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THE STEAM-SHIP.

Amid the thousand wonders of the vast unquiet sea,
That covers half this ponderous globe, there's nothing like to thee,
Oh Steam-Ship!—thou, who wakest, like a lion roused from sleep,
With heart of fire, and rushest forth across the angry deep!
Naught heedest thou the wind or tide; but onward, night and day,
Unwearied as the waves around, thou marchest on thy way,
Where mighty ships lie all becalmed, with sails that flap the mast—
What boots to thee their thousand guns?—thou smilest and walkest past.
They sail—and monsters of the deep are hovering in their train:
But the great Leviathan himself might follow thee in vain.
He looked up in wonder on thy strange mysterious flight,
And the rapid whirring of thy wings, fluttering in liquid light;
His mighty heart is struck with awe, and, sinking, dark and slow,
A hundred fathom deep, he seeks his rocky forts below:
And there, perchance, he dreams of thee within his coral lair,
Scarce hoping that a living thing may dwell in upper air.

Oh! thou art mighty on the wave: a fearful power is thine.
For good or evil art thou formed—infernal or divine!
'Tis thine to chase the pirate through his maze of hundred isles:
To mark with scorn his shifting sails, despair, and useless wiles;
'Tis thine to tear from him his prey, to beard him in his den—
Oh! thine might be a blessed power among the sons of men!
A vanguard leader, like the guide of Israel on their way,
A living fire to cheer the night, a moving cloud by day.
Could man's ambition know control, could angry passions cease,
Or, were thy venturous course confined within the reign of peace,
Swift in thy flight, from shore to shore, from dark to sultry skies,
Welcomed wert thou, in every port, with shouts and glistening eyes.
A pledge of amity renewed each voyage then would be,
As though the nations stretched and shook their hands across the sea!

'Tis sweet to stand upon thy deck, when the wind is right ahead;
To mark thy foaming, roaring keel, and think from whence thou'rt fed;
To feel thee rise upon the wave, breasting the dying spray,
Then downward plunge and rise again, rejoicing in the fray
Of angry billows, gathering round, like foes to bar thy way.
While onward—onward—to thy port, thou stemst their dark array.
And oh! 'tis sweet, when all is calm, and blue the sky and main,
To be with thee in solitude upon the liquid plain—
To see the setting sun decline in the fiery glowing west,
Leaving all else to dreams and sleep but thee that need'st not rest.
How lovely glide the starry worlds all silently on high,
While thou liest o'er the dark blue wave, like an arrow through the sky!
The visions then of youth revive, and the wizard's wondrous tale,
As borne along, 'twixt heaven and earth, away we seem to sail!

A SABBATH WITH THE SHAKERS.

BY H. GREELEY.

I KNOW that it is now too late in the world's history for description; that for the narrator, this is a used-up planet. Men have scaled its precipices, dug into its bowels, fathomed its oceans, penetrated its caverns, traversed its deserts, threaded its wildernesses, and clambered over its icebergs, until the unknown has become a shadow; a sickly seething of the poet's brain. They have hammered its rocks, gathered its pebbles, dug up its bones, and afflicted its cuticle, until they have proved to a demonstration (but how, I am sure I don't know,) that the earth is a hundred thousand years old, and created by volcanoes; that Moses, with all his piety and potency, was a bit of a humbug, and that his deluge was, on the whole, rather a small affair. No wonder a world so old should be worn out; the real marvel is, that it should still be enabled to shuffle along at the rate of—I forget how many thousand miles an hour. It is high time that we poor superficial observers should stand back, and let the philosophers come, who can say something worth listening to. For myself, however, before making my bow, I would crave a word with you, reader, concerning the Shakers, and their singular worship. You have been bored with the subject a dozen times already; I know it, and will discourse to you so tamely, in such harmony with the spirit of modern literature, which should be popular, that you shall not be driven to the fatigue of thinking, from beginning to end of my brief narration.

The morning was deliciously cool and bracing, for the season, the last Sabbath in May, as my friend and I rolled over the sandy and rather uninteresting country between Albany and Niskayuna. It was just on the heel of a violent and long-continued rain-storm, which had brought the Hudson over the Albany docks, and put the sandy roads of the surrounding country in the best possible condition. The late foliage of the spring-time seemed just commencing to lend the pines its countenance in repelling the too violent or inquisitive sunshine; the fields of the husbandman looked still bare or backward, even on that warm soil; the rich unfolding blossoms of the apple-tree were all alone in nature, save that the humble yet gay dandelion spread every where its petals beneath. It seemed rather the first than the last of

May. No matter: 'June with its roses' could hardly have afforded us an air so pure and yet fragrant; she could not have given us an hour so cool and yet grateful. The forest minstrels seemed to have just found their voices, and to be determined to make the most of the acquisition.

The first token we had of the vicinity of the Shakers, was on the whole prepossessing—a row of venerable willows on each side of the road. They would have shown better taste by planting elms or maples: but they make little pretension to that quality, and philanthropy is nobler than taste. It was something in their favor, moreover, to find the roads visibly improving, as we neared their settlement—as any man who has been dragged over a western 'corduroy' in its dotage, or forded a southern creek, in a leaky stage-coach, will cheerfully testify. But the village itself is at length in sight, its few modest but comfortable dwellings situated upon a smooth and velvet-lawn, which a monarch might envy. A monarch? And why not a democrat? Here are no pampered and purse-proud nobles—no famished and pining beggars. Here no widow clasps in anguish her shivering babes, and looks despairingly to her empty cupboard and fireless hearth; no slave of business, scarcely less to be pitied, hurries from hollow friend to friend, imploring, in a perspiration of agony, for the means of taking up the note which must be met before the inexorable three, or he is a bankrupt. Here experiments have no potency, lawyers no business, sheriffs no terror. Happy, happy community! Who shall say that Arcadia is but a reverie, and the Golden Age a fiction of the poets—those brethren in veracity to the terrible-accident makers?

Trees reared their verdure above, thick grass spread its carpet beneath, as we walked to the house dedicated to the worship of the Father of All. A wicket admitted us to the enclosure within which the houses are situated; and here a neat flagging conducts to the door of the temple. I may as well mention our meeting three of the sisters conducting a fourth female, who, as we were informed by the young girl in advance of the others—with perfect modesty and propriety, but without a particle of that shrinking diffidence with which a maiden elsewhere would have voluntarily accosted two total strangers—was a strange woman, whom they were inducing to leave the tabernacle, but who was evidently deranged, and pouring forth incoherently such snatches of sacred melodies as were uppermost in her wreck of mind. We passed them, and entered. But few of the brethren had assembled, though the seats allotted to the profane were already full. They did not serve for half who came, but that mattered little, since those who had been seated got upon their feet, and eventually upon the benches, to look over the heads of those standing in front; and the number was so great, that we rather trenched upon the portion of the house reserved by the worshippers for their devotions.

At length all were assembled, and the exercises began. A brief address was delivered by one of the brethren—very sensible and proper. Then a hymn by all the faithful—animated, stirring, devotional. The execution of this and the two or three succeeding, might have been better. The vile nasal twang that too many better instructed persons contrive to throw into music of this cast, is insufferable. And yet if ever I feel strongly the impulse of devotion, it is when I hear one of these quick, unstudied, home-bred songs pealed forth by a whole congregation. In a camp-meeting or a Methodist Conference—ay, or a Shaker gathering—these are the airs, if any, to bring the warm tear to the eye of manhood. The homeliness of the whole affair is just what renders it irresistible. A hundred instruments and educated voices, trilling some harmony of Handel or Beethoven, might better please the taste; but that very pleasure would be purchased at the expense of the heart. You could perceive how the whole thing was made up; how the effect was produced by the organ here, the viol there, and the prima donna next. The idea of human beings engaged in the fervent and engrossing worship of their Maker, is the last to enter the mind. I confess I labor under so utter a want of taste, as to like a lively, homely, spirited, unsophisticated hymn, gushing straight forth from the heart, better than a scientific performance.

'Absurd!' says the cynic; 'a handful of miserable fools and bedlamites making themselves ridiculous in a Shaker meeting—what has that to do with exciting devotional feelings in the breast of any rational being!'

Who shall decide that this which I now see is mockery? Who shall pronounce these actors hypocrites? Nay, who shall say that their worship is all displeasing to the Great Being to whom words

are nothing, and who knows no other offering than the broken and contrite spirit? We will worship according to the dictates of a more rational but colder sentiment: let us not too rashly nor too loudly condemn what we esteem our brother's error. He has made little progress in the path of righteousness, who has not learned the exercise of that charity which covereth all mistakes, and some transgressions.

Peace be with all, whatever their varying creeds—
With all who send up holy thoughts on high!

I am sadder if not wiser than when, some five years since, I attended a Shaker meeting. To day is my second visit, but to another society. Then, it may be, I smiled with the rest at the eccentricities of Shaker devotion. Now a blush for human nature is prompted, when a grave elder addresses the gentiles to remind them of the obvious truths, that this a house and an occasion of public worship; that those who do not like the mode, may stay away; but that there can be no excuse for merriment in those who voluntarily intrude upon such worship. This is pertinent—unanswerable. And yet, to the unthinking, there is a spice of the ludicrous in the look of things; when, after half an hour's intermingled exhortation and singing—the whole congregation of the chosen not only joining in the latter, but keeping time to it with their hands—the suggestion 'let us begin to labor' is made, and the brethren proceed to divest themselves of their drab frock-coats, as though the work were just commencing in earnest. I should have stated before, that the brethren and sisters come in at separate doors, and take seats at the opposite ends of the hall, facing each other. When they rise to engage in worship, the seats are all removed and piled against the walls. The two parties are now formed, each in a sort of half-moon, the right line within two or three feet of each other. The men have at first laid away their wide-brimmed drab hats, which could not be kept on during service; the women have put away their nice elphinstone bonnets, and appear in close-fitting caps, of snowy purity and whiteness.

And now, at a signal, the music strikes up, to a wild, irregular chant, and the labor begins. The first movement is very simple, consisting of a lively dancing march by the whole company; up to the farther wall of the temple, and then back to the close vicinity of the spectators. The evolutions are performed with extreme regularity and dexterity. I would have said 'surprising,' but it is not surprising that people do that to perfection which they have been doing every week, and perhaps every day, of their lives. We all know that habit gives great dexterity to the artist and the mechanic, as well as the juggler and the sharper. But I, who have none of this skill in Shakerism, may better spare myself the attempt to describe all the doings of which I was a patient and deeply-interested spectator.

The only thing strongly provocative of the ludicrous, was the disparity of age among the performers. To see ponderous and solemn three-score-and-ten executing a vigorous and quick gallopade, or double-shuffle, for the glory of God, side by side with sedate fifty, athletic thirty, nimble sixteen, and the tender disciple of but eight or ten years—all in perfect time and exact accordance with the movements of matrons—no, maidens is the legitimate presumption—of discreet fifty, mature six-and-thirty, and damsels of winning sixteen—was a spectacle at which to smile or sigh, as the heart should dictate. I may have smiled once or twice, but I am sure I sighed much oftener. They tell me (for I did not look that way) that the daughters of men who were there as spectators, indulged to excess their constitutional propensity to giggle, at what they esteemed the absurdities of Shakerism. Let me assure you, damsels, that this evinced neither good taste nor right feeling. It puts you, beside, in very undesirable company. I have seen blockheads so dull, so gross, so wholly animal, as to aggravate their uncouth features into a grin, at the spectacle of a water baptism.

Wild and louder swells the music; quicker and more intricate becomes the labor. Now all are prancing around the room, in double file, to a melody as wild as Yankee Doodle; now they perform a series of dexterous but indescribable manœuvres; now they balance; now whirl one another round in a fashion that I could describe, if I knew anything of our Pagan amusement of dancing. But here is a hiatus in my education. I only know that some of the labor here performed, would do no discredit to the few ball-rooms I have glanced into; far exceeding the performances in those, in point of regularity and precision, and not falling short in grace. The ball-dress is of course rather in contrast; but the unmistakable earnestness and devo-

tion of these self-mortifying worshippers renders theirs by far the most interesting, and I will hope edifying, performance. At length, what was a measured dance becomes a wild, discordant frenzy; all apparent design or regulation is lost; and grave manhood and gentler girlhood are whirling round and round, two or three in company, then each for him or herself, in all the attitudes of a decapitated hen, or an expiring top. The scene and its interest grow painful; and I am glad that the crazy woman has at length made her way back into the tabernacle, and commenced her strangely shrill and discordant music. The spell is dissolved; an elder proclaims that 'the assembly is dismissed;' the multitude escape their merriment, and I to my meditation.

