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BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ROBERT FULTON.

Robert Fulton, one of the most deservedly famous of modern engineers, was born in the town of Little Britain, state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His family, though respectable, was not opulent, and the patrimony which fell to him as the elder of two sons, on the death of the father in 1769, was very small. He received his early education in the town of Lancaster, and displayed, even from childhood, a strong taste for those pursuits in which he afterwards acquired celebrity. All the intervals of study, dedicated usually by boys to play, were spent by young Fulton in the workshops of mechanics, or in the employment of his pencil; and by the time he had reached the age of seventeen, he had become so skilful in drawing, as to obtain considerable emolument by painting portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia, in which city he remained until he came to his majority.

In 1786, Fulton went to his native district to visit his mother, and had the pleasure of purchasing for her, with his earnings at Philadelphia, a small farm, which greatly increased her comforts for the remainder of her life. Having effected this labour of love, he set out to re-establish himself at Philadelphia, but met some gentlemen by the way, who were so much struck with the productions of his pencil, as to advise him strongly to go to England, assuring him that there he would obtain the patronage of his countryman, Benjamin West, then in high favour as a painter with the British public. Fulton followed the counsel thus accidentally given to him. At the age of twenty-two he crossed the Atlantic, and presented himself before Mr. West, who received him with the utmost kindness, and installed him at once as an inmate of his own family. Here Fulton continued for several years, practising the art of painting under the eye of his friendly entertainer. Owing to the loss at sea, some years afterwards, of a number of his manuscripts, it is not accurately known for what reason the subject of our memoir gave up the profession of an artist for that of an engineer. It would appear that he went to Devonshire in the character of a painter, and spent two years there, during which time he became known to the Duke of Bridgewater, of canal celebrity, and to Lord Stanhope, a nobleman famed alike for eccentricity and mechanical genius. The formation of such acquaintances possibly led to the alteration in Fulton's views for the future. Whatever might be the cause, we find him, from the year 1793 downwards, devoting apparently his whole mind and time to improvements in the mechanic arts. In the year mentioned, he engaged actively in a project to improve inland navigation, and in May 1794 he obtained from the British government a patent for a double inclined plane, to be used in transporting canal boats from one level to another, without the aid of locks. In the same year he submitted to the British Society for the Promotion of Arts and Commerce, an improvement on mills for sawing marble, for which he received an honorary medal, and the thanks of the society. He also obtained patents for machines for spinning flax and for making ropes, and invented a mechanical contrivance for scooping out the earth, in certain situations, to form the channels for canals or aqueducts. To conclude the account of his labours at this period in England, he published, in 1796, his *Treatise on Canal Navigation*, to which he appended his name as a professed Civil Engineer. This work, it was admitted by all, contained many ingenious and original thoughts on the subject of which it treats.

Whether these fruits of his genius were productive of much emolument to Mr. Fulton, does not seem to be well ascertained. In the year following the publication of his treatise, he left England and went to Paris, where he took up his residence with a distinguished countryman of his own, Mr. Joel Barlow. The objects to which Fulton's mind chiefly directed itself, during his seven years' stay in France, were of a remarkable cast. Under the impression, that, while individual countries maintained standing navies, the seas could never be the scene of secure and peaceful commerce, "I turned (says he) my whole attention to find out the means of destroying such engines of oppression, by some method which would put it out of the power of any nation to maintain such a system, and would compel every government to adopt the simple principles of education, industry, and a free circulation of its produce." This explanation refers to his schemes for destroying ships of war, by passing explosive machines secretly beneath them. After several fruitless attempts to call the attention of the French and Dutch governments to his plans for this purpose, Fulton was at last successful in inducing Bonaparte, in the year 1801, to appoint a commission with the view of inquiring into the practicability of his designs. Having gone to Brest, accord-

ingly, Mr. Fulton there exhibited his machines. One of these was a plunging boat (called by him a Nautilus), made water-tight in part, and otherwise so constructed, that, with three companions, the inventor could remain in it for four or five hours at the depth of many feet below the surface of the water, and could there propel it from place to place with great ease, without a ripple being seen above. At the same time, the Nautilus could sail as readily above as beneath the water, its sails being struck when the plunge was made. The other machine was named by the inventor a Torpedo, and was merely a submarine bomb, which could be exploded in water. Mr. Fulton showed to the commission these engines in actual operation, by remaining for hours in the water, and shifting from place to place in the Nautilus, and by blowing a shallow to atoms with the Torpedo. He made it clear, that, with a little flotilla of these engines, a vast fleet, under favourable circumstances, could be blown in pieces into the air.

After these experiments were made, an opportunity was sought of trying their effect on some of the British vessels then hovering around the French coasts. No proper chance, however, presented itself, and the French government became tired of the matter. At this juncture, the British ministry, who heard with some alarm of Mr. Fulton's projects, made proposals to him to give his services to Britain. Sincere in his belief, that, wherever put in force, his inventions would ere long bring to an end the war-system of Europe, Mr. Fulton conceived himself at liberty to accept of the invitation from the British government. He went to London in May 1804, but his journey was productive only of disappointment. In the single opportunity afforded to him of trying his machines on French vessels, they failed of success. The British ministry also changed members, and in 1806 Mr. Fulton sailed for America. It is impossible to regret, for his own sake, that such was the issue of these schemes of destruction, though, at the same time, we are firmly of opinion that his motives were pure, and that his anticipations would have been ultimately fulfilled. This notice of Fulton's explosive inventions may be closed, by mentioning, that he endeavoured afterwards, to apply the same engines to the defence of his native country, but did not succeed in extracting from them any practical benefit.

We have now to notice the great achievement of Fulton's life. For many years previous to this period, his attention had been turned to the subject of navigation by steam, as is distinctly proved by the following passage of a letter to him from Lord Stanhope, of date October 7, 1793:—"Sir, I have received yours of the 30th September, in which you propose to communicate to me the principles of an invention, which you say you have discovered respecting the moving of ships by means of steam. I shall be glad to receive, etc." But although this letter shows Fulton to have formed plans for steam navigation much earlier than many persons had done, who afterwards sought to wrest from him the merit which was his due, the application of steam to the propulsion of vessels on water had been suggested long before, by Jonathan Hulls, in a little work published at London in 1737. Though this person's description of the machine invented by him is amazingly clear, and though he took out a patent for it, the attention of the world does not appear to have been arrested to the subject. The idea dropped aside for more than fifty years. About 1785, Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire (a gentleman who had made a fortune by banking, and bought that estate), made experiments with a double vessel driven by paddle-wheels. The tutor of his children, James Taylor, a native of Lead-hills, in Lanarkshire, and a man of much mechanic ingenuity, suggested the application of the steam-engine to Mr. Miller's paddled vessel; and the consequence was, the preparation of a vessel, having a small steam-engine on the deck, which was launched on Dalswinton Lake in October 1788—the first vessel of the kind, there is every reason to believe, ever put into operation in the world. A clever mechanic named Symington, an early friend of Taylor, was the person to whom the fitting up of this vessel was entrusted. Afterwards, at the expense of Mr. Miller, and under the superintendence of Mr. Taylor, Mr. Symington made another vessel, which was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal, in December 1789, with such complete success, that, but for the injury done to the banks, it in all probability would never have been taken off. The disgust of Mr. Miller with the expense of this experiment was the means of withdrawing him and Taylor from the pursuit of an interesting object, which was then followed up for some years by Symington alone. It has always been asserted that Mr. Fulton, when on a visit to Scotland, saw and examined a boat made by Symington, which was lying in a dismantled state on the banks of the Forth and Clyde Canal. However this may be, it is certain that the first decisive experiments of the same nature, made by Fulton himself,

did not take place until the year 1803, when he was resident in Paris. In the intervals which his Torpedo schemes at that time allowed to him, he prosecuted ardently the subject of steam navigation, in concert with the American ambassador, Mr. R. Livingstone. In July, of the year mentioned, their first experiment boat, which was sixty-six feet long by eight feet wide, and was driven by wheels, was launched on the Seine, in presence of the members of the French Institute, and a great concourse of spectators. The boat moved slowly, but in other respects the experiment was perfectly satisfactory, and Messrs. Fulton and Livingstone resolved to carry the same principles into practical operation, as soon as they met in their native country.

Fulton went to England, as has been related, and did not reach America till the year 1806. Previously to that time, Mr. Livingstone had got an act passed by the legislature of New York, granting to himself and Mr. Fulton the exclusive privilege of steam navigation in all the waters of the state, for the term of twenty years. Though they passed this statute, the senators of New York actually regarded it as a mere delusion, and made it a standing jest for more than one session. Similar feelings of scorn and derision pervaded the minds of the American public at large. Notwithstanding this, Fulton, immediately on his arrival in New York, began the construction of his steamboat. The expense proved to be great, and he was compelled to offer a share of the prospective advantages to some of his friends, with the view of getting pecuniary aid in the mean time. No man would accept his offers. "My friends (as he himself relates) were civil, but shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet.

Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand.

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull but endless repetition of 'the Fulton Folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path."

In spite of this painful discouragement, the boat was completed in August 1807. To continue his own affecting language, "The day arrived when the experiment was to be made (on the Hudson river). To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted some friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made, and many parts were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself on a platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, and discovered that a slight maladjustment was the cause. It was obviated. The boat went on; we left New York; we passed through the highlands; we reached Albany! Yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value." Well may Mr. N. P. Willis, in quoting this letter of his distinguished countryman, exclaim, "What an affecting picture of the struggles of a great mind, and what a vivid lesson of encouragement to genius, is contained in this simple narration!"

Other descriptions of the first voyage of the Clermont, as the steam-boat was named, are scarcely less interesting than the builder's own. Pine-wood was the fuel used, and the ignited vapour

from this substance rose many feet above the flue, sending off an occasional galaxy of sparks to a great height, so that those who saw the boat returning at night, at the rate of five miles an hour, could only conceive her to be a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke. It was even said that the crews of the ordinary vessels on the river hid themselves under decks, and fell to their prayers. But the good people on the Hudson ere long became familiar with the spectacle, for the Clermont soon began to travel regularly, as a passage-boat, between Albany and New York.

Thus for the first time, most certainly, was steam navigation made effectually conducive to the common purposes of life, by the genius and perseverance of Robert Fulton. He soon afterwards took out a patent for his inventions in navigation by steam, but all his exertions could not save him from the encroachments of others on his rights. A series of vexatious lawsuits was the consequence, by which his life was long embittered, and his fortune impaired. In 1811, Fulton built two steamers, as ferry-boats for crossing the Hudson. It was in the succeeding year that the example he had set was followed by Mr Bell of Helensburgh, who launched a steam-vessel on the Clyde, the first used for the service of the public in the old hemisphere. Various steam-boats were about the same period built under the directions of Fulton, for the navigation of the Ohio, Mississippi, and other waters of the United States. He also gave his valuable assistance to the construction of the Erie canal and other public works. When war was declared between Great Britain and the United States, in 1814, Mr. Fulton again directed his attention to the subject of Torpedoes, submarine guns, and other instruments of the kind, but none of his schemes were ever brought into practice. He erected, however, a steam ship of war (named Fulton the First), of such size that several thousand men might parade on her deck, and capable of throwing an immense quantity of red-hot shot from her numerous port-holes. But when the engineer of this magnificent structure had nearly seen it completed, he was removed from his country and friends. Having exposed himself too long on the deck of his steam-frigate, in bad weather, he was seized with a severe pulmonary affection, and died on the 24th of February 1815.

In person, Mr. Fulton was tall and well proportioned. He was a man as excellent in his private as in his public character, being generous, affectionate, and humane. To him, rating his deeds even as low as his worst detractors would make them, the human race owes much. The waters of half the world are now covered with models of that splendid machine, which, thirty years ago, he set afloat on the waves of the Hudson; and the journey between the Old and New Worlds is, by the same means, made now a pleasure-trip of a few summer days.—*Chambers's Journal*.

