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AN ADVENTURE.

When the regiment to which Trevanion belonged became part of the army of occupation in Paris, he was left at Versailles seriously ill from the effects of a sabre wound he received at Waterloo, and from which his recovery at first was exceedingly doubtful. At the end of several weeks, however, he became out of danger, and was able to receive his brother officers, whenever they were fortunate enough to obtain a day's leave of absence to run down and see him. From them he learned that one of his oldest friends in the regiment had fallen in a duel, and that two of his brother officers were dangerously wounded—one of them was not expected to survive. When he inquired as to the reasons of these many disasters, he was informed that since the entrance of the allies into Paris, the French officers boiling with rage and indignation at their defeat, and smarting under the hourly disgrace which the presence of their conquerors suggested, sought out by every means in their power, opportunities of insult: but always so artfully contrived as to render the opposite party the challenger, thus preserving to themselves the choice of the weapons. When it is called to mind that the French are the most expert swordsmen in Europe, little doubt can exist as to the issue of these combats; and, in fact, scarcely a morning passed without three or four English or Prussian officers being carried through the Barriere de l'Étoile, if not dead, at least seriously wounded, and condemned to carry with them through life the inflictions of a sanguinary and savage spirit of revenge.

When Trevanion listened to this sad recital, and scarcely did a day come without adding to the long catalogue of disasters, he at once perceived that the quiet deportment and unassuming demeanour which so strongly characterized the English officer, were construed by their French opponents into evidences of want of courage, and saw that to so systematic a plan of slaughter no common remedy could be applied, and that 'coup d'état' was absolutely necessary to put it down and for ever.

In the history of these sanguinary redcontres, one name was continually recurring, generally as the principal, sometimes the instigator of the quarrel. This was an officer of a chasseur regiment, who had the reputation of being the best swordsmen in the whole French army, and was no less distinguished for his 'skill at fence,' than his uncompromising hatred of the British, with whom alone, of all the allied forces, was he ever known to come in contact. So celebrated was the 'Capitaine Augustin Gendemar' for his pursuits, that it was well known at that time in Paris, that he was the President of a duelling club, associated for the express and avowed object of provoking to insult, and as certainly dooming to death, every English officer upon whom they could fasten a quarrel.

The Cafe Philidor, at that period in the Rue Vivienne, was the rendezvous of this respectable faction, and here 'le Capitaine' reigned supreme, received accounts of the various 'affaires' which were transacting—counselling and plotting for the future. His ascendancy among his countrymen was perfectly undisputed, and being possessed of great muscular strength, with that peculiarly 'farouche' exterior, without which courage is nothing in France, he was in every way calculated for the infamous leadership which he assumed.

It was, unfortunately, to this same cafe being situated in what was called the English quarter, that the officers of the 42d regiment were in the habit of resorting, totally unaware of the plots by which they were surrounded, and quite unsuspecting the tangled web of deliberate and cold-blooded assassination in which they were involved; and here took place the quarrel, the result of which was the death of Trevanion's friend, a young officer of great promise, and universally beloved in his regiment.

As Trevanion listened to these accounts, his impatience became daily greater that his weak state should prevent his being among his brother officers, when his advice and assistance were so imperatively required, and where, amid all the solicitude for his perfect recovery, he could not but perceive they ardently wished for him.

The day at length arrived, and restored to something like his former self, Trevanion once more appeared in the mess room of his regiment. Amid the many sincere and hearty congratulations on his recovered looks, were not a few half-expressed hints that he might not go much out into the world for some time to come. To these friendly admonitions Trevanion replied by a good natured laugh, and a ready assurance that he understood the intended kindness, and felt in no wise disposed to be invalidated again. 'In fact,' said he, 'I have come up here to enjoy life a little, not to resign it; out amongst the sights of your gay capital, I must certainly

have a peep at your famed captain, of whom I have heard too much not to feel an interest in.'

Notwithstanding the many objections to this, made with a view to delay his visit to the Philidor to a later period, it was at length agreed that they should all repair to the cafe that evening, but upon the express understanding that every cause of quarrel should be strictly avoided, and that their stay should be merely sufficient to satisfy Trevanion's curiosity as to the personal of the renowned captain.

It was rather before the usual hour of the cafe's filling, that a number of English officers, among whom was Trevanion, entered the salon of the Philidor, having determined not to attract any unusual attention, they broke into little knots of threes and fours and dispersed through the room, where they either sipped their coffee or played at dominos, then, as now, the staple recourse of a French cafe.

The clock over the 'comptoir' struck eight, and at the same instant a waiter made his appearance, carrying a small table which he placed beside the fire, and having trimmed a lamp, and placed a large fauteuil before it, was about to withdraw, when Trevanion, whose curiosity was roused by the singularity of these arrangements, determined upon asking for whose comfort they were intended. The waiter stared for a moment at the question with an air as if doubting the seriousness of him who put it, and at last replied—'Pour Monsieur le Capitaine, je crois,' with a certain tone of significance upon the latter words.

'Le Capitaine! but what captain,' said he carelessly; 'for I am a captain, and that gentleman there—and there too is another,' at the same instant throwing himself listlessly into the well cushioned chair, and stretching out his legs at full length upon the hearth.

The look of horror which this quiet proceeding on his part elicited from the poor waiter, so astonished him that he could not help saying—'Is there anything the matter with you my friend! are you ill?'

'No, monsieur, not ill; nothing the matter with me; but you, sir; oh, you, sir, pray come away.'

'Me,' said Trevanion; 'me; why, my good man, I was never better in my life; so now just bring me my coffee and the Moniteur, if you have it; there, don't stare that way, but do as I bid you.'

There was something in the assured tone of these few words that either overawed or repressed every rising feeling of the waiter, for his interrogator: for, silently handing his coffee and the newspaper, he left the room—not however without bestowing a parting glance so full of terror and dismay, that our friend was obliged to smile at it. All this was the work of a few minutes, and not until the noise of new arrivals had attracted the attention of his brother officers, did they perceive where he had installed himself, and to what danger he was thus, as they supposed, unwittingly, exposed.

It was now, however, too late for remonstrance; for already several French officers had noticed the circumstance, and by their interchange of looks and signs, openly evinced their satisfaction at it, and their delight at the catastrophe which seemed inevitable to the luckless Englishman.

In perfect misery at what they conceived their own fault, in not apprising him of the sacred character of that place, they stood silently looking at him as he continued to sip his coffee, apparently unconscious of every thing and person about him.

There was now a more than ordinary silence in the cafe, which was at all times remarkable for the quiet and noiseless demeanour of its frequenters, when the door was flung open by the ready waiter, and the Capitaine Augustin Gendemar entered. He was a large squarely-built man, with a most savage expression of countenance, which a bushy beard and shaggy overhanging moustache served successfully to assist: his eyes were shaded by deep, projecting brows, and long eye brows slanting over them, and increasing their look of piercing sharpness; there was in his whole air and demeanour that certain French air of swaggering bullyism which ever remained in those who, having risen from the ranks, maintained the look of ruffianly defiance, which gave early character for courage peculiar merit.

To the friendly salutations of his countrymen he returned the slightest and coldest acknowledgments, throwing a glance of disdain around him as he wended his way to his accustomed place beside the fire; this he did with as much of noise and swagger as he could well contrive; his sabre and sabretasch clanking behind, his spurs jangling, and his heavy step made purposely heavier to draw upon him the notice and attention he sought for. Trevanion alone testified no consciousness of his entrance, and appeared to

tally engrossed by the columns of his newspaper, from which he never lifted his eyes for an instant. Le Capitaine at length reached the fire place, when, no sooner did he behold his accustomed seat in the possession of another, than he absolutely started back with surprise and anger.

What might have been his first impulse, it is hard to say; for, as the blood rushed to his face and forehead, he clenched his hands firmly, and seemed for an instant as he eyed the stranger like a tiger, about to spring upon his victim: this was but for a second, for turning rapidly round towards his party, he gave them a look of peculiar meaning, showing two rows of white teeth, with a grin which seemed to say, 'I have taken my line: and he had done so. He now ordered the waiter, with a voice of thunder, to bring him a chair; this he took roughly from him, and placed, with a crash on the floor, exactly opposite to that of Trevanion, and so near as scarcely to permit of his sitting down upon it. The noisy vehemence of this last action at last appeared to have aroused Trevanion's attention, for he now for the first time looked up from his paper, and quietly regarded him *vis-a-vis*. There could not in the world be a stronger contrast to the bland look and courteous expression of Trevanion's handsome features, than the savage scowl of the enraged Frenchman, in whose features the strong and ill-repressed workings of passion were twitching and distorting every lineament and line; indeed no words could ever convey, one-half so forcibly as did that look, insult—open, palpable, deep, determined, insult.

Trevanion, whose eyes had been merely for a moment lifted from his paper, again fell, and he appeared to take no notice whatever of the extraordinary proximity of the Frenchman, still less of the savage and insulting character of his looks.

Le Capitaine, having thus failed to bring on an *eclaircissement* he sought for, proceeded to accomplish it by other means; for, taking the lamp, by the light of which Trevanion was still reading, he placed it at his side of the table, and, at the same instant, stretching across his arm, he plucked the newspaper from his hand, giving at the same moment a glance of triumph towards the bystanders, as though he would say, 'you see what he must submit to.' Words cannot describe the astonishment of the British officers, as they beheld Trevanion, under this gross, open insult, content himself by a slight smile and half bow, as if returning a courtesy, and then throw his eyes downwards, as if engaged in deep thought, while the triumphant sneer of the French, at this unaccountable conduct, was absolutely maddening to them to endure.

But their patience was destined to submit to stronger proof, for at this instant le Capitaine stretched forth one of his enormous legs, cased in his massive jack boot, and with a crash deposited the heel upon the foot of their friend, Trevanion. At length he is roused, thought they, for a slight flush of crimson flitted across his cheek, and his upper lip trembled with a quick spasmodic twitching; but both these signs were over in a second, and his features were as calm and unmoved as before, and his only appearance of consciousness of the affront was given by his drawing back his chair, and placing his legs beneath it as if for protection.

This last insult, and the tame forbearance with which it was submitted to, produced all their opposite effects upon the bystanders, and looks of ungovernable rage and derisive contempt were every moment interchanging; indeed, were it not for the all-absorbing interest which the two great actors in the scene had concentrated upon themselves, the two parties must have come at once into open conflict.

The clock of the cafe struck nine, the hour at which Gendemar always retired, so calling to the waiter for his *petite verre* of brandy, he placed his newspaper upon the table, and putting both elbows upon it, and his chin upon his hands, he stared full in Trevanion's face, with a look of the most derisive triumph, meant to crown the achievements of the evening. To this, as to all his former insults, Trevanion appeared still insensible, and merely regarded him with a never changing smile: the *petite verre* attracted; le Capitaine took it in his hand, and with a nod of most insulting familiarity, saluted Trevanion, adding with a loud voice, so as to be heard on every side—"a votre courage, Anglais." He had scarcely swallowed the liquor when Trevanion rose slowly from his chair, displaying to the astonished gaze of the Frenchman the immense proportions and gigantic frame of a man known as the largest officer in the British Army; with one stride he was beside the chair of the Frenchman, and with the speed of lightning, he seized his nose by one hand, while with the other he grasped his lower jaw, and wrenching open his mouth with the strength of an ogre, he spat down his throat.

So sudden was the movement, that before ten seconds had elapsed, all was over, and the Frenchman rushed from the room, holding the fragments of his jaw bone, (for it was fractured!) and followed by his countrymen, who, from that hour, deserted Cafe Philidor; nor was there ever any mention of the famous Captain during the stay of the regiment in Paris.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

From the New York Sun.