RIGHT AND WRONG.—A SKETCH AT SEA.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

THE rights of man, whether abstract or real, divine or vulgar, veated or contested, civil or uncivil, common or uncommon, have been so fully and so frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt or expressed on the subject. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, during a late passage from Ireland, to hear the rights of an individual asserted in so very novel a manner, as to seem worthy of record. The injured party was an involuntary fellow-passenger; and the first glance at him, as he leisurely ascended the cabin-stairs, bespoke him an original. His face, figure, dress, gait and gestures, were all more or less eccentric; yet, without any apparent affectation of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business-like, though quaint. On reaching the deck, his first movement was toward the gangway; but a moment sufficed to acquaint him with the state of the case. The letter-bags having been detained an hour beyond the usual time of departure, the steam had been put on at a gallop, and her majesty's mail-packet, the *Guebre*, had already accomplished some hundred fathoms of her course. This untoward event, however, seemed rather to surprise than annoy our original, who quietly stepped up to the captain, with the air of demanding what was merely a matter of course:

"Hallo, skipper! Off she goes, eh? But you must turn about, my boy, and let me get out."

"Let you get out?" echoed the astonished skipper, and again repeating it, with what the musicians call a staccato—"Let you get out?"

"Exactly so. I'm going ashore."

"I'm rather afraid you are not, sir," said the skipper, looking decidedly serious, "unless you allude to the other side!"

"The other side?" exclaimed the oddity, involuntarily turning toward England. Poo! poo! nonsense, man; I only came to look at your accommodations. I'm not going across with you: I'm not, upon my word!"

"I must beg your pardon, sir," said the captain, quite solemnly; "but it is my firm opinion that you *are* going across."

"Poo! poo! all gammon: I tell you, I am going back to Dublin."

"Upon my word, then," said the skipper, rather briskly, "you must swim back, like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gulls." The man at the helm grinned his broadest, at what he thought a good joke of his officer's; while the original turned sharply round, parodied a hyena's laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the charge.

"Come, come, skipper: it's quite as far out as I care for—if you want to treat me to a sail!"

"Treat you to a sail?" roared the indignant officer. "Zounds! sir I'm in earnest—as much in earnest as ever I was in my life."

"So much the better," answered the original; "I'm not joking, myself, and I have no right to be joked upon."

"Joke or no joke," said the captain, "all I know is this. The mail-bags are on board, and it's more than my post is worth, to put back."

"Eh? What? How?" exclaimed the oddity, with a sort of nervous dance. "You astonish me! Do—you—really—mean to say—I'm obligated to go—whether I've a right or not?"

"I do, indeed, sir; I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped. My orders are positive. The moment the mail is on board, I must cast off."

"Indeed! well—but you know—why—why, that's your duty, not mine. I have no right to be cast off! I've no right to be here at all! I've no right to be anywhere, except in Merrion Square!"

The Captain was bothered. He shrugged up his shoulders, then gave a low whistle, then plunged his hands in his pockets, then gave a loud order to somebody, to do something, somewhere or other; and then began to walk short turns on the deck. His captive, in the meantime, made hasty strides toward the stern, as if intending to leap overboard; but he suddenly stopped short, and took a bewildered look at the receding coast. The original wrong was visibly increasing in length, breadth and depth, every minute; and he again confronted the captain.

"Well, skipper, you've thought better of it: I've no right in the world, have I? You will turn her round?"

"Totally impossible, sir: quite out of my power!"

"Very well, very well, very well indeed!" The original's temper was getting up, as well as the sea. "But, mind, sir, I protest; I protest against you, sir, and against the ship, and the ocean, sir, and everything! I'm getting farther and farther out; but, remember, I've no right! You will take the consequences. I have no right to be kidnapped: ask the crown lawyers, if you think fit!"

After this denouncement, the speaker began to pace up and down, like the captain, but at the opposite side of the deck. He was on the boil, however, as well as the engine; and every time that he passed near the man whom he considered as his Sir Hudson Lowe, he gave vent to the inward feeling in a jerk of the head, accompanied by a short pig-like grunt. Now and then it broke out in words, but always the same four monosyllables, "This—is too—bad"—with a most emphatic fall of the foot to each. At last it occurred to a stout, pompous-looking personage, to interpose as a mediator. He began by dilating on the immense commercial importance of a punctual delivery of letters; thence he insisted on the heavy responsibility of the captain, with a promise of an early return-packet from Holyhead; and he was entering into a congratulation on the fineness of the weather, when the original thought it was time to cut him short.

"My good sir, you'll excuse me. The case is nobody's but my own. You are a regular passenger. You have a right to be in this Packet. You have a right to go to Holyhead, or to Liverpool, or to Gibraltar, or to the world's end—if—you—like. But I choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be here, then? Not—one—atom! I've no right to be in this vessel; and the captain, there, knows it. I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I have no more right to be tossing at sea, (waving his arms up and down,) than the Pigeon House!"

"It is a very unpleasant situation, I allow, sir," said the captain to the stout passenger; "but, as I have told the gentleman, my hands are tied. I can do nothing, though nobody is more sorry for his inconvenience."

"Inconvenience be hanged!" exclaimed the oddity, in a passion, at last. "It is no inconvenience sir!—not—the—smallest! But that makes no difference as to my being here. It's that, and that alone, I dispute all right to!"

"Well, but my dear, good sir," expostulated the pompous man, "admitting the justice of your premises, the hardship is confessedly without remedy."

"To be sure it is," said the captain, "every inch of it. All I can say is, that that gentleman's passage shall be no expense to him."

"Thankee—of course not!" said the original, with a sneer. "I've no right to put my hand in my pocket! Not that I mind expense! But it's my right I stand up for, and I defy you both to prove that I have any right, or any shadow of a right, to be in your company! I'll tell you what, skipper"—but before he could finish the sentence, he turned suddenly pale, made a most grotesque, wry face, and rushed forward to the bow of the vessel. The captain exchanged a significant smile with the stout gentleman: but before they had quite spoken their minds of the absent character, he came scrambling back to the binnacle, upon which he rested with both hands, while he thrust his working visage within a foot of the skipper's face.

"There, skipper! now Mister What-d'ye-call! what do you both say to that? What right have I to be sick—as sick as a dog? I've no right to be squeamish! I'm not a passenger. I've no right to go tumbling over ropes, and pails, and what not to the ship's-head!"

"But, my good sir,"—began the pompous man.

"Don't sir me, sir! You took your own passage. You have a right to be sick; you've a right to go to the side every five minutes; you've a right to die of it! But it's the reverse with me; I have no right of the sort!"

"O, certainly not sir," said the pomposity, offended in his turn. "You are indubitably the best judge of your own privileges. I only beg to be allowed to remark, that where I felt I had so little right, I should hesitate to intrude myself." So saying, he bowed very formally, and commenced his retreat to the cabin, while the skipper pretended to examine the compass very minutely. In fact, our original had met with a chokepear. The fat man's answer was too much for him, being framed on a principle clean contrary to his own peculiar system of logick. The more he tried to unravel its meaning, the more it got entangled. He didn't like it, without knowing why; and he quite disagreed with it, though ignorant of its purport. He looked up at the funnel, and at the flag, and at the deck, and down the companion-stairs; and then he wound up all by a long shake of his head, as mysterious as Lord Burleigh's, at the astonished man at the wheel. His mind seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up to the very chin, as if to secure himself to himself, and never opened his lips again till the vessel touched the quay at Holyhead. The captain then attempted a final apology, but it was interrupted in the middle.

"Enough said, sir—quite enough. If you've only done your duty, you've no right to beg pardon—and I've no right to ask it. All I mean to say is, here am I, in Holyhead, instead of Dublin.

I don't care what that fat fellow says, who don't understand his own rights. I stick to all I said before. I have no right to be up in the moon, have I? Of course not; and I've no more right to stand on this present quay, than I have to be up in the moon!"

GOING AS FREIGHT.—An Irishman, whose funds were rather low, had footed it all the way to Wheeling, and was still desirous to get as far as Portsmouth, thence to proceed by canal to a point not far distant from the latter place, where work was to be obtained. Having worn his toes through his boots, and the heels of a pair of old shoes quite low, he gave up the idea of using "Shank's mare" any longer. There were plenty of steamboats puffing and blowing at the landing, and he became quite fascinated at the idea of such an easy mode of conveyance.

"Captain, dear," said he, stepping on board a beautiful craft, "captain, dear, an what'll you charge to take me to Portsmouth?"

"Seven dollars, in the cabin."

"Seven dollars!" arrah! seven dollars! Why, captain, dear, I haven't the half of that sum."

"Oh, never mind that, Pat; I'll take you as a deck-passenger for three dollars, if you half-work your passage, that is help the hands to wood the boat."

Pat mused some minutes on this proposition, and then put another question—

"And, captain, dear, what'll you take about a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"I'll charge you seventy-five cents for that."

"Thin, captain, you see, I'm just the boy that weighs that—so you can enter me as freight, and I'll stow away snug enough some where below stairs."

A proposition so novel pleased the captain highly, and calling one of the hands, he gave directions to have Pat stowed carefully away in the hold, and ordered the clerk to enter on the freight-list—"One Irishman weighing one hundred and sixty pounds!"

Pat kept snug until he reached Portsmouth, a distance of three hundred and fifty-six miles—having shown himself but twice, and for only a few minutes at a time, during the whole passage. There he paid his freight of seventy-five cents, honourably, and was next seen with his bundle, tramping it along the tow-path of the canal for his desired destination.—*Baltimore Athenæum*.

DR. CHANNING.—The last number of *Fraser's Magazine*, a work which is regarded as high critical authority in England, contains a highly complimentary notice of the writings of Dr. Channing. The writer commences with this bold and candid assertion:—"Channing is, unquestionably, the finest writer of the age. His language is simple, nervous, and copious in Saxon. His periods are short, and constructed without any appearance of effort. His meaning does not require to be gathered, by dint of persevering investigation, from the heart of a cumbrous phraseology; it strikes at once. Nor is this its transparency the result of weakness or want of compass; the very contrary is the case. From his writings there may be extracted some of the richest poetry and original conceptions, clothed in language, unfortunately for our literature, too little studied in the day in which we live. Channing appears to have imbued his mind with the spirit of the masters of our island tongue; their very tones seem to have filled his ear, and to have become key-notes to his finest compositions; their strong idiomatic English has evidently worked itself into the mind of our author, and taught him that, in the phraseology which weak minds pronounced to be jejune, there was a versatility capable of becoming, in the hands of a master-mind, expressive of great and ennobling thought." The critic again says that "there is a force and finish in the pages of Channing that indicate at once great genius and protracted elaboration;" and adds, "his writings have charmed us into the attitude of fervent admirers." This is high praise, coming from so disinterested a quarter—but we do not disagree with the *Fraserian* critic in his estimate of the merits of Channing's masterly style.

ANIMAL ATTACHMENT.—The *Southern Sun*, published at Jackson, Mississippi, relates a touching and well-authenticated instance of attachment and fidelity in a dog—the story of whose affection borders almost on the romantic. Mr. Jesse Aldard, a respectable citizen of Jackson county, returning at night from some place in his neighbourhood, was unfortunately thrown from his horse and killed. Search was made for him, and the day after the accident the dead body was found. Beside it lay a favourite pointer dog, belonging to the deceased. The next day the body was interred—the pointer following in the train of the mourners. After the burial was completed, the dog was missed from home; and, several days afterwards, he was found lying on the coffin which contained his master's remains—having scratched away the newly-piled earth until he made his pillow upon that narrow house where his affections were buried. The last time the dog was heard from, he was rapidly wasting away—noticed the caresses of no one—and persisted in his refusal to partake of food. Such instances of fidelity and devotion are more common among dogs than among human beings of somewhat higher pretensions.

THE BOHEMIAN SIBYL.

"Superstition was the Sibyl's magic."

DURING the war between Austria and Turkey, in 1788, a Baron Von W. was sent with recruits to the Austrian army, which was then near Orsoway. Close to the camp, in a village on the road, lived a gipsy sutler, to whom the soldiers applied to have their fortunes told, and the baron, ridiculing their superstitions, in a jeering manner held out his hand to the oracular sibyl. "The 20th of August," said she, and in a manner so peculiar and impressive, that she was urged to explain what was meant, but she would only repeat the same words, bawling after the baron, as he rode away, "The 20th of August." About a week before the period mentioned, the gipsy entered the baron's tent, and begged he would leave her a legacy in case he should depart from this world on the twentieth day: offering, on the contrary, that should he live to claim it, she would compliment him with a hamper of Tokay, with which to drink his kind remembrance to her. "The gipsy," said the baron, in his after relations of the adventure, "seemed to me to be mad; for though a soldier is always in danger of dissolution, I certainly had not supposed mine as near as the '20th of August'; I therefore acceded to the bargain, and pledged two horses and 200 ducats, against the old woman's Tokay; and the paymaster of the regiment laughed heartily while writing the contract, which was regularly signed, sealed, and delivered."