ADVENTURE IN A STEAM BOAT.

Having been frequently invited by a maternal uncle, who had removed in early life from Lancashire, to a village on the western coast of Argyleshire, to pay him a visit, I, at last, got matters so far settled as to have a few months at my own disposal, which I thought could not be turned to better account than in paying my respects to my worthy relation.

As I set out with the intention of exploring as much as possible of the romantic scenery amidst which my uncle had located himself, I embarked at Blackwall on board the "*Duchess of Sutherland*" steam-boat for Inverness, intending to cross from thence to Skye, and some others of the Western Isles.

My present object is simply to narrate an adventure which occurred to me during my northern trip; I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe the magnificent scenery of the Western Highlands. After spending a few days admiring the wild grandeur of the island of Skye, I left Jean Town by the "*Maid of Morven*" steamer, for Oban, a beautiful little village on the main land, near which my uncle resided. The morning was delightfully still and calm; but the valleys and lowland near the coast were shrouded in a thick veil of mist, while, probably, the sun shone in all its splendour on the towering peak of Ben-Storr, covered with eternal snow. There is some thing awfully grand in standing, as I have often done, on the summit of a lofty mountain in the brilliant sunshine of a summer morning, and hearing the busy hum of life ascend from the dark sea of mist spread out underneath.

As we advanced on our voyage, the mist still continued to cover the "face of the waters" so thick that, in spite of all our precautions, we ran foul of a large brig lying at anchor in the Sound of Mull. All was now confusion on board, nor could the extent of our damage be ascertained, till something like order had been restored. It was then discovered that our main-mast and larboard quarter-bulwark had been carried away, and the funnel knocked down, by which one unfortunate fellow was killed, and several others were more or less injured.

After remaining more than two hours in this helpless condition, we got matters so far righted as to be able to continue our voyage.

The impenetrable curtain of mist that had hitherto veiled surrounding objects from our view, was suddenly withdrawn, as if by the hand of an enchanter, and the bold outlines of the wild

scenery of the island of Mull, on the one hand, and that of the rocky coast of the "windy Marven" on the other, were reflected on the glassy surface of the water, undisturbed by a single ripple, except in the wake of our disabled ship. As we neared Aros, a small boat was descried making towards us, evidently bringing an accession of passengers, and on its nearer approach, we observed it contained, besides the rowers, a lady and gentleman—the latter dressed in the Highland costume. The boat being secured alongside, the lady was handed on board by her companion, who, however, immediately quitted her, and hurrying down the side, as if wishing to escape observation, was rowed off in his little skiff, which soon diminished to a small dark speck in the distant horizon.

Our fair fellow-passenger was a beautiful young girl of about eighteen years of age,—diminutive in figure—a lover would say *fairy-like*—but a perfect model of symmetry—a complexion of the most delicate hue, shaded by a profusion of dark glossy ringlets, and a pair of such bewitching eyes!—so dark and expressive, but so exquisitely soft! Her whole attention, since her arrival on board, had been directed towards the skiff, which evidently bore away a loved object—a brother, perhaps,—no—he must have been a lover; the expression of that "last, long, lingering look," directed to the tiny bark, too clearly indicated the state of her feelings—she had been separated for a time, by circumstances over which she had no control, from him who first whispered into her ear the soft voice of love—who had first taught her young and guileless heart to beat with feelings of emotion in his presence, or even at the sound of his name, and with whom she hoped to be united on some future day, by the most sacred and endearing ties. Observing that the part of the vessel she occupied, probably for the sake of avoiding observation, was that which was left unprotected by the removal of the bulwark, I was proceeding to disturb her reveries, with the view of warning her of the danger to which she was exposed; but just as I was in the act of addressing her, she suddenly turned round, and perceiving her perilous situation, lost her presence of mind, and fell overboard. My first impulse was to plunge in after her; but recollecting that I was but an indifferent swimmer, I threw over a long bench which had been detached from its place by the collision with the brig, and immediately followed it. All this was the work of a few seconds. On emerging from the "vasty deep" after the first plunge, I perceived my fair companion struggling in the water at no great distance. Animated by that superhuman strength with which the prospect of saving a fellow-being's life sometimes inspires one, I struck out, encumbered with clothing that at another time would have sunk me, with apparent ease, and succeeded in reaching the drowning girl, just as the "world of waters" was closing over her. After much difficulty I gained the floating bench, where I was able to sustain my fair charge in comparative safety, until we were picked up by the boat sent from the vessel to our assistance.

Every means which the limited accommodation of our ship could afford, or kindness suggest, was used to restore the "vital spark" which had been so rudely assailed in its frail tenement. Our efforts were at last successful; in the course of two hours she had sufficiently recovered to thank me in the warmest terms for the life I had saved, and begged to know the name and address of one to whom she owed a debt of eternal gratitude. I presented her with my card, bearing as I afterwards found, my name only. In a few minutes our vessel was alongside the quay of Oban, and leaving it to continue its voyage to the south, I hastened to the nearest inn to disencumber myself of my wet garments.

One evening, about six months after the events related above, I went to the Haymarket theatre, to see that talented writer and actor, Sheridan Knowles, perform in one of his own popular plays. After the performance was over, I was making the best of my way through the crowd in the lobby, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a tall military-looking personage dressed in the Highland garb. As I was admiring the fine proportions of his tall, manly figure, which his Celtic habiliments set off to the best advantage, I heard a person near me utter some scurrilous national reflections, which were evidently intended for the ear of the Highlander. The words had hardly escaped his lips, when the athletic mountaineer, suddenly turning round, aimed a blow at my head, under the impression that the offensive epithet had been uttered by me. Seeing his brawny arm sweep towards me like the wing of a windmill, I had barely time to "duck," and my hat flew to the other side of the lobby. I could not but acquiesce in the justice of the summary vengeance which his offended nationality prompted him to take, however I might deprecate his selection of myself as the object of it, and therefore began to remonstrate calmly with him; but he was in a towering passion—gave me the *lie*, and, handing me his card, exclaimed, "If you are a gentleman, you shall give or receive satisfaction according to circumstances." I had no alternative but to except the proffered card, which I accordingly did, and, giving him mine in return, we parted.

On reflecting on what had passed, I could not help cursing the folly, to say the least of it, of those hot-headed mountaineers, in wearing their national dress in a place where it is so likely to

draw forth remarks which their irascible tempers can so ill brook. I believe I was led into this train of thought by the very agreeable prospect of being perhaps shot through the head, before my adversary could be convinced of his mistake, merely because a blackguard followed the instinct of his nature in uttering abusive language. Before I was up next morning, I heard a loud voice on the stairs, asking my servant whether his master was up, and presently a violent knocking at the door of my bedchamber. I hastily arose, and on opening the door, was not a little startled to see my tall friend of the preceding evening standing before me. Doubtful of his intentions, I at first held the door partly open; but his good-humoured smile, and the friendly offer of his hand, soon banished all fear of violence. "Mr. B—," cried the impetuous Celt, "I beg your pardon—not for striking you;—because I then thought you had insulted me—but for doubting your word when you calmly remonstrated with me. From what I have since learnt of you, I believe you incapable of uttering ungentlemanly language, or falsehood;—and now, if you accept my apology, I have a favour to ask—come to breakfast with me; I will introduce you to an old acquaintance of yours. Ask no questions, but say you'll come." I at once accepted the apology and the invitation, and dressing myself, walked away with my new friend, glad to find that my anticipations of a hostile meeting had not been realized. After half an hour's walk we arrived at—square, where my conductor informed me he was quartered at present. The door was opened by a servant in livery, and we were ushered into a handsomely-furnished apartment, where the first object that met my wondering eyes was my fair steam-boat-companion—the beautiful girl I had been the means of saving from the "watery element" during my excursion in the Highlands.

It appeared that she had been married about three months before, to her cousin, Lieutenant Roderick McLean, of the— Regiment—the same who accompanied her on board the steam-boat, and to whose acquaintance I had been introduced in such an unpleasant manner on the previous night.

His wife with whose aunt they were at present residing, had accidentally seen my card, and recognizing it, eagerly asked her husband how he came by it. He at first thought, from her anxious look, that she had discovered his quarrel at the theatre; but she soon convinced him of his error, by producing another card—the counterpart of the one in his possession, except the address. This was enough—he had often heard the adventure of the steam-boat, and longed to thank the preserver of his dear Emily; but from the unfortunate omission of my address, all his efforts to trace me had failed, till chance threw me in his way.

M.

MEN AND MANNERS.

THE CHANCELLOR AND THE SHARPERS.—One rainy afternoon, Lord Northington, then chancellor, plainly dressed, walking up Parliament-street, picked up a handsome ring, which, according to custom, in past, and I believe, in present times, says Reynolds, in his memoirs, was immediately claimed by a gentleman ring-dropper; who, receiving his lost treasure, appeared so joyful and grateful that he insisted on the unknown finder accompanying him to an adjoining coffee-house, to crack a bottle at his expense. Being in the humour for a joke, Lord Northington acceded, and followed him to the coffee-house, where they were shown into a private room, and over the bottle for a time discussed indifferent topics. At length they were joined by certain confederates; and then, hazard being proposed, the chancellor heard one whisper to another, "He is not worth the trouble—pick the old flat's pocket at once." On this, the Lord Chancellor discovered himself, and told them, if they would frankly confess why they were induced to suppose him so enormous a flat, he would probably forget their present misdemeanour. Instantly, with all due respect, they replied, "We beg your lordship's pardon; but whenever we see a gentleman in *white* stockings on a *dirty* day, we consider him a capital pigeon, and pluck his feathers, as we hoped to have plucked your lordship's."

FRAUD DETECTED.—Christopher Rosenkrands applied to the widow of Christian Juul for payment of a debt of five thousand dollars. The widow, conscious that her husband owed him nothing, refused; but Rosenkrands produced a bond, signed by her deceased husband and herself, which she declared to be a forgery.

A law-suit commenced, and judgment was given in favour of Rosenkrands; upon which the widow appealed to Christian IV., King of Denmark, solemnly assuring his majesty, that the bond in the possession of Rosenkrands had neither been written nor signed by her husband or by herself.

The king promised to investigate the matter with the closest attention, and ordered Rosenkrands to appear, whom he questioned and admonished, but without effect; Rosenkrands insolently pleaded his right to payment of the bond. The king then desired to see the instrument, which he viewed attentively, and told Rosenkrands it should be returned to him the next time he saw him.

Christian, in the meantime, continued to investigate the paper in question, and having minutely compared it, he at length found

that the paper-maker, whose stamp was on the paper, had established his manufactory at Fredericksborg, at a period long subsequent to the date of the bond.

The paper-maker was called, who fully satisfied the king, that he had never manufactured paper of that description when the bond was dated. This was indisputable evidence against Rosenkrands.

Still the king said nothing, but soon after summoned Rosenkrands before him, and represented to him that he ought to be compassionate to the widow, and consider that the wrath of Heaven would dreadfully visit him were he the cause of her sustaining so serious an injury. Rosenkrands continued inflexible, and even murmured; when the king granted him a few days to reconsider the business, but in vain. Rosenkrands was then apprehended, the fraud completely exposed, and the delinquent punished with exemplary severity.

THE HINDOO GLUTTON.—At a village, not above eighteen miles from Benares, where we halted for the day, we were visited by a gaunt, grim-looking Hindoo, of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, which he had acquired, as well as the admiration of his caste, by his capability of devouring a sheep at a single meal. He was a tall, bony person, somewhat past the prime of life, with a thin, wiry frame, and a countenance of the most imperturbable equanimity, though as ugly as a sheep-eater might be expected to be. He offered, for a few rupees, to devour an entire sheep, if we would pay for the animal as well as for the different accessories of the meal. There was something so extraordinary in the proposal, that we readily acquiesced. We accordingly prepared to witness this marvellous feat, by purchasing the largest sheep we could find, which weighed, when prepared for cooking, just thirty-two pounds. We purchased it for one rupee, or twenty-two pence.

