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HALIFAX PEARL,

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NUMBER THIRTY SEVEN.

A SCENE IN RUSSIA.

By the Author of 'Incidents of Travel in Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land.'

GREAT FETE AT PETERHOFF.

The whole population of Petersburg was in motion, on the day appointed for the great fete at Peterhoff. It was expected that the entertainment would be more than usually splendid, on account of the presence of the Queen of Holland, then on a visit to her sister the empress; and at an early hour the splendid equipages of the nobility, carriages, droskeys, telegas, and carts, were hurrying along the banks of the Neva, while steam-boats, sail-boats, row boats, and crafts of every description, were gliding on the bosom of the river.

As the least trouble, we chose a steam-boat, and at twelve o'clock embarked at the English Quay. The boat was crowded with passengers, and among them was an old English gentleman, a merchant of thirty years' standing in St. Petersburg. I soon became acquainted with him, how I do not know, and his lady told me, that the first time I passed them, she remarked to her husband that I was an American. A lady made the same remark to me at Smyrna. Without knowing exactly how to understand it, I mention it as a fact, showing the nice discrimination acquired by persons in the habit of seeing travellers from different countries. Before landing, the old gentleman told me that his boys had gone down in a pleasure-boat, abundantly provided with materials, and asked me to go on board and lunch with them, which, upon the invitation being extended to my friend, I accepted.

Peterhoff is about twenty-five versts from St. Petersburg, and the whole bank of the Neva on that side is adorned with palaces and beautiful summer residences of the Russian seigneurs. It stands at the mouth of the Neva, on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Opposite is the city of Cronstadt, the seaport of St. Petersburg, and the anchorage of the Russian fleet. It was then crowded with merchant ships of every nation, with flags of every color streaming from their spars, in honor of the day. On landing, we accompanied our new friends, and found 'the boys,' three fine young fellows just growing up to manhood, in a handsome little pleasure-boat, with a sail arranged as an awning, waiting for their parents. We were introduced and received with open arms, and sat down to a cold collation, in good old English style, at which, for the first time since I left home, I fastened upon an old-fashioned sirloin of roast beef. It was a delightful meeting for me. The old people talked to me about my travels, and the old lady particularly, with almost a motherly interest in a straggling young man, inquired about my parents, brothers, and sisters, etc.; and I made my way with the frank-hearted 'boys,' by taking 'boat.' Altogether, it was a regular home family scene; and, after the lunch, we left the old people under the awning, promising to return at nine o'clock for tea, and with 'the boys' set off to view the fete.

From the time when we entered the grounds, until we left, at one o'clock the next morning, the whole was a fairy scene. The grounds extended some distance along the shore, and the palace stands on an embankment, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet high, commanding a full view of the Neva Cronstadt, with its shipping, and the Gulf of Finland. We followed along the banks of a canal, five hundred yards long, bordered by noble trees. On each side of the canal were large wooden frames, about sixty feet high filled with glass lamps for the illumination; and at the foot of each was another high frame-work, with lamps, forming, among other things, the arms of Russia, the double-headed eagle, and under it a gigantic star, thirty or forty feet in diameter. At the head of the canal was a large basin of water, and in the centre of the basin stood a colossal group in brass, of a man tearing open the jaws of a rampant lion; and out of the mouth of the lion rushed a jet d'eau, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high. On each side of this basin, at a distance of about three hundred feet, was a smaller basin, with a jet d'eau in each about half its height, and all around were jets d'eau, of various kinds, throwing water vertically and horizontally; among them I remember a figure larger than life, leaning forward in the attitude of a man throwing the discus, with a powerful stream of water rushing from his clinched fist. These basins were at the foot of the embankment on which stands the palace. In the centre was a broad flight of steps leading to the palace, and on each side was a continuous range of marble slabs, to the top of the hill, over which poured down a sheet of water, the slabs being placed so high and far apart as to allow lamps to be arranged behind the water. All over, along the public walks, and in retired alcoves, were frames

hung with lamps; and every where, under the trees, and on the open lawn, were tents of every size and fashion, beautifully decorated; many of them, oriental in style and elegance, were fitted up as places of refreshment. Thousands of people, dressed in their best attire, were promenading the grounds, but there were no vehicles, until, in turning a point, we espied, at some distance up an avenue, and coming quietly toward us, a plain open carriage, with two horses and two English jockey outriders in which were a gentleman and lady, whom, without the universal taking off of hats around us, I recognised at once as the emperor and empress. I am not apt to be carried away by any profound admiration for royalty, but, without consideration of their rank, I never saw a finer specimen of true gentility; in fact, he looked every inch a king, and she was my beau ideal of a queen, in appearance and manners. They bowed as they passed, and, as I thought, being outside of the line of Russians, and easily recognised as a stranger, their courtesy was directed particularly to me, but I found that my companion took it very much to himself, and no doubt every long-bearded Russian near us did the same. In justice to myself, however, I may almost say that I had a conversation with the emperor; for although his imperial highness did not speak to me, he spoke in a language which none but I (and the queen and his jockey outriders) understood; for, waving his hand to them, I heard him say in English, 'To the right.' After this interview with his majesty, we walked up to the palace. The splendid regiments of cavalier guards were drawn up around it, every private carrying himself like a prince; and I did not admire all his palaces, nor hardly his queen, so much as this splendid body of armed followers. Behind the palace is a large plain, cut up into gravel-walks, having, in one place, a basin of water, with water-works of various kinds, among which were some of peculiar beauty, falling in the form of a semi-globe.

A little before dark, we retired to a refectory under a tent, until the garden was completely lighted up, that we might have the full effect of the illumination at one coup d'œil; and, when we went out, the dazzling brilliancy of the scene within the semi-circular illumination around the water-works, was beyond description. This semicircular frame work enclosed, in a large sweep, the three basins, and terminated at the embarkment in which the palace stands, presenting all around an immense fiery scroll in the air, sixty or eighty feet high, and filled with all manner of devices; and for its back-ground a broad sheet of water, falling over a range of steps, with lighted lamps behind it, forming an illuminated cascade, while the basins were blazing with the light thrown upon them from myriads of lamps, and the colossal figures, of a reddened and unearthly hue, were spouting columns of water into the air. More than two hundred thousand people were supposed to be assembled in the garden, in every variety of gay, brilliant, and extraordinary costume. St. Petersburg was half depopulated, and thousands of peasants were assembled from the neighboring provinces. I was accidentally separated from all my companions; and, alone among thousands, sat down on the grass, and for an hour watched the throng passing through the illuminated circle, and ascending the broad steps leading toward the palace. Among all this immense crowd there was no rabble; not a dress that could offend the eye, but intermingled with the ordinary costumes of Europeans were the Russian shop-keeper, with his long surtout, his bell-crowned hat, and solemn beard; Cossacks, and Circassian soldiers, and Calmuc Tartars, and cavalier guards; hussars, with the sleeves of their rich jackets dangling loose over their shoulders, tossing plumes, and helmets glittering with steel, intermingled throughout with the gay dresses of ladies, while near me, and, like me, carelessly stretched on the grass, under the light of thousands of lamps, was a group of peasants from Finland, fiddling and dancing; the women, with light hair, bands around their heads, and long jackets enwrapping their square forms, and the men with long great-coats, broad-brimmed hats, and a bunch of shells in front.

Leaving this brilliant scene, I joined the throng on the steps, and by the side of a splendid hussar, stopping his manly figure to whisper in the ears of a lovely girl, I ascended to the palace, and presented my ticket of admission of the Bal Masque, so called from their being on masks there. I had not been presented at court, and consequently, had only admission to the outer apartments with the people. I had, however, the range of a succession of splendid rooms, richly decorated with vases and tazzas of precious stones, candelabras, couches, ottomans, superb mirrors, and inlaid floors, and the centre room, extending several hundred feet in length, had its lofty walls covered to the very

ceilings with portraits of all the female beauties in Russia, about eight years ago. I was about being tired of gazing at these pictures of long-sleeping beauties, when the great doors at one end were thrown open, and the emperor and empress, attended by the whole court, passed through on their way to the banquetting-hall. Although I had been in company with the emperor before, in the garden, and though I had taken off my hat to the empress, both passed without recognising me. The court at St. Petersburg is admitted to be the most brilliant in Europe; the dresses of the members of the diplomatic corps, and the uniforms of the general and staff officers, being really magnificent, while those of the ladies sparkled with jewels. Besides the emperor and empress, the only acquaintance I recognised in that constellation of brilliantly-dressed people, were Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Clay, who, for republicans, made a very fair blaze. I saw them enter the banquetting-hall, painted in oriental style to represent a tent, and might have had the pleasure of seeing the emperor and empress and all the brilliant collection eat; but, turning away from a noise that destroyed much of the illusion, viz., the clatter of knives and forks, and a little piqued at the cavalier treatment I had received from the court circles, I went out on the balcony and soliloquized, 'Fine feathers make fine birds; but look back a little, ye dashing cavaliers and supercilious ladies! In the latter part of the seventeenth century, a French traveller in Russia wrote that 'most men treat their wives as a necessary evil, regarding them with a proud and stern eye, and even beating them after.' Dr. Collins, physician to the Czar in 1670, as an evidence of the progress of civilization in Russia, says, that the custom of tying up wives by the hair of the head, and flogging them, begins to be left off; accounting for it, however, by the prudence of parents, who made a stipulative provision in the marriage contract, that their daughters were not to be whipped, struck, kicked, etc. But even in this improved state of society, one man 'put upon his wife a shirt dipped in ardent spirits, and burnt her to death,' and was not punished, there being, according to the doctor, 'no punishment in Russia for killing a wife or a slave.' When no provision was made in the marriage contract, he says, they were accustomed to discipline their wives very severely. At the marriage the bridegroom had a whip in one boot, and a jewel in the other, and the poor girl tried her fortune by choosing. 'If she happens upon the jewel,' says another traveller, 'she is lucky; but if on the whip, she gets it.' The bridegroom rarely saw his companion's face till after the marriage, when, it is said, 'if she be ugly, she pays for it soundly, may be the first time he sees her.' Ugliness being punished with the whip, the women ducted to great excess; and a traveller in 1631 saw the grand duchess and her ladies on horseback, astride, 'most wickedly bepaned.' The day after a lady had been at an entertainment, the hostess was accustomed to ask how she got home; and the polite answer was, 'your ladyship's hospitality made me so tipsy, that I don't know how I got home.' And for the climax of their barbarity—it can scarcely be believed, but it is recorded as a fact—the women did not begin to wear stays till the beginning of the present century!

Soothed by these rather ill-natured reflections, I turned to the illuminated scene, and the thronging thousands below, descended once more to the garden, passed down the steps, worked my way through the crowd, and fell into a long avenue, like all the rest of the garden, brilliantly lighted, but entirely deserted. At the end of the avenue, I came to an artificial lake, opposite which was a small square two-story cottage, being the old residence of Peter the Great, the founder of all the magnificence of Peterhoff. It was exactly in the style of our ordinary country houses, and the furniture was of a simplicity that contrasted strangely with the surrounding splendor. The door opened into a little hall, in which were two old-fashioned Dutch mahogany tables, with oval leaves, legs tapering and enlarging at the feet into something like a horse-shoe; just such a table as every one may remember in his grandfather's house, and recalling to mind the simpler style of our own country some thirty or forty years ago. In a room on one side was the old Czar's bed, a low, broad wooden bedstead, with a sort of canopy over it, the covering of the canopy and the coverlet being of striped calico; the whole house, inside and out, was hung with lamps, illumining it with a glare that was almost distressing, contrasted with the simplicity of Peter's residence; and, as if to give greater contrast to this simplicity, while I was standing in the door of the hall, I saw roll by me, in splendid equipages, the emperor and empress, with the whole of the brilliant court which I had left in the banquetting hall, now making a tour of the gardens. The carriages were all of one pattern, long, hung low, without any tops, and somewhat like our omnibuses, except that, instead of

seats being on one side, there was a partition in the middle, not higher than the back of a sofa, with large seats like sofas on each side, on which the company sat in a row, with their backs to each other; in front was a high and large box for the coachman, and a footman behind. It was so light that I could distinguish the faces of every gentleman and lady as they passed; and there was something so unique in the exhibition, that, with the splendor of the court dresses, it seemed the climax of the brilliant scenes at Peterhoff. I followed them with my eyes till they were out of sight, gave one more look to the modest pillow on which old Peter reposed his care-worn head, and at about one o'clock in the morning left the garden. A frigate brilliantly illuminated was firing a salute, the flash of her guns lighting up the surface of the water, as I embarked on board the steam-boat. At two o'clock, the morning twilight was like that of day; at three o'clock, I was at my hotel, and probably at ten minutes past, asleep.—*From a Work just published.*

DARKNESS.

