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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Published every Friday evening, at 17s. 6d. per Annum.

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1859.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

THE COQUETTE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"I will not marry yet," was her reply—her face half averted from the kneeling figure beside her, whom still she suffered to retain her hand—whose arm still encircled her waist, unforbidden. "I will not marry yet;" and love was in the tone of the very accents that withheld the boon of love, or deferred the bestowal of it.

St. Aubyn was a young man of moderate fortune; accomplished, unsophisticated, of quick sensibilities. A student, and fond of retirement, he had selected for his summer residence a small fishing hamlet, on the romantic coast of Devonshire; where, between his books and the sea-shore, along which he loved to ramble, his time passed anything but heavily. Here he had resided about a month, when the little community received an addition, in a young lady and her mother, who joined it for the purpose of a temporary residence; and St. Aubyn stepped back, in surprise, when, issuing one morning from the cabin in which he lodged, he beheld two females, in the attire, and with the air, of fashion—the one leaning upon the arm of the other—approaching the humble portal whence he had just emerged. He bowed, however, and passed on.

He had scarcely more than glanced at the strangers; but, transient as was his survey of them, he saw that one of them was an invalid—the younger. "How touching is the languor which indisposition casts over beauty!" exclaimed St. Aubyn to himself. "Health would improve the loveliness of that face, but the interest which now invests it would vanish. No visitation," he continued, "but late hours and crowded rooms have sent her hither—for I prophesy she comes to make some stay. Sidmouth would be change of scene, not change of occupation!" He was right. St. Aubyn returned from his ramble earlier than was his custom. His thoughts that day, were in the hamlet, and not upon the shore. He approached his lodging with something like the emotions of expectation and suspense. He looked at his landlady, on entering, as if he expected her to communicate something; and was disappointed when she merely returned the ordinary response to his salutation. He entered his apartment, dispirited, and threw himself into a chair near the window, the sash of which he threw up, as if he wanted air. For the first time, he felt the oppression of loneliness. "They have not come to stop," said he to himself, and absolutely with a sigh—and no wonder! In an assembly, a lovely, graceful, and delicate woman, beheld for the first time, would have exacted from him only the ordinary tribute which beauty shares with beauty; but, in a remote little fishing hamlet, inhabited by beings as rude as their neighbours, the sea and rocks, such a vision could hardly come, and vanish, without leaving a strong impression upon the beholder. St. Aubyn sat abstracted, chagrined—mortified.

The opening of a window, in a cabin opposite, roused him. The sash was thrown up by a white arm shining through a sleeve of muslin, thin as gauze. Presently, a dimpled elbow reposed upon the sill; and a cheek of pensive sweetness sank upon a hand, so small, so white, that it seemed to have been modelled for no other office than to pillow such a burden. A thrill ran through St. Aubyn, quickening him into wakeful life.

How the hand talks! What passion, thought and sentiment are in it! What tongues are the fingers! Oh! the things that the hand which St. Aubyn sat watching, discoursed to him, as it changed its posture—now with the palm, now with the back, kissing its owner's cheek—now extending one finger upon the marbled, ample temple—now enwreathing itself with one jetty curl and another—now passed over the arched bright forehead—now lowered, and languidly drooping from the window frame, upon which the arm to which it belonged lay motionless—then raised again, with slow and waving motion, till it closed with the cheek that half met it—then gradually crossed over the bosom that seemed to heave with a sigh as it passed, and pressed it to the heart—then clasped with its beautiful fellow, and carried to the back of the head, the full elastic arms swelling and whitening, as they contracted!

St. Aubyn gazed on entranced. Hitherto, the cheek of the fair invalid had been presented to him, but now her head turned: her eyes met his and dropped,—she rose and withdrew.

Only glimpses of her did St. Aubyn catch again, that evening,—but they were frequent. A hand—an elbow—the point of the shoulder—once or twice her figure, flitting backwards and forwards as she paced the apartment. Dusk fell; still he remained at his post. Was it a guitar that he heard? It was but awakened as the first tones of an Eolian harp, which you hold your breath

to hear. Her hand was on the strings: one chord at length she struck full; another succeeded—and another. Then all was silence, for a time. St. Aubyn still remained at the window,—nor in vain. The music woke again, as fairly soft as before; and a voice—soft as the music, but oh! far sweeter—awoke, along with it. She was singing, but he could hear nothing except the strain; and yet he heard enough to tell him that it was the theme of tenderness, though sung by fits, that rather seemed to help than mar the passionate mood. The stars shone out; the moon, in her first quarter half completed, showed her bright crescent clear though setting; the folds of a white drapery shone dimly through the still open casement. Did the wearer approach, to look out and gaze upon the fair knight? No. The sash was pulled down; the string and the voice were hushed; the interesting minstrel had retired. St. Aubyn retired too; but, though his head was upon the pillow, not a moment of that night were his vision and his ear withdrawn from the open window.

It was broad day before forgetfulness cast her spell over the excited spirits of St. Aubyn, nor was it broken till high noon. He arose, emerged from his chamber, and took an anxious survey of the habitation opposite. The room appeared empty. He partook of a slight repast; and sallying out, made his way to the shore. He had not proceeded far, when, turning a point, he beheld the elder female, about a hundred yards in advance of him, standing still, and looking anxiously upwards towards the cliff. He followed what appeared to be the direction of her eyes, and saw the younger, half way up, reclining upon her side. Some thing appeared to be amiss. He quickened his pace; and, joining the former, learned, from her, that her daughter, attempting to reach the top of the cliff, had incautiously turned, and, unaccustomed to look from a height, was prevented by terror from proceeding or descending; that, from the same cause, she had slipped down several feet; and that she, herself, durst not attempt to go to her assistance. St. Aubyn had heard enough; he bounded up the steep. As he approached the fair one, modesty half overcome terror, and she made a slight effort to repair the disorder into which her dress had been thrown, by the accident. St. Aubyn assisted to complete what she had effected but imperfectly; he encouraged her, raised her, and propping her fair form with his own, led her, step by step, down to the beach again. Nor, when she was in perfect safety, did he withdraw his assistance,—nor did she decline it; though, as apprehension subsided, confusion rose, colouring her pale cheek to crimson, at the recollection of the plight in which she had been found. Her ankle was slightly sprained, she said, having turned under her, when she slipped. What was this, if not a warrant for the proffer of an arm? At all events, St. Aubyn construed it as such, and escorted the fair stranger, leaning upon him, back to her lodgings. From that moment, a close intimacy commenced. They were constantly together,—sometimes accompanied by the mother,—more frequently, and at last wholly alone. Communing in solitude, between the sexes and in the midst of romantic scenery, where there is no impediment, no distaste on either side, is almost sure to awaken and to foster love. St. Aubyn loved. The looks, the actions, all but the tongue of Amelia assured him that his passion was returned. Her health had improved rapidly; the autumn was far advanced, and the evenings and nights were growing chill. The mother and daughter now talked of returning to town: a day was fixed for their departure; and, on the eve of that day, St. Aubyn threw himself at the feet of the lovely girl, and implored her to bless him with her hand. Yet, though she did not deny that he had interested her—though her eyes and her cheek attested it—though the hand which was locked in his, locked his as well—though she suffered him to draw her towards him, by the tenure of her graceful waist—still was her reply,—"I will not marry yet."

St. Aubyn did not require to ask if his visits would be permitted in town:—he was invited to renew them there. An excursion to Paris, however, on a matter of pressing necessity, respecting the affairs of a friend, prevented his return for a month. At the expiration of that time, he found himself in London; and with a throbbing heart, repaired to the habitation of his mistress, on the very evening of his arrival. The house was lighted up;—there was a ball. He was scarcely dressed for a party; yet he could not overcome his impatience to behold again the heroine of the little fishing hamlet. He rang, at the same moment when a knot of other visitors came to the door; and entering along with them, was ushered into a ball-room, the footman hurriedly announcing the names of the several parties. The dance was proceeding. It was the whirling waltz—

The dance of contact, also.

Forbid! abandoning to the free hand
The sacred waist; white face to face—that breath
Doth kiss with breath, and eye embraceth eye,—
Your tranced coil relaxing, straightening,—round
And round, in wavy measure, you entwine
Circle with circle—till the swimming brain
And panting heart, in swoony leaps give o'er!

It was the waltz, and the couple consisted of a man of the town and—Amelia!

The party who had entered with St. Aubyn, immediately took seats; but he stood, transfixed to the spot where his eyes first caught the form of his mistress, in the coil of another. She saw not him. With laughing eyes, and cheeks flushed with exertion, she continued the measure of licence, her spirits mounting, as the music quickened, until she seemed to float around her partner, who freely availed himself of the favourable movement of the step, to draw her towards him, in momentary pressure. They, at length, sat down amidst the applauses of the company. St. Aubyn writhed! He retired to a quarter of the room where he thought he should escape observation, and threw himself into a chair.

"Who think you, now, is the happy man?" said one of the group of gentlemen who stood within a few paces of him.

"Why, who, if not Singleton?" replied another; "he has waltzed himself into her heart. This is the twentieth time I have seen her dance with him."

"Oh! another will waltz him out of her heart," interposed a third; "she is an incorrigible coquette, from first to last."

Here the party separated. St. Aubyn, scarcely knowing what he did, after sitting abstracted for a few minutes, rose, and passed out of the ball-room.

He descended the staircase, with the intention of quitting the house; but the supper-room had been just thrown open, and the press carried him in. Nor was he allowed to stop until he had reached the head of the table. Every seat but two, close to where he stood, was occupied. "By your leave, sir!" said a voice behind. He stepped back; and the waltzer led his mistress to one of them, and placed himself beside her. St. Aubyn would have retreated—but could not without incommoding the company, who thickly hemmed him in. Amelia drew her gloves from the white arms they little enhanced by covering—the waltzer assisting her, and transferring them to the custody of his bosom. His eyes explored the table in quest of the most delicate of the viands, which, one after another, he recommended to her; until she made a selection. He filled a wine-glass with sparkling Burgundy, and presented it to her; then crowned a goblet, till the liquid almost overhung the brim—breathed her name over it, in a sigh—and quaffed it off to the bottom, at a draught. He leaned his cheek to her's, till the neighbours almost touched. He whispered her—and she replied in whispers. He passed his arm over the back of her chair, partly supplanting it in the office of supporting her shoulders. He pressed so close to her, that it would have been the same had both been sitting in one seat. She was either unconscious of the familiar vicinity, or she permitted it. The whispering continued; the word "marriage" was uttered—repeated—repeated again. St. Aubyn heard her distinctly reply, "I will not marry yet;" as she rose, and, turning, met him face to face!

"St. Aubyn!" she involuntarily exclaimed. St. Aubyn spoke not, save with his eyes, which he kept fixed steadfastly upon her.

"When did you arrive?" she inquired hurriedly, and in extreme confusion.

"This evening," replied St. Aubyn, without removing his eyes.

"When did you join our party?"

"While you were waltzing," returned St. Aubyn, with a smile.

"And how long have you been standing here?"

"Since supper commenced; I made way for your partner to hand you to that seat, and place himself beside you."

"You have not supped? sit down, and I will help you."

"No!" said St. Aubyn, shaking his head, and smiling again.

"My mother has not seen you yet! Come and speak to her."

"No; I have not a moment to spare. I leave town immediately."

"When?"

"To-night!—Farewell!" said he, turning to go.

"You surely are not going yet?" earnestly interposed Amelia.

"I must not stay," emphatically rejoined St. Aubyn. "For one object alone I came to town. That is finally disposed of. The necessity for my departure is imperative. Remember

me to your mother. Good night!" he added, moving towards the door.

"Have you been well?" she inquired almost tremulously. He continued his progress as fast as the throng permitted him— affecting not to hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon his arm, and stopped him.

"You surely are not well now," she said in a tone of solicitude.

"No," he replied, passing on till he reached the door.

"St. Aubyn!" she exclaimed, heedless of those who surrounded her, "stay a little longer!—an hour—half an hour—the quarter of an hour."

St. Aubyn stopped; and turning, looked upon her, with an expression so tender, yet so stern, that she half shrank as she met his gaze.

"Not a moment!" he replied; "I should be only a clog upon your pastime. I do not waltz!"—Then snatched her hand—raised it to his lips—kissed it—and dropping it, hurried down the staircase, and departed.

Amelia, at once perceived the awkwardness of her situation, recovered her self-possession, and with well-dissembled mirth, affected to laugh.

"A poor lunatic," she exclaimed, "whom I pity, notwithstanding his extravagant aberrations of mind. He is innocent, in his madness. But come, let us forget him."

The dance was resumed. She was the queen of the mirthful hour that shone, surpassing all. She laughed, she rallied, she challenged, she outdid herself—her spirits towering the more, the more the revel waned. Party after party dropped off; still she kept it up till she was left utterly alone—and then she rushed to her chamber, and cast herself upon a couch—dissolved in tears.