UNCLE ABEL.

Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my Uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he was learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock for ever ticking in the kitchen corner, with its picture of the face of the sun, forever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly holly-hocks and morning glories, blooming around the windows. There was the 'best room,' with its sanded floor, and evergreen asparagus bushes, its cupboard with a glass door in one corner, and the stand with the great Bible on it in the other. There was aunt Betsy, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May.

Aunt Betsy, aforementioned, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over, and seeing to every thing; and though my Uncle had been twice married, aunt Betsy's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left aunt Betsy a much less tractable subject to manage than ever had fallen to her lot before. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew upon the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma until he arrived at the age of indiscretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned towards him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities, such a violator of all high places and sanctities as this very master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him whether it was 'Sabba-day,' or any other day.

He laughed and frolicked with every body and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him, with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled how to bring the sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with aunt Betsy's Scotch snuff, and once he washed the hearth with uncle Abel's immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half an hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short, there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put every thing that came in his way. But uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath; for on that day master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly, to be entertaining. 'Edward, Edward, must not play on Sunday,' his father would say; and then Edward would shake the curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism, but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in dismay through the 'best room,' with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomfiture of aunt Betsy and all others in authority. At last my uncle came to the conclusion that 'it was 'nt in nature to teach him any better,' and that 'he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down the lot.' My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was that he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when aunt Betsy was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But in process of time, our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illustriously through the spelling book, and then attacked the catechism;—went from 'man's chief end' to 'the commandments' in a fortnight, and at last came home inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to 'amen.' After this he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his white hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder to see whether pappy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without further detail, master Edward bid fair to be a literary wonder. But alas! for poor little Edward, his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsy tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he staid by his bedside day and night, try-

ing all means to save with affecting pertinacity. "Can't you think of any thing more, doctor," said he to the physician, when every thing had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the physician. A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he. Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the check curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep. "Oh, dear! oh, I am so sick!" he gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate the cat crossed the floor. "There goes pussey," said he: "Oh dear, I shall never play with pussey any more." At that moment a deadly change passed over his face, he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and the sweet features settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life." My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, "too much for his pride, and he lifted up his voice and wept! The next morning was the Sabbath, the funeral day, and it rose with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken. I remember him at family prayers bending over the great bible, and beginning the psalm "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy and splendour of the poetry; for after reading a few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly; and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much revered, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble." My uncle arose, I saw him walk towards the room of the departed one. I followed and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered his face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh, how surprisingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on. His heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood at the front door. The bells were ringing for church, the morning was bright, and the birds were singing merrily, and the pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree and then another, then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh uncle Abel brake forth—"How happy that creature is! well, the Lord's will be done!" That day the dust was committed to the dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weakness at which the thoughtless smile,—but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever."

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

Our wildernesses are rank for want of men, and on our geography is written, in river, lake and hill, 'the promise to pay,' in abounding interest, all rational investments in money. The Swiss who is perched on a declivity of the Alps; the Irishman who earns but a livelihood in rejected bogs; the Hollander, who can rescue no more of his soil from the sea; the Sicilian, who has hardly enough of macaroni and wine for his being; the Swede from his sands of pine: the Pole, hunted by the Russian cossack; the German, from the historic battlements of the Rhine, or the rich graperies of the plain, we invite; we welcome here, each and all; whether they come from the burning land of the Moor, or the frozen regions of Siberia; for this ever has been the asylum, the refuge, of every people of the old world, from the time the puritan Englishman landed on the rock of Plymouth, to the landing of the Swedes on the Delaware; the Dutch in our own New York; the Germans in Pennsylvania; the Spaniard in Florida or Alabama; and the French in Louisiana. It is the prerogative of a republic, to mould all nations into one, to change the subject to the citizen; the monarchist to the republican; the disorganizer and the agrarian to the grandeur of a sovereign himself. True, in this fusion of conflicting elements, there is often danger; but the experience, not of a half century alone of the constitution, but of the two hundred years of the prevalence of republicanism in America, proves it can all be done.

The introduction of emigrant population, which ocean steam navigation is to effect, has scarcely attracted public attention as yet. This navigation is so much in its infancy, that we have not thought of its ultimate influence upon the tide of population that has for two hundred years been running to America, with a swell and force increasing every additional day. Nor is it probable that

this influence will be immediately felt, on account of the high price of the passage money, and the greater pay the steam ships can have for passengers on business or pleasure; but it is as sure to be felt anon, as was the like influence in settling the great west of this country, the states of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas, which without steam navigation, could have been hardly settled even to this day. The frequent and rapid communication by the steam ships, through letters as well as by passengers, is constantly leading to an interchange, and a similarity of thought, that breaks up the foundations of society in the old world. The amount of foreign letters that have gone through the New York post office is prodigious; amazing, indeed, to those who mark its yearly increase. London now is as near to us as New Orleans, and Liverpool is better known than St. Louis. Paris exerts over us a local influence, as if were but just over the Hudson. The milliners of the Boulevards are omnipotent in Broadway. An American lady is awed and abashed, if she disobeys the fiat of a Parisian *femme des modes*. German musicians are dictating law in the language of the soul. German soldiers, the guardians of our republic, parade our streets in uniform.—Rossini is as well known here as on the Rue de Rivoli. Europe reigns in our saloons. Even the kitchen has yielded at last, and Paris is now complete master of that important cabinet. Thus the European that comes here, finds a home. He has journals of his own tongue to read, and society of his own to live in. Thirty or forty thousand Germans are among us in our city. They have two newspapers, in their own language, of opposite politics. Twenty-five thousand Frenchmen are here. They have two journals of their own. The Spaniards and the English have their journals, also, and we are flooded with English literature. Cologne is not more German than parts of the eleventh ward of this city. Cork abounds in many of its streets and lanes. The English Chartists are here a powerful body of men. Even the Welch have a church, and a periodical. The French amalgamate more with us than any of our foreign population. But the language of each prevails in its own circle, to its full extent. It is well known, that on a Sunday, the people of the continent of Europe resort to the suburbs of their cities for exercise and air; and now let those who wish to see how even this European habit prevails in New York, visit Hoboken on a Sunday afternoon; a place which then appears to us more like the suburbs of Antwerp, or some other European city, than American ground."—*N. York Knickerbocker.*

From an Address of C. S. Todd, Kentucky.

AGRICULTURE.

"The advances made in agriculture by the Romans, so beautifully illustrated by their poets and orators, shared the fate of other improvements that were buried in the dark ages, and it was not until the revival of letters that the present system of farming commenced in Flanders, about 800 years ago; and although the soil was originally a barren white sand, it now yields twice as much as the lands in England. The practicability of creating soil is shown in the history of Flemish husbandry. They seem to want nothing but a space to work on, whatever was the quantity or the quality of the soil, they made it productive. It is their maxim, that "without manure there is no corn—without cattle there is no manure—and without grain crops, or roots, cattle cannot be kept." The productiveness of their lands proceeded from six causes, small farms, manure, rotation of crops, clover and roots, cutting the forage and grinding the grain—and the farmers giving their personal attention to their farms; no lumbering, no fishing, no speculation, no hankering after office. In conversing with an experienced farmer, I was led to inquire as to the best mode of making corn. He told me that I must keep my work horses fat. Neither he nor I then knew that Cato, one of the most illustrious of the Romans, 2000 years ago, had announced that "the true secret of farming consists in feeding well."

"The great Von Thaer first introduced into Prussia, the agricultural schools, which, connected the science with the practice of agriculture—which made the gentlemen farmers, and farmers-gentlemen—combining intellectual with physical power, and literature with labor." Frederick expended a million annually for these purposes, and said he considered it as *manure spread upon the ground*. In Paris a society has been formed which communicates with more than 200 local societies in France, receiving annually the sum of \$100,000 from the public treasury. Agricultural colleges have been established at St. Petersburg and Moscow, in Prussia, Bavaria, Hungary, Wurtemberg, Ireland, and France, and in Scotland, who effected her late astonishing improvement by her skillful agriculturalists reducing their practice to writing, thus establishing agriculture as a science. Fellenburg has a school in Switzerland with pupils from Switzerland, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, North and South America. The Highland Society in Scotland has appropriated 500 sovereigns as a premium for the first successful application of steam-power to the cultivation of the soil, and premiums for other objects, to the amount of \$15,000. The agriculture, both of England and Scotland, has been advanced to its present prosperity by the

lights of science applied to the cultivation of the soils. The tour of Sir Arthur Young, to the continent in 1788-9, for the purpose of looking into the countries there under the best system of farming, produced the first decided advances in England to her present agricultural maturity and the perfection to which the art has been brought in Scotland, is ascribed chiefly to the endowment of an agricultural Board, through the influence and exertions of Sir John Sinclair.

"Agricultural societies are now to be regarded as experiments: they are the peculiar privileges of modern times. Before they were formed, in New England and New York, 10 bushels of rye, 20 of corn, 200 of potatoes, and one ton of hay, was the average crops. Since premiums were offered, claims have been presented for having raised from 40 to 60 bushels of rye, from 115 to 122 of corn, from 400 to 500 of potatoes, and from 3 to 4 tons of hay. Massachusetts gives a bounty equal to the cost of manufacture upon the growth of silk, and upon manufacturing beets into sugar. After experiencing the benefits of a former appropriation she has voted to continue it. Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, have also granted a bounty upon the growth of silk. Ought not an agricultural survey to follow the geological reconnaissance now in progress, which will develop the intimate relation between the minerals that the earth covers and the true method of cultivating its surface?"

"The endowment of agricultural schools and the circulation of agricultural journals is rendered the more necessary from a consideration of the peculiar habits and modes of thinking prevalent among our farmers. As a class of people they have little intercourse with each other; they do not preserve the results of their experiments in books, like mechanics and manufacturers; they have rarely held conventions to concentrate into a focus the lights of the day, to be thence imparted through the press to the remotest ends of the republic."—*American Farmer*.

From last Times.

SCIENCE.

IMPORTANT.—Among the great desiderata of the present hour, there is nothing, perhaps, to which the attention of Science is more indefatigably given, than to that important one with reference to Steam Power, and what emphatically we would call the "Grand climax of this Agent"—to wit—"the greatest power with the least feed or fuel." We have been particularly induced to these remarks by an interesting fact of which we have just been informed;—that a gentleman and fellow townsman of this our little metropolis, in the early part of last winter, had the honor of submitting a proposal to the Patent Office, in London, for the above object, which was highly approved of by the talented heads of that institution, and by them looked upon as by far the most feasible of any suggestion submitted for their consideration from any quarter. But we are sorry to say that difficulties were immediately thrown in the way of a Patent right, upon the ground that inventions are not transferable, but must remain "in silentio," until secured by patent to the inventor only—therefore, as in the case in question, the inventor, Dr. F. W. Morris, had not acted in accordance with this principle, but under a mistaken idea having communicated his secret to another, this individual could not become a Patentee for a discovery not his own, whilst at the same time the Dr. it would seem, must forego his right.

