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From the Metropolitan.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW AND JAMES HOGG. A RAMBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

At the close of the grouse shooting, in the latter end of October, I found myself, with several companions, in the inn at Inverness, prepared for my departure south. We ascertained however, that the steam-boat for Glasgow did not sail for two days, and we accordingly set about exploring the curiosities of the town and surrounding country. A noble country it is; "beautiful exceedingly," which, as McCulloch says truly, may well challenge comparison with even the far-famed environs of Edinburgh. At the close of the day, when taking my ease at my inn, I heard that Mr. William Laidlaw, the old friend, steward, and *factotum* of Sir Walter Scott, resided in the neighbourhood of Inverness. I had met the worthy man previously in Edinburgh, and my recollections of the past being awakened anew by the perusal of Lockhart's life, I resolved on hiring a Highland garron, or pony, and visiting his retreat among the mountains. After the death of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Laidlaw removed to the county of Ross, in the capacity of factor, or land-steward, to Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, now governor of Ceylon. The situation was not a pleasant one, and the country-people soon prophesied, without much "second-sight," that William Laidlaw was far too good and simple-hearted a man to discharge the irksome duties, and submit to the caprice and restraint, entailed upon him by this new engagement. The tie was soon snapped and broken, and Mr. Laidlaw, regretted and respected, went with his family to the wilds of Strathglass, in Inverness-shire, to reside with his brother, an extensive sheep-farmer.

To Strathglass I now bent my way, winding along the shores of the Beaully Frith with the first glimpse of morning, through a fine fertile district, named the Aird. The day and season reminded me of Laidlaw's song—"Lucy's Flitin."

William Howitt remarks that "the glory of the month of October is the gorgeous splendour of wood-scenery." In this remote region, among Highland mountains, the picturesque beauties of autumn are on a limited scale; yet there are calm bright sunsets gilding the sober vales and blue waters, and the peaked hills, whose strong outlines are defined with such precision on the horizon. The birches were almost wholly of an orange colour, and, intermixed with the dark green pines, had a gay and beautiful appearance. The glowing berries of the mountain ash, hanging over some precipice or ravine, also contributed to ornament the landscape. The oak surpasses all its competitors of the wood in variety and harmony of colour in autumn, and its leaves are the latest in disappearing. But full-grown oaks are rare in this quarter, except in a few favoured spots. I saw none as in the long drawn vales of England, broad, massive, and majestic—none

"Whose high tops, bald with dry antiquity,"

carry back the imagination to the Tudors and Plantagenets, and the merry huntings in the greenwood, rife with chivalry and romance.

A series of waterfalls or rapids lie in the way from Inverness to Strathglass. These are denominated the "Falls of Kilmorack," and are situated about a mile and a half to the west of Beaully. The first view of them excites no great expectation. We see a considerable breadth of water, broken into numerous cascades of from five to ten feet in height with steep banks, clothed with birch-trees and plants. The clergyman of the parish has built a little summer-house at the edge of the lofty bank, and from this point the water, pent between precipitous rocks, and rolling darkly over a ledge of sandstone in its falls below, has a striking appearance. The rocks are rich with foliage, and it is this wild exuberance, joined to their towering height, that lends its chief glory to Kilmorack. The pool below the fall is filled with fish, and the curious or the idle may here witness frequent and arduous attempts made by the salmon to ascend the river. They sometimes light upon the rock and are captured, and are also hooked or speared by men stationed at the different points. The Laird of Lovat used to gratify his visitors with "a self-cooked salmon" at the Falls of Kilmorack. A kettle was placed upon the flat rock beside the fall, and kept full of boiling water. Into this the fish sometimes fell, as they leaped up the cascade, and being boiled in their presence, were presented to the company. This was a delicacy in the gastronomical art unknown to Monsieur Ude! Old Lovat of "the forty-five," was a strange barbarian—a sort of realization of Voltaire's satire on the French character, half-tiger and half-monkey; yet I could not help think-

ing at the moment, that it must have been a luxury to sit on the rock, under a canopy of beech-trees, by the side of this Highland Ali Pasha, and partake of his strangely cooked salmon.

To the Falls of Kilmorack succeeds a fine reach of mountain-scenery, called "The Dream," extending about three miles up the glen. The hills are here steeper, but wooded to the top; masses of rock, shaped in fantastic forms, project into the middle of the stream, which exhibits a succession of falls, pools, and caverns, worn in the dark sides of the rock. The valley is narrow but luxuriant—as nearly all the passes into the mountains are—and opens up occasionally, by the windings of the river, into soft green spots, sheltered by lofty banks, and the light branches of the birch-tree—spots which reminded me of Campbell's delicious description of Wyoming, or some of the sequestered woodland scenes in the "Faery Queene."

After a ride of twenty-six miles, I arrived at Comar, in Strathglass. Mr. Laidlaw was working in the garden, amusing himself by taking into cultivation a "bit by-corner of land." We shook hands cordially, and I found myself at home. Ten years had not passed away without leaving their traces on the countenance of my friend. He looked thinner, but quiet and cheerful—his step alert and springy—and I noticed that he now wore a fine brooch—a precious memorial, for it was on the person of Sir Walter Scott when he died, and contained some of his hair, and that of his family.

It is not my intention to *Boswellise* Mr. Laidlaw, or extract from his varied and picturesque style of simple narrative, materials for praise or blame of living individuals. We discoursed much of his departed and illustrious friend. Deep is the reverence entertained by William Laidlaw for the memory of Walter Scott—his guide, philosopher, and friend, with whom he spent nearly twenty years of happiness and honour. "The course of Sir Walter's life," he said, "often seemed to him like a bright and glorious dream, terminating suddenly in darkness and desolation." He expressed a strong admiration and affection for Mr. Lockhart; but considered that by dwelling so much, in his *Life of Scott*, on the transactions of the latter with booksellers and publishers, and schemes of money and ambition, he had failed to bring out sufficiently the bland benevolence and generosity which formed the staple of Sir Walter's character. "A more benevolent heart," he said, "never beat in a human breast. His philanthropy extended to all the animal creation. You know," said he, "Hogg's beautiful song,

"Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
When the kye come hame!"

Sir Walter loved to see 'the kye (cows) come hame,' which he always spoke of as affording him an indescribable pleasure." It conveyed to his mind an image of rural peace and plenty—of perfect animal enjoyment. Campbell, in his description of a Swiss scene, uses a similar illustration:—

"A downward world of pastoral charms,
Where by the very smell of dairy-farms,
And fragrance from the mountain herbage blown,
Blindfold his native hills he could have known!"

Sir Walter Scott's habits of composition are well known. His stores of antique learning, his genius, and imagination, his knowledge of life and manners, seemed all to be ready marshalled, waiting their master's nod—ready to burst forth like the prophet's rod, into bud and blossom. He wrote without effort. He was the unconscious "sovereign of the willing soul." Mr. Laidlaw never saw him so much elated as during the composition of a little *paucy* Scotch song, "Donald Caird's come again." He strode along the hill-side, flourishing his trusty oak-staff in gleeful humour; and on his return he recited to him, with comic emphasis, the little lively lyric,

"Donald Caird's come again."

As we talked of the Tweed, and the Yarrow, and Ettrick banks, the conversation naturally turned to the bright yet melancholy story of the Ettrick Shepherd. It was Mr. Laidlaw that first introduced the Shepherd to Sir Walter—a circumstance which formed an era in his life, and gave him a spring forwards, which scarcely any other event could have so readily accomplished. At the time of George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh, Sir Robert Peel made kind inquiries after the Shepherd, and evinced an acquaintance with his works. He said jocularly that he would never forgive Hogg for selling his dog, as described in his "Shepherd's Calendar." Laidlaw mentioned that the shepherds are as much given to trafficking in their dogs as in their sheep.

In his early days, when about eighteen years of age, Hogg was

a fine-looking young man—rather above the middle size, of faultless symmetry of form, and of almost unequalled agility and swiftness. His face was then round and full, and of a fair ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes, that beamed with gaiety and humour, the effect of the most exuberant animal spirits. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light brown hair, which he wore coiled up, like a girl's, under his hat. When entering the church on Sunday (which he attended regularly all his life) he used, on lifting his hat, to give a slight touch to his long hair, which rolled down his back and fell below his loins, while every female eye was bent upon him as with light step, he ascended the stairs to his seat in the gallery. The aged part of the congregation used to shake their heads in pity and wonderment at the "thoughtless light-headed youth." Had Hogg continued always thus, he might have rivalled Appolo or Byron in personal attractions; but, alas! it soon vanished. He was inoculated for the small pox, and from the effect of carrying home a sheep one day, in intense hot weather, his face, head, and neck, swelled to a prodigious size, and he had nearly lost his life. The illness, or disease, changed the very form of his features. The metamorphosis was complete.

Hogg was always full of enterprise—the poetical temperament never lulled him into dreamy indolence. His love of field sports, or rather, his love for the enjoyment of the open air, was in him an inextinguishable passion; and when he found that he was becoming unable to fish and hunt, and amuse himself out of doors, he declared his belief that he would not live long—and the presentiment was a true one.

Mr. Laidlaw, upon one occasion, took Sir David Wilkie with him to the Shepherd's cottage. He did not mention the name of the distinguished stranger, but it transpired in the course of conversation. No sooner did the Shepherd hear it, than he asked if the gentleman was Mr. Wilkie the painter? Being answered in the affirmative, he said, with some agitation, "Mr. Wilkie, I cannot tell you how proud I am to see you in my house; and how happy I am to find you so young a man!" A very happy compliment, full of kindness and courtesy. Sir Walter Scott often quoted Hogg's salutation to Wilkie, as an instance of native propriety of taste and delicacy of feeling.

The poet was not always so felicitous in his first interviews. Being one day promised a meeting with Thomas Moore, and having a high idea of Moore's *gentility* and intellectual refinement, he prepared himself with a dram or two, the consequence of which was, that he was rude and boisterous, and Moore took his leave of him with a false and unfavourable impression. I may remark, that latterly Hogg's holiday dress was a suit of black, and when first seen by strangers he was generally taken for a clergyman. He used also to wear a ring, and to sport a curious snuff-box, presented to him by Allan Cunningham.

In the pastoral districts of Scotland, families of shepherds continue in the same service, generation after generation, as the *stewards*, or small proprietors, of Westmoreland and Cumberland inhabit their native dales, son succeeding father in the same humble home, each,

With its little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars.

Hogg was descended by the maternal side from an old family, of shepherds, noted for centuries in Ettrick for their fidelity, skill, and devoted attachment to their masters. His father was also a shepherd, but afterwards became a drover, and failed. His mother was a great collector and reciter of ancient legends and ballads, and was admirably calculated to shine in that school of old-world stories and fervid imagination which her son has described in an address to the late Duchess of Buccleuch, with so much picturesqueness and pathos.

"O list the mystic lore of time
Of fairy tales of ancient time,
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last shades of flying men:
Where never stranger came our way,
By summer night or winter day;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none,—
Our converse was with heaven alone,—
With voices through the cloud that hung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.
O, lady, judge, if judge you may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these when darkness fell,
And gray-hair'd sires the tales would tell!
When doors were barr'd, and elder dame
Plied at her task beside the flame,
That though the smoke and gloom above
Op'd dim and amber'd faces above."

What an exquisite picture—and how much of all that ennobles and adorns our common nature may be found treasured up in these "huts where poor men lie!"

Could not the government have interposed, with well-directed bounty, to assist the mountain-bard in his latter years? He was acknowledged as a great original genius, who had sprung from the bosom of the people; he had animated the loyalty of the nation by his spirit-stirring strains during the war. To crown all, he was in want. It will ever be regarded as an indelible disgrace that the nobility of Scotland and its government authorities condemned the last years of Burns to an ungrateful employment, yielding 70*l.* per annum, and that the only permanent provision made for Hogg was the gift, by a lady, of some acres of moor-ground, which brought previously the rent of five pounds sterling a year! His titled and wealthy friends saw him begin the world again, when sixty years old, with little resource but his pen, which had lost the vigour of youth and the freshness of novelty. They saw age and sickness settle down upon his over-wrought and exhausted frame, and wrapping themselves up in the mantle of self-gratification, they blessed themselves that they were not as other men are, or even as this poet!

