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# THE PEARL

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## THE AVENGER.

A TALE OF THE WESTERN OCEAN.

By the Author of "Tough Yarns."

"Is there no offence in it?  
None—none in the world!  
It bears a moral."

A beautiful bay is the Bay of Massachusetts, with its many inlets and snug coves, and the numerous sunny islets that seem to have quarrelled with the main land, and shoved off to rest upon the bosom of the waters in peace and quietness. With what delight must the persecuted victims of intolerance and bigotry have hailed this refuge after a long voyage! And yet, though driven from the place of their nativity for conscience sake—though their very existence had been held at a price in the home that gave them birth, the love of country still predominated: the treasured name which commanded respect from all the world was cherished with sentiments of pride, and New England became the dwelling of the strangers who had no wealth but industry, no mines but the rich alluvial soil that was to give them daily bread. The early settlers were but few, and these were much diminished by the attacks of the Indians; yet the accounts brought over to England of the fertility of the earth, induced other adventurers to bid farewell to the white shores of Albion, and cross the ocean to the western world. The arbitrary measures of Charles, and the unrestrained oppression of Laud, soon so swelled the number of the expatriated, that one of our historians observes, "in about twenty years after the first settlement, four thousand families, consisting of upwards of twenty-one thousand souls, passed into New England in two hundred and ninety-eight vessels."

The period of which I write, is nearly one hundred and fifty years subsequent to the first landing in Massachusetts Bay, when labour and ingenuity had done more for the hardy settlers than the coveted gold mines of the Spaniards could have effected.

It is no part of my intention in this narrative to touch further upon politics than facts, and the interest of the incidents may require; but it is certain, that the statesmen of Great Britain never committed a more egregious mistake than when they framed obnoxious laws (knowing them to be such) for a distant colony, without either physical strength or moral influence to enforce obedience.

Taxation to a certain degree commenced its career, when, by an act passed in the sixth of George II., duties were imposed on rum, sugar, and molasses, imported into the colonies; but this was evaded by illicit traffic, and no one considered himself disgraced by carrying it on. Smuggling produced a hardy, bold, and intrepid race of seamen, who set the laws at defiance; and numerous men-of-war were stationed along the coast, and in the West Indies, solely for the purpose of repressing it; so that the expense of prevention must have counterbalanced the receipt of customs. Besides, as a considerable portion of the price was divided among the captors, it was, in many instances, a premium for unjust detention and conviction; and the hatred which grew up between the crews of the men-of-war, and those of the free-trade, was of the most deadly nature.

The accession of George III. to the throne, was the occasion selected by the ministry to attempt that which the wary Sir Robert Walpole had acknowledged he did not possess sufficient courage to undertake, viz. the stamp-act on the British colonies. The settlers were aroused to determined resistance, and the most resolute amongst them were those of Massachusetts Bay. The law was rendered a nullity through the hardihood of its opponents, and the alarm of those appointed to administer it. At length,

from the impossibility of effecting the design, the stamp-act was repealed, and its repeal was hailed as a great moral victory, achieved by daring bravery; and thus two important truths were at once impressed upon the conviction of the colonists. First, it was considered as the triumph of right principles over an unjust enactment; and, secondly, it showed them their own power of resisting what they looked upon as oppression. Other modes of taxation, however, were resorted to—the coast-guard was kept up with increased vigilance—an American board of admiralty was established—and extraordinary powers granted to the officers of the navy to enforce the revenue laws.

Amongst the most active of the king's cruisers was the Gaspar schooner, commanded by Lieut D—, a man extremely rigid in the execution of his duty, and indefatigable in his researches after contraband goods. He was also a great stickler for national honour, and compelled all vessels not carrying a pennant to salute his majesty's schooner as they passed, either by striking their colours, or lowering their loftiest sails. Such conduct (and which is reputed to have been exercised with great severity), caused him to be the object of much ill-will. His station was off Rhode Island, and he had, on several occasions, detained the craft, and considerably impeded the traffic, of Mr. John Hancock, a merchant of high standing and great influence in the town of Boston, and who had early taken a leading part against the enactments of the British legislature, so that his fellow-townsmen looked up to him for advice and assistance in cases of emergency. It cannot but be supposed that all in the employ of such a man imbibed from him the same inflexible principles, and the same unchanging love of liberty; but in none did the feeling glow with more fervour and stability than in the breast of one of his young men—Ezekiel Hopkins of Nantucket.

A few miles from, and below, the town of Providence, on the shore of a snug little bay, stood a rustic cottage, that, for beauty of situation and neatness of appearance, might have vied with many a modern erection of a similar nature on our own shores. It was inhabited by the widow of a deceased officer in his majesty's service, and her only daughter, an interesting and pretty girl of nineteen, who had attracted the attention of Lieutenant D—, of the Gaspar, and gained his admiration as far as it was in his nature to cherish the passion. But Melicent Hargood entertained no responsive sentiment, for her affections had already been bestowed upon Ezekiel Hopkins, then not only one of the best looking young men of the day, but acknowledged to be the foremost in every gallant feat or perilous exercise; and though the lieutenant was graciously sanctioned and supported as a staunch royalist and naval officer by Mrs. Hargood, whose husband had been both, Ezekiel found a much stronger ally in the young lady's heart, notwithstanding he had been forbidden the house, and only paid his visits by stealth. It may naturally be concluded, that strong hostility and angry feeling pervaded the mind of each of the suitors. The lieutenant however, relying on his rank, and the assurances of the mother, treated his rival with contempt; whilst Ezekiel, being of sanguine temperament, could not brook the haughty demeanour and rudeness of the schooner's commander.

It was in the twilight of lovely evening, the sun had disappeared behind the mountains, but the sky was still glowing with his radiance, when a whale-boat pulled up along shore, and landed Ezekiel in a small grotto-like cave, about a mile from the cottage, where it left him, and pursued its course to the town. The young man leaped upon the beach, and stood concealed behind a jutting point

of rock, that had often served him on a similar occasion. He did not wait long, for a white muslin dress fluttered in the breeze—Melicent turned the projecting point, and in an instant, was in the arms of her warm-hearted lover.

"My own noble-minded lady," exclaimed Ezekiel, "you have not then been induced to forget your humble sailor for that tyrannical man, who claims you as his right because he wears the king's uniform."

"Hush, Ezekiel," returned the maiden, "perhaps I have come to tell you that our correspondence must end, and Lieutenant D—, is to be my future guardian."

"Nay, Melicent, nay," rejoined the young man with impassioned energy, "you cannot mean it. You love him not—he is a stranger to such a holy sentiment—and would you, dare you, Melicent," he uttered solemnly, "give your hand, and bind yourself to one whom you must loathe? No, no, dearest," added he, "you have conjured up a phantom, merely to chill my blood on this warm and beauteous evening. Speak, dearest, speak! Is the rest of my existence to be bound in shallows and in misery, without one sunny smile to break in upon the dark tempests of the soul? Nay, nay, you are but trifling with me."

"Indeed, indeed, Ezekiel," remonstrated she, as the rolling tears formed a channel down her pale cheek, "I would not have so thoughtlessly expressed myself, could I have foreseen my foolish words would thus have stirred you. No, Ezekiel, I am unchanged, and unchangeable, though——"

She was stopped by a wild and hysterical burst of laughter from the young man, which echo repeated in many unnatural sounds; as he strained her to his heart, and then sinking on his knees, as the big drops oozed from every pore with previous agony, and his eyes were dim with the overflowing of succeeding joy, he uttered, "Gracious Heaven, I thank thee!" He bowed his head upon his hands, and the strong man wept like a child.

"Since last we met, Melicent," said he, as soon as his emotion had subsided, "I have had an interview with that haughty officer—he has seized my vessel—put me in gaol—threatened me with the heaviest penalties, and, so help me Heaven! unjustly; for my only fault was not striking my colours to him. I have escaped from prison, love, through the assistance of some old shipmates, and here I am, that you may read my fate. Say, love—oh! speak the words again, that your affection is unchanged, and unchangeable."

"It is, Ezekiel—it is," returned she, as her white arm was thrown over his shoulder, and her pallid cheek was pressed to his breast. "My Creator will bear witness to constancy and truth. Yet, Ezekiel, I am hourly urged by my mother to accept the lieutenant's offers. He has even been to the cottage this afternoon, and probably may be there at this very moment. I am beset with trials—the people look upon us with suspicious eyes as being royalists—and oh, Ezekiel! were you but in the same cause——"

"Avast!" exclaimed the young man, with a shudder at the proposal; but instantly recollecting himself, he uttered, "Forgive me, my own love! circumstances have made me impetuous, and I forget myself. I am no enemy to your king, Melicent—no traitor to his crown: it is the false friends to both that are inking him to think ill of subjects that would reverence his person, and respect his authority. • But I am a man, Melicent—God has made me a man; and I will not be a slave to crouch and bend to my fellow-creatures. My ancestors were driven from their country and their home. They arrived here, destitute and friendless; planted the soil, reaped the fruits, and became independent. Is their industry to be taxed for

the purpose of maintaining a regal state in a kingdom which we shall never see? Are our rights, as human beings,—our privileges, as citizens, to be wrested from us?—But I am wrong, dearest—very wrong to talk thus to you. Yet do not tempt me, Melicent, to betray my heart's honour. No, no, you will not; for should I yield, you—Melicent—you would be one of the first to execrate my treason."

"I do not well understand these things," returned she, after listening attentively to his short harangue. "But you are—you must be in danger here. Whither will you go for safety, Ezekiel; and how am I to ascertain that you are free, and in security?"

"Have no fear for me, dearest," answered the young seaman; "but think how best I may serve you in the hour of peril that is approaching. Oh, Melicent! give me but the right to call you mine, and that commander of the Gaspar—"

"Is here to answer for himself," exclaimed the lieutenant, turning the point, and suddenly appearing before them. "Miss Hargood will pardon my interrupting so interesting a conversation," (bowing with mock deference) "but I have a duty to perform. That fellow by your side (Ezekiel's face flushed crimson), has made an outbreak from the lodging I provided for him.—(He drew a pistol from his vest)—Surrender, sir, or, by heaven, you shall have the contents of this through your head!"

