bricks, when, making a sweep to give a more violent blow, she saw M. de Merret behind her. She fainted.

'Put madame to bed,' said the gentleman, apacitically.

Foreseeing what might happen during his absence, he had laid a trap for his wife. He had simply written to the Mairie, and sent for Duvivier to come to him. The jeweller arrived the moment after the disorder of the apartment had been set to rights.

'Duvivier,' asked the gentleman, 'did you not buy some crucifixes of the Spaniards who passed through the town?'

'No, monsieur.'

'Good! I am much obliged to you,' he said, exchanging with his wife the look of a tiger. 'Jean,' he added, turning to his confidential valet, 'you will send up my meals to Madame de Merret's room. She is ill, and I do not mean to leave her till she is better.'

The cruel man remained twenty days without leaving his wife. At the first part of that period, when any noise was heard in the walled-up cabinet, and Josephine seemed going to implore him for the dying stranger, he answered, without allowing her to utter a single word—

'You swore on the cross that there was no one there.'

The Time-Light.

IT is said that the age of invention is in its infancy, and notwithstanding the progress science has made within the last few years, we have only discovered that the more we know, so much the more have we to learn. Artificial illumination is one of the instances of this; the oil-lamp and rude tallow urn of the ancients have given place to the unpretending moderator in our dwellings; and our streets, which were formerly dark and dangerous to traverse after sunset, are now lighted by gas. This easy and cheap mode of lighting, not only our streets, but our shops and private dwellings, is now as common as it was once unknown; and yet we can by no means say that we have a perfect light, or that great improvements may not be effected in this mode of lighting within the next few years.

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Artificial light (no rich may call a luxury, the poor may claim as a necessary; but taken from either the means of artificial illumination, and their energies would be crippled, their intellect impoverished, their time lost, their industrial occupations hindered, the very safety of the community endangered, and the wealth and commerce of nations affected.)

If such astonishing applications of gas, and also of steam, had been made in the days of ancient Greece, what magnificent, all-expressive, world-astounding names would have been found to convey their meaning. Instead of such contemptible little monosyllables as *gas* and *steam*, one might have heard of the spirit of coal and the spirit of water, with some superlative adjective to stamp the vast importance of each. In such an age, these conquests of man over the elements, this subjugation of the great powers in nature to his use and convenience, would have thrown all meaner efforts into the shade; for them alone would poetry have strung its harp, and the grandest epic productions of genius might have commemorated the victory of man over the inanimate matter of nature, instead of dedicating her loftiest songs to the art of war.

Artificial illumination is a subject which is endowed with an interest of no ordinary character; and we may truly say, that a few inquiries would furnish so profitable a result as a complete history of domestic illumination, tracing its gradual development from the clumsy contrivances of former ages up to the productions of modern times, satisfying the demands both of taste and science. But it is not our object here to enter upon the subject of artificial light generally, but to confine ourselves more particularly to what

to be. A fortnight after the notary's visit, one evening, or rather one morning, for it was very early, I said to Rosalie, 'Tell me all you know about Madame de Merret.'

'Oh,' she replied, in terror, 'don't ask me that, Monsieur Horace!'

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The chamber which Madame de Merret occupied at the Bertèche was situated on the ground floor. A little cabinet, some four feet square, let into the wall, served as her wardrobe. Three months before the evening whose events I am about to relate to you, Madame de Merret had been so seriously indisposed, that her husband left her to herself, and slept in a chamber on the first floor. By one of those chances which it is impossible to foretell, he returned that evening two hours later than usual from the Cercle, where he went to read the papers, and talk politics with the gentry of the town. His wife believed him to be at home in bed, and fast asleep. But the intrusion of Franco had been the subject of a very animated discussion; parties had got warm over the billiard table, and he had lost forty francs—an enormous sum at Vendôme, where everybody turns capitalist, and where habits are restricted within the bounds of a praiseworthy modesty—the source, perhaps, of much solid happiness, of which no Parisian takes the slightest thought.

For some time past, M. de Merret had simply asked Rosalie whether his wife were gone to bed. At her reply, always in the affirmative, he immediately went to his own room, with the frank good nature which is the result of habitual confidence. On entering the house, the fancy took him to go into Madame de Merret's room, to acquaint her with his bad luck, perhaps also to seek consolation for it.

At dinner he had remarked Madame de Merret to be very tastefully dressed. He said to himself, on leaving the Cercle, that

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She looked at her husband calmly, and replied, in a quiet and simple manner, 'No, monsieur.'

'This 'No,' wounded M. de Merret. He did not believe it; and yet, never had his wife appeared more pure and more conscientious than she appeared at that moment. He rose to go and open the cabinet; Madame de Merret took him by the hand, stopped him, gazed at him with a melancholy look, and said, in a singularly agitated voice, 'If you find no one there, remember that there will be an end of everything between us two.'

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At these words Madame de Merret glanced at her husband with a haggard look.

'Here; take your crucifix,' he added. 'Swear to me, before God, that there is no one in the cabinet. I will believe you; I will never open that door.'

Madame de Merret took the crucifix, and said, 'I swear!'

'Louder,' said her husband, 'and repeat the words, "I swear before God that there is no one in the cabinet."'

She repeated the phrase without hesitation.

'Very well,' said M. de Merret, coldly. After a moment's silence: 'You have a very pretty thing here, which I had not noticed before,' he said, examining the crucifix, which was of ebony incrustated with silver, 'and very artistically carved.'

'I met with it at Duvivier's, who bought it of a Spanish monk, when the troop of prisoners passed through Vendôme last year.'

'Ah!' said M. de Merret, hanging the crucifix on the nail in its place. He rang the bell.

Rosalie was not long in answering the summons. M. de Merret hastily met her as she entered, led her into the embrasure of the window which looked out on the garden, and said, in a low voice, 'I know that Govenlot wishes to marry you, that want of money alone prevents your settling in life, and that you have told him you would not be his wife till he could manage to start as a master-mason. Well! go and fetch him; tell him to come here with his trowel and his tools. Contrive to awaken nobody

in his house but himself; his fortune shall surpass your desires. Above all, leave the house without prating; otherwise—'

He nudged his brows. Rosalie went. He called her back again. 'Here; take my master-key,' he said.

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The husband tranquilly peered backwards and forwards, watching the door, his wife, and the mason, but without allowing any insinuating suspicions to manifest themselves. Govenlot could not help making a noise. Madame de Merret took advantage of an instant when the workmen shot down the bricks, and her husband was at the other end of the chamber, to say to Rosalie—

'A thousand francs a-year for you, my dear girl, if you can tell Govenlot to leave a crack at the bottom of the door.' Then she coolly added aloud—'Go and help him!'

M. de Merret continued silent all the while Govenlot was busy breaking up the door. The husband's silence was matter of policy, to avoid giving his wife any pretext for dropping expressions of double meaning; with Madame de Merret, it was prudence or pride. When the wall was finished to about half its height the cunning mason took advantage of an instant when the gentleman's back was turned, to give a blow of his mattock through one of the two glass panels of the door. The action informed Madame de Merret that Rosalie had spoken to Govenlot. They all three then saw the dark and sombre face of a man, with black hair and a glance of fire. Before the husband had turned round, the poor woman had time to nod to the stranger, to whom the signal meant to say—'Hope!' At four o'clock, towards break of day (for it was towards the month of September) the work was finished. The mason remained in charge of Jean, and M. de Merret slept in his wife's chamber.

When he got up in the morning, he said, carelessly, 'Ah, diable! I must go to the Mairie for a passport.'

is its own - the oxyhydrogen, or lime-light, and compare it with the ordinary methods of illumination.

This lime-light was the invention of Lieut. Genl. Drummond, and applied by him in conducting the O. Inver Survey in Ireland and Scotland in 1826. Its intensity was such, that it was proved to be distinctly visible at a distance of ninety five miles. It is so purely white, that the most delicate shades of color may be distinguished by it as correctly as by daylight, while for photographic purposes, it is invaluable, as it enables the photographer to work by night as easily as by day. To what extent this light is possessed of a lute property, or whether this apparent power is due to the actual absence of color in its composition, we must leave others to decide, we will here only endeavor to describe the best form of lime-light apparatus which is yet known to the scientific world. The lime-light gives out but little heat, and does not in any manner vitiate or consume the oxygen of the surrounding atmosphere. Let us contemplate the advantages of a light of this nature in the street, or in the crowded factory, and indeed in any crowded room, as also in mines or tunnels. The ordinary gas-light, on the contrary, consumes a large amount of oxygen, which is the vital air that, in common with being er acres, is requisite to produce existence, nay, it does more than assist in consuming the oxygen, it *poisons* the air. The atmosphere is composed mainly of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of one of the former to about four of the latter. It will be seen, therefore, how small a quantity of oxygen we have in any given volume of common air - only one fifth! Now, nitrogen is a deadly poison, being incapable of supporting either combustion or life; and when we deprive any given volume of air of its oxygen, it will be readily understood that we are setting *four times the quantity* of the poisonous air, nitrogen.

But this is not all the harm that is done; the wax, the tallow, the oils, the camphene, and the coal from which the gas is distilled, belong to the class of compounds known to the chemist as hydrocarbons, so called because they are composed of hydrogen and carbon. In their combustion in every case without exception, their hydrogen unites with one portion of the oxygen in the surrounding air, and forms water, and their carbon unites with another portion of the oxygen, and forms a deadly poison, known as carbonic acid.

Thus we see that by our present methods of obtaining light, we not only deteriorate the atmosphere by abstracting from it the vital air, but, in addition, pour into it one deadly poison, and set free another four times its bulk. Nor is even this the end of the mischief; the surrounding atmosphere is also heated in proportion to the number and extent of the ordinary gas-lights. There are probably few who have not experienced the ill effects of this in the lecture-room, the ball-room, or the theatre.

The lime-light, on the contrary, does not heat the atmosphere, and as oxygen is one of the gases it is provided with, it does not

so beautiful as gas, must be prepared to add *something more* in its favor than that the one is deleterious, and the other not so.

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers, that, in common with all other lights of great intensity, the lime-light may be used for signal lights, its peculiar spectrum of continuity, and cheapness giving it the advantage over its rival, the electric light. To use it, as usual, by the east-gard in case of a wreck, and in all cases where lanterns and lanterns are at stake, cheapness is a matter of no consideration in a light of this nature; still, when cheapness is combined with utility, the lime-light has precedence over all lights, its cost being represented upon a scale where that of others is in pounds. Owing to the total absence of color in its composition, it is not only applicable to photographic purposes, but also for picture galleries. It is found to separate the most delicate shades of color, and what is more important, it does not in the slightest degree injure the most delicate fabrics, or tanned gillings.

The lime-light is produced by allowing a stream of mixed gases (one part of oxygen and two parts of pure hydrogen) to impinge upon the surface of a piece of lime, which immediately radiates a white heat, and in this state of incandescence, we have what is known as the "lime-light." It may be mentioned here, if common coal-gas or carbureted hydrogen is used with oxygen for producing this light, the light will be so pure as when hydrogen is used, and it will cause twice the quantity of oxygen to be consumed, the relative proportions of oxygen and carbureted hydrogen being equal, the carbon of the carbureted hydrogen, as before explained, taking up a portion of the oxygen, to form carbonic acid.

Great, and apparently insurmountable difficulties met the discoverer, Lieutenant Drummond, owing to his mechanical appliances being incomplete; and it is only recently that certain improvements have been made in this respect, by which these difficulties have been overcome. The greatest of these impediments was, that when the lime was too suddenly heated, it cracked and fell to pieces, or, as it is technically termed, "decrepitated," when, of course, the light immediately disappeared.

The light emitted from the ignition of the combined gases alone is very faint, though it is the hottest flame in chemistry, and somewhat similar in appearance to the flame of spirits of wine. The dimension of the required volume of flame for heating the lime, is, however, so small, as to throw out but very little heat.

Our readers are, of course, aware that the two gases required for the lime-light - namely, oxygen and hydrogen - are the constituents of water, which is known to be the greatest antagonist and extinguisher of flame; the one element, hydrogen, being the most inflammable substance in nature, while oxygen, the other element, is the greatest known supporter of combustion. Water being decomposed into its elements by the agency of electricity or galvanism, is found to consist of hydrogen two parts, and oxygen one part; in fact, the exact proportions of these gases which are necessary to produce the lime-light. The present mode of lighting a lime-light is to allow a stream of lighted hydrogen to play upon the lime for a few moments; the flame is first of a pale yellow, and afterward a deep red, caused by the combustion of the metal calcium in the lime; the oxygen is now turned on, and gradually regulated, so as to produce the best result.

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course depend upon the size of the jet, and the pressure upon the gases. Where the consumption of the gases does not exceed one and a half feet per hour, the light produced is equal to four gas-lights, each burning five feet per hour - or one and a half feet give an equal effect to twenty feet, but if the quantity of gases is increased to three feet per hour, a light equal to more than fifteen gas-lights, each burning five feet per hour, is obtained - or three feet give a light equal to seventy-five feet. Again, if the quantity be increased to six feet per hour, a light equal to sixty of the gas-lights is given - or six feet equal three hundred feet.

We may here mention, that after having made so many and such great improvements in the mechanical arrangement of the lamps, and being able to obtain pure hydrogen in a variety of easy and cheap methods, we only wanted to make the other of the two gases - namely, oxygen - with equal cheapness. It has long been possible to make it with great facility, in a variety of ways, but the expense of its manufacture was, until lately, a great drawback to the general adoption of the lime-light. It has, however, recently been discovered that oxygen may be made very cheaply from nitrate of soda, the residue being of sufficient value to nearly cover the original cost of the material, the labor, and the wear and tear of apparatus. It is almost needless to add that hydrogen may be made very cheaply by passing super-heated steam over red-hot iron borings. - *Chambers's Journal.*

M. de Lesseps and the Ship Canal.

M. DE LESSEPS, we fear, has yet his work to do, but if he and his constituents are sanguine it is no business of ours to disturb their satisfaction. The question is one which events only can solve. The opinion in this country is that a Ship Canal across the Isthmus of Suez can never be actually opened for use or maintained in practical operation. There seems to be much the same opinion in Egypt itself. M. de Lesseps's own subordinates, who have succeeded either to disgust or despair. But in France the popular impression appears to be different. The project is still regarded with confidence and favour, the shares maintain their value, and the prospect is thought encouraging. When we express views of an opposite kind we are accused of jealousy, and believed to be intriguing against "French influence in the East." For all these feelings, however, so far as they have any existence, our neighbours have only themselves to thank. We should never have regarded the Suez Canal as anything more than a speculation if the French had not so pointedly told us that it was a spear aimed at the breast-plate of England. That they would never have entered our heads had not been thus proclaimed. Left

bound to Madras should put their passengers ashore at Cannanore; and if any of our readers will look at a map they will soon see that even if the Egyptian Isthmus had been cut through, modern impatience would never be content with coasting the great angle of the Arabian peninsula by way of the Red Sea. There is an isthmus in those very parts still more important than the Isthmus of Suez. It is traversed by two memorable rivers, and one of them marks the shortest cut to that land of India which seems to act like a magnet upon Europe. The Euphrates Valley Railroad would leave the Suez Canal where a Suez Canal might leave the route round the Cape.

