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ISOLINE DE VALMONT.

A SCENE IN THE PARIS REVOLUTION OF 1830.

By Mrs. Walker.

I WAS resident in Paris during the three days' Revolution of July, 1830. When the court and its consequences had been discussed in every bearing; when the shout of triumph, the song of victory, and the wail of bereavement, were hushing into silence; the tale and the anecdote of those who had striven and suffered succeeded to more exciting and absorbing topics. The journals teemed with *historiettes*, and every *soiree* had its *raconteur*, who appealed to our sympathies, and "beguiled us of our tears" with some new and touching narrative. Among those which my memory chronicled, the following arrested my attention forcibly, inasmuch as I had frequently met the daughter of de Valmont in society; and possibly it may not be found altogether devoid of interest to others.

In the gay salons of Paris, in the season of 1830, there were few *demoiselles* who attracted greater notice than Isoline de Valmont. It is a frequent remark that, though beauty is more generally distributed among the women of England than those of France, yet, when possessed by the latter, it is of a higher and more unquestionable character; as if Nature reserved all her gifts for her few and special favourites, and lavished her bounty upon them in prodigal profusion.

And certainly Isoline was one of these. The large dark blue eye, with its long silken fringe; the fair round cheek, to which emotion only lent a crimson glow; the waves of blackest shining hair; were combined with a form, taller and more exuberant than her countrywomen can usually boast, and features whose expression blended the innocence of infancy with that pure spiritualized loveliness, which expresses the depth and earnestness of the mind within. The admiration which her beauty challenged, her manners plainly confirmed: soft, tender, caressing, she gathered around her the sympathies of all classes, from her own community of feeling with their joys and sorrows. The circumstances of her birth and present position did not tend to lessen the interest which her appearance excited. Her mother—before marriage Mademoiselle de Montmorency—died in the same hour which gave her infant birth. The daughter of one of the proudest and noblest of the French aristocracy, she had left the convent where she had been educated but a few months, when, at the *chateau* of a maternal aunt, in Burgundy, where a large party were assembled to enjoy the vintage, she met with Monsieur de Valmont. Undistinguished by birth, unendowed with fortune, he yet possessed what to womanly calculation is of far greater worth—a noble person, and gentlemanly bearing. His admiration of Mademoiselle de Montmorency was ardent and undisguised. She listened to its expression until the feeling became reciprocal. A few weeks passed under the same roof consolidated the attachment; and a few months subsequently they were privately married. For a while the secret obtained not circulation. But the hour of discovery came at last, and brought with it misery and woe.

The obscurity of de Valmont had of itself presented a sufficient barrier to forgiveness, but a yet more alienating and exasperating cause existed in the fact that he was avowedly of the wildest republican principles, the descendant of a Regicide! Without a franc for a marriage dowry, with only the bitter and awful portion of a father's curses, his bride was cast forth from her proud ancestral halls to privation and poverty. But the discipline of adversity ill accorded with the gentle nature of Madame de Valmont: she lived but to bring her child into a bleak and pitiless world, and the first anniversary of the day which had witnessed her ill-fated, unsanctioned nuptials, beheld her laid in the quiet grave.

Then it was that the natural disposition of de Valmont fully developed itself. Fierce, morose, vindictive, he had been coerced, if I may so express myself, from his original nature into comparative mildness, by the presence of his meek devoted wife. This link to goodness and principle wrenched asunder, he stood forth at war with himself, his species, and his destiny. Idle by temperament, vain, and selfish, he flattered himself that in an alliance with the house of Montmorency he should find at once affluence and aggrandizement. Though thwarted in his expectations at the onset, by the declared hostility of his wife's parents, he yet trusted that time would mitigate resentment, and no distant hour see her reinstated in the affections and dignities which she had once enjoyed. This hope was for ever blasted; even the infant she had left they refused to see; and they rejected with haughty scorn every effort he made towards reconciliation and pardon.

De Valmont had loved his wife passionately and profoundly. His grief at her death was vehement and sincere; but it was transient. With a desperation characteristic of his disposition and circumstances, he rushed from the house of mourning into riot and revelry, and sought, by plunging into every dissipation that offered, oblivion for his sorrows.

Having from early youth been addicted to gambling, he now adopted it as a profession. The excitement suited him not less than the possibility of unlaboured competence which it suggested. He became a systematic gamester, the most unvarying attendant at Frascati's, as well as habitually the most successful. How did it revolt the pure nature of Isoline, when years brought capacity to comprehend the degradation, that her father drew subsistence for himself and her from the plunder of the unwary, the ruin of the thoughtless! During the period of her education, the fact had not reached her; but, when called on to preside over his hearth and home, it was too soon revealed. She besought him earnestly, passionately, to abandon the path which he had chosen. But he heard her with a sigh, advanced the fixedness of long habit and his own inability now to acquire any profession as palliatives in her eyes, and left her to follow again his disgraceful career.

Isoline wept silently and bitterly; she loved her father with passionate fondness, and his love for her was akin to worship. She resolved to qualify herself for the support of them both, by the exercise of her musical talents, which were of first-rate power. Her voice, too, was one of remarkable beauty and compass. It was her intention, when duly prepared, to assist at private and public concerts, and seek, by industry and perseverance, to obtain a reputable, probably ample, livelihood for herself and her father. Wherever her purpose was confided, it met with ready and eager patronage and encouragement. The commiseration which the reckless character of her father, contrasted with her own unvarying rectitude excited; her singular loveliness, and the continued estrangement and hostility of her mother's family; all contributed to invest her with an extraordinary interest. With truth might it be said that she was the admiration of every circle, the idol of her own.

It was early in the morning of the ever-memorable 29th of July, the closing day of the Paris Revolution. One broad blaze of sunlight flooded the heavens and illumined the earth. It shone in on many a chamber of agony and suffering; and in every countenance that its beams irradiated were stamped in legible characters traces of anxiety and care. Few had retired to rest the two preceding nights; for, who could sleep while the dreary monotonous tocsin affrighted the ear with its mournful echoes, and the sharp shrill sound of musketry—for in many cases night did not avail to separate the combatants—came booming through the air? The dead on both sides lay yet unburied, and the issue of the warfare had not arrived to determine under what denomination the originators and abettors of the conflict should be classed—whether mourned as martyrs to liberty, with a nation's tears shed over their graves; or stigmatized as rebels to their king and country, and consigned to the dust, unlamented, unhonoured, and unsung.

The *drapeau blanc* still waved over the turrets of the Tuileries, for Charles X. still sat on a throne which, however, was now momentarily sinking from under him. The streets, broken up into barricades—alas! how many streaming with blood!—were, even at this early hour, filled with eager groups balancing the amount of yesterday's strife, or speculating on the events of the coming day. Excitement was at its height; and to those within, every moment brought some report of victory or defeat, often framed less in accordance with truth than the political bias of the party who uttered it. But it soon became evident that the time was fast approaching when the force adverse to the existing monarchy would triumph. It was a day of intense and breathless anxiety to all, to none more than to Isoline. With the ardent vivacity of her countrywomen, her every energy was enlisted in the cause of liberty. Restrained by her sex from participating in the contest, she shared with the Sisters of Charity the task of administering to the necessities of the wounded and dying at the Hotel-Dieu. And no voice was sweeter in cheering the sufferer, no hand tenderer in presenting the medicine-cup, or applying the bandage. She had obeyed the summons of humanity, when the artillery was rearing through the streets, and the path from her home to the hospital was beset with danger.

The evening of the 29th had arrived. Exhausted by the fatigue of the day, sickened with the sights of horror which everywhere

met her view, Isoline felt overpowered and faint. Her pale cheek and tottering frame attracting the notice of one of the physicians in attendance at the hospital, who was a personal friend, he warmly urged her to leave a scene where Death's darkening shadows, gathering over hundreds of victims, flung a gloom over the spirits of all, and to return to her home.

Yielding to his intreaties, she left the Hotel-Dieu. By taking an obscure and circuitous route, she had reached in safety the Rue St. Honore. It was blocked up by the contending parties. To escape the balls whizzing around her, she turned into a retired street. Even thither did the assailants come. The air was rent with shouts of defiance, and thickened with the smoke of discharged musketry. Though thus prevented by the shades of evening and clouds of vapour from discerning objects very distinctly, she yet observed two combatants, who fought with a savage desperation, which told indeed that "true foes once met part but in death." She crept under a wall, and watched the contest with a sort of fascinated earnestness. By a sudden movement she obtained a nearer view of their faces. She looked again with a gaze which seemed to stretch her eye-balls to bursting, and recognized in one of the combatants—her father! opposed to, as she fatally fancied, a young officer in the *garde du corps* to whom she was secretly betrothed.

Without waiting to ascertain if her fears were correct, she rushed forward with frantic eagerness. At that moment her father's pistol was levelled at the heart of his adversary. She strove to wrest the weapon from his grasp. He turned sharply round; the pistol, by the suddenness of the movement, swerved from its aim, and exploded. Its contents lodged in the heart of Isoline! One deep groan, one low gasping sob, and with the life-blood welling from her innocent breast, she reeled towards her father, and fell dead at his feet!

Those who were near declare that the shriek was scarcely human, which rent the air when the wretched parent discovered that she, whose warm blood crimsoned his garments, whom he had been accessory in forcing from time into eternity, was his adored and gentle child. He refused at first to believe in her identity—then denied assent to the fact of her death. Pushing aside the clustering ringlets from her face—lovely even in the ashy aspect of death—he knelt by her side, kissed her, vehemently calling on her to come back to his arms and love. But, when silence was the only answer to his passionate intreaties—when compelled to believe that she was dead indeed—with a shrill piercing cry, which seemed to condense all human agony, he fell on her body in merciful unconsciousness.

The beautiful cemetery of Pere la Chaise seldom fails to obtain from strangers who sojourn in the French capital early inspection and unqualified admiration. The serious and the contemplative visit it, and find in the unbroken stillness of its verdant paths, in the mouldering decay of its consecrated sepulchres, food for solemn and holy meditation. The young and the sensitive visit it. They from whose lips bursts the loudest laugh of joyousness—yet who weep the readiest and the bitterest tears—they go thither to commune with the spirits of the gifted and lovely, who lie crumbling at their feet. Even the gay, the thoughtless, and the happy, on whom the touch of sadness never yet hath fallen—even they, the affluent in bliss—visit it to admire the tastefulness of its design, the splendour of its mausoleums, and to peruse its tender and affecting epitaphs, the offerings of lavish love to the cold dust, now deaf alike to the ban of censure and to the voice of praise. Why is it that persons differing in age, sex, and temperament, yet so generally unite in deriving a mysterious pleasure from a ramble in a churchyard? Is it that they hope to dive into the secrets of another world, by hovering over the last resting-places of perished humanity? Whatever the motive that leads us thither, the churchyard is usually the first object of a traveller's visit, the one in which he lingers longest.