All being now ready, the carnivorous Ladra commenced his extraordinary feast. Having cut off the sheep's head with a single blow of his sabre, and jointed the body in due form, he separated all the meat from the bones, the whole quantity to be devoured amounting to about twenty pounds. This meat he minced very fine, forming it into balls, about the size of a small fowl's egg, first mixing it with plenty of spice and curry-powder. As soon as the whole was prepared, he fried some of the balls over a fire, which he had previously kindled at the root of a tree, eating and frying till the whole were consumed. At intervals he washed down the meat with copious libations of ghee, which is sometimes so rancid as to be quite disgusting; and this happened to be the case now. After his prodigious meal, the performer was certainly less active than he had formerly been. His meagre body had acquired a considerable degree of rotundity, and although he declared that he felt not the slightest inconvenience, it was evident that he had taken as much as he could hold, and more than was agreeable. He acknowledged that he could not manage to eat a sheep more than twice in one week, and this was oftener than he should like to do it.—*Oriental Annual.*

LABOUR.—Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

MUSIC.—On the solace of music, nay more, of its influence upon melancholy, I need not look for evidence in the universal testimony of antiquity, nor remind such an audience of its recorded effect upon the gloomy distemper of the perverse mind of Saul. I myself have witnessed its power to mitigate the sadness of seclusion, in a case where my loyalty as a good subject, and my best feelings as a man, were more than usually interested in the restoration of my patient; and I also remember its salutary operation in the case of a gentleman in Yorkshire many years ago, who was stupified, and afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of all his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live—he merely vegetated, for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak to, nor notice anybody in the house, for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense appeared in his attention to music played in the street. This was observed, the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in arousing him from his lethargy; and induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks, hearing the rest of the patients of the house pass by his door, to their common room, he accosted them, "Good morning to you all, gentlemen, I am quiet well, and desire I may accompany you." In two months more he was dismissed cured.—*Sir Henry Hallford.*

AFFAIR OF HONOUR.—Weston, the actor having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion to talk of it in a public coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge. When in the field, the gentleman being a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. "But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other." "With all my heart," says

Weston; "come, I'll wound you first;" so drawing his sword, he thrust it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought tears into his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief, "Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you? Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied, "where you can, sir."

For the Pearl.

TO R. R. AND PHRENOLOGY.

One night R. R. half vain, half dull,
With self esteem huge on his scull,
Determined he would write
A learned paper, to confute
Phrenology and its repete,
And prove George Combe without dispute
A heathen parasite.

Forthwith R. R. took up his pen,
To scrawl the logos of his phren,
And silence ever more,
With two, three, paragraphs or so,
That science that has doomed to go,
Quoth he, "its votaries below
To Pluto's dismal shore!"

First under bumps of self-conceit,
He pities men of shallow wit,
And cautions them with tears;
And then he pities men refined,
Because they are too strong of mind,
And through imagination blind
Start off and doubt the spheres!

Thus self-elected he presides,
Makes up his case, and so decides,—
For he knows all about it—
Being very learned on this and that,
Though he don't "specify" on what,—
Yet he can skin a mouse or rat,
And dares the world to doubt it.

Thus qualified he then commences,
Shows all his humbug and pretences;
And next with pious care,
As Cromwell did in other days,
Murders his subject, then gives praise,
And sanctions all his mighty ways
By kneeling down to prayer!

And now with conscience very small,
He brands phrenologists and Gail,
With "Man's omnipotence!"
Thus showing how correct he reads
The history of others' creeds,
When opposite to them he pleads,
And stultifies the sense.

And next he puts a shocking case,
Of itch, or mange, or smutty face,
To puzzle Combe's pate;
But surely he would be no fox,
To meddle with such orthodox,
And thus be caught by R. R.'s jokes
About our future state.

Now pause, until I blow my nose—
For here he tells us what he knows
Of Cranology!
And, lo! the hodge-podge of his noddle,
Comes forth like an unseemly puddle,
A dark and most atrocious riddle
As ever it can be.

In his own way we now discover,
Alas! for every Spurzheim lover,
That he has fairly damned him:
Nor has he left him one poor peg
To stand upon, or foot, or leg
But made him every question beg;—
Then down below hath crammed him.

For, Combe, he will not let him think,
But gives us from his own brain's sink,
"His secret thoughts," and then
Most piously laments his doom,
Whom he consigns with prayer-full gloom
To adversary Satan's room,
For ever to remain.

'Tis well, we think, for Dr. Gall,
That he is laid beneath his pall,
And ne'er to hear the murder.
R. R. has made of his opinions,
Scattering like broken strings of onions,
His facts to Beelzebub's dominions,
In terrible disorder!

But R. R. knows of Gall as much
As his grandmother's timber crutch,
Though speciously he talks;—
He'd better turn his crow quill loose,
To criticize old Mother Goose,
Or try *Cock Robin* to abuse,
More fitting him by chalk.

KINDNESS IN CONVERSATION.

"A soft tongue breaketh the bone."—*Prov. 25: 15.*

There is no way in which men can do good to others, with so little expense and trouble, as by kindness in conversation. "Words," it is sometimes said, "cost nothing." At any rate, kind words cost no more than those which are harsh and piercing. But kind words are often more highly valued than the most costly gifts,—and they are always regarded among the best tokens of a desire to make others happy. We should think that kind words would be very common, they are so cheap;—but there are many who have a large assortment of all other language except kindness. They have bitter words, and witty words, and learned words, in abundance,—but their stock of kind words is small. The churl himself, one might suppose, would not grudge a little kindness in his language, however closely he clings to his money;—but there are persons who draw on their kindness with more reluctance than on their purses.

Some use grating words because they are of a morose disposition. Their language, as well as their manners, shows an unfeeling heart. Others use rough words out of an affectation of frankness. They may be severe in their remarks—but then they claim that they are open and independent, and will not be trammelled. They are no flatterers, they say,—and this they think excuse enough for all the cutting speech which they employ. Others wish to be thought witty—and they will, with equal indifference, wound the feeling of friend or foe, to show their smartness. Some are envious, and cannot bear to speak kindly of others, or to them, because they do not wish to add to their happiness. And some are so ill-bred, that they seem to take delight in using unkind words, when their intentions are good, and their feelings are warm. Their words are rougher than their hearts—they will make sacrifices of ease and property to promote comfort, while they will not deign to employ the terms of courtesy and kindness. Of these, the Scotch have an expressive proverb, that "their bark is worse than their bite." Many a man would be loved for his liberal deeds, if his tongue, by his harshness, did not repel affection. And he often wonders why his friends seem to care so little for him, when they are very grateful to others, from whom they receive not half so many favours. Some are caustic and severe in their language, for the sake of showing their acuteness and discrimination. They would rend in pieces a cloth of gold to detect a defective thread, which had escaped the less keen observation of others. They are always on the watch, to spy out some fault in character, or in composition, which others overlook, that they may appear to have uncommon discernment and rare skill in criticism. If the happiness of others is not motive enough for kind words, we may find a motive in their influence on ourselves. The habit of using them, will, at length, conform our feelings to our language. We shall become kind, not only in our speech, but in our manners, and in our hearts. On the other hand, to make use of carping, harsh and bitter words, seldom fails to sour the disposition, and to injure the temper.

TRAVELLERS BY STAGE-COACHES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

—Upon making a calculation (by a method previously explained) for the whole number of stage-coaches that possessed licenses at the end of the year 1834, it appears that the means of conveyance thus provided for travelling are equivalent to the conveyance, during the year, of one person for the distance of 597,159,420 miles, or more than six times the distance between the earth and the sun. Observation has shown that the degree in which the public avail themselves of the accommodation thus provided is in the proportion of 9 to 15, or 3-5ths of its utmost extent. Following this proportion, the sum of all the travelling by stage-coaches in Great Britain may be represented by 368,295,662 miles. If we exclude from the calculation all very young children, as well as persons who from their great age and bodily infirmities are unable to travel, there will probably remain in England 10,000,000 of persons by whom that amount of travelling might be accomplished; but it is well known that a very large proportion of the population are not placed in circumstances that require them to travel, and, if even it were otherwise, that they would not avail themselves of a mode of conveyance so comparatively costly as a stage-coach. We shall probably go to the utmost extent in assuming that not more than 1-5th, or 2,000,000 of persons, travel in that manner, and it places in a strong point of view the activity which pervades this country when we thus arrive at the conclusion that each of those persons must on an average travel on land by some public conveyance 180 miles in the course of the year. This calculation is exclusive of all travelling in post-chaises, in private carriages, and by steam-vessels, the amount of which there are not any means of estimating. It affords a good measure of the relative importance of the metropolis to the remainder of the country, that of the above number of 597,159,420, the large proportion of 409,052,644 is the product of stage-coaches, which are licensed to run from London to various parts of the kingdom. The licences, which have formed the groundwork of the calculations, include all public conveyances proceeding between one part of England and another part of England, as well as those conveyances which travel between England and Scotland, but not such as begin and end their journeys in Scotland; and the travelling in Ireland is wholly excluded.—*Progress of the Nation, by G. R. Porter.*

HYMN IN HARVEST TIME.

BY CHARLES WILST THOMPSON.

'Neath summer's bright and glorious sky,
While proudly waves the golden grain,
And through the falling fields of rye,
Comes on the joyous reaper train—
While nature smiles, and hill and plain
Are tranquil as the sleeping sea,
And peace and plenty brightly reign
By homestead, hearth, and forest tree.
God of the seasons, unto thee we raise
Our hands and hearts in melody and praise.

There is a sweet breath from the hills,
The incense from the mountain air,
Which from a thousand flowers distills
Its odours delicate and rare—
We feel its balm—we see it there
Among the bending wheat-blades move,
Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,
As if its very life were love.
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow,
Receive the humble thanks thy creatures owe.

Our loaded wain comes winding home,
Then let us rest beneath the shade
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,
And watch the evening shadows fade—
O'er mount and meadow, lawn and glade,
They spread their deepening tints of gray,
Till all the scene their hues pervade,
And twilight glories melt away.
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around!
No song is sung, no voice is heard—
Save here and there a murmuring sound,
As if some restless sleeper stir'd;
The grasshopper, night's clam'rous bird,
Chirps gay, but all is hush beside—
And silence is the soothing word,
Whose spell diffuses far and wide.
God of the universe, by night and day,
We bless thee for the gifts we never can pay.

From the Gift for 1839.

MAN OVERBOARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MUTINY.'

'Moot hor, quartermaster!' hailed the officer of the deck;
'hold on, every body!'

Torn from my grasp upon the capstan by a mountain wave which
swept us in its power, I was borne over the lee-bulwarks; and a
rope which I grasped in my passage, not being belayed, unrove in
my hands, and I was buried in the sea.

'Man overboard!' rang along the decks. 'Cut away the life-
buoy!'

Stunned and strangling, I rose to the surface, and instinctively
struck out for the ship; while, clear above the roar of the storm,
and the dash of the cold, terrible sea, the loud thunder of the trumpet
came full on my ear:

'Man the weather main and maintop-sail braces; slack the lee
ones; round in; stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat!'

My first plunge for the ship, whose dim outline I could scarcely
perceive, in the almost pitchy darkness of the night, most fortunately
brought me within reach of the life-buoy grating. Climbing
upon this, I used the faithless rope, still in my hand, to lash
myself fast; and, thus freed from the fear of immediate drowning,
I could more quietly watch and wait for rescue.

