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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Published every Friday evening, at 17s. 6d. per Annum.

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20, 1839.

NUMBER FIFTY ONE

For the Pearl.

PHRENOLOGY:

ITS OPPONENTS, ADVOCATES, PROGRESS, AND USES.

A Lecture delivered before the Members of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, on Wednesday evening, November 20th.

BY DR. WILLIAM GRIGOR.

Continued from page 394.

In consequence of our Press not occupying subjects of science, the public of Nova Scotia know but little of the progress of the more modern sciences. And it is owing in a great measure to this circumstance, that we every now and then hear persons speaking of the demise of Phrenology—that it has had its run among the wonder-lovers of the day, and subsided with the gratification of their vulgar curiosity. So apt are we to think in the repose of this remote portion of the British dominions, that things cease to be, because we do not happen to hear of them! Nothing shows the importance of the Press more than this. The Press, like the wind that carries the subtle rudiments of thousands of the vegetable kingdom on its wings, disseminates far and wide, over sea and land the germs of knowledge. The Press keeps alive, by the agitation it excites, the vast region of thought which the genius and industry of man have created. Here again, like the winds, it prevents stagnation and corruption. And but for it, what would our fate be? We might as well live in the despotism of Siberia, or, in the centre of Africa, with our minds as barren as its deserts—and our whole mental world almost a chaos.

Thanks to the Press, therefore, we know that Phrenology is neither decaying, or, likely to decay. And on the contrary, I will endeavour to show that its advancement is equal to any other contemporary science of our day, and in point of the strength of its disciples, estimated by their education and intelligence—by their talents and genius,—it is superior to most other sciences now in operation.

It was lately stated in the Monthly Magazine, that "not a single man of sterling genius, not a single literary or scientific person of real eminence has designed to become a promoter of Phrenology; nay, amongst the thousands of so called Phrenologists, scarcely a dozen of them could cut a respectable figure in any assembly of third rate talent." Now, this is a bold assertion, and the confidence with which it is written, might induce many to believe it well founded. But allowing it to be the case, the writer might fairly be asked, what matters it to the value of a thing that is true, whether it be handled by men of third rate talent, or men of first rate talent? It is certain that the latter might handle it better, and illustrate it with more brilliancy; yet still the truth would be the same, in a scientific point of view, and just of as much intrinsic value as if it were altogether in the hands of first rate men. It is not of men, however, it is of the truth of the facts that the writer ought to have spoken. By this reasoning he might assert, that polygonal lamps are nothing, because they have not the glorious effulgence of the sun! It is a fact however, that they exist, and that is quite reason enough that we should make use of them, even with their inferiority to the sun, whether it suits the talents of third rate or first rate men. And will any one, who has read Gall with attention, say, that as a Philosopher he is inferior to Sir David Brewster,—that his reasoning is less inductive,—or the matter upon which he has devoted his whole energies of less importance to the interests of mankind? I consider it as certain, as, that the improved polygonal system of Sir David, in lighting up the dark and dangerous shores of England, will prove the salvation of thousands of mariners as they are hurried by the gale through the dark and stormy seas of winter, that Phrenology, by lighting up the hitherto dismal atmosphere of mental Philosophy, will prove the beacon of hope and safety to millions of the human race, that otherwise would be lost on a coast whose dangers are far more awful to contemplate than those lashed by waves of the ocean.

The reply of the Phrenological Journal to this sweeping charge of the Monthly is like every other reply to its opponents, ample, and decisive. In France it quotes a dozen names only to suit the interrogatory of the Magazine; which all acknowledge who know any thing of Parisian science.

The following men, all eminent, are active Phrenologists.
Audral, Professor in the Faculty of Medicine of Paris.
Blondeau, Dean in the Faculty of Law of Paris.
Broussais, Professor in the Faculty of Medicine of Paris.
Cioquet, Professor in the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, Surgeon to the Hospital of St. Louis.
Comte, Professor of Philosophy in the Athenæum.

David, Sculptor, member of the Institute.
Jullien, Editor of the Revue Encyclopedique.
Lacoste, King's Council.
Le Noble, Head of the Department of Public Instruction.
Poncelet, Professor in the Faculty of Law of Paris.
Roger, First Secretary at the Jardin des Plantes.
Sanson, Surgeon to the Hotel Dieu.

