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From Tait's Magazine for March.

MARION CAMPBELL.—A HIGHLAND STORY.*

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

"This jealousy is for a precious creature."—SHAKESPEARE.

In the present case, for instance, Marion affected an exuberance of animal spirits, depressing rather than exhilarating, to the listener; and as different from her general easy cheerfulness, as the rouge of a haggard court beauty, from the natural colouring of youth and health. She rattled on the harpsichord, with a rapidity which put melody quite out of the question, the liveliest tunes that she could recollect; sang, in a voice from which her usual arch sweetness was banished by agitation, the gayest of her national songs; choosing quite unconsciously to herself, but in a manner which her auditor did not fail to remark, such airs as she had been accustomed to sing with Helen, and those which had been the particular favourites of her brother; and when, at last, she had quite exhausted herself with the exertion, she rose from the harpsichord, and, taking up the apron that she was flowering, requested that he would read to her while she worked, as Dungallan used to do to Helen.

It was now the Captain's turn to show that a *tete-a-tete* between two lovers is not always so saccharine a matter as is erroneously supposed.

Turning over the newest books that he could find amongst her collection, he lighted upon Richardson's great novel, then in course of publication, the unknown catastrophe of which excited so much curiosity and interest, not merely amidst the flower-bed of young ladies by whom the author was surrounded, but amongst some score of persons of quality, who dispatched letter after letter, (one of them—Lady Bradshaigh—even writing upon her knees,) to ask for the reformation of the hero, and a happy conclusion to the story, with as earnest supplications, and as strong reasons to back their petition, as if they had been pleading for the rent, actual, life-long felicity of two real, actual, living and existing human beings—the strongest tribute, by the way, to the power of the book, to its extraordinary verisimilitude and truthfulness, ever received by any author.

One of Lovelace's most characteristic letters did Captain Campbell address himself to read, avoiding, with the instinct of a high-bred gentleman, all that could be painful to female delicacy, and giving to the racy wit, the eloquent sophistry of that remarkable creation of Richardson's genius, all the advantage of the most intelligent and animated elocution; so that Marion's attention was excited in spite of herself.

"What a wretch!" exclaimed she, as he finished the account of one of his most teasing interviews with poor Clarissa. "What a cruel, unfeeling, cold-hearted wretch!"

"I don't know that," replied Archibald. (Do it remembered, in vindication of my hero, that only four volumes out of the eight had yet been published, and that Lovelace's conduct was still in suspense.) "I don't know that. The lady seems to me to have been quite as cold-hearted as the gentleman; or, rather, hearts on both sides seem to have been pretty much out of the question. She, justly as you will say, distrusted his honour; and he, with at least as much justice, doubted of her affection. The whole affair seems to me a game of chess, at which—barring false moves, which it is the author's business to guard against—the most skilful player will be sure to prove victorious. All you ladies exclaim, 'Poor Clarissa!' and, if she had loved him, I should be as ready as the best of you to echo the cry. But love is synonymous with confidence, and this paragon of her sex does not know what the word means. If she had relied upon him!—if she had trusted him! One wonders that Richardson did not see how much his book would have gained in interest by representing Clarissa as enamoured of Lovelace; but he lives amongst ladies, and piques himself, it is said, upon his knowledge of the female heart; and, therefore, it is not wonderful that he should show them as he sees them, and as they are," added he bitterly, "delighting in tormenting those that love them best. Poor Clarissa, indeed! rather, poor Lovelace!"

At this moment, it was some relief to Marion, whose apron had certainly not improved by her afternoon's labours, that the weather, which had been louring all the afternoon, now assumed the appearance of one of the terrific storms of those mountain regions. The evening closed in prematurely, the clouds gathered dark and heavy, the wind moaned in gusts through the dark firs, and swept across the lake, whilst quick flashes of sharp, rapid lightning

gleamed at the edge of the horizon, and the growl of distant thunder, proclaimed, in nature's awfullest voice, the gathering of the coming tempest. The momentary passions of man were hushed before it. The lover sat, contemplating, by the fitful glare of the lightning, the fair face of his beloved, pallid and sad from anxiety and sorrow; and once again his heart smote him for his unkindness.

"Marion, dearest Marion, do not you play the distrustful maiden with me, who, Heaven knows, have no wish upon this earth but for your happiness and honour! Be frank with me, confide in me, I conjure you! I see, I know, that there is a secret that weighs upon your mind at this moment. Trust it to me, and you shall not repent your reliance. Shew me but what you wish, and it shall be done. My power in this district is greater than you know of; my intelligence more accurate than you suspect. Say only, 'Dungallan is my friend's brother, and therefore I wish to save him'; say even, 'Dungallan is my own early friend'—and he shall be saved. Only prove that you think me worthy of your confidence, and see how I will deserve it. Nay, even—although the thought be fatal to my every hope of happiness—even if his danger have revealed to your feelings hitherto unsuspected, and if, in aiding his escape, I give assistance to a favoured rival—yet, for your dear sake, to spare you the misery you would feel if he were taken, I swear to befriending him at whatever peril it may be. I am not now on service, and there is only one of those unfortunate fugitives whom it would be eternal dishonour for a soldier to preserve. For Dungallan, since your happiness seems bound up in his safety, I will not hesitate to risk rank, fortune, life itself. Only trust me, only confide in me, if not as your devoted lover, yet as your nearest kinsman, your truest friend! Speak to me, I conjure you, Marion; I beseech you, speak!"

He hung over her affectionately, as he delivered, with an earnest truthfulness that could not be mistaken, this outburst of fond and disinterested love, gazing in her face as he spoke, and grasping, with all the fervour of passion, her cold and trembling hands.

"Will you not answer me? Do you disdain even to reply to my offer of service—my most sincere and honest offer? You do! I see plainly that you do! I see and feel, too plainly, that you desire my absence; and I will no longer intrude upon your privacy. Farewell, madam! May you find a truer and a more devoted heart than that which you have spurned from you!" And, lingering a moment on the threshold, in the hope, it may be, of being recalled, he left the room.

Marion wrung her hands in bitterness of vexation. Never had her heart so yearned towards the kinsman, the friend, the betrothed bridegroom, whom she had suffered to leave her, probably for ever.

"Oh, that I dare to undeceive him! But, for his own sake, I dare not, I must not. I have pledged myself to this adventure, and I must abide the trial. May the God of Mercy—who has willed that we should assist a fellow-creature in distress, who has gifted woman with a strength of sympathy which almost counterbalances her feebleness of body—may he grant that I bear it with firmness! It is a fearful night. Janet," continued she, addressing the faithful soubrette, who just now entered the apartment, "Janet, do you fear to encounter the storm? If you do, say so honestly, and I will go myself. I have no right to impose upon your kindness and fidelity a danger from which I should shrink. There is little left, Heaven knows, that should make me cling to life. Speak frankly, my good girl. If your heart fails you, say so at once."

Janet's answer was bold and confident. And, somewhat soothed by the fearless readiness of her confidante, her predictions that they should succeed in their enterprise, and that all jealousies and suspicions would be ultimately cleared up, (for her acuteness did not fail to detect the chief source of her lady's despondency,) Marion sat down to write, with more firmness than she had expected to be able to command, the important billet to her father, which, in case of the fugitive being intercepted by the soldiers, would, she believed, from the respect paid to the name of one of the most loyal and most powerful chiefs of the powerful and loyal house of Campbell, prove an effectual and unquestioned passport.

Her letter was short and simple; stating only that, as Captain Archibald Campbell had resolved not to join Lochedon in his hunting expedition, she had sent Luath by the bearer; that all was well at the Castle; and that, wishing good sport to her dear father, she hoped to see him return in a few days.

Armed with this document, and laden with the promised provisions, the venison pasty and the whisky, ("lifted," to use Janet's own phrase,) together with a certain pair of "shoon," belonging to her lover, Donald, plaid garments of the Campbell set, and a collar and chain for Luath, the faithful waiting damsel, followed by the no less faithful hound, took the opportunity of a lull in the storm to set forth upon their expedition.

Marion accompanied them as far as the garden wall, which Janet and her four-footed attendant cleared with somewhat more of difficulty than she had anticipated, and then returned alone to her solitary apartment, to start at every sound, and feel each moment, as it passed, marked by the beatings of her own anxious heart.

Sadly and wearily the hours dragged along. The tempest had returned with tenfold violence; and Marion, as she found the noises in the castle subsiding, one by one, giving token that the inhabitants had retired to rest, and that she remained the only watcher within its walls—whilst over the pelting rain and moaning wind without, burst ever and anon peals of thunder, reverberating in awful grandeur amongst the mountains, preceded by lightning that glared with livid and horrible lustre through the room—began to feel the pressure of a close-clinging fear, a down-weighting responsibility, as the possible fate of her attached dependent flashed across her mind. If her courage should give way as she returned alone, and she should fall in the darkness from the ledge of the rock! If the springs on the hill-top should rise suddenly, and, joining the gatherings from the pouring rain, gush down the channel of the winter water course! If she should be struck by the lightning! Either of these thoughts was too terrible to dwell upon.

The distant clap of a door within the mansion, followed as she thought, (for the dizzying boundings of her own pulses, the throbbings of her heart and brain, were such as to confuse all outward sounds,) by the rapid footsteps of a man along the galleries, and through the vaulted passages of the old building, harbingered yet another fear. If Janet should be pursued! If she should be intercepted! If the stranger should be discovered! She heard, or thought she heard, the castle gate unfastened; and, the feeling of suspense becoming unupportable, she ventured to open gently the door of her little parlour, when a rush of wind, as if from an outer door left open, extinguished her taper, and left her in all the horror that a darkness as of midnight, interrupted only by the now less frequent flashes of the lightning, could add to her former terror.

The storm was at length abating. She found her way to the glass door, and opened it; and, after an interval, that seemed to be of hours rather than of minutes, she was aware of Luath, as he came bounding up the path, followed—could it be the footsteps of two persons that she heard, advancing with stealthy rapidity? A moment decided the question. Janet rushed fearfully in, dragging after her, her, as it seemed, unwilling companion; and, first carefully locking and bolting the door, and barring the shutters, an operation which, in spite of the darkness, she performed with singular dexterity, she then contrived to thrust the stranger (for it was no other) up the staircase leading to Marion's sleeping apartment, and having locked that door also, and deposited the key in her pocket, began relating to her lady, in cautious whispers, but with her usual volubility, the causes that had induced her to resolve upon the bold measure of bringing him to the castle.

They had been pursued. The rain had rendered the descent from the cave so dangerous, and had so flooded the path below, that the fugitive, forgetting his own danger in the manly duty of protecting a female, had insisted, in spite of Janet's earnest remonstrances, on escorting her as far as the wall over which she had effected her exit from the castle gardens. The light, shielded from the action of the wind by an ingeniously-contrived lantern of oiled paper, by the aid of which he had contrived to obtain for her a safe footing down the face of the precipice, had, she imagined, been observed from the upper windows of the castle. Certain it was, that, before they reached the spot to which the fugitive had insisted upon accompanying her, they had heard footsteps at some distance behind them, and had, as the clouds partially cleared away, and the moon emerged for a few moments, been enabled to perceive that their pursuer was a soldier. Janet declared her conviction that it must be either "Captain Archie himself," or the laird Donald, come to reclaim "plaidie and shoon," which he had boasted, with so much glee, of having "lifted" from her military admirer, a few hours before. Some one from the house it certainly was; for Luath had

*Concluded from our last.

recognised him, and, giving a sudden jerk to the chain by which he was held, had succeeded in freeing himself, and bounding towards the intruder, although he had returned to them upon hearing her voice. Under these circumstances, the active waiting-maid had, with great presence of mind, availed herself of a stunted pollard oak which concealed and facilitated the passage over the wall to the garden, and (first dashing away the tell-tale light) had literally hauled up, after her, both her companions, each of whom had, for a wonder, as she observed, been gifted with sufficient sense to submit to her guidance.