The Sunday succeeding the termination of the Revolution was appointed for the obsequies of many of its victims. The inhabitants of Paris, obeying their national impulse, which has so justly won for them the appellation of a sight-seeking population, thronged the Boulevards, through which the cavalcade was to pass, in countless masses. And it would not have been very easy for a stranger at first sight to decide whether an occasion of joy or sorrow had congregated them together. So alien are any fixed habits of melancholy from the character of the French, that their grief, extravagant in its first outbreak over the death-bed of their kindred, frequently has expended itself and settled down into comparative indifference before the grave has closed over a

parent or a child. I may be pardoned for saying this, from witnessing the demeanour of those who followed the mournful procession to the place of its destination, the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and grouped themselves around the graves of those interred. True, there was much gesticulation; and there were some stormy ebullitions of sorrow among the few. But there was none of that expression of overwhelming grief, "which lies too deep for tears;" none of that profound, earnest, settled anguish, either discernible in the mourners, or diffused among the multitude, which I am convinced a similar occasion would have called forth in England.

The ceremony was concluded, the crowd dispersed, and only a few stragglers, like myself, left of the hundreds, who, a brief time before, lined the avenues of Pere la Chaise.

I strolled towards the chapel, which, erected at the highest point of the cemetery, commands so magnificent a view of the neighbouring city, with all its crime and sorrow, luxury and destitution. The service for the dead was performing within the sacred edifice. My attention was instantly riveted by a man who evidently filled the character of chief mourner. I have visited many receptacles of human suffering, and seen the desolation of the heart reflected in the countenance, in, as I fancied, the strongest possible aspect. But never did I see misery—hopeless, helpless, immedicable misery—so appallingly developed, as in the face of that man. He seemed to have reached the utmost limit of human agony, to which the smallest added pang must bring death or insanity.

He was evidently not more than forty-five years of age; yet his head drooped upon his breast; his form was bent to decrepitude; and his hair was utterly white. I looked on the features and outline of robust maturity, blended with the ravages of extreme old age. What a fearful anomaly is this to gaze at! And how does one shudder to think of the mental rack which must have stretched every fibre of the soul, ere affliction could so have anticipated the work of years! His eye had a vacant apathy, and only gleamed with a ray of intelligence when glancing towards the bier of the dead. Then a look of acute, of intensest consciousness, lit it up.

Two young men supported him, or he would have fallen. When the period arrived for depositing the body in the earth, he seemed suddenly to recover from his trance of grief. He looked wildly around; his body, before so bent, was drawn instantly up to its naturally towering height; and, when the earth rattled over the lowered coffin, he sprang a few paces onward, and, with a yell of such wild despair as will ring in my ears to my dying day, fell on the ground! They raised him—but he was dead!

At a soiree, a few evenings afterwards, I learned that it was the unfortunate de Valmont whose death I had witnessed. From the hour of his daughter's dissolution, he had "mourned as one who would not be comforted." Belonging to that fatal school which rejects the healing balm offered by Christianity to the wounded spirit, and which depends on philosophy for support in the hour of need, he found, when support was requisite, nothing but the cold barren maxims of fortitude to lean upon. They were insufficient. Refusing food or rest, his body and mind sank together. At his imperative desire, he was lifted from a sick bed to attend the funeral—but, the "silver cord," too tightly drawn, snapped asunder at his daughter's grave!

It appeared that he had been one of the most active in projecting and organizing the revolt against Charles X., and had made himself conspicuous among the heroes of the "three days." But knowing the apprehensive love of Isoline, he had concealed his participation from her knowledge. The darling scheme of his heart was achieved. The king was driven from his throne, the people triumphant. But alas! for the vanity of human desires and designs!—by association with these events, he became the murderer of his beloved child, and his own life was the expiatory sacrifice.

PACIFIC SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

Noble instances of calm determination not to appeal to arms, have been given by Utami and other governors; the love and the culture of peace having indeed succeeded their delight in the practice of war, even in the most turbulent and fighting districts. "It is well known," Mr. Darling observes, in reference to the district of Atehuru, "that the inhabitants of this part of Tahiti, were always the first for war. False reports having reached the ears of the king's party, that the people of Atehuru entertained evil designs against the royal family, rumours of war were spread by the adherents of the king, but, instead of rejoicing, as they would formerly have done, every one appeared to dread it as the greatest calamity. They gathered round the house of the Missionary, declaring that, if attacked, they would not fight, but would willingly become prisoners or slaves, rather than go to war." The mischief was thus prevented—those with whom the reports had originated were sought out—an appeal was made to the laws instead of the spear. The punishment annexed to the circulation of false and injurious reports was inflicted on the offenders, and the parties united in amity and friendship."

As they feel the blessings of peace increase with its continu-

ance, their desire to perpetuate it appears stronger. Its prevalence and extent are often surprising, even to themselves, and some of the most striking illustrations of the advantages of true religion, and appeals for its support and extension, are drawn from this fact, and expressed in terms like these: Let our hands forget how to lift the club, or throw the spear! Let our guns decay with rust, we want them not; for though we have been pierced with balls or spears, if we pierce each other now, let it be with the word of God. How happy are we now! we sleep not with our cartridges under our heads, our muskets by our side, and our hearts palpitating with alarm. We have the Bible, we know the Saviour: and if all knew him, if all obeyed him, there would be no more war.

It is not in public only that they manifest these sentiments; in ordinary life at home they act upon them. The most affectionate and friendly intercourse is cultivated between the parties who formerly cherished the most implacable hatred, and often vowed each other's extermination. Offices of kindness and affection are performed with promptitude and cheerfulness; and though, by some their weapons are retained as relics of past days, or securities against invasion, by many they are destroyed. Often have I seen a gun-barrel, or other iron weapon, that has been carried to the forge, committed to the fire, laid upon the anvil, and beaten, not exactly into a plough-share or a pruning hook, (for the vine does not stretch its luxuriant branches along the sides of their sunny hills,) but beaten into an implement of husbandry, and used by its proprietor in the culture of his plantation or his garden. Their weapons of wood, also, have often been employed as handles for their tools; and their implements of war have been converted with promptitude into the furniture of the earthly sanctuary of the Prince of Peace. The last pulpit I ascended in the South Sea Islands was at Rurutu. I had ministered to a large congregation, in a spacious and well built chapel, of native architecture, over which the natives conducted me at the close of the service. The floor was boarded, and a considerable portion of the interior space fitted up with seats or forms. The pulpit was firmly, though rudely constructed; the stairs that led to it were guarded by rails, surmounted by a bannister of mahogany—coloured tamanu wood; the rails were of dark aitowood, and highly polished. I asked my companions where they had procured these rails, and they replied, that they had made them with the handles of warriors' spears."—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches.*

WOMAN,

BY MISS M. POPPLE.

Ask ye what woman was formed to be?

Oh, woman was formed to be fair and vain,
To sport awhile on the summer sea,
But to shrink from the winter-blast of pain.

To smile on man in his hour of joy,
To weave for his brow the festal wreath—
But to flee from the storms which his peace destroy,
And to quail at the withering glance of Death.

No—woman was form'd for a loftier sphere,
Nor pleasure to court, nor pity to claim,
But to rival man in his wide career,
And to mount with him to the heights of fame.

To laugh at the spectre of Fear, and dare
To gaze unmoved on the sanguine field;
Man's valour, and pride, and ambition, to share,
Nor in aught, save the strength of her arm, to yield.

Oh, false is the notion that either extreme
Is the path which woman was born to tread!
Her course is that of the bounteous stream,
As it calmly glides o'er its sparkling bed.

Though it want the strength of the ocean wave,
Nor whirlpool nor hurricane trouble its breast,
And it still flows on through the darksome cave,
As it flow'd through the sunniest vale of rest.

Yes—to woman was given the twofold power,
To gild with her smile the green vistas of life,
And when its horizon with tempests shall lower,
With that smile to dispel the dark omens of strife.

And, though by her nature defenceless and weak,
She may ask the support of a manlier breast,
'Tis such as the tender vine may seek
From the stem by her faithful arms carest.

Then deem not that woman was formed to be
The toy of a moment, capricious and vain;
For bright as an angel of mercy may she
Be found by the wearisome couch of pain.

And though with a feminine softness she shrink
From the toils which in this world man's spirit may dare;
Yet steadfast as him may she stand on the brink
Of that which alike they hereafter must share.

The pimento or alspice is a species of myrtle in the West Indies, which grows thirty feet high.
Acids combine with water, condense it, and produce heat.
Scotch music is referred to their James I.

THIRST IN THE DESERT.

PSALM CVII. 5.—"Thirsty their soul fainted in them."

"We never kept the common road, but marched through the middle of the desert, to avoid some Arabs, whom we had seen. This country is entirely without water: not a tree is to be seen, not a rock which can offer a shelter or shade. A transparent atmosphere; an intense sun, darting its beams upon our heads; a ground almost white, and commonly of a concave form like burning glass; slight breezes, scorching like a flame. Such is a faithful picture of this district through which we were passing.

"Every man we meet with in this desert is looked upon as an enemy. Having discovered about noon a man in arms on horseback, who kept at a certain distance, my thirteen Bedouens overtaken him, uttering loud cries, which they interrupted by expressions of contempt and derision, as, 'What are you seeking, my brother?' 'Where are you going, my son?' As they made these exclamations, they kept playing with their guns over their heads. The discovered Bedouen fled into the mountains, where it was impossible to follow him. We met no one else.