The ship was now hidden from my sight; but, being to leeward,
I could, with considerable distinctness make out her whereabouts,
and judge of the motions on board. Directly, a signal-lantern
glanced at her peak; and oh! how brightly shone that solitary
beam on my straining eye!—for, though rescued from immediate
peril, what other succor could I look for, in that fearful
swell, on which no boat could live a moment? What could I expect,
save a lingering, horrid death?

Within a cable's length, lay my floating home, where ten minutes
before not a lighter heart than mine was enclosed by her frowning
bulwarks; and though so near that I could hear the rattling of her
cordage, and the rustling thunder of her canvass, I could also hear
those orders from her trumpet which extinguished hope.

'Relay all with that boat!' said a voice that I knew right well;
'she can't live a minute!'

My heart died within me, and I closed my eyes in despair. Next
fell upon my ear the rapid notes of the drum beating to quarters,
with all the clash, and tramp, and roar of a night alarm; while I
could also faintly hear the mustering of the divisions, which was
done to ascertain who was missing. Then came the hissing of a
rocket, which, bright and clear, soared to heaven; and again falling,
its momentary glare was quenched in the waves.

Drifting from the ship, the hum died away: but see—that sheet
of flame!—the thunder of a gun boomed over the stormy sea.
Now the blaze of a blue-light illumines the darkness, revealing the
tall spars and white canvass of the ship, still near me!

'Maintop there!' came the hail again; 'do you see him to leeward?'

'No, Sir!' was the chill reply.

The ship now remained stationary with her lights aloft, but I
could perceive nothing more for some minutes: they have given
me up for lost!

That I could see the ship, those on board well knew, provided
I had gained the buoy: but their object was to discover me, and
now several blue-lights were burnt at once on various parts of the
rigging. How plainly could I see her rolling in the swell!—at
one moment engulfed, and in the next rising clear above the wave,
her bright mast and white sails glancing, the mirror of hope, in this
fearful illumination; while I, covered with the breaking surge, was
tossed wildly about, now on the crest, now in the trough of the
sea.

'There he is, Sir! right abeam!' shouted twenty voices, as I
rose upon a wave.

'Man the braces!' was the quick, clear, and joyous reply of
the trumpet: while, to cheer the forlorn heart of the drowning
seaman, the martial tones of the bugle rung out, 'Boarders,
away!' and the shrill call of the boatswain piped, 'Haul taut and
belay!' and the noble ship, blazing with light, fell off before the
wind.

A new danger now awaited me; for the immense hull of the
sloop-of-war came plunging around, bearing directly down upon
me; while her increased proximity enabled me to discern all the
minutiae of the ship, and even to recognise the face of the first lieutenant,
as, trumpet in hand, he stood on the fore-castle.

Nearer yet she came, while I could move only as the wave tossed
me; and now, the end of her flying jib-boom is almost over
my head!

'Hard a-port!' hailed the trumpet, at this critical moment:
'round in weather main-braces: right the helm!'

The spray from the bows of the ship, as he came up, dashed
over me, and the increased swell buried me for an instant under a
mountain-wave; emerging from which, there lay my ship, heaved-
to, not her length to windward!

'Garnet,' hailed the lieutenant from the lee-gangway, 'are you
there, my lad?'

'Ay, ay, Sir!' I shouted in reply; though I doubted whether,
in the storm, the response could reach him; but the thunder-toned
cheering which, despite the discipline of a man-of-war, now rung
from the decks and rigging, put that fear at rest, and my heart
bounded with rapture, in the joyous hope of a speedy rescue.

'All ready?' hailed the lieutenant again; 'heave!' and four
ropes, with small floats attached, were thrown from the ship and
fell around me. None, however, actually touched me; and for
this reason the experiment failed; for I could not move my unwieldy
grating, and dared not leave it; for by so doing, I might
in that fearful swell miss the rope, be unable to regain my present
position, and drown between the two chances of escape.

I was so near to the ship, that I could recognise the faces of the
crew on her illuminated deck, and hear the officers as they told me
where the ropes lay; but the fearful alternative I have mentioned,
caused me to hesitate, until I, being so much lighter than the vessel,
found myself fast drifting to leeward. I then resolved to make
the attempt, but as I measured the distance of the nearest float
with my eye, my resolution again faltered, and the precious and
final opportunity was lost! Now, too, the storm, which, as if in
compassion, had temporarily lulled, roared again in full fury; and
the safety of the ship required that she should be put upon her
course. * * *

CUSTOMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY LILLIAN CHING.

"After Captain Basil Hall had visited the island of Loo-Choo,
he called at St. Helena and had an interview with Napoleon. In
the course of conversation he mentioned to the emperor, that the
Loo-Chooans had no arms. "No arms!" he exclaimed, "that is
to say, no cannons. They have muskets?"—"Not even muskets,"
the Captain replied. "Well, then, lances, or at least bows and
arrows?" said Napoleon. "No, none," replied the Captain. "But,"
said Bonaparte, clenching his fist and raising his voice to the
highest pitch, "but, without arms how do they fight?" Driven
to this corner, the Captain could only reply, that they had no
arms. "No arms!" reiterated Napoleon with an expression of
countenance which showed how little credit he was disposed to
give to such a report."—*Quarterly Review*.

LETTERS OF LILLIAN CHING, TO HIS BRETHERN IN THE
ISLAND OF LOO-CHOO; WRITTEN DURING HIS RESIDENCE
IN THE UNITED STATES.

U. S., Mount Prospect, 7th month 1825.

My Dear Brethren,

I have now been in the United States of America more than five
years, but neither time nor distance has weaned my affections from
my country, my brethren, and my friends. They are had in daily
remembrance. The people of this country generally trace their
origin to Great Britain, and speak the English language, which you
had opportunity to hear, when the British ships of war visited our
Island. The language is now familiar to me, and as I wish to im-
prove in writing it, I shall use it in my letters to you—not doubt-

ing that by this time some of my countrymen understand it, and
will be able to interpret for others.

I shall say nothing of the geography of the United States; but
shall endeavour to give you some account of the character, the
manners and customs of this extraordinary people. As I shall
have strange things to relate which might lead you to suspect me
of such prejudices as naturally arise from unkind or contemptuous
treatment, it may be proper for me in the outset, to assure you
that I have been treated with much hospitality during my residence
in this country. In many respects, I think highly of the Americans.
They are far before the people of our Island as to general
knowledge, and in the arts and sciences. But many of their opinions
and customs are shocking to me. I may in some things misjudge,
in others, I may have been misinformed; but I shall aim to be
correct in all I shall communicate to you respecting them.

LILLIAN CHING.

LETTER II.

Mount Prospect, 8th month, 1825.

You will remember that the Britons, who formerly surprised us
by their warlike appearance, called themselves Christians—a name
which was then but little understood by our people. The inhabitants
of these States have assumed the same name; and I am told that it is
a name common to many nations of Europe, and also of South America.
By inquiry I have learned that this name was not derived from a place
or country, as we derive Chinese from China; but from a wonderful
personage who appeared in Palestine, as a Divine Teacher, a little
more than 1800 years ago. As he was called Jesus Christ, his disciples
call themselves Christians.

You will not soon forget what an unfavorable opinion we formed
of Christians, when the Britons who visited our country explained
to us the purposes for which their ships were built, and the use of
their guns. We very naturally associated the idea of *men-killers*
with the name of Christians; for the Britons made us understand
that they were trained to the business of war and manslaughter,
and that they deemed this employment just and glorious. To a people
like ours, who were wholly ignorant of war, and fighting, and who
had been educated to live in love and peace with all men, it could
not but be shocking to see such huge ships furnished with engines
of death, for the destruction of mankind, and to see them manned
with many hundreds of people exulting in their profession as warriors!
After my arrival in this country, I found that the Christians of these
States had not only their ships of war, and men trained to fight on
the ocean, but that throughout the country, the young men spend
several days in each year to learn to fight on the land. It is
supposed that more than a million of men are thus trained every
year. In the opinion of this people, great glory is acquired by
successful deeds of manslaughter. Battles fought fifty years ago,
in which many were slain, are still celebrated in praise of the
actors, to excite in others what they call the martial spirit, and
the love of military glory! I am also told, that this people in
time of war, pray to their God to assist them in destroying their
fellow-men, and that such prayers are offered up in the name of
Jesus Christ, who is called their Mediator and their Saviour.

From such facts, it was very natural to infer, that the Christians
regard their God and their Mediator as beings who have great
delight in deeds of war and bloodshed—especially when practised
on a large scale. I was therefore induced to make some inquiry
respecting the religion of this people. On mentioning the subject to
some friends, I was referred to a book, called the Holy Bible,
which they said would give me a full account of Christianity. I
was also told that I should find the Christian religion far preferable
to any other, as its tendency is to make men love one another,
and to live in peace. How to reconcile this with what I had learned
of the practice of Christians, I could not understand. But having
obtained the Sacred Book, I resolved to examine it myself. I found
it to be divided into two parts or Testaments—one is called the
Old Testament, and the other the New Testament.

I have already examined the Old Testament. It gives a concise
account of the creation of the world, and the fall of man; but a
considerable part of this Testament is a history of events relating
to a particular race of men, called Hebrews, Israelites, or Jews,
to whom their God had shewn special favors, and who are often
called his chosen people. Abraham their father, and a considerable
number of his posterity were, I am inclined to think, good men;
but the nation as a people, were often reproved by their God, as
a rebellious and stiff-necked people.

The Old Testament also contains many extraordinary predictions
of future events, some of which are not yet accomplished. There
is a prediction, which is often repeated, of the coming of an
extraordinary prophet or messenger among the Jews, who was to
effect great changes in the world. The Christians affirm that this
wonder-working person was their Christ or Messiah. But the same
prophets who foretold the appearance of such a personage, also
predicted that under his reign, there would be a time of universal
peace, and that the nations would learn war no more. Yet more
than eighteen centuries have elapsed since the birth of Jesus Christ,
and the time of peace has not arrived. It is true, that the
prophets did not very distinctly say at what period of the Messiah's
reign the state of peace would begin; but 1800 years is a long time
to wait for the fulfilment of such a prediction. Besides, it seems

reasonable to suppose, that the promised peace will be, if it ever occurs, effected by the instrumentality of the disciples of Christ, that, by their pacific dispositions and conduct, they will lead the way to universal peace. But there is surely nothing in the present warring character of Christian nations, which affords any encouragement that such a blessed period will ever come. No people on earth are more addicted to war than Christians, none who are at more expense to "learn war" and to be always ready to fight.

Perhaps, however, the present nations of Christendom are to exterminate one another by their wars, and that in this way, wars are to cease. If this be the way that peace is to be brought about, the present policy of Christian nations is well adapted to the end. They indeed "learn war" and make preparations for war, under the pretext that these are the means of preserving peace. But with equal consistency, the people of a city might continually pile fuel upon live coals and employ the bellows, to prevent a conflagration. So far as I can learn, the Christians employ the same means for making war and for preserving peace! By this I mean, that in both cases they cultivate the spirit of war, praise the deeds of war, and prepare for conflict.

L. C.

A MOSLEM WEDDING.

"In the castle yard (said the lady) we were received by the Bey's Secretary-Minister, and conducted to the door of the second court. At the double door of the harem two Mamelukes were stationed on guard; one of whom summoned an Italian interpreter, who invited us in. The room into which we were introduced was hung with gold-embroidered red satin; gilt bird-cages were suspended from the ceiling, and even here the walls were covered with weapons. Opposite to us, on an ottoman, sat the Bey's wife, richly but not tastefully dressed. She rose, received us with the words, 'Blessed be your entrance! and may you stay as long as is agreeable to you;' and made us sit beside her. Her arms and feet were bare; on the latter she wore small embroidered slippers, which so little came on to the foot, that she held them fast when she moved between the great toe and the one next to it. From our seat we looked through several rooms, in which were crowds of black and white female slaves, sitting on the ground, some chattering, others variously occupied. Altogether I must have seen upwards of a thousand.