DARKNESS, I love thee!—when the last faint beam
Of day hath faded from the summer sky,
How sweet to wander by some gentle stream,
While all around Night's sable shadows lie,
And catch the plashing of a distant oar;
To hear faint voices borne upon the wind,
And gaze far on, nor view the verdant shore,
That boat, those voices, scarce have left behind!

Darkness, I love thee!—when the sudden swell
Of music bursts on the enraptured ear,
And chains the spirit with a mystic spell,
Like sounds unearthly from some hallowed sphere;
We turn to look upon a fair young brow,
Shaded with sunny tresses; on a cheek
Flush'd with deep feeling; and what meets us now?
Sadness, and darkness, for the form we seek!

Darkness, I love thee!—when the lightning plays
Through cloud-piled masses with a lurid glare,
Flash following flash, in one bright liquid blaze,
While peals of thunder shake the troubled air:
And when, like infant on its mother's breast,
Who sobs to sleep, its gust of passion o'er,
The storm is gone, and winds and waves at rest,
I love thee then as dearly as before!

Darkness, I love thee!—when the full heart thrills
With untold rapture—power of utterance gone;
Tear after tear, the downcast eyelid fills,
Flush after flush comes mantling, and alone
With one loved being, with whose destiny
Ours is close link'd—no sight, no sound
Breaks on the stillness; yet we feel an eye
Beams on us, in whose life our own is bound!

Darkness, I love thee!—when the midnight hour
Tells that thy reign too soon will pass away;
When hearts are bared before that unseen Power,
Too oft forgotten 'mid the light of day;
And as the rushing memories come back,
Of days, and hopes, and friends, I long
To soar away to yon bright star-lit track,
Whose glories, Darkness, round thy pathway throng!

THE NUNS OF THE FRIULI.

'Hell has no fury, like a woman scorned!'

To those who have surveyed the Alps, rising in all their grandeur one above another, until their peaks are lost in the blue of heaven, the Friuli mountains appear as pigmies to a giant. Yet they possess a magnificence of scenery unexcelled even by their more towering brethren. Here are no wreaths of everlasting snow, nor rocks frowning in naked sublimity; but forests of unfading green crown their summits, and the ruins of many a feudal castle lie scattered amid their darkness. Here, too, Superstition has found a home, and the solemn bell of the convent is reverberated in a thousand echoes. Within its walls, crime has found a refuge, and hapless victims of avarice and ambition weep unheeded, perhaps forgotten, even by those for whom they mourned.

It was late on a dreary evening in the last days of March, that we came in sight of one of these convents, which was situated on a darkly-jutting point of a precipice that overhung the road, whence the eye is first gladly saluted with the bright and flowery plains of Italy, and of the Tagliamento, which glides in mazy wanderings around the base of the mountain, until its pure green waters seem lost in meadows of its own emerald hue. The towers rose proudly, as if in mockery of the fair scene beneath them; as if the Maker of All could not be worshipped amidst the lovely works of his own creation, but must hear the voice of prayer swell up from the rich perfume of altars, surrounded with the factitious pomps of man.

The day had been stormy, and the melting of the winter's snows had so swelled the mountain torrents, that our vetturino declined proceeding farther that night, and we determined to crave hospitality of the inmates of the holy dwelling above us. The road by which we gained the gates, wound circuitously among the rocks, and bore evidence that few visitors ever disturbed the pious meditations of the nuns within. After much difficulty, we

were admitted. The bare walls of the parlour, with its scanty and rough furniture, was quite unlike the luxurious decorations of the convents we had visited in the cities. The gentlemen of our party could not gain entrance, but were accommodated in the but of an old gardener, who appeared almost coeval with the walls of the convent. The portress who attended us, rarely spoke, and seemed fearful even of the sound of her own voice. On our expressing a desire to visit the chapel, and those parts of the interior to which strangers are usually admitted, the consent of the abbess was asked and obtained, and a lay sister ordered to conduct us. Fortunately, she did not prove as taciturn as the portress, but illustrated each chamber, with some legend of the olden time. An unnatural gloom pervaded the whole dwelling, and the spectre-like forms of the nuns, seen gliding in the distance, sent a cold shudder over us; and if their voices broke on the silence around, the sound issuing from beneath their dark hoods and veils was so unearthly, that it seemed we were gazing on the inhabitants of another world.

At last, we gained the chapel. It was simple in its decorations, and derived its greatest interest, in our minds, from the kneeling figures which were here and there discerned, and which might have been almost mistaken for marble, had not the wind occasionally moved the drapery which enshrouded them. A small arched door admitted us into the cemetery, and the fading twilight was just sufficient to enable us to see that the graves were destitute of all needless ornament. A simple stone alone marked out to their friends, if they possessed any who retained an interest in their fate, the spot of their last earthly rest. As we passed two apparently new mounds of earth, which marked a recent vacancy in that holy sisterhood, our guide involuntarily recoiled, and crossed herself with deep devotion. We stooped to read the names, but they gave us no clue to the emotion of our conductress; and when we turned to her for an explanation, she was engaged in fervent prayer. As we passed on, however, she rejoined us, and we ventured to comment, indirectly, upon the emotion she had exhibited. She was silent for some moments, but presently requested us to return to the parlor. Our curiosity was now so much excited, that we again renewed our inquiries concerning those seemingly mysterious graves, when she communicated to us the following story.

'The order to which this convent belongs, is unprecedentedly severe; but there were even here two nuns remarkable for the austerity of their lives. Their faces had seldom been seen, and when they were, the beholders regarded one with pity, but turned from the other as from an unholy sight. They were known by the names of Beatrice and Rosalia, and had both been resident here many years. Nothing was known of the causes which first induced them to renounce the world; and if curiosity had ever been awakened concerning them, it had long since slumbered. They held no communion together, and each regarded the other as a stranger; yet still it seemed as if a mysterious tie connected them, which neither could define; and they were oftener seen kneeling side by side, than any other two in the convent.

'On the attenuated form of the sister Rosalia, sorrow had stamped all the ravages which 'Time's effacing finger' usually accomplishes. The light of her eye was quenched, and the smile that had once beamed on her lip, was fled. Her cheek was deadly pale, and she looked as if waiting with anxiety for the time when she should 'be called hence.' But her habitual expression of grief was softened by a natural mildness, which appeared like a ray of sunshine upon a ruin; a remnant of that which once shed gladness on many a heart.

'Far different were the dark workings of the mind of Sister Beatrice. The remains of beauty, that had been dazzling, still retained their haughty character, and her dark eyes emitted glances which all her penances had failed to soften. The wreck of her charms seemed wrought by some sudden paroxysm of passion, like the bursting of a volcano, which destroys all within its reach. The repentance that is seated deep within the heart, she had not yet felt; and although she bowed without a murmur to penances from which a sterner form would have shrunk, and was ever ready to inflict more than was exacted, as though outward suffering could efface her crime, yet, placed once more in the world, her unsubdued spirit would probably have again accomplished its work of desolation.

'But the silence which had so long subsisted between these two sisters, was destined at last to be broken. Beatrice was found one morning lying on the pavement of the chapel, before the image of a saint, to whom she had been offering up her prayer for mercy and pardon. She was utterly senseless, and we conveyed her to her cell, where she soon recovered sufficiently to ask for Rosalia, and to desire to be left alone with her. My capacity of nurse rendered my presence necessary, lest some sudden attack should again overcome her, and I was permitted to remain; for it was apparent that her strength had so rapidly declined, she could not possibly survive much longer. Her voice was faint, yet she exerted herself to tell her tale of horror.

'Years have we dwelt here,' she began, 'yet scarcely has a word been uttered between us; but I have thought, when pray-

ing by thy side, that my spirit was absolved from half its sin. I now feel that I shall soon meet the reward due to my crimes; and an irresistible impulse compels me to unfold the cause of my misery. In vain have I confessed. The priest has no power to pardon. In vain have I lacerated my body. I cannot kill the undying worm!'

'Her voice now became more piercing; her eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and wandering around her chamber, as if in pursuit of some object seen by herself alone.

'In sleep I see them!' she murmured; 'awake, they are still before me! Soon shall I be even as ye are! No! she shrieked, 'not as ye are, for ye were innocent, and are blessed, while I —'

'She paused, and turning toward Rosalia, continued: 'While I have strength, let me reveal to you my dark transgressions. Look! said she, throwing back her veil, and 'see if ye can discover the beauty that was once my boast!'

'Her dark eyes flashed proudly, as she spoke, but the light soon died away, and in the meagre form before us we could scarcely imagine that aught which was lovely had ever there its chosen seat.

'Many were the suitors that the fame of my wealth and beauty drew around me; but I listened to their love with haughty indifference, and felt a secret pride in the pangs they appeared to suffer. My insensibility to others' woes has been punished by my own. I too have loved—wildly, madly loved!'

'I was in Venice, surrounded by all that was noble and magnificent. Among those who came to see if report spoke true, was one whom no female eye could look upon and not remember. He seemed dazzled with my beauty, and I exerted myself to captivate him. Accustomed to homage, I deemed that I could command it. From him I never received it! In vain I tried the power of music. It could not melt him. The eloquence that had so often charmed others, he regarded with cold indifference. I rallied all my powers, but I could not win him. My accomplishments might have awakened his wonder, but they did not touch his heart. I grew silent and timid in his presence, and from being the delight of society, I became apparently indifferent to all around me. Alas! it was not indifference! Too great desire to please, had taken from me the power! My books were unopened, my harp untouched, and the chords, as they broke, sounded to my ear the presage of my own dark fate.'

'Driven almost to madness by the intensity of my suffering, I forgot for a moment the dignity of my sex. I knelt—yes,' she continued, a transient crimson flush suffusing her palid countenance; 'I knelt to him, and told him my shame. With a look of mingled pity and scorn, he turned away! Years have passed, yet the memory of THAT LOOK is deep in my heart!'

'I never saw him more. He became a suitor to another—one who was indeed lovely; yet in my pride I never dreamed that she could rival me. Can it be,' said I, 'that for her I am scorned, perhaps despised! And shall he, with all a lover's fond ardor,

'Drink the rich fragrance of her breath, and sip
With tenderest touch the roses of her lip?

while I am cast off with contempt! The thought was bitterest agony.

'Who can paint my emotions, when every one around me spoke of their approaching nuptials? For whole days I was lost to myself and to all who watched beside me; and when I first returned to a sense of my misery, it was to burn with a fire that even now scorches my very heart and brain! Hatred toward all human kind, but above all toward her who had robbed me of all I prized, was my consuming passion. Even he, the loved one, did not escape. All my thoughts were directed to one object, and that was VENGEANCE! With a gasp that seemed her last, she added, 'And I have HAD it! The bridegroom and the bride sleep in the same cold grave!'