But I get atrabilious. Let me conclude with noticing one happier mutation of fortune. The faithful friend of Sir Walter Scott, the amiable and kind-hearted William Laidlaw, has, I have just learned, been appointed to the management of an extensive property in Ross-shire, the estate of Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown. The situation is beautiful, in a fine country, well wooded and watered. It may not look so winning in the eyes of Mr. Laidlaw as the vales overlooked by the Eildon Hills and watered by the Tweed over the Yarrow, but it is nonetheless a fair and lovely land. His office is a responsible one; he is well fitted for it, and fits emoluments are considerable. Thither has Mr. Laidlaw "fitted" with his family, destined, I trust, to pass the evening of his days in tranquil peace and heart-felt happiness. Here his love of nature and of rural life will have ample scope for exercise. Here, equally removed from "the great vulgar and the small," in his hours of leisure he can read, note, and botanize, saying with Cowley,

Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
For empty shows and senseless noise,
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers and are such poisonous weeds?

GEMS FROM ETHEL CHURCHILL.

THE YOUNG POET IN LOVE.—The fanciful fables of fairy land are but allegories of the young poet's mind when the sweet spell is upon him. Some slight thing calls up the visionary world, and all the outward and actual is for the time forgotten. It is a fever ethereal and lovely; but, like all other fevers, leaving behind weakness and exhaustion. I believe there is nothing that causes so strong a sensation of physical fatigue as the exercise of the imagination. The pulses beat too rapidly; and how cold, how depressed, is the reaction!

AFFECTION.—There is nothing in this world so sensitive as affection. It feels its own happiness too much not to tremble for its reality; and starts, ever and anon, from its own delicious consciousness, to ask, Is it not, indeed, a dream? A word and a look are enough either to repress or to encourage.

FLOWERS.—It is curious to note how gradually the flowers warm into the rich colours and aromatic breath of summer. First, comes the snow-drop, formed from the snows, which give it name; fair, but cold and scentless: then comes the primrose with its faint soft hues, and its faint soft perfume—an allegory of actual existence, where the tenderest and most fragile natures are often those selected to bear the coldest weather, and the most bleak exposure.

THE ROSE.—There were red and white roses growing around: but the rival flowers were unstirred by even a breath of wind; they were still as the ashes of the once stirring spirits that gathered them as badges for their fatal warfare. Strange that the flower so peculiarly the lover's own, around which hung the daintiest conceits of poetry on which the eye lingers, to dream of the cheek it holds loveliest on earth—strange that the rose should have been a sign for the fiercest struggle ever urged by party strife—a strife that laid desolate the fair fields of England for so many years. And yet, how much chivalric association has Shakspeare flung around their bloom! But for him, the wars of the "rival houses" would be but obscure chronicles of inglorious wars—fighting for fighting sake; no liberty to be defended or obtained, and no foreign enemy driven triumphantly from the frontier: but for him, "the aspiring blood of Lancaster" would long since have sunk in the ground. But Shakspeare has called life out of the past; a thousand passions of humanity hang around those white and red flowers. He has given the lasting archive to the high-born house that boasted,—

"Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."

It is he who has given the life of memory to "the princely Ed-

ward," the subtle Richard, the brave spirited Margaret, and the sad philosophy of the meek Henry, which comes home to many weary of a bleak and troubled world; and never do we feel how completely Shakspeare was our national poet, till we tread his own *locale*.

A LITERARY LIFE.—Composition, like every thing else, feels the influence of time. At first, all is poetry with the young poet; his heart is full of emotions eagerly struggling for utterance; every thing suggests the exercise of his own sweet art. A leaf, a flower, the star far off in the serene midnight, a look, a word, are enough for a poem. Gradually this profusion exhausts itself, the mind grows less fanciful, and poetry is rather a power than a passion. Feelings have hardened into thoughts, and the sensations of others are no longer almost as if they had been matter of experience. The world has become real, and we have become real along with it. Our own knowledge is now the material wherewith we work; and we have gathered a stock of recollections, bitter and pleasant, which now furnish the subjects that we once created: but these do not come at the moment's notice, like our former fantasies: we must be in the mood; and such mood comes but seldom to our worn and saddened spirits. Still, the vision and the faculty divine are never quite extinguished; the spiritual fire rises when all around is night, and the sad and tender emotion finds its old accustomed resource in music.

BUSINESS.—After all, there is nothing like business for enabling us to get through our weary existence. The intellect cannot sustain its sunshine flight long; the flagging wing drops to the earth. Pleasure palls, and idleness is,

"Many gathered miseries in one name:"

but business gets over the hours without counting them. It may be very tired at the end, still it has brought the day to a close sooner than any thing else.

ALLIGATOR FIGHTS IN HINDUSTAN.

In the time of Akbar, beyond the miar, a large space was inclosed by the surrounding plain, which stretched to a considerable extent towards the river Jumna; and from the pavilion above, the principal omrahs or nobles of his court used to participate with their royal master in a pastime no less exciting to them than to him. During my stay in India I have been several times present at exhibitions of this description; but always found that they created feelings of painful disgust rather than of rational pleasure. There is nothing absolutely appalling in beholding fierce animals mangle each other with all that ferocity to which nature has so signally disposed them for those purposes of destruction, as wise as they are benignant, without which the world would be overspread by a savage and indomitable race, and no longer be a secure dwelling-place for man. The cruelties frequently practised towards such wretched animals as are taken in order to contribute to these barbarous sports, are revolting beyond description; for it never appears to be among the contemplations of persons by whom beasts of prey are snared for the arena, that the infliction of pain upon animals which delight in human blood can be otherwise than a meritorious action; and therefore, in the fiercest spirit of retaliation, it is inflicted without mercy. Tigers and lions which have been snared in the jungles are commonly kept without food for several days, and subjected to all kinds of ingenious torment, in order to render them the more savage when freed from their cages to encounter an equally formidable and savage enemy. It is a common practice to catch alligators in the large rivers, and put them into tanks, with a strong iron wire passed several times round their long muzzles, and so tightened as to keep the jaws close, so that they can receive no solid food. In this state they have been known to live for weeks without perceptibly losing any of their strength. This is often done to render them voracious, preparatory to those exhibitions which take place upon certain occasions at most of the courts of the Mohammedan princes in Hindustan. During my residence in India I once saw, in a small tank, two alligators, the jaws of which had been fastened as just described, for a period it was said, of more than two months. They were caught, dragged upon the bank, where, the iron ligatures being cut, they were immediately released, and feeling their freedom, both plunged with equal eagerness into the water. As they had been for some weeks companions in suffering, neither manifested a disposition to commence hostilities, but occupied different parts of the tank, sinking to the bottom and occasionally thrusting their noses above the surface to take breath. The water did not exceed five feet in depth, so that, unless they kept the middle of the tank, they might be seen as they lay at the bottom, almost immovable. Though the place was crowded with spectators, the huge reptiles did not appear to be disturbed by so unusual a concourse, and even occasionally bore to be poked with a long pole before they would move from the mud in which they had embedded themselves. At length the carcass of a sheep was thrown into the water, just above where the smallest alligator lay. The voracious creature immediately rose and seized it, which it had no sooner done than its companion appeared on the surface, and with the swiftness of a shaft rushed towards its rival to partake of the tempting banquet—the turbid element dividing before it as

if ploughed with the keel of a ship. In a moment both sank, and for some time the water was much disturbed, the black mud rising in considerable quantities, and an occasional splashing sufficiently attested the severity of the struggle that was taking place below. After a while one of the combatants appeared with a portion of the sheep in its jaws, which having devoured, it again sank, and the struggle was evidently renewed. In a short time the water was strongly tinged with blood, the mud continued to rise, and the splashing increased. The anxiety of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, when both competitors rose at different parts of the tank, as if the contest had been terminated by mutual consent. The smaller alligator had a frightful gash in its throat, and the fore-leg of the larger seemed to be extensively lacerated. They both tinged the water as they swam; nevertheless, their wounds did not appear to cause either of them much suffering or inconvenience. They did not attempt further hostility. The carcass of a second sheep, in a tempting state of decomposition (for these creatures prefer putrid carrion to any other), was thrown into the tank, and the struggle for supremacy renewed. It, however, did not last so long as the former; each having obtained a share of the prey, which divided at the slightest touch, the contest soon subsided, and both rose once more to the surface without any further appearance of injury. Their bodies appeared less lank; it was therefore evident that each had received a portion of the two carcasses thrown between them, like the apple of discord in classic story.

On the following day, the alligators which had already contributed to the sport of a numerous assemblage of un pitying spectators, were caught for the purpose of opposing them to foes of a different species from any they had been accustomed to encounter. They were brought into a large inclosure, within which was a cage containing a fine leopard. The gash in the throat of the smaller alligator had, it was now sufficiently apparent, greatly weakened it. The animal appeared apathetic, and did not promise much diversion to the anxious beholders. The creatures were removed from the tank to the arena, on a platform raised upon wheels, and drawn by three bullocks. When rolled from the carriage, both appeared almost inert, and especially the smaller one, which every now and then opened its huge mouth and gasped, manifestly suffering from the conflict of the preceding day. The leopard, as soon as it saw them, crouched upon its belly, as if conscious that it was about to be called upon to perform; when, however, the door of the cage was opened, which was done by a man in a sort of gallery above, by means of a cord attached to the upper bar, the animal did not seem disposed to try the issue of a combat with antagonists at all times formidable, and in their own element invincible. A pole being at length introduced, the leopard was irritated by being severely poked; and, with a sudden spring, bounded into the inclosure. The alligators appeared to look upon the scene with perfect indifference, remaining all but motionless on the spot where they had been cast from the platform. Their tails were occasionally seen to vibrate slightly, and especially when their brindled enemy appeared before them in a threatening attitude of attack. The leopard paused for some time with its head upon its paws, waving its tail to and fro, the fur being erected and the ears depressed, as if anxious but fearful to begin the encounter. At length, two or three crackers being flung just behind it, these had no sooner exploded than the terrified and enraged animal darted forward, and springing upon the nearest alligator, turned it over in an instant, and burying its fangs in the throat of its victim, almost immediately dispatched it, the helpless reptile appearing not to offer the slightest resistance. Finding that it had so easily vanquished its weakest enemy, the leopard, excited by the taste of blood, having been kept without food for the three previous days, sprang upon its surviving foe, but with a very different result. The alligator, suddenly shifting its head, the brindled champion missed its spring, when the roused foe, meeting as it turned, made a sudden snap at its head, which it took entire within its capacious jaws, and crushed so severely that when released, the leopard rolled over and died after a few struggles. The victor was now attacked by a man armed with a long spear, with which he dispatched it after a feeble resistance. Thus ended this barbarous pastime.—*Oriental Annual*.

SERIO-COMIC INTIMIDATION.—A person residing in a certain parish having fallen under the ban of the kirk-session, was duly cited before the proper tribunal, and, after admission or proof, sentenced to stand a public rebuke. The offender was a soldier, and often as he had done parade-duty in a different arena, the idea of exhibiting himself before the assembled congregation was so appalling, that he secretly determined to get out of the scrape with the best grace possible. With this view he went early to church, dressed in regimentals, and carried his gun along with him, which, from the bye-paths he took, and the hour of the morning, he managed to secrete without observation. In due time the worshippers assembled, and, after the services of the day had been ended, the soldier was called on to stand up. This summons he instantly obeyed, and by way of suiting the action to the word, presented his musket at the head of the clergyman. An exhibition so novel and unexpected astonished and

petrified every spectator; the minister himself looked unutterable things, and after pausing and changing colour, he timidly inquired, "What, sir, do you mean by that?" "Only," said the other coolly, "to show you I'm a disciplinarian as well as yourself." This was too much; most people thought the man mad; and as there is no saying what a madman will do, no one seemed willing to incur the responsibility of securing and disarming so desperate a character. In this feeling the minister sympathised, and after a little time covered down in the pulpit, so as to be out of the reach of a weapon, which, for aught he knew, might be charged with ball or deadly slug. The belligerent doggedly maintained his ground, and without relaxing a muscle, kept pointing at the pulpit as unerringly as the needle points to the pole. For the space of ten minutes or so, the congregation was paralysed; after which, the clergyman called out from the place where he had ensconced himself, "Is the fellow away yet?" "No!" said the preacher, "he's still standing in the same bit, with the gun in his hand, ready to fire." "Then tell him from me to take himself off, and I'll forgive him this time"—an announcement which elicited a general titter, during which the recusant retired as proud, as he said himself, as "his ain cousin was when he captured the standard at Waterloo."—*Dumfries Courier*.