The "20th of August" arrived: it was the baron's regiment which had to furnish a picquet for the night. Of the two officers that preceded in command, the senior was on a sudden taken extremely ill; the other in mounting his horse was thrown by the animal, and had his leg fractured in the fall; the duty therefore necessarily devolved upon the baron, who, with 200 men, proceeded to his post, which was a mile distant, in front of the army, protected by a marsh covered with rushes; where, with swords drawn and carbines ready, they waited the approach of day. All was silent till a quarter before two o'clock, when shouts of *Allah! Allah!* were heard, and, in an instant, the whole of the first rank were overthrown by the fire and shock of 700 or 800 Turks. The baron received eight wounds from a sabre; his horse was shot dead, and, in falling, fixed under him the leg of his rider. In a short time, the whole of the Austrians having fallen, the victors, after pillage, cut off their heads and put them in bags, which they had brought in consideration that they were to receive a ducat for each head produced; and frequently advised each other not to leave any one behind; but a convulsive start of the horse liberating the leg of the baron, he succeeded in reaching the marsh, where he sank up to his knees in mud, and, fainting with the loss of blood, he lay senseless for several hours. At length, however, he reached the advanced posts, and was thence conveyed to the camp, where, in about six weeks, he recovered, and joined his regiment.

On his arrival, the gipsy brought him the Tokay, assuring him that several of her predictions had been verified, and that, consequently she had obtained many legacies.

This mysterious affair was, however, shortly after explained by the desertion to the Austrians of two Christians of Servia; who, upon sight of the prophetess, declared that she often visited the Turkish camp by night, to report the movements of the Germans; that they had heard her describe their various positions, and that a Turkish cipher was her passport; which cipher being found upon her, she was condemned to death as a spy; and being interrogated previous to her execution, she gave the following detail of her predictions:—She confessed, that by her double office as spy, she had learned many things from both parties; that from those who came previously to consult her as to their future fortune, she had obtained a variety of secret particulars; and that she was not without some obligations to chance. That as to what immediately concerned the baron, she had fixed on him in order to make him a striking example, and to confirm her authority by having predicted his fate so long beforehand. At the approach of the time appointed, she had excited the enemy to attempt, on the night of the 20th of August, an attack against the post of his regiment. Her knowledge of the officers enabled her to ascertain their rank in the service: she had sold wine to his commander, which had produced his illness; and the moment before the second was setting off, she had approached, as if to sell him something, and had unperceived slipped up the nostrils of the horse a piece of lighted *amadou*, or vegetable tinder, which had occasioned his unusual violence.

THE MAID OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

War has a fearful ubiquity of mischief. The soldier is not its sole victim, nor the field of battle the only scene of its woes; but it sweeps like a moral simoom over the peaceful families of every place which it visits, and leaves not a few of them in sorrow and utter desolation.

"Passing through a narrow street of Ciudad Rodrigo," says Kennedy in his *Recollections of the War in Spain*, "I heard the shriek of a female. Looking up, we saw at an open lattice, by the light of the lamp she bore, a girl about sixteen, her hair and dress disordered, her expressive olive countenance marked

by anguish and extreme terror. A savage in scarlet uniform dragged her backward, accompanying the act with the vilest execrations in English. We entered the court-yard, where the hand of rapine had spared us the necessity of forcing a passage. My companions were brave, conscientious men, with the resoluteness that, in military life, almost invariably accompanies these qualifications. Armed for whatever might ensue, they kept steadily by me until we arrived at a sort of corridor, some distance from the extremity of which issued the tones of the same feminine voice, imploring mercy, in the Spanish tongue. Springing forward, my foot slipped into a pool of blood. Before I could recover, the door of the apartment whither we were hurrying opened, and two soldiers of my own company discharged their muskets at us, slightly wounding one of the gallant Scots. Intemperance had blinded the ruffians, and frustrated their murderous intentions. We felled them to the ground, and penetrated into the chamber.

The room wherein we stood had been devoted to the festivities of a retired family of moderate fortune. It contained the remains of those decent elegancies that properly appertain to the stranger's apartment in a dwelling of the middle class. Mutilated pictures, and fragments of expensive mirrors, strewed the floor, which was uncarpeted, and formed of different kinds of wood, curiously tessellated. An ebony cabinet, doubtless a venerable heir-loom, had suffered as if from the stroke of a sledge. An antique sideboard lay overturned; a torn mantilla dropped on a sofa, ripped, and stained with wine. The white drapery, on which fingers steeped in gore had left their traces, hung raggedly from the walls.

On investigation, the sergeants found the dead body of a domestic, whose fusil and dagger showed that he had fought for the roof that covered him. His beard had been burned, in derision, with gunpowder. One of his ears was cut off, and thrust into his mouth. In a garret recess, for the storage of fruit, two female servants were hidden, who could scarcely be persuaded that they had nothing to fear. Having flown thither at the approach of the ferocious intruders, they had suffered neither insult nor injury. They came to a room where I lingered over an object unconscious, alas! of my commiseration; and, in accents half choked by sobs, called upon Donna Clara. I pointed to the alcove where the heart broken lady had flung herself on the bleeding corpse of her grey-haired father. She, too, might have had a sheltering place, could her filial piety have permitted her to remain there when her high-spirited sire feebly strove to repel the violators of his hearth.

Master of a few Spanish phrases, I used them in addressing some words of comfort to the ill-starred girl. They were to her as the song of the summer-bird carolled to despair; her sole return was a faintly-recurring plaint, that seemed to say, "Let my soul depart in peace." I motioned to her attendants to separate her from the beloved source of her unutterable sorrow. They could not comply without the application of force approaching to violence. Bidding them desist, I signified a desire that they should procure some restorative. The sergeants withdrew. One of the women held the lamp; the other gently elevated her mistress's head. Kneeling by the couch in the alcove, I poured a little of the liquor in a glass, and applied it to her lips; then took it away, till I had concealed my uniform beneath the torn mantilla.

Affliction, thou hast long been my yoke-fellow; thou hast smitten the core of my being with a frequent and a heavy hand; but I bless an all-wise and all-merciful God, who tries that he may temper us, that I have not a second time been doomed to witness aught so crushing to the soul, so overwhelming in woe, as the situation of the young creature over whom I watched on the baleful night of our victory. She had baffled, with a might exceeding her sex's strength, against nameless indignities, and she bore the marks of the conflict. Her maiden attire was rent into shapelessness; her brow was bruised and swollen; her abundant hair, almost preternaturally black, streamed wildly over her bosom, revealing, in its interstices, froth waving streaks of crimson, which confirmed the tale of ultra-barbarian outrage. Her cheek had borrowed the same fatal hue from the neck of her slaughtered parent, to whom, in her sensibility, she clung with love strong as death.

Through the means adopted, she gave token of revival. Her hand had retained a small gold cross, and she raised it to her lips. The closed lids were slowly expanded from her large dark eyes; a low, agonizing moan followed. I hastened to present the wine. In the act, the mantilla fell from the arm which conveyed the glass; appallingly she shrieked—became convulsed—passed from fit to fit—expired!"

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.—The love of Christ extends through all lands and ages. It reaches persons in every condition of life. The monarch is not above, the beggar is not below it. The infant, expiring in the cradle, is not without its grasp; nor the hoary sinner tottering on the brink of the tomb. It descended, like the dew of Eden, upon our first parents, speedily after their apostasy. It travelled down through the antediluvian ages, until it entered the ark with Noah and his family, and accompanied them over the

ocean of destruction, to the mountains of Ararat. It wandered as a pilgrim with Abraham, and followed him from Chaldæa to the land of promise. It went down with Jacob and Joseph into Egypt, and returned again with Moses through the Red Sea and the wilderness to the same sequestered ground. It dwelt with the church in the Shechem, until the Babylonish captivity. With Daniel it entered the lion's den; and to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the caverns of the burning fiery furnace, appeared with celestial splendour, in the form of the Son of God. With the apostles, it preached through the Roman world the glad tidings of great joy, which were announced to all people; and proclaimed glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men. From Asia it travelled into Europe; and even in the ages of darkness and superstition, found the cottage of piety and the cell of devotion, and sanctified them for its residence amid a world of corruption. At the Reformation, it lighted the flame of virtue on a thousand hills, and awakened hymns of transport and praise in all the valleys beneath them.

Dwight.

A DEAD CALM.—"On this occasion, Commodore Kennedy stated he had been once, for ten days, in so complete a calm, that the animalcules died, and the ocean exhaled from its bosom on all sides a most insufferable stench. Instances of this kind illustrate the utility and necessity of winds and the agitation of the seas: absolute calms, continued for any considerable period, in the winds or waves, would prove equally fatal to all manner of animal life. The respiration of all animals, whether this function be carried on by lungs or gills, or other organs, is essential to their being. Those living on land breathe the atmosphere, and rob it, at each inspiration, of a portion of oxygen, which principle is necessary to existence; those inhabiting the deep derive the same principle from the waters, though by different means; and in both cases, the air, or water, thus deprived of its vital principle, must be replaced by fresh supplies, or in a very short time all the oxygen in their vicinity is exhausted, and the animals, whether of sea or land must perish."—*Voyage Round the World*.

DEW DROPS.—A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew drops had been hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops, that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, where upon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the dew-drops, gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.—*J. P. Richter*.

The beautiful system of sun, planets, and comets, could have its origin no other way than by the purpose and command of an intelligent and powerful Being. He governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as the lord of the universe. He is not only God, but Lord or Governor: we know him only by his properties and attributes, by the wise and admirable structure of things around us, and by their final causes; we admire him on account of his perfections, we venerate and worship him on account of his government.—*Sir Isaac Newton*.

Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, I have learned from thence this truth, which I desire might thus be communicated to posterity; that all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.—*Evelyn's Epitaph by himself*.

SPIRITUAL NAVIGATION.

EVENTS are waves that still do onward roll,
And Providence the guide that doth control;
The ocean, life; the bark, the human soul;
The Word of God, the chart by which to steer;
Conscience, the watch on deck when danger's near;
The rock traced clearly on the chart, is sin;
Hope is the anchor, cast the veil within;
The cable, the sure promises of God;
The wake, the separate path by each one trod;
Reason, the rudder; faith, the magnet true;
And heaven the harbour to be kept in view;
Jesus, as pilot, at the helm doth stand;
The Spirit is the breeze that wafts to land;
The sails to catch the breeze, the means of grace;
The masts, occasions given for their embrace;
Our days to number, is the log to heave;
Our age, the rate of vessels through the wave;
Life's pulse, the line the waters depth to find;
The crew, the thoughts and feelings of the mind;
The freight, of holy tempers, rich supplies,
Intended for the market of the skies;
Death, the last billow, soon to break on shore;
Eternity, the coast, when time's no more.

From *Cleanings, Historical and Literary*.

For the Pearl.

SCOTTISH SCENERY,—No. 6.

THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE,—CORRA LUI.

Who best may tell the wonders of this scene
Where true sublimity defies the attempt;
And all that we embody in expression,
Cannot convey a thousandth part of that
Which in one view astonishes the eye,
In this wild burst of grandeur.

I may stand
Upon this barren rock—and long to paint
The scene which lies below,—but every sense
Absorbed and wildered in astonishment
Fails to convey in words a true idea
Of scenes so truly awful and sublime.

Here the gaunt barrier firm as Heaven's decrees
Breaks into one wild leap the glassy stream,
And delves the lucid waters of the Clyde
Into a gulf—whose depth were lost in distance,
Save that the sunlight dancing on its spray,
Arches in brilliant gleams across the flood;
Like one bright native deed of charity,
Smiling upon the darkness of that mind,
Where foul propensities predominate,
And evil passions hold resistless sway.
And here the sudden contrast—waves and noise,
A whirling vortex—mountains of foam and mists,
Which fringe the weeping birch on either side,
With one continuous glare of glittering gems,
Shining and sparkling in the sun's bright ray,
Like grains of gold upon a sandy beach.
The ruins of the fortress on the ridge—
A corn mill on the bank below the falls—
The barren ridge which pierces yonder skies—
The many hues of foliage in the woods—
The iris spanning o'er the unbroken stream—
Form a *coup d'œil* which cannot fail to entrance
The mind unused to such a scene as this;
Fruil reason trembles on her towering seat
And thought is in astonished wonder lost.

From Jennings's Picturesque Annual.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE CARLISTS.

