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THE BRITISH PATRIOT'S SONG.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

They talk to me of eastern realms, where the sun more brightly glows,
And earth is never visited with winter's driving snows,
Where the leaves are ever on the trees, the verdure's evergreen,
And many richer plants than ours thrive 'neath the lurid sheen ;
Where fruits of every luscious taste are on earth's lap displayed,
And man can find repose from toil 'neath the talipot's thick shade,
And temples and pagodas, such as Europe never knew,
Upraise their heads magnificent into the heaven's deep blue.
They tell me of their riches too, their mines of beaming gold,
And the many precious stones that hide 'neath their luxuriant mould.
But their riches and their fruitfulness, oh ! these are nought to me,
They n'er can twine around my heart like the island of the sea.
We too have many precious fruits, and many verdant bowers,
And we can wander in the light of a thousand star-light flowers,
Our mines contain their iron ore, with which our sons of toil
Can purchase half their gleaming gold, and load them with the spoil :
And our chalky cliffs shall echo with the victor warrior's song,
While the winter's cold still serves to brace our arms in freedom strong.

They talk to me of classic lands, where the mighty deeds of old,
Of heroes and of demi-gods, were in the song enrolled,
Where science and philosophy first dawned upon the earth,
And the rites of smooth civility were earliest brought to birth ;
Where man emerging into life from the flood that whelming lay,
On all the world, and swept its towers and palaces away,
Planted the earliest colonies, in love of freedom strong,
Nursed all the arts of war and peace, and awakened glory's song.
And the patriot's breast must fondly glow to think he threads upon
The heights of proud Thermopylae or the plains of Marathon ;
And the poet's thoughts must burn indeed upon the crooked strand
Where Agamemnon marshalled forth the pride of every land ;
Or when he enger wanders over Scio's rocky isle,
Where Homer touched the harp-strings 'neath the epic muse's smile.
But we have had our Alfred, who a noble spirit bore,
Surpassed by none of Eastern race in the song-famed days of yore,
And we have had our bards as great as those of Greece and Rome,
And their scenes are not more dear than thine, my own, my island-home.

They tell of far Columbia, the new, the western world,
Where the banner bright of liberty in splendour is unfurled,
Where all the pomp of royalty is proudly cast away,
And freemen will not bend beneath a monarch's lofty sway,
And of the rights of citizens they eloquently tell,
And of that nation's potency whose sails all breezes swell ;
They talk too of the abundance which is there for all that live,
And the cheapness of all earthly things which joy or comfort give,
While neither debt nor taxes steal the product of their toil,
Nor a race of haughty noblemen step in to take the spoil ;
But their banner bright of liberty is marked with such a stain
Of negroes' blood as Freedom's sons in Britain would disdain ;
And their citizens lay claim to rights which we should never yield,
Who seek o'er all alike to throw protection's sacred shield.
The taxes they declaim against to useless burdens seem,
While wealth into our island flows in such a ceaseless stream :
And their petty lords are despots, such as are not known in thee,
My own, my dear, my native land, home of the brave and free.

They talk too of Australia, where, from the desert won,
A vast extent of cultured lands now smiles beneath the sun :
And of fortunes gathered rapidly beneath that milder sky,
Where no extremes of heat and cold'er riot or destroy.
And pleasant may the task be, man and nature to reclaim,
To train the savage wilderness and the wilder spirit tame,
And still more pleasant must it be when riches crown our toil,
And the efforts of our struggling years are gilt with fortune's smile.
But that is not my birth-place—'twas not there I earliest drew
The breath of life, and smiled upon a thousand objects new ;
It was not there I sported in my childhood's happy hours,
And gathered from the woods and fields unnumbered sparkling flowers ;
It was not there love's pleasing dream across my spirit came,
While youth increased its tenderness, and manhood fed the flame ;
It is not there my little ones beneath the green turf lie ;
And could I bear so far from all that's dear to live and die ?
So many ties indissoluble bind me to thy strand,
And I would lay my bones in thee, my dear, my native land.
Nottingham.

DESTINY.

'Tis fate that flings the dice, and as she flings,
Of kings makes peasants, and of peasants kings ;
What made Ventidius rise and Tullus great,
But their kind stars and hidden powers of fate ?

JUVENAL.

It is much to be regretted that these said kind stars of men should not always be in the ascendants at their births ; but in the revolution of the planetary system this cannot be, and it behoves us, therefore, under the experience of our star's influence, from past failures and misfortunes, to guard as much as possible against like inauspicious results. We are of that incredulous sect who believe not that all the good fortune of life depends on the virtue and honourable industry of men, that is to say, that success usually attends them. The doctrine we are aware is a dangerous one to

inculcate, inasmuch as it is disheartening to exertion in a praiseworthy and honourable course. We admit, nevertheless, that much depends on our own efforts, and that without the proper and fair exercise of the reason and powers given to us, we ought not, in ordinary expectation, to look for a realization of the end which it may be our object to obtain ; but we argue that there is an over-ruling fate, or to use the words of Mr. Bulwer, an influence difficult to trace, " a secret but irresistible principle that impels us, as a rolling circle, onward, onward in the great orbit of our destiny—from which we find no respite until the wheels on which we move are broken at the touch." Were it a regular consequence of things that good results should follow well-conceived plans, or that honourable labours should lead to fortunate terminations, and *vice versa*, we should find the world to undergo an extraordinary change ; and thousands of individuals now suffering under the extreme of penury and distress, and whose fortunes have been expended in scientific pursuits, to benefit mankind and enlighten future generations, raised to the summit of rank and fortune ; while on the other hand, we should behold in descent from their high and unworthy station, many titled and opulent specimens of imbecility, whose lives have never been distinguished by one act or effort, either to benefit mankind by their talent, or to relieve the wants of their fellow creatures by the superfluities of their wealth. Who, we would ask, are the persons most subject to failures in life but those who are most inventive in genius, and enterprising in their speculations ? Success, it is true, frequently accompanies endeavour ; but how oft it is that the active mind that conceives and carries into effect any beneficial work, belongs not to the individual who reaps the reward of its capacity ; the harvest of the project is gathered in by indolent and inactive capitalists, or some drone in the hive of industry, whose whole exertions extend not beyond a degree of vigilance towards the practicable schemes of others, and their inefficiency in point of means to carry them into effect—they are the harvest men who come in at the eleventh hour and bear away from those who have borne the burthen and heat of the day. How many projectors of national plans of improvement and benefit have been ruined, whilst the more fortunate after speculators have reaped the full pecuniary reward due to the merit of the design. How many men of talent and ability in every walk of life give place to the less qualified for service and patronage ? Is not such irreconcilable fact to be ascribed to " the hidden influence of destiny," or what the world terms luck. We are, in fact, the creatures of destiny, shuttlecocks of fate, handied to and fro by the blows and buffetings of the agencies, and making our respective ways in proportion to the strength or impetus given, and the power of the resisting or opposing medium through which our course is directed. Some make way under great propelling power and little opposing influence ; others no sooner receive an impetus than their progress is checked by some more powerful counteracting agency that destroys the momentum, and cuts short their career. In illustration of the proposition we might adduce very many instances of successes and failures in life, and of the elevation and decline of individuals, strongly corroborative of our view that man does not wholly depend on his own exertions ; but that there is a fatality attending his conduct and actions of times at variance with what in reason appears to be their just reward. An example.—In proof of the favourable working of destiny in the fortunes of individuals, we would instance only two, and these are to be found in the extraordinary elevation of the present King of the Belgians, and in the equally fortuitous good fortune of a lately deceased duchess. The original expectations of these parties, (without disparagement to either be it said,) was not such as to give even the most distant conception, much less hope, that they could ever reach the dazzling height of prosperity which they both attained—there can be traced no assignable or reconcilable cause why such should have been their lot—it was, in both instances, affected by the mere fortuity and combination of circumstances wholly without the region of surmise or calculation, but forming an uninterrupted and unbroken chain of events, leading to one great and fortunate conclusion. The more distinguished of the two individuals alluded to, was the mere scion of a German stock, possessing of himself an income unequal in its amount to that which even a clerk of some few years standing in the Treasury department would receive, and far inferior to the profits in business of many a fourth or fifth rate tradesman of London. His good fortune or destiny guided him to England, where, in spite of the many opposing influences that were arrayed in fearful aspect against all probability of the occurrences that subsequently took place, he was introduced to the court and to the heiress presumptive to England. Be it re-

membered that at that time it was contemplated to bring about a marriage between the hereditary Prince of Orange and the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The prince, under the malign aspect of political events, had been long resident in this country, holding commission in the 10th Light Dragoons, and had paid devoted attention to the royal object of his affection, who, however, was known to be averse to the union proposed. In this state of things, destiny, through the agency of female policy and diplomacy, as worked out by the well-contrived schemes of the Duchess of Oldenburgh, stepped in to the accomplishment of an arrangement. The Prince of Cobourg was introduced, and had the good fortune to take the attention of the Princess Charlotte, which was no sooner perceived by the experienced duchess, than she determined on a speculative manœuvre to turn up for her relative the royal card that should carry the game. She immediately set her wits and contrivances to work, and, as a first step, opened a communication with the great Jew millionaire, Rothschild, and laid before him the exact state of events, as in her view and contemplation they appeared to promise a favourable result. The great capitalist with his usual discrimination and foresight, saw the perfection of the scheme, and immediately communicated to the prince that he could draw on his (R.'s) house for any sum of money he should want in support of his dignity. This grand arrangement effected, every opportunity was of course embraced that could tend to encourage the feeling of preference that the princess had already evinced for the fortunate prince, who ultimately became the avowed object of her affections ; and spite of all opposition by the regent, her father, the only person whom she would hear of or assent to as her affianced husband. All remonstrance was useless ; and it was, therefore, advisable to cede to the princess's wishes. Thus, the impulse which destiny gave to the progress of the Prince of Cobourg was the opposing and counteracting agency to the fortunes of the Prince of Orange ; in other words, the success of the one was the death blow to the hopes of the other. The heir to the throne of Holland was discarded ; and the poor German Prince, whose most sanguine expectations could never have led him beyond the hand and fortune of an English lady, was, on a sudden, raised to almost the highest dignity of the kingdom, receiving therewith an income of nearly treble the amount of the sovereignty of the state of which he was a native, and from which he had set out the mere soldier of his fortune. But the impetus which destiny had first given to his fortunes, had bore him only half way in his marked career. Subsequent events with which every Englishman is too well acquainted, deprived the prince of his betrothed, and he became a widower, with the ample provision of about £60,000 per annum. Trace we next the long chain of political and other events—the downfall of Napoleon—the restoration of the Bourbons—the French revolution of the three days in July, 1830, and the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne of the French ; and following this, the separation of Belgium and Holland, and the election of this same Prince of Cobourg to the throne of the newly created kingdom ; and lastly, the second union of this most fortunate individual with the daughter of the King of the French, the accession of fortune consequent thereon, and the great security given to his throne by his connexion by marriage with the two greatest powers of Europe. Reflecting on such a marked and extraordinary career, can it be said, that it was produced by the common course of things ? The individual so marked out as the favoured of fortune is, by no means, distinguished by talent or enterprise above other men, on the contrary, his habits are retired, and whatever may be his acquirements, they are equally unobtrusive and unknown.

The next example of destiny's doings may be instanced in the elevation of the late Duchess of St. Albans. This lady, the daughter of humble parentage, was formerly attached to the theatre, and obtained some favour with the public in third rate characters. She possessed, by no means, that generally striking beauty or fascination of face or person, to which many actresses have been indebted for their good fortune ; and her professional talent, except in one or two characters, was not beyond the ordinary quality. Her person and performance, however, attracted the notice and admiration of a very eminent and wealthy old banker ; and, as is usually the case, when very old men become fascinated with very young women, she obtained great and uncontrolled influence over him, and they lived on terms of intimacy for some years. On the death of the old banker's wife, he, at the age of nearly fifty, married his young friend ; and at his death, a few years afterwards, bequeathed to her the whole of the vast property he had amassed, and left her sole and uncontrolled mistress of his great

wealth, possessions, and interests, to the exclusion of his own immediate relatives, who, by this arrangement, became dependent on their good behaviour and conduct towards his widow, for any benefit they might hereafter hope to possess. The power of gold, like the power of destiny, has its secret and irresistible influence; it wrought a miraculous change in the situation of the lady; her name, which had been before whispered in the breathings of calumny and disrespect, was now uttered by the loud tongue of praise and adulation. Princes bowed at her shrine, and the most illustrious by birth and courtesy deigned not to pay their meed of compliment to her virtues and her wealth. Her gold won its way to the heart of a simple duke, young enough to be her offspring, and she rose in due time to the elevation of the highest rank in the peerage of England, with certain privileges beyond her compeers, attendant on the hereditary office of her lord. Gold again, and the great influence it had worked in certain obligations conferred on needy scions of royalty, soon paved her way to the palace, and she thus by a chain of fortuitous events, reached the very climax of prosperity, beyond which the most ambitious of her sex could not hope to progress, and was pinnacled on a height that her most flattering visions had never pictured she could soar to. This lady so favoured of fortune, has since paid the debt of nature, and has left behind her a property approaching the amount of two millions of money!