"'Ill befa' that weary lanthorn!' quoth Janet, 'I tell't the gentleman, gin he wad stay quiet i' the cave, I'd nae fear o' getting safe to the foot o' the rock. Wi' my plaidie rowed round me, and nane to look on, I should hae slid down the path, ye ken, like a snaw wreath at Yule. But he wadna be guidit. I'm minded that he's ane that has ta'en his ain gate owre lang-Weel, but ye maun hae a licht!' And off she ran, finding her way through the darkness with the security and ease which seems one of the many privileges of the light-hearted and the fearless.

During her absence, a fresh perplexity occurred to her mistress. Horses were heard galloping into the court, and a violent knocking at the gate was succeeded by a parley between Captain Archibald and the visitors. The voice of one of them was, she thought, familiar to her; and, to her unspeakable consternation, she found that he was advancing with Janet towards the apartment; Janet talking at the top of her voice, to give notice of his approach to her lady.

"Oot the nicht, General! Na, indeed, hae we not, except indeed to ca' Luath, poor hound, who's aye ganging forth in the rain. Sae my leddy and I we got a wee wet, and the wind put out the taper, and sae'—"

Whilst Janet thus "followed her instinct as a lady's maid, and lied," her companion, General Campbell, closely followed by Archibald, stepped forward into the room, where Marion sat trembling with anxiety and apprehension.

"I intrude upon you only for an instant, my fair cousin, late as is the hour and indisposed as I regret to see you are, merely to announce to you that I shall to-morrow, early, be obliged to steal away your visiter, whose presence is required in Edinburgh, to meet his brother, and Lord and Lady Bellasis, and their pretty daughter Lady Betty. Give my compliments to Locheden, and tell him that we have accounts of one of the rebel chiefs, Dunggallan, one of the ringleaders, having ventured into Argyle's country. Tell him that we have taken care of the land-passes, and that we shall borrow the castle boat in the morning, to dispatch a messenger across the loch. And now, good night. Go to bed, my dear, and refresh your roses. I don't like those pale cheeks." And, with a kind pressure of the hand, the good General quitted the apartment, Archibald lingered behind.

"You hear that Dunggallan, that this favoured friend, I presume you call him, has been traced into this neighbourhood, that he is even supposed to be upon this estate. Why do I speak of reports and suppositions when I know that he is here?" added Captain Campbell, impressively.

"You are mistaken! Indeed you are mistaken!" rejoined his cousin.

"Mistaken!—when I saw him enter the garden this very night!—when I can track his footsteps across this room!—when here is his glove dropped upon the floor! dropped at the very door which leads to your bedchamber, and to your bedchamber only!" cried he bitterly, flinging from him with violence the glove which he had picked up. "The rebel is here, and I know not what weakness hinders me from doing my duty as an officer in the King's service, and delivering him up at once to the General."

"Do as seems best to you Captain Campbell," said Marion, faintly. "My life, and far more than my life, my reputation, are in your power. Deal with me as you will."

"Nay, madam, your safety, and the honour of my kinsman's house, must ever be sacred in my eyes. Unkindly, cruelly as you have treated me, I cannot forget what we once were to each other. I warn you, however, that escape is impossible. You will live to repent this night's work. Farewell for ever!" And, without even a parting glance, he hurried out of the room.

"Ye are mair like to repent this nicht's wark yersel, captain," observed Janet, quietly, as she bolted the door after him, and addressed herself to the double task of comforting her lady and releasing the prisoner. "Gin the land-passes be waylaid, we maun try the loch. I'll gie a gay guess that the castle boatie 'ill be missin the morn."

And so it was managed. In less than two hours, the stranger, accompanied by Luath, was rowing across the loch; whilst, at daybreak the next morning, General Campbell and Archibald took their departure for Edinburgh.

Time dragged heavily on. Luath had returned, weary and travel-stained, without either his absence or his arrival having excited any suspicion in the castle. Nothing had been heard of the letter; and Marion had the satisfaction of believing that the

sacrifice of her happiness had not been made in vain, that she had at least succeeded in rescuing the object of her compassion.

Locheden had, upon his return, found his daughter sick and drooping; and, as days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and left the prolonged absence of her lover unexplained, the old chief began to chafe with anger and impatience. He had heartily approved of a match which would unite his only child to the heir-male to whom, in default of a son, his own estate would descend, and who, besides his personal good gifts, and his high reputation for gallantry and military skill, inherited, in right of his English mother, a property which might be reckoned enormous for a Highlander in those days; but this neglect of one whom he regarded as the very apple of his eye, awakened all the irritability of his nature, and his fierce displeasure added tenfold, as that particular way of proving affection commonly does add, to the distress of her by whose injuries, real or supposed, his previous wrath had been originally excited.

Affairs were in this position, when, one fine morning in October, dispatches arrived from General Campbell, calculated to increase, if that were possible, the previous exasperation. After announcing his intention to visit Locheden, almost as soon as his letter could reach them, accompanied by their young kinsman, (Captain Archibald's next brother, John, being an officer in his own regiment,) he proceeded to say:—

"You will have heard, I am sure, with great pleasure, (for I take for granted that the bridegroom elect has apprised you of his good fortune,) of our gallant cousin's intended marriage with Lady Betty Bellasis, the English heiress and beauty, who has made so great a sensation in Edinburgh this summer. There have been difficulties, of course, upon the score of fortune and country with the Earl and Countess, but love has conquered them all; and the chief object of our journey to Locheden is to consult you, the kinsman, guardian, and friend, to whom both these young men are so deeply indebted, and upon the arrangements as to residence, &c., which this happy event will render necessary. The bridegroom elect is, in every way, a lucky fellow. In addition to her fortune and her beauty, *la future* is as charming a creature as one shall see on a summer's day—a fit companion for your sweet Marion, my pet and favourite. Heaven send them happy together!"

"A Lowlander! an Englishwoman! an heiress!—fortune-hunter! rascal! scoundrel, that he is!" exclaimed the old chieftain, throwing from him the unlucky letter, and striding up and down the hall, in breathless wrath. "And the doited idiot of a General, to even her with my Marion—the Sassenach doll! Let them take care how they speak of my daughter! Old as I am, the blood of M'Callamore runs as red in my veins as in theirs. Only let them dare to lightly her!"—And the very excess and fierceness of his anger took away the power of expression.

Marion listened tremblingly, delaying till calmer moments any attempts to soothe and expostulate.

"Coming, are they?" burst forth the enraged father. "Coming!—ay, by Heaven!" continued he, catching a glimpse of a party of horsemen approaching the castle—"here they come! And they think to find entrance, do they?" added he, bitterly. "They come to take account of our accommodations, that they may bring their braw young bride to insult over the old man and his daughter! Let them wait until I be dead. Not a foot shall that villain set in Locheden, until he walks over my corpse. Angus! Duncan! Where are the louns loitering! See that the gates be barred! Let none enter!"

"Stay, I implore you, I conjure you, my dearest father! For my peace and happiness, for the honour and dignity of your daughter and your house, refrain from this violence! Give entrance to them all. Receive them as usual. I ask you, in the name of maiden pride, of maiden modesty, to restrain all demonstrations of unger. Let him not imagine, let him not suspect—God knows how sincerely I wish him happy," cried Marion. "Give them admittance, I exhort you, I conjure you! Let them see no difference! Surely you will not vex and grieve your poor child. Yield to me in this, I implore you, dearest father!" And she drew her arms round his neck, leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept.

He kissed her with the fondest affection. "You are an angel, my darling, and shall have your own way in everything. Compare an English moppet with my noble Marion! The scoundrel will be miserable—that's my comfort. His father married a Lowlander for the sake of siller, a peevish Southron dame, that worried the life fairly out of him—and so will this great leddie. We are weel rid o' the loun. Dunggallan, pur laddie, 's worth twenty of him. He's won safe to France, ye ken, to his sister; and, gin we can save the estate from the clutches of thae Englishers," said the old chieftain, losing his English as he lost his temper, and checking himself as he perceived the effect his hint produced upon his daughter. "Weel! weel! We'll no talk of that the now. You shall see how civil I'll be to the villain. I'll no condescend to be angry. I'll take a lesson out of his ain book, and be as fause and fair as himsel. Here the rascal comes. You shall see how doucely I'll behave. Eh, now, that sic a perjured traitor should look so like an honest man!"

That Locheden fully intended his behaviour to be as false and fair as he believed his kinsman, there is no manner of doubt. But the inveterate truthfulness of threescore years was too much for his new resolution. He did not, it is true, bar his gates against his visitors, nor kick them out of doors, being entered. But he drew back haughtily from their proffered hands, with a look as fierce and wild as one of his own mountain eagles, and eyed Archibald, in particular, as if he had a mind to knock him down. General Campbell, a kind and acute person, and a man of the world, saw, at a glance, that something was amiss, and, determining not to enter upon family matters until the aspect of affairs should be somewhat cleared, began, after an affectionate expression of regret at Marion's pale cheeks, to talk over the news of the day.

"You have heard the grand piece of intelligence, I presume, Locheden, that this foolish young man, the Pretender, who has occasioned us so much trouble in chasing him up and down the country, has given us the slip at last, and got clear off to France? The thing is really so. Besides the accounts in the public papers, which are sufficiently precise and particular, I have a letter myself from a French friend, le Comte de Clermont, who actually saw him land. Why, hey-day my pretty Marion!" quoth the good General, observing the involuntary clasping of her hands, and the sudden rush of blood that coloured her fair face to the brow, as she listened to his words with breathless interest—"what should there be in this news to make you brighten up on a sudden? You are no damsel of the White Rose, I hope? No Flora M'Donald exploits here? Eh, Locheden?" And he turned to relate to the chief all that was then known of the escape of Charles Edward; whilst Archibald, to whom her emotion was as a flash of light that shewed him the whole thing at a glance, advanced to his fair cousin.

"He, then, and not Dunggallan, was the stranger at the cave? Charles Edward, the Pretender, the Chevalier, the Prince?"

"Nay, give me what title you will. I am no damsel of the White Rose, as the General calls it; although I risked much—ay, and would risk much again—to preserve a fugitive, in peril of his life, thrown, under such extraordinary circumstances, upon my poor resources for protection and assistance.

"But why not intrust me with the secret? Why occasion so much unnecessary pain—certainly to me—may I not say to both of us?"

"To have trusted you, Captain Campbell, an officer in the service of the King of England, with such a secret as that, however the confidence might have relieved and comforted myself, would have to endanger your professional reputation, your honour, perhaps even your life. No, I cannot think that I was wrong! The more especially," added she, in a lower voice, and with peculiar sweetness and gentleness of manner—"the more especially as the transient pain must have been long forgotten in your life and present happiness. Heaven knows I congratulate you most sincerely."

"Happiness!—congratulate!" echoed Captain Campbell, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Marion, my dow!" said her father, striding rapidly across the room—"I have done a great injustice. It's no our friend here, but Johnny, his brother, that's about to marry Lady Betty, who seems to be a fine spunky lassie, for all she has the ill luck to be an Englishier. Archie, my lad, I crave your pardon for thinking you could be such a villain!" And the old chief and the young soldier shook hands, with hearty affection and good will.

"There has been a small mistake on both sides, as it seems," observed General Campbell, joining the little group; "but matters are clearing up now, to judge from the gentleman's smiles and the lady's blushes; and, if I be permitted to advise, the best way to prevent a recurrence of doubts and misgivings, would be to have both the weddings on the same day. What say you, Mistress Janet?" For that faithful dependent, very anxious upon her lady's account, and it may be a little inquisitive upon her own, had contrived, on some pretence or other, to edge herself into the room. "What say you?"

"I gie my consent," responded Janet; "barring jealousy and a' sic nonsense, for the time to come. The captain and the loun Donald baith ken that I forewarned them what yon nicht's wark would come to. But ye men folk are aye rash and headstrong—ye canna help yourselves—it's born wi' ye; and we women are saft and complying—that's our nature; sae, sin, ye hae repentit, we maun e'en forgie ye," quoth Janet, "an' tak ye for better for worse."

