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THE DEAD MARINER.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Sleep on—sleep on—above thy corse
The winds their sabbath keep,—
The wave is round thee—and thy breast,
Hovers with the living deep;
O'er thee, tall o'er her beauty flung,
And there the white gull lifts her wings;
And the young halibut loves to lave
Her plunage in the holy wave.

Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends
With melancholy air,
No violet springs, nor dowy rose,
Its soul of love lays bare;
But there the sea-flower bright and young
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung;
And, like a weeping mourner fair,
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths
Of ocean's coral waves
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem
The music of its waves;—
The purple gems forever burn,
In fadeless beauty round thy urn;
And, pure and deep as infant love,
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wreath
Of mingled cloud and deep,
May leave its wild and stormy track
Above thy place of sleep.
But when the wave has sunk to rest,
As now 'twill murmur o'er thy breast:
And the bright victims of the sea
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on—thy corse is far away,
But love bewails thee yet,—
For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,
And lovely eyes are wet:—
And she thy young and beautiful bride,
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side;
As oft she turns to view with tears
The Eden of departed years.

THE WOOL-GATHERER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The late laird of Earhall dying in the fiftieth year of his age, left behind him a widow, and two sons, both in their minority. The eldest was of a dashing impatient character—he had a kind and affectionate heart, but his actions were not always tempered with prudence. He entered at an early age into the army, and fell in the Peninsular war, when scarcely twenty-two years of age. The estate thus devolved wholly on the youngest, whose name for the present shall be Lindsey, that being his second Christian name, and the one by which his mother generally called him. He had been intended for the law, but on his brother's death gave up the study, as too laborious for his easy and careless disposition. He was attached to literature; and after his return home, his principal employment consisted in poring over his books, and managing a little flower-garden, in which he took great delight. He was studious, absent, and sensible, but paid little attention to his estate, or the extensive farm which he himself occupied.

The old lady, who was a stirring, talkative, industrious dame, entertained him constantly with long lectures on the ill effects of idleness. She called it the blight of youth, the grub of virtue, and the mildew of happiness; and sometimes, when roused into energy, she said it was the devil's langsettle, on which he plotted all his devices

against human weal. Lindsey bore all with patience, but still continued his easy and indolent life.

The summer advanced—the weather was unusually fine—labourers were busy in every part of the country; the shepherd's voice, and the bleating of the flocks, issued from the adjacent mountains by break of day. The lively and rousing scene gave a new edge to the old lady's remonstrances; they came upon poor Lindsey thicker and faster, like the continued dropping of a rainy day, until he was obliged in some degree to yield. He tried to reason the matter with her; but there, lawyer as he was, he had no chance. He was fairly overcome. Although he did not require to superintend his farmers, still he ought to employ himself, like other gentlemen, in hunting or fishing. There were as many hooks and lines in the house, continued the old lady, 'as will serve you for seven years to come; and it is well-kend for plenty the trout are in your ain water. I have seen the day when we never wanted plenty o' them at the table for the year.'

'Well, well,' said Lindsey, taking up a book, 'I shall go to please you, but I would rather be at home.'

She rang the bell, and ordered in old John the barn man, one well skilled in the art of angling. 'John,' said she, 'put your master's fishing-rod and tackle in order, he is going a-fishing at noon.' John shrugged up his shoulders when he heard of his master's intent, as much as to say, 'sic a fisher as he'll mak!' However, he went away in silence, and the order was obeyed.

Thus equipped, away trudged Lindsey to the fishing for the first time in his life; slowly and indifferently he went, and began at the first pool he came to. John offered to accompany him, to which he assented, but this the old lady resisted, and bade him go to his work; he, however, watched his master's motions slyly for some time, and, on joining his fellow labourers, remarked, that 'his master was a real soft hand at the fishing.'

An experienced angler certainly would have been highly amused at his procedure. He pulled out the line and threw it in again so fast, that he appeared more like one thrashing corn than angling; he, moreover, fixed always on the smoothest parts of the stream, where no trout in his right senses could possibly be inveigled. But the far greater part of his employment consisted in loosening the hook from different objects with which it chanced to come in contact. He went through all this without being in the least disconcerted or showing any impatience; and towards dinner-time, the trouts being abundant, and John having put on a fly that answered the weather, he caught some excellent fish, and might have caught many more had he been diligent; but every trout that he brought ashore took him a long time to contemplate. He surveyed his eye, his mouth, and the structure of his gills; with tedious curiosity; then again laid him down, and fixed his eyes on him in deep and serious meditation.

The next day he needed somewhat less persuasion from his mother to try the same amusement; still it was solely to please her that he went, for about the sport itself he was quite careless. Away he set the second day, and prudently determined to go farther up the water, as he supposed that part to be completely emptied of fish where he had been the day before. He sauntered on in his usual thoughtful and indifferent mood, sometimes throwing in his line without any manner of success. At length, on going over an abrupt ridge, he came to a clear pool where the farmers had lately been washing their flocks, and by the side of it a most interesting female, apparently not exceeding seventeen years of age, gathering the small flakes of wool in her apron that had fallen from the sheep in washing; while, at the same time, a beautiful well-

dressed child, about two years of age, was playing on the grass. Lindsey was close beside her before any of them were aware, and it is hard to say which of the two was the most surprised. She blushed like a scarlet, but pretended to gather on, as if wishing he would pass without taking any notice of them. But Lindsey was rivetted to the spot; he had never in his life seen any woman half so beautiful, and at the same time her array accorded with the business in which she was engaged. Her form was the finest symmetry; her dark hair was tucked up behind with a comb, and hung waving in ringlets over her cheeks and brow, 'like shadows on the mountain snow'; and there was an elegance in the model of her features, arms and hands, that the youth believed he had never before seen equalled in any lady, far less a country girl.

'What are you going to do with that wretched stuff, lassie?' said Lindsey; 'it has been trampled among the clay and sand, and is unfit for any human use.' 'It will easily clean again, sir,' said she, in a frank and cheerful voice, 'and then it will be as good as ever.' 'It looks very ill; I am positive it is for no manner of use.' 'It is certainly, as you say, not of great value, sir; but if it is of any, I may as well lift it as let it lie and rot here.' 'Certainly, there can be no harm in it; only I am sorry to see such a girl at such an employment.' 'It is better to do this than nothing,' was the reply. The child now rolled himself over to get his face turned towards them; and, fixing his large blue eyes on Lindsey, looked at him with the utmost seriousness. The latter, observing a striking likeness between the girl and the child, had no doubt that she was his sister; and unwilling to drop the conversation, he added, abruptly enough, 'Has your mother sent you to gather that stuff?' 'I have neither father nor mother, sir.' 'But one who supplies both their places, I hope. You have a husband, have not you?' 'Not as yet, sir; but there is no time lost.'

She blushed; but Lindsey coloured ten times deeper when he cast his eyes on the child. His heart died within him at the thoughts that now obtruded themselves; it was likewise wrung for his imprudence and indelicacy. What was his business whether she was married or not, or how she was connected with the child? She seemed likewise to be put into some confusion at the turn the conversation was taking; and, anxious to bring it to a conclusion as soon as possible, she tucked up the wool in her apron below one arm, and was lifting up the child with the other to go away, when Lindsey stepped forward, saying, 'Will not you shake hands with me, my good little fellow, before you go?'

'Ay,' said the child, stretching out his little chubby hand; 'how d'ye doo, sil?' Lindsey smiled, shook his hand heartily, and put a crown piece into it. 'Ah, sir, don't give him that,' said she, blushing deeply. 'It is only a plaything that he must keep for my sake.' 'Thank you, sil,' said the child.

Lindsey felt deeply interested in the young wool-gatherer. As she departed with the child, he kept his eye on her motions, till he saw her enter a little neat white-washed cottage not far from the side of the stream; there were sundry other houses inhabited by cottagers in the hamlet, and the farm-house stood at the head of the cluster. The ground belonged to Lindsey, and the farmer was a quiet sober man, a widower with a large family. Lindsey now went up the water a-fishing every day; and though he often hovered a considerable time at the washing-pool, and about the crook opposite to the cot, pretending all the while to be extremely busy fishing, he could never get another sight of the lovely wool-gatherer, though he desired it above all present earthly things; for, some way or

other, he felt that he pitied her exceedingly. On the second and third day that he went up, little George came out paddling to meet him at the water side, on which he sent him in again with a fish in one hand, and some little present in the other; but after that, he appeared no more, which Lindsey easily perceived to originate in the wool-gatherer's diffidence and modesty, who could not bear the idea of her little man receiving such gifts.

The same course was continued for many days, and always with the same success, as far as regarded the principal motive, for the trouts were only a secondary one—the beauteous wool-gatherer was thenceforward invisible. After three weeks' perseverance, it chanced to come on a heavy rain one day when he was but a little way above the farm-house. Robin the farmer, expecting that he would fly into his house until the shower abated, was standing without his own door to receive him; but he kept aloof, passed by, and took shelter in the wool-gatherer's cottage; though not without some scruples of conscience as to the prudence of the step he was taking. When he went in, she was singing a melodious Scottish air, and plying at her wheel. "What a thoughtless creature she must be," said he to himself, "and how little conscious of the state in which she has fallen!" He desired her to go on with her song, but she quitted both that and her wheel instantly, set a chair for him, and sitting down on a low form herself, lighted sticks on the fire to warm and dry him, at the same time speaking and looking with the utmost cheerfulness, and behaving with as much ease and respect as if she had been his equal, and an old intimate acquaintance. He had a heart of the greatest integrity, and this was the very manner that delighted him; and indeed he felt that he was delighted in the highest degree by this fair mystery. He would gladly have learned her story, but durst not hint at such a thing for fear of giving her pain, and he had too much delicacy to enquire after her at any other person, or even to mention her name. He observed, that, though there was but little furniture in the house, yet it was not in the least degree like any other he had ever seen in such a cottage, and seemed very lately to have occupied a more respectable situation. Little George was munching at a lump of dry bread, making very slow progress. He kept his eyes fixed on his benefactor, but said nothing for a considerable time, till at length he observed him sitting silent as in pleasing contemplation; he then came forward with a bounce upon his knee, and smiled up in his face, as much as to say, "You are not minding little George." "Ha, my dear little fellow, are you there? Let me hear you say your name." "George," was the reply. "But what more than George?" "Tell me what they call you more than George?" "Just Geoge, sil. Mamma's Geoge." "Pray, what is my young friend's surname?" said Lindsey, with the greatest simplicity.