'No, not both!' shrieked Rosalia, 'for I am here! The cup was death to me alone!'

'Beatrice never recovered the shock of that moment, and Rosalia did not long survive the destroyer of her happiness. Two stones mark the spot where the victim and the murderess sleep side by side; and many are the prayers offered up by our holy sisterhood for their salvation.'

MAGNITUDE AND MINUTENESS.—The view of nature, which is the immediate object of sense, is very imperfect, and of a small extent; but by the assistance of art, and the help of our reason, is enlarged till it loses itself in an infinity on either hand. The immensity of things on the one side, and their minuteness on the other, carry them equally out of our reach, and conceal from us the far greater and more noble part of physical operations. As magnitude of every sort, abstractedly considered, is capable of being increased to infinity, and is also divisible without end; so we find that, in nature, the limits of the greatest and least dimensions of things are actually placed at an immense distance from each other. We can perceive no bounds of the vast expanse in which natural causes operate, and can fix no border or

termination of the universe ; and we are equally at a loss when we endeavour to trace things to their elements, and to discover the limits which conclude the subdivisions of matter. The objects, which we commonly call great, vanish when we contemplate the vast body of the earth ; the terraqueous globe itself is soon lost in the solar system : in some parts it is seen as a distant star. In great part it is unknown, or visible only at rare times to vigilant observers, assisted, perhaps, with an art like to that by which Galileo was enabled to discover so many new parts of the system. The sun itself dwindles into a star ; Saturn's vast orbit, and the orbits of all the comets, crowd into a point, when viewed from numberless places between the earth and the nearest fixed stars. Other suns kindle light to illuminate other systems, where our sun's rays are unperceived ; but they also are swallowed up in the vast expanse. Even all the systems of the stars that sparkle in the clearest sky, must possess a small corner only of that space over which such systems are dispersed, since more stars are discovered in one constellation, by the telescope, than the naked eye perceives in the whole heavens. After we have risen so high, and left all definite measures so far behind us, we find ourselves no nearer to a term or limit ; for all this is nothing to what may be displayed in the infinite expanse, beyond the remotest stars that ever have been discovered. If we descend, in the scale of nature, towards the other limit, we find a like gradation, from minute objects to others incomparably more subtle, and are led as far below sensible measures as we were before carried above them, by similar steps, that soon become hid to us in equal obscurity.—*C. Maclaurin.*

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

Reader ! didst ever live with a *particular* lady ? One possessed, not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness ? Who will give you a good two hour's lecture upon the sin of an untied shoestring, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove. Who will be struck speechless, at the sight of a pin in the place of a string ; or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book-case ! Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathise with me. Gentle reader ! I have often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage, about fifty miles from town ; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. "Man never is, but always to be 'cursed.'" Accordingly, on the seventeenth of June, 1826, (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr,) having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality ; but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might have been expected to look, married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of a liberal fortune. Poor fellow ! I did not know that his wife was a precisian—I do not employ the term in a religious sense. The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr. S. who, removing my hat from the first peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My wife is a little particular in these matters ; the first peg is for my hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth, if you please, for your own ; ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man, formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favour by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be emperor of China ! Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckoned myself tolerably tidy ; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing room ; nor more than a dozen books about my apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month ; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves, whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this but as dust in the balance. The first time I sat down to dinner I made a horrible blunder ; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged—I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence. Secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's breadth beyond the cane-work of my chair—and what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not at length overpowered every other consideration, and at last burst forth with, "Excuse me, Mr. —, but do pray put your cushion straight ; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise." My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks ; my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the pianoforte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose ; my fifth—but in short I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing-room had no good a right to exhibit a placard of "Steel Treps and

Spring Guns," as any park with which I am acquainted. In one place you were in danger of having your legs snapped off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat, every chair and table knew its duty ; the very chimney ornaments had been "trained up in the way they should go," and woe to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it." Even those "chartered libertines," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby cat herself, who sat with her fore-feet together, and her tail curled round her as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's martial authority, to get his favourite spaniel admitted to the honours of the parlour ; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of a larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broom-stick. As to the children, heaven help them ! I believe they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so ; but she has taken it into her head, that "preachee and floggee too" is the way to bring up children ; and that, as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties.

"From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve."

So is it with her servants ; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it ! I have sometimes thought that from long practice, they do not heed it—as a friend of mine who lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me he does not hear the infernal noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from morning till night. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to husband, children or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife !—but such jewels are too costly for everyday wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half a dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little common-place repose.

I shall never forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thralldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder, and gloried in my litters. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another ; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again. That cursed "spirit of order !" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to S. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a member of the House of Commons, and the order of the day were called for I should make it a rule to walk out. Since my return home, I have positively prohibited the use of the word in my house ; and have nearly quarrelled with an honest poulterer who has served me for the last ten years, because he has a rascally shopman, who will persist in snuffing at my door, (I hear him now from my parlour window,) "Any order this morning ?" Confound the fellow ! that is his knock. I will go out, and offer him half-a-crown to change his phrase ! When at school,

"Order is heaven's first law,"

used to be our standing round-text copy ; but were I doomed to transcribe the sentiment in these my days of adolescence, I should take the liberty of suggesting the new reading of,

Order is h—'s first law—

for I feel satisfied that Satan himself is a "particular gentleman."

HAPPINESS appears to us to have fixed her seat in rural scenes. The spacious hall, the splendid equipage, and pomp of courts, do not soothe and entertain the mind of man in any degree like the verdant plain, the enamelled mead, the fragrant grove, melodious birds, the sports of beasts, azure sky, and the starry heavens.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that in proportion to our population, too many leave the occupation of agriculture for other employment. If this arise from its being considered that the employment of the farmer is not respectable, it is a great mistake. Every thing is honorable which is useful and virtuous. This is an employment instituted by God himself, and by him particularly owned and blest. True it is laborious ; but then labour brings health, is the foundation of the farmer, is the condition of independence ; his little dominion is his own, his comforts are his own, and he is not at the mercy of the public whim and caprice. It is not necessarily the case, in this happy country especially, that the farmer must be a stupid, ignorant man. He is taught in his youth the first rudiments of education, and has many spare hours to read. In the heat of summer's noon, and then during long winter evenings, he has much time for his books, and in this country they are placed within the reach of all.

WOMAN.—There is a heaven in woman's heart, full of beauty, but dim ; and it is hard for a man to count and classify all the stars that adorn it

PRAYER.

I.
ARRESTED suns and tranquillised seas declare
To heaven and earth the omnipotence of prayer ;
That gives the hopeless hope, the feeble might,
Outruns the swift, and puts the strong to flight,
The noon-tide arrow fells, and plagues that walk by night.

II.
Unmatched in power, unbanded in extent,
As omnipresent as omnipotent ;
To no meridian nor climate confined,
Man with his fellow man, and mind to mind,
'Tis here, in links of love and charity, to bind.

III.
But farther still extends her awful reign ;
To her indeed belongs that golden chain,
From fabled gods and their Olympus riven ;
But, since to Truth and her adorers given,
E'en with his MAKER man to join, and earth with heaven.

IV.
Then let those lips that never prayed, begin !
We must or cease to pray, or cease to sin ;
Each earth-born want and wish, a grovelling brood,
Are oft mistaken, or misunderstood ;
But who could dare to pray for ought that is not good ?

V.
Not that our prayers make heaven more prompt to give,
But they make us more worthy to receive ;
There is in that celestial treasury
Wealth inexhaustible, admission free ;
But he that never prays, rejects the golden key.

REFINEMENT WITHOUT RELIGION.—Now it was amongst nations of old, where secular knowledge abounded—where arts and letters were cultivated with uncommon success—where you had poets, historians, philosophers, sculptors, painters, architects, that have supplied immortal models for the world,—it was amongst these self-same nations that you would have looked in vain for a hospital for the sick, an asylum for the cripple, a refuge for the destitute, throughout their borders ; but, instead of these, you would have found crowds of miserable men, matched to butcher one another in cold blood, as a pleasant pastime for the spectators in a theatre ; the hot iron applied to them as they fell, lest death should be counterfeited, amidst the brutal jests of the lookers-on. It was amongst these same nations that you had the hospitalities of domestic life conducted with a degree of grossness that does not admit of being named amongst Christians. It was amongst these same nations you had captains of armies, merciful men too, according to the mercies of those times, urging the slaughter of an enemy by thousands, when it was inconvenient to detain them alive as captives ; in that spirit, exhibited on a small scale by the soldiers in St. Paul's ship, whose counsel it was, "to kill the prisoners, lest any should swim out and escape." It was amongst these same nations that you had children exposed by their parents, to perish without a scruple ; so that we read of one citizen—a favourable type, no doubt, of his order—of benevolence so universal, forsooth, as to flatter himself that being a man, whatever related to humanity had an interest for him, and yet giving orders to his wife to cast out her new-born babe, and upbraiding her for committing the ruthless task to other hands.—*Rev. J. J. Blunt.*

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life ; and even the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom, may all be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, the exercise of the breath, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing.—*Dr. Rush.*

THE RETREAT OF CHRISTIANITY.—I believe that if Christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fireside ; her last altar would be the female heart ; her last audience would be the children gathered around the knees of a mother ; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard perhaps, only at the throne of God.

LOVE.—As long as woman loves, she does nothing else. A man has other matters to attend to in the intervals.

For the Pearl.

THE HARVEST SEASON.

The season of harvest with its fields of yellow corn, forms a topic of profitable meditation to every piously-disposed mind. When I have walked abroad at this interesting period of the year, and witnessed the festive mirth of the reapers, engaged in their rural toil, I have thought of the appropriate words of the prophet, who, foretelling the feelings with which the Messiah's advent would be hailed says, "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest." Who can moan and sorrow when the earth smiles in the embrace of autumn? Who can perceive in every ear of corn, a witness of the power and goodness of God, without feeling the enkindlings of gratitude in his bosom? Sadly unattuned must that man's heart be, which cannot unite in the chorus of praise which all nature now presents unto that beneficent being, of whom it is written, "the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." The harvest is no less a season of industry than of joy. The fruits of the earth must be gathered in ere the frosts of winter approach, and the activity acquired for the accomplishment of this desirable purpose will forcibly remind the scripture reader of the inspired proverb that, "he that sleepeth in harvest, is a son that causeth shame." How lamentable is the sight of a youth squandering his harvest-time of energy, of study and improvement! Now, while the brain is sensible to every impression, the memory retentive, and opportunities abundant for storing the granary of the mind with the rich treasures of useful knowledge, should the young accumulate all valuable information. To sleep during their harvest-time is most unwise, is most ungracious! And yet alas! how common the spectacle, and how many thus cause shame to themselves and their connections. Let us turn aside from so humiliating a picture, and behold yonder field of grain waving gracefully with every passing zephyr! A few months ago and not one blade was discernible; but the seed sown has germinated and sprung up, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." It is thus in the natural world, and so it ought to be in the world of grace. For, has not the heavenly husbandman scattered an abundance of moral and spiritual seed in the world? Has he not intrusted to our care, and for our benefit, "the incorruptible seed of the word?" And is it not our imperious duty to ascertain whether that seed has taken root in our hearts, and brought forth in our lives the fruits of righteousness? Shall we hear the sayings of Christ and do them not, and so be justly likened to the foolish man who "built his house upon the sand: and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it." * * * The field in sight is a beautiful one of wheat. The farmer would be filled with amazement were we to inquire of him whether it was sown with the grain of wheat. The husbandman wherever he sows one seed, does not expect to reap another grain. In natural things the established law is that every seed shall have its own body. And in moral, the immutable law is, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." It is easy to deceive ourselves, and attempt to mock the Deity, with the vain expectation of reaping what we have not sown, but the end will testify our folly and shame. The maniac may rave and propose his absurdities, but his imagination will be racked to invent a greater absurdity than that which constitutes the belief of thousands, namely, that "although they sow to the flesh, they shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Then, may a square be a circle,—north, south—heat, cold—or any other senseless product of the idiotic brain, be the highest wisdom! How necessary to be reminded that this is our sowing time, and that we are sowing for eternity. Every word, or thought, or action, is a seed, and according to its nature will be the fruit. Let us now turn aside and gaze on the reapers so busily engaged in their healthful employment. See how they thrust in the sickle, and how soon the corn is laid low! So shall it be with man. The spring time of life is but short; the summer of human existence soon passes away; and then the autumn of man's days approaches, and the rapid progress of time speedily brings him to the winter of his years. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." These are serious meditations. Let us now introduce a few literary gems on the joyous harvest-times.