And so it was settled.

There is not a book on earth, so favourable to all the kind and all the sublime affections, or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the Gospel. It preaches nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence, and peace.—BEATTIE.

For the Pearl.

AN ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF ADAM CLARKE, L. L. D. F. R. S., etc. etc.

Yet once again I touch the hallow'd lyre
For years alas! forgotten, not unstrung,
The dews of heav'n cold trickling from the wire
Where once the buoyant sound of gladness rung;
The tear was on my cheek when last I hung
Its frame from converse with the blustering wind,
And still the mournful strain which last I sung
Is more congenial to my pensive mind,
In sorrow's school severe, long chasten'd and refin'd.

Not unbesitting to my former theme,
In slow sad numbers flows the tragic song,
Which wakes my harp's last essay, yet I deem
Some holier pen than mine may bear along
To future times the feelings of the throng,
O'er earth or ocean that lament the doom,
That bore with a relentless hand and strong
(Tho' science shone in virtue's proudest bloom)
A Clarke from his high sphere, down to the humble tomb!

Ye stars that saw him gilding your pale light,
With pure seraphic lustre not your own,
As disembodied far above yon height,
His spirit soar'd to the Eternal's throne,
And left behind no glory like his own;
Like yours, if pluck'd from yon ethereal plain,
And ages on their tardy pinions flown,
His light in this dark world may long remain,
Exalted to the view, clear and without a stain.

Oh! who to such stupendous heights could rise,
Where science lingers in the sick'ning dream,
And gaze upon the sun with eagle eyes
And gazing not grow giddy with the beam;
Excursive fancy sinks, while round her teem
The mysteries of fate and freedom join'd;
He, heaven-instructed, saw the awful theme
Strip'd of its wonders, and his searching mind
The wide discover'd points of deep dispute combin'd.

Nor less the pulpit own'd the skill sublime
That cloth'd each thought as judgment might require.
When the great Preacher spoke of love divine,
Or warn'd his flock of Heaven's eternal ire;
At night impure in practice or desire,
Himself a follower of the crucified,
Meek but not mean, warm without passion's fire,
From vice and folly free on either side,
And noble without trace of arrogance or pride.

But death, insatiate monster aim'd his dart,
Red with the blood of millions lately slain,
His ruthless point found entrance in his heart—
He sank the victim of resistless pain—
To sleep—a trophy of the tyrant's reign,
With kindred dust united, to he lies;
Till the great trump shall sound its lofty strain;
Then shall his sun with brighter beams arise,
And hold its course thro' clear unclouded skies!

FABRICIUS N. B.

II.

BEDS OF GREAT RIVERS.—“If a flood of waters was to descend for the first time from a mountainous source, and spread itself along a level country, and increase by means of the waters that continually followed with equal violence and rapidity, what would be the natural consequence? If the first rushing waters found no bed ready to receive them, no channel through which to flow, they would spread themselves in all directions, and roll on in a state of wild and uncontrolled inundation, or rush tumultuously down some steep declivity, to overflow the lower ground. Most assuredly they could not form for themselves a narrow and confined channel, below the level of the plain, and between upright banks. Let any one, for instance, survey the course of the Rhine, and see that majestic river flowing for upwards of thirty miles, from the Seven Mountains to Cologne, through a vast and level plain, and in a bed, whose uniform breadth appears in the distance, like an azure ribbon drawn along that plain, and he will be sensible that the gradual diffusion of even a considerable stream could not have formed for that river the deep channel through which it flows. For let us consider what the bed of a river really is. It is a vast and extensive trench, and we know that in the forming of a trench, considerable labour is required; the soil must be thrown out with care and the stones removed. But this could not be done by the action of the waters. The Danube, for example, could never have won its way to the Black Sea, a distance of seven hundred leagues, and often through a level country; where the land, on either side the banks, slopes considerably; yet over these the waters are prevented from falling, by the restraint of their banks, when without them, the surrounding country would be liable to perpetual inundations. In tracing the original formation of these river-beds, and of the valleys through which they occasionally pass, we must again refer to the era of the deluge. When the waters which had overwhelmed the earth began to roll towards the place that was assigned them, they must have produced on the soft and yielding earth, effects proportioned to their rapidity and weight. Currents of such mighty power, when driven forward by the wind that was made to pass over them, were fully adequate to furrow the soil, and to excavate the valleys. The

winds, therefore, and the currents, produced those undulations on the surface of the earth, which are either gently sloping hollows, or deep valleys, or those deeper channels that form the beds of rivers, which are so turned in many places from the nearest seas, and conducted through extensive inland regions, that it is impossible to contemplate them, without being forcibly struck with the excellency of their arrangement. This is especially discoverable in the Danube, and the Ganges, the Nile, and the Amazon. The direction of all these rivers is determined by the valleys in which they begin to flow. The first formation of those valleys must therefore be ascribed to Him who sendeth the springs to flow among them, and who by their means gives drink to every beast of the field. Were it not for this admirable method of irrigating the earth, the whole system of vegetation must necessarily perish.

“The varied arrangement of those depressions, which are called valleys; and their connexion, both with mountains and with rivers, can therefore only be referred to the one ‘Great Cause from which all things proceed.’ And it is a blessed thing to refer them to that one ‘Great Cause.’ Every thing shall live whither the river cometh, and why? Because a channel is cut for each, and all are collectively directed, where they are most wanted. But if the streams had overflowed, when the waters gushed out, without confinement or direction; many portions of the earth would perish, either because the rivers could not have extended to them; or because the unconfined waters would have stagnated, or have pursued the nearest declivities that tended to the sea. Instead of this, God cut out the rivers among the rocks, and sent the springs into the vallies. He cleft the earth with rivers, and thus watered its separate portions.

“The sea, the sea, the deep proud sea!”

“What a glorious prospect is afforded by its vast expanse! How admirably are all things adjusted for the convenience of this world! What boundaries are set to the wild impetuosity of the billows! At one time high mural rocks forbid their encroachments; at another, smooth sand is placed for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree that it cannot pass it, and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet they cannot prevail; though they roar, yet they cannot pass over it.”—*Mary Roberts.*

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.—A few days since the family of a merchant, residing in Philadelphia, was thrown into a state of the greatest confusion by the sudden disappearance of the youngest daughter. The young lady, on the morning of the 2d instant, left home at an early hour—intending to visit some friends, who resided on the side of the river opposite. Hastening towards the pier to take passage on board one of the steamers which constantly ply to and fro, she was delayed on her way, the lock gates of the dock (forming the bridge) having been opened to afford egress to an American vessel outward bound. The ship being at length towed into the basin, the gates were closed, and the crowd pressed forward to cross the bridge. A rope which had been attached to the side of the vessel, and likewise fastened to a post on the pier head, being at this moment suddenly jerked, came with such violence against the ankles of many of the crowd as to cause their instant subversion; the lady being on the edge of the pier was unfortunately precipitated into the water. A rush was made to the spot from whence she had fallen;—a rope was thrown up; but a gentleman, with great presence of mind, unmindful of the fearful leap, ‘accounted as he was, plunged in,’ and managed with difficulty, to keep the lady above the water, till the arrival of a boat. Landed at the pier stairs, a coach was procured, and in a short time the gentleman set down his dripping charge at the door of her father's domicile. In the evening, he called to enquire after her health, next day repeated his visit, and procured a private interview. The following morning came, but no lady appeared at the breakfast table—the bird had flown, and, as might be expected, her father and mother were quite inconsolable. Things remained in this state till the evening of the 6th, when the arrival of a letter informed the lady that the family was quite safe, she having, in token of gratitude, surrendered her hand and fortune to her deliverer. The worthy merchant, displeas'd at the step, was satisfied to find that his daughter's husband was no needy adventurer, but possessed of a tolerable income.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

A SINGULAR PRISONER.—Some days ago a young man of a village near L'Orient, who had engaged himself as a substitute in the army, gave one half of the sum he received to his only relation, a sister, and, having embraced her, took his departure to join his regiment. Another man, who was present at the parting scene, and afterwards accompanied the recruit to Vannes, returned about 9 o'clock to the abode of the forlorn girl, and knocked at the door. Recognizing his voice she let him in. He immediately demanded half the money she had received in the morning. The poor creature, knowing she had no means of escape or rescue, immediately complied; but he insisted that she should give him the whole, which she did; and, on her protesting that she had given him the last sous, told her she must die, but gave her the choice of having her throat cut, being shot with a pistol,

which he produced, or being hung. The natural horror of blood induced her to choose the last mode of death. The villain thereupon searched the house, and finding two ropes, he bound the poor girl hand and foot with one, while he formed a slip-knot with the other, and endeavoured to fasten it to a beam in the room. To accomplish this, it was necessary for him to get upon the table. He had just finished his task when his footing slipped, the table fell from under him, and he was caught by both wrists in the noose he had made for his victim. As he was unable to extricate himself, and had firmly bound his victim, he remained suspended, and she in the position in which he had left her for two nights and a day. On the second morning the neighbours finding the house still shut up, knocked at the door, and being answered by the low moanings of the girl, forced their way in, and found her and the faithless friend of her brother in the situation above described. The poor girl was released, and received every assistance her condition required. The man was taken down, secured, and conducted to prison.—*A late French Paper.*

ORPHANAGE.—Perhaps there is no word that strikes with more force upon the sensibilities of a benevolent person than orphan. To say that an individual is an orphan recommends him at once to our sympathy. That is perfectly right in so far as the tender germs of humanity are concerned, A little child bereft of its parents and thrown helpless and solitary upon the cold charities of a busy and thoughtless world, is an object of great compassion—but when the orphan has reached years of maturity, he can no longer have extra claim upon our benevolence. A majority of us are left orphans before we have descended far in the vale of years, and that person whose parents have died, after he has reached maturity, is more to be commiserated than he who has reached maturity and whose parents died during his childhood. In the latter case, the wound has long since been healed, and the child who has grown up without knowing the tender relations of parent and offspring, can hardly conceive what is meant by persons who compassionate him as an orphan. It is not unfrequently the case that the individual who has been deprived of his parents at an early age, has not only become indurated, but has also learned a great deal of worldly tact and shrewdness. Having been thrown early upon his own resources, he has learned to look well to his own interest—to feign friendship through interest and to have recourse to all the cunning necessary to circumvent his fellows. When you pity such a person for being an orphan, he accepts your compassion and endeavors to impress you with an idea of his forlorn condition merely to pluck from you the benefits resulting from your blind good-will, while perhaps, you, at the same time, are much more to be pitied than he is, having grown up under the protecting care of tender parents, which has partially unfitted you from breasting alone the surges of misfortune, or carving out, with your own hand, a passage to eminence.—*Boston Pearl.*

LANDING AT DUBLIN FORTY YEARS AGO.—A rude machine, rowed by a party of awful-looking savages, was procured to land us at the rate of about half-a-guinea a head—for the idea of sojourning one instant beyond positive necessity in the floating prison where he had been so long confined seemed to be dreamt of in no passenger's philosophy. A gaunt-looking Triton sat in the stern—sheets doing Palinurus. Now there never was a travelling party collected since the Flood without its meddling, inquisitive, praying, ferreting, busy-body, whose spoon was in every one's dish; of course we were not without our specimens, and no sooner was his foot clear of the side than you saw that he was in the agonies of parturition; and hardly was he seated, than turning to the cockswain, whose idiosyncrasy was that of an incarnated potato, he delivered himself to the following effect:—“Pray, Mister Sailor, may I ask if you are an Irishman?” The Triton, being a man of manners, before speaking, deposited the half pound of pig-tail which constituted his quid in the hollow of his sinister fin, and then, with that look and tone to which as yet justice hath never been done by the imitator, replied, “By my show! I am, sir; and she is my boat!”—*Spriting Magazine.*

HEALTH.—Repletion or eating too much, is the cause of most maladies, and this is particularly injurious as we advance in life. Occasional fasting will generally correct indisposition, without medicine, which should be considered only as a desperate resource. We require about a fourth of the twenty-four hours for sleep; but it should be good, and that can only be acquired by a regular digestion, and inhaling of pure air while in bed. If we do not rise early, sleeping with open windows will be a tolerable substitute for that important aid of Health.—*Simplicity of Health by Hortator.*

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS.—A German paper, speaking of the swiftness of various birds, says, “A vulture can fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of 90 miles an hour. The common crow can fly 25 miles, and swallows, according to Spallangain, 92 miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta 24 hours after the departure of Henri IV. from Fontainebleau. If true, this bird must have flown for 24 hours at the rate of 57 miles an hour, not allowing him to rest a moment during the whole time.”—*Newspaper paragraph.*

DAVID.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers' smell,
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with smile intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to give.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle-dove,
Puffed to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid gledo
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal!
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against his foes:
Strong the gyre-angel on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges, as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide,
And in the sent to faith assigned
Where ask is have, and seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;
Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious the nothern lights astream;
Glorious the song when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar;
Glorious hosannah from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious in the crown
Of him, that brought salvation down
By meekness, called thy son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
DETERMINED, DARED AND DONE.

CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

No. II.

In the spiritual as in the physical world, for some portion of mankind, day is always dawning; and none are so dark as to want the tradition of past light, and the faith of its return.

To found an argument for the value of Christianity on external evidence, and not on the condition of man, and the pure idea of God, is to hold up a candle before our eyes that we may better see the stars. It may dazzle, but cannot assist us.

There is no lie that many men will not believe; there is no man who does not believe many lies, and there is no man who believes only lies.

Physical results can prove nothing but a cause adequate to produce such, that is, a physical cause; though, doubtless, these results, when subservient to a spiritual system, may be used as illustrations of it. But the proofs of a spiritual system must be drawn from itself, must be spiritual proof, and spiritually discerned. Therefore, to the perverted, faithless, loveless mind, they cannot be made manifest; and to attempt to argue a bad, base creature into conscience and religion is a sowing of corn in the sea. Arguments are only valid for any man in proportion as he has the consciousness of the premises they are grounded on. The Epicurean, or greatest-enjoyment man, may, in truth, not reason at all from the only grounds that his self-created habits and feelings permit him to be conscious of. His creed is the only logical one for swine and baboons, and if he chooses to make these his sect, it is his moral election, not his dialectic understanding, that we have a right to blame. From all this, it follows that the question, what is spiritual cultivation? how may the spirit in man be cultivated? is, of all practical questions, infinitely the most important; or, indeed, that all other are but elements of this one.

It is thoughtless to say that because all things we know have each their cause, therefore the whole must have a one cause. We see that within the bounds of nature every phenomenon has a cause; but this does not entitle us to go beyond those bounds to look at nature from without, and say that this too must have a cause; for the argument is evidently drawn only from the parts,

and is unduly stretched when we apply it to the whole, though perfectly tenable when we merely reason from analogy, and conclude that as the phenomena we know have causes, so must the phenomena we do not know. But every movement of existence might be in turn cause and result, and the whole be but a great everlasting wheel. It is as easy to imagine such a system eternal and infinite as to suppose an eternal and infinite Author of it. But the real ground of religion is very different, and may be suggested by the question;—Why is the view of the universe, as this great self-included, self-reproducing whole, so weary and fearful, at the very best, so unsatisfying a prospect for the human mind? How can it be but because the sense that we need a God is an infallible indication that there is one, an extra-mundane creator, the idea of whom is consistent with all we know of the universe, and absolutely required by our best and deepest knowledge of ourselves and our fellow creatures.

Leaf. Thou unmoving mass! wherefore dost thou bar my way?

Stone. Thou idle wanderer! Water rolled me hither. Quarrel with it, not with me. But wherefore, I may ask in turn, dost thou flutter against me?

Leaf. Wind blew me hither. Blame it, not me.

Stone. Then may water and wind contend together and dispute instead of us; while thou and I remain at peace.

Leaf. Nay, but water and wind will not struggle in anger. For a sweet bird sang one summer evening amidst my tree, and from him I learnt that they are fair twin-sisters; and when they seem to wrestle, it is but to dance together and embrace; and when they uplift their voices it is but to join in song.

Every man has consciousnesses worse than the world would endure to hear of, but also wiser and better ones than it approves. Of these more memorable inward awakenings is the idea which has always haunted mankind of a universal, however indefinable, affinity between themselves and the whole universe. We feel at times assured, though often unable to express even to ourselves the fact, that the forms and laws of all other beings are all a portion of the forms and laws of our being. Somehow, although we know not how, it is myself that seems to me repeated, or prophesied, or drawn out into story in every thing I see. It is something of myself, some vast primordial matrix of my life that glooms before me with closed eyes and folded senses in the dark huge rock. The doubts and struggles of my earnest hours are the strivings of a spirit working in fraternal union with that which animates the stormy landscapes, and groans in the bosoms of the ancient pine-trees. It seems to be a single deep and blissful heart, from which proceed at once the gentle and pious breathings of my devotion, and the pervading loveliness of this transparent sunset as it melts into a starry night. So I and all things round me appear but different reflections of one great existence. Some in dimmer, some in clearer, in grey, or purple, or golden, in smooth, or distorting mirrors. But there are still more startling suggestions, when this kind of impression works upon us, not only from all the lower appearances, but from men themselves; when it is revealed to us that all the world of intellect, passion, and imagination, all poems, and histories, and mythologies, all tragic and heroic strains of life, exist by implication in every individual breast. For every man has in truth within himself, though buried, perhaps, under granite pavements of custom and ignorance, and under immemorial beds of cold lava, whatever was taught by the priests of Thebes, or with the sinking towers of Babylon rolled into oblivion before the trumpet of Cyrus, and all that was ever evoked from darkness by the lyre of Homer. Our whole constitution is prepared for the impulse, as the electric matter lies folded in the cloud. Give but this shock, and then might the beggar, the negro bondman, or the shrivelled money-hoarder find flashing in his brain an Iago, a Falstaff, a Juliet, a Lear; might rule as Timour a hundred kingdoms, and a million of horsemen; in the person of Cæsar woo a Cleopatra; teach as Plato, hear as Aristotle, die as Socrates; as Columbus fashion a living, substantial world with the lines of a pencil on a chart; and as Isaiah thunderstrike the apostate kings of Judah, in whose wavering, greedy, cruel hearts he would also find an image of his own. So large, manifold, and one is our existence. Yet we to him who in this contemplation forgets that the life which is at the root of all, and is its substance, is good, is true, is holy; and works its way through an infinite scheme of forms to rest for ever in that godlike consciousness.

There are emotions in man so subtle and precious that he cannot find for them even unuttered words. For sympathy is the vital air of language; and thoughts, and feelings which, by their nature, must be the birth of our deepest and most solitary moments, of those the least disturbed by the murmur of crowds, can never to crowds be communicated without a sense of unfitness and shame in the mind of the speaker, and a sense of irritation and repugnancy in the hearers. This higher and more inward language, therefore, supposing such to be possible, could never have had the opportunity of arising. But the more meditative and vocal spirits may for themselves, and the comparatively few who are as themselves, indicate the shooting or lambent light, in significant image, and perpetuate these in written speech, a legacy for all ages of

consolation to the few, and to the many of perplexity. Such things cannot, even in rare moments of serene and devout colloquy, be more palpably expressed than by a glance, a hint, a sigh.

The best and fairest world of which man can form a complete and consistent image, is that in which men live.

Every fancy that we would substitute for a reality, is, if we saw aright, and saw the whole, not only false, but every way less beautiful and excellent than that which we sacrifice to it.

The human heart is made for love as the household hearth for fire; and for truth as the household lamp for light.

Heaven and hell are mixed together to make up this world, as light and darkness to compose the morning twilight.

To wish that others should learn by our experience is sometimes as idle as to think that we can eat and they be filled. But when we find that we have ate poison, it is doubtless mercy to warn them against the dish.

All the sad infernal rivers flow from fountains in this upper world.

He who conceived the images of Ixion and Sisyphus, Tantalus, and the Danaids, must have felt those miseries in himself before he transferred them to other names.

Superstition moulds nature into an arbitrary semblance of the supernatural, and then bows down to the work of its own hands.

The rudest granite block is the first sullen and blind attempt at sculpture, of the same plastic force which, working at last by the hands of man, shaped the Olympic Jove, and the Venus of Melos.

Practical life does all for a purpose, yet it is precisely in a reasonable ultimate purpose that it is most likely to be wanting.

The spontaneous life of emotion and imagination ends in powerlessness and emptiness, and mere slavery to outward impressions, unless its free movements be not indeed suppressed, but regulated towards distinct ends.

Daily, customary life is a dark and mean abode for man; and unless he often opens the door and windows, and looks out into a freer world beyond, the dust and cobwebs soon thicken over every entrance of light; and in the perfect gloom he forgets that beyond and above there is an open air.

He who is satisfied with existence so long as it shines brightly, forgets that snuffing the candle will not prevent it from burning to the socket.

Men narrow their views in order to see more distinctly, as they go to the bottom of a well to see the stars at noon. But it is a poor exchange to give sunlight for starlight.

There are characters so utterly and so unconsciously false and hollow, that they seem like casts or impressions of men similar to those figures of fossil shells in rock, where there is no remnant of the shell itself,—rather than real men, however mutilated and dwarfed. And some such are plausible, full-blown spectacles, on whom daylight and general opinion shine flatteringly; while there shall be some crabbed, uncouth, unhappy fragment of genuine human life that the whole universe scowls on, yet in truth far worthier than the gaudy image which overshadows and scorns it. The one is but a glaring figure in nature's magic lantern; the other one of her misshapen, disinherited children.

Could we imagine a complete devil's world a world of lies, quacks would in it be the only professors, and proof of entire ignorance and incapacity would be the only requisite for obtaining all degrees and diplomas. Yet so much is there akin to this in our actual world, that many among us would sigh for such a state of things as for a millennium, a golden age—an age in which all literature would be puffs, all discourse compliments and rhetoric; and he who wished most earnestly to pass for a great man, without being one, would be at once acknowledged worthiest of the honour.

An excess of excitement and a deficiency of enthusiasm may easily characterise the same period.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.

An age of eager, random movement keeps turning the windmill round and round, in hopes to grind the faster, forgetting that the wind blows from but one point at one time.

For the Pearl.

SONNET TO SCOTLAND.

The fairy land of poetry—and dreams
Of images bright in the borrowed rays
Of Fancy's multi-coloured sheen—of fays
And warlocks, associated with the themes
Of Scottish chivalry and gay romaunt,
Is this—

Embedded in the rugged rock,
There roll the glassy waters of the loch;
Mirror'd upon whose face the ruins gaunt,
Of some o'erhanging fortalice are seen.
And here the bosky windings of a glen
Stretch far beneath the unhallowed gaze of men,
Save those whom kelt and plaid bespeak their mien;
And if such scenes to Scotia's land belong,
Shall it not wake in me the tribute of a song?

BASTILE AMUSEMENTS.—In *The History of the Bastille, and its Principal Captives*, recently published in London, we have a curious account of the singular manner in which the celebrated Henry Masters de Latude contrived to solace the hours of his long and dreary imprisonment in the Bastille. He was put into the Bastille, at the age of twenty five years, and was confined there for thirty-five years, simply, for certainly a very clumsy attempt, to obtain the patronage of the King's strumpet. The offence originated from the system of government which reduced that unhappy man to attempt to gain Court favors, by which so many others had acquired fame and fortune. His beguiling his tedious incarceration is thus described.

Stripped, and re-clothed in rags, which were dropping to pieces, his hands and feet heavily ironed, the prisoner was thrown into one of the most noisome dungeons of the fortress. A sprinkling of straw formed his bed covering; it had none. The only light and air which penetrated into this den of torment, came through a loop hole, which narrowing gradually from the inside to the outside, had a diameter of not more than five inches at the furthest extremity. This loop hole was secured and darkened by a four-fold iron grating, so ingeniously contrived that the bars of one net work covered the interstices of another, but there was neither glass nor shutters to ward off the inclemency of the weather. The interior extremity of this aperture reached within two feet and a half of the ground, served the captive for a chair and table, and sometimes he rested his arms and elbows on it to lighten the weight of his fetters.