EXPLANATION.—The remarkable difference observable in the radiating and reflecting, as well as absorbing powers of different bodies and surfaces, with respect to Caloric, induced Dr. M. to suppose that by arresting the vast quantity of this matter that now radiates from the entire surface of the Steam Boiler, by opposing to it a contiguous bright and reflecting surface, placed every where around the boiler at the distance of a few inches, or in other words—a range of parallel reflecting mirrors, with surfaces elevated upon Catoptric principles at proper incident angles—that in this way all the radiant heat, or at least the greater part of it that is now lost by the present arrangement, would then be returned upon the boiler, and be reabsorbed, whilst the check thus extensively put upon such an immense escape of Caloric from the surface of the boiler, would enable the water within this vessel to retain its full temperature, and also attain that temperature with an infinitely smaller supply of fuel in the furnace than has hitherto been found sufficient for that purpose, although the exact ratio of this diminution could not be ascertained but by direct experiment upon a scale of ample magnitude. The method of surrounding the Boilers, we understand, would be by frame work of iron, or other material, and not unlike hotbed sashes, each pane of which would be a mirror, and each mirror on its outer surface either inlaid with or protected by some non-conducting composition—the whole forming an outer casing to the boiler, and communicating with the furnaces by induction and eduction valves, so as to compensate for the alternate expansion and condensation of atmosphere, that must necessarily take place in the intervening space of the boiler and the outer casement, as the fire is elevated or depressed. It is Doctor Morris's opinion also, although he does not consider it of the first importance in the present improved material of British engines,—that this outer case, if made of

sufficient strength, would be a shield from the inner boiler in case of explosion, as the steam would instantly be directed by the valves into the flues, and so escape by the chimney, whilst at the same time the increased expansion of power allowed by the outer casing whilst directly weakening the impetus, would the better enable it to sustain the blow.

A PEPTICIAN.

Halifax, October, 26, 1839.

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

BY AMELIA.

Oh my thoughts are away where my infancy flew,
Near the green mossy banks where the buttercups grew,
Where the bright silver fountain eternally played,
First laughing in sunshine, then singing in shade.
There oft in my childhood I've wandered in play,
Flinging up the cool drops in a shower of spray,
Till my small naked feet were all bathed in bright dew,
As I played on the banks where the buttercups grew.

How softly that green bank sloped down from the hill,
To the spot where the fountain grew suddenly still!
How cool was the shadow the long branches gave,
As they hung from the willow and dipp'd in the wave!
And then each pale lily that slept on the stream
Rose and fell with the wave as if stirred by a dream,
While my home mid the vine-leaves rose soft on my view,
As I played on the bank where the buttercups grew.

The beautiful things, how I watched them unfold,
Till they lifted their delicate vases of gold,
Oh, never a spot since those days have I seen,
With leaves of such freshness, and flowers of such sheen.
How glad was my spirit! for then there was nought
To burthen its wing, save some beautiful thought
Breaking up from its depths with each wild wind that blew
O'er the green mossy bank where the buttercups grew.

The paths I have trod I would quickly retrace,
Could I win back the gladness that looked from my face,
As I cooled my warm lip in the fountain I love
With a spirit as pure as the wings of a dove,
Could I wander again where my forehead was starr'd
With the beauty that dyelt in my bosom unarr'd;
And calm as a child in the stallight and dew,
Fall asleep on the bank where the buttercups grew.

BONES IN THE DESERT.

The accustomed route (M. Dumas says) is marked by a white line of bleached bones extending to the horizon. This extraordinary circumstance, it may well be supposed aroused all my attention. I called to Bechara, who, however did not wait for my question, for he at once read my desire in my obvious astonishment. "The dromedary," said he, coming to my side, and commencing his story, without preface, "is not so troublesome and importunate as a horse. He continues his course without stopping, without eating, without drinking; nothing about him betrays sickness, hunger or exhaustion. The Arab who can hear from such a distance the roar of a lion, the neigh of a horse, or the noise of men, hears nothing from his *haghin* but its quickened or lengthened respiration, it never utters a complaint or a groan. But when nature is vanquished by suffering—when privations have exhausted its strength—when life is ebbing—the dromedary kneels down, stretches out its neck, and closes its eyes. Its master then knows that all is over. He dismounts and without an attempt to make it rise—for he knows the honesty of its nature, and never suspects it of deception or laziness—he removes the saddle, places it on the back of another dromedary, and departs, abandoning the one that is no longer able to accompany him. When night approaches, the jackals and hyenas, attracted by the scent, come up and attack the poor animal till nothing is left but the skeleton. We are now on the highway from Cairo and Mecca; twice a year, the caravans go and return by this route; and these bones are so numerous and so constantly replenished, that the tempests of the desert can never entirely disperse them. These bones which without a guide, would lead you to the oases, the wells, and fountains, where the Arab finds shade and water, and would end by conducting you to the tomb of the prophet—these are the bones of dromedaries which died in the desert. If you look, you will see some bones smaller in size and of a different conformation. These, too, are the wrecks of wearied bodies, that have found repose before they reached the goal. They are the bones of believers who desire to obey the Prophet's command, that all the faithful shall once in their lives perform this holy journey, and who, having been too long deterred from undertaking it by cares or pleasures, commence their pilgrimage so late on earth, that they are obliged to finish it in heaven. Add to these some stupid Turk or bloated eunuch, who, sleeping when he ought to have had

his eyes open, has fallen and broken his neck; give the plague its share, which often decimates a caravan, and the simoon which often destroys one, and you will readily see that these funeral guide posts are planted with sufficient frequency, to preserve the road in good order, and to point out to the children the route pursued by their fathers.—*Quinze Jours au Sinai*, by M. Dumas.

THE TALKING CANARY.—Alas, poor Dickey! The talking canary has ceased to exist. This wonderful cantator, the boast of his owners, the pride of his species, and the admiration of every beholder, is dead. His career, though brief, was a brilliant one. He made his *debut* in the metropolis last season, and immediately got to the top of the tree in his profession, and he was universally admitted to be the canary of most astonishing genius that had ever appeared in public. But his faculties were overstrained, and with a shattered constitution he was brought to Brighton. The refreshing breezes from the sea and the sight of the place of his birth revived him for a time, and during one brief fortnight he delighted numerous audiences by the display of his vocal powers; but alas! Nature was exhausted, and "sweet pretty Dick" fell seriously ill. The bier fanciers said it was the pip, but Dickey knew better than any of them all the fatal signs of his disorder; he was fast sinking into a deep decline. He no longer carolled in merry lays, as had been his wont: but his voice grew feebler, and when excited by the presence of beauty he would exclaim, "Sweet pretty Dick!" but then falling back into his former state of stupor, ejaculated "poor Dickey!" and called upon "Mary, the beautiful maid he adored." On Saturday he sipped his water once, and tried to peck a piece of lettuce; but the effort was too much. He gave one hop to his perch, and fluttered for an instant, and gasping fell to the ground. Alas, poor Dickey!—We knew him, kind public; a fellow of infinite song, of most excellent fancy; he hath hopped upon our finger a thousand times. * * * * Where be your chirps now? Your gambols? Your songs? Alas poor Dickey!

DRAINING OF LAND BY STEAM POWER.—The drainage of land by steam power has been extensively adopted in the fens of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Bedfordshire, and with immense advantage. A steam engine of 10 horse power has been found sufficient to drain a district comprising 1,000 acres of land, and the water can always be kept down to any given distance below the plants. If rain fall in excess, the water is thrown off by the engine; if the weather is dry, the sluices can be opened, and water let in from the river. The engines are required to work four months of the twelve, at intervals varying with the season, where the districts are large; the expense of drainage by steam power is about 2s. 6d. per acre. The first cost of the work varies with the different nature of the substrata, but generally it amounts to 20s. per acre for the machinery and buildings.

A French Chemist has discovered a mode of making tallow candles to resemble wax candles, both in colour and in burning. The process employed to convert tallow into white wax is very ingenious. It consists of various operations of boiling, purifying and pressing. A hydraulic press, wrought by a steam engine is used. While the pressure is applied a dark yellow oil is squeezed from the tallow. The expulsion of oil leaves the substance of tallow hard and white like wax. So close is the resemblance which these compressed tallow candles have to wax candles, that no person, without a close examination, could discover the difference, while they are only half price.

COUNTERFEITERS GETTING CHANGE.—The Galena Gazette states that two counterfeiters lately purchased tracts of land in Iowa Territory, and paid for them in counterfeit money—when they came to take possession, they were shot by the original proprietors.

FOUL (FOWL) OUTRAGE.—Capt. Goodman, living east of Rochester heard a noise in his yard, and sent out his man to ascertain the cause. On going to the hen roost, the man was attacked by two villains, one of whom gave him a blow with a club which broke his under jaw. It was found that about 70 weight of chickens had been killed, and tied together preparatory to a hasty removal.

From the opening of canal navigation to October 1st. there had arrived at the Hudson from Lake Erie 514,544 barrels flour being 165,154 less than in 1838. Yet, there is this year, in Michigan alone, a surplus of some 200,000 barrels over the quantity raised last year.

Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash your floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

It is easy to have a supply of horse-radish all winter. Have a quantity grated while the root is in perfection, put it in bottles, fill it with vinegar, and keep it corked tight.

(The following very racy sketch, though not just new, is from a recently published volume, and is well worthy a place in our miscellany. The writer is a native (we believe) of Nottingham, England, and has written himself up to a respectable rank among the literary men of his country.)

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

BY THOMAS MILLER THE BASKET MAKER.

Dear old Justice B—, what a pleasure it was to be summoned before thee! to look on thy rubicund face and Bardolphian nose—that blazing beacon which was toasted through drinking Tory toasts, and had flamed through fifty elections for town or county. To see thee red with passion, whilst exclaiming 'Silence, sirrah!' and ere thou hadst had a couple of pinches from that old silver snuff box, turn round and exclaim, 'What case next? You may go home sirrah.'

Ah, well did we know the mood that thou wert in by watching the ponderous pigtail that hung half way down thy back! It was the barometer that told the temperature of thy temper; when it was still, it denoted 'changeable,' in which state it was quite uncertain what weather might next prevail; when it moved rapidly, or was tossed without cessation from shoulder to shoulder, then it was stormy indeed—a complete hurricane—that even shook the powder from the venerable head; when it rose and fell gently, and seemed quite in a good humour with itself, like a kitten playing with its own tail, then it was fair, clear and sunny; poacher and trespasser were then liberated.

A choleric old fellow wert thou at times; but thy passion was soon over—it never lasted long enough to take hold of thy heart. A staunch pillar wert thou of the church, but thy guinea was ever ready to assist the dissenters; witness that old Sunday-school to which I went when a boy.

Terrible threats wert thou wont to thunder forth before the poor beggars that hung around thy gates; but rarely did they ever retire beyond the garden hedge, before thy old grey-headed serving man John was sent after them with a huge lump of cold meat, a loaf of bread, and a shilling.

Strict wert thou in protecting the preserves and warrens of thy neighbours, while we plundered thine own in the open daylight; and had much ado to keep the young rabbits from squeaking in our pockets while we drank the horn of beer before thine own hall door. Thou wouldst ride ten miles at midnight to prevent thy old neighbours from going to law, whilst thou thyself had some trial or other at every assize, and wert never known to win a cause. Fond wert thou of committing a man for trespass, but ere he had eaten his fill in thy huge ancient kitchen, thou wouldst step in, often ordering him another jug of ale, then bid him 'go home,' and see that he let the game alone as he went through the park. Ever ready wert thou to take our own recognizance for fifty pounds, when all we were masters of were the ugly lurchers at our heels, a hand-net with which we plundered thy own fishponds, and a few wire snares, in which almost as many of our own mongrels had been hung as we had caught hares on thine own estate; but thou wouldst then take our own word for fifty readier than another would take our bond. If thou ever hadst a dislike to any it was to the radical tailor in the village; still he made all thy garments, and charged thee double the price that another would. 'The rascal has a family, and they must live,' was thy exclamation; and so he did, although he had been caught pelting thee at more than one election, and had at the 'polling booth' told thee to thy face that he was independent, and needed not the work of any Tory.

