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HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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NUMBER THIRTY FIVE.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

The Ocean looks up to Heaven,
As 'twere a living thing—
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.
They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee—
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.
They pour the glittering treasures out,
Which in the sea hath birth :
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of Earth.

The green earth sends its incense up,
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.
The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer,
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.
The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On Nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
Even as repentant love,
Ere to the blessed breeze unfurled
They fade in light above.
The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers of prayer.
The gentle moon—the kindling sun—
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn Earth's incense on
The altar fires of Heaven !

BLANCHE D'ALBI.

I was attracted to one of the graves, surrounding the Church of —, by some affecting circumstances which had been related to me of its poor tenant. England had afforded her that last gloomy resting-place, but she was not a native of its soil ; and the inscription on the modest head-stone placed over her remains told that "Blanche D'Albi, born in 1801, in the canton of Zurich, Switzerland, departed this life in Lombard-street ; London, in the year 1820." Oh, simple record ! more eloquent, more touching, than all that poetry and sentiment could have woven into the most diffuse epitaph.

So far from her country, her kindred and her home—taken away so early, in the bud of life ; there amongst the dust of strangers, under those black walls, beneath that rank soil, those baleful weeds, lay the daughter of that lovely mountain land, to which, doubtless, in the happy sanguine confidence of youth, she had so often anticipated the rapturous hour of her return. All this, and more than this, was suggested to the heart by that brief inscription. But it did not tell all—It did not tell that the young creature who slept below had been singularly beautiful, of the happiest and gentlest nature—engaging to a very unusual degree, the darling of fond parents ; the happiest maiden of her happy land ; the blithest bird of her native mountains, till—but why not relate at once the few simple notices which have fallen in my way, connected with the brief existence of the young stranger ? They will form at best but an imperfect and very uneventful story, but such a one as found its way to my heart, and may interest those whose tastes and feelings are yet unperturbed by the feverish excitement and exaggerated tone of modern fiction.

Blanche D'Albi, at the time of her decease, had been for more than a twelvemonth resident in the family of Mr. L—, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of London. She had been engaged as French governess to his four little daughters, who were also provided with an English teacher, and attended by half the masters in the metropolis. The young Swissess had been received on the most unexceptionable recommendation, as to character, connexions, and elegant acquirements, but nothing more of her private history was communicated, than that she was the only daughter of a respectable Protestant minister. That the sudden death of both her parents occurring within a few months of each other, had left her at the age of eighteen a destitute orphan, deprived of the protection of an only brother, who, previous to the death of her parents, had taken service in the Swiss corps of De Meuron, and had accompanied that regiment to India. So situated, Blanche D'Albi had recourse for her future maintenance to

the expedient so often resorted to, even under happier circumstances, by numbers of her young countrywomen.

In company with several young persons from her own canton, embarked on the same enterprize, and provided with such recommendations as could be obtained to mercantile houses in London, or to such of their own countrymen as were already established there, Blanche bade adieu to her "own romantic land," and very shortly after her arrival in England, it was her good fortune to be engaged in the family of Mr. L—, where her situation might with truth have been called almost enviable compared with the general lot of young persons in the same circumstances. She shared the school-room, and the task of educating four engaging spoilt children, with an elderly English governess, to whose domineering, but not harsh temper, she willingly yielded supremacy, and was therefore treated by Miss Crawford with some-what of the indulgent consideration she would have bestowed on an elder pupil. The little girls soon attached themselves fondly to their young indulgent governess, and their affection soon obtained for her all the good will and unbending kindness it was in the nature of Mrs. L— to confer on any human being in a dependent situation. Mr. L—, a man of cold and formal manners, fully impressed with the sense of his own wealth and consequence, but one whose better feelings were not all sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon, treated her invariably with almost attentive politeness, during the stated intervals within attendance on her young charges, she was admitted to his society. It is true, he exchanged but few words with her, and those appeared constrained, as if by the latent fear of compromising his dignified importance ; but there was gentleness in the tone of his voice when he addressed himself to the timid orphan, and a benevolence in his eyes, which carried with them to the young bereaved heart of Blanche D'Albi, a far kinder signification that was implied by the mere words of his unvaried formal salutation, "I hope you are well to-day Ma'am'selle ?"

Blanche had not only every comfort, but many luxuries at her command, especially that which she prized beyond all others, the disposal of her own time for some hours in the evening of each day. Taking all circumstances into consideration, therefore, the young emigrant might be pronounced singularly fortunate, in having so soon found shelter in so secure a haven. And she felt that Providence had been very gracious to her, and her heart was grateful and contented—But was she happy ? Who ever asked that question ? Who ever doubted that she was so in a situation so favored with peculiar advantages ? The home she lost, the friends she had left, the brother so widely separated from her, the recollection of her own dear village, and of her young happy years—No one ever inquired into—or interested themselves about all these things. No voice inviting confidence ever interrupted those deep and silent spells of inward vision, when all the past was busy in her heart, and one frank kind question, one affectionate word, would have unlocked—as from the source of a fountain—all the ingenuous feelings, all the tender recollections, all the anxious thoughts and innocent hopes, that were crowded together in that pure sanctuary, cherished and brooded over in secret and in silence, till the playful vivacity of her nature (its characteristic charm in happier days) was subdued into a tone of almost reserved seriousness. At times, during the play hours of the children, when they had coaxed her to mingle in their innocent sports ; at such times the playful beauty of her nature would break out into a gleam of its former brightness ; and then her laugh was so joyous, her countenance so sparkling, her voice so mirthfully in unison with their childish glee, that a stranger would have taken her for the eldest sister, and the happiest of those four happy children.

Those also were among her happiest moments when, encircled by her young and attentive auditory, she spoke to them—for to them she could speak of it—of her own native land, of its high mountains, whose tops were white with snow in the hottest summer days ; of the seas of ice, with their hard frozen ridges ; of its beautiful clear lakes, on one of which she and her little brother had been used to row their fairy bark—Of the Chalots, when in their mountain rambles, they had been feasted on rural dainties by the hospitable peasants—Of the bounding chamois, and of their daring hunters, amongst whom her brother Theodore, and a young friend of his, whom she called Horace, had been foremost in bold enterprise ; and then she told, how once returned from a long and venturous chase, the friends had brought her home a little wounded chamois—and the children never tired of hearing how she had nursed and reared, and at last, with success almost

unexampled, brought to perfect tameness, the wild creature of the mountain ; and how Horace Vandreuil (they had learnt to speak his name and that of Theodore familiarly) had encircled its slender elegant neck with a small silver collar, on which was engraven, "*J'appartiens a Blanche.*"

Once the little inquisitive creatures had innocently questioned her about her parents,—asked her if she had loved them as dearly as they did their papa and mamma ; but then, the only answer they obtained was, that the mirthful voice of their playfellow died away into a tremulous inarticulate sound, and that suddenly hiding her face on the fair bosom of the youngest child, who was seated on her lap, she gave way (for the first time before them) to an agony of tears and sobs, that wrung their young hearts with distressful sympathy, and soon melted them all to tears as they clung round her, with their sweet, loving, broken consolations. There is something more soothing in the caressing tenderness of childish sympathy, than in all the consolatory efforts of mature reason. In the first agony of a bereaved heart, or rather when the first benumbing shock is passing away, who would not shrink from rational comforters—from persuasive kindness—from the voice of friendship itself, to weep unrestrainedly in the clasping arms of an infant—on its pure innocent bosom ? It is as if a commissioned angel spoke peace from Heaven, pouring the balm of heavenly comfort on a wound too recent to bear a touch less gentle, less divine.

From that hour the little girls spoke only of Theodore and Horace, when, collected round Blanche, they pleaded for one of her "pretty stories about Switzerland." From the secret indulgence of tender recollections and dreamy hopes, Blanche insensibly fell into those habits of abstraction too common to persons of imaginative minds, and deep and repressed sensibility, and not infrequently she drew upon herself the sharp observation of Miss Crawford, or the cold surprise of Mrs. L—, by starting in bashful confusion, at the repetition of some question or remark, which had failed in rousing her attention when first addressed to her. It was an evil habit, and Blanche was conscious of its being so, and she listened with penitent humility to Miss Crawford's school lectures on the "affectations and ill-breeding of young persons who give way to absence of mind," and to Mrs. L—'s wonder at "what Mademoiselle could be thinking of ?"—What could she be thinking of ?—Oh heaven !—In that dull square—pacing those formal walls, under those dusty trees—in that more dull more formal drawing-room, when the prattling tongues of her little charges were no longer at liberty—when she felt herself indeed a stranger and an alien—what could she think of, but of the days that were past, and of those that might be in store for her, if ever. And then there swam before her eyes visions of a white low dwelling all embowered in honeysuckle—of a little green wicket in a sweet-briar hedge—and of one who leant over it, idling away the precious moments, long after he had presented the garland or the nose gay, arranged for her hair or her bosom,—and then the scene changed to a grass plat and a group of linden trees, and her own dear parents sat under their shade, with other elders of the village, whose children were mingling with her in the merry dance on that fine green sward, to the sweet tones of Theodor's flute,—and then there were parting tears, and inarticulate words—and the agony of young hearts at a first separation—and a little boat lessening across the lake—and waving hands—and the last glimpse on the opposite shore, of glittering uniforms and waving plumes,—and then there was darkness, and fear, and trouble—and the shadow of death fell on the dear white cottage, and a sullen bell tolled,—and, yet again—and one funeral, and then another wound away from its low entrance, across the grass plat beneath the linden trees, towards the church, where the new minister But the fond dreamer shut her eyes to exclude that torturing sight—and then—and the harsh voice of some cold observer—(all voices sound harshly to senses so absorbed) recalled her to reality, and to painfully confused consciousness, of the surprise and displeasure her inattention had excited. Poor Blanche ! thou hadst been the beloved of many hearts ! the darling of some ! the object of almost exclusive affection !—How difficult to be contented with less !—How cold, by comparison the after interest we may awaken in other hearts ! even in gentle and tender hearts, whose first affections are yet given to dearer claimants. How hard to endure the measured kindness of mere well-wishers,—the constrained courtesy of well-bred indifference—the unintentional slight of the regardless many !—the cutting contumely of the malicious few ! How withering, contrasted with former looks of love, and

its endearing tones, the severe glance of a censorious eye! the harsh infliction of a reproving voice! How bitter to remember all *one has been to some dear departed being*—and to feel that *one is nothing—comparatively nothing*, to any living creature in this wide, wide world! Some of these sad experiences had fallen not unfrequently to the lot of the fair orphan—had fallen like ice-bolts on the youthful enthusiasm of her confiding nature; but though checked by that untimely frost, the sensitive blossom had but shrunk inward, nourished in secret by the warm well spring of hope, which lay hidden in the deep recesses of her heart.

Twice since her residence in the family of Mr. L——, the monotonous existence of Blanche had been diversified by occurrences of unspeakable importance to her. Twice had she received letters from India—Voluminous letters, penned by more than one hand, though contained in the same envelope directed by her brother. She wept abundantly over the first of these packets—over her brother's letter—his reply to that in which she had communicated to him their mutual loss, and her own plans to seek an honourable subsistence as governess in some English family. It is easy to conceive the deeply affecting purport of that fraternal answer. Even from that fearful distance, the hearts of the orphans met and mingled. The tears of Theodore had blotted the lines, on which those of Blanche fell as she read, like summer rain-drops—as free, as fast, and as kindly, lightening her heart of the long pent-up load of unparticipated grief. But Theodore's letter contained one written in a different hand-writing, and though the tears of Blanche still fell as she perused those characters, they were the last drops of the shower through which a sunbeam was already breaking. Upon the contents of that packet she might have been said to live for many weeks—for day after day her eyes fed upon them, till one of her little innocent observers asked, in a tone of artless sympathy, if she were not tired of trying to learn all that close long writing by heart, which had vexed her so much too, at the first reading?

