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FIGHT BETWEEN A TURKISH AND GREEK VESSEL.

Miaulis gave the word to clear for action, and two nine-pounders on the fore-castle were brought to bear upon the Turk. He did not seem, however, to relish these distant hostilities, or the ignominy of retreating; but seeing that he was fully equal to us, and that there was no prospect of his being overpowered by the other vessels of the Greeks coming up; as the breeze was dying away, and they far astern, he gallantly hauled to the wind, clewed up his courses, hoisting at the same time his blood-red ensign, calmly awaited our approach.

Miaulis now briefly but emphatically addressed his men; they were mostly islanders, natives of Hydra and Ipsara, good seamen and brave fellows, and they answered him with cheers. It was evident, however, from the equality of force, and the gallant bearing of the Turk, that the action would be obstinate and bloody. We still kept bearing steadily down, the guns were cast loose, the boarding-pikes were arranged, and the men stood silently at their quarters, while old Miaulis, firm and collected, kept pacing slowly the quarter-deck, the captain, an old follower, and a lieutenant, standing by to execute his orders. Topmen were now sent aloft to reef double lifts, and preventer braces, and thus secure the yards. We were now within range of the ordinary metal of a sloop of war, and Miaulis immediately trimmed sails and altered his course, so as to traverse the enemy's course in a slanting direction. We had no sooner done this, than the Turk, who had evidently only reserved his fire till he thought he could do more execution, fired an ill-directed broadside, which did us little or no mischief. Our courses were now hauled up, and as the smoke rolled away, we had an uninterrupted view of our antagonist. She was a fine-looking corvette, apparently with a flush deck, presenting ten glittering brass cannon at a side; there was also a long brass swivel-piece amidships; her decks were densely crowded—indeed her crew must have outnumbered ours by more than half—their sabres and boarding-pikes glittered in the sun, and Miaulis felt certain that, with such a force, the infidels would try to carry us by the board, for which the Turks are nearly as formidable as the English, and therefore had invited us to close action.

Miaulis now determined on his tactics; the larboard guns were instantly loaded with grape and canister; and, with the starboard, the men were told to take steady aim at the masts and rigging. We were now within half cable's length, and Miaulis gave the word, "Fire!" At the same moment we received the broadside of the infidel, which killed a man at the gun I was standing near, and gave severe splinter wounds to several; a few suppressed groans were alone heard. The smoke rolled away, and Miaulis had the satisfaction of seeing that our fire had brought down the enemy's fore-topsail yard, which hung in the slings. In a moment he was up in the wind, and taken aback, and the confusion of the Turks was extreme.

"Ready about!" cried old Miaulis, leaping from the carronade slide, on which he had raised himself, and perceiving in an instant the situation of the enemy; "round with her, and stand steady to give the infidels a taste of our Grecian grape."

We ranged across the bows of the Turk, and ere he could recover himself, raked him with a broadside of these destructive missiles: the yell which rose from his crowded deck told its deadly effect. The Turk now managed to pay off, and gave us a partial broadside; but from the want of head-sail he broached to again next minute; and, once more, with a terrible discharge of grape and canister, we raked his decks fore and aft. We hove-to, and taking up our position on his bow, poured in broadside after broadside in quick succession. The main topmast of the infidels now fell over the side; but she fell off from the wind at the same time his broadside was brought to bear, and he obstinately renewed the engagement, and kept up a very heavy fire for some time; but our vessel had suffered but little in her rigging, so that we were in a condition to work round our antagonist, and we soon had dismounted several of his guns: the rest were but ill directed and badly served, and we soon had reduced him to a few random shots. He was at last silenced, and lay upon the waters a helpless and disabled wreck. Still he made no signs of striking; the Turkish ensign yet hung, though rent in ribbons from the peak; and as Miaulis did not think himself justified in daring to board, we continued to pour in broadside after broadside, without calling forth any further notice from the Turks. At last we observed a small Greek flag waving over the hammock nettings; and taking this for a signal of surrender, Miaulis steered closer to our antagonist, who was now evidently sinking, and a

boat being lowered down, the lieutenant and myself, with about a dozen men, leaped into it, and rowed on board the corvette.

On reaching her deck, a sight the most revolting and terrible I ever beheld was presented to me; the skippers literally ran with blood; the bulwarks were bespattered with brains and pieces of scalp; severed limbs were strewn about, and the entire decks covered with the dead or dying. The few wretches, not more than a dozen, who survived this carnage, rushed below as we gained the deck, with the exception of a haughty Mussulman, who stood aft, waving with fierce gestures his scimitar, while with the other hand he held the line by which the ensign was suspended; his rich garb and jewelled ataghan bespoke him the commander; and I was rushing forward with the rest, to contend for the honour of taking him, and hauling down the Turkish ensign, when a low moaning caught my ear, and stumbling over the prostrate bodies of the slain, my leg was clasped by some one lying amongst them. With a blow of my sabre I was about to shake off the encumbrance, when looking downward, who do I behold!—my lost preserver and faithful servant, Nicolo Vasi, blackened and disfigured, lying amongst a group of captive Greeks, chained to a dismantled gun; the small Greek flag which we had seen was in his grasp. To seize a handspike, prise up the gun-carriage, and loose the fetters of the unhappy boy, was about the work of a moment; he was free, and I was turning to look aft, where the desperate Mussulman, with his back to the taffrail, was engaged in a fierce encounter, keeping at bay all his assailants, when Nicolo seized me by the hand, and pulled me to the gangway. "Save yourself—O save yourself!" cried the boy, as with a violent effort he flung me overboard with himself; the next moment I was struggling in the sea, just as, with a terrific explosion, the Turkish corvette blew up.

It appeared, the Turks who survived the action, in consequence of a previous resolution, had blown themselves up sooner than surrender—a practice which, however desperate, is by no means uncommon in their naval history, and thus, for the second time, was the faithful Nicolo the preserver of my life.

* Numbers of Greek captives were found in this condition on board the Turkish ships at Navarino.

ST. EUSTACHE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

Captain Marryat happened to be in Canada at the breaking out of the late miserable insurrection, and he accompanied our troops to St. Eustache. The account of his short campaign is dreadful.

On the morning of the — the ice on the branch of the Ottawa river which we had to cross, being considered sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the artillery, the whole force marched out, under the command of Sir John Colborne in person, to reduce the insurgents, who had fortified themselves at St. Eustache and St. Benoit, two towns of some magnitude in the district of Bois Brulé. The snow, as I before observed, lay very deep; but by the time we started, the road had been well beaten down by the multitude which had preceded us.

The effect of the whole line of troops, in their fur caps and great coats, with the trains of artillery, ammunition, and baggage-waggons, as they wound along the snow-white road, was very beautiful. It is astonishing how much more numerous the force, and how much larger the men and horses appeared to be, from the strong contrast of their colours with the wide expanse of snow.

As we passed one of the branches of the Ottawa, one of the ammunition waggons falling through the ice, the horses were immediately all but choaked by the drivers—a precaution which was novel to me, and a singular method of saving their lives: but such was the case: the air within them, rarified by heat, inflated their bodies like balloons, and they floated high on the water. In this state they were easily disengaged from their traces, and hauled out upon the ice; the cords which had nearly strangled them were then removed, and, in a few minutes, they recovered sufficiently to be led to the shore.

Let it not be supposed that I am about to write a regular despatch. I went out with the troops, but was of about as much use as the fifth wheel of a coach; with the exception, that as I rode one of Sir John Colborne's horses, I was, perhaps, so far supplying the place of a groom who was better employed.

The town of St. Eustache is very prettily situated on the high banks of the river, the most remarkable object being the Catholic church, a very large massive building, raised about two hundred yards from the river side, upon a commanding situation. This

church the insurgents had turned into a fortress, and perhaps, for a fortress "d'occasion," there never was one so well calculated for a vigorous defence, it being flanked by two long stone-built houses, and protected in the rear by several lines of high and strong palisades, running down into the river. The troops halted about three hundred yards from the town, to reconnoitre; the artillery were drawn up and opened their fire, but chiefly with a view that the enemy, by returning the fire, might demonstrate their force and position. These being ascertained, orders were given by Sir John Colborne, so that in a short time the whole town would be invested by the troops. The insurgents perceiving this, many of them escaped, some through the town, others by the frozen river. Those who crossed on the ice were chased by the volunteer dragoons, and the slipping and tumbling of the pursued and the pursuers, afforded as much merriment as interest; so true it is, that anything ludicrous will make one laugh, in opposition to the feelings of sympathy, anxiety, and fear. Some of the runaways were cut down, and many more taken prisoners.

As soon as that portion of the troops which had entered the town and marched up the main street toward the church, arrived within half-musket shot, they were received with a smart volley, which was fired from the large windows of the church, and which wounded a few of the men. The soldiers were then ordered to make their approaches under cover of the houses; and the artillery being brought up, commenced firing upon the church: but the walls of the building were much too solid for the shot to make any impression, and had the insurgents stood firm they certainly might have given a great deal of trouble, and probably have occasioned a severe loss of men; but they became alarmed, and fired one of the houses which abutted upon and flanked the church,—this they did with the view of escaping under cover of the smoke. In a few minutes the church itself was obscured by the volumes of smoke thrown out; and at the same time that the insurgents were escaping, the troops marched up and surrounded the church. The poor wretches attempted to get away, either singly or by twos and threes; but the moment they appeared, a volley was discharged, and they fell. Every attempt was made by the officers to make prisoners, but with indifferent success; indeed, such was the exasperation of the troops at the murder of Lieut Weir, that it was a service of danger to attempt to save the life of one of these poor deluded creatures. The fire from the house soon communicated to the church. Chenier, the leader, with ten others, the remnant of the insurgents who were in the church, rushed out; there was one tremendous volley, and all was over.

By this time many other parts of the town were on fire, and there was every prospect of the whole of it being burnt down, leaving no quarters for the soldiers to protect them during the night. The attention of everybody was therefore turned to prevent the progress of the flames. Some houses were pulled down, so as to cut off the communication with the houses in the centre of the town, and in these houses the troops were billeted off. The insurgents had removed their families, and most of their valuables and furniture, before our arrival; but in one house were the commissariat stores, consisting of carcasses of all the cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., which they had taken from the loyal farmers; there was a very large supply, and the soldiers were soon cooking in all directions. The roll was called, men mustered, and order established.

The night was bitterly cold: the sky was clear, and the moon near to her full: houses were still burning in every direction, but they were as mere satellites to the lofty church, which was now one blaze of fire, and throwing out volumes of smoke, which passed over the face of the bright moon, and gave to her a lurid reddish tinge, as if she too had assisted in these deeds of blood. The distant fires scattered over the whole landscape, which was one snow-wreath; the whirling of the smoke from the houses which were burning close to us, and which, from the melting of the snow, were surrounded by pools of water, reflecting the fierce yellow flames, mingled with the pale beams of the bright moon—this, altogether, presented a beautiful, novel, yet melancholy panorama. I thought it might represent, in miniature, the burning of Moscow.