AIM AT INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.—There are some men who go in leading-strings all their days. They always follow in the path of others, without being able to give any reason for their opinions. There is a proper mental independence which all should maintain; self-respect and the stability of our character require it. The man who pins his opinions entirely on another's sleeve can have no great respect for his own judgment, and is likely to be a changeling. When we consider carefully what appeals to our minds, and exercise upon it our own reason, taking into respectful consideration what others say upon it, and then come to a conclusion of our own, we act as intelligent beings should act, and only then. This proper independence of mind is far removed from presumptuous self-confidence, than which there is nothing more severely to be condemned. Presumption is the associate of ignorance; and it is hateful in the extreme to hear some half-taught stripling delivering his opinions with all the authority of an oracle. This is not what we mean by mental independence; and it is hoped none will mistake what has been said. We refer to a modest yet firm and independent exercise of judgment upon subjects which the mind understands; in short, we intend only the opposite of that slavish habit which makes one man the mere shadow of another.—*Rev. J. Stoughton's Address*.

An exchange fears that "a great portion of our literary papers are more ornamental than useful."—People have different views of utility. If usefulness is exclusively confined to teaching men and women how to provide for the back and gizzard, then indeed many of our literary papers are not excessively useful; but if it is an object for rational beings to store the mind, improve the taste, sharpen the intellect, and cultivate the best feelings of the heart, it is very possible that a work may be ornamental and useful at the same time.

MELANCHOLY.—There is a vast difference between real and affected melancholy. The latter is frequently the bane of a person of delicate and sensitive feelings; and it may be doubted whether there ever was a truly original genius who did not, more or less, suffer from its inflictions. The former is a mere superficial vanity—an unmeaning pretence deserving nothing but contempt. That melancholy which prostrates the spirits and renders the sufferer utterly miserable is never experienced by the superficial, though more frequently affected by them than by any class of individuals.

CHARACTER OF WHITFIELD.—The following analysis of the character of Whitfield is from *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1838: "He was a man of great, but peculiar, powers; and what gave them more than their just and natural effect was the fact, that they were developed at a period of profound deadness in the christian community. His soul burned with the love of whatsoever things are pure, and just, and lovely, and of good report. The enthusiasm of heaven was in the man's heart. An undying fire seems to have been lighted up in his soul. What he did, he did for eternity; its vastness absorbed his very perception of 'the things that are seen and temporal,' and poured into his soul its subduing and solemnizing effects. He saw every thing in its light. In the blaze of an eternal sun, he saw prince and peasant, rich and poor, purple and lawn, an insect flutter or a king die. The world above him had displaced the world beneath him from his soul. So truly was this the case, that the man had scarcely any fitness for the intercourse of earth. In making love to his *innamorata*, he could not help preaching to a sinner; in proposing marriage, he could not help stating the terms of a *holy espousal*. He drank divinity from air, ocean, earth and heaven. His very *fun* was tinctured with the hues of eternity. The imagination and intellect of the man seem to have been dipped in the fountains of light and life that are above. He was *totus in illo*. Would to God we may justly say, that all the inhabitants of Britain were not only 'almost, but altogether,' as Whitfield, except his peculiarities and eccentricities. The root of the matter was in that man, no doubt."

PRAYER.—Prayer is not a smooth expression, or a well-contrived form of words; not the product of a ready memory, or of a rich invention exerting itself in the performance. These may draw a neat picture of it, but still the life is wanting. The motion of the heart God-wards, holy and Divine affection, makes prayer real, and lively, and acceptable to the living God, to whom it is presented; the pouring out of the heart to him who made it, and therefore hears it, and understands what it speaks, and how it is moved and affected in calling on him. It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition, that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it. And to that King who discerns the heart, heart-sense is the sense of all, and that which he only regards: he listens to hear what that speaks, and takes all as nothing where that is silent. All other excellence in prayer, is but the outside and fashion of it: this is the life of it.—*Leighton*.

From the New Monthly for January.

SONG.

THE GIPSY'S FOUNTAIN.

If thou wilt meet me,
If thou wilt meet me,
Where those bright waters flow;
Oh! I will greet thee
I will greet thee,
With music soft as low:
Tones that shall sadden
E'en while they gladden,
Songs,—like the star-light,—made
Half of day's gladness,
Half of night's sadness,—
Twin things of sun and shade!

There I will tell thee,
There I will tell thee,
On as the swift stream flies,
Tales that are ever
Whisper'd, and never
Whisper'd in words, but sighs:
Tales we should only
Tell, when the lonely
Moon—and one other—hears,
Tales that are meeting
Answer'd, and sweetest,
When their reply is—tears!

And I will teach thee,
And I will teach thee,
How each bright star we see,
And the flow'rs and birds
Have their voiceless words,
And tell all their loves,—like me:
And oh! 'twill be sweet,
Oh! 'twill be sweet,
In our own cold planet's bowers,
To think that we love
Like the bright things above
With the love of the stars and flowers!

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.—"I love," says a correspondent, "to see two persons meet on a rainy day on a narrow curbstone, bounding a sidewalk, where no pavement has been laid, and observe both step off simultaneously into the mud. It proves them mutually actuated by a spirit of benevolence, and submissive to personal inconvenience for a neighbor's accommodation."

Our correspondent takes a right view of the matter, considering the "equality of all men," and the folly of assuming a right of precedence in such a situation. He has reminded us also of a circumstance which occurred three winters since. We were crossing from the corner of Derne and Hancock streets to the corner of Hancock and Myrtle; at a time when the streets were flooded by a thaw, and having reached the centre of an ice bridge, on which only one person could pass at a time, we suddenly encountered a gentleman crossing in the opposite direction. To retreat was impossible, without plunging ankle deep into the water. We looked up and paused. Our antagonist was also taken by surprise—for both of us had been more intent on our footsteps than noticing who approached us—and as our eyes met, he deliberately put his hand into his pocket, and drawing forth a cent, "head or tail," said he, presenting his hand towards us, palm on palm. "Tail," said we. "Tail it is," said he, and off he jumped into the water, and ran to the sidewalk, without giving us time to thank him for his courtesy, and proceeded on his way, leaving us the remembrance only of the politest street encounter with a stranger that ever occurred to us.

Pearl & Galaxy.

HUMAN VOICE.—One remark must be made on the beautiful arrangement of the apparatus of the human voice. No musical instrument can be compared with it, for even the most full organs and pianos are in some respects incomplete. Some of these instruments are incapable of passing from the piano to the forte, as in the labial pipes; others cannot rest long on the same note; as all those which sound by striking. The organ possesses two scales, from the labial and the tongue pipes, and is in this respect comparable with the human voice, with its chest and falsetto notes; but none of these instruments unite all advantages like the human vocal organ. It belongs to the class of those who have tongues; and these when uniting a system of compensating pipes are next

to the violin, the most complete of all. Yet, the vocal organ has this perfection, that from one tongue pipe the compass of the whole gamut and all the required variations may be produced, while in the most complete artificial apparatus each note must have its own pipe. An artificial imitation of this organ would be in some measure attained by the arrangement of a tongue pipe with an apparatus easily manipulated to produce the required degrees of tension of the elastic bands; but the tone of such an instrument, for which only dry elastic bands could be used, would not be able to imitate the soft full tone of the moist animal elastic tissue, and there always would be a great difficulty in manipulating it.—*Prof. Muller in the Medical Gazette*.

PLAIN TALKING.—A village parson having in his sermon taken too exalted a pitch for the comprehension of his auditors, found it necessary to make some apology, which he did as follows:—Respected friends: My oral documents having recently been the subject of your vituperation, I hope it will not be an instance of vain eloquence or supererogation, if I laconically promulgate, that avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical, peripatetical propositions—all hyperbolical exaggerations and extenuations, whether physically, philosophically, philologically, politically or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations, or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be definitely and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to the occiputs, caputs, and cerebri of you, my most superlatively respectable auditory.

BERNARDIN DE SANTA CLARA, treasurer of Hispaniola, amassed, during a few years residence there, 96,000 ounces of gold. This same *nouveau riche* used to serve gold dust, says Herrera, instead of salt, at his entertainments.

UTILITY OF LAUGHTER.—A hearty laugh is occasionally an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains, and the hypochondria from his ribs, far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills.

BIGOTRY.—Bigotry has no head, and cannot think—no heart and cannot feel—when she moves it is in wrath—when she pauses it is amidst ruin—her prayers are curses—her god is a demon—her communication is death—her revenge is eternity—her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims—and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture-like fang for keener rapine, and to replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation.

A great lady noticing that a peasant's boy looked admiringly upon her countenance, asked him, with a smile, how he liked the drops which she wore in her ears.

"They are very large and curious," said he, "and a notion sight prettier than the one which father's barrow hog wears in the end of his nose."

The lady was, no doubt, flattered by the comparison.

NOTHING FOR NOBODY.—A newspaper called the *Bulletin*, printed away off in the woods, at Warren, (Pa.) where there is nothing to see, and nobody to see it, says: "We have glorious times here in Warren—nothing to sell and no money to buy it with.—Glorious times indeed!"

"Won't you write some lines on me?" said a scoffer to a roguish young poet. "Certainly, sir,—answered the other with a polite bow.

As soon as the other's back was turned, he chalked the word 'sheep-stealer' between his shoulders.

A man very jealous of his honor, may, by resenting every trifling indignity, maintain his independence; so far as men are associated with him; but what avails such independence, when he is constantly the slave of his passions?

A pill-vender advertises his article as a cure for *stiff-neck*. Pity that poor Moses had not several tons of them when in the wilderness with the 'stiff-necked' Israelites.

MORE RINGS.—Professor Encke, of Berlin, has discovered that the planet Saturn has three rings instead of two, as heretofore believed.

THE OYSTER.—It is said that even an oyster may be crossed in love; but that it may also be loved, not for the sake of its fish, but for itself, will be evident when I inform you that the late eminent Professor Young having kept some oysters for some time, to investigate their habits, became so interested in them, that when done with his observations, he actually had them conveyed back to Edinburgh, and put into the sea.—*The Juvenile Calendar*.

MODEST WANTS.—Monsieur de Vivonne, who was General of the expedition against Messina writing from that place to the King, closed his letters in these words:—"To finish the affair we only want ten thousand men." He gave the letter to send to Du Perron commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add—"and a General."

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of despatch and skill, but neither of them ever learn their master's trade. *Lacoe*.

A prudent woman is in the same class of honor as a wise man. *Tuller*.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE GRAVESTONE WITHOUT A NAME.

By the old Sailor.

"They raised a pillar o'er her grave,
A simple mass of naked stone,
Hewn with such art as sorrow gave,
Ere haughty sculpture yet was known.
There Childhood, as it wandered near,
Gazed with uncertain look of fear,
And checked its noisy sport awhile,
To whisper by the mossy pile."

For neat rural villages and pretty cottages there is, perhaps, no county in England that surpasses the county of Kent. The same remark will apply to its village churches, as they rear their antique heads above the dwellings of honest industry; and, while the finger of the ancient steeple-clock tells of the rapid flight of time on earth, the humble spire, pointing to the bright and glorious heavens, directs the mind to those mansions of the blessed within the boundless round of an Eternity.

I dearly love a country ramble, away from the noise and bustle of the busy town: my heart never expands with more benevolence towards all created beings than when standing on some green eminence, with a prospect all around of woods and streams, and sunny vales and spots of rustic beauty; it is then delightful to feel the irrepressible stirrings of nature in the breast; the soul swells with gratitude and praise to the Creator, and the sweet bond of union is expressed:—"My FATHER, OUR FATHER, made them all!"