Shut out from all communication with his fellow beings, Latude found some amusement in the society of the rats which infested his dungeon. His first attempt to make them companionable was tried upon a single rat, which, in three days, by gently throwing bits of bread to it, he rendered so tame that it would take food from his hands. The animal even changed its abode, and established itself in another hole, in order to be nearer to him. In a few days a female joined the first comer. At the outset she was timid; but it was not long before she acquired boldness, and would quarrel and fight for the morsels which were given by the prisoner. "When my dinner was brought in," says Latude, "I called my companions; the male ran to me directly; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintance. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came, accompanied by two others, who in the course of the week brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I call them they came to eat with me, from the dish or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared to me pleased when I did; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining them in their gambols. Occasionally I threw them a piece of meat, scalding hot; and the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; while the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prizes; sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air." In the course of a year his four-footed companions increased to twenty six. Whenever an intruder appeared he met with a hostile reception from the old standers, and had to fight his way before he could obtain a footing. Latude endeavored to familiarize a spider, but in this he was unsuccessful.

THE FURLOUGH.—In the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom, and as I did not travel like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident. I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart: and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from the coach. "Come down wid you, Thady,"—the speaker was the old woman—"come down to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin!" "It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach. "Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more

rigidly erect than ever on the roof. "O Thady, come down; sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before. "It's honour; honour bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer. "Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!" "It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!" Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and enquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family,—and having exceeded as he thought the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired? "The 1st of March, your honour—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!" "The 1st of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then,—the 1st of March will not be here till tomorrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days." The soldier was thunder-struck—"Twenty-nine days is it?—You're sartain of that same?—O mother, mother!—the devil fly away wid you're ould Almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!" His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud hurrah!—His second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and his third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment. "It's a happy man I am, your honour, for my word's saved, and all by your Honour's maues. Long life to your honour for the same! May ye live a long hundred—and lape years every one of them!"—*Hood's Own.*

MOUNT SINAI.—Among all the stupendous works of Nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it; upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive. The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square. At one side is a single rock, about twenty feet high, on which, as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath, his favoured servant received the tables of the Law. The ruins of a church and a convent are still to be seen upon the mountain, to which, before the convent below was built, monks and hermits used to retire, and, secluded from the world, sing the praises of God upon his chosen hill. Near this, also in ruins, stands a Mohammedan mosque; for on this sacred spot the followers of Christ and Mohammed have united in worshipping the true and living God. Under the chapel is a hermit's cell, where, in the iron age of fanaticism, the anchorite lingered out his days in fasting, meditation and prayer.—*Travels in Egypt &c. by an American.*

MOTHERS SHOULD LOVE POETRY.—Montgomery in his lectures, while speaking of the influence of poetry, remarks that species of composition has the advantage of all others, inasmuch as it is the solace and delight of the accomplished, of the finer, feebler, and better sex, whose morals, manners and deportment, give tone to society. They are the sisters, the lovers, and the companions of the present, and the mothers and nurses of the future generation. Poetry refines their tastes, purifies their affections, and imbues their minds with lofty thoughts and elevated sentiments. By communicating the ennobling sentiments they derive from poetry to their companions and co-equals in age; and infusing them into the plastic and tender minds of the young, they exercise an incalculable influence over the destinies of the human race. The author to whom we have alluded mentions the fact that Alfred, King of England, owed much of his greatness to the passion which his mother had for poetry. "She was more than a mother to him." The words of his mother taught him, the songs which his mother sang to him were the germs of thought, genius, enterprise, action, every thing to the future father of his country.

We owe to poetry—probably to rude, humble, but fervent patriotic poetry, all that we owe to Alfred, and all that he owes to his mother. Mothers must themselves be great—their minds must be stored with high and lofty thoughts, and noble and exalted sentiments; in order to make great men of their offsprings.

Most great men, who have lived, have had great mothers—great in their sphere of action. No station is more interesting—it is the province of the mother to watch over the dawning of the immortal mind—to aid its development, and to give it that bias which is to color and control its whole future existence.

We know of no spectacle more interesting to the reflecting mind, and none which takes deeper hold of the feelings than a mother qualified for the task, watching the first budding of the human intellect, and training it to maturity.—*Newport Spec.*

A SCENE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—In a short time we arrived at a small palace, the residence of the Sultan's sister, landed on a small quay, and presented ourselves to a group of officers, dressed in blue frock coats, scarlet caps, and blue tassels; by them we were very politely ushered into a large open space bordered by trees, with the palace on one side of it; here the troops were drawn up in line, with two bands of music. Arabian horses decked in superb trappings were in attendance. The bridles were covered with jewels set in gold, and the scarlet saddle-cloths were embroidered with flowers worked with pearls. In the centre of each flower glittered a diamond, and the massy Turkish stirrups, either gilded or of solid gold, were most superb in appearance. Groups of officers were standing about in different directions. A flourish of trumpets drew all eyes to the door of the palace, where stood the descendant of the prophet, habited in a blue cloak cut in the European fashion, with an upright collar embroidered with gold and jewels; a tall scarlet cap, with a blue tassel, occupied the place of the handsome turban. All the officers seemed in a fright; they ran here and there, in a great hurry,—one rushed up to us, first told us to stand in one place, then to get behind a screen of boards,—and then scampered away as if he had been crazy. The bands struck up a lively air, the Sultan mounted, and rode on, preceded by several officers, neither looking to the right or left, very grave and very dignified, apparently not condescending to notice any thing, but in fact sufficiently observant. A long, handsome, jet black beard fell upon his breast; he had rather a good face, and was much younger looking than I expected. The moment that he passed, there was a great mounting and plunging of horses, and clouds of dust; some companies of infantry filed off after him, and we were about hastening to the boat to go down to the mosque, when an officer came up in great haste to our dragoman, and demanded who we were.—"Travelers." "Of what nation?"—"English," and immediately hurried off again. We were afterwards told, that the most trifling thing failed not to attract the observation of the Sultan; and that if anything excited his curiosity he satisfied it immediately.—*Adison's Damascus and Palmyra. 1838.*

ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.—Ascending the steps, I threw out my arms to embrace one of the huge half columns of the facade, not in a fit of sentimentalism, but to ascertain its diameter, which was gigantic, and helped the previous impression. Pushing aside the door in common use, I found myself in the nave of the noblest temple in which any religious rites were ever celebrated.

I walked unconsciously about a hundred feet up the nave, and stopped. From a habit of analyzing buildings, I counted the paces as I advanced, and knew how far I was within the pile. Still men seemed dwindled into boys, seen at the further extremity. One who was cleaning a statue of St. Bruno, at the height of an ordinary church-steeple, stood on the shoulder of the figure, whose size did not appear disproportioned, and could just rest his arm on the top of its head. Some marble chorubs, that looked like children, were in high relief against a pier near me, and laying my hand on the hand of one of them, I found it like that of an infant in comparison. All this aided the sense of vastness. The *balduchino*, or canopy of bronze, which is raised over the great altar, filled the eye no more than a pulpit in a common church; and yet I knew its summit was as lofty as half the height of the spire of Trinity, New York, or about a hundred and thirty feet, and essentially higher than the tower. I looked for a marble throne that was placed at the remotest extremity of the building, also as high as a common church tower, a sort of poetical chair for the popes; and it seemed as distant as a cavern or mountain.

To me there was no disappointment. Every thing appeared as vast as feet and inches could make it; and as I stood gazing at the glorious pile, the tears forced themselves from my eyes. Even little P— was oppressed with the sense of the vastness of the place, for he clung close to my side, though he had passed half his life in looking at sights, and kept murmuring, "Qu'est-ce que c'est?—qu'est-ce que c'est?—Est-ce une eglise?"

It was getting dark, and perhaps the gloom magnified the effect. The atmosphere even—for this stupendous pile has an atmosphere of its own, one different from that of the outer world—was soothing and delicious; and I turned away impressed with the truth that, if ever the hand of man had, indeed, raised a structure to the Deity in the least worthy of his majesty, it was this!—*Cooper in Italy.*

THE WEATHER.—The causes which govern the phenomena of weather, being physical agencies independent of the will, or interference of any being save of Him "who rules the storm," are as fixed and as certain in their operation, and as regular in the production of their effects, as those which maintain and regulate the motions of the solar system. The moment of the rising or setting of the sun on any given day of the ensuing year, is therefore, *in the nature of things*, not more certain than the atmospheric phenomena which will take place on that day. The doubt and uncertainty which attend these events belong altogether to our anticipations of them, and not to the things themselves. If our knowledge of meteorology were as advanced as our knowledge of astronomy, we should be in a condition to declare the time, duration, and intensity of every shower which shall fall during the ensuing year, with as much certainty and precision as we are able to foretell the rising, setting, and southing of the sun and moon, or the rise and fall of the tides of the ocean.

When it is said, therefore, that drought or rain is *expected* to predominate, the uncertainty implied by the term *expected* must be understood to belong to the knowledge, or rather ignorance of him who makes the prediction, and not to the event, which, as we have shown, is *necessary* and not *contingent*.

But the most absurd of these explanations is that of the word *changeable*, which is here used in a most novel sense. Changeable weather, in the ordinary use of the word, is applied to weather which changes frequently and suddenly, at short intervals, from fair and clear to cloudy and wet. But the weather-almanack sense of this term is, *weather in which it is uncertain whether drought or rain will predominate*. Now, as we have already shown that no uncertainty can attend the weather itself, but that the uncertainty belongs only to the mind of the author of the *Weather Almanack*, it will be necessary to remember that changeable weather is weather about which the said author confesses that he has no foreknowledge. Thus, though for a week the face of the heavens continue clear and cloudless, the temperature of the air mild and uniform, and the atmosphere calm and still, yet the weather during such week might be *changeable* according to the *Weather Almanack*, and its author would claim the credit of a prediction fulfilled. In fact, every day in the year in which he has annexed the word *changeable* must fulfil his prediction, whatever be the state of the weather, since, happen what will, no one can doubt the uncertainty of the author's own mind as to the event, when that uncertainty is itself the essence of his prediction.—*Monthly Chronicle*.

DECORATIVE PICTURES FOR THE WESTERN STEAMSHIP.—Mr. Parris exhibited to his friends, in the early part of this week, the series of designs that he has painted to fill the panneling round the saloon of the great Western Steam-ship: and a very pleasing display of ornamental art it was, highly creditable to the taste and ingenuity of the artist. The compartments are long and narrow—proportions very unfavourable for pictorial purpose; but the difficulty is so well overcome that the disadvantage is not apparent at first sight. The subjects are various, each consisting of a group of figures from rustic or fashionable life, occupied with some sport or recreation: here are seen a loving couple in a bower, there a gallant handing a fair dame into a carriage; in others harvesting, fishing, and such-like out-door employments, are going on. The gay colours and picturesque costumes, and the bright and glowing freshness of the landscape background, give gaiety and airy lightness to the scenes, producing a pleasurable impression on the eye without taxing the mind,—which is just the point to aim at in these decorative pictures. The groups of implements and emblems that form the base (so to speak) of each design, and the little Cupids that are to fill the upper range of panneling, are pretty and fanciful, and carry out the general intention.

The pictures were shown to good effect by a row of gas jets along the middle of the room near the ceiling, which shed a broad stream of light on both sides; a mode of lighting up a picture-gallery that might be advantageously adopted without much difficulty.

Mr. Parris is also employed on a set of pannel-pictures, on a larger scale and more elaborately finished, for the Army and Navy club.

We are glad to see the taste for pictorial decoration spreading in this country. No artists are so well qualified to delight the eye by their arrangements of colour and effect as those of the British school; for one who is able to paint a grand history picture, we have fifty who are competent to embellish a room in a beautiful style.—*Spectator*.