If a line were drawn from London to Bombay, it would go straight along the Euphrates, but nowhere near the Red Sea. The Suez Canal would say nothing in a sea journey if the sea journey ended on the coast of Syria. Such a route, M. de Lesseps may say, is all in the clouds. No doubt; but where is his Canal? If we are to rove about the realms of imagination, we may as well take one flight as another. If we are to discuss the obstacles of space and nature, let us take the best conception possible. That conception is not the idea of M. de Lesseps, and it is for him to show that what he loses in perfection of design he gains in practicality. We wish him no harm. As a commercial people, we reprove at the waste of so much good money that might have been better employed. The worst of the Canal scheme is that it effects no partial or incidental good. If it fails, as all in this country believe it will, to unite the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, it fails utterly. It does not even provide advantageous employment for labor. Native labor could be better invested in other pursuits, and it has been necessary, if report speaks truth, to impress it for this unattractive work.

Egypt's place in Universal History has been delineated by an able pen. It would be curious to speculate on India's place. That Southern headland of the Asiatic continent now acts with extraordinary influence on the politics of the world. The greatest European questions involve this element - in fact, are almost based upon it. The maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, the freedom of the Mediterranean, the destinies of the Greeks, and the prospects of the Russians, are all considered with reference to India. Foreign States believe that India is never absent from an Englishman's thoughts. The attitude we have assumed towards the American belligerents is ascribed solely and entirely to our secret views regarding India. And all this because, a hundred years ago, a few Anglo-Saxon merchants found themselves forced by the gravitation of their race to settle on one of the most ancient thrones of the world and bring a remote Western Island into living connexion with a great Asiatic Empire! All this because between two distant properties there must needs be an occupation

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Great, and apparently insurmountable difficulties met the discoverer, Lieutenant Drummond, owing to his mechanical appliances being incomplete, and it is only recently that certain improvements have been made in this respect, by which these difficulties have been overcome. The greatest of these impediments was, that when the lime was too suddenly heated, it cracked and fell to pieces, or, as it is technically termed, "decrepitated," when, of course, the light immediately disappeared.

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to ourselves we should have been at a loss to conceive how an enterprise which, if accomplished, would only bring the East nearer to the West, but which was never likely to be accomplished at all, could threaten our national security or detract from our national power. But when our neighbours thus advertised the object of an adventure we naturally cast about to see what was doing. We scrutinized the terms of the compact, scanned the obligations of the Viceroy, speculated on the occupation of Egyptian territory, and began to wonder whether one of the roads to India might not be stopped by a garrison instead of improved by a Canal. Time, however, has abated alarms, and perhaps all the more effectually because it has abated other expectations likewise. "The general opinion," says our Correspondent on the spot, "seems to be that the Canal scheme is gradually drawing on to its natural end."

The truth is, the roads to India are many, and the Isthmus of Suez does not offer the best. If the Canal could ever be constructed, it might be destroyed by competition before it had been open a month. The sea is no longer the surest highway. In these days it is a principle of locomotion that a steamer should be exchanged for a railroad at the first practicable opportunity. It has been suggested that Southern mails should be landed at Falmouth to avoid a few miles of Channel. It has been argued that vessels

commercial people, we reprove at the waste of so much good money that might have been better employed. The worst of the Canal scheme is that it effects no partial or incidental good. If it fails, as all in this country believe it will, to unite the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, it fails utterly. It does not even provide advantageous employment for labor. Native labor could be better invested in other pursuits, and it has been necessary, if report speaks truth, to impress it for this unattractive work.

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MADAME MALIBRAN. - She may not have been beautiful, but she was better than beautiful - insomuch as a speaking Spanish human countenance by Murillo is ten times more fascinating than many a faultless angel face such as Guido could paint. There was a health of tint, with but a slight touch of the yellow rose, in her complexion; great nobility of expression in her features, an honest, direct brightness of eye; a refinement in the form of her head, and in the set of it on her shoulders, more obvious in 1830 than it could be in 1860, when the desire of female beauty seems to be to obliterate that which so thoroughly expresses grace, high breeding, and character, the turn of the head. But Malibran had her own tastes and fashions in dress. She knew what suited her features. At a time when public singers indulged in crowning themselves with headdresses of feathers and gigantic hats (the size which to-day seems so absurd in some creatures by Chalon), I remember to have seen her braided hair circled by a fine Venetian chain, with one small coin serving for clasp, above her forehead, and attracting every eye by the thorough fitness of the ornament to its wearer. Perhaps the chain indicated the character of a roman - if not in her art, in her life at least - thoroughly, fearlessly, and original. Her greatest character was her "Desdemona."

NOTICE.

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It is hoped that those who have already subscribed for THE COLONIAL REVIEW, will forward the amount of their several subscriptions without delay.

Although the Journal is established on an adequate pecuniary basis, it is hoped that all who are interested in the advancement of literature and education in these Colonies, will exert themselves to increase its circulation, so that its publication may not involve a loss to its conductors.

The editorial management of this journal is confided to a committee of literary gentlemen, and its columns will be supplied with articles from a number of citizens connected with Educational and other institutions in the Lower Provinces. Original articles on Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry, Science, Agriculture and Horticulture, as well as papers on the various Political questions affecting the Colonies, will appear from time to time.

THE COLONIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

Public Geological Surveys.

THE development of the agricultural, mineral, and other resources of the country, has always been most zealously promoted by the Government and the State legislatures of the American Republic. Not a state but has had its geological features thoroughly explored by competent scientific men; and the results of their labors are to be found in all the public libraries, embodied in lasting forms, invaluable in every point of view. The government of Canada, too, emulating this creditable example, some years ago, employed Sir W. LOGAN, a geologist of note, to make a geological survey of that noble Province; and the importance of the scientific and practical information he has amassed cannot be over-estimated. Neither Nova Scotia nor New Brunswick, however, have ever had the advantages of such a public survey, and geological enquiries in these provinces have heretofore only been pursued by persons stimulated by the love of science or the gratification of curiosity. The want of such a thorough exploration has been strikingly exemplified in the case of the former Province, by the sudden discovery of gold some time ago. Who is there that doubts that, had Nova Scotia enjoyed the benefits of a thorough survey of all its geological features under the direction of the Government, the existence of the precious metal would have been demonstrated much sooner than was actually the case? Dr. Dawson, to be sure, had suggested the possibility of finding gold on the Atlantic coast Silurian district, but what he stated was too vague to excite public attention or investigation. Neither Dr. Dawson nor any of the able geologists who have written on Nova Scotia had been able to give that complete exploration of various parts of the province which would have led, in all likelihood, to the discovery of gold. Such an exploration, it is obvious, required an expenditure of both time and money, which could only be undertaken by the Government of the country. Circumstances of a political character, up to a very recent period,—to allude more especially to Nova Scotia—prevented a systematic exploration of the country at the public expense. As all our readers are aware, very many years ago, when the Home Government was less liberal in its dealings with its dependencies, all the valuable minerals were leased to an association of British capitalists, who opened the principal mines and worked them very considerably. Whilst all the minerals were thus the monopoly of a Company, the local legislature could feel no inducement to expend the public funds in aid of a geological survey of deposits, in which the people of the province themselves had no direct interest. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that geological enquiries were left to be made by private individuals, actuated by scientific zeal. Now, however, these impediments to public action have been removed entirely. The Mining Association no longer holds a monopoly of all the valuable minerals, but is confined within specified limits for a certain period of time. Thanks to Sir C. LYELL, Dr. DAWSON, Dr. GESSNER, and other zealous scientific men,

the structure of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick has been somewhat minutely examined, and they have afforded some very important contributions to our knowledge of the earth's geological history. We cannot be too grateful for this knowledge which has arisen from an intense love of science. Still the want of that thorough systematic exploration of all the geological features of the two Provinces, which can only be done through the assistance of Government, is very obvious to every one. Of the advantages that would be certain to accrue from a complete exploration we feel it is unnecessary to speak at any length. Apart from any mining advantages, such a survey would amply repay its outlay by the benefits it would confer on the agriculture of the two Provinces. The discovery and application of lime-stone, marls, and other fertilizing substances, of useful rocks and salts,—the analysis of the different soils, and even a topographical description of the country would be scarcely less valuable than mines of ores and coal. Of course such a survey would necessitate considerable expense, but no one should grudge an expenditure which would be certain to be repaid tenfold eventually. No false ideas of economy should actuate public men in dealing with a matter which so intimately affects the vital interests of the two Provinces. They should look upon it in its true light,—as a great public benefit, absolutely requisite for the material advancement of the country, and afford it all the assistance in their power.

Christmas.

IS there a day in the Calendar so universally invested with a joyous character as that we have taken for the subject of a few random thoughts? We trow not! With one consent all agree to be, or try to be, cheerful at that season. Congratulations are exchanged on every side. "A happy Christmas!" is the word from every mouth, as people meet in their dwellings or in the places where men "most do congregate." Sectarian fences fall down at this auspicious time, and all sorts and conditions of men resolve for once to give each other the friendly shake and salutation, as members of one great brotherhood. Would that the resolve lasted more than once a year, and that hearts which warm up so well at Christmas tide did not so quickly cool, and relapse into envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

But still let us be thankful for even this short burst of sunshine upon the cloudy world of ours, and dwell for a brief space on that anniversary of peace on earth and good will to man by which this vale of tears has been gladdened for nearly nineteen centuries. Who does not know, from his own experience, how bright in the visions of childhood appears the season of Christmas. How anxiously does the school-boy or girl count the days that are to drag their slow length along until "the holidays come." If away from home, this anxiety and disgust at the leaden wings of time are increased in an intense degree. But at last the long-looked-for day arrives, with all its concomitant delights; its feasts for the eye and the

happy influence—though it be more staid and sober in its character to them. It is at this season that the parent delights to see around his board all the children whom God has spared to him, and even to extend the family muster beyond those of his own household, and have once more a family gathering, to partake, it may be, of that good cheer which all, even the poorest, aim at on such occasions. Old age, if the heart is right, will derive enjoyment of the purest kind from seeing the enjoyment of others; and even the most vinegar-like specimens of senility, whether of the male or female sex, will thus be forced to feel and to show some of the sweets of a Happy Christmas. Certainly, the aged who will not sympathize with the innocent enjoyments of the young, and rejoice with them that do rejoice, are poor followers of that great Exemplar who, as at this time, came to bless the world with his presence, and who did not disdain the company even of little children, but rebuked those who would have kept them from him. So that thus far we may perhaps assume that all called by that worthy name do agree that this is not a time to weep or to mourn, but to rejoice and be glad, and for the nonce to cast dull care away. But we consider this, cheerful as it is, the lowest point of view in which to regard the good time coming. Eleven-twelfths of Christendom delight to honor it in a religious aspect, as a high festival, because the birth-day of Him who came as the light and comfort and salvation of the human race; the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, the Alpha and Omega of the hopes of man. For 1862 years the uncounted millions who are dead and gone, and those that remain, have turned their eyes and their thoughts at this time to Bethlehem with wonder and adoration. The Christian of every clime and of every tongue has, through rolling ages, hearkened to the angelic anthem of glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men, which a multitude from Heaven's choir chanted in the ears of the simple shepherds on the consecrated fields of Bethlehem. Millions, of every land, will on Thursday next once more recount in their various churches the wondrous story of the Nativity, and will offer unto its great and divine Subject their sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. This religious aspect of the day is, unquestionably, the highest, and one which, to the true believer, makes it a happy Christmas, because it commemorates the foundation of his hopes for all eternity. And therefore, albeit ours is a secular, and not what is called a religious paper, it would be passing strange if in our glance at the lesser comforts and associations of the season we were to omit that which transcends them all, as far as the heaven is higher than the earth.

Let not this be forgotten while celebrating the great Christian jubilee. Nor let us forget to show our appreciation of these manifold mercies by showing mercy to others. Now, especially, is the time for making up our petty differences, and evidencing our faith in the great Reconciler by being reconciled to all around us.

Now should the funds of our numerous benevolent societies be replenished

smiling Lalage, early navigation seemed the summit of daring, nor was it the love of luxury solely that made him fear the sea, in communion with his countrymen he dreamed that mystical element, and so he ennobled the foremost sailor in his amber veses.— But tawny, turbulent Tiber, was never "frozen hard," to borrow the small boys' technical phrase for leanable ice, and consequently the Roman youth knew naught of skating, its pains and pleasures, or else Davy Flaccus might have made the earliest skater famous. But he is nevertheless famous. We may not be able to express his name, what of that? Though we lack the mere word formula, combination of letters, the want does not affect the great personality. Have not the German critics killed our dear school-boy friend, blind Hours, yet they cannot destroy his work, and we trace therein one master-mind. Doubtless the first skater was a sailor after all. Some blue-eyed, yellow-haired Viking, his skates a pair of weather-beached rib bones, and his rink the level miles on a frozen fiord. For when the snow-wraths covered the scarred northern hills, and lent the pine boughs, when winter's breath, cruel and keen, lay on the lands like a mist, when the ships of the sea kings were beached, then the Norsemen bound bones to their feet, and flew fleetly along on the frost-fettered waters. LOVONKJELLOV'S pirate—

"Skinned the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimp'ring hound
Trembled to walk on."