"We had now neither eaten nor drunk since the preceding day; our horses and other beasts were equally destitute, though ever since nine in the evening we had been travelling rapidly. Shortly after noon we had not a drop of water remaining; and the men, as well as the poor animals, were worn out with fatigue. The mules, stumbling repeatedly, required assistance to lift them up again, and to support their burden till they rose. This terrible exertion exhausted the little strength we had left. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a man dropped down stiff, and as if dead, from great fatigue and thirst; I stopped with three or four of my party, to assist him. The little wet which was left in one of my leathern budgets was squeezed out of it, and some drops of water poured into the poor man's mouth, but without effect. I now felt that my own strength was beginning to forsake me; becoming very weak, I determined to mount on horseback, leaving the poor fellow behind. From this moment others of my caravan began to droop successively, and there was no possibility of giving them any assistance; they were abandoned to their unhappy destiny, as every one thought only of saving himself. Several mules, with their burdens, were left behind: and I found on my way, two of my trunks on the ground, without knowing what had become of the mules which had been carrying them, the drivers having forsaken them, as well as the care of my effects and my instruments.

"I looked upon this loss with the greatest indifference, as they had not belonged to me, and pushed on. But my horse began to tremble under me, and yet he was the strongest of the whole caravan. We proceeded in silent despair. When I endeavoured to encourage any one of the party to increase his pace, he answered me by looking steadily at me, and by putting his forefinger to his mouth, to indicate the great thirst with which he was affected. As I was reproaching our conducting-officers for their inattention, which had occasioned this want of water, they excused themselves by alleging the mutiny of the outcasts; 'and besides,' they added, 'do we not suffer like the rest?'

"Our fate was the more shocking, as every one of us was sensible of the impossibility of supporting the fatigue to the place where we were to meet with water again. At last, about four in the evening, I had my turn, and fell down with thirst and fatigue. Extended, without consciousness, on the ground, in the middle of the desert; left only with four or five men, one of whom had dropped at the same moment with myself, and all without any means of assisting me, because they knew not where to find water, and, if they had known it, had not strength to fetch it: I should have perished on the spot, if Providence, by a kind of miracle, had not preserved me.

"Half an hour had already elapsed since I had fallen senseless to the ground, (as I have since been told,) when, at some distance a considerable caravan of more than two thousand men was seen advancing. It was under the direction of a marebut or saint, called Sidi Alarbi, who was sent by the Sultan to Trenezcan. Seeing us in this distressed situation, he ordered skins of water to be thrown over us. After I had received several of them over my face and hands, I recovered my senses, opened my eyes, and looked around me, without being able to discern any body. At last, however, I distinguished seven or eight sherifs and fakeers, who gave me their assistance and showed me much kindness. I endeavoured to speak to them, but an invincible knot in my throat seemed to hinder me; I could only make myself understood by signs. They continued pouring water on my face, arms and hands; and at last I was able to swallow a small mouthful. This enabled me to ask, 'who are you?' When they heard me speak, they expressed their joy, and answered me, 'Fear nothing: far from being robbers, we are your friends: and every one mentioned his name.—They poured again over me a still greater quantity of water—gave me some to drink, filled some of my leathern bags, and left me in haste, as every minute spent by them in this place was precious to them, could not be repaired.

"The attack of thirst is perceived all of a sudden, by an extreme aridity of the skin: the eyes appear to be bloody:

tongue and mouth both inside and outside, are covered with a crust of the thickness of a crown piece: this crust is of a dark colour, of an insipid taste, and of a consistence like the soft wax from the bee-hive. A faintness of languor takes away the power to move: a kind of knot in the throat and diaphragm, attended with great pain, interrupts respiration. Some wandering tears escape from the eyes, and, at last, the sufferer drops down to the earth, and in a few minutes loses all consciousness. These are the symptoms which I remarked in my unfortunate travellers, and which I experienced in myself.

"My Bedouens, and my faithful Salem, were going in different directions to find out some water, and two hours afterwards returned, one after another, carrying along with them good or bad water as they had been able to find it. Every one presented me part of what he had brought. I was obliged to taste it, and drank twenty times: but as soon as I swallowed it, my mouth became as dry as before. At last I was not able to spit or to speak. I got with difficulty on my horse again, and we proceeded on our journey."—*Ali Bey's Travels in Morocco, etc.*

Selected for the Pearl.

G E M S .

THE HOUR OF CONSCIENCE.—We are apt to connect the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight. But I think we wrong that innocent hour. It is that terrible 'next morning,' when reason is wide awake, upon which conscience fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel—has he committed a crime, or incurred a laugh—it is the 'next morning,' when the irremediable past rises before him like a spectre—then doth the churchyard of memory yield up its grisly dead—then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least tempt, perhaps, but most torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—oblivion in sleep. But at morning sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review, and re-act, and live again the waking bitterness of self-reproach. [Ernest Maltravers.

METAPHYSICS.—Talent strikes conviction; but genius does not convince; to whom it is imparted, it gives forebodings of the immeasurable and infinite; while talent sets certain limits, and so, because it is understood, is also maintained. The infinite in the finite; genius in every art is music. In itself it is the soul, when it touches tenderly; but when it masters this affection, then it is spirit which warms, nourishes, bears, and reproduces the whole soul—and therefore, we perceive music; otherwise the sensual ear would not hear it, but only the spiritual; and thus, every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art. And so is music too the soul of love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human, and one for all the divine is the passion which consumes the human. Love expresses nothing through itself, but that it is sunk in harmony. [Goethe.

BRILLIANT SPIRITS.—It is a strange thing, but so it is, that very brilliant spirits are almost always the result of mental suffering, like the fever produced by a wound. I sometimes doubt tears; I often doubt lamentations; but I never yet doubted the existence of that misery which flushes the cheek and kindles the eye, and which makes the lip mock with sparkling words the dark and hidden world within. There is something in intense suffering that seeks concealment, something that is fain to belie itself. In Cooper's novel of the Bravo, Jacques conceals himself and his boat, by lying where the moonlight fell dazzling on the water. We do the same with any great despair; we shroud it in a glittering atmosphere of smiles and jests; but the smiles are sneers, and the jests are sarcasms. There is also a vein of bitterness runs through these feverish spirits; they are the very delirium of sorrow seeking to escape from itself, and which cannot. Sufferance and agony are hidden by the moonshine. [Miss Landon.

EDUCATION OF FEMALES.—There is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how to grow old gracefully, is perhaps one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to a woman. And, it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women who lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth? Do we not educate them for a crowd and not for themselves?—for show and not for use?—for time, and not for eternity?

PEACE.—That serene heaven, those lovely stars, do they not preach to us the philosophy of peace? Do they not tell us how much of calm belongs to the dignity of man, and the sublime essence of the soul? Petty distractions and self-wrought cares are not congenial to our real nature; their very disturbance is a proof that they are at war with our nature. Ah! sweet Florence, let us learn from yon skies, over which the old Greek poetry believed brooded the wings of primeval and serenest love,

what earthly love should be—a thing pure as light, and peaceful as immortality, watching over the stormy world that it shall survive, and high above the clouds and vapours that roll below. Let little minds introduce into the holiest of affections all the bitterness and tumult of common life! Let us love as beings who will one day be inhabitants of the stars!—[Bulwer.

OLD AGE.—Grieve not, reverend age, that thy beauty and brilliancy have left thee. Once in a summer's night, the flowers glittered with dew in the moonbeams; and when daylight drew nigh, they grieved that the light of the moon was gone, and with it, the lustre of the dew drops. They thought not that, after a little while, the sun would rise upon them, whose fall lustre would change those pearls into blazing diamonds. So shall it be with you, after a brief moment of darkness.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—The ancients had it, that no corpse, nor even the ashes of the dead, should be embarked on a voyage with the living, for fear of the storms which would be sure to follow. We have learned better, and know, that to be accompanied on our voyage through life by the memory of the dead, brings calm and not storm. He who always feels one loss, is rendered by it less accessible to new sorrows.

ELEVATION OF MIND.—The more the mind becomes elevated, the smaller do the great things of this world appear to it. It loves rather to dwell on the minutiae of life, on the often-repeated, on the always recurring, on minute joys and pursuits, yet without losing itself in them. Thus, when a man is placed on a high mountain, the hills below him dwindle; but the valleys seem larger than before his elevation.

SUFFERINGS OF CHILDREN.—Children were the first martyrs of the church, at the massacre of the innocents; and they are still made to suffer far too much. They are made martyrs to the coldness, or misjudged fondness, of parents, and martyrs to study. O, wipe away their tears. Know ye not how hurtful are heavy rains, when the blossom is just opening?

THE SUN.—The sun is the only image of God. Clouds, the moon, the earth, night, all obscure it; yet it shines out every morning, the source of light and life. What then? Shall we refuse to lift up our eyes in prayer to God, because clouds sometimes hide his visage, and wait till we can see its perfect brightness in another sphere?

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—Whatever portion of man's history we study, we shall find that the weak and the wicked are the most numerous, and the pure and the good appear only here and there, like icebergs, which, in the midst of the salt sea, preserve the sweetness of their waters.

FEMALE ATTRactions IN THE MARRIAGE STATE.—To attempt to enchain a husband's affections by mere attractions, whether of body or mind, without the sense and the heart, which alone can preserve them, is about as wise as to try to form a garland of flowers only, without stalks.

THE PRESENT TIME.—Is it not with the present time as with deserts, which, according to Humboldt, are always surrounded with banks of perpetual verdure? The only difficulty is, that you must have crossed the desert, before you can discern the shore.

SYMPATHY.—How trifling a change in the temperature of our hearts, can make us feel warm or cool towards others, and they towards us! Morning turns frost into dew; evening turns dew into frost. Which shall we copy?

UNION OF GREAT QUALITIES.—The highest reach of human nature is, when the love of truth and the love of man exist together; for such a spirit is like the magnet, which attracts, at the same time that it points the way.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—He who enjoys the prose of life only, and not its poetry, has at best a poor and imperfect enjoyment; it is as though he was placed in an autumn, rich in harvests, but with no birds to give life or expression to its scenery.