The second letters were as eagerly and anxiously opened as the former had been. But these were read with glistening eyes only, while the rekindled light of gladness beamed on the ingenuous countenance of Blanche; and sometimes, in the midst of some twentieth re-perusal, as if her heart sought sympathy in the exuberance of its happiness, she would catch up in her arms, and half smother with playful kisses, one of the wandering children—as ready, however at least, to share the joy of their young instructress, as to participate in her sorrows. With those last letters came an ivory work box, an elegant oriental toy, lined with sandal wood, and fitted up with many compartments, each containing some ingenious nick-nack—some small tool of fairy workmanship fashioned for a lady's hand, or some exquisite essence in its flacon of gilded glass. The delight it was to the inquisitive children to pry over and over again, into every drawer and compartment in this beautiful box! And Blanche was too sweet-tempered to refuse the often asked indulgence, only she watched with jealous care, lest their little busy fingers should unwittingly injure any part of the delicate workmanship; and if Miss Crawford was present, she resisted with evident annoyance their importunities to be allowed to take out of a cunning secret drawer (which had not long remained secret for them,) two beautiful little pictures—“so beautiful!” they said, and “one so like Ma'amselle!”—That one was her brother's miniature; and when they asked her if she did not love him dearly for sending her such a fine present, she smiled and blushed, and simply answered, that she did indeed dearly love him. The little girls were not long in discovering, moreover, that the return of this dear brother had been announced in his last letter. The regiment was recalled to Europe, and he wrote on the eve of embarkation.

No wonder that, on the evening of that day which had brought her such blissful tidings, the fair face of Blanche was radiant with such a glow of happiness, to attract even the passing notice of Mrs. L——, and the more benevolent observation of her husband, as their young inmate with her pupils modestly approached the awful verge of her drawing-room circle. The exuberant gladness of her heart was longing to communicate and diffuse itself; and the look and tone of almost affectionate filial confidence with which she replied to Mr. L——'s accustomed salutation, was so irresistibly winning, that it drew from him another, and another sentence, till at last he found him chatting with her, almost with the affectionate familiarity of a father, and had actually gone the length of calling her “My dear!” without being conscious how insidiously the natural kindness of his nature had encroached on that dignified condescension to which he conceived it proper to confine all manifestations of good will towards his daughter's governess.

Mademoiselle d'Albi's continuance in the evening circle, or rather in its *out-works*, was usually restricted to the space of half an hour, while the tea and coffee were carried round, and till the bed time of her pupils, when with a silent curtsy, she left the drawing room with them, and having accompanied them to their apartments, joyfully retired to the unmolested quiet of her own. But it sometimes happened, that, Mrs. L——'s party being enlivened by the accession of several young persons, music and quadrilles became the order of the evening. At such times the talents of Blanche were put in requisition, and she was detained to play for the benefit of the dancers, whose enjoyment was en-

hanced in no trifling degree by the spirit and correctness of the musician, and by the variety of beautiful airs in which she was a proficient.

Poor Blanche! how often, in the days that were gone, had she tripped it to those very measures—the admired of all eyes, and the beloved of all hearts, amongst the lovely and beloved, the happy band of her young companions! It was wonderful (with all those recollections in her heart,) how she could sit before that instrument, looking so patient and contented, playing on hour after hour with unerring touch, and unflagging spirit! Yes—there she sat, regardless and disregarded of every creature in the gay assemblage, unless it were that every now and then some gentleman of the party stole a farther glance of admiration at the lovely foreigner, inwardly desirous, may be, that he could exchange his sprawling, bounding partner, with all her newly-imported Parisian graces and frippery clumsily tacked upon English awkwardness, for that young sylph-like creature so elegant in her unadorned simplicity; for Blanche, still in mourning for her parents, wore a plain black robe; and a profusion of soft, fair silky ringlets, and one thick gloss braid encircling and confining them like a diadem, were the only decorations of a head remarkable for its classical beauty, and the peculiar gracefulness of carriage, which was its characteristic expression.

It so happened, that on the very evening when the heart of Blanche was overflowing with its secret hoard of gladness,—Oh! how long had that poor heart been a stranger to such blissful feelings!—Mrs. L——'s circle was a large and gay one, and a proposal to form quadrilles being suddenly made, and as promptly acceded to, Mademoiselle was detained to take her patient sitting at the piano forte. She had always acceded with willing sweetness to similar requisitions, but this evening she sat down to the instrument with even joyous readiness, and the exuberance of her happiness found expression in such sprightly measures, that her flying fingers soon outstript the common time of the dancers, and many breathless calls for moderation were sent towards her from the scampering and despairing performers. Then would she laugh and blush, and shake her head in playful self-reproach at her own lawless performance, and for a while—a very little while—the restless fingers were restrained to slower movements—once or twice she looked towards the dancers, as if with a vehement longing to spring up and mingle in their gay evolution; but those glances were momentary, and her eyes dropt again upon the ivory keys; but such a smiling and half-exulting playfulness lurked about her mouth, as if she were anticipating some hour of future gladness, when she should join hands once more in the merry dance with the companions of her youth, on the earth—the lovely greenwards of her own dear country. Whatever were the fond reveries of poor Blanche, it is certain that her musical task was so unequally performed that evening, as to cause much discomfiture among the dancers, at length despairingly manifested in their relaxing exertions, and the tedious, lounging pauses between the sets.

During one of these, a small knot of gentlemen were conversing with Mrs. L——, close to the piano forte, on which, mingled with music books and manuscripts, lay several pamphlets and newspapers. One of the gentlemen carelessly glancing his eye over the miscellaneous heap, caught up a paper with suddenly excited interest, exclaiming, “Ah! here is already a public account of the melancholy occurrence, of which my letters from Madras make mention.” Then rapidly he read aloud the paragraph which stated that, “The Regiment de Meuron being under orders for Europe, had been safely embarked on board the transports provided for its reception, all but the last boat, consisting of the Lieutenant Colonel, his lady, and their family, and two young officers of the regiment, when by some mismanagement the boat was suddenly upset in the tremendous surf, and notwithstanding the exertions of the natives on their attending catamanans, every soul perished, except the wife and youngest daughter of the Colonel, and one of the young officers, Lieut. D'Albi.” Then followed the names of those who had found a watery grave, and the gentleman ran them quickly over, till just as he had pronounced that of “Horace Vandrenil,” a sudden crash of the piano keys caused a general start, and all eyes turning simultaneously towards the young musician, who had been awaiting the pleasure of the dancers in silence, patient and unnoticed; it was perceived that she had fallen forward on the instrument, her face and arms resting on the keys, and almost hidden by the redundancy of fair ringlets, which had burst in rich disorder from the confining braid.

She was raised up, and conveyed to a sofa in a state of death-like insensibility, from which, after long application of various stimulants, she revived only to relapse into successive faintings. The family apothecary being summoned, by his direction she was conveyed to her chamber and to her bed, and his prognostics were unhappily verified towards morning when she awoke from a sort of trance in which she had lain some hours, in a high paroxysm of delirious fever. Great was the consternation occasioned in the family of Mr. L——, by this sudden seizure of the young creature, whose personal importance in the establishment, except in relation to the labors of the school-room and the piano, had hitherto been very subordinate to that of Mrs. L——'s Maccaws and Persian Cat.

A peculiar horror of all contagious and infectious disorders, was

amongst the many peculiar horrors to which the sensitive lady of poor Mr. L—— was peculiarly liable. It was in vain that the worthy man himself, having ascertained the decided opinion of the apothecary, again and again assured her, that “Mademoiselle's disorder was brain fever, which, however likely to terminate fatally, was not of a nature to be communicated even to attendants of the sick chamber.” These assurances, backed by all the apothecary's assertions, were insufficient to allay the lady's horrors. “If not now infectious, the disorder might become so;” and then she was convinced “all fevers were catching;” and “If Mr. L—— was so indifferent to her safety, she could not think of her children and emulate his heroic composure. Not for worlds should they continue in that house two hours longer—and she felt it her duty as a mother, to be careful, for their sakes, of her own life, and to accompany them from that dangerous spot. It was madness in Mr. L—— to stay there. If he would be persuaded—” But Mr. L—— was not to be persuaded; so after conscientiously fulfilling her duty as a wife, by pathetically warning him of the probable consequences of his obstinacy, she bade farewell with admirable firmness, and after a last parting injunction from the carriage windows, to fumigate all letters he might address to her from that house, she was driven from the door and safely and luxuriously lodged before evening at her husband's Richmond Villa, with her children and Miss Crawford. Great indeed—unspeakably great, “she assured all her friends, was her anxiety on Mr. L——'s account, and they might conceive how agonizing it was to her feelings to leave him in so perilous a situation. Had she followed the dictates of her heart—But those sweet darlings! Could she risk the lives of both their parents?” And then tears of sensibility trickled from her eyes, at the idea of their orphan state, had she fondly yielded to the temptation of sharing her husband's danger, and fallen a victim to the indulgence of her tender weakness.

Mr. L—— was truly and humanely concerned for the distressing situation of poor Blanche. So young! so fair! so friendless! so utterly dependent now, in her unconscious state, on the mercy and charity of strangers—on the world's cold charity—But there are warm hearts amidst the frozen mass—and all the kindly feelings of Mr. L—— were now called into action by the affecting circumstances of that helpless being so cast on his benevolence. He was a fond and anxious father, and as the natural thought suggested itself, that in the vicissitudes of human life, a fate as forlorn as that of the young foreigner might one day be the portion of his own darlings, Mr. L—— inwardly pledged himself to act a parental part by Blanche D'Albi, in this hour of her utmost need, and the vow was not less rigorously observed, because unuttered to mortal ear, and registered in the depths of his own heart. By his order a careful nurse was provided, and a skilful physician called in, when, at the close of the second day from her seizure, Mademoiselle D'Albi was pronounced by the apothecary to be in imminent danger. Dr. M's opinion coincided but too perfectly with that of his medical subaltern, and in spite of their united endeavours to save the interesting young creature entrusted to their care, it soon became evident that the hand of death was on her, and that human art was powerless to unloose that fatal grasp. Previous to her dissolution, she lay for many days in a state of perfect stupor, far less painful to contemplate than the previous delirium, during which she had talked incessantly with the embodied creatures of her fancy, rambling volubly in her native tongue, and now and then breaking out into snatches of wild song or wild laughter. But at last that fearful mirth died away in fainter and fainter bursts, and broken syllables, and inarticulate sound succeeded the voluble speech, like dying murmurs of a distant echo, and “then,” as the nurse expressed it, “she lay as quiet as a lamb,” for many, many days, with eyes half closed, but not in slumber, or at least only in that slumbrous torpor, the gentle harbinger of a more perfect rest.

More than once or twice, or many times, Mr. L—— visited the sick chamber of poor Blanche, while she lay like a waxen image in that death-like trance. More than once as he stood gazing on that fair, pale face, had large tears stole down his own cheeks—and once, when there was a momentary glimmering of hope—a momentary amendment of pulse—he had caught the hand of the physician with a sudden energy, strangely contrasting his usual habits of formal reserve—exclaiming, “Save her, my dear sir! spare no pains, no cost, a consultation, perhaps—” and his agitated voice and incoherent words carried conviction to the heart of the good doctor, that if half the wealth of Mr. L—— could have purchased the life of Blanche D'Albi, he would not have hesitated to make the sacrifice.

But neither care nor skill, nor aught that wealth could command or kindness lavish, could prolong the days already numbered, or reverse the decree that had gone forth.

Towards the close of the fourteenth day of Blanche's illness the respiration of the unconscious sufferer became quick and laborious, and Dr. M., whose finger was on her pulse, directed that the curtains of her bed should be drawn aside, and a free current of air admitted through the open windows. Mr. L—— had entered with the physician and stationing himself at the bed's foot, stood there with folded arms, and eyes fixed in sad and hopeless contemplation on the affecting object before him. Though the eyes

of Blanche were more than half veiled by their full, heavy lids, a streak of soft blue was still discernible through the long dark lashes from whence, however emanated a spark of intelligence; and far different from the finely blended rose-hues of healthful beauty, was that bright crimson which burnt on either cheek.