About midnight, when all was quiet, I walked up to the church, in company with one of Sir John Colborne's aides-de-camp: the roof had fallen, and the flames had subsided for want of further aliment. As we passed by a house which had just taken fire, we heard a cry, and, on going up, found a poor wounded Canadian, utterly incapable of moving, whom the flames had just reached in a few minutes he would have been burned alive: we dragged him out, and gave him in charge of the soldiers, who carried him to the hospital.

But what was this compared to the scene which presented itself in the church! But a few weeks back, crowds were there, kneeling in adoration and prayer; I could fancy the Catholic priests in their splendid stoles, the altar, its candlesticks and ornaments, the solemn music, the incense, and what did I now behold?—nothing but the bare and blackened walls, the glowing beams and rafters, and the window-frames which the flames still licked and flickered through. The floor had been burnt to cinders, and upon and between the sleepers on which the floor had been laid, were scattered the remains of human creatures, injured in various degrees, or destroyed by the fire; some with merely the clothes burnt off, leaving the naked body; some burnt to a deep brown tinge; others so far consumed that the viscera were exposed; while here and there the blackened ribs and vertebra were all that the fierce flames had spared.

Not only inside of the church, but without its walls, was the same revolting spectacle. In the remains of the small building used as a receptacle for the coffins previous to interment, were several bodies heaped one upon another, and still burning, the tressels which had once supported the coffins serving as fuel; and farther off were bodies still unscathed by fire, but frozen hard by the severity of the weather.

PARKS OF LONDON.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

This seat, on the southern bank of the canal, nearly midway between the eastern and western extremities of the Park, affords one of the best points of view, embracing the whole extent of the enclosure, from the parade at one end to the esplanade at the other. How boldly and well the Horse Guards fills up the view to our right! There it stands—a plain, honest, erect, downright military structure, on parade, as straight and as stiff as one of its own sentinels on duty. It is not, certainly, a handsome building, but it has the look of being adapted to the business transacted within it; and if it does not please the eye, assuredly does not disgust it, like its gingerbread friend on the opposite side. Behind the Horse Guards we can just see the towering dome of St. Paul's—northward, the light and elegant spire of St. Martin's is visible over the Admiralty—and near it arises, in high contrast, the mustard-pot of the National Gallery—the pepper-boxes not being in this point of view visible. More to the westward, we have Carlton House Terrace, with the column erected to the memory of the late Duke of York—the dense foliage of the trees in the Mall shut out the palace of St. James's, the residence of the Queen Dowager, and the magnificent mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, from our view.

THE GREEN PARK.

We next propose to circumambulate, strolling leisurely up the eastern acclivity, to the reservoir—thence descending the shady, and, but for the racket of the neighboring Piccadilly, retired walk down to where Rosamond's Pond was formerly situated, and where a number of unbrageous elms still encircle the spot; thence, ascending once again by the ranger's house, with its tastefully laid out enclosure, we emerge on the far famed Constitution Hill, and pause a while to look about us. This little park has its own peculiar beauties—lies well open to the south, and possesses, in a very limited space, an agreeable undulation of surface; from hence, we see the "Buckingham Palace" to least disadvantage, and have a fine view of the low-lying St. James's Park; behind which rise, in lofty majesty, the twin towers of Westminster Abbey, giving dignity and elevation to the view. Over the Queen's Garden, of which we are permitted barely a glimpse, the Surrey hills are dimly visible above the conglomerated accumulation of habitations that make up the bulk of Pimlico.

On a sunny summer's afternoon, the view from this spot is one of great animation—the royal standard floats lazily over the arch of Buckingham Palace, in the front of which thousands of well-dressed persons of both sexes are congregated, in patient expectation of her Majesty's return from her usual ride. Myriads are everywhere reclining on the green sward, while the privileged classes, having the *entree* of St. James's Park, are careering in their carriages and on horseback towards the grand point of social attraction—the magic circle of fashion in Hyde Park.

The magnificent approach to London by Hyde Park Corner, is seen from this place to the greatest advantage—the triumphal arch on this side—the noble entrance to Hyde Park on that, with the colossal statue of Achilles seen through one of the arches—the long line of noble mansions in Piccadilly, terminated towards the Park by Apsley House.

HYDE PARK.

"The scenery of this Park is very pleasing, and its natural beauties will be greatly heightened when the plantations made in it lately have reached maturity. The Serpentine River at the west end is a fine sheet of water, formed by Queen Caroline in the year 1730, by enclosing the head of the stream, which, taking its rise to the north-west of Bayswater, on the Uxbridge Road, passes through Kensington Gardens and this Park, and falls into the Thames near Ranelagh.

"On the north side of the Serpentine River, is a cluster of houses for the keepers and deputy-rangers of the Park, which, by being built on the edge of a grove of tall oaks, forms a pleasing and picturesque object in the landscape. The one nearest the river is built of timber and plaster, and is of considerable antiquity. It was known by the name of the Cake House in the beginning of the last century, and probably much earlier. In the garden belonging to this house is the building erected by the Home Secretary, as a receiving-house for such as are unfortunately drowned in the neighboring river.

"At the north-west corner of this park is a very beautiful enclosed eminence, called Buckden Hill, which, being only separated from Kensington Gardens by a ha-ha—seems to be only a part of it. On the declivity of this hill is a grove, in which are two chalybeate springs. There is a footpath across the road to Kensington Gardens.

"On the south side of the Park are very handsome barracks for the Royal Horse Guards. And on this side are two carriage-roads to Kensington, one of which is better known by the name of Rotten Row.

"These have become the resort of the fashionable world instead of the ring, and are much resorted to on Sundays.

"The open part of the Park was much resorted to till lately for the field-days and reviews of the horse and foot guards, as also for the volunteers, by which the sward of it was so much injured that it had become a dry sandy plain, with scarcely a vestige of verdure. At present, however, these exercises are forbidden, and the surface of the Park is sown with grass seeds, and covered with the mud from the bed of the Serpentine river, which will restore it to its pristine beauty."

This is truly a noble place—more extensive than the Green Park and the park of St. James's put together. It unites the gentle and varied diversity of surface of the one, with the umbrageous shade of the other. The trees, too, have dignity in their decay, and the *tout ensemble* is that of a park of some noble house in the olden time—a thing not to be manufactured in a hurry. What a mob of people in carriages and on horseback; and what an admiring congregation of envious pedestrians, who console themselves for the want of an equipage in finding fault with the equipages of others, and flattering themselves when they do have a turn-out, they will do the trick in a superior style!

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

They are now three and a half miles in circumference. The broad way which extends from the palace along the south side of the gardens, is in the spring a very fashionable promenade, especially on Sunday mornings. The present extent of these gardens is somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, with eight acres of water, occupying a circular pond to the west of the palace—Kensington Gardens have an air more park-like, more secluded, than any of the other public walks of the metropolis, and afford a more unbroken shelter from the noonday heat. Here is a solitude, a seclusion, as complete as can be wished for in the immediate vicinity of a great city; the noise, confusion, and racket of the mighty Babylon close by, is lost in the distance, save when the booming Bell of St. Paul's is heard to thunder forth the fleeting hour. The trees here are more numerous, more lofty, and cast a greater breadth of shade than in the Parks; but then, regarded individually, they are comparatively insignificant. The grounds are skilfully laid out, partly in the Dutch, partly in the English taste, which combination of the artificial formal, with the more natural irregular style, when clearly executed, forms the perfection of landscape-gardening. This union of grandeur and breadth of effect with a certain degree of natural arrangement has been very well hit off in these gardens—the long, unbroken regular avenues of sward, with the dense columnar masses of foliage between, have something majestic in the appearance; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, bronze sarcophagi, and spouting monsters, relieves the scene from that constrained and artificial appearance that attends the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

The view from the centre of this broad walk, exactly in front of the Palace, is one of the finest afforded anywhere in the vicinity of the metropolis. The trees, drawn up in close column, like a rifle brigade of his Majesty the Emperor of Brobdingnag—the vistas between extending far away into the shady distance—the verdure of the sward, which is here more luxuriant and unbroken than in the Parks—the air of quiet and seclusion that is breathed over the scene, make it altogether superior to anything the vicinity of towns can afford to the eye wearied with a universe of brick and mortar.

In the fashionable season, when the military bands assemble here for practice, which they usually do on every Tuesday and Friday, from four to six in the afternoon, near the bridge of the Serpentine, the concourse of fashionable people is immense, and the scene altogether of great animation.

REGENT'S PARK.

Although the newest of the Parks, this, even in its present immature state, is the most beautiful of any, and will become more and more so every succeeding year. It might with propriety be called the Park of Reunion, combining, as it does, all the ex-

cellences of all the public walks of the metropolis—extent—variety of prospect and of scenery—noble walks, of imposing breadth and longitudinal extent—a surface gently and pleasantly undulated—ornamental water—villas, encircled each by its little paradise of pleasure-ground—and, for its years a very considerable quantity of shade.

The most beautiful portion of the Park is, as might be expected, that portion to the north, which is hardly interfered with by the hand of art, and where the natural disposition of the ground has scope to show itself;—whereas, wherever the hand of Mr. John Nash is manifest, beauty is at once exchanged for artificial littleness, as in his greater and his lesser circuses, his ornamental bridges over puddles four feet wide, his Swiss cottages, and his terraces crowned with cupolas, that convey to the mind of the spectator the idea of a grotesque giant in his dressing-gown and night-cap. By far the most extensive and varied view within the limits of this delightful retreat, is that from the rising ground immediately above the master's lodge of St. Catharine's Hospital, embracing to the northward the gentle rise of Primrose Hill—behind it, the thickly wooded Hampstead, and its sister hill—close to your feet, the Babel of inarticulate sounds that greets your ears, indicates that modern Ark of Noah—the Zoological Gardens.

THE EAST.