It is now some few years since duty required my departure from the metropolis, to attend "on his majesty's service" at that famed key to the continent, the town of Dover; but, as the business did not require haste, I determined to "chance the road," walk when I felt inclined, and get a lift when I was weary. The weather was most delightful for the undertaking; it was neither too sultry nor too cold; there was warmth enough to be pleasant, but not sufficient to be oppressive; and thus, meeting with many curious adventures, I pilgrimaged as far as the city of Canterbury; and, after a night of refreshing sleep, sweetened by healthy toil, the early morning saw me traversing away from the main road by a cross-country route towards Waldershare Park, the seat of the Earl of Guilford: a charming place, endeared to me by old remembrances, which cannot even now, though blunted and deadened by time and circumstances, be wholly effaced from the mind. I had passed many happy hours there, hours on which the memory loves to dwell without any other regret than that they flew away too soon.

The sun had reached its greatest altitude, when I stopped to rest and refresh at a village that seemed to stand apart from all the world—so silent and so retired, that Solitude herself could not have selected a more suitable place for habitation: the cottages were small, and almost hidden amidst foliage and flowers that grew in rich luxuriance, mantling the walls with clematis and roses. There was no inn or public house, but I obtained from a kind-hearted dame a draught of new milk, for which she would accept no remuneration, and then entered the hallowed precincts of the church-yard. Death had fulfilled his mission even here: the white stones and the green grass mounds all bore witness to the frailty of human existence.

There is, perhaps, no contemplation better calculated to harmonize the mind and to fill it with holy sentiments than that which is held among the habitations of the dead; it is the link which unites Time with Eternity. Here man, while reading the records of mortality, feels humbled in his pride. Here envy, hatred, and malice, become powerless; for, who could nurture these against his brethren of the dust, with the certainty before him that all must soon mingle with the clods of the valley? It teaches the importance and value of time; for how many are cut down in youth! It shows the swiftness of its flight; for here are memorials of distant generations, who are buried in one common grave. It instructs us in the principles of love and charity to all our fellow creatures, for man is like a thing of nought; his days pass away like a shadow, and "the place which once knew him will know him no more for ever." Yes, even in this delightful spot, Death had been busy; and a hoary-headed grave-digger was forming another receptacle for the body to moulder into dust, as I walked among the tombs and read the memorials engraven on them. But, there was one without a name; it stood in a lone corner, overshadowed by an old elm-tree: there was not even a letter or a date, yet the turf that covered the remains of those who slept below was not neglected. The odoriferous violet and the pale primrose breathed forth their sweet perfumes, looking beautiful amidst the verdant grass that trembled with each wind, as it lightly swept over its surface like a gentle sigh of sorrow.

"And whose is yon nameless grave?" inquired I, addressing the old man, as he stood resting on his spade; "the tomb-cutter has forgot his duty."

"Nay! not so," returned the aged man, mournfully shaking his head; "it was her own request, and the minister complied with it."

"It was a curious whim to wish for a head-stone without a record on it," said I.

The old man smiled, but it was a smile of melancholy musing, and, after a short pause, answered: "You may call it what you please, sir, but, it is a long story, and I've no time to tell it you seeing that I have this grave to finish by the afternoon. But the minister knows all about it; and, as I live, there he is, coming across the stile."

I looked in the direction pointed out, and saw a venerable man approaching, whose countenance was the very emblem of mildness and meekness. A bow from each was a sufficient introduction: in a few minutes we were deeply engaged in conversation relative to the tenant of the lonely grave; and, perceiving that I took very great interest in the circumstances, he invited me to his residence. After dinner, he kindly furnished me with oral information and written memorandums, the result of which I now lay before my readers.

In the romantic village of —, resided a widow lady with her only daughter; it had been their residence for several years; indeed, Ellen Courtney had known no other home, for, in very early life, the death of her father, and the consequent diminution of income, had induced her mother to retire from the world to this secluded but beautiful spot, and here she grew like a simple but lovely flower in purity and in peace. The cottage they inhabited was but of small dimensions, when compared with the mansion in which she had been born, but there was sufficient space for comfort, and they enjoyed that happiness which springs from contentment of mind. An aged domestic, who had lived through a long life in the service of the family, and a maid-servant of younger years, for a considerable length of time made up the whole of their establishment; but, when Ellen had attained the sixteenth anniversary of her birth, a maiden aunt, (who was reported to possess the gift of second sight) came to take up her abode with them. She was a tall, gaunt figure, but with a mild expression of countenance betokening benevolence; and it was only on certain occasions that her features underwent a change at once terrible and terrifying; her eyes assumed a flashing wildness; her cheeks were wrinkled up, as if withered by a sudden blast; her mouth was distended, and showed the decayed teeth, which more resembled the tusks of some carnivorous animal than seemed to belong to a human being. Her cap, thrown off, displayed her long grey hair, descending over her face and shoulders; and the constant variations of look and manner made the spectator shudder as his imagination deemed her to be the creature of a world unknown, or some wretched maniac escaped from the custody of her keepers. She had been well educated; her understanding was richly stored with knowledge, and in all but one thing Ellen found a most able and willing instructress. This was her story.

In her eighteenth year she became acquainted with a young man of splendid acquirements and of unexceptionable person. To her young mind he appeared the model of perfection; his speech was ever in praise of virtue; his conduct was respectful, but affectionate; without pretending to learning or talent, he constantly displayed both; and he seemed to take great pleasure in imparting by the most diffident manner information and instruction to all who listened to him. Margaret de Vere knew that he had been educated for the church, and, a Protestant herself, she thought of no other church than that established by the law of the land. They were much together; and, as Margaret was then in the full vigour of youth and beauty, a mutual attachment very soon grew into that deep, strong, deathless passion, which lasts a whole existence.

Still Albert Hammond spoke not of love, though his looks betrayed how deeply it was rooted in his heart. Thus stood affairs when the devoted maiden ascertained that the object of her soul's regard was of the Catholic faith, and destined to the service of his Creator; that in a short time he should be wedded to his celestial bride, and that even now it was impious on his part to indulge in thoughts, wishes, or sentiments, that were not connected with the sacred office to which he aspired. Bitter was her distress, and heartfelt was her agony, as she beheld the bright structure which fond fancy had raised, and hope had sweetly smiled upon, at once and for ever crushed, and its fragments scattered by the winds of disappointment. Yet she felt that she was beloved, and she nourished the certainty, as a kind mother would her illegitimate offspring, when deserted by all the world.

Albert, too, indulged in somewhat similar feelings; but he was incapable of the high resolves, the determined conduct, which marked the affection of poor Margaret. She knew that Albert had high expectations in his church, and though she would have gladly shared an humble cottage with him as her husband, yet she resolutely resigned all desires of worldly enjoyment so that she might witness the elevation of the man she loved, and be enabled to look up to him as the guide of her future existence. She felt that his love for her was equal to her own for him; but there was the conviction that, though she could not be his wife, yet he was debarred from every other union; and, therefore, she resolved to devote her whole existence to prove the strength of her affection. Her first step was to abjure the creed of her fathers, and to embrace the Catholic faith; and, when Albert became a priest, she entered a nunnery where he often visited, and to which he at length became confessor.

At his death, which happened when he was under thirty years of age, the tie to the religion she had chosen was broken, and she wished once more to return within the pale of the Protestant church; but the superior, becoming acquainted with the fact, at first used gentle persuasions, and, finding them of no avail, resorted to coercion. Reader, this was not in England, for Albert had gone to Rome, and thither had Margaret followed him. It was during a confinement that her intellects became somewhat disordered, and she was supposed to have acquired that spirit of divination which was subsequently exercised in so remarkable a manner as to induce a belief of supernatural agency. At length she escaped; and, when her relatives had long considered her as the inmate of a grave, she once more appeared among them—but, oh how changed! Such was the being who, at the expiration of several years, became the companion and instructress of Ellen Courtney.

I must now carry the imagination of my readers to a beautiful summer evening, when the eastern horizon, with its gloomy twilight, offered a striking contrast to the glorious glowing tints of vermilion and gold that flushed the western sky. It was one of those realities in scenery in which the poet and the painter love to luxuriate; and never was there a spot, even in the bright and rosy clime of Italy, better adapted to the enjoyment of such an evening, than that on which Ellen Courtney resided, and more particularly the small alcove that formed the entrance to the garden at the back part of the cottage, clustering with flowers that wantonly flung their fragrance to the passing winds.

And there stood Ellen, her delicate and finely-proportioned hand resting on the shoulder of a manly looking youth of some twenty years of age, whose strong arm was twined round the slender waist of the fair girl, their eyes beaming more and more with the delight of ardent affection, as the deepening shades gradually grew darker and darker to screen them from each other's observation. Nor was the interview less dear in its interests from being a stolen one. Edmund Foster was a noble-looking fellow, one on whom Nature would have conferred an exalted title in her peerage, were she accustomed to make those honorary distinctions. His countenance bespoke the hardy seaman, and, though the expression was that of open candour and benevolence, yet there was at times a look of such fixed determination, and scorn of danger, as made him rather the object of reverence than love. His dress was scrupulously neat; the snow-white trousers and waistcoat, the blue surtout, and the black handkerchiefs knotted over a fine linen shirt; in short, all displayed marks of taste that assumed a careless ease; and his manners and knowledge manifested a superior education.

But, who was Edmund Foster? Of his connexions and situation in life Ellen was wholly ignorant; he had rendered her an important service by a timely rescue from the hands of a gang of smugglers, running their crop from the coast. Ellen had strayed far from home to an eminence that commanded a view of the distant sea: here she had lingered, watching the setting sun, as he cooled his fervid beams in the azure wave, gorgeously blending the intense blue with his golden rays. Evening hurried on—a rich autumnal evening—the white sails on the bosom of the ocean gradually disappeared in the thickening gloom. The Foreland was throwing its dazzling watch-light far over the waters, to guide the course of the adventurous mariner amidst those restless sands, the death-bed of thousands. Still Ellen lingered, for now imagination peopled the vacant space with objects of her mind's creation. She thought that the moon would soon rise, and that she should enjoy her walk back to the cottage, lighted by its pale lustre, which would shed a pleasing influence on her ardent spirit. She knew not the prognostics of the weather; she was not aware that the red glare of the heavens on which she had gazed with admiration, foretold the coming storm; she was unconscious that the rapid breeze, as it danced with fitful gusts over the rolling swell, gave warning to the seaman that ere long it would burst with fury on his head, and lash the billows into maddened rage.

The moon rose, and Ellen returned on her path to the peaceful cottage, but the howlings of the rushing tempest were in the air; the lightnings played with fearful splendour among the blackened clouds; the pale luminary of night was shrouded in funereal darkness; the rain began to fall in heavy drops; the way was dark and dreary; and Ellen was alone. Agitated and alarmed, the maiden approached a barn-like building, which she had often passed unheeded, but which now seemed to offer a kindly shelter from the storm. The door, however, defied her efforts to open it, and she was near sinking with affright, when the noise of horses' feet upon the road attracted her attention. Hope revived her courage, but it was to sink her into deeper terror and distress, when a band of armed men surrounded the spot where she was standing, and one, abruptly flinging himself from the back of his strong animal, clutched the lovely girl by the arm.

"How now!" said he, "who have we here? what, turning spy, my lass? 'Twere pity but you'd a better calling."

"'Tis some poor gipsy wanderer," exclaimed another, "and it would be misfortunate to harm her, Ned, seeing that them cattle can read the book of fate."

"The book of humbug," said a third, dismounting; "the

masters of the craft are too wise to show their noses on such a night as this. It is some young female who has lost her way; but, at all events, she must bear us company till we take a fresh departure; and a drop of something warm within will serve to fend off the cold without."

By this time the whole party had alighted; the door of the barn was thrown open, and each man led in his horse, apparently heavily laden. A few minutes afterwards, Ellen Courtney was compelled to enter, and found herself in the midst of a band of desperate outlaws, whose countenances assumed a more ferocious aspect from their being but dimly seen by the light of dark lanterns, from which the shades were removed. Ellen had heard many extravagant tales of the reckless and hardened depravity of smugglers, and she trembled with apprehension that her life would be sacrificed. Still she replied clearly and distinctly to the questions that were put to her, and the answers were so artless as to carry conviction to the most suspicious mind.

"It matters not," said one of the most determined and desperate of the party; "the girl must go with us, till our own safety is past doubt. Here we must lay upon our oars till midnight, and then every man to his station. Conduct the young lady to the far corner of the barn; there is clean straw for her to rest her delicate limbs upon. And now, lads, let us laugh at the gale, and drive away care."