MORAL BEAUTY.—It was promised to the Messiah in ancient prophecy, as the glorious result of his mediation, that, "In the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning, thou hast the dew of thy youth," Psalm cx. 3. In these words the holy Prophet leads us from the means by which the kingdom of Christ was to be established, to contemplate their efficient results: first, in the multitude of Christ's subjects, which should be as the number of the drops of morning dew; and, secondly, to that of universal moral beauty, the beauty of holiness, diffused as wide as the dew of his youth, from the womb of the morning. The eye cannot look upon a scene of beauty more exquisite than the opening of such a morning as is here presented to the imagination; every hill and vale, every spire of grass, and the spray of every tree, sparkling in the ray of the advancing sun, and breathing life and freshness over all nature. Thus decked and adorned does a second world appear, in the beauty and freshness of holiness, to the eye of the prophet, and thus does he represent it to us. Behold, then, a world, so long in the darkness and death of night, arising out of it by the wondrous operation of its reconciled and redeeming Lord. How diffusive and how marked

will be the beauty of holiness, when his work is thus complete! The beauty is every where, on every spire of grass, and every lofty tree; on the lowest and highest orders of society. All are invested with the garments of salvation and the robes of praise. It beams upon the cottage, and shows that the poor are visited by Heaven. It sparkles from the throne and gives it a lustre more glorious than its earthly pomp; the mild and beauteous lustre of mercy, righteousness, and truth. It gives beauty to unsightly objects; to show us that holiness dignifies the mean, and sanctifies the common and unclean. It adds the beauty of a higher element to that which has an earthly excellence; to teach us that whatever is worthy and useful, is rendered so in a far higher sense when it is connected with religion. It hallows affliction, gives awe to justice, and tenderness to mercy. Behold this beauty of holiness among the nations: wars, oppressions, injuries cease. The earth, tossed and swept for ages by the storms of night is quiet, imbibes the vivifying dew of Divine influence, and catches the glory of the brightening truth of revelation. Behold it in civil society; in the beautiful order and harmony of pious families; in the charity and kind offices of christian neighbourhoods; in the reciprocal reverence and confidence of rulers and their subjects; and behold it especially in the church.—*Richard Watson.*

BETTER DAYS.—Better days are like Hebrew Verbs—they have no present tense; they are of the past or future only. "All that's bright must fade," says Tom Moore. Very likely, and so must all that's not bright. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than fall off the trees. And, to refer again to Tom Moore's song of the "Stars that shine and fall," one might suppose that by this time, all the stars in heaven had been blown out, like so many farthing candles in a show booth: and, as for flowers and leaves, if they go away, it is only to make room for new ones. There are as many stars in heaven as ever there were in the memory of man, and as many flowers on earth, too, and perhaps more in England, for we are always striking fresh importations. Some croakers remind one of the boy who said that his grandmother went up stairs nineteen times a day and never came down again.—Or to seek for another resemblance, they may be likened to the Irish grave-digger, who was seen one night looking about the church yard, with a lantern in his hand. "What have you lost, Pat?" "Oh, I've lost my lantern!" "You have your lantern in your hand." "Oh, but this is a lantern I've found, it is not the lantern I've lost!" Thus it is with men in general: they think more of the lantern they have lost, than the lantern they have found.

SICKNESS.—In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. And first she unties the strings of vanity, that made her upper garment cleave to the world and sit uneasy. She puts off the light and fantastic summer-robe of lust and wanton appetite. Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down; those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into the sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruptions chiding the forwardness of fancy, and allaying the vapour of conceit and factious opinions. Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and antipathies, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconciliation, and Christian atonement, in their places.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

BEAUTY'S EMPIRE.

What avails thine iron brow,
Strong one of the battle field?
Thou hast met a stronger now,
Render up thy lance and shield,
Yield at last—who yielded never,
Beauty reigns on earth for ever!

What avails thy purple pride,
Monarch on thy golden throne?
Cast thy haughty looks aside,
Jewelled slave, thy sovereign own!
Kneel—thy whole allegiance give her,
Beauty reigns on earth for ever!

What avails thy lore severe,
Sage—by midnight taper sought?
Hark! there's laughter in thine ear,
And thy boasted strength is nought—
Mocking all thy life's endeavour,
Beauty reigns on earth for ever!

Ah! her might too well I know,
Caught—made fast by sweet surprise:
Spare me, lips of rosy glow,
Spare me, melting sunbright eyes!
Only death my chains can sever,
Beauty rules the earth for ever!

A CRY AND PRAYER

AGAINST THE IMPRISONMENT OF SMALL CHILDREN.

By W. H. Simmons.

The Persian Cyrus, it seems, learned nothing, when a child, but to ride, shoot, and speak the truth; which, Sir Walter Scott told Mr. Irving, was all he had taught his sons.

A better education, be sure, than most boys get, in this time of books, and country of schools!

Because a boy's great business is to grow—to develop, form, and harden his expanding frame into something like its natural perfection; and thus lay the foundation of health, strength, and long life. This Nature very plainly intimates, by the energy wherewith she is continually impelling him to active out-door exercises. These mature, in the best manner possible, his whole organization; engaging his mind in sympathetic activity with his body; in observation, recollection, comparison, description of things—with practical experiments, devices, and constructions.

While his body and mind are thus acquiring hardihood and activity, and filling out their natural proportions, teach him to speak the truth; and what is he not, by the time he becomes a big boy, that the son of a king, or of any honest man, ought to be?

His whole organization is so fairly set forward, in a healthful development, that nothing, short of the act of God, can now arrest it. He can endure reasonable confinement and application, without injury or discomfort. He is eager for knowledge; for he has never been drugged or surfeited with it—of kinds that he could not relish, or in quantities that he could not digest. What he has learned, he has learned naturally, and has enjoyed, both in acquisition and in possession. Learning, in his experience, is pure pleasure and gain. And with the increased self-command, and power of reflection, that years have given him, he is now ready to proceed to more systematic study, with a natural appetite and capacity; and with physical stamina, adequate to sustain mental action.

How different a creature, at the same age, is he, too often, who was sent, before he could go alone to an *Infant School*; and has been kept, 'cabined, cribbed, confined—bound in by saucy doubts and fears'—six, seven, or eight hours a day, on a school-house bench, and in a school-house atmosphere, year after year, up to the age of twelve or fourteen! *What does the boy know?* Very little, certainly, of the world about him. Very little of actual nature, in her various shapes, aspects, and phenomena. He has very little of that experimental knowledge and practical skill, which the curiosity and quick sensations of boyhood so peculiarly fit it to acquire, in social sports, bold exercises, and habitual intimacy with the elements and seasons—earth and air—and their growths and creatures. But he can read, write, and cipher. He knows the English for some Latin and French words, it may be; and can repeat, *memoriter*, certain scientific facts and rules; which (and especially their application) he cannot, in the nature of things, fairly understand. For this, *he has been made a pining prisoner half the waking hours of his life*; and is now left, at the most critical epoch of his constitution, more or less *pale, crooked, feeble, under-sized, nervous, and timid*. Commonly, he can neither walk, dance, run, ride, swim, fight, or speak well. He has acquired little or none of that vigor, dexterity, and grace, in the use of his limbs and organs, which exercise, while the frame is flexible, alone can give; and this, very probably, occasions a disuse of bodily exercise, for life: because no man takes pleasure in doing habitually what he does ill, after the season for learning to do it well is gone by.

Now is it possible, that while this poor boy's body has been thus afflicted and reduced, his mind has been a real gainer? Must it not be the ultimate sufferer? Probably one of two things has happened. Either confinement, and attempted application to studies in which he cannot engage himself—for nature never meant he should—have so disgusted his feelings, and cowed his spirits, that he learns nothing; and, what with vacuity and dreary inaction, his mind gradually stultifies over his books, and contracts an immortal aversion, and almost incapacity, for study; or he becomes what is called, in school, a 'good scholar'; that is: his nature yields to the violence that is done her; gradually withdraws her vital forces from their proper work of feeding and corroborating his whole growth, and concentrates them on the brain; maintaining it in that morbid activity, to which it has been wrought up by constant stimulation of his ambition.

Thus, what the poor fellow is praised and congratulated for effecting, in such a case, amounts usually to this—that he has resisted the strongest impulses of his boyish nature—impulses, the obedience to which, and the acting them out, alone could mature that nature into manhood—he has defeated them: he has reduced his little frame to quiet subjection, and a slow growth—paled his cheek, slackened his pulse, tamed his heart—fixed that clear eye, and bent the arch of that open brow, and excited the mysterious organ behind it to a morbid and premature activity, that consumes those vital energies, which are needed for the development of his whole system. How certain, that this precocious mental action, after exhausting the very means of establishing permanent organic power, must be succeeded by a momentous *reaction*, which leaves

a majority of these childish prodigies with an over-wrought, languid mind, to accompany a feeble body, through the studies of youth, and the labors of manhood.

Why then, my dear madam—allow me to inquire—why need your son, for the first six or seven years of his life, ever open a book? A startling query, truly! in this incomparable nineteenth century of ours, which has repeatedly resolved itself to be greater and better than all the eighteen (not to say fifty or sixty) that have gone before it, could they be lumped in one—this age, that has brought cant and humbug, as well as some better things, to an unprecedented perfection, (and, a word in your ear, madam—education—twattle is its pet cant, and baby-schools and baby-books its pet humbug)—in such an age, a saucy query mine, truly! But, I pray you, answer, or at least consider it, fair lady. 'Tis put, believe me, quite in earnest, and with cordial good intent. Why need your little darling open a book? He can learn nothing that he cannot learn in a hundredth part of the time hereafter, and without being urged or annoyed. And as for the mental exercise, he does not need it; he inevitably suffers from it. His mind, like his body, instinctively takes all the exercise that is good for it. It is matter of notoriety, that children who are obliged by poverty to do a great deal of hard work daily—as in the English factories—very generally come to be dwarfish and short-lived men. Now, a child's *mind* is no more capable than his *body*, of severe or continuous application; and if subjected to it, he is abused.

'When I was a child,' saith a wise and sainted scholar—(whom I know you reverence, madam, notwithstanding that petulant little *obiter dictum* that fell from you, awhile ago, anent his metaphysics)—'when I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.' Do not attempt to improve on this good pattern, by requiring your child to put away childish things before nature has made him capable of any other; and to learn our hard lessons, instead of her easy and well-remembered ones.

That little limber, laughing elf,
Dancing, singing, to itself;
With fairy eyes, and red, round cheeks,
That ever finds and never seeks;

for heaven's sake metamorphose it not into

—'the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school!'

O leave him to play and grow, and be happy; and in the lustre of his joyous innocence, remind men of the kingdom of heaven! Let him play out childhood's sweet little prelude to the busy drama of life entirely *ad libitum*—his exits and his entrances at his own good pleasure. Let him spend the live-long day, if he pleases, *sub Dio*; let him bring home every night a face embrowned by Phæbus, or reddened by Aquilo; let him play with Amphytrite, in her element, and chase the Nymphs on their mountains; let him rival the Fawns in archness, and the Satyrs in merriment—and I care not if this be, at present, his only acquaintance with classic Mythology. The more potent he is among his play-fellows—the more inveterate his vagrancy—the more unextinguishable his laughter—the stronger his preference for the outside of a house over the inside—the more invincible his aversion to long sessions and unintelligible lectures—the more hopeful you may think him. And boon Nature, be sure, whose impulses he is obeying—whose laws he is living by—whose child he is—will impel his little mind to all the action that will benefit it—to all, that consists with its tender immaturity, and rapid growth; teaching him by other inspiration than the birch's terrors, or the medal's lure, to

—'and tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
And good in every thing.'