"I can meet you on your own terms, lieutenant," returned Ezekiel, proudly; and in an instant, snatching a similar weapon from his breast; "yet I thirst not for your blood, therefore, seek not mine!"

"Forbear—forbear?" shrieked Melicent; "Mr. D—you have no right to haunt my steps—I am, and will be free."

"Granted, Miss Hargood," answered the officer, ceremoniously raising his hat, and bowing. "Your path to the cottage is unimpeded, some of my men shall attend you." He shouted "Gaspar!" and in an instant half-a-dozen stout seamen swung round the point, and ranged themselves in the rear of their commander. "Men," added he, addressing them, and pointing to Ezekiel, "there is your prisoner!"

"They must capture him first, I presume," said Hopkins, proudly; "no catchee, no habee," is an old Negro saying; and it is odd to me if I do not make it true. Miss Hargood, let me entreat you to return home. One of those brave men, whose obedience to orders show them to be worthy sons of the ocean, will see you safe. Fear nothing for me."

"Mr. D—! Ezekiel! I cannot leave you thus!" remonstrated Melicent, half sinking with emotion and alarm. "Go, Ezekiel, and trust to my word." Ezekiel inclined his head, and pointed to his opponents. "Mr. D—stand back, and do not impede his way."

"Mine is a hard duty, Miss Hargood, which compels me to refuse the request of a lady," answered the lieutenant, with much composure, "especially a lady whom I one day hope to call my wife."

A fierce flash shot from the dark eyes of Ezekiel, but he offered no answer, and, the next moment, an elderly lady made her appearance round the point, followed by a concourse of armed men. Ezekiel knew the mother of his Melicent in the person of the female, and he saw his cousin in the party who had unperceived followed her. Now, Mr. D—," said he, "the fortune of war is against you, and you have no alternative but to surrender, for I cannot believe you would peril the lives of those gallant men against such odds. Believe me, sir," he added, solemnly, "you will want them soon."

Mortified and humbled at being thus entrapped, the lieutenant felt the true force of his rival's observation. He was no coward, and would have suffered death rather than have yielded, but his men were precious in his eyes. "You have doubled upon me, young man," said he, "but I will not give up my arms."

"Your sword you are welcome to keep, and would to God that it were drawn in more honourable employ than presenting these who speak your father-tongue! Your

ammunition, however, must be taken away, for as you look upon us as lawless, so you would not give your word to refrain from firing when we depart; and believe me, sir, it would pain my heart to think I had been the cause of death even to you, who have sought my life.—Disarm them, shipmates, and take away their cartridges; knock the powder out of the pans, and dip the muskets overboard."

The order was punctually obeyed, as Ezekiel and Melicent stood whispering apart. He took a white scarf from off her shoulder, and bound it round his arm—he placed a ring upon her finger, and raised the hand to his lips, and they bade "farewell;" then, proudly saluting the lieutenant and Mrs. Hargood, he placed himself at the head of his friends;—two whale boats rounded the point, and received them, and their sinewy arms made the swift vessels fly over the yielding element.

The last words that Hopkins uttered when passing the lieutenant were, "Sir, we shall meet again."

"It will be a sad meeting for you, my lad," returned he, as soon as the boats shoved off; then, turning to Mrs. Hargood, "Madam, I am truly sorry that you should have witnessed my discomfiture, but—"

"Talk not of your own personal inconvenience, Mr. D—," replied the lady; "it is the degradation which has fallen on his majesty's sacred colours that troubles me, sir. Oh, Melicent, Melicent!—had your father lived—"

"Pardon me, lady," said the lieutenant, as he offered her his arm to return to the cottage; "Miss Hargood, I believe, is in no way to blame in this transaction; and it grieves me that so fine a young man should be in any other place than the deck of a man-of-war. Thither he must be sent, and I make no doubt, with a smart captain, would become a good seaman, and faithful subject."

Melicent felt the taunt, but deemed it prudent to say nothing, and the remainder of their walk was in silence. The lieutenant left them at the cottage-door, and hastened on board his vessel under a hope, as there was a fresh breeze, of catching the whale-boats, but it was dark before he reached the shore; and so much time had elapsed when he got to the schooner, that all pursuit was hopeless, and he stood out to sea.

Several months elapsed, and Melicent's heart sickened at hearing no tidings of Ezekiel. The lieutenant had made frequent calls, and his manners had assumed more tenderness and respect, as his observations made him better acquainted with the young lady and her determination to enjoy a will of her own. His visits, however, were viewed with suspicion by the respectable portion of the neighbourhood, who strongly entered into the spirit of the times; whilst the poorer classes, though constantly partaking of the bounty of Mrs. Hargood, no longer esteemed the gifts that came from the hands of a royalist. Melicent was, consequently, much alone, and her days became so monotonous, that even the society of the lieutenant grew less irksome—nay, even relieved the dullness which hung around the cottage. Mrs. Hargood suffered more severely than her daughter, for being strongly attached to the royal cause, and nervous and irritable in temperament, she felt every indignity offered to the former as a personal insult to herself, till, at last, a severe attack of illness confined her altogether to her room; and the indefatigable, and now really attentive officer, was the only one who adhered to them in trouble. Still he vainly importuned the maiden to look upon him in another character than simply that of friend; all his assurance of kindness and protection were unavailing to alter her mind—she remained firm in her attachment to Hopkins, though his long absence was a source of deep affliction. For hours would she stand upon the beach, with a glass that had belonged to her deceased father, looking at every craft that appeared upon the coast.

Towards the close of the afternoon of the 9th July, 1772, two vessels were seen standing in from sea, towards Providence; the nearest was a lovely little cutter, that skimmed the water like a duck, and her spread of milk-white canvass aloft seemed like an immense silvery

cloud attached to a small black speck—the one more distant was the Gaspar schooner, carrying on a taut press in chase. Both had their colours flying, and a shot from the latter sometimes dashed up the spray a-head of the cutter, and, at other times, came dancing alongside; but she still pursued her course, utterly regardless of the thunder of the schooner, or the close approach of her bolts. Numbers thronged to the beach to watch the exciting spectacle, and, as the cutter continued rapidly to near them, there were secret whisperings, and mysterious communications amongst the sear, in, young and old; whilst every flash that proclaimed the discharge of a gun, was viewed with the utmost anxiety, as if the shot had been directed at themselves.

Melicent could not but be sensible that something extraordinary was going on, for her nautical knowledge had already pointed out to her the relative position of the two vessels; but what caused her the most surprise was to find herself an object for much closer scrutiny than she could well account for; her glass however soon solved the problem, for, as the cutter hugged the wind in-shore, persons and things became more clearly defined on board of her. The atmosphere was lucidly clear, the breeze was steady on the smooth water, and the man at the cutter's tiller was watching his sails, with the practised eye of one who knew well the peculiarities of his lively craft. But there was also another man kneeling, or stooping by the runner, with a glass in his hand, which was pointed directly at Melicent—a sudden and unaccountable tremor shook her frame, so that she could hardly steady the telescope; but it passed away, and again she looked—the man stood upright for a moment, and waved aloft something white. An instinctive impulse induced Melicent to answer the communication with her handkerchief—the signal was instantly returned from the cutter, and the man disappeared. All this had passed without one thought that the surrounding throng had witnessed the transaction, for Melicent's heart was flying, on the wings of hope, towards the little vessel that came bounding along the mimic waves, dashing the feathery spray over her bows, and leaving under her stern a track of hissing foam. Onward, too, came the schooner—and the fair girl could distinguish the lieutenant holding on by the main rigging, and watching, with the keen penetration of a seaman, the motions of the flying cutter. A secret conviction crossed her mind, that both her lovers were before her, as declared enemies to each other. The fact, for an instant, shook her fortitude, and she gazed round as if to search for some corroborative truth; and she found it, for all eyes were fixed upon her, yet none approached, as it was unknown which of the two she favoured, and this division of opinions gave rise to numerous disputes amongst them, which she heard not.

Nearer and nearer came the pursued and the pursuer, and stronger grew the excitement amongst the assembled crowds upon the beach; nor could the shots which fell at no great distance from them, (so close were the two craft,) drive any one away. Suddenly the cutter came right up into the wind's eye; her sails trembled, and were worse than useless; still she shot a-head as if nothing could impede her way, and thus she continued, till her progress was nearly arrested; when again paying off gracefully, her canvas once more swelled in the breeze, and a loud and tumultuous burst of applause ascended from the seamen on the shore, which soon ceased, and the same breathless attention prevailed—the gaze being now eagerly directed at the schooner as it had previously been to the cutter.

This was incomprehensible to Melicent—her very spirit sank within her when she witnessed the manœuvre of the cutter, and some one loudly uttered near her. "It is all over with him now, and he'll be caught at last." The shot from the schooner was rending the cutter's sails, and the lieutenant was coming up with his rival hand over hand, when, in an instant, a check was given to the Gaspar's speed, and the next, she was fixed hard and fast upon the narrow bank, through a gully of which the cutter had passed when she luffed up into the wind. It was a desperate experiment, but it succeeded, and the lieutenant had fallen into the snare thus laid for him.



Up rose the shout again, as the sheets and tacks of the schooner were let go, and the sails, freed from restraint, flapped fiercely in the breeze. "I told you he'd be caught!" exclaimed the same voice which Melicent had before heard, "and there he is, boys, hard and fast, every nail an anchor—my eyes! but Ezekiel's a clever chap." The cutter stood on unharmed towards Providence, and the crowd dispersed. Melicent, however, continued on the look-out, and observed a small boat quit the cutter with two men, and she quickly returned to the cottage. The darkness of evening had already closed in when she entered her mother's apartment, and without saying one word of Hopkins, she communicated the lieutenant's mishap. Heavy was the mortification and chagrin of the worthy lady, but still she expressed the most sanguine hopes that, with so able and clever a commander, the schooner would soon be afloat again, and at day-light they should see her as gay as usual, with her colours flying and sails nicely trimmed. Mrs. Hargood knew not that she had grounded at the very top of a full tide, and could not be released till the ensuing one returned.