Compare the foregoing instances with the fate of the many names on record, whose talent and intellect have enlightened the world, and opened to the human understanding the sources of knowledge and power, whose lives have been passed in indigence and comparative obscurity, and whose prospects have been clouded by the world's ingratitude; the same world that, to their solicitations for bread when living, has given them a stone, when death alone has discovered the just estimate of their worth.

Is it, we repeat, from ordinary causes that such results emanate? Is it not rather to the secret and irresistible workings of destiny, the inscrutable ordinations of providence, that directs and shapes all things to its own omniscient ends?

To those kind stars and hidden powers of fate,
That made Ventidius rise and Tullus great!

From 'Report of Poor Law Commissioners,' Appendix, June 8, 1838.

SOURCES OF FEVER.

It is a matter of experience that, during the decomposition of dead or organic substances, whether vegetable or animal, aided by heat and moisture, and other peculiarities of climate, a poison is generated, which, when in a state of concentration, is capable of producing instantaneous death, by a single inspiration of the air in which it is diffused.

Experience also shows that this poison, even when it is largely diluted by admixture with atmospheric air, and when consequently, it is unable to prove thus suddenly fatal, is still the fruitful source of sickness and mortality, partly in proportion to its intensity, and partly in proportion to the length of time and the constancy with which the body remains exposed to it. Facts without number, long observed, such as the great amount of sickness and mortality in marshy districts, the fevers and dysenteries incident to armies on their encampment in certain localities, several hundred men being sometimes seized with disease in a single night, and great numbers dying within twenty-four or thirty hours; the dreadful destruction which occasionally took place in ships' crews, in ships in which cleanliness had been neglected, and especially in which the bilge water had been allowed to collect and putrefy, sufficiently attested the presence, in certain situations, of a deadly poison. But this poison was too subtle to be reduced to a tangible form. Even its existence was ascertainable only by its mortal influence on the human body; and although the induction commonly made as to its origin, namely, that it is the product of putrefying vegetable and animal matter, appeared inevitable, seeing that its virulence is always in proportion to the quantity of vegetable and animal matters present, and to the perfect combination of the circumstances favourable to their decomposition, still the opinion could only be regarded as an inference.

But modern science has recently succeeded in making a most important step in the elucidation of this subject.

It has now been demonstrated by direct experiment, that in certain situations in which the air is loaded with poisonous exhalations, the poisonous matter consists of vegetable and animal substance in a high state of putrescency. If a quantity of air in which such exhalations are present be collected, the vapour may be condensed by cold and other agents: a residuum is obtained, which on examination is found to be composed of vegetable or animal matter, in a state of high putrefaction. This matter constitutes a deadly poison. A minute quantity of this poison, applied to an animal previously in sound health, destroys life, with the most intense symptoms of malignant fever. If, for example, ten or twelve drops of a fluid containing this highly putrid matter be injected into the jugular vein of a dog, the animal is seized with acute fever; the action of the heart is inordinately excited, the respiration becomes accelerated, the heat increased, the prostration of strength extreme, the muscular power so exhausted that the animal lies on the ground wholly unable to stir, or to make

the slightest effort; and after a short time it is actually seized with the black vomit, identical in the nature of the matter evacuated with that which is thrown up by a person labouring under yellow fever. By varying the intensity and the dose of the poison thus obtained, it is possible to produce fever of almost any type, endowed with almost any degree of mortal power.

It is proved further, that when this poison is diffused in the atmosphere, and is transported to the lungs in the inspired air, it enters directly into the blood, and produces various diseases, the nature of which is materially modified, according as the vegetable or the animal matter predominates in the poison. In the exhalations which arise from marshes, bogs, and other uncultivated and undrained places, vegetable matter predominates; such exhalations contain a poison which produces, principally, intermittent fever or ague, and remittent fever.

The exhalations which accumulate in close, ill-ventilated, and crowded apartments in the confined situations of densely populated cities, where no attention is paid to the removal of putrefying and excrementitious substances, consist chiefly of animal matter; such exhalations contain a poison which produces continued fever of the typhoid character. There are situations, as has been stated, in which the poison generated is so intense and deadly, that a single inspiration of it is capable of producing instantaneous death; there are others in which a few inspirations of it are capable of destroying life in from two to twelve hours; and there are others, again, as in dirty and neglected ships, in damp, crowded, and filthy goals, in the crowded wards of ill-ventilated hospitals, filled with persons labouring under malignant surgical diseases, and some forms of typhus fever in the crowded, filthy, close, unventilated, damp, undrained habitations of the poor, in which the poison generated, although not so immediately fatal, is still too potent to be breathed long, even by the most healthy and robust, without producing fever of a highly dangerous and mortal character.

But it would be a most inadequate view of the pernicious agency of this poison, if it were restricted to the diseases commonly produced by its direct operation. It is a matter of constant observation, that even when not present in sufficient intensity to produce fever, by disturbing the function of some organ, or set of organs, and thereby weakening the general system, this poison acts as a powerful predisposing cause of some of the most common and fatal maladies to which the human body is subject.

The deaths occasioned in this country by diseases of the digestive organs, for example, by inflammation of the air-passages and lungs, and by consumption, form a large proportion of the annual mortality. No one who lives long in, or near, a malarian disease district is even for a single hour free from some of the digestive organs. By the disorder of the digestive organs, the body is often so much enfeebled that it is wholly incapable of resisting the frequent and sudden changes of temperature to which this climate is subject; the consequence is that the person thus enfeebled perishes in inflammation set up in some vital organ, and more especially in the air-passages and lungs, or by consumption, the consequence of that inflammation. If then, as is commonly computed, of the total number of deaths that take place annually over the whole surface of the globe nearly one-half is caused by fever in its different forms, to this sum must be added the number who perish by the diseases caused by the indirect operation of this poison.

SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF A LIFE.

The following anecdote of a life preserved under extraordinary circumstances, is related in *Varilla's History (French) of Charles IX.* The incident occurred at the siege of Rouen in 1562:—

"An accident which happened to the most daring and hardy of the besieged, deserves to be told. Francois de Cville, a young Calvinistic nobleman in the neighbourhood of Rouen, had entered that city before it was besieged, and had been appointed, by Montgomeri, to command a company of foot soldiers, with orders to guard a station between the gate of St Hilaire and les Fourches. In this place he was shot in the right cheek by a musket ball. The violence of the ball, which penetrated a long way into his head, threw him from the top of the ramparts down to the ground, where the pioneers were working at an intrenchment. These unfeeling men, too much familiarised with scenes of blood to be moved by pity, considered Cville as dead, or at least they imagined that he would very soon be so: despoiling him of his clothes, they paid themselves beforehand for the sepulture they were about to give him; and, although he was but half dead, they cast him into a grave by the side of a soldier whom they were then interring. He had been buried six hours when the assault terminated. His groom, who was waiting with his horse for him, observing that he did not return, and hearing a confused rumour that he was dead, went to Montgomeri to ascertain the fact, who told him in what manner he believed Cville had been killed. The groom, much grieved, begged that at least they would show him the place where his master was buried, in order that he might take away his body, and convey it to his relatives. Jean le Clere, a lieutenant in the guards of Montgomeri offered to show him the place. The night was very dark, and they durst not take a light with them, as the enemy would have

fired at them immediately. However, the lieutenant had marked the grave so exactly, that the groom found the two bodies; but the wounds that they had received in the face, and the mud which they were besmeared, had so disfigured them, that it was not possible to distinguish Cville from the other; thus the groom was compelled to replace them in the grave whence he had taken them. The danger to which he exposed himself in performing this melancholy duty, and the distraction of his mind occasioned by his singular adventure, allowed him to do it with so little exactness, that he left one of the arms uncovered. He returned, overwhelmed with grief; but as he was about to enter the street and had lost sight of the spot where he had buried his master, he turned his head to look at it once more. The moon, which was rising, enabled him to perceive the arm lying out of the ground, and the fear lest it might allure the dogs to grub up the bodies and devour them, had so much influence over him as to induce him to go back for the purpose of covering the arm. In taking hold of it he found a ring on one of the fingers, which had escaped the observation of the pioneers, who had been in too great haste to make a particular examination. He recognised the diamond that Cville had been accustomed to wear; then unburied his master; and finding, on taking him up, that he was still warm, placed him on his horse, and conveyed him to the monastery of St Claire—the place destined for the wounded. The surgeons having examined Cville, deemed it useless to dress his wounds, and restored him to the groom, who, not knowing what to do, took him to the inn where he abode. In this place he remained four days without taking any nourishment, and on the fifth day, Grente and le Gras, two celebrated physicians, having heard that he was still alive, went to visit him, more from curiosity than with any hope of being able to afford him relief. They forced his mouth open, cleansed his wounds, and discovered, on applying the first dressing, that nature had yet sufficient strength to recover, provided she were seconded by art: and, indeed, he began to recover to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of Rouen. When that city was taken, some Catholic officers who had had a quarrel with the brother of Cville, ran to the inn where he had heard he resided. The persons who had informed them were mistaken, for the two brothers bore the same name. The intention of the officers was to kill their enemy; and their vexation when they found that he had escaped their revenge (for he had already left Rouen) was so great, that they wreaked their vengeance on his unfortunate brother. However, they were not willing to finish it entirely themselves, but commanded their servants to throw him through the window, which order was immediately executed. But nothing can take away the life of a man when his last hour is not arrived. Cville fell upon a dunghill that was unobserved by those who threw him through the window, and as their thoughts were only fixed on pillaging the room as speedily as possible, in order that they might hasten to do the same elsewhere, they put themselves to no more trouble about what was become of him than their masters had done, who had gone out after having given their order. He remained three days on the dunghill without receiving any nourishment, until his servant informed his relatives of what had happened to him. One of the most charitable of them, by means of a bribe, prevailed on the Catholic soldiers to remove him from that place, and to convey him to a country-house near Rouen, where he recovered, and lived almost fifty years afterwards."

This story appeals so strongly to the feeling of wonder, that the mind is almost disabled for forming a steady judgment as to its perfect naturalness. Yet, quite natural it most of course has been. The explanation is, that Cville experienced much of what seems usually to produce or attend death, but yet never received exactly that kind or amount of injury which is sufficient for the purpose. On the other hand, death is often produced from apparently trivial causes—sitting in a draught, or the cutting of a toe-nail. The uninformed mind, seeing some resist what appears so much, and others sink under what appears so little, are apt to think it is all a matter of fatality. If better informed on the subject, they would in every case find that the apparently small injury was in reality the greatest—the sitting in a draught, for instance, producing a general stoppage of one great function of the system, and the cut toe leading to such a derangement of the nervous apparatus that no other derangement could be equal to it. The same explanation serves for another too common wonder—the deaths of the young and strong, while the old and feeble linger on to old age. All depends on the acuteness of the injury. The feeble body, properly nursed and protected, will long retain life, if it escape severe attacks; while the healthiest and most robust frames are unable to stand against fevers, inflammations, and other short and sudden maladies. We have sometimes flung an useless piece of paper upon the coals, and been surprised half an hour after to find it not consumed; whereas, on other occasions, useful papers, flung in by mistake, have perished instantaneously. But, in the first case, the flame was just beginning to burst through the superior cake of black coal, while, in the second, the fire was glowing like a furnace. To suppose here a fatality against useful papers, would be exactly the same absurdity as to conceive that healthy lives ever give way before injuries less severe than those which feeble lives are enabled to endure.

CANADA HARVEST.

The following remarks are as suitable for Nova Scotia as Canada. We are indebted for them to the editor of a very respectable journal denominated 'The Church,' published at Cobourg, Upper Canada.

"Thankful indeed ought we to be that it hath pleased a gracious God to 'give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them!' 'Thankful ought we to be that, while the same measure of success has not crowned the labours of the husbandman in a neighbouring country, and while even in our land some minor crops have not yielded their 'fruits of increase,' the crop of crops—that which emphatically is called *the staff of life*—that which is of most vital consideration, both as regards our sustenance at home and our trade abroad—has been plenteous beyond anticipation. With how many arguments for gratitude and contentment are we here furnished! In the course of the last few years both Scotland and Ireland have suffered occasionally from dearth and scarcity, and Famine has uplifted on them her gaunt and colourless features. Here, indeed, one season his fallen short of another in productiveness and plenty; but, altogether, the channel of God's mercy has never yet been dried up to us; and we have generally been strangers to the calamities and wants that have scourged some portions of the mother country, to the hurricane and tornado that have blasted the fair islands of the West Indies, and to the famine that recently in Eastern India has been carrying off its victims by thousands.