Just the sermons, the books, and the tongues for his edification. From them, better than from all the first-lessons, or infant-school-philosophical-apparatus, ever devised, he will learn that habit of observation and recollection—that prompt self-command, and readiness of resource—that aptitude and availability, of knowledge which, in their ultimate and combined results, make up the *efficient man of sense*.

After that period of childhood which has been indicated, our young master may take a slate, and a writing book, and geography into his hands, and spend an hour or two daily over them within doors. Coming to these studies with an organization healthfully expanding, and with a spirit, not broken and subdued by confinement, but

'Whole as the marble—founded as the rock—
As broad and general as the casing air,'

he will learn more in six months, than his rival, the infant-school prisoner, has acquired in as many years.

Advancing into the estate of youth, and hobbledoydom, of course he becomes capable, gradually, of a greater and greater amount of application: the caution, for the conduct of that application, still being, not to let it defeat its own object, by causing the neglect, or taking the place, of physical exercises, or by pro-

ducing more action and excitement of the brain, than can be balanced by impartial exercise of the whole system.

Under this caution what should be the first and great aim of juvenile studies? Acquisition? No. Development.

What is *education*? Can you define that noun, Sir? Nay, be not affronted. You, then, at least, fair lady, who have not, I hope, devoted your blooming years to Lexicons, may not object to be informed, or reminded, that *educatio* is Latin for *leading forth*. To educate a pupil, is to lead forth—bring out, or develop, the principles and faculties of his nature. Another may help him to do this, but cannot do it for him. A wise teacher attempts nothing more than to supply the means and aids; to inspire and direct his pupil in the great work of *self-education*. God has set this example to all subordinate teachers.

He does not make us wise and good, but invites and enables us to make ourselves so. He does not educate (otherwise than cooperatively) his most blessed child—the saint, the poet, or the sage. He but opens before them the awful and shining pages of existence; and they read therein, aright. The moments and ages—atoms and worlds—of creation, make the words and sentences of that infinite book—dead letters to us, and worthless, if we do not study out their meaning—which is Truth—the divine aliment, the vital breath, of the Soul.

Life has been said to be a series of schools, concluding with a great university—the world. This last is the best; for its President is Omniscient. Let the subordinate ones make it their model.

A young student's memory, if forcibly crowded with more facts than it can associate, and more, therefore, than it can permanently retain, is strained and weakened. If exercised naturally and pleasantly, according to its capacity, and in company with his understanding—he being skilfully moved and occasioned so to use it—it is developed, or educated. The object is, not to fill his memory, but to strengthen and enlarge it; to furnish it with bonds of association, topics for reflection, data for judgment. The opinions of others should be submitted to him, to excite activity of comparison in forming his own. Illustrious examples should be holden before him, to mature his appreciation of the greatness they illustrate. Rules should be taught him, not as the end, but as a mode, of investigation. So that, by incessant reference of doctrine and example to his own experience and instincts, however crude, he may gradually develop, out of the mental elements of his nature, his own conscience and reason; the only reason or conscience for him.

Those of his faculties which (from any of the mischiefs, whether immediate, or accumulated by inheritance, that damage nature's germs) appear least forward, will be speedily cherished; in order to a complete and symmetrical development. But there will be no attempt to foist the extrinsic into the place of the intrinsic; to patch (O absurdity!) the vital and expanding growth; to supply, by adventitious substitutes, the imputed deficiencies of nature. A character, or a mind, so formed, cannot endure; its materials cannot assimilate; it must ever want unity and truth. What is thus done, must be undone. Foreign accretions, by which it has been vainly thought to fill up nature's imperfect work, must be thrown off, however cemented by time, before that mysterious work can complete itself, from its own self-generated and immortal substance. If aided, in so doing, by true education—an honest furtherance of nature—the mind will expand constantly towards its own proper perfection; and however little of it may, at any stage, have been developed, that little will be sound, native, and indestructible. W. H. S.

For the Pearl.

APOLOGY FOR THE FOREST WREATH.

TAKEN FROM THE INTRODUCTORY PAGES OF THE FORTHCOMING "MEMENTO."

Whatever may be the nature of my claims upon the muses, my heart has ever burned with a poet's devotion. No sooner could I wield a pen than that pen was restless to record the playful roivings of my fancy. As I advanced in childhood, my mind grew more and more determined to hazard a display of its solitary musings, while hope, like a heaven-born beacon, broke through each dreary doubt, and cheered my spirit onward. To the eye of imagination, the world presented a theatre of promise, and my too credulous heart believed the vision real.

Hence my artless songs of boyhood were carefully imprinted in my book of young desire, or more daringly exhibited in the public columns of the day. Caressed and applauded by many, and deeming that my very profession was sufficient apology for extravagance and haste, I anticipated no evil, but off went each offspring of my idle hours, as wild and free as the mind that gave it birth.

Full soon a number of my earliest productions were promiscuously embodied in the supposed majesty of a volume, and the public attention was speedily attracted by a target for criticism in the premature appearance of my "Forest Wreath."

My debut was not inauspicious, notwithstanding the careless independence of its bearing. Many were the brother bards and sister muses that breathed a kindred welcome to my name—and

when, in two solitary instances, the pen of illiberality was dipped in gall to blot my rising fame, a mantle of love was generously thrown over my humble offering by some whose kindness is not forgotten, though their persons may be unknown. Perhaps I may one day trace out my benefactors, features may grow familiar, and hearts of warmth be more intimately one. Until then, this proud acknowledgment suffice.

'Tis true I merited criticism—fair and honorable criticism—but candour demands a development of beauties with the exposure of a writer's faults. I was young—too young to appear as an author—and ignorant of the world. My patrons were conscious of this, and pardoned my presumption.

Immediately subsequent to the publication referred to, other causes conspired to render my situation peculiarly trying. Deeply impressed with an awful sense of the impiety and impotence of human nature, and filled with overwhelming thought of the parity and grandeur of the Deity—yet without a knowledge of the redeeming power of God, and destitute of hope—my mind was a trembling voyager in the gloom of condemnation, and I stood as one forgetful of all save death and eternity!

This was my reason *then* for withholding a reply to the bitter irony of 'Griffin,'—and when first my woe-worn spirit had found repose in Jesus, I felt too much of heaven's mild influence to revive hostilities with any.

Now, my character as a writer demands the reminiscence, that were otherwise left to the oblivion it merits.

Then be it hereby known unto all whom it may concern that should 'Griffin' again presume to throw the gauntlet, a lance or two will unquestionably be broken in literary tournament.

But should he in generous feeling prefer the hand of friendship, I meet him with generous forgiveness over the offering now preferred on the altar of our country.

Yet let him not mistake me. I fear not his acknowledged prowess. I court not his influential esteem. As a Christian, "humility is written upon my heart;" but as a man, "independence is graven on my brow!"

Thus ends my apology for my garland of the wilderness. Would that its fairy blossoms had perished in embryo!

I am now by profession a follower of Immanuel, and my views are animated by less dangerous ambition.

Whoever in after life shall sit in judgment on my writings, perhaps they will remember one solitary request—

Be honorable in chastisement, and candid in approval.

W. M. LEGGETT.

HUMOR.

* * * We grumble not at the prevailing fondness for fun; cachination is the feature of the biped beast; and the human skull retains the distinguishing grin. Indeed, to use the words of a modern writer, that is the reason why the Egyptians elevated skulls in the centre of the table at their merry-makings; and if Mr. Bulwer should ever take it into his head to write an Egyptian romance, for the purpose of showing the domestic lives of the people, as he has done in Rome, Pompeii, and Athens, we shall see what a devil-skin, roaring, lamp-breaking, up-all-night set those same dark featured fellows were. Then, their hieroglyphics were no more than a mask for fun. Poor Champollion thought he had discovered a clue to the mystery of inscriptions, by resolving them into historical data,—ti-ri-la, ti-ri-la, Monsieur, look at them again. The angles and patches of stars and shafts, and broken points, are like one of your French caricatures, in which heads and tails cluster in the foliage of a tree, or peep through the leaves of a violet. The antiquity of Arch-Waggery, including in its wide range the science of Practical-Joking, cannot be doubted. An archaic Essay on the subject, written with requisite *gusto* and erudition, would discover an intimate sympathy between George Cruikshank and the venerable Bede, whose monkish chronicle is full of the most grotesque badinage. Hierocles, the Alexandria philosopher, was the father of some score popular jests, which have been assigned to the wit of the day through descending ages. Some of the best stories on record are related by Bede, Giraldus Cambreacas, St. Irenæus, and Fillafranca. The love of mischief prevails throughout the most profound authorities, who were never less in earnest than when they pretended to be so. What is the Gesta Romanorum but a bundle of eccentricities? Was not Mosheim, the theologian, a thorough-paced quiz?—and the Jesuits, who compiled the great work upon China, a company of revellers and gasconaders?

But it belonged to the reverend ancients to use their drollery under a face of solemn seriousness. They acted their farces in a suit of sables. They flung their crackers into the face of the public with an air of dignity. We find, as we descend the stream of time, that this tone of gravity gradually relaxed, until at last the world, tired, as it were, of the tragedy draws, laughed outright. Then came such spirits as Rabelais and Sterne—dry, no doubt, and shy; but so marvellously comic, that, although the church was shaken to its foundation by the convulsions, people would roar as if it were an unavoidable condition of their existence. All mankind has been addicted to waggery from time immemorial; but, at some periods, it took a disputatious shape, at others, a

quaint and allegorical form; occasionally, it was the blow of a truncheon on the head, that knocked one's brains into a state of kaleidoscopic confusion; and, anon, it was a roguish wink and a poke in the ribs. There was Robert Burton, with his 'Anatomie of Melancholie,' full of humorous fancies, that held the reader in suspense between a groan and a chuckle; Deshoulières, as brilliant as a fire-fly; Pascal, all venom and mockery; Shelton and Butler, torturers of thought and language; Molière and Wycherly, unveiling the peccadilloes of the age in so strange a light, that even as we grew wiser over their pages, we also grew in a ten-fold degree more disposed to ridicule the ways of the wise; and Le Sage, and Fielding, and Smollet, and a thousand more, who, knowing the weak side of nature, tickled it with the sharp stings of their wit.