Obscurity veiled the face of nature as Melicent, arrayed in a dark dress, hastened to the cove. All was silent except the wash of the receding waters upon the rocks; and all was loneliness, relieved only by the reflection of the gorgeous stars upon the bosom of the deep. Still occasionally might be heard the voice of the seamen on board the schooner, as if engaged in some laborious duty, but the distance was too great for the eye to trace her situation. Suddenly the light fall of oars, as they struck the liquid waves, was heard. Melicent concealed herself from view as a boat emerged from the gloom; some one sprang on to the shore, and the little bark again retreated behind the projecting point. Melicent heard the well known clap of the hands by way of signal; but, fearful of deception, she did not move, till a voice, which filled her soul with trembling ecstasy, uttered in a low and mournful sound, "She is not here." Another clap, and Melicent was in his arms.

"My own—my faithful love!" exclaimed Ezekiel, pressing her to his heart, "do I hold you once more in my embrace? May the God who knows the secrets of the spirit search mine and witness its over-dowing gratitude!" "Ezekiel, you have been long absent," said she, "and I have poured forth my fervent petitions to Heaven for your safety. We are now restored to each other, and here upon this spot, rendered sacred by endearing recollections, here let us thank the Great Being who heard and answered my humble prayers."

Together they knelt at the footstool of Omnipotence, and, with sweet communion of heart, did their praises and thanksgiving ascend before the throne of grace, an acceptable offering to the Deity. They arose, and Ezekiel explained that, notwithstanding the forbearance he had shown to the lieutenant, the latter had offered large rewards for his apprehension, so that he was compelled to make a distant voyage; but, on his return, he was again placed in peril;—so unmitigated was the persecution against him. Under these circumstances, Mr. Hancock had fitted out the cutter for him to trade amongst the West India islands, and he was running down to Providence to take in a light cargo, as well as for the purpose of seeing Melicent, when the schooner hove in sight and fired at him to bring to; which, for obvious reasons, he did not dare to comply with—the chase took place, and events occurred such as have already been described. Many of the seamen on the shore knew the cutter and who was master of it, and he had reasons to believe that the lieutenant was not ignorant of the fact of his rival's proximity. Melicent informed him of the illness and gradual decay of her mother—the unremitted visits and kind attentions of Mr. D—, the conduct of their neighbours, and her consequent lonely situation. Ezekiel heard it with deep regret, and their meeting, though gratifying to their natural love, was one of melancholy feeling.

"Melicent," said Hopkins, "the lieutenant's command is ended—the schooner will never quit yon bank till the wild waves of the ocean carry the shattered hull into

deeper water. I should not think, my love, what your situation must be if deprived of your only parent, and I not at hand to protect you. Yet," added he, after a short pause, "what protection can I afford, who am myself an out-law, with the price of blood upon my head?" "And who has done this, Ezekiel?" inquired she with assumed firmness, whilst every limb shook with terror.

"It is the lieutenant's doing," returned he sorrowfully; "but it is part of his duty, and I can only blame him for hunting me down with a ferocity that is inconsistent with the conduct of one who professes to be a Christian—yet here is his excuse, Melicent," added he, taking her hand between his own; "and truly it is one of surpassing power."

"I am yours, Ezekiel, and yours only," said Melicent, as she bowed her head upon his shoulder. "I am ready to share your dangers and become your wife; but cannot quit my mother whilst life remains."

"Nor would I wish you, dearest, nor is it requisite," returned he: "let but the minister of the holy word unite us; I shall then be certain, that as my wedded wife, you will have such protection thrown around you as will at all times be a strong defence from danger." He added, proudly, "I am not rich, Melicent, nor am I destitute—hush—" whispered he, "there is the noise of oars and—perhaps I am betrayed." He put a silver whistle to his lips, and blew it loud and shrill, but no answer was returned. "Melicent," said he, "let me see you in safety to the cottage; those are my enemies—it is a man-of-war's boat, and pulling this way."

"You're right for once," exclaimed a figure that became dimly visible near the projecting point, as Ezekiel and his fair companion advanced. "You pass not this way."

"And by what authority do you dare obstruct the passage?" demanded Hopkins.

"By the orders of my commander," answered the man. "Caspars, ahoy!" he shouted, and was immediately responded to, "Here away, my boys—here away."

"Melicent," whispered Ezekiel, "with these brave men you are safe—they are only executing their duty. But I must away—fear not for me. If I delay, we may never meet again, and if I depart, a few hours hence you shall see me a triumphant man, and then—" The boat's bows grated on the beach, he pressed her once more to his heart. "Advance boldly to meet them," whispered he, and quitting her side, she saw him ascend the craggy face of the rock as the schooner's people joined their shipmates—she heard a heavy splash in the water—a shriek escaped her as the seamen gathered round—"He is drowned," said she, "he is lost!—for the love of heaven, save him!"

"Escaped again, by all that's unlucky!" said the man who assumed the office of superior: "away to the boat, men! away! and lady, you'll please haul your wind along with us; for the skipper's orders was to bring aboard every body I could find at the cove."

"At your peril remove me!" exclaimed Melicent; "your commander has no right to deprive me of my liberty; nor will I go."

"No use talking, my lady," said the man, "obey orders; if you break owners, that's my way. Do your duty, you lubbers, and do it gently, or mayhap you may see how many tails the cat has got, although the pennant is little more than half-mast."

In a moment Melicent was raised from the ground in the arms of a couple of sturdy seamen, and hurried into the boat—the sound of oars was heard—"Stretch out, my men!" shouted the coxswain; and the crew bent to the bold and nervous stroke. A small object was seen ahead—there was the luminous track of a boat, and the occasional sparkling of the broken water caused by rowing. "Give way, lads—stretch out together," roared the coxswain, "we shall have them yet!"

Boldly and swiftly was the schooner's boat propelled through the yielding element,—they were close to the shore, and in a few minutes got alongside the tiny chase

but she floated along, then oars were gone, and Melicent recognised the little shell from which Ezekiel had landed at the cove. Vexed and disappointed, the oars were ordered the punt and pulled off to the schooner, upon which heeling over from the falling of the tide, and all hands were employed in getting out shores and preventing her against her going lower. The lieutenant had been aware that Hopkins commanded the cutter, and when the latter came through the wily stragem he had planned, Melicent supposed that he would make her escape to the cove. Now he could not quit the schooner himself, he despatched his coxswain to bring a board of rowers, who should find upon the spot, and Melicent was satisfied that the coxswain had undertaken to find the place, and that Ezekiel was to be made to effect his escape.

The meeting between Melicent and Mr. D— was of the most conciliatory nature. From the condition the schooner was in, she afforded no asylum to Melicent, and could the lieutenant again spare the boat to land her, besides, his mind was more easy on her account, and she was with him, and he knew his rival could not approach her. He felt confident if the weather remained moderate, of floating his vessels on the return of the tide, thus it would only amount to a little inconvenience to her, after all, and the alarm of her mother might soon be allayed by the knowledge of her daughter's safety. Melicent argued differently;—she well knew the feeble state her mother was in, and she trembled for the consequences, but there was no alternative. The fate of Ezekiel weighed heavy on her heart, though she cherished a hope that the mysterious words he had uttered referred to their soon meeting again.

About midnight the tide was at its lowest, and the schooner, with all her top-hamper down, and her deck shored up with spars, lay nearly high and dry, and Melicent had been made on deck for Melicent, and she endeavoured to find repose. Four balls (two of which the middle watch had just been struck, when she was stationed on the look-out forward hailed, "Boat ahoy," but no answer was returned. "Boat ahoy," repeated he, and then a voice was heard, "Boat ahoy, what want help?" "Ay, ay!" shouted she, "I cannot get along side yet—my boat is sprung, and I am out, but I've no boat large enough to carry me, and we shall want a good purchase to get us out of this confounded bank."

"You will, indeed," solemnly uttered a voice that thrilled upon Melicent's ear in the silence of the night—she knew it well—it was the voice of Ezekiel Hopkins. "What could he want?" rushed upon her mind, and then the words he had uttered at the cove—"the lieutenant's command is ended—the schooner will never quit yon bank," came like a prophetic warning of she knew not what.

To be Continued.

VULGAR PRONUNCIATION.—One of the peculiarities of vulgar English pronunciation is to put the letter *r* at the end of words ending with a vowel. Some of the inhabitants of London, if they had to speak the following sentence, "A fellow broke the window, and hit Isabella on the elbow, as she was playing a sonata on the piano," would give it in the following manner, "A fellow broke the window, and hit Isabellar on the elbow," as she was playing a sonator on the pianor." Others adopt the contrary plan, and leave out the *r* as often as they can. These are magistrates of high pretensions to education, and would say, "The conduct of the prisna" and his general character render it propa that he should no be a memba' of this community."

Equally glaring is the taking away of *r* from places where it is required, and giving it where its absence is desirable. The termination of words ending in *ing* with a *r*, as *somethink*, is not less incorrect or less disagreeable. It is worth while occasionally to point out these errors, many must be disposed to correct them, on being made aware of their existence.

## PROGRESSIVE CULTIVATION OF FRUITS.

The progressive cultivation of fruits, as well as of other vegetable productions, and their removal by wandering tribes and conquerors, from region to region, give, when these events can be traced, a peculiar interest to the subject. The absence of records, and the little attention which early history has paid to almost any thing save the splendid though destructive tracks of victorious armies, has involved the facts in obscurity; but wherever man has penetrated, we may be assured that he has assisted the dissemination of vegetable productions, much more surely and rapidly than the birds which bear their seeds from land to land, than the currents of the ocean, or even than the winds."

If we consider, for example, the fruits of our own country, we shall observe to what extent the conquests of foreign foes have operated in this beneficial manner. Before the invasion of the Romans, the natives of Britain probably possessed no other than the wild fruits of northern Europe, the crab, the sloe, the hazel-nut, and the acorn. The Romans themselves had, but a few centuries before, obtained their principal fruits from Greece, and more eastern countries. It was not till the triumph of Lucullus, that the cherry was transported to Italy from Pontus, as a memorial of his conquest. In less than a century, the same species of cherry was common in France, in Germany, and in England, where the conquerors had introduced it. Thus the cherry, and in all probability the peach, the plum, the apple, and the pear, are evidences that England was once a colony of Rome. It is interesting to remark, as a fact in perfect accordance with the ordinary operations of the all-wise but mysterious Governor, who "causes the wrath of man to praise him," that the evils of war are generally mitigated, in the earlier stages of society, by the diffusion of the arts of cultivation. Plutarch, noticing this in the case of Alexander the Great, says, perhaps with some natural exaggeration, that the communications which that conqueror opened up between distant nations, by his progress into India, had more benefited mankind than all the speculative philosophers of Greece. This incidental blessing, however, is only confined to the early stages of society, and war becomes an unmitigated evil when mankind have far advanced in civilisation—an evil, however, to which that very civilization tends to put an end, by distinctly exhibiting it in this light.