1. The harvest treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares.

Thomson's Seasons.

2. Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks.

Thomson's Seasons.

3. Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never ceasing round.

Thomson's Seasons.

Glowing scene!

4. Nature's long holiday! luxuriant—rich,
In her proud progeny, she smiling marks
Their graces, now mature, and wonder-fraught!
Hail! season exquisite!—and hail, ye sons
Of rural toil!—ye blooming daughters! ye
Who, in the lap of hardy labour rear'd,
Enjoy the mind unspotted!

Mary Robinson.

5. Hail! harvest home:
To thee the muse of nature pours the song,
By instinct taught to warble! Instinct pure,
Sacred, and grateful, to that power ador'd,
Which warms the sensate being, and reveals
The soul self-evident, beyond the dreams
Of visionary sceptics! Scene sublime!
Where the rich earth presents her golden treasures;
Where balmy breathings whisper to the heart
Delights unspeakable! where seas and skies,
And hills and valleys, colours, odours, dews,
Diversify the work of nature's God!

Mary Robinson.

6. The feast is such as earth, the general mother,
Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles
In the embrace of autumn. To each other,
As some fond parent fondly reconciles
Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles
With their own sustenance; they, relenting, weep.

Shelley.

From Chambers's Journal.

ADVENTURE OF A QUAKER VESSEL.

The principle upheld by the Society of Friends, that armed violence must upon no account be employed, is usually looked upon as well enough for a profession among a few, who are protected in most matters by the opposite system upheld by the many, but as totally unfit to be acted upon in practical affairs. We dare say the common opinion is right in the main; yet it is a doctrine to which we have a warm side, and we therefore have been much pleased to find that it was, at least on one occasion, acted upon beneficially. In the reign of Charles II., a Quaker merchant vessel, with a master and mate of that persuasion, but manned by ordinary persons, was returning from Venice, when it was taken by a band of Turkish pirates. To pursue a narrative, quoted in Mr. Hunt's Indicator from Sewell's History of the Quakers—

The second night after, the captain of the Turks, and one of his company, being gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate (whose name was Thomas Lurting) persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin; and at last, it raining very much, he persuaded them all to lie down and sleep; and when they were all asleep, he coming to them, fairly got their arms in his possession. This being done, he told his men, "Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if ye do, I will be against you; but this we will do, now they are under deck, we will keep them so, and go for Majorca." Now, having ordered some to keep the doors, they steered their course to Majorca, and they had such a strong gale, that in the morning they were near it. Then he ordered his men, if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time; and when one came out, expecting to have seen his own country, he was not a little astonished instead thereof to see Majorca. Then the mate said to his men, "Be careful of the door, for when he goes in, we shall see what they will do; but have a care not to spill blood." The Turk being gone down, and telling his comrades what he had seen, and how they were going to Majorca, they instead of rising, all fell a-crying, for their courage was quite sunk; and they begged "that they might not be sold." This the mate promised them, and said, "They should not." And when he had appeased them, he went into the cabin to the master, who knew nothing of what was done, and gave him an account of the sudden change and how they had overcome the Turks. Which, when he understood, he told their captain, "That the vessel was now no more in their possession, but in his again; and that they were going for Majorca." At this unexpected news the captain wept, and desired the master not to sell him; which he promised he would not. Then they told him, also, they would make a place to hide them in, that the Spaniards* coming aboard should not find them. And so they did accordingly, at which the Turks were very glad. Being come into the port of Majorca, the master, with four men, went ashore, and left the mate on board with ten Turks. The master having done his business, returned on board, not taking licence, lest the Spaniards should come and see the Turks; but another English master, being an acquaintance, lying there also with his ship, came at night on board; and after some discourse, they told him what they had done under promise of silence, lest the Spaniards should come and take away the Turks. But he broke his promise, and would have had two or three of the Turks to have brought them to England. His design then being seen, his demand was denied; and seeing he could not prevail, he said to Pattison and his mate, "That they were fools, because they would not sell the Turks, which were each worth two or three hundred pieces of eight. But they told him, "That if they would give many thousands,

* Majorca was inhabited by Spaniards.

they should not have one, for they hoped to send them home again; and to sell them," the mate said, "he would not have done for the whole island." The other master then coming ashore, told the Spaniards what he knew of this, who then threatened to take away the Turks. But Pattison and his mate having heard this, called out the Turks, and said to them, "Ye must help us, or the Spaniards will take you from us." To this the Turks, as one may easily guess, were very ready, and so they quickly got out to sea: and the English, to save the Turks, put themselves to the hazard of being overcome again; for they continued hovering several days, because they would not put into any port of Spain, for fear of losing the Turks, to whom they gave liberty for four or five days, until they made an attempt to rise; which the mate perceiving, he prevented, without hurting any of them, though he once laid hold of one. Yet generally he was so kind to them, that some of his men grumbled, and said, "He had more care for the Turks than for them." To which his answer was, "They were strangers, and therefore he must treat them well." At length, after several occurrences, the mate told the master, "That he thought it best to go to the coasts of Barbary, because they were then like to miss their men of war." To this the master consented. However, to deceive the Turks, they sailed to and fro for several days; for in the day-time they were for going to Algiers, but when night came, they steered the contrary way, and went back again, by which means they kept the Turks in ignorance, so as to be quiet.

But on the ninth day, being all upon deck, when none of the English were there but the master, his mate, and the men at the helm, they began to be so untoward and haughty, that it rose in the mate's mind, "What if they should lay hold on the master, and cast him overboard?" for they were ten lusty men, and he but a little man. This thought struck him with terror; but recollecting himself he stamped with his foot, and the men coming up, one asked for the crow, and another for the axe, to fall on the Turks; but the mate bade them not to hurt the Turks, and said, "I will lay hold on their captain;" which he did: for having heard them threaten the master, he stepped forward, and laying hold of the captain, said he "must go down," which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed him. Two days after, being come on the coast of Barbary, they were, according to what the Turks said, about fifty miles from Algiers, and six from land; and in the afternoon it fell calm. But how to set the Turks on shore was yet not resolved upon. The mate saw well enough, that he being the man who had begun this business, it would be his lot also to bring it to an end. He then acquainted the master that he was willing to carry the Turks on shore; but how to do this safely, he as yet knew not certainly; for to give them the boat was too dangerous, for then they might get men and arms, and so come and retake the ship with its own boat; and to carry them on shore with two or three of the ship's men, was also a great hazard, because the Turks were ten in number: and to put one-half on shore was no less dangerous; for then they might raise the country, and so surprise the English when they came with the other half. In this great strait, the mate said to the master, "If he would let him have the boat and three men to go with him, he would venture to put the Turks on shore." The master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropt on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage, said to the master, "I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good will in venturing my life; and I have not the least fear upon me, but trust that all will do well." The master having consented, the mate called up the Turks, and going with two men and a boy in the boat, took in these ten Turks, all loose and unbound. Perhaps somebody will think this to be a very inconsiderate act of the mate, and that it would have been more prudent to have tied the Turks' hands, the rather because he had made the men promise that they should do nothing to the Turks, until he said "he could do no more;" for then he gave them liberty to act for their lives so as they judged convenient. Now, since he knew not how near he should bring the Turks ashore, and whether they should not have been necessitated to swim a little, it seemed not prudent to do any thing which might have exasperated them; for if it had fallen out so that they must have swam, then of necessity they must have been untied, which would have been dangerous. Yet the mate did not omit to be as careful as possible he could. For, calling in the captain of the Turks, he placed him first in the boat's stern; then calling for another, he placed him in his lap, and one on each side, and two more in their laps, until he had placed them all, which he did to prevent a sudden rising. He himself sat with a boat-hook in his hand on the bow of the boat, having next to him one of the shipmen, and two that rowed, having one a carpenter's adze, and the other a cooper's heading-knife. These were all the arms besides what belonged to the Turks which they had at their command. Thus the boat went off, and stood for the shore. But as they came near it, the men growning afraid, one of them cried out of a sudden, "Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore." The Turks in the boat perceiving the English to be afraid, all rose at once. But the mate, who in this great strait continued to be hearty, showed himself now to be a man of courage, and bid the men to "take up such arms as they had, but do nothing with

them until he gave them leave." And then seeing that there were no men in the bushes, and that it was only an imagination, all fear was taken away from him; and his courage increasing, he thought with himself, it is better to strike a man than to cleave a man's head, and, turning the boat-hook in his hand, he struck the captain a smart blow, and bade him sit down, which he did instantly, and so did all the rest. After the boat was come so near the shore that they could easily wade, the mate bade the Turks jump out, and so they did; and because they said they were about four miles from a town, he then gave them some loaves, and other necessaries. They would fain have persuaded the English to go with them ashore to a town, promising to treat them with wine, and other good things; but the mate was not so careless as freely to enter into an apparent danger, without being necessitated thereto; for, though he had some thoughts that the Turks would not have done him any evil, yet it was too hazardous thus to have yielded to the mercy of those that lived there; and therefore he very prudently rejected their invitation. The Turks seeing they could not persuade him, took their leave with signs of great kindness, and so went on shore. The English then putting the boat closer in, threw them all their arms on shore, being unwilling to keep any thing of theirs. And when the Turks got up the hill, they waved their caps at the English, and so joyfully took their last farewell. And as soon as the boat came again on board, they had a fair wind, which they had not all the while the Turks were on board. Thus Thomas Lurting saved the ship and its men; which being thus wonderfully preserved, returned to England with a prosperous wind. Now, before the vessel arrived at London, the news of this extraordinary case was come thither; and when she was coming up the Thames, the King, with the Duke of York, and several Lords, being at Greenwich, it was told him there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the river that had been taken by the Turks, and redeemed themselves without fighting. The King hearing this, came with his barge to the ship's side, and, holding the entering-rope in his hand, he understood from the mate's own mouth, how the thing had happened. But when he heard him say, how they had let the Turks go free, he said to the master, "You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain for them;" and to the mate he said, "You should have brought the Turks to me." But the mate answered, "I thought it better for them to be in their own country."

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—The following whimsical calculation, placed before us by a friend, was designed by him as an illustration of the divisibility of matter. It appears to us to leave that question where it found it; but the calculation is in itself curious, and will scarcely fail to amuse our readers.

Some years since, as I was sitting by my fireside, I observed several of my family reading by the light of a single candle. The thought occurred—how great a portion of the light of that candle is used by those several persons reading? And then immediately a second thought—for how many persons does that candle furnish light sufficient to enable them to read, provided it could be so distributed that the whole should be used for that purpose, without any loss? The candle was rather a large one, and gave a very clear bright light. I found, on trial, that I could read very well with my book at the distance of three feet from the candle, and with my eyes nine inches from the book. The candle, then, would illuminate the concave surface of a sphere of three feet radius, sufficiently for the purpose of reading. By measuring, I found that the book I made use of, contained on an average twenty letters to an inch, and ten lines to an inch, and consequently, that four hundred letters would be contained in a square inch. A concave sphere, then, of six feet diameter, would contain six millions five hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred letters. This number of letters the candle would illuminate, so that each would be distinctly visible to an eye at the distance of nine inches.