PENAL LAWS.—As ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It were to be wished, then, that instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, and thus converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made the law the protector, and not the tyrant of the public. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find that wretches now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel

a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

SKETCH OF CALHOUN.—Our pleasantest evenings were some spent at home in a society of the highest order. Ladies, literary, fashionable, or domestic, would spend an hour with us on their way from a dinner, or to a ball. Members of Congress would repose themselves by our fire-side. Mr. Clay, sitting upright on the sofa, with his snuff-box ever in his hand, would discourse for many an hour, in his even, soft, deliberate tone, on any one of the great subjects of American policy which we might happen to start, always amazing us with the moderation of estimate and speech which so impetuous a nature has been able to attain. Mr. Webster, leaning back at his ease, telling stories, cracking jokes, shaking the sofa with burst after burst of laughter, or smoothly discoursing to the perfect felicity of the logical part of one's constitution, would illuminate an evening now and then. Mr. Calhoun, the cast-iron man, who looks as if he had never been born, and never could be extinguished, would come in sometimes to keep our understandings upon a painful stretch for a short while, and leave us to take to pieces his close, rapid, theoretical, illustrated talk, and see what we could make of it. We found it usually more worth retaining as a curiosity than as either very just or very useful. His speech abounds in figures, truly illustrative, if that which they illustrate were but true also. But his theories of government (almost the only subject on which his thoughts are employed), the squarest and compactest theories that ever were made, are composed out of limited elements, and are not, therefore, likely to stand service very well. It is at first extremely interesting to hear Mr. Calhoun talk; and there is a never-failing evidence of power in all he says and does which commands intellectual reverence; but the admiration is too soon turned into regret—into absolute melancholy. It is impossible to resist the conviction that all this force can be at best but useless, and is but too likely to be very mischievous. His mind has long lost all power of communicating with any other. I know no man who lives in such utter intellectual solitude. He meets men and harangues them by the fire-side as in the senate; he is wrought, like a piece of machinery, set a-going vehemently by a weight, and stops while you answer; he either passes by what you say, or twists it into a suitability with what is in his head, and begins to lecture again. Of course, a mind like this can have little influence in the senate, except by virtue, perpetually wearing out, of what it did in its less eccentric days; but its influence at home is to be dreaded.—*Miss Martineau*.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1838.

GOVERNOR OF UPPER CANADA.—Among politicians the reply of the new governor of Upper Canada, commands considerable interest, it being regarded as indicative of the spirit of Sir George Arthur, and of the course he will pursue in the government of the province. As most of our readers, will desire to peruse so important a document, we have inserted it entire, with the accompanying address.—

Address of the Reformers of Toronto, to Sir George Arthur, with His Excellency's reply.

To His Excellency SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, &c. &c. Lieutenant Governor.

May it please Your Excellency:

We, Her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the undersigned inhabitants of the City of Toronto, approach Your Excellency to tender you our congratulations on your appointment to the Government of Upper Canada, and upon your safe arrival, after a long and protracted, voyage at this inclement season of the year. We request Your Excellency will accept, on this occasion, the expression of our sincere attachment to Her Most Gracious Majesty's person and Government—an attachment as sincere and devoted as that can be of those who may differ with us in opinion on measures of Colonial administration. We do not approach Your Excellency to oppress you with any reiteration of complaints. The History of the Province is before you, and an impartial enquiry into it, with the experience of a short time, will enable Your Excellency to judge of the reasonableness of the object of reformation, for many years sought by a very large portion of Her Majesty's subjects in his Province. The unhappy state of the country will probably, for the present, restrain all expressions of public opinion, and we do not desire to revive discussions for which men's minds are at present obviously quite unfit. We are, however, prepared to assure Your Excellency, that in the promotion of public order, and the adoption of measures for the pacification of the country, you will have the prompt and energetic support of the loyal, patriotic, and Constitutional Reformers of the Province. We have observed with feelings of unmixed plea-

sure, the desire manifested by all parties in England, that severe punishments should not be inflicted upon the unfortunate persons engaged in the late lamentable rebellion, and that in deference to this universal feeling, and in obedience to the dictates of Her own most Gracious and Amiable disposition, Her Majesty has been pleased to authorize the proclamation of a general amnesty for political offences. In carrying into effect the gracious inclinations of Her Majesty in this Province, Your Excellency will have the noblest gratification of an elevated mind, the announcement of pardon to the miserable and guilty, and we venture to assure you that an administration thus begun, will be hailed as the commencement of a long course of general confidence, peace, and prosperity, and we sincerely pray that it may be happy and glorious to yourself, and both satisfactory and honorable to Her Majesty, and the noble Empire over which she promises so worthily to reign.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for your congratulation on my appointment to the Government of this Province.

I am much gratified to receive from you expressions of loyalty and attachment to Her Majesty's person and Government, which, without reference to political distinctions, which I do not desire to renew, I am convinced are truly sincere and unqualified. I am happy to find that you express your unwillingness to revive political discussions connected with reform, for it could not fail to be a most painful subject to me at this moment, when so many of Her Majesty's subjects are placed in circumstances of the utmost peril, and their unfortunate families exposed to desolation and ruin. The specious delusion by which these unhappy men were seduced from their allegiance to their Sovereign, and were led to become accessories if not principals in the crimes of Treason, Robbery, Arson, and Murder, being no other than Reform, I cannot but regret that under these circumstances any portion of the Inhabitants of this City should have felt it necessary at this moment to present themselves under the character of Reformers, as a distinct class of the people of this Province. The doing so has a tendency to awaken excitement, and to agitate the community at a period when every man is liable to be called upon to take a part in the administration of justice, and should be able to approach that sacred duty with a mind sobered, disciplined, and unprejudiced. You must, moreover, be aware that individually, as loyal subjects of Her Majesty, you are entitled to the protection, respect, and consideration of the government, and to these I hope you will see that no classification or profession relating to abstract political opinions, ought to make any addition.

In considering the cases of the unfortunate persons to whom you have alluded in your Address, it is of the greatest consequence that the Executive Government, having regard to justice as well as mercy, should have no misgiving that there exists any probability of a renewal of the disgraceful scenes which have so recently disturbed the tranquility of the Colony, through the malignant recklessness of men whose professed object was reform.

Punishment can never be justifiably resorted to as an act of vengeance; it is only to be sanctioned as the necessary means of preventing the recurrence of crime, and this necessity would plainly be much obviated if attachment and a spirit of obedience to the Sovereign and the Laws were known to exist amongst all classes of the community.

LATE FROM ENGLAND.—We are indebted to the polite attention of Capt. Sir Richard Grant, for London papers to the 30th of March and Cork to the 3d of April, obtained from the steam ship *Sirius*, from Liverpool for New York, which he boarded on Friday last in lat. 41 24, long. 64 36, out 16 days, all well. All the news of interest will be found in the following summary.—*Jal.*

The Coronation of her Majesty, it is said, will take place on the 21st of June.

The question of anticipating the proposed termination of the Negro apprenticeship system, engaged both houses of Parliament. The term proposed is the 1st of August next.

Measures for the arrangement of the Irish Title question, was shortly to be submitted to Parliament by Lord John Russell, the leading features of the plan is their commutation into a rent charge, at the rate of seven-tenths of the amount, and at the expiration of the existing interest, the rent charge to be purchased by the State.

Sir G. Grey, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, said there would be no objection to submit a statement of the expences of Lord Gosford's mission in Canada.

SPAIN.—The Spanish campaign is about to open seriously. A carlist expedition of eight battallions have succeeded in getting out of the west of Biscay, and proceeded towards Palencia. Don Buerens has followed with a superior force. The Queen's forces are said to be very efficient.

The ship *Elvine*, from Liverpool for Calcutta, with a cargo valued at about £50,000, has been totally lost near the former place.

GREAT WESTERN STEAMER.—The first trial of this gigantic vessel was made in London river on the 24th March, with

complete success. The sight excited the most lively interest, and the crowd of spectators was immense. Her registered measurement is 1640 tons, length 234 feet on deck, breadth 58 feet, with machinery of 450 horse power; her speed was from 11 to 12 knots.—She was expected to leave Bristol for New York about the 7th April.

Another eruption had taken place in the Thames Tunnel, the water had been pumped out, and the works were to be again in progress in a few days.

The Market for Colonial produce was dull.—Sugars sold slowly.

Her Majesty has conferred the honor of Knighthood on Colonel M'Nab, as a reward for his distinguished services in Upper Canada.

Capt. Dundas, R. N. has been appointed Clerk of the Ordnance.

The battalion of the Guards (1600 strong) intended for Canada, under Gen Sir J M'Donald, had been inspected in Hyde Park.

Deaths.—Lieut. Generals Sir E. Barnes, and W. Miller, R. E. We learn that arrangements have been made by the Bank of England, in connexion with Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co. and Mr. James G. King, of this city, to send out to the address of Messrs. Prime, Ward & King, One Million Sterling in Specie. Two Hundred Thousand Pounds have arrived by the Sheridan and Columbus, and the residue will be here by the packets, in succession, £100,000 by each.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

It is estimated by those who have good means of knowing, that ten millions of dollars will be imported before June 1st. and that without reducing the amount of bullion in the Bank of England below ten million pounds sterling—as the tendency of gold was constant from the continent to England.—N. Y. American.

The Sheridan brings \$820,000, in specie, viz—\$500,000 to Prime, Ward, King & Co. \$50,000 to J. P. Ogden & Co. \$20,000 to Maitland, Kennedy & Co. \$250,000 to order.

UPPER CANADA REBELS.—Last Wednesday was the day appointed for the execution of Lout and Mathews. Orders were received on Tuesday last for the erection of the gallows on a point near Montgomery's tavern, where the first act of disturbance took place. It was expected that a pardon would be declared on the scaffold: or a reprieve until pleasure of the queen shall be known. On Tuesday four others were ordered for execution, viz: John Montgomery, John Anderson, Gen Theller, and Gilbert Fields Mordue.

The New York Commercial says that there is an error in stating that Sutherland had been adjudged guilty, and sentenced to immediate execution. Neither finding nor sentence was known at Toronto on Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock. It was the prevailing opinion there that he had not been found guilty, in consequence of some informality in the proceedings, and would be discharged.

UPPER CANADA.—Lout and Mathews, the two leading accomplices with Mackenzie in the late insurrection, on being arraigned for high treason, pleaded guilty. On the 29th ult. sentence of death was pronounced against them, to be executed on the 12th inst. The correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says:—

The Chief Justice told them there could be no mercy for them in his life, and they must prepare to die. His Lordship's address was very affecting. He told Lout that he had known him from a child, as a brother. Mrs. Lout was in Court during this distressing scene. To Mathews, the Judge remarked, that he well recollected him during the late war, and at that period he little thought it would ever devolve upon him to address him on so melancholy an occasion at this presented.—Sutherland was found guilty on the third, and was sentenced to be executed.

(From the Boston Courier, Thursday, April 19.)

The Toronto Patriot of the 6th inst. gives a paragraph commencing thus:—

"General Sutherland, as far as we can understand, is not destined for the gallows this turn, but it is to be put to a better use." The Patriot then goes on to say, that Sutherland has made some very extraordinary disclosures, implicating parties not heretofore suspected, relating to advances of money from Toronto, the contributors of which may reasonably feel in dread. In connection with this, the Patriot mentions the flight of William Ketchum, Esq. late President of the Farmer's Joint Stock Bank, and that a warrant has been issued for his apprehension.

We perceive by the Buffalo papers that Mr. Ketchum has arrived in that city.—Mr. Ketchum for many years represented the County of York in the Provincial Parliament. He is a gentleman of great wealth, and we believe is much esteemed. We have been acquainted with him for many years, and, although we have often heard him speak in favour of reform, his wish always was to obtain it by legal and constitutional means.

Sentence of death was pronounced at Hamilton, in the Gore District, upon Horatio Hill, Stephen Smith, Chas. P. Waldrath, Ephraim Cook, John Trufford, Nathan Town, and Peter Malcolm—day of execution the 20th instant.