Her head was raised a little from the pillow, by the supporting arm of the nurse, who with her hand still at liberty, put aside the deep frill of her cap, and the disordered ringlets which had escaped beneath it, that the sweet fresh air might visit with its comforting coolness those throbbing temples and that burning brow. It was a beautiful, mild warm April evening, redolent of life and joy and Nature's renovation, and the pale, golden light of an April sunset penetrated even through a London atmosphere, and amongst a labyrinth of high walls, and blackened roofs and clustering chimneys, into the very chamber of Blanche; and even to that confined chamber, and over those gloomy precincts, came the soft breath of Spring, breathing delicious fragrance, as it was wafted through her open window, over a box of mignonette, coaxed into early blossom by the assiduous cherishing of one who had watched over her miniature garden with the impatient interest of eager childhood. The balmy air stole gently, gradually into the sick chamber, and between the parted curtains of the bed, as though it were a thing of intelligence, and came gladly on its blessed mission to convey to the dying Blanche, the last soothing sensation she might yet taste on earth—the odorous wafting of her favorite flowers. It came not in vain, as the caressing coolness played over her face; and when it had wandered a few moments amongst the parted ringlets, her quick and laborious breathing became less and less distressing, and at length inhaling one long and deep inspiration, subsided into regular and almost imperceptible respiration, like that of a sleeping infant.

At that moment, there struck up at the farther end of a neighboring street, a strain of wild music, from a band of itinerant musicians—wandering Savoyards. Wild and touching was the strain, as it came mellowed by distance, and mingled with the evening breeze. It was "Le Rans des Vaches." To every son and daughter of Helvetia, a spirit-stirring spell, a magic melody, never yet listened to unmoved by any wanderer from her mountain land—only the insensible ear of death or of the dying . . . but it seemed as if perception yet lingered in that of Blanche. As the notes of that national air swelled out more distinctly, a slight tremor passed over her features, and at last, as if awaking from a deep sleep, her soft blue eyes perfectly unclosed, and glancing upwards towards the female form, on whose bosom her head was pillowed, she murmured in her own native tongue, "Maman! honno Maman!"

As she uttered those few faltering words, her head sunk lower upon the nurse's breast, and half turning her face inward on that kind pillow, like a weary child the fair eyelids dropt heavily over those soft blue orbs; but long after their lustre was for ever shrouded, and long after the beautiful lips were closed, and the last breath had escaped them in those few touching words, the smile still lingered there, with which those words were spoken, as if impressed by the parting rapture of recognition with the Maternal Spirit, permitted, possibly, to accompany the dark Angel on his awful mission, to overcome his terrors by her looks of heavenly welcome, and receiving from his hands the new Celestial, to be its conductress to those abodes of bliss, towards which, even in their day of mortal probation, the pious Mother had "trained up her child in the way she should go."

For the Pearl.

PERVERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

ARE THESE THINGS SO?

How deplorable is that method—rather want of method—which prevails so widely, of dipping into the Bible in sundry places, without taking any view of the whole! Seldom are the different books of the Sacred Scriptures read as continuous documents:—a chapter from an epistle is perused, or a single verse is made a topic of meditation, while the subject of the whole letter is completely disregarded. Or if the entire epistle is read at one time, yet each verse or more is viewed as independent of all the rest, and as having in itself a complete sense. To suggest to a person about to peruse the work of an author, the propriety of reading it in consecutive order—that it would be improper to commence at the latter end or in the middle of his work—that in order to understand him correctly he must give his work a fair reading through—that it should be read three or four times over, and if possible, without interruption—would be justly considered as offering an insult to his understanding. The thing is so obvious, and the opposite conduct so utterly insane, that none but a madman would either need or offer the advice. But alas! how much such advice is needed with reference to the sacred volume let the too prevailing conduct of those who profess a veneration for its character, and an attachment to its disclosures, speak, Mr. Locke, the author of the great work "On the Human Understanding," in his preface to the Epistles of Paul, has some forcible remarks on this subject which deserve attention. After having been convinced by long experience, that the ordinary mode of reading a chapter merely, failed in giving him a just conception of the sense of an

epistle, he says, "I saw plainly, after I begun once to reflect upon it, that if any one should now write me a letter, as long as St. Paul's to the Romans, concerning such a matter as that is, in a style so foreign, and expressions as dubious as his seems to be; if I should divide it into fifteen or sixteen chapters, and read one of them to day, another to-morrow, and so on, it was ten to one that I should never come to a clear comprehension of it. The way to understand the mind of him that wrote it, every one would agree, was to read the whole letter through from one end to the other, all at once, to see what was the main subject and tendency of it; or if it had several parts or purposes, not dependent one of another, nor in a subordination to one chief aim and end, to discover what those different matters were, and where the author concluded one and began another; and if there were any necessity of dividing the epistles into parts, to mark the boundaries of them." And in another place that great man observes, that "if the Holy Scriptures were but laid before the eyes of christians in their due connection and consistency, it would not then be so easy to snatch out a few words, as if they were separate from the rest, to serve a purpose to which they do not at all belong, and with which they have nothing to do. But, as the matter now stands; he that has a mind to it may, at a cheap rate, be a noble champion for the truth; that is, for the doctrines of the sect that chance or interest has cast him into. He need but be furnished with verses of sacred scripture, containing words and expressions that are but flexible, (as all general, obscure, and doubtful ones are,) and his system, that has appropriated them to the orthodoxy of his church, makes them immediately strong and irrefragable arguments for his opinion. This is the benefit of loose sentences, and scripture crumbled into verses, which quickly turn into independent aphorisms. But, if the quotation in the verse produced, were considered as a part of a continued, coherent discourse, and so its sense were limited by the tenor of the context, most of these formidable and warm disputants would be quite stripped of those which they doubt not now to call spiritual weapons, and they would often have nothing to say, that would not shew their weakness, and manifestly fly in their faces." Again, he attributes the obscurity of many epistles, "to the dividing of them into chapters and verses, as we have done; where, by they are so chopped and minced, and as they are now printed, stand so broken and divided, that not only the common people take the verses usually for distinct aphorisms; but even men of more advanced knowledge, in reading them, lose very much of the strength and force of coherence and the light that depends on it. These divisions also have given occasion to reading the epistles by parcels, and in scraps, which has farther confirmed the evil arising from these partitions. And I doubt not but every one will confess it to be a very unlikely way, to come to the understanding of any other letters, to read them piece-meal, a bit to-day, and another scrap to-morrow, and so on by broken intervals; especially if the pause and cessation should be made, as the chapters of the Apostle's epistles are divided into, do end sometimes in the middle of a discourse, and sometimes in the middle of a sentence." Such were the views of the immortal Locke, and that he stands not alone in those opinions the following citations will clearly evince.

"In interpreting the Scripture, many do as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, meaning four was but four units, and five five units etc. and that he had in all but ten pounds: the other that sees him, takes not the figures together as he doth, but picks here and there; and thereupon reports that he had five pounds in one bag, and six pounds in another bag, and nine pounds in another bag etc. when as, in truth, he has but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a text here and there, to make it serve our turn; whereas if we take it altogether, and consider what went before, and followed after, we should find it meant no such thing."—*The learned Selden.*

"How unfair, how irrational, how arbitrary, is the mode of interpretation which many apply to the word of God? They insulate a passage; they fix on a sentence; they detach it from the paragraph to which it belongs, and explain it in a sense dictated only by the combination of the syllables or the words, in themselves considered. If the word of God be thus dissected or tortured, what language may it not seem to speak, what sentiments may it not appear to countenance, what fancy may it not be made to gratify? But would such a mode of interpretation be tolerated by any living author? Would such a method be endured in commenting on any of the admired productions of classical antiquity? Yet in this case it would be comparatively harmless, although utterly indefensible: but who can calculate the amount of injury which may be sustained by the cause of revealed truth, if its pure streams be thus defiled, and if it be contaminated at the very fountain head."—*Dr. H. F. Burder on the duty and means of ascertaining the genuine Sense of the Scriptures.*

"In all writings, independent passages may be urged to serve all manner of purposes. And, indeed, it has happened, that the Holy Scriptures, of all other books, have been most grossly perverted and abused in this way. Common writings have, in the main, been treated with fairness and candour enough; but the

writings of the Old and New Testament, by picking out of them little scraps and separate portions (which cannot be understood but by attending to their connection, nor urged as proofs of any thing, in opposition to the general view of the connection, without rendering the Bible perfectly unintelligible and useless); the sacred writings, I say, by being thus mangled and torn to pieces, have been represented as teaching the most absurd doctrines. The building doctrines, therefore, upon single texts, may lead us into great and dangerous mistakes. I might illustrate this by a multitude of examples."—*Foster's Sermons.*

"Nothing, in fact, tends more to injure the cause of truth and religion than an injudicious appeal to Scripture; or the attempt to establish opinions by the sanction of scriptural words or passages, quoted singly, without regard to what precedes or follows them, and thus invested with a meaning, more than probably, entirely different from what was intended by the sacred writers. Of this mistaken application Dr. Macknight has shown various instances."—*Life of Macknight.*

"The Books of Revelation were given to the world at various times, and upon different occasions. Each book was written for some one especial cause. The all-wise providence of God has not imparted his will, as human Legislators are compelled to do, in abstract precepts, arbitrary institutions, or metaphysical distinctions. The most general cause of religious error is the neglect of this mode of viewing Scripture. The Old and New Testaments, not only in the present day, but in former ages, have been for the most part considered as large reservoirs of texts, or as well-stored magazines of miscellaneous theological aphorisms; from which every speculative theorist, and every inventor of an hypothesis, may discover some plausible arguments to defend his peculiar opinion. No matter how absurd his reasoning; no matter how inconsistent his notions may be with the analogy of faith, with the testimony of antiquity, or with the context from which a passage is forcibly torn away. His own interpretation shall be to him as the Spirit of God. The light is kindled from within; and though its beams are not borrowed from learning, nor sense, nor propriety, fancy shall supply the place of an acquaintance with the original tongue, till the Scripture speaks the language of Babel to its Babylonish consulters."—*Townsend's New Testament.*

"It is certain that many of the controversies which have been carried on in the christian church, have arisen in consequence of their authors having overlooked this rule (an examination of the context), which is of the broadest extent in biblical interpretation. Every theological doctrine which has been broached, however absurd or monstrous its character, has been surrounded and supported by a multiplicity of texts, which having been forcibly absconded from the respective context, were pressed into a service for which they were never designed."—*W. Carpenter's Lectures.*

"An ingenious preacher may bring forth or create any dogma or doctrine he pleases from a text or sentence, detached from the scope or design of the writer; from the same text sermons may be woven of the most discordant texture. A whole system of theology has been deduced from one text, and a score of sermons have been woven from one thread. Nothing but the indescribable influence of custom, could have reconciled a thinking and rational being to the continuance of the practice of text or scrap preaching and reading amongst us. We are always prepared to show that to cite a sentence from the body of a discourse, to extract a sentiment from the scope of a speaker or writer, to confirm a position which he had not before his mind when those words were pronounced or written, is always hazarding an error, mostly wresting the author, and frequently just the same as interpolating or forging a revelation, and imposing it upon the credulous and unwary."—*Campbell.*

"If we analyze the words of an author, and take them out of their proper series, they may be so distorted as to mean any thing but what he intended to express. Since therefore, words have several meanings, and consequently, are to be taken in various acceptations, a careful consideration of the preceding and subsequent parts will enable us to determine that signification which is best adapted to the passage in question."—*Horne's Introduction.*

It is greatly to be desired, that our present method of breaking the Scriptures into chapters and verses, were superseded by the adoption of a continuous text; or at least, one only divided into such sections as would be obviously suggested upon a critical examination of the order of sacred writers. According to our present distribution of the text, the continuity and completion of many discourses are broken in upon in a way most injurious to their sense, and most prejudicial to ordinary readers. But we stop, and the importance of the subject must be our apology for the number of our quotations.

August 15.

TRUTH AND REASON.

Longevity ought to be highly valued by men of piety and parts, as it will enable them to be much more useful to mankind, and especially to their own country. As to others, it is of no great matter, since they are a disgrace to mankind, and their death is rather a service.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. No 5.

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE.

[As introductory to "a most vigorous and remarkable proceeding, which varies the monotony of Dotheboy's Hall, and leads to consequences of some importance," it may be proper to inform our readers that poor Smike, the drudge of the Yorkshire school, owing to the ill-treatment which he receives from Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and from young master Squeers, and from none less than the amiable Miss Squeers, who dear young lady, vents her spite on Nicholas through the medium of poor Smike,—from all these inflictions of malice, Smike makes his escape. Immediately like two blood-hounds thirsty for their victim, Mr. and Mrs. Squeers set out in search of the wretched Smike—the master in one chaise hunts in one direction, and in a borrowed vehicle and by a different route flies the sweet mistress of Dotheboy's Hall. Mr. Squeers after a vigorous pursuit returns, unsuccessful. But here the facetious Boz must tell his own tale.]