While we were busily discussing our intended route (in the inn by the wayside), the abrupt entrance of a priest, with his bold manner, turned all eyes upon him. The landlord seemed nettled at his not having pronounced the usual benediction of peace and the protection of the Virgin; two officers of the garrison looked as if they could have eaten him, or despatched him forthwith as a spy; a one-legged alguazil, in his ugly garb of justice, seemed quite ready to take a charge, and the lively, ingenious Isabel, our host's eldest, seemed equally perplexed and abashed by his continued gaze. "Father," at length interposed the master of the house, "albeit ye gave not our poor abode your holy blessing, it may be you will not forget to say a grace over the best meal it will afford;" and a murmur of reproach was heard from every guest, evidently directed against the unsociable intruder. "Son!" returned the priest, with a smile, which seemed to excite the old man's ire, "cast no reflection upon any member of the holy church, to one of whom, at least, I am so greatly indebted." There was a pause. Our host, somewhat excited, was about to reply; when the priest, uttering an apostrophe to all the saints in a voice that made us jump, "What! don't you know Andrew, the miller's son?" and throwing off his sacred habiliments the same moment, he stood before us all in the shape of a stout young soldier. The next, he was in the arms of the gentle Isabel, who had failed to recognise her lover in his clerical attire; but screaming out the instant she heard his voice addressing her father, would have fallen, had not the stout trooper, for such he was, supported her amidst a thousand exclamations and recognitions, mingled with eager inquiries, from the astonished Sancho and his household. "Isabel for ever!" cried the soldier, again embracing the girl, who leaned weeping on his bosom; "I love the cause all the better for thy name sake. Yes; had not love, Isabel, inspired my stupid head with a stratagem like that," pointing to the priest's dress, "you had not seen me here, and my father and his mill might have gone round and round long enough without finding me. How is old Joseph, and my mother?" he concluded, addressing the landlord, who still looked as if he beheld a ghost—one arm stretched out as if to keep Andrew off, with his eye rivetted on the cast off canonicals, as much as to say there lay concealed the real personage. "Holy mother and all the saints defend us!" he cried; "where is the priest—what is this?" pronounced in so perplexed a tone, as at once to put to flight all sentiment; and every one, not excepting Andrew, burst into a loud laugh at his truly ludicrous tone and gesture. "Not so fast!" retorted the host. "Avaunt! Andrew, and leave the girl; for wert thou not taken, shot, and buried by the Carlists on the 5th of May, in this blessed year of our Lord? Go back to thy quiet bed!" "No, I am sure I shall not," replied poor Andrew, looking rather rueful, while there was a fresh laugh at his expense. "Besides," he added, as if afraid of countenancing the idea of his death, "I have no bed at all lately, unless you call the bare

ground, or a dungeon, a quiet bed, but I don't like such quietness." "Oh, it is plain you are a dead man, or ought to be," interposed one of the officers; "but if, as you say, you are alive, tell us how it is; by what miracle wrought by the friar, or the friar's dress, you escaped, and ease the conscience of our poor host in entertaining you." "Do you call his reception of me entertaining?" replied Andrew. "Sancho, won't you give me your hand? I am Andre de la Molina, the son of the miller; glad to see me?" "By all the saints and Santa Barbara!" exclaimed the old man, shaking off his doubts, "it is he, and neither a ghost nor a priest. I know him by his old belt, and the miller's pistol, and—You are welcome, Andre, my boy!" The recognition was complete; the change in the old man's features was instantaneous; his face beamed with joy, and he capered about the room like a child. The soldier's story was brief, and I thought he seemed eager to dispatch it, and our host's guests also, if his eyes, still turning towards the delighted Isabel, were to be believed.

He had joined, with other young men whose families had felt the weight of the Absolutists' hands on their little earnings, the queen's regiment—he meant, doubtless, that called La Princesa—of Castile. Worthy of its name, and vying with the best, it had fought its way with deserved repute, and been present in most actions which had terminated favourably for the government. After the pursuit of different bands in the interior, it had been called from the Castiles to support the new lines at Arlaban, Bilbao, San Sebastian; and whether in attack or defence, still maintained, according to Andrew's showing, its character for steadiness and resolution. In one of the engagements before the last-mentioned place, it had particularly distinguished itself, emulating the best regiments of the British, and assisting with equal skill and courage in driving back the Carlists, while withdrawing from the attack on Fontarabia. But it suffered severely; and it was then that, receiving the brunt of the Carlist attack, some few men, both of the Spanish and English troops, had been surrounded and made prisoners. Among these was Andrew, and the days of the miller's son were numbered. They were dragged forth from their brief imprisonment, as fast as they recovered and were able to walk, to be shot by their fellow-countrymen, in pursuance of the horrible decree that compels a brother soldier to steep his hands in the blood of the unfortunate captive. It was thus felt in its most revolting colours, when, by a refinement of cruelty in this instance—and we heard equal atrocities averred on both sides—the wretched men were commanded to fire upon each other. They were drawn forth in ranks, the few English and Spanish opposite to each other; and the scene that followed, as described by the youthful soldier, whose features seemed to resume the expression of horror they must then have exhibited, was at once pathetic and terrible, carrying with it a stern and memorable rebuke of the ferocious policy, which tramples on the last feelings of humanity in the heart of a fallen foe. The Carlist's colonel, who gave the first order to fire, himself fell by the hand of an Englishman, whose countrymen he had dared to think would, under the fear of death, commit so truly fratricidal an act. A groan of indignation alone responded to the command; they threw away the instruments of death, and the Carlist officer advancing, cried out that "the English were all cowards, and quailed before the face of death." The foul aspersion was repelled by an English officer in the service of Don Carlos, who, drawing his sword, gave the Spaniard the retort *un-courteous*. They decided the matter on the spot, and the Spanish Carlist measured his length upon the ground. Such was the effect produced by this well-merited chastisement, that it was judged inexpedient to pursue the work of slaughter on the spot; and among the survivors till another day was the son of the miller, who was marched back to his old quarters. So strangely fortunate as he had thus been, visions of escape began to float before Andrew's imagination; and it was then he first conceived the plan which he so successfully put in play. Not even a Christiano soldier is consigned to death without the pious support of absolution at his last hour: one of the good fathers came to administer this cool comfort to poor Andrew, the night previous to the day when the men before respited were again to confront the horrors of such a doom. But Andrew had other business in hand; he was a lover, and Spanish love from time immemorial has been fertile in its expedients. After confessing his sins, receiving absolution and consolation, which served to encourage him, just as the good father rose to retire, the desperate lover seized, gagged, and stripped his confessor; and leaving him bound over to keep the peace, assumed his ghostly habiliments, and passed, quite unsuspected, through the guards, the Carlist's camp, the military lines, the whole distance from Hernani—for who would stop a priest on a mission of peace and love? for such it was—till he reached the Castle at Toledo. Before we took our leave, the old miller and half the neighbourhood flocked in, bringing a vast accession of business to the good host and his daughters, all eager to behold the living evidence of a modern miracle, so happily wrought by a Spanish friar. Rejoicings, and preparations for the marriage, with the prospect of being dragged before the tribunal of the grand vicar instead of that of the Carlists, were now the prevailing topics, occasionally mixed with recollections of past perils and adventures, not the

less feelingly dwelt upon from their marked contrast with the passing hours. We observed he was often moved even to tears when describing the fall of his comrades, his boyish companions, who had died in the open field, or satiated the vengeance of this sanguinary civil conflict.

The morning of our departure we had the pleasure of accompanying the happy bridal procession—all decked out in their holiday attire—as far as the church, where we left the miller's son and that host's daughter in the hands of the good canon, who politely attended us to the outskirts of the town. On taking leave, amidst showers of benedictions, we were warmly recommended to the care of the Virgin and the favourite saints, those guardians of the road—so long at least as you avoid meeting any accident, in which case even Santa Barbara herself has to encounter the ire and indignation of her votaries. As we saw the merry party, with a large escort—the miller and the host, with Andrew between them—I could not help contrasting it with those processions for which, less than a century before, Toledo was so fearfully conspicuous; one of which took such a powerful effect upon the nerves of Gil Blas, when, having reformed, he saw some of his old comrades garnished with St. Andrew's crosses, Sanbeaitos, and painted caps, prepared to exhibit before the good people in an *auto-da-fe*. "Never," he says, "could I be thankful enough to God for having preserved me from the scapulary and high paper caps, like sugar-loaves, covered with flames and diabolical imps!"

THE STRONG MAN OF THE FAIR.

BY J. H. BAYLY ESQ.

"The poor boy, for he really looked little more, proceeded to realise all the promises made in his printed bills. Prodigious were the weights he raised; and some that it was utterly impossible for him to move from the earth, were placed upon him; and though they did not crush him, his sufferings must have been acute, and he bore them without flinching. Large and muscular though his frame appeared, his fair countenance was that of a stripling; light hair curled round his forehead, now bathed with the dews of over-exertion, and on his cheek there was either the hectic of ill health, or a spot of rouge, ill put on, to intimate youth's roses. In every pause there was a short dry cough, never to be mistaken by one who has heard that fatal signal by his own fireside: but he still proceeded with his task, though each new effort was more difficult and painful than the last. At length but one feat remained to be performed; but it required more exertion and endurance than all the rest. His legs were to be fastened to an upright pillar, and when his body was in a horizontal position, all the weights which he had raised singly were to be supported by him in one accumulated mass. I hastily rose to leave the booth; but just as the exhibitor was preparing himself for the effort, a little boy ran to him on the stage, and whispered something in his ear. The young man clasped his hands, kissed the child, and then looked wildly and wistfully on those around him; and when the person who had assisted him prepared to put the fastenings on his feet, he started back, and I heard him say, in a low voice, 'No, no, I can do no more! Therese—I must go to her; she will die,—she will die!' His rough companion made some hasty answer; and he then pressed his hands firmly on his forehead, and leaned against the side of the stage, apparently in a state of exhaustion. I would gladly have seen the curtain fall; but those who, like myself, had paid their money at the door, expected to have their money's worth; and, after a very brief pause, loud shouts were raised, and the last act of the exhibition demanded. I saw the young exhibitor rouse himself with an effort, and, calling to his assistant, he cried, 'Now—quick, quick, and let me go to her!'"

The spectator follows and assists him home.

"Hush! I whispered; 'he is quiet now—I think he is asleep. Take some of this nourishment; nay, consider how important it is that, when he wakes, he should find you better.' Therese was struck with the truth of this, and took some of the refreshment I offered her; but, with my consent, she gave a large portion to the little child. He ate eagerly, for a moment; and then we saw him divide what she had given him, and lay the largest portion aside. 'What are you about?' said I, gently; 'cannot you eat it?' 'Hush!' whispered the little fellow, with tears in his eyes, and pointing to the sleeping man: 'papa has had none, you know.' We did not speak for some moments; for we were touched by the child's simple words. 'How old is the boy?' I inquired, at length. 'Four years old. His poor father is not yet two-and-twenty; he looks younger in face; and as for his figure, you must not judge of that—every muscle has now been unnaturally forced.' 'Hush! he wakes.' And the Hercules began to move; and, slowly and feebly raising himself from the ground, he sat up and looked wildly around him. 'Something nice for papa,' cried the child; and, running to him, it placed before him the little treasure it had saved. 'Frederick! Ah! I remember now,' said he. 'Therese—she is not—no, no, no,—she lives!' and he rose and rushed into her arms. I knew that they had sufficient sustenance for that night, and softly, and without one word of adieu, I rose and left the house.

I called the next day, and found Therese in a deep sleep, or

rather torpor, and her husband, who sat pale and motionless by her side, raised his finger to his lip as I entered. I took a seat at some distance from the bed, and silently watched the group—the dying woman, her distracted husband, and the little boy, who, kneeling at his father's feet, held one of his hands, and buried his face in his lap. At length the young man raised his head, and his eyes met mine. Slowly and hopelessly he shook his head, and, raising, walked over to the part of the room where I was sitting, followed by the child. 'We need not fear disturbing her,' said he; 'she will soon slumber in the grave, without a dream, without a sorrow!' 'Nay, hope for the best,' I replied, taking his hand. 'Perhaps that is the best for her,' he cried; 'but for me, and for this poor boy—oh! what will become of him?' 'Alas! I can do little,' was my answer. 'You!—you are a stranger—you have given us your sympathy—what could we expect more? Besides you have no wealth?' 'Indeed I have not.' 'Oh, I knew it! Had you been rich, instead of pitying me, you would have soon found out some early error, some past folly—any thing for an excuse for not relieving us. But she still lives, and I can still support her.' 'You will not attempt that painful exhibition to-night. You cannot endure the fatigue; your hand now burns with fever.' 'So much the better; that fever will support me. Look at these limbs, that I was once proud of—their strength cannot be gone; and if I earn enough for her and the boy, what can I require? When the muscles shrink, 'twill be time for me to think of food,' 'Do stay at home, papa,' said the boy. 'I can't do like you; but I'll go and do my best, if it's to feed mamma.' 'Poor boy!' cried his father, kissing him. 'Oh, I shan't mind—I like jumping about, and I'll do my very best.' We were interrupted by Therese, who, starting from her trance-like slumber, called for her husband and her boy; and, knowing that I could do no good, and that my presence might be felt as a restraint, I left the room without attracting her attention. * * That night the lamps again beamed from the booth of the Hercules. The populace, attracted by the favourable report of the few who had witnessed his exertions on the preceding evening, now thronged the space allotted for spectators; and, leaving his poor Therese more feeble and exhausted than he had ever yet seen her, the strong man, after kissing again and again her cold and colourless lips, once more went forth to expose himself to public wonder. His limbs trembled, and his temples throbbed, whilst he again assumed the dress he was accustomed to wear; the very effort of fastening his sandals seemed too much for him; cold drops stood upon his forehead, and the beating of his pulse seemed audible; but the heavy weights were placed before him, and, hailed by shouts and acclamations, the strong man proceeded with his task. * * * Poor Frederick knelt weeping by the corpse of his mother; but the orphan boy was the only mourner. In the same hour that Therese ceased to breathe, her husband fell dead upon the stage; the iron weights rolled heavily from him to the feet of the spectators, for the strong man had broken a blood-vessel."—From "Kindness in Women."