Again, the light reflected from a single letter would render that letter visible to the eye at this distance, not in one direction only, but to an eye placed any where in the concave surface of a hemisphere of nine inches radius. To how many eyes, then, is the light reflected from one letter sufficient to render it visible?

I supposed the pupil of the eye to be an eighth of an inch in diameter, which is probably near the truth. On this supposition, the surface of a hemisphere of nine inches radius, is equal to the pupils of forty-one thousand four hundred and sixty-five eyes; or to half this number of pairs of eyes, the light reflected from a single letter is sufficient to render that letter distinctly visible. But here it may be objected, and it is true, that to an eye placed near the plane of the leaf, a sufficiency of light would not be reflected. But it is also unquestionably true, that not half of the light which falls upon the leaf, is reflected. The light, therefore, which is absorbed, would much more than compensate for this deficiency.

Now, the light which falls upon a single letter being sufficient to render it visible to 20,732 pairs of eyes, and the number of letters to the concave surface of a sphere of three feet radius being 6,514,400, the light which falls upon all these letters is sufficient for 135,06,540,800 pairs of eyes; or the light of one candle, should not a particle be lost, and the whole be so distributed that

each should receive his equal portion, is sufficient to enable 135,056,540,800 persons to read at the same time. If our earth contains 900,000,000 of inhabitants, and that, I believe, is the highest supposition ever made, the light of one candle is more than sufficient to enable all the inhabitants of one hundred and fifty such worlds to be reading at the same instant. This conclusion, I am aware, will appear to many, perhaps to most, altogether incredible. But any one possessing a moderate share of mathematical knowledge, may in a short time satisfy himself, that, rejecting fractions, it is rigidly exact.

ANTIQUITY OF THE PENNY.

The Penny is a coin of vast antiquity. Its familiar copper shape, as may be generally known, is a comparatively modern alteration of the silver form in which it was known to our forefathers. In a curious, though whimsical little work, the silver penny is shown to be derived from the Greek *Drachma* of *Ægina*, which has been traced to a date six hundred years antecedent to the Christian era. The *Drachma* was afterwards coined, not only in Greece, but in Sicily, Syria, and Persia. The same coin, under the name of *Denarius*, was struck by the high consular families during the Roman Republic, and by the Emperors. The author of the work just quoted states, that it must have been a *Denarius* of *Tiberius*, to which Christ drew the attention of the Jews when answering their question as to the lawfulness of paying tribute. (He also mentions a very interesting circumstance respecting the *Aureus* or larger gold coin of the Roman emperors—namely, that, in 685, under Justinian II., one was struck with a head of Christ, giving him the usual placid countenance, with a full round forehead, and ringlets hanging down each side of the face, and the beard parted below in the middle.) From Rome, the *Denarius* was transferred to Saxon England, in 750, being there coined by the Kings of Kent, Mercia, and the other departments of the Heptarchy. Under the name of Penny, and comparatively rudely executed, it was kept up by the Saxon, Danish, and Norman dynasties, in succession, and was the chief coin in circulation down to the reign of John. David I. was the first king of Scotland who is known to have issued the penny. In this kingdom it continued to be coined till the reign of James IV. In the course of its existence from Roman times to the present, the penny has been gradually reduced much in bulk. In the days of the Republic it weighed from 2 pennyweights 10 grains, to 2 pennyweights 13 grains. In the reign of the Emperor Trajan, it weighed barely 2 pennyweights 2 grains. The later Emperors reduced it nearly one-half; and the earliest Saxon specimens weigh less than a pennyweight. The penny of Edward IV. was 15 grains; that of Henry VIII. 10 grains; and that of William IV. only 7 grains.

THE ENTERPRISE OF THE DUTCH.—The arrogance of the English, the vanity of the French, the pride of the German, the superciliousness of the Italian, and the accumulated mass of all these perverse qualities—added to the legion of devils of his own—which exists in the Spaniard, must abate a little of their preponderance, when they reflect on the immense labor of the Dutch in regaining their soil from the sea, and in basing cities on the domain of ocean itself. To plant a house, they proceed as follows:—When the land is marshy, they trace the square of its dimensions, bore to the depth of seven or eight feet, till they find water, pump it dry, and drive stakes round the square; by means of a weight of twelve or fourteen hundred pounds suspended from a pulley; the stakes are from forty to fifty feet in length, and each requires on an average, an hour and a half for driving it down. One hundred of these blocks or stakes are sufficient for a small house. The royal palace at Amsterdam took 13,695. When it is considered what immense labor the towns in Holland have required for construction, what immense sums they must have cost, and what industry the people must have possessed, to enable them to prosper with such drawbacks on their exertions, the Pyramids of Egypt, the ruins of Thebes, the Palaces of Persepolis, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, appear no longer as visionary dreams of gigantic enterprise, but as the works of man; of a being capable of conquering the elements, of inverting the dispositions of matter, and wanting only pre-science to be divine.—*Standish's Notices of the Northern Capitals.*

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.—There is an obvious succession in the divine commands to Moses. The first is only to "stretch out his rod over the Red Sea," "that the Israelites may pass on dry ground." The enemy's attack, in the interval, is baffled and bewildered by the preternatural darkness which envelops them. But all is provided for with the same consummate circumspection. Even the passage of the Israelites *by night* may have been a precaution against their habitual fears. They follow through the sea-bed, unappalled by those natural terrors of the transit, from which they might have shrunk in the light of day. The same obscurity which precludes the fears of the Israelites, also precludes the caution of the Egyptians. The movement of so vast a multitude could not have been unheard in the Egyptian camp. They instantly follow the sound, and are led into the track of the retreating nation. But, perplexed by the solid darkness of the cloud, and evidently retarded by the slow movement

of their chariots, "for they drove them heavily," they labour during the night along the channel of the sea, without being able to reach the Israelites.

At length the morning watch is come: the whole body of the Israelites have reached the shore; the whole body of the Egyptians have poured into the sea bed. The cloud rises, and the entire scene (and surely none more anxious, strange, and magnificent ever lay beneath the human eye) opens to Moses and to Israel: the watery mountains, the solemn and terrible valley, the long array of the Egyptian squadrons glittering round their king: the whole pomp of war, contrasted with the awfulness of nature under the very impress of miracle. Still Moses awaits the divine will; probably to the last moment unconscious of the means by which it was to be fulfilled. The blow does not yet fall; the arrogance of the king and his host is to be humbled to the acknowledgment before they die, that there is no strength in war against the chosen people. At last, they cry out that "the Lord fighteth for Israel." They turn in despair. The command is now given: "And the Lord said unto Moses, stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians." The destruction was total: "And the waters returned, and covered the chariots and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them. There remained not so much as one of them."—The direct result of the miracle in the chosen people was a change of the national heart—from doubt, mutiny, and despair, to faith, obedience, and joy. "And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians, and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses. The mere narration of this mighty miracle is evidence that it was Divine. The simplicity of the means, contrasted with the variety of the objects, the completeness of their accomplishment, and the suitableness of both to the true idea of the Deity, as protector and furnisher, place it as much beyond the conception, as the execution, of human powers.—*Rev. Dr. Croly.*

TO YOUNG MEN.—There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' prosperity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue; but he heals the wound by his own pure touch. He heeds not the watch-word of fashion if it leads to sin; the atheist, who says not only in his heart, but with his lips, there is no God, controls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man, stands amid the temptation of the world like a self-balanced tower; happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause, never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is easy to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength then; let thy chivalry be aroused against error; let Truth be the lady of thy love—defender.—*S. Rose.*

HAMLET'S GRAVE.—The objects of interest to a stranger at Elsinore, are the castle or fortress and the garden of Marienslust, where is to be seen what is called the grave of Hamlet. The interior of the fortress contains nothing remarkable; the grave is a misnomer—for Hamlet lived, reigned, and died, and was buried in Jutland. A conspiracy had been formed against his life by his step father and mother, as the ancient Dutch chronicles state; he feigned imbecility of mind, being aware of the plot laid to destroy him, formed another against them, and eventually burned to death the whole family, by setting fire to a house in which they were, and stopping up the doors. He afterwards resigned quietly and respectably, and died a natural death. I may affirm that there is no brook crowned with willows near Elsinore, where Ophelia could have perished; and the enthusiastic reader of Shakspeare may be relieved from the pain her fate has inspired him with, by the conclusion of its falsity. The grave of Hamlet, as seen in Denmark, is to the back of the mansion of Marienslust about a stone's throw; you catch a view of the sea between a contiguous clump of trees planted in a circle, and it is noted by some scattered square stones of small size, which appear to have once served for a cenotaph, and which stand on a knoll or rising mound covered and surrounded by beech trees. I could learn nothing of their history—they seem little respected or thought about by the inhabitants of Elsinore, but pious and romantic pilgrims have conveyed away considerable portions of them, and a few years will probably witness their total dispersion.—*Standish's Notices of the Northern Capitals.*

DEPENDANCE OF MAN UPON HIS CREATOR.—For the continuance of life a thousand provisions are made. If the vital actions of a man's frame were directed by his will, they are necessarily so minute and complicated, that they would immediately fall into confusion. He cannot draw a breath without the exercise of sensibilities as well ordered as those of the eye or ear. A tracery of nervous cords unite many organs in sympathy, of which, if one filament were broken, pain, and spasm, and suffocation, would ensue. The action of his heart, and the circulation of his blood, and all the vital functions, are governed through means and by laws which are not dependant on his will, and to which the powers of his mind are altogether inadequate. For, had they been under the influence of his will, a doubt, a moment's pause of irresolution, a forgetfulness of a single action at its appointed time, would have terminated his existence.

Now when man sees that his vital operations could not be directed by reason, that they are constant, and far too important to be exposed to all the changes incident to his mind, and that they are given up to the direction of other sources of motion than the will, he acquires a full sense of his dependance. If man be fretful and wayward, and subject to inordinate passion, we perceive the benevolent design in withdrawing the vital motions from the influence of such capricious sources of action, so that they may neither be disturbed like his moral actions, nor lest in a moment of despair.

When man thus perceives that in respect to all these vital operations he is more helpless than the infant, and that his boasted reason can neither give them order nor protection, is not his insensibility to the Giver of these secret endowments worse than ingratitude? In a rational creature, ignorance of his condition becomes a species of ingratitude: it dulls his sense of benefits, and hardens him into a temper of mind with which it is impossible to reason, and from which no improvement can be expected.

Bell.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1838.

POTATOES AGAIN.—The *Pictou Observer* of the 28th ult. has a short article on the *dry rot* in potatoes which we copy below. Our readers will oblige us by giving it a careful perusal. It certainly presents an original view of the subject.

From the *Pictou Observer*.

"An intelligent correspondent, whose opinion we much respect, though in many particulars it differs from our own, writes us on the subject of the *dry rot* in potatoes.—'You and your contemporary are both out on this subject. The riper and finer the potato the more liable it is to be attacked by the *small fly* which causes the *dry rot*. Potatoes prematurely killed by frost, or planted too late to be fit for food, are always to be preferred for seed. The *dry rot* is nothing more nor less than the erosion of the potato or set by a swarm of minute maggots, the germ of which being deposited by the parent fly on the juicy cut of a good potato, and becoming quickly animated in warm weather, feeds on as much of the root as is agreeable to its taste, until it has arrived at the rhind, or has passed into a state in which it no longer requires such food. Never mind the speculations of others on this subject: take a microscope, as I have repeatedly done, and examine for yourself. There is no remedy but preventing the deposition of the egg of the ugly *black long-winged fly* which may be seen hovering round the potato when cut, and to prevent it having access the sets should be immediately covered with dry sea-side sand or any dry mould.' This opinion on the important subject to which it refers is deserving of attention, and may satisfactorily account for the fact that potato sets thoroughly dipped in quick lime escape the rot, as in that case we can easily fancy the germ of the pernicious maggot which occasions it, to be destroyed by the lime."