She loved St. Aubyn. Vanity had been touched before—but never sentiment, till she visited the little fishing hamlet, on the coast of Devonshire. At first, she could not persuade herself that St. Aubyn would not return;—but a month set that point perfectly at rest. She drooped. Society, amusement, nothing could rouse her into her former self. Her partner in the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with him again. She declined the honour; his visits were discouraged. Her mother anxiously watched the depression of spirits that had taken possession of her, and seemed daily to increase. The winter passed without improvement—the spring. Summer set in; bloom and fruit returned—but cheer was a stranger to her heart. Change of scene was recommended. She was asked to make choice of the place which she would go—she replied, with a sigh, "to the little fishing hamlet."

She and her mother arrived there early on Sunday morning; and re-occupied the identical lodging which they had taken before. The landlady, a kind hearty creature, expressed her surprise and sorrow at the altered appearance of her young lodger.

"Ah," the young gentleman would be sorry to see this—though he has had his turn of sickness too; but he is now quite recovered."

"Mr. St. Aubyn?" breathlessly inquired Amelia.

"Yes!" replied the landlady, "that same handsome, kind young gentleman."

"Merciful heaven! is he here?" she vehemently demanded.

"He is, my lady," returned the landlady.

"Mother!"—she exclaimed, as she turned upon the latter a look, in which pleasure was painted, for the first time since the momentous night of the ball.—"Where does he lodge?" asked Amelia, turning to the landlady.

"In the same place. He came back, about a month after he left," added the landlady. "Poor young gentleman!" she continued; "we all thought he had come to die amongst us—so pale, so melancholy. He would keep company with no one—would speak to no one, and at last he took fairly to his bed."

Amelia laid her head upon her hand, covering her eyes; her tears had begun to flow.

"But the daughter of our neighbour, who had a rich brother that sent his niece to school, and had determined to adopt her—having completed her time, came upon a visit to her father, shortly after the return of the young gentleman, and her mother made her read to him constantly, to divert him; and he grew fond of listening to her, and well he might, for a sweet young creature she is, and at last his health took a turn; and he was able to quit his bed, and to walk, as he used with you, my lady, rambling, whole hours, along the shore with her."

The eyes of Amelia were now lifted to the landlady's face. Her tears were gone, all but the traces of them; they seemed as they were glazed. The landlady had paused at the sound of several voices and a kind of bustle without; and now ran to the window.

"Come hither, ladies!" she said, "they are just coming out!"

Amelia, by a convulsive effort, rose, and hastily approached the window with her mother.

"Here they come!" resumed the landlady, "and this is the end of my story. The young gentleman, at last, fell in love with

his sweet young nurse, and offered to marry her. She had already fallen in love with him: she accepted him, and, this very morning they are going to church. There they are! look! did you ever see so sweet a sight?" What a couple! God bless them! They were made for one another!"

The landlady started and looked around. Amelia had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour her mother was on her way with her from the little fishing hamlet.

In a month she dressed her in a shroud!

From the New York Mirror.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LADY of England—o'er the seas
Thy name was borne by every breeze,
Till all this sunset clime became
Familiar with Victoria's name!

Though seas divide us many a mile,
Yet, for the Queen of that fair isle
From which our fathers sprung, there roves
A blessing from this Land of Groves!

Our fatherland?—fit theme for song!—
When thou art named what memories throng!—
Shall England cease our love to claim?
Not while our language is the same!

Then, royal maid! so live and reign
That when thy nation's swelling strain
Is breathed amid our forests green,
We too may say "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

PREVALENCE OF PEACE.

War, so long the favorite amusement, and often the sole employment of men, has been for many years gradually growing unpopular. Peace societies are not alone of the opinion, that

'Too long at clash of arms, amid her bowers,
And pools of blood, the earth hath stood aghast.'

NAPOLEON, were he to revisit now the glimpses of the moon would find his occupation, and a good deal of his reputation, gone. He has strutted his hour upon the stage, where he was once 'accounted a very great actor.' True, the tragedies in which he performed, were got up in stupendous style, 'with music of cannon volleys, and the murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights were the fires of conflagration; his rhyme and recitative were the tramp of embattled hosts, and the sound of falling cities.' Whole hecatombs of men whiten the gray sands of Egypt, bleach in the snows of Russia, or are garnered on the plains of Italy, who assisted, as nameless and fameless supernumeraries, in his renowned performances. Ah, reader! did you ever consider what was the net purport and upshot of war? Let that imaginary German, (who once, we confess it with shame-facedness, we condemned before we understood,) paint you the picture:

'To my own knowledge, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, (shells of men, out of which all the life and virtue has been blown,) which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the truest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.'

Turn from this sketch, to the falling-out 'governor'—a BONA-PARTE, perchance, luxuriating in his warm bath in Italy, and there, by a word, giving orders to force a distant march, wherein the foot are directed to be driven forward by the horse with such cruel violence, that thousands perish by the way! Or look back upon the desolate track the army has traversed, and pause at the hospitals, where the numbers of the wounded render assistance

impracticable; where novices in surgery serve the apprenticeship of their art amidst hurry and interruption, and the agonizing cries of their suffering patients. All these, as well as the envied dead, who, by a happier fate, were sent suddenly into eternity, are linked by ties of affection to hearts which as yet know not their own bitterness!—*Kaickerbocker*.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—After having gained the battle of Wagram, the Emperor Napoleon established his head-quarters for a time at Schoenbrunn, and there occupied himself, pending the negotiations for his Austrian alliance, with reviewing his troops, and distributing among them rewards and honours. One old and brave regiment of the line was drawn out before him for this purpose, his custom being to examine every corps individually, under the guidance of the officers. After having formed the regiment into columns, Napoleon entered among the ranks, and bestowed praises and decorations on all who appeared worthy of them. Five hours he spent on this occupation, and at length, when he had satisfied himself that no one man's claims had been overlooked, he finished by saying aloud to the colonel, "Now present to me the bravest soldier in your regiment." In some cases this might have been a difficult matter; it did not appear so now. The colonel, indeed, hesitated for a moment, but the question was caught by the soldiers, and one universal answer came from the ranks. "Morio! Corporal Morio!" was the cry. The colonel approved of the decision, and Morio was called forward. He was a man still young, but embrowned by service, and he already wore on his person three badges of merit, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. Napoleon looked at him attentively. "Ah," said he, "you have seen service?" "Fifteen years, my emperor," replied Morio; "sixteen campaigns and ten wounds—not to speak of contusions." "How many great battles?" asked the emperor. "Sire, I was at your heels at the Bridge of Arcola; I was the first man who entered Alexandria; it was I who gave you my knapsack for your pillow at the bivouac of Ulm, when forty thousands Austrians capitulated; I took five hussars prisoners with my own hands on the day of Austerlitz; it was I who served you—." "Hold! it is well, very well! Morio, I name you baron of the empire, and to that title I add a hereditary gift of five thousand francs a year." Acclamations rose anew from the soldiery. "Ah, my emperor," said Morio, "this is too great a reward for me. But I will not play the usurer with your bounty. None of my companions, while I have it, shall want food or clothing."

Morio still lives. He only quitted the service when his master fell, and, in spite of that change, Morio still enjoys the emperor's gift. He has kept his word to his companions. No old soldier in the department to which he has retired, wants wherewithal to drink the health of Napoleon.—*French newspaper*.

THE CONSEQUENCES.—An old gentleman having an occasion for a footman, desired his nephew to look out for one.—The nephew after much examination, not being able to find any other whom he thought would answer the purpose, desired his own servant Robert to hire himself to his Uncle. Robert quitted the service of his young master with reluctance, but concluding it would be advantageous to his future arrangements, he repaired to the old gentleman, who being confident that his nephew would not recommend him an improper person, only asked him if he understood sequences.

"I do not know, sir," replied the man, "but if you will be pleased to explain yourself, I hope I shall be able to give you satisfaction."

"I mean," said the old gentleman, "that when I order you to lay the cloth, you should understand by it all the things connected with it, as the knives, forks, spoons, etc. etc.—And so upon all occasions, not to do barely what you are bid by the word of mouth, but to think of the consequence, sequences, or dependencies of any one thing upon another."

The man assured him that he had not the least doubt of pleasing him; accordingly he was hired, and for some time they agreed perfectly well; but at last his master finding himself suddenly ill one morning, ordered him to get a nurse as soon as possible. Instead of returning with speed he was absent for several hours; and the moment he came into his master's presence he severely reprimanded him for having staid so long away, when he had sent him on business that required despatch. The arch fellow waited until the old gentleman's passion was abated, and then proceeded to justify his conduct in the following manner.

That he went and found the nurse, who was below; that the consequence of a nurse might be an apothecary, he had been for one, who was also below; that knowing a doctor always followed an apothecary, he had likewise engaged a physician, who was in waiting. A surgeon was often, he said, the sequence to a doctor, and an undertaker the consequence of all, he had, therefore, brought them, and hoped he had thoroughly understood his orders.

The old gentleman was so pleased with the humour of the man that he ordered him to fetch a lawyer to make a codicil in his will, by which he left him a valuable legacy.

SINGERS AND SINGING.—The Italians are the only people who have cultivated vocal science with pre-eminent success. From them are deduced the *ev* principles that are established in other countries. Perhaps we may trace certain national variations of tone in singing to the predominance of peculiar actions of the organs of speech in pronouncing the several languages. The French are nasal, the Germans are guttural, and the English sibilant. These are the characteristics of their several languages. Their own singers differ too in their manner of voicing, while the Italians, whose smooth and gliding syllables are lubricated by the constant succession of vowels, evince in the uniformity of their conduct of the voice, their *portamento*, as it is termed, that they have a regular and certain method of producing tone; and it must be conceded to them that it produces the purest and the best that art has hitherto attained. They appear, as far as such an act will admit of being described, to form the tone more at the back of the mouth, keeping the throat moderately open, than either in the chest, the head, or the throat itself. We should say that there is a place near the back of the mouth, where the voice, whether from the head or the chest, must pass, and it seems as if the method brings the tone to this spot previous to production, and sends it forth in its finished state, from that precise point, untainted either by the nose or the throat, the mouth or the lips. The mouth, which the English singer causes to take a very principal direction, has little, if any, immediate influence in the formation of the Italian tone. The mouth and lips are much more visibly at rest; they assume a gentle smiling character; the aperture is lengthened rather than rounded as in English singing. Upon such a matter, words convey very inadequate ideas; but if the reader will closely observe and endeavour to imitate the tone of a fine Italian singer, a sort of sympathy will direct him to that immediate action of the organs employed in the production and emission of sound which we have attempted to describe, and he will clearly understand these differences.

Besides these grand essentials of purity, richness, sweetness, and brilliancy, I have said it is important that the voice in all its compass and variety should carry with it a distinguishing and predominant characteristic, by which it may always be recognised. This property is perfectly compatible with the most sublime, the most lively, or the most pathetic expression of tone. The auditor, even with his eyes shut, should never be at a loss to determine whether the notes proceed from the same person; the conduct of the voice should be equable, and the tones in pronouncing the different vowels, as nearly alike as is consistent with pure and unaffected pronunciation, which ought upon no account to be sacrificed to erroneous notions of tone. The license which the Italian language grants in this point, in permitting something like the insertion of vowels between words beginning and ending with consonants, is not to be endured in an English singer. *Moy for my, day for die*, must always be disgusting to a classical ear in any tone. The transitions, though well-marked and well defined, should never be too violent or sudden, but should seem to melt into each other by proper gradations, unless in compositions where a change of the sentiment demands an entire and rapid alteration. The notes should never be quitted abruptly, but should sink as it were into silence. These appear to be the only general rules.

SOME PARTICULARITIES OF GOETHE.—A distinguished painter, M. de Keilhoeltzer, who was on habits of intimacy with Goethe during the last twelve years of his life, has given us an account of some of the great man's peculiarities, of which the public was previously ignorant.

Light and warmth Goethe loved above all things; and consequently, the higher the temperature, the gayer and the more conversible was he. He used to say jestingly, that if a man could form beforehand a true idea of the horrors of winter, he would hang himself in the autumn, sooner than endure them. He would never allow the windows of his study or of his sleeping-room to be opened; even if the air was fairly noxious, he found it comfortable. It was only in his absence, and at the risk of being severely censured, that those around him would sometimes, acting from a well grounded anxiety for his health, throw open those two apartments to change the air in them.

Goethe was insensible to unpleasant odours, with the single exception of that of rotten apples—an odour which, by a singular contrast, Schiller was peculiarly fond of. Goethe walked one day into Schiller's study, and not finding him at home, determined to await his return, and sat down not far from the poet's desk, but soon experienced a stupor which gained gradually upon him, and did not disappear until he was fairly in the street. Schiller's servant set to work to find, if possible, what could have produced such an effect on Goethe's nerves; and found on a shelf above the desk a score or so of apples, all more or less rotten, with which the author of *Joan of Arc* had provided himself, in order to perfume to his taste what he called his "workshop."