Another and milder sway introduced new fruits into Great Britain. I mean that of the church. The monks, after the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, appear to have been the only gardeners, and in the agreeable relaxations of this profession they took great delight. While the rude nobles and barons, and their still ruder dependents, wasted each other by mutual depredations, the sacred ground of the church was universally respected; and here the gentle arts of peace found shelter, and were successfully pursued. The venerable abbey is almost always found situated on some spot remarkable for its fertility, as well as for the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Even though it has been wholly neglected, though its walls be in ruins, covered with stone-crop and wallflower, and its area produce but the rankest weeds, there are still the remains of the aged fruit-trees, the venerable pears, the delicate little apples, and the luscious black cherries. The chestnuts and walnuts may have yielded to the axe, and the fig-trees and vines died away, but sometimes the mulberry is left, and the strawberry and raspberry struggle among the ruins."

The Crusades, by renewing a communication with the countries of the East, again assisted the diffusion of those vegetable treasures which had been neglected after the destruction of the Roman empire. The monastic gardens saved many of their choicest fruits to the care of those ecclesiastics who had accompanied the expeditions to the Holy Land. A similar result of this taste for horticulture, which existed in European monasteries, seems to have accompanied the transplantation of this corrupted form of Christianity to the new world. "In studying the history of the conquest," says Humboldt, "we admire the extraordinary rapidity with which the Spaniards of the six-

teenth century spread the cultivation of European vegetables along the ridge of the Cordilleras, from one extremity of the continent to the other;" and he attributes this remarkable effect principally to the industry and taste of the religious missionaries. In the South Seas, in Southern Africa, and in Australia, the same system is now pursued; in the two former places, chiefly by missionaries; in the latter place, by the free settlers. With regard to Australia, in particular, the introduction of European fruits, and other vegetable productions, was essential to the subsistence and comfort of the inhabitants, for, previous to its occupation by the British, there was scarcely a production of the soil fit for human food; and it is remarkable that the only addition which has been made to the list of our garden vegetables, by the discovery of that new and singular continent, is a species of spinach. It was not till the age of Queen Elizabeth, that horticulture made much progress among the middle classes. Commerce began at that era to diffuse its wealth, as well as its intelligence and enterprise; and then horticulture may be said to have first commenced its beneficial influences among the mass of the people.—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

From the Glasgow Magazine.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER OF MALINES.  
A STORY.

The vicissitudes of war are so various, that they frequently lead to different and equally unexpected results. The casualties belonging to it may consign a man to the earth, or raise his fortune upon it.

Hall, a private dragoon, when placed with his back against a wall in a street of Brussels, the day after the affair of Waterloo, thought that *this world was little to him*—that his pass was already signed and sealed with a bloody wound, to send him to the next.

After the battle of Waterloo, every hospital in Brussels was quickly filled, and many of the private houses also. Those of the wounded that could not be taken into the hospitals, were left on the litters that bore them, until room could be made for them. The kind inhabitants of Brussels were not slow to open their doors to receive the wounded of the British army; of that number, Hall was one.

Albert Van Hosche had nearly reached the head of the street leading to the park, when a group of disabled soldiers, just unloaded from a waggon, attracted his notice. The sunken eye of a wounded dragoon, and his blood-stained jacket, seemed strongly to indicate that he was fast approaching the last stage of his journey through life's weary way. He was seated on the ground, and his last earthly look apparently directed towards an officer (with his arm in a sling) who stood over him. A serjeant was taking in pencil, upon a scroll of paper, some request of the wounded dragoon.

The escort that accompanied the wounded, was dismounted: the men composing it held their horses by one hand, whilst the other rested upon an unsheathed sword; but their attention seemed intensely fixed on those comrades whom they were then looking at—perhaps for the last time.

The patience of Albert Van Hosche was not to be wearied, until he had endeavoured to gratify his curiosity by speaking to the officer in command of the escort. Of him he learned that the request of Hall was, that his watch and a prayer-book of the church of England might be sent to his father. Hall at this moment lay down, as if in the last struggle between life and death, from loss of blood occasioned by the jolting of the waggon as it passed through the forest. An assistant serjeant shortly came to take charge of the wounded; and, as the decaying strength of Hall seemed to revive by the blood being stopped, his first thought reverted to his father. "But my book," said he, "is lost!—lost for ever! It was in my kit, and my horse was killed when I was wounded."

The officer repeated this to Albert Van Hosche, who did not understand much English, and could speak none. The old man feelingly said, he once had a son who fell—

an only son, the comfort of his home, and the hope of his happiness in after years: but he fell not in defence of his own country. He was taken as a conscript in the year 1811, and fell in the French lines at Salamanca; "and," added Van Hosche, "this soldier shall not die on the street. I have a small house, to which I came when I lost my boy; it is not far off, and at Malines I have that which keeps it—a mill." It need hardly be stated that the officer was gratified by this instance of generosity, and immediately abandoned the poor wounded soldier to the care of the good-hearted miller.

We pass at once to the peaceful abode of the miller at Malines, where the excellent daughter of its possessor, Victoire Van Hosche, paid the utmost attention that delicacy of feeling could suggest to the enfeebled soldier. Her nursing care was eminently successful, and the dragoon was in a few months enabled to rejoin his regiment, which he, however, did not do without expressing in heartfelt sincerity his grateful thanks for the kindness and hospitality shown to him, and by which his life had been preserved.

Behold, then, the departure of the revived invalid soldier, and the quietness which succeeded in the dwelling of the miller. At the door of the cottage we find the fair Victoire resuming her wonted seat, with her cushion and bobbin, making lace, upon her knee. Her mind was still occupied by the recollection of what she had seen at Brussels, as well as of the late inmate of her father's house, and the thoughts pressed strongly upon her, in proportion as the bobbin flew quickly through her fingers—

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;  
But when stern fortune hits the brow,  
A ministering angel thou."

And such had been Victoire Van Hosche to the wounded dragoon.

The pale lily seemed to have supplanted the rose upon her cheek, and the stem from which she sprung was bending towards its native earth. She might ere long be without a father; and a brother she had none—he had fallen a victim in a foreign land.

Time rolled on in the routine service of an army of occupation, until the regiment to which Hall belonged was ordered home to recruit its shattered ranks. In some short time after, it returned to England. Hall applied for his discharge; and the adjutant represented to his commanding officer, that it was in consequence of a letter which Hall had received, enabling him to purchase it. The colonel replied, that they came home to recruit, not to discharge men; "but," added he, "let me see the fellow and his letter."

The letter was from the miller of Malines, with an order for £40, to purchase his discharge, as well as to give something to his father, and afterwards pay his expenses to Belgium; and the letter stated in conclusion, that, as the writer of it was fast sinking in years, and could not make him his son, he felt anxious to make him at least his son-in-law—the partner of his dearest treasure.

Luckily for Hall, the hardy feelings of a soldier had not supplanted, in the heart of his colonel, the warmth of an affectionate husband and a kind parent. These pleaded in behalf of the wounded dragoon: the discharge was granted: and thus did Hall become the husband of the Miller's Daughter of Malines.

## BATTLE OF A BEAR AND AN ALLIGATOR.

On a scorching day in the middle of June 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak, on the evergreen banks of the Tache, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roaring of some animal in the cane brake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet, trampling down the cane, and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season.



When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls, to behold a large black bear reared upon his hind legs, with his fore-paws raised aloft, as if to make a plunge! His face was besmeared with white foam, sprinkled with red, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth, and growling at the enemy. A few paces in his rear was the cane brake from which he had issued. On a bank of snow-white shells, spotted with blood, in battle array, stood bruin's foe, in shape of an alligator, fifteen feet long! He was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upwards, and his mouth, thrown open, displayed in his wide jaws two large tusks and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force; his big eyes starting from his head, glared upon bruin, whilst sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitudes described for about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motions with attention and great caution, as if each felt confident that he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manœuvres in silence.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which showed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was preparing to resume it. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly round to avoid the onset, met bruin half way with a blow of his tail, which rolled him on the shells. Old bruin was not to be put off by one hint—three times in rapid succession he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come to close quarters with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising, would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the alligator before his tail struck him, that the blow came with half its usual effect: the alligator was upset by the charge, and, before he could recover his feet, bruin grasped him round the body below the fore legs, and, holding him down on his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation, notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than his back: from which

"The darted steel with idle shivers flies."

As a Kentuck would say, "he was getting up fast." Here, if I dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet—

"Now gallant knight, now hold thy own,  
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator attempted in vain to bite; pressed down as he was, he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a scream in despair, but was not yet entirely overcome. Writhing his tail in agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood next the bank; aided by this purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and bruin, locked together, into the river. The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance back at the river, and made off, dripping, to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards to know him; no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, had he remained a few

minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water, to save his own life; I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory; besides, by implied consent, the parties were bound to finish the fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it.—*Sandwich Island's Gazette.*

### THE ROSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE, A Turkish Love-Song.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, L. L. D.

My heart is a garden, and in it there grows  
The pride of creation, a beautiful rose;  
My tears are the dew-drops that water its leaves;  
From my sighs as from breezes, new strength it receives;  
Its roots are struck deep, and its branches spread wide,  
And its blossoms are waving abroad in their pride.

My spirit's a nightingale hovering around,  
And breathing forth love in soft murmuring sound;  
'Tis fluttering, 'tis shrinking, 'tis trembling with fear,  
For it dreads to alarm the young floweret so dear;  
To sip of such sweets it would change with the bee,  
For that rose, dearest maid, is the emblem of Thee!