Thou wert the very personification of John Bull—the embodiment of the true old English gentleman; body and soul wert thou a Tory, but such a one as even we ragged Radicals loved; thou hadst every body's good word,—ten thousand eyes shed tears for thee when thou wert dead. Brimful wert thou of harmless prejudices and stubborn notions, but they were all English; even in thy very faults there was something to love—in thy greatest absurdities much to admire—in thy errors many a charm. Many a time hast thou been grumbling in thy throat, whilst thy heart has been planning some kindness; often censuring the culprit with thy tongue when thy hand was grasping his with a friendly clutch that sank to the very soul.

Such men as the old Justice live nowhere but in England—such hearts beat but rarely in other climes—such bodies are only moulded in British pastures.

Heaven bless thee, my dear country! thy green hills and old woods will be found imprinted on my heart when I am dead.

A great dislike had the worthy Justice of matters being carried to the session or the assizes, and it was truly wonderful to see the tact that he displayed in reconciling parties who had set out with a determination of carrying matters to the very extremity of the law. Nor had they ever cause to grumble if the affair was left to his own arbitration, for where he had doubts he would generally consult some able and experienced neighbour, and unless the case was one of uncommon difficulty, generally succeeded in the end in satisfying both parties.

Often might he be seen in the mornings of spring and summer stripped in his shirt sleeves, and busied in his garden, raking,

hoeing, or attending to his choicest flower beds, accompanied by some party who had 'come over to arrange matters,' or perhaps some cause that had been put off on the preceding day at the hall. Then would the honest magistrate pause every now and then, and leaning on the handle of his rake, listen or reply to their arguments; and if he could not succeed in bringing them to his own views, he would commence raking or working at a most furious rate, tearing up both weeds and flowers together. If, on the contrary, they followed his advice, and shewed a disposition to come to reasonable terms, then down went his garden tools, and a right welcome was given them to partake of the best his house afforded—rich or poor, it made but little difference, so long as they bore an honest name.

His lovely daughter, too, to use the country phrase, 'was worth her weight in gold,' and many a time had her sweet and lady-like manners succeeded in repairing the breaches which her father's irritability sometimes made. Then she could plead so eloquently for any poor culprit who was about to be committed. Her sweet imploring eyes, too, outdid all language; and if her plea was seconded by the vagabond's wife standing weeping beside her husband, why, twenty to one he was released on his own bond, and perhaps a few nights after might be found stifling pheasants with brimstone on their roosts in the woods, or again planting his snares in the magistrate's park.

Many said he was too easy by half; they told the truth, but then it was not in his nature to deal harshly with any one, no, not even if he had injured him. But, oh! it was something to be loved like the old Justice—to have almost every body's good word—to be greeted with smiles wherever he went—to find every ragged urchin ready to run the shoes off his feet to open the gates for him, and to see all the grey-headed men salute him with a reverential bow, and bless him in their hearts as he passed on. Plundered and imposed upon he was almost every day of his life; he seemed to find a pleasure in forgiving the offenders; it was a kind of race between himself and them, as if to see which should first become weary, the offender or the forgiver. Dear old man! he has thrown a penny for the apple which he accepted, and which, but an hour before the urchin had plundered from his own orchard.

From Downing's "Fanqui in China."

A CHINESE FIGHT WITH A SMUGGLER.

SMUGGLER'S BOATS.—A large mandarin-boat was seen one afternoon passing down the river beyond the first bar, and then entering and taking up its station in one of the numerous little inlets which abound in the neighbourhood. In a few minutes it was perfectly at rest; the yellow sails were taken in and furled, and all that was then to be seen of it over the paddy, were the slender sticks with little balls on the top, and which were hardly to be distinguished from the tall reeds which were growing at the edge of the water.

It had scarcely taken up its position, before the faint creaking sound of an approaching smuggler was to be heard in the distance. By the time it approached the open entrance of the little inlet, the mandarins were ready to receive it, and issued forth just at the moment it was passing. The centipede must at that moment have had the other firmly hooked on to it, if the spare hands on board of it had not used the long bamboos, and by their means prevented the two boats coming in contact. These long spears were pushed out at their full length, and then applied to the bows of the other vessel, while, at the same time, all the other men worked with desperation at the oars; so that in a few minutes, notwithstanding the most violent exertions of the mandarin's party, the smugglers kept clear, and were soon a boat's length ahead of their enemies.

Then the chase began. The screams and yells of the smugglers were mixed with the rickety sound of their vessel, and the orders and cries of the mandarins behind them. Every now and then the long-ornamented gun was turned upon its swivel, and the loud report reverberated across the country as it was discharged against the chase, but with little effect; the shot was generally seen dancing along the water wide of the mark.

Although the most violent efforts were made by the other party, it was soon evident that the smuggler was walking away from his pursuer. The brown machine with its hundred feet, was seen ahead, while the gaudy boat with its white oars, followed, saluting forth its ineffective missiles.

After leading the way through many intricate channels, and dodging in and out to cut off a corner, the smuggler appeared as if he would very soon be out of all danger; when, suddenly, another mandarin boat was seen issuing from a little creek right ahead, and thus completely cutting off all hopes of getting away without a scuffle.

Thus completely blockaded, the smuggler determined to stand at bay, and make a vigorous resistance. All the oars were thrown aside, but placed ready for instant use, and every man seized a bamboo pike and awaited the attack with great determination. They then resembled a nest of demons, chattering and yelling out their notes of defiance. As the mandarins cautiously approached, the white oars were laid back, and the spears were taken up, and

the savage features on the shields were displayed in the faces of the resisting vagabonds. In a short time the boat had its two enemies on its quarters—and the whole multitude were engaged in a desperate struggle.

It appeared to be the object of the mandarins to board, and thus fight hand to hand, while the object the others wished to attain was to keep their enemies' boat off with their spears, until they could have a fair opportunity to get another run for their lives. The different manner of engaging by each party was very apparent during this conflict, and showed the decision and vigour which fighting for a good cause will give to the weakest combatant, while the arm of the strongest man is paralyzed, and its power withheld by the still, small voice of conscience. The mandarins rushed to the attack without hesitation, and laid about them in right good earnest with their swords and pikes, frequently cutting and wounding in a dreadful manner; but the smugglers appeared to act merely on the defensive, and, although slight wounds were inflicted with their spears, yet it was evident, that the great aim was to keep the mandarin boats at a distance.

The gaudy vessels were soon alongside, and the gay caps of the mandarins were seen intermixed with the bald heads of the illicit traders. The struggle was then over, many of the defeated jumped overboard, and as they struggled in the waters to gain the shore, formed excellent marks for the spears and javelins of the conquerors. The great mass of them were seized before they could try this doubtful chance of escape. The long pigtail served instead of the coat collar of our part of the world, and when twisted two or three times round the hand, formed a handle with which the owner could be moved with pleasure.

The men were thrown down at the bottom of the boat, and there securely lashed and fastened. In a short time the din and hubbub of so many voices were over, and the mandarin boats were seen leading away in triumph their silent and crest-fallen captives.

ADVENTURE IN A CAVE.

Four or five miles from the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, is a cave known as the Pit Cave, though sometimes called Wright's Cave, after the name of the person who first attempted to explore it. This man was a speculator, who having reason to believe the cave a valuable one, resolved to examine it; but possessing little knowledge of caves, and less of the business of the nitre maker, applied to the proprietor of the works at the Mammoth Cave. A day was accordingly appointed, on which Mr. Gatewood agreed to meet him at the cave, and conduct the exploration in person. But on that day, as it happened, there arose a furious storm of rain and thunder, and Mr. Gatewood not supposing that even Wright himself would, under such circumstances, keep the appointment, remained at his work. In the meantime, Wright had reached the cave, in company with another man, a miner, though of no experience in cave hunting; and with him, finding that Mr. Gatewood did not come, and having made his preparations, he resolved to undertake the exploration himself.—The two men commenced, and pursued for several hours without accident and without fear, seeing indeed, nothing to excite alarm, except a cluster of very dangerous pits, which they passed while engaged in the search. By and by, having consumed much time in rambling about, they discovered they had left their store of candles at the mouth of the cave, having brought with them only those they carried in their hands, which were now burning low. They horror of their situation at once flashed on their minds; they were at a great distance from the entrance, which there was little hope they could reach with what remained of their candles, and the terrible pits were directly in their path.

It was thought, however, that if they could succeed in passing these, it might be possible to grope their way from the cave in the dark, as the portion beyond the pits offered no unusual interruptions, and was without branches. The attempt was made; and as desperation gave speed to their feet, they had at last the inexpressible satisfaction to reach the pits, and to pass them in safety, leaving them several hundred feet behind ere their lights entirely failed. But now began their difficulties. In the confusion and agitation of mind which beset them at the moment when the last candle expired, they neglected to set their faces firmly towards the entrance; and in consequence, when darkness at last surrounded them, they were bewildered and at variance; Wright vehemently insisting that they should proceed in one direction, the miner contending with equal warmth that the other was the right one.

The violence of Wright prevailed over the doubts of his follower, who allowed himself to be governed by the former, especially when the desperate man offered to lead the way, so as to be first to encounter the pits supposing he should be wrong. An expedient for testing the safety of the path, which Wright hit upon, had also its effect on his companion's mind; he proposed, as he crawled along on his hands and feet, the only way they dared attempt to proceed, to throw stones before him, by means of which it would be easy to tell when a pit lay in the way. The miner, accordingly, though with many misgivings, suffered himself to be ruled, and followed at Wright's heels, the latter every moment hurling a stone before him; and at every throw uttering some hurried exclamation, now a prayer, now a word of counsel.

or encouragement to his companion, though always expressive of the deepest agitation and disorder of mind. They proceeded in this way for several moments, until even the miner himself, believing that if they were in error they had crawled far enough to reach the pits, became convinced his employer was in the right path; when suddenly the clang of one of the stones cast by Wright, falling as if on the solid floor, was succeeded by a rushing sound, the clatter of loose rocks rolling down a declivity, and then a heavy hollow crash at a depth beneath.

He called to Wright; no answer was returned; all was dismal silence; not even a groan from the wretched employer replied to the call. His fate the terrified miner understood in a moment; the first of the pits was, at one part of its brink, shelving; on the declivity thus formed the stone cast by Wright had lodged, but Wright had slipped from it into the pit, and slipped so suddenly as not to have time to utter even one cry of terror. The poor miner, overcome with horror, after calling again and again without receiving an answer, or hearing any sound whatever, turned in the opposite direction, and endeavoured to effect his own escape from the cave. He wandered about many hours, now sinking down in despair, now struggling again for life, until at last yielding to his fate, in exhaustion of mind and body, incapable of making any further exertions, a sudden ray of light sparkled in his face. He rushed forward—it was daylight shining through the mouth of the cave! The alarm was immediately given. Mr. Gatewood, with a party of his laborers, hurried to the cave, and to the pit, on whose shelving edges were seen evidence enough of some heavy body having lately rolled into it. The offer of a reward conquered the terrors of one of the workmen, who was lowered with ropes to the bottom of the pit, a depth of fifty or sixty feet, and Wright's lifeless body was drawn out.—*American Magazine.*

FINE ARTS.

OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY, TASTE, AND VERTU.

Among the varied attractions of the metropolis there are few which excite so many reminiscences, or give rise to such a train of associations, as the *vertu* and curiosity establishments at the west end of London. A recent visit to one of these *magasins de curiosites* has supplied us with materials for this disquisition on matters and things in general appertaining to the fine arts.