Two young Moorish girls now began a dance, too odious, indecent, and, to us, disgusting for description. * * We could look no longer, and rejoiced when the Princess led us into another room to partake of refreshments. Having been well instructed, I had dressed myself gaudily and strikingly, whilst my companions, happening to be in mourning, were all in black. I, therefore, pleased the Princess the best; she led me by the hand, and pressed me to eat. Our collation consisted of sweetmeats. * * When we had eaten enough, the remainder was packed into baskets, one of which was sent to each lady's house. Whilst we were eating, the Bey, his brother, and several of the Princes appeared, gazed curiously at us, and withdrew without speaking a word. Our visit ended by a tour through the harem, of which all the rooms were furnished alike; only a sleeping cabinet of the Bey's had anything remarkable, and of that the walls were decorated from top to bottom with small watches. The Princess accompanied us to the harem door.

"The wedding was far more interesting. The ceremonies were performed in a beautiful marble court of the harem, over which was spread a magnificent scarlet awning. At the door of every room were placed wax candles of a foot in diameter, and painted with red and green winding stripes. Over the fountain burnt hundreds of variegated lamps, and the whole scene recalled the Arabian tales. To the sound of music the bride, seated upon a cushion of gold brocade, was brought in by her brothers, and placed in an old-fashioned, very costly arm-chair, that stood in the centre of the court. Her dress was extraordinarily magnificent and heavy; the most remarkable parts being a diadem loaded with jewels, splendid anklets, and dazzling bracelets. Arms and feet were bare; the soles and a small portion of the sides of the latter, as well as the finger and toe nails, were coloured of a reddish brown with henna, and eyebrows and eye-lashes were dyed black. She appeared with closed eyes, which she was not allowed to open during the whole day; and the husband was not permitted to see her for the first three days of their marriage. Beside her stood two dancing girls, and before her a negress with a colossal lackered basin, in which were deposited the presents of gold-jewels, and other valuables offered to her, whilst the nature of the gifts and the names of the givers were rehearsed aloud. Every two hours the bride was carried to her room upon the same cushion, new dressed, and brought back to her arm-chair. During this whole day the poor soul must not eat; so that, between fatigue, fasting, and the weight of her dress and jewels, she was repeatedly near fainting, when an old negress always put a pastile into her mouth, which evidently strengthened her. Our repast, as before, consisted of sweetmeats and pastry, coffee, chocolate, lemonade, &c.; but the Bey himself was more conversible upon the present occasion, playing the friendly host, often telling us the house was ours, to use at our pleasure. He himself took a candle to show us the bridal couch, of white satin, tastefully embroidered with gold, and which, on account of its height, was to be

ascended by red satin steps. Suddenly the light he held went out, and we remained awhile in the dark; this was esteemed an evil omen. * * When the bridegroom is first admitted to the bride's presence, the custom is, that she should kiss his hand, and he place his foot upon hers, not as conjugal endearments, but in token of the husband's sovereignty. This Princess refused to conform to these customs, as unbecoming her birth."

Prince Puckler Muskau in Africa.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of creation,
That broke on the chaos and silence of night;
The creatures of mercy invoked to their station,
Suffused into being, and kindled to light.

"Let there be light!"—the Great Spirit descended,
And flash'd on the waves that in darkness had slept;
The sun in his glory a giant ascended,
The dews on the earth their mild radiance wept.

"Let there be light!"—and the fruits and the flowers
Responded in smiles to the new lighted sky,—
There was scent in the gale, there was bloom in the bower,
Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye.

"Let there be light!"—and the mild eye of woman
Beam'd joy on the man who this Paradise sway'd;
There was joy—till the foe of all happiness human,
Crept into those bowers—was heard—and obey'd.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of salvation,
When man had defen'd life's object and end,—
Had waned from his glorious and glad elevation,
Abandoned a God and conform'd to a fiend.

"Let there be light!"—The same Spirit, supernal
That lighted the torch when creation began,
Laid aside the bright beams of his Godhead eternal,
And wrought as a servant, and wept as a man.

"Let there be light!"—from Gethsemane springing
From Golgotha's darkness, from Calvary's tomb,
Joy, joy unto morals, good angels are singing,
The Eternal has triumph'd and death is o'come.

POCKETS.

"La tasca e proprio cosa da Christiani."

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

My eldest daughter had finished her Latin lessons, and my son had finished his Greek, and I was sitting at my desk, pen in hand and in mouth at the same time, (a substitute for biting the nails, which I recommend to all onyophagists,) when the Ehow Begum came in with her black velvet reticule, suspended, as usual from her arm by its silver chain.

Now, of all the inventions of the tailor, (who is, of all artists, the most inventive,) I hold the pocket to be the most commodious, and, saving the fig-leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw, ruminating beasts their first or ante-stomach, the monkey has his cheek, the opossum her pouch; and so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing, makes for himself a pocket, if he can. The Hindoo carries his snuff-box in his turban. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly toupet, of which, as P. Labat says, the worst use they make is to carry poison in it. The Matolas, a long-haired race who border upon the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder, in which they bear about their little implements: *certainly*, a more sensible bag than such as is worn at court. The New Zealander is less ingenious: he makes a large opening in his ear, and carries his knife in it. The Ogres, who are worse than savages, and whose ignorance and brutality is in proportion to their bulk, are said—upon the authority of tradition—when they have picked up a stray traveller or two more than they require for their supper, to lodge them in a hollow tooth, as a place of security, till breakfast; whence it may be inferred, that they are not liable to toothach, and that they make no use of toothpicks. Ogres, savages, beasts, and birds, all require something to serve the purpose of a pocket. Thus much for the necessity of the thing. Touching its antiquity much might be said, for it would not be difficult to show—with that little assistance from the auxiliaries *must*, and *have*, and *been*, which enabled Whitaker of Manchester to write whole quartos of hypothetical history in the potential mood—that pockets are coeval with clothing; and as erudite men have maintained that language, and even letters, are of Divine origin, there might, with like reason, be conclusion drawn from the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of the book of Genesis which it would not be easy to impugn. Moreover, nature herself shows us the utility, importance, nay, the indispensability, or, to take a hint from the pure language of our diplomatists, the *sinequanonness* of pockets. There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever: some are without eyes, many without noses, some have no heads, others no tails, some neither one nor the other, some there are who have no brains, others very pappy ones, some no hearts, others, very bad ones; but all have a stomach; and what is the stomach but a live inside pocket? Hath not Van Helmont said of it, "*saccus vel pera est, ut ciborum olla?*"

Dr. Towers used to have his coat pockets made of capacity to hold a quarto volume, a wise custom, but requiring stout cloth, good buckram, and strong thread well waxed. I do not so greatly commend the humour of Dr. Ingenhousz, whose coat was lined with pockets of all sizes, wherein, in his latter years, when science had become to him as a plaything, he carried about various materials for chemical experiments, among the rest, so many compositions for fulminating powders in glass tubes, separated only by a cork in the middle of the tube, that if any person had unhappily given him a blow with a stick, he might have blown up himself and the doctor too. For myself, four coat pockets of the ordinary dimensions content me; in these a sufficiency of conveniences may be carried, and that sufficiency methodically arranged. For, mark, me, gentle or ungentle reader, there is nothing like method in pockets, as well as in composition; and what orderly and methodical man would have his pocket-handkerchief, and his pocket-book, and the key of his door, (if he be a bachelor living in chambers,) and his knife and his loose pence and halfpence, and the letters which, peradventure, he might just have received, or peradventure he may intend to drop in the post-office—twopenny or general—as he passes by, and his snuff, (if he be accustomed so to regale his olfactory conduits,) or his tobacco-box, (if he prefer the masticable to the pulverised weed,) or his box of lozenges, (if he should be troubled with a tickling cough,) and the sugar-plums and the gingerbread nuts which he may be carrying home to his own children, or to any other small men and women upon whose hearts he may have a design;—who, I say, would like to have all this in chaos and confusion, one lying upon the other, and the thing which is wanted first fated always to be undermost?—(Mr. Wilberforce knows the inconvenience)—the snuff working its way out to the gingerbread, the sugar-plums insinuating themselves into the folds of the pocket-handkerchief, the pence grinding the lozenges to dust for the benefit of the pocket-book, and the door key busily employed in unlocking the letters.

Now, forasmuch as the commutation of female pockets for the reticule leadeth to inconveniences like this, (not to mention that the very name of "commutation" ought to be held in abhorrence by all who hold daylight and fresh air essential to the comfort and salubrity of dwelling-houses,) I abominate that bag of the Bhow Begum, notwithstanding the beauty of the silver chain upon the black velvet. And perceiving at this time that the clasp of its silver setting was broken, so that the mouth of the bag was gaping pitifully, like a sick or defunct oyster, I congratulated her as she came in upon this further proof of the commodiousness of the invention; for here, in the country, there is no workman who can mend that clasp, and the bag must, therefore, either be laid aside, or used in that deplorable state.—*The Doctor.*

DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND.—In the present multiplicity of books of all kinds and every character, we are surrounded by many temptations to indulge in a vein of light reading, or in glancing over many works, rather than examining those which are substantial and tend to the most perfect development of the mental powers. The mind naturally dislikes hard study. But when once these faculties have been well developed, when they have become accustomed to vigorous intellectual effort, it becomes a pleasure rather than a hardship. The habit of light reading is directly opposed to this proper discipline of the mind. In order to possess a well disciplined mind, we must acquire such a power over our thoughts as to bring the whole energies of the mind to bear upon that subject which is the immediate object of inquiry. In light reading we are wafted along like the soft perfume upon the summer breeze, almost without any intellectual effort. There is a delight in it. There is pleasure in it, but it is but momentary. The energies of the mind become enslaved, and it is with difficulty we can break away to pursue something which requires mental effort. The mind requires something more deep, something that will bring all its energies into vigorous exercise. The mind can only be well disciplined by studying those sciences which require deep thought. It may cost severe effort; but what is there, that is great or noble, that was ever attained without it? At the present day we are too much disposed to be superficial, and likewise devote too much time to the acquisition of the more polite branches of education. These I would not condemn. They are the refiners of the mind. No person, however, can possess a great mind who allows himself to be engrossed by those objects which do not awaken all his mental powers and call forth all the god-like energies of the soul with which his Creator hath endowed him. Let them who would possess deep, clear, and vigorous minds, capable of fathoming the most abstruse subjects, direct their attention to those branches which require deep thought, and thus fix the undivided attention of the mind. The mind needs a firm basis as the foundation of its character, and in this way alone can it be acquired.—*Evening Visiter.*

HAVING AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—The son of a brewer, whilst under an examination at an academy in this county as to his knowledge of the numerals, was asked by the master what was meant by double X? "Good malt and hops" was the prompt reply of the little urchin, who was, of course, immediately elevated to the top of the class for his sagacity.—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

ROYALTY INFORMED AGAINST.—Positively the race of informers are the most impudent under the sun, and the fact of Stowell laying an information against her Majesty is some proof of the fact. It seems that that worthy gentleman did not think that the letters "V. R." on one of the carts employed in the service of royalty, was a sufficient compliance with the terms of the act, which directs that the name in full shall be affixed by the owner on some conspicuous part of the vehicle. Of a verity this sounds "d—d democratic," as the pious Earl of Roden would say. If her Majesty is to be "hauled up" for such a trifling infraction as this, where is it all to end? May we not expect that Majesty will soon be reduced to a jest indeed, when thus deprived of its right divine to do wrong even in such trivial matters as these? Nevertheless, the offence will fall lighter on our gracious Sovereign than on any body else, because in these cases half the fine goes to the informer, and half to the Queen, which, under the circumstances must be very consolatory. It is certainly pleasant to be able to break the law at half the usual penalty.