Also upon William Webb and James Hummill—execution to take place on the 22d inst.

Robert Stebbins, indicted for high treason, has been tried at Toronto, and acquitted.

The Toronto Patriot announces the death of Captain Thomas George Armstrong, formerly of the 66th regiment, aged 28, at West Oxford, Upper Canada. His death resulted from the bite of a dog.

The Toronto Guardian states that Theller founded his defence chiefly on the assertion, that he was an American citizen, which was overruled on the ground that he was born a British subject, and could not divest himself of his allegiance.

The same paper says that the case of Sutherland remained undecided on the 11th; and intimates doubt of the rumours put forth about his extraordinary disclosures.

UNSEASONABLE WEATHER.—On all sides Complaints are loud and long against the present wintry-spring weather. Even in England such has been the severity of the season that in the green-houses throughout London, most of the choice plants have been destroyed by the frost. So far, in this province, we have had our fair share of frost and snow, for the beginning of one season. From a letter lately received from J. G. Purdy, Esq. at Westchester, dated 17th April, we learn that on Saturday the 14th inst. and part of next day, a violent snow storm occurred.—The snow fell nearly 24 inches deep, and drifting, rendered the roads impassable. On the Wednesday following another snow-storm was experienced. The post had to be assisted over the mountains by the inhabitants. Mr. Purdy thus concludes—"the snow is now about 3½ feet deep on a level in the woods. We never recollect having so severe a snow storm at this season of the year. There is but little appearance of spring."

MARRIED,

At Dartmouth, on Tuesday 24th inst. by the Rev Mr Parker, Mr Henry J Creighton, to Mary, second daughter of Mr J Stayner, junr. On the 22nd inst. by the Rev Mr Churchill, Mr James Murphy, of the United States, to Miss Sophia Agnes Hill, of this town.

At New York, on the 12th instant, by the Rev Dr Wainwright, St John's Church, Mr Charles Alexander Fuller, to Miss Charlotte Augusta Fullerton, youngest daughter of Mr James Fullerton.

DIED,

Wednesday morning, at half-past Two o'clock, after a long and painful illness which she endured with pious resignation to the Will of God, Mrs Margaret, widow of the late Mr Donald McDonnell, Dyer, of this Town, in the 59th year of her age.

On Sunday morning, John Voss; a native of Hanover, Germany, aged 84 years.

At Truro, on Tuesday the 24th inst. after a lingering illness, which she endured with Christian patience and resignation, Mary, wife of George Hill, Esq.

At Drummond, west branch East River of Pictou, on Thursday night the 12th April, James Fraser, in the 85th year of his age; an old and respectable inhabitant of that place, and a native of Inverness-shire, North Britain.

At Truro, on Sunday the 15th inst. in the 40th year of his age, Mr John G Nelson, Blacksmith; much regretted by his friends and acquaintances.

In the Poors' Asylum, David Shea, aged 45, a native of Ireland; John Jordan, aged 36, a native of England.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday 20th.—H. M. Ship Crocodile, Capt Pollinghorne, Bermuda 10 days—with Capt Farmer, Lieuts. Bloss and Cox, Dr. Mackintosh, and 140 men of the 11th Regiment; brigs Herald, Berwick, London, 42 days—wheat, flour, brandy, &c. to S. Binney; Nancy, Bichan, Kingston, 23 days—ballast to J. Strachan; Condor, Lannigan, do, do—do to J. & T. Williamson; brig London Packet, Harvey, Demerara and Porto Rico, 18 days—rum, sugar, and molasses, to Frith, Smith & Co.; schr. True Brothers, Liverpool, N. S.—flour.

Saturday 21st.—Whale ship Susan & Sarah, M'Naughton, Valparaiso, 116 days—1100 bbls. oil to S. Cunard & Co.; brigs Sir S. Chapman, Hunt, Ponce 26, and Bermuda 8 days—molasses to J. & M. Tobin; Tamer, Hatchard, Trinidad, 21 days; Am. packet brig Acadian, Lane, Boston, 3 days—corn, meal, rye flour, beef, &c. to J. Clarke, D. & E. Starr and Co., and others; brig George IV., Phillips, Guernsey, 52 days—flour, bread, etc. to S. Binney.

Sunday 22d.—H. M. S. Cornwallis, Capt. Sir R. Grant, 8 days from Bermuda, with the remainder of the 11th regt. under the command of Colonel Golpie; schr. Amaranth, Coffin, Port au Prince, 20 days—coffee and logwood, to Fairbanks & Allison.

Monday 23d.—Brig President, Crum, Savannah La Mar, 28 days—ballast to M. Richardson.

Tuesday 24th.—Ship Prince George, Friend, London, 42 days—wheat, dry goods, wine, brandy and gin, to F. C. Charman & Co.; brig. Cora, Le Grande, Hull, 70 days—bread, wheat, &c. to Fairbanks & Allison; schr. Dove, Marmain, Arichat—ballast.

Wednesday 25th.—Am. schr. Hammon, Seaver, Portsmouth, 14 days—put in for fishing supplies; brig Margaret, Doane, Porto Rico, 27 days—sugar and molasses to G P Lawson; left brig Dove to sail in 7 days; schr. Mary Jane, Spence, St John, N B, 5 days—salt, to J Fairbanks; brig Pictou, Clarke, Boston, 4 days—flour and meal, to W Donaldson; schr. Ion, Hammond, St John, 5 days; schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston, 4 days—flour, to W J Long, J E Lane, and others; 21 passengers; brig Susannah, Hamilton London, 47 days—dry goods, etc. to D & E Starr & Co; brigs Emerald and Pearl, from hence at Jamaica.

Thursday 26th, Schrs James Clarke, Beck, St John, N B, 3 days—salt and tea, to J Fairbanks; Flying Fish, Sissiboo—lumber; sloop Zephyr, Humphrey, St John, N F, 8 days—dry fish, to J Allison & Co. schr. Mary, Yarmouth—salt.

CLÉARED,

April 18.—Brig Fanny, Brown, dry and pickled fish, lumber, etc. by A. A. Black; schr. Irene, Crowell, St. Andrews—porter, etc. by W. & J. Murdoch; Hazard, Crowell, do—herrings, by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Favovrite, Crowell, St. Stephens—do by H. Bazalgette. 19th, barge Hessionie, Michie, Montreal—assorted cargo by S. Binney. 20th, schr. Beauty, Gorman, Newfoundland—coal, by the master; Vernon, Cunningham, West Indies—dry and pickled fish by J. Strachan. Am. schr. Chariot, Lee, New York—coal, &c. by J. H. Braine; Robert Bruce, Cook, Provincetown—wood by the master; Am. brig Roxana, Jones, Boston—gypsum, by J. Clark; schr. Collector, Phelan, St.

John's, N. F.—molasses and oats, by J. Fairbanks. 21st, brig Bec, Adams, New York, ballast; ship Lord J. Russell, St. John, N. B. do; schr. Watchman, Whitney, West Indies—dry fish, etc. by Frith, Smith & Co.; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B.—assorted cargo by S. Binney, W. Donaldson and others. 22d, schr. Emily, Le Blanc, Miramichi—flour, molasses, etc. by W. A. Black & Son, and others. 23d, Sir Pe-regrine, Crosby, Berbice—general cargo, by D. & E. Starr & Co. 25th, Matilda, Lowden, Berbice—general cargo, by D. & E. Starr & Co; Nancy, Bichan, B. W. I.—general cargo, John Strachan; Rival, McNeil, B. W. Indies—general cargo, by W. Pryor and Sons; Hilgrove, Bell, B. W. Indies—general cargo, by Saltus & Wainwright. 26th, Phnet, Bisset, Philadelphia—wood, by the master; Tony, Kelly, Berbice—general cargo, by Fairbanks & Allison. 27th, schr. Carline, Crouse, St. Andrews, N. B.—flour, etc. by W. A. Black and Son.

THEATRE.

By the Permission of HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

MR W. S. DEVERNA,

Takes great pleasure in informing the Army and Navy, and the Inhabitants of HALIFAX, that the THEATRE will open on Monday Evening, April 30, for a short Season.

The Company consists of Ladies and Gentlemen of UNDOUBTED TALENT and REPUTATION. The manager trusts he will receive sufficient patronage to render the above establishment a place of amusement worthy the notice of a BRITISH AUDIENCE.—The interior of the house has, at considerable expense, been entirely renovated and fitted up in a neat and appropriate manner.

Proprietor and Manager, - - - Mr. Wm. S. DEVERNA.
Stage Manager, - - - " C. THORNE,
Director of the Orchestra, - - - Mons. KURECK.

The Company consists of the following Ladies and Gentlemen from the late 'Bowery Theatre,' New York,

Mr. Thorne,	Mrs. Thorne,	Mr. Brown,
" Nickenson,	" Anderson,	" Mestayer,
" Bellamy,	" Tessier,	" Milner,
" Anderson,	" Jones,	" George,
" Taylor,	and	" West, and
" Geer,	Miss Sands,	" Jones.

On MONDAY EVENING, April 30, will be performed the interesting Drama, in 3 parts, called

VICTORINE !!
OR I'LL SLEEP ON'T !!

PART FIRST,

Felix (a young artist) in love with Victorine	Mr. THORNE,
Marquis de Valrivere (a rich Nobleman) also in love with Victorine.	" Bellamy,
Julien (page to the Marquis)	Mrs. Tessier,
Jean (a Frenchman) lover of Theres'	Mr. Nickenson,
Griffon (a fan painter and gambler)	" Anderson,
Jen de Arms	" Mestayer,
Officer	" Brown,
Victorine (an orphan and seamstress)	Mrs. THORNE,
Theres' (her intimate friend)	" Anderson.

PART SECOND,

Lapse of Four Years.

Felix (reduced and wretchedly poor)	Mr. THORNE,
Marquis de Valrivere. (protector of Victorine)	" Bellamy,
Julien (friend to Victorine)	Mrs. Tessier,
Jean (attendant on the Marquis)	Mr. Nickenson,
Griffon (a rich horse dealer)	" Anderson,
VICTORINE (mistress of the Marquis)	Mrs. THORNE.

PART THIRD,

Lapse of Three Years.

Felix (a rich gentleman of Paris)	Mr. THORNE,
Marquis de Valrivere (a gambler)	" Bellamy,
Julien (page to Felix)	Mrs. Tessier,
Jean (servant to a hotel)	Mr. Nickenson,
Griffon (reduced to extreme poverty)	" Anderson,
VICTORINE (deserted by the Marquis and in abject poverty)	Mrs. THORNE,

Between each part an interval of 4 or five years is supposed to elapse.

Immediately after the Drama Mons. A. Kureck, formerly leader of the National, Bowery, and Olympic Orchestras, will perform the "OVERTURE TO TANCREDI."

After which will be presented the Interlude, in 1 act, altered from the French, called.

NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY;

Or the Youth that never saw a Woman.

COLIN (the youth that never saw a woman)	Mrs. THORNE
Father Philip	Mr. Anderson,
Rinaldo	" Bellamy,
Eliza	Mrs. Anderson,
Gertrude	" Tessier.

OVERTURE TO OTELLO, BY MONS. KURECK.

The performance will conclude with the new operatic farce, now playing at all the Theatres in London, entitled the

SWISS COTTAGE,

OR WHY DON'T SHE MARRY?

Natz Teik	Mr. Nickenson,
Corporal Max (with song)	" Bellamy,
Soldiers	By the gentlemen of the company
LISETTE	Mrs. THORNE.

With the songs of "O! DELIGHTFUL HOUR."

AND "LIBERTY FOR ME!"

During the Piece, a full chorus by the Ladies, called "O! VIVE L'AMOUR!"

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—First box, 5s.; second box, 3s. 9d.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Private boxes contain 4 persons, £1 5s. Doors open at 7 o'clock, performance to commence at half past 7 precisely. Box office open daily from 10 to 1. Smoking positively prohibited. The strictest order will be preserved in the house.