The Christian, when he thinks of the East, remembers "the Man of sorrows, who was acquainted with grief"—follows him in his wanderings in the Holy land—gazes on that bright star of Bethlehem, which led the Eastern sages and the Eastern shepherds to a stable and an infant—listens to the sayings of him "who spake as never man spake," on the Sea of Galilee, on the Lake of Gennesaret, on the Mount of Olives, and in the Temple of Jerusalem—weeps at the Cross of Calvary, and in the Garden of Gethsemane, and treads with hallowed awe those plains, or ascends with sacred rapture those mountains, which were once gazed on by that eye which ever beamed love and mercy, and which was itself moistened with tears, when He wept at the grave of Lazarus, or over the then future fate of the Holy City. The pious Jew, when he thinks of the East, remembers that there the first man was created—that there dwelt the first long-lived patriarchs, and the descendants of Noah till long after the Deluge—and that there the great monarchies of Assyria, Babylon, and Persia, were founded and flourished. He remembers the land of Judea or Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Assyria, Arabia, and Egypt. Palestine is pre-eminently dear to him. There the kingdoms of Israel and Judah flourished—there the temple of God was erected by King Solomon—there most of the inspired Scriptures were written—and there, in after ages, one arose who accomplished the all-important work of human redemption, and the Apostles of the Saviour were supernaturally qualified to go forth among all nations to preach the gospel of eternal salvation to a lost and ruined world. In the East, lay the land of Canaan, the land of promise to Abraham and his family, the land of Palestine, named after the Philistines, and that land of Judea, from the tribe of Judah possessing its most fertile division, now more commonly called the Holy Land, as there the ministry of Christ was exercised, and there the obedience, and death, and resurrection, and ascension of our Redeemer took place for our eternal salvation.

What Christian can hear of Syria, and think of Antioch, now Antachia, without remembering that it was there that the Christians were first so called after their Divine master?

There were the mighty Babylon, the humble Bethany, the celebrated Bethsaida, the hill of Calvary, the Cann of Galilee, the well-remembered Capernaum, the rivulet Kedron, the lamented Chorazin, the distinguished Corinth, the famous Damascus, the cities of Decapolis, the beloved Emmaus, the adored Galilee, the awful Golgotha, the destroyed Gomorrah, the often mentioned Jericho, the four-hilled Jerusalem, the dear and worshipped Nazareth, the ancient and venerable Nineveh, the Patmos, so interesting to our earliest astonishment, the Samaria, whose daughter's history has so often been perused with delight, the Sarepta, with whose widow we are so familiar, the Siloam, whose healing waters we have heard of from our infancy, the Sheba, whose Queen has surprised us by her unbounded riches, the Sinai and the Horeb of another dispensation, the Zion, whose children's songs shall constitute the music of heaven, the Sodom, whose destruction we mourn over, the Tarsus, whose Saul afterwards became the glorious apostle of the Gentiles, and the Mount Tabor of Palestine, on which, in very deed, transpired the scene of the Transfiguration.

The philosopher, whether natural or moral, the poet, the linguist, the lover of arts and sciences, the antiquarian, the painter, the sculptor, the historian of ancient days and of bygone centuries, all seek in the records, monuments, and recollections of the East, materials for their minds, tastes, and occupations; and drawing from those vast storehouses of knowledge and of facts, they enrich our libraries, adorn our galleries, and excite a livelier piety in our houses and in our temples.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

"MY FISHING GROUND,"

Is the title of a quite Irving-like essay, in the August Kinckerbocker.—The following passages are natural and happy.

"A little way from my dwelling, is a deep valley, through which, tumbling from fall to fall, a clear stream pursues its way; murmuring fitfully, as the breezes swell and die along its borders. Its banks are green for a narrow space on each side, and the hills which rise around are thickly wooded to the top. There is one dark, deep pool, where the water whirls around the twisted roots of an old tree, which appears to be the rendezvous of all the piscatorial tribe that navigate that way, a kind of stopping-place—a haven of debate and consultation. Here sports the trout, 'bedropt with gold;' the 'shiner,' bright as a bar of silver; the indolent 'sucker,' rolling from side to side, with an easy motion; the 'flatfish,' bristling like an angry dog; each intent upon his own business; some putting out of port, and some darting in; keeping, continually, a busy excitement in the little community.

"Here I sit upon the fragrant grass, and pursue my sports; and I have become so familiar with the spot and its inhabitants, that I am grown to be quite a philosopher, as well as angler.

"Upon the hill above me, day after day, an easy, good-natured, cow, with a bell attached to her neck, goes tink-tink-tong; tink-tink, long-tong; passing the whole of her time in the labor of eating. She has worn a winding path down to the brook, down which she marches, with great gravity, for a little refreshment. Sometimes, when the heat is oppressive, she carries a while, and seems quite pleased at my sports. She is a very decent, well-behaved, well-disposed animal, of good character, and industrious habits.

"A large frog, with a green surtout and dark breeches, sits just opposite, looking exceedingly malicious, and apparently swelling with rage. He seems never to consider himself quite secure on land, and stands ready at any moment for a spring. 'Juggero—juggero! plump!'—and away he goes. This frog is the most distant and unsocial of all my animal acquaintance.

"But the whole wood is alive with birds. They assemble in the cool depth of the valley, where the air is tempered by the running water, and sing together their thousand melodies. I have watched them as they came dashing along into their shelter, and welcomed them, as a hermit a way traveller.

"There is the robbin, with his breast of gold, looking rather grave, and singing plaintively, with an air of concern about him. He is troubled about many things, but chiefly, where he shall build his nest; and he flits from tree to tree, followed by his mate curiously examining every crotch; and then, dashing to the earth, he trips along to see what timber there is at hand, to rear his mansion. He seems to have a forethought; and being thus chastened down is devoid of all giddiness and folly. There is something soft and touching in his music, as he sings in the twilight of the evening, when the forest is still, and all around, the landscape fades into indistinctness.

"But the 'fire-bird,' or golden robin, a gay relation of the red-breast, is a wild, dashing fellow. Away he goes, blazing through the trees; perfectly reckless; bobbing around with a jerk; then back, and off the next moment in a tangent. He appears to be the busiest mortal alive; but, like some men who are always in a hurry, he accomplishes but little. He cuts a great figure with his fire-red suit, and shows a good taste in building a hanging-nest, where he lies and swings, as the breezes may blow; taking his own comfort in his own way. I like the company of this little coquette exceedingly.

"Just opposite, a wood-pecker makes his daily appearance upon the trunk of an enormous tree, where he hammers away for hours together. He is as white as milk, with black stripes down his back, and a head as red as fire. He is a most industrious fellow. While all the birds around are intoxicated with joy, he keeps as busy at his mechanical work as a tinker at an old kettle. There is no poetry in the wood-pecker, I am sure. All seasons are alike to him. He is a practical body—a regular 'worky;' a bird of substantial parts, but after all, a very clever fellow.

"But the owl is a dozy chap! There he sits, on the left—a knob of feathers; winking at my fish line, and looking as wise as a magistrate with a wig. What a dreamy life he passes! all the day in a brown study. A venerable looking blockhead, but a great coward, is the owl. In the morning and evening twilight, he sallies out for his food, when other birds, of temperate habits, are at rest.

"Of all the birds that keep me company, in my excursions, commend me to the whip-poor-will. At the dusk of evening, he fills the whole wood with his melody; so plaintive and tender, soothing and solitary. His very voice speaks a lonely language, as it rings through the valley. It is a language familiar to all, and finds a responsive chord in every bosom; and as he prolongs his melodies late at night, he has the whole habitable landscape around for listeners. He is a romantic little fellow; a hermit, and revels in solitude; a poetical bird, if such there be; a poet of the heart, rather than of the imagination; and he is 'popular,' wherever he is known. Give me the soothing voice of the whip-poor-will!

NIAGARA ON THE SABBATH.

I cannot attempt any description. Profound and speechless is the admiration, no, not admiration—which swells and throbs in my full heart, as I stand and hear the everlasting roar of its mighty waters, and look upon its heavenward foamings as they seem to rise in pure and snowy incense to the throne of the Eternal. Upward they go in an unceasing and magnificent strain of glad adoration to 'Him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand,' and the soft chorus of the angel-tongued solitudes around join in an anthem of praise in which no note of discord, no voice of discontent may be heard.

'We praise thee, O God, we bless thee and magnify thee,' seem to be forever the loud shoutings of their glad worship, as day and night they send up their unsullied hymns of joy. No cares and anxieties of life, no sorrows, no troubles, no fears, no earthly hopes or impure feelings may here intrude, for the soul is wrapt up and lost in the absorbing contemplation of that all-powerful Spirit who reveals himself in such fearful and terrible grandeur. I would that a temple greater than Jerusalem's pride might here arise, to which all the nations of the earth might come up, and the great Te Deum of the congregated Universe, be chanted by hearts purified and exalted by such an exhibition of a power which knows no limit. Humble thankfulness pervades my whole being, that I am permitted to behold it; and gratitude, deep, and fervent, arises to that beneficent Creator who had implanted a spark of his own eternal essence within this tabernacle of clay, and imbued it with faculties and feelings which may appreciate the beautiful, the grand and the sublime. I feel that it can be no selfish enjoyment, for, could I bring together the tribes of the earth, they should stand with me and gaze upon Niagara till the loud shout of glory to God should burst from every swelling heart, and rend the veil of the heavens. It is the tracery of the Almighty's fingers—it is the choir he had set upon the earth ever to praise him for his goodness and mercy in erecting so joyous and beautiful a world. Amid its foam has he set the everlasting bow of promise, bright with one stream of radiance such as surrounds his throne, and which we may look upon, and remember that his word fails not to man. No impress of sin is upon it—it is white and pure, ever rushing onward and onward, as when he poured it out from before his presence.

This is the Sabbath, the holy Sabbath of rest, and I have spent its peaceable hours in gazing upon this awfully sublime spectacle; and sure I am that no sermon from man, could more effectually have banished the world with its frivolities, and elevated me to the lofty contemplation of the supreme character, than this.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE PARIS HELLS.

We extract the following from the Address of the King's Advocate, delivered on the 12th inst. at the Paris Tribunal of Correction, in the prosecution of one of the keepers of one of the Palais Royal gambling houses.—*Albany Advertiser.*

"When the law against gambling houses was promulgated, all honest men eulogised the measure. There was not a family who did not secretly bless a decision, which closed these dangerous dens, where the fortunes and honour of so many unhappy beings were swallowed up. It was hoped that the passion of gambling, that flame which burns and devours, would expire of itself, from the moment it found no more food nor victims. This hope, unfortunately, was of short duration. New dens were opened by cupidity to those skillful swindlers, those thieves of dashing appearance, those dissolute women whom their dissipation has compelled to seek resources in play, of which their guilty dexterity knows how to correct the evil chance. Complaints, numerous and energetic, have reached the government. A number of the young men enticed into those infamous haunts, have been in a short time wholly ruined. With several, ruin brought on suicide; and here, gentlemen, our duty compels us to add another bloody page to the history of play.