Harold the Hardy, enumerating the eight feats he knew, gives prominence to his power on skates. Yes! they were prime skaters, and well have their Skalds sung of their prowess. It appears as if the love these Vikings bore the sea burned as ardently in winter as in summer; the rough, bearded Jarls sat at banquet-boards, and told tales of the stormy sea, how their dragon-beaked barks broke the Baltic foam; but they also narrated the perils of skating, how they had followed the bear all day on "slippery shoes," and far into the night, under long glories of the winter moon. In the Sagas or Erics, a skato is called the Pirate's Ship, significant metaphor, telling us plainly that when the sea-robbers came home from wandering over the billowy main, they yet loved to skim over its rigid, frigid breast, as swift as ever did their staunch vessels.— And they were pirates on the winter-maddened waters too. Many a maiden's heart was taken captive, as she gazed on her curvo-cutting giant, gliding hither and thither, just as ladies now-a-days affect the society of capital skaters. Before leaving the primitive Norland skaters we will transcribe a legend relative to our subject. You will find it, antiquarian reader, in Snorro Sturleson's Edda, but we fear not the following verbiage: "Once upon a time," Tuor and his comrade THIALFE, came to a great city in the awful land of Jotunheim. Now Tuor had been foiled a few days previous, and he was wrathful. And THIALFE was the swiftest skater in all the North, nay, the gods in Valhalla knew of no better than he. So he challenged any one to skate with him, and the king of the city appointed a young man as his opponent named HUGO (Thought.) Tuor stood apart, and smiled scornfully, for he deemed THIALFE best. And they started and flew away like the west-winged west wind, when it wrecks the vessels of the Vikings, and rushes past moaning forests. On, on, and Tuor smiled. But the pallid-faced youth HUGO so much outstripped THIALFE that in returning to the barrier whence they set out, they met face to face. And Tuor's brows grew black as night when no moon shined. Then, quoth the King, "Try again, perchance you may pass my youth." So they started and went so quickly, that the home-going eagle poised itself in mid-air, and watched the racers, but THIALFE was a full bow-shot from the boundary when HUGO arrived at it. And Tuor recoiled like a thunder-cloud, and clutched his hammer. It fared no better with THIALFE the third trial, and he cried out, "O, HUGO, who art thou!" and HUGO answered, "I am THOUOUT, can mortal contend with spuntual?" Ah no! mortal clogs the spiritual, and there is a deep truth lying underneath the simplicity of this old legend.

"Skinned the half-frozen Sound,
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It seems as if some strange spirit dwelt in our skates," said rough, great-hearted SIXTRAW, to the gentle Knight FOLKO. "Which is fearfully dangerous to any that have not learnt the management of them in their childhood." There is something suitable in skating, originating in Scandinavia, and FRELIONATH, that passionate poet whose songs combine Oriental fervor with

Public Geological Surveys.

THE development of the agricultural, mineral, and other resources of the country, has always been most zealously promoted by the Government and the State legislatures of the American Republic. Not a state but has had its geological features thoroughly explored by competent scientific men; and the results of their labors are to be found in all the public libraries, embodied in lasting forms, invaluable in every point of view. The government of Canada, too, emulating this creditable example, some years ago, employed Sir W. LOGAN, a geologist of note, to make a geological survey of that noble Province; and the importance of the scientific and practical information he has amassed cannot be over-estimated. Neither Nova Scotia nor New Brunswick, however, have ever had the advantages of such a public survey, and geological enquiries in these provinces have heretofore only been pursued by persons stimulated by the love of science or the gratification of curiosity. The want of such a thorough exploration has been strikingly exemplified in the case of the former Province, by the sudden discovery of gold some time ago. Who is there that doubts that, had Nova Scotia enjoyed the benefits of a thorough survey of all its geological features under the direction of the Government, the existence of the precious metal would have been demonstrated much sooner than was actually the case? Dr. Dawson, to be sure, had suggested the possibility of finding gold on the Atlantic coast Silurian district, but what he stated was too vague to excite public attention or investigation. Neither Dr. Dawson nor any of the able geologists who have written on Nova Scotia had been able to give that complete exploration of various parts of the province which would have led, in all likelihood, to the discovery of gold. Such an exploration, it is obvious, required an expenditure of both time and money, which could only be undertaken by the Government of the country. Circumstances of a political character, up to a very recent period,—to allude more especially to Nova Scotia—prevented a systematic exploration of the country at the public expense. As all our readers are aware, very many years ago, when the Home Government was less liberal in its dealings with its dependencies, all the valuable minerals were leased to an association of British capitalists, who opened the principal mines and worked them very considerably. Whilst all the minerals were thus the monopoly of a Company, the local legislature could feel no inducement to expend the public funds in aid of a geological survey of deposits, in which the people of the province themselves had no direct interest. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that geological enquiries were left to be made by private individuals, actuated by scientific zeal. Now, however, these impediments to public action have been removed entirely. The Mining Association no longer holds a monopoly of all the valuable minerals, but is confined within specified limits for a certain period of time. Thanks to Sir C. LYELL, Dr. DAWSON, Dr. GESSNER, and other zealous scientific men,

ment of the country, and afford it all the assistance in their power.

Christmas.

IS there a day in the Calendar so universally invested with a joyous character as that we have taken for the subject of a few random thoughts? We trow not! With one consent all agree to be, or try to be, cheerful at that season. Congratulations are exchanged on every side. "A happy Christmas!" is the word from every mouth, as people meet in their dwellings or in the places where men "most do congregate." Sectarian fences fall down at this auspicious time, and all sorts and conditions of men resolve for once to give each other the friendly shake and salutation, as members of one great brotherhood. Would that the resolve lasted more than once a year, and that hearts which warm up so well at Christmas tide did not so quickly cool, and relapse into envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

But still let us be thankful for even this short burst of sunshine upon the cloudy world of ours, and dwell for a brief space on that anniversary of peace on earth and good will to man by which this vale of tears has been gladdened for nearly nineteen centuries. Who does not know, from his own experience, how bright in the visions of childhood appears the season of Christmas. How anxiously does the school-boy or girl count the days that are to drag their slow length along until "the holidays come." If away from home, this anxiety and disgust at the leaden wings of time are increased in an intense degree. But at last the long-looked-for day arrives, with all its concomitant delights; its feasts for the eye and the palate, its joyous sports by day and by night, and its welcome presents from loving friends, as well as from that mysterious and ubiquitous personage, whose visits fill, unseen, the innumerable stockings which, in confiding faith, are pendant from every bed-post, to be eagerly searched by the wakeful expectant even before day-light comes. And then follow the multifarious pleasures of the happy day itself, which our memories still call up in all their freshness, and which are enacted still by those who are yet in the sunny season of childhood, often making the old wish themselves young again, that they may feel as they then did at Christmas times. Again, we find even those who are gotten beyond that early period of life not disclaiming to keep their Christmas in a different way, marking it by some suitable gift to parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, and probably to some one standing in a still more tender relation, whose name is traced with nervous hand in the fore-front of some carefully selected volume. We would say to such young men: do not be ashamed of thus letting nature ooze out at such seasons, which is far more amiable than that gruff and heartless bearing which is sometimes mistaken as being of a manly order, but woefully the reverse. But it is not the child and the youth alone that enjoys this glad some period. Those who have lost the sprightliness of childhood and the buoyancy of youth, are not to be excluded from its

because the birth-day of Him who came as the light and comfort and salvation of the human race; the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, the Alpha and Omega of the hopes of man. For 1862 years the uncounted millions who are dead and gone, and those that remain, have turned their eyes and their thoughts at this time to Bethlehem with wonder and adoration. The Christian of every clime and of every tongue has, through rolling ages, hearkened to the angelic anthem of glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men, which a multitude from Heaven's choir chanted in the ears of the simple shepherds on the consecrated fields of Bethlehem. Millions, of every land, will on Thursday next once more recount in their various churches the wondrous story of the Nativity, and will offer unto its great and divine Subject their sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. This religious aspect of the day is, unquestionably, the highest, and one which, to the true believer, makes it a happy Christmas, because it commemorates the foundation of his hopes for all eternity. And therefore, albeit ours is a secular, and not what is called a religious paper, it would be passing strange if in our glance at the lesser comforts and associations of the season we were to omit that which transcends them all, as far as the heaven is higher than the earth.

Let not this be forgotten while celebrating the great Christian jubilee. Nor let us forget to show our appreciation of these manifold mercies by showing mercy to others. Now, especially, is the time for making up our petty differences, and evidencing our faith in the great Reconciler by being reconciled to all around us.

Now should the funds of our numerous benevolent societies be replenished by the rich, to enable their dispensers to meet the wants of a rigorous winter. And while we are permitted to see another anniversary of this joyous season, let us feel for those whose joys are darkened by sickness, sorrow, and death, and at least wash their burdens lighter. Especially let us turn our eyes to the saddened homes of Lancashire, and pray that the Sun of Righteousness may arise upon them and their inmates with healing in his wings. Happy for those who can truly say that their nite has helped to lessen that large heap of wretchedness, to which so many eyes have long been turned. If that great praise, 'They have done what they could,' can justly be claimed by us, our mince pies and plum puddings will be all the sweeter, and the blessings of them who are ready to perish will be upon our heads. We cannot close our subject better than by expressing our best wishes that all our readers may experience at this season the "luxury of doing good."

Skating.

HE had oak and triple bands of brass bound about his breast, who first trusted himself in a frail ship, to the treacherous deep, says HERACLES, when lauding the most ancient manner. To the poet, lying languidly under quivering vineleaves, quaffing goblets of mellow Massie, and musing on sweetly,

Tuetic rhythm, has a poem about a Skating Negro, wherein he wonders at the sagacious indulging in an amusement so foreign to his country and colour. However, we have lingered long enough with the foremost skaters, let us go to the other extreme, for where can you find a better place, to study one phase of modern humanity, than beside a frozen lake.

Skating is like scholarship in two respects, there is no royal road to it, and should be learnt when young. Blank, Esq., of Her Majesty's Regiment, must endure the same hardships at military exercises on the ice, as Neely the son of Nobody.— Prompted by an insane desire some fine, clear, cold morning, a youth six feet four inches in his shoes, who, had he lived in Frederick of Prussia's time, would have been kidnapped for the great Grenadier Company, borrows a pair of skates—very dull ones—and trends towards the nearest pond. A friend (?) has lent the skates, alas! for the rarity of human charity, under the sun; ere night falls, that friend will be excluded from the borrower's circle of friends and continue so to be, until the borrower can cut a perfect circle. Perhaps it is the yearning glance of his eyes following splendid skaters; perhaps it is his awkward way of holding the skates, or likerly it is that intuitive perception of greenness, common to all horror boys, that causes these cultures to flock round the novice, and proffer their unlimited services. Down squats the novice, whom we will name after Punch "Arry Bloater," and twenty willing paws begin tugging at his boots. He is asked for his gimlet in varying tones, from the treble squeak up to the semibass, admirably adapted for hawking papers or chaunting Dixie. Arry produces a miniature post-sugar, and immediately a chorus of expressive adjectives rises, so depressive that Bloater wishes himself miles away out of sight, out of sound. At last, after getting a sharp gimlet screwed into his human heel, and with straps so tightly twisted round his feet, that calculation ceases, he is raised from his recumbent position with shouting and singing, just as our forefathers used to raise the May-pole, and much mirth. "You pull on to his flippers, Dick," "Slew round the Swell's legs, Jimmy." "Heave ho!" up she rises. "Now, sir, you're as right as ninepence." Such and similar are the exclamations which float about him, and Bloater might be taken before a reformatory society for being the occasion of profanity. The immediate cause of profanity is now erected by dint of arduous labour, and ready for action. He is supported by a non-descript who evidently determines that his costume shall demonstrate a historical truth connected with Waterloo, for his head is protected by a blue-jacket's cap, and the word "Nimble," painted in letters of gold on the ribbon, while his trunk is enveloped in a dingy red fatigue jacket, his right foot thrust into an ill-used bluecher, and the sinister pedal extremely increased in a crimson-topped Wellington. "Don't be afraid, sir," remarks the attendant, on noticing how Bloater's legs shiver and slip about. "Now, then, kick, out like a Mustang steed," he cries, and giving his victim a shove, leaves him to the eyed eyes. Poor Arry! His acquaintance with the manners and customs of Mustangs is recommended to a nervous lieutenant, and therefore not comprehending his enlightened instructor's advice, he flounders on, and finally falls heavily, feet upwards.

Let us leave the unhappy fellow; three hours hence you may observe him crawling home, uttering shockingly improper words. But, be lenient, O you fortunate mortal, who can make spread-eagles, circles, and *alla*, consider that it was his primary lesson; how he will writhe to-morrow morning when he attempts to move his limbs *thata*; how he will moan over a peeled countenance, and tenderly touch an aching head to count the bumps thereon. Poor Bloater!—*telle est la vie*—after pleasure (?) comes pain.

Here is a dandy some removes better than Bloater, but there is always something wrong with his skates; he also is tainted with the insanity of Dunderbark, won't skate much,—prefers to peep at the pretty women through his glasses, and frequently flings himself down for a rest. Oh! hypocrite, we know your wiles! Sham skater! Who ever beheld thee perform six successive strokes; twirl that incipient monstache, murmur how dashed cool it is, and be thankful that you cannot see yourself as we see thee.

"What a beautiful skater!" We do not exclaim so; it is a very red-tipped little lady with her dress looped up daintily, and her golden hair wandering over her face.

But, truly he is a noble skater. (You perceive there is a difference in our adjectives.) Now with the right foot, and on the outside edge he describes circles as perfect as if the gimlet's compasses drew them, then throwing himself by a hardly perceptible jerk on his left foot he does equally a well.

"Cut your name," sings out a shrill voiced school-boy, "and give us the 17th of the first book." Sailing, the wonderful skater breaks through the surrounding throng, and choosing a clean bit of ice, bends and turns and twists, till the crisp surface is covered with curves. "Trust us, his mark," he who thus may read the round inscription Great cheering from the boys, admiring glances from the feminine skaters, and overwhelming applause from a couple of well-wishers clap their gloved hands, and hail "bravo!" "Ay, bravo! bravo! bravo! rather, he is a capital skater—would we were a good.

We are not a moralist, nor care about dipping into Pegasus just now, seeing that our paper is getting long, but permit a few sentences on the mental benefits of skating. We will suppose you are a good skater, and whilst executing a difficult figure, unnoticed by spectators, so deeply absorbed are you in the task, when by an insensible slip down you come. You hear unmistakable laughter, and that from Noodles, your fast friend, who is teaching a lady how to stand on skates, and you hear the last cry.