The wool-gatherer stooped to the floor as if lifting something, in order that she might keep her face out of the light; two or three times an answer seemed trembling on her tongue, but none came. There was a dead silence in the cot, which none had the courage to break. How our unfortunate fisher's heart smote him! He meant only to confer happiness, in place of which he had given unnecessary pain and confusion. The shower was past; he arose abruptly, said, "Goodbye, I will call and see my little George to-morrow," and home he went, more perplexed than ever, and not overmuch pleased with himself. But the thing that astonished him most of all was, the cheerful serenity of her countenance and manners under such grievous misfortunes.

To be continued.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

The night is fittest season for reflection,
Fatigu'd with all the petty cares of life,
The mind at eve seeks out a resting-place;
Rejects the lures of pomp; regards not pow'r;
Looks scornfully on paths itself had trod,
Ere time had shown how futile was their end;
And vain would penetrate the mist, futurity—
Gaze, e'en though darkly, on the great beyond,
And seek a point on which to rest its hopes,

THE SABBATH.

BY DR. OKE.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Psalm, cxxii. 1.

As camels, journeying o'er the waste,
Where skies meridian beam,
Long in the fertile vale to taste
The cool, refreshing stream;

So does the Christian long to view
The Sabbath morn arise.
That he may feast on heavenly dew,
And drink divine supplies.

Wearied with toils, with cares oppress,
He seeks for an abode,
Awhile from toils and cares to rest,
And commune with his God.

Oh! how delightful is the place
Where holy men proclaim
The Gospel of eternal peace,
And preach its Author's name!

Lord, let us to thy gates repair,
To hear the gladdening sound;
That we may find salvation there,
Whilst yet it may be found.

There let us joy and comfort reap;
There teach us how to pray,
For grace to choose, and strength to keep
The strait, the narrow way.

And so increase our love for thee,
That all our future days
May one continued Sabbath be
Of gratitude and praise.

ESCAPE OF PETER THE GREAT.

Like all malcontents, the Strelitz believed that discontent was universal. It was this belief which, in Moscow itself, and a few days before the departure of their sovereign, emboldened Tsilker and Sukanin, two of their leaders, to plot a nocturnal conflagration. They knew that Peter would be the first to hasten to it; and in the midst of the tumult and confusion common to such accidents, they meant to murder him without mercy, and then to massacre all the foreigners who had been set over them as masters. Such was the infamous scheme. The hour which they had fixed for its accomplishment was at hand. They had accomplices but no impeachers; and, when assembled at a banquet, they all sought in intoxicating liquors the courage which was required for so dreadful an execution. But like all other intoxications, this produced various effects, according to difference of constitution in those by whom it was felt. Two of these villains lost in it their boldness; they infected each other, not with just remorse, but with a dastardly fear; and, escaping from one crime by another, they left the company under a specious pretext, promising to their accomplices to return in time, and hurried to the Czar to disclose the plot.

At midnight the blow was to have been struck; and Peter gave orders that, exactly at eleven, the abode of the conspirators should be closely surrounded. Shortly after, thinking that the hour was come, he went singly to the haunt of these ruffians; he entered boldly, certain that he should find nothing but trembling criminals, already fettered by his guards. But his impatience had anticipated the time, and he found himself, single and unarmed, in the midst of their unshackled, daring, well-armed band, at the instant when they were vociferating the last words of an oath that they would achieve his destruction.

At his unexpected appearance, however, they all rose in confusion. Peter on his side, comprehending the full extent of his danger, exasperated at the supposed disobedience of his guards, and furious at having thrown himself into peril, repressed, nevertheless, the violence of his emotions. Having gone too far to recede, he did not lose his presence of mind; he unhesitatingly advanced among this throng of traitors, greeted them familiarly, and in a calm and natural tone said, that, "as he was passing by

their house, he saw a light in it; that supposing they were amusing themselves, he had entered in order to share their pleasures." He then seated himself and drank to his assassins, who, standing up around, could not avoid putting the glass about, and drinking his health.

But soon they began to consult each other by their looks, to make numerous signs, and to grow more daring: one of them even leaned over to Sukanin, and said in a low voice, "Brother, is it time?" The latter replied, "Not yet," when Peter, who heard him, and who also heard the footsteps of his guards, started from his seat, knocked him down by a blow in the face, and exclaimed, "If it is not time for you, scoundrel, it is for me!" This blow, and the sight of the guards, threw the assassins into consternation; they fell on their knees, and implored forgiveness. "Chain them!" replied the terrible Czar. Then turning to the officer of the guards, he struck him, and reproached him with his want of punctuality; but the latter showed him his order, and the Czar perceiving his mistake, clasped him in his arms, kissed him on the forehead, and intrusted him with the custody of the traitors.

His vengeance was terrible, the punishment was more ferocious than the crime. First the rack, then the successive mutilation of each member; then death, when not enough of blood and life was left to allow of the sense of suffering. To close the whole, the heads were exposed on the summit of a column, the members being symmetrically arranged around them as ornaments.

CHILDHOOD—I never looked upon a young and interesting child without feelings of the most melancholy nature. Could I withdraw my mind from the future, and imagine a continuance of its innocent loveliness, I might view it with far different emotions. Could I only fancy, that its feet would ever tread upon flowers, and gentle zephyrs, instead of rough winds, forever blow upon it, I might rejoice over its existence. Alas, I know that trial and pain await it—that the time will come, when the light of its pleasant eye will depart and the merriness of its tone be exchanged for the sadness of sorrow. Its present bliss, I forget, and contemplate only its future woes and dangers. I think of the time, when its attentive mother will resign it to its own direction, and send it forth to engage in the scenes of life and battle with those rude storms that none escape. I think of the time, when its snow-like purity will be corrupted—its simplicity of manners laid aside, for the heartless forms of the world, and its pious principles, planted with many a tear and prayer, driven from their seats. I think of the time, when its smooth face will be overspread with wrinkles, and its mild look be changed by the inward corrosion of care. I think of the period, when it will experience neglect and persecution—when the earth will become like a desert, with no kindred spirit to commune with, and no faithful bosom to rest upon, and while I think of these things, I weep, that the pure, clear water of the rill should so soon be lost in the muddy stream—that the promise and glory of spring should be followed by the darkness and blight of winter. Amid these depressing reflections, there is, however, some comfort, for I look forward with joy to the time, when the faded flowers of innocence will again put on their beauty—when purity will re-assume its sway over the heart, and all the feelings and hopes again be heavenly and divine.

FLOARDO.

THE SABBATH.—It is no rash assertion that from that holy institution, the Sabbath, have accrued to man more knowledge of his God, more instruction in righteousness, more guidance of his affections, and more consolation of his spirit, than from all other means which have been devised in the world to make him wise and virtuous. We cannot fully estimate the effects of the Sabbath, unless we were once deprived of it. Imagination cannot picture the depravity which would gradually ensue, if time were thrown into one promiscuous field, without those heaven-directed beacons to rest and direct the passing pilgrim. Man would then plod through a wilderness of being; and one of the avenues, which now admit the light that will illuminate his path, would be perpetually closed.—*Dehon.*

GAMING.*

To go one step further, and show the brutalizing effects of gaming on the human mind, I introduce the following melancholy, I might say astounding, story, translated from a French weekly periodical, called "Le Voleur," of November 10th, 1834, and it will appear to bear the stamp of veracity. The occurrence took place, it is true, some time back—in the year 1788; but that does not invalidate the fact, nor lessen the interest attached to it. Man is the same now as he was then,—ay, the same as he was in the days of Solomon,—equally prone to do wrong, and kept in check only by an appeal to his reason and experience. The story runs thus:—

"A few years before the dreadful insurrection of the negroes at St. Domingo, that beautiful French colony was at the height of its grandeur and prosperity; and its cultivation and industry had been the means of introducing into it more gold than the mines of South America had even furnished the avaricious Spaniards with. This precious metal, indeed, circulated there with the greatest activity, and with it luxury and extravagance, as usual, kept pace in every kind of pleasurable enjoyment. Neither is this to be wondered at. Under the burning atmosphere of the tropics, the passions, naturally quick, become ardent, and even volcanic; whilst riches, which in great measure give rise to them, offer every means of gratifying them.

"At the period to which we allude—namely, the year 1788—the most predominant passion of the wealthy inhabitants of St. Domingo was the baneful and pestilent one of gaming. Still, the games of calculation, in which address and skill neutralise, in some degree, the chances of fortune, were not sufficient for the grasping inquietude and covetous ideas of its votaries. They looked forward to those games in which the fascinating expectations of gaining a large sum by a few throws of the dice were most likely to be realized, and a fortune made or lost in the course of a few hours. So far indeed was the thirst for gaming carried, that it was not an uncommon occurrence to see houses and estates, with the complement of negroes belonging to them, depending on the throw of the dice. They (the dice) were placed upon the table by dozens, when the player picked out three, and commenced his acts of desperation, submitting himself to the power of fate.

"In the year 1788, one Captain St. Every, the son of a very rich Sugar proprietor, was about twenty-six years of age; and, although possessed of an immense fortune, had embraced the profession of arms, and was serving in a regiment at Port-au-Prince. In the management of the sword and pistol, he was quite without a rival, and brave even to temerity. Still, he took nothing like unfair advantage of his dexterity; and when engaged in a conflict, he generally contrived slightly to wound his opponents. In this he was lucky even to insolence; although he had been himself occasionally wounded, and in his numerous duels, had left many traces of blood in the society of St. Domingo. He possessed many amiable qualities, although he was more feared than loved; forasmuch as his upright conduct and prepossessing manners could not make amends for the impetuosity of his character, his propensity for duelling, and his attachment to gaming: for it is, unfortunately, necessary to add, that he was a gamester.