### ATHENS IN THE DAYS OF PERICLES.

It was during the days of Pericles that those glorious fabrics progressed which seemed, as Plutarch gratefully expresses it, endowed with the bloom of a perennial youth. Still the houses of private citizens remained simple and unadorned; still were the streets narrow and irregular; and even centuries afterwards, a stranger entering Athens would not at first have recognised the claims of the mistress of Grecian art. But to the homeliness of her common thoroughfares and private mansions, the magnificence of her public edifices now made a dazzling contrast. The Acropolis, that towered above the homes and thoroughfares of men, a spot too sacred for human habitation, became—to use a proverbial phrase—"a city of the gods." The citizen was every where to be reminded of the majesty of the state; his patriotism was to be increased by the pride in her beauty; his taste to be elevated by the spectacle of her splendour. Thus flocked to Athens all who, throughout Greece, were eminent in art. Sculptors and architects vied with each other in adorning the young empress of the seas; then rose the masterpieces of Phidias, of Callinates, of Mnesicles, which, even in their broken remains, or in the feeble copies of imitators less inspired, still command so intense a wonder, and furnish models so immortal. And if, so to speak, their bones and relics excite our awe and envy, as testifying of a lovelier and grander race, which the deluge of time has swept away, what, in that day, must have been their brilliant effect, unmitigated in their fair proportions, fresh in all their lineaments and hues? For their beauty was not limited to the symmetry of arch and column, nor their materials confined to the marbles of Pentelices and Paros. Even the exterior of the temples glowed with the richest harmony of colours, and was decorated with the purest gold; an atmosphere peculiarly favourable both to the display and preservation of art, permitted to external pediments and friezes all the minuteness of ornament, all the brilliancy of colours, such as in the interior of Italian churches may yet be seen, vitiated, in the last, by a gaudy and barbarous taste. Nor did the Athenians spare any cost upon the works that were—like the tombs and tripods of their heroes—to be the monuments of a nation to distant ages, and to transmit the most irrefragable proof "that the power of ancient Greece was not an idle legend." The whole democracy were animated with the passion of Pericles: and when Phidias recommended marble as a cheaper material than ivory for the great statue of Minerva, it was for that reason that ivory was preferred by the unanimous voice of the assembly. Thus, whether it were extravagance or magnificence, the blame in one case, the admiration in another, rests not more with the minister than with the populace. It was, indeed, the great characteristic of those works, that they were entirely the creations of the people; without the people, Pericles could not have built a temple or engaged a sculptor. The miracles of that day resulted from the enthusiasm of a population yet young, full of the first ardour for the

beautiful, dedicating to the state, as to a mistress, the trophies honourably won, or the treasures injuriously extorted, and uniting the resources of a nation with the energy of an individual, because the toil, the cost, were borne by those who succeeded to the enjoyment and arrogated the glory.—*Bulwer's Athens.*

CHRIST AND MAHOMET CONTRASTED.—Go to your natural religion—lay before her Mahomet and his disciples, arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and ten thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this sense, carry her into his retirements; shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives, and let her see his adulteries, and heat him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lusts and his oppressions. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing the ignorant and the perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies—let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table to view his poor fare and hear his heavenly discourse! Let her see him injured but not provoked! Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies! Lead her to his cross, and let her view him in the agonies of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors,—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." When natural religion has viewed both, ask which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion who attended him at the cross; by him she said, "Truly this was the Son of God."—*Bishop Sherlock.*

### TRUE RELIGION.

O LOVE to God! thou sacred light, whose beams gladden the hearts of seraphs, and in whose brightness the cherubs bask! Thou diffusest thy rays through all the universe, and cheerest with thy vital warmth the souls of the pious in the most distant regions. Thou changest the darkness into light, and the midnight into meridian splendour. Thou convertest the heath and the wilderness into green pastures; thou openest springs of water in the dry places, and fountains of comfort in the desert. Inspired by thee, the poor, naked, and houseless mendicant goes on in his thorny and rugged way rejoicing, like the treasurer of the Ethiopian Queen. He reads in thy clear beam his charter for heaven, and exults with joy over his unspeakable treasure. All nature is beauty to his eye, and music to his ear. The gloomy vale smiles before him. The bleak mountains and the barren hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands in sympathy with his joy. The thorn, to his cheerful and contented eye, appears a fir; the brier is a myrtle. The stony path is covered with flowers; and the rack itself is, to him, a couch to rest upon. I see the future angel now in the barren wilderness; I see him bending his knee to heaven with gratitude, because his lines have fallen to him in places so pleasant. With increasing light and joy, I see him travelling on to the mount of God, as Elijah to Horeb, in the midst of guardian angels and attendant spirits. He sits down at the scanty brook to eat his little morsel of bread and water, and bleaseth God for the milk and honeycomb with which he is satisfied. Happy here of glory! Thou hast eaten of the hidden manna of those angels who sat down to their spiritual meal beside thee, and who gave thee, unseen, a portion of their fare, as thou wouldst have given a share of thine to any other that wanted. Thou hast also drunk with them of that stream which quenches the thirst of seraphs, makes glad the city of God, and waters the plains of Paradise. O how I desire thy happiness, though thou travellest the pilgrimage of life without shoes, or scrip, or changes of raiment!—*Smith.*

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 9, 1837.

## CIVIL WAR IN LOWER CANADA.

The struggle in the ill-fated province of Lower Canada has commenced—blood has been shed—and the independence of the country proclaimed. For our own part we hate war whether it is waged by those who are termed rebels or carried on by those who have the approval of the higher powers. No war, we verily believe, offensive or defensive, is sanctioned by the 'KING OF KINGS.' In this respect our views coincide with those of the consistent Friends. And in a degree these principles of Peace are recognized by British law; for that law regards an appeal to the sword by two individuals, in the adjustment of cases of honour, as a capital crime—but though duelling is thus branded with infamy by our laws, yet national quarrels may be settled by the sword and the bayonet. In the former case the person who slays his antagonist is regarded in the light of a murderer—in the latter the Soldier who destroys multitudes is lauded to the skies, and the victor's wreath is planted on his brow. Or if he falls on the field of carnage, why then he falls 'covered with glory.' But what glory? The glory that is reflected on seas of blood—the glory that is wailed to and fro by the sighings of orphans and widows—the glory which is echoed from the bottomless pit. The glory of blood! The glory of orphanage! the glory of death! Says Dr. Franklin—"We daily make great improvements in natural—there is one I wish to see in moral philosophy—the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats. When will human reason be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of this? When will men be convinced that even successful wars at length become misfortunes to those who unjustly commenced them, and who triumphed blindly in their success, not seeing all its consequences?" And such a time, shall come, for so it is decreed—"Nations shall learn war no more."

## THE FIRST BLOOD SHED.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 10th, a considerable number of warrants were lodged in the hands of Mr. Delisle, the High Constable, who entered immediately upon the discharge of his duty, and succeeded in arresting six of the delinquents, viz: Andre Ominet, President of the "Fils de la Liberté," J. Dumbuc, Francis Favreux, George de Boucherville, advocate, Dr. Simard and a student at law, named Leblanc. Several other warrants were not served, owing to the absence of the parties, for whose benefit they were intended. The persons arrested were lodged in jail. The crime alleged against them is not certainly known. It is supposed, however, to be High treason.

At 8 o'clock the same evening, a party of eighteen of the Royal Montreal Volunteer Cavalry, under the command of Lieut. Ermatinger, was despatched at St. Johns via Longueil and Chambly, to arrest two obnoxious individuals at that place, Dr. D. Avignon and Demaray. Having effected their object, they set out on their return to Montreal about 3 o'clock in the morning. On their way they were opposed by about 300 men, many of whom were armed with rifles and muskets, and protected by a high fence on each side of the river. The party in advance on attempting to pass, were fired upon, and compelled to fall back upon the main body, and Lieut. Ermatinger was wounded with duck shot in the head and shoulder, and several others of the party were also wounded, some severely. Several of the horses were also more or less wounded. In turning to retreat, the waggon which contained the two prisoners and the constable, was overturned, and the prisoners escaped. The troop of cavalry then made their way to Longueil, across the fields, where they found a detachment of two companies of the 2nd regiment, which had been despatched at an early hour from Montreal to support the cavalry in case of necessity, but whose orders were not to proceed beyond Longueil. The whole body then returned, without their prisoners, to the city, to await further orders.

The Courier adds, that the four companies of the Royal Montreal, received orders to march early on the morning of the 18th, under the command of Lieut. Col. Wetherell, on special duty between Longueil and Chambly. They will be accompanied by one or two field pieces—says the Courier, "we trust their orders will be such as to bring to a speedy issue the whole of yesterday's

From the Boston Patriot of the 29th Nov.

The following interesting intelligence we received last evening in a slip from the Free Press Office, of Burlington, Vermont, bearing date of November 26.

By the Steam Boat Franklin, which arrived at 9 o'clock this morning, we learn that an engagement has taken place between 200 of the British regulars and the Canadians at St. Dennis, in which the latter were successful. The loyalists lost 16 killed and wounded, and two brass pieces. Captain Malcolm is reported as mortally wounded. The Patriot loss is not known.

It appears that the Patriots have made a stand at St. Charles, about 80 miles below Montreal, and are repairing an old French Fort. Their number is stated at two thousand or more, and well armed and furnished, and they have eight brass pieces. On Wednesday a detachment of eight hundred regulars and three hundred volunteers left Montreal with the intention of breaking up their post. They landed on Thursday, and had taken up their line of march for St. Charles. The advance guard, consisting of 200 regulars, had proceeded as far as St. Dennis, when they were attacked by the Canadian populace, and after a severe engagement driven back, with the loss of 16 killed and wounded.

On Thursday night a steambot arrived at Montreal, bringing the bodies of the slain, when a new detachment consisting of the entire regular force in the city, was immediately despatched down the river. The next boat will undoubtedly bring us further and more decisive particulars, which we shall furnish in another bulletin. All seems to depend on the result of this expedition, as the entire regular force of the government is engaged in it. The Patriots have a Foundry at St. Charles, and are casting their own Cannon.

Report says that the Patriot Force at St. Charles is under the command of two French Officers of distinction, trained under Bonaparte. Of this, however, we have no authentic information.