Our forefathers of 'merry England' were wont, when the fruits of the year were gathered in, to invite their tenants and labourers to the festive board, and, with the various accompaniments of rustic merriment, to celebrate the Harvest Home. Far be it from us to decry the venerable and hearty customs of our father-land, or to think lightly of those usages and old ceremonials which, with an undoubted mixture of evil in them, have nevertheless entered so largely into the composition of the English character, such a conservative reverence for antiquity and time-honoured tradition! Though we look upon innocent festivities in commemoration of God's mercies as accordant with customs related in Scripture, and calculated to promote a genial spirit of cheerfulness and contentment, we are not going to recommend our readers to revive the rejoicings of the English Harvest-Home. We rather call upon them to shew their thankfulness by communing with their own hearts—by contrasting God's goodness with man's un-worthiness—by combining watchfulness and prayer for the expulsion of every favourite sin—and by doing all that lies within their power to restore tranquility and unity to their divided country.

A modern custom, however, has recently sprung up—or an old one has been revived—in England, which is worthy of imitation by Christians in every part of the globe. At the conclusion of the harvest-year, a time is appointed for a week-day's service:—the farmers and villagers, clad in their best attire, walk in procession to Church, and a sermon suitable to so joyful an occasion is delivered by the clergyman of the parish. The procession part of this custom may not chime in with the habits of this country; but to the main feature of it, the religious thanksgiving, there can be not only no objection, but there is every motive to commend it to our reason and affections.

He who loves to illustrate the Book of Revelation by the Book of Nature—books, both of them, accessible to the simple as well as to the learned,—cannot walk through a harvest-field, without perceiving a throng of Scripture images pass rapidly, like a panorama, before his mental eye. First is seen the altar of Noah, and the ear seems to catch the voice of God proclaiming the welcome intelligence that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease." Reuben, in the days of wheat-harvest, finds his mandrakes in the field, and brings them to his mother. Joseph dreams his dream, and tells his brethren how his sheaf arose and stood upright, and how their sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to his sheaf. Ruth stands amid "the alien corn," malleclad in her native modesty and virtue. The scene shifts, and the standing corn of the Philistines blazes with the firebrands which the foxes let loose by Samson have scattered. Again there is a change, and the men of Bethshemesb, in the midst of their wheat harvest, are smitten for having looked into the ark of the Lord.—Connected with the harvest-field, we have also the beautiful and pathetic tale of the Shanammite's son;—how "going out to his father to the reapers," this, her only child, was stricken with disease and died; and how Elisha, the man of God, stretched himself in prayer over the insensate body, and in answer to his strong crying and tears, the life of the child was restored, and he was delivered again to his rejoicing mother. And as we proceed onward in our recollections of the Holy Volume, and arrive at the words of our Redeemer himself, full many a beautiful reflection will suggest itself to us, when meditating in the harvest field at eventide, or moving among the reapers while they busily ply their task! Our spiritual harvest is plenteous, but the spiritual labourers are few. The end of the world will come, when men will be the harvest, and angels the reapers;

when the Saviour and Judge, fan in hand, will throughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner, at the same time that he burns up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

ASTRONOMICAL CAUSE OF SUMMER.—Summer is, both in the literal and the metaphorical sense, the season of blossoms; and as the blossoms make the fruit, the time of them is really the most important of the whole. In our middle latitudes, there is a very beautiful instance of design and adaptation in this. The grand stimulating agent in all terrestrial action, at least in a natural view of it on the surface of the earth, and the intensity of this action, is made up of two elements,—the portion of the twenty-four hours during which the sun is above the horizon, and the altitude of the sun above that horizon. Both of these, in either hemisphere increase as the sun declines towards that hemisphere, or rather as the hemisphere inclines to the sun; though, as the first of these is the apparent result of the second as a reality, our using the one expression or the other does not affect the result. The increase or decrease of altitude is the same, with the same change of declination, in all latitudes; but the variation in time above the horizon increases with the latitude: consequently, the higher the latitude the greater the change of solar action with the same change in declination. The change in declination increases from the solstice to the equinox, and diminishes from the equinox to the solstice. Thus the increase of the solar action begins to slacken at the vernal equinox in March, and gradually diminishes till it becomes 0 at Midsummer; after this the decrease commences. This, however, only in so far as depends on the altitude of the sun; for the other element, the time which the sun is above the horizon, goes on increasing till the longest day, or day of the solstice.

Thus, in the advanced part of the summer, there is a diminished increase of the momentary intensity of the solar action, and a lengthening of its daily duration. What is given to the presence of the sun above the horizon, is taken from the absence below it; and thus, as the summer advances towards the longest day, all that works by the action of the sun works with less increase of intensity, and for a longer time. After the longest day is passed, both elements of the solar action diminish, slowly at first, and more rapidly afterwards, until the summer merges in the autumn. Near the equator the changes are comparatively small, and they increase with the latitude; and the differences in this respect are what may be called the celestial differences of the character of summer in different latitudes; but terrestrial causes modify these so much that the practical results as observed are very different from what the celestial theory would give.

Still, any one who thinks but for a moment, will not fail to discern how beautifully the season of bloom is secured from violent action, either the one way or the other. This is enough to convince us that the action which goes on in the production of nature during the summer is really the most important of the whole year; for it is performed with the maximum of power in the agents, and the minimum of disturbance in their operation. That resistance of winter, which but too often shrivels the young leaf and blights the early blossom in the spring, is vanquished, and completely stayed from making any inroad, till the seasonal purposes of nature are accomplished; and the ardour of the stimulating causes which have vanquished this destructive one are slackened, so that they may not injure that which, during the struggle of the early part of the year they have preserved.

All this, too, is accomplished by means so very simple, that their simplicity proves the most wonderful parts of the whole; for it is nothing more than the planes of the annual and daily motions of the earth intersecting each other at an angle of about 23° 28'; and the line of intersection passing through the equinoctial points of the annual orbit."—*Mudie's Summer*.

GOODNESS OF GOD.—When God created the human species, either he wished their happiness, or he wished their misery, or he was indifferent and unconcerned about both. If he wished our misery, he might have made sure of his purpose, by forming our senses to be so many sores and pains to us, as they are now instruments of gratification and enjoyment; or by placing us amidst objects so ill suited to our perceptions as to have continually offended us, instead of ministering to our refreshment and delight. He might have made, for example, every thing we tasted, bitter; every thing we saw, loathsome; every thing we touched, a sting; every smell, a stench; and every sound, a discord. If he had been indifferent about our happiness or misery, we must impute to our good fortune (as all design by this supposition is excluded) both the capacity of our senses to receive pleasure, and the supply of external objects fitted to produce it. But either of these (and still more both of them) being too much to be attributed to accident, nothing remains but the first supposition, that God, when he created the human species, wished their happiness, and made for them the provision which he has made, with that view, and for that purpose. Contrivance proves design; and the predominant tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer. The world abounds with contrivances, and all the

contrivances which we are acquainted with are directed to beneficial purposes: evil, no doubt, exists, but is never, that we can perceive, the object of contrivance. Teeth were contrived to eat, not to ache; their aching now and then is incidental to the contrivance, perhaps inseparable from it; or even if you will, let it be called a defeat in the contrivance, but not the object of it. You would hardly say that the sickle was made to cut the reaper's fingers, though, from the construction of the instrument, and the manner of using it, this mischief often happens. We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose. Since, then, God has called forth his consummate wisdom to contrive and provide for our happiness, and the world appears to have been constituted with this design at first; so long as this constitution is upheld by him, we must, in reason, suppose the same design to continue. We conclude, therefore, that God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures. And this conclusion being once established, we are at liberty to go on with the rule built upon it, namely, "that the method of coming at the will of God, concerning any action, by the light of nature, is to inquire into the tendency of that action to promote or diminish the general happiness."—*Paley*.

CONNECTIONS BETWEEN THE NATURAL FEATURES OF A COUNTRY AND ITS MORALS AND MANNERS.—Much depends on whether it is flat or mountainous, pasture or arable land. It appears from fact, too, that much depends on minor circumstances,—even on whether it is damp or dry. It is amusing to the traveller in Holland to observe how new points of morals spring out of swamps, as in the East from the dryness of the deserts. To injure the piles on which the city is built, is at Amsterdam a capital offence; and no inhabitant could outgrow the shame of tampering with vegetation by which the soil of the dykes is held together. While Irish children are meritoriously employed in gathering rushes to make candles, and sedges for thatch, "the veriest child in Holland would resent as an injury any suspicion that she had rooted up a sedge or a rush, which had been planted to strengthen the embankments." Such are certain points of morals in a country where water is the great enemy. In the East, where drought is the chief foe, it is a crime to defile or stop up a well, and the greatest of social glories is to have made water flow were all before was dry. In Holland, a malignant enemy cuts the dyke as the last act of malice: In Arabia, he fills up the wells. In Holland, a distinct sort of moral feeling seems to have grown up about intemperance in drink. The humidity of the climate, and the scarcity of clear, wholesome water, oblige the inhabitants to drink much of other liquids. If moderation in them were not made a point of conscience of the first importance, the consequences of their prevalent use would be dreadful. The success of this particular moral effort is great. Drunkenness is almost as rare in Holland as carelessness in keeping accounts and tampering with the dykes. There is no country in the world whose morals have more clearly grown out of its circumstances than Holland.—*How to Observe—Morals and Manners, by Harriet Martineau*.

INFLUENCE OF COMMERCE UPON MORALS AND MANNERS.—Upon the extent of the commerce of a country depends much of the character of its morals. Old virtues and vices dwindle away, and new ones appear. The old members of a rising commercial society complain of the loss of simplicity of manners, of the introduction of new wants, of the relaxation of morals, of the prevalence of new habits. The young members of the same society rejoice that prudery is going out of fashion, that gossip is likely to be replaced by the higher kind of intercourse which is introduced by strangers, and by an extension of knowledge and interests: they even decide that domestic morals are purer from the general enlargement and occupation of mind which has succeeded to the *ennui* and selfishness in which licentiousness often originates. A highly remarkable picture of the two conditions of the same place may be obtained by comparing Mrs. Grant's account of the town of Albany, New York, in her young days, with the present state of the city. She tells us of the plays of the children on the green slope which is now State Street; of the tea-drinkings and working parties, of the gossip, bickerings, and virulent petty enmities of the young society, with its general regularity and occasional backsliding; with the gentle despotism of its opulent members, and the more or less restive or servile obedience of the subordinate personages. In place of all this, the stranger now sees a city with magnificent public buildings, and private houses filled with the products of all the countries of the world. The inhabitants are too busy to be given to gossip, too unrestrained in their intercourse with numbers to retain much prudery: social despotism and subservience have become impossible: there is a generous spirit of enterprise, an enlargement of knowledge, an amelioration of opinion. There is on the other hand, perhaps a decrease of kindly neighbourly regard, and certainly a great increase of the low vices which are the plague of commercial cities.—*How to Observe—Morals and Manners, by Harriet Martineau*.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

When are we happiest? When the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
When cheerful sounds upon the fresh wind borne,
Tell man resumes his work with blither zest;
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen:
Are we the happiest then?

Alas, those roses! they will fade away,
And thunder-tempests will deform the sky;
And summer-heats bid the spring buds decay,
And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry;
And nothing beautiful adorn the scene,
To tell what it hath been.

When are we happiest? In the crowded hall,
When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee!
How soon, how very soon, such pleasures fall!
How fast must falsehood's rainbow colouring flee!
It's poison flow'rets brave the sting of care:
We are not happy there.

Are we the happiest when the evening hearth
Is circled with its crown of living flowers;
When goeth round the laugh of heartless mirth,
And when affection from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
Bliss! is it there thou art?

Oh, no! not there. It would be happiness
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be;
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity;
But they are things of earth and pass away—
They must, they must decay!

Those voices must grow tremulous with years;
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom;
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
And, at the last, close darkly in the tomb;
If happiness depends on them alone,
How quickly is it gone!

When are we happiest then? O, when resigned
To whatsoever our cup of life may brim;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth; and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain:
Oh! we are happiest then.

From the Lady's Book.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. S. HOUGHTON.

Time passed on and nothing was heard of Ricardo. De Vere gradually forgot his fears, and occasionally appeared in public with his beautiful wife, and introduced her to that society which she was so well fitted to enjoy and adorn. Wherever they appeared, at ball or party, or in the social circle, their society was courted, and Francesca, by her native vivacity and grace, reigned "the bright particular star" of the hour. De Vere was alike dazzled and surprised by these attentions. He was too modest to believe he deserved them, and possessed too much firmness and sagacity to be deceived into extravagance by these fashionable flatteries. His success in his occupation was equally gratifying. His ready talents, and vigorous style of composition, soon attracted notice, and he was offered the sub-editorship of the journal on which he had been employed, which he immediately accepted. This proved a very lucrative situation, and raised him greatly in the estimation of his friends and acquaintance. He was now on the broad road to prosperity and honour.

One evening, soon after this change in his business, which of course brought him more directly before the public, De Vere appeared at the theatre with Francesca, to witness the performance of a new celebrated opera, which required a critical notice. On taking his seat he observed that a person in the next box, who was apparently attempting to conceal his own features, eyed him very sharply, and then retired. De Vere mentioned this incident to Francesca, who was about to reply, when the overture ceased, the curtain rose, and the circumstance was forgotten.