MEASUREMENT OF TIME.

[From Laplace's Exposition du Systeme du Monde.]

The returns of the sun to the meridian and to the same equinox, or to the same solistic, form the day and the years. The astronomical day is the time comprised between two consecutive middays or midnights. The sidereal day is the duration of an entire revolution of the heavens. The astronomical day surpasses the sidereal day; for if the sun and a star pass the meridian at the same instant, the sun will return there later than the star the next day, and in the space of a year it will pass the meridian one time less than the star will pass the meridian. The astronomical days are not equal: their differences are produced by the inequality of the proper movement of the sun, and by the obliquity of the ecliptic; at the solstice of summer, the movement of the sun being lower than at the solstice of winter. The inequality of the proper movement of the sun is made to disappear by imagining a second sun moved uniformly on the ecliptic, and always traversing the great axis of the solar orbit, at the same instant as the true sun. The second sun, which we thus imagine, determines, by its return to the equator and to the tropics, the mean equinoxes and solstices. The duration of its returns to the same equinox or to the same solstice, form the tropical year, of which the actual length is 365 days and a quarter nearly, (365 242264). Observation has taught us that the sun takes more time to return to the same stars. The sidereal year is the time comprised between two of these consecutive returns; it surpasses the tropical year by one-seventieth of a day nearly, (0,014110). Thus the equinoxes have a retrograde movement on the ecliptic, or a movement contrary to the proper movement of the sun.

This movement is not exactly the same in all ages, which renders the length of the tropical year a little unequal; it is now about 13 seconds shorter than in the time of Hipparchus. It is natural to make this year begin at the solstice of winter, which antiquity celebrated as the epoch of the regeneration of the sun, and which, under the pole, is the middle of the great night of the year. If the civil year were constantly 365 days, its beginning would incessantly anticipate that of the true tropical year, and it would run through the different sessions in a period of about 1,508 years. This year was once in use in Egypt; but it deprives the calendar of the advantage of attaching the months and festivals to the same seasons, and of making them remarkable epochs for agriculture. The most simple method of correcting the civil year is that which Julius Cæsar introduced into the Roman calendar, by making a bissextile or leap year every fourth year; but a small number of ages would suffice to displace the beginning of these Julian years.

In the eleventh century the Prussians adopted a method remarkable for its exactness; they introduced a leap year every fourth year, seven times consecutively, and deferred the bissextile, the eighth time, until the fifth year. It would take a great number of centuries sensibly to displace the beginning of this Persian year. The mode of intercalation by the Gregorian calendar is a little less exact, but if it be considered that this calendar is now that of almost all the influence of religion to procure for it this universality, it will be felt that it is important to preserve so precious an advantage, even at the expense of a perfection which does not bear on essentials; for the principal object of a calendar is to offer a simple mode of attaching events to the series of days, and by an easy method of intercalation to fix the beginning of the year in the same season—conditions which are well fulfilled by the Gregorian calendar. The union of 100 years, or century, forms the age, the longest period employed hitherto in the measure of time, for the interval which separates us from the most ancient known events does not yet demand a longer. The division of the year into 12 months is very ancient, and almost universal. The system of months of 30 days conducts naturally to their division into 3 decades; but at the end of the year the complementary days trouble the order of things attached to the days of the decade, which causes a necessity for embarrassing administrative measures. This is obviated by the use of a little period independent of the months and of the year; such is the week, which since the most remote antiquity in which it loses its origin, circulates through the midst of ages, mixing itself in the successive calendars of different nations. It is perhaps the most

ancient and most incontestable monument of human knowledge, it appears to indicate a common source whence that knowledge has been spread forth; but the astronomical system which serves as its base proves the imperfection of human knowledge at that origin.

Note—the seven days in the Mosaic account of the creation being the first week of man's recorded existence, the Mosaic books being the most ancient known writings, and no traces of such a being as man occurring cotemporary with remoter periods than the Mosaic account, all point to the cause of the week thus circulating through the most remote ages of antiquity. [Translator

MISTAKEN VIEWS OF RELIGION.—Religion, which is the greatest subject that can engage the attention of man, should be clothed with no garb of sadness. It is like the sun; and to cloud it, dims its lustre. On this subject, the Christian Register, very properly says:

One cause which impedes the reception of religion, even among the well-disposed, is the garment of sadness, in which people delight to suppose her dressed, and that life of hard austerity, and pining abstinence, which they pretend she enjoins upon her disciples.—And it were well, if this were only the misrepresentation of her declared enemies;—but, unhappily, it is the too frequent misconception of her injudicious friends. But, such an over-charged picture is not more unamiable than it is unlike; for I will venture to affirm, that religion, with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifices, not only of rational, but of pleasurable enjoyments, than the uncontrolled dominion of any one vice. Her service is not only perfect safety, but perfect freedom. She is not so tyrannizing as passion, so exacting as the world, nor so despotic as fashion. Let us try the case by a parallel, and examine it, not as affecting our virtue, but our pleasure. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life as rigorously as avarice forbids them? Does she require such sacrifices of our ease as ambition; or such renunciations of our quiet as our pride? Does devotion MURDER sleep like dissipation? Does she destroy health like intemperance? Does she annihilate fortune like gaming?—embitter life like discord; or abridge it like duelling? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion; or half as many mortifications as vanity? Vice has her martyrs, and the most austere and self-denying Ascetic, (who mistakes the genius of Christianity, almost as much as her enemies,) never tormented himself with such cruel and causeless severity, as that with which envy lacerates her unhappy votaries. Worldly honor obliges us to be to the trouble of resenting injuries, but religion spares us that inconvenience, by commanding us to forgive them; and by this injunction consults our happiness, no less than our virtue, for the torment of constantly hating any one, must be, at least, equal to the sin of it. If this estimate be fairly made, then is the balance clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure.

SUPPORT YOUR MECHANICS.—There is scarcely any thing, says the Knickerbocker, which tends more to the improvement of a town, than a fair and liberal support offered to mechanics of every description. Population is necessary to the prosperity of any country; and the population being of an honest and industrious character, renders prosperity more certain, uniform and unvarying. Scarcely any place has risen to much importance, even if possessed of the best commercial advantages, without due regard to the encouragement of the mechanical arts. For though the importation of merchandise forms the leading feature of such a place, the various arts of mechanics are put invariably into requisition, and are indispensable to render the progress of commercial operations safe. To an inland town, mechanics are equally important as elsewhere. They constitute a large and highly respectable portion of society in counties, but in towns and villages they are almost a leading constituent part of their growth and population.

To afford ample support to this class of citizens, so highly useful and necessary, is certainly the duty of those engaged in other pursuits. Some branches of mechanism have to sustain no competition from abroad, the nature of their business preventing such inroads or interferences; others are, however, subject to be innovated upon by the importation of similar articles of foreign produce, made at rates, inducing a preference over our own productions. Although trade and commerce in all their various branches should be free and unshackled, a regard for the prosperity of our residence should induce us to afford a reasonable support to our mechanics: we should at least give them a preference when we are not losers by it. A little experience will have convinced many that it is, in most cases, for their interest to do so, independent of many other considerations.

Peruvian and cascarilla bark, and chamomile flowers, are powerful tonics.

Salop is made from the root of the orchis, or fool-stone, a favorite food in the eastern countries.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, 1838.

“**EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.**—The ‘Cry and Prayer against the Imprisonment of Small Children,’ in the present number, will arrest the attention of parents, and instructors of youth. In reading Part Fifth of Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, we remark, in one of his letters to his son Walter, the fervent expression of sentiments in entire unison with those of our correspondent upon this subject; and Bulwer, in ‘*Ernest Maltravers*,’ embodies kindred views, in some sound and judicious remarks upon the education of the young. This over-tasking of immature intellects is exciting public attention, both abroad and at home. A work by a valued contributor to this Magazine, (A. Brigham, M. D., of the New-York College of Physicians and Surgeons,) which treats of the abuse of the brain in children, was recently warmly commended in the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and the positions of the writer enforced by unanswerable arguments adduced by the reviewer.”

We copy the above extract from the New-York Knickerbocker into our editorial columns with the design of calling the special attention of all our readers, to a subject of such commanding importance. After they have carefully perused the ‘Cry and Prayer,’ on our fourth page, we shall allow them a very gracious respite, but next week they may expect from us some further remarks explanatory of views so accordant with the physiology of the human body.

THE FOREST WREATH.—We have been politely favoured with an extract from Mr. Leggett’s forthcoming work, ‘*The Memento*,’ on the subject of his former publication. From the paragraph below which we quote from an able American periodical, it would appear that the critics of this continent are not remarkable for the candour of their criticisms. *Severity*, so says our oracle, is the characteristic of their productions. The fault, however, we charitably conclude, is to be attributed to the nature of the *climate*, and not to the natural unkindness of reviewers.

“The reception of young writers among us is by no means always what it should be. There is not sufficient attention given them. Their faults are not kindly pointed out, and their excellencies commended; and they have too often no other way but to get along as they can, and find at last, that if success does crown their efforts, it is so embittered, that they would almost as soon do without it. In support of this position, we might adduce the reception of Mr. Bacon. He has not been without liberal supporters; still, one or two critics of reputation have come down upon him with such ponderous bludgeons, as might well have beaten his brains out. We trust, however, that his brains are safe, and we are glad of it, for in our opinion, such brains as his should not be scattered, unless he makes a worse use of them than appears in this volume. As a first effort, the work, as might well be expected, has not the uniformity and finish of older writers; still there is such manifest ability in it, as makes us confident the author can do much in future. There is a soundness in his thoughts, the language evinces much taste and talent; while the great moral independence of the volume gives it an additional claim upon our attention.”

UPPER CANADA.