Mummies from Cairo, richly incruated vessels from the Etruscan potteries when grass grew on the spot where Romulus in generations afterwards reared his walls, sculptured ebony figures, were mingled in strange contrast with stuffed crocodiles and monkeys, while boa constrictors were seen through painted windows of old mansions or churches, as if they were threatening to swallow busts, or gliding after china jars and twining round lustres. A Sevres vase, on which was a painting of Napoleon, by Madame Jacquot stood close to a sphynx dedication to Sesostris; the beginning of things and the events of yesterday were thus blended together in grotesque propinquity. A life-guardaman's broad sword was suspended from a crossbow of the middle ages. Madame Dubarry, done in enamel by Latour, with a star on her forehead, and literally *in nubibus*, seemed to ogle most suspiciously an Indian idol, and to set her wits to work to divine the utility of the spiral convolutions with which he wound his way towards her. Every trade, art, and profession, appeared to have bequeathed the curious implements of their vocation to ornament this receptacle of all that was odd and strange; and although the collections of Strawberry Hill and Fonthill have been more extensive, they could not have been more *recherche* than the one in question, where the instruments of death, poignards, elaborate pistols, and secret arms, were thrown pell mell with the utensils of living, such as tureens of the most admirably painted porcelain, Saxony plates, cups from Cathay, and sweetmeat boxes of the feudal ages. An ivory ship, in full sail, was placed on the shell of a motionless tortoise; and a syringe stood near a statue of Augustus, as if ready for any one who meditated the crime of *lese-majeste* against the imperial dignity. Abundance of portraits of French courtiers, as petulant as they were during life; Dutch burgomasters, dull looking as their originals; and English squires, in full-bottomed wigs, cambric steinkirks, and steel breast-plates, looked down upon this chaos of antiquities, with a pale, cold, and empty stare.

Every climate seemed to have sent a fragment of its sciences, a sample of its arts, an emblem of its manners, to this philosophical alembic, in which nothing was wanting to charm the imagination, from the savage's calumet, and the green and gold slipper of the *seraglio*, to the yatagan of the moor and the fetish of the negro. Its peculiar symbol seemed to give a substantial identity to each country, and to personify the individual connected with his history. Mysterious Egypt might be supposed to rise from among its sands, represented by a mummy swathed in dark bandages, and the Pharaohs, who wasted generations of their fellow-creatures to construct a tomb, stalked in solemn grandeur over the scene which the imagination conjured up, attended by Moses and his Hebrews, and surrounded by the solitary expanse of the Desert. A marble statue, fresh and graceful, resting against a broken column of dazzling whiteness, recalled the voluptuous fables of early Greece and its Ionian colonies; while the singular superstitions of the emigrants of Hesperia were represented on the brown surface

of an Etruscan vase by a red complexioned nymph dancing before the deity of Lampæcus, and saluting the emblem with a joyous and frank hilarity. A head of Cicero summoned as by a spell the recollections of Rome still free, and unrolled the pages of the Livy, while the SPQR filled the living forum. Swift as thought the Rome of Christianity appeared, with the skies open, and the Virgin Mother floating in a golden cloud, surrounded by angels, eclipsing the glory of the sun, listening to the sorrows of the unfortunate, and sending consolation in her sympathising smile. A Mosaic composed of the lavas of Vesuvius and Etna, transported the spectator into the warm atmosphere of Italy, and renewed the origins of Borgia, with thoughts of Apennine heights and the solitudes of the Abruzzi, peopling the fancy with Italian dames and their pale faces and long dark eyes, and all the tales of passion and romance they have furnished to poets and dramatists. These thoughts received a more vivid impulse by the sight of a dagger of the time of the middle ages, the handle of which was elaborately worked, like a piece of lace, while the rust upon its slender blade looked like stains of blood. A salt-cellar from the hands of Bevenuto Cellini, carried the gazer back to the court of France when the arts and sciences flourished under the patronage of a royal protector, when sovereigns amused themselves by ecclesiastical disputations and the burning of heretics, and sanctioned decrees for the celibacy of priests in the boudoirs of beauty. The conquests of Alexander were reproduced upon a cameo; the massacres of Pizarro were represented by a Spanish matchlock; a morion gave life again to the cruel, impetuous, desperate, and abominable religious wars of France, the Low Countries, and the English rebellion; while the gay images of chivalry were reflected from a richly damasked and burnished armour of Milan, through the vizzor of which the eyes of a Paladin still seemed to glitter. This ocean of furniture, of inventions, of fashions, of fragments, and specimens of every object of reverence to the mind and the feelings, would afford materials to a vast poem, and a subject for a history which would embrace each phase of the human soul, and each epoch of the world's revolutions. Man appeared in all the pomp of his misery, in all the glory of his Titanic littleness; ages were compressed into the vision of an hour; and the many-coloured scenes of mortal existence in all times and climates were vividly realized to us while wandering through the emblems and relics which have survived their uses, or have been superseded by simpler and less costly inventions.

Any one imbued with a love for the arts, and who has speculated upon their philosophy or meditated upon their annuals, cannot fail to be impressed with emotions analogous to the foregoing when paying a visit to the places where similar objects are open to public inspection. It is a task which never palls, and although an expensive, is certainly an intellectual and refined enjoyment.—*London Atlas.*

RESIGNATION EXTRAORDINARY.

(Edmund Quincy of Boston, recently resigned, by letter to the Governor of the State, his commission of Justice of the Peace, and withdrew his allegiance to the Republic, on account of conscientious scruples. We take a couple of passages from this curious document:)

"I cannot feel myself discharged from the sin of rebellion against the Government of God, without a public abjuration of all allegiance under which I may have laid myself to any existing human government. I do, therefore, in the presence of Almighty God, and before you, as Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth, hereby abjure and renounce all allegiance which I may at any time have acknowledged myself to owe to any government of man's institution. And I call upon Him and you to witness that I have put away from myself this inquiry for ever!

"Permit me, in conclusion, to invite the attention of your Excellency to the consideration of the great question, which is now beginning to agitate the community, and which is destined to make this country and the world rock to the centre,—whether God has given to man the right of taking the life of man whenever he may deem it necessary for his own safety and advantage? Upon the answer to this question, of course, depends the rightfulness of all institutions resting upon the life-taking principle.

"I cannot conscientiously discharge the duties imposed by the office of a conservator of the public peace, which necessarily involve the assumption of the right on the part of the community, delegated to me, of taking human life; which assumption, whether made by individual or nations, I believe to be a sin against God. Again, I wish by this act to absolve myself from the guilt I incurred by taking the oaths of allegiance to the Anti-Christian Constitutions of this State and of the United States, at the time I accepted the office."

There are 56 churches in Baltimore, it is said, of which 15 belong to the Methodists, 7 to the Roman Catholics, 5 each to the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, and 4 to the Baptists. The first Baptist church cost \$50,000; Cathedral of the Roman Catholics, \$200,000; St. Paul's Episcopal, \$142,000; Unitarian, \$100,000. The quantity of Salt used in the United States, perhaps in all is about twelve millions of bushels annually, of which half may be imported and half domestic. The English give fifteen millions of bushels annually to their sheep alone!

THE PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY.

(Philadelphia papers give the following particulars of a late dreadful instance of the madness, caused by a false ambition and pride, of one who apparently made wealth and aggrandizement the great aim of his existence. Wood was an Englishman. In what horror has his insane worship of the world played the unhappy man and his family. His chief assistant, and beloved daughter, murdered,—his other children and his wife overwhelmed with grief,—himself in a dungeon, instead of enjoying the abundant comforts which tedious years had accumulated about his home!)

"The daughter of Wood had been for some time addressed by a young man, a mechanic, who gained her affections, and on the 15th Sept. they were married without the knowledge or consent of her parents. The union was kept secret, until about the middle of the week, when an anonymous note, informing of the marriage, and addressed to the eldest son of Mr. Wood, reached the hands of his father. This note he treated as a silly hoax, and said nothing to his daughter on the subject.

On Friday last, in the afternoon, the daughter did not appear in the front shop as was her daily practice, and the father on going to her chamber found she had left the house. This step, convinced the father that the contents of the note must be true. He immediately became frantic with rage, had his shop and houses closed, and raved with passion to such a degree as to bring on convulsive spasms. The attentions of his neighbors for the moment seemed to assuage his anguish, but the night of Friday was passed by him in a state of great excitement. Through the kind offices of friends, the daughter was on Saturday, with the consent of her husband, induced to return to her father's house. This produced an apparent calm, and she continued with him the remainder of that day and the whole of Sunday.

On Monday morning the father received either a verbal or written demand from the husband for the restoration of his wife, and a notice that in case of refusal legal measures would be taken against him. To this demand Wood replied that he would give a definite answer by twelve o'clock. Immediately or very shortly after the receipt of the husband's message, the father went up stairs to his daughter's chamber, and instantly the report of a pistol was heard. The members of the family, running to the room, found Wood in a raving state, pacing the floor, exclaiming, "I did it—I killed her—now she is happy," while his daughter lay prostrate, bleeding and insensible.

It was found, on examining the wounded girl, that the bullet had entered the face at the inner angle of the right eye, and passed through the head, fracturing the upper part of the skull. She lingered until eleven o'clock, when she expired.—Very soon after the perpetration of the murder, the sheriff and coroner entered the chamber, and had Wood removed to another room, when he threw himself on a bed and soon fell asleep. When the mayor entered the room Wood was roused from his slumber, and immediately asked 'Is she dead?' On being answered affirmatively, he exclaimed, 'Then she is happy,' and raved about his willingness to die, the act of friendship that it would be to dispatch him, and the hope of being buried in the same grave with his murdered daughter.

To a question by the Mayor, he replied that he had before the commission of the crime drank three glasses of brandy, but had not taken any laudanum. On being conducted by the police officers to the carriage, going to the prison, he manifested some reluctance to enter, but this was soon overcome without the use of force. On the way thither he was perfectly silent, but on entering the prison he began to rave in much the same way that he had done before being removed, and it was necessary to use some degree of force to place him in one of the prison cells.

The unfortunate husband of Wood's daughter is Edward Peak, and was lately the proprietor of a boot and shoe store in one of the Shakspeare buildings. His wife, on leaving her father's house on Friday afternoon, escaped through the trap door of the roof, descended through an adjoining building, and repaired to her husband's boarding house.

On Saturday Wood purchased two pairs of pistols. Accounts from Moyamensing prison, say that Wood is in a composed state of mind, and deeply affected with sorrow for the events of yesterday.

The affair adds one more to the many instances on record which prove the close approach of virtue to crime. It shows that love for offspring, unrestrained by fixed principles of morality and religion, may be transformed to fiendish revenge."

"Mr. Wood was habitually temperate, mild, and affable in manners. Very successful in business, he some years since purchased the house in Chestnut-street, and fitted it up in a most splendid manner. His children, in all, were three sons, and the daughter whose untimely death we have just recorded. She was about 22 years of age—a mild and modest girl, with fine eyes, and a tolerable share of personal beauty. She was constantly in attendance at the store, or engaged in some matter of business connected with the establishment; and apparently mingled but little, if any, in female society.

The Pennsylvanian gives an explanation of the feeling, or motive, by which Mr. Wood was driven to the frightful act that has in a moment destroyed the happiness of all connected with him. It says that he was ambitious for this daughter; that the main

purpose of his toils and cares was to heap up wealth, by means of which he hoped, at no distant day, to return with her to England, and there secure for her a marriage that should at once gratify his pride and elevate her to a higher station in society. This hope had been his darling thought for years; and when it was frustrated his disappointment urged him to temporary madness or at least to desperation."

CENTENARY,—SCHOOL CELEBRATION, ETC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PEARL.

Sir—As it is well known that every event which tends to the encouragement of good feelings, and the diffusion of genuine happiness, is with you a peculiar favourite,—I doubt not but you have, with myself, witnessed the efforts of Wesleyan Methodists in the cause of the world's moral renovation, with the conviction that such men deserve the esteem of all well-thinking persons.