"One evening, in a house of public resort for gaming in Port-au-Prince, a few of the inhabitants were seated round a table, waiting until a sufficient number of persons arrived to enable them to commence play. At length one of them called out, 'Who will play?' 'I will play,' said the Captain of a French frigate, who happened to be at that time in the town; and taking the box, threw the dice, to win or lose, as he thought, the amount of a small sum of money which was put upon the table. Of course he was ignorant of the game—at all events, of the stake—about to be played.

"'Monsieur le Commandant,' exclaimed Captain St. Every, 'you have won; take up your winnings:' at the same time pushing towards him several bags of gold. At

the appearance of their contents, the Captain of the frigate shrank back with astonishment, supposing he had only run the risk of winning or losing the small sum he saw on the table, which did not exceed a few crown pieces (probably counters); and gently pushing from him the bags, addressed the party thus:

"'Gentlemen, I should be wanting not only in good manners, but in common honesty, if I were to appropriate to myself these sums, the winning of which I never in the least degree contemplated; having only, as I thought, played for the trifling sum I saw lying on the table. I cannot therefore, look upon this enormous quantity of gold as properly my right.'

"'Sir,' said Captain St. Every, you must take it; for if you had lost, you would have been obliged to pay the same sum.'

"'You are mistaken sir,' replied the naval captain, if you think so. I do not conceive my honour endangered in refusing to pay a debt which I never contracted, nor in refusing to accept of so large a sum, which I never entertained an idea of winning.'

"'Monsieur le Commandant,' rejoined Captain St. Every, elevating his voice to the highest pitch, 'if you had lost, you should have paid: I would have made you do so.'

"There was in this language, and in the tone in which the words were delivered, an evident desire of provocation, which could not escape the notice of the naval captain; and he answered it in a similar manner. The result was a challenge, which the exertions of the bystanders were not able to prevent.

"'Sir,' said Captain St. Every, to his adversary, as I do not wish to take any advantage over you which my known ability in the use of the sword and the pistol gives me, I will offer you terms of equality. Let a pistol be brought here instantly, and charged; and the chance of the dice shall determine which of the two shall blow out the other's brains.'

"'Accepted!' replies the Captain of the frigate.

"A feeling of horror agitated the whole of the society present; several persons left the room, trembling for the consequences, and resolved not to be witnesses of the bloody conflict; whilst others, more hardened in their nature, and excited by a brutal curiosity, approached nearer to the combatants, who were sitting exactly opposite to each other, and separated only by a table four feet in width. Whilst a third person was loading the pistol, the silence of death pervaded the assembly, and the calm was only interrupted by some words which passed between the adversaries, but not of an aggravating nature; for it was observed that they alone preserved a coolness of temper in these fearful moments.

"When the pistol was charged, each of the parties minutely examined it; and finding it in proper order, one of them placed it on the table on which were lying, in two heaps, the dice. Each drew out three, and it was decided that the naval Captain should have the first throw. He took up the box with a firm hand, and putting into it the instrument, which were to award him either his life or death, he shook them, and threw eleven!

"'That is a good throw, Commandant,' said Captain St. Every, suspending for a minute his own throw. 'The chance is in your favour; but listen to me: if it turns out as it appears to me it will, that fortune has favored you, I beg you will have neither mercy nor pity upon me: for rest assured, you shall have none from me. Moreover I should consider either as a coward that would think of sparing the other.'

"'Sir,' observed the Commandant, 'I do not stand in need of your impertinent remonstrances to teach me how to act in this or any other affair.'

"St. Every then took the box, and having put into it the dice, threw them: they numbered fifteen!!

"The company present were now horror-stricken. Monsieur le Commandant calmly rose from his seat, and

presenting to his antagonist—or rather, to his enemy—the firm attitude of a brave man, was thus addressed by him:

"'Your life belongs to me, Sir,' throwing down the dice on the table, and taking the pistol in his hand, 'Recommend your soul to God!'

"'Fire sir!' replied the Commandant, placing his hand on his heart; an honest man is always ready to — He was not allowed to finish the sentence. St. Every's ball scattered his brains about the room, and also upon the persons of several of those who were present!

"After this horrible catastrophe, on which the public voice was most loud against Captain St. Every, that officer was no longer looked upon but with horror, and was avoided and shunned by almost every person in the Colony; which treatment he acknowledged by expressions of hatred and disdain. At length, on the breaking out of the insurrection at St. Domingo, he entered the service of the enemy (i. e. the English), and served as captain under the orders of General Sir Thomas Maitland; in which he displayed proofs of great bravery, as well as the most consummate ability in the art of war. The insurgents owed almost all their success to his talent, even to their last battle at Ivois, near Tiburon, where he was killed by a ball in his ribs, at the very time when victory was declared for him."

OCEANIC ANIMALCULE.—The ocean teems with life; the class of polyps alone are conjectured by Lamarck to be as strong individuals as insects. Every tropical reef is described as bristling with corals, budding with sponges, and swarming with crustacea, echini, and testacea, while almost every tide-washed rock is carpeted with fuci, and studded with corallines, actinie, and mollusca. There are innumerable forms in the seas of the warmer zones which have scarcely begun to attract the attention of the naturalist; and there are parasitic animals without number, three or four of which are sometimes appropriated to one genus, as to the Balæna, for example. Even though we concede, therefore, that the geographical range of marine species is more extensive in general than that of the terrestrial, (the temperature of the sea being more uniform, and the land impeding less the migrations of the oceanic than the ocean of the terrestrial,) yet we think it most probable that the aquatic species far exceed in number the inhabitants of the land. Without insisting on this point, we may safely assume, as we before stated, that exclusive of microscopic beings, there are between one and two millions of species now inhabiting the terraqueous globe; so that if only one of these were to become extinct annually, and one new one were to be every year called into being, more than a million of years would be required to bring about a complete revolution in organic life.—Lyell's Geology.

Mrs. Hale says in one of her sensible essays: "How unfortunate it is for the real happiness of young females, that since to understand household affairs is such an indispensable accomplishment for women, it cannot be made a fashionable one."

MODESTY.—Modesty is not only an ornament but also a guard to nature. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sense, as warns to shun the first appearance of every thing that is hurtful.

THREAD OF THE SPIDER.—The thread of the silkworm is so small, that many folds are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach from London to Edinburgh, or four hundred miles.—Arnott's Physics.

* From an article in Fraser's Magazine for September, entitled "The Anatomy of Gaming," by Nimrod.

THE DOLEFUL MAN.

A SKETCH.

Joy on, joy on, the footpath way,
And merrily bent the stile—
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tune in a mile a—

Shakespeare—*Winter's Tale.*

It has been my lot to know Sir George Dismal for many years. He was then precisely as he is now. Time, which has falsified so many of his lugubrious predictions, and disappointed him in his fond anticipations of civic disunion—domestic broil, and every species of

"Moving accidents by field and flood,"

finds him now engaged, soul and body, in harrassing his own mind, and tormenting the spirits of every one around him by continually representing to himself and them, (like the worthy Menedemus in Terence) visions of horror, frightful enough to be classed with the very furie, which can never take place, and for which there is no earthly thing to justify the possibility of their ever happening. Such a man was George Dismal in his moody humors. True to the Englishman's notion of *privilege*, he really would be miserable were he not allowed the indulgence of his whim, which, to do him justice, he certainly exercises to the "top of his bent."

The first occasion upon which I met Sir George Dismal gave me full insight into his character. I was seated in a box at a well known refectory in London, *chewing the cud* of sweet and bitter coffee, or rather endeavouring to (we have no English word to express the mode or the action. The French have it '*avaler*,' the only true term,) grind through a viscid and blackish mass, entitled by courtesy and by the master of the establishment, genuine Mocha: when I heard a voice exclaim in an adjoining box, with vast emphasis, the following words,

"Psha! sir, don't tell me! We are going backwards every day. Talk of your march of intellect—a precious humbug! I can see, sir, though you nor you can't—but if you live long enough you will witness the downfall of the English constitution—a sight, sir, to make the angels weep—you will see the crown empty—our parliament dissolved—our form of laws converted into the vilest agrarianism—no king—no lords—no church—but, sir, the country will be governed by a radical mob, headed by Dan O'Connell, who, sir, doubtless is waiting only a fitting opportunity to elevate himself to the post of a Danton, a Marat or Robespierre!"

The last sentence was flanked by a most eloquent rap on the table, and the rear of the whole address brought up with a heavy groan or two.

Presently another voice took up the role.

"My dear Dismal, why should you make yourself so unhappy by these chimerical fancies?—What you affirm, can never take place, and—"

"Not take place, sir,—not take place!—zounds sir, d'ye tell me so, who have made the investigation of passing events the sole study of my life. I see it, sir—I see it plainly!—Farewell for ever to the constitution and laws of old England!" and here was groan the second, "ditto repeated."

"Ha! ha! George you really make yourself ridiculous—Neither you nor I will ever see what you predict to take place."

"Very well, sir—very well! laugh away—grin away. You may chance to grin on the other side of your chops—and that too before long!" Whereupon the speaker rose and walked out.

I had finished my vile potation, and was preparing to depart, when my old friend, Harry Somers, tapped me on the shoulder.

"Oh! Harry," said I "is it you? I thought I recognized your voice."

"Yes," said he, "I have just been amusing myself with one of the greatest originals you ever saw."

"What?" said I, "was it you who held converse with the gentleman who deplored the downfall of the constitution in so touching a manner?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Harry, "did you overhear our confab?"

"I had the pleasure," said I.

"And, egad, I've had the pleasure, as you call it, of listening to the same thing for the last three years. I was conversing with Sir George Dismal, an old friend of mine; who seizes every opportunity to make himself happily unhappy, by foretelling the advent of all the woes deprecated in the litany."