"An Englishman named Jacobson, possessed of £12,000 a year, had lost all of it at play. He resolved to proceed to France, to destroy himself, as he said, in his declaration to the Judge d'Instruction. A sum of £30 was all that was left him, and with it he could live some days more. His ill luck took him to the Varieties Theatre. He was in the saloon when two women came up to him, and conducted him to the house of the individual who now stands at your bar. There he lost his £30. Next day he repaired to Courbevoie, entered a restaurant, took a copious dinner, drank various wines, then cut his veins with a razor. Fortunately for him, the fumes of the wine rendered his hand unsteady. He was found bathed in blood, but still breathing; the attention immediately paid to him, through the zeal and humanity of the mayor of Courbevoie, recalled him to life." The King's advocate then dwelt on the many suicides which had taken place at Paris, and been all of them caused by losses at playing, adding, "I can mention but some out of this fearful catalogue:

"The wife of a highly respectable merchant of Paris, after compromising the fortune of her husband through losses which have been rated at one hundred and fifty thousand francs, separated from him and with her son retired to London. There she became

a teacher, and made some savings, when, on her return to France, her fatal passion revived, and misery being superadded to despair, she destroyed herself with poison.

"Need I mention that a young man, twenty-eight years old, having squandered at play his little fortune of thirty thousand francs, and wrested nineteen thousand more from his mother's weakness, has blown his brains out.

"Alas! gentleman, it was but a few days ago, as you well know, that the paymaster of a regiment, quartered at Paris, destroyed himself after thirty years of honourable service. My hand trembled when I had to sign the permit for burying this other victim of play."

THE LAST CRUISE.

Early on the 14th of August, 1790, two gentlemen were walking over the Downs, above the little fishing village of Broadstairs, now promoted to the dignity of a watering place. It was beautiful harvest weather—a bright sun and a cloudless sky; the dew was still sparkling on the short turf and furze bushes, while a light breeze from the west gave freshness to the morning air, and life to the glittering sea below. "Capital day for our sail, M'Causland," remarked one of the pedestrians, as they made their way down to the shore.

"O elegant!" replied his comrade, "we might cross to Holland in Simpson's boat, and never wet a thread."

Simpson, however, was not of the same way of thinking; he spoke doubtfully of the weather, and proposed a trip towards Deal instead of round the Foreland. An old weather-beaten tar, on being appealed to, twisted his quid and slewed his eye round knowingly before giving it as his opinion that the wind had shifted a point to south'ard since morning, and it was like enough to blow a gale from sou'west afore sundown.

"Cowan, my good fellow, d'ye hear that?" said M'Causland. "Faith and honour! I don't know but we may as well go Deal way, at any rate."

"Nonsense, man," replied his friend, drawing him aside, "they think the wind is shifting to the south, and want to save themselves the trouble of beating up against it; no, no, we will round the Foreland."

The two friends stepped astern, the men followed, and in a few minutes the fishing boat shot away from the rocky coast, and danced gaily over a short cockling sea. The old sailor watched it for a while, then thrust his hand into his pea-jacket, and turned away with an ominous shake of the head.

Nothing is more singular than the rapidity with which a storm will sometimes gather, even in our temperate latitudes. The sunlight grows pale and sickly—clouds are suddenly formed, we know not how—the wind blows fitfully—by degrees a black scowl settles on every thing—there are a few drops of rain, then a fierce squall, and then—down comes the torrent, with its flashes of lightning and peals of thunder.

"'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo Terror to delight us."

But the tempest brings no pleasure to the fisherman's wife or child. Many on this eventful day were the anxious hearts that watched for the return of those near and dear to them, and many did return safe to the sheltering harbour, but Simpson was not among them. Others, after suffering the torture of apprehension for days, were relieved by hearing of their friends' safety in some port along the coast; but no such tidings reached Simpson's family. Weeks passed away, in the same dreary suspense, and at length even the fisherman's widow was convinced of her husband's death. Whether the unfortunate men were sunk at once by the storm, or driven on the rocks and dashed to pieces, or blown out to sea and starved, is beyond even conjecture; not a fragment of the boat, not a shred of her sails, was ever discovered, and of her doomed crew not one was ever heard of more.

"If you don't accept my challenge," said one gentleman of honor to another, "I will gazette you—so take your choice." "Go ahead," said the other, "I had rather fill six gazettes than one coffin."

If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degrading thoughts; if they only realized how frightful were the moral deformities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul, they would shun them as the bite of a serpent.

CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT.—Blackberry Syrup.—This syrup is said to be almost specific for the summer complaint. In 1832 it was successful in more than one case of cholera. The fruit is now ripe, and the present is the proper time to make it:

To 2 quarts of juice of blackberries, add
1 lb. of loaf sugar, Half oz. nutmegs, half oz. alspice.
Boil all together for a short time, and when cold add a pint of fourth proof brandy.

From a tea spoonful to a wine glass, according to the age of the patient, till relieved, is to be given

APPEARANCE OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

The character of the valley seemed to answer to the name; the slumber of past ages apparently reigned over it; it had not awakened to the stir of improvement, which had put all the rest of the world in a bustle. Here reigned good old long-forgotten fashions; the men were in homespun garbs, evidently the product of their own farms, and the manufacture of their own wives; the women were in primitive short gowns and petticoats, with the venerable sun-bonnets of Holland origin. The lower part of the valley was cut up into small farms, each consisting of a little meadow and corn-field; an orchard of sprawling gnarled apple-trees, and a garden, where the rose, the marigold, and the hollyhock were permitted to skirt the domains of the capacious cabbage, the aspiring pea, and the portly pumpkin. Each had its prolific little mansion teeming with children; with an old hat nailed against the wall for the house-keeping wren; a motherly hen under a coop on the grass-plot, clucking to keep around her a brood of vagrant chickens; a cool stone well, with the moss-covered bucket suspended to the long balancing-pole, according to the antediluvian idea of hydraulics; and its spinning-wheel humming within doors the patriarchal music of home manufacture.

The Hollow at this time was inhabited by families which had existed there from the earliest times, and which, by frequent marriage, had become so interwoven, as to make a kind of natural commonwealth. As the families had grown larger, the farms had grown smaller, every new generation requiring a new subdivision, and few thinking of swarming from the native hive. In this way that happy golden mean had been produced, so much extolled by the poets, in which there was no gold, and very little silver. One thing which doubtless contributed to keep up this amiable mean was a general repugnance to sordid labour. The sage inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow had read in their Bible, which was the only book they studied, that labour was originally inflicted upon man as a punishment for sin; they regarded it, therefore, with pious abhorrence, and never humiliated themselves to it but in cases of extremity. There seemed, in fact, to be a league and covenant against it throughout the Hollow, as against a common enemy. Was any one compelled by dire necessity to repair his house, mend his fences, build a barn, or get in a harvest, he considered it a great evil, that entitled him to call in the assistance of his friends. He accordingly proclaimed a "bee," or rustic gathering; whereupon all his neighbours hurried to his aid, like faithful allies, attacked the task with the desperate energy of lazy men eager to overcome a job; and when it was accomplished, fell to eating and drinking, fiddling and dancing, for very joy that so great an amount of labor had been vanquished with so little sweating of the brow.

Yet let it not be supposed that this worthy community was without its periods of arduous activity. Let but a flock of wild pigeons fly across the valley, and all Sleepy Hollow was wide awake in an instant. The pigeon season had arrived: every gun and net was forthwith in requisition. The snail was thrown down on the barn floor, the spade rusted in the garden, the plough stood idle in the furrow; every one was to the hill-side and stubble-field at day-break, to shoot or entrap the pigeons in their periodical migrations.

So, likewise, let the word be given that the shad were ascending the Hudson, and the worthies of the Hollow were to be seen launched in boats upon the river, setting great stakes, and stretching their nets, like gigantic spider-webs, half across the stream, to the great annoyance of navigators. Such are the wise provisions of Nature, by which she equalizes rural affairs. A laggard at the plough is often extremely industrious with the fowling-piece and fishing-net; and whenever a man is an indifferent farmer, he is apt to be a first-rate sportsman. For catching shad and wild pigeons, there were none throughout the country to compare with the lads of Sleepy Hollow.

CONGREGATION OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

The congregation in those days was of a really rural character. City fashions were as yet unknown, or unregarded, by the country people of the neighbourhood. Steam-boats had not as yet confounded town with country. A weekly market-boat from Tarrytown, the "Farmer's Daughter," navigated by the worthy Gabriel Requa, was the only communication between all these parts and the metropolis. A rustic belle in those days considered a visit to the city in much the same light as one of our modern fashionable ladies regards a visit to Europe; an event that may take place once in the course of a lifetime, but to be hoped for rather than expected. Hence the array of the congregation was chiefly after the primitive fashions existing in Sleepy Hollow; or if by chance there was a departure from the Dutch sun-bonnet, or the apparition of a bright gown of flowered calico, it caused quite a sensation throughout the church. As the dominie generally preached by the hour, a bucket of water was providentially placed on a bench near the door in summer, with a tin cup beside it, for the solace of those who might be athirst, either from the heat of the weather or the drouth of the sermon.

Around the pulpit, and behind the communion-table, sat the elders of the church, reverend, grey-headed, leathern-visaged men, whom I regarded with awe, as so many apostles. They were stern in their sanctity, kept a vigilant eye upon my giggling companions and myself, and shook a rebuking finger at any boyish de-

vice to relieve the tediousness of compulsory devotion. Vain, however, were all their efforts at vigilance. Scarcely had the preacher held forth for half an hour, in one of his interminable sermons, than it seemed as if the drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow breathed into the place: one by one the congregation sank into slumber; the sanctified elders leaned back in their pews, spreading their handkerchiefs over their faces, as if to keep off the flies; while the locusts in the neighbouring trees would spin out their sultry summer notes, vieing with the sleep-provoking tones of the dominie.—*Washington Irving—Knickerbocker.*

THE RUINED CHURCH.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Beneath thy roof, no eager throng
List to Salvation's word,
It only echoes to the song
Of the wild forest bird;
Around thy doors a mournful wreath
Of shrouded ivy falls,
And flowers a fleeting fragrance breathe,
Amid thy crumbling walls.

Yet when thy ruined walls I view,
How easy it appears
Each peaceful image to renew
Of long departed years!
Thy silvery bells are heard around,
As once they used to be,
Filling the soft air with the sound
Of Sabbath melody.

The villagers pursue their way
Along the primrose glade,
The lisping child, the patriarch gray,
The matron and the maid—
They enter at the open door,
They meekly take their place,
And God's assistance they implore
To bless the words of grace.

Long years have passed—that rustic train
Now lie in Death's cold thrall,
And few, or none, perchance, remain
To sorrow for thy fall;
Yet are the truths of little worth,
They heard and treasured here?
No, no,—they raised their souls from earth,
To reach a holier sphere.

And I am wrong to gaze in gloom
Upon thy dull decay,
Knowing thou art no common dome
To fade with time away;
And though to thee it be not given
Through future years to last,
The spirits of the just in heaven
Bear witness of thy past.

MESSRS. CHAMBERS'S SOIREE.

MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

We delight in any thing that has a tendency to unite more closely the relation between two important classes of men—the employers and the employed—whose interests are, in fact, reciprocal and the same, and who are mutually necessary to each other. The capital of the one would be valueless if it were not productively employed: the labour of the other would be unproductive of any good to any party, and would be also valueless, if there were not capital to set it in motion. The master and men are like husband and wife: their interests are indissolubly connected, and cannot even be imagined to be distinct or separate—certainly never in opposition to each other. When profits are high, wages will also be high. When profits are low, wages will be affected accordingly, and be also low. The two parties, we repeat, are as husband and wife. They have to journey through life together; and it should be the desire, as it is the interest, of both parties, not to fall out or quarrel by the way, but to make their journey as pleasant, as light, and as happy, as possible. Of the truth of this beautiful principle, our distinguished and excellent townsmen, the Messrs. Chambers and their numerous respectable workmen, seem fully aware. They severally see that their interests are identical, and cannot be separated without injury to both. The one party are industrious, trustworthy, attentive, and faithful, ignorant of what is called eye-service, but most hearty and cordial in their work, knowing that, while by this means they consult the best interests of their employers, they are, at the same time, most powerfully and directly promoting their own best interests, happiness, and respectability. The other party are enterprising in business, kind and courteous to those in their employment, being aware that, while they are thus realizing their own interests in the most effectual manner, they are; at the

same time, promoting the welfare and improving the condition of the numerous persons to whom in this way they are in the way of affording respectable employment. Last year, as mentioned by us at the time, the Messrs. Chambers invited all the persons in their great establishment to a Soiree, which went off in a way equally delightful to all parties, and which had a tendency to knit more closely the tie which binds them together in the reciprocal and interesting relation of employers and employed. A second Soiree was, on Thursday last, given by the Messrs. Chambers; and Mr. William Chambers, who acted as Chairman on the occasion, intimated that he hoped to see his friends next year at a similar entertainment. The meeting took place in one of the large rooms, or rather halls, of the printing establishment; and while Mr. William Chambers admirably discharged the duties of Chairman, those of Croupier were no less admirably performed by his brother, Mr. Robert Chambers. The company consisted of about 160 persons, including several friends whom the Messrs. Chambers had invited to join the pleasant party. After tea and coffee had been served, the chairman made an address to his men full of the finest moral feeling, and the soundest principle, characterized by good taste in every respect, and delivered in the most modest, becoming, and ingratiating manner. He gave discriminating praise to all, even to the youngest, and mentioned by name the heads of departments, whose conduct in their several spheres, he characterized in a manner which must have been as gratifying to these respectable functionaries to hear, as it was honourable to the person by whom the compliment was paid. Mr. Chambers before sitting down, entered into some curious and important details as to the literary department of the establishment, of which we will give a few specimens. It appears that "Chambers's Journal" has been more flourishing last year than at any former period; that it has occupied no less than 3,740,000 sheets of paper during the last twelvemonth, or in other words that its average weekly circulation has been 71,923; and that their other works have occupied 1,500,000 sheets, making a grand total of 5,200,000 sheets during the year! To give the information in another shape, we may state that, during the by-gone twelvemonth, the Messrs. Chambers have printed 10,833 reams of paper; the cost of which, before printing, being no less than about £11,000 sterling. These facts, which are no less extraordinary than gratifying, require no comment. As they are honourable to the talents and public spirit of the Messrs. Chambers, they must afford delight to every one who takes an interest in the moral and intellectual improvement of his species. Mr. Chambers also stated that, owing to what are foolishly called protecting duties, or rather to a prohibitory duty of a shilling per lb. on all printed books imported into the United States, "Chambers's Journal" cannot be sent by the proprietors across the Atlantic; and that the edition published in New York costs *two pence-halfpenny* per number, instead of three halfpence as in this country; a fact which powerfully shows the pernicious effects of restrictions on trade. The chairman also stated that he bought, at Brussels, a copy of Lamartine's *Travel in the East* for 6s. 3d.; and that, after paying for getting it translated, the Messrs. Chambers are about to publish an edition which they could sell at 3s. 9d. or *half-a-crown cheaper than it cost in Belgium*. This is the more remarkable, as the book being originally published in Paris, the Belgian publishers had not to pay any copy-right, no more than the Messrs. Chambers, while the latter have to disburse a considerable sum as the expense of translation. Wages are lower in Brussels than in this country, the wages of a compositor being 10s. per week, and those of a pressman 12s. So that the great superiority we enjoy over both our Continental and American friends is owing to the greater ability of our workmen, to our improved machinery, and to our cheapness of paper, resulting partly from our superior paper-making machinery, and to rags being allowed to be imported into this country free of duty.

Such are some of the important statements made by Mr. Chambers. Mr. Forsyth addressed a reply to Mr. Chambers in name of himself and his brother workmen; a reply breathing the most excellent spirit, composed with great ability—indeed, rich and eloquent in diction—and admirably delivered. We have not room or time to say more. Speeches were delivered during the evening, by Mr. Robert Chambers, Mr. Simpson, advocate, Councillor M'Learn, and others, all teeming with high moral feeling, and elevated sentiment. Mr. Simpson's several addresses were characterized by his usual eloquence, benevolence, and philanthropy, and found an echo in the breast of every individual present. The enjoyments of the evening were enlivened by instrumental music, by glees, songs, and recitations. We almost forgot to mention that the company was graced by the presence of ladies, friends of Messrs. Chambers, and by the wives, daughters, and female friends of the various members of the establishment. Would that other masters, not merely in this city, but throughout the empire, were to imitate the Messrs. Chambers as to these delightful social meetings between themselves and their men, and thus sweeten the breath of society, and promote the best and most amiable feelings of our nature!—*Edinburgh Chronicle.*

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way: for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.—*Swift.*

THE SNOW ON THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

In December, 1830, a large quantity of snow fell, and caused enormous avalanches round Mont St. Bernard. The convent is situated a little below the point of perpetual snow, and there often falls so great a quantity in winter, that the summer is not long enough to remove it. There was, in fact, a time when it was feared the masses would turn into a glacier. These fears, however, exist no longer; for since the beautiful experiments of Benetz, upon the enormous glaciers of Gietroz, which he melted by covering it with water, from the melting of more elevated snows, a glacier can be formed almost where we wish.

Snow, cold as it feels to the touch, is still less so than ice, and observation early found in this difference of temperature an infallible means of restoring limbs recently frozen, which is used by the monks with great success. When they encounter a traveller, who cannot use his limbs, they begin by ascertaining whether they are only stiffened or actually frozen. In the first case, they apply to the limbs simple friction only; in the latter, they rub the patient with snow, on the spot, without waiting to transport him to the convent. At the convent, the frozen limb is plunged into snow-water till it thaws, and a cure follows speedily. The use of fire and heat is most especially to be avoided. Count Tilly had his feet severely frozen in ascending the mountain, and on descending wrapped them in a sheep's-skin, the heat of which caused the feet to swell to an enormous size; after four days, gangrene ensued, and it required all the skill of the physicians of Genoa to save his feet.

One of the effects of snow, and one which follows still more speedily when we are fatigued, is that of putting to sleep by the combined influence of the monotony of the spectacle, and the action of the cold on the brain. Wo to the traveller, if he yields, while in the snow, to the profound lethargy that he feels overpowering him; he will awake only in eternity. The cold will contract the orifices of the vessels, the circulation will invariably diminish, the surface of the body will begin to be lifeless, the blood will flow back on the brain, which yielded to the cold more slowly, and gorges it; and his existence will end without pain, without suffering. In 1829, the monks found on the road a man standing upright, resting on his staff, one leg raised, and the foot set down in the attitude of a man ascending a height. He had fallen asleep in this position, and had been frozen to death instantly. He had a knapsack, and over it another, which belonged to a fellow-traveller, who lay dead near him, and who was afterwards ascertained to be his uncle.

"On the 29th of September, 1829, (the monks told me,) some travellers reached the convent during a horrible storm, and informed us that the great quantity of snow, and regard to their own safety, had obliged them to leave a man and woman behind them, about half a league from the hospice. We immediately went in search of them; but the unfortunate beings had lost their way, and were buried under the snow. We searched for them till night, but in vain, and renewed the search with no better success. The same day another traveller died, who had been overtaken by night. Three days after, we found their bodies."

"More than once," says an English traveller, relating his ascent of Mont Blanc, "we asked of our guides to let us lie down on the snow a few minutes, to indulge a longing for sleep which no one can conceive who has not experienced it. We were often forced to halt to take breath, and at every stoppage slumber overpowered us. After ascending to the Grand Plateau, I asked Courtes, the guide, if I might not sleep on the snow for a few minutes. He consented, but reluctantly, and the next minute I was sound asleep. In a few minutes he aroused me, else I might have slept on for ever." In fact, the guides rarely allow travellers who pass the night at the camp of Grands Mulets, in ascending or descending Mont Blanc, to spend the whole night there. They awaken them often to ascertain whether their elbows, shoulders, or knees, are not frozen, as those articulations are the first parts affected during sleep.

The constant presence of snow increases an influence on the atmosphere, which re-acts in different ways on the human organization. The coolness it gives to the air, renders long stay in the region painful. Its reflection of the rays of light that strike on it, produces most striking effects on the skin. It renders it rough, red, and tanned, and covers it with watery pustules, which are painful, though easily removed. It irritates the optic nerves, and produces an ophthalmia, which is always harder to remove in proportion to the recentness of the snow and the clearness of the air. Some persons it soon renders blind; some for a short time, others, as was the case with Cyrus' soldiers, for life. It is well known that the inhabitants of polar regions have more or less feeble vision, and that many are blind by the time they are twenty.