"Oh, in mercy, in pity," implored Ellen, "do not detain me! I do not fear the storm. Let me return to my only parent, whose anguish at my absence may be fatal."

"You should have thought of that before, young lady," returned the man, "and not have wandered so far from home. All entreaties, all complaints, are useless, now. It is true, mayhap, that you do not mean to inform upon us, but, suppose you should fall in with the Philistines, and they should question you, would you deny your having seen us? You know our profession, I suppose?"

"I do," returned the frightened girl, "but, indeed, indeed I will not betray you. Oh! let me implore you to suffer me to go to my mother!"

"If you know our trade, young woman," expostulated the smuggler, "you must also know the risks we run, and, therefore, we will take good care you do not betray us. Take her away, Teetotum,* to yon corner, as I order you, and take the first spell in watching her, or mayhap she would rather sit amongst a set of jovial fellows, and share our grog. Come, come," continued he, passing his arm familiarly and rudely round her waist; "I dearly love a pretty girl, and you shall be my queen of the feast," and he essayed to press his lips to her's.

"Spare me, spare me!" shrieked the terrified Ellen, as she struggled to disengage herself; "as you are men, do not insult the defenceless!"

"Oh! oh! pretty one!" returned the fellow, "you have let the secret out. If you were not defenceless, then, you would set us at defiance? But, take her away," added he, with more sternness; "and, d'ye hear, girl, no attempts at escape, for"—showing the bright barrel of a pistol—"this will send a quick and faithful messenger after you."

The shrinking Ellen accompanied the man designated Teetotum to the far end of the barn, where she sat herself down on some hard substance that was covered with loose straw, the smuggler placing himself by her side. "The old Badger is too hard upon you, Miss," said the man, "but, he has no young blood in his veins, now; and, besides, that ugly figure-head of his arn't much likely to win a lady's favour. You are hard up in a clinch, that's for sartia; but, still, if you could fancy a handsome young fellow, like myself, why I might be tempted to run a little hazard in releasing you. What say you, my beauty?" And the fellow threw his arm round her neck, indelicately placing his hand upon a bosom as pure as it was fair. Insulted virtue gave strength to the lovely maiden, and indignantly she flung from his embrace. "Is this England?" said she, "the land that protects the desolate, and whose laws are the boast of the civilized world? Keep from me, villain!" for he was again pressing closer to her, "or I shall rouse your master, who will make you know your duty. The base insulter of innocence is generally a coward at heart."

"Oh, well!" returned the wretch, "there's no accounting for tastes! Mayhap you may like old Badger better nor me; but, howsoever, you are my prize, for it was I who first grappled with you, and so I'll e'en have my due. You see they're hard at it bowing up their jibs, and, before they purchase their anchors, there'll be some scrimmaging and black eyes and bloody noses. Now, we hate all laws except of our own making, and how you'll weather it out among a set of drunken desperadoes is for your consideration, any more than I'd wish to serve a pretty girl if she's own'd kind," and again the smuggler attempted the same indecent liberty he had before taken; but Ellen firmly repulsed him, and the fellow threw himself back upon the straw, muttering curses, and swearing that he would have his revenge before they parted.

The building they were in was an immense barn, appropriated to the receipt of grain when no farm-house stood upon the land.

It was substantially erected in the old style to endure for ages, and had a lofty roof, with blackened rafters and stout oak cross-beams. It had long been the occasional resort of smugglers—the occupier, for a handsome consideration, keeping every thing prepared for their reception. Ellen looked upon the groupe of about thirty men, most of them in the dress of country labourers (but there were two or three evidently superior to the rest), as they sat on the scattered straw upon the ground and passed round the liquor. She shuddered at the thought of their becoming intoxicated, and secretly offered up fervent prayers to the Almighty for protection in this hour of peril. The lights shed a dim lustre on their revelry, but every now and then the flashing lightning threw its red glare through the crevices, and gave a brilliancy to every object, whilst the terrified horses pawed with their hoofs, or started from side to side, heedless of restraint. It was a study for the painter.

"I say, Master Coldtoast," exclaimed the leader, who had been designated as old Badger, "if you ever disobey my orders again, as you did to-day, remember, there's fishes in blue water as waists feeding."

"Tut, man," responded the individual addressed, a Hercules-looking being, with monstrous black shaggy whiskers, and features indicative of villany and cunning: "Tut, man, when I strops a block, I does it my own way; and when I handles a musket, I points it at who I pleases."

"You'll get hanged some day for your murderous qualities," returned the first, "and we shall be tarred with the same brush for being found in such blackguard company."

"I'm thinking," said Coldtoast, with a demonic grin, "that there'll be a piece of new rope cut for most of us on the day we slip our wind. But, I tell you, master, to your teeth, that I'm no child to be snubbed and crossed by a waspish nurse. If I am to stick by you, and do my duty, why let me steer by my own compass; and, if not, then give me my discharge, square the accounts, and let's part friends."

"Let us have none of your wrangling, now," said another; "it's ill work quarrelling amongst ourselves, when mayhap the enemy is close aboard of us. If Coldtoast did shoot the fellow, it was more in self-defence than otherwise; but, where's the body?"

"They've stowed it away under the straw, there," replied a fourth, pointing in the direction where Ellen was sitting, and indistinctly catching the purport of their conversation; "but, we must shove it down the hatchway, as soon as we can find a snug spot, for, though they say dead men tell no tales, yet they give strong evidence above ground."

From the language that had been overheard, Ellen became aware that murder had been committed, and her heart sickened at the thoughts of such companionship. It was evident that there were men among them whose unbridled passions were capable of leading them to the perpetration of the worst of crimes. Some of their hands were already stained with blood, and there did not appear to be a single individual to whom she could look for protection.

"Keep sober, all of you," exclaimed old Badger, himself fast approaching to that state of inebriation which renders the hardened drunkard desperate and dangerous. "Keep sober, I say; we shall soon have a pair of eyes upon us that none of you can deceive. Juniper, look out and see what sort of weather it is. These summer squalls are like woman's tears, soon passed away, and dried up by the breath of pleasure."

The man obeyed, and Ellen observed that he stood for some time at the door of the building in conversation with another person, whilst the carousal went on within. At length he returned and reported the subsiding of the storm. The terrified girl determined to make one more effort to regain her liberty, and, advancing to old Badger, she entreated him in the most earnest manner to let her depart; but he was determinately stubborn against all her prayers, and rudely commanded her to return to the place she had quitted through the carelessness of her keeper, who had fallen into a deep sleep. A smart blow from the hoary smuggler roused him to his duty, and Ellen again seated herself in her former position.

"Come, come, young woman," said Teetotum, stretching himself by the side of the trembling maiden, and by the rudeness of the act displacing the scattered straw; "come, come, no more slipping from your moorings, if you please. I must just take the liberty of lashing these pretty feet together, and then in spite of old Badger, I'll have my snooze out." He produced a piece of cord, and was about to put his threat into execution, when Ellen stretched forth her hand to assist her in rising from her seat, and she placed it on a cold clammy substance, which the feeble light showed her was the face of a corpse. A wild, piercing shriek rang through the building; the men started to their arms; the lamps were extinguished or concealed; and Ellen, with horrible sensations, unable to stir, yet sensible to her situation, lay crouching by the side of the murdered man, with darkness all around her. There was for a few moments a dead silence, which was broken by the sound of a shrill whistle outside the building, and the sudden entrance of some one, who immediately closed the doors. Again the loud shriek of the tortured girl was heard, but suddenly she felt the fingers of a rough hand clatching her throat, and there

was a whispering in her ear like the hissing of a serpent, which uttered, "Silence, devil! it was a woman who first betrayed man to death. Another murmur, louder than an infant's sigh, and it shall be your last in this world, if I get scragged for it to-morrow."

A loud knocking was heard at the door of the barn, but all was quiet within. A confused noise of voices in high dispute reached poor Ellen's ear, and in the hope that rescue was near, she would have cried out for help; but the hand pressed heavily on her throat, and its gripe tightened as if the smuggler was apprehensive of her design.

"Move but a limb," whispered he, "and it shall soon stiffen into death. Stir but your tongue, and I will tear it from its roots. One murder has already been committed, and two won't bring a heavier punishment."

The knocking was renewed, and Ellen became sensible of the fact that attempts were making to force an entrance. A slight bustle and whispering took place within the building, and there was that peculiar sound, unlike all others, which was emitted from the preparation of fire-arms by the clicking of locks. "They're here! they're here!" was shouted outside, and then an audible whisper within exclaimed, "Stand steady, lads! 'tis Moody's men; fire by sixes. Juniper, take the first shot; old Badger next. Where is Coldtoast?"

"I am here," replied the wretch, who was grasping Ellen's neck, and instant recollection told her that the hand of the murderer was upon her. "I am here, at my post, and ready to do my office."

"Now, villain as you are, if you commit one act of injury upon that innocent girl, I will demand a fearful reckoning!" returned the first, which was answered by a low, stifled laugh of derision.

"Come out, old Badger!" shouted a voice from the outside, as the party were making strenuous efforts to break open the doors. "Come out, you old varmint; the young Lion is not with you, now; we have him caged safe enough;" and again, amidst curses and hammering, the doors shook with the assault.

"Men! the young Lion is not caged," uttered in an undertone the individual who had issued his directions to the smugglers relative to the order in which they were to fire. "He is here, among you, unshackled and free; be firm, and take steady aim. Do not leave a rascal of the cutter to sup his broth again. We have nothing left but to fight for it."

To be continued.

A DREAM.

[We make the subjoined extract from the tale of "Thalaba the Destroyer," by Dr. Southey. The poet Montgomery thus speaks of it: "For myself I am free to acknowledge, that the effect produced on my mind by its perusal, resembled the dreams of the Opium eater.—Such music, such mystery, such strife, confusion, agony, despair, with splendors and glooms, and alternations of rapture and horror, the tale of "Thalaba," with its marvellous rhythm and original pageantry, produces on the mind of the entranced, delighted, yet afflicted reader—so at least it affected me. I have said that the experiment was victorious—but the author himself has not ventured to repeat it; like a wise man (which poets seldom are, especially successful ones,) contenting himself with the glory of having performed an unprecedented feat, and which may very well remain an unrivalled one."]

"The scene commenced with a music of preparation and awakening suspense; a music like that of a coronation anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalades filing off; and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where; somehow, I knew not how; by some beings, I knew not whom; a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting, was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as usual in dreams, where of necessity we make ourselves central to every movement, had the power and yet had not the power to decide it, I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexorable guilt.

"Deeper than plummet ever sounded, I lay inactive. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, and hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and, at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me,—and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death,—the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells!—and again, and yet again, reverberated—everlasting farewells!—And I awoke in struggles and cried out, "I will sleep no more!"

* Every smuggler is known to his associates by some quaint or peculiar name, and in no instance is the christened or surname of the party used.

DUELLING.—Much has been written on duelling, but none too much. It should be handled frequently. Public opinion should be awakened, enlightened—and public feeling should be excited by the frequent murders—more common in the other states, but nevertheless interesting to us as members of the same human family which rend from among us many of our greatest men; and as often our most valued and beloved ones.

When we reflect how many of the choice spirits of the age, from Hamilton down, have been stolen from among us, have gone down to a bloody grave, while their unhappy murderers—still more unfortunate—have been left a prey to harrowing remorse and those intrusive reflections that drive sleep from the eyelids, and exchange the cup of pleasure for the chalice of bitter repentance, we cannot but shudder at the merciless havoc which 'damned Custom' is making. Like the pump-makers' augers which bore out the log, so does the barbarous fashion of duelling prove most fatal among the best statesmen and most refined part of our community. And what are the pleas that are urged in defence of duelling? what are the insults which can only be washed out by blood? One man treads on another's toe, calls him a liar, or spits in his face. These things are doubtless aggravating to passionate men, and unpleasant to all. But is it impossible to put up with them? Can they not be overlooked, or is it necessary that death to one of the other parties should succeed? One man says of another that he is dishonest, or intimates that he has acted unfairly on some occasion. If the accused man is innocent, need he commit a still greater crime than that wherewith he is charged, by murdering his fellow? We think he is a man of small moral courage who is deeply hurt by an attack upon his reputation. If innocent—is it a matter of importance whether the charge is believed or not? If not innocent, reason says that he should consider it as a fair charge which reminds him of his fault, and should forthwith proceed to correct it.