From the Montreal Herald of Saturday.

Papineau and O'Callaghan, the leaders of the movement party, or patriots as they call themselves, were at St. Charles on the 21st, where they have taken possession of the old Fort, which they are repairing and provisioning. From letters of the officers in the British army, it appears that the Patriots have succeeded in getting six thousand men under arms in that vicinity, which they intend to make their head quarters. A letter from Belle Riviere of the 20th, states that the tri-coloured flag was raised at the church of that place the day previous, (Sunday) where the French people met early in the morning in force, all armed. Parties were sent to the stores in the neighbourhood demanding all the powder on hand, of which they received over one hundred pounds. One Barcelo had been employed for a fortnight previous in enrolling names and collecting money for the purchase of arms and ammunition. Barcelo has proposed to his followers to massacre all the British inhabitants in the parish in case of any row taking place, and the loyalists taking sides with the Government. They threaten to compel the British to take up arms with them; and they were at the last accounts making a fortification, camp and block houses in the neighbourhood of Grand Brule, and another not far from St. Eustache.

From the Montreal Herald of the 23rd.

Yesterday, Mr. Perrin, of St. Antoine, shipped some wheat in boats to the care of Messrs. Dempster & Rodgers, of this city, but a portion of it was seized for the patriotic army, by Mr. T. S. Brown, who appears now to have charge of the Commissariat. Information was received in town yesterday, that Mr. Papineau slept on Tuesday evening at the house of Wolford Nelson, and that he is now at St. Charles along with O'Callaghan, Brown, Desrivieres, Gauvin, Cartiel, Beaubien, Duverney, Louis Perrault, and several other rebels.

Mr. Debartzch's house has been fortified and trenches dug around it, to enable its defenders to stand a siege; his cattle have been killed and salted, so that the rebels expect to retain possession of their winter quarters for some time. A letter received in town yesterday, from one of the cavalry stationed at Chambly, reports the number of men in arms at five or six thousand, but this is manifestly an exaggeration, and the appearance of the troops before them will tend to diminish their numbers very sensibly. At Vandrenil disturbances have also broken out, and the peaceful inhabitants been threatened with every species of violence.

We have seen a letter from St. Armand, which mentions that Dr. D'Avignon and Mr. Demaray, who were rescued from the volunteer cavalry, have taken up their residence at Highgate, a few miles across the line of 45, where a number of the rebels, who expected that warrants would be issued against them, have thought it prudent to retire. Joshua Bell is amongst them, but no names are mentioned of any other individuals from Montreal, as the writer of the letter did not know all the parties. The carters who

drove Dr. D'Avignon and Mr. Demaray to the States were arrested, and fifteen letters were found in their possession, which were immediately forwarded to the Attorney-General, and it is expected that some important information may be obtained from them.

The old Fort at St. Charles, spoken of in the preceding extracts, is on the right of the road from Laprairie to St. John's. The Fort is situated among the chain of hills known as the Chambly mountains. The house of Mr. Debartzch is between the Fort and Chambly, about three miles from the latter. Mr. Debartzch is a member of the Executive Council, and is now, we believe, at Quebec. Of course the occupation of his house, and seizure of his cattle, &c. are considered by the insurgents, 'a spoiling of the enemy.'

## MOST IMPORTANT.

We have just received the following important information:

Lt. A. Campbell has just arrived from Windsor, and states that the steamer from St. John had arrived there to convey the Troops—he says that accounts had reached there via Boston, that COLONEL WETHERELL had been repubed with the loss of THREE HUNDRED MEN, made prisoners!—T. & L.

Friday Evening, 6 o'clock.

We have just learned that Lt. Arthur Campbell, one of His Excellency's Aids, has just arrived from Windsor; the Capt. of the Steamer told him, that a report was received at St. John, just previous to his leaving that City, that there had been another action in Lower Canada. That the loss on the side of the British Army had been 300, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and Mr. Campbell further understood that a Boston Paper, confirming the report, had been received.

The Canadians, it is also said, have DECLARED THEIR INDEPENDENCE.—*Novascotian Office.*

## NEWS BY THE PACKET.

ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN FROM THE LADIES OF ENGLAND ON BEHALF OF THE NEGRO APPRENTICES.—We are authorised to state, that the delay which has taken place, in presenting this address to the Queen, has arisen from the rule established at Court, which prevents her Majesty from receiving Deputations of private individuals, to present Addresses, except at a Levee, and, as none have been held since the dissolution of Parliament, the presentation has been necessarily delayed. It might have been presented through the Secretary of State, but it was thought best that her Majesty's special attention should be called to it by a deputation, who will take the opportunity of presenting it at the first Levee which may be holden. The number of signatures appended to it, amount to very nearly 45,000.

A paragraph stating that Mr. Roebuck had left this country for Canada, has met with an official contradiction from the Courier, which declares it to be without foundation.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on Thursday next, (to-morrow) to receive the lord mayor elect, and signify her Majesty's approbation of the choice made by the livery of London; after which ceremony, the lord chancellor will give the usual breakfast to the judges, Queen's counsel, &c. at his residence in Bruton-street; it being the first day of Michaelmas term.

The following circular has been addressed by Lord John Russell to the Parliamentary friends of government, requesting their attendance at the opening of the ensuing session:—"Whitehall, Oct. 16, 1837. Sir,—As the House of Commons will meet on Wednesday, the 15th of November, for the choice of a Speaker, and will proceed on Monday, the 20th, to the despatch of business, I earnestly request your attendance on those days. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obt. servant, J. RUSSELL.

Sir R. Peel and family arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 13th inst., on their way to Munich.

Edward Dwyer, the *fidus Achates* of O'Connell, and so many years secretary to the Catholic Association, died on Wednesday evening, in his 70th year.

The sale of the Hampton Stud took place at Hampton Court on Wednesday. The weather was not favourable, and the attendance of noblemen and gentlemen scanty; but there was a crowd of plebeians, who, notwithstanding the rain, enjoyed the scene prodigiously. The stud brought 15,692 guineas; being a larger sum than was expected. The Colonel, which was the most valuable animal in the lot, appeared at the sale in high condition, but brought 500 guineas less than was expected, his price being only 1,550 guineas. Tattersall bought him, but it is not known for whom.



We understand that her Majesty has expressed her wish that on the approaching festival at Guild hall the ladies shall appear in dresses of British manufacture. This announcement will make many a poor family in Spitalfields rejoice.

**EXTRAORDINARY ELOPEMENT.**—The daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Archibald Hamilton Cathcart, vicar of Kippax, near Leeds, and niece to Earl Cathcart, Lord Lynedoch's lady, and the Countess of Mansfield, eloped last week with a butcher of Leeds, who had been her father's coachman. Her younger sister accompanied her. The fugitives were overtaken, and the ladies carried home; but as the butcher's beloved declared she would have him, they have since been married; the lady's fortune, which was considerable, having been settled upon herself.

**HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY.**—Such is the anxiety to view the royal procession, that, in many cases fifteen guineas have been unsuccessfully offered for a good first floor window within the City, and rooms, with two windows, have been engaged at from twenty to forty pounds each.

Constantia was entered by the French army on the 13th instant; after a vigorous resistance. The besiegers arrived before the walls on the 6th, the breach was opened on the 11th, was practicable on the 12th, and on the morning of the next day the successful assault was made. General Damremont, the commander, was killed on the 12th, by a ball, as he was proceeding to the breaching battery. He was succeeded in the chief command by General Vallee. The Duke de Nemours, it is said, was close to Damremont when the latter fell.

The complexion of the accounts from Spain is favourable this week to the Queen. Espartero has exhibited some energy in following Don Carlos; whom he again defeated, with considerable loss, on the 14th instant, at Huerta del Rey. It is said that the Carlist officers have had violent quarrels as to the part of Spain best suited for winter quarters. The Castilian officers wish to winter in Castile, the Navarrese in Navarre: from the last accounts it appears to be the intention of Don Carlos to retire into Navarre. It is now manifest that, on his part, the campaign has been destitute of any solid advantage. He is not a step nearer the throne than at the commencement of the war. On the other hand, none can affirm that the war is nearly ended.

The Duke of Wellington has accepted the invitation of the City authorities to the dinner at Guildhall on the 9th of November. Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham have, it is said, declined the invitation.

The Portuguese Deputies, in Cortes assembled, have decided that the Second Chamber shall consist of members exclusively elected by the people for a limited period. This is considered a finishing blow to the Portuguese Peerage. The financial embarrassments of the country still press heavily on the Government; and when the last accounts were sent from Lisbon, the Cortes had adopted, no expedient even of temporary relief.

The King of Naples has left his capital for Messina, and is about to issue a partial amnesty to the Sicilians engaged in the late insurrectionary movements, concerning which we have so little distinct information. There is a rumour that a serious revolt had taken place in Calabria.

The *Augsburg Gazette* mentions a report generally credited, that King Ernest intends to treat the Hanoverian constitution of 1833 as a dead letter, and to summon the States according to the Constitution of 1819.

The Working Men's Association of London, have published an Address to the Working Classes of America, which deserves attention as a sign of the times, and as an indication of the efforts which the masses are making in this country to improve their social condition and acquire political influence.

Mr. O'Connell has accepted an invitation from the Working Men's Association of London to a public dinner in November next.

The Queen of the Netherlands, sister of the King of Prussia, died at the Hague, on the 12th instant, of "a progressive decay of strength."

The Emperor of Russia has resolved to take a journey to the Teflis through the defiles of the Caucasus; which would lead him into the centre of the Russian operations against the Circassians. The motive for this dangerous expedition is not known, but fears were expressed for the personal safety of Nicholas.

Mr. O'Connell is expected in Dublin on the 30th; and on the 31st the question of dissolving the General Association will be discussed in that assembly.

**MARRIED,**

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. W. Cogswell, Capt. Wm. T. Townsend, to Miss Mary Anne Bennett, both of this place.

At Newport, on Thursday 28d ult. by the Rev. J. Wilson, Mr. Samuel Chambers, to Frances youngest daughter of John Salter, Esq.