Goethe, whether at home or in society, always endeavoured to snuff with his own hands all the candles near him, because, as he used to say, it was an operation that no one could perform to his satisfaction. He has even been known to leave more than one party abruptly, because the servants had not snuffed the candles

that stood before him in a way that pleased him, and because there were no snuffers on the table, wherewith to correct their blunders. He did not like to be asked how he did, and if such a question was put to him when he happened to be in the least indisposed, he was vexed, and without making any answer, would change the conversation to some other subject. He loved life, but loved good health more and did not fear death. "The only things I now fear," he would say, in the last year of his life, "are diseases, and a painful end. If God will grant me an easy death, and that soon, it is all I ask."

VERIFICATION OF A DREAM.—A letter from Hamburg contains the following curious story relative to the verification of a dream. It appears that a locksmith's apprentice one morning lately informed his master, (Claude Soller,) that on the previous night he dreamt that he had been assassinated on the road to Bergedorff, a little town at about two hours' distance from Hamburg. The master laughed at the young man's credulity, and to prove that he himself had little faith in dreams, insisted upon sending him immediately to Bergedorff, with one hundred and forty six dollars, which he owed to his brother-in-law, who resided in the town. The apprentice, after in vain imploring his master to change his attention, was compelled to set out about eleven o'clock. On arriving at the village of Billwaerder, about half way between Hamburg and Bergedorff, he recollected his dream with terror; but, perceiving the baillie of the village at a little distance, talking to some of his workmen, he accosted him, and acquainted him with his singular dream; at the same time requesting, that as he had money about his person, one of his workmen might be allowed to accompany him for protection, across a small wood which lay in his way. The baillie smiled, and, in obedience to his orders, one of his men set out with the young apprentice. The next day the corpse of the latter was conveyed by some peasants to the baillie, along with the reaping-hook, which had been found by his side, and with which the throat of the murdered youth had been cut. The baillie immediately recognized the instrument as one which he had on the previous day given to the workman who had served as the apprentice's guide, for the purpose of pruning some willows. The workman was apprehended, and, on being confronted with the body of his victim, made a full confession of his crime, adding, that the recital of the dream had alone prompted him to commit the horrible act. The assassin, who is thirty-five years of age, is a native of Billwaerder, and previously to the perpetration of the murder had always borne an irreproachable character.

PERSONAL ADORNMENT OF LADIES.—Art is an extremely beautiful thing, but nature is a much more beautiful and a wiser one. Jewelry of all sorts is a beautiful thing; satin, velvet, the costly oriental draperies, etc., are also abstractedly grateful to the eye, and are chief ingredients in the entire composition of the gorgeousness of the picture; but despite of our admiration of these, the general ornaments of ladies, we still cannot help remarking the very few natural flowers and wreaths by which a woman can alone increase (if it be possible to increase) her own beauty. Pure as the diamond is, clear as the brilliant is, warm as the ruby is, sunshiny as the topaz is—a beautiful woman is purer, clearer, warmer, and casts forth a more celestial sunshine than any one of them; and they are, therefore, not so fitted to accompany and share the admiration compelled by a woman's beauty as flowers, the only things of the lovely which art cannot increase in beauty, except women. We remember a short time back being inexpressively delighted with the taste a young lady, who sat near us, displayed in the style of her head-dress, which consisted merely of a wreath of white roses. Her eyes and hair were as black as sloes; upon her cheeks was the delicate blushing of the rose; and these with the sweet modesty of her face's expression, united to the simplicity of the head-dress, composed an aspect the beauty of which could not possibly have been attained by the costliest tiara of diamonds, or the united brilliancies of all the precious stones wealth could procure. How the beauties of Titian and the old masters would suffer if jewelry were substituted for the profusion of flowers by which they are adorned. We really find it difficult to see the propriety of putting a heavy head-gear about the delicate brow of a fairy, but could well fancy her supporting a delicate rose wreath, or even the more ample luxuriance of a crown of ivy or vine. Do our readers think with us?

CALLING OF THE QUEEN BEES.—"I have never been able to see what was going on at the time this calling took place but once. As our bees are not very near the house, it is my practice, in swarming time (when I have any reason to expect a swarm), to walk to the aviary about 10 o'clock, to ascertain if any hives are getting very busy, in which case I place some one to work near the spot. Going one morning to a hive I expected to send forth a swarm, I was amused at the sound of "peep, peep." Feeling interested in what might be the result, I continued my observations till the swarm came out, but I think it is probable it had been going on for a considerable time before. This sound of "peep, peep," came from an old queen, whom I could plainly

see going from one part of the hive to the other; running in a hurried manner, as though anxious to escape, and uttering the call in a hoarse kind of way every time she stopped. During the time this was going on, there was another sound of "peep, peep," of a shriller kind, from a fixed point; but it was in the interior of the hive, and consequently, out of the reach of my observation. This continued about an hour, when the swarm issued forth; but whether the queen who ought to have accompanied it was destroyed in the hive, or lost after she came out, I cannot say; but, almost as soon as the bees were out they returned to the parent stock, and never after made an attempt to swarm, neither was there any more confusion in the hive, nor sound of "peep" from either old or young queens, but all went on as peaceably as though nothing had happened.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

BEAUTY OF THE JEWESS.—Fontaine asked me one day, why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men. I gave him a reason at once poetical and Christian. The Jewesses, I replied, have escaped the curse which has alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of man, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, subjected him to ignomy and the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour—they loved, they followed him, they soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster; the sinner anointed his feet with a perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate Judge to the woman in crime. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary; balm, and spices, and weeping, sought him at the sepulchre: "woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance was to Magdalen; he said to her, "Mary!" At the sound of that voice Magdalen's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master!" The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.—*Chateaubriand*.

FRESH AIR.—The celebrated Dr. Darwin was so impressed with a conviction of the necessity of good air, that, being very popular in the town of Derby, once on a market-day he mounted a tub, and then addressed the listening crowd. "Ye men of Derby, fellow-citizens, attend to me! I know you to be ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your exertions you procure for yourselves and families the necessaries of life; but if you lose your health, that power of being of use to them must cease. This truth all of you know; but I fear some of you do not understand how health is to be maintained in vigour—this then depends upon your breathing an uncontaminated air; for the purity of the air becomes destroyed where many are collected together; the effluvia from the body corrupts it. Keep open, then, the windows of your workshops, and as soon as you rise, open all the windows of your bed-rooms. Inattention to this advice, be assured, will bring disease on yourselves, and engender among you typhus fever, which is only another name for putrid fever, which will carry off your wives and children. Let me again repeat my serious advice—open your windows to let in the fresh air; at least once in the day. Remember what I say; I speak now without a fee, and can have no other interest but your good in this my advice."—*Maidstone Journal*.

POWER OF PREJUDICE.—"People are apt to see the force of evidence or of argument only as it makes for their own prejudices—the wish is father to the thought." The wolf when he was learning to read, could make nothing out of the letters, whatever they might be, that were set before him, but 'lamb.' Cudworth suggests that even geometrical theorems, (that the three angles of a triangle for instance, are equal to two right angles,) if connected with offensive moral truths, might possibly become the subject of doubt and controversy. And Mr. Lo Bas, who adopts this sentiment in his valuable essay on Miracles, adds in a note, somewhat after the manner of Warburton's Illustrations, "If the Pythagorean proposition (Euc. 1. 47,) were to impose on mathematicians the Pythagorean maxim of a strict vegetable diet, what carnivorous student of geometry would ever get to the end of the first book in Euclid? Or if we could conceive the doctrine of Fluxions had, somehow or other, been combined with an obligation to abstain from the use of wine; does any one believe that it would have gained its present undisputed establishment throughout the scientific world? Should we not at this very day have many a thirsty analyst protesting that he was under an absolute inability to comprehend or to credit the systems?"—*Quar. Review*.

There are readers who get no further than the title page of books, like the Indian fox, who devours only the heads of insects.

RHYMES FROM RUCKERT.

The two following sonnets are taken from a collection entitled *Aprilreiseblätter*, (Leaves from an April journey,) of which they are the 66th and 31st.

I.

Nature and man are constantly at war ;
The crooked lines, which, in her sportive glee,
On stone and ledge she traces joyously—
Fond man will never leave them as they are,
But makes them straight ; each rude rock he must square,
To yield him planks, forsooth, must train the tree.
Thus rocks and trees curb'd to his ends must be,
And from his home the eagle he must scare.
But, when these arts wild nature would engage,
And her free sports would chuck with formal chain,
She stirs herself, high swelling in her rage.—
Then the plank moulders till it cracks in twain,
Then springs green moss from walls that shake with age ;—
Nature stands free, where ends proud arts domain.

II.

Heav'n is a scroll, the hand of God holds fast—
A mighty scroll, with ground of azure-blue,
Which to this hour hath kept its constant hue ;
E'en to this vast World's end that hue shall last,
And mystic words, which from God's mouth have pass'd,
Are written on this scroll with cyphers true ;
Yet lest it be unrolled to mortal view
As a great seal the Sun is on it plac'd.
When from the scroll night takes the seal away
A thousand signs beam to the wand'ring eye,
Which but one mighty hieroglyph display,
Telling that "God is love—love ne'er can lie."
And this one phrase—no Understanding may
Interpret it—its import is so high !

BILLARD'S ADVENTURE IN A WELL.

The story of the unfortunate Dufavel, who was buried accidentally in a well, and remained in it for a long period, is not without a parallel in the story of mining transactions in France. In the department of the Indre, and parish of Fleure-la-Riviere, March 27, 1837, about half-past eight in the morning, Etienne Billard, a working mason, descended a well one hundred and twenty feet deep, for the purpose of examining it preparatory to some repairs. When he had reached the bottom, or nearly so, an extensive portion of the sides fell in upon him, and shut him out from the light of day ; but, by a remarkable piece of good fortune, the materials, in falling, formed a small arch of about three feet in diameter around his head. Had it not been for this, he would have been either fatally hurt by the heavy stones of the masonry, or would have been suffocated immediately. Every other part of the well around his body was filled compactly with the fallen materials. The noise of the irruption was heard by some workmen near the spot, who immediately ran up to it. On listening intently, they heard the cries of Billard, and the certainty that he was yet alive inspired the hope of delivering him. Sending off one of their number to alarm the neighbouring inhabitants and authorities, these workmen then lowered a lighted candle down the well, the danger of a farther fall of the sides deterring themselves from going down. The candle went down one hundred feet, thus showing that about twenty feet of the mass, or a considerable portion thereof, lay above the unfortunate Billard. In reply to their call, he was heard distinctly to say that he could not see any thing of the light. "I am assured," he moreover said, "that I am a lost man. But I suffer no pain, and I breathe freely."

No ordinary difficulty, it was obvious, stood in the way of relief in this case. For workmen to descend into the narrow deep well, and attempt to clear away the ruins, without some security against a farther fall of the sides, was a dangerous task. The authorities of the district, as soon as they arrived, and saw the nature of the accident, sent off an express for the district superintendent of roads and bridges, Monsieur Certain. He was at some distance, and did not arrive till next day. In the mean time, one man, a slater, ventured to descend to the top of the fallen mass of stones and earth, which proved, as had been shown by the candle, to be about one hundred feet below the orifice. Urged by the indistinct cries for help which they heard from poor Billard, the men on the spot began to lift the stones forming the sides of the well. When Monsieur Certain arrived, he descended without hesitation into the well, and put several questions to Billard respecting his situation. M. Certain judged it proper to continue the raising of the sides of the well, as the displacement of the lower part would render it most imprudent to go on otherwise. No side boring could be executed with such speed as the whole well could be cleared. The soil, fortunately, was clayey and firm. While this labour was going on day and night, with the utmost rapidity compatible with a proper degree of caution, the friends and fellow workmen of Billard descended occasionally to animate him with the cheering sound of kindly voices, and with the assurance that help was near.

On the morning of the 29th, the governor and head engineer of the department of the Indre arrived. M. Ferrand, inspector of works, was with them, and descended into the well. He gave his assent to the continuation of the operations going on, which some of the anxious friends of the prisoner were beginning to exclaim against, from their seeming slowness. In presence of the gentlemen mentioned, the labours were continued, and on the evening of the 29th the well was clear to the upper part of the fallen mass. Without delay, the process of lifting them was begun ; but from the size of the stones, the work went on very tardily, through the difficulty of hoisting them to such a distance above. After they had advanced a certain way, a new difficulty met them in the face. It was impossible to tell the exact state of the arch formed so miraculously over the head of the unfortunate man, or its degree of stability. It was necessary, therefore, to go on with the elevation of the stones with extreme care and delicacy, otherwise the unsettlement of any portion of the heavy masses above him might have caused his instantaneous death, either from a crush or suffocation.