"Yes," said I, "so it would appear from his agrarian government and his apprehensions of O'Connell's Jacobinism."

"Ha! ha! did you ever hear any thing so ridiculous. But, you have nothing better to do, and relish the induction so much, come and dine with me, and you shall hear the continuation of the play."

"I assent with pleasure," said I, and we parted.

At five o'clock I repaired to the chambers of Harry Somers. I found the table laid for three; Harry engaged in torturing a tune from an old German flute, which appeared to contain, from the variety of tone and modulation it possessed, all the properties generally ascribed to the "hurdy-gurdy," an instrument now becoming, happily obsolete, and the very quintessence of a racked life; in short, the sounds produced were enough to destroy the peace and happiness of all Pentonville. (By the way, how remarkable it is that the musical taste of all single gentlemen should be centred, as it were, upon single chambers and a German flute.) Upon the rug lay Harry's cat, an animal of peculiar sagacity, if we may believe the account of her owner; and the rest of the room displayed all that elegant confusion only to be found in the abode of single gentlemen of a rather brachish inclination. Sir George had not yet made his appearance.

"Ah!" said Harry, discontinuing his diabolical noise, "glad to see you. I expect Dismal every moment. I'd lay an even bet that he brings some awful tale with him."

Just at that moment, Sir George made his appearance. He advanced towards Harry, and extending one leg, sufficiently well bespattered with black mud, bawled with indignant countenance:

"So sir—here is your march of intellect—your radical reform—your humbug!—this is what it is, to have your penny repositories for enlightening the brains and polishing the minds of the rabble! your mental Day and Martinus!"

"Why George, what's the matter?—How did you get in such a pickle?"

"A pickle!—gad, sir,—it is a pickle!—Why, sir—I'll tell you—and this worthy gentleman to whom I have not yet had an introduction. More degeneracy of the times, though it may be the fashion."

"Why zounds!" said Harry, "it's all your own fault. You will break out in invectives upon your favorite topicks, before I had an opportunity."

We were introduced and made our bows.

"Well George, said Somers, "how did you get so bespattered?"

"Why, sir, I'll tell ye—but its only adding another instance to the truth of my predictions, at which you are so often pleased to laugh. I was crossing the street, sir, and the rascally sweeper held out his hat into which I deposited a half-penny. But, sir, that did'nt content the extravagant villain, he actually demanded a penny, and when he found that I would not accede to so exorbitant a demand—by Jove, sir, he whirled round his brush filled with black mud, and discharged it full against my breeches, a black-guard radical, doubtless. You see, sir, that the depravity of the age has reached so far as to dispise the rights of private property!"

"Ha! ha! George—a little water will soon do your business—"

"Yes, sir, a little water may clean my garment—but all the water in the Thames can't wash out the conviction from my mind, that agrarianism—republicanism—atheism—and for aught I know, primitive barbarism, are rapidly striding over the land. S'death, sir, it was but a few nights ago that I adventured near the theatre. Sir, some pick-pocket—the devil confound him—ran off with my handkerchief; and another worthy, who was conducting

me upon the loss of my "vipe;" as he was pleased, most classically, to denominate it, had a pluck at my watch. Good heaven, sir, is it not apparent that when the rights of private property are no longer respected, the agrarian system must prevail?"

I was almost choked with suppressed laughter on listening to the lucid display of the rights of private property when dinner being announced, the discourse terminated for the present, Sir George commencing upon another score.

"Harry Somers!—Harry Somers! here is another instance of innovation!—when a private man and a hearty old bachelor dines at half past five!—I would'nt care, sir, about the matter if you were married; for it is very natural to suppose that those mistaken devils who have abandoned the ranks of celibacy, should be compelled to wait the pleasure of their august spouses. Things were different in the good old days of Queen Bess. You saw no affectation of display there sir: beef and ale were the commodities which supplied food—you can discover no French or Italian poisons, cooked by a greasy *martré de Cuisine* in a red woollen nightcap—no vintage of sour whey, served up under titles of imposing magnificence—no luxurious couches—no midnight assemblies—and all was then health, prosperity, and cheerfulness. Sir, I could weep, as I witness the decay and degeneracy from those habits which ensured our nation's wealth to the precursive marks of rapid approach towards French Jacobinism!—it will come, sir I may not see it—neither may you—but the next generation will witness the downfall of merrie England."

In this manner did Sir George sustain the table-talk; passing occasionally from national to individual degeneracy. His countenance during the whole time displayed to lugubrious and forlorn an appearance—his groans were so expressive—and his melancholy attempts to grin a smile, which proved, (as the owner intended they should doubtless,) so utterly and entirely abortive, might have justified the supposition that he had borrowed a visage of the illustrious hidulgo, Don Quixote, or had been practising all the woe-begone contortions of aspect with which Liston was wont to delight the pit in Billy Lackaday. The whole scene was most eloquently demonstrative of the title pages of our ancient dramatic authors, being the very personification of a right merrie tragedy, or a most doleful comedy. I looked upon the man with a species, of mixed sensation, which it is impossible to define—not knowing whether to laugh at his absurdity or to pity his misfortune.—Presently a newspaper was brought in—one of those croaking disheartening productions, the very perusal of which, on a November night, might drive a man to commit suicide, especially if he had prefaced it by deluging his viscera with that sour decoction of tansy and catnip, yclept the Chinese herb, but which in most cases, is indigenous to the soil of an English kitchen-garden. Sir George seized it with avidity and presently, with an exclamation of horror, dropped it—

"Good gracious! Dismal, what is the matter?" exclaimed Somers, running towards him.

"Read!—read!" replied Sir George, in an exceedingly faint and desponding tone.

Somers eagerly seized the paper, apprehending immediately the death of some dear friend—there was a dead and silent pause—which was broken by a roar of laughter from Harry.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he shouted—"at it again George?"

"What are you laughing at sir?"—demanded Sir George sternly. "I'm sure there's nothing in that to make you laugh I hope?"

"Read it Harry," I exclaimed.

Harry paused—put on a look of the most eloquent mock-sensibility—and prefacing his speech with dismal ejaculations—proceeded thus:

"Maidstone, Kent. We are sorry to remark the prevailing apprehensions of a short crop. Hops down. Cattle market, &c."

I could stand this no longer. I shouted till the whole room rang, and Harry was equally affected. Sir George gazed on us with angry countenance, and leaping from his seat, seized his hat, addressing us in fierce indignation:

"A couple of—but no matter, gentlemen—you may laugh—but I can see these things. We are on the eve of famine—of starvation and of death—this kingdom is devoted to ruin!—We will perish from off the face of the earth—Good Heaven! what will become of us!"

So saying, Sir George disappeared. I said nothing—but I thought with the poet,

*Et l'écueil du monde dans lequel il fant vivre
Instruit mieux, à mon que, que ne fait aucun livre.*

I saw Sir George very often, after the above scene, and never was he unprovided with a foreboding prophecy. Some time since, I missed him from his usual haunts, and on making inquiry, I learned that he had gone to France, driven from his native land, as he said, by the fear of rebellion. A few days since, I received a letter, informing me of his death. Some minutes before that event, he called a friend to his side and spake to him thus, with a weak and low voice:

"My dear friend—the times are truly awful!—nothing but degeneracy—rebellion and famine, stare us in the face. A great revolution is taking place! I won't live to see it, but mark the words of one who has made passing events the study of his life—you will!"

So saying, Sir George Dismal sank back and expired.

Reader, if thou regrettest the death of Sir George—comfort thyself, there are many such in the world, and even thou mayest apply to thyself the conclusion of the tale, which Gil Blas tells his reader of the two scholars and the soul of the licentiate, Pedro Garcias.

"*Qui que tu sois, ami lecteur, tu vas ressembler l'un
on l'autre de ces deux eccliers. Situ lis mes aventures
sans prendre garde aux instructions morales qu'elles
renferment, tu ne retireras aucun fruit de cel ouvrage;
mais si tu le lis avec attention tu y trouveras, suivant le
precepte d'Horace, l'utile mele avec l'agrecable.*

From the Monument.

ANECDOTE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West, during a cessation of hostilities availed himself of the opportunity then offered, by visiting Paris, of seeing, in the Louvre, the many celebrated paintings that had been taken by the victorious armies of France from various parts of Europe. While occupied, with all the earnestness of a connoisseur, in the examination of a celebrated masterpiece, he was interrupted by an individual who touched him on the shoulder. This individual was dressed in a plain, green, military suit, and was considered by Mr. West to be a baltern officer employed about the palace.

"Sir" said the military stranger, taking a paper from his pocket, "is this your property?"

West looked at it. It was a sketch of Death on the pale Horse.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed he, "I must have lost it this morning. I am deeply indebted to you for its recovery."

"Not at all, Mr. West. It affords me no little gratification to be of service to a man of genius. But, sir, allow me to ask, is the painting you intend to produce, I presume, from that sketch, engnged?"

While the stranger was thus speaking several officers in splendid uniforms drew nigh and stood with their heads uncovered. West immediately discovered that he was in the presence of the first consul, Napoleon.

"Sir," said he, in reply, "I intend to offer it to my patron, the king of England."

"Well, well, Mr. West," said Napoleon, "we cannot I suppose make a bargain. King George is a richer broker than I am. While you remain in Paris I shall be pleased at any time to see you; but, before you leave, let me entreat your opinion as to the merits of one of the decorations of my private room." West accompanied Napoleon to his favourite chamber. Among other things, he noticed busts of Alexander the great, Caesar, Cromwell, and Washington. "Mr. West," said the first consul, pointing to the bust of Washington, "does that bust in

your opinion, afford a fair idea of the original?" West declared that he thought it could be depended upon, as several American gentlemen had spoken very favourably of a similar bust in England.

"Washington was a great man," said Napoleon, "the greatest of the great. Ardently have I desired that I could follow in his footsteps; but I am controlled by peculiar circumstances. My way is marked out, Quod scriptum, scriptum."—With assurance of friendship and protection, the first consul then summoned an attendant to escort Mr. West to his hotel.—*Clearspring, Md.*

LADY OF THE LAKE.

