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From the Forget-me-not.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S PENCIL.

BY T. E. WILKS, ESQ.

THE day that witnessed the arrival of Ernest Hartmann in the gay and magnificent city of Florence was as bright without as his bosom was dark within. Ernest was a German by birth, a traveller by habit, and an artist by profession. His master, when he dismissed his pupil, told him that he drew superbly, and coloured better: he quite agreed with the worthy old man, and imagined himself a Claude in landscape, a Salvator Rosa in grouping and imagination, a Vandyke in portraits. Certain it is, that, having with immense labour and trouble painted an altar-piece, representing St. Michael destroying the serpent of evil, which he could not dispose of, it was with infinite grace presented to the pastor of his native village, and forthwith decorated the walls of its time-worn church. This had hitherto been his greatest exploit in painting, but it was with anticipations of complete success, his fertile imagination teeming with visions of present wealth and enjoyment, of evergreen laurels, to great fame, and certain immortality, that he rushed to Italy, to cope with her favoured sons. How amazingly commerce with the world represses the warm imaginings of youth!—it is like the art of the Musselman, who cools his sherbet with snow. Ernest soon found that he was mistaken; that self-conceit did not always betoken real talent: that his best efforts, albeit admired in an obscure German village, were far, very far inferior to the worst of those which he had so vainly imagined he should rival; and that, did he wish to remain in Italy, he must either commence the toilsome task of renewing the study of his profession from its earliest stages, and with all its drudgery, or at once relinquish his beloved art, and seek some other means of procuring a subsistence. After a lengthened consideration, he determined for a brief period to do neither the one nor the other: with palette at his back, he travelled through great part of the country of the vine and the orange: he visited Naples, wondered at Vesuvius, gazed with rapture upon the spreading Bay, and longed to enter into the pleasures of the city without being able to do so. He rambled to Milan, thence to Venice, and lastly, as we have seen, to Florence, where he arrived with a purse exhausted to the drachma, a head aching with disappointment and fatigue, a sun blazing like some huge furnace above him, a scene like fairy land around him, and a prospect of having nothing to eat before him.

Ernest was fain to procure a very obscure lodging in a very wretched part of the suburbs, and here he vegetated rather than lived for several days, until something very much akin to despair visited his bosom, and lurked in his slight but downcast eye. Ernest was sitting one morning in deep meditation on a three-legged-stool, contemplating an unfinished picture on his easel, when the door of his chamber suddenly opened, and a respectable looking old gentleman entered. This personage was dressed in black, and he carried in his hand an ebony stick; but, while the wrinkles on his brow told of age, his piercing eye convinced those who gazed on him that, though his body might be enfeebled by the great conqueror, his mind retained its pristine vigour. Ernest started from his seat, and, having bowed with some surprise, begged to know what were his commands.

"Signor Ernest," he began, "I have long watched you struggling towards rank and eminence, and have long regretted the slowness of your progress. Ernest bowed. "I come to congratulate you on the near approach you have at last made to the object of your wishes." Ernest

bowed still lower, and cast an inquisitive glance around the wretched apartment, as though seeking to discover tokens of the good fortune upon which he had been congratulated: nothing, however met his inquiring glance but proofs irrefragable of poverty and neglect. The old gentleman resumed. "I have long been employed in framing a gift worthy of your acceptance, and have at length succeeded. I pray you take this pencil," and he drew from under his cloak an instrument formed of cedar wood, in shape not unlike a common ruler, save that, at one end sharpened to a point, it formed a drawing pencil, and at the other, a small portion of camel's hair constituted a painting brush. "With this inestimable treasure in your possession, it is a task easy of performance to surpass every painter that ever breathed or breathes. Sketch with the pointed end, paint with the other; the design, the execution, the colouring, all will proceed spontaneously, and, guided by your wishes, unrivalled will be your productions, while you, inheriting the fame, and reaping the profit, will merely be the actor of a mechanical motion."

Ernest listened with great astonishment, but still more incredulity, to this strange address, and when it was finished laughed aloud. The old gentleman seemed rather offended. "If you doubt me, if you question the efficacy of the pencil put at once to the test: there is canvass ready on your easel."

"Signor, I thank you," replied Ernest, still smiling; "but, do you think me so silly as to suppose that, did this strangely-formed instrument really possess the qualities you describe, you would so readily give it away?"

"Never heed what my motives may be," answered the old gentleman; "I have told you that I merely desire to witness your advancement; that is a very polite reason to assign, surely, and with it you should be satisfied. I have only one condition to require from you, and that is, that you will never either sell it or give it away. Promise me this, and the pencil is yours."

"Am I awake, or dreaming?" queried Ernest. No, it was not a dream: there sat the old gentleman, his white locks overshadowing a countenance full of some indescribable expression: there lay the means whereby to procure the dearest wishes of his heart—ay, and of every other heart—wealth, and fame, and honours—and around him were the broken walls of a chamber which he might, if he wished, now change for a palace. "It is not a dream," concluded Ernest, "but a very singular reality." He was not long in deciding what to do. "I am in honour bound," he considered, "not to part with this gift, to say nothing of self-interest in retaining it. The only request, therefore, that the donor makes, is one which demands no sacrifice in the compliance." There are very few who would not so have argued—nevertheless, the natural question, "Who is this old gentleman?" suggested itself, and spoke openly in the ensuing remark.

"But, are there no other conditions?" "None, whatever," answered his visitor; "a careful fulfilment of the one I have named is all that I require. Come, Signor Ernest, say at once whether you will accept my gift. I have other business which calls me away; and, remember that this is a matter regarding only your own interest."

"I do accept it, then," cried Ernest eagerly, "and for it return a thousand thanks." He could not say less than a thousand under the circumstances.

"Then, farewell, Signor," said the stranger, rising from the stool, whereon he had without heeding formal rules quietly seated himself. "I wish you every happiness, and doubt not that on some future occasion we shall meet again."

"I heartily trust so, Signor," Ernest replied: he could not say less under the circumstances; nevertheless, it was a great falsehood. However, it pleased the old gentleman perhaps all the better for being a falsehood. Making a polite bow, the latter took his leave, and Ernest, darting to his unfinished painting, eagerly tried the powers of his new acquisition. It was indeed every thing that had been described; figures, foreground, perspective, sky, all sprang from the magic instrument: in less time than it required for his imagination to conceive a single figure, all was completed, the colours dry, the design and effect brilliant and unrivalled.

Imagine a poor briefless barrister, dining on a chop with no wine, suddenly created and gazetted as Lord Chancellor; or an unfortunate Welsh curate, with a small stipend of thirty pounds a year, and a large family of half as many children, suddenly called upon to take possession of that choice piece of church preferment, yept the bishopric of Durham: or picture to yourself a wretched creature of a midshipman, who has seen himself described as such until he begins to doubt whether promotion to him is not an "airy nothing," suddenly called upon to carry "the red flag at the fore;" or suppose any other change equally sudden and equally great, and you will discover something like the feelings of Ernest Hartmann.

Habits and manners may be dissimilar, garments may be differently formed and differently worn, complexions may be unlike, and features may vary; but, in all cases, in all nations, and under all circumstances, the human heart remains similarly constituted. The inhabitants of Florence, like those of London, are guided solely by omnipotent Fashion. Fashion is the sun of poets and painters: when the one writes of Fortune, or the other portrays her, they ought to represent her with a silly expression of countenance, and place in her hand a rattle, for Fashion to all the rest of the world is Fortune to them. Fashion, wonderful dame! it is that makes or mars them; talent is of secondary importance: Fashion possesses power as extensive as it is arbitrary. Fashion caught hold of the hand of Ernest Hartmann, and carried him with her to rank and eminence.

Had the wonderful paintings which Ernest sent forth to the world been merely the productions of his own genius, it is five hundred chances to one that he would have remained in wretched poverty and gloomy obscurity during life, and been immortalized after death like—how many? but with him the case was different: the magic pencil wrought wonders, not merely on canvass, but on the inhabitants of Florence. The Grand Duke visited the atelier of Ernest Hartmann; the Grand Duke, with vast taste, admired a superb painting of the Madonna, and, as the Grand Duke did not offer to buy it, Ernest humbly begged his acceptance of the "trifle" which he had been pleased to honour with his approval. The Grand Duke graciously deigned to accept as a gift that which he was too poor to purchase, and the next day Ernest received a patent of nobility, and became Italianized under the title of Count Aldini. What a fine world we live in! merit is always rewarded!

A year and a day after his first visit, the old gentleman called again upon Ernest Hartmann, but, during that period, his gift, as indeed all his gifts do—had worked a strange alteration. Count Ernest Aldini was the envy and admiration of all Florence. All the artists envied him, for his paintings surpassed their's as much as the president's "last" surpasses the daub before a village alehouse—and where there is superiority there must be envy—let the flatterers of human nature call it emulation or whatever else they please. The ancient noblesse envied him, be-

cause, without possessing their pedigrees, he was more popular: wealth will always exercise more sway with the foolish than rank, ay, or with the wise, for the most part either. The rich envied him, because he equalled them in their expenditure and magnificence, but with this essential difference, that, while they injured their estates to tope with him, a few hours in his *atelier* would serve to reimburse him for weeks of dissipation. The poor envied him, because the poor always did, and always will, envy the wealthy: the poor ever imagine that happiness mainly consists in possessing wealth, the rich *know* to the contrary: neither will ever convince the other; so, thus thinking, will both, high and low, jog on to eternity.

In spite of all this envy, Ernest commanded admiration—his talents from the few, his profusion from the many, his generosity from all. Count Aldini had the most luxurious palazzo in sunny Florence! Count Aldini was an especial favourite with the Grand Duke; Count Aldini was smiled upon by every lady in Florence, and his acquaintance sought by every gentleman distinguished by rank, by fame, or by talents, from the common herd."