The Col du Bonhomme is, perhaps, the most subject to changes of temperature of any of the passes of the Alps, and the most dangerous from the frequency and violence of the storms that pass over it. Accidents happen from snow-storms every week, and I might almost say every day. Without going back to tradition, I will mention a melancholy instance which happened in our own time. In September, 1830, two young Englishmen, of eighteen or twenty, Messrs. Campbell and Brackley, were travelling in

Switzerland under the care of their tutor. When they arrived at Chamouni, they took a guide, a stout and prudent man, and proceeded to the Col du Bonhomme with all the ardour and safety of youth; when they reached a house near the *Plau (plateau) des Dames*, which is the last you meet in going towards the Col, they wished to take dinner. Unfortunately, a number of young men from a school which had just left, had taken with them all the provisions usually kept in such houses. They were far from dreaming how fatal this circumstance, seemingly so trivial, would be to them. Urged on by hunger, they left at once, in the hope of overtaking the young men, and obtaining some food from the remains of the provisions they had carried off; but no one was to be seen, and the pursuit, made at great speed, only served to add to their hunger and fatigue. Nor was this all. During the time which would have been required for taking their meal at the *auberge*, which they employed in walking, the atmosphere, thus far calm and clear, underwent so instantaneous a change, that the whole four found themselves in one of the severest storms of that bleak region, without the least suspicion of it, even on the part of their guide. They were cut to the bone by a fierce and icy wind: blinded by a whirlwind of snow, and carried off their feet by sudden whirlwinds. One of the young men, who had been most weakened by hunger and fatigue, seized with terror at the unexpected horrors around him, stopped suddenly short, as if petrified, deprived of hearing and motion. The guide took him in his arms, wrapped him up in his own garments; opened his breast and pressed him to it, to communicate to him some portion of the heat of his body, spoke affectionately to him to encourage and console him; but in vain—he clasped a corpse. The other, Mr. Brackley, terrified at the outbreak of the storm, fell down on the snow, stupified with cold. He half rose up at times and embraced the knees of their guide, as though to thank him for his efforts in behalf of his friend. But when he saw that that friend was lost to him forever, he began to shrink, spite of all the attentions of his tutor. He gradually ceased to turn his eyes towards the stiffened corpse, and let his head fall on the snow never to raise it again. The tutor, in despair at these scenes of horror, bore them, nevertheless, with manly courage. As soon as the storm was over, and it did not last long, he placed one of the frozen bodies on the guide's shoulders, and bore the other himself to the nearest cottage. Every means that could be obtained were there tried to restore them to animation, but in vain, and the unhappy tutor repaired to Geneva to order two coffins for his ill-fated pupils, whose carriage and courier were yet waiting for them to pursue their tour of pleasure. Before the day fixed for their interment, the tutor was dead. His strength of constitution saved him at the Col; grief destroyed him at Geneva. A third coffin was ordered, and the funeral was attended by all the crowd of gay travellers assembled in that city.—*Lon. Mirror.*

GAMING BY MACHINERY.—The New Orleans papers give an account of the breaking up of a gambling establishment, the operations of which, it seems, were carried on by machinery. The Bee thus describes the apparatus:

In a back room in the second story was a round table fixed in iron shoes so as to be immovable. Two of the legs of this table were hollow. Down the hollow legs wires were run to the floor, and along the floor in grooves made for the purpose to the wall, then up the wall to the third story, thence to a point immediately above the centre of the table. The wires were communicated from the table to the point above in the manner used in bell hanging. The grooves through which they run were inlaid with softest buckskin, so as to prevent a noise in pulling them; the grooves were then covered over with thin copper and a carpet screened all from view; the grooves in the wall were papered over so as to prevent detection. Immediately above the card table the ceiling was ornamented with a circular painting, after the fashions of some parlors. In the centre of the painting was a hook as if to suspend a lamp. The ceiling was cut into small holes, which could not be detected from below, because they represented certain portions of the figures of the paintings. When a party was engaged at play, a person above could look down upon the hands, and by pulling the wires give his partner at the table any intimation as to the strength of the opposing hands which an agreed signal might indicate. The room above was kept dark, which also prevented the players from ascertaining the cheat, particularly at night.

APPALLING STATEMENT.—From a statement made by the Committee of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, it appears that within the short period of four months and three days previous to April last, there had been wrecked one hundred and sixty vessels—all of whose crews had perished!—Averaging the crew of each ship at ten, will give a loss of one thousand and six hundred lives! It is further shown that of vessels stranded, foundered, abandoned, not heard of, &c. within the same period, the number of vessels affected by such catastrophes are 576. If only one soul has perished from each of the vessels which have suffered from the above contingencies, we number a loss of five hundred and se-

venty-six lives! Then add to these four hundred and twenty four certainly known to have perished, and we have a total from all causes, of at least two thousand and six hundred lives!! on an average something more than twenty one every day during the period of four short months!

GREAT MAP.—In France, a map is now in process of completion, made of the earth itself, exposed to the sky, and occupying above an acre of ground: it is said to "represent France, with its mountains, seas, islands, vegetable productions, canals, cities, &c." The map is situated at no great distance from Paris, near the *Chaussee du Maine*, on the south-east side of the city. It comprehends the whole of France, Corsica, Switzerland, Piedmont, the Milanese, and parts of Germany, Belgium, and Rhenish Prussia. The scale on which it is constructed is that of 192 millimetres to a degree, being something less than two inches per mile—a scale which is of a size to mark the principal features of a country with sufficient distinctness, where the city of Paris might be nearly a foot in extent, and a river like the Thames almost half an inch across at *London Bridge*. It is made of earth chiefly; the rivers are channels made on a scale proportionate to the rest of the map; water runs along them, and falls into the sea, which is placed upon its coasts, deep enough to receive little flat-bottomed boats.

TOO MUCH LATIN AND GREEK.—"The English clergy, in whose hands education entirely rests, brings up the first young men of the country as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns; and a nobleman, upon whose knowledge and liberality the honour and welfare of his country may depend, is diligently worried, for half his life, with the small pedantry of longs and shorts. There is a timid and absurd apprehension, on the part of ecclesiastical tutors, of letting out the minds of youth upon difficult and important subjects. They fancy that mental exertion must end in religious scepticism: and, to preserve the principles of their pupils, they confine them to the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning. At present, we act with the minds of our young men, as the Dutch did with their exuberant spices. An infinite quantity of talent is annually destroyed in the Universities of England by the miserable jealousy and jiltleness of ecclesiastical instructors. It is in vain to say we have produced great men under this system. We have produced great men under all systems. Every Englishman must pass half his life in learning Latin and Greek; and classical learning is supposed to have produced the talents which it has not been able to extinguish. It is scarcely possible to prevent great men from rising up under any system of education. No teacher, no teacher of demonology or astrology, and you will still have a certain portion of original genius, in spite of these or any other branches of ignorance and folly."—*From the works of Rev. Sydney Smith.*

HARD CASES.—To serve faithfully and not to please.

To go on a journey to see a friend, and meet with a cold reception.

To give a friendly warning, and have your motive suspected, and your kindness requited with coldness or hatred.

To do the best you can, and then be contemptuously told by those who would give you neither counsel nor advice, that you ought to have done better.

To work hard half of one's life in amassing a fortune, and then to spend the rest of his life in watching a fortune just for his vicinals and clothes.

To love and not be loved again.

CULTIVATION OF POTATOES.—So recently as 1768, White of Selborne writes:—"Potatoes have prevailed in this little district, by means of premiums, within these twenty years only, and are much esteemed here now by the poor, who would scarce have ventured to taste them in the last reign."

The Earth, with its sacred face, is the symbol of the Past; the Air and Heavens, of Futurity.—*Coleridge.*

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table; and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with—"them's the jockeys for me." I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.—16.

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says:—"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness, a confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, reliance on the goodness of God."

"You're a good book-keeper," as the librarian said when a person would not return a book he borrowed.

"Sir, you are a fool." "Did you call me a fool, sir?" "Yes sir!" "You do, sir?" "Yes, sir—I would call any man a fool who behaves as you did."—"Oh! you would call any man a fool. Then I cannot consider it personal. I wish you good morning, sir."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1839.

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Montreal has a monthly magazine, called "The Literary Garland, devoted to the advancement of general literature." We have been favoured with the numbers which have appeared; the tenth has come to hand within the week.

This work is a very pleasing evidence of the good spirit which is kept up in Canada amidst all the political difficulties of the times, and of the spirit which might be expected if that fine portion of the British empire was in a less vexed state. The Garland consists chiefly of original articles, several of which are of a very respectable character, and some of them highly characteristic and attractive. Of the latter we furnished an extract some weeks ago in the Pearl, called "The Home-sick Wife and Consoling Husband," a poetic dialogue, between a good couple from Scotland, on their commencement of a back-wood life. The manly virtues of the husband, and the female yearnings, but fidelity and confidence, of the young wife, are finely expressed, and are joined to very effective sketches of Canadian habits and scenery. The lines published in the Pearl formed part 1, of the poem; part 2, appears in number 9 of the magazine. It is said by some of the Canadian papers, which have noticed the Garland, not to be so good as the first part, and such may be the case,—but it is not easy to "better it," as the saying is, and it has some very sweet passages. The whole appears to us, a delightful little dramatic sketch, impressed with the marks of that higher order of genius, which creates characters, rather than repaints them,—or which paints original portraits, of life-like accuracy and beauty. In part 2d Geordie addresses Jenny, alluding to their arrival in Canada and her fears and doubts on the occasion; Jenny excuses herself on account of the gloom that then surrounded them, but acknowledges that her mind is now changed. Her good man replies, saying that he did not wonder at her sadness, and that he pitied her, and grieved himself at the recollections of lang syne. They then congratulate each other on the comforts growing around them,—and after grateful enumeration of many blessings, Jenny gives as a reason why she thinks less than formerly about linnie and laverock and mavis, the sweet song birds, of her native land, that

"The quackin' ducks, the gabblin' geese—
The cacklo o' the layin' hen,
An' lammines wi' the snow-white fleeco,
Ayo bleatin', fill my thoughts ye kon."

Their employments then occupy some of the conversation, and Geordie, good-husband-like, magnifies the work and care of his bonnie woman,—while she answers in similar strain, respecting his exertions, and declares "My wonder is ye never tire." After other remarks, the happy pair get on a more tender theme, and become eloquent on that most fruitful of all subjects to most parents, their children. Jenny says

"The bairnies a' pair things are willin',
To do sic light work as they can;
See little Geordie how he's fillin'
An' raxin' to the height o' man."

Geordie puts in a word for the remainder of the laddies,

"True, Geordie he's noo out fourteen,
An' Jamie he'll be twal belyve,
Puir Andrew wi' the blearich een,
Though only aucht can owsen drive."

Jenny, as a mother, feels called on to stand up for the girls, as the father's tongue wantons in the praise of the boys, although she began the theme,—and thus simply and sweetly claims notice for her little Jenny:

"In troth ye roose the laddies weel,
Without a word 'bout my ain Jenny;
The gude wean toddles at my heel,
An' rocks the cradle for her minnie."

Geordie puts a stop to this loving contention,—and, discussing a trip to the mill, Jenny thus shows her good housewifery.

"Ye'll start as early as ye can,
An' watch your turn—an' watch the miller;
Tak' tent an' no forgot, the bran
E'en at the mill's as gude as siller."

They then commence a conversation, about an intended visit to the village, in which each is careful that the comforts of the other shall be the first care, and thus ends the little pastoral, which is replete with good feelings well expressed.

There are many other things worthy of remark in the Garland, did our space admit of it,—one article we are induced to notice, because we see that it is held forth to admiration by the Editor, and has been copied into some of the Canadian papers with laudatory remarks which appear not warranted. It seems as injurious to correct taste, to give extreme praise where it is not deserved, as to withhold commendation, or to inflict censure, where praise is due. We allude to an article entitled "The First Sacrifice," which the Editor of the Garland says will be found "emi-

nently worthy of perusal." If he means on account of its pious tendency, we agree, but if, as we understand him, he means that it is deserving of such notice as a literary effort, we must demur. The article appears to us, to be neither rhyme, nor blank verse, nor good prose,—and to be rather eminently wanting in the elements of poetry, and even of common sense. As mere assertion is not worth much, we will give a few instances in support of the opinion. Is there any metre in the following?