BY SCOTT.

Never did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face,—
What, though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly ting'd her cheek with brown;
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dy'd her glowing hue so bright,
Serv'd, too, in hastier swell, to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What, though no rule of courtly grace
To measur'd mood had train'd her pace;
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight hare bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
What, though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue;
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.
A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid,
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care;
And never brouch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the banks in shape more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danc'd in her dark eye,
Or wo or pity claim'd a sigh.
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of inquiry call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the north,
One only passion, unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;
O need I tell that passion's name?

WINTER.

BY DR. J. F. MORTIMER.

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen.—*Thomson.*

Old, rigid, and pale face winter, here he comes with weighty step, and cold embrace; hastening from the north to clothe all nature in his icy raiment. How stupid he appears to some, but yet he his duty knows, and nature claims him as her own, to fill up the perfect year as it rolls around in untiring succession.

Winter! how insinuating he looks—his touch how withering, as he sociably clings to mother nature, and wraps all in his snowy mantle. He hugs the fireside within, as well as skeleton nature without—every thing acknowledges his presence. He is mighty in pulling down, and defacing the beauties of his kindred seasons; who in

their youth were budding, and in their middle age were unfolding the charms that gladden universal nature.

The balmy air that wafes o'er the verdant fields and forests, whispered softness to the light and mirthful heart in tones of joy, and gladness too. But alas! these are numbered among things that were. Now winter, the fourth offspring of "old time," blasts the beauties that precede him—he gathers in wass the vestment of all vegetable nature, and returns it to the mother earth, that she may be warmed and nourished amid his chilling influence; and that she may put forth in the youthful year, buds of promise; that shall speak middle age beauty and plenty. Then it is, spring, joyous spring, that decks vegetable nature in verdure rich, and fills the air with aromatic sweets. Then it is, the feathered tribe returning to wonted tree and bush, and verdant lawn—now all matched, make safe lodgments for their nestlings; and with warbling notes fill the ear with music sweet. Then it is, man with instinct small, and reason great, sees, feels, and appreciates with renewed vigour, all that is placed before him, and acts accordingly.

"Stupid I die! I depart in peace?" exclaims old-aged fall, as winter approaches with his bleached looks, whistling at the door, the cold song of his presence. The door of nature is opened, he rushes in, the ghost of departed fall appears, thus speaking in vigorous tones, "winter I have for thee all things matured. Man is rich in the abundance that I have prepared for him, but your presence is chilling to him. You bleach his fields with the appearance of your snowy countenance, the mantle that shrouds the fruits of his labour, that were in my presence performed, for this he is thankful.

Thy course is onward, but yet O! winter, be mild! and then young and tender spring will rejoice in thy fostering care, and call into being buds of promise, that shall mature in our day, and give us honour, amid luxurious profusion."—*Fredericksburg, Va.*

INDECISION OF CHARACTER.—A person of indecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in his way, to place him just in that one situation for which he is peculiarly unadapted, and in which he is also willing to think no other man could have acted with such facility and confidence. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. He thinks what a determined course he could have pursued, if his talents, his health, his age, had been different; if he had been acquainted with some one person sooner; if his friends were in this or the other point, different from what they are; or if fortune had showered her favours on him. And he gives himself as much licence to complain, as if all these advantages had been among the rights of his nativity, but refused by a malignant or capricious fate, to his life. A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider, may make a captive of the hopeless boaster the very next moment, and triumphantly exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and will. He belongs to whatever can seize him; and innumerable things do actually verify their claim on him, and arrest him as he tries to go along; as twigs and chips, floating near the edge of a river, are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—if the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week, will let him. As his character precludes all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as the farmer has often to acknowledge the next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds.—*Foster.*

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—One of the consequences of good-breeding is a disinclination, positively a distaste, to pry into the private affairs of others.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, NOV. 4, 1837.

It now has become our duty to pause and reflect on the departure of a summer;—an important summer to us and our readers. The first summer of our exertions and excursions in this rare and choice vehicle of thought, the Pearl. The first, we trust, of many summers, that we and our readers shall felicitously and edifyingly spend together. Something has in this been ministered to their amusement and instruction, their pleasure and profit. And more will yet be done. We must mutually encourage and help each other in this good work of writing and reading; and we repeat, more will yet be done, for the intellectual and moral improvement of our fair and enterprising readers.

The departure of a summer is attended with a poetical and pleasing melancholy:—pleasing because poetical. We celebrate the funeral of the flowers,—of the virgin beauties of the spring, brought forth amid snows, cradled by the winds, nurtured into maturity by summer suns and showers, but now no more. Over these, our fellow creatures, who lived but for us, who were seen but to be admired, and caressed, and loved, we mourn: for they are not; their delicate tissues, colours, and odours are no more; we seek them in the rural walk, or once gay paterre, but fond remembrance only presents them to our view; remembrance only has fidelity, our eyes deceive us, we are willing thus to believe, for our cherished favourites are alas no more!

But man, yea more, woman, life-giving woman! thus blooms,—and thus dies. The voice that enraptured, the eye that charmed, the features that delighted, alike pass away; like the shed flower, and the mown grass, they sicken, decline, and die. But not for ever. A new spring shall awaken into life and fresh beauty the leaves and the flowers; and through the enlivened grass and corn the joyous valleys shall again laugh and sing. Also our departed companions shall revive. Mortality shall be swallowed up of life—all, and more than all their pristine beauty shall be restored; and they shall live, not for a time, but for ever.

For life is immortality. It perishes never. True it leaves its feeble domicile, and the flame seems to expire; but where is it? This is only known to the eternal: and at his bidding it shall return—to its refined and reinvigorated home, and “go no more out.”

Our musings on the past should not then be tinged with melancholy; the past is the type and pledge of the future, and all promises well to the Christian. All things are co-operating for the honour of their Divine Architect, and the good of those he loves.

The natural order of events—one season replaced by another, affords us a continual exhibition of the beauties of earth and heaven, and the bounties of divine Providence. Poets have dwelt with raptured song, on the felicities of a perpetual spring: but where then were the rich pageantries of summer, or the enriching harvest-hoax. Nay, even the unwelcome winter proves a real though stern friend, he renews the staple atmosphere of our sphere, redolent of purest health, he displays to us in clearest perspective the grand epiphenomena of the heavens, and he lands us on a new earth, drest in virgin white, as when first impelled to run her rounds, by the hand of her complacent Creator.

As the mind spiritualizes the body, the body stimulates the mind: and when in health the mind expands, it wings with freedom, and takes its flight across the unknown vast. We are then indebted to winter for some of the hopefulest culture, and choicest fruits that have blest the world: we mean moral culture, and the fruits of the religious mind. “The said of heaven ‘there is no heat there;’ and certainly of this heaven, the church militant, we may say, its noblest atmosphere has breathed in the north. The bravest of the free, the truest children of liberty, have been fanned, not by the soothing zephyrs; but by rude Boreas’s awakening northern blast: and the proudest arts and arms, have been forged from the northern steel, and liberty, science and religion, have most triumphed as kindled by the

arctical tempest, and the most spirit-stirring annals of our race have been inscribed by those warm hearts whose ink was dried not by the meridian sun, but by the nocturnal frost.

If these things are so, then why should we despise our condition? Were they not our fathers: are we not their sons? If so, let us manifest the spirits of our sires: not imagining that at this later age of the world there is nothing for us to achieve, while yet we “are the salt of the earth, the light of the world.” But rather let us carry forwards into deep futurity the impulses we have received, and not merely awakening to the sense and adoption of every improvement, but for the express purpose of enlarging and extending them; may we cultivate all our faculties, and employ all our talents, this forthcoming winter, and ever, in the accomplishment of purposes of pure philanthropy. Occasions will be afforded us: and as at every stage of our growth we are but children, though philosophers, may we cultivate knowledge, may we communicate knowledge, especially to the rising generation, and seeing that Knowledge is Power, may we take heed that it be wholesome knowledge. Thus may our powers be refreshed and furnished to every good work. May the correspondents and readers of the Pearl, be amongst the foremost, and may they find “the winter’s night, and summer’s day,” too short for the full accomplishment of all their virtuous and benevolent designs. May the country and posterity feel the beneficial impulse of virtue: and may truth extend her empire in every heart, embracing and dignifying the whole human race, till the golden-age is commenced, and heaven again begins, upon our renovated earth.

By the October Packet we have received London dates to the 4th October. The most important items of news are given below.

THE COURT.—The Queen has reviewed a body of infantry and cavalry. Her Majesty was dressed in a habit of the Windsor uniform, and wore a star and the riband of the Order of the Garter, and a military cap. The Queen was mounted on a beautiful grey charger. The soldiers reviewed were eight troops of Life Guards. The Queen was pleased to signify her high admiration of the brilliant appearance and perfect discipline of the troops.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to become the patroness of the London Orphan Asylum, a charity which at its commencement enjoyed the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

Her Majesty the Queen of England and the Duchess of Kent, have forwarded 1,200 florins to Germany, for the relief of the inhabitants of Schleitz, nearly the whole of that town having been destroyed by fire.—*German Paper.*

The Queen and the Duchess of Kent visited the Dowager on Monday.

The Queen Dowager intends to leave Bushy Park, for her marine villa at Hastings, on the 10th of this month.

Great preparations are making at Brighton for the reception of her Majesty. An immense amphitheatre, capable of holding several thousands, is to be erected close to the southern gates of the Palace grounds. It is to contain three tiers of seats, and to be decorated with evergreens, with a triumphal arch in the centre. If money enough be collected, it will be illuminated at night; but the managers complain of the apathy of the inhabitants, whose subscriptions come in very slowly.

Behnes has been appointed sculptor to the Queen. Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston remain at the Castle.

Mr. Chalon, who has been appointed portrait-painter in water colours to the Queen, went to Windsor on Tuesday, and her Majesty sat to him for a portrait in miniature.