The Centenary of Methodism!—and what a host of reminiscences come crowding upon us—the name of Wesley connected with them all,—like a tree laden to drooping with goodly fruit;—and clustering about that name acts of real benevolence, and labours of holy love. We honour the remembrance of Wesley,—we love Methodism for itself,—and while we give our hand to all those who, professing this doctrine, *act up to the spirit of it*, we are free to acknowledge the piety of other denominations.

What a credit to the genius of Wesley was the exclamation of a lady,—that, so simple was his sermon, the most illiterate might have understood it! And yet this sentiment is not very popular just now—and why? Surely not an idea that fine language answers the end of heart-stirring ideas! But if the attention of the preacher is so given to the "matter" of his discourse, that the heart is pained with intricately lengthy sentences, and the ear offended with sounding repetitions,—suffer an *individual*, kindly to make known the fact of such being the case.

The Sunday-school children had their celebration on Friday last. After religious exercises, the rising generation were treated with tea, and etceteras, in the shape of cakes and delicacies in great variety and abundance, a Centenary card being suspended at the neck of each of the happy creatures. All passed off delightfully, I am informed; and after *sun-down*, the teachers sat down to their repast. One disaster has been mentioned as the result of this part of the proceedings,—a flag of rice paper, bearing the inscription, "Centenary of Methodism," which waved gracefully over a splendid pound cake, was missing at the most interesting moment. To lose a standard is considered disgraceful to any corps; and the teachers—whose praise is in the mouths of all men, for benevolent exertion—felt accordingly. We all know that flags are struck at *sun-down*, but those in charge have the right to strike, and in the present case the ruse was not expected. However, it appears that the flag, which is said to be worth seeing, is not altogether lost, and that it may be seen at the house of the gallant captor, which is somewhere in the vicinity of the Round church-hill.

In conclusion, allow me to hope, that such joyous modes of celebrating times and seasons may be more general, and that every man will continue to do his duty, not one in future being found to lag.

SIGNAL STAFF.

Fort George, Nov. 1st.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1, 1839.

AMERICAN FINE ARTS AND LITERATURE.—There are several evidences of the rapid growth, considering circumstances, of the fine arts—elegant literature, painting, engraving, etc.—on this continent. Confining our remarks to periodicals, we find several of high character,—at the head of which perhaps should be placed, the Knickerbocker, a monthly magazine, published at New York, and enjoying an extensive circulation over the whole Union. It generally has an excellent supply of rather short, racy articles; its list of contributors being lately enriched by the name of *Geoffrey Crayon*. This periodical occasionally presents its readers with an engraving, thus ministering to their pleasure, adding to its own interest, and patronizing the artists of the country. The last engraving thus published, was a view on the Hudson, we believe. It was a pleasing picture, but struck us as not being very characteristic. Its foreground was the chief feature, and that might answer for certain parts of almost any river in America. An angler, also, which formed a prominent figure in the landscape, was a coarse, stubbed specimen of humanity, and a tree which balanced the biped was not a more graceful representative of the vegetable world. The engraving was called very beautiful, however, by a host of authorities; its composition, as a whole, had a very pleasing effect, and its execution exhibited much manual dexterity with the graver.

The New York Albion is a well known literary journal, and it occasionally ministers to the love of art, and the encouragement of artists, by circulating an engraving with its numbers. The last embellishment was an elaborate work, called a portrait of Queen Victoria. The details were well handled, and the composition was

graceful, but, certainly, other painters must have made her Majesty look too young, and too innocent, and too simply beautiful, if the Albion's picture was a likeness.

The New York Spirit of the Times, is a large journal devoted chiefly to sporting intelligence, and furnishing a mass of matter weekly. It also patronizes the engraver, but its pictures hitherto, we believe, have been exclusively in the Animal line: portraits of celebrated horses have furnished the gentlemen of the turf with likenesses of their favourites.

The New York Mirror is a veteran in the embellishment line. It has repeatedly presented its readers with elegant engravings. The number for October 19, is one of those which is distinguished as a Plate Number and an Original. The plate is entitled, *The Landing at James Town*, and has some delightful characteristics. It represents a group of the olden time; on the sea shore;—a boat approaching with other pilgrims, we suppose, and Indians, a distant group, and ships, as accessories. The principal group is a very graceful composition,—in attitude, and drawing, and *chiaro scuro*, it strikes the eye with very grateful effect, while the expression of sky and sea harmonizes well with the subject. A person inclined to be hypercritical, might object, that, the incident illustrated, is not well supported by the action of the chief figures in the group,—they are turned from the approaching strangers,—while the principal figure, wrapt in a snow white mantle, looks out of the picture, as if observing the effect which the strong light of his drapery had on the spectator, rather than caring about ship or boat;—a stooping figure, employed in lifting a plank for the convenience of the boat's crew in landing, has found a centre of gravity different from that of most such robust personages, or he would tumble over, and fall foul of a well-drawn reverend figure opposite him; the standing figure in the bow of the boat seems a Goliath among Davids;—the nearer vessel is made the more distant, by the aerial perspective;—the artist was evidently puzzled what to do decently with his Indians, and indistinctness partly conceals defects in expression, attitude and verisimilitude;—the feet of the poles which support a fishing net appear to have taken a lesson from Hogarth's caricature on perspective,—about ten feet high, they span an extent which would require almost a couple of masts of an Admiral,—and the running figures in the middle distance, certainly did not take a lesson from Celeste, or any other of the mistresses or masters of the poetry of motion. All this might be said, but perhaps it would not be gracious to say it, and only for the extravagant trumpeting which the plate has obtained from American writers, it would not be intimated in this place. As it is, we have not mentioned the large space devoted to the sky and a not very elegant tree, and other minor matters,—but again revert to the particulars which well redeem defects: these are, the general disposition and drawing and high relief of the group;—the expression of the conversing sages,—of the welcoming warrior,—and of the female figures and the personage on whom they lean; also, as we before mentioned, the very effective light and shade, and the harmony of the whole. Held at a little distance from the eye, the figures seem miniature realities at a sunny sea side,—and it is not until after a close examination, that the Indians and their clumsy boat, and the straddling poles, and the shuffling distant figures, offend the eye.

The Mirror is an elegantly printed periodical, perhaps as elegantly as any weekly in the world. A glance at this original number will not be uninteresting. The first article is a series of verses which, to some extent, illustrates the plate.

"I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate.
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth."

The next article is a chapter from a Novel now in the Press, by T. S. Fay, and called the *Countess Ida*. It is a lively description of a quarrel in "high life" but does not strike as of great promise. "What's in the wind" is the title of a column suggested by the late delay of the British Queen, which was partly occasioned by the want of a supply of eggs, while the politicians of Wall street saw in it, "signs of change, perplexing monarchs," and republics also. "A Tale of Naples" is a light sketch "turning on love" and a column of scraps, not a bit better than scraps generally are, follow. Then comes a song entitled "Land Ho" by G. P. Morris; this has been much praised, and is a spirited versification of the poetic feeling experienced by the sight of land after a long voyage. The song is more bacchanalian than suits the Temperance morality, else we might copy them in our Miscellany. "Letters from London," treat of the Fine Arts in the metropolis of the world,—we extract a passage on the effects which such exhibitions as that of the National gallery have on the public mind.

"The advantages of such an institution cannot easily be overrated. As a place of study and severe discipline for rising artists, it is inestimable. But there are other and perhaps higher points of view in which it is to be regarded as a national benefit. It is not merely an agreeable lounge for the affluent connoisseur, but here resort, more especially on holidays, the industrious tradesman and the humble mechanic. Who can say, among the crowds that come hither, what numbers there may be with aspirations far

beyond what might have been expected from the station in life which they at present occupy, and who have been denied by circumstances the means of cultivating and improving the better nature within them? Who can say what impulses may be given—what ray kindled in this place for the benefit and admiration of posterity? Nothing so much tends to humanize and elevate the mind, as the contemplation of what mind has effected; and by the forms of immortal beauty almost moving and breathing around, it is quite possible some poor youth may feel incited to spring from his present condition, and "leave behind him name and memory." Such things have been—such may be.

"But, in an humbler and more practical point of view, what excellent aids are museums, parks, and picture galleries, which can be enjoyed without expense, to temperance societies. How many may be kept away by them from the gin-palace and the tavern. What purifying, instead of debasing influences, may be exercised through their medium on thousands. These moral statistics are worth attention."

"The dead Guest" is a piece of German diablerie. The next article is a notice of Goeth's *Faustus*, from which we copy the characteristic song of the Dancing Peasants, translated by Mr. Anster; the modulation of the verse is a fine help to the sense, and the words dance in excellent time to the fiddle bow of the village musician.

"The shepherd for the dance was drest
In ribands, wreaths and Sunday vest;
All were dancing full of glee,
Underneath the linden tree!
'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle bow.

Soon he runs to join the rest,
Up to a pretty girl he prest;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Pressed her hand: with feigned surprise.
Up she raised her timid eyes!
'Tis strange that you should use me so,
So, so—heigh-ho,
'Tis rude of you to use me so."

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowas and ribands how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring;
They grow red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm.
Slow, slow, heigh-ho,
Tired in elbow, foot and toe!

'And do not make so free,' she said;
'I fear that you may never wed;
Men are cruel'—and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark! again the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden-tree.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle bow!"

An historical notice of the play of "Douglas" conducts to the Editorial columns, which are filled with the usual number of short paragraphs, chiefly on topics of the day. The first of these paragraphs come in appropriately here, as giving the Editor's opinion on matters of which we have just hazarded some remarks:

"AN ORIGINAL NUMBER.—It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we present our readers with the illustrated number of the New York Mirror which we publish this day. The engraving by Danforth, from a design by Chapman, has been pronounced by artists unrivalled by any similar production ever executed in this country. It is needless to point out its beauties—they will be apparent to all with an eye for the beautiful in art; nor is it necessary to add, that it is the most highly-elaborated and expensive engraving on steel ever executed for a periodical work in the United States. It is, moreover, an American picture, illustrative of American history, and designed and engraved by American artists. Of the literary contents of the present number, it may not so well become us to speak; but we cannot forbear calling attention to the interesting extract from Mr. Fay's new novel, 'The Countess Ida,' a work destined to be extremely popular. The 'Wall-street Sketch,' from the pen of a Sexagenarian correspondent, will be found highly amusing, besides being true. The 'Tale of Naples,' from the pen of an accomplished scholar and elegant writer, will of course command attention; and if we could venture to speak of the noble song of 'Land Ho!' by General Morris, we might say much that our relations to that gentleman now debar us from expressing. We hope he will not have a glimpse of what we have said until the paper 'has gone to press.' The German story, by a valued contributor, will be found full of interest; and the specimens of Goeth's *Faust*, worthy of the high fame of the original."

The last page is devoted to a piece of Music, and literary scraps.

We have thus given a glance at American Fine Arts and Literature. Those who are aspiring themselves should examine the progress of persons who are higher up the tree,—should feel the excellencies and understand the defects of the more highly favoured in the same walk of life, and bide the time, anticipatively, when themselves may venture on the different departments and the accessories of the profession.

An article on our third page describes an invention by an ingenious townsman, Dr. Morris, who has been heretofore noted for research and talent. The project appears feasible, and we hope that it will be found to succeed according to the views of the inventor. If it does, it will be a valuable contribution to Science, and although Doctor Morris may fail in obtaining a patent, he ne

doubt will be rewarded by the generosity of that government and nation whose sense of justice, in such matters, at least, will not be appealed to in vain.