Thus, according to the correspondent of the *Observer*, the *dry rot* is caused by the deposition of the eggs of the *black long-winged fly*, and if we understand the writer aright (but of this we are not certain) the eggs are deposited only on the cuts of potatoes. This we gather from the words, "the germ of the maggots being deposited by the parent fly on the juicy cut of a good potato"; and again, "the fly may be seen hovering round the potato when cut." Now admitting the correctness of this hypothesis, it furnishes a most powerful reason for planting the potato whole. For we presume the fly will not deposit its eggs on the hard rhind of the potato, and hence to plant it whole will be to save the root from the deleterious operation of the insects. But we are not sure that the *dry rot* is caused by the *black fly*. It is true the intelligent correspondent of the *Observer* refers to an examination by the microscope; but theories have been built on microscopic observations which have proved altogether baseless. We remember one such in which nearly all the medical faculty concurred for a long period, and yet in the present day it is totally discarded. Let it be granted, however, that the *dry rot* is caused by a *black fly*, and that the *black fly* can pierce the rhind and deposit

its eggs within the potato; still it appears to us that an advantage will be gained by planting the potato whole. In a few instances only, will the maggots be enabled to devour the whole potato before it has shot forth its stems. Most certainly before the potato is cut, the *dry rot* makes its appearance; whole cargoes have come into Halifax affected; we witnessed its ravages in our own cellar during the last winter, and nearly all the potatoes we planted whole the present season had the disorder upon them. Could the *dry rot* in these have been caused by the *black fly*? If so its eggs must have been deposited in the fall? Is this possible? But whether or not, we recur to our position that it is no loss, but a positive gain to plant potatoes whole. Will any of our intelligent readers furnish us with their views on the subject?

MISTAKE CORRECTED.—Our article of last week on the subject of the principle of the Friends, contains an error which we are happy to rectify. The mistake will be found in the notice of the capture of a Quaker vessel by pirates in the Mediterranean. The true account we have published on our fourth page from Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, with the remarks of the editors of that useful journal.

PEACE CONVENTION AT BOSTON.—A Peace Convention! The words sound strangely in our ears. To hear of military conventions, and councils of war, and grand and little reviews of regiments, is quite common; but for Christians to convene to ascertain from the immutable standard what is their duty with respect to war, and whether the followers of him who laid down his life for the world, can ever consistently kill and destroy their foes, is most singular, most unprecedented! 'Shall the sword devour for ever?' Not if Christians awake to their duty, and disseminate on every hand the benevolent principles of the Prince of Peace. The following notice of a Peace convention we copy from the *Boston Liberator*. On Tuesday next a multitude of persons, imbued, we trust, with the meekness and gentleness of Christ, will assemble in Boston for objects of peace and love. God speed their efforts and make them a thousand times as many more as they are.

PEACE CONVENTION.

A meeting of the friends of Peace was held in Boston May 30, 1838, William Ladd, of Maine, was chosen Chairman, and Edward Noyes, of Boston, Secretary. It was voted that a Convention be called, before the close of the current year, of the friends of Peace throughout New England, for the purpose of having a free and full discussion of the principles of Peace, and of the measure best adapted to promote this holy cause; and that the time and place of the proposed Convention be designated by a Committee, appointed by this meeting. The following gentlemen were placed upon this Committee, viz: Rev. S. J. May, of South Scituate; Henry C. Wright, of Newburyport; Rev. George Trask, of Warren; Edmund Quincy, Esq., and Amasa Walker, Esq., of Boston.

WILLIAM LADD, Chairman.

EDWARD NOYES, Secretary.

In pursuance of our appointment, we, the above-named Committee have thought proper to invite, and we do hereby invite the friends of Peace, throughout New England, of every religious sect, of each political party, to meet in Convention in Boston, in the Malboro' Chapel, on the 18th day of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

It would be impracticable, if not improper, to prescribe beforehand the course which shall be taken by the Convention. A number of deeply interesting radical questions will be presented for consideration and debate. What shall be the result we leave to be seen hereafter. Our purpose and our endeavour will be to have the subject of Peace searched to the bottom; that we may ascertain, if we can, whether defensive war, any more than offensive, is consistent with the precepts and spirit of the Gospel. Great differences of opinion exist among the avowed followers of Christ respecting the extent to which our Lord and his apostles inculcate submission to injuries; whether, in any case, they do or do not permit a resort to violence; whether any cause or interest, however important, or any life, however valuable, may or may not, on Christian principles, be defended by the infliction of death or any other injury upon an adversary. We propose not to evade any question that may be found incidental to the decision of this one, namely; how is the evil that is in the world to be overcome? Whether by violence, or by love, forbearance, forgiveness, long suffering, self-sacrifice? We wish this momentous question, and all its connexions, should be looked at in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and that all who profess to be the children of that light should follow whithersoever it may lead.

We earnestly invite as many as have thought upon this subject, to meet at the time and place before mentioned, that they may assist and be assisted, to the right conclusions. And may every one be quickened to live and act, under all circumstances, in a manner more worthy of the Christian faith.

SAMUEL J. MAY,
HENRY C. WRIGHT,
GEORGE TRASK,
EDMUND QUINCY,
AMASA WALKER, } Committee.

UNION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.—The Earl of Durham, it is reported, is strongly in favour of a union of the North American Provinces under one Federal Government. With regard to the nature of the measure contemplated by the Governor General, a Prince Edward Island paper gives the following notice: "As far as our information goes—and we have it on tolerably good authority—it is briefly this:

"A Union of the five Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, (Newfoundland to have the option of joining,) under one Federal Government, each Province retaining its own local Legislature, *divested of a Legislative Council, or Upper Chamber*—the Governor or Lieutenant Governor of the Province, aided by an Executive Council, of not less than five members, to have the power of revising Bills; and suggesting alterations therein to the Assembly, but not to have the power of rejection—the Governor to have a veto on all Bills, as at present. Each Province joining the Federal union, whether large or small, to send ten members to represent them in a General Assembly, which shall legislate on such matters as are common to all, or to two or more of them, and which shall also be a Court of Appeal, to take cognizance of such cases as have heretofore been referred to the British Parliament or the Privy Council. The Governor General, with the assistance of a Council, to have the same power, with regard to Bills passed by the General Assembly, as the other Governors have in the Provincial Assemblies. Quebec, Montreal and Halifax to send two members each to the General Assembly (to be included in the ten returnable by the Province)—the same privilege to be extended to any other town as soon as its population amounts to 15,000 persons. Each of the Provinces to have the privilege of returning two Members to represent its interests in the British Parliament. The whole of the Revenues of each Province to be placed at the disposal of its House of Assembly, who shall determine the amount of salary to be paid to its Governor, Judges, and other public Officers, and provide for the payment of its Civil List."

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF NOVA-SCOTIA.—At a Quarterly Meeting of the Highland Society of Nova-Scotia, held in the Masonic Hall, on Friday the 31st of August, 1838.

It was among other things ordered, that a copy of the Letter addressed by the Officer Bearers of the Society to the President and other Officers of the Parent Institution, and also a copy of the Circular addressed to the gentlemen hereinafter mentioned, be respectively published in the Newspapers as illustrative of the views of the Society.

HALIFAX, N. S. JULY 17, 1838.

Gentlemen,

Under the Commission addressed to his Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, and Roderick C. MacDonald, Esq. a Branch of the Highland Society of London was recently formed at Halifax, and promises to become a numerous and influential body. We had the honour to be elected its first Office Bearers, and Mr. MacDonald, who was appointed one of our Vice Presidents, and to whose enthusiasm and personal exertions we are largely indebted, being about to proceed to London, we gladly embrace the opportunity of opening a communication with the Parent Society.

The documents Mr. MacDonald carries with him evince the united and cordial spirit which animates Scotsmen and their descendants, in this Province, in behalf of a sound, moral, and religious education, such as has elevated the Mother country to so high a place among the nations of the earth. With this grand object in view, all distinctions of creed or party are forgotten, and the ardent desire to transplant into our adopted country the blessings which many of us have enjoyed at home, knits us into one body moved by a generous and common impulse. Nor will we deny that the wearing of the Highland Tartan which we have chosen as our emblem, warms our blood, and kindles within us the spirit of the olden time. Sir Colin Campbell, the patron of this Society, entered cordially into our views, and has written the Marquis of Huntley as your noble President, to bespeak his powerful influence in aid of Mr. McDonald's representations.

We beg leave also to refer to Mr. MacDonald on all points, touching the state of our funds, the want of good Schoolmasters and books, and our rapidly increasing and loyal population. We are satisfied that the benefit of this Institution, if we can set it into active operation, will be felt and appreciated in every corner of the Province where Scotsmen are to be found, and we will be most happy to avail ourselves of any hints which your enlarged experience may supply for our direction and guidance.

We have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM YOUNG, President,
CHARLES W. WALLACE, } Vice
JAMES MCNAB, } Presidents.
J. MACKINTOSH, } Secretaries.
JOHN Mc GREGOR, }

To the President and other
Officers of the Highland
Society of London.

HALIFAX, N. S. JULY 17, 1838.

Halifax, N. S., July 17, 1838.

SIR.—We take the liberty of addressing you as the office bearers of a branch recently organized here of the Highland Society.

of London, and which will unite Scotsmen and their descendants in every quarter of the Province, into a body animated by one common impulse. There is a most anxious desire among us to introduce into this country, as near an approximation as possible to the system of education at home, whose inestimable blessings many of us have personally enjoyed. At the suggestion of Roderick C. Mac Donald, Esquire, who will probably be the bearer of this Letter, and is in full possession of our views, we hastened, therefore, to enroll ourselves into a Society in connection with so many of our noble and distinguished countrymen, and will be gratified to have the high sanction of your name and the aid of your experience and wisdom in carrying out the objects of our Institution.

It is perhaps sufficient to state, that from the want of School Books, and Teachers, and the deficiency of funds, notwithstanding the liberal grants of our Legislature, there cannot be less than seven thousand children of Scottish descent in this Province, who are growing up in absolute ignorance of the first rudiments of learning. These are chiefly to be found among the new settlements, and in Cape Breton, and there are about three thousand who are partially, but very inadequately instructed.

His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, who enters warmly into our views, has addressed the noble President of the Parent Society in our behalf, and we are not without hopes that the means of education which, in this, the capital of the Province, are accessible to all, will be gradually extended to the remotest districts, and shed abroad in this young country some portion of the intellectual and moral radiance which illuminates our Father Land.

We have the honor to be, Sir, Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM YOUNG, President.

CHARLES W. WALLACE } Vice
JAMES M'NAB, } Presidents.
J. MACKINTOSH, } Secretaries.
JOHN MCGREGOR, }

A copy of the foregoing letter was addressed to the following Gentlemen.

To his Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

The Right Honble. Lord Glenelg, Principal Secretary for the Colonies.

The Rev. Dr. MacLeod, of Campsie, near Glasgow.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bramstone, Roman Catholic Bishop of London.

The Right Rev. Dr. Scott, Roman Catholic Bishop of Glasgow.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cameron, Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh.

Gordon Duff, Esq. London.

J. Campbell, Esq. London.

M. Macdonald, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh.

Jamaica Papers to the 13th August have been received at New York. The great Emancipation Day, August 1st, is said to have passed off quietly at Kingston, and from most of the Towns in the interior the news was satisfactory; but the *Dispatch* of the 9th says: "The disinclination of the negroes to labour has become general. The account we have elsewhere published from Port Royal is equally unfavorable, as are also the accounts from St. George's, St. Dorothy's, St. John's, St. Mary's, etc. At St. Andrews, the *Sable Peasantry* struck for higher wages. The negroes at Port Royal Mountains demand 3s. 4d. per day."