Oh! poor fellow, he is not a bad fellow, but so conceited about cutting that everlasting dido, he calls a spread eagle. "Ah," you mutter, "is this human friendship?" I shall cut the ill-tongued beast," and, rising, you join in the laugh. And by reason of that tumble you unmask hollow friendship and make yourself a hypocrite. Laugh, like the Spartan boy—you are writhing with pain whilst smiling—and the people know you are smiling; they heard that when they think which is an index of future physical pain. But if you have done well, and earned the hearty *Ludos* of bystanders, how noble humanity seems: there is a glow about your heart, and a desire to ask every day-faced man if it isn't jolly good ice. You will go home, musing on the moral effects of being a good skater. "I have pleased the people, ergo I am a public benefactor," you think, "what more did the Emperors of the West do."

English Orators.
No. 1.
W. MORLEY PENSION.

GRAY, in his Elegy, gives utterance to an idea, which was "often thought before but never so well expressed," when he writes of "mute inglorious Miltons," and of "flowers born to blush unseen." The idea is that merit is not in all cases appreciated in the life time of men of genius. This may be true in many of the varied walks of science and of art. Painters dying in garrets, poets in solitude, sculptors friendless, GALILEO in prison, the inventors of mechanical appliances for industrial purposes hooted and derided as they walked the streets, all may be cited as evidences and as illustrations of this assertion. The world's history is full of examples of men who have gone down to their graves "unwept and unhonored," and who though deserving of the world's praises, have received only its scorn—have received contempt while living and derision when dead. So also is it true to a certain degree that the world knows not its greatest, its best men, till death comes and tears the scales from its eyes. Men there are who have never received their portion of the world's homage living or when dead: upon an equally large class the grave has closed ere their writings, or their doings have occupied their true and natural position in the world's estimation. Writers whose phrases now pass current as coin of the realm, and are uttered by thousands who never read their writings, had no laurel wreaths bound about their living brows by the admiring multitude, and were but little thought of, till taken away. This, true of almost every class of great men, is untrue when applied to the orators. From DEMOSTHENES and those men of Athens who "wielded the fierce democratic at will," down to the living orators of the present day, the true orator has always obtained present mood of praise. Some of course by wind of adventitious circumstances have been blown in to loftier emi-

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nences than others lacking the fortunate gle; but of all it may be safely asserted, that living they were known and recognised as among the powers that be. Their fame may not take in so large a circle. "The nations may not wonder as they gaze," because all nations, save the orator's own, cannot so fully comprehend his utterances. To those alone speaking his mother tongue can he speak; others know him only through the medium of the pen. All those accompaniments of voice, person, gesture, play of countenance throw their influence only when the *man is heard*. But within the charmed circle of his own kindred and tongue, the living orator always exerts a mighty influence. Such is the influence wielded to-day by one in England, whose fame has scarcely reached these shores. We refer to W. MORLEY PENSION, whose oratorical powers have "leaped into day," and are now widely known through the motherland. The spell that his genius has thrown around the Englishmen of the present day, is something wonderful indeed. A succession of highly wrought and elaborately finished orations in Exeter Hall, has given him a name and a place among the few true orators of whom the world can boast. As it is not improbable that before long he may make his appearance amongst us, a slight sketch of his life, and an equally slight notice of his oratorical efforts may not be unacceptable to colonial readers.

Mr. Pension was born on the 29th of May, 1821. He is a native of Dorchester. Of his early life much of interest cannot be gathered. At the grammar school of his native town he did not, it is said, discover any surprising proficiency. He, however, early displayed that wonderful memory for which he is now so distinguished, and a propensity to store it with facts which rarely interest mere boys. When still a child he was able to name nearly all the members of the House of Commons, with the places for which they sat, and the color of their politics. After leaving school, he was placed in the counting-house of his grandfather at Hull; but his talents running in another direction, he was absorbed in newspapers during the three years that he was supposed to be making invoices and footing up ledgers. "In the debates nobody was better posted up. The temptation of a daily newspaper was irresistible; and while the other clerks were deep in figures, he was culling figures of speech from the orators of the Reform Parliament: watching the opening genius of GLADSTONE and MACCULLAY, noting the maturer excellencies of PEEL and PALMERSTON, and marking the finest flights of SMITH and O'CONNELL for his own." He soon began to call into exercise the gift within him, and with such success that, though still continuing in the commercial circle, it was evident that his vocation was not the counting-house. Transplanted by a succession of events to his popular sphere, his name became widely known throughout the North of England; so much so that the Young Men's Chris-

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ties better than any long array of words. The first is that of a gleaner by the dim light of the moon searching painfully among the unweathly stubble in a harvest field from which the corn has been reaped, and from which the reapers have withdrawn. I am that gleaner. About the great man who is my subject to-night there has been as much said as would suffice for a long course of lectures, and as much written as would almost furnish a library. Where is the tongue that has not been loosened to utter his eulogy? Where is the pen which has not been swift in his praise? I have therefore to deal with matters which are already treasured as national property. If I can to furnish for you any but thin and blasted ears, I must of necessity enrich myself from the full sheaves of others. The second picture is that of an unfortunate individual who has to write an art-criticism upon a celebrated picture, but who finds himself, with a small physique and a horror of crowds, jammed helplessly into the front rank of the spectators at the Academy, with the sun dazzling his eyes, and so near the picture that he sees little upon the canvas but a vague and shapeless outline of colour. I am that unhappy critic, dazzled as I look upon my subject; and both you and I are too near for perfect vision. The third picture is that of a son, keenly affectionate, but of high integrity, clinging with almost reverent fondness to the memory of a father, but who has become conscious of one deduction from that father's excellence which he may not conscientiously conceal. I am that mourning son."

From these extracts it will be seen that Pension's power for word painting is manifestly of a high order. Take another, to learn his power to stir the heart: speaking of what MACCULLAY has done, he says,—"We thank him that he has made history readable,—that it is not in his page the bare recital of facts, names, and deeds, mentioned as in an auctioneer's catalogue, but a glowing portraiture of the growth of a great nation, and of the men who helped or hindered it. We thank him that he has disposed for ever of that shallow criticism that the brilliant is always the superficial and unworthy; and that in the inestimable value of his works he has confirmed what the sonorous periods of JOHN MITTOS, and the long resounding eloquence of JEREMY TAYLOR, and the fiery passion-tones of EDWARD BURKE had abundantly declared before him that the diamond flashes with a rarer lustre than the sapphire. We thank him for the happy combination which he has given us of valuable instruction and literary enjoyment, of massive and substantial truth, decorated with all the graces of style. We thank him for the vividness of delineation by which we can see statesmen like SOMERS and NORTHAM in their Cabinets, marshals like SARRFIELD and LEXINGTON in the field, and gallant intriguers like BECKINGHAM and MANTONOVIT, who dallied in the Council room, and plotted at the revel. We thank him for the one especial character which he has left us—WILLIAM, the hero of

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The British Colonies.

There is a certain class of English politicians, in the minority at present, who advocate the abandonment by England of all her Colonies. This fact is not so well known as it should be; and it would be as well now to think it calmly over. Mr Goldwin Smith, an acute and vigorous thinker, has however for some time past propounded the question, and Sir Stafford Northcote and others have thought fit to ventilate and debate it. Considering that we are not the two-hundredth part of the earth in size, but that through the aid of our possessions we hold the fourth part of it; remembering that every inch of ground has been won by our blood and treasure, or by the superior sagacity of our sons; recollecting that Colonies when parted with often grow into our bitterest enemies, as America has done; and that the material size of John, Pat, and Sandy, in their three little kingdoms, is absolutely nothing—the proposition to give up our Colonies is, to say the least of it, alarming.

Moreover it is a question of glory; and although peace philosophers may sneer at glory, it is the very life of a nation. Every Englishman holds himself higher, and feels himself a better man because his country is great, and because there is no part in the world in which the British Ensign does not fly. He delights to sing the tough naval songs which remind him that the glorious old flag waves over every sea, but not over one slave, and that the sun never sets upon the might of England! An ordinary man may fancy that this is nothing to Hodge the ploughman; but a thinker sees that it is indeed important. When Hodge marries Mary, their wildest son will go and "list," and spend some of his best years in defending those Colonies; or, after a short time, he may come home with tales of the riches and glory of the places he has been at, and send off the younger sons of the profligate Hodge, who, in a new land, may build up riches and houses, and win lands and places of honor, such as their father could never have achieved at home. Through them, as is often the case, the father and mother may end their days in happiness and plenty. But even if neither Hodge nor his sons benefit by the Colonies, they are yet the poor man's possessions. England is parcelled out by the great and the rich: to buy an acre worth having here, one must almost spend a fortune; but in New Zealand, Queensland, Canada, or the Cape, there are thousands of acres which can be won merely by the strong arm, and the good will; and for every acre so won, the merchants of England will be looking to buy and carry seed and product. To those also who stay at home, our Colonies are sources of comfort and wealth. They are both reserves and resources. If a whole district is plagued by misfortune, the surplus population can be removed by emigration; if troublesome and stormy spirits arise, who do not understand our Constitution, and who require a greater space to expand in, our Colonial System affords them wonderful opportunities, which France, Austria, and Russia, with all their vast possessions, cannot offer.

The doctrines of Malthus, his theories of overpopulation, its remedies, and a thousand wretched suggestions about our surplus sons and daughters, have been overthrown entirely by our Colonies. Through their aid and that of our ships we are able better to understand the design of an All-Wise Creator, and to prove that he has not made one man too many, nay, that for years to come our Colonies can and will absorb all our extra population; and, while they make them happy, will increase our own prosperity. Since 1815 our population has increased at the rate of rather more than ten per cent. within the decennial period, and yet millions have left our shores and peopled other countries. France has gone through four revolutions, and we count the coup d'etat of 1852, and has only increased at the rate of four per cent. The difference here indicated is immense. One knows that a tree is vigorous when it makes strong shoots and puts forward new branches; we may surely say the same of a nation. We are aware that our Colonies cost us a great deal of money. We are obliged to send soldiers, and to keep ships, and to find Governors for them, not to speak of our Colonial Secretary and staff at home. Their especial government is in their own hands; a more beneficial arrangement for them could not be made: they are as free as any nation in

the world, and they have the benefit of the protection of one of the most powerful. In return for this, more than one Colony has been very ungrateful: Canada has placed a duty of twenty per cent upon some of our most necessary productions, by which she almost excludes them from her market, and certainly, as far as she can, injures the mother country. At the same time her people have very often debated the propriety of throwing off the English connecting link—we cannot call it yoke, for in our times our Colonies are so wisely governed that no pressure or expense is put upon them; their productions are received free of duty, and they have every reason to keep up the old tie which binds them to us. Of course, most of the wise colonists have seen this; and in Papineau's rebellion in Canada (in 1837 and 1838), and at other times the loyal colonists saw the advantages which subsisted on their side, and did their best to maintain the old connection; but even that time, though many have grown wiser and more loyal, others have become more stupid and more rebellious.

Before the outbreak of the present war the Canadians debated whether or not it would be good policy on their part to unite themselves to the American States. When the Filibustering Society of the Louisiana was organized in 1852 its objects were "the extension of the institutions, power, and influence of the United States, over all the Western Hemisphere and the islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans." It began by an attempt to seize Cuba; it was going to swallow up the Sandwich Islands, and Canada was, we believe, the third mouthful on its bill of fare. It consisted of having many Canadian sympathizers, but the non-success of the expedition, the defeat of "General" Lopez, and the execution of that robber and about fifty of his followers, resulted in the Society being disowned by the President, and the scheme dropped through. The shocking scenes in America, now acting, will probably sufficiently sober the Canadians; yet upon our spending two millions in sending out troops for their defence, and our suggestion that they were now big enough to help themselves, their reply was tardy, their votes for militia was insufficient, and their behaviour was ungrateful. It is plain, therefore, that in process of time we shall lose Canada; and many people at home, as we have before said, have begun to ask the question—Of what use are our Colonies? Why not part with them now, and get rid of them? This, we repeat, is essentially a poor man's question; hence we debate it.

England is an especially commercial nation. Her relations and her interest in and with her Colonies resemble, therefore, not those feelings as exhibited by Rome or France, the great conquering empires, but those felt by Tyre, Phoenicia, Carthage, and Greece—the commercial and civilizing nations which of old were foremost in colonising the old world. What these relations were when subsisting between the mother countries and those children Thucydides has told us. The city which sent out the Colony was called the "Metropolis" (mother city), and she appointed the head Colonist or Governor; but beyond that, it was left to govern itself, just as ours are. The lands were shared amongst them by purchase; and, as with us, there were speculators at home who bought lands and depended for repayment on the success of the Colony, and the after-price those lands fetched. The colonies always helped the mother city in time of war, and applied for help to her if they were oppressed. Thus also in the Crimean war, (and it is the most gratifying part of her history,) Canada raised a regiment, (the 100th,) and sent it over here; in acknowledgment for which service the Queen personally thanked them, and appointed the Prince of Wales the first Colonel of the Royal Canadian Regiment. The Grecian Colonies rose to much wealth and magnificence: they did not settle in barbarous lands; nor did they, as we have too often done, drive away and destroy the original possessors. On the contrary, they intermarried with their women, and introduced Grecian Civilization and Art. This was especially the case on the lower margin of the Italian peninsula, called Magna Grecia, where Greek was actually the language of the country, even in the time of the Romans, and where Greek inscriptions, written or scratched on the buried walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum, may yet be traced. The Roman colonization was a system of conquest; with it, therefore, we have nothing to do.

The advantages drawn off from the

Grecian and Carthaginian colonies were precisely those which we look for now; but the mother city never did for her settlements what the wise and generous country of Great Britain has done for hers. It is but right that the parent and children should reap something like reciprocal advantages. We give them good government, free institutions, free trade, a solid-y, and an endurance, and a protection, while they are young and weak. During those days we never hear any of them of separation. In return for this we expect an extension of trade, and a fair exchange; the employment of additional men in trade, and the opportunities given to many of realising a fortune, which, in the end, benefits the mother country; and, lastly, the absorption of what is called the surplus population. Of these advantages, we get a much greater share from the Colonies than we do from any other country, but it is not fair to say that those advantages we share with others, and in a manner which no other country would do. A Frenchman, a German, or a Chinese, is just as free to settle and buy land in our Colonies as an Englishman; and thousands upon thousands take advantage of this. The Colonies of England are homes of refuge for all the world. We cannot for a moment suppose they would be equally so if we were to abandon them to any other Power; for the moment we did so, differential duties would stop our exports, and prevent us from being the workshop of the world. To block up every port against England, to throw her goods upon the hands of her manufacturers, and thus to ruin her merchants and her working people, was the dream of Napoleon, and our Nelsons and Collingwoods had to open those very ports with their broadsides.