But does duelling establish his innocence in the eyes of the community? If he shoot down his fellow, does the world conclude that Providence has guided the ball and marked the guilty man for destruction? So far from that, it is regarded as no proof of a man's innocence, to shoot his adversary in a duel. The reputation of Aaron Burr, stood no fairer after the murder of Hamilton, than it stood before; and not all the waters of that noble river, in sight of which the crime was committed, can wash out the guilt entailed upon Burr by this mad attempt to retain his character.

But we shall be told that it is not to establish his innocence of the charge—it is to preserve his honor, to show the world that he will not put up with an insult, that the duellist appeals to arms. Noble man! In order to make the world believe in his individual courage, a fellow-creature must be put to death. Truly, he must be a modest citizen who deems himself of so much importance that human sacrifices must be immolated upon the altar of his fame. And here we come to the point: all arguments will be deemed frivolous and common-place to the hot-headed duellist until this undue pride—this self importance—this foolish over estimation of our own individual consequence, gives place to a rational sense of our own demerits and our comparatively small importance in the world.—*Boston Pearl & Galaxy.*

THE FOREIGN ANIMAL MAGNETISER.—As soon as she was seated, the Count turned round to me and the company with his broken English—'Ladies and gentlemen,' says he, 'look here at this young maidens, Mizz Charlot Ann Elizabeth Martin'—for that is his way of talking—'wid my magnetismuses I tro her into von state of som'samboozleism'—or something to that effect. 'Mizz Charlot Ann, you are a slip.' 'As fast as a church, Mister Count,' says she, talking and hearing as easy as if broad awake. 'Ferry goot,' says he. 'Now I take dis boke—Misses Glasse Cokery—and I shall make de maidens read some little of him wid her back. Dare he is between her shoulders. Mizz Charlot Ann, what you see now mit your eyes turned de wrong way for to look?' 'Why, then,' says she, 'I see quite plain a T. and an O. Then comes R, and O, and S, and T, and the next is H, and A, and I, and R.' 'Ferry goot,' cries the Count over again. 'Dat is to rost de hare. Ladies and gentlemen, you all here? Now, den, Mizz Charlot Ann, vous more. Vot you test in your mouse?' 'Why, then, Master,' says Charlot Ann, 'as sure as fate, I taste sweet herbs chopped up small!' 'Ferry goot, indeed!—but what more by sides the sweet herrubs?' 'Why,' says she, 'it's a relish of salt, and pepper, and mace—and, let me see—there's a flavour of currant jelly.' 'Besser and besser!' cries the Count. 'Ladies and gentlemen, are not dese vunder-fools? You shall see every wort of it in de print. Mizz Charlot Ann, vot you feel now?' 'Lawk a mercy, Mister Count,' says she, 'there's a sort of stuffy feel, so there is in my inside!' 'Yaw! like von-fool belly? Ferry goot! Now you feel wo?' 'Feel, Mr. Count,' says she, 'why, I den't feel nothing at all—the stuffiness is gone clean away!' 'Yaw, my child!' says he, 'dat is because I take away de cokery boke from your two shoulders. Ladies and gentlemen, dese is grand powers of magnetismus. Ach Himmel! As Hamlet says, dere is more in our philosophes dan dere is in the heaven or in de earth! Our

matter Nature is so fond to hide her face! But one adept, so as me, can lift up a whale.'—*Comic Annual*

SYMPTOMS.—1. When you meet a friend about five o'clock near his own house, and he stands gossiping with you at the street door, without knocking, take it as a symptom that you are not wanted to dinner. 2. When you drop in for half an hour's chat at a friend's house in the evening, and your friend looks at his watch after you have been there two hours, while his wife packs up her needle work with a yawn, observing, 'Well, I think it is time to give over for to-night,' it is an infallible symptom you are a bore, and the sooner you export yourself the better. 3. If at any evening party you are selected to make one at a rubber at whist, it is a symptom there are younger persons in the room whom the ladies cannot spare so well as yourself. 4. If you are travelling outside a stage, and when you stop for dinner the porter brings a ladder for you to descend, consider his civility a decided symptom (whatever you may think of yourself) that he thinks you a gentleman who has arrived at a time of life not very favourable to agility. 5. When a Jew-boy importunately offers to sell you a pair of spectacles as a bargain, you may conclude it is a symptom that there is something in your appearance which denotes the father of a family, in spite of whatever the tailor may have done to dress you like your youngest son. 6. If you meet a gentleman and lady, the gentleman looking vacantly and serious, as if thinking of nothing—the lady placidly careless, as if perfectly satisfied—depend upon it these are symptoms of their being man and wife, and that the husband had consented to a walk, though he would rather leave it alone, while the wife is pleased to find he is as attentive as ever. But when you meet a lady and gentleman in earnest discourse, the gentleman talking much, the lady listening with downcast eyes, it is the symptom of an affair in progress which will probably end in going to church.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1838.

BRITISH NEWS.—Late on Friday evening last, by her Majesty's Packet Magnet we received our files of London papers to the 7th of February. To the exclusion of other matter, we have made a selection of interesting items which will be found below:—

COURT RUMORS.—Reports have long been in circulation of a delicate and interesting nature respecting an attachment formed by the most exalted lady in the realm for a nobleman of northern descent, who having been appointed to a distant colonial government, was recalled from his banishment by one of the first acts of the present reign. The subject is not one to which the press has thought itself at liberty to make public allusion. But, the *Times* having unceremoniously dragged the matter into notoriety in a leading article, the decorous restraint of silence is no longer imposed as an obligation. The allegations of the *Times* are as follows:—'As the announced recall of Lord Elphinstone from Madras has occasioned, even in quarters which ought to be informed, a renewal of an absurd rumour which was industriously circulated at the time of the accession of our present Sovereign, we think it right to notice what otherwise we should have thought too contemptible to call for observation. It was hinted then, as it is now, not only in several papers, but also in some respectable circles, that the Queen had required the recall of Lord Elphinstone from his distant government, not on public grounds, but for reasons connected with her own personal happiness. That a maiden Queen, just eighteen years of age, should in the very first days of her accession overstep at once the limits of that female delicacy for which she was known to be remarkable, was so contrary to all reason and probability, that we disdained to refute the ridiculous rumour. But we see with regret that the improbability and absurdity present no obstacles to the credulity of the foolish or the calumnies of the malicious. We think it right, therefore, to state at once, and in no equivocal terms, that whatever may be the cause of Lord Elphinstone's being withdrawn from the government of Madras, the Queen's liking or disliking of that nobleman has nothing to do with it. Except that every person of a certain rank may fairly be supposed to be known to the Sovereign, Lord Elphinstone is utterly unknown to her Majesty: her Majesty never spoke to him in her life—never saw him in her life except in public. Further than this we suppose it is unnecessary to go; and to this extent we are enabled to speak on the authority of those who have the best means of knowledge.'

The largest steamer in her Majesty's Navy is the Gorgon, recently built, being of 1,150 tons, builders' measurement. She will carry 20 days' coals, 1,000 troops, 150 crew, with stores and provisions for all for six months. The engines are 320 horse power, and the vessel is so constructed that the steam-machinery can scarcely be reached by shot.—*Courier.*

Messrs. Henry and John Lee have contracted to lay the foundations of the new Houses of Parliament, within two years, for the sum of 74,373l.

Mt. Hume has addressed a letter to the *Sun*, citing the recorded opinions of Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Huskinson, and Lord Stanley, in justification of the Canadian revolt.

REGIMENTS FOR CANADA.—The reinforcements to be sent to Canada, it is now said, will consist of the following troops—

One regiment of cavalry, augmented to	450
Ninety-third Highlanders, augmented strength,	600
Brigade of Guards, say	2,000
Sixty-fifth Regiment from West Indies, augmented strength,	600
Twenty-third Fusileers and Seventy-first Light Infantry, augmented strength,	1,200
Augmentation of one hundred rank and file to all regiments in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—namely, First Royals, Fifteenth, Twenty-fourth, Thirty-second, Thirty-fourth, Forty-third, Sixty-sixth, Eighty-third, and Eighty-fifth,	900
	5,750

The Eleventh and Seventy-third Regiments, ordered home from the Mediterranean, are to land at Gibraltar, there to await instructions in case their services should also be required in Canada.

HUME'S MEETING.—The following resolutions were passed at a public meeting in London on the 4th Jan. The speakers were Messrs. Leader, Hume, Grote, Col. Thompson, S W Molesworth, and Dr. Wade, a clergyman:

"That this meeting, while they deeply lament the disastrous civil war now existing in the colony of Lower Canada, are of opinion that this deplorable occurrence is to be ascribed to the misconduct of the British Ministry, in refusing timely redress to the repeated complaints of the Canadian People, and in attempting to sustain that refusal by measures of gross injustice and coercion."

"That this meeting desire to mark with peculiar reprobation the iniquitous determination to seize and apply the monies in the Canadian treasury, in direct repugnance to the acts of the House of Assembly, whose exclusive right to use or withhold supplies has been solemnly guaranteed by the British Parliament."

PROTEST.—Messrs. Ferron, Jones, Green, Weber, etc. protested against the above sentiments. To these gentlemen, Sir Edward Cadrington addressed the letter subjoined.

Eaton Square, 13th Jan. 1838.

"Gentlemen—Having read a protest in the *Morning Chronicle* of this day, signed by you, against the proceedings and doctrines of the meeting which took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern on the 4th of this month relative to Canada, I feel called upon, as a firm and uncompromising reformer of all abuses, to express my full accordance in the sentiments embodied in that protest. I have hitherto taken no direct part in the late discussions on the Canada question in the House of Commons, because I had not sufficient information to found a sound judgment. I have now read the Canada papers since delivered to Members of Parliament; and have also read with attention the recorded proceedings of the parties opposed to the Government both in Canada and in this country. And whilst I hold to the principle of using my best exertions for remedying, by all legal means, every abuse and every injustice of which my fellow subjects can justly complain, whether at home or in our Colonies, I consider it my duty to support the Government against the Canadian insurgents; because it does not appear to me politic, just, or wise, to seek the promotion of reform through the medium of revolution."

STUDENTS OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—The *Scotsman* contains an account of a riot between the students and some tradesmen. The police were called in, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in capturing thirty-seven of the students. After this it was found necessary to order out a detachment of the 79th Regt. with muskets and fixed bayonets; who soon took the college by storm.

LOSS OF A STEAMER.—The Killarney Steamer, sailing between Bristol and Cork, ran on a rock, near Curhine, and about two miles from Roberts' Cove. Twenty-four lives were lost out of thirty-eight, to which number the crew and passengers amounted.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Feb. 6.—Lord Brougham presented eleven petitions from various districts of Westminster, ten from Lambeth, six from Finsbury, and also petitions from Chelsea, Poplar, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, St. John's, Clerkenwell, St. Clement Danes, St. Luke's, Chelsea, from Walworth, Paddington, and from the City of London, all strongly deprecating the conduct of ministers towards the Canadians, and praying that the grievances of these Colonists might be redressed without further delay.

The salary of Lord Durham as Governor-General of North America is stated in some of the English papers to be £5000 per annum. *Blackwood* for February, says, "he is now pocketing an enormous salary as Governor General, Redressor of grievances, &c."

Col. Thompson had been interrogated by Ministers in reference to certain expressions used by him at a meeting in London in favour of the Canadians.—

BAPTISTS OF ROMNEY STREET CHAPEL WESTMINSTER.—“Your petitioners feel deeply impressed with the conviction, that, in proportion as governments are based upon Christianity, and follow out its principles, so will their administration be beneficial both to the governors and governed. That such being the conscientious opinion of your petitioners, they greatly deplore the present situation of her Majesty's provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. That as our holy religion inculcates ‘peace on earth, and good will towards all men,’ and as war is contrary to its divine precepts, and (especially when aggressive) destructive of every principle of morality, your petitioners feel themselves called upon, in the performance of a most sacred and solemn duty to protest against it.”