At ten o'clock in the evening of the 29th, the workmen were calculated to be about six feet above the captive, who had now been shut out from the light since the morning of the 27th. It was impossible to send him food by a bore as in the case of Dufavel, and he had therefore the pressure of hunger added to his misery. His voice was heard more clearly as the workmen went on, and they could now even tell the exact point where he was confined. But during the night of the 29th his voice became a source of fear and alarm to the labourers above him. Billard's motionless condition, his want of food and air for so long a time, began to overthrow his moral courage. His reason gave place to delirium, his hope to despair. The workmen heard him at one moment lamenting his fate and piteously crying for food, and at the next moment they heard him abandoning himself to the most extravagant gaiety. Laughter heard in such a situation was a thing almost too deplorable and shocking for human ears to listen to. When consulted on the meaning of the symptoms on the part of Billard, M. Nabert, a surgeon who had never quitted the spot since the time of the accident, recommended the workmen to hurry on their labours, as the man could probably survive but a few hours in this state.

In consequence of this advice, a new direction was given to the work, and in place of passing down by the side of the spot where the poor man was supposed to be, the excavation was carried slopingly down to his head. In fine, after three days and three nights of incessant toil, the head of Billard was reached, and cleared of all surrounding matter. The instant that this took place, it was notified to those above by a cry, and the deafening shouts that were immediately raised, showed what an assemblage had gathered around the place to learn the issue of the case. The deliverance took place exactly a quarter of an hour before eleven o'clock in the morning of the 30th. When raised once more to the daylight, every precaution was taken to prevent any bad effects from a change so sudden. He was carried to a neighbouring house, with his body and head well wrapped up, and there he was laid in an apartment, from which the light was in a great measure excluded. After some spoonfuls of light broth and a little wine had been administered to him, he fell immediately asleep, never having tasted that blessing during his confinement. Before sleeping, he had spoken in such a way as to show that his mind had recovered its tone. His pulse was weak but quick, beating 126 times in a minute ; his skin was cold, his thirst burning, and his tongue stuck almost to the roof his mouth. While confined, he had eaten a portion of the leather front of his cap or bonnet, and he had even, he said, endeavoured to grind with his teeth a stone that lay before his mouth.

Etienne Billard soon recovered. His imprisonment had not been so protracted as to render the vital heat difficult of restoration. His body, however, though not mangled or bruised, as it might have been expected to be, retained for a long time a feeling of dull pain, from the pressure that had been exerted upon it.

SPANISH WOMEN.—The Spanish women are very interesting. What we associate with the idea of female beauty, is not perhaps very common in this country. There are seldom those seraphic countenances, which strike you dumb, or blind, but faces in abundance which will never pass without commanding admiration. Their charms consist in their sensibility. Each incident, every person, every word, touches the fancy of a Spanish lady, and her expressive features are constantly confuting the creed of the Muslem. But there is nothing quick, harsh, or forced about her. She is extremely unaffected, and not at all French. Her eyes gleam rather than sparkle, she speaks with vivacity, but in sweet tones ; and there is in all her carriage, particularly when she walks, a certain dignified grace which never deserts her, and which is very remarkable.

The general female dress in Spain is of black silk, called a *basquina*, and a black silk shawl, with which they usually envelop their heads, called a *mantilla*. As they walk along in this costume in an evening, with their soft, dark eyes dangerously conspicuous, you willingly believe in their universal charms. They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of this they are

very proud, and indeed its luxuriance is only equalled by the attention which they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of fourteen, whose hair reached her feet, and was as glossy as the curl of a contessa. All day long, even to the lowest order they are brushing, curling, and arranging it. A fruit-woman has her hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess of Ossana. In the summer, they do not wear their mantilla over their heads, but show their combs, which are of very great size. The fashion of those combs varies constantly. Every two or three months you may observe a new form. It is the part of the costume of which a Spanish woman is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, even a servant girl will run to the melter's with her old one and thus with the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. These combs are worn at the back of the head. They are of tortoise-shell, and with the very fashionable, they are white. I sat next to a lady of high distinction at a bull-fight at Seville. She was the daughter-in-law of the captain-general of the province, and the most beautiful Spaniard I ever met. Her comb was white, and she wore a mantilla of blonde, without doubt extremely valuable, for it was very dirty. The effect, however, was charming. Her hair was glossy black, her eyes like an antelope's, and all her other features deliciously soft. She was further adorned, which is rare in Spain, with a rosy cheek, for in Spain our heroines are rather sallow. But they counteract this slight defect by never appearing until twilight, which calls them from their bowers, fresh, though languid, from the late siesta.

The only fault of the Spanish beauty is, that she too soon indulges in the magnificence of enloupment. There are, however, many exceptions. At seventeen, a Spanish beauty is poetical. Tall, lithe, and clear, and graceful as a jennet, who can withstand the summer lightning of her soft and languid glance ! As she advances, if she do not lose her shape, she resembles Juno rather than Venus. Majestic she ever is, and if her feet be less twinkling than in her first bolero, look on her hand, and you'll forgive them all.

ENGLISHMAN ASCENDING VESUVIUS.

The Countess of Blessington, in her recent work, "The Idler in Italy," remarks that travelling English make the worst appearance abroad of all nations, on account of the large portion of uneducated men whom wealth allows, amongst us, to quit their country for a season. The traces of this in continental albums are, she says, very conspicuous. The following is a grotesque picture presented by her ladyship of a fellow-countryman whom she found toiling up the slopes of Vesuvius.

"A most piteous sight was presented to us by the ascent of a very fat elderly Englishman, who commenced this painful operation at the same time that we did. He was, like me, preceded by a guide with leathern straps, to which he adhered with such vigorous tenacity, as frequently to pull down the unfortunate man, who complained loudly. The lava, gravel, and cinders, put in motion by the feet of his conductor, rolling on those of the fat gentleman, extorted from him sundry reproaches, to which, however, the Italian was wholly insensible, not understanding a word of English. The rubicund face of our countryman was now become of so dark a crimson, as to convey the idea of no slight danger from an attack of apoplexy ; and it was bathed in a profuse perspiration, which fell in large drops on his protuberant stomach. Being afraid to let go the leather straps for even an instant, he was in a pitiable dilemma how to get at his pocket handkerchief. One of our party offered to take out his pocket handkerchief, seeing how much he stood in need of it ; an offer which he thankfully accepted, but explained that his pocket was secured by buckles on the inside, to prevent his being robbed ; a precaution, he added, that he well knew the necessity of, as those Lazaretos (*Lazaroni* he meant) would not otherwise leave a single article in it. It required no little portion of ingenuity to separate the pocket inside ; and while the operation was performing, he kept praying that his purse, snuff-box, or silver flask, might not be displayed, lest they might tempt the Lazaretos to make away with him, in order to obtain those valuables.

"I took care to conceal my watch," said he with a significant look, "for I know these rascals of Lazaretos right well. Why, would you believe it, ladies and gentleman ? they pretty nearly knocked me down in that dirty village where the donkeys are hired. I was up to their tricks, however, and saw, with half an eye, that when they pretended to fight among themselves, it was a mere sham, as an excuse that I might get an unlucky blow between them, when, I warrant me, they would soon have, dispatched me, and have divided my property amongst them, but they saw your large party coming, and that saved me."

I asked why, if his opinion of the Neapolitans was so bad, he ventured alone with them on so hazardous an expedition. "Indeed, ma'am, I never had such a foolish intention ; for, would you believe it, I have come to that there dirty village no less than three times, in the hope of meeting a large party of English who might serve as protection for me, but until to-day never saw more than one or two persons, therefore I returned as I came. I had heard, however, so much of this burning mountain, that I was determined

to look on with my own eyes; for I am one of those who don't believe every thing I hear, I can tell you, and more especially about places in foreign parts. In truth ma'am, I just wanted to be able to say when I got home, 'Why, good people, I've been on the spot, and am up to the whole thing.'"

From the 'Companion to the British Almanack for 1839.'

PROGRESS OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

There are periods in the history of man during which the arts of social life appear to make little if any progress; when society, contented with its former achievements, seems to think only how best and most quietly to enjoy the benefits of previous discoveries and inventions. There are, on the other hand, seasons in which one invention and improvement prepares the way for another, and discoveries in art and science succeed each other with a rapidity the most exciting and surprising. Such a season as this it is the good fortune of the existing generation to experience. That which excited our wonder yesterday gives place to the greater wonder of to-day, which, in its turn, is doomed to be eclipsed by some undreamed-of invention to-morrow. Under this aspect every year as it passes adds that to the sum of our possessions and the magnitude of our hopes, which gives an air of insignificance to the achievements of preceding years; and while in former times it was a characteristic of wisdom and prudence to be slow in accepting the actual discoveries of science, it would now be deemed imprudent and unwise to doubt even her promises. Nothing has so much contributed to bring about this state of things as the incessant improvements of the steam-engine and its adaptation to new purposes, and to processes which owe their practical development wholly to this modern giant. Among those purposes by far the most important to the peaceful and social progress of the world which has yet been attained is the art of locomotion, which, although its beneficent influence is most apparent in the western portion of Europe, and especially within the limits of our own country, has given and is giving an impulse to society which is felt in the remotest corners of the habitable globe.

In the 'Companion for 1838' some tables were inserted which comprised materials for the history of steam-navigation in this country from the moment of its first adoption to the end of 1836. At the close of the remarks by which those tables were accompanied, notice was taken of preparations on a gigantic scale, then in a state of great forwardness, for putting to the test of experiment an undertaking, the accomplishment of which has been the subject of much controversy among the best-informed men. Steam-ships of large burthen, and provided with engines of greater power than any before constructed for the purpose of navigation, were then in progress towards completion; and public attention was forcibly drawn to the inquiry whether in the present state of our knowledge such vessels could be profitably engaged in transatlantic voyages. That experiment has since been made and repeated with the most triumphant success. The voyages between this country and New York of the "Sirius," the "Great Western," and the "Royal William," have been performed since the spring of 1838, free from the intervention of a single obstacle or accident; and transatlantic steam-voyages may now be said to be as easy of accomplishment by means of ships of adequate size and power as the passage between London and Margate. The "Sirius" and "Great Western" arrived back from their first voyages on the 19th and the 22nd of May, and their success has not only afforded encouragement to other adventurers in the same track, but has already proved the signal for embarking in yet more distant undertakings, the successful issue of which seems to excite far less doubt than hung over the experiment of the American voyage when last year we noticed the preparations in progress.

The effects, political, social, and moral, of this practical approximation of the Old and new Worlds, it is not possible to trace or to foresee. There is much wisdom in the remark lately made in one of our daily journals, that between two countries which have for any long time maintained a regular and frequent communication by means of steam-packets it would be morally impossible that war should rise. By such facility and certainty of intercourse connexions are formed, multiplied, and extended to a degree which must soon embrace the largest proportion of the most active and therefore the most influential inhabitants of both countries, and engage them by the strongest of human motives to prevent a rupture. If this remark has a true foundation as regards any two countries, it must assuredly be true when applied to England and the United States of America. The half-century which has elapsed since the separation of the plantations from the mother country has witnessed the removal from this life of all who could have taken an active part in the struggle which preceded that untoward event, but has not sufficed to cancel the remembrance of our common origin, nor to efface the feelings of pride which on either side attend upon the progress and prosperity of the other. Where is the Englishman who does not rejoice at the successive proofs which America continually gives that she remembers and does honour to her origin? and where is the American who does not look to England as to the land of his fathers, whose heart does not glow at the remembrance of her glories, or

who would not tread her shores with a feeling of reverence that no other scenes could call up? Was it only the excitement of curiosity that, when the "Sirius" and "Great Western" entered the harbour of New York, drew the whole population of the city forth to greet them with such heart-stirring acclamations? Would the same enthusiasm have marked the accomplishment of the experiment if it had been made under any other flag than that to which their fathers bore a willing allegiance? Nor have our American friends been slow to profit by the means thus offered for giving an impulse to the intercourse between our countries. Many have already been tempted by the celerity and certainty of the voyage to visit the old country who might otherwise have contentedly continued at home; and it is now no idle speculation to foretel that thousands among the men of intelligence in England and America will respectively be led to spend on the other side of the Atlantic that season of recreation from the toils of commercial or professional pursuits which they have been hitherto contented to pass nearer to their homes. The ties of a common origin and a common language, joined to the attractions of habits, customs and feelings, bearing closer resemblance than those of any other countries, may give a force to this consideration as regards England and America greater perhaps than can be applied to it in general, but the difference is one of degree only, while it is the inevitable tendency of more intimate communication to break down the barriers raised by ignorance and prejudice, to bring about the conviction that many things are disapproved only because they have been misunderstood, and that the points of resemblance between the citizens of different countries—especially those of them which belong to the moral qualities of our nature—are far greater in number and more important in their character than any points of difference that can be presented. Even as regards those points of difference, the man who travels with his powers of observation awakened will in most cases be led to acknowledge that they are well adapted to the circumstances of the places in which they occur, and that to exchange them for the customs of his own country might not in general be productive of greater happiness. It might not be difficult to show that in some respects difference of customs may tend to the increase of the general prosperity. It is only when such differences are suffered to influence our minds so as to engender unkindly feelings that they can be hurtful to us; and it will be found impossible long to entertain such feelings when we shall have enjoyed the opportunity of seeing how much there is of kindness and virtue to be found among every people, however much we may at first have been repelled by habits that appeared grotesque, and customs that might be thought revolting.