Luckily our position with regard to Europe is now very good; and although America has almost practically closed her ports to us, yet France and our Colonies have so much improved, as customers, that the twelve millions which the Americans have thrown on our hands have been absorbed by other customers. But let us for a moment imagine that Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and other numerous dependencies were once exalted into separate States, each with great claims of protection, and anxious to raise money for its separate navies, and armies, and government, and only too willing to put the heaviest possible duties upon English goods, under the specious pretence of encouraging native manufactures, as the true protectionist says—where would then be our workmen and our merchants? What would be the worth of our millions, which would be idle and rust? Is it not, therefore, plainly to the interest of the poor man that, on the whole, expensive ties are kept up—expensive, unquestionably, in themselves, but at the same time producing the greatest benefits to us.

But beyond this, beyond the fact that our Colonies furnish our only sure and safe resource for our ever-increasing family, there is something in the glory of being the mother of many nations that England would never willingly give up. Through them we have planted the English flag, the grand English literature, and love of law and liberty, all over the world.

Foreign scholars have predicted that the Anglo-Saxon tongue will shortly predominate and English institutions prevail throughout the world. Certainly, never before was known so extended an empire, nor was there ever at any time so much freedom and happiness given to the humblest Colonist before the outbreak in America, we were always told that our Colonists were quite behind that great and fast country; and denunciations, who did not understand our Institutions, were fond of telling the people that free development was to be found only in the great Republic. The cruelties and follies which are being enacted in that State now the instant despotism into which the Republic fell, the suspension of Habeas Corpus, the proclamation of military law, the thorough helplessness of the people, and the inability of the Government; the utter corruption into which all the Senate, and indeed all officials, had long fallen—all these facts certainly present a mass of evidence in favor of the Colonies. There are many Americans who are now ready to own that the separation of America from England took place by far too soon; and that had the United States kept under our rule until the time when we emancipated our slaves, all this bloodshed would have been avoided.

Such reflections will make our Colonies pause before they cut the tie which binds us; and a new generation of statesmen,

with wiser and wader views, will by that time have grown up; so that, should the time come when Victoria, Queen-land or Canada, should think fit to quit our side, they will, we hope, do so in such a manner that reciprocal benefits, a reciprocal respect, and a lasting love shall be for ever maintained between the new countries and the nation which gave them birth.—Family Herald.

The Head of the Jivaro.

BY WM. BOLLERT, F. R. G. S.

ON the eastern side of the Republic of Ecuador, formerly known as Quito, live a tribe of Indians called Jivaro, a strange, wild people, dwelling in the midst of a most beautiful mountainous country, rich with tropical vegetation and dense forests, and including in its wild grandeur the by no means inconsiderable volcano of Macas. There may be found, among other valuable vegetable productions, the handsome mahogany, sandal, and ebony trees, the cinchona, India-rubber, copal, storax, indigo, guayusa, cacao, etc., most of them well known to civilized life, and all of them deserving to be so for their useful properties and capacities. The laurel or wax-palm is very abundant, the wax being obtained by merely scraping it off the bark. Cotton, of a long fiber, strong, and of a fine quality, grows there indigenously; no limits could be put to its circulation, and the Amazon affords an easy shipment to Europe. Coffee and cocoa grow freely. The guayusa, a plant which the Indians cultivate near their huts, might probably compete with tea from China in the English market, as it has a similar aromatic flavor without bitterness. Canelo is a species of cinnamon; the ishingpo is the calyx of its flower. It is equal in flavor to the best East-India cinnamon, and three thousand to four thousand pounds of it are annually gathered. A wholesome and nourishing drink is made from the *Jatropha manihot*, and this valuable root is of almost universal use as food, and for many other purposes throughout Ecuador, New-Granada, and Peru. The Torquilla palm is most abundant, and yields the beautiful straw used in making the Panama hats.

In addition to all this vegetable productiveness and wealth, this favored district is rich in gold, and may boast of having the famous auriferous mountain of Llanganato within its boundaries. The natives are not slow in turning this to their own account, and quickly collect for the traders an ample supply of the precious metal to exchange for their much-coveted goods. The fertility of the soil is, in a great measure, to be attributed to its plentiful irrigation, not only by the smaller rivers, Chunchipe, Pastana, and Maranon, but likewise by the mighty Amazon, of which they are tributaries; and it is in the forests among these rivers that the Jivaro Indians now make their homes. They are an ancient and warlike

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The Jivaro are a warlike, brave, and astute people; they love liberty, and can tolerate no yoke. Their bodies are muscular, they have small and very animated black eyes, aquiline noses, and thin lips. Many have beards and fair complexions, most probably arising from the numbers of Spanish women they captured in the insurrection of 1599. They have fixed homes, cultivate yucas, maize, beans, and plantains, and their women wear cotton cloth. They live in well-built huts made of wood, and sleep in fixed bed-places instead of hammocks. Their lances are made of the Chonta palm, the head being triangular, thirty to fifty inches long, and ten to fifteen inches broad. They are accustomed to take a strong emetic every morning, consisting of an infusion of guayusa or tea-plant, for the sake of getting

rid of all indigested food, and being ready for the chase with an empty stomach. Their hair hangs over their shoulders, and they wear a helmet of bright feathers. Ylascó, in 1789, divided them into three branches; Villavicencio, in our own times, divides them into ten, all speaking the same language, which is sonorous, clear, and harmonious, easy to learn, and energetic. Their branch tribes are constantly at war with each other, but readily unite against a common enemy. Their dissensions are frequently caused by their good living; the abundance of fish and game makes them saucy to each other, which often leads to serious quarrels.

At each village they have a drum called *Tundah*, to call the warriors to arms, and the signal is repeated from village to village. When engaged in war, their faces and bodies are painted; but during peace they wear breeches down to their knees, and a shirt without sleeves.

One of their prominent customs is to defile the heads of their prisoners. This fact has been known for no time, but only lately have any specimens been obtained. The first was brought to Europe by Professor Cussola in June 1861, and was exhibited to a few persons in London. This had been stolen from a temple on the river Pastasa. At the latter end of the same year another specimen fell into the hands of Don R. de Silva Ferro, Chilean consul in London, with an explanatory document, which has been translated by Mr. Bollart, and communicated to the Ethnological Society, together with some account of the Jivaro themselves.

An Idol-head was obtained through a baptized Indian, who persuaded a Jivaro, notorious for ill luck, that this was occasioned by the imprisonment of the idol, who was desirous to travel. The Jivaro handed it over for this object, when it was taken to the governor of Macas, who sent suitable presents to the Indian in return for his interesting gift.

The curious trophies are thus prepared: after a war the heads of the victims are cut off, the skull and its contents removed, and a heated stone (it is said) is introduced into the hollow of the skull; desiccation goes on, and it is reduced to about one fourth, retaining some appearance of the features.

A feast ensues, when the victor abuses the head roundly, to which the head is made to reply in similar terms—the Indian priest being the spokesman for the head, or *chuncha*, (an Indian name for a sow), and he concludes his part thus: "Coward, when I was in life, thou didst not dare to insult me thus; thou didst tremble at the sound of my name. Coward! some brother of mine will avenge me." The victor at this raises his lance, strikes, and wounds the face of his enemy, after which he sews the mouth up, dooming the idol to perpetual silence, excepting as an oracle; questions being put to it when the inquirer is under the spell of a narcotic.

When the Jivaro is pressed by the enemy, and has not time to cut off the head of a victim, the ceremony is performed on the head of a sow, which is adored as a

divine Ocean; the Conception was intentionally burnt at the Philippines, owing to the reduced number of the crew; the *Trinidad* was seized at the Moluccas by the Portuguese, and the *Vittoria* alone came back, on the sixth of September, 1522, after an absence of three years and fourteen days, bringing eighteen men of the entire force. "Thus," says Paganella, the historian of the great voyage, himself an adventurer, in language almost poetical, "our wonderful ship, taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailing southward through the great ocean toward the Antarctic Pole, and then turning west, followed that course so long that, passing round, she came into the east, and thence again into the west, not by sailing back, but proceeding constantly forward; so compassing about the globe of the world, until she in velocity regained her native country, Spain."

We have a memorial of this enterprise in our literature. In the narrative of it, the Patagonians are mentioned, making a great demon-god, under the name of *Selobos*, whom Shakespeare has introduced in the *Tempest*:

"I must obey his art of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Selobos,
And make a vessel of him."

The commander of the *Vittoria*, when home ward bound—Selobos del Cano—was originally a subordinate officer on board the *Conception*. He received high honors from his countrymen, obtained letters patent of nobility, with a globe for a crest, and for motto, *Præsumit circumdedit*, "You first encompassed me." Nor was the ship neglected. It was sent up the river from San Lúcar to Seville, there drawn on shore, and long preserved in memory of the achievement, while it became for a time a favorite theme with the poets and romancers of Spain.

A pleasant relation is given of the circumstances under which our countryman Drake, conceived the design of following in the wake of Magellan, and entering the Pacific Ocean, which led to the first English circumnavigation of the globe. Having sailed to the bottom of Darien, he crossed it at the head of a party, to a "desired hill," where was "a goodly and great high tree," which had, toward the top, "a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit." This look-out commanded a view of the Atlantic waters on the one hand, where his ship lay, and the sheet of the Pacific on the other—to him a new and mighty expanse. "After our captain had ascended to the bower, he besought of Almighty God of his goodness to give him life and leave once to sail an English ship in that sea, and then, calling up all the rest of our men, acquainted John Oxnam especially with this his petition and purpose, if it should please God to give him that happiness."

The desire of his heart was at last given him. In command of five vessels of light burden, with a total force of one hundred and sixty-four men, he set sail from Plymouth, but for greater convenience soon reduced his ships from five to three, breaking up one for firewood, and abandoning another. Of these three, the *Marigold* was driven out to sea in a gale of wind, soon after threading the strait of Magellan, and never heard of again; the *Elizabeth* parted company with her consort in a storm, re-passed the Strait, and returned to England; and Drake was left to pursue his voyage in his own ship, the *Pelican*, which name gave place to that of the *Golden Hind*. He made his way home by the Cape—the most stately thing and goodliest cap seen in the circumference of the whole earth—and after an absence of two years and ten months anchored at his starting point, on the twenty-sixth of September, 1580. Abundantly had his attachment to the doctrine been illustrated, that, as "the King of Spain's subjects had undone Mr. Drake, therefore Mr. Drake was entitled to take the best satisfaction he could on the subjects of the King of Spain," though the two countries were then on terms of peace.

The nation was jubilant at the success of the navigator. In honor of him, wherever he went, the bells pealed merrily, while the populace raised many a shout and sang in his praise. Queen Elizabeth at first assumed a cold demeanor, being obliged to listen to the grumbling of the Spanish ambassador. But upon the *Golden Hind* coming round to Deptford, she surrendered herself to the tide of public enthusiasm, paid the ship a visit, as all London did, and dined on board. "Famous Drake," as the wit called him, then became Sir Francis Drake. An awkward incident occurred on the occasion. Owing to the dense crowd upon the temporary bridge between the ship and the

bank of the river the planks gave way, and some hundreds fell into the water; but as no life was lost, and nothing more serious was suffered beyond a sound ducking, Elizabeth, with her usual ready wit, referred the issue to the good fortune of her lost Latin verses, composed by the Winchester scholars, eulogizing the ship, were nailed to the masthead, some of which are not deficient in point of grace:

"The stars above will make thee known,
If thou wert silent here;
The Sun himself can not forget
His fellow-traveler."

So much for the *Golden Hind* and one of her ribs.

Few voyages are so memorable for the sufferings of the crews, the prudence of the commander, and the value of the prizes captured, as that of Anson's, who was sent to attack the trade and settlements of Spain in the Southern seas. The armament consisted of eight vessels, carrying about two thousand men. Great difficulty was experienced in raising this force, and the number was only completed by having recourse to a most unjust and cruel expedient—that of compulsory enlistment from the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. These were for the most part above sixty, and many above seventy years of age. The embarkation of the unhappy old men was an affecting spectacle. Their reluctance to the service, and forebodings of hastened death, were plainly visible in their countenances; and the apprehension was speedily verified. Scarcely broke out, and raged with fearful violence; wounds received half a century before, at the battle of the Boyne, reopened, as if they had never been healed; and not one of the veterans—more than two hundred and fifty—lived to revisit his native land. Out of nine hundred persons on board of three vessels, upward of six hundred died during the first twelve months.

Of the squadron, the *Industry*, a store-ship was dismissed on the coast of Brazil, the *Severn* and *Pearl* separated from the Commodore during the passage round Cape Horn, and returned home, the *Anna*, another store-ship, was broken up at the island of Juan Fernandez; the *Gloucester*, damaged in a storm, was abandoned and fired; the *Trial*, being in a shattered condition, was sunk; and the *Wager* was wrecked under awful circumstances, which, as described in the narrative of one of her officers, may have suggested the lines of Byron, so close is the correspondence:

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave."

While Anson was created a peer of the realm, each man of the *Centurion* received three hundred pounds prize-money. Upon six, some forty of them, attended by fiddlers and bagpipers, with cockades in their hats, went to Stratford to regale themselves. But a Scot wisely took care of his money, and purchased with it a small estate, three miles from Aberdeen. Dr. Beattie has preserved an anecdote of him, which conveys a livelier idea of the intense distress endured by the men, than any minute description. He once asked him whether he had read the history of the voyage, written by the chaplain, and was told in reply, that he had read the whole account, "except that of their sufferings during the run from Cape Horn to Juan Fernandez," which, he said, "were so great that, he durst not recollect or think of them."

The figure-head of the *Centurion*, a lion carved in wood, was long preserved, and still exists. For many years it occupied a pedestal in the stable-yard of a little inn at Waverley, adjoining Goodwood Park, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, with the following inscription:

"Stay, traveller, awhile, and I view
One who has travelled more than you.
Que round the globe through each degree,
Anna and I have plied the sea,
Till an' I frigid zones have past,
And safe ashore arrived at last;
In ease with dignity appear,
In the House of Lords, I here."