Every one wondered much and often why Count Aldini wore a shade upon his brow, and why he never seemed to partake with the elasticity or buoyancy of youth in the varied pleasures which danced around him. Could they have penetrated his heart, and seen what feelings lurked within it, few would have envied him his good fortune, still fewer been found willing to exchange their griefs and their joys for his.

It was precisely a year and a day after he had first possessed the strange charm which produced these changes, that, one hour before midnight, Ernest left the polished circle, of which he was regarded as the very life, hurried home to his spacious palazzo, sought his studio, and, having closed the door, paced dejectedly up and down the apartment.

"What a strange existence is mine!" he muttered, "thus suddenly lifted to the enjoyment of all that this world affords of luxury, by means of a supernatural gift—from whom? Alas, from one whose slave I fear I must become. Wretch that I am!" and he paused before the easel, and gazed upon the painting that it supported. "The dread of what is to follow destroys every present enjoyment, and fills my soul with horror and despair." The painting represented with fearful accuracy the terrors and sufferings of a place of torment in another world, and, guided by the feelings which so strongly actuated him, the painter had bestowed his own likeness upon one of the principal figures, which appeared surrounded by the ministers of vengeance in the foreground of the design. "Yes," the artist mournfully continued, "such, such will be my doom; and what have I received in exchange? A gift," and he drew forth the pencil, "the possession of which renders me wretched, and yet with which I cannot—dare not—part."

"The distant clock tolled forth twelve; the artist paused to count the dull heavy sounds as they fell upon the silent ear of night. The moon became suddenly shrouded in gloomy clouds, the lamps burned but dimly, the door opened, and the old gentleman entered.

A withering sensation of fear thrilled the bosom of Ernest: the old gentleman bent profoundly, and then unbidden seated himself on a splendid ottoman.

"Permit me," he said, calmly, "permit me, sir count, to congratulate you on your well deserved good fortune: talents"—and he smiled sarcastically—"talents like your's deserve suitable encouragement. But you look pale," soothingly; "are you unhappy, or is it merely the weariness which results from past enjoyment that oppresses you?"

"I—I am wretched!" burst from the lips of Ernest.

"Indeed? Can I remedy your causes of grief? Surely your pencil fails not of its wonted effect?"

"No—no—it is not that. I scarcely can tell you, scarcely describe even to myself what it is that oppresses me. I seem to bear a charmed life; content flies my bosom; strange fears haunt me; and I dread—I know not what."

The old gentleman smiled.

"Then, when I enter a cathedral, and would pray, my thoughts become confused, and, feeling like a wretch guilty of heinous sins, I rush from the sacred pile in wild despair."

The old gentleman took a pinch of snuff from an ebony snuff-box, then handed the latter to Ernest: it contained black rappee, mixed with scented Scotch. Ernest declined the offered courtesy.

"Is this all that oppresses you? Is this all that paints your cheek with pearl powder, and your brow with Indian ink?"

"All? Yes; is it not enough?"

"No," said the old gentleman, composedly taking another pinch; "they are nothings, unworthy the notice of a man of sense. You must, however, permit me to contradict your last assertion; these things are *not* the sole sources of your grief."

Ernest blushed deep crimson. The old gentleman looked not at him—gentlemen don't like to be looked at when they blush, and his elderly friend was aware of it.

The fact was, that Count Aldini was not the painter Ernest who had entered Florence a year and a week before. There are few who can bear great and sudden prosperity with an even mind: one it will sway into the paths of vice; another it will drive to madness; a third will become absurdly proud; a fourth it will utterly destroy; a fifth it may render grateful and virtuous. N. B., the last is a rare phenomenon. It is some praise to Ernest that his prosperity had not betrayed him into any great crime; but, although his conscience was not burdened very heavily, his moral character had undergone a change. He was haughty and proud, too, of his imaginary talents; (how many there are in this world proud of that for which they ought most to blush!) he had likewise become reckless in his disposition, and, regarding himself, already as a victim to supernatural agency, scarcely hesitated to look on crimes of a heinous character without distaste.

"The real case is this," resumed the old gentleman, after a brief pause; "you have fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of the Marchese di Santo Giuliano, and know not how to inspire her fair bosom with a corresponding passion." Ernest blushed again. "It is this which gives you more pain than all the rest of your troubles," with a slight sneer.

The old gentleman was perfectly right in supposing that the circumstance which he specified was the cause of many uneasy sensations in the breast of Ernest, but the latter portion of his speech was not equally correct. Ernest had passed the earlier part of his life in too religious a manner not to feel many severe qualms of conscience at so complete a change in his circumstances. There was a slight pause.

"The pencil will assist you," said the old gentleman.

"The pencil?"

"Ay, where is it?"

Ernest handed it to him. The old gentleman unscrewed it about the centre, although Ernest had never previously observed the slightest appearance of a crack, and drew from the hollow within it a small phial containing liquid of a dark red colour.

"Of course you are aware," said the old gentleman coolly, as he drew the cork from the phial, and applied it to his nose, apparently to ascertain whether the contents were in right order, "of course, with your keen perception, you must be aware that the Signora Aloysia loves another?"

"I have imagined," said Ernest—while a dark shade gathered on his brow—"that she loved her father's protégé, the young Antonio; but to her union with him the Marchese would never consent."

"I am not so certain of that," rejoined the gentleman with the white hair; "indeed I know that he has some doubts at this moment upon his mind as to whether he shall not at once consent to their marriage."

"Ha!"

"Even so; and, were it otherwise, we must commence

our operations with Antonio; he is a formidable barrier in our progress to the heart of the beautiful Aloysia."

But then her father," said Ernest despondingly, "would never consent to her weding an artist, however wealthy or deserving."

The old gentleman smiled.

"The Marchese, with all his pomp and pride, is poor—very poor—pride, pomp, and poverty! what a funny combination!" and the old gentleman chuckled inwardly and heartily, although Ernest could not see much in the joke; but, presently subduing his merriment, he proceeded, "The Marchese is very poor, and yet loves gaming as well as you do his daughter."

"Well," said Ernest.

"Well," said the old gentleman, and then he took another pinch of snuff, "the pencil will assist you."

He had unscrewed this mystic gift into two parts—from the one he had taken the phial, from the other he now shook forth a pair of dice.

"Go to-morrow evening to his palazzo; you will find him alone: ply him with wine, and then propose play; substitute these dice for those which he will produce; you must win, ay, and largely; and, belike, he cannot pay you. You must take his daughter in lieu of the gold you do not want, and as for Antonio—when next you meet him, infuse the contents of this phial into his wine, and my life on't Aloysia is your's before the month is gone."

"Murder," muttered Ernest.

"Nonsense," said the old gentleman, "do as I bid you, and fear not for the result; only beware ye part not with the pencil." He screwed together the parts of the pencil, returned it to Ernest, and then rose from his seat.

"Is there no other way?" said Ernest.

"None," said the old gentleman. "Come, you are a lover; wish you not to know how your idol is employed? Stretch forth the canvass and exercise your pencil."

Mechanically, Ernest did as he was bidden. A wide-spreading, luxuriant, garden appeared to flow from the teeming brush; the gentle moonlight glowed on every tree through every bush; and in an alcove sat the fair Aloysia, whilst, by her side, the young Antonio, with rapture in his eyes, appeared to tell his love in impassioned melody.

"Confusion!"

"Such joys," said the old gentleman, "should be thine."

"And shall!" cried Ernest.

The old gentleman smiled.

"Farewell," said the latter; "follow my advice, and when next we meet, I shall hail the lovely Signora Aloysia as the happy bride of the painter, Ernest. Adieu;" and so saying, he glanced with evident delight upon the representation of Pandemonium which had arisen from the painter's morbid imagination, bowed very politely, and forthwith departed.

Ernest stood as though transfixed, with the pencil in his hand, and his eyes riveted on the eloquent painting before him. Suddenly his hesitation seemed to vanish.

"It shall be done!" He looked at the phial and then at the dice, carefully examined them, and then safely lodged them in a secret cabinet. Ernest pressed his hand against his burning forehead, and, in an almost utter exhaustion of mind, threw himself upon a couch—but not to sleep. Slumber flew far from his resting-place, or if, for a few moments, his wearied eyelids closed, dreams of so fearful a nature presented themselves, that it was a relief to wake again. He fancied that every face he beheld resembled that of the old gentleman, that every figure displayed thin and emaciated yet nervous frame. Now he would grin on the uneasy sleeper with wild delight, then reproach him with anxiety, anon with dismay, and lastly with fiendish rage and hate.

Morning at length dawned. Morning! bright Morning! the blessings of millions hail thee—songs of gay and happy warblers welcome thee—all nature greets thee with strong and fervent joy! The lark rises to meet thee and pour forth his hymn of praise—for thee is the dewy bud of the night-closed flower unrobed—and to thee man owes his release from midnight terrors and midnight gloom. Blessings on thee, bright and beautiful as thou art!

Ernest sprang with joy from his resting couch, and, his mind surcharged with visions of past horrors, prepared to pass in the usual manner the day destined to usher in a night of crimes. The morning repast despatched, he again essayed the powers of his magic pencil; suddenly he flung the instrument from him with vehemence, and threw himself distractedly into a chair.

"What am I about to do?" he muttered; "resign all hopes of future happiness!—for what? For the purpose of rendering one person to death, another to crime, and a third to misery! This is terrible! I will not do it. My loved, my gentle, Elsi yet pants for my return to my native village, and I will return; in the days of my poverty we exchanged vows, which, in the hour of prosperity, shall be fulfilled. Ah! last night the magic pencil brought to my view the Signora Aloysia; let me now see whether it will not present me with the form of Elsi. Yes, I shall see how she is engaged, and perhaps, perhaps, find her praying for one who has so long forgotten her." Thus saying, he crossed the studio, and picked up his charmed pencil.