The new play was eminently successful. The scenery was magnificent beyond description—the actors performed their parts admirably—the music and singing introduced were excellent—the curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, and the audience retired highly delighted with the entertainment. A performance of this character combines the highest efforts of poetry and painting, of music and eloquence. De Vere was happily fitted, by nature and education to enjoy and appreciate these efforts, and during the progress of the piece, he frequently joined in the applause with the utmost enthusiasm. He left the theatre with the mass, and pursued his way, by the dim light of the expiring lamps, to his humble lodgings. He had not yet left this place, for fear of discovery, although his income was amply sufficient to support a house worthy of his station. Just as he reached the corner of the obscure lane, by which he entered his dwelling, a man armed with a stout club sprung from the thick darkness, and with a single blow felled him to the earth. Francesca uttered a shriek and leaped to the opposite side of the lane. Her cries alarmed the

city watch, and three of them immediately came to her assistance. The villain, perceiving his danger, groped about in search of his victim, gave him another blow and disappeared. De Vere was immediately taken to his lodgings where his wounds were examined by a surgeon. He was found to be much bruised, but not dangerously injured. He was soon able to sit up, and in a few days pushed his profession as usual.

This incident gave rise to much fearful speculation. De Vere had little doubt but that the villain who attacked him was Ricardo or one of his emissaries. The object of the attack could not have been plunder, for there was no demand made, nor any attempt to rifle his pockets. When the watchmen appeared, instead of making his escape, the villain stopped, at the hazard of his life, to give his victim another blow. The vengeance of the Spaniard undoubtedly followed in his path, and he feared that he should yet fall a victim to his bloody purpose.

De Vere therefore immediately procured a suite of apartments in a more public and eligible part of the city, presuming that an assassin would not be so likely to assail him, where thousands were constantly passing, as in the dark and unfrequented lane where he first resided. He rarely ventured abroad in the evening without the protection of a friend, and never without being suitably armed. No further attack was made, however, and the circumstance of the first assault gradually died away upon his mind, or were ranked with the thousand singular affairs that daily occur in that great commercial city.

At this time an incident occurred, which opened upon De Vere in still bolder colours, the fiendish character of Ricardo, and in its consequences brought the eventful history of that monster to a close, unveiled a dark chain of events, and rendered the life of our hero and his amiable and accomplished partner peaceful and happy.

"Francesca!" exclaimed De Vere, as he entered the apartment where his wife was sitting, his countenance blanched with fear, "Francesca, the paper which I hold in my hand contains bad news—Ricardo or his confederates are still I fear at their cursed work—your father has been arrested as a smuggler!"

"My father!" cried Francesca, catching the paper in her hands, and bending eagerly over its contents.

"Yes—arrested, imprisoned, and awaiting his trial. The old man, it is evident, was betrayed—he will die beneath the blow."

Francesca raised her eyes from the paper, and looked steadfastly at Frederick, while her lips quivered, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.

"He was betrayed, beyond all doubt," continued Frederick, pacing the apartment, "and he will die beneath the blow, unless some kind friend can snatch him from the power of the Spanish fiend."

"Will not justice and the laws save him?"

"I fear not—justice may be blinded."

It was no time to waste words. The trial of old Marlow came on in a few days. Frederick decided upon his measures promptly.

"I will go," said he, "I will go and plead his cause myself. I will unveil the character of his accusers and their witnesses—I will save him from their secret arts, and trust to Providence for protection!"

It was a noble resolution, and characteristic of the speaker. Francesca made no reply. She approved her husband's spirit, but dreaded its consequences. De Vere was resolute. He prepared for the journey that very day, and the following morning, leaving his wife in the family of an intimate acquaintance, and inwardly recommending her to the protection of Heaven, started on his perilous enterprise.

A week passed away, and no tidings of her absent husband reached Francesca. He promised to write, and inform her of the progress of the trial; but no letters arrived. Were they intercepted? Or had he been murdered on his journey? The worst was apprehended.

It was evening. Francesca and a little group of friends were seated in the family parlor, earnestly discussing the atrocities of Ricardo, and the probable fate of De Vere. A loud rap was heard at the door.

"Hark!" exclaimed Francesca, rising from her chair.

A servant answered the call, and in a few minutes returned with a note addressed to Francesca. She hastily broke the seal and read as follows:

"Dearest—Your father is safe. The trial has terminated in his favour. I shall be detained here a few weeks adjusting his affairs, when we shall both return to New York. I shall be happy to have you join us, and visit once more the scene of your early days. Danger is passed. Come, and you shall know all. A private carriage is the best conveyance. Ask Ellen to bear you company. Yours, affectionately. F. DE VERE."

The contents of this letter brought welcome relief to the troubled mind of Francesca. As soon as its import was made known, a murmur of satisfaction burst from the little assembly of friends present, who awaited the announcement in breathless silence. Francesca was happy—and she lost no time in complying with the request of her husband. A carriage and driver were obtained, and with her friend Ellen, who received the proposal with

pleasure, she left the city full of anticipation, to join her husband, to meet her kind but injured father, and to visit those rude scenes which early associations and simple happiness had endeared to her heart.

The next day after her departure, De Vere arrived in the city, with her father, and unconscious of her absence, hastened to meet her embrace, and to make her acquainted with the happy issue of his efforts. When informed that she had gone to meet him, at his own request, (as she supposed) he sunk into a chair, speechless. The history of the villainous stratagem by which she was decoyed from home—the letter, which it is needless to say was a forgery—overwhelmed him with astonishment and the deepest concern for her welfare. This was the unkindest cut of all.

But his usual energy and self-possession soon returned, and calling a post-chaise to the door, he sprung into it, and pursued the route to New Jersey, which Francesca had probably taken, determined, if possible, by relays of horses, and constant driving, to overtake her, or at least to learn something of her fate.

This task he soon accomplished—too soon, alas! for his own peace. On the evening of the first day he stopped at an obscure public house, to make inquiries respecting Francesca and her attendants. A crowd of people, collected in the traveller's room, were engaged in earnest and noisy conversation about an outrage recently committed in those parts. The hot blood darted through his veins, as De Vere inquired of the landlord what the outrage spoke of. It was a high-way robbery; a carriage containing two ladies had been attacked the previous evening, a few miles from that place; every thing of value was taken, and the ladies forced from the carriage and carried, no one knew whither! The driver, who escaped with a slight wound, was then in the house. He was called, at De Vere's request, and confirmed the melancholy story. Francesca and Ellen had fallen victims to the hellish arts of the Spaniard! Thwarted in love—disappointed in his attempts upon the life of his rival—cheated of revenge in the case of the father—and now, with the dear object of all his toils, the precious prize for which he had laboured so long and so desperately, fairly in his power, what would not Ricardo attempt! The thought was distraction.

But De Vere had seen too much of misfortune, to be utterly disheartened at her approach, even in this fearful shape. Indeed, adversity seemed to inspire him with new energy. On the present occasion he followed Ricardo and his unprincipled crew to their den of infamy with a suddenness that the monster little expected.

As soon as the crowd at the inn understood that De Vere was the husband of one of the ladies carried off by the confederates of the famous smuggler, they all, with one accord, begged to be led in pursuit of the villains. Warrants for their apprehension were issued by a neighbouring justice, the services of several officers were obtained, carriages were provided, and the party, which was constantly increasing, was soon ready to start. Popular indignation was excited to the highest point. Every body, far and near, knew and feared or despised the villain Ricardo, and they longed to revenge the wrongs he had committed.

Just as De Vere was about to step into his carriage with an officer, a tall, swarthy looking man, in a coarse fisherman's dress, tapped him upon the shoulder, and begged to whisper a word with him.

"I am a ruined, desperate man," said he, in a low sorrowful tone, "and I seek revenge. Take me with you—I can lead you to the den you seek. The monster is now there, and his death shall soon end a life of infamy and crime, without a parallel. Lead on—lead on."

De Vere was not reluctant to receive the assistance of an old confederate of the Spanish villain, although inclined to believe that he might still be in the service of that arch enemy. This was no time for inquiry, however, and they mounted the carriage together. The subject was mentioned to the officer of the law, who thought best to make the most of the assistance offered, if the man should prove honest, but if otherwise, to arrest him as an accomplice. The word was then given, and the party started off amidst the cheers of a crowd of spectators.

The retreat which the robbers had probably chosen, if they were the agents of Ricardo, was suspected by many. But few, unless assisted by a strong force, as on the present occasion, would have dared to approach it, upon such an errand. Death to invaders, was the fearful motto of the wretched men who followed the fortunes of the Spaniard. Their guide led the way, and about midnight announced, that they were in the vicinity of the "Smuggler's Cave." It was a dismal place. On one side, a range of unbroken hills, covered with tall vines and rocky precipices extended as far as the eye could reach. On the other, a barren heath with here and there a bush or bunch of moss, spread itself to the very verge of the ocean. At the entrance of a dark ravine which it was impossible to pass with carriages, the party halted, and leaving their horses in the care of a select body of men, who possessed stout hearts and strong arms, they followed their guide, with silence and caution along a rugged and winding pathway to the summit of the nearest hill. The dim twinkling of a light, seen at intervals through the trees of the forest, assured them that the den of the smugglers was not entirely desolate.

Having decided upon the method of attack, should they discover the objects of their search, and assigned to each man his duty, they armed themselves with stout clubs, and moved rapidly down the narrow passage to the glen below. A few minutes more brought them in sight of the rude hovel known as the "Smuggler's Cave." It was a miserable hut, patched up with boards dragged from the neighboring sea shore, and thatched with a covering of straw and the limbs of trees. It was situated under the brow of a hill, and formed the entrance to a dark and unexplored cave, where the smugglers concealed their contraband goods, and celebrated their midnight orgies after a successful adventure. It was supposed to have secret outlets in other parts of the hills, by which the smuggled goods were sent out to different parts of the adjacent country.

The hovel at the mouth of the cave, contained but two apartments, both of which appeared to be brilliantly lighted, and the forms of men were seen through the darkened windows, passing to and fro, and occasionally a low shout fell upon the ears of the approaching party. They halted. De Vere and the guide, with an officer, moved cautiously towards the cave to reconnoitre. No spies or guards were discovered, and by degrees they approached nearer and nearer, until they were able to distinguish the cause of the unusual noise which prevailed in the cabin. A large party of smugglers were making merry over a can of whiskey, and as the bowl passed round, the song and the shout grew louder and louder, until the surrounding forest echoed and re-echoed with the sound. It was evidently an uncommon period of rejoicing; for Ricardo, as prudent as daring, rarely allowed his followers to celebrate their successes in the front apartments of the cave, but drove them far into the bowels of the everlasting hills, where the sound of their boisterous revels died away unheard by the world without. The guide now approached still nearer the hut, and pushing aside the boughs that overhung the window, looked in upon the revellers. De Vere passed noiselessly round, and looked into the other apartment.

"Good G—!" exclaimed he, as the sight of Francesca in the arms of the Spaniard, burst upon his view, "Good G—!" is it possible!"

Ricardo was alone with his fair victims, and was endeavouring to force Francesca to submit to his foul embrace. De Vere's blood chilled with horror at the sight. He shook violently with emotion, and with trembling steps returned to the guide, and informed him what he had seen.

They immediately joined the main body of the party, and making known the state of affairs, proceeded at once to their work. The hut was surrounded, with a view to prevent the escape of the revellers. The guide desired them to remain quiet while he effected the most desirable part of the task, the capture of Ricardo—and requested them to aid all in their power if he failed in the attempt. They accordingly stood upon their posts, and awaited the result in breathless suspense.

The guide approached the hut. The door was partly open. He stepped cautiously into the entry, and with a stout club secured the door leading to the apartment in which the smugglers were carousing. Then moving back a few steps, he drew a broad dagger from his belt, and taking a glance at the position of Ricardo, he stepped again into the entry, burst the door of the apartment, and in an instant the blade of the dagger entered the heart of the Spanish monster! A dismal howl burst from the dying villain, and all was over. His comrades in the opposite room, alarmed by the noise, and probably suspecting the cause, fled through a secret passage, and left the scene of their revels in total darkness. A shout of triumph was raised by the people who surrounded the hut. De Vere, seeing Ricardo fall, rushed into the apartment, seized the senseless Francesca in his arms, and placing her upon a rude pallet in a corner of the room, knelt down and thanked Heaven for her safety!

The sequel of our story may be told in a few words. Francesca soon recovered her senses, but it was long ere she could seem to realize that she had actually been delivered from the power of that hated fiend who had been the curse of her life. Her friend Ellen, the partner of her misfortunes, was a terrified witness of the dreadful act which restored them to liberty, and with tears of joy, grasped the hand of Frederick her deliverer.

The body of Ricardo was taken from the hut as a trophy of victory. The ladies were assisted along the rough pathway to the carriages, and the whole party returned to the inn in triumph. The death of the notorious villain who had so long been the terror of the community, created a great sensation at the time, and was undoubtedly the means of breaking up and dispersing one of the most desperate and successful gangs of smugglers that ever infested those shores.