PEERS DEAD 1837.—During the last year the mortality among the peerage has been great, the following noblemen having expired during that period:—The Dukes of Montrose and Gordon; the Marquis of Drogheda; Thomas, Marquis of Bath; Henry Frederick, Marquis of Bath, his successor; Marquis of Queensberry; the Earls of Listowel, Egremont, Granard, Cavan, Cowper, and Clancarty; Lords Templemore, Nairne, Dufferin, Glenyon, Massey, Littleton, de Saumarez; of these, the Dukedom of Gordon has become extinct.

The Duke of Wellington visited the tower yesterday; and, accompanied by Colonel Anson, examined the arms and stores with great attention. The utmost activity prevails in the Ordnance Department.

We are inclined to believe that no more troops will be embarked for Canada until the navigation of the St Lawrence is open, in order that they may proceed to their destination direct; the 34th, 65th, and 93rd will, in all probability, remain in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

HERCULES, 74, Capt. J. Troup Nicolas, C. B. K. H., will be ready at Plymouth in a day or two to receive the troops destined for Canada. She will leave her lower deck guns at Plymouth. She has had a new mainmast put in, the former one being found defective. She will go out of harbour on Monday and proceed to Cork, to receive on board 600 troops to be taken to Halifax. She is expected for certainty at Cork next Saturday.—

United Service Gazette, Feb. 3.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, MONDAY, JAN. 22.—Petitions were presented by Sir S. Whalley, from the inhabitants of Marylebone, against coercing the Canadians, and urging redress of their grievances. By Mr. D. W. Harvey, signed by 300 of the Radical Association of Kettering, to the same effect. By Mr. Leuder, from St. James's, St. Martin's, St. Clement Danes, and other parts of Westminster; from Paddington, Chichester, the Baptist congregation meeting at Romney Chapel, Westminster; the Working Men's Associations in London, to the same effect.

CANADA.—Imprisonment of Mr. Van Rensselaer.—A letter from Auburn, dated the 1st, states that the ex-generalissimo, Mr. Van Rensselaer, was arrested the day before on a warrant issued by Judge Conkling, of the U. S. District Court, and committed to the County Jail.

General Wool writes that the entire force under Drs. Nelson and Cote, about 600 strong, surrendered to him at 2 o'clock, p. m. on the 1st inst. near the Canada line, about one mile north of the village of Alburgh Springs, Vermont, with all their cannon, small arms and ammunition.—Previous to this, General Wool had taken one piece of artillery, nine loads of ammunition prepared for artillery, and muskets. Drs. Nelson and Cote were in the custody of Gen. Wool, by whom they would be surrendered to the civil authorities.—The British troops were within six or eight miles of the invading camp at the time of the surrender.

The whole frontier, from St. Alban's to Watertown, is entirely tranquilized—probably not to be again disturbed.

NEW YORK.—A considerable number of British Officers have arrived here, on their way to Canada. Sir George Arthur, Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada, arrived in the packet ship Samson from London.

ASSEMBLY.—On Wednesday last the Civil List Bill, framed upon the Honble. Mr. Huntingdon's Resolutions, passed the House 30 to 18. The Bill fixes the salary of the present Lieutenant Governor at £3000; and of his successor at £2000; the salary of the present Chief Justice at £850; and his successor at £750; and to each of the Assistant Judges of Supreme Court, £500—all the sums to be paid in sterling, and to be in lieu of all fees. The salaries of the other public officers to be subject to an annual vote of the House.

On Saturday the Pictou Academy bill passed. This Bill transfers Dr. McCulloch, with £200 of the endowment of Pictou Academy, to Dalhousie College at Halifax, which the supporters of the Bill affirmed would be opened for instruction with two classes besides the Dr's. in the course of two or three months. *Times.*

LITERARY.

MISS MARTINEAU'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.—The distinguished success of Miss Martineau's first has produced this second work on America, which consists of the lighter and more anecdotal portion of her impressions and experiences of adventures, sketches of life and scenery, and pictures of women and men. Of all the books in the English language on the subject, her “Society in America” is incomparably the ablest and most instructive; and we can conscientiously say of her new work, “Retrospect of Western Travel,” that it distances all her competitors in the qualities which yield amusement and delight.—*London and Westminster Review.*

Mr. Bulwer, assisted by a number of eminent men, is about to bring out a Magazine, which it is expected will be of more permanent interest than any similar periodical which has ever been published in this country. It will be entitled “The Monthly Chronicle; a National Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.” The principal Contributors will be—In the Literary Department, E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M. P.; in Physical and Experimental Science, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Lardner, &c.; in Natural History, Professors Henslow, and Phillips, N. A. Vigors, Esq. &c.; in the familiar Illustration of the Useful Arts and Manufactures, Dr. Lardner.—*Metropolitan.*

Mr. James, the popular novelist, is about to bring out a new tale, entitled “The Robber.” We should judge from the title, that it is likely to be as generally interesting as his tale entitled “The Gipsy.”

The thousands of admirers of Mr. Bulwer's “ERNEST MALTRAVERS,” who have felt disappointed at its abrupt termination, will be gratified to learn that he has just committed to the press the conclusion of that beautiful Tale.

THE INSURRECTION IN CANADA.—While this subject engrosses every thought, the public should consult that humorous production “SAM SLICK'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.” They will learn more from that witty production of the state of feeling in Canada and Nova Scotia than can be derived from a hundred ponderous reports; and an insight is given to the true motives of recent events, which neither Parliamentary debates nor official papers can supply.—*Bentley's Miscel.* [What Next?]

MARRIED.

At Dartmouth, on Tuesday evening 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. George Thomas, to Miss Mary Ann Otta, both of that place.
At Dartmouth, on Tuesday 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Morrison, Mr. George Bell, junr. to Miss Hannah Serle.
At Montreal, on the 26th February, John Michael Tobin, Esq., son of the Honorable Michael Tobin, of Halifax, N. S., to Catherine, eldest daughter of Lieut. Col. Maxwell, late of the 15th Regiment.
At Evercrech Church, Somerset, England, Major Airey, of the 34th Regiment, eldest son of the late Lieut. General Sir George Airey, K. C. H., to Harriet Mary Everald, daughter of the Hon. James Talbot, of Evercrech house.

DIED.

On Monday evening after a short but severe illness, Miss Amy Lepert, in the 66th year of her age.
On Saturday last, after a short and severe illness, Wm. Larricy, in the 39th year of his age, leaving a widow and 3 small children to lament his loss.
On Friday, at the Poor's Asylum, Fanny Ryan, of Cumberland.
On Tuesday morning, Georgina Isabel Margaret, youngest daughter of George L. O'Brien, aged 1 year and 8 months.
At St. John N. B. on Sunday evening, 11th inst. after a short illness, Mr. FREEMAN WING, aged 24 years, a native of Halifax, N. S. much regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

FRIDAY, March 16.—H. M. Packet Magnet, Lieut. Griffiths, Falmouth, 34 days; brig Sylph, Wainwright, Bermuda, 12 days—run, to S. Cunard & Co.—Reports a great quantity of ice on the coast; schr. Hazard Dixon, St. Mary's—lumber.
SUNDAY, March 18.—Schr Myrtle, Sulliffe, Fortune Bay, 4 days—herrings, to H. Bazalgette;
TUESDAY, March 20.—Schr. Elizabeth, Doane, Ponce, Porto Rico, 35 days, Liverpool, N. S. 12 hours—sugar and molasses, to G. P. Lawson.—Passenger—Capt. Howard, late of schr. Catherine, of St. John, N. B., sold at Barbadoes.
Wednesday, brig. Griffin, Ingham, Bermuda, 20 day, ballast to Saltus & Wainwright; brig. Rosline, Crouch, Cantou 150 and Ascension 48 days, Tea to Charman & Co.; schr Eagle, Connors, Fortune Bay, 13 days, herrings; brig. Humming Bird, Godfrey, Bermuda, 14 days, ballast to Saltus & Wainwright.
Thursday, Schr. Industry, Boston, 12 days,—Corn Meal, Tobacco, &c to J. Cochran and W. J Long—10 Passengers; brig. Argus, Kinney, Yarmouth, via Barrington, 6 days, ballast, to the master.

CLEARED.

March 10 Sarah, Reynolds, B. W. Indies—fish, &c, by J. A. Moren.
13th—Mary, Power, Sealing voyage—assorted cargo, by G. Handley
16th—Trial, Williams, West Indies—dry and pickled fish, by J. U. Ross.

FOR BOSTON.

THE Schr. Industry will sail for Boston, in the early part of next week. For freight or passage, apply to the Captain on board, Bauer's wharf, or to W. J Long.

A SERMON.

In the Press, and to be published, in the course of next month.
A SERMON, entitled “THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST”
Preached in The Wesleyan Chapel at Guysboro, on Sunday, January 7 1838. BY ROBERT COONEY.

TO BE SOLD,
BY JAMES COGSWELL,

On the Premises, at Public Auction, in the Town of Halifax, on Tuesday, the Third day of April next, at twelve o'clock, pursuant to an order of His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor and Her Majesty's Council.

ALL the Estate, right, title, and Interest of the late John Linnard, deceased, at the time of his death in, to, and upon, all that messuage and tenement, and all that Lot of ground, situate, lying and being in the Town of Halifax aforesaid, fronting Westwardly on Hollis Street and there measuring Thirty Eight feet and extending in depth Sixty two feet more or less known and perscribed as Lots No. 5, letter C—in Galland's Division with all the houses, buildings and Hereditaments thereunto belonging.

Terms, Cash on the delivery of the Deed—
THOMAS LINNARD, Admr. of
JOHN LINNARD.
22nd February, 1838.

TO BE SOLD,

AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Union Inn, in the Town of Windsor, on Thursday the Nineteenth day of April next, at twelve o'clock, pursuant to an order of His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor and Her Majesty's Council.

ALL the Estate, right, title, and interest, of the late John Linnard, deceased, at the time of his death, in, to, and upon, certain Houses, Lots, and Pieces of Land, situate in the said Town of Windsor, in the County of Hants, viz:—
A certain Lot of Land in Windsor, situate on Fort Edward Hill, and fronting on King's Street, and there measuring sixty feet, and in depth one hundred feet, together with one other Lot of Land adjoining the same, fronting on a Street or Lane leading from King's Street, toward the grounds of Fort Edward, there admeasuring twenty-five feet—with all and singular, the Houses, Buildings and improvements thereon.

—ALSO—

A certain other Dwelling House, Barn and Lot of Land, situate in Water Street, in the said Town, which said Lot was formerly in the tenure and occupation of David Rudolph, and is now occupied by Mr. William Linnard.

—ALSO—

A certain Lot of Land described on the plan of Town Lots as number twenty-four, House, Lot, measuring in front on a street one hundred feet, and one hundred feet in depth, together with the Buildings and Improvements thereon. Terms cash on the delivery of the Deeds.

THOMAS LINNARD, Admr. of
JOHN LINNARD.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor.

A N Exhibition of PAINTINGS is now open, at Cochran's Buildings, entrance south, next door to Mr. W. H. Milward's.

The object of this Exhibition is to revive a taste and encourage native talent. Artists and Amateurs are invited to contribute, and send such Pictures as they wish to exhibit, to the Exhibition Rooms. Lovers of the Arts will be gratified to learn, that several valuable old Pictures, never before exhibited, will be shown on this occasion. Daily Tickets 1s. 3d.; season Tickets 5s. to be had at Mr. Eager's Bazaar. Catalogues to be had at the Exhibition Rooms. March 16.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgy, in Barrington Street, next door to Mr. A. Reid's Store near St. Paul's Church. Possession may be had 1st May, 1838. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to the Proprietor, D. D. Stewart, Esq. Newport, or to B. Murdoch, Esq. at his Office, next door to the premises. February 2.

REMOVAL.

LONGARD & HERBERT'S HALIFAX BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is removed to the Market Square, next door to Mr. David Hare's and opposite Messrs. Black's Hard Ware Store.

The Subscribers return thanks for the liberal patronage which they have experienced, in their attempt at furnishing a good home manufactured article;—they now solicit a continuance of public support at their New Stand, where they will endeavour to produce a cash article at the lowest rate and of superior quality.