"Slow o'er Judea's sacred plains, the shades
Of evening fell; around each mountain's brow,
And vine clad hill, twilight still wreathed her
Golden veil, and old Euphrates' silver
Stream, flashed brightly in the parting ray; rich
On the dewy air, rose up the mingled sweets
Of od'rous flowers, and delicate fruits."

These are the opening lines, and are characteristic of the whole.—any thing more grating to the ears of a Milton or Cowper, need not be sought,—it reminds of Hogarth's enraged musician,—tormented by all sorts of discordant noises which the perpetrators and the admirers thought was very good music. It is needless to seek proofs of the negation of poetry; and having been preceded by Milton and Gessner, it is only a wonder how the writer could so well avoid genuine inspiration on the subject. As to common sense, the following may suffice: "Twilight wreathed her golden veil."—Just as the earth is cursed for man's sake, and war is introduced amid the animal creation, we are told, that "from the fruitful earth's deep solitudes, arose the ceaseless hum of gratitude." Again, "Beneath the vaulted sky, Adam and Eve stood in their loneliness."—After the fall of our first parents, and after their expulsion from Paradise, they are said to have "lowly knelt upon the grassy turf, fresh from the hand of God, and clothed with grace, and majesty, such as no mortals since have worn." Eve's Arcadian shepherdess' habits are thus told—"Held by a flowery chain, Eve's trembling hand, restrained the gambols of a snowy lamb." Again, "Silence profound and deep reigned on the solemn scene." "The stars looked down,—the young moon poured a flood of light," "the feathered warblers hushed their thrilling lays." The silence, the attention of the stars and moon, and the muteness of the thrilling warblers, because Adam and Eve prepared to sacrifice a lamb, is rather an obsolete mode of hyperbole and amplification. In making these remarks, we deny any narrow feelings, or hypercritical disposition, and only presume to give an opinion on an article which has been, we deem, not wisely pushed into notice; and on which a different estimate from that quoted would at once be fixed, by many readers. If one person, without reasons adduced, challenges enquiry by bolstering up, or depressing, a matter,—another may be forgiven for giving some reasons for an opposite view.

The tenth number of the Garland contains a mass of respectable original matter in prose and verse. We have only room for a natural burst of feeling, by an emigrant, no doubt, thinking of his native river, and longing for the well-remembered and deeply-loved scenery of childhood,—the lines are not faultless, but nature covers a multitude of sins in this department:

"O! how do I love thee, my beautiful Clyde!
All visions of joy and of beauty and pride,
Come floating along on thy bosom to me,
In my visions of night, over mountain and sea.

O! beautiful Clyde! my beautiful Clyde!
My beautiful Clyde! my beautiful Clyde!
My well known, beloved, my youth's own dear bride!

O! brightly my careless years flew by thy side,
Or sail'd in glee over thine elve-haunted tide:
In the years of mine autumn, would I might abide,
With thy storm and thy sunshine my beautiful Clyde."

We observe by editorial notices in the Garland, that besides the continuation of Wacosta, mentioned in a late Pearl, another Canadian work, entitled "Trifles from my Portfolio," is about to appear. The Garland says:

"It seems as if a new day were beginning to dawn upon our colonial history, and that before many years have elapsed, we will, in our literature, as in the other tokens of civilized life, hold no mean position, when compared with countries much older and more densely peopled than our own."

We hope so, and that the spirit will extend to Nova Scotia,—meanwhile the Garland will be an efficient assistant in producing the literary animation anticipated. As such, it deserves, and no doubt will meet with, ample encouragement. The price of the Garland is but 15s. for twelve numbers of 48 octavo pages each. The tenth number has eight additional pages.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.—In another part of today's number is an account of a Soiree, or evening entertainment, given by the Messrs. Chambers to their workmen, and others. The Messrs. Chambers seem scarcely more noted for the enterprise and intelligence which mark their extensive concerns, than for the excellent spirit, the good kindly feelings which are preserved between the different departments of their establishment. Instead of distrust and disrespect, repaid by cabal and hate,—the proprietors do the honours of a table, at which their personal friends,

ladies and gentlemen, sit, in company with the workmen of their printing establishment and their wives and daughters. We can imagine but few scenes more cheerful and becoming,—and presenting a greater contrast to the causes and results of Chartism. Such employers are calculated to produce such workmen, and such workmen are far removed from the influence of wild and reckless theories: good as well as evil conduct causes reaction, and works in a circle,—one course produces, misery, discontent, opposition, and violence,—the other happiness, satisfaction, co-operation and reciprocity of good deeds.

ITEMS—FOREIGN, DOMESTIC & C.

The arrival of the Great Western at New York, 16½ days from England, has furnished news from Europe some days later than that in our last.

BRITISH.

The weather had, providentially, cleared up in England, and harvest operations were going on under promising appearances. Throughout the continent of Europe the prospect was good, so that, most happily, scarcity from short crops, need not be feared in any part of Europe or America: another year has been crowned with goodness.

Parliament was expected to be prorogued on the 27th.

A great boon has been given to the people of England; the new Postage Bill had received the Royal assent. By this, the postage on single letters, to every part of the kingdom, is reduced to one penny! double letters in proportion! This is a good work in every sense of the word. It relieves from a burden which pressed on a great source of the pleasures and morals and affections: intercourse between separated friends and relatives.

The Chartist agitation appears to furnish nothing new of importance. Several of their leaders had been tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for periods up to two years. The Rev. Mr. Stephens was among the number.

The Canada Act received the Royal assent on Aug. 17.

MORE STEAM.—The government had arranged for establishing a steam communication twice a month with the West Indies and some southern ports of the United States, and once a month with Mexico. £240,000 a year, for 10 years, will be the cost to government. By October 1841, it is said, there will be 13 large steam ships running across the Atlantic, not one of which will be smaller than the Liverpool. The four Halifax Steamers will be ready early in 1840. These are gigantic efforts in civilization. The horizon for enterprise and intellect, expands with these advances, as if new creations had taken place.

The House of Lords had agreed to an Address to the Crown, requesting the appointment of a commission to enquire into the existence of poverty and disease in several parts of the kingdom.

Mr. O'Connell gave notice that he would move, that the independence of Texas should not be recognized unless with the consent of Mexico, and unless the abolition of slavery and the making the slave trade piracy were parts of its constitution,—also, that he would move steps towards the obtaining a portion of the northern territory of Mexico, to be used as an asylum or free state for persons of colour.

The Great Western experienced a severe gale, in which some damage was done to her deck works, and three men were driven from the wheel.

A temporary Act passed the Imperial Legislature, compelling Captains of vessels laden with timber from any port in British North America, to procure a certificate from the Clearing Officer that all the cargo has been placed below the deck.

The Thames Tunnel is completed to within 5 feet of the Middlesox side, so that passage, under the Thames, to and fro between its banks, may be soon expected as one of the common place characteristics of wonderful London.

RAG FAIR.—Late London papers state, that Rag Fair is to be abolished. The assemblage thus denominated, met in one of the back streets of the eastern part of London, and formed one of the strange sights which amused visitors to the metropolis. At a certain hour of each day, Sundays excepted, the perambulating Jews congregated from all quarters, on this spot, exhibiting the articles which they had picked up during the day, and making sales of them to collectors of such wares, and to other purchasers. In this street, which generally went by the name of Rag Fair, many persons kept stores for laying away the articles purchased, and at about the hour appointed, the doors of these receptacles used to be thrown open, their owners taking post at the thresholds, there to examine the garments presented to their notice. Then a system of haggling and huckstering would proceed until the bargain closed,—and either the Jew walked away to another market with his *ole clo*, or the merchant flung his purchase behind him into the dark house at whose door he stood. The noise and bustle, and the masses of hard cunning countenances, Hebrew, Irish, Scotch and English, which might be met daily in this market, formed a curious feature of the great metropolis. Its suppression will make a great change in the neighbourhood;—the Jews expressed much concern and repugnance respecting the reformation, considering that ancient usage was almost equal to a charter.

FOREIGN.

Lord Palmerston, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, stated, in the House of Commons, on the 22nd, that the five great powers, (England, France, Russia, Austria and Prussia) had interferred for the adjustment of the affairs between Turkey and Egypt, and that no disturbance of the peace of the East need be feared.

It appears that the Turkish fleet is not to be detained by Mehemet Ali. The prisoners taken at the Battle of Nezib, are stated at 10,000,—muskets 12,000,—pieces of artillery 104. The military chest of the Naval squadron which went over to Mehemet, contained £120,000.

The affairs of India seem in a very unsettled state. It is said that much prudence and energy will be required to put matters there in order.

From Spain it appears that disaffection to a serious extent had spread among the followers of Don Carlos,—other accounts state that much enthusiasm existed in favour of this Prince. Intelligence as usual is vague and unsatisfactory,—all that is known positively is, that civil war still continues to convulse the unhappy country.

UNITED STATES.—The Great Western Steamer, trader on the Lakes, was destroyed by fire near Detroit, recently. She cost \$100,000. No insurance.

The yellow fever has been committing dire ravages in New Orleans. Many fled from the city, but numbers fell victims to the disorder, which, it appears, preyed on all alike, the stranger and the acclimated. The sickness was abating at last accounts.

CANADA.—The trial of Jalbert for the murder of Lieut Weir was proceeding at Montreal and excited intense interest. On the jury were eight Canadians, two Scotchmen, and one Irishman. An effort was made to get the prisoner the benefit of Lord Durham's amnesty, on his pleading guilty. This was overruled. Jalbert is about 65 years of age. The jury were addressed in English and French, by the Counsel and Judge. They were for some hours in deliberation without having decided on a verdict.

Suspicious existed that late fires in Toronto were the work of incendiaries. A watch had been set, and a negro girl was found endeavouring to set other premises on fire. She was arrested and implicated some persons.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Steamer North America was launched a few days ago at St. John. She is owned by Messrs. Whitney & Co. and is to run between St. John and Boston. Her length on the keel is 157 feet,—breadth of beam 25 feet;—her engines are 75 horse power each. She is said to be elegantly fitted up, and is rigged as a three masted schooner. It is expected that she will make a weekly trip to Windsor Nova Scotia. A new whale ship was launched at St. John the day before the launch of the North America. She was built for the St. John Mechanic's Whale fishery company,—they now own four ships. A new Brig, built at Weymouth, N. S. arrived at St. John, for P. Duff, Esq.

The legislature was in session. A proposition that Rev. Mr. Stirling be chaplain in the place of Rev. Mr. Somerville, absent, was met by a resolution for the appointment of Rev. Mr. Brinkmyre, Presbyterian: this was negatived.