At Government House, Fredericton, on Saturday the 25th Nov. by the Venerable Archdeacon Coster, Captain Tryon, of the 43d Light Infantry, (of Bulwick Park, Northamptonshire.) to Elizabeth, only daughter of His Excellency Major General Sir John Harvey, K. C. H., Lieut. Governor of this Province, a grand daughter of General Lord Lake, and niece of the present Viscount.—N. B. Pap.

At Clyde River, on Tuesday, 21st inst. by the Rev. John Ross, John Robertson, Esq. American Consular Agent, of Barrington, to Miss Susan Stalker.

At Le Have, on Tuesday the 21st ult. by the Rev. Joshua W. Weeks, Daniel Owen, Esq. Barrister, to Elizabeth Hester, youngest daughter of Garrett Miller, Esq.

At Lunenburg, on Thursday 16th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Cochran, Mr. Nathaniel Kaulback, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. Martin Oxner.

**DIED,**

At Wilmington, N. C. on the 24th November, Capt. Reuben Crowell of brig Sovereign, of New Edinburgh, N. S. Drowned from on board the Schr. Ant, from Matanzas, Andrew Jackson, said to be a native of Portland, U. S.

At Wolfville, Horton, on Thursday last, Elisha Dewolf, Esq. aged 81 years. In the discharge, at different periods of his useful life, of the various duties of a member of the Legislature—a Magistrate,—and a Judge of the Inferior Court, this gentleman was equally distinguished. In the domestic and social intercourse he was beloved and respected by a numerous circle, who will feel his death to be a general and irreparable loss.

On Friday morning, Dec. 1st after a short illness, Mr. George McDonald, Mason, in the 56 year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this place.

On the 19th October, on board of the schr. Ant, Mr. Isaac Major, a native of Guernsey, aged 39 years.

Colonel Eeles, late commander of the Rifle Brigade.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE,**

**ARRIVED.**

Friday, Dec. 1st.—John Ryder, Wilson, St. John, N. B., 14 days—lumber, to G. P. Lawson; Olive Branch, Boucher, Quebec, 20 days—flour, pork, &c., to J. Clark; Jessie, Pickle, P. E. Island 10 days.

Saturday, Dec. 2d.—Schr. Morning Star, Wilkie, Cape Anguill, N. F., 5 days—dry fish, salmon, &c., to Archbold & Wilkie; Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg; Snowbird, Ryan, Shelburne; Endeavour, Liverpool, N. S.—dry fish and oil; Fair Trader, do.—flour; Mary, Bridgeport—coal.

Sunday, Dec. 3.—Schr. Three Sisters, St. Peter, C. B.—dry and pickled fish; schrs. Mary, St. Ann—do.; Elizabeth, Marie Joseph—dry and pickled fish; Margaret, Antigonish—butter, produce; Peacock, Ship Harbour—dry and pickled fish; Acadian, Sydney—coal & butter; Morning Star, Bridgeport—coal and dry fish; Thorn, Canso—dry and pickled fish; Elizabeth, Torbay—fish and oil; Mary Ann, Townsend, Sydney—coal; Packet, Country Harbour—shingles; Mary Sydney—coal; Catherine & Elizabeth Arichat—boards; Mermaid, do.—dry fish; schrs. Mary and Wasp, do.—dry fish; Trial and Hazard, St. Mary's—lumber; Lucy, Two Brothers, Trint, Victory, Mary, Maria, Bridgeport—coal; schrs. Bee, Busy, Esperance, George Henry and Ellen, Sydney—coal; Shannon, Bondroit, Montreal, via Arichat, 20 days, flour, pork, &c. to S. Binney; Richmond, Geroin, Montreal, via Arichat, 20 days, flour, pork, &c. to Salties & Wainwright and J. Fairbanks; Queen Victoria, Babiu, Quebec, via Arichat, 28 days, flour, &c. to Salties & Wainwright; Trial, Robertson, P. E. Island, dry fish; Trial, Barclay, do. produce; Sarah Ann, Bold, Pick, and Seaflower, P. E. Island, produce; Eliza, Geroin, P. E. Island, via Arichat, produce; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. 6 days, salt, to S. Binney; Mail packet Margaret, Bool, Boston, 4 days.

Monday, Dec. 4.—Schr. Fanny, Arichat, dry and pickled fish; Mary, Canso, mackerel; Hawk, Mabou, beef, pork, butter, &c.

Tuesday, Dec. 5.—Schr. Margaret, Doane, Demerara, 26 days, molasses, to G. P. Lawson; schr. Speculator Frederick, Lunenburg.

Wednesday, Dec. 6.—Packet Brig Star, Lt. Smith, Falmouth 31 days.

Thursday, Dec. 7.—Schr. Armide, Smith—goods from the Cordelia. Capt Jones and crew, came passengers; True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool; Ion, Flint, Yarmouth.

Friday, schr. Tour, Sisters, Pictou, dry fish, beef, pork, butter; schr. Betsy, Canso, 150 bbls Mackerel, oil.

**CLEARED.**

Friday, Dec. 1st.—brigt. Sarah, Doane, B. W. Indies, dry and pickled fish, shingles, &c., by J. Leishman, & Co.; schr. Mary, Pettus, Arichat, ballast; barque Britannia, Crowder, Port Medway, by Fairbanks & M'Nab; 2d, Riendeer, Morrison, do.—assorted cargo by W. D. Hamilton.

Sailed, from Liverpool N. S. Nov. 28, brig Hero, Turner, Demerara, lumber, &c. by W. B. Taylor; 30th, schr. Eight Sons, Bangs, W. B. Indies, dry and pickled fish, &c. by W. B. Jacobs; brig Union, Phillips, Demerara, lumber, &c. by W. B. Taylor.

Sailed 15th, brig Aldington, Blanchard, Yarmouth.

**MEMORANDA.**

The schr. Morning Star, brought up the crew of the brig Clara Longmore, of St. John, N. B., from Berhice for Quebec, which vessel went ashore at St. George's Bay, 19th ult.—part of the cargo will be saved.

**SHIPWRECKS.**—Brigantine Reform, Foley, of and for Dighv, from St. Vincent, was totally lost on Brier Island, in the gale of Thursday night last.—Crew saved.

Also, schr. — Watson Saunders, master, from Halifax, for St. John, cargo molasses and sugar—vessel and cargo totally lost, with the exception of about 50 cwt. sugar saved. Crew saved.

Also, schr. — Hatter, master, from St. Mary's Bay for St. John, with a cargo of produce was totally lost at Sandy Cove. Crew saved.

Schr. Betsy, Lindsay, of this port, from Turk's Island, for St. John, N. B. has been lost on Brier Island—crew and materials saved.

**TO BE SOLD,**

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

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

Terms, Cash on the delivery of the Deed.—  
THOMAS LINNARD,  
Administrator of  
JOHN LINNARD.

Nov. 2 1st. 1837.

**JUST PUBLISHED**

And for Sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacKinnay, and Mr. J. Munro, and at the Printing Establishment of W. Cunnabell, Sackville Street, opposite the South end of Bedford Row.

**CUNNABELL'S  
NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK,  
For the Year  
1838.**

**C**ONTAINS, besides the usual lists, and Astronomical, Chronological, and Miscellaneous matter, Mathematical Answers and Questions, DAILY NUMBER very useful in calculations, Agricultural and Statistical Information, EQUATION TABLE, Charades, Answers and Questions, and COPIOUS INDEX, &c. &c.  
Dec 1, 1837.

**NEW BOARDING HOUSE.**

**T**HE SUBSCRIBER tenders his thanks to his friends for their prompt exertions in removing his Goods and Furniture on the night of the Fire; and informs them and Public, that he has hired MR. VASS'S Brick Building in BEDFORD ROW, where he would be glad to accommodate BOARDERS, and hopes to receive a share of support in his new line of Business.

December 1. **GEORGE T. FILLIS.**

**JUST RECEIVED,**

On Consignment from NEW YORK, per brig. Pictou:  
200 Half Boxes, } Bes: Bunch Muscatel  
250 Qr. do. } **RAISINS,**  
Which will be Sold Low.

Also,

Per Acadian and Industry from Boston;  
Boxes RAISINS, do. soft-shell'd Almonds, Franklin and Cooking STOVES, of most approved Patterns.

**B. WIER,**  
Store, Opposite Mr. Hugh Campbell's. Nov. 11. Aw.

**J. N. SHANNON**

*HAS received, by the Thalia, John Porter, Westmorland and Jean Hastie,*

**H**IS usual supply of Woollen, Silk, Cotton and Linen Goods:—

Comprising a good assortment of Black and coloured Cloths, Cassimeres, Petershams, Pilot Cloth, Merinoes, Blankets, Druggets, Black and Coloured Gros de Naples, Black Bombazines, Ribbons, Braids, Hoisery, Gloves, Boots & Shoes, White and Grey Cottons, Printed, Lining and Furniture do, Dimities, Stripes, Checks, Muslins, Cotton Warp, Moleskin,—Po and Grey Paper, Coloured Threads, Irish Linens, Lawns, Sheetings, Superfine Carpetings, Osnaburghs, Table Cloths, Fill'd, and Rob Roy Shawls and Handkerchiefs, Shawl Dresses, Homespans, Cravats, Bishop Lawns, together with a good supply of Haberdashery, &c. &c. all of which are offered at low prices. Cotton Batting, to be had as above.

November 3. 3w.

**SELLING OFF,**

**AT VERY REDUCED PRICES!!**

**JOHN F. MUNCEY.**

**B**EGS RESPECTFULLY to announce to his friends and the Public, that, with a view of closing his business for the season, preparatory to leaving for Great Britain, for the selection of a NEW STOCK for the ensuing Spring, the remainder of his Stock of GOODS, consisting of a general assortment of *British Manufactured Goods,*

all of this year's importation, will be offered for sale at Very Reduced Prices, commencing on Monday next, the 3d instant.