TORONTO, Aug. 23.

Fourteen of the rebels and pirates recently found guilty at Niagara of being concerned in the attack on the Lancers, and robbery of Ousterholdt at the Short Hills, have been sent to Kingston. The sentence of death upon them has been commuted—three of them are to be sent to the Penitentiary for three years, the others to be transported for life. Alex. M'Leod, Samuel Chandler, Benjamin Waite, and Jacob Beamer, (a respite having been granted to the three former) are sentenced to be executed at Niagara on the 31st ult.

CHARLOTTE TOWN, P. E. I. Sept. 8.

HMS. Medea, from Halifax, anchored outside last night, and came into the harbour this morning. The Deputation from this Island to Lord Durham, proceeds in her to-morrow: it is comprised of the Hon. T. H. Haviland, George Dalrymple, Esq. Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Joseph Pope, Esq.

J. W. Le Lacheur, Esq. has returned from Quebec, after, it is rumoured, an unsuccessful mission to Canada, to effect the Establishment of a Court of Escheat in this Colony.

An Inquest was held yesterday, at three Rivers, before Daniel Hodgson, Esq. Coroner, on view of the body of Joseph Louis an Indian. It appeared in evidence, that on Monday evening last deceased and his son, a boy about 11 years of age, crossed in a canoe from Whighman's to Levington Bay in company with another Indian, well known by the name of Tom Williams, and his squaw, all except the boy being in a state of intoxication. On their reaching the shore, and as Louis was stepping out of the canoe, Williams said "I will shoot you for stabbing my son—that will be paying you off," and immediately discharged his fowling piece at him, the contents of which lodged in his lungs, causing instant death. It appears that Williams had entertained an old

grudge against deceased, for having some years ago stabbed his son with a knife. Williams has absconded.—Verdict, *Willful Murder*.—P. E. Island Herald.

MIRAMICHI, Sept. 4.

ORMOND, THE MURDERER.

In another column will be found the Proclamation of the Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, offering a Reward for the apprehension of WILLIAM ORMOND the person accused of the murder of Roderick MacIsaac, at Sydney, Cape Breton, on the 28th June last. Information was given to the Magistrates on Sunday evening, that the above named individual had been seen in Chatham; and after some time he was apprehended, and for safe keeping, lodged in the Hospital, under the charge of three men, but unfortunately succeeded in making his escape about sunrise next morning. Handbills were immediately struck off, giving a description of his person, etc., and an additional reward of £25 offered by Magistrates of the County, to any person apprehending him. A large body of the inhabitants turned out in search, and scoured the wood all day; watches were set in various directions during last night, but he has not yet been retaken.

TRAVELLING.—We understand that proposals have been made, to carry the mail through to Boston in three and New York in four days from Fredericton; which we find can be easily accomplished.—*Fredericton Sentinel*.

One hundred and fifty-three sail of Americans were at anchor in Richmond Bay, on the 31st ult. and 1st inst. chiefly fine looking vessels, of from 50 to 110 Tons. Several of them were on their second trip. A person who left St. Peter's on Thursday last, states that he counted from 70 to 80 sail in that harbour.—*Id.*

HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Prizes on the following subjects, have been offered by the Halifax Mechanics' Institute. Articles intended for competition should be sent to the Curator or Secretary of the Institute.—Messrs. Jno. McDonald, or J. S. Thompson, on or before the 7th of April next.—*Nov.*

1. *Geometry*—Problem, in Practical Geometry,—to describe an Equilateral triangle, equal a given triangle not equilateral. Required, the working of this Problem,—the theorems on which its solution is founded—and some explanation of the principles of those theorems.

2. *Drawing*—A perspective interior of one of the places of Divine Worship in Halifax.

3. *Mechanics*—Problem, To turn a square cog'd-wheel by a round cog'd pinion. Required, a model or drawing of this variety of mechanical power, and an explanation of the principles on which it is founded.

4. *History*—An account of the boundaries, defences, customs, and incidents of Halifax, or of works in its vicinity, at and soon after its time of settlement. The sources of information to be stated, or other means given whereby the correctness of the account may be ascertained.

5. *Local Improvement*—An Essay,—accompanied by a plan, and estimate of supposed expence, and mode of obtaining requisite funds,—on the means of improving the Common of Halifax, as a place of agreeable recreation for the inhabitants, without interfering with the military regulations connected with Fort George.

6. *Literature*—Poem, not to be less than 100 lines, nor to exceed 200 lines, founded on the History or Scenery of the Province.

Custom House, Halifax, September 8th, 1838.

TRADE.—The Collector and Comptroller having received by the last Packet, a letter from the Honorable the Board of Customs, in explanation of their order No. 10, dated 4th February last, have to apprise the Trade, that British Vessels engaged in the Fisheries carried on in that part of the coast of Newfoundland where *St. George's Bay* is situated, will be exempted from the regulations contained in the above order. Such vessels will therefore be admitted to Entry with their cargoes of Fish as of British taking, on declaration to that effect being made by the master; and should any parts of the outward cargo be returned, the same will also be admitted, if the master can prove that they were the same he had taken from his port of clearance, and that they had not been landed.

Agreeably to notice an exhibition of Dahlias, and other Flowers took place at Mason Hall on Saturday last, on which occasion a large and handsome variety were exhibited. The room was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who expressed themselves highly pleased. The fine music of the Band of the 23d Regt. added much to the pleasures of the exhibition.—*Journal*.

We have heard, and, from good authority, that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have recommended to the Treasury Board the employment of Steam Vessels, in the early part of next year, for the conveyance of Mails from Falmouth to this Port.—*Royal Gazette*.

FIRE.—An uninhabited house owned by Messrs. Sullivan & Galligher, at the Cape below Portuguese Cove, was burnt to the ground on Thursday morning last, between 1 and o'clock. The fire is supposed to have been caused by incendiaries.—*Rec.*

The Halifax Regatta has been postponed to Thursday, 20th inst.

The Mail for England by H. M. Packet-Delight, will be closed To-morrow, Saturday, at 5 o'clock.

PASSENGERS.—In the Lady Ogle for Boston, Mrs. W. Young, Mrs. Silver, and Miss Tobin. In the Medea, for Quebec, Hons. J. W. Johnston, and J. B. Uniacke, Wm. Young, and M. B. Almon, Esqrs. E. Cunard, junr. and Capt. Longmire. In the Lady Lilford, Quarter Master MacIntosh, 93d Regt. and 4 in the steerage. In the Brothers, Mrs. Poole, Messrs. J. Hobson, sonr. and E. Marshall. In the Wave, Master and Miss Creighton.

MARRIED,

At Truro, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. John Burnyeat, George C. Whidden, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Wm. Dickson, Esq. At Windsor, 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. McLearn, Mr. Charles H. Creighton, to Miss Harriet, third daughter of Mr. John H. Braine, of this town.

At Ilfracombe, Devon, Eng. on the 30th July, Richard Uniacke Howe, Esq. Captain in the 81st regiment, to Judith, daughter of the late Thomas Benson, Esq. of Cokermonth, Cumberland.

On Tuesday, 27th ult. by the Rev. Robert Blackwood, Mr. William Dickey, to Miss Eleanor McNutt, both of Lower Stewiacke.

DIED,

At Dartmouth, on Wednesday, after a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. John B. Coleman, in the 68th year of his age,—an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

On Tuesday 28th ult., John, infant son of Daniel Creamer, aged 1 year and two months; and on Monday the 3d inst. Mary Martha, his only daughter, aged 3 years and one month.

On Friday last, Mrs. Sarah Nichols, aged 33 years, leaving a husband and six small children to deplore her loss.

At Preston, on the 20th ult. Miss Diana, in the 14th year of her age; and on the 28th ult. Miss Maria, aged 18 years, daughters of Mr. Basil Crowd, of Preston.

At Sea, off the Gallipago Islands, Pacific Ocean, in consequence of bruises received on board the Whaling Ship *Rose*, of Halifax, Wyndham Madden, son of Adam Grieve, of this Town, aged 15 years. His remains were consigned to the deep, on the 1st January with every respect, by the officers and crew.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED

Friday, September 7—Brig *Steadfast*, Wingood, Demerara and Boston, 4 days—rum, pork, beef, etc. to Saltus & Wainwright; Union Jack, Hobbs, Labrador—dry fish; schr *Splendid*, Swaine, Trinidad de Cuba, 23 days.

Saturday 8—Schr's Mary and Margaret, Magdalen Isles, 4 days—dry fish; Maria, Arichat; Ann, P. E. Island; Edward & Margaret, Day, Labrador—fish and oil to J. Meagher, Murdoch, McGregor, Guysborough, 3 days—fish; Lady Bond, Burin, 4 days—dry fish and salmon, to W. B. Hamilton; Albion, Belfountain, Montreal, 15 days—pork, to T. C. Kinnear, S. Binney, and others.

Sunday 9—Schr's Margaret & Fancy, Sydney—coal; Acadian, do; dry fish; Jolly Tar, Vigneau, Miramichi, 6 days—salmon and alewives to S. Cunard & Co; Rambler, do, lumber; Wuve, Wilson, Gaspé, 4 days—with the materials and part of the crew of ship *Victoria*; Hero, P. E. Island, oysters; barque *Clio*, Daly, Liverpool, G. B. 39 days—salt and coal, to J. Fairbanks; brig *Neptune*, Darrell, Kingston, 28 and Bermuda 12 days—ballast, to J. & M. Tobin.

Monday 10—Schr's *Speculator*, Lunenburg, molasses; Oracle, Muirhead, St. Andrews, 5 days—lumber to A. Murison,—on Sunday morning at 4 a. m. struck on a ledge bearing from Thomas's Island, (near Ragged Islands) S by W distance about 1½ miles, which is laid down in Lawrie & Whittle's chart bearing S W about six miles; was got off with considerable damage; Favorite, Helm, do. deals to F. Charman & Co; Planet, Newton, do, lumber, to D. & E. Starr & Co; Caroline, Crouse, do, fish, to S. S. B. Smith; Forrest, Swaine, Burin, 6 days—fish, to Fairbanks & Allison; Powells, Sydney—fish; Ion, Hammond, St. John, N. B.—limestone; saw on the 6th off Cape Sable, schr *Nile*, hence for St. John.

Wednesday 12—Schr's *Trial*, Williams, Ponce, 25 days—sugar, to J. U. Ross; Venus, Bolony, La Poyle Bay, N. F., 6 days—herrings, to Mr. Marshall who came passenger;—left schr *Dove*, McNeil, to sail in 6 days.

Thursday 13th—Schr's *Mary*, Arichat, fish and oil; *Four Sisters*, Pictou, coal; *Isabella*, Pugwash, deals.

Friday 14th—Schr *Leander*, Pugwash, deals; brig *Harriet* & Elizabeth, Butler, St. John, N. F. 8 days—salmon and herrings, to J. & T. Williams, —lost bulwarks, etc. last night. Passengers—E. Archibald, Esq., Lady and Family.

Brig *Fanny*, Kingston, to A. A. Black.