He passed it over the canvass, and upon there appeared the interior of an humble dwelling; in the fore-ground, engaged at a spinning-wheel, sat a fair young girl, just brightening into womanhood, the very *beau idéal* of laughing beauty mingled with sensibility. Near her sat a youth, who, with hurried gesture and anxious look, was evidently pleading a tale of love, while she, with smiles that seemed to mock his earnestness, evidently listened to the rustic with joyous and participating feelings.

"Oh horror!" shouted the painter, "what do I see? Elsi unfaithful? Ay, there she sits, while the very man whose addresses she has so often told me she hated pleads his cause of love, and is tacitly encouraged. This has decided me—Aloysia shall be mine—in my arms she will speedily forget the idiot Antonio."

The day is passed much in the same way in all parts of the civilized world. The poor labour—the wealthy idle—the young anticipate with glee—the old look back with regret—Death seizes on all alike! So passed that day in Florence; in the morning the grand and solemn service in the churches attracted the religious, whether so in fact, or merely in appearance; afterwards the gay and crowded streets delighted the idler; then came the siesta, full of charms to the indolent; while the varied delights of a bright Italian evening closed a day of mingled mirth and grief, laughter and weeping, life and death."

It was evening when the Count Aldini wended his way to the palazzo di Santo Giuliano; and, as he sought the most retired path, and with moody, half-concealed countenance, evaded the inquiring glance and recognition of those who knew him, strange thoughts flitted across his brain. "What a tangled web is human life!" he thought, as he reflected upon the events of his own past existence; and lo! a commentary presented itself. At the termination of the court which he was traversing were two houses in juxtaposition—from one came forth the sound of mandolins and of young clear voices singing love ditties—from the other issued the wail of sorrow, the sob of anguish, the gasp of despair! In the former house all was joy and merriment, for it was the anniversary of a young girl's birthday, and her companions had assembled round her and crowned her with flowers, and proclaimed her queen of the night: in the other habitation there were but two persons, and of these, one "slept the sleep which knows no waking;" the other was a female, about the same age as her more favoured neighbour. She had no flowers twined round her brow, but her long black hair hung negligently over her shoulders, as she knelt by the side of the dead, and mourned the loss of the only being who had ever loved her, of the only friend she had ever known.

"Life is indeed a tangled web!" repeated the Count Aldini, as he drew his gorgeous cloak closer around him, and, turning from the house of mourning, quickened his footsteps—"and he is most wise who grasps all offered benefits—little time is there to be wasted, truly." It is impossible to say what species of logic the count employed

to obtain that deduction—suffice it that he was that moment a most worthy disciple of his elderly friend.

To be continued.

ORATION ON THE NATIVITY.

BY GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

Jesus is begotten!—laud and glorify. He descends from heaven!—go forth to meet him. He stands upon the earth!—be ye exalted to the skies. Let the whole earth sing unto the Lord. Jesus is manifested in the flesh!—rejoice at once with joy and trembling: with trembling, by reason of thy transgression; with joy, by reason of thy hope. Who adores not Him, who existed from everlasting; or glorifies not Him, who through Eternity shall endure?

Again darkness is dispersed; again is light created; Egypt again is visited with darkness; Israel is again enlightened by the fire-girt pillar. Let the people who sit in the gloom of ignorance behold the resplendent beam of knowledge. The ancient things have passed away, and lo! all things are new. The letter recedes, the spirit abounds. The shadows flee away, and the substance enters. The anti-type of Melchisedec is come. Clap your hands ye nations! for 'unto us a Son is born, and unto us a Child is given, whose government shall be upon his shoulder.' Let John proclaim, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' I also will proclaim the potency of this wonderful day. The Incorporeal is invested with a form; the brightness of the Word is veiled; the Invisible is beheld; the Intangible is felt; the Everdaring is born in time; the Son of God becometh the son of man. Let the Jews be scandalized; let the Gentiles scoff; let the heretics vexatiously dispute. Then will they believe, when they shall behold him returning to the skies; or, if not then, at least when they shall behold Him descending from on high, and sitting as their Judge!

But now receive, with gratitude, this gift of the conception. Leap and exult, if not like John in the womb, at least like David at the resting of the ark. Respect that enrolment by which thou hast been registered in the heavens; and venerate that birth by which thou hast been freed from the chains of thy nativity. Honour lowly Bethlehem, for it hath restored thee unto Paradise: revere that manger, through which, when devoid of knowledge, thou wert nourished by the Word. Move on, in concert with the star; and with the Magi present thine offerings,—gold, and myrrh, and frankincense; as unto a King, as unto a God, as unto him who died for thee. Glorify with the shepherds; join the dance of angels, and swell the chorus of archangels! Let there be an harmonious concelebration of the earthly and supramundane powers! Let one circumstance connected with his birth excite thy loathing and exprobration;—the murder of the infants by command of Herod: and yet, thou shouldst reverence this also; regarding it as an oblation of those whose age was the age of Jesus; the forerunner of that novel sacrifice. Does he flee unto Egypt? Eagerly participate his flight: it is an ennobling thing to flee with Jesus in his persecution. Does he linger in Egypt? Summon him from thence, by adoring him even there. Pass blamelessly through every age of Christ, and through all his virtues. Be purified as becometh his disciple; be circumcised in heart; rend the veil of thine earthly generation. Teach in the temple, and drive from thence the traffickers in sacred things. Consent to be stoned, if it be needful: thou shalt escape thy persecutors, and shalt pass securely through the midst, as did thy Saviour; for the Word was not stoned. If thou shouldst be brought before Herod, answer not. He will respect thy silence more than the protracted speech of others. If like Christ, thou shouldst be scourged, be emulous of the sufferings which yet remained. Since thou hast tasted of sin, thou must taste the gall and must drink the vinegar. Seek to be spit upon, to be stricken, to be buffeted; submit to be crowned with thorns,—the sharp trials attendant on a life of holiness. Be invested with the scarlet robe; receive the reed in thine hand; and be scoffingly adored by those who deride the truth. At last, be crucified with him;

die with him; be buried with him; that with him thou mayest arise; with him mayest be glorified; with him mayest reign; beholding God in all his majesty; adored and glorified in a Trinity of persons.—An Extract.

CHRISTMAS.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heart-felt associations. There is a tone of sacred and solemn feeling, that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervour and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connexions, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year, that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth, and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and every where." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, earth, with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven, with its deep, delicious blue, and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short, gloomy days, and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings, also, from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the deep recesses of our bosoms, and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity. The pitchy gloom without makes hearts dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance into a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fire-side? And, as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber, and the scene of domestic hilarity?

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MATRIMONY.—No woman ought to be permitted to enter upon the duties of conjugal life without being able to make a shirt, mend a coat, sew a pair of unwhisperables, bake a loaf of bread, roast a joint of meat, broil a steak, make a pudding, and manufacture frocks for little responsibilities.

From the Forget-me-not.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Go, child, and take them meat and drink,
And see that they be fed;
Alas, it is a cruel thing,
To lack of daily bread!

Then, come, that I may speak to thee
Of things severely true;
Love thou the poor, for Jesus Christ,
He was a poor man, too!

They told me, when I was a child,
I was of English birth;
They called a free-born Englishman
The noblest man on earth.

They bade me say my lisping prayers
Duly both night and morn;
And bless the Father of the world
That I was English born.

My home it was a stately place,
In England's history known;
And many an old renowned deed
Was graven on its stone.

I saw the high-born and the poor
Low bending, side by side,
And the meek bishop's holy hands
Diffuse his blessing wide.

And round and round the sacred pile,
My reverent fancy went,
Till God and good King George at once
Within my heart were blent.

Those were my years of innocence,
Of ignorance and mirth;
When my wild heart leapt up in joy
Of my pure English birth.

Oh, England, mother England!
Proud nurse of thriving men,
I've learnt to look with other eyes
On many things since then.

I've thus been taught: I saw a man,
An old man, bent and hoar,
And he broke flints upon the road
With labour long and sore.

The day it was a day in June;
The nightingales sang loud,
And with their load of snowy bloom
The hawthorn-trees were bowed.

The very highway side was bright
With flowers: the branches made
Of tenderest green, above my head,
A pleasant summer shade.

The earth, the air, the sunlit sky,
Of gladness they were full:
My heart rejoiced: when there I heard
Laborious sounds and dull.

They were the old man's hammer-strokes
That fell upon the stone,
Stroke after stroke, with bootless aim;
Yet kept he striving on.

I watched him: coach and chariot bright
Rolled past him in their speed;
Horsemen and peasants to the town;
And yet he took no heed.

Stroke after stroke, the hammer fell
Upon the selfsame stone;
A child had been as strong as he,
Yet he kept toiling on.

Before him lay a little heap
Of flints he had to break;
It wearied me but to conceive
What labour they would take.

I watched him still; and still he toiled
Upon the selfsame stone;
Nor ever raised his head to me,
But still kept working on.

'My friend,' said I, 'your task is hard,
And bootless seems your labour;
The strokes you give go here and there;
A waste of power, good neighbour!'

Upon his tool he propped himself,
And turned on me his eye,
Yet did not raise, the while, his head,
Then slowly made reply.

'The parish mites me out my work;
Twelve pence my daily fee;
I'm weak, God knows, and I am old,
Four-score, my age, and three.

Five weeks I could not strike a stroke,
The parish helped me then;
Now I must pay them back the cost;
Hard times for aged men!

I have been palsied, agued, racked
With pains enough to kill;
I cannot raise my head, and yet
I must keep working still;
For I've the parish loan to pay;
Yet I am weak and ill!

Then, slowly lifting up his tool,
The minute-strokes went on;
I left him as I found him first,
At work upon that stone.

The nightingales sang loudly forth;
Joy through all nature ran;
But my very soul was sick to think
On this poor Englishman.