A Bill for the prevention of Fires in St. John has been published in the papers of that city. It provides that all buildings which shall be erected within certain limits, shall be of Stone or Brick, or other non-combustible materials, with paring or fire walls rising at least six inches above the roof, and shall be covered with non-combustible materials,—except buildings which shall not exceed 15 feet in height, in any part, from the level of the street. It also provides that the height of wooden buildings beyond the limits shall not be more than thirty feet,—and that buildings, within the limits, which do not at present conform to the Bill, shall not be enlarged or built upon, &c.

P. E. ISLAND.—The Charlotte Town Gazette has an article on a late Ball and Supper given on board the Medea, from which we take the following passages:

On arriving at the side of this beautiful Steamer, you were ushered into a covered stair-case, formed by polished pikes, supporting snowey-white canvass, which you ascended, and entered a spacious saloon. The ladies were conducted to Captain Nott's elegant cabin, to throw off their wrappings, and walk forth resplendent with that beauty and loveliness natural to the daughters of Prince Edward Island.

The quadrilles, the waltz, the gallopade, had each their sway by their respective votaries. At eleven o'clock a scene of canvass was raised, and what delicacies were there displayed! A most spacious table, with a hollow centre, was set out with all the delicacies which were procured from every quarter of the globe. The whole quarter deck from the stern to the funnel was covered with a lofty awning, composed of canvass, and covered with different colored flags. Along the centre of the roof were chandeliers of every possible shape, composed of bayonets, swords and cutlasses, and around the sides, lamps and sconces of fanciful shapes were suspended, all which gave brilliancy to the splendid scene. In the middle of the deck large ottomans and couches were formed, over the sky-lights and hatches of the ship. After several toasts were drank, the table was deserted by its votaries, and we could then more particularly observe its elegant appearance. It was a hollow square, at one end of which was raised a most superb chandelier, formed of broad swords, buntin and evergreens, surmounted by a crown composed entire-

ly of most beautiful flowers. At each corner of the table was suspended an ensign, on a boarding pike. Dancing was again resumed, and continued until daylight

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Rev. Messrs. O'Brien and Dese, arrived in the Acadian, on Tuesday last. We understand that they are to assist the Rev. Mr. Laughlin in his extensive Church duties, and also to superintend an Educational establishment for the higher branches of instruction. We hail all additions to our community, which promise well for the morals and piety and intelligence of the population, and trust that the Rev. gentlemen will be found faithful labourers in the advancement of the general good.—Nov.

Messrs. Huntingdon and Young had an interview with the Marquis of Normandy, at the Colonial Office, on the 19th ult.

THE GALE.—We experienced a violent gale from the north east, on Friday last. Several vessels were much injured, some shallops sunk at the wharves. Several wharves were injured, trees were blown down, sheds and fences prostrated, and new buildings shaken and shifted from their foundations. The chimney of a house in Barrington street, fell on a shed used as a workshop, by Mr. McAgy, and seriously hurt three out of six persons who were employed in it at the time. A man employed by Mr. E. Lawson had his leg broken by the fall of a fence. The Medea, with his Excellency, Miss Campbell, Sir C. A. Fitzroy, and family, was off the harbour, and rode out the gale well; she got in next day. We hear, from the coast, of vessels ashore, others dismantled, hove on their beam ends, sails split to pieces, and other evidences of the fury of the elements. Intelligence from Boston mentions effects of the storm in that vicinity and along the coast of the United States; several lives were lost.

Arrived on Sunday morning last, the United States armed Schooner, Grampus, Lieutenant Payne, Norfolk, 8 days. She saluted the Admiral and Garrison, on Monday. The salute was immediately returned by the Flag Ship, and by a detachment of Artillery with field pieces on Citadel Hill.

THE THEATRE.—The old Theatre was re-opened on Monday evening, by a Company under the management of Mr. Preston. They played nightly since to audiences above the average.

PICTOU.—The Pictou Observer announced, that a locomotive was to start on a line of rail road between the Albion Mines and New Glasgow on Thursday last.

The first number of a semi-weekly paper, called the Conservative, appeared at Yarmouth on Sep. 12th, published by Richard Huntingdon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The delay of articles on hand calls for apology. They shall soon appear. Additional contributions would oblige.

NOTE TO COMMUNICATION IN LAST NOVASCOTIAN.—"Will Editors be so kind as to lift this Car on the Track?"—Answer of Pearl;—It is too awfully grand, by a great deal, for a lift of ourn—we would as soon think of putting a shoulder to the Great Western.

MARRIED.

At Dartmouth, on Wednesday, the 11th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Rector, Mr. John Costley, of Cole Harbor, to Miss Susan Bissett, daughter of Mr Joseph Bissett, of the latter place. On Sunday last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr John Harrison, to Miss Jane Banko, both of this town.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, Joannah, wife of Capt. John Pengilly,—funeral will take place on Sunday next, at half past 1 o'clock, from her late residence, at the house of Mr John Cleverdon, Buckingham Street, the friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend. In the Poor Asylum, J. Yewdall, aged 81 years, a native of England. At Maitland, on Saturday the 7th inst. aged sixteen months, Amelia, third daughter of Mr. A. Dickie. On Monday the 10th inst. Evan Murray, son of Dr. Gregor, aged 2 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, 14th Sept. H. M. Steamer Medea, Capt. Nott, P. E. I. Sunday, 15th, U. S. schr. of War Grampus, Lieut. Paynes, Norfolk, 8 days, on a cruise; Mailboat Roseway, Burney, Boston, 4 1/2 days; brig Paragon, Lovett, Matanzas, 16 days; sugar to Creighton & Grassie; Mary Young, Matthews, London 52, and Portsmouth 41 days, general cargo to S. Cunard & Co; Argus, Kinney, Rum Key, 10 days, salt to Fairbanks & Allison; Kate, Leslie, Trinidad de Cuba, 20 days, ballast to W. Roche; left brig Woodbine to sail in 7 days; schr John and William, Howard, London, 58 days, general cargo to Creighton & Grassie; Experiment, Hartlin, Boston, 5 days, flour, etc. to H. Fay and John Esson; Friendship, Doane, Burin, 8 days, dry fish, to H. Lyle; Favourite and Irene, Barrington, dry fish. Monday, schr. Forrest, Doane, New York, 12 days, rum, etc. to Creighton & Grassie and others, 10 passengers; brig Chalcedony, Durhee, Turk's Island, 21 days, salt, to T. Bolton; Nightingale, Fitzgerald, St. John, N. B. 12 days, deals to Charman & Co; Waterloo, Eisau, Burin, 8 days, dry fish, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co; Matilda, Bonavista, dry fish to P. Furlong. Tuesday, 17th, Am. packet brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 3 1/2 days, pork, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co and others; spoke, 13th inst. schr Elizabeth Ann, hence, for Boston; brig Alonzo, Adey, London, 68 days, general cargo, to McNab, Cochran & Co. and others; James, Owen, Demerara, 27 days, rum, to W. B. Hamilton. Wednesday, 18th.—Brigt Halifax, O'Brien, Kingston, 37 days—ballast to the master; schrs Mary, Townsend, and Jane, Lewis, Labrador—fish; Breeze, Fother, Magdalen Isles, 12 days fish and oil. Thursday, 19th.—Mailboat brig Margaret, Boole, Bermuda, 12 days—with loss of topmasts and other damage, received in a hurricane, on 12th and 13th instant, in lat. 87, long. 64. 10; was in company with a brig on Friday. Brigs Belfast, Nelmes, St. Jago de Cuba, 21 days—rum, etc. to J. Allison & Co; John, Delany, New York, 7 days—tobacco, etc. to John Duffus and others; schr Ariel, Duncomb, Bermuda, 7 days—rum to J. & M. Tobin.

AUCTION.

Landing Ex Brig Mary Young, from London.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

At Messrs Cunard's Wharf, to-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock.

200 Bbls Prime Mess Pork,

21 hhd's Geneva, best Rotterdam,
16 puns Rum,
CORDAGE, a large quantity of all sizes.
Window Glass, do do do
PAINTS,
WINES—Port, Sherry and Maderia
Gunpowder, in qr. barrels.—ALSO,

13 cases Sheathing Copper, 20, 22, 24 and 26 oz.

The above sale was to have taken place on Thursday, but was postponed on account of the weather. Sept 20.

Nets, Nets, Nets.

MACKEREL NETS—80 Rans.
HERRING NETS—30 do

Received per the Alonzo, from the manufactory at Bridport, and offered for sale at low rates by ROBERT NOBLE. September 20.

Superfine Flour, Corn Meal, and Rye Flour,

775 BARRELS FLOUR and MEAL,
ALSO, a few barrels Prime APPLES,

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

THEATRE.

By Permission of His Excellency the Governor.

THE PUBLIC are most respectfully informed, that in order to efface any undue impression regarding the stability of the above building, the Manager has had every part thereof strictly examined by a most approved and scientific Carpenter, strong fastenings having been added to former insecurity. Mr. Preston recommends it in every part as firm and good. Doors open at half-past 6, performance to commence at half-past 7 o'clock, precisely.

Last Night but Two of the engagement of

MRS. GIBBS,

Late MISS GRADDON, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London,

Fourth appearance of Mr. FREER,

First night of the Operatic Extravaganza, called

Giovanni in London, or the Libertine Reclaimed.

THIS EVENING FRIDAY, Sept. 20, 1839, will be performed for the first time here, an Operatic Extravaganza, called

GIOVANNI IN LONDON,

Or—THE LIBERTINE RECLAIMED.

Don Giovanni, Mrs. Gibbs,

In which she will introduce the Song of THE ARCHER BOY, In addition to all the Original Music.

A Grand PAS SEUL by Madame La Truette.

The whole to conclude with Coleman's Opera of the

MOUNTAINEERS,

OCTAVIN, Mr. FREER. FLORANTHE, Mrs. PRESTON

Tickets for the Theatre to be had at the Stationary Store of Mr. John Munro, and at the Box Office of the Theatre, where places may be secured between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock. Prices of Admission, First Box, 1 dollar; Upper Box, 3s. 9d.; Pit, 2s. 6d. For particulars, see small Bills. September 20.

WINES, TEAS, SUGARS, &c.

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

Just published, in one volume, and for sale at the several book-stores in Halifax, price 6s. 3d. in boards, with a portrait:

A MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM BLACK,

WESLEYAN MINISTER, HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA.

Including an account of the rise and progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia,—characteristic notices of several individuals, with copious extracts from the correspondence of the Rev. John Wesley, Rev. Dr. Coke, Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, &c.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY, M. A.

Principal of Upper Canada Academy.

SODA, MILK, WINE, AND SUGAR CRACKERS.

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