KINGSTON, Feb. 20.—The warning which we gave in our last number, was soon proved to be well founded. In a day or two afterwards information was received here, stating that a large number of Americans, some accounts said ten thousand, had united with McKenzie, and designed to capture Kingston and Fort Henry by a *coup de main*. On Saturday, this information was also given to our authorities by one of the United States’ Deputy Marshals, who stated that there was cause to apprehend an extensive organization for the purpose, and that the Government had no force at hand to restrain the people, and we were therefore to expect an attack. Information was also given that the pirates had a friend in the fort, who had engaged to spike the guns on the night when the attack was to be made. The only person against whom a suspicion of such baseness could be attached, has been dismissed from the militia service. Immediately on the receipt of the information, a Rifle Company was formed, and rifles distributed among them. A volunteer guard of one hundred kept watch all night at the Court House, and was renewed every night. Piquets were sent out in all directions, and the guns on the batteries at Mississauga point and point Frederick, some of them eighteen pounders, were loaded with canister shot. These guns command, with a cross fire, the whole field of ice in front of the town, and can arrest the advantage of any party in that direction. The guns on the Fort and at the Block Houses are all ready to pour destruction on the invaders. Several streets were barricaded. On Sunday, Captains Lockwood and Clark’s companies of Lenox militia arrived in town, with Captain Fralick’s troop of horse; and yesterday others arrived. These various reinforcements and the volunteer companies, have increased the effective strength of this garrison to upwards of 1200, besides several hundreds ready at a moment’s warning. Besides, our strong force in Artillery gives us a tenfold superiority over the

pirates, to say nothing of other defences. On Friday forenoon, a detachment of the Royal Artillery, under Lieut. Wilkins, arrived here from Montreal; and yesterday they, with the party previously here, and some of the Marine and Perth volunteer Artillery, were exercised with guns on the ice in front of the town, firing blank cartridge.

Since the above was written, we have seen one of our townsmen who has just returned from the other side. He states that on yesterday morning at one o’clock, the arsenal at Watertown was broken open, and robbed of 500 stand of arms. 1500 stand were in the arsenal, but the robbers could take on more. There is no doubt but the others would soon be taken. For the last ten days the Americans have been collecting arms and provisions, and our informant saw some of them receiving arms, powder and pork. Their intentions are now placed beyond doubt, and we have only to regard them as enemies, and be ready for attack.—*Kingslon Herald*.

KINGSTON, Feb. 21, 1838.

THREATENED ATTACK UPON KINGSTON.—A considerable degree of excitement has prevailed in this place within the last few days, in consequence of various reports that our sympathizing neighbours, in conjunction with McKenzie and others, were meditating an attack upon Kingston. Certain intelligence has from time to time been received, that the people of Jefferson County were frequently seen drilling at night, holding private meetings, collecting money and provisions, and that they actually contemplated the taking of our good old Town and Fort Henry by a *coup de main*. On Monday the news reached us, upon undoubted authority, that the sympathizing rabble actually broke into the arsenal at Watertown, and stole from 600 to 800 stand of arms.

Yesterday, news reached us that the pirates had deposited the stolen arms on Sir John’s Island, on the St. Lawrence, a few miles below Kingston. Accordingly yesterday evening a party of Riflemen under Capt. Sanders proceeded to reconnoitre the place, but could find nothing, and returned about 10 o’clock last night.

It is certain, however, from various suspicious movements observed along the south side of the St. Lawrence, that an immediate attack upon Canada is meditated; upon what point remains to be seen. All we can say at present is, “Let them come if they dare.” We venture to say, that the gallant subjects of Her Majesty will not long permit our soil to be polluted by the presence of such miscreants.

Troops are pouring in on us from all quarters since our last, the Light Dragoons attached to the Addington militia, under Lieut. Fralick, a company of foot under Capt. Lockwood, two companies of the first Lenox, under Capt. Darland and Wheeler, and the Belleville Rifle Company, under Capt. Wellington Musney, have arrived in town; and two companies of the 2d Hastings militia under Captains McKenzie and McAnney, are to be here this evening; Capt. Portt, with 65 to 70 of the Mohawk Indian warriors came in last night.

Since writing the above, intelligence has reached us that the pirates have concentrated on Grindstone Island, opposite to Gananoque. It is a small Island belonging to the United States. In what force they have assembled we have not ascertained.—

Chronicle & Gazette.

LOWER CANADA.

QUEBEC, Feb. 27.—Accounts have reached town to-day, that Capt. Phillpot, with a party of the Cornwall Volunteers, had dispersed a large number of rebels who had taken possession of Hickory Island. Five were taken prisoners and many arms taken.

I have seen a letter dated Cornwall yesterday, which mentions that all the forces at that place have been ordered to proceed to Brockville immediately. A postscript, dated 4 o’clock, P. M. mentions that an Express had just arrived bringing the intelligence that Belleville is in the possession of the rebels, with Mackenzie at their head. This must be a mistake as regards Belleville, as the writer must have meant Brockville. The postscript, from the appearance of the writing, having been performed in great haste.

Correspondence of N. Y. American.

BUFFALO, Feb. 20.—Doubtless you will be interested in learning the progress of events in this quarter. There has been another atrocious scene in this disgraceful drama unfolded. The facts are briefly these: In order to bring about a war between the United States and Great Britain, the conspirators of this place and vicinity had formed a plan which was in a rapid course of fulfilment, to cross over into Canada at night, and under cover of darkness, to carry on their hellish designs—set fire to the village of Waterloo, and the dwellings of the most obnoxious individuals—Major Kirby’s in particular—and plunder certain stores which had been designated. This, it was naturally supposed, would provoke similar retaliatory measures, and eventually bring about a war between the two nations. Thanks to the vigilance of Col. Worth, their fiend-like scheme was discovered, and warrants were yesterday issued for four of the principal actors. But two have as yet been caught. These are Major Chase (one of the Navy Island heroes) and a Mr. Parker.—The examination com-

menced yesterday, and has been continued throughout to-day, and is not yet (5 o’clock, P. M.) brought to a close. The greatest efforts are being made to shield the culprits and stifle the investigation—as it is strongly suspected that many would figure in the business who are not at present suspected. If these people are not punished, there is no use for laws or penitentiaries.

P. S. The accused has been ordered to give bail for his appearance.

From the Boston Atlas, Feb. 28.

IMPORTANT FROM UPPER CANADA.—By the concurring reports contained in the Western papers, it is evident that a simultaneous movement was made upon Canada by the revolutionists on the 22d instant. The papers from St. Lawrence frontier and Montreal teem with rumors. It would seem that it was in contemplation to make a simultaneous attack upon Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and Malden, on Tuesday the 22d. Pupineau commanding the patriot forces at Montreal, Van Ransselaer at Kingston, Mackenzie at Toronto, and Sutherland at Malden. That the insurgents are in considerable force, though much scattered, there can be little doubt. We have little doubt that many of the unquiet spirits upon the frontier, emigrants and others, who have been thrown out of employ by the paralyzing policy of our government, have embarked with readiness in this desperate enterprise, merely through the want of something to do.

Gen. Van Ransselaer expected to have 3000 men at Kingston. How many were to be at the other places were not known. It was expected, however, that McKenzie would be able to take Toronto without resistance. Gen. Van Ransselaer while at Syracuse, stated that they had plenty of arms, except swords and pistols, and plenty ammunition. It was understood that the arms would be taken from the arsenal at Sackett’s Harbour. A great many unarmed persons have been in the vicinity of Cape Vincent for some time, waiting probably for Gen. Van R. to mature his plans. A large number of persons from Onondago country have gone to Kingston.

By a letter from Watertown, (N. Y.) reports have reached that place that the insurgents have taken possession of Brockville, (U. C.) with the view of making a descent upon Kingston.

Van Ransselaer and Mackenzie appear to have been dodging about on the frontier quite unmolested in their movements.

Cannon and loads of small arms were passing through the northern part of the State in the direction of Kingston.

The Canada bill makes but slow progress in Congress; we should not be surprised to find the reinforcements from England arrived and strengthening the whole Provincial Frontier, before the deliberations at Washington are finished, or at least before the resolutions thereupon can be carried into effect. In the meanwhile it is fortunate for international as well as individual peace, that such officers as General Scott and Col. Worth are in authority upon the American frontier. Without them it would be found, we fear, a difficult matter to preserve the two nations from hostile collision, such is the folly of the visionary *champions of liberty*. *N. Y. Albion.*

During the debate on the invasion of the Province and the capture of the steamer *Caroline*—

Mr. Speaker McNab said—It is not a time when we should, as it were, “stand shivering in our shoes,” because they choose to bluster and bully by means of their official correspondence, which, if I have any skill in judging, all emanated from McKenzie himself. It is a matter of public notoriety, of which not a child who is able to read can be ignorant, that the Americans have committed unprovoked aggressions upon our territory. And Van Ransselaer, who had command of the invading forces, was living in the same house and upon the most friendly terms with Gen. Scott, whose mission to the frontier was ostensibly to put a stop to the piratical and hostile proceedings of their people. And then they talk to us about the impracticability of restraining their citizens. Are we to be told that the authorities have not sufficient power? Then let them suffer the consequences. Let them be answerable as a matter of justice and common right, for the mischief which they have committed. They have been as much in a state of war against this Province as it is possible for any people to be, and I hope it will be plainly and unhesitatingly expressed, that they may see and be convinced that their conduct is well understood, and that they are held in contempt and defiance. Ho (the Speaker) would just mention an instance of duplicity on the part of the renowned General Arcularius—a fact which came within his own knowledge. That distinguished personage meeting upon a road a detachment of recruits conveying a piece of ordnance destined for the service of the belligerents upon Navy Island, questioned as to what they were going to do. “Oh we are only going to shoot ducks,” was the ridiculous answer, which completely satisfied the Government Official, who allowed them to proceed unmolested. Are our eyes to be blinded by conduct such as this? and are our mouths to be sealed? Are we to look quietly on without opening our lips? I hope not. I hope there will not be a dissenting voice to the passing of the Resolutions.

STRING OF COMICALITIES.

A NOVEL POST OFFICE.—The other day a laughable circumstance occurred at Barnesley, at the cottage of a laboring man named Gibbins. The story ran thus: A relation of Gibbins, who lives in Manchester, sent him a goose; its appearance led Gibbins to believe that goosy was ready for the spit. After it had hung before the fire for about twenty minutes, a neighbor of Gibbins popped in to have a peep at his present, who soon discovered by the appearance of the gravy that all was not right. Gibbins, who had not previously observed it, was struck with the same impression, and had it taken away from the fire and opened, when the following list of articles were found inside of the goose, which had been put there with a view to save expense; the first article met with was a letter directed to Gibbins, one for his sister, and one for a distant relation, thirty shillings for a half year's rent, a set of knitting needles, a print of her Majesty going to Guildhall, two Godfrey bottles, six hanks of white-brown thread, a receipt for making ginger beer, a set of Christmas hymns, and some confectionary. English paper.