Again; it was the young spring-tide,
When natural hearts o'erflow
With love, to feel the genial air,
To see the wild flowers blow.

And near a mighty town I walked
In meadows green and fair;
And, as I sauntered slowly on,
A little child came there.

A child she was of ten years old,
Yet with no mirth of mien;
With sunken eye and thin pale face,
And body dry and lean.

Yet walked she on among the flowers,
For all her pallid hue;
And gathered them with eager hands,
As merry children do.

Poor child! the tears were in mine eyes,
Her thin, small hands to see,
Grasping the healthy flowers that looked
More full of life than she.

'You take delight in flowers,' I said,
And looked into her face;
'No wonder, they are beautiful;
Dwell you a-near this place?'

'No,' said the child, 'within the town
I live, but here I run,
Just for a flower at dinner-time;
And just to feel the sun.

For, oh, the factory is so hot,
And so doth daze my brain;
I just run here to breathe the air,
And then run back again.

And now the fields are fresh and green,
I could not help but stay,
To get for Tommy's garden-plot
These pretty flowers to-day.

'And Tommy, who is he?' I asked.
'My brother,' she replied;
The factory wheels they broke his arms,
And sorely hurt his side.

He'll be a cripple all his days.
For him these flowers I got:
He has a garden in the yard,
The neighbours harm it not;
The drunken blacksmith strides across
Poor Tommy's garden-plot.'

As thus we talked, we noised the town,
When, like a heavy knell,
Was heard, amid the jarring sounds,
A distant factory-bell.

The child she made a sudden pause,
Like one who could not move;
Then threw poor Tommy's flowers away,
For fear had mastered love.

And with unnatural speed she ran
Down alleys dense and warm;
A frightened, toiling thing of care,
Into the toiling swarm:

Her scattered flowers lay in the street
To wither in the sun,
Or to be trod by passing feet;
They were of worth to none;
The factory-bell had cut down joy,
And still kept ringing on!

Proud was I when I was a child,
To be of English birth,
For surely thought the English were
The happiest race on earth.

That was the creed when I was young,
It is my creed no more;
For I know, wo's me, the difference now
Betwixt the rich and poor!

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

Section A.—Professor Aquarius, of Geneva, read a most interesting paper, in which, after having observed that astronomers had long been in *darkness* as to the nature of the *luminous* celestial bodies, vulgarly called stars, comets, &c., he stated that he had accidentally made the important discovery, that they are merely the reflections of the various waters of our own globe. A short time ago, he made two ponds in his garden, and, on the ensuing night, he discovered, from his observatory, two stars which were perfectly new to him and all other astronomers. The following day two more ponds were made near to the others; and that evening two more stars were visible close to those observed on the previous night. He then, for experiment sake, made a pond upon the top of a high mound, and, having formed a trench to connect it with one of the lower ponds, he broke down the bank of the raised pond, so as to permit the water it contained to run rapidly into the other. He now looked up, and observed the reflection or star produced by the raised pond running with rapidity towards the reflection of the other pond, thus producing the common phenomenon of a meteor or shooting star. The author concluded by observing that this discovery proves that the stars are not inhabited, and that, as he has no doubt that the sun is only the reflection of the Red Sea, and the moon of the Sea of Azoff, he thinks we may conclude them to be equally tenanted. The learned professor sat down amid most deafening applause, which lasted for two hours and a half.

Professor Frost read a valuable paper 'On Icebergs,' and described many of enormous size. He thought that, if a tunnel were bored through them, the North Pole might be reached very easily. Mr. Snow Harris and Mr. Hailstone said they highly approved of the suggestion, and hoped it would attract the attention of Mr. Brunel.

Section B.—Professor Faraday read a short paper wherein he observed that he had every reason to suspect antimony to be an alkali, because it is so dear (*soda*). Dr Davy then remarked that he himself thought that antimony-wine was made dearer (*Madeira*).

Professor Goldfuss then made some remarks upon gold-mines, and on the iron-y of *Steele*. Colonel Silver-top said he quite acquiesced in the observations of the talented professor.

Mr. Charlesworth stated that a great quantity of plum-pudding stone had been discovered in the counties of Kent and Essex. Mr. Chadwick said he rejoiced at the discovery, as it would afford another means of economising in the victualling department, of the poor-houses. He would communicate the interesting fact to the commissioners.

Section C.—Professor Sedgwick exhibited some portions of an ancient barrel-organ which had become fossilised. These organic remains were, as he remarked, very curious.

Dr. Buckland exhibited a large slab of free-stone, on which he considered to be the foot-marks of some extinct animal. Mr. Murchison said he thought they were only the foot-marks of a table. The two gentlemen then entered into a lengthy dispute, which terminated without either embracing the other's opinion.

Section D.—Mr. Golding Bird read a paper 'On the Perch, and on the Goldfinch.' It was exceedingly technical, as his writings generally are.

Professor Frost read a paper 'On the Skate and Bleak.' He was applauded by every sole present.

Mr. Swainson read a paper, proving that, as *Cuvier* is the French for a cooper, the illustrious naturalist of that name must have been a follower of the ternary (urucry) system. Several systematists said that this was not a fair and logical inference; but the author replied, that he never would abandon any motion after having had the trouble of forming it.

Mr. Bell read a paper, of much interest, on the clapper rail. He concluded amid a *prel* of applause.

Mr. Neville Wood exhibited the very mouse which came from the mountain in labour. Both he and the mouse were looked at with much curiosity.

An eminent fly-catcher, whose name we could not catch, read a paper 'On the genus *Muscicapa*.'

Mr. Gould read a paper 'On Bird Stuffing.' He did not approve of stuffing them with *sage and onions*, a barbarous method recommended by Glass, Kitchiner, Ude, Meg Dods, and others.

Mr. Yarrell exhibited some very interesting *Buphaga*, or beef-eater caught in the Tower; an adjutant from Waterloo; a moor-hen from Tom Moore; a frog from Croton Croker; a strange calf from Cows; a large swan from the Signet Office; a great seal from the Lord Chancellor; a fire-flare from Swing; some voracious storks from Lincoln's Inn; and the "cinque-spotted mole" of Imogen.

Mr. Newman read a paper 'On the Ich-neumon,' and then exhibited a very large blue-bottle found in a wine-cellar. The Bishop of Ferns read a paper 'On the Cryptogamia,' and Mr. Doubleday made some observations respecting the double dahlia.

Mr. Jesse exhibited a new species of *jessamine*, which grows in the ground where it lives till it dies.

Section E.—Dr. Roget made some statements corroborative of the discovery of a modern French philosopher, that the soul is but two grains of phosphorus. He said he believed the Will-o'-the-wisp to be the soul disengaged from some human being.

Mr. Knapp read a paper 'On Sleep,' ... referred to the experiments of Baron Dupotet, who sends people to sleep by means of animal magnetism. He said he had often observed sleep produced by reading of a dull book or a sermon.

Section F.—Colonel Sykes read some valuable memoranda respecting the statistics of the metropolis. Among other things, it appeared that there are in London, 75,000 persons who chew tobacco; 100,000 who take snuff;

200,000 who smoke pipes; 80,000 who smoke cigars; 700,000 who have pocket-handkerchiefs, and 900,000 who have nothing but fingers; 600,000 who have quiet wives; 900,500 who have cross wives; and 700,000 who have no wives at all. He promised to lay before them, at the next meeting, a statistical report of the respective numbers of venders of hot kidney-puddings, sheep's-heads, dog's-meat, and baked potatoes, in London.

Dr. Taylor read a paper 'On the Medical Statistics of London,' from which it appeared, that 25,000 persons (including infants) take castor oil regularly once a week; 400,000 occasionally; and 700,000 never; 200 take the medicines prescribed by their doctors, and 900,500 throw their physic "to the dogs."

Section G.—Mr. Herapath exhibited some models for steam watches and clocks. He said that the application of steam to watches and clocks is entirely his own invention, and one for which he hopes to obtain a patent.

Mr. Monk Mason read a paper 'On the use of the Balloon in extracting Teeth.' He said, that if a number of lines of pack-thread be attached to the car of the balloon by one end, and the other ends fastened round the teeth of as many persons, all their teeth might be very expertly and comfortably extracted from their gums, simultaneously, on the rising of the balloon. The gentleman sat down amid great applause.—*Literary Gazette*.

ENGLISH WARS.—Of 127 years, terminating in 1815, England spent 65 in war, and 62 in peace. The war of 1688, after lasting nine years, and raising our expenditure in that period to thirty-six millions, was ended by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697. Then came the war of the Spanish succession, which began in 1702, concluded in 1713, and absorbed sixty-two and a half millions of our money. Next was the Spanish war of 1739, settled finally at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, after costing us nearly fifty four millions. Then came the seven years' war of 1756, which terminated with the treaty of Paris in 1763, in the course of which we spent one hundred and twelve millions. The next was the American war of 1775, which lasted eight years. Our national expenditure in this time was 136 millions. The French revolutionary war began in 1793, lasted nine years, and exhibited an expenditure of 464 millions. The war against Bonaparte began in 1803, and ended in 1815. During those twelve years we spent 1159 millions: 771 of which were raised by taxes, 388 by loans. In the revolutionary war we borrowed 201 millions; in the American, 104 millions; in the seven years' war, 60 millions; in the Spanish war of 1739, 29 millions; in the war of the Spanish succession, 321 millions; in the war of 1688, 20 millions: total borrowed in the seven wars, during 65 years, about \$34 millions. In the same time we raised by taxes, 1189 millions; thus forming a total expenditure of 2023 millions.—*London Weekly Review*.

FEMALE CONVERSATION.