**W**HOLESTORE in Granville Street, opposite the Warehouse of Mr. Henry Mignowitz. Oct 20.



## REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

Great is the value of the standard to a regiment; it is a telegraph in the centre of the battle to speak the changes of the day to the wings. Its importance has, therefore, been immense in all ages, among all nations, and in all kinds of war. 'Defend the colours! form upon the colours!' is the first cry and first thought of a soldier when any mischance of battle has produced disorder: then do cries, shouts, firing, blows, and all the tumult of the combat, thicken round the standard; it contains the honour of the band, and the brave press round its bearer. An instance of the attachment shown by our troops to their standards occurred after the battle of Corunna. It was night. The regimental colours of the Fiftieth (General Napier's own regiment) was missing; a cry arose that it had been lost; the soldiers were furious; the present Sir Henry Fane, with a loud and angry voice, called out, "No, no! the Fiftieth cannot have lost their colours!" They were not lost. Two ensigns, Stewart a Scotchman, and Moore an Irishman, had been slain, as they bore the banners charging through the village of El Vina: two colour-serjeants; whose names I cannot recollect, seizing the prostrate colours, bravely continued the charge, carrying them through the battle. When the fight was done, an officer received one of these standards from the serjeant; it was now dark, and he allowed his alarm for the safety of the colours to overpower his better judgment; he forgot both their use and their honour, and had gone to the rear, intending to embark with them, though the regiment was still in its position. The stray colour was found, and the soldiers were pacified; but this officer never could remove the feeling which his well-meaning but ill-judged caution had produced against him. This anecdote shows the sentiments entertained by British troops for their colours; sentiments pervading all ranks, from the general to the drummer. Sir Henry Fane's words, thus loudly expressed, rendered him a favourite with the fiftieth regiment ever after. When colours are worn out, they are not to be thrown away. I understand that the Fiftieth, having been lately made a royal regiment, received a blue standard, and the silk of the old colours was burned with much ceremony. The wood of the spear was made into a snuff-box, and its lid encloses the ashes of that black banner which had so often waved amidst the white curling smoke of the battle. On this box are engraved the names of those who fell bearing the colours in combat.—*Napier on Military Law.*

**SINGULAR WILL.**—An inhabitant of Montgailard left the following testament;—"It is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order, that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth; but that, on the day of my burial, the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles, and fifes. All the musicians of Montgailard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, and minuets." This will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

**UNFORTUNATE PRIZE.**—In the Scotch rebellion of 1745, at the battle of Falkirk, Major Macdonald having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the victor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment, of which apparently, its master was the commander! The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure which poor Macdonald cut, when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.—*Old Scrap Book.*

**HIGHLAND PRIDE.**—Macdonald, the last of the Lords of the Isles, happening to be in Ireland, was invited to an entertainment given by the Lord-Lieutenant. He chanced to be among the last in coming in, and sat himself down at the foot of the table near the door. The lord-lieutenant requested him to sit beside him. Macdonald asked in his native tongue, "what the carle said?" On being told that he was desired to move towards the head of the table, he replied, "Tell the carle that wherever Macdonald sits, that is the head of the table."

**DEFINITION OF NOTHING.**—At the Donegal assizes, the following humorous cross-examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in court. Mr. Doherty—"What business do you follow?" "I am a schoolmaster." "Did you turn off your scholars or did they turn you off?" "I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions"—(Laughter) "Are you a great favourite with your pupils?" "Ay! tatham-I; a much greater favourite than you are with the public." "Where were you, sir, this night?" "This night?" said the witness; "there is a learned man—this night is not come yet; I suppose you mean that night."

(Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye as if in triumph.) "I presume the 'schoolmaster was abroad' that night, doing nothing?" "Define 'nothing,'" said witness. Mr. Doherty did not comply. "Well," said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it—it is a footless stocking, without a leg—(roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined). "You may go down, sir," "Faith, I well believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them."—*Belfast Northern Whig.*

**A NEW METHOD OF TEACHING MUSIC.** A Highland piper having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brain with the names of semibreves, minims, crochets, and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "take your pipes, lad, and gie's a blast. So, verra weel blawn indeed, but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? Ye may blaw for ever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell ye how the queer things on the paper maun help ye. Ye see that big fellow, w' a round open face (pointing to a semibreve between the two lines of a bar); he moves slowly from that line to this, while he beat ane wi' your fit, and gie a lang blast; if now you put a leg to him, ye mak twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; and if ye black his face he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his legs, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap that I showed you first. Now, whene'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this, that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

## ENGLISH ANNUALS, 1838.

**C. H. BELCHER**, has received the following Splendid Annuals for 1838—viz.—*Flowers of Loveliness*,—Twelve Groups of Female Figures, Emblematic of Flowers; designed by various artists, with poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

*HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY*, with beautifully finished engravings, from drawings by the first artists. Edited by the Countess of Blessington—splendidly bound.

*Heath's Picturesque Annual*, containing a Tour in Ireland, by Leitch Ritchie, with nineteen highly finished Engravings from drawings by T. Creswick and D. McClise, elegantly bound in green.

*Jennings' Landscape Annual*, containing a Tour in Spain and Morocco, by Thomas Roscoe, illustrated with twenty-one highly finished Engravings from drawings by David Roberts.

*The Oriental Annual*, or scenes in India, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. with twenty two Engravings from drawings by William Daniell.

*Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath; a Christmas and New Year's Present*, with Eleven elegant Engravings—elegantly bound.

*This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering, Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words, Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence, And says—Forget me not!*

*Forget me Not: A Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present*, elegantly bound, and embellished with Eleven elegant Engravings—

"Appealing, by the magic of its name,  
To gentle feelings and affections, kept  
Within the heart, like gold."—L. E. L.

Others are shortly expected.

Nov. 11.

## BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1838.

IS now Published and may be had of the Subscriber, and of others throughout the Province. Containing every thing requisite and necessary for an Almanack, Farmer's Calendar, Table of the Equator of Time, Eclipses, Her Majesty's Council; House of Assembly; Officers of the Army, Navy, and Staff of the Militia; Officers of the different Counties; Sitings of Courts, &c. arranged under their respective heads; Roll of Barristers and Attornies, with dates of Admission; Roads to the principal towns in the Province, and the route to St. John and Fredericton, N. B.; Colleges, Academies and Clergy, with a variety of other matter.

Nov. 11.

## APPLES AND ONIONS.

**50 BARRELS** Prime American Apples,  
50 do. Onions; in shipping order,  
Nov. 17 2w For sale by **B. WIER.**

## STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

**A**N assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig Acadian from Boston, for sale at low prices—by

**J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.**

Oct. 14—3m.

## HATS! HATS!

**GENTLEMEN'S** best London BEAVER HATS, newest shapes.

—ALSO—

An assortment of handsome MERINOS, for cloaks and dresses, figured and plain, for sale at low prices, by  
Dec. 2. (4w.) **J. M. HAMILTON.**

## SCHR. BOYNE FROM NORFOLK.

FOR SALE,

The cargo of the above vessel—

**45** M. White Oak hhd. Staves,  
15 M. do do Heading,  
5 M. Red Oak hhd. Staves,  
**GEORGE P. LAWSON.**  
Dec. 2.

## THE SUBSCRIBER,

**B**EGRS leave to inform his friends and customers, that owing to his bad state of health, he intends bringing his business to a close. He has now on hand a large and extensive Stock of

WINE, LIQUORS, GROCERIES, &c.

Which he offers for Sale at the undermentioned Prices, for Cash only. He also wishes to inform those that are indebted to him, either by Note of Hand or Book Account, prior to 1837, if not paid before the 31st December they will be placed in the hands of an Attorney, and sued for without distinction.

His Stock consists of the following Articles, viz.—Gunpowder Tea at 5s. 9 per lb.; Green Tea, 2s. 6d; Souchong, 2s. (warranted); Congo 2s. to 2s. 6d; Bohem 1s. 6d; Loaf Sugar, 9d; moist do. 5d; Mustard, 1s. 3d; Raisins, 6d; half boxes Raisins, 9s; Currants, 10d; Coffee, 10d; English Cheese, 1s. 2d; Annapolia Cheese, 10d; Chocolate 9d; Ketchup, fish Sauce, &c. 2s. per bottle; English Candles 1s. per lb.; Halifax do. 11d; Starch, 10d; Vermicelli, 1s.; Maccaroni, 1s. 3d; smoked Hams, 9d; Salt, 2s. per bushel; Havana Segars 7s. 6d per hundred; Manila Sheroots, 7s. per hundred; Cognac Brandy, 9s. to 10s. per gal.; Hollands, 7s. 6d; Whiskey, 10s.; Port Wine, 7s. 6d.; best Port Wine, 80s. per dozen; Gold Sherry, 27s. 6d per doz.; Teneriffe, 20s. per doz.; Sicily Madeira, 20s. per dozen; Buccellas, 18s. per dozen; Champagne, 60s. per dozen; Scotch Ale, 10s. per doz. London Porter 10s. per dozen, with sundry other articles too numerous to mention.

He also offers TO LET, that well known excellent WHARF and STORE, (now partly occupied by Messrs. Curzon & Co.) possession given immediately. The Wharf is nearly new; it extends 144 feet from the rear of the Dwelling House to the water, and is 67 feet in breadth, with a Dock of 21 feet wide on the north side; at the end there is water sufficient for a large ship to lay, or heave down at; the Store is 40 feet by 38, and in good repair; it would make an excellent Fish Store, or a Cooper's Shop for a Whaling Fishing Establishment. For further particulars, please apply to

**RICHARD MARSHALL.**

December 2, 1837.—4w.

## BESSONETT &amp; BROWN.

**H**AVE received by the late arrivals—Bar, Bolt, Plough Plate and Sheet Iron, German, Cast and Blistered Steel, Plough Share Moulds, Anvils, Vices, Bellows and Sledges,

60 casks Nails  
25 boxes tinne'd plates  
1 case Scotch Screw Augers  
1 case Ensigns  
30 Canada Stoves, single and double  
350 Iron Pots  
160 Camp Ovens  
220 Oven Covers  
60 hanging frying Pans  
14 packages assorted Hardware  
1 cask Glue  
120 kegs best White Lead  
Red, black and green paints  
3 casks Shot  
Lines, Twines, and shoe Thread  
1 bale hair Seating

Raw and boiled Linseed Oil, window Glass, and Putty, Whiting &c. Which, with their former assortment, they offer at moderate prices, at their shop, head of Marchington's Wharf—North of the Ordnance.

Nov. 17

6w.

## THE PEARL.

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