Upon the accession of William IV. to the throne—once Lord High Admiral of the kingdom—the figure-head was removed to Windsor, as a suitable present to the Crown, when an imitation of the original subscription was suggested:

"Such was this traveler Lion's boast,
Contented with his humble post,
While Anson sat in lordly state,
To hear his fellow lions debate.
But travel now to Windsor's dome,
The Lion boasts a prouder home,
Which our brave sailor-king awards,
That Anson in the House of Lords."

Yet one word more respecting the flagship. For about six weeks the Commodore halted at the Island of Tinian, one of the Ladrones, where he landed his sick; and during that time the *Centurion* lost one of her anchors. Singular to relate, this was hooked up by a whaler on weighing her own anchor, about the year 1830, after the submergence of nearly a century. It was found very little corroded, having on a like coat of rust; but the wooden stock had completely rotted off.

The voyage round the globe had lost none of its romance to the public mind in the days of Captain Cook, who made it the first time in the *Endeavour*, a bark built for the coal trade, with Mr. afterward Sir Joseph Banks, and Dr. Solander, for his scientific companions. They were objects of curiosity to all parties on their return, and interest was excited by the very animals which survived the eventful navigation. One of these, a goat, was honored with a Latin epigram by Dr. Johnson. The lexicographer contemplated the venture himself, according to his own account, when Cook went out a second time with two Whalley-built vessels, the names of which were altered for the occasion. Boswell writes:—"Twenty-first March, 1772. A gentleman having come in who was to go as a mate in the ship along with Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, Dr. Johnson asked what were the names of the ships, destined for the expedition. The gentleman answered: 'They were once to be called the *Drako* and the *Raleigh*, but now they were to be called the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*.' Johnson: 'Much better; for had the *Drako* returned without going round the world, it would have been ridiculous. To give them the names of the *Drako* and the *Raleigh*, was laying a trap for satire.' Boswell: 'Had not you some desire to go upon this expedition, sir?' Johnson: 'Why, yes; but I soon laid it aside, sir; there is very little of the intellectual in the course. Besides, I see but at a small distance. So it was not worth my while to go to see birds fly which I should not have seen fly; and fishes swim, which I should not have seen swim.'"

There is something very racy and amusing in the idea of the arm-chair-loving little dictator, fond of the cosy, and rigid in the exactation of deference to his opinions, reclining helplessly to and fro on ship-board, "in the Bay of Biscay O!" or off the gusty Cape Horn, while unmercifully quizzed by the tars as a "reg'lar land-lubber." How would he have groaned and growled at his folly in quitting the firm pavement of Fleet street, and sighed for the delights of Thrale's snug parlour at Streatham! Johnson saw Omat, whom Cook brought from the South-Sea Islands, who dined with him at Streatham in company with Lord Mulgrave. "They sat," he rather savagely remarked, "with their backs to the light fronting me, so that I could not see distinctly; and there was so little of the savage in Omat, that I was afraid to speak to either, lest I should mistake one for the other." Cook's third voyage, with the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, besides having a mournful celebrity, was remarkable on various accounts. While the great navigator perished by the violent hand in the Sandwich Islands, his brother commander, Captain Clerke, succeeded to disease at Petropaulowski, where his memory was honored with an inscription by the unfortunate Frenchman, La Perouse, and a monument by the Russian admiral Krusenstern. Two two ships came safely home, and after having been out four years, had never lost sight of each other for a whole day together, except twice. What became of the *Resolution* we have no record at hand to show; but some thirty years past, the *Discovery* was moored off Deptford, doing inglorious duty as a receiving-ship for convicts.

It must be confessed that the ancients commemorated one of their famous vessels in a more poetical and permanent manner than has yet been done by the moderns. They raised the *Argo* to the skies, the ship which brought back the golden fleece from Colchis, though only a fifty-oared craft; and gave the name of the pilot, Canopus, to a first-class star in the group, one of the brightest in the firmament. But if report speaks true, two stars in the stern and yard of the ship celestial have disappeared from view, so that all memorials are unstable, whether pictured in the heavens above, or raised on the earth beneath.

It is less we require from others the more we obtain. To exercise authority too much, is the way to lose it.

Bollart, and communicated to the Ethnological Society, together with some account of the Jivaro themselves.

An Idol-head was obtained through a baptized Indian, who persuaded a Jivaro, notorious for ill luck, that this was occasioned by the imprisonment of the idol, who was desirous to travel. The Jivaro handed it over for this object, when it was taken to the governor of Macas, who sent suitable presents to the Indian in return for his interesting gift.

The curious trophies are thus prepared: after a war the heads of the victims are cut off, the skull and its contents removed, and a heated stone (it is said) is introduced into the hollow of the skull; desiccation goes on, and it is reduced to about one fourth, retaining some appearance of the features.

A feast ensues, when the victor abuses the head roundly, to which the head is made to reply in similar terms—the Indian priest being the spokesman for the head, or *chuncha*, (an Indian name for a sow), and he concludes his part thus: "Coward, when I was in life, thou didst not dare to insult me thus; thou didst tremble at the sound of my name. Coward! some brother of mine will avenge me." The victor at this raises his lance, strikes, and wounds the face of his enemy, after which he sews the mouth up, dooming the idol to perpetual silence, excepting as an oracle; questions being put to it when the inquirer is under the spell of a narcotic.

When the Jivaro is pressed by the enemy, and has not time to cut off the head of a victim, the ceremony is performed on the head of a sow, which is adored as a

A durable string is attached to the top of the head, so that it may be worn round the neck. The lips are sewn together, and a number of strings hang from them, the use of which is not apparent.—London Intellectual Observer.

Chips from Notable Ships.

All Spain rang with the name and fame of the *Vittoria*, when the vessel regained the port of San Lúcar, having accomplished, for the first time in the history of mankind, the circuit of the world. This was regarded as a wonderful feat, and properly so, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, though now a very ordinary affair. Five ships, with a total complement of two hundred and thirty men, set out upon the expedition, under the orders of Magellan, who perished in a foolish skirmish at one of the Philippine islands. Of the members of the squadron, the *Santiago* was wrecked before reaching the waters of the Atlantic, the *San Antonio* parted company at the instance of a cowardly commander, and returned home without sighting the Pa-

acific Ocean; the *Conception* was intentionally burnt at the Philippines, owing to the reduced number of the crew; the *Trinidad* was seized at the Moluccas by the Portuguese, and the *Vittoria* alone came back, on the sixth of September, 1522, after an absence of three years and fourteen days, bringing eighteen men of the entire force. "Thus," says Paganella, the historian of the great voyage, himself an adventurer, in language almost poetical, "our wonderful ship, taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailing southward through the great ocean toward the Antarctic Pole, and then turning west, followed that course so long that, passing round, she came into the east, and thence again into the west, not by sailing back, but proceeding constantly forward; so compassing about the globe of the world, until she in velocity regained her native country, Spain."

We have a memorial of this enterprise in our literature. In the narrative of it, the Patagonians are mentioned, making a great demon-god, under the name of *Selobos*, whom Shakespeare has introduced in the *Tempest*:

"I must obey his art of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Selobos,
And make a vessel of him."

The nation was jubilant at the success of the navigator. In honor of him, wherever he went, the bells pealed merrily, while the populace raised many a shout and sang in his praise. Queen Elizabeth at first assumed a cold demeanor, being obliged to listen to the grumbling of the Spanish ambassador. But upon the *Golden Hind* coming round to Deptford, she surrendered herself to the tide of public enthusiasm, paid the ship a visit, as all London did, and dined on board. "Famous Drake," as the wit called him, then became Sir Francis Drake. An awkward incident occurred on the occasion. Owing to the dense crowd upon the temporary bridge between the ship and the

bank of the river the planks gave way, and some hundreds fell into the water; but as no life was lost, and nothing more serious was suffered beyond a sound ducking, Elizabeth, with her usual ready wit, referred the issue to the good fortune of her lost Latin verses, composed by the Winchester scholars, eulogizing the ship, were nailed to the masthead, some of which are not deficient in point of grace:

"The stars above will make thee known,
If thou wert silent here;
The Sun himself can not forget
His fellow-traveler."

So much for the *Golden Hind* and one of her ribs.

Few voyages are so memorable for the sufferings of the crews, the prudence of the commander, and the value of the prizes captured, as that of Anson's, who was sent to attack the trade and settlements of Spain in the Southern seas. The armament consisted of eight vessels, carrying about two thousand men. Great difficulty was experienced in raising this force, and the number was only completed by having recourse to a most unjust and cruel expedient—that of compulsory enlistment from the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. These were for the most part above sixty, and many above seventy years of age. The embarkation of the unhappy old men was an affecting spectacle. Their reluctance to the service, and forebodings of hastened death, were plainly visible in their countenances; and the apprehension was speedily verified. Scarcely broke out, and raged with fearful violence; wounds received half a century before, at the battle of the Boyne, reopened, as if they had never been healed; and not one of the veterans—more than two hundred and fifty—lived to revisit his native land. Out of nine hundred persons on board of three vessels, upward of six hundred died during the first twelve months.

Of the squadron, the *Industry*, a store-ship was dismissed on the coast of Brazil, the *Severn* and *Pearl* separated from the Commodore during the passage round Cape Horn, and returned home, the *Anna*, another store-ship, was broken up at the island of Juan Fernandez; the *Gloucester*, damaged in a storm, was abandoned and fired; the *Trial*, being in a shattered condition, was sunk; and the *Wager* was wrecked under awful circumstances, which, as described in the narrative of one of her officers, may have suggested the lines of Byron, so close is the correspondence:

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave."

The Suicide.

WHEN hope is fled forever, And the heart is filled with care, O! the thread of life to sever, Sighs the heart in its despair.

Then touch that pale form lightly Thro' floating in the flood: And that face distort and ghastly, And those hands all stained with blood.

They saw nor help nor succor, And madness filled the brain;— And Death, all robed in beauty, Came and sang this siren strain.

Of Sorrow's hapless daughters, Then weary one, and faint, Come and drown in Læthe's waters Thy woes and thy complaint.

"And thou who hid thy sorrow, And proudly suffered wrong, Start not, though foul and cold thy bed, Be firm thy hand—be strong!"

Then judge not those whose sadness Has crushed them with its load— Be thankful for thy gladness, And leave them with their God.

—T. F. KNOTT.

The Revolution in Greece.

THE kingdom that the politicians of Europe patched up some thirty years ago has crumbled into dust. King Otto, who was as much tired of his subjects as they were of him, has abdicated and fled to his native Bavaria, and a revolution in Greece has been added to the numerous exciting topics of the day. With the particulars of that extraordinary event our readers are sufficiently acquainted, and we can only echo the general sentiment in France, as well as England, that the ex-monarch merited his inglorious fate. He was only a constitutional king in name, and his most energetic efforts, after his accession to the throne, were to elude in the most shameless manner obeying the charter. To that must be added, that King Otto, far from identifying himself with the people over whom he had been called upon to reign, made no concession whatever to the Greek nation, rendered Athens a German city, and his court the court of a petty German prince. Corpulent in body and mentally deficient, he appeared to have accepted the throne of Greece only to fatten on the civil list. Hence, the revolution was directed against the bad administration of the sovereign, and the Germanism which predominated in the Grecian peninsula. It must, however, be regarded as an awkward affair, happening at a juncture like the present, when the whole of continental Europe is reposing on volcanic fires, that break out in all quarters in fitful glares—Italy pining for her national and natural capital; Prussia disoriented and sullen; Austria in the throes of bankruptcy; Russia embarrassed with awful social questions, Turkey, a bait for any conqueror. France gagged, and, as a climax, England enduring a distress in her manufacturing districts unparalleled in her history. Probably the Greeks thought the time well chosen, in the presence of such grave complications, and that the Great Powers having enough to do at home, might, on this occasion, give a practical interpretation to the seemingly popular doctrine of non-intervention. However, the end of the demonstration is assuredly

quest. In the partition of the empire by the French and the Venetians, in 1797, Greece, "the proper and ancient Greece," again received a conqueror, in the person of the Marquis de Montebello, who is described by Gibbon as treating with indifference on that classic ground. The fertile island of Crete was purchased of the marquis by the Venetians, with the ruins of a hundred cities, and colonized with the refuse of the Adriatic. Slavonian robbers had desolated the peninsula before the Turks became its masters. All that of ancient Greece that had not perished consisted of its language, its monuments, and its haunted and gloomy soil, its sales of evergreen, its hills of snow.

"The sun, the soil, but not the slave the slave— Enchained in all, except its foreign lord."

The population of Greece has been largely affected by these conquests and changes. Many nations of perfectly different origin have been confounded with the descendants of the Hellenes. Of these the chief is undoubtedly the Slavonic race, who, under the title of Albanians, alternately ravaged and settled the country at pleasure. But the tall, strong figures and sandy countenances of many of the peasants in Argolis and Arcadia refer their Slavonian blood to a much earlier date. Gibbon mentions the eruption of several tribes into the Morea as early as the eighth century. At present the majority of the smaller villages is certainly occupied by the descendants of Slavonians, and the pure Greek blood is more likely to be found in the islands of the Archipelago. The claims of the modern Greeks therefore, cannot depend on the historical question which relates to the name. Their right and title to the soil, on the ground of inheritance, would seem not to be much more valid than that of the Welsh, the genuine Britons, to the sovereignty of the British Isles. But whether the Mariotes are descended, as they boast, from the ancient Spartans, or from Læonian pirates—whether the Hydrites are Hellenists by descent, or belong to the worst and lowest species of Albanians—whatever be the origin of the various tribes of the peninsula, or how many soever they may be with Slavonic, Venetian, or Turkish intruders, their cause is a good one, and this country recognized it as such years ago, when Byron fought for them, and Admiral Codrington founded their independence by destroying the Turkish fleet in the Bay of Navarino. Like the Copts of Egypt they are doubtless, both a mixed and degenerate race. Still the interest attaching to them as Greeks, and which, in spite of all that may be said against them, must attach to their name, linked as it is with every classical prepossession, and with the proudest historical recollections, this interest belongs to the soil, not to the race. The distinguishing—perhaps we ought to say, the redeeming character of the modern Greeks—that bond which still unites the mixed tribes as one people, and at the same time connects them with the country and its ancient masters, is their language—that brilliant phenomenon, alike wonderful in its preservation and in its origin, which has survived the political revolutions of thirty centuries, and which, disclaiming to blend with the idioms of successive invaders, has triumphed over the Latin itself, and still vindicates its claim to be the only indigenous language of the Greeks.