For readiness, tact, and discrimination, elegance and address, for the acquirement of all these good qualities, there is no school like that of female society. The lesser virtues, too, those of complaisance, kindness, and good-will, with many others allied to them, are hardly to be got elsewhere. But with these I have no business at present. I am now on the talent of conversation, and that too I may safely add to the catalogue above enumerated. The mind of woman, taken in the abstract and without reference to individuals, when we compare it with that of man, is much what the graver or penknife is to the axe. It is a thing of no great force, it can achieve no stupendous work, scarcely any thing sublime was ever compassed by it; but, in matters of minute detail, of ready invention, of nice adjustment, of elegant though superficial execution, it is your only instrument. To hear a woman talk politics is to be sickened of them for days, or weeks, or months after, according to circumstances. This is an unfailing rule. Then, to listen to her religion is usually, through not so generally, to be reminded of the hasty curiosity of Eve. Their vivacity is too prompt and sparkling. They fill their measure with

the first outbreak of their froth, and when we have waited long enough for it to subside, we look again, and behold all is emptiness. Their range, then, is a circumscribed one; but in it they are like fairies within their ring—creatures of infinite grace and power. To be much conversant with them is a thing of as much advantage for the learned man as the lessons of the fencing-master would be to the raw big-boned recruit. They would not, perhaps, add materially to his strength, but, by teaching him its full use, they would incomparably heighten its utility.—*Self Formation*.

A CHAPTER ON TEETH.

BY DR. S. SMITH.

In man, the several classes of the teeth are so similarly developed, so perfectly equalized, and so identically constructed, that they may be considered as the true type from which all the other forms are deviations.

For the accomplishment of their office, the teeth must be endowed with prodigious strength; for the fulfilment of purposes immediately connected with the apparatus of digestion, it is necessary that they should be placed in the neighbourhood of exceedingly soft, delicate, irritable, and sentient organs. That they may possess the requisite degree of strength, they are constructed chiefly of bone—the hardest organized substance. Bone, though not as sensible as some other parts of the body, is nevertheless sentient. The employment of a sensitive body in the office of breaking down the hard substances used as food, would be to change the act of eating from a pleasurable into a painful operation. It has been shown that provision is made for supplying to the animal a never-failing source of enjoyment in the annexation of pleasurable sensations with the act of eating; and that, taking the whole of life into account, the sum of enjoyment secured by this provision is incalculable. But all this enjoyment might have been lost—might even have been changed into positive pain—nay, must have been changed into pain, but for adjustments numerous, minute, delicate, and, at first view, incompatible.

Had a highly-organized and sensitive body been made the instrument of cutting, tearing, and breaking down the food, every tooth, every time it comes in contact with the food, would produce the exquisite pain now occasionally experienced when a tooth is inflamed. Yet a body wholly inorganic, and therefore insensible, could not perform the office of the instrument; first, because a dead body cannot be placed in contact with living parts without producing irritation, disease, and consequently pain, and, secondly, because such a body, being incapable of any process of nutrition, must speedily be worn away by friction, and there could be no possibility of repairing or of replacing it. The instrument in question, then, must possess hardness, durability, and, to a certain extent, insensibility; yet it must be capable of forming an intimate union with sentient and vital organs, must be capable of becoming a constituent part of the living system.

To communicate to it the requisite degree of hardness, the hard substance forming its basis is rendered so much harder than common bone, that some physiologists have even doubted whether it be bone—whether it really possess a true organic structure. That there is no ground for such doubt, the evidence is complete. For,

1. The tooth, like bone in general, is composed partly of earthy and partly of an animal substance; the earthy part being completely removable by maceration in an acid, and the animal portion by incineration, the tooth under each process retaining exactly its original form.

2. The root of the tooth is covered externally by periosteum; its internal cavity is lined by a vascular and nervous membrane; and both structures are intimately connected with the substance of the tooth. If these membranes really distribute their blood vessels and nerves to the substance of the tooth, (which there is no reason to doubt,) the analogy is identical between the structure of the teeth and that of bone.

3. Though the blood-vessels of the teeth are so minute that they do not, under ordinary circumstances, admit the

red particles of the blood, and though no colouring matter hitherto employed in artificial injections has been able, on account of its grossness, to penetrate the dental vessels, yet disease sometimes accomplishes what art is incapable of effecting. In jaundice, the bony substance of the teeth is occasionally tinged with a bright yellow colour; and in persons who have perished by a violent death, in whom the circulation has been suddenly arrested, it is of a deep red colour. Moreover, when the dentist files a tooth, no pain is produced until the file reaches the bony substance; but the instant it begins to act upon this part of the tooth, the sensation becomes sufficiently acute.

These facts demonstrate that the bony matter of the tooth, though modified to fit the instrument for its office, is still a true and proper organized substance.

Each tooth is divided into body, neck, and root. The body is that part of the tooth which is above the gum, the root that part which is below the gum, and the neck that part where the body and the root unite. The body, the essential part, is the tooth properly so called—the part which performs the whole work for which the instrument is constructed, to the production an support of which all the other instruments are subservient.

When a vertical section is made in the tooth, it is found to contain a cavity of considerable size, termed the dental cavity, which, large in the body of the tooth, gradually diminishes through the whole length of the root. The dental cavity is lined throughout with a thin, delicate, and vascular membrane, continued from that which lines the jaw. It contains a pulpy substance. This pulp, highly vascular and exquisitely sensible, is composed almost entirely of blood-vessels and nerves; and is the source whence the bony part of the tooth derives its vitality, sensibility, and nutriment. The blood-vessels and nerves that compose the pulp enter the dental cavity through a minute hole at the extremity of the root. The membrane which lines the dental cavity is likewise continued over the external surface of the root, so as to afford it a complete envelope.

Provision having been thus made for the organization of the tooth, for the support of its vitality, and for its connexion with the living system, over all that portion of it which is above the gum, and which constitutes the essential part of the instrument, there is poured a dense, hard inorganic, insensible, all but indestructible substance, termed enamel; a substance inorganic, composed of earthy salts, principally phosphate of lime, and a slight trace of animal matter: a substance of exceeding density, of a milky-white colour, semi-transparent, with consisting of minute fibrous crystals. The manner in which this organic matter is arranged about the body of the tooth is worthy of notice. The crystals are disposed in radii springing from the centre of the tooth, so that the extremities of the crystals form the external surface of the tooth, while the internal extremities are in contact with the bony substance. By this arrangement a twofold advantage is obtained; the enamel is less apt to be worn down by friction, and is less liable to accidental fracture.

In this manner an instrument is constructed possessing the requisite hardness, durability, and insensibility; yet organized, alive—as truly an integral portion of the living system as the eye or the heart.

No less care is indicated in fixing than in constructing the instrument. It is held in its situation not by one expedient, but by many.

1. All along the margin of both jaws is placed a bony arch, pierced with holes, which constitute the sockets, called alveoli, for the tooth. Each socket or alveolus is distinct, there being one alveolus for each tooth. The adaption of the root to the alveolus is so exact, and the adhesion so close, that each root is fixed in its alveolus just as a nail is fixed when driven into a board.

2. The roots of the teeth, when there are more than one, deviate from a straight line; and this deviation from parallelism, on an obvious mechanical principle, adds to the firmness of the connexion.

3. Adherent by one edge to the bony arch of the jaw, and by the other to the neck of the tooth, is a peculiar substance, dense, firm, membranous, called the gum, less hard than cartilage, but much harder than skin or common membrane; abounding with blood-vessels, yet but little sensible, constructed for the express purpose of assisting to fix the teeth in their situation.

4. The dense and firm membrane covering the bony arch of the jaw is continued into each alveolus which it lines; from the bottom of the alveolus this membrane is reflected over the root of the tooth, which it completely invests as far as the neck, where it terminates, and where the enamel begins: this membrane, like a tense and strong band; powerfully assists in fixing the tooth.

5. Lastly, the vessels and nerves, which enter at the extremity of the root, like so many strings, assist in tying it down; hence, when in the progress of age all the other fastenings are removed, these strings hold the teeth so firmly to the bottom of the socket, that their removal always requires considerable force.

But a dense substance like enamel acting with force against so hard a substance as bone, would produce a jar which, propagated along the bones of the face and skull

to the brain, would severely injure that tender organ, and effectually interfere with the comfort of eating.

This evil is guarded against,

1. By the structure of the alveoli, which are composed not of dense and compact, but of loose and spongy bone. This cancellated arrangement of the osseous fibres is admirably adapted for absorbing vibrations and preventing their propagation.

2. By the membrane which lines the socket.

3. By the membrane which covers the root of the tooth; and,

4. By the gum.

These membranous substances, even more than the cancellated structure of the alveoli, absorb vibrations, and counteract the communication of a shock to the bones of the face and head when the teeth act forcibly on hard materials: so many and such nice adjustments go to secure enjoyment, say, to prevent exquisite pain, in the simple operation of bringing the teeth into contact in the act of eating.—*Philosophy of Health.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 23, 1837.

From Montreal Papers.

"The tide of civil war is now rolling apace in this misguided and unhappy Province of the British Empire; and were it not for the bravery of Her Majesty's troops, and the skill and prudence of their officers, there is no saying to what extremities the loyal inhabitants of the Colony might be reduced."—*Gaz.*

ARRESTS FOR HIGH TREASON.—The following are the names of all the prisoners now in gaol in this city on charge of high treason. The thirty-two last named are the prisoners brought in to-day, seven of whom were taken between Longueuil and Chambly, and the others of St. Charles:—

André Ouimet,
Amable Simard,
George De Boucherville,
Chas. A. Leblanc,
Jean Dubuc,
François Tavernier,
Jn Frans Bossu Lionais,
Louis Michel Viger,
Narcisse Lamotte,
André Lacroix,
A. E. Brady,
Joseph Baugrette,
Dominique Lavallée,
Louis Monjeau, junr,
Louis Monjeau, sr,
Joseph Ménard,
Joseph Pepin,
Augustus Blanchette,
Ambroise Choquette,
Antoine Forte,
François Hébert
Toussaint Bonvouloir,
Pierre L'Heureux.