BOTANY.

To a devout mind, (and without devotion, there can exist no real and high perception of beauty,) all nature, even in her minutest works, speaks loudly of infinite wisdom and goodness. We know of no science which has a more devotional and refining influence on the mind than botany. True devotion and refinement, go hand in hand. Every blossom is an evidence of an over-ruling Providence—every flower-cup is a beautiful commentary upon the character of God. He is restricted to no one particular channel for conveying to the immortal soul, which he has made in his own image—knowledge of his character and purposes.

The mind which reads, unimpressed, a passage of "holy writ," may be taught a vivid lesson of the divine benignity, from the humblest flower that "wastes its sweetness on the desert air;" and thus touched and softened, may be drawn by the cords of love to its Father in heaven.

It is thus that nature and revelation mutually aid each other. These are the two grand and leading sources of religious truth. Let them never be divorced. Would that there were more love, ay, more love of the works of God!

In order to strengthen the natural taste, which every young happy heart feels for the beauties of nature, we would earnestly recommend the study of botany. It is peculiarly suited to the female mind. For this beautiful science not only enlarges and purifies the sources of thought, but by inducing a habit of searching the fields and woods for specimens, it strengthens the constitution and promotes health.

But it may be objected, by our city readers, that they have no opportunity to study plants and cull wild wood-flowers. The city has no fields or flower-strewn walks.—Still we answer, in the words of the old adage, where there is the will there will be a way. The commonest flower will suffice; and many flowers of various classes may be found in the city. When these fail, a stroll into some neighbouring suburb or village, will readily furnish the "botanical box," with divers rare and beautiful specimens. We would advise every young lady, who intends to pursue this study, to procure for herself, the "botanical box," so

called—which is of tin, tube-shaped and furnished with a cover. In this box flowers can be carried without injury, and preserved for a considerable length of time in a good state of freshness.

In recommending the study of botany, we mean not to encourage such a smattering of it as is confined to its "technical terms." We have heard persons discourse largely on the science whose acquaintance with it extended no farther than to "the stamen, calyx, and petal."

Many of our fair country readers are practical botanists, without understanding much of the science. They know the names, qualities, and uses of plants; they hail the flowers as messengers of joy and love and abundance. To such minds, the study of the science will afford a wide, an inexhaustible field of enjoyment.—Flowers are the poetry of nature, its lyrical poetry, and furnish to the genius of woman, a never-failing source of inspiration. Here is a specimen from the pen of one who always seems to revel like the bee or the humming-bird in a flower-bed. Mary Howitt is nature's own poet; (a learned critic has objected to the term poetess—declaring that there is no sex in genius—thank him,) and we think this ballad one of her happiest effusions.—Is it not a gem?

"Buttercups and daisies—
Oh the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare.
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up here and there.

"Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opens its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

"Little hardy flowers.
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door:
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold;
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

"What to them is weather!
What are stormy showers!
Buttercups and daisies—
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

"Welcome yellow buttercups,
Welcome daisies white,
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming in the spring time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well!"

A NEW COAT.—Grievous and 'considerably unpleasant, if not more,' to hear, is the burthen of a new coat. A hat is bad enough—but a new coat, with 'a tight fit!' What an amount of care and of personal solicitude it brings with it—to say nothing of that indescribable feeling, which makes an unoccupied arm a decided superfluity—a mere hanger-on; a sensation, faintly shadowed forth, when the wearer's 'measure' was taken, and he was told to hold up his head, like a man, and drop his hands, which dangled so strangely far below the termination of sleeves that had always seemed long enough until then. See yonder victim, dodging fellow pedestrians, as if he feared that contact would collapse him, like a soap-bubble. Hear him think aloud, in the language of 'one who knows,' as he threads his devious way: 'Oh to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep, scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail reversed; to coast a gutter, with horrible anticipations of the consequences!' There is, however, one consolation. The evil will soon wear off, and the draper shall benevolently rejoice that it has been removed.

BED OF THE OCEAN.—But the production of beach and gravel and sand on the shores, and the drifting of sand in land, are effects far less important than those which are going on in the profound depths of the ocean. In the tranquil bed of the sea, the finer materials, held in mechanical or chemical suspension by the waters, are precipitated and deposited, enveloping and imbed-

ding the inhabitants of its waters, together with the remains of such animals and vegetables of the land as may be floated down by the streams and rivers.

Yes, in these modern depositions the remains of man, and his works, must of necessity be continually engulfed, together with those of the animals which are his contemporaries.

Of the nature of the bed of the ocean, we can of course know but little from actual observation. Soundings, however, have thrown light upon the deposits now forming in those depths, which are accessible to this mode of investigation; and thus we learn, that in many parts immense accumulations of the wreck of testaceous animals, intermixed with sand, gravel, and mud, are going on. Donati ascertained the existence of a compact bed of shells, one hundred feet in thickness, at the bottom of the Adriatic, which in some parts was converted into marble. In the British Channel, extensive deposits of sand, imbedding the remains of shells, crustacea, etc. are in the progress of formation. This specimen, which was dredged up at a few miles from land, is an aggregation of sand with recent marine shells, oysters, muscles, limpets, cockles, etc. with minute corallines; and this example from off the Isle of Sheppy, consists entirely of cockles (*Cardium edule*), held together by conglomerated sand. In bays and creeks, bounded by granitic rocks, the bed is found to be composed of micaceous and quartzose sand, consolidated into what may be termed regenerated granite. Off Cape Erio, solid masses of this kind were formed in a few months; and in them were embedded dollars and other treasures from the wreck of a vessel, to recover which an exploration by the diving-bell was undertaken.—*Mantell's Wonders of Geology*.

A WORTHY SCHOOLMASTER.—Mr. Squeers looked at the little boy to see whether he was doing anything he could beat him for; as he happened not to be doing anything at all, he merely boxed his ears, and told him not to do it again. Hereupon Mr. Squeers began to ruminate, when the little boy gave a violent sneeze. 'Holloa!' growled the schoolmaster, 'what's that, sir?' 'Nothing, sir!' replied the little boy. 'Nothing sir!' exclaimed Mr. Squeers. 'Please, sir, I sneezed,' rejoined the boy, trembling like an aspen leaf. 'Oh! sneezed, did you?' retorted Mr. Squeers. 'Then what did you say nothing for, sir?' In default of a better answer to this question, the little boy screwed a couple of knuckles into each of his eyes and began to cry, wherefore Mr. Squeers knocked him off his seat with a blow on one side of his face, and knocked him on again with a blow on the other.—*Nicholas Nickleby*, by Boz.

BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.—Stopping at a place for breakfast in Savoy, a curious specimen of the fashion of the country presented itself. We were startled by seeing a tall fellow enter the room with a bundle of rods on his shoulder, which he flung down upon the table. We stared at him for an explanation of this seemingly uncourteous conduct, not exactly knowing whether it was himself or we who were to make use of them; nor was it without some trouble that we made out that what we had mistaken for sticks was bread, rolled out very thin and long before it was baked. The length of such a piece is about four feet. We were amused at discovering that bread is thus literally made the 'staff of life;' so, taking up our staves in one hand, and our cups in the other, we commenced our repast in merry mood, and, as we thought, in most singular fashion.—*Rae Wilson*.

MAN LIKENED TO A BOOK.—Man is, as it were, a book; his birth is the title page; his baptism, the epistle dedicatory; his groans and crying, the epistle to the reader; his infancy and childhood, the contents of the whole of the ensuing treatise; his life and actions, the subject; his crimes and errors, the faults escaped; his repentance, the connection.—Now there are some large volumes in folio, some little ones in sixteens—some are fairer bound, some plainer—some in strong vellum, some in thin paper—some whose subject is piety and godliness, some (and too many such) pamphlets of wantonness and folly—but in the last page of every one of these, there stands a word which is FINIS, and this is the last word in every book. Such is the life of man—some longer, some shorter, some weaker, some fairer, some coarser, some holy, some profane; but death comes in like FINIS at the last to close up the whole; for that is the end of all men.—*Fitz Geoffrey*, 1620.

THERE is not a vice which more effectually contracts and deadens the feelings, which more completely makes a man's affections centre in himself, and excludes all others from partaking in them, than the desire of accumulating possessions. When this desire has once gotten hold of the heart, it shuts out all other considerations but such as may promote its views. In its zeal for the attainment of its end, it is not delicate in the choice of means. As it closes the heart, so also it clouds the understanding. It cannot discern between right and wrong: it takes evil for good, and good for evil: it calls darkness light, and light darkness. Beware, then, of the beginnings of covetousness, for you know not where it will end.—*Bishop Mant*.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1838.

JUNE PACKET.—The Lord Melville arrived here on Wednesday morning in 32 days passage, from Falmouth. By her London dates have been received to the 7th of June. We find no news of the least importance in the late papers. The Great Western has almost rendered useless the whole of our file of papers.

Boston papers to the 2d inst. were brought by the Acadian. They furnish accounts of an attack made upon a small British Party near Queenston, by a much superior force from the American Frontier, in which the former suffered some loss. The Buffalo paper gives a report of the defeat, subsequently, of the Insurgent Force, and the capture of the ringleaders. We shall probably receive more particulars of those events in a day or two. *Gazette.*

GLORIOUS NEWS.—Late Jamaica papers contain the gratifying announcement that the planters of that island are about to grant emancipation to their three hundred thousand apprentices. The only topics of dispute among the papers seemed to be respecting the day on which universal liberty should take place, and the reasons which should be assigned for so extraordinary a sacrifice to humanity and justice. For many months, the Jamaica Watchman, (now the Morning Chronicle) conducted by two distinguished gentlemen of colour, has been forewarning the people that the first of August, 1838, when the non-prædials were to go free, and leave their fellows in bondage, would bring trouble;—not insurrection and murder, but discontent and probably a general refusal to work. As the day drew nearer, other papers, the Royal Gazette for instance, sounded the note of alarm. The Assembly met in January, and voted that they would not entertain a proposition for abolishing the apprenticeship. Things went on, and the agitation in the Mother Country drove a reluctant government to the adoption of Lord Glenelg's arbitrary bill, as a salvo for his refusal to comply with the wishes of the British nation. This Act, however, accompanied with the Duke of Wellington's speech, declaring much strong coercion to be necessary in order to bring the planters to justice, and placing the planters and managers entirely at the mercy of the royal governors and special magistrates; seems to have produced a desirable change in their views.

As soon as notice of its final passage was received, Sir Lionel Smith, issued a proclamation, declaring it to be the law of the island from and after the 9th of June, and at the same time ordered the colonial legislature to convene on the fifth of June. We give below the Governor's speech on the opening of the legislature, and from which it may be gathered that there is a sure prospect of the complete emancipation of all the slaves of the island at a very early date. In fact there is now no opposition—not a voice raised against the grand measure of immediate emancipation in the Island of Jamaica.

EMANCIPATION OF 300,000 SLAVES.—Message of the Governor of Jamaica at the opening of the Special Session of the Colonial Legislature, June 5th.

"Gentlemen of the Council,

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Assembly,

"I have called you together at an unusual season, to take into your consideration the state of the Island, under the laws of apprenticeship for the labouring population.

"I need not refer you to the agitation of this subject throughout the British Empire, or to the discussions upon it in Parliament, where the honorable efforts of the Ministry were barely found sufficient to preserve the original duration of the law, as an obligation of national faith.

"I shall lay before you some despatches on the subject.

"Gentlemen—General agitation and Parliamentary interference have not, I am afraid, yet terminated.

"A corresponding excitement has been long going on among the apprentices themselves, but still they have rested in sober and quiet hopes, relying on your generosity that you will extend to them that boon which has been granted to their class in other Colonies.

"Gentlemen of the Council,

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Assembly,

"In this posture of affairs it is my duty to declare my sentiments, and distinctly to recommend to you the early and equal abolition of Apprenticeship for all classes.