THE MARCH OF ENLIGHTENMENT.—Human ingenuity promises to effect measures which will do away with the necessity of many of those provisions supplied by nature for the vitality of this world. A Frenchman has discovered the means of producing a light, equal to that of the sun, and with which he proposes to illuminate all Paris, when the solar orb has sunk into the bosom of night. Her majesty the moon will no longer rule the night, and the stars will hide their diminished heads. He suggests a lighthouse to be built in the centre of the Seine, as a depository for his nocturnal sun, whose beams will turn the night into day. We may expect an agitation among the spheres, if the moon be thus totally eclipsed.

A BISHOP MILITANT.—The occupation of Algiers has cost France a fine army; but the sword, it seems, is not regarded as the chief means of retaining possession. The King of the French says, "The creation of the bishopric of Algiers is another guarantee for the stability of our possessions." We are not quite prepared to believe that the Arabs regard a Christian bishop as any very formidable personage; his crozier will terrify them far less than those instruments whose hoarse throats do counterfeit Jove's thunder. A bishop attendant upon an army is rather a curiosity now-a-days.

CHRISTMAS COMFORTS, CHRISTMAS BILLS, AND CHRISTMAS BOXES.—We predict that, for the next week at least, politics will not be the most prominent consideration among the people. Already the Christmas "signs of the times" are observable around us. Hecatombs of oxen have been sacrificed to the genius of the season, and Christmas beef is now in the very prime order; the Smithfield cattle show is not held at this time of year for nothing, as Earl Spencer could easily tell us. Turkeys stare us in the face at every dozen yards, and grocers' shops are ominous of future plum-puddings. What emotions of thankfulness must cross the mind at the sight of so many substantial signs of enjoyment. If Providence sends good things, it becomes a moral duty to be grateful to Providence for its goodness. What alderman but must feel his organ of veneration sensibly touched at the sight of the noble sirloin, the splendid haunch, or the "fine lively turtle"? Sir Peter Laurie, we know, is always affected even by a saddle of mutton—so susceptible is he to the finer emotions of the heart! A real blessing it is that the angry ferment of political opinions will for a brief period—alas, too brief—give place to the duties of digestion; that good eating will for a time supplant the indulgence of bad feeling. Let not the aid of good living be despised in the encouragement of kindly and generous sentiments. The cause of charity receives a ten-fold stimulus every Christmas, and who shall doubt that the deglutition of good things and the natural results of good liquor, which "maketh the heart glad," have something to do with that pleasing fact? If not, it assuredly ought, if only as a set-off to those other Christmas comforts, Christmas bills, and Christmas boxes!

A NOBLE TEMPERANCE CHAIRMAN.—Earl Stanhope presides at the great Temperance Festival, at the Crown and Anchor, on Christmas-day. For what particular qualities the noble earl has been chosen to fill this office we are not aware. We are curious to know whether his lordship has taken the temperance pledge or not, as there would be a manifest inconsistency in selecting a four-bottle man to fill the chair on such a sober occasion. Tea and coffee, we imagine, will form the total of the liquids consumed by the revellers, and it would hardly look well to see the chairman occupied in getting drunk, while the rest of the company are sipping their innocent beverage. We trust Earl Stanhope's perfect sobriety may be depended upon.

THE LAST CASE.—A Boston gentleman lately drew a bill at so long a date that it required six whole weeks for his friend (the acceptor) simply to indorse it!

A DANGEROUS RECOMMENDATION.—Dr. Epps asserts, in his lectures, that public speaking is favourable to health, and therefore recommends his audiences to turn public speakers themselves, by way of improving their constitutions. The advice seems to us positively atrocious. What, are there no other means

of gaining health but at the expense of our neighbours? Is every body bound to inflict his tediousness on his friends and associates, because he may be somewhat weak in the wind, or his lungs not in perfectly sound condition? Is it even allowable to punish the public, the ill used public, by gratuitous trials of its patience and powers of endurance in this way? No, Dr. Epps, great philosopher as you are in your own estimation, we cannot consent to grant unlimited powers of public speaking, although the human lungs are ever so much benefited by the exercise. It is much better that the oratorical gifts of most people should be bestowed on empty air, though not more empty than their own speeches. The benefit to health would be much the same, and the degree of mental torture to others much less. Besides, where would hearers be found, if it were the duty of all to speak? Orators make bad listeners, yet the privilege of listening patiently to anything worth hearing is one of paramount importance.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1839.

DEATH OF MRS. MACLEAN (L. E. L.)

Our last number contained a notice of the decease of this amiable lady, copied from the *New York Mirror*. As we are satisfied that any accounts of L. E. L. will be gladly perused by our female readers, we give below an affecting sketch from the *London Courier*. Her last poem will be read with intense interest!

"With a feeling of sorrow which thousands will in some measure share, though few can perfectly estimate its depth or sacredness, we this day announce the death of Mrs. Maclean, the wife of George Maclean, Esq. Governor of Cape Coast Castle. She died suddenly on the 15th of October last, soon after her arrival on that fatal shore, which is the grave of so many valuable lives, but of none more valuable than her's. The qualities which gave "L. E. L." so proud and permanent a claim upon public admiration, were not those which constituted the chief charm of her character in the estimation of her more intimate and deeply attached friends. Brilliant as her genius was, her heart was after all the noblest and truest gift that nature in its lavishness had bestowed upon her—upon her, who paid back the debt which she owed for these glorious endowments of heart and mind, by an indefatigable exercise of her powers for the delight of the public, and by sympathies the most generous and sincere with human virtue and human suffering. More perfect kindness and exquisite susceptibility than her's was, never supplied a graceful and fitting accompaniment to genius, or elevated the character of woman. We cannot, however, write her eulogy now—we can only lament her loss, and treasure the recollection which a long and faithful friendship renders sacred.

The feeling with which we record this mournful intelligence at the commencement of a new year will be respected, when we state that only yesterday morning we received from Mrs. Maclean a most interesting and affecting letter, which sets forth at once with the animating assertion, "I am very well, and very happy." "The only regret," she proceeds to say, "the only regret (the emerald ring that I fling into the dark sea of life to propitiate fate) is the constant sorrow I feel whenever I think of those whose kindness is so deeply treasured." She says that her residence at the castle of Cape Coast is "like living in the Arabian Nights—looking out upon palm and cocoa-nut trees." And she then enters into a light-hearted and pleasant review of her housekeeping troubles, touching yams and plantains—and a not less interesting account of her literary labours and prospects—intimating that the ship which brought the letter we quote, brought also the first volume of a novel, and the manuscript of another work to be published periodically. To the last her friendly gossip is full of life, cheerfulness, and hope. The next ship that sailed—how very, very soon afterwards!—brought to us the tidings of the sudden sacrifice of that life, the memory of which should be dear to all who can appreciate poetry, and wit, and generosity; the refinements of taste and the kindly impulses of the heart, that make human nature—and woman's nature especially—most worthy to be regarded with admiration and affection.

With what an interest will the following beautiful poem be read! It is from *The New Monthly*, published to-day!—

"THE POLAR STAR."

"This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

"A star, has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light—
How many planets are on high!
But that has left the night.

"I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me,
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

"It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

"It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought,
All I had left behind.

"The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends,
Whom I may see no more?

"Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart,
That says, We meet again.

"Meet with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

"Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none looked up with me.

"But thou hast sunk below the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

"Farewell!—ah, would to me were given,
A power upon thy light,
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

"Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

"Oh, fancy vain as it is fond,
And little needed too,
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you!"

L. E. L.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY INQUIRY.—The Monthly Chronicle for January contains an elaborate article on the powers and capabilities of railway transport generally. A carefully considered and well-directed course of experiments has been instituted with a view to obtain for the shareholders of the Great Western Railway the most authentic information respecting the relative merits of the different modes of constructing railways, the various applications of locomotive power upon them, and the nature and amount of the obstacles which that power has to encounter. The results of the investigation have disappointed most persons; and none more than Dr. Lardner, one of the individuals engaged in the laborious examination. The Monthly Chronicle says—"It would have been gratifying to us, if what we had to state tended to confirm the splendid speculations in which those who have devoted their attention most to this subject, have for years indulged, anticipating the realization of a rapidity of intercommunication as far exceeding that which is at present attained, as the present rate of travelling exceeds that which we were accustomed to on common roads; but unhappily, circumstances have been brought to light in this inquiry which we fear will shiver to pieces all those brilliant anticipations, and will demonstrate that nature herself has interposed a limit to the speed of intercommunication between her children which cannot be passed, and many circumstances tend to show that the powers of steam have already brought us very close indeed to that ultimate barrier."

One source of resistance—the AIR—has been proved to be of much larger amount than any which had been hitherto contemplated. "By comparing the uniform speed obtained in the descent of the Whiston Plane, with that obtained in descending the Madely Plane, assuming that the atmospheric resistance is in proportion to the square of the velocity, Dr. Lardner found that the value of the friction could be obtained, and the value which he obtained for it was by this process a small fraction more than five pounds a ton. If this value be correct, that portion of the whole resistance due to friction would be about ninety-three pounds, leaving three hundred and twenty-eight pounds to the amount of the atmosphere! This very low value of the fraction was deduced by a process in which nothing was assumed, except that the resistance of the air is, as the square of the speed, and that the friction of the two trains used in the two experiments was the same."

"Much on this interesting subject still remains for investigation, and many more experiments will be necessary before the mean amount of the atmospheric resistance to railway trains can be considered as ascertained with the requisite degree of precision. Meanwhile it is indisputable that this resistance at the common rate of passenger trains is of very formidable amount. That part of the resistance which arises from friction has probably been reduced as low as it is likely to be. At all events, whatever importance may have heretofore attached to its further diminution, it can now have very little weight in the economy of railway transport. Even supposing the whole friction annihilated, we should not be relieved from much more than twenty per cent. of the present expenditure of power in passenger traffic. But since it is as impossible that this annihilation of friction can take place as that the perpetual motion should be discovered, it may be safely assumed that we cannot practically reckon on any increased economy of power.

with serious attention, by any further improvements directed towards the diminution of friction. To what, then, it may be asked, are we to look for that diminution of resistance which appears indispensable for obtaining the increased speed after which railway engineers aspire? It is an ascertained fact, that every augmentation of speed will produce an augmentation of resistance, not proportioned to the increase of speed, but in the vastly greater proportion of the increase of the square of the speed. Thus if the railway train, tried upon the Whiston Plane, were required to be moved at sixty miles an hour, instead of thirty, the resistance which it would suffer from the atmosphere, instead of amounting, as it did, to about three hundred and twenty-eight pounds, would amount to one thousand three hundred and twelve pounds, to which, ninety-three being added for friction, would give a total resistance of one thousand four hundred and five pounds! Thus the power of the engine to accomplish this double speed would require to be increased in the proportion of four hundred and twenty-one to one thousand four hundred and five! If, then, the present engines are cumbrous and unwieldy, and overload, and injure the railway, what is not to be feared from engines capable of producing a power of an energy so enormously greater, and producing that power with double the speed! We are sure that no sober practical man will differ from us when we pronounce that in the present state of art the accomplishment of such an object is impracticable."