In short, their language is the only common bond they have with the past, and with such a tongue, preserved with care and affection during such an extent of years unparalleled, except by the Arabians, it is not

far from being imposing, the streets being narrow and dirty, and the houses are chiefly built of earth baked in the sun, the best being whitewashed. The few ancient remains are of Roman construction, and are neither grand, interesting, nor well preserved. It is in vain to search for traces of the numerous temples and public edifices mentioned by Pausanias. The soil is rich, and has probably risen above its original level, and conceals the foundations of ancient buildings. Indeed, the earth is seldom removed without fragments of statues and rich marbles being discovered. The castle is situated on an eminence which commands the city, and is built on the ruins of the Greek and Roman acropolis, which contained the temple and statue of Diana Laphria.

One of the leading attractions of Patras is the church of St. Andrew. It is held in great veneration, and is supposed to contain the bones of the Apostle. On the anniversary of his festival all the Greeks of Patras and the neighbouring villages resort to the church to pray, and public service is performed with all the solemnity of the Greek religion. Credulous historians tell us that the town was saved in the eighth century, when besieged by the allied Slavonians and Saracens, by a phantom or stranger, who fought in the foremost ranks, under the character of St. Andrew, the apostle, and the shrine which contained his relics was decorated with the trophies of victory.—London Journal.

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NEW BRUNSWICK COTTON.—The Woodstock Journal of the 27th ult., contains a letter from Mr. David Munroe, relative to specimens of the cotton-plant found in certain localities in the Province, notices of which have appeared in the columns of several of our contemporaries. Mr. Munroe says—

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ed their wires between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada, a distance of 16,000 miles, and thus completed the telegraphic communication between the Atlantic and Pacific in four months and seventeen days. The company have entered into an arrangement with the Emperor of Russia, by which, conjointly, they will construct a continuous line through British and Russian America, across Behring Straits, and through Asiatic and European Russia, so as to connect St. Petersburg with Washington. This line will be 14,000 miles in length. Russia has already completed 3,500 miles, and collected materials for extending the wires from Siberia to the mouth of the Amoor, the Mississippi of Asiatic Russia.

THE LION KING AND THE BAILIFFS.—When Carter, the lion king, as he was called, was exhibiting with Duerow at Astley's, a manager with whom Carter had made and broken his engagement, issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage-door and asked for Carter. "Show the gentlemen up," said Duerow, and when they reached the stage there sat Carter composedly, in the great cage, with an enormous lion on each side of him. "There's Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Duerow; "go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door." Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by a private signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The Bailiffs staggered back in terror, rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street.—Dublin University Magazine.

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But they have shaken off the Bavarian yoke, and it is to be hoped they will be allowed to work out their own destiny, neither being crushed on the one hand by the military parts of France or Russia, or induced to palter with their aspirations and instincts through English jealousy of interference with the Ionian Islands—those costly possessions which geographically belong to a free and independent Greece.

The city of Patras, pronounced Patrasso by the Italians, is situated on the shores of the Achaean province of the Morea, and with the ports on the opposite shore in West Hellas may be said to command the celebrated Gulf of Lepanto. It is seated on a gentle eminence projecting from the foot of Mount Boudia, which rises about three miles to the east, and within a mile from the sea. Ancient tradition ascribes its origin to Patreus, son of Præageneus, who first surrounded it with walls. Augustus Caesar made it a Roman colony, under the title of Arol Patrensis, or Patrensum. It is the see of a Greek Archbishop. It was formerly the chief commercial place in Greece, and now enjoys a sound prosperity, which is significant, seeing it was one of the first places to declare against Bavarian Otto. As a traveller says—"The commodiousness of its situation is the reason that it has never been completely abandoned since its foundation, and Roman merchants were settled there in the time of Cicero, as the English and French are at present. It is the emporium of the Morea, and trades with all parts of the Levant and Europe. Its appearance is

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TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.—The Pacific Telegraph Company have erected

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AMERICAN NEWS ITEMS.

RRRORTS say that there is great suffering in the South, and that war enthusiasm is fast dying out. . . . After a heavy cannonade from one hundred and seventy-six guns, the Federals took possession of Fredericksburg, the Confederates falling back to their fortifications in the rear of the city, from which they fire upon the town. A battle is expected to be imminent. . . . North Carolina evinces a powerful reaction against the war. . . . General Grant has captured twelve hundred prisoners. . . . Another Confederate steamer, the Ozeo, Capt. Mallis, is reported cruising in the Gulf of Mexico. . . . Tennessee rebels against the conscription. . . . Federal loss one thousand, Confederate loss two thousand men, at the battle of Fayetteville, Ark. . . . The main body of the Federals has crossed the Rappahannock. . . . The people of Missouri have declared for emancipation, and the Missouri Democrat publishes an appeal to the Northern States for aid in giving to their slaveholders a full equivalent. . . . New York has made munificent donations to the Relief Fund for Lancashire. Stewart, the prince of dry goods merchants handed in \$10,000. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., \$2,000, and Thurlow Weed and others, \$1,000 each. . . . Mr. Seward has demanded indemnity from England for vessels destroyed by the Alabama. . . . The battle expected at Fredericksburg has begun, by a heavy cannonade, but owing to the heavy fog little damage has been done. . . . The Confederates are reported 200,000 strong; Jackson commanding the right, Longstreet the centre, and Lee and Stuart the left. . . . On Saturday the N.Y. 98th charged one of the rebel batteries, but were repulsed after a fierce struggle. . . . The telegraphic communication which has been interrupted by Hampton's cavalry cutting the wires was restored by Sigal's advance gaining possession of the lines.

AN ANCIENT VOLUME.—At a sale of books lately, some merriment was created by the following incident.—Auctioneer (holding up a pretty large volume)—How much is bid for this book? This book, gentlemen, contains a minute account of the names, residences, &c., of all the eminent gentlemen who flourished in this great city ten years ago. Six shillings, sir? Eight—ten—twelve—Going—going—gone! The fortunate bidder of course thinks himself more fortunate still when he finds he has in his possession an old directory!

COUNTERMAND.—In Pennsylvania when the great excitement prevailed on the approaching invasion by the rebels, everybody shouldered arms and was ready to rush into the battle-field. When the enthusiasm was at its height, General McClellan had drawn the enemy off, and Governor Curtin recalled the troops. A young man who was deeply imbued with the spirit of patriotism and religion was describing his own feelings during this period. He was slow in coming to his decision, he said, "I sought the direction of Heaven, and I heard a voice saying unto me 'Go,' and I was on the point of going, when Governor Curtin countermanded the order!"

SARDONIC SMILE.—The term sardonic smile, in so general use, must have obtained a signification quite different from its original meaning. This smile, produced by a poisonous plant, was, as Pliny informs us, an involuntary motion of the muscles of the face, the effect of which was retained on the countenance of him who died of the poison long after death, giving it the appearance of a smile.

NOTICE

TO CLERGYMEN, TEACHERS, AND POSTMASTERS.

Teachers, Clergymen, Postmasters, and others whose engagements permit, are requested to act as AGENTS for this journal. Any person forwarding four subscribers, with the cash in advance (\$12) for twelve months, will be entitled to an extra copy for the year without charge.

Rowland's genuine Macassar Oil, Perfumery, Tooth Brushes, &c., received per steamer at the Medical Warehouse of George E. Morton & Co.

Map of the Seat of War, showing the interesting localities around Washington, Richmond, Baltimore, &c., sent free by mail on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps, by G. E. Morton & Co.

Judson's Simple Dyes for Ladies.—Magenta, Mauve, Violet, Scarlet, Green, Blue, Orange, or Brown, supplied by G. E. Morton & Co., Halifax. Any one can use these Dyes, a basin of boiling water being all that is necessary.

PATENT MEDICINES.—Notwithstanding the increased duty, all the advertised remedies will be sold at Proprietor's prices, at Morton's Medical Warehouse, in Halifax, until the present stock is disposed of.

Photographs for Albums, in great variety—embracing The Royal Family, and crowned heads of Europe—received at Morton's News Agency, near the Province Building, Halifax.

J. & G. LAWRENCE,

FURNITURE DEALERS,

UPHOLSTERERS AND UNDERTAKERS, Head King St., Brick Building 2d Story. ST. JOHN, N. B.

DRAWING ROOM, Dining Room, Bed Room, Library and Hall FURNITURE of different designs, Carved and Plain, in Mahogany, Walnut and Oak. Upholstery Department—Mattresses, Pure Curled Hair, MATTRESSES, low priced and medium, Hair MATTRESSES of Palm Leaf Excelsior, &c. Pillows, Feathers and Feather Beds; Cushions made to order for Steamboats, Pews, &c. Carpets cut and made. Upholstering Carefully and Promptly attended to. PIANO FORTES, New and Second hand, for sale and hire. MANICASSY and WAINWRIGHT in Boards, Planks, Joists, and Veneers. CHAIRS, Cane Seat and Wood in great variety. EXTENSION TABLES in Mahogany and Walnut. Nov. 23. J. & G. LAWRENCE.

FRASER & RAY

Have received ex ships Lampelo, Metropolis, Edward Allison, and British Steamers, a large stock of Staple Dry Goods, comprising—

WOOLENS,

in black, blue, and brown Beaver Cloth, Pilots, Diagonal Chevrons, Witneys, Seal Skins, Met-tous, Fancy Coatings, black Broad Cloths, (wadded) Union do., West England superfine black Doeskins, Cassimers, Silk mixed Trousers, West England do., Scotch Tweeds, Diagonal do., Mantle Cloths, &c.

FLANNELS, &c.,

Wells, Saxony, Lancashire, scarlet, blue, grey, mixed Serges, Witneys, Blankets, Horse Rugs, STUFFS, SHAWLS, &c.

Black and colored Lustres, Fancy do., Plaid Coburgs, Dress Goods in large variety, Gals Plaid, Plaid Witneys, black and colored Silks, a large Stock Long Shawls, all qualities, square do., Paisley, Alpaca, and fur trimmed latest styles, at very low prices, Mantles, &c.

COTTONS, LINENS, &c.

White, grey, and printed Cottons, Serges, Silicas, Fancy do., Linings, Drills, Jeans, Cotton Tweeds, Tickings, Onaburgs, Canvas, Cotton Flannels, &c.

L. WOOL SHIRTS & DRAWERS,

A large stock of superior makes. White and Shetland, in plain and ribbed, Crimean Shirts, white and fancy cotton do., twilled Jendos, blue and searlet Serge Shirts, Hosiery, Gloves, Neck Ties, Collars, &c.

A large stock of Small Wares and Trimmings. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. At the Victoria House, Prince William street. P. S.—We invite the inspection of Wholesale buyers to our stock. F. & R. Nov. 23. 3m

THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Council:

R. W. Crawford, Esq., M. P. Ex Officio—Hon. P. M. Vanhookland, of Canada, Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova-Scotia, Hon. S. L. Tilley, of New Brunswick.

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Lord Alfred Paget, M. P., Right Hon. Sir E. Head, Bart., Sir James Ferguson, Bart., M. P., Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M. P., J. A. Roeluck, Esq., M. P., The Hon. Robert Bourke, Edward Wheeler Mills, Esq., Hon. Justice Halliburton, M. P., Hon. Robert Grimston, Hugh Chambers, Esq., M. P., H. Wollaston Blake, Esq., Robert Benson, Esq., Robert Carter, Esq., Robert Gilchrist, Esq., H. Montgomery, Esq., Thomas Baring, Esq., M. P., George Carr Glyn, Esq., M. P., Sir Wm. Farrular, Bart., M. P., Sir Francis Head, Bart., Hon. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, M. P., Capt. Wm. Jervis, M. P., Sir J. Dalrymple Hay, Bart., M. P., Danby Seymour, Esq., M. P., Henry Paul, Esq., M. P., Charles Franks, Esq., P. Rose, Esq., William Chapman Esq., Edward Watkin, Esq., Charles Bischoff, Esq., John M. Grant, Esq. Trustees—Right Hon. E. P. Bouverie, M. P., G. G. Grenfell Glyn, Esq., M. P., Edward Baring, Esq. Treasurer:—Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M. P. Bankers:—Messrs. Hansom, Bouverie & Co. and Messrs. Glyn, Mills & Co.

The Council beg to announce that this Association has been formed to promote Colonial Union and Correspondence, to collect and circulate official information regarding the material resources of the Provinces, and as an established centre of communication to enable the Imperial and Colonial interests on both sides of the Atlantic to confer from time to time on all topics of mutual interest. Membership Annual Subscription, £2. 2s. Donations and Annual Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M. P., and at the Banks of Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie & Co., Pall Mall, and Messrs. Glyn, Mills & Co., Lombard Street, London; at the Branches of the Banks of British North America, and Montreal. The Rules of the Association will be forwarded on application to the undersigned, at the temporary Office of the Association, 185, Gresham House, Old Broad Street, E. C. London. By order, JOSEPH NELSON, Secretary, pro. tem.

Steamship "Arabia."

VAUX BROTHERS

Have received Fingering Yarn, all colors, Lancashire, Saxony and Welsh Flannels,

FANCY FLANNEL SHIRTINGS, Scotch, Lamb's Wool and Merino Hosiery Bales Grey, White, and Striped Shirtings and Duilms,

BEST QUALITY WHITE & COL'D COTTON WARP. Also—From Boston—1 case Ladies' and Misses' Skeleton Skirts, Cotton Batting and Wadding, all of which we offer at the Lowest Prices.

GLASGOW HOUSE, 152 Granville Street, Halifax. Nov. 23.

CALEDONIA HOTEL, WATER STREET.—Mrs. HUME would respectfully call the attention of strangers visiting Halifax to the superior accommodations of her House, where transient or permanent Boarders may find all the comforts of a home. Mrs. H. desires also to return thanks to her friends for their liberal support in the past, and assures them that she is ever happy to receive them at the "OLD CALDONIA," Halifax, Nov. 8, 1862.

TEA, PORK, BEEF, &c.

50 chests Congo Tea, 60 half chests do., 50 barrels Mess Pork, 25 do. Thin do., 25 do. Butt do., 30 do. Prime N. S. do., 10 do. do. BEEF, 40 tubs Butter. For sale by C. D. HUNTER. Halifax, November 4, 1862.