"I do so in confidence that the apprentices will be found worthy of freedom, and that it will operate as a double blessing by securing also the future interests of the planters.

"I am commanded, however, to inform you that her Majesty's Ministers will not entertain any question of further compensation.

"But should your views be opposed to the policy I recommend, I would entreat you to consider well how impracticable it will become to carry on coercive labor; always difficult, it would in future be in peril of constant comparison with other colonies made free, and with those estates in this Island made free by individual proprietors.

"As Governor, under these circumstances, and I never shrink from any of my responsibilities, I pronounce it physically impossible to maintain the apprenticeship with any hope of successful agriculture.

"Gentlemen of the Council,

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Assembly,

"Jamaica is in your hands—she requires repose, by the removal of a law which has equally tormented the laborer and disappointed the planter.

"A law by which man still constrains man in unnatural servitude. This is her first exigency. For her future welfare she appeals to your wisdom to legislate in the spirit of the times, with liberality and benevolence towards all classes."

On the return of the House, the speech was referred to a special committee.

The Jamaica Despatch (edited by colored people) expresses great dissatisfaction with the speech, as coming from the organ of a ministry that has just declared itself against the abolition of apprenticeship, but says that "the legislature of Jamaica is preparing to grant entire and unqualified emancipation."

PROCLAMATION OF LORD DURHAM.—This important document we have inserted in our columns. It will be seen that it grants an amnesty under the provisions of an Ordinance, to persons confined, or who have fled the province, on account of political offences, with the exception of those who are accused of the murder of Lieutenant Wier, and of Chartrand, and of certain other individuals whose cases are specially provided for in the Ordinance. The individuals undermentioned having confessed their guilt are to be transported to Bermuda, namely:

Wolfred Nelson,
R. Bouchette,
B. Viger,
S. Marchessault,

H. A. Gauvin,
Tonissant Goddu,
Rodolphe Ripvieres,
L. H. Masson.

The Mercury thinks this punishment a just one, and contends that to have enforced a rigid execution of the laws in case of their guilt being proved on trial, would have been "little less than the infliction of a political vengeance and a sacrifice of human life, which the actual state of the province does not require." The Mercury, however, confesses that "in the state the Province yet remains an appeal to a Jury could not now have been made with any chance of success." "A number of individuals are outlawed—the names are as under

L. H. Papineau,
C. H. Cote,
Robert Nelson,
E. O'Callaghan,
E. Rodier,
T. S. Brown,
L. Duvernay,
E. Chartier,

John Ryan, Sen.
John Ryan,
Louis Perrault,
G. Et. Carter,
Pierre P. Demaray,
J. F. Davignon,
Louis Gantier,
Julien Gagnon.

Province of }
Lower Canada. } DURHAM.

VICTORIA by the GRACE OF GOD, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith.

To all to whom these presents shall come, or whom the same may concern, GREETING:

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS our Province of Lower Canada hath been long disturbed by political dissensions, and was recently afflicted with Rebellion and Civil War, whereby it hath become necessary to suspend the constitution of the said Province, and to provide for the temporary Government thereof, by means of extraordinary powers, conferred upon Us by the Imperial Legislature; And Whereas We are firmly resolved to punish with the utmost severity any future act of insubordination in Our said Province, and more especially to prevent in future, as far as is in our power, the occurrence of dissensions similar to those by which Our said Province has been long disturbed as aforesaid, by effectually removing all causes of dissension, so that Our said Province may be established in Peace as a loyal and truly British colony; And Whereas in the exercise and in pursuance of the extraordinary powers as aforesaid, it hath been ordained and enacted by an Ordinance this day made and passed, according to law, entitled, "An Ordinance to provide for the security of the Province of Lower Canada," that it shall be lawful for Us to transport certain persons named in the said Ordinance, to Our Island of Bermuda, during Our pleasure, and that, if the said persons, or certain other persons, also named in the said Ordinance, who have withdrawn themselves from the pursuit of Justice, beyond the limits of our said Province, shall at any time hereafter, except by permission of Our Governor General of Our Provinces on the Continent of North America, and High Commissioner for the adjustment of certain important questions depending in the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, or if there shall be no such Governor General, or High Commissioner, by the permission of the Governor in Chief, or Governor, or other person administering our Government of Lower Canada, as provided in the said Ordinance, be found at large or come within Our said Province, they shall in that case be taken and deemed to be guilty of High Treason, and shall suffer death accordingly; And Whereas, under the peculiar

circumstances of our said Province, as aforesaid, it is not less expedient in our judgment, than grateful to our heart, to mark, by an act of Royal Grace, our recollection of the ancient, and well-proven loyalty of all our Canadian subjects, rather than by any severity of punishment, our sense of the recent disaffection of some of them:—KNOW YE THEREFORE, that We have ordained, directed and declared, and by these presents do ordain, direct, and declare, that no further proceedings shall be had, or taken, against any persons whatsoever on account of any High Treason, or offences of a treasonable nature, with which they now stand charged, or wherewith they may be chargeable at this time, but that all such proceedings, without exception or distinction, save as hereinafter mentioned, shall henceforth cease and determine. And it is Our further will and pleasure, that with the exception of such persons as are in that behalf named in the said Ordinance, and whose cases are thereby provided for, all persons at present in custody and charged with High Treason or other offences of a treasonable nature, and also with such exception as aforesaid; all persons who have withdrawn themselves from the pursuit of justice beyond the limits of our said Province, shall immediately upon giving such security for their future good and loyal behaviour as our said Governor General and High Commissioner, or if there should be no such Governor General or High Commissioner, then the Governor in Chief, Governor, or the person administering the Government of this Province shall direct, be at liberty to return to their homes, and may and shall there remain wholly unmolested by reason of any High Treason or other offences of a treasonable nature, in which he or they may have been concerned.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF We have caused these our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of our said Province of Lower Canada to be affixed thereto.

WITNESS our Right Trusty and Right Well Beloved JOHN GEORGE, EARL OF DURHAM, Viscount Lambton, etc. etc., Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, one of our Most Honourable Privy Council, and Governor-General, Vice Admiral and Captain General of all our Provinces within and adjacent to the Continent of North America, etc. etc.

At our Castle of St. Lewis, in our City of Quebec, in our said Province of Lower Canada, the Twenty-eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and in the second year of our Reign.

(Signed;) D. DALY,
Secretary.

We are sorry to add that both his Excellency, the Governor-General, and his Excellency Lieut. General Sir John Colborne, have met with accidents within the last two days; fortunately neither have proved so serious as might have been the case. Lord Durham when descending the ladder from the Inconstant frigate, on Tuesday, to embark in the barge, unfortunately caught his heel in one of the steps, and he fell forward with much violence, and had not the fall been broken by Admiral Sir Charles Paget, who was already in the barge, the consequences must have been alarmingly severe.

Sir John Colborne's accident was by falling off his horse yesterday, when his Excellency was taking his morning ride; whilst proceeding at a hand gallop the animal fell, and the gallant General received some cuts and bruises in the face; he however, remounted and proceeded home, declaring himself but little hurt.—*Quebec Mercury*, June 28.

QUEBEC, JUNE 30.—Messrs. Papineau, Cote, O'Callaghan, R. Nelson, and twelve others who have fled to avoid the pursuit of justice are outlawed, and if taken at large within the Province, are to suffer death as guilty of treason,—the same penalty attaches also to the return, without permission, to those transported to Bermuda.

Jalbert and the others confined for murder, are excepted from the operation of the Ordinance (and will take their trials in due course,) as are also all those who aided in the escape of Louis Lussier, from the prison of Montreal.

The Proclamation allows all political delinquents, with the exception of the persons whose cases are particularly provided for by the Ordinance, to return to their homes upon giving security for their future good and loyal behaviour.—*Mercury*, July 30.

THE LANCERS.—Montreal, June 25th.—"By a passenger from Upper Canada on Saturday night, an Extra of the Niagara Reporter of the 21st inst. was received, which gives the particulars of another outrage committed by a band of armed men who crossed the Niagara River, in the middle of the night of the 20th, burned the tavern of Mr. Osterout situated at Short Mills, wounded two lancers and took eight others prisoners, who were stationed in the house. The Lancers were asleep when the house were attacked, but they soon took to their arms. During the action two of the Lancers and one of the enemy were wounded. The house was then set on fire and the Lancers were obliged to surrender. At daylight they retired in the direction of Swan Creek, where they have been encamped for some time, taking eight of the Lancers with them and their wounded comrade in a waggon which they took forcible possession of. Their principal

place of encampment is between Granville and Chippewa, on an Island in the Niagara River, the situation of which will render the dislodging of them extremely difficult.

QUEBEC, June 30th.—His Excellency Sir John Harvey, Lieut Governor of New Brunswick, whose arrival was expected on Thursday, reached Quebec yesterday, having come up from Kamouraska, in her Majesty's Brig Charybdis. His Excellency was received on landing by a Guard of Honour furnished by the Grenadier Guards, and a salute from the Citadel. Sir John is attended by his sons Capt. Gerald Harvey of the 70th Regt. and Mr. Harvey of the 34th Regt. His appearance, in good health and with little alteration in person, afforded great pleasure to his numerous friends who assembled to greet him on his visit to this city where the recollection of his urbanity and good feeling during his residence, when at the head of the Adjutant General's Department in this command, will long be remembered.—Mercury.

MISTAKE CORRECTED.—It affords us much satisfaction to be enabled to state, that the long account of a wreck of a transport, which we copied from a Sunderland paper, is utterly destitute of truth. Some "Penny-a-liner" probably, whose imaginative powers exceed his feelings of probity, earned a few miserable shillings by the fabrication. The London Morning Herald of the 28th ultimo, on this subject says:—

"It is with great satisfaction we are enabled to announce that the statement which has appeared in a Sunderland paper relative to the loss of a transport, under the head of 'awful shipwreck,' is entirely destitute of truth, as, on inquiry, we have found that there is no such vessel as the Margaret of Newry, employed in the transport service, and furthermore, we understand there is none of that name on Lloyd's Books."

From the National Intelligencer.

IMPORTANT OFFICIAL PAPER.

The following Message from the President of the United States was communicated to the House of Representatives on Wednesday last:

To the House of Representatives of the U. States:

I transmit, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives of the 11th inst. reports from the Secretaries of State, Treasury, and War, with the documents referred to by them respectively. It will be seen that the outrages committed on the steamboat Sir Robert Peel, under the British flag, within the waters of the United States, and on the steamboat Telegraph, under the American flag, at Brockville, in Upper Canada, have not been followed by any demand, by either Government on the other, for redress.

These have been, so far, treated on each side as criminal offences, committed within the jurisdiction of tribunals competent to inquire into the facts, and to punish the persons concerned in them. Investigations have been made, some of the individuals incalpedated have been arrested, and prosecutions are in progress, the result of which cannot be doubtful. The excited state of public feeling on the borders of Canada, on both sides of the line, has occasioned the most painful anxiety to this Government. Every effort has been, and will be, made to prevent the success of the design apparently formed, and in the course of execution, by Canadians who have found a refuge within our territory, aided by a few reckless persons of our own country, to involve the nation in a war with a neighboring and friendly Power.

Such design cannot succeed while the two Governments appreciate and fondly rely upon the good faith of each other in the performance of their respective duties. With a fixed determination to use all the means in my power to put a speedy and satisfactory termination to these border troubles, I have the most confident assurances of the cordial co-operation of the British authorities, at home and in the North American possessions, in the accomplishment of a purpose so sincerely and earnestly desired by the Governments and People both of the United States and Great Britain.

M. VAN BUREN.

Washington, June 20, 1838.

The steam ship British Queen, belonging to the British and American Steam Navigation Company of London, was launched on the 24th May, the birth day of Queen Victoria. This ship is visited by crowds of persons—it is estimated that the Sunday previous there were over 50,000 persons to see her. She is the admiration of all who see her, especially Americans. Her dimensions are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Measurement. Includes items like Length extreme from Figure-head to Taffrail (275 feet), Power of Engines (500 horse), and Draught of water (16 feet).

The British Queen is believed to be the largest ship in the world, her length exceeding by about 35 feet that of any ship in the British navy. She is to be commanded by Lieutenant Roberts, and is expected to arrive in New York in September or October. The return of the "Great Western" and "Sirius" to England, appears to have created quite as great a sensation there, as did their arrival here. At Bristol the bells were put in requisition, guns were fired, a meeting of the stockholders called, and votes of thanks and congratulations bestowed upon Capt. Hoskin and others engaged in the enterprise.—N. Y. Paper.