LONGARD & HERBERT.

N. B. The Subscribers are unconnected with the Shoe Making business now conducted in their old stand.

L. & H.

HERBERT'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY

Is also removed as above: and to induce patronage in opposition to importation, the cost will be lowered about 20 per cent on former prices. March 2. 3m.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD CON.

THIS COMPANY, having determined to renew its business in Halifax, has appointed the Subscriber its Agent, by Power of Attorney, duly executed for that purpose.

From the well known liberality and punctuality which the Company has invariably displayed in the settlement and payment of all losses submitted to it, and from the present moderate rates of premium, the Subscriber is induced to hope it will receive that fair share of the business of this Community which it before enjoyed.

By application to the Subscriber, at his office, the rates of premium can be ascertained, and any further information that may be required will cheerfully be given. CHARLES YOUNG.
Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

A PRINCE AMONG BEGGARS.

I have already remarked that, with very few exceptions, all the London beggars live up to their means; and that what they earn, or rather swindle out of a benevolent and confiding public, is spent in eating and drinking. The luxuries in this way, which some of our street mendicants can often boast of, would appear incredible to those who are unacquainted with the subject. But gin is the great thing with most of them. I knew one, and only one, who spent a considerable portion of his professional proceeds in the article of dress. This man, who used to be seen daily in the neighbourhood of Holborn, decrepit in appearance, and with the most ragged wardrobe that was ever fastened about the human body, regularly gave up his avocation at six in the evening, and in about an hour afterwards, was to be seen in the parlour of a public-house in Gray's Inn Lane, where he remained till eleven at night, smoking his pipe, and drinking his brandy and water, and dressed in a suit of clothes, with his legs encased in top-boots, which no gentleman would be ashamed to wear. The gentleman to whom I am indebted for this interesting fact, tells me that he has missed this mendicant for some time, and has not been able to learn what has become of him. Very few of the fraternity, however, waste much of their gleanings in apparel: the belly is the great thing with the vast majority of them; they are great gourmands. Not more partial is an alderman to his turtle soup, than are these gentry to the good things of this life. There are several of them who 'spit' their goose or duck at least three times a week. There are also numbers who hold regular convivial meetings, at which some remarkable gastronomic feats are performed. On some special occasions they regularly elect their chairman, and have their series of toasts, their speeches and songs, as on other great public occasions. It is known to several persons that George IV., when Prince of Wales, went, on one occasion, with his friend, Major Hanger, to witness the scenes which take place at these guzzling exhibitions of the mendicants. Tutors as the young prince was by Sheridan and others of his boon companions in all sorts of frolics, he enjoyed the scene for some time. At last, however, a circumstance occurred which somewhat disconcerted him. The beggar who presided on the occasion as chairman, after a temporary pause in the merriment of the evening, rose, and pointing to the prince, said, 'With the permission of the company, I call on that ere gemman with a clean shirt on for a song.' A round of applause from the rest of the 'jolly beggars' showed how eagerly they responded to the appeal thus made to His Royal Highness. He winked significantly at Major Hanger, and then stammered out the expression of a hope, that as he was no singer, the company would excuse him.

'Not a bit of it,' said the chairman.

'Ve'll have no denial, young man,' said another of the jovial crew.

'Perhaps, gentlemen, you'll allow the gentleman to sing by proxy,' interposed Major Hanger.

'Proxy!' said several voices at once, 'vat's proxy?'

'O, another person singing for him,' answered the major.

'O, certainly, if he can find one,' said the chairman, looking round for the concurrence of the company in his sentiment.

'O, there can be no objections to that,' observed a dozen voices at once.

'Come, then, H—, you must do it yourself,' said the prince, addressing himself to the major. The latter promptly responded to the appeal, and sung amidst great applause, a well-known ballad—well-known, I mean, among the fraternity themselves—called 'The Beggar's Wedding.'

'Gen'l'men,' said the proprietor of a little unwashed and unshaved face, and a nose of remarkable flatness, who sat opposite the chairman, 'gen'l'men, let us drink the health and song of the gen'l'man vot's just sung.'

'Gen'l'men,' shouted the chairman, drawing his own glass towards himself; 'gen'l'men, fill your glasses.'

Every glass was full to the brim in a moment.

'The gen'l'man's health and song,' said the chairman, in stentorian accents.

'The gen'l'man's health and song,' shouted a host of voices, and in an instant every glass was emptied of its contents, except that of the prince.

'I say, young man, vy don't you drink to your friend?' said a round-faced mendicant, who sat opposite his Royal Highness, his eyes rolling in a fine frenzy through the inspiring influence of the liquid he had so copiously quaffed.

'O, I beg your pardon, sir,' answered the prince, who had been for the moment lost in surprise at the ecstasies of uproarious merriment he witnessed every where around him; 'O, I beg your pardon, sir, for the omission,—it was quite accidental, I assure you. This was addressed to the personage who had challenged him for not drinking to the major.'

'Vell, vy don't you do it now?' inquired the other, who was a very consequential personage in his own estimation.

The prince filled up his glass, and having drunk off the contents to the health and song of Major Hanger, held it out in his hand in an inverted position.

'Bravo! you're a trump! Go it, clean shirt!' shouted a dozen voices.

'Three cheers for the gentleman who has favoured us with so excellent a song!' exclaimed the prince, beginning to feel himself more at home. As he spoke he rose, and waved his hand with his empty glass in the air, as if to lead the plaudits of the others. All present were on their legs in an instant, and deafening and universal were the cheers with which the Major was greeted. The scene was kept up with great spirit and *eclat*, until at least one half of the 'jolly beggars' had drunk themselves asleep, and lay like so many masses of inert clay on the floor, in an horizontal position. The prince often afterwards spoke of this adventure. He never mentioned it in the hearing of Sheridan, without the latter feeling the deepest regret that he was not an actor in so rich a scene of low life.—*Sketches in London.*

PICKWICK PAPERS.—We must indulge in one more parting glance at these matchless effusions of wit and humour, for the sake of bringing forward, in a new character, one of the quietest, but by no means least efficient, of the personages who figure in the Pickwickian records:—

THE FAT BOY'S COURTSHIP.

With these words the fat boy led the way down stairs, his pretty companion captivating all the waiters and angering all the chambermaids as she followed him into the eating-room.

There was the meat pie of which the youth had spoken so feelingly; and there were, moreover, a steak and a dish of potatoes, and a pot of porter.

'Sit down,' said the fat boy. 'Oh, my eye,' how prime! I am so hungry.

Having apostrophised his eye in a species of rapture five or six times, the youth took the head of the little table, and Mary set herself at the bottom.

'Will you have some of this?' said the fat boy, plunging into the pie up to the very ferules of the knife and fork.

'A little, if you please,' replied Mary.

The fat boy assisted Mary to a little, and himself to a great deal, and was just going to begin eating, when he suddenly laid down his knife and fork, leant forward in his chair, and letting his hands, with the knife and fork in them, fall on his knees, said, very slowly,

'I say, how nice you do look!'

This was said in an admiring manner, and was, so far, gratifying; but still there was enough of the cannibal in the young gentleman's eyes to render the compliment a doubtful one.

'Dear me, Joseph,' said Mary, affecting a blush, 'what do you mean?'

The fat boy, gradually recovering his former position, replied with a heavy sigh, and remaining thoughtful for a few moments, drank a long draught of the porter. Having achieved this feat, he sighed again, and applied himself assiduously to the pie.

'What a nice young lady Miss Emily is!' said Mary, after a long silence.

The fat boy had by this time finished the pie. He fixed his eyes on Mary, and replied—

'I knows a nicerer.'

'Indeed!' said Mary.

'Yes, indeed!' replied the fat boy, with unwonted vivacity.

'What's her name?' inquired Mary.

'What's your's?'

'Mary.'

'So's her's,' said the fat boy. 'You're her.' The boy grinned to add point to the compliment, and put his eyes into something between a squint and a cast, which there is reason to believe he intended for an ogle.

'You mustn't talk to me in that way,' said Mary; 'you don't mean it.'

'Don't I, though?' replied the fat boy; 'I say—'

'Well.'

'Are you going to come here regular?'

'No,' rejoined Mary, shaking her head, 'I'm going away again to-night. Why?'

'Oh!' said the fat boy, in a tone of strong feeling; 'how we should have enjoyed ourselves at meals if you had been!'

'I might come here sometimes, perhaps, to see you,' said Mary plaiting the table cloth in assumed coyness, 'if you would do me a favour.'

The fat boy looked from the pie-dish to the steak, as if he thought a favour must be in a manner connected with something to eat; and then took out one of the half-crowns and glanced at it nervously.

'Don't you understand me?' said Mary, looking slyly in his fat face.

Again he looked at the half-crown, and said faintly, 'No.'

'The ladies want you not to say anything to the old gentleman about the young gentleman having been up stairs; and I want you too.'

'Is that all?' said the fat boy, evidently very much relieved as he pocketed the half-crown again. 'Of course I ain't a going to.'

'You see,' said Mary, 'Mr. Snodgrass is very fond of Miss Emily, and Miss Emily's very fond of him, and if you were to

tell about it, the old gentleman would carry you all away, mile into the country, where you'd see nobody.'

'No, no, I wo'nt tell,' said the fat boy, stoutly.

'That's a dear,' said Mary. 'Now it's time I went up stairs and got my lady ready for dinner.'

'Don't go yet,' urged the fat boy.

'I must,' replied Mary. 'Good bye, for the present.'

The fat boy, with elephantine playfulness, stretched out his arms to ravish a kiss; but as it required no great agility to elude him, his fair enslaver had vanished before he closed them again upon which the apathetic youth ate a pound or so of steak with sentimental countenance, and fell fast asleep.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

To be sold at Private Sale the following highly valuable Real Estate,

ALL the DWELLING HOUSE, Lot of Land and appurtenance formerly owned and occupied by the late Hon. James Fraser, deceased, consisting of the dwelling house and Lot fronting in Water street measuring forty six feet six inches in front by one hundred and thirty six feet in depth—also the lot of land in rear thereof, fronting westwardly on Argyle street, and measuring in front sixty three feet by sixty four in depth. These premises will be sold either together or in separate Lots, at the desire of purchasers.

Also, The Warehouse and buildings formerly occupied by Messrs Fraser and Co. as a store and counting house, situate in the middle range of buildings on Marchington's Wharf, adjoining the property of the late John Barron.

Also, a lot of ground in the south range of Marchington's wharf adjoining the Ordnance property, measuring twenty two feet in front by twenty six feet in depth.

The terms and particulars may be known on application at the office of the Subscriber, who is authorized to treat for the sale of the above premises.

JAMES F. GRAY.

February 2.

PROSPECTUS.

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

THE MEMENTO.

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

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

Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

ALSO TO BE PUBLISHED.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Condensed and Simplified by the same Author.

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

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

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

Feb. 16th.

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION ESTABLISHMENT.

THE necessity which has for some time existed in Halifax, of having an AUCTIONEERING ESTABLISHMENT, where Goods sent could be promptly sold and settled for, has induced the Subscriber to come forward, in the hope that the concern which he is about to establish, will meet with that public patronage which he believes on trial it will fully merit. The Business will be conducted on the following system.—All Goods sent for public Sale, will positively be sold—no articles being put up, which are either limited or allowed to be withdrawn—all purchases to be paid for on delivery, and the proceeds to be handed over to the owner on the day succeeding the Sale; and as these regulations will be rigidly adhered to in all instances, the Subscriber trusts that they will be found advantageous for both Buyer and Seller, as the former may rely that the Sale will be positive, and the articles themselves will always command a fair price from the competition which such a system must produce; and the fact that the money will be forthcoming on the day succeeding, will recommend itself to the favorable notice of those who may be inclined to patronize it. Business will be commenced on Thursday next, the First day of February, and parties wishing to send Articles will please leave a Note of them previous to that time, in order that they may be properly advertised, and they may rely that confidence will at all times be strictly preserved. Articles will also be received for Private Sale; and as the premises occupied by the Subscriber are in a central part, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Town, quick Sales may be reasonably expected. The smallest favor will be carefully attended to.

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Street

The usual assortment of Groceries and Liquors kept constantly on hand.

Jan 26.

THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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

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

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names.

All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance.

Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.