De Vere did not return immediately to New York. Francesca and Ellen wished to recover from the effects of their frightful adventure, before commencing their journey. An account of the affair reached the city before them, and when they arrived, a crowd of friends called in daily to congratulate them upon their happy escape from the dangers through which they had passed.

Francesca here met her aged father, who knowing well the character of Ricardo, had given her up as lost. No human power, he thought, could rescue her, if once in his hands. Their meeting was cordial and affectionate; and was rendered more happy

by the reflection that they would not again be separated until death should part them.

The circumstances of the extraordinary events in which De Vere and Francesca had been such prominent actors, it will readily be imagined, were a fruitful theme of conversation for months, in the society where they moved, and indeed throughout the city. The noble character, devoted attachment, and the bravery of De Vere, were every where complimented; while all rejoiced in the death of the monster Ricardo. De Vere was obliged to relate, for the hundredth time, the whole history of his adventures in New Jersey; to tell how Ricardo and his associates betrayed the father of his beautiful and amiable wife, because he would not assist in the destruction of her lawful husband; how that villain and his false witnesses shrunk from investigation when he appeared before the court as counsel for the prisoner; how, when all hopes of his conviction for an infamous crime of which he was innocent had vanished, Ricardo resorted to the bold scheme of drawing his wife from home by means of a forged letter; how that scheme succeeded for a time, but was finally punished, and a life of crime ended by a sudden and bloody death. This story frequently held the attention of his auditors enchained for hours together; and often would they come again, "and with a greedy ear devour up his discourse."

Thus ends this eventful history. De Vere and Francesca long enjoyed the reward of their virtuous and devoted attachment, and their noble perseverance under great calamities. They were blessed with an abundance of worldly good; they were respected and honoured in life, and their declining years were rendered comfortable and happy by dutiful and affectionate children. The father of Francesca lived many years to share their prosperity. The old man sincerely repented the pursuit of an unlawful traffic in the early part of his life, and his connexion with a band of villains in after years; and he endeavoured in some measure to atone for the evil of which he had been guilty, by devoting the remainder of his property to benevolent objects; and he spent the greatest part of his latest days in seeking out and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed.

From Fisk's Travels in Europe.

TAKING THE WHITE VEIL.

After refreshment we went into the church of St. Cecilia, and soon an aged bishop, with locks whiter than wool, entered with his attendants. A golden crosier was borne before him. He was then clad with his sacerdotal vestments, the principal of which was a robe of silver tissue bordered with gold, and a mitre studded with brilliants. Soon the candidates entered, dressed like princesses, followed by little girls with wings from their backs in the character of angels, holding up their trains. After some ceremony by the bishop and the candidates, a discourse was delivered by the priest, which seemed to be a defence of perpetual virginity, and a reference to the advantages of the monastic life. The novices then retired, and directly appeared at a grate communicating with the church. This grated window had an altar on each side, within and without, and a communication between them about eight or ten inches square. Here, with the bishop and priests on one side, and the young ladies with their attendants on the other, the appointed service was performed. By the kindness of the brother of one of the candidates, I was accommodated with a favourable position near the altar, and near the new vestments with which they were about to be clothed. These lay in two separate piles, with the name of each upon her parcel. After a portion of the service, the candidates placed their heads by the window of the grate; and the officiating bishop, with a pair of golden scissors, taken from a plate of gold, cut off a lock of their hair. They then underwent a complete transformation as to their garments. The rich head-dress and ornaments were taken off, the hair turned back, the fine tresses straightened, and a plain tight cap without a border put upon the head. The ornaments were taken from the arm, the ears, the neck; the rich dress, in short, was removed, and left the candidates modestly blushing, with only a close white underdress to cover them. The whole of this gay attire and these princely ornaments were loosely rolled together and put into the hands of the wearer, who, with some sentence which I could not understand, but which was, undoubtedly, expressive of her abdication of the world and its vanities, as if she should say,

"I bid this world of noise and show,
With all its flattering smiles, adieu,"

cast them from her. Her new attire was then brought forward, and article after article was received through the grate, affectionately kissed and put on, an official nun standing by each candidate and assisting in the investment. The order of the clothing was, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows: first, a scarf, with an opening for the head, was thrown over the shoulders, and hung down, perhaps, as low as the knees, before and behind; around this a white sash; over the whole a robe, which, like the other garments, was of fine white stuff like worsted; then a peculiar collar for the neck, which was turned down before, but turned up behind, and pinned at the back of the head; and finally, the white hood or veil, which was made stiff, and fashioned somewhat, in the part for the head, like a peasant's sun-bonnet, in our country,

without, however, being gathered behind, for it extended down like a stiff veil over the shoulders. A crucifix, rosary, and prayer-book, together with a lighted candle, were given to each; all of which as they were received one by one, were kissed by the candidates, as also was the priest's hand who presented them. Last of all, the head was surmounted by the armillary crown, either of silver, or tinsel resembling silver. The whole of this transformation was sudden, and the contrast most striking. It was as if a princess, by the touch of a Roman wand, had been metamorphosed into a meek-eyed, modestly-apparelled sister of charity.

Thus habited, the two novices threw themselves again upon the altar, with their faces buried in the velvet cushions before them, when the venerable bishop, assisted by other priests, performed the most solemn part of the service, which consisted of short sentences and brief responses, in which all seemed to join with a good deal of spirit. The new sisters then arose and kissed their assistant officials, the other attendant nuns, their attending cherubs, and their female friends who were within the grate. Up to that moment the friends of the *buried alive** seemed to be cheerful; but, now that the final separation was come, there was more apparent difficulty in concealing the emotions which, doubtless, they had all along felt; and I now noticed that the sister of one of them, who had been remarkable gay, drew back with swimming eyes. The candidates, on the contrary, through the whole scene manifested little emotion either of devotion or of excited sensibilities for friends, but seemed to pass through the ceremony with a self-possession and firmness that to me indicated either deep principle of duty or the indifference of disappointment.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.—The burthen of the poet's song may, "by Fortune's favourites," be stigmatised as satirical and misanthropic; but take a peep into society, as its circles revolve in giddy whirl, and the just, moral mentor shall be impelled to say, that its state of conventional feeling on such cases as the theme alludes to, is *rather more depraved* at present than it was in Ovid's time. There is a mass of demonstration in the experience and observation of individuals, which, combined with the commentaries and essays of the most profoundly learned, and equally practical men, in all ages of the world, leaves the subject barren of contradiction. It is a vernacular proverb, that "Prosperity gains friends," but that "Adversity tries them." Now, the chief object of the moralist is to prove, or essay to explain, the *rational* origin of such aphorisms: a task which we will test our ability to perform.

Perhaps the following simile may do it succinctly, if not perfectly. As creeping insects, venomous reptiles, with myriads of animalcule, are attracted and engendered into life, by the effulgent and vivifying rays of a genial summer's sun, whilst riding in the meridian of his splendours, and are equally repelled to fly for warmth and shelter to their mouldy holes and moss retreats, when the damp, chilling vapours of day-light descend, and the lengthening evening shade obscures his departing glory; so, that animal—man, generally speaking, (for *there are* the noblest exceptions to every dry and rigid rule,) joins himself, apparently with the most cordial sincerity, proffering an eternal friendship, to the circle of the social evolution of some wealthy compeer—the rising sun of molten gold, carved and engraven with man's device; revelling in the convivial enjoyments of his banquet-table; sharing, perhaps, in the dearest and most sacred penetralia of his household gods; commending his prodigality, and probably inciting him to grandeur, deeds of luxury, and profusion; going with him where he goes, dwelling with him where he dwells, and, in one word, making himself the *double* of his friend.

But,

Oh! what a falling off is there!

when his fortune is wrecked upon the rocks of unforeseen mischance, his influence declines—his income gradually grows less;—first one, and then another prop of human vanity is thrown down. *Where* are his fulsome, loving friends, to mend his shattered means—to rescue him from a jail, perhaps the tomb of his mortal existence, or the sepulchre of his hopes, his prospects, and his honour?—where are those vermin that basked in the noon-tide glow of his affluence and fame? Alas! for the integrity and holiness of the human character! The "*multi amici*" of his happier hours have *forsaken*, and left him to the "merciless pelting of the pitiless storm" of adverse circumstances; and, unless *God be with him*, he is left alone! And, in return for the many favours and acts of charity done to others, the world derides his *want of discrimination*—his *imprudence*—perhaps his extravagance; and dares to *justify* its own cold heartedness, duplicity, and dissimulation, by ungratefully exposing its victim's foibles, and scissarily ridiculing that *generous and ingenuous confidence in human nature*, which was the *real and primary* origin of his misfortunes!

He that's ungrateful has no crime but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

Frcemasons' Quarterly Review, No. XVIII.

* I say *buried alive*, because, although these had only taken the white veil, and therefore may, it is pretended, at their option, come out at the end of a year, still, I believe, in most cases, having taken the first step, they are made willing to proceed.

QUEBEC, Oct. 9.

DURHAM.

By His Excellency The Right Honorable John George, Earl of Durham, Viscount Lambton, etc. etc. Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, one of her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, and Governor General, Vice Admiral, and Captain General of all Her Majesty's Provinces within, and adjacent to, the Continent of North America, etc. etc. etc.

A PROCLAMATION.

In conformity with one of its provisions, I have this day proclaimed the Act 1 and 2 Victoria, chap. 112, entitled An Act for indemnifying "those who have issued or acted under certain Parts of a certain Ordinance made under colour of an Act passed in the present Session of Parliament, intituled *An Act to make temporary Provision for the Government of Lower Canada.*"

I have also to notify the disallowance by Her Majesty of the Ordinance 2d Victoria, chapter 1, entitled, "An Ordinance to provide for the security of the province of Lower Canada."

I cannot perform these official duties without at the same time informing you, the People of British America, of the course which the measures of the Imperial Government and Legislature make it incumbent on me to pursue. The mystery which has heretofore, too often, during the progress of the most important affairs, concealed from the people of these Colonies, the intentions, the motives, and the very actions of their rulers appears to me to have been one of the main causes of the numerous errors of the Government, and the general dissatisfaction of the People. Undesirable at any time, such concealment on the part of one entrusted with the supreme authority in the present crisis of your affairs, would be most culpable and pernicious. With a people from whom I have had so many and such gratifying proofs of warm and confiding attachment, I can have no reserve. And my implicit reliance on your loyalty and good sense will justify me in making you acquainted with what it most imports you to know.

It is the more necessary for me thus to act, because, when I first entered upon this Government, I explained to you, in a Proclamation issued immediately on my arrival on these shores, the nature of the powers vested in me, and the principles on which it was my intention to exercise them. Now, therefore, that I am about to return to England, I feel it to be my bounden duty to state to you, as fully and as frankly, the reasons which have induced me to lay down powers rendered inadequate to the carrying into effect those or any other principles of government.

I did not accept the Government of British North America, without duly considering the nature of the task which I imposed on myself, or the sufficiency of my means for performing it. When Parliament concentrated all legislative and executive power in Lower Canada in the same hands, it established an authority, which, in the strictest sense of the word, was despotic. This authority Her Majesty was graciously pleased to delegate to me. I did not shrink from assuming the awful responsibility of power thus freed from constitutional restraints, in the hope, that by exercising it with justice, with mildness, and with vigour, I might secure the happiness of all classes of the people, and facilitate the speedy and permanent restoration of their liberties. But I never was weak enough to imagine that the forms by which men's rights are wisely guarded in that country where freedom has been longest enjoyed, best understood, and most prudently exercised, could be scrupulously observed in a society almost entirely disorganized by misrule and dissension. I conceived it to be one of the chief advantages of my position, that I was enabled to pursue the great ends of substantial justice and sound policy, free and unfettered. Nor did I ever dream of applying the theory or the practice of the British Constitution, to a country whose constitution was suspended,—where all representative government was annihilated, and the people deprived of all control over their own affairs,—where the ordinary guarantees of personal rights had been in abeyance during a long subjection to Martial Law, and a continued suspension of the Habeas Corpus,—where there neither did exist, nor had for a long time existed, any confidence in the impartial administration of justice in any political case.

To encourage and stimulate me in my arduous task, I had great and worthy objects in view. My aim was to elevate the Province of Lower Canada to a thoroughly British character, to link its people to the sovereignty of Britain, by making them all participants in those high privileges, conducive at once to freedom and order, which have long been the glory of Englishmen. I hoped to confer on an united people, a more extensive enjoyment of free and responsible government, and to merge the petty jealousies of a small community, and the odious animosities of origin, in the higher feelings of a nobler and more comprehensive nationality.

To give effect to these purposes it was necessary that my powers of government should be as strong as they were extensive, that I should be known to have the means of acting as well as judging for myself, without a perpetual control by distant authorities. It were well indeed if such were the ordinary tenure of government in Colonies, and that your local administration should always enjoy so much of the confidence of those, with whom rests the ultimate decision of your affairs, that it might ever rely on being allowed to carry out its policy to completion, and on being supported in giving effect to its promises and its commands. But in the present posture of your affairs, it was necessary that the most unusual confidence should accompany the delegation of a most unequal authority; and that in addition to such great legal powers, the government here, should possess all the moral force that could be derived from the assurance that its acts would be final, and its engagements religiously observed. It is not by stinted powers or a dubious authority, that the present danger can be averted, or the foundation laid of a better order of things.