It is the intention of her Majesty to visit Scotland and Ireland during the next summer, and she will hold her Court for some time at Holyrood House.

FRANCE.—The Paris papers of Wednesday and Thursday are destitute of interest or importance. The King and Queen of the Belgians are expected in Paris about the 10th inst., in order to attend the nuptials of the Princess Mary. The Prince Alexander of Wirtemberg has, it is said, refused to make any demand of a dowry from the nation for his bride.—The Paris papers of Friday and Saturday are occupied with a very detailed account of the military manoeuvres at the camp of Compiègne, at which the King was present, and which passed over in a satisfactory manner. Amongst other features of the review was a grand sham battle, which lasted for eight hours.—The salaries of the judges and King’s attorneys in the primary courts, hitherto but £88., have received the trifling addition of 50 francs, or £2., per annum.

Count Gonfalonieri, the Italian patriot, who recently arrived in Paris from America, whither he had been deported by the Austrian government, had received an order from the prefect of police to quit France in twenty-four hours, which order was only relaxed at the pressing instance of a friend of M. Gonfalonieri to a permission to remain for three days.

SPAIN.—The Carlists have left the neighbourhood of Madrid, pursued by Espartero; who, in the *Madrid Gazette*, claims to have defeated the rebels near Amuzague on the 19th ult. Accounts from Madrid, dated the 23d ult., state that the affair was very serious, and that the Carlists were “retreating with precipitation.” This statement is not quite consistent with another received at the same time, that the most rigorous measures were taken to erect additional works for the protection of the capital. It is feared that the aim of the Carlists is to draw Espartero to some distance from Madrid, to weary and weaken his troops, and then make a sudden march on the capital.—The Carlists have shot 132 soldiers of the late British Legion, in cold blood, at Andoain. These gallant men, after defending themselves against an overpowering force for some time with astonishing bravery, were forced to capitulate: when they were murdered, in compliance with the infamous Durango decree.

From the frontiers, letters of the 24th report that the Carlist chief Castor had entered Santander, but this news requires confirmation. The Carlists at Estella moved their heavy guns recently, preparatory to a movement under General Garcia. A new levy of Guipuzcoa has been ordered by Don Carlos, which has already brought 3,500 recruits to his arms. An order to send five battalions to Santander had been received at St. Sebastian, which, perhaps, has given rise to the report above referred to.

Bayonne letters of the 25th ult. state, that the Christians intended to evacuate all the fortified points of the insurgent provinces, with the exception of Pampeluna, St. Sebastian, Passages, Fuencabina, Irua, Lizarri, and Vittoria, and that all the troops withdrawn from those garrisons would be formed into an army of reserve, of which the command is to be given to General O Donnell.

LATEST.

Don Carlos has again out-marched and out-witted Espartero. By the last accounts from this general he was at Fuentes, about to pursue Don Carlos, who was flying with his army from Brihaga southwards to Trillo. Espartero flattered himself that he had thus completely cut off all passage for the Carlists to cross the high road north to the province and the mountains of Sorio. Espartero, however, was utterly mistaken; and Don Carlos, instead of flying to Trillo, turned by a circuit north, and reached the high Madrid road at Villaverde del Ducado on the 23rd. He proceeded to A’colea, and then struck northward by the road to Sorio, Espartero reaching the village, of course, ten minutes after him, and, of course, stopping some twelve hours to repose. The pursuit was renewed on the morning of the 24th.—The Pretender has thus again divided his forces, leaving the Arragonese bands in the province of Cuenca, whilst he himself has gone with 8,000 of his most disciplined troops to join Zariategui, and sustain the war in Castile.—*Chronicle.*

BELGIUM.—An attempt upon the life of King Leopold, during the National Fete at Brussels, has been frustrated by the presence of mind of Colonel Rodenbach. A person named Jamotte had stationed himself at the royal tent, at the time when his Majesty was expected to arrive. When General Huel came up in full uniform, Jamotte, in expectation of the King’s approach, put his hand into his bosom and attempted to draw out a pistol, but was instantly seized and disarmed by Colonel Rodenbach. Jamotte has been already twice imprisoned in consequence of his having been suspected of entertaining designs against the King’s safety. On the present occasion, there can be no doubt of his murderous intention, the pistol being heavily charged, and cocked.

PORTUGAL.—The Queen of Portugal gave birth to a son on the night of Saturday the 16th: the royal mother and infant were both announced to be “doing well.” No intelligence whatever has been received of the movements either of Saldanha or Bomfim.

SEIZURE FROM THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR’S CARRIAGES.—On Friday night his Excellency General Count Sebastiani, the French Ambassador, arrived here by the Royal George steam-vessel from Boulogne; his Excellency remained for the night at the Ship Hotel, and the following morning set off for London under a salute from the guns at the heights. It has generally been the understood custom, if not the law of nations, that the person and property of ambassadors are held sacred; the Douaniers, who have a pretty good *notis* in matters of contraband articles, fancied that his Excellency’s baggage was not purely official, for on searching the two carriages of his Excellency, who is not a smuggler, nearly 1,000 pairs of kid shoes and a quantity of blind face fell into the hands of the Philistines!—*Keutish Gazette.*

From the Acadian Telegraph.

SPAIN.—The British Legion appears to have been finally disbanded, on Sept. 20, at St. Sebastian.

Carlism seems to be "going down hill" in every direction.

Espartaco was pursuing the Carlists, Oran had obtained a decisive victory, and was in pursuit. Valladolid had been retaken.

The Emperor of Russia, it appears, is about to grant an amnesty to the expatriated Poles; all who have not taken part in the political intrigues against Russia, will be permitted to return.

The constitutionalists of Portugal, have triumphed over the supporters of Don Pedro's charter.

The works at the Thames Tunnel proceeds without intermission, by night as well as day.

The new coin, bearing her Majesty's likeness, will be issued in the course of a few months.

Mr. O'Connell is preparing a work for the press, called *Memoirs of Ireland*, descriptive of the past and present state of that country.

The English papers seem to delight to give details of the Queen's movements. Nothing, however, of importance on this subject, appears. Her Majesty had left Windsor for Brighton. She had caused the bust of the Duke of Bedford to be restored to the place whence it had been removed by his late Majesty.

Mr. Alderman Cowan has been chosen Lord Mayor of London.

Trade &c. *Tait's Magazine*, for October, gives the following summary on Trade and Commerce: Trade of all sorts is slowly reviving in the manufacturing districts, and the late favourable news from America, must tend to relieve the late dullness. In France, and on the continent generally, little activity prevails. The exports from the French capital have diminished one third, and the number of bankruptcies is nearly double the preceding year. It is chiefly small shopkeepers, however, who have been unable to meet their engagements. Only five of the bankruptcies exceed £5,000. Capital is attracted principally to railways and public works. In the south of France, Italy and Sicily, commerce has been nearly put a stop to by the Cholera, and by the stringent precautions the governments of those states have taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK.—A large new steamer, the *Home*, left New York, on the 7th October, for Charleston S. C. It was her first trip, she had a crew of 45 persons including waiters, &c. and had 90 passengers. Many of the latter were ladies, returning home, after a residence in the Northern cities for purposes of education, amusement, health, &c. The vessel grounded soon after leaving New York, but was got off, apparently without damage. Subsequently, the weather became very rough, the vessel leaked, and laboured excessively. It was soon apparent, that she was entirely too weak for the sea, and that the only hope of safety was in steering for the land. She soon became water-logged, her fires went out, and engines stopped. Impelled by her sails she neared the land, ladies, and all, bailing. She struck, about 10 at night, near Ocracoke, about a quarter of a mile from the beach. She soon went to pieces, and a scene of dreadful confusion and calamity ensued. Of the 90 passengers, 20 reached the shore alive, and 20 of the crew; the number lost was 95. By one account, it appears, that the vessel was shamefully deficient as regards strength, and that this waste of life occurred from the criminal parsimony, or the ignorance, of her builders. The *Home* cost \$100,000, and was insured for \$40,000. Some of those who escaped attribute their preservation to India-rubber "life preservers;" others floated ashore on pieces of the wreck.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The session of the Institute commenced on Wednesday evening last. Doctor Grigor delivered a Lecture introductory to the course. Notwithstanding that the night was wet, dark and stormy, the room was nearly filled by an attentive audience; and most of those who attended seemed to be influenced by a feeling of pleasure, at this renewal of their meetings for mutual improvement.

The Lecturer explained the intentions of the Committee in arranging a course more scientific and better connected than usual,—and urged the advantages to be gained by such an arrangement. He reviewed the list of Lectures, pointing out the importance of the abstract sciences,—Arithmetic, Geometry, and Algebra,—and of the mixed sciences,—Mechanics, Physiology, and other branches of natural Philosophy. He alluded to early opposition to all the sciences; and to the late, or present opposition to the "infant sciences,"—instancing, Geology. He next adverted to the generally exploded notion that advances in science were inimical to religion,—and refuted the absurdity, by reason, and reference to eminent authorities. He referred to the experience of Institutes as proving

their good effects on the peace and order of communities, and concluded by urging the benefits which should be derived from a course of Lectures such as that about to be commenced.

After the Lecture a short conversation occurred. In this part of the fastidious proceedings (a part which has proved so valuable for many reasons, and which members should carefully cultivate) questions were asked, and answered; remarks were made on the want of science in the Provinces, as instanced in the loss by the falling of part of Windsor Bridge, and the greater calamity at Carleton N. Brunswick. The loss by the fall of the Bridge at the latter place was stated at £30,000, beside the abandonment of the project, and consequent retardation of improvement: both of these occurrences were attributed to miscalculation of the strength of materials. Remarks were also made, illustrative of the vast differences which existed between cultivated and uncultivated minds,—the one depicted by a beautiful, highly fruitful country,—the other by an arid poisonous waste.

Mr. Joseph Howe announced, that Mr. Wilmot, member of the New Brunswick Assembly, and who attended some meetings of the Institute in a former session, had presented the Institute with the valuable volumes, lately published, of Buckland's Geology. The meeting broke up at about 10 o'clock, much pleased with this commencement of the Winter evening recreations.