BEAUTY AND TIME.

Time met Beauty one day in her garden,
Where roses were blooming fair;
Time and beauty were never good friends,
So she wondered what brought him there.

Poor Beauty exclaimed, with a sorrowful air,
"I request, father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare;"
For Time was going to mow them all down,
While Beauty exclaimed, with her prettiest frown,
"Fie! father Time! Oh! what a crime!"

"Fie! father Time!"

"Well," said Time, "at least let me gather,
A few of your roses here,
'Tis part of my pride to be always supplied
With such roses the whole of the year."

Poor Beauty consented, tho' half in despair,
And Time, as he went, asked a lock of her hair
And, as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
He vow'd 'twas for love, but she knew 'twas for spite,
Fie! father Time! Oh! what a crime!

"Fie! father Time!"

Time went on and left Beauty in tears;
He's a tell-tale the world well knows,
So he boasted to all of the fair lady's fall,
And show'd the lost ringlet and rose.

So shocked was poor Beauty to think that her fame
Was ruin'd, though she was in no wise to blame,
That she droop'd like some flower that is torn from its clime,
And her friends all mysteriously said "it was Time!"
Fie! Father Time! Oh! what a crime!

"Fie! father Time!"

BEAUTIES OF LITIGATION.—The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, sitting at Northampton last week, was occupied several days in the trial of a case concerning a title to land, which had been in litigation two or three years. The value of the land in dispute was only about thirty dollars. After running up a bill of cost amounting to six or eight hundred dollars, the parties went home perfectly satisfied of the glorious "uncertainty of the law."

HINDOO JUGGLERS.

BY R. M. MARTIN, ESQ.

One of the men, taking a large earthen vessel with a capacious mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out, but the moment it was placed with the mouth upward, it always became full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose. This being done, he desired one of the party would fill it. His request was obeyed. Still, when he reversed the jar, not a drop of water flowed, and upon turning it, to our astonishment it was empty. These, and similar deceptions, were several times repeated; and so skilfully were they managed, that, although any of us that chose were allowed to upset the vessel when full, which I did many times; upon reversing it, no water was to be seen, and yet no appearance of any having escaped. I examined the jar carefully when empty, but detected nothing which would lead to a discovery of the mystery. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself; still, upon taking it up, all was void within; so that how the water had disappeared, and where it had been conveyed, were problems that none of us were able to expound. The vessel employed by the juggler upon this occasion, the common earthenware of the country, was very roughly made; and in order to convince us that it had not been especially constructed for the purpose of aiding his clever deceptions, he permitted it to be broken in our presence. The fragments were then handed round for the inspection of his Highness and the party present with him. The next thing done was still more extraordinary: a large basket was produced, into which was put a lean, hungry, Paris bitch. After the lapse of about a minute the basket was removed, and she appeared with a litter of seven puppies. These were again covered, and upon raising the magic basket, a goat was presented to our view. This was succeeded by a pig in the full vigour of existence, but which, after being covered for the usual time appeared with its throat cut. It was, however, shortly restored to life under the mystical shade of the wicker covering. What rendered these sudden changes so extraordinary was that no one stood near the basket but the juggler, who raised and covered the animals with it. When he concluded his exploits, there was nothing to be seen under it, and what became of the different animals which figured in this singular deception, was a question which puzzled all. A man now took a small bag of brass balls, which he threw one by one into the air, to the number of thirty-five. None of them appeared to return. When he had discharged the last, there was a pause for at least a minute. He then made a variety of motions with his hands, at the same time grunting forth a sort of barbarous chant. In a few seconds the balls were seen to fall, one by one, until the whole of them were placed in the bag; this was repeated at least half a dozen times. No one was allowed to come near him while this interesting jugglo was performed. A gaunt-looking Hindoo then stepped forward and declared he would swallow a snake: opening a box, he produced a Cobra di Capello, not less than five feet long, and as big as an infant's wrist. He stood apart, at some distance from us, and, like his predecessors, would not allow any one to approach him, so that the deception became no longer equivocal. He then, as it appeared to us, took the snake, and putting its tail into his mouth, gradually lowered it into his stomach, until nothing but the head appeared to project from between his lips, when with a sudden gulp, he seemed to complete the disgusting process of deglutition, and to secure the odious reptile within his body. After the expiration of a few seconds he opened his mouth, and gradually drew forth the snake which he replaced in the box.

The next thing that engaged our attention was a feat of dexterity altogether astonishing. An elderly woman, the upper part of whose body was entirely uncovered, presented herself to our notice, and taking a bamboo, twenty feet high, placed it upright upon a flat stone, and then, without any support, climbed to the top of it with surprising agility. Having done this, she stood upon one leg on the point of the bamboo, balancing it all the while. Round her waist, she had a girdle, to which was fastened an iron socket. Springing from her upright position on the bamboo, she threw herself horizontally forward with such exact precision that the top of the iron pole entered the socket of her iron zone, and in this position she spun herself round with a velocity that made me giddy to look at, the bamboo appearing all the while as if it were supported by some preternatural agency. She turned her legs backwards until her heels touched her shoulders, and grasping her ankles in her hands, continued her rotation so rapidly, that the outline of her body was lost to the eye, and she looked like a revolving ball. Having performed other feats equally extraordinary, she slid down the elastic shaft, and raising it in the air, balanced it on her chin, then on her hip, and finally projected it to a distance from her without the application of her hands. The next performer spread upon the ground a cloth about the size of a sheet. After a while it seemed to be gradually raised; upon taking it up there appeared three pine apples growing under it, which were cut and presented to the spectators. This is considered a common jugglo, and yet it is perfectly inexplicable.—*History of the British Possessions in the East Indies.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1839.

DINNER TO THOMAS C. HALIBURTON, ESQ.

The Dinner to which our highly talented Countryman, the Historian of Nova Scotia, and the author of Sam Slick's Letters, was invited by very many respectable Members of this Community, took place last evening in Masons' Hall. The Hon. J. B. Uniacke presided, and was ably assisted by James McNab, Esq. Among the Guests were His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey, Sir Rupert D. George, the Hon. Mr. Villiers, the Hon. the Chief Justice, Col. Smelt, Lt. Colonels Jones, Mercer, Ross, Bazalgette and Ball, Capts. Pring, Wallis, Baynes, Lushington, Milne and Byng, of Her Majesty's Ships in Port, and a number of other Military and Naval Officers. The following Toasts were given from the Chair, and drank with enthusiasm as were also many others, which were volunteered :

1. THE QUEEN—God bless her—may her reign be long, happy and glorious.
2. THE QUEEN DOWAGER and the Royal Family.
3. Our Worthy GOVERNOR SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, whose acknowledged bravery in the field has been surpassed by the zealous discharge of the trust reposed in him by our Sovereign, as her Representative in this Province.
4. THOMAS C. HALIBURTON, Esquire, our distinguished guest and countryman.—to him his native land is indebted for the first record of its History, and by his genius and talent its name is enrolled in the annals of literature.
5. SIR THOMAS HARVEY and the Navy.—We welcome the defenders of our Country, and the proud ships that bear them to our shores.
"Britannia needs no Bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep."
6. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, LORD HILL AND THE ARMY.—In war their swords spread dismay among our enemies, and they reaped the laurels of valour. In peace their genius has enriched Science, and embellished Literature.
7. THE COMMANDANT AND GARRISON OF HALIFAX. May the social intercourse which has ever existed among us, continue uninterrupted.
8. THE BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA, THE BISHOP OF TANEN, and the Clergy of every denomination in this Province.
9. THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND BENCH OF NOVA SCOTIA. Their impartial administration of the laws ensures the protection of our rights.
10. The Poets, Sculptors, Painters, and Musicians of Great Britain, by whom the imagination and feelings of Genius are perpetuated—the sylvan scenery of Albion, the beauty of her daughters, and the heroism of her sons, immortalized.
11. THE HISTORIANS OF THE WORLD.—Emulating the example of their ancestors, and incited by the achievements of those who illuminated bye-gone ages, Britons are taught to value their rights.
12. THE CLOCKMAKER.—"If here aint the Clockmaker agin as I'm alive."
13. THE LAND WE LIVE IN.—May her growth strengthen the tie that binds her to the Mother Country, and may we never forget that we are sons of sires who trampled down tyranny for their birthrights, and gave freedom to the world.
14. THE COLONIAL AND ATLANTIC STEAM NAVIGATION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.—Hark what the Clockmaker says :—"You ha'nt no notion what Steam is destined to do for Nova Scotia,—it will make her look as bright as a pewter button yet, I know ;" and if you don't believe me see page 331.
15. THE PRESS.
16. OUR SISTER PROVINCES.—Children of the same mother, may we ever unite to advance the cause of liberty, and maintain the integrity of the British Empire.
17. THE SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY SOCIETIES OF NOVA SCOTIA.—May they elevate the character of the Country, and by fostering industry, talent, and genius, show that 'Knowledge is power.'
18. The immortal memories of SHAKESPEARE, SCOTT, BYRON, and BURNS, the pride of our Poesy and language.
19. THOMAS MOORE.—Bard of the Emerald Isle, long may he live to strike the chords of Erin's harp.
20. THE COMMERCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.—Like the giant of old she stretches forth her hundred arms, and, directed by intelligence, brings back the wealth of every clime to enrich our country.
21. THE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF ACADIA.—The smiles of Women soothe the cares of life.
22. OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.
23. OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING.
His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Naval Com-

mander in Chief, immediately after their healths were drank, respectively rose and returned thanks for the compliments paid to them.

The President, on rising to propose the health of Mr. Haliburton, made some prefatory remarks in a very happy style. He glanced back to the days of his boyhood, when, with his worthy friend, he loitered among the Academic Groves, and they competed together in their studies,—he gloried in the circumstance, and felt a warm glow of pride at contemplating the exalted eminence on which he (Mr. H.) stood among his Countrymen—honored for his talents, and beloved for his private virtues.

The Toast was given, and received with rapturous applause. Mr. Haliburton rose—(gladly would we publish every syllable of his excellent speech, were it in our power to do so, but unfortunately it is not.) He thanked the Hon. President for the flattering remarks with which he prefaced the Toast—and the Company for the kindly feelings they had evinced on drinking it. He alluded to the History of Nova Scotia, and gave his reasons for writing it. As a native, he felt that his Country had been misrepresented in all the Books which had noticed the Province—it was declared to be cold, sterile and forbidding, and only a fit habitation for Wolves. The Reverend Doctors Cochrane and Brown had both taken great pains in collecting materials, with the intention of submitting similar works to the public, but the hand of death had interposed, and their labours were stopped. He had written the history of Nova Scotia not as a Tory, a Whig, or a Radical, but because he was proud of his native land, and anxious to explain its history—it geographical position—to shew its fine harbors, and to point out its numerous important resources—the work, he said, was hastily written, and while his time was occupied with legislative business, and the arduous duties of the profession to which he belonged—he was aware of many defects in it, but he was also well aware that they had been generously overlooked. Much as his friends might have considered he had done for his country by the History to which he had alluded, still he became satisfied that he had not done enough. He longed to see the industry and enterprise of the Province fully brought forth, and its prosperity more rapidly advanced—with this view he had given publicity to the "Sayings and Doings" of Samuel Slick, with whom he had made two journies, and intended undertaking a third. He repeated his acknowledgements for the honor paid to him, and resumed his seat.

Many of the learned Gentlemen's observations possessed a thrilling interest, even to those who sat at the festive Board and the scene of whose public life is continually changing—but upon those natives of the Province who were present, and those who now feel it to be their home, they had indeed a powerful effect,—they felt as proudly of their Country as any subjects of our good Queen in the most favored part of her Empire.

The Toast to the Clockmaker called forth a second Speech from Mr. Haliburton, which afforded a rich treat to the Company—flashes of wit and humour were continually sparkling, and throwing their animating influence on all around him.

The health of the Duke of Wellington was warmly received. His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell felt most sensibly the compliment paid to this great man—and in strong and energetic language eulogised his merits and public services.