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Information has been received during the week, that a party of armed men to the number of 150, from the State of Maine, have entered the disputed territory, for the purpose of driving off and arresting any of the trespassers on the public Lands, whether British or American. This invasion, it appears, was made by authority of the Legislature of Maine. The party succeeded in driving off some of the lumberers, and taking four individuals into custody, when a large number of lumberers hastened to Woodstock, and carried away a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition. With the arms thus acquired they returned, and captured three of the leaders of the expedition who were at a distance from their party. Upon this information being received at head quarters, Gov. Harvey issued a proclamation, calling upon the lumberers to return the arms illegally taken to their place of deposit. The results of all this folly we have yet to learn. Now let us put a case to our readers—the powers that are ordained of God in Maine, authorize a number of men to perform certain acts, and with such authority they enter upon their work.—On the other hand, the powers that be in New Brunswick, command a certain number of persons to resist unto blood the party from Maine. Suppose the two parties meet and many are killed on both sides, who are the murderers in the case? Both parties have the authority of their separate governments—would it be right for the Maine party to disobey the order of their government, and refuse to enter the disputed ground—and if not, which is the murdering party in the business? Are the agents to be viewed in the light of murderers, or the officers of the government? If the law given to Noah is the law of Jesus Christ, who came to save men's lives and not to destroy them,—if whose sheddeth man's blood by man his blood is to be shed, and the officers of the aggressive party are the murderers, then is it not to disobey God, and to fling contempt upon his law to allow such officers to continue in existence? And why have not the officers of all governments who have waged unjust laws forfeited their lives? But perhaps the Noachic law is not christian law to great murderers but only to petty ones. Murder on a magnificent scale may go unpunished!

DR. TEULON delivered a very intelligent and useful lecture on Wednesday, before the Institute, on the Elements of Hygiene. The importance attached to the subject of health by the audience was evinced in the earnestness and patience with which the extended remarks of the lecturer were listened to by all the individuals present on the occasion. The influence of temperaments on health—the bilious, the melancholic, the phlegmatic, and the nervous—was noticed in a very lucid manner. The difference of organization as it exists in different individuals, as a predisposing cause of disease, was touched upon;—the different periods of life as favorable to the development of peculiar disorders, were among the topics which we considered were treated with much ability by Dr. Teulon. Among the preventatives to disease, *bathing* was introduced for the grave consideration of the members of the Institute. We have often lamented the want of public baths in this community; but while so much ignorance prevails on the functions of the human body, it is in vain to look for a remedy. Writing on the subject, Dr. Andrew Combe remarks that "if one-tenth part of the persevering attention and labour bestowed to so much purpose in rubbing down and carrying the skins of horses, were bestowed by the human race in keeping themselves in good condition; and a little attention were paid to diet and clothing,—colds, nervous diseases, and stomach complaints would cease to form so large an item in the catalogue of human miseries." Again he says—"I fear that numbers of sensible persons may be found, who limit their ablutions to the

visible parts of their persons, and would even express surprise if told that more than this is necessary to health." In England and the United States warm baths for the public are becoming as common as they were once rare. And with the conveniences which abound in this place, and the great necessity which the rigour of our climate imposes upon all persons for the use of warm or tepid baths, we do hope that Halifax will not long remain without an establishment of the sort.—**REV. MR. MACKINTOSH** is to lecture on next Wednesday evening on **GALVANISM**.

The ordinary business of the Session is proceeding as usual. A Bill passed the House on Tuesday, opening the trust of Dalhousie College, appointing 13 Gentlemen of high respectability, embracing all shades of religious opinion, its Governors, and removing from the Institution all suspicion of a sectarian or exclusive character. The vote of £14,000 for the Road and Bridge Service has come down agreed to by the Council. The Bill for Incorporating Queen's College was lost yesterday by a majority of 2.—*Novascotian*.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Doctor Teulon delivered a lecture on the Preservation of the Health, last evening, which was replete with highly interesting information. The audience seemed greatly pleased, and several expressed themselves particularly gratified at the readiness and fluency with which various questions were answered. This part of the system—question and answer—which is not general in Institutes, has often been proved valuable; and is deemed by many of great utility, as a check to incompetency, and a mode by which explanations and illustrations may be most effectively made.

REV. MR. MACKINTOSH'S series of Lectures on Natural Philosophy, will commence to-morrow evening,—when members of the Mechanics' Institute may attend.—*Ibid*.

TEMPERANCE.—A Simultaneous Temperance Meeting, which offers some unusual attractions—performances of sacred music by 'superior vocalists'—will be held in the old Baptist Meeting House, on next Wednesday evening.—*Ibid*.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—*Extraordinary Small Dog.*—We have seen in the possession of William Simpson, Esq. Apothecaries' Hall, Chatham, Miramichi, a neat formed dog of the Indian breed. Length, from the crown of the head to the rump, 10 inches; height, 6 inches; weight, 40 ounces; age, 7 months.—*Communicated*.

CANADA.—Rumours of further piratical invasions have been received in Upper Canada, but whether or not they rest on substantial grounds, we cannot positively state. It is said that the sympathizers are again mustering at Detroit in force, intending to make a descent on that quarter, and the *Prescott Sentinel*, states that between two and three thousand Americans are collecting near Gravelly Point with a like intention.

About 4 o'clock on the evening of the third inst. 20 ruffians, with their faces blacked, attacked the house of Mr. Fosburgh, on Caldwell's Manor, and forced the women and children to the upper part of the house, and sacked it of every article of value, including 20 dollars in cash. Mr. Fosburgh was pinioned for the purpose of being hung up by the neck: but the fear of being attacked, prevented them from putting the infernal purpose into effect. They however, stabbed him several times with a bayonet, and at last stuck it into his side, with which he had to walk upwards of a mile, before it could be taken out. The whole of the cattle—about 24—were burned in the barn, besides a horse valued at 75 pounds.

Captain Row's men arrived in time to extinguish the fire in the house; thus providentially saving the women and children from a horrible death. Grogan and his gang now only declare that for every one hung in Montreal they will hang one here, and burn every house on the frontier.—*Missiskoui Standard*.

It is stated that Capt. Lewis, of the Grenadier Guards, has been dispatched to Her Majesty's Minister, at Washington, on the subject of the renewed outrage.

The verdict of the Coroner's Jury, on the body of Mr. Tache, is "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

The rumours which had been various during the day, assumed yesterday evening a more credible, we must not say, an official form. It is stated that a party went over from the Missiskoi shore, and burned the village of Allburg, U. S. on Thursday night.

All we know for certain is the sudden departure, yesterday, of our gallant Commandant, accompanied by the Deputy Commissary General, for the frontier.

We are sorry to add to the foregoing the substance of some writing on one of the way bills, which reached Montreal yesterday evening, viz:—That one of the Cavalry having been despatched to Swanton, on Thursday morning, had never returned, and was supposed to have been shot.—*Montreal Transcript*.

DIED,

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Ann Cunnabell, aged 78 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town.

SALES AT AUCTION.

SALE OF TEAS.

A PUBLIC SALE OF TEAS will take place at the Warehouse of the Agents to the Hon. East India Company, on **FRIDAY**, the 8th day of **MARCH**, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the Sale.

S. CUNARD & CO.
Agents to the Hon. East India Company.

February 15.

REAL ESTATE.

SALE AT AUCTION, by order of the Governor and Council, the lot of **LAND**, belonging to the Estate of the late John Linnard, Esqr., situate in the Town of Windsor, measuring on King's Street 60 feet, from thence to the rear 125 feet, with the Dwelling HOUSE, BARN, &c. &c., thereon. Will be Sold on **MONDAY 1st April** next, at 11 o'clock, in front of the said Premises.

This PROPERTY will be sold subject to a Mortgage of £100; ten per cent of the purchase money must be paid at the time of Sale and the remainder on the delivery of the Deed.

THOMAS LINNARD,
Windsor, Feb. 8. Sole Administrator.

LATELY PUBLISHED,

AND for Sale at the Book Stores of Mr. Belcher, and Messrs. McKimly, The **HARMONICON**, a collection of Church Music. Price 6s. February 22.

SIMULTANEOUS TEMPERANCE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 27th Feb. in the Old Baptist Meeting House. Seats will be reserved for the Ladies.—Doors open at seven, Meeting opens at half-past seven. A Collection will be taken to defray expenses of meeting, and to purchase Tracts and Papers for distribution.

Several Superior Vocalists—Members of the Society, will contribute their services in the performance of a **HYMN and ANTHEM.**

Halifax, Feb. 22d, 1839. **W. M. BROWN,**
Sec'y. H. T. Society.

ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

THE Subscriber has removed his China and Earthenware establishment to the new store at the north corner of the Ordnance, head of Marchington's Wharf, where in addition to his present stock, he has received per barque 'Tory's Wife', from Liverpool, a general Assortment of Earthenware, etc. consisting of, **CHINA TEA SETS, Dinner Services**—of neatest shapes and patterns, Tea, Breakfast, and Toilet Sets, and a general assortment of Common ware, which will be Sold wholesale and retail at low prices.

—**A L S O**—
40 Crates of assorted Common Ware, put up for Country Merchants.
BERNARD O'NEIL,
February 1.

EDWARD LAWSON,

AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER, Commercial Wharf. Has for sale,

50 hhds Porto Rico SUGAR,
200 barrels TAR,
30 Tierces Carolina RICE,
50 bags Patna RICE,
200 firkins BUTTER,
10 puns Rum, 10 hhds Gin,
10 hhds BRANDY,
10 hhds and 30 qr. casks Sherry WINE.

January 18, 1839.

UNION MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

JOSEPH STARR, ESQ. PRESIDENT.

A T the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company, the following Gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year—viz.

James A. Moran, Joseph Fairbanks, J. Strachan, Wm. Stairs, David Allison, John U. Ross, Daniel Starr, Hugh Lyle, John T. Wainwright, James H. Reynolds, S. B. Smith, and Wm. Roche, Esqrs.

The Committee of Directors meet every day at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the office of the Broker, directly opposite the Custom House.
Jan. 18. **GEO. C. WHIDDEN, Broker.**

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 22nd January, 1839.

THE Stockholders are hereby called upon for the balance remaining unpaid on the Shares held by them in the Capital Stock of the Bank of Nova-Scotia, in two several instalments, viz—

Twenty-five per cent, or Twelve Pounds Ten Shillings on each Share, to be paid on or before the Fifteenth March next; and Twelve and one half per cent, or Six Pounds Five Shillings on each share, to be paid on or before the 1st May next.

By order of the President and Directors.
J. FORMAN, Cashier.

HALIFAX PUBLIC LIBRARY AND LITERARY ROOMS.

THE advantage, likely to accrue from an establishment, for the free and cheap circulation of Literature of every description, has induced the formation of the Halifax Public Library and Literary Rooms, which, having been in successful operation for the last six months, gives the greatest encouragement for its future prosperity and stability.

The difficulties to be overcome at the commencement were great, but being now in operation, the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, to support an Institution designed for the circulation of Literature and Science; which, by the accumulation of standard and approved works, gives the Mechanic, Manufacturer, and the Man of Science, an opportunity for research and improvements that cannot be obtained within the circumscribed limit of a Private Library. The following British Periodicals are received regularly, per Falmouth packet, and are circulated the same as other works:

Bentley's Miscellany, Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, The Monthly Chronicle, The Quarterly Review, the Foreigner, do. do. The Edinburgh do. The Literary Gazette, Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, Fraser's Magazine, The Metropolitan do. Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, Blackwood's do. do. United Service Journal, The Lady's Book,—English, Colonial and American Newspapers, are also received at the Rooms.

Open (in Cogswell's stone building, near Foster's Corner, Hollis Street) from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. **JAMES P. TROPOLET,**
January 25.

JUVENILE TALES.

ARABELLA HARDY;

OR THE SEA VOYAGE.