APRIL 27.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE PROSING BORE.—This is a long-winded animal. Ask of him the time of day at two o'clock in the afternoon, and, ten to one, it will be half-past three ere you receive the information. He will—But as, in this case, an illustration will be more satisfactory than a description, I will exhibit a specimen which I lately caught, alive and in fine condition. Jack Endless.

I met him, the other day, as he was coming out of his house in Bedford Square. Having heard that his Aunt Tabitha, who lives at Kensington, had been unwell, I said, "Jack, how is your Aunt?"

"I'll tell you," replied he. "Yesterday, I said to Mrs. Endless, I have a great mind to take a walk to Kensington and ask how my Aunt is. 'Do, my dear,' said she. Well; I say to my footman, Ridgway, bring me my hat—gloves—and cane, and my cloak. Well; he brings them—out I go."

"But how's your Aunt?"

"I'll tell you. I go by the way of Drury Lane, and, just by the stage-door of the theatre, I meet Hugh Snave. Capital fellow—makes up pleasant parties—by the bye, he hasn't asked me to dinner for a long while. Well; as he is going to Piccadilly, I take his arm, and we walk together—through Leicester Square—along Coventry Street—till we come to the corner of Albermarle Street—not at the pickle-shop—the farther corner. There—we part."

But how's your Aunt?"

"I'll tell you. On I go. At the corner of Half-moon Street, thinks I, if it hadn't been so late I would have called at Mrs. Stuart's—but I won't. Apsley House—out came a gentleman—thought it was the Duke—it wasn't. Hyde-Park Corner—great improvement! I remember the old ugly toll-gate there."

"My dear fellow, so do I. But, to the point: all I desire to know is, how's your Aunt?"

"I'll tell you. On I go. Well; just opposite Sloan Street I happened to meet—"

Describing his walk, step by step; naming every person of his acquaintance he chanced to meet; mentioning every shop-window he stopped to look into, at length, after a wearisome narration, three-quarters of an hour long, I am brought to his Aunt's door.

"Well; there I am. Take the knocker—knock. No answer—knock again."

"But, plague on it! how's your Aunt?"

"I'll tell you. Knock a third time, and ring. At length, the door is opened. Thomas, said I, I have knocked three times. Don't like it. Why? I'll tell you. People don't like being kept in the cold, knock, knock, knock. Very angry. Mistress visible. Yes, Sir, said he; she's in the drawing-room. Well; up I go, Tap at the door. Go in. There sits the old lady, in her easy chair, taking a basin of sago, with a little white wine in it, and a rusk."

"Once more, and only once more, how's your Aunt?"

"Why—to give you a short answer—as well as can be expected."—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

SHOTS.—A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords, in the affair of Captain Porteus, and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion, was asked, by the Duke of Newcastle what kind of shot it was. "Why," said the man in his broad dialect, "such as they shoot fools (fowls) with, and the like." "What kind of fools?" said the Duke, smiling at the word. "Why, my lord, dukes, (ducks) and sickin' o' fools."

POPULATION OF EUROPE.—Since the battle of Waterloo, the population of the different States of Europe has increased in a considerable ratio—and probably Europe never contained so many inhabitants as at the present time. It is estimated by Charles Dupin, in a work lately published in Paris, that if the principal States in Europe continue to increase in population, as they have for the last several years, France will double its population in one hundred and five years; Austria in sixty-nine years; Russia in sixty-six years; the Sicilies in sixty-three years; the Low Countries in fifty-six years; Great Britain in forty-two years, and Prussia in twenty six years. There is every reason to believe, that as a general rule, the means of subsistence have increased in proportion to the augmentation of the population.

TAKING A SODA POWDER.—An individual who had never seen the process of mixing a soda powder performed, was ordered by his physician to drink soda water. A box of powders was accordingly obtained from the druggists, and the acid dissolved in one tumbler and the soda in another, as per directions. With sundry contortions of the face the acid was turned off, and then the soda was poured into his stomach after it. The acid and alkali meeting in that confined region, and finding it too small for their lively operations, boiled over as a matter of course. The poor fellow thought it was certainly his day of doom when he felt the pother within him, and found the foam spouting from his mouth and nose like steam from a safety valve. The next time he took a soda powder he was like the Irishman when he caught a second snake—'He let it alone.'—*Baltimore Visitor.*

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.—We passed the Briers, a small white house, with out-buildings and fields, in a

valley; several hundred feet above the sea. Here it will be remembered that Napoleon sojourned for some time, until Longwood was prepared for his reception, and here he lived on friendly terms with the family of Mr. Balcombe, the late proprietor. Miss Balcombe was a great favorite with the emperor: she was very young; and Napoleon used to condescend to romp with her. However, one day she drew his sword, and got him up in a corner, lungeing at him and preventing his escape. "Now," said she with glee, "I have the greatest man in the world at my mercy." The emperor, it is said, was so annoyed at this sally, that he never spoke to her afterwards.—*Alexander's Colonies of Western Africa.*

The *Zion's-Herald* gives an account of a man whose arm became paralytic by sleeping in church.—That is certainly a solemn caution against sleeping in church; but if every one's arm was to become paralytic who followed the same amusement, there would be a crippled set of us about the streets.

INEFFABLY CHARMING.—To ask a person in company to read an article of your own writing, and to hear them read it off with proper emphasis and pronunciation until they come to the cream of the joke—then blunder over a word and spoil the whole joke.

MUDDY WIT.—A black servant not 100 miles from St. Andrews, being examined in Church Catechism, by the minister of the parish, was asked 'What are you made of, Jack?' He said 'Of mud, massa.' On being told he should say—'of dust,' he replied, 'No massa, it no do, no tick togedder!'

MUSICAL NOTATION.—It is a curious fact that while the ordinary hand-writings of the natives of the various kingdoms in Europe differ materially, musical notes are written in nearly the same form by all the professors of the science throughout the Continent, with the exception of some placing the dot before the stem, and others after it; in England the latter mode prevails, in regard to crotchets and quavers, but the reverse with minims, generally speaking.—*The Musical World.*

DR. JOHNSON IN PETTICOATS.—An old newspaper records the saying of a young lady, somewhere in the country, who, being asked at a tea table if she used sugar, replied:—

'I have an invincible repugnance to sugar, for, according to my cogitations upon the subject, the suavity of the sugar, nullifies the flavority of the tea, and renders it vastly obnoxious.'

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.—Take precious care of your precious health—but how, as the housewives say, to make it keep? Why, then, don't cure and smoke-dry it—or pickle it in everlasting acids, like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato-bit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the Barbadians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it in hot baths. Don't bottle it, like gooseberries. Don't pot it—and don't hang it. A rope is a bad *cordon sanitaire*.—Above all, don't despond about it. Let not anxiety have 'thee on the hip.' Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have 'clever back,' of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Never fancy, every time you cough, that you are going to cough-pot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the heaviest ground. Despondency, in a nice case, is the over-weight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains; though it should be a Scotch mile and a bittock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides the best fence against care is a 'ha! ha!'—wherefore, take care to have one all around you wherever you can. Let your 'lungs crow like Chanticleer,' and as like a game cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and 'like a trumpet, makes the spirits dance.'—*Hood's Own.*

THE VALUE OF A WIG.—A Southern paper relates the following story of an officer in the army, who having lost his hair during an illness contracted at New Orleans, provided himself with a handsome wig before starting on a late campaign in Florida. In an engagement with the Seminoles, he was wounded, and fell to the ground unable to rise. The red enemy who wounded him came up for his scalp. The officer feigned himself dead, and breathed as low and softly as possible. The Indian bent over him, drew his knife, passed fearfully and quickly around the head of his victim; and then with a savage war 'whoop!' bounded with his bloodless trophy into an everglade. The officer afterwards got back in safety to the camp, and relates with much glee the story of the loss of his wig.

TRANCE.—There is, at this time, a young woman aged 18, residing at Needlesworth, near St. Ives's, who has been in a trance of sleep for twelve days; she keeps quite warm, except her feet, and they are cold and stiff. Last week her father brought her down stairs into a warmer room, thinking it might be the means of rousing her, but it had not the desired effect. On Monday last she opened her eyes, and made a motion with her hand for something to drink, which being given her, she became convulsed for a short time, and then sank into her former state of torpor, in which she has continued ever since.—*Cambridge Chron.*

EXTRAORDINARY INCREASE OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.—In a commune of the department of the Meuse, in 1819, a stalk of wheat was shown, bearing 56 shoots, and each of these a beautiful ear. This extraordinary plant was the produce of a grain of wheat dropt by accident, and confirms what has been said in favour of the method of sowing corn thinly, to make it shoot well, and consequently to save a great deal of seed. Taking the number of grains on each of these ears at 35 on the average, the return for the original seed was 1960. We read in the "*Art de multiplier les Grains*," by M. Francois de Neufchateau, who quotes the *Ephemerides* of Vallemont, that in 1671 a stem of barley grew in Silesia to a very great height, and that it produced 15 large and 90 small ears, all very full; that Denis, physician to the King of France, had obtained from a single grain of wheat above 200 ears; and that the *Freres de la Doctrine Chretienne* at Paris possessed a bouquet of barley with 249 stems, which yielded 18,000 grains.

SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &c.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture Silver plate, of all descriptions, of the purest quality, on very low terms. He has now on hand, a good supply of Silver table, desert, and tea spoons, Forks, Sugar Tongs, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Soup and Gravy Ladles. Jewelry neatly repaired. The highest price given for old Gold and Silver.

EDWIN STERNS,

April 20. 3m. Corner Buckingham & Barrington Streets.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the firm of LOWES & CREIGHTON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts due to and owing by the said Copartnership will be received and paid by P. W. CREIGHTON.

GEORGE LOWES,
PHILIP W. CREIGHTON.

Halifax, 9th April, 1838.

P. W. CREIGHTON begs to inform his friends and the public that he has entered into Copartnership with Mr. M. A. NEWTON, under the firm of

NEWTON & CREIGHTON.

And they purpose continuing the above business as heretofore carried on under the firm of Lowes and Creighton, and beg to solicit a continuance of their support.

April 9th, 1838.

TURNBULL & FOUND,
TAILORS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the Public, that they have commenced business in the above line, in the house adjoining Mr. Northcock, in Granville Street, where all orders in the line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Feb 17.

PROSPECTUS,

Of a New Work from the pen of WILLIAM M. LEGGETT, Wesleyan Missionary, to be entitled

THE MEMENTO,

This Publication, which is to form a Duodecimo volume of about 200 pages, will include a selection of original sermons, strictures, poems, and sacred melodies; and as the author has used every effort to render it acceptable even to the eye of criticism, his patrons may anticipate an adequate return for the small expense of three shillings and nine pence per copy.

The Memento will be neatly executed, as to the mechanical part, done up in cloth, and delivered to Subscribers through the politeness of Agents appointed for that purpose.

Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

ALSO TO BE PUBLISHED,
THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Condensed and Simplified by the same Author.

This brief analysis is designed to facilitate the progress of the Student in the science of our native language, and will, doubtless, prove a valuable acquisition to Provincial schools and the Public generally. Several gentlemen of critical acumen have seen the work in MS., and honoured the fame with the most unqualified approbation.

Price 2s. per copy. 25 per cent discount allowed where one dozen, or upwards, are ordered by any one person.

P. S. Subscriptions for either of the above works received at the Pearl Office Halifax, or at the book-store of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay 16th. Feb..

JAMES VENABLES,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

BEGS leave to intimate to his Friends and the Public generally, that he has commenced the above Business in all its branches, in the shop in

Barrington Street,

Three doors south of Mr. Thomas Forrester's Stone Building, where he hopes by punctuality, moderate charges, and his endeavours to please, to merit a share of public patronage.

Halifax, April 5, 1838.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

Will be published every Friday evening, at the printing office of Wm. Cunnabell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and index.

TERMS: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and six-pence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of Six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names. All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance. Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.