CURRAN AND THE MILLER'S DOG.—Curran told me, with infinite humour, of an adventure between him and a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backward, might frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighborhood, who would never let the boys rob the orchard, but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so as he could get a bite out of it. 'I pursued the instructions,' said Curran, 'and, as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat; but I was confoundedly mistaken, for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and, having got a reasonable good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued.'

AMERICAN SERVANTS.—A young man from Vermont was hired by a family, who were in extreme want of a footman. He was a most friendly personage, as willing as he was free and easy; but he knew nothing of life out of a small farm-house. An evening or two after his arrival, there was a large party at the house. His mistress strove to impress upon him that all he had to do at tea-time was to follow, with the sugar and cream, the waiter who carried the tea—to see that every one had cream and sugar, and to hold his tongue. He did his part with an earnest face, stepping industriously from guest to guest. When he made the circuit and reached the door, a doubt struck him, whether a group in the farthest part of the room had had the benefit of his attentions. He raised himself on his toes, with, 'I'll ask,' and shouted over the heads of the company, 'I say, how are ye off for sweetmin' in that ere corner?'

NEW WAY OF APPLYING LEECHES.—'Well, my good woman,' said the doctor, 'how is your husband to-day? Better no doubt.'

'O yes, surely,' said the woman. 'He is as well as ever, and gone to the field.'

'I thought so,' continued the doctor. 'The leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches of course.'

'O yes, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all.'

'Take them all! Why my good woman, how did you apply them?'

'O, I managed nicely,' said the wife, looking quite contented with herself. 'For variety's sake, I boiled one half, and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough,' continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, 'for he was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well.'

'Umph!' said the doctor, with a sapient shake of the head, 'if they have cured him, that is sufficient, but they would have been better applied externally.'

The woman replied that she would do so the next time; and I doubt not that if ever fate throws a score of unfortunate leeches into her power again she will make a poultice of them.'

A little boy, just returned from a long visit, was asked by his mother how he had enjoyed himself when absent from home. He answered, with a boyish simplicity, that he liked his visit very well, but he wouldn't—that's what he wouldn't—never ride home between Cousin George and Sarah again; for they kept hugging and kissing each other so much, that they squeezed him all the time, and almost spoiled his new hat.

BEAUTY IN A WIFE.—A young man married a wife, whose only claim upon his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him, at the end of one of their quarrels—'You don't love me: you cannot look me in the face and say that you love me.' 'You mistake me, my dear,' cried he, 'for it is only when I look you in the face, that I can say that I love you.'

WHISKERS.—It is worthy of remark, that when cold weather approaches and other vegetables begin to fade, whiskers sprout up and flourish with the utmost vigour. Many a face, which, in summer, appeared barren as the deserts of Arabia, in winter is in most luxuriant crop. Every thing in its proper season—cucumbers in spring, cucumbers in summer, cantelopes in autumn, and whiskers in winter.

ANECDOTE.—A schoolmaster, while correcting an urchin for using bad language, told him to go to the other end of the room and speak to one of the scholars, and that *grammatically*, or he should be punished. On going, he thus addressed himself to the scholar: 'Thomas, there is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, third person, singular number, *angry mood*, who sits perched on an eminence at the other end of the room, and wishes to articulate a few sentences with you in the present tense.'

JOHN QUILL.

BY T. H. BAXLEY ESQ.

John Quill was clerk to Robert Shark, a legal man was he,
As dull, obscure, and technical, as legal man could be;
And, perch'd before his legal desk, Quill learnt the legal rules
That give high principles to all who sit upon high stools!
John Quill with skill could doubt distil where all before was clear,
One would suppose that he was born with a pen behind his ear!
Though merely clerk to Robert Shark, so great was his address,
That many really thought J. Q. as knowing as R. S.

John Quill, however small the job, huge drafts of deeds could draw,
A puzzle quite to common sense, according to the law;
With vulgar, vile tautology to indicate his skill,
He did 'enlarge, prolong, extend, and add unto' the bill!
And thus he did 'possess, obtain, get, have, hold, and enjoy'
The confidence of Robert Shark, who called him worthy boy:
Birds of a feather were the pair, the aim of both their breasts
To pluck all others, plume themselves, and feather their own nests.

But 'tis a theme too dark for jest; oh! let him who embarks
Upon the troubled waters of the law—beware of Sharks;
And such my dread of legal Quills, I readily confess
That Quills of 'fretful porcupine' would terrify me less.
When poor men seek a legal friend, the truth the fable tells,
The lawyer eats the oyster up, the client has the shells;
And could the shells be pounded to a palatable dinner,
The legal friend would swallow that, and clients might grow thinner.'

BEGGING AT A HOTEL.—'Have you got no cold wittles to-day for us? Mammy says as how them last bones had no meat on um, and the taters was cold, and the bread want good.' 'Well here, give us your basket.' The basket was filled and returned, when after a close scrutiny of its contents the beggar broke out, 'Well, I'm blessed if this ant an impression. We haint had no pie this week. If you don't give us summat better nor cold beef and bits of chicken and such like, I'm hanged if I patronize you any longer.' Exit beggar girl in a huff.

Look here, my good fellow—do you subscribe to the Eglantine? If so, you could not have done a wiser thing; but if you are one of those chaps who have let pay day run by, or, what amounts to the same thing, have run off yourself, it behooves you to read this article to the end before you put the paper in your hat. What would you think of seeing your name paraded in a conspicuous place in this paper, like a wet blanket triced up in the weather rigging to dry? Would you not wish you were a corkscrew, that you might hide the crookedness of your ways in a stopple? Nevertheless, you are within a hair's breadth of gaining this species of immortality, and it will avail you nothing to prate about your feelings, until you have 'felt in your pocket.'

SQUARE GIMBLETS.—'I want to see some of your gimblets,' said a greenhorn one day, as he entered a hardware-store. The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited. 'Well, then, what kind do you want? here is almost every variety.' 'Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes.'

AN ENIGMA.—At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to one of his courtiers, 'What is that which did not come last year, and will not come next year?' A distressed officer, starting up, said, 'It certainly must be our arrears of pay.' The king was so diverted that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his salary.

CARRIAGE WITHOUT HORSES.—Such a one was advertised in 1790, in London, and stated to have only one wheel. The curious in mechanics were invited to see it. Many of the members of the Society of Arts attended, and in ardour of expectation, were shown a *wheelbarrow*.

At a crowded lecture, a young lady standing at the door of the church asked the sexton, an honest son of Erin, for a seat. He cast a look into the church and replied, 'Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full.'

A gentleman asked a wag the reason why so many of the tall gentlemen were bachelors. The reply was that they were obliged to lie cornerwise in bed to keep their feet warm, and a wife would be in the way.

RABBIT SHOOTING.—An Irishman, who recently went out rabbit-shooting, observing a jackass peeping over a hedge, immediately levelled his piece, exclaiming, 'Och, by the powers! that must be the father of all rabbits.'

A WESTERN STORY.—Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has milked nothing but ice creams ever since!

CLERICAL PREFERMENT.—At the storming of Baziers, a Cistercian monk who led the victors, being asked how the Catholics were to be distinguished from heretics, replied, 'kill them all; God will know his own.'

A gentleman at table, in his eagerness to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife sliding to the bottom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust, when a wag who was seated just opposite to him very gravely observed, while he held his plate, 'Sir, may I trouble you for a bit while your hand is in?'

DREADFUL CONFLAGGERATION.—A young lady intending to sue for breach of promise, put her lover's letters into a bag for the purpose of producing them in court, when sad to tell, their own natural warmth produced spontaneous combustion, and ashes alone remained.

A large assortment of chairs have been received at the furniture store of Mr. Chambers, which will be sold cheap. They only need legs and backs, which may be appended to them at a trifling expense; or, if the purchaser live near a shop, and understand the use of tools, he may add the backs and legs himself by paying for the stuff. We have received one of the chairs at this office, which, being placed on a stool and stood against the wall, answers every purpose of a complete chair.

MONUMENT.—The old maids of Wiscasset are about erecting a monument to an old bachelor who died lately with a nose six inches long. It is said that he would have married one of them if his nose would have permitted him to get near enough to kiss her.

NEW PERIODICAL.

Just Issued,—

THE FIRST NUMBER OF A PAPER ENTITLED
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WHICH is designed to advocate the doctrines etc. of Wesleyan Methodism and diffuse interesting and profitable information on various subjects. The Wesleyan (each number containing 8 pages imperial octavo) is published every other Wednesday (Morning) by William Cunnabell, at his Office, south end of Bedford Row; Terms—seven shillings and six pence per annum; one half always in advance. Subscribers' names will be received, in Town, by the Wesleyan Ministers; Mr. J. H. Anderson, and by the Printer; also, in all parts of the Provinces, by the Wesleyan Ministers and the properly authorized Agents. The general heads under which articles will be arranged, are, Biography, Divinity, Biblical Illustrations, Biblical Criticism, Poetry, Literature, History, Science, Missionary Intelligence, General Intelligence, Local Intelligence. The Christian Cabinet, the Wesleyan, The Explorer, Ladies' Department, The Youth's Department, The Child's Department, &c. No effort will be spared to render the WESLEYAN worthy of Public Patronage; persons intending to subscribe will please send their names with as little delay as possible. Halifax, Feb. 28, 1838.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 40 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscriber's.

He also cautions any person or persons from cutting Wood or otherwise trespassing on the above mentioned Premises, as he will prosecute any such to the utmost rigour of the Law. ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS. Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

COMMERCIAL AGENT, BILL BROKER, & C.

THE SUBSCRIBER has opened an office at his house, opposite the Province Building, for the transaction of business as above. Funds remitted with orders for investment either in purchase of Merchandise or otherwise, will be faithfully applied, and the discounts obtained for ready money in all cases allowed those who may employ him. The advantages which will accrue to persons who have Exchange for sale, as also of those who are desirous of purchasing, will be found more than adequate to the trifling commission that will be charged. Persons not residing in Town who may forward Bills for Sale, may have their Funds placed in either of the Banks at their disposal, or remitted by Post as directed. A Record will be kept of Bills lodged for Sale as well as of those required, so as to afford immediate information to applicants. The patronage and support of his Friends and the Public, is respectfully solicited in favour of the undertaking. G. N. RUSSELL. March, 3.

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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 discontinuation 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 them 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.