CLEARED,

Saturday September 8—Beaufort, Gaden, St. John's, N. F.; ship *Lady Lilford*, Galt, Liverpool—deals, etc. by S. Cunard & Co.; brig *Atlantic*, Lewis, Demerara—dry fish, by W. H. S. Neal; schr *James Clark*, Beck, St. John, N. F.—sugar, coffee, pork, etc. by S. Binney and W. J. Starr. 10th, brig *Sylph*, Wainwright, B. W. Indies, fish, flour, etc. by Saltus & Wainwright. 11th Spanish brig *Veracruz* Zana, Gelse, Havana, dry fish, Creighton & Grassie; schr's *Joseph Smith*, Babin, Montreal, sugar and toys, by F. Charman & Co; *Carleton* Packet, Landry, do sugar, herrings, etc. S. Binney, J. & M. Tobin & others; *Morning Star*, Bowden, do do and chocolate by M. B. Almon, T. C. Kinnear and J. Ferguson. 12th, *Favourite*, Helm, St. Andrews, coals, by Master; barque *Brothers*, Poole, St. John, N. B. flour and part of inward cargo by A. Murison. *Robust*, McCallum, Miramichi, rum, molasses, etc. by J. & M. Tobin and D. & E. Starr & Co.

From Sketches in London, No. 10.

I have referred to the odd and amusing illustrations of human character which are so often afforded at the London Courts of Requests. In attempting to convey some idea of a few of those, it is proper to remark, that no description can do justice to them, as so much depends on the looks, tones, gesture, and manner altogether, of the parties. The first case may be entitled

THE CAMBRIC POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

This case afforded infinite amusement to all present. A slovenly-dressed but rather good-looking, portly female, seemingly about her twentieth year, and calling herself Jane Jukes, summoned Peter Straps, a stalwart, half-starved young man, with curly hair, a marked squint in his right eye, and a beard which had evidently been suffered to vegetate without interruption for at least six or seven days—for the sum of three shillings and sixpence.

Commissioner—What is this for, Miss Jukes?

Plaintiff—Please, Sir, I'm not Miss; I'm Missis Jukes.

Commissioner—Well, no matter, Mrs. Jukes. Pray tell us what the three-and-sixpence is for?

Mrs. Jukes—It's for a cambric handkercher (a handkerchief), please your vorship.

Commissioner—What! are you a handkerchief merchant, then?

Mrs. Jukes—Oh! nothing of the sort, your vorship. The money is for a handkercher lent, not sold.

"Sir, 'she lies like truth,' as Shakspeare says," interrupted the defendant, folding his arms on his breast, and assuming a very theatrical attitude.

Commissioner—Sir, you hold your tongue at present; you shall be heard by-and-by.

"She gave it me, Sir. Did I not, Mrs. Jukes (turning to the plaintiff), on receiving it from your hand, say, in one of the poems of the immortal Bard of Avon,

'Gifts then seem

Most precious, when the giver we esteem'

And did I not—"

Mr. Straps was evidently about to launch into some long exposition of the circumstances under which the handkerchief had come into his possession, when he was again interrupted by the Court, and admonished, in pretty plain terms, that if he did not wait until his turn came, the case would be decided against him.

Commissioner (to the plaintiff)—Proceed with your case.

Mrs. Jukes—If I must tell all, Sir; this 'ere man is a hactor at a small twopenny theatre in Newton-street; and he said to me, one afternoon, says he, "Jane, my love, we are a-goin' to have a werry affectin' piece of tragedy to 'hact to-night; and as I am to have the principal character, and will have a good deal of cryin, to go through, perhaps you would oblige me by the use of your slap-up handkercher for the occasion?" "My cambric handkercher?" says I. "The best handkercher you've got," says he. And so I gave him my cambric handkercher, my lord.—(Laughter.)

Commissioner (to the defendant)—Well, Sir, what have you got to say to this?

Mr. Straps (heaving a sigh, and looking very sentimental)—The truth is, your worship, there was a sprinkling of the tender passion in the matter. As Shakspeare says in his "Love's Labour Lost,"

"As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms:
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance,
So—"

"Pray, Sir, if you please," interposed the Commissioner, before the hero of the sock and buskin had time to finish his sentence; "Pray, Sir, if you please, tell us what you have got to say yourself, and not what Shakspeare says?"

Mr. Straps—Ah, Sir! as Shakspeare says, in his beautiful drama of "Troilus and Cressida,"

"Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to—"

"Really, Sir," said the Commissioner, again interrupting Mr. Straps, "this is trifling with the Court. It must not be permitted."

Mr. Straps—Well, Sir, I should be sorry to act improperly, or to say anything disrespectful to this Court; but as I was about to state, I was at the time devotedly attached to Mrs. Jukes, and believed her to be equally so to me in return. We were, Sir, in short, pledged to each other; and under those circumstances, I thought the handkerchief was given me as a gift. But Sir, as Shakspeare says, in his "Julius Cæsar,"

"Ah, me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!"

I soon had reason to believe that her affections were placed upon another. I remonstrated with her on the subject, which drew from her such a demonstration as at once brought to my mind the

expressive lines of the Bard of Avon, when he says, in his comedy of "Taming the Shrew,"

"A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none, so dry or thirsty,
Will deign to dip or touch one drop of it."

The tragedian or comedian—for I do not know whether Mr. Straps considered tragedy or comedy his legitimate walk—delivered this latter quotation with so much rapidity, that he had got to the end of it before the Court could interrupt him. "Yes, Sir," he resumed, "she resembled a perfect fury. As Shakspeare has it,

'She was the very—'"

The Court—Don't give us any more of Shakspeare, but come to the point at once.

Mr. Straps—I will, your worship. I assure—

"There's not a word of truth in what he says, your honour," shouted Mrs. Jukes, interrupting Mr. Straps. "It's all false; I cut the advantage, because he said to me, one day, that if I did not behave myself to his satisfaction after we was married, he would give me the bag, and summons my father for my board and lodging." (Roars of laughter, in which the Court joined.)

The laughter having subsided, Mr. Straps adjusted the collar of a dirty shirt, and looking the Court significantly in the face, observed with much emphasis, "As the immortal poet says, in his 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,'

'A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.'"

The Court (with considerable sharpness)—There must be no more of this nonsense. Did you, or did you not, receive a handkerchief from the prosecutrix?

Mr. Straps—I did, Sir; I don't deny it.

The Court—Then why did you not return it?

Mr. Straps—I understood it to be a gift.

Mrs. Jukes (with great energy)—It was ne'er a no such thing, you good-for-nothin' feller! I only lent it you.

Commissioner—Will you swear to that, madam?

Mrs. Jukes—Will I swear to it, your vorship! That I will: I'll give as many oaths to it as your vorship pleases. Ho only says I made him a present of it, because I married Jem Jukes in preference to him.

Mr. Straps (to the Commissioner)—There, Sir; there she goes with another thundering falsehood. But, Sir, if you will allow me, I'd rather express my sentiments in the words of the great dramatist, than in any humble phraseology of my own.

Commissioner—We've had too much of "the great dramatist" already. Madam (addressing Mrs. Jukes), you swear distinctly that the handkerchief was no gift?

Mrs. Jukes—I do, your vorship.

Commissioner (to the officer)—Hand her the book there, and administer the oath,

Officer (to Mrs. Jukes, holding out a New Testament to her)—You swear by—

"It's perjury, Sir!" shouted Mr. Straps, addressing himself to the Commissioner.

Commissioner—You hold your tongue, Sir, or the officers must turn you out.

The oath was then administered to Mrs. Jukes, Mr. Straps all the while making the most wry faces, and assuming every variety of attitude which could most forcibly express his horror of what he either conceived, or pretended to conceive, to be a false oath.

Commissioner (to Mr. Straps)—Now, Sir, she has sworn to the fact of only having lent the handkerchief to you; what has become of it?

Mr. Straps—Well, Sir, I'll tell you candidly. On the particular evening on which I got it from her, I had a very arduous part of a new piece to perform, in which,

"Albeit, unused to the melting mood,"

I had a great deal to do in the way of crying. As I was the hero of the piece, I thought it right to use the best handkerchief I could procure to dry up my imaginary tears. So far, so well, Sir; but in the words of the mighty Shakspeare,

"A change came o'er the spirit—"

Commissioner—Never mind what came o'er your spirit; but what came o'er, or rather of, the handkerchief? (Laughter.)

Mr. Straps—I was just on the eve of telling you that, Sir. There was one scene in the piece of a peculiarly trying nature,

in which no fewer than six of us were required to cry all at once. (Bursts of laughter.) And as we had only this one handkerchief amongst us, we were obliged to make it serve us all. As soon as one of the weeping—that is, the persons supposed to be weeping—parties had made a pretence of drying up his tears with it, he placed it in his hands at his back, while his face was to the audience, when another actor, unperceived by the spectators, took the handkerchief, and then openly applied it to his eyes on the front of the stage. His turn done, that of another came, who also placed his hands at his back in the same way as the other, and the next in rotation laid hold of it, unknown to the audience; and so on, till the handkerchief went over the whole six, two or three times, though the spectators fancied that each of the six actors had a handkerchief to himself. (Renewed laughter.) But, Sir, I now come to the gist of the story. While thus making the

tour, which it had repeatedly to do, of the half-dozen sorrowing histrionic personages, it unaccountably disappeared; in other words, some one in the crisis of this touching tragic scene, transferred the handkerchief from his eyes to his pocket; and it has not since been heard of. (Loud laughter.) This, Sir, if you will allow me, in conclusion, to quote the price of dramatists in one of his happiest plays,

"Is the head and front of my offending,"

in regard to the handkerchief which plaintiff still calls her own; though my impression was, that being given to me, it became mine. If however, it were in my possession, I would indignantly throw it up to her.

Mrs. Jukes (to the Court)—It's not the value of the handkercher that I cares for, or makes me summons him; it's only because he insulted me, your honour, both before and after my marriage. You (turning to Mr. Straps, and shaking her hand in his face); you know you did, you good-for-nothing, worthless baggage that you are. I have no doubt you've got the handkercher yourself.

At the latter sentence, Mr. Straps waxed mighty indignant, looked savagely at the quondam object of his affections, stamped energetically with his foot on the floor, and raising both his hands above his head, exclaimed, in stentorian tones, "Woman, the charge is false! Yes, your worship," he continued, in a subdued tone, "it is, as the mighty genius I adore says in his unrivalled tragedy of 'Hamlet,'

'As false as dicers' oaths;'

or, as the same great authority has it in his comedy of 'As You Like It,' it is

'Falsar than vows made in wine.'

Excuse my indignation, Sir; but I cannot repress my feelings when my character is attacked. I am sure, Sir, you would yourself, if placed in my unfortunate situation, feel the full force of the inimitable lines which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Othello—

'Good name in man or woman

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed."

The Commissioner (smiling)—Really, Mr. Straps, I have not readily allowed too much of this nonsense to go on. You admit, you've lost the handkerchief, and the prosecutrix has sworn she only lent it to you. There is, therefore, no alternative but to pay the amount claimed.

"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Straps, on hearing the decision of the Court, "this is a hard case. As the Bard of Avon says—"

"No more of the Bard of Avon, or any other bard," interrupted the Commissioner; "the case is now decided, and the money must be paid."

At this moment, a young man, having the broken-down dandy appearance of an unfortunate actor, rushed into the court, almost exhausted. He stated that he and Mr. Straps lived in the same room together, and that some time after Mr. Straps had quitted home to attend the Court, a small package containing the handkerchief, had been addressed to him, with a request that it might be opened in the event of his absence. Inside, in a disguised hand, was a note to the effect that the writer had only taken a temporary loan of the handkerchief, and that hearing by accident it was to be made the subject of legal proceedings, it had been deemed right to send a special messenger with it to Mr. Straps, in order that no unpleasant results might ensue.

"Give it me," said Mr. Straps, in exulting tones, stretching out his hand to receive it. "Here, madam," turning to Mrs. Jukes, "is your handkerchief, and gently striking his hand on his breast, exclaimed—"My character stands forth pure and un sullied as the unsunned snow."

Mrs. Jukes took her handkerchief, evidently disappointed that it had been recovered; and Mr. Straps having paid the expenses of the summons, retired from the court ejaculating something to himself in an under-tone; most probably a quotation from Shakspeare.

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