"No news of the scamp," said the schoolmaster, who had evidently been stretching his legs, on the old principle, not a few times during the journey. "I'll have consolation or this out of somebody, Nickleby, if Mrs. Squeers don't hunt him down, so I give you warning."

"It is not in my power to console you, Sir," said Nicholas. "It is nothing to me."

"Isn't it?" said Squeers in a threatening manner. "We shall see!"

"We shall," rejoined Nicholas.

"Here's the pony run right off his legs, and me obliged to come home with a hack cob, that'll cost fifteen shillings besides other expenses," said Squeers; "who's to pay for that, do you hear?"

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders and remained silent.

"I'll have it out of somebody I tell you," said Squeers, his usual harsh crafty manner changed to open bullying. "None of your whining vapourings here, Mr. Puppy, but be off to your kennel, for it's past your bed-time. Come. Get out."

Nicholas bit his lip and knit his hands involuntarily, for his finger-ends tingled to avenge the insult, but remembering that the man was drunk, and that it could come to little but a noisy brawl, he contented himself with darting a contemptuous look at the tyrant, and walked as majestically as he could up stairs, not a little nettled however to observe that Miss Squeers and Master Squeers, and the servant girl, were enjoying the scene from a snug corner; the two former indulging in many edifying remarks about the presumption of poor upstarts; which occasioned a vast deal of laughter, in which even the most miserable of all miserable servant girls joined, while Nicholas, stung to the quick, drew over his head such bedclothes as he had, and sternly resolved that the out-standing account between himself and Mr. Squeers should be settled rather more speedily than the latter anticipated.

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped. The voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard, and in exultation, ordering a glass of spirits for somebody, which was in itself a sufficient sign that something extraordinary had happened. Nicholas hardly dared to look out of the window, but he did so, and the very first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike; so bedabbled with mud and rain, so haggard and worn, and wild, that, but for his garments being such as no scarce-crow was ever seen to wear, he might have been doubtful, even then, of his identity.

"Lift him out," said Squeers, after he had literally feasted his eyes in silence upon the culprit. "Bring him in; bring him in."

"Take care," cried Mrs. Squeers, as her husband proffered his assistance. "We tied his legs under the apron and made 'em fast to the chaise, to prevent his giving us the slip again."

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord, and Smike, to all appearance more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar, until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him in presence of the assembled school.

Upon a hasty consideration of the circumstances, it may be matter of surprise to some persons, that Mr. and Mrs. Squeers should have taken so much trouble to repossess themselves of an incumbrance of which it was their wont to complain so loudly; but their surprise will cease when they are informed that the manifold services of the drudge, if performed by any body else, would have cost the establishment some ten or twelve shillings per week in the shape of wages; and furthermore, that all runaways were, as a matter of policy, made severe examples of at Dotheboys Hall, inasmuch as in consequence of the limited extent of its attractions there was but little inducement, beyond the powerful impulse of fear, for any pupil provided with the usual number of legs and the power of using them, to remain.

The news that Smike had been caught and brought back in triumph, ran like wild-fire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it was destined to remain, however, until afternoon; when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner, and further strengthened himself by an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by

his amiable partner) with a countenance of portentous import, and a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new—in short, purchased that morning expressly for the occasion.

"Is every boy here?" asked Squeers, in a tremendous voice.

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself, and every eye drooped and every head cowered down as he did so.

"Each boy keep his place," said Squeers, administering his favourite blow to the desk, and regarding with gloomy satisfaction the universal start which it never failed to occasion. "Nickleby, to your desk, Sir."

It was remarked by more than one small observer, that there was a very curious and unusual expression in the usher's face, but he took his seat without opening his lips in reply; and Squeers casting a triumphant glance at his assistant and a look of most comprehensive despotism on the boys, left the room, and shortly afterwards returned dragging Smike by the collar—or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been, had he hoisted such a decoration.

In any other place the appearance of the wretched, jaded, spiritless object would have occasioned a murmur of compassion and remonstrance. It had some effect even there; for the lookers-on moved uneasily in their seats, and a few of the boldest ventured to steal looks at each other, expressive of indignation and pity.

They were lost on Squeers, however, whose gaze was fastened on the luckless Smike as he inquired, according to custom in such cases, whether he had anything to say for himself.

"Nothing, I suppose?" said Squeers, with a diabolical grin.

Smike glanced round, and his eye rested for an instant, on Nicholas, as if he had expected him to intercede; but his look was riveted on his desk.

"Have you anything to say?" demanded Squeers again: giving his right arm two or three flourishes to try its power and suppleness. "Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, Sir," cried Smike.

"Oh! that's all, is it?" said Squeers. "Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mrs. Squeers, "that's a good 'un."

"I was driven to do it," said Smike faintly; and casting another imploring look about him.

"Driven to do it, were you?" said Squeers. "Oh! it wasn't your fault it was mine, I suppose—eh?"

"A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog," exclaimed Mrs. Squeers, taking Smike's head under her arm, and administering a cuff at every epithet; "what does he mean by that?"

"Stand aside, my dear," replied Squeers. "We'll try and find out."

Mrs. Squeers being out of breath with her exertions, complied. Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body—he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain—it was raised again, and again about to fall—when Nicholas Nickleby suddenly starting up, cried "Stop!" in a voice that made the rafters ring.

"Who cried stop?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.

"I," said Nicholas, stepping forward. "This must not go on."

"Must not go on!" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

"No!" thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupified by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

"I say must not," repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted! "shall not. I will prevent it."

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually for the moment bereft him of speech.

"You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf," said Nicholas; "returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I."

"Sit down, beggar!" screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

"Wretch," rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, "touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done; my blood is up, and, I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for I will not spare you, if you drive me on."

"Stand back," cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

"I have a long series of insults to avenge," said Nicholas flushed with passion; "and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head."

He had scarcely spoken when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of

torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow: and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

The boys—with the exception of Master Squeers, who, coming to his father's assistance, harassed the enemy in the rear—moved not hand nor foot; but Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on the tail of her partner's coat and endeavoured to drag him from his infuriated adversary; while Miss Squeers, who had been peeping through the keyhole in expectation of a very different scene, darted in at the very beginning of the attack, and after launching a shower of inkstands at the usher's head, beat Nicholas to her heart's content, animating herself at every blow with the recollection of his having refused her proffered love, and thus imparting additional strength to an arm which (as she took after her mother in this respect) was at no time one of the weakest.

Nicholas, in the full torrent of his violence, felt the blows no more than if they had been dealt with feathers; but becoming tired of the noise and uproar, and feeling that his arm grew weak besides, he threw all his remaining strength into half-a-dozen finishing cuts, and flung Squeers from him with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form, and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained to his thorough satisfaction that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first,) Nicholas left his family to restore him, and retired to consider what course he had better adopt. He looked anxiously round for Smike as he left the room, but he was nowhere to be seen.

After a brief consideration he packed up a few clothes in a small leathern valise, and finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front-door, and shortly afterwards struck into the road which led to Greta Bridge.

When he had cooled sufficiently to be enabled to give his present circumstances some little reflection, they did not appear in a very encouraging light, for he had only four shillings and a few pence in his pocket, and was something more than two hundred and fifty miles from London, whither he resolved to direct his steps, that he might ascertain, among other things, what account of the morning's proceedings Mr. Squeers transmitted to his most affectionate uncle.

Lifting up his eyes, as he arrived at the conclusion that there was no remedy for this unfortunate state of things, he beheld a horseman coming towards him, whom, on his nearer approach, he discovered, to his infinite chagrin, to be no other than Mr. John Browdie, who, clad in cords and leather leggings, was urging his animal forward by means of a thick ash stick, which seemed to have been recently cut from some stout sapling.

"I am in no mood for more noise and riot," thought Nicholas, "and yet, do what I will, I shall have an altercation with this honest blockhead, and perhaps a blow or two from yonder staff."

In truth there appeared some reason to expect that such a result would follow from the encounter, for John Browdie no sooner saw Nicholas advancing, than he reined in his horse by the footpath, and waited until such time as he should come up; looking meanwhile very sternly between the horse's ears at Nicholas, as he came on at his leisure.

"Servant, young gentleman," said John.

"Yours," said Nicholas.

"Weel; we ha' met at last," observed John, making the stirrup ring under a smart touch of the ask stick.

"Yes," replied Nicholas, hesitating. "Come," he said, frankly, after a moment's pause, "we parted on no very good terms the last time we met; it was my fault, I believe; but I had no intention of offending you, and no idea that I was doing so. I was very sorry for it afterwards. Will you shake hands?"

"Shake hands!" cried the good-humoured Yorkshireman; "ah! that I weel;" at the same time he bent down from the saddle, and gave Nicholas's fist a huge wrench; "but wa'at be the matter wi' thy feace, mun; it be all broken loike."

"It is a cut," said Nicholas, turning scarlet as he spoke—"a blow; but I returned it to the giver, and with good interest too."

"Non, did'ee though?" exclaimed John Browdie. "Weel deane, I loike 'un for that."

"The fact is," said Nicholas, not very well knowing how to make the avowal, "the fact is, that I have been ill-treated."

"Noa!" interposed John Browdie, in a tone of compassion; for he was a giant in strength and stature, and Nicholas very likely in his eyes seemed a mere dwarf; "dean't say that."

"Yes, I have," replied Nicholas, "by that man Squeers, and I have beaten him soundly, and am leaving this place in consequence."

"What!" cried John Browdie, with such an ecstatic shout, that the horse quite shyed at it. "Beatten the schoolmeaster! Ho! ho! ho! Beatten the schoolmeaster! who ever heard o'

that noo! Giv' us the hond agean, yongster. Beatten a school-measter! Dang it, I loove thee for't."

With these expressions of delight, John Browdie laughed and laughed again—so loud that the echoes far and wide sent back nothing but jovial peals of merriment—and shook Nicholas by the hand meanwhile no less heartily. When his mirth had subsided, he inquired what Nicholas meant to do; on his informing him, to go straight to London, he shook his head doubtfully, and inquired if he knew how much the coaches charged to carry passengers so far.

"No, I do not," said Nicholas; "but it is no great consequence to me, for I intend walking."

"Gang awa' to Lunnun afoot!" cried John, in amazement.

"Every step of the way," replied Nicholas. "I should be many steps further on by this time, and so good bye."

"Nay noo," replied the honest countryman, reining in his impatient horse, "stan' still, tellie. Hoo much cash hast thee gotten?"

"Not much," said Nicholas, colouring, "but I can make it enough. Where there's a will there's a way, you know."

John Browdie made no verbal answer to this remark, but putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out an old purse of soiled leather, and insisted that Nicholas should borrow from him whatever he required for his present necessities.

"Dean't be afeard, mun," he said; "tak' eneaf to carry thee whoam. Thee'lt pay me yan day, a' warrant."

Nicholas could by no means be prevailed upon to borrow more than a sovereign, with which loan Mr. Browdie, after many entreaties that he would accept of more (observing, with a touch of Yorkshire caution, that if he didn't spend it all he could put the surplus by, till he had an opportunity of remitting it carriage free,) was fain to content himself.

"Tak' that bit o' timber to help thee on wi', mun," he added, pressing his stick on Nicholas, and giving his hand another squeeze; "keep a good hart, and bless thee. Beatten a school-measter! 'Cod its the best thing a've heerd this twonty year!"

So saying, and indulging, with more delicacy than could have been expected from him, in another series of loud laughs, for the purpose of avoiding the thanks which Nicholas poured forth, John Browdie set spurs to his horse, and went off at a smart canter, looking back from time to time as Nicholas stood gazing after him; and waving his hand cheerily, as if to encourage him on his way. Nicholas watched the horse and rider until they disappeared over the brow of a distant hill, and then set forward on his journey.