James Forman junr. Esq. will Lecture next Wednesday evening, on a branch of the Mathematics.

MOOSE.—Among the articles which Mr. Downs had to remove so hastily, on the evening of Monday week, from the path of the Fire,—were three or four Moose heads,—which he had in progress of preservation. One of these was of immense size, the property of the Hon. T. N. Jeffery. The creature of which it formed a part weighed 11 cwt., and was killed in the vicinity of Mr. Jeffery's country mansion. An unusual number of Moose have been killed lately. One cannot help regretting that these pride of Nova Scotia woods, should be wantonly destroyed, and that the time must be rapidly approaching when they will be as scarce as wolves or panthers. If any steps could be taken to preserve the race, they should be adapted,—but it is hard to imagine any, except that which consists in the good sense and forbearance of the hunters; and these unfortunately poor prospects to such game.

An alarm of Fire was made on Saturday morning, at about half-past five o'clock. The bugle at the South Barrack sounded; and one of the military Engines proceeded in the direction of the fire. It returned in a few minutes, the cause of alarm having been suppressed. The Fire occurred in a building near the Dock Yard gate, and might have been very destructive if not soon discovered.

A Proclamation in last Royal Gazette, calls on the inhabitants of the Province, to observe the 23rd. of November, as a day of Thanksgiving, for preservation from the Pestilence, and for the abundant harvest with which the year has been crowned. The occasion should be devoutly honoured.

Her Majesty has given her unqualified assent to the New Brunswick Civil List Bill.

ELECTIONS.—Zenas Waterman Esq. has been returned for Liverpool County, N. S. in the place of the late Joseph Freeman, Esq.—R. J. Forrestall, Esq. has offered for the County of Sydney, where a vacancy occurred by the death of John Young, Esq.

Married.

At Parrsboro, on Thursday, 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Costen, Thomas Dewell Dickson, Esq. Collector of H. M. Customs there, to Eliza, relict of the late Mr. Matthew Webster.

Died.

On Friday evening, after a short illness, in the 34th year of his age, Mr. William F. Stayner, (Tinsmith) son of the late Mr. Richard Stayner, leaving a wife and four small children.

On Monday morning, after a short illness, Florence Mahony, aged 34 years.

On Sunday last, Capt. Daniel Kelly, aged 64 years, one of the oldest and most respectable ship masters, and best pilots of this port, highly respected in the town.

On Monday morning, after a tedious illness of twelve months, Mr. Henry Murphy, in the 21st year of his age.

At Turo, on Sunday morning, 15th inst. in the 67th year of her age, Rebecca, widow of the late Alexander Miller, deservedly lamented by a numerous circle of relatives and friends.

Shipping Intelligence.

ARRIVED.

SUNDAY, Oct. 29.—Brig Planet, Ritchie, Malaga and Gibraltar, 27 days—fruit and oil, to Creighton and Grassie; brig Herald, Berwick; Kingston, Jam. 32 days—ballast, to Fairbanks & Allison; brig Gander, Judd, Kingston, Jam. 32 days—ballast to J. & T. Williams.

MONDAY, Oct. 30.—Schr. Rambler, McKinnon, New York, 21 days—flour, wheat, cocoa, hops, and cigars, to S. Cunard & Co.; Ben, Forrest, Charlottetown, 44 hours—produce; Maria, Le Blanc do.—produce; Catherine, Dixon, Bedeque; Eliza, Arichat, dry fish; Fly, Arichat—dry fish; Swallow, Canso, dry fish; schrs. Hazard, Margaree, and Trial, St. Mary's—lumber.

TUESDAY, Oct. 31.—Schr. Ann, Cape Breton—dry fish; Swallow, Arichat—dry fish; Mary, Margaree—pork, butter and mackerel; Industry and Ellen, Margaree—dry fish and butter.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2.—Sloop of War, Wanderer, from Quebec; H. M. Packet Barque Spey, Lieutenant James, Falmouth, 28 days—with the October mail, brig Westmoreland, Robb, Dundee, 36 days—wheat and dry goods, to Fairbanks & McNab; schr. Armide, Smith, St. Stephens, 14 days, lumber to do.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3.—Schr. Mary Ann, Vincent, Fortune Bay—dry fish, to Archbold & Wilkie; Lapwing, Ragged Islands—dry fish and oil; brig Nancy, Bechan, Kingston, 33 days—ballast, to J. Strachan, At Liverpool, G. B. Sept. 23—Barque Sisters, River John, Banastre, Gordon, Pictou.

At Boston, 7th inst. schr. Industry, hence.

At Pictou, schrs. Lucy and Sisters, hence.

At P. E. Island, schr. Temperance, McPhee, Halifax; James & William, Ben, and Emily, do.

At Liverpool, N. S., Oct. 13.—Brig Union, Antigua; 20th, brig Dove, Collins, Antigua; 21st, schr. Combine, Freeman, St. Kitts and Anguilla; 26th, schr. Charlotte, Slattery, Sydney.

At Lunenburg, October 12.—Schr. Chance, Tanner, Labrador, to J. C. Rudolf, 26th—brigt. Wilham, Rudolf, St. Lucia, 21 days—ballast to J. Zwicker.

CLEARED.

HALIFAX, Saturday, Oct. 28.—Schr. Esperance, Le Buff, Quebec—glass, chocolate, &c. by Deblois & Merkel, Mariner, Gerrard, P. E. Island—merchandise by master and others. S1st, Eliza, Forest, Miramichi—flour, fish and iron, apples, oats, &c. by W. A. Black, & Son and others. Nov. 2, Schr. Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. At Liverpool, N. S. Oct. 26.—Schr. Arctic, Jones, B. W. Indies—dry and pickled fish by T. R. Patillo.

At Lunenburg, Oct. 12.—Schr. Corsair, Mooney, Sydney.

PASSENGERS.

In the Jean Hastie from Liverpool, Mr. James Murdoch. In the Heron, for W. Indies, Mr. Burgess. In the Cordelia, for Boston, Messrs. Dennison, Walsh, Brown, and Scott, and five in the steerage. In H. M. Packet Sheldrake, for Falmouth, Major Airey, 34th Regt., Lieut. Garnier, 85th Regt., Mr. Campbell of Pictou, Mr. Peaseval, late of H. M. Schr. Skipjack.

NOTICE.

Elder Howard from Eastport will preach at Rev. Mr. Taylor's Meeting house in Dutchtown, to-morrow morning and afternoon, at the usual hours, and at the Baptist Meeting house in the evening. Nov. 4.

Sale by Auction.

BY EDWARD LAWSON.

On MONDAY 6th November next, at 12 o'clock, on the Premises,

A FIELD on the Peninsula, fronting on the road leading over Camp Hill, belonging to the Estate of the late Samuel Lydiard, consisting of five acres in a high state of cultivation—having on it a good Barn and another building capable, at a small expense, of being converted into a commodious dwelling house. Terms at Sale. Nov. 3.

ARCHIBALD MORTON.

CABINET MAKER,

UPHOLSTER AND UNDERTAKER.

No. 12, Bedford-Row.

THE Subscriber returns thanks to his friends and the public for the encouragement he has hitherto received—and respectfully informs them, that having received instruction from Mr. Slade—Organ builder and Piano Forte Maker; he is prepared to undertake the repair of

PIANO FORTES, GUITARS, VIOLINS, &c.

and trusts by attention and fidelity, to merit a share of public patronage. Nov. 3.

FALL GOODS.

J. N. SHANNON

HAS received, by the Thalia, John Porter, Westmoreland and Jean Hastie,

HIS usual supply of Woollen, Silk, Cotton and Linen Goods:—

Comprising a good assortment of Black and coloured Cloths, Cassimeres, Petershams, Pilot Cloth, Merinoes, Blankets, Druggets, Black and Coloured Gros de Naples, Black Bombazines, Ribbons, Braids, Hoisery, Gloves, Boots & Shoes, White and Grey Cottons, Printed, Lining and Furniture do, Dimities, Stripes, Checks, Muslins, Cotton Warp, Moleskin, Pot and Grey Paper, Coloured Threads, Irish Linens, Lawns, Sheetings, Superfine Carpetings Osnaburghs, Table Cloths, Fill'd, and Rob Roy Shawls and Handkerchiefs, Shawl Drepes, Home-spun Cravats, Bishop Lawns, together with a good supply of Haberdashery, &c. &c. all of which are offered at low prices. Cotton Batting, to be had as above. November 3.

TO-MORROW.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow! In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes; spiu out eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.—Young.

HIGHLAND PUGILISM.

An English prize fighter had challenged or insulted the regiment, and the Highland officers wished to put Ian Moor against him. A bet was accordingly laid upon his head, and one of his officers sent for him, saying, 'you are to be my man, Ian; and I think it will be no hard thing, for you shouldered the six pounder, to pound this boasted puck-pudding.' 'Troth, na,' said Ian, shaking his head; 'te pock-pudden no due her no ill—fat for wud she be fighten her? Troth, her honor may e'en fight to man her-sel, far her nannessell wull no be doing nae siccan a thing.'

'Fat! nonsense man,' said the officer; 'you must fight him, aye, and kick him too; and you shall not only carry off the honor, but shall have a handsome purse of money for doing so.' 'Na, na, said Ian; ta man na dane her na ill ava, an she'll no be fighten for any body's siller but King Shorge's.'