I had reason to believe that I was armed with all the power which I thought requisite, by the Commissions and Instructions under the Royal sign manual, with which I was charged as Governor General and High Commissioner,—by the authority invested

in me and my Council, by the Act of the Imperial Legislature—and by the general approbation of my appointment, which all parties were pleased to express. I also trusted that I should enjoy, throughout the course of my administration, all the strength which the cordial and steadfast support of the authorities at home could alone give to their distant officers; and that even party feeling would refrain from molesting me whilst occupied in maintaining the integrity of the British Empire.

In these just expectations I have been painfully disappointed. From the very commencement of my task, the minutest details of my administration have been exposed to incessant criticism, in a spirit which has evinced an entire ignorance of the state of this country, and of the only mode in which the supremacy of the British Crown can here be upheld and exercised. Those who have in the British Legislature systematically deprecated my powers, and the ministers of the Crown by their tacit acquiescence therein, have produced the effect of making it too clear that my authority is inadequate for the emergency which called it into existence. At length an act of my government, the first and most important which was brought under the notice of the authorities at home, has been annulled; and the entire policy of which that act was a small though essential part, has thus been defeated.

The disposal of the political prisoners was from the first a matter foreign to my mission. With a view to the more easy attainment of the great objects contemplated, that question ought to have been settled before my arrival. But as it was essential to my plans for the future tranquility and improvement of the colony, that I should commence by allaying actual irritation, I had in the first place to determine the fate of those who were under prosecution, and to provide for the present security of the Province by removing the most dangerous disturbers of its peace. For these ends, the ordinary tribunals, as a recent trial has clearly shewn, afforded me no means. Judicial proceedings would only have agitated the public mind afresh—would have put in evidence the sympathy of a large portion of the people with rebellion—and would have given to the disaffected generally a fresh assurance of impunity for political guilt. An acquittal in the face of the clearest evidence, which I am justified in having anticipated as inevitable, would set the immediate leaders of the insurrection at liberty, absolved from crime, and exalted in the eyes of their deluded countrymen, as the innocent victims of an unjust imprisonment, and a vindictive charge. I looked on these as mischiefs which I was bound to avert by the utmost exercise of the powers entrusted to me. I could not, without trial and conviction, take any measures of a purely penal character; but I thought myself justified in availing myself of an acknowledgement of guilt, and adopting measures of precaution against a small number of the most culpable or most dangerous of the accused. To all the rest I extended a complete amnesty.

Whether a better mode of acting could have been devised for the emergency, is now immaterial. This is the one that has been adopted—the discussion which it at first excited, had passed away—and those who were once most inclined to condemn its leniency, had acquiesced in, or submitted to it. The good effects which must necessarily have resulted from any settlement of this question, had already begun to shew themselves. Of these the principal were, the general approval of my policy by the people of the United States, and the consequent cessation of American sympathy with any attempt to disturb the Canadas. This result has been most gratifying to me, inasmuch as it has gone far towards a complete restoration of that good will between you and a great and kindred nation, which I have taken every means in my power to cultivate, and which I earnestly entreat you to cherish as essential to your peace and prosperity.

It is also very satisfactory to me to find that the rectitude of my policy has hardly been disputed at home, and that the disallowance of the Ordinance proceeds from no doubt of its substantial merits, but from the importance which has been attached to a supposed technical error in the assumption of a power, which, if I had it not, I ought to have had.

The particular defect in the Ordinance which has been made the ground of its disallowance was occasioned, not by mistaking the extent of my powers, but by my reliance on the readiness of Parliament to supply their insufficiency in case of need. For the purpose of relieving the prisoners from all apprehensions of being treated as ordinary convicts, and the loyal inhabitants of the Province from the dread of their immediate return, words were inserted in the Ordinance respecting the disposal of them in Bermuda, which were known to be inoperative. I was perfectly aware that my powers extended to landing the prisoners on the shores of Bermuda, but no further. I knew that they could not be forcibly detained in that Island without the co-operation of the Imperial Legislature. That co-operation I had a right to expect, because the course I was pursuing was pointed out in numerous Acts of the Imperial and Provincial Legislatures, as I shall have occasion hereafter most fully to prove. I also did believe that, even if I had not the precedents of these Acts of Parliament, a Government and a Legislature anxious for the peace of this unhappy country and for the integrity of the British Empire, would not sacrifice to a petty technicality the vast benefits which my entire policy promised and had already in a great measure secured. I trusted they would take care that a great beneficent purpose should not be frustrated by any error, if error there was, which they could rectify, or the want of any power which they could supply; finally, that if they found the Ordinance inoperative they would give it effect—if illegal that they would make it law.

This small aid has not been extended to me, even for this great object; and the usefulness of my delegated power expires with the loss of that support from the supreme authority which could alone sustain it. The measure now annulled was but part of a large system of measures, which I promised when I proclaimed the amnesty. When I sought to obliterate the traces of recent discord, I pledged myself to remove its causes—to prevent the revival of a contest between hostile races—to raise the defective institutions of Lower Canada, to the level of British civilization and freedom—to remove all impediments to the course, of British enterprise in this Province, and promote colonization and improvement in the others—and to consolidate these general benefits on the strong and permanent basis of a free, responsible, and comprehensive government.

Such large promises could not have been ventured, without a perfect reliance on the unhesitating aid of the supreme authorities. Of what avail are the purposes and promises of a delegated

power whose acts are not respected by the authority from which it proceeds? With what confidence can I invite co-operation, or impose forbearance, whilst I touch ancient laws and habits, as well as deep-rooted abuses, with the weakened hands that have ineffectually essayed but a little more than the ordinary vigour of the police of troubled times.

How am I to provide against the immediate effects of the disallowance of the Ordinance? That Ordinance was intimately connected with other measures which remain in unrestricted operation. It was coupled with Her Majesty's proclamation of amnesty; and as I judged it becoming, that the extraordinary Legislature of Lower Canada should take upon itself all measures of rigorous precaution, and leave to Her Majesty the congenial office of using Her Royal Prerogative, for the sole purpose of pardon and mercy, the Proclamation contained an entire amnesty, qualified only by the exceptions specified in the Ordinance. The Ordinance has been disallowed, and the Proclamation is confirmed. Her Majesty having been advised to refuse her assent to the exceptions, the amnesty exists without qualification. No impediment therefore exists to the return of the persons who had made the most distinct admission of guilt, or who had been excluded by me from the Province on account of the danger to which their tranquility would be exposed by their presence; and none can now be enacted, without the adoption of measures alike repugnant to my sense of justice and of policy. I cannot recall the irrevocable pledge of Her Majesty's mercy. I cannot attempt to evade the disallowance of the Ordinance, by re-enacting it under the disguise of an alteration of the scene of banishment, or of the penalties of unauthorized return. I cannot, by a needless suspension of the Habeas Corpus, put the personal liberty of every man at the mercy of the government, and declare a whole Province in immediate danger of rebellion, merely in order to exercise the influence of a vague terror over a few individuals.

In these conflicting and painful circumstances, it is far better that I should at once and distinctly announce my intention of desisting from the vain attempt to carry my policy and system of administration into effect with such inadequate and restricted means. If the peace of Lower Canada is to be again menaced, it is necessary that its Government should be able to reckon on a more cordial and vigorous support at home than has been accorded to me. No good that may not be expected from any other Government in Lower Canada, can be obtained by my continuing to wield extraordinary legal powers of which the moral force and consideration are gone.

You will easily believe that, after all the exertions which I have made, it is with feelings of deep disappointment that I find myself thus suddenly deprived of the power of conferring great benefits on that Province to which I have referred,—of reforming the administrative system there and eradicating the manifold abuses which had been engendered by the negligence and corruption of former times, and so lamentably fostered by civil dissensions. I cannot but regret being obliged to renounce the still more glorious hope of employing unusual Legislative powers in the endowment of that Province with those free Municipal Institutions, which are the only sure basis of local improvement and representative liberty,—of establishing a system of general education,—of revising the defective Laws which regulate real property and commerce,—and of introducing a pure and competent administration of justice. Above all, I grieve to be thus forced to abandon the realization of such large and solid schemes of Colonization and internal Improvement as would connect the distant portions of these extensive Colonies, and lay open the unwrought treasures of the wilderness to the wants of British industry and the energy of British enterprise.

For these objects I have laboured much—and have received the most active, zealous, and efficient co-operation from the able and enlightened persons who are associated with me in this great undertaking. Our exertions, however, will not, cannot be thrown away. The information which we have acquired, although not as yet fit for the purposes of immediate legislation, will contribute to the creation of juster views as to the resources, the wants, and the interests of these Colonies, than ever yet prevailed in the Mother Country. To complete and render available those materials for future legislation, is an important part of the duties which, as High Commissioner, I have yet to discharge, and to which I shall devote the most anxious attention.

I shall also be prepared, at the proper period, to suggest the constitution of a form of Government for Her Majesty's dominions on this continent, which may restore to the people of Lower Canada all the advantages of a representative system, unaccompanied by the evils that have hitherto proceeded from the unnatural conflicts of parties; which may safely supply any deficiencies existing in the governments of the other colonies; and which may produce throughout British America a state of contented allegiance, founded, as colonial allegiance ever must be, on a sense of obligation to the parent state.

I fervently hope that my usefulness to you will not cease with my official connexion. When I shall have laid at Her Majesty's feet the various high and important commissions with which her Royal favour invested me, I shall still be enabled as a Peer of Parliament to render to you efficient and constant service in that place where the decisions that affect your welfare are in reality made. It must be, I humbly trust, for the advantage of these Provinces, if I can carry into the Imperial Parliament a knowledge, derived from personal inspection and experience, of those interests, upon which some persons there are too apt to legislate in ignorance or indifference—and can aid in laying the foundation of a system of general government, which while it strengthens your permanent connexion with Great Britain, shall save you from the evils to which you are now subjected by every change in the fluctuating policy of distant and successive Administrations.

Given under My Hand and Seal at Arms, at the Castle of St. Lewis, in the City of Quebec, in the said Province of Lower Canada, the ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and in the second year of HER MAJESTY'S Reign.

(By Command.)

CHARLES BULLER,
Chief Secretary.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 26, 1838.

We have inserted the Earl of DURHAM's Proclamation. It is a Document of much importance. It proclaims the Act of Parliament "for indemnifying those who have issued or acted under certain Parts of a certain Ordinance made under colour of an Act passed in the present Session of Parliament, entitled, An Act to make temporary provision for the Government of Lower Canada"—and notifies the disallowance, by Her Majesty, of the Ordinance 2d Victoria, Chapter 1, entitled, "An Ordinance to provide for the security of Lower Canada." The remaining portion of the Proclamation forms an Address to the People of British America, and embraces matter of deep interest to them. An honourable and a dignified frankness pervades the whole: His Lordship has no secrets to conceal—he declared the nature of his mission on his arrival, and, being about to return to England, gives the reasons which have induced him to lay down the power, vested in him. This he has done most fully. What effect the resignation of his high office will have must be matter of conjecture. We are however very apprehensive that serious consequences will result from it, and from the disallowance by Her Majesty of the Ordinance under which some of the most talented and violent rebels were transported to Bermuda, and Papineau and others interdicted from returning to the Canadas. They can now go back when they please, and concoct as much mischief as they please. Martial Law, supported by Military Power, may restrain them possibly—but it would be worse than useless to charge them with offences, of which they might be detected, before the civil tribunals of the Colony.

Sir John Colborne's situation must be one of intense anxiety—the ordinary duties of Administrator of the Government of Lower Canada have again devolved upon him, and he is placed at the head of a people divided into powerful parties, whom he will find it difficult to reconcile: already have they met in deadly strife—the one in attempting to overthrow the Government, the other in nobly defending it. Such measures as he may consider most likely to promote the prosperity of the Country and the welfare of its inhabitants he will adopt, and, we are quite satisfied, firmly maintain them.

The defence of Upper and Lower Canada is entrusted to Sir John Colborne, who has now a very respectable force at his disposal, but the frontier is extensive, and he may find it difficult to give to all Her Majesty's loyal subjects that protection to which they are entitled, and which he would be anxious to afford: for we cannot repress our fears, that further attempts will be made to revolutionize those Colonies in the approaching winter—those attempts will fail we entertain no doubt—but we dread the individual suffering which must be occasioned by them.—Gazette.

The Medea, which left Halifax with the Prince George Transport in tow, on Tuesday the 16th inst. at sunset, rounded Canso Light at noon the following day—speed 8 knots an hour—and was against a strong gale from N. W. through the Strait, up to Cape St. George by Thursday at 6—both Vessels anchored at Pictou on Friday at noon, where H.M.S. Andromache had arrived, and Malabar was hourly expected in the room of the Inconstant, detained at Quebec to convey the Earl of Durham and Family to England.