He did not travel far that afternoon, for by this time it was nearly dark, and there had been a heavy fall of snow, which not only rendered the way toilsome, but the track uncertain and difficult to find after daylight, save by experienced wayfarers. He lay that night at a cottage, where beds were let at a cheap rate to the more humble class of travellers, and rising betimes next morning, made his way before night to Boroughbridge. Passing through that town in search of some cheap resting-place, he stumbled upon an empty barn within a couple of hundred yards of the road side; in a warm corner of which he stretched his weary limbs, and soon fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning, and tried to recollect his dreams, which had been all connected with his recent sojourn at Dotheboys Hall, he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and started—not with the most composed countenance possible—at some motionless object which seemed to be stationed within a few yards in front of him.

"Strange!" cried Nicholas; "can this be some lingering creation of the visions that have scarcely left me! It cannot be real—and yet I—I am awake. Smike?"

The form moved, rose, advanced, and dropped upon its knees at his feet. It was Smike indeed.

"Why do you kneel to me?" said Nicholas, hastily raising him.

"To go with you—anywhere—everywhere—to the world's end—to the churchyard grave," replied Smike, clinging to his hand. Let me, oh do let me. You are my home—my kind friend—take me with you, pray."

"I am a friend who can do little for you," said Nicholas, kindly. "How came you here?"

He had followed him, it seemed; had never lost sight of him all the way; had watched while he slept, and when he halted for refreshment; and had feared to appear before lest he should be sent back. He had not intended to appear now, but Nicholas had awakened more suddenly than he looked for, and he had no time to conceal himself.

"Poor fellow!" said Nicholas, "your hard fate denies you any friend but one, and he is nearly as poor and helpless as yourself."

"May I—may I go with you?" asked Smike, timidly. "I will be your faithful hard-working servant, I will, indeed. I want no clothes," added the poor creature, drawing his rags together; these will do very well. I only want to be near you."

"And you shall," cried Nicholas. "And the world shall deal by you as it does by me, till one or both of us shall quit it for a better. Come."

With these words he strapped his burden on his shoulders, and taking his stick in one hand, extended the other to his delighted charge, and so they passed out of the old barn together.

From Millengen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.

MEDICAL POWERS OF MUSIC.

The powerful influence of music on our intellectual faculties, and consequently on our health, has long been ascertained, either in raising the energies of the mind, or producing despondency and melancholy association of ideas. Impressed with its sublime nature, the ancients gave it a divine origin. Diodorus tells us that it was a boon bestowed on mankind after the deluge, and owed its discovery to the sound produced by the wind when whistling through the reeds that grew on the banks of the Nile. This science became the early study of philosophers and physicians. Herophilus explained the alterations of the pulse by the various modes and rhythms of music. In the sacred writings we have many instances of its influence in producing an aptitude for divine consolation. The derangement of Saul yielded to the harp of David, and the hand of the Lord came upon Elisha as the minstrel played. In Egypt certain songs were legally ordained in the education of youth, to promote virtue and morality. Polybius assures us that music was required to soften the manners of the Arcadians, whose climate was heavy and impure; while the inhabitants of Cynæthe, who neglected this science, were the most barbarous in Greece. The medical power of harmonious sounds was also fully admitted. We find Pythagoras directing certain mental disorders to be treated by music. Thales; called from Crete to Sparta, cured a disastrous pestilence by its means. Martinus Capella affirms that fevers were thus removed. Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds, and Asclepiades conquered deafness with a trumpet. In modern times it has been related of a deaf lady that he could only hear while a drum was beating, and a drummer was kept in the house for the purpose of enabling her to converse. Aulus Gellius tells us that a case of sciatica was cured by gentle modulations, and Theophrastus maintains that the bites of serpents and other venomous reptiles can be relieved by similar means. Ancient physicians, who attributed many diseases to the influence of evil spirits, fancied that harmonious sounds drove them away, more especially when accompanied by incantations, and we find in Luther, "that music is one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy."

In more modern times we have several instances of the medical powers of music, and the effect produced by Farinelli on Philip of Spain is well known. This monarch was in such deplorable state of despondency from ill health, that he refused to be shaved or to appear in public. On the arrival of Farinelli, the Queen was resolved to try the power of music, and a concert was ordered in a room adjoining the King's chamber; Farinelli sang one of his best airs, which so overcame Philip that he desired he might be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. The performer, in the most respectful manner, then begged of the King to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which Philip consented. Farinelli continued to sing to him daily until a perfect cure was effected. The story of Tartini is rather curious: in a moment of musical enthusiasm, he fell asleep, when the devil appeared to him playing on the violin bidding him with a horrible grin to play as well as he did; struck with the vision, the musician awoke, ran to his harpsichord, and produced the splendid sonata which he entitled 'the Devil's.'

Curious anecdotes are related of the effect of music upon animals. Marville has given the following amusing account of his experiments. "While a man was playing on a trump-marine, I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, some cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard under the window: the cat was not in the least affected; the horse stopped short from time to time, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing at us, went forward; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock who minded only his hens, and the hens who were solely employed in scraping a neighbouring dung-hill, did not show in any manner that the trump-marine afforded them pleasure." That dogs have an ear for music cannot be doubted: Steibelt had one which evidently knew one piece of music from the other; and a modern composer, my friend, Mr. Nathan, had a pug dog that frisked merrily about the room when a lively piece was played, but when a slow melody was performed, particularly Dussek's Opera, 15, he would seat himself down by the piano, and prick up his ears with intense attention until the player came to the forty-eighth bar; as the discord was struck, he would yell most piteously, and with drooping tail seek refuge from the unpleasant sound under the chairs or tables.

Eastcock relates that a hare left her retreat to listen to some choristers who were singing on the banks of the Mersey, retiring whenever they ceased singing, and re-appearing as they recommenced their strains. Bossuet asserts, that an officer confined in the Bastille drew forth mice and spiders to beguile his solitude

with his flute; and a mountebank in Paris had taught rats to dance on the rope in perfect time. Chateaubriand states as a positive fact, that he has seen the rattle-snake in Upper Canada appeased by a musician; and the concert given in Paris to two elephants in the Jardin des Plantes leaves no doubt in regard to the effect of harmony on brute creation. Every instrument seemed to operate distinctly as the several modes of the pieces were slow or lively, until the excitement of these intelligent creatures had been carried to such an extent that further experiments were deemed dangerous.

The associations produced by national airs, and illustrated by the effect of the *Ran des Vaches* upon the Swiss, are too well known to be related; and the *mal de pays*, or *nostalgia*, is an affection aggravated by the fond airs of infancy and youth during the sad hours of emigration, when the aching heart lingers after home and early ties of friendship and of love. It is somewhat singular, but this disease is frequent among soldiers in countries where they are forcibly made to march; but is seldom, if ever, observed in the fair sex, who most probably seek for admiration in every clime.

The whims of musical composers have often been most singular; Gluck composed in a garden, quaffing champagne; Sarti, in a dark room; Paesello, in his bed; Sacchini, with a favorite cat perched upon each shoulder. The extraordinary fancies of Kutsvara, composer of the 'Battle of Prague,' are too well known, and led to his melancholy, but unpitied end.

Great as the reputation of the most popular musical performers, whether vocal or instrumental, in the present day may be, and enormous as the remuneration may seem, the ancients were more profuse in their generosity to musicians and the factors of musical instruments. Plutarch, in his Life of Isocrates, tells us that he was the son of Theodorus a flute maker, who had relized so large a fortune by his business, that he was able to vie with the richest Athenian citizens in keeping up the chorus for his tribe at festivals and religious ceremonies. Ismenias, the celebrated musician of Thebes, gave three talents, or £551. 5s. for a flute. The extravagance of this performer was so great, that Pliny informs us he was indignant at one of his agents for having purchased a valuable emerald for him at Cyprus at too low a price, adding, that by his penurious consent he had disgraced the gem. The vanity of artists in those days appears to have been similar to the present impudent pretensions of many public favorites. Plutarch relates of this same Ismenias, that being sent for to play at a sacrifice, and having performed for some time without the appearance of any favourable omen in the victim, his employer snatched the instrument out of his hand, and began to play himself most execrably. However, the happy omen appeared, when the delighted bungler exclaimed that the gods preferred his execution and taste. Ismenias cast upon him a smile of contempt, and replied, 'While I played, the gods were so enchanted that they deferred the omen to hear me the longer; but they were glad to get rid of you upon any terms.' This was nearly as absurd as the boast of Vestria, the Parisian dancer, who on being complimented on his powers of remaining long in the air, replied, 'that he could figure in the air for half an hour, did he not fear to create jealousy among his comrades.'

Amœbeus the harper, according to Athenæus, used to receive an Attic talent of £193. 15s. for each performance. The beautiful Laima, the most celebrated female flute-player, had a temple dedicated to her under the name of Venus Laima. The Tibicinæ, or female flute players, who formed collegiate bodies were as celebrated for their talent and their charms, as for their licentiousness and extravagance. Their performances were forbidden by the Theodosian code; but with little success; since Procopius inform us that, in the time of Justinian, the sister of the Empress Theodora, who was a renowned amateur *tibicini*, appeared on the stage without any other dress than a slight and transparent scarf.

In the early ages of Christianity, the power of music in adding to religious solemnity was fully appreciated, and many of the fathers and most distinguished prelates cultivated the auxiliary science. St. Gregory expressly sent over Augustine the monk, with some singers, who entered the city of Canterbury singing a litany in the Gregorian chant, which extended the number of the four tones of St. Ambrose to eight. A school for church music was established at Canterbury; and it was also taught in the diocese of Durham and Weremouth. St. Dunstan was a celebrated musician, and was accused of having invented a most wonderful magic harp; it was, perhaps, to prove that the accusation was false, that he took the devil by the nose with a pair of tongs. This ingenious saint is said to be the inventor of organs, one of which he bestowed on the abbey of Malmesbury.

It appears however, that instruments resembling the organ were known as early as 364, and were described in a Greek epigram attributed to Julian the Apostate, in which he says, 'I beheld reeds of a new species, the growth of each other, and a brazen soil, such as are not agitated by winds, but by a blast that rushes from a leathern cavern beneath their roots, while a robust mortal, running with swift fingers over the concordant keys, makes them, as they smoothly dance, emit melodious sounds.'

The influence of music on the fair sex has long been acknowledged, and this advantage has proved fatal to some artists who had recourse to its fascinating powers: Mark Smeaton was involved in the misfortune of Anne Boleyn; Thomas Abel, who taught harmony to Catharine, met with a similar fate: and David Rizzio was not more fortunate. They were, perhaps, too much impressed with the ideas of Cloten: 'I am advised to give her musick o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.'

It is worthy of remark, that no woman was ever known to excel in musical composition, however brilliant her instrumental execution might have been. The same observation has been made in regard to logical disquisitions. To what are we to attribute this exception?—are we to consider these delightful tormentors as essentially unharmonious and illogical? We leave this important question to phrenologists.

WRANGLING.—Every kind of wrangling ought to be excluded from the intercourse of friends, and the entertainer or president of a company ought to check it, at whatever expense of chagrin to the aggressors.—The best rebuke that I ever heard of this sort, or ever shall hear again, was given by the late Dr. Barclay, of Edinburgh. He was a gentleman of great saavity and mildness of disposition, and hated all kind of wrangling. So there was one day he had four other professors, five college students of first rate talents, and myself, to dine with him. After the doctor's wine began to operate a little, the young men contradicted their preceptors in almost every thing, always provoking a dispute. The seniors smiled at the young men's absurdity, and dropped the subject.—But at length two of them fastened on each other, an Englishman and an Irishman, and disputed so violently that all social conversation was completely obstructed. It was about some point of moral philosophy, the decision of which did not signify a pin; so their several arguments were utter nonsense. But at length, one of them after uttering a most obstreperous sentence, gave a blow on the table with his fist; on which Dr. Barclay's little terrier, that lay below it, got up with a great bow-wow-wow! bow-wow-wow! The doctor gave it a gentle spurn, and, with a face of the utmost good nature, said, 'Haud your tongue, ye little stupid beast; I'm sure ye ken as little about it as any of them.' The reproof was successful—the gentlemen's faces both grew red, but one of them joined in the laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks. There was no more disputing that night.