We were gratified to learn, from a second edition of the Albany Daily Advertiser of the 25th instant, that thirty more of the passengers of the ill-fated steamboat Pulaski, had been saved. They were taken off the wreck, by a Schooner, 17 days from Wilmington for Philadelphia. The same paper adds, that vessels are cruising about the coast, in the hope of rescuing more of the sufferers.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.—We omitted to mention in a former number, that Dr. GESNER had recommenced his Geological Survey of the Province; having proceeded to Charlotte County for that purpose. We understand that gentleman will not publish any account of his proceedings, until he has finally made his Report in the autumn; but we have reason to believe that his discoveries in that quarter are of a highly interesting nature; and that he has examined the St. Croix from its source to some distance above St. Stephen's, and the country in that neighbourhood, together with the Islands in Passamaquoddy Bay which belong to the British, with the exception of Grand Manan; where valuable lime and granite quarries and mineral springs have been found. Lead ore has been obtained at Campo Bello; and there is abundance of Marl, which is valuable to the farmers in that quarter, and remarkable tertiary deposits containing numerous fossil shells. These features of the country in a geological point of view are new and interesting; and the inhabitants of this Province generally, may promise themselves much advantage from Dr. Gesner's valuable labours.—Fredericton Sentinel.

Despatches were received by His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell on Friday evening last, by a Special Messenger, from His Excellency the Earl of Durham. The Malabar, 74, we understand, had sailed for this Port, for the purpose of conveying a Regiment from hence to Quebec. The 73d is under orders to proceed in her.—Gazette.

PERIODICALS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

- 1 Monday.—Halifax Journal, published by J. Munro.
2 — Wesleyan, (semi-monthly) W. Cunnabell.
3 Tuesday.—The Times—Gossip & Coade.
4 Wednesday.—Royal Gazette—John Howe.
5 — Guardian—James Spike.
6 Thursday.—Novascotian—Joseph Howe.
7 Friday.—Christian Messenger.
8 — Halifax Pearl—W. Cunnabell.
9 Saturday.—Acadian Recorder—English & Blackadar.
10 Colonial Churchman (semi-monthly.) E. A. Moody.
11 Pictou Mechanic & Farmer—J. Stifes.
12 Pictou Observer—J. Mackenzie.
13 Yarmouth Herald—A. Lawson.

PASSENGERS.—In the Acadian from Boston—Mrs. Halliburton, Mrs. Mount, Miss Tobin, 2 Miss Stimpson, Mrs. and Miss Gibbons, Hon. J. Tobin, Mr. G. Tobin, Dr. Millar, Medical Staff; Messrs. Thew, Somerville, Raymur, Cowen, Blodgett, J. B. Tremlet, and 9 in the steerage.—In the Harriet & Elizabeth, from St. John's, N. F.—Dr. Mackintosh, 93d Regt., Messrs. McGregor and Cozens.
In H. M. Ship Madagascar for Quebec—Hon. Wm. Lawson. In the Great Western, steamer, from New York for Bristol—Col. McGregor, 93d Highlanders. In the Hazard from St. John's, N. F.—Messrs. Lawson and Bowne.—In brig Sylph, Bermuda, Mr. Peniston, Mrs. Nelmes, Mr. and Mrs. Breach and Miss Darrell.

MARRIED,

On Thursday 5th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Cogswell, A. M. Mr. David Falconer, to Miss Ann, daughter of the late Doctor Miller, of Wick, Caithness, North Britain.
At Wolfville, on Thursday evening, 5th inst. by the Rev. H. L. Owen, Mr. James E. Dewolf, of Kentville, merchant, to Miss Mary Ann Starr, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Woodward.
On the 22d of May, at the North Mimm's Church, the Honorable Edmund Phipps, brother to his Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave, to the Hon. Mrs. Charles Norton, eldest daughter of His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. H. Governor of Nova-Scotia.
At Sydney, C. B. on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Charles Inglis, the Rev. R. McLearn, of Windsor, N. S., to Harriet Bown, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Richard Stout.

DIED,

On Sunday morning last, after a short but severe illness, Elizabeth wife of Captain John Grant, and daughter of the late Capt. Edward Vint, in the 41st year of her age, deeply regretted by all who knew her.
At Dartmouth, on Tuesday last, in her 56th year, Sarah, relict of the late James Money, Esq. R. N., after several weeks severe illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation.
At Cornwallis, on the 16th June, in the 79th year of his age, Mr. William Dickey, and old and respectable inhabitant, whose social and friendly qualities had endeared him to his relatives and the public in general; he was an exemplary pattern of piety, honesty and punctuality; he was a Deacon in the Presbyterian Church in Cornwallis upwards of 40 years.
At Liverpool, N. S. on Wednesday the 27th June, in the full triumph of faith, Mrs. Sarah M. Smith, the wife of the Rev. Wm. Smith, Wesleyan minister.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Saturday, July 7th.—Am. packet brig Acadian, Johnson, Boston, 5 days—naval stores, etc. to G. P. Lawson and others.
Sunday, 8th.—Schrs. Breeze, Gooby, Magdalen Isles, 7 days—seal oil and seal skins, to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Oracle, Muirhead, St. Andrew's, 8 days; Caroline, Crouse, do. do. to A. Murison; Two Brothers, Bridgeport, coal; Reliance, Bell, Paspediac, 6 days; Hope, Currie, Bathurst, 13 days—salt, to S. Cunard & Co.; Mary, Haley,

P. E. Island, 9 days—produce; brig Harriet & Elizabeth, Butler, St. John's, N. F. 6 days—dry fish, etc. to J. & T. Williamson; brig Persa, Peggilly, Guyana, 20 days—sugar and molasses, to T. C. Kinneer—put into Pulmico 1st inst. in consequence of thick fog.

Monday, 9th.—Brigt. Redbreast, Lovett, Yarmouth, 2 days; to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Sir Peregrine, Crosby, Berbice, 20 days, rum and molasses; D. & E. Starr & Co.; schrs. Concord; Sissiboo—lumber; Ranger, St. John, N. B. 9 days—limestone; brig Union, Henderson, Liverpool, N. S. and sailed 10th for Demerara; schrs. Lark, Barrington, herring; Mary Canso, pickled fish; True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool, N. S. 2 days—lumber and alewives.

Tuesday, 10th.—Brig James Dee, Dickson, Cuba, 21 days—sugar and molasses to M. B. Almon; schr. Mary Jane, McGrath, Bermuda, 11 days—onions and candles to W. & J. Murdoch, and J. W. Barss.

Wednesday, 11th.—Brigt. Hilgrove, Bell, Demerara, 18 days—rum and molasses to Saltus & Wainwright; H. M. Packet Lord Melville, Lieut Webb, Falmouth 30 days—June Mail.

Friday.—Schr. Meridian, Crowell, St. Stephens, 8 days,—lumber to master; a brig east, Strachut's signal, from Porto Rico, 16 days; 3 schrs. east,—a ship East, 74.

CLEARED.

July 6th.—Emily, Crowell, Gaspe—by Fairbanks & Allison and Creighton & Grassie; brig Sylph, Wainwright, Bermuda—by Saltus & Wainwright; 7th.—Eagle, Wilson; Quebec—rum and sugar, &c. by Fairbanks & Allison; Charlotte, Dominique, Montreal—oil, rum & sugar by S. Binney; Betsy, Burhoe, P. E. Island; Arctic, Liverpool, N. S. 9th.—President, Odell, St. John, N. F. butter, etc. by E. Lawson, Saltus & Wainwright, & others; Vernon, Cunningham, B. W. Indies—fish, etc. J. U. Ross, Willing Lass, Watt, St. John, N. B. flour bread, by W. Roche and others; Siebella, Musgrove, Sydney, 11th.—Hazard, Crowell, Burin, lumber, molasses, by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Margaret Ann, Currie, Bay Chaleur; Royal Adelaide, Kirkby, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by J. & M. Tobin; Pique, Landry, Montreal, rum, Sugar etc. by J. Allison & Co.

Sailed, 7th.—H. M. Ship Madagascar, Capt. P. P. Wallis, P. E. I. passenger, W. Lawson, sen. Esq. Govt. schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 10th—brig Union, Taylor, Demerara. 11th—Mail Packet Lady Ogle, Stairs, Bermuda; Mail Packet Roseway, Burney, Boston.

MEMORANDA.

The brig. William, Boudrot, from Quebec for Jamaica, sailed from Canso 7th inst.

The Harriet & Elizabeth from St. John's, N. F. reports brig Mermaid for Jamaica sailed a day previous; Rover, Dunscomb, and Grand Turk, Ingham, for Demerara. Left brig Emilithca to sail in 7 days; Herald, Frith, hence in 4 days; brig. Neptune, Darrell, ready to sail; Breeze, Hurst, in 2 days for Bermuda.

Port Medway, June 26—Sailed schr. Combine, Antigua. Demerara, June 6—Arrived brig Olinda, St. John, N. F.; brig. Good Intent, Yarmouth; 7th, brig Mary, Lunenburg; Acadian, Liverpool, N. S.

Falmouth, G. B. May 24.—Arrived Greyhound, of Halifax; Macao, The Sir Peregrine from Berbice reports brig Elgin sailed in company for St. Andrew's; brig. Unity, Wyman, from St. Andrew's sailed and sailed for Trinidad; brig. Elizabeth, Looker, from Yarmouth called and sailed for Demerara. Left brig. Goshawk, Cocks, for St. John's, N. F.; brig Lady Turner from do.

Savannah, June 16—Cleared, Brig Lady Douglas, Halifax. New York, June 24—Arrived, schr. Irene, Joyce, Halifax, 7 days; 28th, schr. Shannon, Boudrot, do. Cleared; schr. Richmond, Gerroir, Halifax.

Spoken—June 16, lat. 34, long. 8, brig William IV. from Halifax for Jamaica, June 26, Cape Sable E. by N. 30 miles, brig. Halifax hence for Bermuda. May 29, lat. 32 1-2, long. 51 1-2, brig St. Lawrence, of Arichat, from Nevis for London.

The Brig Madawaska, McCurelay, belonging to Campbelltown, N. B. run ashore on the Head of Brian Island, 18th ult. from Bathurst, timber laden—crew and part of materials saved.

Kingston, Jan. June 8th.—Arrived, brig. Sir Stephen Chapman, Halifax—sold dry fish at \$41-8; 12th, Loading, brig Condor, Lanigon, Quebec.

Cove of Cork, May 25.—The Temperance, of St. John, N. B. driven ashore in the gale of the 15th February, was launched last evening.—The agents here were obliged to blast the rocks outside her before she could be launched.

At Quebec, June 25th—schr. Gaspé Packet, Brulotte, hence; 26th—True Friend, Godier, hence; 30th—Fanny, Salmoud, P. E. Island; Dolphin, Hamel, hence. Cl'd, 26th ult—schr. Mary, Pettipas, Halifax.

Quebec, June 26th—H. M. S. Pique left on Sunday for Portsmouth: the wind was fresh from the east and she beat out in gallant style. H. M. steam ship Dec arrived from Montreal yesterday, shortly before 2 P. M.

A fleet of outward bound—some thirty sail—which had been detained by the easterly blow since Saturday, got under weigh at 10 o'clock this morning on the turning of the tide,—wind light from the westward.

The brig Milton, arrived here yesterday from Jamaica, got ashore at Old Bic Harbour and received some damage. The passengers, 37 in number, all Germans, landed at Bic Harbour, the vessel leaking badly at the time.

Quebec June 30th.—It is reported that the Malabar, 74, is under sailing orders for Halifax, to return with the 93rd Regiment; the Hercules 74, for Portsmouth; and the Andromache, 28, for Newfoundland. The Malabar dropt down yesterday to the mouth of the St. Charles, where she remained at two o'clock this day. The Hercules and Andromache were at the same hour in the positions they have occupied since their arrival. The wind which is from the eastward may probably be the cause of their detention.

Three P. M.—The Malabar has sailed. Five P. M.—The Hercules, 74, is now beating out.

At Miramichi, June 9th—schr. Emilia, Le Blanc, hence; barque Atalanta, Gibraltar. July 2—schr. Mary, Gurel, hence; brig Albion, Crosby, do; Hart, Sunderland; Active, Rochefort.

At St. Andrews, June 25th—ship Lady Campbell, Liverpool; 27th—brig Jacinth, Demerara. Cleared, 29d—Brig Stormont, Demerara; 27th—schr. Wm. Brothly, Barbados; brig Ballahou, St. Lucia.

At Charlotte Town, Schr. Woodpine, Robertson, hence. At St. John, N. B. July 2nd—schr. Rising Sun, Moray, hence; 4th—brig Elizabeth, Madeira; 5th—ship John and Mary, Bermuda; brig Niger Demerara; schr. Nile, Vaughan hence; 7th—Exertion, Brown, Cuba. Cleared, brig Roseway, St. Kitts, Linnet, Jamaica; schr. Ion, Hammond, Halifax.

The ship John and Mary, arrived at St. John, N. B. from Bermuda, on Friday last, spoke June 28th, lat. 32, 30, north, lon. 84 degrees west, brig Abigail of Yarmouth, from hence, out 24 days, bound to Bermuda.