At 2 o'clock on Saturday morning, Capt. Pascoe, R. M. arrived at Pictou in a four-oared Boat—having pulled 20 miles—within intelligence that H.M.S. Malabar had grounded at one on the preceding day, on a reef off Cape Bear, P. E. Island—the ship was running with a leading wind, with two Pilots on deck, and leading men in the chains—it was nearly low water: the following tide the Ship still forged on, and at ten, when the Medea joined from shore: at that moment the Ship backed off under her foresail and fore-top-sail—fortunately casting the right way, which enabled a fine fellow, a Merchant of Prince Edward's Island, who stood by her, although he saw every probability of her going to pieces, to anchor her in safety in the Bay of Three Rivers. The Ship has lost the whole of her false keel, main and lower deck guns, her Boats was swamped and two men were drowned. The Cutter, despatched to Pictou, had not arrived when the Medea left shelter before the gale commenced. The Malabar's rudder had been unshipped but was re-hung. Captain Harvey had ordered the Malabar only made three inches of water an hour, and it was his intention to proceed for Halifax the moment the wind would answer.—Ib.

There is no foundation whatever for the report which has been circulated, that His Excellency the Governor General will resign the administration of affairs in this Province to Sir John Colborne, on His Excellency's departure for England, as a matter of course.

the officer commanding the troops will be the Administrator, not in consequence of the Earl of Durham's resignation, but of his absence from the Province. We have heard on good authority, that His Excellency will not resign his various high commissions until after his return to England, and then to Her Majesty from whose gracious hands he received them.—Quebec Mercury, October 9.

At a public meeting composed of about 3000* freeholders of the City of Quebec, held at St. Roch's Suburbs, in favor of Lord Brougham, the following Resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved—That far from participating in the feelings expressed by a certain political party in Quebec, by burning Lord Brougham in effigy, on the night of Tuesday the 25th September last, the real mass of the people of this Province repudiate the act as a wanton outrage upon the noble lord, whose character and talents they cherish and respect.

2. Resolved—That the thanks of the inhabitants of this Province are due to the Right Honorable Lord Brougham, for his strenuous and persevering efforts in favour of the rights and liberties of the people of Lower Canada.

3. Resolved—That the thanks of the inhabitants of this Province are likewise due to John Temple Leader, Esq., M. P., and others, for their unremitting and zealous exertions in the House of Commons, in favour of the people of Lower Canada.

4. Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the Right Honorable Lord Brougham and John Temple Leader, Esq. by the Secretary of this meeting.

C. HUNTER, Secretary.

* The Quebec Gazette reduces the number to 300; and the Mercury after stating that the number of signatures to the Address to Lord Durham covered four skins of parchment, each skin containing 200 names, averaging 5000 in all, asks where the 3000 "freeholders" (men in buckram) of the above meeting came from.—Times.

FREDERICTON October 17.—We understand that letters have been received from the Honorable Mr. Crane, of a very late date, in which he expresses a confident expectation that an arrangement will shortly be entered into by Her Majesty's Government for forwarding the Mails to British North America by Steamers, probably by those of the New York line, touching at Halifax.—Royal Gazette.

HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—We would remind our readers, of the list of Prizes and Lectures which lately appeared in our columns. The Session of the Institute opens on the first Wednesday in November.—Nov.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the Ploughing Match on Tuesday, nine Ploughs having come forward, the Committee instructed the judges,—Messrs. Adam Reid, John Walker, John Craik, William Downie, and Robert McDonald, to award six prizes agreeable to publication. After duly inspecting the work, the first prize of four pounds, was given to William Winters, servant to Mr King. The second prize of 10 dollars, to Richard Wallace, servant to the Hon. E. Collins. The third to John Kline, servant to Mr John Horne. The fourth to Mr. John Winters, Farmer. The fifth to Patrick Connolly, servant to Mr. John Artz, the sixth, to Conrad Kline, son of Mr. John Kline.

The President of the Society then delivered the prizes to the successful competitors, and closed the business with a suitable address on the importance of trials of skill in Agricultural pursuits to society generally, and to the practical Farmer in particular.—Ib.

Extract of a Letter, dated St. John, N.B. October 17.—"Capt. Colt of St. Andrews, whose vessel was lying at a Wharf at that place, had some words with his Cook yesterday—went to his Cabin, loaded a pistol, returned to the deck, and blew the Cook's brains out."—Gazette.

Raised from the Garden of J. R. Glover, Esq. in the Dock Yard, from two stalks, white kidney potatoes, 142, weighing 14 lbs.

PASSENGERS.—In the Gipsy for Bermuda, Mr. A. Mitchell. In the Acadian for Boston, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Harrington, Messrs. D. Starr, P. Solomon, Captain Fuller, Mr. Bennett, and 25 in the Steerage. In the Brenda, Mrs. Connelly, Mrs. Benn, Captain Vero, Mr. Longworth, Captain Skinner, Captain Mackenzie. In the Sable, Mr. T. Allen. In the Glasgow, Mr. Bowne.

MARRIED,

At St. John, N.B. on Thursday evening 18th inst, by the Rev. Enoch Wood, Mr. George Salter, Merchant, to Jesse Amelia, third daughter of Henry Hennigar, Esq. all of that city.

Last evening, by Rev. Thomas Taylor, Joseph Sullivan to Mary Ainsley, both of this town.

Last evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Joseph McGill, Esq. to Miss Jane Mair, both of this town.

DIED,

On Wednesday evening last, after a lingering illness, which she bore with patience and resignation to the Divine will, in the 17th year of her age, Mary, third daughter of the late Jacob Myers of this town.

Last evening, Elizabeth, relict of the late Lieut. Robert Lloyd, Royal Navy,—funeral will take place on Sunday next, at 2 o'clock, from her late residence, Hollis Street.

At Aylesford, on the 4th inst. Anna, wife of Alexander Walker, Esq. in the 67th year of her age, leaving a disconsolate husband and ten children to lament the loss of a kind and affectionate wife and mother.

At Pugwash, on Monday the 8th inst. of nervous fever, Mr Samuel Layton, an inhabitant of Londonderry, leaving a wife and nine children to lament the loss of an affectionate parent.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday, Oct. 19th—Schr. Sarah, Reynolds, Burin, N. F. 10 days—dry fish to J. Strachan; Elizabeth, Shelnut, Placentia Bay, 10 days—dry fish to P. Furlong—left schr Margaret, Furlong hence; Brothers, O'Brien, Pictou—coal.

Saturday 20th—Schr Sable, Pride, Labrador—dry fish &c. to J. A. Bauer; Maria, Gerioir, Antigonish—earthenware; Sibella, Musgrove, Sydney—coal; Britannia, Covill, Barrington; Adelaide, Murray, Gaspe—fish to Fairbanks & Allison; Albion, Moore, P. E. Island; Glasgow, Graham, St. John's, N.F.—fish and oil to S. Binney; ship Brenda, Simpson, Liverpool, 32 days—general cargo to M'Nab, Cochran & Co.; W. A. Black and Son and others—struck on Sambro Ledges this morning—left barque Torcy's Wife, Kelly, to sail in 2 weeks; Canso Trader, and Irewe, Canso, fish; Diligence, Argyle, do; Assistance, Maguire, do; Priscilla, Sutherland, P. E. Island, 10 days—alewives to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Magdelaine, Arsenau, Magdalen Islands, fish to do; Two Brothers, Pictou, coal.

Sunday 21st—Schr Mary, Terrio, Arichat—dry fish; Argus, do—plaster; Eliza, Kennedy, Sydney—coals; George McLeod, Robertson, London, 57 days—coals and dry goods, to Leishman & Co. and others, with loss of fore and main topmasts, and head of foremast in a gale on the 30th ult.; was run into last night by the brig Acadian, and carried away her bulwarks; the A's bowsprit was sprung and head carried away, and has since returned to port.

Tuesday, 23rd—Morning Star, Shelburne, dry fish, etc; Esperance, Arichat, do; Planet, Cape Negro, do; Brothers, Bridgeport, coal; schr Richard Smith, Moore, Sydney, 4 days, coals and butter.

Wednesday, 24th—schr Four Sisters, Wooden, Pictou, 10 days, coals; Mary, Kennedy, Bridgeport, do; William and Sarah, Port Mattoon, do; Charlotte, Sydney, coals; Hope, Ragged Isles, fish, etc; Flying Fish, Sissiboo, do; Three Sisters, Lunenburg, do; Lucy, Pugwash; Favorite, Crowell, Annapolis, produce; Mary, Elizabeth, Baker, Yarmouth, 4 days, ballast; Trial, Port Medway, lumber; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 14 hours; Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 14 hours; Broke, Cann, Yarmouth, produce.

Thursday, 25th—Anguion, Barrington, fish; Elizabeth, Hannah, do; Minerva, Argyle, do; Dee, Shelburne, do; Rising Sun, Cape Negro, do; Stranger, Prospect, do; Mary, Tracadie—produce.

Friday, 26th—schr George, Yarmouth, lumber; Caravan, Barrington, fish; Lively, Cape Negro, fish; brig Hebe, Percy, St. John, N. F. 9 days, fish, to S. Cunard & Co., 6 passengers. Brig Terra Nova, sailed in Co. Schr Armide, Smith, St. Stephens, 4 days lumber; Left Eliza Ann, to sail in 2 days.

CLEARED.

October 19th, brig Granville, Lyle, Barbadoes, fish, etc. by H. Lyle; schrs Uniacke, Laundry, Shediac, salt and iron, by Fairbanks & Allison and others; Venus, Belone, Bay Chaleur, general cargo, by W. M. Allan, and others. 20th, George Henry, Shelnut, Miramichi, do, by S. Cunard & Co. and others; Trial, Robertson, Georgetown, P. E. Island; Ion, Hammond, St. John, N. B. sugar and fruit, by S. Binney, A. B. Richardson and others; brig Sarah, Williams, B. W. Indies, fish and lumber, by J. Leishman; Argus, Kinney, Mediterranean, cod-fish, by Fairbanks & Allison; Am. packet brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, salmon and sugar, by D. & E. Starr & Co. and others. 22nd, schrs Harmony, Denstadt, Baltimore, potatoes, by S. Binney; Queen Charlotte, LeBlanc, P. E. Island; barque Georgian, Marshall, Kingston, fish and lumber, by D. & E. Starr & Co. 23rd, schrs Gentleman, Babin, Richibucto, fish and oil, by S. Binney; Diana, LeBlanc, P. E. Island; Priscilla, Sutherland, do; Venus, Burke, do; Robust, McCallum, Miramichi, general cargo, by J. & M. Tobin and others; brig Herald, Frith, B. W. Indies, fish and fruit, by S. Binney; schr Dove, McNeil, LaPoyle Bay, general cargo, by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Brig Themis, LeBas, London, sugar, cigars, by W. Pryor & Sons. 24th, Schr. Mary, Ganet, Miramichi, rum and molasses, by J. & M. Tobin and others; Star, Nickerson, St. John, N. B. wine, molasses, by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Transcendent, Kimball, St. Johns N. F. molasses, bread and tobacco, by Fairbanks & Allison, and J. H. Braine; Orion, Murphy, do. general cargo, by J. & T. Williamson and others; Brig. Reindeer, Morrison, B. W. Indies, fish, lumber, by M. B. Almon. 25th, Barque Osprey, Burrows, Jamaica, fish, staves, by J. Allison & Co. and J. & M. Tobin; Brig Standard, Blay, B. W. Indies, fish, shingles, by J. & M. Tobin.

MEMORANDA

Inverness, Sept. 14—The brig Adventurer, of and for Sunderland from Miramichi, with a cargo of timber, went ashore about 200 yards west of the mouth of the River Spey, and is a total wreck (as previously reported.) The deck timber has been already secured, and it is expected that the whole cargo will be saved.

At St. John, N. B. 13th—Oracle and Nile, Halifax.

At Dublin, Sept.—Union, Pictou.

GLEANNINGS.

SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.—The horse possesses the faculty of finding his way home from a considerable distance. Some dozen years have rolled over my head since I met my friend, Mr. Robert Gill, of Richmond, Yorkshire, at the little town of Bowes, where we mounted each a pony for the purpose of proceeding to Weardale, intending to shoot on the Durham moors the following day, (the 12th of August.) There being no direct main road, in our progress we traversed a considerable quantity of moorland, threaded a number of lanes, and, at length, after much inquiry, at twilight found ourselves on the border of an extensive common, intersected by numerous sheep-walks, over which, however, it was necessary for us to pass. The night did not become so dark but we were enabled to discern the summit of a mountain, (pointed out to us by a shepherd,) which served as a beacon to guide our way. We reached our quarters at twelve o'clock. After spending a week in Weardale, and among the mountains which surrounded it, we began to retrace our steps. Strangers to the way, whenever we were in doubt I strongly advised leaving the decision to our ponies, and they did not deceive us in a single instance. However, upon one occasion, two lanes were presented, the ponies leaned to the left, when my friend insisted they must be wrong. We, therefore, compelled the animals to take the right, which they did very unwillingly. After proceeding half a mile, we discovered our mistake; we returned, and did not afterwards oppose the will of our little sagacious nags. These animals had never been in this part of the country at any prior period; but, having once proceeded, for something more than thirty miles, through a very intricate country, having crossed moorlands, numerous intersected with sheep-walks, they were enabled, unerringly, to find their way back, and that without the least difficulty. The dog possesses this faculty in still greater perfection; indeed, it may be said to be general amongst quadrupeds, in which respect they are superior to man.—*Physiological Observations on Mental Susceptibility, by T. B. Johnson.*

THE MERMAID.—Notwithstanding the numerous statements so often advanced, by various authors and travellers, as to the real existence of the Mermaid, we have as yet had no authentic proof—that is, no specimen, either living or dead, have as yet been publicly exhibited in England. Doubtless, this creation of the poet's brain owes its origin to the following quotation from Scripture; but with this addition, that the poets and herald-painters added the comb and looking-glass, without giving the world the least information where these sea-maids could possibly, in the deep, procure such essential requisites to a lady's toilette.

In the third and fourth verses of the fifth chapter of Samuel I., it says,—

“And when they of Ashdod rose early in the morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord. And they took Dagon, and set him in his place again.”

“And when they arose early on the morrow morning, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord; and the head of Dagon, and both the palms of his hands, were cut off upon the threshold; only the stump (or fishy part) was left to him.”

The essential part of the word *Dagon*, (*Dag*.) means a fish, in Hebrew. It was a tutelary deity of the Philistines; and, notwithstanding the numerous discussions about the form, sex, and identity of this idol, it is the general opinion it was represented half-human, and half-fish; that is, with a human bust, and a fish-like termination. This *Dagon* of the Scriptures seems to have been represented of the male sex; whereas the ancient writers, as well as on the medals of the Philistine towns, represent the idol worshipped by the Philistines as a female of the human part. Diodorus relates, that near the city of Askelon, in Syria, there was a deep lake, abounding with fish, near which stood a temple dedicated to a famous goddess, called by the Syrians, *Decerto*, (the Syriac name for this fish-idol.) She had the head and face of a woman, but the rest of the body was that of a fish. Lucian also states, that he had seen this idol represented in Phœnicia, (Philistia,) as a woman, with the lower part half-fish. In Sir William Ouseley's *Miscellaneous Plates* (xxi.) there is, as copied from a Babylonian cylinder, a representation of a bearded personage, fish from the waist downward. The reader will find further remarks on this *Dagon* among the crudite notes in the *Pictorial Bible*, No. 34.

EXTRAORDINARY BLIND MAN.—Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, vol. 1, p. 3, says—“A certain blind man, well known in Dhuboy, died during my residence there. Among various talents, he could generally discover hidden treasure, whether buried in the earth, or concealed under water; and possessed the faculty of diving and continuing a long time in the element, without inconvenience. As he never commenced a search without stipulating for one-third of the value restored, he had, by this occupation, maintained an aged father, a wife, and several children. A goldsmith having a quarrel with his wife, she, in revenge, took her husband's plate and jewels, and threw them into a well, but which was uncertain. This blind man was applied to, he stipulating to receive one-third of the value for his trouble. After a search, he found the treasure at the bottom of a well. The gold-

smith objected afterwards to pay the blind man, who appealed to the court of adawlet, who decreed him one-third of the property.”

ANATOMY.—Professor Carlisle, in one of his Lectures on Anatomy, observed, that the deeper mankind dive into anatomy, the more intricate and perplexing it appears. How the mind influences and operates upon the muscles, said he, is still unknown. If it be advanced, that it is by the aid of electricity, then what power directs that electricity? Nature has here set up a barrier against the frail inquiries of human nature. The wonderful mechanism of the body can only be ascribed to the wisdom of one great cause.

TWO GOLDEN REASONS WHY NATIONS SHOULD NOT GO TO WAR.—1. The interest of all nations being in harmony with each other, every measure tending to lessen production in one nation, tends also to lessen the reward of both labourer and capitalist in every other nation; and every nation that tends to increase it, tends to increase the reward of the labourer and capitalist in every other nation.

2. It is, therefore, the interest of all, that universal peace should prevail, whereby the waste of population and of capital should be arrested, and that the only strife among nations should be, to determine which should make the most rapid advances in those peaceful arts which tend to increase the comforts and enjoyments of the human race.—*Carey's Principles of Political Economy.*

VERIFICATION OF AN ANCIENT PROVERB.—The following prophecy is said to have been delivered by a British bard, in the time of William the Norman, and preserved by some of the monkish annalists, viz:—“That no more than three monarchs, in direct succession, should ever again reign over these kingdoms, without some violent interruption:”

- 1 William the Norman,
- 2 William Rufus,
- 3 Henry the First,

Interrupted by the usurpation of Stephen.

- 1 Henry the Second,
- 2 Edward the First,
- 3 Edward the Second,

Interrupted by the abdication and murder of Edward the Second.

- 1 Edward the Third,
- 2 Richard the Second,

Interrupted by the deposition of that monarch.

- 1 Henry the Fourth,
- 2 Henry the Fifth,
- 3 Henry the Sixth,

Interrupted by the restoration of the house of York.

- 1 Edward the Fourth,
- 2 Edward the Fifth,
- 3 Richard the Third,

Interrupted by the usurpation of Henry Richmond.

- 1 Henry the Seventh,
- 2 Henry the Eighth,
- 3 Edward the Sixth,

Interrupted by the election of lady Jane Grey.

- 1 Mary,
- 2 Elizabeth,

A foreign king (James, of Scotland,) called in to assume the crown.

- 1 James the First,
- 2 Charles the First,

Interrupted by the deposition of that monarch, and the establishment of another form of government in the person of Oliver Cromwell.

- 1 Charles the Second,
- 2 James the Second,

Interrupted by the abdication of that king, and the election of a foreigner.

- 1 William the Third,
- 2 Anne,

Interrupted by the parliamentary appointment of a foreigner.

- 1 George the First,
- 2 George the Second,
- 3 George the Third,

Interrupted by the unfortunate incapacity of that sovereign, and a parliamentary appointment for exercising the sovereignty in the person of the prince regent.

- 1 George the Fourth,
- 2 William the Fourth,
- 3 Victoria the First,

Whom may God bless: but what is to be the next interruption?—*Liverpool Courier.*

INNATE APPETITES.—Sir George McKenzie, in his *Phrenological Essays*, mentions the following curious fact, witnessed by Sir James Hall. He had been engaged in making some experiments on hatching eggs by artificial heat, and on one occasion observed in one of his boxes, a chicken in the act of breaking from its confinement. It happened that just as the creature was getting out of its shell, a spider began to run along the box, when the chicken darted forward, seized and swallowed it.

BONE MANURE.—In consequence of the extensive introduction of this new species of manure into our highly-improved system of agriculture, thousands of acres that would have been doomed to nearly total barrenness have been brought under the most promising cultivation. As yet the supply has not kept pace with the demand. It will somewhat surprise our readers that in the county of Fofar alone, 153,000 bushels of bones were used last year—a quantity which 3s. per bushel, would cost, as nearly as may be, £23,000! This great supply came from Russia. But, for reasons not precisely known, the Russian government has issued an ukase whereby bones to be exported must, after the 1st

of January next, pay a duty so high, that it is almost certain the supply from that country will be wholly cut off.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

A CURIOUS FACT.—An organist, not without some celebrity in his day (Jeremiah Clark was his name,) being hopelessly in love with a very beautiful lady, far above his station in life, determined upon suicide, and walked into the field to accomplish his purpose. Coming to a retired spot where there was a convenient pond surrounded with equally convenient trees, he hesitated which to prefer, whether to choose a dry death or a watery one; perhaps he had never heard of the old riddle concerning *Ælia Lælia Crispis*, which no *Œdipus* has yet solved. But that he might not continue like an ass between two bundles of hay in the sophism, or Mahomet's coffin in the fable, he tossed a half penny in the air to decide whether he should hang or drown himself, and the half penny struck edgeways in the dirt. The most determined infidel would, at a moment, have felt that this was more than accident. Clark, as may well be supposed, went home again; but the salutary impression did not remain upon his poor disordered mind, and he shot himself soon afterwards.

SUICIDE BY A DOG.—Mr. Burnell Ward, druggist, of England-street, Hull, had a favourite little dog, and a few days since for some infringement of good breeding of which it had been guilty, gave the animal a slight kick. The dog, being unaccustomed to receive such treatment from its master, it is to be presumed, took the punishment to heart; for it immediately travelled off to the foreshore of the Humber, opposite Belle Vue-terrace, and was observed by some men, who were at work near Mr. Medley's slip, to walk into the water with great deliberation, and drown itself! We confess we were at first somewhat incredulous as to the correctness of this story, but on inquiry we have found it to be strictly true.—*Hull Times.*

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—The following singular discovery, was made a short time since, in the Blaen-y-nant lead-mine, situated near Mold, Flintshire:—At the end of one of the levels, the workmen were surprised by an immense rush of water suddenly bursting in upon them. After three days the water totally disappeared; and, on proceeding to the place, they found an opening of about four inches in diameter. Having enlarged the aperture, so as to admit of their passing through, they discovered the bed of a subterranean river, which probably affords the principal supply to St. Winifred's Well, at Holywell, from which it is distant about twelve miles. In exploring the stream, which was shallow, they discovered, on both sides of it, several large caverns, from the roofs and sides of which were suspended numerous beautiful specimens of white spar, or stalactites.

HOOR-GLASS IN CHURCHES.—In a curious brass frame attached to the pulpit, and shown in the engraving, is an hour-glass,—an appendage which was common in churches during parts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in order to remind the preacher of the flight of time, but is now seldom met with. So early as 1564, we find this entry in an old churchwarden's book, belonging to St. Katherine's Christ Church, Aldgate:—“Paid for an hour-glass, that hangeth by the pulpit when the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away,—one shilling;” and in the same book, among the bequests in 1616, is mentioned “an hour-glass with a frame of Iron to stand in.” At the church of St. Dunstan in the West, too, there was a large hour-glass in a silver frame; of which latter, when the instrument was taken to pieces in 1723, two heads were made for the parish staves.

JOHNSONIAN PUNS.—“Do you really believe, Doctor Johnson,” said a Lichfield lady, “in the dead walking after death?” “Madam,” said Johnson, “I have no doubt on the subject: I have heard the Dead March in Saul.” “You really believe, then, Doctor, in ghosts?” “Madam,” said Johnson, “I think appearances are in their favour. The Doctor was notoriously very superstitious. The same lady once asked him—“if he ever felt any presentiment at a winding sheet in the candle?” Madam,” said Johnson, “if a mould candle, it doubtless indicates death, and that somebody will go out like a snuff; but whether at Hampton Wick or in Greece must depend upon the graves.”

Dr. Johnson was not comfortable in the Hebrides. “Pray, Doctor, how did you sleep?” inquired a benevolent Scotch hostess, who was so extremely hospitable that some hundreds always occupied the same bed. “Madam,” said Johnson, “I had not a wink the whole night long: sleep seemed to flee from my eyelids, and to bug from all the rest of my body.”—*Hood's Own.*

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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| <p><i>Halifax</i>, A. & W. McKinlay.
 <i>Windsor</i>, James L. Dewolf, Esq.
 <i>Lower Horton</i>, Chs. Brown, Esq.
 <i>Wolfville</i>, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,
 <i>Kentville</i>, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.
 <i>Bridgetown</i>, Thomas Spurr, Esq.
 <i>Annapolis</i>, Samuel Cowling, Esq.
 <i>Digby</i>, Henry Stewart, Esq.
 <i>Yarmouth</i>, H. G. Farish, Esq.
 <i>Amherst</i>, John Smith, Esq.
 <i>Parrsboro'</i>, C. E. Hatchford, Esq.
 <i>Fort Lawrence</i>, M. Gordon, Esq.
 <i>Economy</i>, Silas H. Crane, Esq.
 <i>Pictou</i>, Dr. J. W. Anderson.
 <i>Truro</i>, John Ross, Esq.
 <i>Antigonish</i>, R. N. Henry, Esq.</p> | <p><i>River John</i>, William Blair, Esq.
 <i>Charlotte Town</i>, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
 <i>St. John, N.B.</i>, G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
 <i>Sussex Vale</i>, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
 <i>Dorchester</i>, C. Milner, Esq.
 <i>Sackville</i>, Joseph Allison, and
 J. C. Black, Esqs.
 <i>Fredericton</i>, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
 <i>Woodstock</i>, John Bejell, Jr. Esq.
 <i>New Castle</i>, Henry Allison, Esq.
 <i>Chatham</i>, James Caie, Esq.
 <i>Carleton, &c.</i>, Jos. Meagher, Esq.
 <i>Bathurst</i>, William End, Esq.
 <i>St. Andrews</i>, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
 <i>St. Stephens</i>, Messrs. Pengree &
 Chipman.</p> |
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