On our fifth page will be found an account of the "Philadelphia Tragedy" which has recently occasioned so much remark. The other tragedy in which a female was the principal, that of suicide by precipitation from the London Monument, has furnished some additional intelligence since our last. It appeared on the Coroner's inquest, that the illness of her father, who was a master baker, and the necessity which appeared of her going out to earn her bread, so affected her mind that she committed the dreadful act. These are indeed very melancholy incidents. By the first we see the wretched consequences of mistaken ambition and pride,—how these passions "overleap themselves,"—and the awful misery and degradation which insatiate climbers, who forget the best objects, are neighbours to. The London Tragedy shows how poverty and other worldly ills depress the mind, and what creatures of the moment we too often are. The unhappy young woman, under different impressions, might see that although a passing cloud was gloomy in the extreme, days of brightness and joy lay beyond, and that a persevering course of virtue and industry, would be sure to bring a reward, in worldly comfort and peace of mind.

The Rev. Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, who is a celebrated preacher and poet, recently received an invitation of resignation from his congregation. The votes on the occasion were, for dismissal, 163,—against it 168, so that he was retained by 5 votes. The minority sent him a statement of the fact, and a polite intimation that he ought to take the hint and resign. A Lynn paper, thus speaks of this affair:

"We have often expressed the feeling that it was next to impossible for an honest and independent minister to continue in Boston. He will sink to a level with the dissipation and corruption around him, or be required to withdraw. Generally he becomes corrupt quite soon enough. He dares not preach pointedly. He dares not preach against any one subject of immorality; because it will offend some of his wealthy and luxurious hearers. He dares not jeopard his large salary, obtained by so much exertion, and at the sacrifice of so much principle. He had rather float smoothly along with the current, and be a partaker in the vices of his people than reprove them."

"Not so with Mr. Pierpont. His mind soared too high—was too independent to be enslaved even by the corruption of city life, and the false notions of moral duty which prevail among his profession. He saw the devastations of intemperance, and came out boldly against it. He saw the spirit of liberty giving way to the all-pervading spirit of slavery, and he spoke out prudently but fearlessly on the subject. He did much with his powerful pen in poetry and prose to correct the evils of the age, and to raise the standard of morals. But the dealers and dabblers in alcohol could not stand this, and voted his dismissal."

These reflections on Boston may be much too strong,—but if not, they certainly are much against what is called the voluntary system, as some practice it. But might there not be somewhat of a junction of the voluntary and the involuntary, in every sect, as there is in some one or two. That ministers should be dependent on their congregations at all times, seems dangerous and sometimes calculated to work injustice,—although it may be said that it is not worse than to have a dissatisfied congregation, without means of redress,—but might not the payments be voluntary, and still be generally appropriated and divided by a body independent of any particular section. Perhaps the more compulsory mode, in such matters, may have strong arguments in its favour, under wise restrictions, we do not pretend to judge in this place, and have been induced to a hasty notice by the affair of Mr. Pierpont.

U. STATES.—Late papers give melancholy intelligence of the State of Mobile. It is not only the city of the plague, exhibiting all the desolation and dreadful scenes usual to fatal epidemics, but incendiary fires add to the horrors. On Oct. 7th, 400 wooden houses were burned, estimated at a million and half of dollars, and on the 8th, property to the amount of \$750,000 was consumed,—both fires said to be the work of incendiaries: thus, in the space of about 40 hours, in this almost deserted city, losses by fire occurred to the amount of about £500,000.

The Boston and New York Banks continue firm and confident in responding specie.

CANADA. A case of yellow fever in Kingston U. C. was reported, but has been contradicted.

Two inches of snow lay on the ground on the 27th Sep. at Brockville U. C. It disappeared the next day.

Incendiarism is said to have again shown itself, in the destruction of the Pavillion stables at Niagara.

The establishment of the Ottawa and Rideau forwarding company, is as follows:

Ten Steamboats, viz—six on the Rideau Canal and four on the Ottawa River, between Lachine and Bytown. Twenty six large decked barges, average tonnage from 75 to 100 tons. Twenty four smaller barges and batteaux, from 35 to 10 tons. A Lock at Vaudreuil, that cost £4000 building; the only navigable passage on the Ottawa River. Extensive ranges of Warehouses, at Montreal, Kingston, Prescott, and Bytown, beside warehouses at Lachine, Granville and Carrillon. The number of gentlemen employed as bookkeepers, Clerks, Steamboat Captains and Pursers, amounts to forty five. Number of men employed as the crews of boats etc., six hundred. Offices are located at Montreal, Kingston and Prescott, at each of which a partner resides, agencies are

established at Bytown, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara, Amherstburg, Coburg and Grenville. The capital stock of the Company is Fifty Thousand Pounds. They are now building at Montreal and Prescott, a number of vessels for the ensuing season, including six large barges, to be navigated in summer time on Lakes Ontario and Erie, rigged like schooners.

Meetings had been held in consequence of Sir John Colborne's recall, and highly complimentary resolutions and Addresses passed. Sir J. Colborne issued a general order, dated Oct. 12, conveying his thanks to the officers and men of the volunteer Corps of the Provinces, for the services they had performed.—Sir John had laid the corner stone of McGill College.

Sir George Arthur has authorised the formation of a police establishment along the Niagara frontiers. An agent of the New York Peace Society is active on the Canadian frontier, in forming branch societies and persuading the people to the observance of law and order.

The Bytown Gazette says, that a Farmer in the rear of Bull Township, having the misfortune to lose a cow by death, dragged the carcass into the bush where it attracted so many wolves that 5 were caught. The bounty on these amount to \$50,—so that Drimendhu paid her way after all.

The new Governor General, Sir P. Thompson, and the Commander of the Forces in the Provinces, General Sir R. Jackson, arrived at Quebec on the 19th.

Responsibility agitation was still active in Upper Canada. Meetings had been recently held, and skirmishes manœuvred on the subject.

The Boundary commissioners had concluded their exploration and departed for Quebec. It is said, that no high lands corresponding to the terms of the Treaty have been discovered, except at the source of the Penobscott.

Leonard and McMonagle, convicted of the murder of B. Coyle, at Kingston, were executed on Oct. 16th. The outrage for which these men suffered, occurred during an excursion from St. John, and was occasioned by a dispute at a tavern, where the parties insisted on getting intoxicating liquors. A confession by McMonagle appears in the St. John papers. He describes the transaction, admits violent conduct on his part, but not of a nature to do severe personal injury, and lays all the blame of the day's crime, and its melancholy results, on that fruitful source of evil, Rum.

The Jamaica Royal Gazette of August 31, announces the destruction of the city of Quebec, on the Spanish Main, by fire. The conflagration occurred on August 5th. The loss in Merchandize only, is estimated at a million of dollars, and it is said, that thousands of families have been reduced by the calamity, from comfort and wealth to destitution.

Mr J. Little, of Petite, Basin of Mines, lost his life by missing his way in the wilderness, in the latter part of September.

A large black whale was towed into the Ragged Islands by a fishing craft. This catch was valued at £200, very fair for one haul.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The session of the Institute commences on next Wednesday evening. Tickets may be had at Messrs. McKinlay's Stationary Store.

We hope to be able to present an "Original Pearl" to our readers, next week.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. John Mosley, to Miss Mary Ann Power, both of this town.

On Tuesday morning last, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr G. Romkey, to Miss Mary Ann Frost, both of the Eastern Passage.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Raud, Mr. W. Collymore, to Miss Mary Holloway, both of this town.

DIED.

On Sunday morning, Mr John Lovett, in the 56th year of his age. At Rawdon, on the 13th inst. Mr. John Withrow, aged 82 years. On Wednesday, after a lingering and painful illness, Eleanor, widow of the late Thomas Delhanty.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Sunday, October 27th—Brig President, Crum, Montego Bay, 37 days—rum, pimento and molasses, to M B Almon; Emily, Barron, Savannah la Mar, 31 days—rum, logwood and ginger, to D & E Starr & Co.—On yesterday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, off LeHave, saw a brig apparently bound to Liverpool, with a white bottom.—Fame, Stowe, Trinidad, 16 days—ballast, to Saltus & Wainwright—left brig Colonist, of Yarmouth; brig Placid, Harrison, Trinidad, 25 days—tea, etc. to J A Moren; schr Esther and Eliza, Ryanson, New York, 5 days—flour, tobacco, etc., to Friih, Smith & Co and others; Hugh Johnston, Little, St Croix, 28 days—rum, to D & E Starr & Co—experienced a heavy gale of wind, lost sails, etc.—Loyalist, Skinner, Demerara, 36 days—rum, to W Donaldson; Agnes, Gaspe, 8 days—dry fish and oil, to Creighton & Grassie; Mailboat Roseway, Burney, Bermuda, 13 days, 6 days hence to Bermuda; Argo, Gould, Baltimore, 14 days—wheat and flour, to S Binney—spoke schr Barbara from New York, for St John's on Saturday.

Tuesday, 28th.—Mailpacket brig Margaret, Boole, Boston, 4½ days; brig Goshawk, Smith, Ponce, P R, 24 days—rum, sugar and molasses, to D & E Starr & Co; brig Maria, Lovett, Dublin, 49 days.

Wednesday, 29th.—Brigt Reindeer, Walker, Oderin, 6 days—dry fish, to W B Hamilton.

Thursday, 30th.—Brigt Catherine & Ann, Munro, St John's, N F,—dry fish, to J Allison & Co. Returned, Am brig Mary Helen, bound to Alexandria, sailed from hence on Saturday; was run into on Monday night off Liverpool, by Am brig Empire, from Boston, for Bridgeport, which carried away head, bowsprit, starboard bow, stove boat, damaged sails, etc. The E. proceeded on her voyage with slight damage.

CLEARED.

Monday, October 28th.—Brigt Standard, Clay, Bermuda, general cargo, by J & M Tobin. 29th.—Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, St John, N B—rum, etc.; Emily, Hilton, do—do. 30th.—Brigt Otter, Dill, B W Indies—fish, etc. ketch Lottery, do.

AUCTIONS.

Seasonable Dry Goods, LANDING Ex PRINCE GEORGE from LONDON.

BY J. M. CHAMBERLAIN,

At his Room, To-morrow, Saturday, 2nd November, at 11 o'clock, precisely, —8 bales containing about 40 lots of superior

London Slop Clothing,

&c. viz. Men's Suits fine Blue Jackets and Trowsers, Grey and Blue Flushing Pea and Monkey Jackets and Trowsers, Pilot Coats, Dutch Over Coats, with capes; Blue, Pilot and Buckskin Trowsers, Grey Lintsey Woolsey Great Coats, Pea and Monkey Jackets and Trowsers, long and short Woollen Drawers, Red and Blue Serge and Baize Shirts, Striped Cotton Shirts, Blue Flushings, Pilot Cloths, Plaids, Checks, Prints, red, green and white Baize and Flannels, Merinos, Duck, Osnaburg, Canvas, Cotton Handkerchiefs, and various other seasonable articles, 1 piece fine Drab Cassimere, 1 piece superfine Brown Cloth. Sale positive, bargains may be expected. No postponement on account of the weather. Nov. 1.

At 10½ O'CLOCK,

Immediately previous to the sale of Dry Goods,
12 quarters Fresh Beef,

POTATOES.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

To-Morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, at DOYLE'S Wharf.

500 bushels Potatoes,

November 1, 1839.

Just Published,

And for sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacKinlay, Mr. John Munro, and at the Printing Office of W. Cannabell, Marchington's wharf,

Cannabell's Nova Scotia Almanack for 1840.