Felix Beaulac,
Pierre Legros,
Narcisse Sabourier,
Joseph Taille,
Eusebe Durocher,
Jacob Veaucry,
Jean Bte. Leduc,
Oliver Lusster,
Joseph Daigneau,
Gédéon Pluette,
Joseph Bellefleur,
Charles Martiu
Pierre Lussier,
François Larose,
François Bachant,
François Lemire,
Toussaint Lachapelle,
Joseph Fortin,
Constant Anthier,
Hubert Raineau,
Louis Chicoa Davert,
Antoine Bursaloue,

In addition to the above, C. S. Cherrier, Esq. Mr. P. P. and Toussain Pelletier, Esq. Advocate, were yesterday committed to gaol, on charges of high treason.—*Courier.*

MARTIAL LAW.—Montreal, Dec. 2d.—We believe there is no question that the Magistrates of this city and neighbourhood, last Monday, resolved that many parts of this District, were in such a disturbed and rebellious state, as to demand the proclamation of Martial Law as the only means of accomplishing the more speedy punishment of the guilty and preventing the spread of the revolution, which has begun; and that a communication to that effect was made to the Executive Government of the Province.—*Gazette.*

MURDER OF MR. CHATROND.—On Thursday last, a person named Chatrond, a respectable mason, residing at St. John's, and a loyal volunteer, left his house to collect a debt due to him, a few miles out of the village, by one Roy, and on his return was arrested by five men with loaded muskets, who set him up against a tree and fired at him. One ball pierced his heart, and several others showed the deadly aim which his savage murderers took. We have conversed with a gentleman who saw the dead body. In consequence of Chatrond's not returning to St. John's, fears were entertained that he had been taken prisoner by some of the rebels, who have scouts over all the neighbourhood, and Mr. Macrae, with twelve of the Dorchester Volunteers, set out in search of him, when they learned the particulars of his untimely fate.—*Id.*

From Quebec Papers.

QUEBEC VOLUNTEERS.—We have understood that the number of volunteers to be armed to perform military duty at Quebec, was limited to a thousand. The number,

we believe, was completed before the close of last week, and most of the men sworn in. They are to serve under the regulations of the army, with the exception as to corporal punishment, provided by the Militia law, to the 1st May next, unless sooner discharged by the Governor in Chief.

Several of the companies have been drilling and some have got their arms. The zeal with which the men have entered the service, ensures a proper spirit of discipline among them, and a rapid progress in their exercises. We are confident that several thousand men could be raised in Quebec, if necessary, in a few days, on the same terms.—*Gazette.*

The Clerk of the House of Assembly has, we understand, receive directions to prepare to surrender the Parliament House for the use of Troops, but the building will only be used as the last resource.—*Mercury.*

It is stated in private letters that Roaville was burnt by the rebels themselves, in revenge for the shelter it had afforded to Colonel Wetherall's troops.

The *Populaire*, of Friday, states, that Lt. Wier was killed by the rebels, but that it was on his attempting to escape. It also asserts, that the death of Mr. Ovide Perreault is certain. Capt. Markham is reported as likely soon to recover from his severe wounds.

The *Ami du Peuple*, of Saturday evening says, that it had been raining at Montreal for several days and the roads nearly impassible.—*Gazette of the 4th.*

In several of the Eastern Townships Public Meetings of the inhabitants have been held, to avow their adherence to Her Majesty's Government.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.—The Fredericton Sentinel of the 11th says:—A company of the 43rd Regt forming the first detachment, set out this morning on their route for Canada, under the command of Lt. Col. Booth. They were on sleds containing eight men each, exclusive of the driver; and went off in high spirits, amid the cheers of those they left behind them.

The *Gazette* says:—Another company followed their companions in arms yesterday morning, under the command of Captain Ferguson; and we understand that the whole of the remaining companies will be on their march by Saturday next. We need only add, that the departure of this gallant corps is universally regretted throughout the Province.

"It is tolerably clear that the Rebels have with them some persons having more knowledge of the system of desultory warfare suited to their means than simple habitants, or in fact those who have not been engaged in active warfare can be supposed to have. Whilst the situation of the rebels, themselves, without artillery or stores to encumber their march, having a perfect knowledge of the country, and with the best information of the movements of the Army, enables such leaders to direct their march with every advantage against the Royal Troops; whose commanders therefore cannot advance with too much caution or guard their cantonments with too much vigilance, to guard against a surprise from their undisciplined but quick moving enemies."—*Mercury.*

THE SOUTH SHORE.—We hear this morning that orders have been received, in the Parishes on the South Shore of the St. Lawrence, from the rebel leaders, to remain quiet at present.

THE MONTREAL PRESS.—We have once or twice alluded to the ferocious and impolitic tone, assumed by some of the Montreal Papers, and which, while it was well calculated to drive the whole French Population to still more desperate measures, could not fail at the same time seriously to weaken the influence of the Local Government. We find that, besides the Montreal Courier, the Quebec Mercury and Gazette, and many of the American Papers, some of the Editors in the Upper Province coincide in this opinion.—*Novascotian.*

Last evening Mr. Burke delivered a very pleasing introductory lecture on the science of Phrenology. After which he phrenologically examined the heads of two gentlemen present. From the exhibition of last night we have formed a high estimate of Mr. Burke as a graceful and perspicuous Lecturer.

The first number of THE SENTINEL published at Fredericton, N. B. has been received. In appearance it is neat while the matter is excellent. We hope that Mr. Ward will meet with abundant success.

The New Brunswick Legislature has been summoned to meet for the dispatch of business, on the 28th of this month.

THE PEARL ENLARGED.—On the 6th of January, 1838, the Pearl will be issued on a much larger sheet than at present. It is with pleasure we make this announcement to our friends, who have by their extended patronage, enabled us to take means for the alteration of our appearance. Upon our new *entre* we shall have it in our power to present our subscribers with one of the cheapest papers in the Province. In the meantime any additions to our list will be thankfully received.

MARRIED,

At the Dock Yard, on Monday the 11th instant, by the Rev. William Cogswell, Mr. Joseph A. Findlay, to Miss Elizabeth S. Montagu, both of this town.
On Thursday the 20th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Frederick Beanan, of Lower Cole Harbour, aged 22, to Ellen McGuire alias Smille, aged 30, formerly of the Devil's Island.
At Sherbrooke, on the 22d Nov., by Hugh M'Donald, Esq. Mr. David Archibald, to Miss Eliza M'Intosh, both of St. Mary's River.
At Petit Riviere, on Thursday, 23d November, by the Rev. Theodore H. Porter, Mr. Allan Ford of Milton, to Miss Jane Porter Peterson, of that place.
At Mills Village, on Thursday, 30th November, by the Rev. T. H. Porter, Mr. John Wissinger, to Miss Esther Pellum, both of that place.
On Sunday Dec. 3d, at the Mission House, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Wesleyan Methodist, Mr. K. D. Smith, of Sambro, to Miss Whymock, of Margaret's Bay.

DIED,

On Wednesday evening, 20th inst. in the 52d year of his age, John Stirling Esq. a Surgeon in the Royal Navy, and for many years a Medical Practitioner in this town, whose kind and benevolent disposition will be long remembered in this community.
On Wednesday evening, 20th inst. William Minot Deblois, Esq. in the 42d year of his age.
On Monday afternoon, Henry Robert Jackson, son of the late Capt. William Jackson, in the 27th year of his age.
Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, Even to saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours.
On Monday evening, 11th inst., Mrs. Susannah Housener, aged, 74 years.
On Monday evening, 11th inst., Robert, son of Mr. James Miller of this town, aged 10 months.
At Upper Cole Harbour, on the 4th instant, Mr. Joseph Hawkins, after a tedious sickness of eight years, nearly the whole of which time he was confined to his bed.
At Dartmouth, on Wednesday, 6th inst. John Tasker, a native of England.
At Sydney, C. B. on the 29th ult. Mr. John Lyons, saddler, of Lismore, Waterford, in the 22d year of his age, after an illness of only 24 hours.
At Fredericton, N. B., on the 10th Dec. inst., Charlotte, wife of the Rev. T. W. Miles, A. M., Principal of the Baptist Academy at that place.
Drowned at sea, on the 24th day of August last, on a passage from Lunenburg to the W. Indies, in the schooner Victoria when capsized and dismantled in a hurricane, Mr. Jasper Heckman, second son of John Heckman, Esq. in the 16th year of his age, much regretted by his parents, a kind and dutiful son, beloved and esteemed by all who were acquainted with him.
In the Poor Asylum, James Doyle, in the 26th year of his age, a native of Halifax.
At Sydney on the 15th inst., in the 65th year of her age, Elizabeth, widow of the late Augustus Wynn, of this town, after a lingering and painful illness which she endured with true christian meekness and resignation, she was much beloved and respected and is greatly lamented by her numerous family and friends.
On the 15th inst. at her father's residence at Belle Farm, near Bridgetown, aged 25, Maria Anne, only daughter of Joseph Fitzrandolph, Esq. and wife of Alexander F. Sawers, Esq. m. d.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE,

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Dec. 16.—Schr. Clyde, Flint, Antigua via Nevis and St. Martins, 24 days—sail, bound to Yarmouth. Saw a large ship on Thursday, apparently bound in. On Thursday night parted company with schr. Spartan, Bingay, from Antigua, for Yarmouth.
Sunday, Dec. 17.—Brig Adelaide, Donkin, Valparaiso, 108 and Pernambuco, 38 days—1300 bls. sperm and 400 bls. black oil, to W. & R. Lawson—left at Pernambuco, brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, hence, to sail next day; Ann, Crick, just arrived, Schr. Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg—sugar and molasses; Hope, Shelbourne—staves.
Monday, Dec. 18.—Schr. Complex, Roldriam, Newfoundland, 2 days—herrings, to H. Bazalgette; schr. Myrtle was to leave Fortune Bay on the 18th; loading at Fortune Bay on the 3th inst. schrs. Reform and Mary Jane, Halifax.
Wednesday, Dec. 20.—Schr. Ann Perry, McDonah, Arichat—dry and pickled fish, to J. Duff; Two Brothers, LeBlanc, Pictou—coals, to the Master.
Thursday, arr. Brig. Persa, Pengilly, Trinidad, 30 & Nevis 20 days, ballast to J. C. Kinneer. Schr. Shelburne had sailed for Antigua; Hope, for the Spanish Main; Coquette arr. at Barbadoes, was to sail for Antigua.
At Yarmouth, Hope, Surprise, George and Sarah, Good Intent, Jacinth, Caledonia, Tory's Wife, & Diamond.
Schr. Vernon, Cunningham, B. W. Indies, J. Strachan; Placid, Harrison, do. J. A. Moren; Humming Bird, Godfrey, Trinidad, Saltus & Walawight; Industry, Steppon, Boston, W. J. Long & others.