We wish almost every body would keep so useful a dog, and that the human bow-wow could be always as speedily and completely terminated.—Hogg's Lay Sermons.

DISCOVERIES IN THE MOON.—Whether it may be possible to discover the inhabitants of the moon is a question, which has sometimes been agitated. To such a question, I have no hesitation in replying, that it is highly improbable that we shall ever obtain a direct view of any living being connected with the moon, by means of any telescopes which it is in the power of man to construct. The greatest magnifying power which has ever been applied with distinctness to the moon, does not much exceed a thousand times; that is, makes the objects in the moon appear a thousand times larger and nearer than the naked eye. But even a power of a thousand times represents the objects on the lunar surface at a distance of two hundred and forty miles, at which distance no living beings, although they were of the size of kraken, could be perceived. Even although we could apply a power of ten thousand times, lunar objects would still appear at twenty-five miles distance; and at such a distance, no animal, even of the size of an elephant or whale, could be discerned. Besides, we must remember that we have only a bird's eye view of objects in the moon, and consequently, supposing any beings resembling man to exist in the orb, we could only perceive the diameter of their heads, as an aeronaut does when he surveys the crowds beneath him from an elevated balloon. Kay, thought it were possible to construct a telescope with power of one hundred thousand times, which would cause the moon to appear as if only two and a half miles distant, it is doubtful if even with such an instrument, living objects could be perceived.—Dr. Dick.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.—An old gentleman, living in the vicinity of Brnildford, a few days ago, was so bewitched from the fascinating manners and persuasive tones of a lady belonging to a tribe of gypsies, that he really believed she had the necromantic power, and also the will, to multiply 180 sovereigns belonging to him to 1000. We have not heard what the douceur was to propitiate the good will of the Sibyl, or whether she was to share in the proceeds of her mystic rites; but it appears the old gentleman's faith was so strong, that he trusted her with the 180 sovereigns, and as many barleycorns, begged by her direction, of six of his neighbors. This done, she and her dupe deposited, as he supposed, the money and the grain in some secret hole or corner of the house, with strict instructions from the gypsy not to look at it for three days, or the spell would be broken; but at the end of the three days she assured him, he would find 1000 sovereigns. We will not attempt to describe the agitating anxiety, and the

pleasurable anticipations which the old gentleman indulged in, during the long, very long three days which intervened, before the happy moment came when he was permitted to look upon the magic gold, and, flushed with expectations, he pounced upon the parcel deposited by the gypsy—but, alas! instead of gold he beheld nothing but lead. His 180 sovereigns and 20 shillings in silver, had vanished—irrevocably gone; for it is feared the three days grace allowed the enchantress will carry her beyond the reach of the law.—Derbyshire Courier.

CHANGE OF HAIR.—There are several instances of the hair having suddenly been changed from its natural color from a strong affection of the mind. The Duke of Sully, in his memoirs, relates that Henry IV. told the Marquiss de la Force, that when he heard the edict commanding all Huguenots to attend mass on pain of punishment, the mustachoe turned white on that side of his face which he was leaning on his hand. A more general effect happened to a man in one of the western islands, who was descending a rock to gather sea fowls' nests. While he was suspended in the air by a rope, he was attacked by two eagles who had their eyrie in the crag, and making a stroke at them with his dirk severed the rope over his head to a single ply; he immediately made the signal to be drawn up, and was recovered in safety, but when he reached the summit of the rock, his hair had turned grey with fear. It was told of Mr. Palmer, once postmaster in Ireland; that having suffered some reflections upon the Duke of Portland, and having vainly demanded satisfaction from that nobleman, in the night he refused to fight, his hair was entirely turned grey. A similar change happened to the Count de Las Cases on the night after he learnt of the banishment of the Emperor Napoleon to St. Helena. It is told of a German nobleman, that on the night of his condemnation to death, his hair turned as white as flax. A less rated and more ignoble instance was Maccoul, the robber of Paisley Bank, and supposed murdered of Bigby, whose hair in the last three months of his life, changed from jet black to silver grey.

Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured; but thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take shelter in the arms of sickness.—Johnson.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31, 1838.

PLANTING POTATOES WHOLE.

We do not profess to have any extended knowledge of the science of agriculture; our experience on the subject is exceedingly limited; still it has at times engaged our thoughts, and a few works on some of the branches of husbandry we have had the pleasure to peruse. Scanty, however, as is our information of the nature of tillage, the interest we feel in the agricultural affairs of the province, induces us to present our readers with a few remarks on the culture of potatoes. From the earliest period of the history of the province, it appears the usual custom has been to cut the potatoes previous to planting them, and in general, it must be admitted, the plan has succeeded tolerably well. Of late years, however, a new disorder has arisen amongst potatoes, generally known by the name of the *dry rot*, a disease which seems to call for a change in the established mode of planting. So long as this disorder continues, the husbandman, to secure himself from the risk of an entire failure, must plant his potatoes whole. The necessity for this alteration in the mode of planting is as follows:—the dry rot is a disease which eats away the moisture of the potatoe and at length causes it to crumble into dust; when therefore a potatoe is cut and put into the ground, each cut has to contend with the disorder tending to affect the moisture, and also with the air and soil, having the same influence. With these powers to oppose, the piece of potatoe is very generally destroyed. But when the potatoe is planted whole, the *strong rhind* preserves it in a great measure from the injurious effect of the atmosphere and ground, and it has but the disorder itself to overcome, and which it is generally enabled to do, and to shoot forth its stems before the dry rot can have advanced sufficiently to kill it. It is true that sometimes even the whole potatoe will fail, but in that case the farmer may console himself with the certain belief, that if he had planted it in cuts, they would inevitably have failed likewise. We may not be right in our view of the necessity of planting potatoes whole, but whether or not, we think it can be demonstrated that nothing is ever lost by following this method. That many who have commenced on this system, may not, for a while, make it answer as well as planting their seed in cuts, is quite natural to suppose. The plan is new to them, but when a further practice shall have given them experience, there

can be little doubt but they will find it satisfy their most enlarged expectations. The two great things to be observed in planting potatoes whole, are, to have THE ROWS VERY WIDE APART, and the potatoes planted VERY CLOSE TOGETHER, the greatest distance not more than seven inches apart.

On all these points however we subjoin two documents, the first from the "British Farmer's Magazine," by the late T. A. Knight, Esq. President of the Horticultural Society of England, and the other from a correspondent of the "Gardener's Magazine."

ON POTATOES,

By T. A. Knight, Esq.

In a letter which I published last autumn, I stated that I had obtained a produce of potatoes equivalent to 887½ bushels and 3 lbs., (each bushel weighing 90 lbs.) per statute acre, and I then expressed an intention which I now fulfil, of pointing out the means by which such an extraordinary crop was obtained, and by which, of course, other crops of equal magnitude may be again obtained; and I look forward with confidence to obtaining in the present year a produce equivalent to 1000 bushels per acre of potatoes of first-rate quality.

The first point to which I wish to direct the attention of the cultivator of the potatoe is, the age of the variety; for it has long been known, that every variety cultivated, gradually becomes debilitated, and loses a large portion of its powers of producing; and I believe that almost every variety now cultivated in this and the adjoining countries, has long since passed the period of its age at which it ought to have resigned its place to a successor.

No variety should ever be cultivated which uselessly expends itself in the production of seeds, nor even of full grown blossoms, unless it possesses some valuable redeeming qualities.

The distance of the intervals between the rows should be regulated wholly by the length required by the stems in each peculiar soil and situation. If the utmost length required by the stems be four feet, let the intervals between the rows be four feet also; and if the variety be of dwarfish habits, and its longest stem does not exceed two feet, intervals of two feet will be sufficient.

The rows should be made from north, to south, that the mid-day sun may be permitted fully to shine between them, for every particle of living matter found in the tuberous root of the potatoe plant, has been generated in the leaves, (which act only when exposed to light,) and has descended beneath the soil.

Each set should weigh at least six ounces, and they should never be placed at greater distances from each other, than six inches from centre to centre, and a preference should be given to whole potatoes, when such can be obtained. If the growth of the plant be very dwarfish, four inches between the sets from centre to centre, will be preferable; and if the form of the potatoe be long and kidney shaped, a good deal of advantage will be gained by placing them to stand upon their ends, that end which joined the parent plant placed downwards.

The largest produce will generally be obtained from varieties of rather early habits, and rather low stature, there being in very tall plants much time necessarily lost in carrying the nutriment, which has been absorbed from the soil, up into the leaves and down again, in the state of living sap, to the tuber.

Varieties which have strong stems and erect form, are to be preferred, because such are least subject to fall upon, and shade the foliage of each other.

It is much more advantageous to incorporate the manure with the soil by means of the spade or plough, than to put it in with the sets; for in the latter case, a large majority of the roots, during the summer and autumn, do not derive advantage from it.

Early planting is, under almost all circumstances, best; and the period, except for some very peculiar varieties, should never be later than the middle of the month of April.

I possess, though at present in small quantities necessarily, many new varieties, which promise to prove valuable both on account of the quantity and quality of their produce, and I shall be happy as soon as I have the power, to make them useful to the public. I obtained, in the last year, from some of these under culture with the plough, (the soil being shallow, and naturally poor, and manure not having been given, in more than ordinary quantity) a produce equivalent to more than 650 bushels of potatoes, of first rate excellence per acre, and a good deal larger produce from others of inferior quality, but I have not any reason to believe that I possess any variety which, either in quality for immediate human food, or in quantity for affording food to the inferior animals, has reached, or ever approximated the greatest state of excellence which the potatoe is capable of acquiring.—British Farmer's Magazine.

A correspondent of the "Gardener's Magazine," writing upon the above question, recommends that potatoes should be planted whole; and adds,—"As a testimony, I will state an experiment of mine in 1828. I planted four plants, containing two eyes to each; four, the crowns containing, perhaps, five or six eyes each; four small whole potatoes (what are here termed chats); four large whole ones, or what are termed ware potatoes. Now, for the weight of the produce of each kind: the produce of the first four roots weighed 8lbs.; that of the second four, 11lbs.; that of the

third four, 15lbs.; that of the fourth four, 16lbs. I think this will make clear to any one, that the reverse of what is generally followed ought to be practised, namely, to plant crowns, or whole potatoes, in lieu of a plant with two eyes. This is even the second trial I have made, and found it the same; but I was not so particular in the first experiment as in the second, having determined by my eye, the difference was so obvious. I think this of the greatest importance to the agriculturist. If it hold good for an acre, what a difference in the produce! The object of a little extra seed bears no comparison to the extra produce; and besides, the labour of cutting is saved.

CHAPTER AND VERSES.—Certain that the article on our third page on "The perversion of Scripture" would commend itself to the good sense of every sober-minded and intelligent individual, we have inserted it in our columns. On one topic introduced in the piece it may be necessary to add a few observations. The design with which the present divisions in the English Bible were first used, was very different from that to which they have been applied. The chapters were first introduced into the Bible about the middle of the 13th century, and the verses about the middle of the 16th. Their history is this:—Cardinal Huse about the middle of the 13th century having projected a concordance for the Latin Bible, for the purpose of reference divided the whole into heads or chapters, without any regard to the sense, and then subdivided these portions into equal parts, to which he attached in the margin the letters A, B, C, etc. The chapters now continue throughout, exactly as he made them. The verses in the New Testament were invented by Robert Stephens. He made them while on a journey; but placed them in the margin, intending them only for reference. Their utility for this purpose, soon gained them a general reception. The translators of the English Bible unwarily gave a new appearance and authority to these divisions. In that published at Geneva, A. D. 1557, by the exiles in the reign of Mary, not only the chapters, as formerly, were separated, but the verses also. This unwise alteration soon became general. (See *Nourse's Paragraph Bible*). Admitting the correctness of this account, chapters and verses were adopted solely for the purpose of reference and yet owing to the modern mode of printing the verses separate, they have produced the very common but erroneous impression, that the Bible is rather a collection of apothegms, or disconnected sentences, than composed of regular histories and treatises of religion, which have their separate topics and connexions. It has induced myriads to read chapter by chapter, and then it is laid aside. Nay, so far has the *verse-mania* extended that we sometimes see systems of divinity built upon scraps of scripture, and doctrines founded upon verses. We are glad to find the Religious Tract Society of Great Britain has published a cheap edition of the Bible without these injurious partitions of chapters and verses, and we recommend to all our readers to procure a copy of it as early as possible.