AUTUMN & WINTER GOODS,

AT THE LIVERPOOL HOUSE, GRANVILLE STREET.

A variety of beautiful DRESS GOODS, in Witneys, Plaids, Tartans, Checks, Challies, Reys, Coburgs, Lustres, and Merinoes, BLACK & COLORED SILKS, HATS, Ribbons, Flowers, Trimmings, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, CORSETS of various makes, SHAWLS and MANTLES, SCARFS, Silk, Chenille, and Wool; Stamped and Embroidered FLOUNCES and TRIMMINGS, Grey, White, and Printed COTTONS; Striped and Fancy REGATTA SHIRTING; White, Red, Blue, and Printed FLANNELS; Fine, Magenta, Blue, Scarlet and Pink Saxony ditto.

BLANKETS IN ALL QUALITIES.

Gent's SHIRT COLLARS, Ties, Scarfs; Lamb's Wool and Merino Pants and Shirts, White Cotton Shirts, Cambric and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs.

SCOTCH TWEEDS, DOESKINS, &c. &c. &c. HEAVY COATINGS, IN ALL THE NEWEST MAKES.

A Large Stock of LADIES' MANTLE CLOTHS, FURNISHING GOODS, in Carpets, Damasks, Table Linen, Toweling—all kinds.

FURS! FURS! FURS! FURS!

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For sale by C. D. HUNTER. Halifax, November 4, 1862.

IRON BEDSTEADS, STRETCHERS, Cribs, &c.

S. C. NASH & Co., have received at Old Stand, Variety Hall, the largest and best assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Stretchers, and Cribs, ever offered in this market, and they will be sold so low that none shall compete with them, viz:—13s. 9d., 17s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 40s., and up to £10s., all depending upon the quality—but as good, if not better, than some cheap houses, advertising at low prices.

Our articles are good, and from the celebrated house of Wignall & Co., Liverpool, G. B. Halifax, Oct. 1.

NOW open INTERNATIONAL AMBROTYPE and PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

122 Hollis Street,—nearly opposite Variety Hall. In arrangement of light and every particular, this Gallery is superior, and for cheapness and excellence of work, unsurpassed. Photographs at English and American Prices. Card Pictures, \$3 dozen.—Ambrotypes complete in neat cases, 2s. 7d. each.

This light is so large and so constructed that Pictures can be taken in cloudy equally as well as in clear weather. Call and examine specimens, &c. Oct. 1. PARISH & CO.

O'DONNELL & SMITH have opened their New PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,

in Mr. Campbell's New Building, Hollis Street. They have the most powerful light in the City, and are provided with new and improved apparatus for Card de Visite, Stereoscopic, and every variety of Photography. A full supply of Ambrotype and Photographic Materials constantly on hand, and for sale.

Orders from the Country will be promptly filled. Halifax, Oct. 1.

NEW GOODS. Gold and Silver

Lever Watches, Chains and Jewelry, per Steamer Arabia. An assortment Superior English Lever Watches, in Hunting and other Cases—consisting of Ladies' Gold Lever Watches, Gentlemen's Gold Lever Watches, Gold Hunting Lever Watches—the cases made of Nova Scotia Gold—Silver Hunting Lever Watches, Gold Guards and Albert Chains! Keys, Pins, Rings, and Lockets, in Great Variety. Silver Spoons and Forks, Gold Chains and Jewelry, made to order by experienced workmen, on the premises. JOHN McCULLOCH. No. 83 GRANVILLE STREET. Halifax, Oct. 1.

NEW EATING SALOON.—The

Subscriber, formerly connected with "Stewart's Head Quarters," has taken the premises, No. 161 Hollis Street, "Victoria Block," and fitted them up as a CHOP AND OYSTER SALOON. The best Steaks and Chops the Market can afford, as also a good supply of Oysters, will be kept constantly on hand. Also, Game, when in season; all of which will be served up in a style that he warrants will give satisfaction. WILLIAM STEWART. The best Wines, Liquors, Ales and Porter will be kept constantly on hand. Halifax, Oct. 1. 3m

NEW GOODS. Gold and Silver

Lever Watches, Chains and Jewelry, per Steamer Arabia. An assortment Superior English Lever Watches, in Hunting and other Cases—consisting of Ladies' Gold Lever Watches, Gentlemen's Gold Lever Watches, Gold Hunting Lever Watches—the cases made of Nova Scotia Gold—Silver Hunting Lever Watches, Gold Guards and Albert Chains! Keys, Pins, Rings, and Lockets, in Great Variety. Silver Spoons and Forks, Gold Chains and Jewelry, made to order by experienced workmen, on the premises. JOHN McCULLOCH. No. 83 GRANVILLE STREET. Halifax, Oct. 1.

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IMPORTANT TO MINERS.—

SMITH & WASLEY'S Machinery for Spalling and Separating the Ore from the Stone, etc. A new and useful Machine, termed a Preparator, has recently been patented by Messrs. Smith & Wasley, having for its objects the spalling and separating the Ore from the Stone, and forming it into proper sizes for pecking, jigging, crushing, &c., according to the nature and quality of the stuff. The construction is simple, and the machine can be erected, in connection with other machinery, as driving power, for about £15 per hammer. Two, three, four, or any other number of hammers may be had, as required. Four of from 4 to 5cwt. each, will break about 1000 tons per month. This invention well deserves public notice, as it will decidedly effect an economy of 70 per cent. over manual labour; together with a great advantage in the dispatch of work, performing it far better than any other mode yet introduced, and several practical gentlemen, who have seen it at work at the Coed Mawr Pool Mines, fully corroborate the above statement. The charge for patent right will be on the most advantageous terms. The largest mine in the kingdom may exercise its full use at £5 per month, and the charge to be reduced proportionately, according to the magnitude of the works; or the patent may be sold off to each mine, district, or county, as might be agreed on. For further particulars apply to ALFRED HILL & Co., Shipping, Insurance and Forwarding Agents, &c., 64 and 65, The Albany Old Hall Street, Liverpool, or 35 Milk Street, London, England, where the working model may be seen, or to FREDERICK W. FISHWICK, Colonial Express Office, Halifax, N. S. Oct. 1.

Advertisements.

FURNITURE HALL. W. E.

HEFFERNAN, wholesale and Retail Dealer and Manufacturer of—Furniture, Feather Beds, Mattresses, Looking Glasses, Floor Cloths, Carpets, Iron Bedsteads, Mahogany, Walnut and Common Furniture, in great variety, at the very lowest price for cash. Prince street, (near Province Building.) Oct. 1.

MILITIA APPOINTMENTS.—

Regulation Swords, with Gilt Mountings, Sword Belts, White Patent Leather, Shoulder Belts, Black Patent Leather Pouches, Silver Shoulder Knots, Gold Sword Knots, &c. The above are strictly as per Regulation Sealed Pattern, and can be supplied together or separately, at very low prices, as they are received direct from the manufactory, by DELLA TORRE & CO., Halifax, Oct. 1. Agents.

Public Companies.

LONDON PHOENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established in 1782 Capital £5,000,000 stg Office Lombard Street and Charing Cross.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH LAW LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. London, 12 Waterloo Place; Edinburgh, 120 Prince Street, Glasgow, 105 St. Vincent Street.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Incorporated in 1836. Chairman—George Grant, Esq. Deputy Chairman—Charles S. Parker, and J. A. Tobin, Esqs.

THE QUEEN INSURANCE CO. LIFE DEPARTMENT. Special feature, non-forfeiture of Policies by the issue of Free Paid-up Policies.

Public Companies.

NOTICE.—To all persons wishing to become landed proprietors in New Brunswick. The New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company own many thousand acres of well wooded and watered first quality settlement lands.

Piano-Fortes.

EDMUND E. KENNAY, (late of London,) Piano-Forte Manufacturer, 120 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

ALBERT LAURILLIARD, PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER, TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANO FORTES, ORGANS, MELODEONS, &c., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Mr. I. would respectfully invite the attention of purchasers of Pianos to his selection of Piano Fortes now on inspection at Warehouse No. 3 SHEFFIELD HOUSE, Market Square.

Piano-Fortes.

MESSRS. FRASER & SON, PIANO FORTS MANUFACTURERS, No. 70 & 88 Barrington Street, return their thanks to their numerous patrons in Halifax and other parts of the Province for the many favors bestowed upon them in the past.

FIRST-CLASS PIANO FORTES. At their well-known Establishment. Having procured for Sounding Boards the best material that can be found in Switzerland and Germany, they are enabled to give to their instruments a sweetness of tone that cannot be produced in instruments with sounding board material procured in America.

The following gratifying testimonials have also very recently been received.

HALIFAX, N. S., 12th July, 1861. GENTLEMEN,—As I am about leaving Halifax, I must, in justice to you, state that the Piano Fortes which I have used at my Concerts here, and which were manufactured in your establishment, have given me very great satisfaction.

Being requested by different parties in this city to give my opinion in reference to the tuning of pianos, I have great pleasure in stating that Mr. Fraser of this city stands in equal rank with the best tuners that I have met with in New York, St. Petersburg (Russia), and Vienna (Austria).

Fire-Proof Safes.

ENCOURAGE Domestic Manufacture! JAMES F. NICHOLLS. Begs leave to return his most sincere thanks to the inhabitants of St. John and vicinity for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him during the short time he has been in business.

Books and Stationery.

J. & A. McMILLAN, 78 Prince William St., Saint John, N. B. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in BOOKS AND STATIONERY, keep constantly on hand, a full assortment of the Irish National School Books, which have been adopted by the Provincial Board of Education.

Geographies, Spelling Books, Readers, English Grammars, Arithmetic, Speakers, Table Books, Primers, Pinnock's Catechisms, Histories, Copy Books, Exercise Books, &c.

Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish and Italian School and Text Books. A large and carefully selected stock of STANDARD and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS; Religious Works, Sunday School Books and Libraries, Bibles, Church Services, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, Psalm Books, Sunday School Reward Books, &c.

New Books received from the Publishers as soon as issued.

STATIONERY of all kinds, Writing Paper in every variety, Gold and Steel Pens, Quills, Ink, Memorandum Books, Lead Pencils, Drawing Paper, Parchment, Sealing Wax, Slates, Slate Pencils, &c., &c.

PRINTING.—All kinds of Book, Job, and Fancy Printing executed promptly, and in the neatest style. Printing Paper, Cards, Book and News Ink, always on hand.

BOOKBINDING.—In this department special attention is given to the manufacture of Blank Books, which can be ruled to any pattern, and made up in the best manner. A large supply of Blank Books always on hand. Binding of all kinds carefully attended to.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—A select circulating library in connection with the establishment, in which the new books, as fast as published, are kept in quantities. St. John, October 1, 1862. 3m

THE GREAT CANADIAN REBELLION! Will be published in a few weeks: the History of the Great Canadian Rebellion in 1837; including the Life of William L. Mackenzie, and sketches of the principal actors and public men of that time.

A few Good Agents wanted, to canvass for this work, to whom the largest commissions will be paid. Agents now canvassing are selling from Twenty-five to fifty copies a day, and it will doubtless have the largest sale of any book of the size now published.

N. B.—Agents can find pleasant and profitable employment in selling our other publications, including Religious and Historical Works—Family Bibles, &c. Oct. 1.

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GEORGE STYMEST, INSURANCE BROKER, AVERAGE ADJUSTER, & NOTARY PUBLIC. BAYVIEW BUILDING, PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Fredericton, April 21th, 1862. Oct. 1.

Piano-Fortes.

EDMUND E. KENNAY, (late of London,) Piano-Forte Manufacturer, 120 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

ALBERT LAURILLIARD, PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER, TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANO FORTES, ORGANS, MELODEONS, &c., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Mr. I. would respectfully invite the attention of purchasers of Pianos to his selection of Piano Fortes now on inspection at Warehouse No. 3 SHEFFIELD HOUSE, Market Square.

JOHN R. COLEMAN, Piano-forte Manufacturer, No. 8 Sewell Street, St. John, N. B. We are constantly manufacturing Pianos with all the latest improvement and styles.

VICTORIA STOVE STORE. 182 Hollis Street.

THE SUBSCRIBERS RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends and the public generally, to their large and well-selected stock of Cooking, Hall, Parlor, Office, Shop, and Bed-room STOVES, which for style, quality of materials, and cheapness, cannot be surpassed by any other House in the trade.

The following gratifying testimonials have also very recently been received.

HALIFAX, N. S., 12th July, 1861. GENTLEMEN,—As I am about leaving Halifax, I must, in justice to you, state that the Piano Fortes which I have used at my Concerts here, and which were manufactured in your establishment, have given me very great satisfaction.

Being requested by different parties in this city to give my opinion in reference to the tuning of pianos, I have great pleasure in stating that Mr. Fraser of this city stands in equal rank with the best tuners that I have met with in New York, St. Petersburg (Russia), and Vienna (Austria).

MESSRS FRASER & SON having formed an Agency with the first manufactories of MELODEONS in New England, have also just received a large and elegant assortment of these instruments which they can sell at manufacturer's prices.

Fire-Proof Safes.

ENCOURAGE Domestic Manufacture! JAMES F. NICHOLLS. Begs leave to return his most sincere thanks to the inhabitants of St. John and vicinity for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him during the short time he has been in business.

PARTIES SUPPLIED IN ST. JOHN.—James Lupton Germain Street. The Estate of the late H. G. Symonds W. & A. Godsoe, Market Street. J. Armstrong, Prince William Street. J. Read, South Wharf. Charles McCart, Prince William Street. J. Marvin, Ward Street. R. R. Page, King Street. A. Magee, King Street. M. Martin, King Street. Lunt & Pickup, Canterbury Street. Brown, King Street. A. Rankin, Portland. D. Devoc, Water Street. R. Stubbs, Amherst.

Having had 12 years' experience in some of the best workshops in London, he is prepared to do SMITH WORK in all its various branches, including Vault Doors, Railings, Wrought Iron Fence Work, Girders, &c., &c. Bell hanging neatly executed. All orders attended to with punctuality and dispatch. JAS F NICHOLLS. Notice.—It has been asserted by Fire-Proof Safe Agents of this city that my Safes are not Fire-proof. I therefore beg to state that I am willing to test the same by placing one of my Safes alongside of any imported one, and try their superiority by Fire!

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