CLEARED.

Dec. 14.—Schr. Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B.—rum, pork, &c. by R. Noble and others; Providence, Chasson, P. E. Head; 15th—brig Loyall, Skinner, West Indies—dry and pickled fish, by H. Dauphney; Sultan, Potter, St. John, N. B.—flour, &c. by A. Murison. 18th—Acadian, Lane, Boston—assorted cargo, by J. Clark. 20th—Schr. Messenger, McGregor, Guysborough—merchandise, by the Master.
The Clyde left at Antigua, brig. Mary Catherine, Lynch; from Chester, in 14 days
SAILED.—On Tuesday, H. M. Packet Star, Lieut. Smith, for Falmouth—Passengers, the Rev. Mr. Hetherington and Family, and Messrs. J. E. Starr and H. Mignowitz.

PRICES CURRENT,

SATURDAY DECEMBER 23, 1837.

FISH, COD, mer. pr 17s.6	Hamburg, sup. 40s.
Madeira 16s.	Rye, 35s.
HERRINGS, No 1 pr bbl 25s.	CORN MEAL, 32s.3
2 15s.	COALS, Sydney, pr, ch 30s.
Bay Chal. ur 15s.	Pictou, 28s.
Digby 5s	Lingau, 27s. 6.
MACKEREL, No. 1 2 1/2 5/8 6	CORD WOOD, dry, 17s.
3 32s 6d.	GYP SUM, pr. ton, 7s 6d.
ALEWIVES, No. 1 27s 6d.	BOARDS, W. P. pr M. 65s.
SALMON, No. 1 70s.	S. Pine, 60s.
2 65s.	STAVES, W. O. Am. 250s.
COFFEE, Jam good pr lbs 3	Canadian 250s.
Cuba, 8d	R. O. Am. 150s.
SUGAR, Mus. brt. cwt. 40s	Canadian 150s.
MOLASSES, pr gal 2s3	Nova Scotia 80s.
SPERM OIL, bst pr gal 6s 6.	SHINGLES, long ced 15s 0d.
WHALE, 3s.	Pine, 12s.
SEAL, pale, 4s.	BEEF, N. S. pr bbl. 45s.6
COD, 2s. 9d.	Canada prime 45s
DOG FISII, 2s. 6d.	PORK, Canada 85s.
WHEAT,—	Nova Scotia 80s
Can. white pr bush.	BUTTER, pr lb 10d
German, 7. 6	EXCHANGES.
BARLEY 3s.6	On London, 60 days, Pri-
INDIAN CORN, 5s. 3d.	vate, 17 pr ct. prem.
OATS, 2s. 0d.	30 days government
PEAS, 5s. 0d.	New York, 30 days par at
FLOUR, U.S. sup pr bbl 50s	Sovereigns 25s 6d
Old 40s	Doubloons, Mex.
Canada, sup. 47s	Dollars 5 pe Ce
Fine 47s	
Middlings 45s	

NEW HYMN BOOK.

FOR sale at the book stores of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay and Mr. J. Munro, a few low-priced Hymn Books of the *Methodist Protestant Church* compiled BY REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

The volume consists of eight hundred and twenty nine hymns. Selected from the master poets of Zion, and containing all the most admired hymns of Watts and Wesley, besides an ample collection from Heber, Montgomery, Conder, Gisborne, Burder, Logan, Stilling, Addison, Milton, Cowper, Doddridge, etc. etc.—it is presumed, that a more comprehensive and spiritual collection of Hymns, better calculated to instruct the understanding in the truths of religion, to improve the heart in pious sentiment, and elevate the affections, in the public worship of God, has never yet appeared in the English language.
Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale 150 M. Prime spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichi Shingles; 100 M. prime Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves.
ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.
Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.—6w.

Fire Insurance.

PERSONS whose Policies expire on 31st. December, and who may desire to effect Insurance at the office of the HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY Will please apply as early as convenient—previous to that date—to the agent, for information as to the rates of premium,
J. LEANDER STARR, Agent.
DECEMBER 21, 1837.
Office, Lower Water Street, adjoining Mr. Murison's.
(Each Halifax Paper 1 insertion.)

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

AN assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig Acadian from Boston, for sale at low prices—by
J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.
Oct 14.—3m.

India Rubber Shoes,

DAWSON has just received a supply of the above which he offers for Sale at No. 9 Granville Street.
December 22.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 40 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gasperian fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscribers.

He also cautions any person or persons from cutting Wood or otherwise trespassing on the above mentioned Premises, as he will prosecute any such to the utmost rigour of the Law.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

TO BE SOLD

On the Premises, at Public Auction, in the Town of Halifax, on Saturday, the Thirtieth day of December next, at twelve o'clock, pursuant to an order of His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor and Her Majesty's Council.

ALL the Estate, right, title, and Interest of the late John Linnard, deceased, at the time of his death in, to, and upon, all that messuage and tenement, and all that Lot of ground, situate, lying and being, in the Town of Halifax aforesaid, fronting Westerly on Hollis Street and there measuring Thirty Eight feet and extending in depth Sixty two feet more or less known or prescribed as Lots No. 5, letter C—in Galland's Division with all the houses, buildings and Hereditaments thereunto belonging.

Terms, Cash on the delivery of the Deed—
THOMAS LINNARD.
Administrator of
JOHN LINARND.

PER A C A D I A N .

77 BBLs. very superior American APPLES, Greenings, Russetts, Bellflowers, &c. ALSO, 100 Wooden Chairs, for Sale by
B. WIER.
December 22.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A COURSE OF LECTURES on the "Acts of the Apostles" will be delivered by
THOMAS TAYLOR,
In the Old Baptist Meeting House, on Friday Evenings, at 7 o'clock.
December 15.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for Sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacKinlay, and Mr. J. Munro, and at the Printing Establishment of W. Cannabell, Sackville Street, opposite the South end of Bedford Row.

CUNNABELL'S
NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK,

For the Year

1838.

CONTAINS, besides the usual lists, and Astronomical Chronological, and Miscellaneous matter, Mathematical Answers and Questions, DAILY NUMBER very useful in calculations, Agricultural and Statistical Information, EQUATION TABLE, Charades, Answers and Questions, and COPIOUS INDEX, &c. &c.
Dec 1, 1837.

BESSONETT & BROWN.

HAVE received by the late arrivals—Bar, Bolt, Plough Plate and Sheet Iron, German, Cast and Blistered Steel Plough Share, Moulds, Anvils, Vices, Bellows and Sledges,

- 60 casks Nails
- 25 boxes tinned plates
- 1 case Scotch Screw Augers
- 1 case Ensigns
- 30 Canada Stoves, single and double
- 350 Iron Pots
- 160 Camp Ovens
- 220 Oven Covers
- 60 hanging frying Pans
- 14 packages assorted Hardware
- 1 cask Glue
- 120 kegs best White Lead
- Red, black and green paints
- 3 casks Shot
- Lines, Twines, and shoe Thread
- 1 bale hair Seating

Raw and boiled Linseed Oil, window Glass, and Putty, Whiting &c. Which, with their former assortment, they offer at moderate prices, at their shop, head of Marchington's Wharf—North of the Ordnance.
Nov. 17.

6w.

COPENHAGEN. THE CHARGER WHO CARRIED WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.

"He died last year," says Miss Mitford in her 'Country Stories' just published, "at the age of twenty-seven. He was therefore in his prime on the day of Waterloo, when the duke (then and still a man of iron) rode him for seventeen hours and a half, without dismounting. When his Grace got off, he patted him, and the horse kicked, to the great delight of his brave rider, as it proved that he was not beaten by that tremendous day's work. After his return, this paddock was assigned to him, in which he passed the rest of his life in the most perfect comfort that can be imagined; fed twice a-day, (latterly upon oats broken for him,) with a comfortable stable to retire to, and a rich pasture in which to range. The late amiable duchess used regularly to feed him with bread, and this kindness had given him the habit (especially after her death,) of approaching every lady with the most confiding familiarity. He had been a fine animal, of middle size, and of a chestnut colour, but latterly he exhibited an interesting specimen of natural decay, in a state as nearly that of nature as can well be found in a civilized country. He had lost an eye from age, and had become lean and feeble, and, in the manner in which he approached even a casual visiter, there was something of the demand of sympathy, the appeal to human kindness, which one has so often observed from a very old dog towards his master. Poor Copenhagen, who, when alive, furnished so many reliques from his mane and tail to enthusiastic young ladies, who had his hair set in brooches and rings, was, after being interred with military honours, dug up by some miscreant, (never, I believe, discovered,) and one of his hoofs cut off, it is to be presumed, for a memorial, although one that would hardly go in the compass of a ring. A very fine portrait of Copenhagen has been executed by my young friend Edmund Haven, a youth of seventeen, whose genius as an animal painter, will certainly place him second only to Landseer."