At Yarmouth, 2nd inst—brig. Halcyon, Monsterrat schr. Matilda, St. Vincent; 5th—schr. Charles and Margery, Nevia. Cleared, 29th ult—schr. Experiment, Barbados; Lucy, Bermuda, 30th—Oceanus, Barbados, July 2nd—schr. George and Sarah, B. W. Indies.

Arrived at Brier Island, 1st inst. brig Eliza, Lefolia, Berbice, 19 days. On the 15th ult. lost 2 men—Jacob Eldridge of Yarmouth, and Henry Brown, a native of England.

Spoke 20th ult. lat. 41, 40, long 37, 30, ship Acadia, of St. John, from Liverpool, for New York.—Spoke 27th ult. lat 38, long 68, ship Stradford of New York, from Savannah, for Hamburg.

Markets.—At Berbice June 16—Dry fish 3 1-2 stivers, Lumber \$18 a \$25. Pernambuco, May 22—Codfish 11 mil.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT BRIENNE.

BY THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

I have heard the Emperor relate a very extraordinary occurrence which took place at Brienne, at the time when that mansion, the residence of the Comte de Brienne, his brother, the Cardinal de Lemenie, Archbishop of Toulouse, was the rendezvous of all sorts of amusements and pleasures. The Emperor was not then admitted into it, though he was afterwards, and treated with particular kindness; and he learned many things that passed from such of his comrades whose family connexions caused them to be admitted at the chateau during the vacations.

A young man belonging to Madame de Brienne's society was of so disagreeable a temper that nothing could live in good harmony with him. Among other pretensions, he declared that he never knew what it was to be frightened. One day the discussion on this subject grew warm. Four persons of the company offered to lay him a wager that he would be frightened before the end of six months. He accepted the bet; the conditions were fixed; he was to pay one hundred louis if he lost, and one hundred louis were to be paid to him by the assailants, if he came off victorious in the contest.

At first things went on well enough. Morose as the temper of this man was, it was not always proof against the waggeries of his friends. The first month passed away, and he had not once yielded to fear. It had been agreed that the affair should not be continued any where but at Brienne.

One day the four friends being met, said to one another that it was a sort of disgrace not to have yet succeeded. One of them proposed a plan which was adopted and put into execution the very same night.

I have already observed that there were at Brienne, during the building of the new chateau, some remains of a pavilion of ancient construction, where the rats ate one of the Abbe Morellet's shoes; in this pavilion beds were made up for the young visitors, when there was more company at the chateau than could be accommodated there. Just at the time I am speaking of, this happened to be the case, and the young man, whose courage was under trial, as well as several of his friends, was sleeping there.

The weather had been stormy all day, and when they retired to bed, the air had that heaviness, which is quite oppressive, and makes one feel ill.

'Here's a night for an apparition!' said the young rattlebrains to their friend.

'Let it come if it likes,' replied he; 'it shall be welcome.'

So saying, he bowed to them with an ironical air, and retired to his own apartment.

The air, as I have said was sultry, the atmosphere oppressive. The young man threw himself into an arm-chair, the worm-eaten legs of which were capable of supporting him, and there he had strange visions. His thoughts soon became confused, and he sank into an unquiet doze. His servant awoke him from this kind of torpor; he went to bed almost ill, and overpowered by a complete nervous impression, which could not be natural, even admitting the effect of the tempest.

The chamber in which he slept was at a distance from the whole occupied part of the pavilion, which of itself was quite lonely enough. It was a very large, gloomy apartment. A bedstead with twisted pillars, and curtains trimmed with Hungarian point, was the most conspicuous piece of furniture that it contained. He looked at it a long time before he got into bed.

'Good God!' he had said, 'it looks just like a tomb!'

The drowsiness occasioned by the overwhelming heat was soon changed into a profound sleep. He was buried in his first nap, when he was suddenly roused by a plaintive sound. The noise was close to him. He was lying upon his ear. He rose in his sitting, and it seemed as if he was continuing an interrupted dream. The four parts of the curtains were turned up over the bed-posts, and against each of them leant a figure in a complete suit of armour, but motionless, silent, and without any appearance of life.

He gazed on them at first with surprise, and presently with a sort of agitation.

'What do you want with me!' said he, 'I know you; you are here to frighten me, but I give you notice that I am not afraid. You know our agreement, so leave me and abandon your attempt.'

And as he thus spoke he lay down again and closed his eyes, but the figures continued motionless and silent. They retained the same attitude, while the thunder rolled awfully over the crazy pavilion and made it shake to its old foundations.

Annoyed at this obstinacy, he again raised himself in the bed, and addressed one of the figures.—'What do you want with me?' said he. 'I have already told you that you don't frighten me. You know our conditions; adhere to them, and keep your word as I keep mine.'

Still there was the same silence. In this movelessness there was something awful, that began to operate on the mind of the young man. 'Begone!' he cried to them, big drops of perspiration trickled down his brow, and his teeth chattered. 'Begone!' he repeated; 'begone! . . . I am frightened!'

The moment this confession had escaped his lips, he sank back in his bed, faint and gasping for breath. The figures remained motionless and silent as ever.

'Gentlemen,' cried the young man, beside himself, 'I know not if you have made a compact with the demons. I believe . . . for . . . I recognize you under your vizors . . . and yet . . . I know not who you are . . . Leave me . . . you have frightened me . . . what would you have more!'

The same silence prevailed.

From the commencement of this pleasantry the young man, fearing lest it might be carried farther than he could bear, had always kept about him a pair of pistols loaded, ready for firing. He laid them on the night-table beside his bed, and the same night he had examined the priming; every thing was in proper order, he took up one of them.

'Gentlemen,' said he, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'I call God to witness that whatever accident may ensue is the fault of him on whom it shall light.'

He cocked his pistol, and fired at one of the four figures. None of them stirred. The unfortunate man around whom they were planted ceased to distinguish any object, to hear any sound. His hand trembled, he made a last appeal.

'Another shot!' said he, in a broken voice. No reply. The second pistol was fired. The unhappy man looked, not one of the figures had stirred. His eyes turned from the object that had struck him to another object which he saw before him. It was his own ball that was returned to him. He gazed aghast, and sunk back lifeless.

The young gentlemen who had engaged in this adventure conceiving that they might find their antagonist difficult to deal with, had bribed his servant to take the balls out of his pistols. Each of them had one to throw to him, and this way done, without his perceiving it, by the one at whom he had fired.

SENSIBILITY TO MUSIC.—The published fact of the female who died from hearing too much music, we do not imagine to be well known in this country; we therefore give a sketch of it taken from the Surgical Repertory of Turin. A woman, twenty-eight years of age, who had never left her village or heard a concert, was present at a three days fete in 1834, and dancing was carried on to the sounds of a brilliant orchestra. She entered into the amusement with ardour, and was delighted; but the fete once finished she could not get rid of the impression which the music had made upon her. Whether she ate, drank, walked, sat still, lay down, was occupied or unoccupied, the different airs which she had heard were always present, succeeding each other in the same order as that in which they were executed. Sleep was out of the question, and the whole body being deranged in consequence of this, medical art was called in, but nothing availed, and in six months the person died without having for one moment lost the strange sensation; even in her last moments she heard the first violin give some discordant notes, when, holding her head with both hands, she cried "Oh! what a false note, it tears my head." We have heard of another instance of this in an aged person, who, from the year 1829, has the greatest difficulty in going to sleep, because he every evening feels an irresistible desire to hear an air which belongs to the mountains of Auvergne. He has tried reading aloud, thinking deeply, and several other means to get rid of it, but it is of no use, he is invariably forced, mechanically, to utter the words in the idiom of Auvergne. We ourselves have seen the most alarming effects produced upon children by music to which they were unaccustomed, and fevers ensue in consequence.

EARLY RISING.—A single dew-drop, however small, furnishes in turn, gems of all imaginable colours. In one light it is a sapphire; shifting the eye a little, it becomes an emerald; next a topaz; then a ruby; and lastly, when viewed so as to reflect the light without refracting it, it has all the splendour of a diamond. But to obtain this beautiful display of natural colours, it is necessary to take advantage of the morning, when the beams of the newly risen sun are nearly level with the surface of the earth; and this is the time when the morning birds are in their finest song, when the air and the earth are in their greatest freshness, and when all nature mingles in one common morning song of gratitude. There is something peculiarly arousing and strengthening both to the body and the mind in this early time of the morning; and were we always wise enough to avail ourselves of it, it is almost incredible with what ease and pleasure the labours of the most diligent life might be performed. There is an awakening of the mind in the morning, which cannot be obtained at any other time of the day; and they who miss this go heavily about their employments, and an hour of their drawing day is not equal to half an hour of the energetic day of one who sees the sun rise. When, too, we take the day by the beginning, we can regulate the length of it according to our necessities; and whatever may be our professional avocations, we have time to perform them, to cultivate our minds, and to worship our Maker, without the one duty in the least interfering with the other.

R. Mudie.

ON EXERCISE.—The exercise which our occupations afford is, when they are of a healthy description, and not too long pursued, of the very best kind; inasmuch as it is one in which the mind

as well as the body is engaged; and this harmony of mind and body I have already shown to be requisite for the full realization of the benefits of exercise. It is deeply to be lamented that, notwithstanding the vast improvements that have of late years been effected in this respect, so many of the occupations of life are still destructive of human health and happiness. It is to be feared that many of the causes of these evils must long remain in operation, and that some of them are irremovable. But there can be no doubt that occupations are injurious, more by reason of the excessive length of the time of labor than of any inherent unhealthy tendency; and that if men generally were acquainted with the laws of animal economy, and applied their knowledge to the counteraction of the morbid influences to which they are daily exposed, they would escape many of the miseries which they now endure. Such would be the results if, for example, persons engaged in business devoted the time during which they are released from labor to the invigoration of their frame, instead of spending it, as is too often the case now, in practices which aggravate the complaints occasioned by their employments, and convert functional into organic diseases. Again, how many young men are there in this country, who, being engaged in sedentary occupations the greater part of the day, in banking houses, merchants' counting houses, or lawyers' offices, imperatively need much muscular exercise to preserve their bodies in health and strength, and who yet, in sheer ignorance, give up almost the only opportunity they have of taking such exercise; and instead of walking to and from their places of business, get into an omnibus and ride, for the express purpose of avoiding a little fatigue; whereas their elder brethren, who have risen an hour before them, may be seen walking, and thereby availing themselves of the advantage of exercise. And many of these same persons, breathing during the whole day confined and impure air emergent therefrom, and with admirable sagacity, proceed straightway into the still more impure air of a theatre, or other crowded places.

—Curtis on Health.

GRAMMATICAL SMOKING.—As it is customary with cigar smokers to relate the news of the day with a cigar in their mouths, and as the generality of smokers make an awkward appearance in consequence of not understanding the theory of punctuation in smoking; the following system is recommended:—A single puff, serves for a comma (,) puff, puff, a semicolon (;) puff, puff, puff, a colon (:) puff, puff, puff, a period (.) A pause with a cigar kept in the mouth, represents a dash (—) longer or shorter in continuance. With the under lip raised, the cigar almost against the nose for an exclamation (!) and to express great emotion, even to the shedding of tears, raise as before the cigar to the end of the nose. For an interrogation (?) it is only necessary to move the lips, and draw the cigar round the corner of the mouth. Taking the cigar from the mouth, and shaking the ashes from the end, is the conclusion of a paragraph; (¶) and throwing into the fire finishes the section (§). Never begin a story with a half smoked cigar, for to light another while conversing, is not only a breach of politeness, but interferes with the above system of punctuation, which destroys all energy and harmony of expression.

THE MONKEY AND BULL-DOG.—A furious battle took place some time back, at Worcester, between those two animals, on a wager of three guineas to one, that the dog would kill the monkey in six minutes. The owner of the dog agreed to permit the monkey to use a stick about a foot long. Hundreds of spectators assembled to witness the fight, and bets ran eight, nine and ten to one in favor of the dog, which could hardly be held in. The owner of the monkey, taking from his pocket a thick round rule about a foot long, threw it into the hand of the monkey, saying, 'Now look sharp—mind that dog.' 'Then here goes for your monkey,' cried the butcher, letting the dog loose, which flew with a tiger-like fierceness at him. The monkey with astonishing agility, sprang at least a yard high, and falling on the dog, laid fast hold of the back of his neck with his teeth, seizing one ear with his left paw, so as to prevent his turning to bite. In this unexpected situation, Jack fell to work with his rule upon the head of the dog, which he beat so forcibly and rapidly, that the creature cried out most eloquently. In a short time the dog was carried off in nearly a lifeless state with his skull fractured. The monkey was of the middle size.—English paper.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, Joseph Allison, and
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