I was born in the East Indies. I lost my father and mother young. At the age of five, my relations thought it proper that I should be sent to England for my education. I was to be entrusted to the care of a young woman who had a character for great humanity and discretion; but just as I had taken leave of my friends, and we were about to take our passage, the young woman suddenly fell sick, and could not go on board. In this unpleasant emergency, no one knew how to act. The ship was at the very point of sailing, and it was the last which was to sail for the season. At length the Captain, who was known to my friends, prevailed upon my relation who had come with us to see us embark, to leave the young woman on shore, and to let me embark separately. There was no possibility of getting any other female attendant for me, in the short time allotted for our preparation; and the opportunity of going by that ship was thought too valuable to be lost. No other ladies happened to be going, and so I was consigned to the care of the captain and his crew—rough and unaccustomed attendants for a young creature delicately brought up as I had been; but indeed they did their best to make me not feel the difference. The unpolished sailors were my nursery-maids and my waiting-women. Every thing was done by the captain and the men to accommodate me, and make me easy. I had a little room made out of the cabin, which was to be considered as my room, and nobody might enter into it. The first mate had a great character for bravery, and all sailor-like accomplishments; but with all this he had a gentleness of manners, and a pale, feminine cast of face, from ill health and a weakly constitution, which subjected him to some ridicule from the officers, and caused him to be named Betsy. He did not much like the appellation, but he submitted to it the better, saying that those who gave him a woman's name, well knew that he had a man's heart, and that in the face of danger he would go as far as any man. To this young man, whose real name was Charles Atkinson, by a lucky thought of the captain, the care of me was especially entrusted. Betsy was proud of his charge, and, to do him justice, acquitted himself with great diligence and adroitness through the whole of the voyage. From the beginning I had somehow looked upon Betsy as a woman, hearing him so spoken of, and this reconciled me in some measure to the want of a maid, which I had been used to. But I was a manageable girl at all times, and gave nobody much trouble.

I have not knowledge enough to give an account of my voyage, or to remember the names of the seas we passed through, or the lands which we touched upon, in our course. The chief thing I can remember (for I do not recollect the events of the voyage in any order,) was Atkinson taking me upon deck, to see the great whales playing about in the sea. There was one great whale came bounding up out of the sea, and then he would drive into it again, and then would come up at a distance where nobody expected him, and another whale was following after him. Atkinson said they were at play, and that the lesser whale loved that bigger whale, and kept it company all through the wide seas; but I thought it strange play, and a frightful kind of love: for I every minute expected they would come up to our ship, and toss it. But Atkinson said a whale was a gentle creature, and it was a sort of sea-olephant, and that the most powerful creatures in nature are always the least hurtful. And he told me how men went out to take these whales, and stuck long pointed darts into them; and how the sea was discoloured with the blood of these poor whales for many miles distance; and I admired the courage of the men, but I was sorry for the inoffensive whale. Many other pretty sights he used to show me, when he was not on watch, or doing some duty for the ship. No one was more attentive to his duty than he; but at such times as he had leisure, he would show me all pretty sea-sights:—the dolphins and porpoises that came before a storm, and all the colours which the sea changed to; how sometimes it was a deep blue, and then a deep green, and sometimes it would seem all on fire; all these various appearances he would show me, and attempt to explain the reason of them to me, as well as my young capacity would admit of. There was a lion and a tiger on board, going to England as a present to the king; and it was a great diversion to Atkinson and me, after I had got rid of my first terrors, to see the ways of these beasts in their dens, and how venturous the sailors were in putting their hands through the grates, and potting their rough coats. Some of the men had monkeys, which ran loose about, and the sport was for the men to loose them, and find them again. The monkeys would run up the shrouds, and pass from rope to rope, with ten times greater alacrity than the most experienced sailor could follow them; and sometimes they would hide themselves in the most unthought-of places, and when they were found, they would grin, and make mouths, as if they had sense. Atkinson described to me the ways of these little animals in their native woods, for he had seen them. Oh, how many ways he thought of to amuse me in that long voyage!

Sometimes he would describe to me the odd shapes and

varieties of fishes that were in the sea, and tell me tales of the sea-monsters that lay hid at the bottom, and were seldom seen by men; and what a glorious sight it would be, if our eyes could be sharpened to behold all the inhabitants of the sea at once, swimming in the great deeps, as plain as we see the gold and silver fish in a bowl of glass. With such notions he enlarged my infant capacity to take in many things.

When in foul weather I have been terrified at the motion of the vessel, as it rocked backwards and forwards, he would still my fears, and tell me that I used to be rocked so once in a cradle, and that the sea was God's bed, and the ship our cradle, and we were as safe in that greater motion, as when we felt that lesser one in our little wooden sleeping-places. When the wind was up, and sang through the sails, and disturbed me with its violent clamours, he would call it music, and bid me hark to the sea-organ, and with that name he quieted my tender apprehensions. When I have looked around with a mournful face at seeing all men about me, he would enter into my thoughts, and tell me pretty stories of his mother and his sisters, and a female cousin that he loved better than his sisters, whom he called Jenny, and say when we got to England I should go and see them, and how fond Jenny would be of his little daughter, as he called me; and with these images of women and females which he raised in my fancy, he quieted me for a while. One time, and never but once, he told me that Jenny had promised to be his wife if ever he came to England, but that he had his doubts whether he should live to get home, for he was very sickly. This made me cry bitterly.

That I dwell so long upon the attention of this Atkinson, is only because his death, which happened just before we got to England, affected me so much, that he alone of all the ships' crew has engrossed my mind ever since; though indeed the captain and all were singularly kind to me, and strove to make up for my uneasy and unnatural situation. The boatswain would pipe for my diversion, and the sailor-boy would climb the dangerous mast for my sport. The rough foremast-man would never willingly appear before me, till he had combed his long black hair smooth and sleek, not to terrify me. The officers got up a sort of play for my amusement, and Atkinson, or, as they called him, Betsy, acted the heroine of the piece. All ways that could be contrived, were thought upon, to reconcile me to my lot. I was the universal favourite; I do not know how deservedly, but I suppose it was because I was alone, and there was no female in the ship besides me. Had I come over with female relations or attendants I should have excited no particular curiosity; I should have required no uncommon attentions. I was one little woman among a crew of men; and I believe the homage which I have read that men universally pay to women, was in this case directed to me, in the absence of all other womenkind. I do not know how that might be, but I was a little princess among them, and I was not six years old.

I remember the first drawback which happened to my comfort was Atkinson not appearing the whole of one day. The captain tried to reconcile me to it, by saying that Mr. Atkinson was confined to his cabin; that he was not quite well, but a day or two would restore him. I begged to be taken in to see him, but this was not granted. A day and then another came, and another, and no Atkinson was visible, and I saw apparent solicitude in the faces of all the officers, who nevertheless strove to put on their best countenances before me, and to be more than usually kind to me. At length, by the desire of Atkinson himself, as I have since learned, I was permitted to go into his cabin and see him. He was sitting up, apparently in a state of great exhaustion; but his face was lighted up when he saw me, and he kissed me, and told me that he was going a great voyage, far longer than that which we had passed together, and he should never come back; and though I was so young, I understood well enough that he meant this of his death, and I cried sadly; but he comforted me, and told me, that I must be his little executrix, and perform his last will, and bear his last words to his mother and his sisters, and to his cousin Jenny, whom I should see in a short time; and he gave me his blessing, as a father would bless his child, and he sent a last kiss by me to all his female relations, and he made me promise that I would go and see them when I got to England, and soon after this he died; but I was in another part of the ship when he died, and I was not told it till we got to shore, which was a few days after; but they kept telling me that he was better and better, and that I should soon see him, but that it disturbed him to talk with any one. Oh, what a grief it was, when I learned that I had lost an old ship-mate, that had made an irksome situation so bearable by his kind assiduities; and to think that he was gone, and I could never repay him for his kindness!

When I had been a year and a half in England, the captain, who had made another voyage to India and back, thinking that time had alleviated a little the sorrow of Atkinson's relations, prevailed upon my friends who had the care of me in England, to let him introduce me to Atkinson's mother and sisters. Jenny was no more; she had died in the interval, and I never saw her. Grief for his death had brought on a consumption, of which she lingered about a twelvemonth, and then expired. But in the mother and the sisters of this excellent young man, I have found the

most valuable friends I possess on this side the great ocean. They received me from the captain as the little *protege* of Atkinson, and from them I have learned passages of his former life: and this in particular, that the illness of which he died was brought on by a wound of which he never quite recovered, which he got in the desperate attempt, when he was quite a boy, to defend his captain against a superior force of the enemy which had boarded him, and which, by his premature valour, inspiring the men, they finally succeeded in repulsing. This was that Atkinson, who, from his pale and feminine appearance, was called Betsy: this was he whose womanly care of me got him the name of a woman; who, with more than female attention, condescended to play the handmaid to a little unaccompanied orphan, that fortune had cast upon the care of a rough sea-captain and his rougher crew.

THE FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.—“Flora—ah! dearest Flora—I am come—ah! Flora—I am come to—oh! you can decide my fate—I am come, my Flora—ah!” “I see you, Malcolm, perfectly. You are come, you tell me. Interesting intelligence, certainly. Well, what next?” “Oh, Flora! I am come to—to—To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?” “Yes.” “Well, do it like a man, if you can, and not like a monkey.” “Plague take your self-possession!” exclaimed I, suddenly starting up from my knees, upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of even Madame de Maillard Fraser; “you make me ashamed of myself.” “Proceed, sir,” said Flora. “You like brevity, it would seem!” “Yes,” said Flora. “Then—will you marry me?” “Yes.” “Will you give me a kiss?” “You may take one.” I took the proffered kiss. “Now, that is going to work rationally,” said Flora, “when a thing's to be said, why may it not be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stammering and stammering two hours about it? Oh, how cordially I do hate all niaiseries!” exclaimed the merry maiden, clasping her hands energetically. “Well, then,” said I, “humbly apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?”—[“The Wife Hunter, and Flora Douglas,” by the Moriarty Family.]

SHOEING HORSES.—Speaking of their nails, Mr. Jones remarks, “they made nails, but they were round and not square. I was the first, I think, that taught them to make a square nail. Towards the end of 1820, a favourite horse, sent to Radama by Sir R. T. Farquhar, in the charge of Mr. Hastie, in the previous year lost one of his shoes, and there was no person in the capital who knew how to shoe a horse. Seeing the anxiety of the king, I said to him, if you will trust me, I will nail on the old shoe. The king was exceedingly pleased, and wished me to do it. I made a model of a horse shoe nail, and the native smiths made some nails exactly like the model. The horse was brought into one of the royal houses; and the king, his officers, smiths, etc. assembled, to witness the novel transaction. While I was driving the nails into the animal's hoof, the king frequently cried out, ‘Take care, take care, don't hurt the horse, don't hurt the horse!’ I continued driving the nails, clinched them, rasped the foot, etc. and the horse was led out unhurt, to the great astonishment and delight of all present, who appeared, from this trifling circumstance, to attach increased importance to our residence among them. I should not have attempted it, had I not often nailed on old shoes when I used to take my father's horses to the blacksmith's shop in Wales. After this, the Malagasy smiths made these sort of nails, as well as horse-shoes, and shod the king's horses, though they did it but clumsily until the arrival of the smith sent out from England.

A SIMPLE VAPOUR-BATH.—The manner of procuring this vapour-bath is singular, and differs from that ordinarily pursued in this country or in Russia, where the steam-bath is in more general use than perhaps in any other nation of Europe, and where the room for baths is filled with steam by pouring water on a heated stone; it differs scarcely less from the rude and simple mode adopted by the South Sea Islanders, who fix the patient in a sort of open-bottomed chair, and place him in that position over a pile of stones heated red hot, but covered with herbs and grass saturated with water. The Malagasy seat the patient over a large earthen or other pan containing water, spreading over him several large native cloths, and then produce the quantity of steam required by casting pieces of iron, or stones heated red-hot, into the water.

AGENTS,

Hatfield, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewell, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chas. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe.	Sussex Falls, 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.	Fredericton, Wm. Black, Esq.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, jr. Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
Parrsboro', C. E. Ratchford, Esq.	Carlton, Jos. Meagher, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pongrac &
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	Chipman.
Antigonish R. N. Henry, Esq.	