PROGRESS OF THE POWER OF RUSSIA.—Russia confined to her snowy deserts, little more than a century ago, was a country nearly unknown, overrun and plundered alike by Poles, Swedes, and Turks, with a people so timid, that it only required a handful of Tartars to show themselves in a Russian town, to put the whole of the inhabitants to flight; yet she is now, in the nineteenth century, become the terror of the surrounding nations. Turkey and Persia quail beneath her iron grasp; Austria, Germany, and the whole of the northern nations, dread her power; even France, the once powerful France, fawns upon her friendship. Victorious in the field and triumphant in the cabinet, Europe now beholds with consternation the supercilious fabric her supineness permitted to be reared, and to which the dismemberment of Poland has given additional elevation.—*Spencer's Travels in Circassia.*

THE BITER BIT.—A member of one of the learned professions was driving his dunnet along the road at Tooting, in Surrey, when he overtook a pedlar with his pack, and inquired what he had to sell. The man produced, among other things, a pair of cotton braces—for which he asked sixpence. The gentleman paid the money, and then said, "You have, I suppose, a license?" "Y-e-s," was the reply, hesitatingly. "I should like to see it." After some further delay it was produced. "My good fellow, all's right, I see. Now, as I do not want these things, you shall have them again for threepence." The bargain was struck; but how surprised was the gentleman to find a summons to attend the county magistracy, sitting at Croydon. The gentleman was convicted in the full penalty for selling goods on the king's highway without a hawker's licence.

LAPLAND.—In Lapland, during the summer, a bed of moss is as much prized as a feather-bed by the Highlanders of Scotland. The Laplanders also employ it as a substitute for bed-clothes in the cradles of their infants. In some places in England, where the *Polytrichum commune* grows luxuriantly, it is made into brooms. Mosses have also, to a trifling extent, been used in dyeing, and in former days great medical virtues were attributed to them.

MARRIAGE BROKERS.—In Genoa there are marriage brokers who have pocket-books filled with names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavouring to arrange connections; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is a mere matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match, on condition of his defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

HINDOO ABSURDITY.—The Hindoos carry on a complete system of bargaining with their gods, or rather a compound system of flattery, cajoling, bargaining and threatening. The most ordinary method is the contracting: "If you will grant me so and so, I will give you so and so, such and such sweetmeats, fruits, flowers, &c.; or, I will worship you alone for so many days." If this is not successful, they say: "If you will not give me so and so, I will keep you without a drop of water; or, I will put a rope round your neck, and drag you round the house; or, the most disgraceful of all, I will beat you with a slipper." In times of drought, or of any great extremity, they will absolutely brick up the entrance to an image, and threaten to keep their god close prisoner, until he shall help them. This took place at Nassuck a few years ago, when the poor god was bricked up, and kept without water, offerings or adoration, until the rain began to fall, when they liberated their prisoner, and begged his pardon.

INHABITANTS OF THE FEROE ISLANDS.—They have one method of dividing time peculiar to themselves: they reckon the day and night by eight *okters* of three hours each; the *okters* again are reduced into halves, and are named according to the point of the compass where the sun is at the time; for example, east-north-east is half past four in the morning; east is six; east-south-east, half-past seven.—*Land's Description.*

FIRE FLIES.—In Jamaica, at some seasons of the year, the fire-flies are seen in the evening in great abundance. When they settle on the ground, the bull-frog greedily devours them, which seems to have given origin to a curious, though very cruel, method of destroying these animals:—if red-hot pieces of charcoal be thrown towards them in the dusk of the evening, they leap at them, and hastily swallow them, mistaking them for fire-flies, and are burnt to death.—*Darwin.*

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS.

OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA—In 2 Vols.

VOLUME I.

WILL comprise Illustrations of Nova-Scotia, under the patronage of his Excellency Major General Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. B. &c. in a Series of Engravings from original drawings by William Eager, of all the most important parts of the Province.

VOLUME II.

Illustrations of New Brunswick, under the patronage of his Excellency Major General Sir John Harvey, K. C. H.

The above works will be published every four months in numbers, each containing three views, superbly engraved on Steel by eminent artists, price 10s.—and will be accompanied by a Letter Press, giving a brief history of each Province, with statistics to the latest period.

The first No. of Nova-Scotia now offered to the public, will show that no expense will be spared in getting up the work in a style of elegance, superior to any thing ever published in North America. The publisher therefore trusts this will give him a strong claim on the patronage and support of a liberal and discerning public.

Subscription Lists for one or both of these Works—are now open at Mr. C. H. Belcher's, the Halifax Bazaar, and at the different Stationers at St. John, New Brunswick, Fredericton, and St. Andrews.

December 15.

BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1838.

IS now Published and may be had of the Subscriber, and of others throughout the Province. Containing every thing requisite and necessary for an Almanack, Farmer's Calendar, Table of the Equator of Time, Eclipses, Her Majesty's Council; House of Assembly; Officers of the Army, Navy, and Staff of the Militia; Officers of the different Counties; Sitzings of Courts, &c. arranged under their respective heads; Roll of Barristers and Attornies, with dates of Admission; Roads to the principal towns in the Province, and the route to St. John and Fredericton, N. B.; Colleges, Academies and Clergy, with a variety of other matter. Nov. 11.

SCHR. BOYNE FROM NORFOLK.

FOR SALE,

The cargo of the above vessel—

45 M. White Oak Hhd. Staves,
15 M. do do Heading,
5 M. Red Oak Hhd. Staves,

GEORGE P. LAWSON.

Dec. 2.

HATS! HATS!

GENTLEMEN'S best London BEAVER HATS, newest shapes.

—ALSO—

An assortment of handsome MERINOS, for cloaks and dresses, figured and plain, for sale at low prices, by
Dec. 2. (4w.) J. M. HAMILTON.

ENGLISH ANNUALS, 1838.

C. H. BELCHER, has received the following Splendid Annuals for 1838—viz.—Flowers of Loveliness,—Twelve Groups of Female Figures, Emblematic of Flowers; designed by various artists, with poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY, with beautifully finished engravings, from drawings by the first artists. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.—splendidly bound.

Heath's Picturesque Annual, containing a Tour in Ireland, by Leitch Ritchie, with nineteen highly finished Engravings from drawings by T. Crowick and D. McCliae, elegantly bound in green.

Jennings' Landscape Annual, containing a Tour in Spain, and Morocco, by Thomas Roscoe, Illustrated with twenty-one highly finished Engravings from drawings by David Roberts.

The Oriental Annual, or scenes in India, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. with twenty two Engravings from drawings by William Daniell.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath; a Christmas and New Year's Present, with Eleven elegant Engravings—elegantly bound.

This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering.

Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,

Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence,

And says—Forget me not!

Forget me Not: A Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, elegantly bound, and embellished with Eleven elegant Engravings—

Appealing, by the magic of its name,

To gentle feelings and affections, kept

Within the heart, like gold.—L. E. L.

Others are shortly expected.

Nov. 11.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBER tenders his thanks to his friends, for their prompt exertions in removing his Goods and Furniture on the night of the Fire; and informs them and Public, that he has hired MR. VASS'S Brick Building in BEDFORD ROW, where he would be glad to accommodate BOARDERS, and hopes to receive a share of support in his new line of Business.
December 1. GEORGE T. FILLIS.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and customers, that owing to his bad state of health, he intends bringing his business to a close. He has now on hand a large and extensive Stock of

WINES, LIQUORS, GROCERIES, &c.

Which he offers for Sale at the undermentioned Prices, for Cash only. He also wishes to inform those that are indebted to him, either by Note of Hand or Book Account, prior to 1837, if not paid before the 31st December they will be placed in the hands of an Attorney, and sued for without distinction.

His Stock consists of the following Articles, viz.—Gunpowder Tea at 5s. 9 per lb.; Green Tea, 2s. 6d.; Souchong, 3s. (warranted); Congo 2s. to 2s. 6d.; Bohoa 1s. 6d.; Loaf Sugar, 9d.; moist do. 5d.; Mustard, 1s. 3d.; Raisins, 6d.; half boxes Raisins, 9s.; Currants, 10d.; Coffee, 10d.; English Cheese, 1s. 2d.; Annapolis Cheese, 10d.; Chocolate 9d.; Ketchup, fish Sauces, &c. 2s. per bottle; English Candles 1s. per lb.; Halifax do. 11d.; Starch, 10d.; Vermicelli, 1s.; Macaroni, 1s. 3d.; smoked Hams, 9d.; Salt 2s. per bushel; Havana Segars 7s. 6d. per hundred; Manilla Sheroots, 7s. per hundred; Cognac Brandy, 9s. to 10s. per gal.; Hollands, 7s. 6d.; Whiskey, 10s.; Port Wine, 7s. 6d.; best Port Wine, 30s. per dozen; Gold Sherry, 27s. 6d. per doz.; Teneriffe, 20s. per doz.; Sicily Madeira, 20s. per dozen; Buccellas, 12s. per dozen; Champagne, 60s. per dozen; Scotch Ale, 10s. per doz. London Porter 10s. per dozen; with sundry other articles too numerous to mention.

He also offers TO LET, that well known excellent WHARF and STORE, (now partly occupied by Messrs. Carzon & Co.) possession given immediately. The Wharf is nearly new; it extends 144 feet from the rear of the Dwelling House to the water, and is 67 feet in breadth, with a Dock of 21 feet wide on the north side; at the end there is water sufficient for a large ship to lay, or heave down at; the Store is 40 feet by 38, and in good repair; it would make an excellent Fish Store, or a Cooper's Shop for a Whaling Fishing Establishment. For further particulars, please apply to

RICHARD MARSHALL.

December 2, 1837.—4w.

THE PEARL.

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