The Hon. the Chief Justice replied in handsome terms to the compliment conveyed in the 9th Toast—and took the opportunity of observing that in very many instances he had the pleasure, with his fellow townsmen, of doing honor in the room in which the Company was then assembled to the late Parent of our beloved Sovereign, to Governors, Generals, Admirals, and other meritorious Individuals of exalted rank ; but, says His Lordship, we are here this day met to do honor to a native of Nova Scotia : he had felt most forcibly the truth of the remarks made by the Hon. President in reference to their talented guest—he felt how much that gentleman deserved all that had been said of him. Highly gratified as he was at beholding him thus honored and respected by his countrymen, he could also feel that there was an individual present whom Nova Scotians will always gladly honor—Captain Wallis (of the Madagascar)—though many years had elapsed since he had gallantly led an enemy's Frigate into our port, the circumstance he was sure was recollected by all present, he rejoiced at seeing him among them, and at the honorable rank which he held in the public service.—His Lordship concluded by proposing the health of the gallant Officer.

Capt. Wallis returned thanks—though his visits to this his native land, were "few and far between"—still the sensations he experienced on his return here were truly delightful—indeed greater than he had the power of describing—he felt honored by the notice which had been taken of him—grateful for the uniform kind attention he always met with from his fellow-townsmen—and particularly gratified that the Commander in Chief, under whom he had the honor to serve, should then have been present to witness the warm-hearted feelings which had been evinced towards him.

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and the Vice Admiral, with their respective Suites, retired about half-past twelve, and were gradually followed by the rest of the Company.

The Dinner, the Wines, the Decorations of the Room, indeed all the arrangements, reflected great credit upon the Committee of Management. The fine Band of the 23d Regiment was in the Orchestra, and its enlivening influence was felt by all.—[For the above account we are indebted to the Gazette of Wednesday.]

PROTOGENIC DRAWING.—We are glad to find that our notice of the new-art of sun painting in our last, has excited considerable interest among our readers. One of our friends who read the article has since formed several photogenic pictures with ease and success. And by following the directions contained in the article alluded to, any person may make natural objects delineate themselves, without the aid of the artist's pencil. By varying the proportions of the materials employed by Dr. Bird, the ground upon which the images display themselves, is variously and pleasingly coloured. The blue coloured variety has a very pleasing effect, somewhat like that produced by the Wedgwood ware, which has white figures on a blue ground. The paper to be prepared for photogenic paper, (and which is now on sale in London) should be good. Mr. Talbot prefers the Bank Blue Wove letter paper. The subjoined remarks we copy from a late London periodical :—

"The first kind of objects which Mr. Talbot attempted to copy by this process, were flowers and leaves. "It is so natural," says he, "to associate the idea of labour with great complexity and elaborate detail of execution, that one is more struck at seeing the thousand florets of an *agrostis*, depicted with all its capillary branchlets (and so accurately, that none of all this multitude shall want its little bivalve calyx, requiring to be examined through a lens), than one is by the picture of the large and simple leaf of an oak or a chestnut. But in truth the difficulty is in both cases the same. The one of these takes no more time to execute than the other ; for the object which would take the most skilful artist days or weeks of labour to trace or to copy, is effected by the boundless powers of natural chemistry in the space of a few seconds."

"To give an idea," continues he, "of the degrees of accuracy with which some objects can be imitated, by this process, I need only mention one instance. Upon one occasion, having made an image of a piece of lace, of an elaborate pattern, I showed it to some persons at the distance of a few feet, with the inquiry whether it was a good representation ; when the reply was that they were not so easily to be deceived, for that it was evidently no picture, but the piece of lace itself."

The reader may probably have heard of one of the legends of that intellectual and extraordinary people, the Germans ; where Peter Schlemil sells his shadow, the purchaser of which kneels down in the broad sunshine, detaches the shadow from its owner's heels, folds it up, and puts it in his pocket. By the spells of our scientific enchanter, Mr. Talbot, this most transitory of things, the proverbial emblem of all that is fleeting and momentary, may be permanently fixed in the position which it seemed only destined for a single instant to occupy. Such is the fact, that we may receive on paper the fleeting shadow, arrest it there, and in the space of a single minute, fix it there so firmly as to be no more capable of change, even if thrown back into the sunbeam, from which it derived its origin.

MONTREAL, May 17th.—We regret to learn that a number of British Loyalist families have been obliged to desert their farms at La Tortu, in consequence of a system of intimidation being pursued towards them by the Canadians, who threaten the destruction of their lives and property, if they do not leave. It will be remembered, that La Tortu was the scene of the most cold-blooded murder that was perpetrated in the last rebellion ; and some of those who are now compelled to leave their houses, were witnesses against their murderers. Depositions have been made before the proper authorities as to the nature of the threats and their authors, and we have not the smallest doubt, the supremacy of the law will be vindicated, and loyalty protected.—*Courier*.

MONTREAL, May 22d.—We understand, that yesterday, the Agency of the Upper Canada Bank here refused to take its own notes in payment for a draft, although the usual discount of 1½ per cent, was offered. The consequence is, that the Bank of Montreal and the City Bank have refused to take the Upper Canada Bank notes at the usual discount, or indeed, on any terms ; as they now hold the same irredeemable paper to a very large amount, at considerable loss, as it is so much dead, unproductive capital.—*Courier*.

TORONTO RUMOURS.—Our Venerable Archdeacon goes home early next month to be consecrated Bishop of Upper Canada. Sir George Arthur, on his resignation, to be replaced by the Hon. Fox Maule.—*Palladium*.

FREDERICTON.—We understand that her Majesty's Government have expressed their entire approbation of all the measures adopted by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in relation to the proceedings of the State of Maine, including the temporary arrangement effected through the medium of General Scott.—*Royal Gazette*.

DISPUTED TERRITORY.—It appears from the documents which we this day publish, that the authorities of the State of Maine, are determined to hold and to exercise, sole and undivided controul over the whole of the territory said to be in dispute ; they have driven off Mr. M'Laughlin from his wardenship, and forbade his interference respecting the Timber cut by trespassers or others !—*St. John Chronicle*.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Papers received during the week furnish the Lieutenant Governor's Speech at the opening of the Session. It is a sensible, business like sort of document, though some of the Papers find fault with him for not commencing public business by abusing the Assembly. The following are extracts :—

A question of privilege vs. prerogative, almost immediately arose between the Governor and the House. His Excellency having appointed Hugh W. Hoyles, Esq. to be acting Clerk of the Assembly, during Mr. Archibald's absence on leave, that body refused to receive him, and appointed Mr. Walter Dillon. The Governor, therefore, intimated, that if they persisted, he must prorogue them and refer the matter home, and a call of the House was ordered for the further consideration of it on the following Wednesday.

A destructive fire broke out at St. John's, N. F. on the 12th, which consumed the whole block of buildings on the north side of Water Street, extending from the fire-break on the west side of Beck's Cove, to Mahon's Lane. Fifteen houses were destroyed, most of them belonging to the late Messrs. Duggen and Mahon. Many of the houses in the adjacent ranges were more or less injured, and much furniture lost or destroyed.—*Nova Scotian*.

TRADE.—Memorandum of the quantity of Foreign Produce, imported into this port from the foreign West Indies, between the 5th March and the 30th May, 1839.

Sugar—3302 hhd's, 61 tierces, 1110 bbls, 498 cases, 100 seroons.

Molasses—2207 puncheons, 78 tierces, 72 barrels.

Rum—584 puncheons.

Coffee—20 barrels, 998 bags.—*Journal*.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, 30th ult., by the Rev. J. Martin, Mr. John Pagan, of Pictou, to Miss Amelia Woodaman, of this town.
 At Barrington, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. James Knowlan, Mr. James Cox, Junr. to Mrs. Esther, widow of the late Capt. George Doane.
 On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. John Hadker, of England, to Miss Ann Laureen, of this town.
 At St. John, N. B. on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gray, Mr. Joshua Russell, of Portland, to Miss Amelia Teresa Boyd, third daughter of the Rev. James Boyd, of Halifax, N. S.
 At Coves, Captain H. E. Boehner, of Lunenburg, N. S. Commander of the Am. ship Loda, to Louisa Harriet, second daughter of Mr. Robert Moir, Jeweller.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, June 1st—Schr Reliance, Bell, St. John's, N.F. 8 days—dry fish, seal oil, etc. to A. Murison and others.
 Sunday, 2d—Brig Enterprise, Fletcher, Liverpool, G. B. 38 days—salt and coal to D. & E. Starr & Co. sloop Prickle, Campbell, St. John's N.F. 8 days—dry and pickled fish to the master; schr. Nancy, Townsend, Sydney, coal—spoke 31st ult. off Pope's Harbour, ship Edw. Thorne; Esperance, Sydney—coal; brig Queen Victoria, Wright, Hamburg, 46 days—assorted cargo to W. Pryor & Sons, J. Allison & Co. and others—left two vessels loading for Halifax; schr. Pearl, Hall, St. John's, N.F. 5 days—dry fish, to W. Pryor & Sons—left Nine Sons, for Halifax; Barbara, Geroir, from New York; schrs. Temperance, M'Phee, Pictou, 9 days, bound to St. John, N. B.; Polly, Connor, Fortune Bay, 8 1-2 days—herring, to the master—schrs. Roxana, and Sir Peregrine, sailed same day.

Monday, 3d—Brig Oberon, Shields, Hamburg, 55 days (10 of which she laid in the river)—wheat, flour, etc. to P. Furlong and others; H. M. Frigate Cleopatra, Capt. Lushington, St. John, N. D. 6 days; brig Herald, Tynes, St. Thomas, 23 days—rum and sugar, to Frith, Smith & Co.; schr. Hope, O'Neil, St. John's, N.F. 6 days—dry fish, to the master; Mary, Morrissey, Fortune Bay, 8 days—herrings, to G. Handly; Angelique, Sydney, coal; Elizabeth, Fotheringham, Hamburg, 39 days—bread, gin, wheat, etc. to P. Furlong and others; Am. schr. Tuscarilla, Bliven, New Orleans and Balize, 27 days—flour, wheat and corn, to G. P. Lawson; schr. Shelburne, Lavender, Liverpool, 1 day; brig James, Owen, New Orleans, 25 days—flour, meal, and pork, to W. B. Hamilton; Standard, Polay, Mayaguez, 23 days—molasses and sugar, to J. & M. Tobin; H. M. S. Racer; Am. schrs. Columbia, Baker, Philadelphia, 10 days—flour, and cornmeal to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Eclipse, Wheldon, Philadelphia, 13 days, to R. Noble; H. M. Frigate Madagascar, Capt. Wallis, Jamaica; Mail-boat Margaret, Boole, Boston, 5 days; Am. brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 5 days—assorted cargo, to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others; —schrs. Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth, 30 hours, molasses; Victory, Ferris, P. E. Island—oats; Providence, Deagle, do. 7 days—produce.

Tuesday, 4th—Am. brig Aeolus, Wilson, Boston, 5 days, general cargo, to G. P. Lawson; brig. Sophia, Young, Nassau, 15 days—sugar, to Deblis & Merckel; brig. Good Intent, Spongle, St. Thomas, 20 days—rum, molasses, etc. to Fairbanks & Allison; Neptune, Darrell, Bermuda, 13 days—sugar and molasses, to J. & M. Tobin; Woodbine, Homer, Guyana, 23 days—sugar and molasses, to G. P. Lawson; Chalcedony, Durkee, Porto Rico, 23 days—sugar and molasses to Mr. Bedlow; brig Kingfisher, Hicks, Harbour Breton, 8 days—dry fish to Creighton & Grassie; schr. Ann, Lewis, Magdalena Isles; Triumph, Porter, St. John, N. B.; Industry, Simpson, Boston; brig Loyalist, Skinner, Ponce, 23 days; sloop Kate, Viddle, Gibraltar, 28 days—wine and fruit to Creighton & Grassie; schr. Mayflower, O'Brien, Pictou, 10 days—pork and wheat; Louise, Loraway, Sydney—pork, mackarel, and coals; Favourite, Foward, Fortune Bay, 4 days—herrings, to the Master; Trial, William, Elizabeth, Brothers, & Sisters—Bridgeport, coal.

Wednesday, 5th—Am. Brig J. Palmer, Ardley, Philadelphia, 10 days—flour and cornmeal, to J. H. Braibe; Henrietta, Williams, Burin, N. F. 11 and Sydney 4 days—herrings to the Master; schrs. Isabella, Martin, Miramichi, 9 days—lumber and shingles, to J. & M. Tobin; Messenger, Siteman, Bathurst, 11 days—do. to ditto; Government schr. Victory, Darby, Yarmouth, 2 days; Am. schr. Sutherland, Chase, of and from Boston, bound to the Labrador, on a fishing and trading voyage—oil clothes, gin, tobacco, etc. The Sutherland was seized by Mr. M. Forrester, near Whitehead, for a breach of the Revenue Law.