Containing lists of the Executive and Legislative Councils, House of Assembly, Sitings of the Supreme Court, Justices of the Peace, Barristers and Attorneys, Officers of the Provincial Revenue, Officers of H. M. Customs, Land Surveyors, Banking companies, Insurance companies, Mails, Stage Coaches, Steamers, Clergy, Academics, Merchants Private Signals, EQUATION TABLE OF TIME, the Navy, Army, Staff of Provincial Militia, &c. &c. with a variety of miscellaneous matter, and INDEX. Nov. 1.

Seasonable Goods.

Landing, Ex Prince George from London:

PILOT Cloths, Flushings, fine and Slop CLOTHING, Blankets, and a variety of other articles in

50 Packages,

Received as above, and for sale on reasonable terms by
Nov. 1, 1839. 3m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Canvas and Cordage.

A FRESH SUPPLY of CANVAS and CORDAGE received per Acadian direct from the Rope Walk of the Gourcock Company. ALSO, Per Brenda,

Pilot Cloths, Flushings, Flannels, Blankets,

Brown Cloth, Prints, Springfield and Manchester Warp, Mackerel and Herring Nets, Salmon Twine, Nails, Spikes, Paints, Oils, Shot, Gunpowder, and many other articles suitable for the season, all of which the Subscriber offers for sale on moderate terms.

Oct. 18.—2w ROBERT NOBLE.

Stoves! Stoves!

CANADIAN heavy cast STOVES for Churches, Kitchens, and Halls—For sale by the Subscriber at his Auction Store, near the Ordnance, viz.

Largest size double close Canada Stoves,

for Kitchens, Single Close ditto, 4x2, 3½x2½, 3x2 and 2½ by 1½ feet. ALSO, on hand, from New York and Boston, an assortment of Franklin and Cooking Stoves; a further supply daily expected.

Oct. 11.—2m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

775 BARRELS FLOUR and MEAL,

ALSO, a few barrels Prime APPLES, Received by the schr Sultan, Morrill, Master, from Philadelphia, and offered for sale by the Subscriber, at low prices, while landing. Sept. 20. ROBERT NOBLE.

SODA, MILK, WINE, AND SUGAR CRACKERS. JUST RECEIVED by schooner Pique from New York, a large assortment of the above and other descriptions of Crackers and Biscuits—fresh from the manufactory—for sale at low prices by the barrel August 30. 3m. R. TREMAIN, Junr

W. L. WHITE,

Hair Dresser, and Manufacturer of every description of ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

RESPECTFULLY announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Halifax and its vicinity, that he has commenced business in the house lately occupied by Mr. McKenzie, Confectioner, adjoining the Apothecary's Hall, Bedford Row, where he hopes by application and industry to merit a portion of their patronage. Oct 11.

Keefler's Reading Room,

ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1836.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the above are respectfully notified, that their SUBSCRIPTIONS for the next year (1840) are now due. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe, will please hand in their Names to the Proprietor. October 4. CHARLES KEEFLER.

WINES, TEAS, SUGARS, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale at his Store in Market square, nearly opposite Messrs. W. A. Black & Son's Hardware Store, a general assortment of Wines and Groceries suitable for the Town, and Country, which he will dispose of by wholesale or retail. Goods sent to any part of the Town free of expense. August 30. 3m. R. TREMAIN, Junr.

From the New York Literary Gazette.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

[Shakspeare made free use of this fine old ballad in several of his plays; we have italicised passages which he copied literally.]

It was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Heav'n thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love,
From many another one?"

"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandle shoon."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone."

"Within these holy cloisters, long,
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And paining of her pride."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For, violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again."

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
For, since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow."

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea and one on shore
To one thing constant never."

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall;
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O! stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not, I pray!
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears!"

DR. GLOVER.

The late Dr. Glover, of convivial memory, though regularly bred to physic and surgery, was for a short period in his early life an actor on the Dublin stage, during which time he conceived the idea that many persons in a state of suspended animation, might by proper and timely treatment be restored to society. The doctor was so confident in his opinion being well founded, that he laid a wager with a brother comedian that the first malefactor who was executed he would restore to life. The bet was accepted, and a few days after, the doctor had an opportunity of proving that he was right on the apparently dead body of a man who was hanged for a robbery. He was however, rather unfortunate in the choice of his subject; for the following day the fellow having discovered the doctor's lodgings, and being introduced into the apartment where he was sitting, the resuscitated criminal, accosting the preserver of his life by the familiar appellation of 'Father,' said, that as he had restored him to existence, it was his duty to support him as his son, and this he should expect him to do. The singularity of the application so amazed the doctor, that it was some time before he recovered his powers

sufficiently to enable him to expel him *viz* *crimes* from the room. Nothing daunted by his reception he visited the theatre that evening, and harangued the audience from the gallery, whilst the doctor was acting. W r r r r the poor doctor went, his resuscitated friend followed him, demanding a settlement for life. At last Dr. Glover was compelled, in order to get rid of his *hopeful heir*, to offer to advance him a sum of money if he would leave the kingdom. This was accepted, and the fellow left the country."

EFFECTS OF GENTLENESS.

My friend Mr. Percival, of the First Life Guards, illustrates the effects of good usage by an interesting anecdote. A horse in the depot at Woolwich had proved so unmanageable to the rough riders that at length no one among them durst even to mount him. His mode of throwing or dismounting his rider consisted in lying down and rolling over him, or else crushing his leg against some wall, or post, or paling.

All means to break him of these perilous tricks proving unavailing, the animal was brought before the commanding officer with the character of being 'incurably vicious;' and with a recommendation, on that account, that he should be 'cast,' and sold out of his majesty's service.

Colonel Quest hearing of this, and knowing the horse to be thoroughbred, and one of the best actioned and cleverest horses in the regiment, besought the commanding officer to permit him to be transferred into the riding troop. This was consented to; and the transfer was no sooner accomplished, than Colonel Quest determined to pursue a system of management directly opposite to that which had been already attempted. He had led him daily into the riding school, suffered no whip ever to be shown him while there, but patted him, and tried to make him execute this and the other little manœuvre; and as often as he proved obedient, rewarded him with a handful of corn or beans, or a piece of bread, with which bribes his pockets were invariably well supplied. In this manner, and in no great distance of time, was the rebel not only subdued and tamed, but rendered so perfectly quiet that a child could ride him. He became, at length, taught to kneel down while his rider mounted, and to perform various evolutions and dances and tricks in the menage, which no other horse in the school could be brought to do. In fine, so great a favourite did he become, that his master gave him the appellation of 'The Darling.'

AECDOTE.

An illiterate preacher being one day about starting on the circuit, ordered his negro servant to bring his horse to the door, and sent him up stairs for some corn to feed him. The negro being rather careless, scattered the corn along down stairs and out doors, where an old sow was feeding, who getting on the track of the corn, by degrees followed the trail up stairs. After a while, the preacher sent the negro up stairs for his saddle. By this time the old sow had found her way under the bed. The negro, hearing the svinish grunt, and not knowing the cause of it, ran down in a terrible fright, crying out, 'massa! massa! de debil be up stairs, massa.' The master in an angry tone sent him up again. The negro, hearing the grunt of the sow repeated, ran down more scared than ever, saying, 'massa, de debil be up stairs sartin, for I hear him go *ch, ch, tree* four time.' The master being somewhat superstitious, concluded to venture up himself, but gave the negro orders to pray for him while he was gone. No sooner had the knight of the black coat reached the head of the stairs, than the old sow rushed from her covert, ran between his legs and carried him down backwards; all the prayer that the negro could make was *Amen*, which he pronounced very devoutly. 'The preacher no less terrified than his servant, cried out, 'the devil has got me, Cuff, why don't you pray?'—'*Amen*,' says the negro.

LOSS OF EUROPEAN STEAMBOATS.

A writer in the London United Service Journal mentions the following steamboats as having been lost within his recollection. The number is thirty. Only the cases of total loss are included in the statement. It will be observed that six were lost in 1837, and five in 1836. In the waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries, the proportion of boats lost is doubtless much greater than in Europe; but a considerable part of them are occasioned by sunken logs,—a danger to which European Steamboats are not exposed. On the Atlantic rivers and coast, we do not believe the loss of boats is greater, in proportion to the number, than in Europe.

List of Steam Vessels Wrecked, Sunk, Burnt, or otherwise destroyed.

Prince Regent, 1817, lost off Reculve, burnt by taking fire round chimney.

Robert Bruce, 1820, Anglesen, burnt by heating of the flues.

Manchester, 1828, lost off Holyhead, foundered at sea.

Comet, 1838, Clyde, run down by another steamer.

Town of Liverpool, 1829, lost near Waterford, wrecked on the rocks in a fog.

St. George, 1830, Isle of Man, driven from her anchors and wrecked.

Frolic, 1830, Nass Sands, wrecked in a gale. All perished.
Rothsay, 1831, Beaumaris Bay, water logged and wrecked. 120 drowned.

St. Patrick, 1831, near Waterford, wrecked on the rocks in a fog.

Lord Blaney, 1833, Liverpool sands, wrecked in a gale. All perished.

Superb, 1833, Liverpool Sands, ran on the sands.

Erin, 1833, off Grassholm, foundered at sea. All perished.

Water Witch, 1833, Coast of Ireland, wrecked in a fog.

St. Winifred, 1834, Leghorn, burnt.

Meteor, uncertain, Portland, wrecked in a fog.

Dasher, uncertain, Port Patrick, wrecked on the rocks.

Rob Roy, 1836, Nore, run down and sunk in a fog.

Albion, 1837, Jaek's Sound, ran on the rocks.

Sultan's Yacht, 1837, Dardanelles, ran on the rocks. Eleven perished.

Apollo, 1837, Thames, run down by another steamer.

Victoria, 1837, Thames, explosion of boiler.

Don Juan, 1837, Straits of Gibraltar, wrecked in a fog.

Northern Yacht, 1838, North Sea, foundered at sea. All perished.

Maid of Bute, 1838, off Rothsay, burnt.

Andromeda, 1838, Bengal, unknown.

Eorfarshire, 1838, Fern Islands, wrecked on the rocks.

St. Patrick, 1838, near Waterford, wrecked on the rocks in a fog.

Killarney, 1838, Coast of Ireland, water logged and wrecked.

Tarbert Castle, 1839, Clyde, driven on the rocks.

Earl Grey, uncertain, Greenock, explosion of boiler.—*Journal of Commerce.*

RECIPES, ETC.

Those who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lime-water and saltpetre, and dry them. The flame is clearer, and the tallow will not "run."

Britannia ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil; then washed in warm suds and rubbed with soft leather and whitening. Thus treated, it will retain its beauty to the last.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first; after it has become inured to the heat, it is not as likely to crack.

It is a good plan to put new earthen ware into cold water, and let heat gradually until it boils—then cool again. Brown earthen ware, particularly, may be tightened in this way. A handful of eye or wheat bran thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing, so that it will not be destroyed by acid or salt.

Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they will wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the thread.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

Woollens should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Luke warm water shrinks them.

Do not wrap knives and forks in woollens. Wrap them in good strong paper. Steel is injured by lying in woollens.

Suet keeps good all the year round, if chopped and packed down in a stone jar, covered with molasses.

Barley straw is the best for beds; dry corn husks slit into shreds are better than straw.

When molasses is used in cooking, it is a prodigious improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant raw taste and makes it almost as good as sugar.

Never allow ashes to be taken up in wood, or put into wood. Always have your tinder box and lamp ready for use in case of sudden alarm. Have important papers all together, where you can lay your hands on them at once, in case of fire.

CONTENTED POVERTY.—Out of the meanest hovel is obtained as fair a sight of heaven, as from the most gorgeous palace.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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