We were obligingly favoured this forenoon with a Newfoundland Paper, the *Public Ledger*, of the 14th inst. It is filled with details of extraordinary proceedings of the House of Assembly of that Colony, of which, however, it is only in our power to give an outline.—*Gazette*.

On Monday, the 6th inst. Dr. Keilley, the Surgeon of the Public Hospital at St. John's, was standing near his house, alongside Mr. Kent, a Member of the Assembly, when he was applied to by a poor man for a ticket of admission into the Hospital, not on account of any bodily infirmity, but for want of proper sustenance—he referred him to Mr. Kent for relief—as exhibiting "one of those cases to meet which, perhaps, some Legislative enactment might be desirable." Mr. Kent then made reflections upon the dietry of the Hospital, and called the Doctor a cormorant, and robber of the poor, who retorted, and put his fist near Mr. Kent's face.

Mr. Kent proceeded at once to the House of Assembly—made a formal complaint of a breach of privileges of the House, and the Serjeant-at-Arms was ordered to arrest Dr. Keilley—he was soon taken in custody, but tendering bail, was released until the following day.

On Tuesday the House met, examined witnesses, declared Dr. Keilley had been guilty of a breach of the privileges of the Assembly, and called upon him to apologise: the form of the apology was read to him, but "he declared that to make the apology required would be contrary to his feelings, and to his own sense of honour." He was then committed to the custody of the Sheriff, and lodged in the common gaol.

On Friday Dr. Keilley appeared before the Hon. Judge Lilly, under a writ of Habeas Corpus, when his discharge was moved for by Bryan Robinson, Esq.

"The Judge, without entering upon the question of the authority of the House of Assembly to commit for the alleged contempt, upon which point he would give his judgment on an early day, ruled that the commitment was deficient in those essentials necessary to constitute it legal, and therefore discharged the Prisoner.

"On the following day the House of Assembly met, and the

Speaker, on motion, proceeded to issue warrants against Dr. Keilley—the High Sheriff who liberated him in obedience to the mandate of the Judge—and finally against the Judge himself! whereupon the Serjeant-at-Arms, with several others, repaired to the Judges' Chambers, where they found Judge Lilly, engaged with two of the barristers of the Court, when they laid violent hands upon the Judge, forcibly pulled him from the room, and Walsh, the door-keeper of the Assembly, seizing by the collar, dragged him in the most brutal and savage manner from the top of the stairs to the bottom, and thence through the lobby into the Speaker's room!! They then proceeded to the office of the Sheriff, and placed that officer under arrest, and both prisoners were paraded through the streets, amidst a mob of people, and taken out to the residence of the Serjeant-at-arms, in whose custody they remained. Such was the savage violence with which the fellow Walsh conducted himself, that the Judge's hand was much hurt in the attempt to save himself from being thrown headlong over the stairs.

"Dr. Keilley was fortunate enough to find shelter in the house of a friend, and succeeded therefore in escaping the new indignity intended for him."

On Monday the 13th at 2 o'clock, His Excellency the Governor, attended by his Suite, proceeded to the Legislative Council Chamber and prorogued the Assembly with the following Speech:—

"Mr. President, and Honorable Gentlemen of the Council.

"Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

"It having been represented to me that an Assistant Judge in the Supreme Court has been arrested by order of the House of Assembly in consequence of a decision made by him in his Judicial capacity; and that the Sheriff has also been arrested for having obeyed a mandate of his superior, the said Judge, founded upon that decision, I feel compelled to have recourse to prorogation for the purpose of putting a stop to proceedings which independently of any question as to their legality seem wholly unsuited to the character and condition of the Colony, and calculated to subvert that respect which is due and which is highly expedient that all classes of society should render, to the administrators of the Law in the exercise of their functions.

"Some inconvenience must result from the present measure, but to this it behoves us to submit for the avoidance of greater evil; and I trust that a short recess, by affording opportunity for reflection, may have the effect of producing calmer councils for the future."

It was then announced that the Legislature was prorogued until Monday next, the 20th instant.

The Prisoners were of course released.

Melancholy Accident.—The son of Mr. Henry A. Pnyzant of this town, whilst in swimming with a number of boys, unfortunately waded beyond his height, and before assistance could be obtained, was drowned. He was a very promising boy, ten years old, and an only son.—*Liverpool, N. S.*

Pictou, Aug. 21.—*The Coal Trade*—The shipping employed in this trade, at our port, may be estimated from the facts that though there are 250 chaldrons of coal shipped daily, the demand at present considerably exceeds the supply. There are now we are informed, upwards of 10,000 tons of shipping at the loading ground. Considerable delay has been occasioned in consequence of the fire which occurred in two of the old pits last summer, to quench which the river had to be introduced. It has not yet been wholly pumped out; but as soon as that can be effected, and the Rail Road extended to the loading ground, vessels will not be subject to an hour's delay under ordinary circumstances.

LUNENBURG, Aug. 9.—The Crops in this quarter wear a promising appearance. The hay has already been safely housed in considerable quantities, and it is expected that the whole will far exceed the average of former years. The grain looks well, and so do the potatoes where the seed has not failed; but notwithstanding these partial failures we trust the general returns will be abundant. Let our thankfulness to the Almighty Ruler of the skies keep pace with his loving kindness to us his undeserving people.—*Colonial Churchman*.

PASSENGERS. In the Acadian, Rev. Dr. Twining, Miss Twining, Rev. Mr. Miller, Rev. Mr. White, Miss Shannon, Capt. Brockman and Lieut. Dering, 85th Regt. and P. Cunningham, Esqr. In the Medea, (steam ship) from Quebec, Sir Colin Campbell, Miss Campbell, Sir Edward Baker, and J. Leander Starr, Esq.

MARRIED,

In St. Paul's Church on Sunday evening last by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Henry Found, to Miss Phoebe Wier, fourth daughter of the late Ben. Wier of Newport, N. S.

At Christ's Church, Guysborough, on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Charles J. Shreeve, Rector, Mr. Styles Hart, Merchant, to Emeline R., only daughter of the late Captain James Marshall, of Guysborough.

Last evening, by the Rev William Cogswell, W. Tremain, Esqr. of Montreal, to Anna Kearney, daughter of Richard Tremain, Esqr. of this place.

DIED,

On Sunday morning, in her 39th year, Mrs. Joanna Heffernan, after a long and severe illness, which she bore with the most pious resignation to the Divine will.

On the 20th inst. after a short illness, aged 4 years, Sarah Ann, third daughter of Mr. James Knoodle.

On the 16th inst. Simeon Smith, infant son of Mr. John H. Doane

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Friday August 24th—Schrs Two Sons, Barrington, and Favorite Pubnico—dry fish; Amethyst, Hilton, Yarmouth—dry fish and lumber; Hero, Nickerson, Labrador, 14 days, bound to Liverpool, N. S.; full fare of fish; brig Transit, Darvell, Ponce 20, and Turks Island, 15 days—sugar, to J. & M. Tobin; schr Brothers, Labrador, fish, bound to Lunenburg; brig Louisa, Abell, Kingston, 24 days—ballast, to Fairbanks and Allison.

Saturday, 25th—Schrs Providence, Port. Modway—lumber, etc.; Dee, Munro, Labrador, fish, bound to Shelburne; Mailboat Margaret, Boole, Boston, 4 days; brig Mary, Mosher, Lunenburg—fish and lumber, bound to West Indies.

Sunday, 26th—Schr Dove, Peuce, Labrador, fish, etc. sailed for Liverpool, N.S.; anchored below, Am. schr —, from Labrador, 12 days—sailed same day; schr Rifleman, Hancock, Montserrat, 20 days—rum and molasses to the master,—saw on the passage out, 11th ult. lat. 22 30, long. 54, a schr supposed to be the Trial, hence, for Demerara.

Monday, 27th—Schrs Dolphin, Prospect,—fish; Wm. Henry, and Enterprise, Barrington, dry fish; Stranger, Prospect, dry and pickled fish; James Clark, Beck, St. John, N. B. 6 days—limestone and cocoa, to the master; Gov. schr Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 3 days—materials and rigging of barque Granville; Rival Packet, Anderson, Liverpool, N. S. two days; Waterlily, McDonald, Barbadoes, 22 days and St. Thomas 18—to Fairbanks & McNab, 51 days on the voyage; Margaret Ann, Currie, trading voyage, dry fish to J. Isles and I. Wills, barque, Europe Davy, Cadiz, 47 days—salt, to McNab, Cochran & Co; brig Symmetry, Allan, Charleston, S. C. 15 days—timber to A. Murison.

Tuesday, 28th—Am. Packet brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 50 hours, rice, naval stores, etc. to D. & E. Starr and co. Fairbanks & Allison, and others;—left schr Ellen, Burke, hence, arrived on 24th; packet schr Industry, Simpson, Boston, 3 days—naval stores, fruit, etc. to W. J. Long and others; brig William IV, Whidden, Kingston, Jam. 32 days—rum to J. Allison & Co. schr Speedy Packet, La Broton, Ponce, P. R. 18 days, sugar, to Creighton & Grassie and T. C. Kinnear;—brig Eliza sailed same day for St. John, N.B. spoke 20th inst. lat. 34 20, long 66, brig. London Packet, Harvey, hence for Jamaica, out 6 days;—left schr Trial, Williams, from Demerara and St. Thomas; on the passage hence to Demerara was boarded by a Shaver, which took from them a cask of water, etc; left at Demerara about 3d inst. brig Kate, Here, to sail in 10 days for Porto Rico. Schr. Gracious, Pictou, beef and coke; Star, Kelly, Magdalen Isles, 9 days—dry fish, etc. to D. & E. Starr & co.; Maria La Pique, Butnie, Gaspé, 6 days, dry fish to Creighton & Grassie, the Emily sailed the same day; the ship Victoria, of St. John, N. B. from Ireland bound to Quebec, ran ashore at Mall Bay, Gaspé, on the night of the 19th inst; Eagle, Wilson, Gaspé, 8 days, dry fish to Fairbanks & Allison; Isabell, Barto, St. Andrews, 6 days, lumber, etc. to the Master, the ship Joseph Porter, from hence, arrived on the 22d inst. in 4 days.

Wednesday, 29th—schr Flower, Nickerson, Bay Chaleur, 6 days—fish, bound to Cape Negro; Endeavour and Queen Adelaide, Canso fish.

Thursday, 30th—H.M. Steamer Medea, Capt. Nott, Quebec, 4 days; schr Carleton Packet, Landry, Montreal, 21 days, flour etc. to A. Murison, and M.B. Almon; William Cullerton, Labrador,—fish; Brothers, Bridgeport,—coal; Lively, Arichat—fish; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg; Mary, Morning Star, Bridgeport,—coal; schr Barbara, Gerrior, Sydney, coal, bound to Boston. Anchored near the Beach, schr Corsair, of Lunenburg.

Friday, 31st—schr Emily, Crowell, Gaspé, 6 days, fish, to Fairbanks & Allison; Trial, St. Mary's, salmon, oil, etc; Esperance, Nancy, Mary Ann, and Margaret, coal.

CLEARED,

25th—Schr. Jane, Wilson, Burin, N. F.—flour, etc. by G. P. Lawson; Will Watch, Cook, St. John, N. B.—sugar, etc. by W. M. Allan, M. B. Almon and others; Olive Branch, Buche, Fogo, N. F.—molasses, etc. by P. Furlong; brig Lady Chapman, Gilbert, Demerara—fish, by J. & M. Tobin; schr Mermaid, Caffery, St. George's Bay, N. F.—salt, by the master; Waterloo, Eisau, Richibucto—assorted cargo by Salsus and Wainwright; Victory, Banks, N. F.—assorted cargo, by S. Binney. 26. Collector, Phenlan, Boston. 27th—schr Favourite, Helm, St. Andrews, cordage, by T & L Piers; Breeze, Johnson, Gaspé, ballast. 28th—Maid of Erin, Kirkpatrick, B. W. Indies, fish, by J. M. Tobin. 29th—Margaret, Furlong, Burin, rum, etc. by the master.