Thursday, 6th—schrs. Fly, Boudroit, P. E. Island—produce; Maria, Le Blanc do. do.; Susan, Hughes, Ponce, 18 days, sugar, to J. Strachan; Hiram, Doane, St. Croix, 23 days, rum and sugar, to H. Lyle and J. U. Ross; Am. brig Oberon, Buxton, Baltimore, 8 days, bread, etc. to S. Binney; brig. Bee, Adams, St. Croix, 16 days, rum, to Frith, Smith & Co.; H. M. Brig Snake, Com. Hays, Bermuda, 7 days; schr. Dart, Liverpool, bound fishing.

CLEARED.

Saturday, June 1st—brig Kingarloch, Stanton, St. John's, N. F. —assorted cargo, by J. & M. Tobin, S. Binney, and others; William, Boudrot, Montreal—ditto, by S. Binney, J. Allison & Co. T. C. Kin- near, and Fairbanks & Allison; schr. Regulator, Hayley, P. E. Is- land—assorted cargo, by J. Allison & Co. S. Cunard & Co. and others; Sarah, Larkin, do—do. by D. & E. Starr & Co. W. N. Sil- ver, and others; brig Margaret, Jones, Montego Bay, Jan.—assorted cargo, by J. Allison & Co.; schr. Queen Victoria, Babiu, Montreal— sugar etc. by Frith, Smith, & Co. and J. Allison & Co. 3rd—Brig Angla, Dupre, LaPoile Bay—molasses, tobacco, by Creighton & Grassie. 4th, schr. Mary, Townsend, Boston—coal by the master; Angler, McMillan, P. E. Island—general cargo, by the master. 5th—Brig Sylph, Wainwright, B. W. Indies—fish, flour, etc. by Saltus & Wain- wright; schrs. Ann, and Abeona, P. E. Island, assorted cargoes, by the masters. 6th, schrs. Fame, Nickerson, St. John, N. B.; rum, etc. by M. B. Almon and others; Minerva, Ross, Quebec, sugar, etc. by J. Allison & Co.

Catalogue of the principal Books

To be sold at Auction, for the Rev. Thomas Taylor, BY W. M. ALLAN. (Time of Sale to be announced next week.)

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA in Seventh Edition, now passing through the press.—The main body of the work is almost entirely new, and hence the present is not so much a New Edition of an Old Work, as a New Work under an old and approved title.—57 half volumes, hand- somely bound in embossed green cloth, and lettered in gold.

[In the subjoined list wherever the number of volumes is not specified, the work consists of but one volume.]—* Catalogue continued next week.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, etc.

Philosophy of Medicine, 6 vols.
 Graves' Clinical Lectures
 Medical Essays
 Bell's (Sir C.) Anatomy, 2 vols.
 Bayle's do
 Smith's Class Book of Anatomy
 Tickenor's Medical Philosophy
 Darwin's Zoonomia
 Combe on Digestion and Dietics
 " on Physiology
 Spooner on the Teeth
 Ten Minutes Advice on the Teeth
 Hamilton's Midwifery
 Stokes's Theory of Medicine
 " Diseases of the Chest
 Duglison's Human Physiology, 2 vols.
 " Elements of Hygiene
 " Medical Student
 Rush on the Human Voice
 Tickenor's Philosophy of Living
 Kitchener's Invalid's Oracle
 Johnson's Economy of Health
 Bell's System of Surgery, 6 vols.
 Ronnie's Medical Botany

Colles on the Veneret
 Boston Medical Journal, 1837
 Haller's Physiology
 Blumenbach's do.
 Hutin's do.
 Graham's Domestic Medicine
 " Female Diseases
 Leautaud's Practice of Medicine
 Ewall's Medical Companion
 Paris on Diet
 Medical Clinics
 Medicine in France and England
 Wardrop on the Blood
 Bell on Baths and Mineral Waters
 Medical Intelligence for 1837.
 Sewall's Examination of Phrenology
 Caldwell's Reply
 Hooper's Medical Dictionary, 2 vols.
 Wesley's Primitive Physic
 Bell's Treatise on the Hand
 Sarlandiere's Anatomical Plates
 Atlas of Regions of the Human Body
 Curtiss's Map of Human Ear
 " Chart of Diseases do.
 Bell's Engravings of the Bones

SCIENCE, HISTORY, etc.

Popular Encyclopaedia, 30 parts
 Buckland's Geology, 2 vols.
 Ure's New System of Geology
 Comstock's do.
 Gesner's Geology of Nova Scotia
 Penn's Mineral and Mosaic Geologies 2 vols.
 Fellewe's Geology of the Deluge
 Rogett's Animal and Vegetable Physi- ology, 2 vols.
 Brewster on Optics
 " — Natural Magic
 " Life of Sir Isaac Newton
 Arnot's Elements of Physics, 2 vols.
 Black's Elements of Chemistry, 3 vols.
 Donovan's do
 Reid's Chemistry of Nature
 Rennie's Alphabet of Chemistry
 Blair's Grammar do
 Prout's Chemistry and Meteorology
 Griffin's Chemical Recreations
 Good's Book of Nature
 Chambers' Information of the People
 Hogarth Illustrated, 2 vols.
 Donovan's Domestic Economy
 Powell's History of Nat. Philosophy
 Shaw's Zoology, 2 vols.
 Wallace's Mathematics
 Knowledge for the People, 3 vols.
 Lardner's Treatise on Arithmetic
 " and Kater on Mechanics
 " on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics
 " — Heat
 Scott's Demonology and Witchcraft
 McNish's Philosophy of Sleep
 " on Drunkenness
 Todd's Student's Manual
 Herschel's Treatise on Sound
 " Astronomy
 " Natural Philosophy
 White's Natural History
 Blake's Botany
 Rennie's Hand book of Botany
 " Alphabet
 Williams' Vegetable World
 Class Book of the Sciences, 2 vols.
 Barber on Gesture
 Ware on Extemporaneous Speaking
 Manufacture of Porcelain and Glass
 Whowell's Treatise on Astronomy
 Madie's
 Burnett's Astronomy and Celestial Atlas, 2 vols.
 Somerville's Mechanism of Heavens
 Dick's Celestial Scenery
 Paley's Natural Theology by Paxton
 Euler's Letters on Nat. Phil. 2 vols.
 Wesley's " (Mudie) 3 vols.
 Turner's Sacred History of the World, 3 vols.
 Higgins' Theory of the Earth
 Flint's Scientific Lectures
 Hutton's Book of Nature
 Sturm's Reflections by Dr. A. Clarke
 Lectures on Entomology
 " Insects, Architecture
 Natural History of Insects, 2 vols.
 Book of Butterflies, 3 vols.
 Chalmers on Constitution of Man
 Abercrombie on Moral Feelings and Intellectual Powers, 2 vols.
 Dick's Christian Philosophy
 " Mental Illumination, etc.
 " Improvement of Society
 Memes on Painting and Sculpture
 Goldsmith's Popular Geography, large edition
 Woodbridge's large Geography and Atlas, 2 vols.
 Walker's Geography
 Conder's Dictionary of Geography
 Pierre's Studies of Nature
 Ray's Wisdom in Creation
 Blair's Preceptor
 Griffin on the Blowpipe
 Art of Glass Blowing
 Ronnie's Electricity
 Blake's Natural Philosophy
 Musical Magazine, 1837
 Crabbe's Dict. of General Knowledge
 Natural History of Quadrupeds
 " — Monkeys
 " — Birds

Adams' Geographical Atlas
 Lives of Eminent Zoologists
 Rudiments of Mineralogy
 Good's Mason, life by Gregory
 Courrier's life, by Lee
 Bourrienne's Napoleon, 4 vols.
 Bruce's life
 Burns's life
 Wolsey's life
 Jefferson's do
 Eminent British Lawyers
 " Statesmen, 2 vols.
 Peter the Great, life of
 Columbus
 James's Charlemagne
 Southey's Nelson
 Memes Josephine
 Biography of Literary and Scientific men, 2 vols.
 Bell's Queen of Scots
 Jameson's Mrs Female sovereigns 2v
 Plutarch's Lives
 Herman Cortes, life of
 Physical Theory of another life
 Tegg's Historian's Companion
 Franklin's Works
 Phillips's Million of Facts
 Ellis's Ten Thousand Receipts
 Dodd's Mrs. Cookery
 Criminal Trials, 2 vols.
 Thatcher's Lives of Indians, 2 vols.
 Jameson's Mrs Visits & Sketches, 2 v
 Loss of Kent, East Indian
 Moore's Navigation
 Mutiny of the Bounty
 Morrison's Bookkeeping
 Magazine of Popular Science, 1837.
 Silliman's Journal of Arts, etc. 1837 2 vols.
 Mechanic's Magazine, 1837
 Historical Causes and Effects
 Robertson's Historical Works
 complete
 His. of England, Hume & Smollett
 — Goldsmith, 4 vols
 — Mackintosh, 3 vols
 — Miller's George III.
 — Pulgrave's Anglo Saxons
 — Blunt's Reformation
 — Cobbett's do
 — Macgavin's Reply
 History of Rome—Gibbon
 " — Goldsmith
 His. of Greece—Conder, 2 vols.
 " Goldsmith
 Bulwer's Athens, 2 vols.
 History of British India, 3 vols
 " China, Murray, 3 vols.
 " Persia & China, Conder 2v
 " China, Fraser
 " Scotland, Sir W. Scott, 2v
 " " Scottish Rebellions 2v
 " Ireland, Taylor, 2 vols.
 " France, Crowe, 3 vols.
 " U. States, Bancroft, 2 vols.
 " Western World, 2 vols.
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 " Egypt, Nubia & Abyssinia 2 vols
 " Africa
 " Palestine, Russel
 " Conder
 " Syria and Asia Minor,
 " Conder, 2 vols.
 " Arabia, Conder
 " Egypt, Nubia, Conder, 3v.
 " Burma and Slam, Conder
 " Turkey do
 " Russia do
 " Spain and Portugal do
 2 vols.
 Outlines of History
 Magnoli's Historical Questions
 Elements of History and Atlas, 2 v.
 Account of Remarkable Conspiracies 2 vols.
 " New Zealanders
 Early English Navigators

TEA SALE.

A PUBLIC SALE OF TEAS will take place at the Warehouse of the Agents to the Honorable East India Company, on Friday the 21st June, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the Sale. S. CUNARD & CO. June 7. Agents to the Honorable East India Company.

THE CHEAPEST DESKS, WORK BOXES, etc. R. D. CLARKE & CO. have just opened, and will be ready for sale on Monday.

300 Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Letter Rests, DRESSING CASES, etc. Comprising a great variety at an unprecedented low price. ALSO,--A very handsome article in Gentlemen's INDIA RUBBER HATS: June 7.

J. R. CLEVERDON, WATCH MAKER,

HAVING commenced Business in the shop lately occupied by the late Mr. La Baume, begs leave to inform his friends, and the public in general, that he hopes by unremitting attention and long experience in the above business, (both in England and Halifax), to obtain a share of their patronage. Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, etc. for sale. May 31.

SPICES, DRUGS, &c.

RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—bags of E. I. Ginger, Cloves, Pimento, Caraway Seed; black and white Pepper, cases Cinnamon, Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Raze Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Saleratus, Soda; blue Vitriol; Alum and Coppers, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Wind- sor Soap, Black Lead, Starch, and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt, Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass, Trusses, Lancets, etc. (Gu) GEO. E. MORTON. Halifax, May, 1839.

A NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has commenced Business in the shop at the corner of JACOB'S and WATER STREETS, where he intends keeping a General Assortment of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND OTHER GOODS, suitable for Town and Country use, which he intends selling at a small advance for cash, and solicits a share of public patronage.

He has on hand, — Wheat and Rye Flour, Corn Meal and Indian Corn, Rice, Navy and Ship Bread, Crackers, Beans, Onions, Molasses, Sugar, Teas, Coffee, Chocolate, Butter, Pepper, Allspice, Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Starch, Soap, Candles, Tobacco, Slop Clothing, Broad Cloths, Flannels, Cotton Warp, Corn Brooms, Tobacco Pipes, Boxes Raisins, Almonds, Walnuts, a small quantity of excellent Pork for family use, together with a variety of other articles.

Halifax, May 3 — 5w. WINTHROP SARGENT.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS.

THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrivals completed his extensive SPRING SUPPLY of the above, together with Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, (Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc. PAINTS and OILS, etc. The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his Drug Store, near the Market. JAMES F. AVERY. May 10 6w

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshend, ditto ditto. Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin.

The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation. The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers. N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogshends, do. do. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. WILLIAM H. SCOTT. For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blacklee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

THE Subscriber has removed his China and Earthenware establishment to the new store at the north corner of the Ordnance head of Marchington's Wharf, where in addition to his present stock, he has received per barque Tory's Wife, from Liverpool, a general Assortment of Earthenware, etc. consisting of, CHINA TEA SETS, Dinner Services—of neatest shapes and patterns, Tea, Breakfast, and Toilet Sets, and a general assortment of Common ware, which will be sold wholesale and retail at low prices. —A L S O— 40 Crates of assorted Common Ware, put up for Country Merchants. BERNARD O'NEIL.