'Sure you are not afraid of him,' said the officer, trying to arouse his pride. 'Hout na!' replied Ian Moore, with a calm and hamored smile; she na be feart for na man living.—By a stratagem, and taking advantage of the kindness of his heart, Ian was brought to face the bully. 'Come away, Goliath! come on!' cried the Englishman, tossing his hat into the air, and his coat to one side. Ian minded not. But the growing and intolerable insolence of the bully did the rest; for presuming on Ian's backwardness, he strode up to him, with his arms a-kimbo, and spit in his face. 'Fat is she do that for?' asked Ian simply, of those around him. 'He has done it to make people believe that you are a coward and afraid to fight him,' said the Highland officer who backed him. 'Tell her not to do that again,' said Ian, seriously. 'There! said the boxer, repeating the insult. Without showing the smallest loss of temper, Ian made an effort to lay hold of his opponent; but the Englishman squared at him and hit him several blows in succession, not one of which the unpractised Highlander had the least idea of guarding. 'Ha!' exclaimed the Highland officer, 'I fear you will be beaten, Ian.' 'Poo!' cried Ian coolly; she be a strikin her to be sure, but she be na hurten her. But an' she disna gie owre, an' her nanessell gets one stroke at her, she'll warrants she'll no seek nae inair.'

The Englishman gave two or three more hard hits, that went against his breast as if they had gone against an oaken door; but at last Ian raised his arm, and swept it round horizontally, with a force that broke through all his antagonist's guards; and the blow striking his left cheek, as if it had come from a sledge hammer, it actually drove the bones of the jaw quite through the opposite skin, at the same time breaking the skull to fragments.—The man fell like a log dead on the spot; and horror and astonishment seized the spectators.—'Ooh bone! och bone!' cried Ian Moor, running to lift him from the ground, in an agony of distress; 'she's dootin' she kilt ta poor man. Ian fell into remorse and despair upon this catastrophe; and to mitigate unavailing sorrow, he obtained his discharge, and returned to Rooshire.

PEDESTRIANISM.—In consequence of some difference of opinion respecting the physical powers of the human frame, and what might be accomplished if a man felt inclined to exert himself as a pedestrian, Edward Bryant, of the Pottery, Parson's Green, Middlesex, undertook, for a considerable bet, to walk sixty miles in twelve successive hours, and yesterday was appointed for the performance of the feat, on the King's private road, Che'sea, from Mr. Steed's, the Man in the Moon Tavern, to Stanley-bridge, a distance of half a mile. Previous to the event coming off, as it is termed, this match excited an unusual degree of interest throughout the sporting circles, in all parts of the metropolis and the suburban districts, but among betting men it afforded "numerous events" to lay out their money upon, according to the best calculations they could make on the subject. The qualities of Bryant operated so strongly upon the feelings of his friends that they felt satisfied that he could win, although, at the same time, they were ready to admit that such an Herculean attempt, from the intense heat of the weather, was enough to try the constitution and strength of a giant. Eight o'clock was the hour named for starting, and at that period there was a pretty strong muster of the admirers of pedestrianism, which increased towards the completion of the match. The preliminaries for starting were soon settled between the parties appointed to watch the proceedings of the match. The chronometers of the umpires being set and locked up, Bryant prepared to start, and was dressed in light white trousers, dispensing with the incumbance of his coat and waistcoat. The 18 miles he accomplished in three

hours, and at various times of the day he halted for the purpose of taking refreshment. At 25 minutes past seven o'clock he came in, having completed this unrivalled performance in 11 hours and 25 minutes, and 35 minutes to spare, without being in any way distressed; and so fresh was he at the termination of the undertaking, that he could have walked another 10 miles without the slightest difficulty; and bets to this effect were offered, but there were no takers.—*English paper.*

THE QUEEN.

The following description of the appearance of the young Queen on the day of the dissolution of Parliament, is given by Mr. Leigh Hunt in the second number of the enlarged series of the Monthly Repository:—"Most courteously, and with a face of good-humoured pleasure, she kept bowing to the exclamations of 'God bless the Queen,'—'God save your Majesty,' uttered in tones more fervent than loud; and so the huge couch went heavily on, putting 'hats off' as it proceeded, and shining in the distance amidst a sea of heads and gazing windows, with the gilt crown on the top of its great gilt self. It was the first time we had seen the Princess since she was a child, walking prettily, hand-in-hand, in Kensington Gardens, with a young lady of her own age (like any 'private' child with another, as Mr. Pepys would have phrased it) and followed by a most majestic footman, in scarlet and gold, with calves in his white stockings as big and radiant as a couple of chaise lamps. Instead of a child somewhat formal in countenance, we now saw before us a fine grown young woman (woman is a higher word than lady), of the order of figures called buxom, but not inelegant; handsome, indeed, in face (the person we could not so well see); smiling, self-possessed, but highly pleased; looking healthy (for she had not the pale look so often attributed to her); and crowned, besides her diadem, with a profusion of light brown tresses: altogether presenting an aspect luxuriant, good humoured, and highly agreeable. It was the Guelph face under its very best aspect, and improved, if we mistake not, with a straightness and substance of forehead, certainly not common to that portion of her race. We had fancied her darker, from the recollection of her when a child, though, at the same time, more like her father than another. She now appeared still like her father, with a mixture of something more gladsome and open-mouthed (the upper lip, we believe, shows the teeth white speaking); but her crown seemed to rest on a forehead derived from her mother and maternal uncle (Leopold, and we thought looked all the securer and happier for it."

"One great change, good for her and for every body (from all that we ever understood of occasions like the present), we noticed with delight in the behaviour of the multitudes assembled; and that was, the mixture of fervent goodwill with the absence of mere slavish noise and gratuitous enthusiasm. We have mentioned the expressions used by the crowd. They were deep and general in the quarter where we stood, and therefore, we conclude, elsewhere. But there was no hurraing; no violent outbreak of any sort. The feeling, as clearly as it could be expressed both by sound and silence, was to this effect:—'We love you, and wish you well with all our hearts; but we expect that you will maintain love with love, and be the proper sovereign of this era, which knows the rights of the people as well as sovereigns, and has broken up the delusion which sacrificed the many to the few.'—This is what the popular feeling said: and this is what we say ourselves, with all loving respect.

GERMAN VOTARIES OF TOBACCO.—Every man, without exception, is smoking; each table has its lamp (though it is broad day light) for the sole purpose of lighting the pipes and cigars, and so unremitting are the votaries of tobacco, that yonder is an old gentleman actually eating and smoking at the same time, the long pipe being pushed into one corner of his mouth so as to leave an entrance in front for the spoon or fork. At the table just below us are two ladies, both young, and both pretty, and opposite are seated two gentlemen, each with a cigar in his mouth. Now another man has joined the party, and the smoke of the three cigars is directed full into the ladies' faces: the last puff has gone right under the pink bonnet of one of them, and is curling round the roses and blonde, and among her glossy ringlets.—*A Summer in Germany.*

WORKS OF FICTION.—Many works of fiction may be read with safety, some even with profit; but the constant familiarity even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind that needs hardening, dissolves the heart which wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which waits quelling, irritates the passions which want calming, and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtue and for spiritual exercises. Though all these books may not be wicked, yet the constant habit performs the work of a mental atrophy—it produces all the symptoms of decay; and the danger is not less for being more gradual, and therefore less suspected.—*H. More.*

REFLECTION.—There is one sure way of giving freshness and importance to the most common-place maxims,—that of reflecting on them in direct reference to our own state and conduct, to our own past and future being. No object, of whatever value, but becomes foreign to us as soon as it is altogether unconnected with our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. To be cured, it must be referred to the mind either as motive, or consequence, or symptom. He who teaches men the principles and precepts of spiritual wisdom, before their minds are called off from foreign objects, and turned inward upon themselves, might as well write his instructions as the sibyl wrote her prophecies, on the loose leaves of trees, and commit them to the mercy of the inconstant winds. In order to learn, we must attend; in order to profit by what we learn, we must think, i. e. reflect. He only thinks, who reflects.—*Colridge.*

DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.—On Monday a fine young woman, named Ann Addison, died suddenly, after having taken a long walk on the previous evening. On the same day a post mortem examination of the body took place, when it was found that she had caused a pressure on the lungs and viscera, from lacing her stays tightly to procure a thin waist, which circumstance had caused a predisposition to acute inflammation. The disease had been brought on by the exertion of the walk, and had terminated fatally.—*Nottingham Journal.*

EXTRACT.—When we reflect on the condition of women and their relation to society, we cannot help perceiving the immense influence they possess and exert in all civilized nations. "Men make laws, but women make manners," has long since become an adage; and if it is true that laws are ineffectual, where the manners and customs of a people are opposed to them, we shall see the high value we should set on female education.

HOPE is itself a species of happiness; but, like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain, and expectation improperly indulged must end in disappointment. If it be asked what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is such expectation as is dictated, not by reason, but by desire; expectation raised, not by the common occurrences of life, but by the wants of the expectant: an expectation that requires the common course of things to be changed, and the general rules of action to be broken.—*Johnson.*

FRIENDS SCARCE.—"Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British Legion at St. Sebastien. "A friend," was the prompt reply. "Then stand where you are," said Pat, "for by the powers, you are the first I've met in this murdering country."

CARD.

MR. WM. F. TEULON, Practitioner in Medicine, Obstetrics, etc. having now spent one year in Halifax, returns thanks for the attention and favors which he has experienced from the public during this term. At the same time he is obliged to acknowledge that owing to the healthy state of the Town, and other causes his support has been very inadequate, — he therefore requests the renewed exertions of his friends, as having with a family of seven experienced great difficulties; but which might soon be overcome if he had a sufficiency of professional engagements. Having practised the duties of his profession three years in this peaceful Province, and nine years in a neighbouring colony, previous to which he had assiduously studied for several years in the metropolis the human system; normal and diseased, and the arrangements of Divine Providence in reference to the preservation and regeneration of health in the respective functions; he has obtained a habit, confidence, and a love of the science and art of healing, which he would not willingly exchange for any of the gifted acquirements of life, but to give these efficiency he must secure the favours and confidence of a number. With this laudable object before him he respectfully invites their attention, and promises to use his studious endeavours to emulate the conduct of those worthy members of the profession, who have proved its ornaments, and not that only, but the ornaments of civil and scientific life; and also of Humanity.

W. F. Teulon, General Practitioner; next House to that of H. Bell, Esq. M. P. A. Aug. 18.

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

An assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig Acadian from Boston, sale at low prices—by

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

October 14—3m.