MEMORANDA.

Quebec, 23d inst ar'd schrs Gaspé Packet, and True Friends, hence. Pictou, 25th inst ar'd brig Georgiana, Graham, hence. Montreal, 23d inst cleared, schr Albion, Belfountain, Halifax.

Arrived at Liverpool, Aug. 20th—brig Mermaid, Burnaby, Antigua, 24 days—to I. Campbell; brig. Caroline, Freeman, Antigua, 25 days, to F. Hay; schr Fly, McKenzie, Labrador, fish to T. Frith, Hannah, do. do. to L. S. Darron; Mary Collins do. do. to S. Collins.

Cleared, 21st, brig Dee, Rees, B. W. Indies, lumber, by I. S. Darron; 25th, brig Acadian, Mylie, Demerara, lumber, by I. and J. Barss. Liverpool, Aug. 25th—An Am. schr. laden with coals struck on a reef to the westward of this harbour, on the evening of the 15th inst—vessel total wreck. The schr's materials and cargo have since been sold.

THE GARNER.

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE ON HEALTH AND LIFE.—We should be apt to think beforehand that an institution ordained by God himself, and as old almost as the creation, must be conducive to health and longevity. It would be strange if it were not so. Besides, it is more blessed to give than to receive; and it were reasonable to expect that matrimony, by compelling us, as it were, to make the communication of happiness to our fellow creatures a prominent object, would also prolong and promote life, and health and happiness.

The public mind is, however, to some extent, misled on this subject. The advocates for celibacy have long upheld a contrary doctrine, and have insisted, with much appearance of reason on their side, that the lives of both sexes were shortened by matrimony. In these circumstances we were not sorry to see in the *London Lancet* for January last, a series of calculations on this subject of the highest interest and of the utmost importance. These calculations are based upon three exact documents, made in different countries, and at different periods, and which prove, in the most convincing manner, that notwithstanding the mysterious curse, originally pronounced against the fairer and frailer part of creation, still weighs very heavily upon it, yet, on the whole, marriage contributes very remarkably to lengthen the duration of human life.

The first document is that of Odier, whose observations on the mean duration of life in females, were made during the years 1761 to 1813, inclusive. From his table it appears that the difference of life between married and unmarried females, is on an average, (calculating marriages to take place at five different periods between the ages of 20 and 40,) five years; or, to place the fact in a stronger light, a young woman at 20, by marrying, adds nine years and a half to the probable duration of her life; a woman at 40 adds two and a sixth years.

Departieux's tables relate to both sexes, and comprise a total of 48,540 deaths, from 1715 to 1744. From these it appears that the number of married men who die after the age of 20 is nearly *one half* less than the number of bachelors who die at the same period; and for 43 married men or widowers who attain the age of 90, we find only 6 unmarried men reaching the same age. The number of single women who die after the age of 20, is about four times greater than that of married females or widows dying after the same period, and 14 unmarried women only arrive at the age of 90, for every 112 married women or widows who attain that age.

These tables not only show a remarkable difference in the mortality of the two classes between the ages of 20 and 30, when other causes doubtless have much influence in producing the effect among the married, (such as their better worldly condition at that age, etc.,) but also at latter periods of life; for they show that taking 100 married and unmarried individuals, the number of those who live beyond the age of 45 is greater by 36.8 in the former class than in the latter.

The tables composed by Biches at Amsterdam, comprise a period of 12 years, from 1814 to 1826, and coincide in a remarkable manner with those already referred to—the only change in result being in the circumstance that the mortality of married women during the period at which they commonly become mothers is now less than it was a century ago.

The facts thus established, upon the authority of carefully taken records in France, Switzerland and Holland, confirm the fact that the fulfilment of a pleasing duty, not only human but divine, on the part of both sexes, is calculated to add many years to the duration of life.

A CONVENIENT GAOL.—Some time ago a person was incarcerated in a gaol, not above five miles from Paisley, for the want of the needful. A friend of his came from Glasgow to see him, and for that purpose called on the gaoler. The gaoler unlocked the outer door, and after having looked through several rooms without finding the prisoner, observed, 'I'm thinking he'll be away out to fishing to-day, but he aye come hame gin five o'clock, and ye'll be sure to get him then.'

CHANGE IN FORTUNE.—A singular instance of good fortune has just occurred to an intelligent and respectable mechanic of Nottingham, named John Leman, who after working in the stocking-frame for some years, and subsequently being engaged in the lace-making business, is now, in his 24th year, elected to a baronetage, by the style and title of Sir John Leman, Baronet of Northaw, in the county of Hartford. He succeeds to the title, and large estates attached to it, as the nearest heir-male of his cousin in the third degree.—*Derbyshire Courier*.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A gentleman the other day visiting a school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word 'inheritance' occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows: 'What is inheritance?' A. 'Patrimony.' 'What is Patrimony?' A. 'Something left by a father.' 'What would you call it if left by a mother?' A. 'Matrimony.'

A HINT TO THE WORKING CLASSES.—If a man of 22 years of age, begins to save a dollar a week, and puts it to interest every year, he would have, at 31 years of age, six hundred and fifty dollars; at 41, one thousand six hundred and eight-

ty; at 51, three thousand, six hundred and eighty; at 61, six thousand one hundred and fifty; and at 71, eleven thousand five hundred dollars. When we look at these sums, and when we think how much temptation and evil might be avoided in the very act of saving them, and how much good a man in humble circumstances might do for his family by these sums, we cannot help wondering that there are not more savers of \$1 a week.

CIGAR RACE.—This variety of sporting may be new to some of our readers, but not uncommon on the other side of the Atlantic. The conditions are, that the rider starts with a lighted cigar in his mouth, continues to smoke it during the race, and comes in with it lighted; much, of course, depends on the goodness of the cigar, but still more to the tact of the smoker. If he does not ride fast enough he loses the race that way; if he rides too fast the air may either blow it out, or cause it to burn so fiercely that it will be entirely consumed before he reaches the winning post. The fastest cigar race on record was ran in December last, in Kingston, Jamaica; mile heats. Time the first heat, two minutes ten seconds; the second heat, two minutes twelve seconds. Climate and other circumstances considered, it must, in every sense of the expression, have been a smoking race.—*English paper*.

The curious and important operation of transfusion of blood was recently performed with perfect success by Mr. John Wilson and Mr. Richard Ripley, of Whitby, on the person of Mrs. Hartley, who was rapidly sinking under violent hemorrhage. The pulse was gone, and not even by the application of a mirror to the mouth of the patient could it be perceived that she breathed; but by the injection into her veins of a large quantity of blood taken from those of her sister and husband, the patient was gradually withdrawn from the very jaws of death, and is now approaching convalescence.—*Sunderland Herald*.

Dr. Campbell, the author of the Survey of Great Britain, was so absent, that looking once into a pamphlet in a bookseller's shop, he liked it so well that he purchased it; and it was not till he had read it half through, that he discovered it to be his own composition. This anecdote of himself he told David Hume.

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution. To be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent—to be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

WRONG EMPHASIS.—A writer on English grammar gives the following example of wrong emphasis:—A clergyman on reading the 27th verse of the 18th chapter of 1st Kings, generally placed the *emphases* on the words denoted by italics—'And he spake to his sons, saying saddle me the ass. And they saddled HIM!'

GASEOUS STATE OF THE EARTH.—Though the mind, accustomed to philosophical inquiries, may find it difficult to comprehend the idea that this planet once existed in a gaseous state, this difficulty will vanish upon considering the changes the materials of which it is composed must constantly undergo. Water offers a familiar example of a substance existing on the surface of the globe, in the separate states of rock, fluid and vapor, for water consolidated into ice is as much a rock as granite or the adamant; and as we shall hereafter have occasion to remark, has the power of preserving for ages the animals and vegetables that may be therein embedded. Yet, upon an increase of temperature, the glaciers of the Alps, and the icy pinnacles of the arctic circles, disappear; and, by a degree of heat still higher, might be resolved into vapor; and by other agencies might be separated into two invisible gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Metals may, in like manner, be converted into gases; and in the laboratory of the chemist, all kinds of matter pass easily through every grade of transmutation, from the most dense and compact to an aeriform state. We cannot, therefore, refuse our assent to the conclusion, that the entire of our globe might be resolved into a permanently gaseous form, merely by the dissolution of the existing combinations of matter.—*Mantell's Wonders of Geology*.

A SEVERE REBUKE.—Perhaps no man could so severely inflict the castigation of reproof, as the Poet Burns. The following anecdote will illustrate this fact. One night at a tavern in Dumfries, the conversation turned on the death of a townsman, and the approaching funeral; one of the company not celebrated for the purity of his life, said to Burns, 'I wish you would lend me your coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair.' 'Having myself to attend the same funeral,' answered Burns, 'I am sorry I cannot lend you my sables; but I recommend a most excellent substitute—throw your character over your shoulders—that will be the blackest coat you ever wore in your life time.'

PERSEVERE.—If a seaman were to put about every time he encounters a head wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make head-way in the voyage of life. A sailor uses every wind to propel his vessel: so should the young man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark, that even adverse gales shall fill its belying canvass and send it forward upon its onward course.—*Philadelphia Sentinel*.

From the London New Monthly.

TAKE YOUR POLITICS HENCE.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY.

Take your politics hence! for one evening, at least,
Drive that demon of discord away from the feast;
To my party the men of all parties may come;
If they'll only just leave party feeling at home;
The speechless, in public, are ever, I see,
Little orator's Puffs in a snug coterie;
If you name your vile house, you will give me offence,
Oh! let my house be neutral—take politics hence,

These politics now are become quite a pest;
What a fuss ere we venture to ask a new guest;
"E. T. do you see, would be welcome to me,
But then do you think he'd chime in with J. G.?"
So the pleasantest men you must sort and divide,
When you find that their politics don't coincide,
If you name your vile house, you will give me offence,
Oh! let my house be neutral—take politics hence.

The ladies are now a political race!
And instead of soft whispers in private, they each
Wish to hear a young man's Parliamentary speech!
A reforming old Tory, you know may look big,
And I'll call myself a Conservative Whig;
And we'll tell the dear creatures to talk common sense;
For that my house is neutral—take politics hence.

TO MAKE GOOD BLACK INK.—Rasped logwood one ounce, nutgall three ounces, gum arabic, two ounces, sulphate of iron (green coppars) one ounce, rain water two quarts. Boil the water and the wood together until the liquid is reduced one half; then add the nutgalls coarsely bruised, and when nearly cold the sulphate of iron and gum; stir it frequently for a few days, then let it settle—then pour it off and cork it up close in a glass bottle!—*Pract. Farmer*.

An amusing story is told of a traveller, who encountered a remarkably scanty dinner at Cheltenham, for which he was charged enormously, when he threatened that the landlord should have cause to remember this extortion as long as he lived. Accordingly, wherever the gentleman wandered over the habitable globe, he invariably disguised his hand-writing and directed a double letter to the hotel. The contents were always one single sentence, 'I shall never forget that excellent dinner you gave me on the 28th of August.' The unfortunate landlord was at last nearly ruined, and even from China this pertinacious correspondent contrived to forward his usual epistle.

CLERICAL WIT.—The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberd. The officer granted his petition on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favor he asked; the favor was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy.

A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening; Mr. Morrison desired Major — to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison "I must proceed accordingly." Major —, said he asked no more. "Well then Major, I begin with the usual question, do you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. M. turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

As four young men were enjoying a sociable supper at the Hotel in Torcey, France, one evening last month, one of the party named Meurice took 20 francs from his pocket, and offered it in a joke to another, if he would take one of the table knives and cut his (Meurice's) throat. Pignot, the young man addressed, pretended to agree; but inadvertently applied the edge instead of the back of the knife, as he intended, with such effect, that the blood gushed violently from the throat of Meurice, and he fell senseless on the floor. Pignot was horror-struck at what he had done, and instantly applied the same knife, to his own throat, wounded himself severely, and would have killed himself but for the interference of his companions. A medical man was called in and dressed their wounds, which happily, were not mortal.

PUNCTUALITY.—Punctuality is important, as it gains time: it is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get half as much more as a bad one.—*Cecil*.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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

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