The Peptic Pills in Halifax.

SOLD only at the Book Store of Mr. John Munro, fronting the south-east gate of the Province Building. Frederick W. Morris, sole inventor and proprietor. All letters for advice left at Mr. Munro's Store, and enclosing a fee of not less than 20s. will be immediately attended to. May 31.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having entered into Co-Partnership under the firm of VIETS and LONGLEY. They beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public, that they will in future conduct business under the above Firm; and respectfully invite their attention to their selection of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc. etc. which they will dispose of Cheap for prompt Payment. B. VIETS, N. F. LONGLEY, Digby, April 1, 1839.

BLACKWOOD'S—

UNQUESTIONABLY the most splendid periodical of the day—is this month more than usually rich in its intellectual treasures: we shall extract a few morsels from a *jeu d'esprit*, called

My After-Dinner Adventures with Peter Schlemihl.

"Feeling myself," says the narrator, "a little out of sorts, with flying pains about my ankles and toes, I retired for relief to Seacombe, on the banks of the Mersey, opposite to Liverpool. After dinner, one day, whilst cogitating on the delicious savour of mock-turtle soup, and whether it was known to the ancients, when a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, entered his room, and, familiarly helping himself to a glass of wine, exclaimed "Do you know me?—I am Peter Schlemihl;—I am come to take a walk with you. Do you know Liverpool?" "No," said I, bolting out a lie at once. "I thought so, and for that reason I have called upon you to go there: as, I believe, you like turtle, there are several houses in Liverpool where turtle is dressed to perfection that would raise a chuckle in the gullet of an expiring alderman. So, come along." I felt no power to resist, but almost instantly found myself on board the steam-packet, sailing on my way to Liverpool, in company with Peter Schlemihl.

In a few seconds we were across the river and landed on the parade; but, in ascending the steps, some villain, with an iron heel to his boot, gave my toes such a squeeze, that I almost screamed with agony. Peter saw my distress, and putting an arm through one of mine, "Never mind," said he, "I'll provide you with consolation;" and almost before I had time to ask whither we were going, I found myself seated with him in a room in the Mersey Hotel.

"I have dined," said I, as I almost mechanically took a spoonful; but that spoonful sufficed to drive away all remembrance of my pain, and all recollection of my dinner. It was delectable; and we ladled away with the gusto of men tasting turtle for the last time.

"How do you like it?" said Peter, when I had finished.

"It is admirable," I replied; "who could help liking it?"

"Well," said he, "if you are satisfied, put the spoon in your pocket, and let us march."

"The spoon in my pocket!" I answered; "do you wish me to be taken up as a thief?"

"Quite a matter of taste," said Peter Schlemihl; "suppose you had swallowed it by accident—and you opened a mouth wide enough to have admitted a soup-ladle, putting a simple spoon out of the question—suppose you had swallowed it by accident, could you have been successfully accused of theft? And where is the difference to Mr. Horne, the landlord, betwixt your putting the spoon in your stomach by accident, and putting it in your pocket by design? In either case, I take it, the loss to him would be pretty much the same; so the difference, you see, is but in words; but, come along."

So saying, he again put my hat on my head, giving it a thump, and putting my gloves in my hand, I was presently walking in his company, at a quick rate, towards the Exchange, without having any clear idea of the way in which we left the turtle-room in the Mersey Hotel.

"Is it not a handsome pile of building?" said Peter Schlemihl, after he had walked me round the Town Hall, and pointed out its beauties—its portico—its frieze—its dome—and, after he had led me round the area of the Exchange buildings, and pointed out each and every part worth notice.

"Is it not a handsome pile of building?" said he.

"It is, undoubtedly, very handsome," I replied, "and does great credit to the place; but, as a piece of architecture, it is by no means perfect; and"

"For mercy's sake," said Peter, "don't turn critical! if you do, I will desert you. I have known many critics in my time, but I never knew but one sensible man of the craft: and he lived to regret his taste as a misfortune. No, no! rules are very necessary in every art and every science; but never do you imbibe the notion, that nothing can be pleasing or beautiful that is not strictly according to rule. Now, there is a monument to Nelson—the glorious Nelson—before you; but, handsome as it is, and suitable as it is to a naval hero, in an important sea-port town, and standing on the high mart of foreign commerce, yet I will not allow you to look at it, for it is not strictly correct according to the code critical. By the by, did you ever see that funny affair that the Birmingham gentlemen put up in memory of the same great man? Lying so far inland, they did not perfectly understand what a sailor was like, but they made a little gentleman in black, and having heard of the green sea, they set him up in business in their market-place as a green grocer, being the nearest approach to the green sea that their imagination could suggest—what the devil business had Nelson in a market-place?—they might as well have made him a button-maker!—but, come along to the Zoological Gardens;" and again taking my arm, and before I was aware whither we were going, Peter and I were *tel-a-tcle* with a lion.

"He is a noble animal!" said I.

"He's up to snuff," said Peter.

He then insinuated his box of Lundy Foot, without the lid,

cautiously into the lion's cage, gently obtruding it upon the lion's notice with the end of his stick.

The lion, on seeing it, went leisurely to it, and took a hearty snuff, as if he had been a snuff-taker from his infancy; the cage echoed with a tremendous sneeze, and presently with another, and a third; and he then shook his head, and his eyes watered, and he looked very like an old gentleman maudlin drunk. Again he sneezed, and being impatient at the pungency and inconvenience, he gave vent to his anger in a fearful roar, which attracted the attention of the keepers and visitors, and induced them to come towards us.

Peter Schlemihl observed their movement, and, again taking me by the arm, we were once more on the parade, and strolling up Bold Street, on our way, as Peter said, to St. James's Cemetery!

"Rather a solemn place for a lounge?" said I.

"That's all you know of the matter!" replied Peter; "really, you men that live in the country and eat vegetables have extraordinary notions! Why, some people consider it a very interesting and agreeable scene. By the by, I met a friend one day last summer, who excused himself for not taking a walk, by saying that his brother-in-law was come to Liverpool in the last stage of consumption, and he was going to take him a ride by way of amusing him. 'And where are you going to take the poor gentleman?' I enquired. 'To the cemetery,' answered he, 'it is as agreeable a place as any I know.' I was amused at the idea of taking a dying man to the cemetery by way of amusing him, and was at the trouble to go there myself to see if the fact would be as stated; and sure enough my friend and his brother-in-law made their appearance, the latter more dead than alive. He, however, said he was much amused, and he seemed to take such a fancy to the place, that in a fortnight afterwards, he was provided with permanent lodgings there. So you see," added Peter, "every body is not exactly of your opinion."

We walked round, and, in the course of the lounge, met thirteen incipient Byrons, aged from fifteen to nineteen, each with a broad shirt-collar turned down, and open at the front, to show the throat, with a black bandana tied sailor-wise.

Four were smoking cigars—real lighted cigars—the puppies! five held between their teeth imitation cigars, coloured brown, and painted red at the end to appear like fire, and white to appear like ashes—the greater puppies! The remainder were innocent of cigar, either real or imitative.

They all looked melancholy, bilious, and saffron-coloured, and appeared to have been picking out their respective situations in the cemetery.

"This beautiful cemetery," said I, "is an admirable adaptation of the old stone quarry, and some of the inscriptions on the stones are very affecting."

"No doubt they are," replied Peter Schlemihl, "to such a spoon as you; but have you yet to learn that in a church-yard no person is allowed to have any other than a good character? Death connects the most contemptible animals that ever blood warmed into tender fathers—affectionate husbands—faithful wives—dutiful children, and such like. The church and the church-yard is the only place to acquire a good character graven in stone. Try your hand at giving some scoundrel his due in his epitaph—venture to write upon a gravestone that on such a day such a person died, well known to all his friends and acquaintances as the greatest rascal that his parish contained; excelling all men in his several vocations of swindler, perjurer, and thief. Try your hand at that, and see how many will step forward to prevent your telling the truth. If you persist in your experiment, you will very soon find yourself doing penance in a white sheet, my gentleman! for saying any thing but good of the dead."

Peter's morality appeared to evaporate with the last sentence; and slipping his arm in mine, he left the cemetery, and went the shortest way to the Custom-house.

Business was in its heyday, and the rooms were consequently crowded; and I was horrified almost to fainting when I heard Peter Schlemihl, very calmly and deliberately, and with great distinctness of voice, ask me to reach a great spring clock, which was suspended against a wall, and put it in his pocket!

I looked at him to see if I could discover whether he really was in earnest, but he repeated his request in a tone that seemed to say that he would be obeyed, and muttered something about a policeman, and I felt that I had no alternative but to comply. I got upon a desk and reached down the abominable clock, and to my surprise it slipped easily into his pocket, and to my greater surprise, no one in the room took notice of the transaction!

I hastened out of the place, determined to get away and return to Seacombe, when, turning my head, I found to my grief and amazement, that I was accompanied by Peter Schlemihl!

He gave me a knowing look; and as we trudged on, shoulder to shoulder, "This is a nice clock we've got," said he.

I was ready to drop with vexation, but it was of no use—it did not in the least disturb the equanimity of Peter Schlemihl.

"Stop!" said he seizing me by the shoulder—"it is worse than useless to waste our wind in this way. I am going to smoke a cigar—will you have one? it is a real good one."

I was grown desperate, and was glad of any thing for a change; so I took a cigar and began to smoke furiously.

In this mood we went on together, both smoking; but, in my confusion of mind, I was led by Peter Schlemihl past the proper place of embarkation for Seacombe, and as we were proceeding along Bath Street, he put the finish to my distress and rage, by sticking his lighted cigar into a cart-load of hemp that was being discharged at a ware-house.

Instantly the whole was in a blaze—the warehouse took fire—the fire-engines were called for—a crowd collected—a body of police appeared—search commenced for the incendiary—and, to escape from the consequences of this diabolical act of my companion, I made the best of my way to the river side, and jumped into the first thing I came to in the shape of a boat, trembling from head to foot, and seeing nothing but the gallows before me.

"Are you ready to start again?" said Peter.

"Start again! where?" I replied.

"On our walk," said Peter, "surely it is not over yet?"

"Not over yet?" I answered: "if ever any man catches me again walking with you, Peter Schlemihl, I'll give them leave to call me the wandering Jew!"

"Oh! that is your determination, is it?" said he; "very well, be it so, my fine fellow. In that case I will take my departure, leaving you this token of remembrance,"—saying which, he got up and jumped full five feet high, alighting with his two heavy heels immediately upon my toes, and then deliberately walked out of the room, impudently winking his eye at me as he went through the door-way.

The cruel agony of that jump made me roar out, and roll off my chair upon the ground from very pain; and my wife, awaking at the noise, raised me up, and enquired what was the matter.

"That Peter Schlemihl!" said I,— "that infernal Peter Schlemihl! he has lamed me for life!"

"Peter Schlemihl!" exclaimed my wife, "you are dreaming!"

I, however, knew better, and rang the bell, and enquired for Peter Schlemihl; but whether the waiter was in his confidence, or whether Peter Schlemihl had managed to make his entrance and his exit without being perceived, I do not know, but the waiter certainly denied all knowledge of Peter Schlemihl!

I then detailed the whole of my adventures to my wife, commencing with the first obtrusion of Peter Schlemihl into the room, and ending with his jumping upon my toes when he took his final departure.

Still she said it was but a dream!

I then rang the bell, and requested the attendance of Mr. Parry, and every man and woman servant in the house. I described Peter Schlemihl, and I begged of Mr. Parry that he would search about the premises for him, and desire that stout gentleman, Mr. Smith, to prevent his going away, by any of the packets. "You will be sure to find him," said I, "and he has got the Custom-house clock in his pocket." But stout Mr. Smith avers that he has not yet received three-pence from him, and to this hour he remains undiscovered, which is to me very remarkable.

I suffered such torment in my feet, that I soon afterwards went to bed, but not to sleep.

A surgeon (a medical gentleman, the cant phrases for one of those bundles of cruelty) was immediately called in, and, in looking at my toes, he significantly said, "It is the gout!"

Wishing to undeceive him, I gave him a minute narrative of all I had endured—told him the various stampings and squeezings to which I had been a martyr, and the savage jump with which the brute treated me when he took himself away!

"It is all a dream!" said my wife.

"It is dyspepsia and night-mare," said the doctor, "and the result is the gout!"

"Whilst I contend, with all the confidence of truth, that my ramble with Peter Schlemihl was a real and *bona fide* ramble!

Which do you think is right?"

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence, per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax but no paper will be sent to a distance without payment being made in advance. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at the regular period of six months from the date of subscription. All letters and communications must be post paid to insure attendance and addressed to Thomas Taylor, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

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