And least the writer in the Monthly should not admire men of genuine talent, because of French origin, the Journalist brings him home to his own country, and mentions a few dozens in Great Britain and Ireland, who taken at random, will satisfy any one that there is neither want of talent nor eminence among Phrenologists, but that there is a strange ignorance and want of information among the opponents of Phrenology. The following names will speak for themselves.

Dr. Ellioton, Professor of Medicine, London.
Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry, Glasgow.
Dr. Hunter, Professor of Anatomy, Glasgow.
Dr. Nichol, Professor of Astronomy, Glasgow.
Revd. David Welsh, Professor of Divinity, Edinburgh.
Mr. Whetstone, Professor of Natural Philosophy, London.

In Ireland we find.

Dr. Evanson, Professor of Medicine, R. College of Surgeons.
Dr. Jacob, Professor of Anatomy, R. College of Surgeons.
Mr. Lloyd, Professor of National Philosophy, Dublin.
Mr. Cryfield, Professor of Political Economy, Dublin.
Dr. Maunsell, Professor of Midwifery R. College, of Surgeons.
Dr. Montgomery, Professor of Midwifery, College of Physicians.

From the Fellows of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh and other chartered and scientific societies in England, a dozen of names are taken at random—any one of which would certainly be rather a formidable opponent to a mere member of an assembly of third rate talent. A half dozen authors are added from the departments of medical and political Philosophy of mind these are—

Dr. E. Barlow, author of Essays in the Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine.
Mr. W. A. F. Browne, author of Lectures on Insanity.
Mr. R. Cobden, author of the Treatise by a "Manchester manufacturer."
Sir W. C. Ellis, author of the Treatise on Insanity.
Mr. C. Maclaren, Editor of the Scotsman.
Dr. W. Weir, lately Co-Editor of the Glasgow Medical Journal
A few Editors of the best of our Medical and other Periodicals are also given.
The Analyst. The Lancet.
The B. & F. Med. Review. The Medico-Chirurgial Review.
Chambers' Edin. Journal. The Naturalist.

And to these are annexed the late able Editors of the Phrenological Journal.

Dr. Andrew Combe. Dr. Richard Poole.
Mr. George Combe. Mr. W. Scott.
Mr. Robert Cox. Mr. James Simpson.

These dozens of names are taken to meet the challenge of the Monthly to the letter—and the Journalist offers to quadruple the forty eight celebrated names which he takes at a hazard, should the challenger wish for further information.

At a late meeting of the British Association, it was proposed to make Phrenology one of the sections for investigation. This proposition was thrown out by some of the influential leaders of the Association. But the result has been, that so many of the Association were Phrenologists, that they immediately called a meeting, and though the notice was scarcely 24 hours, the room which was occupied by the British Association, during the preceding "five days for the consideration of Mathematical and Physical science, and possessed the attraction of Sir John Herschell, Sir David Brewster, Professor Whewell, and other lions of the British Association: nevertheless, the room had never been so well filled; nor had any section of the Association during the week retained so numerous and so attentive an audience, during so long a time." The result of this has been, that a resolution was passed, that a Phrenological Association, distinct from the British Association, should be formed and should henceforth meet at the same times and places with the British Association. Among the vice Presidents, Secretaries, and members of committees of this Association, it is astonishing to find such a considerable proportion of scientific names, all of whom are Phrenologists.

Thus we have an additional argument, not only in favour of the

numbers of scientific men engaged in the study of Phrenology, but also interested in the importance of supporting and disseminating its truth.

And upon what better authority have most of us our belief in optics, geology, or astronomy? Do we not indirectly take it from the testimony of men educated and practised in these several sciences? Many of us are not familiar with the facts; yet we believe them, though there are discordances among men of science respecting them. They are founded on facts, and become sciences in consequence of the deductions made from them. But though Phrenology is founded on as great a number of well-observed facts as any other science, yet because a few individuals, who have never studied it, who pretend to be judges at the very moment they declare their ignorance, Phrenology is, therefore, to be held up as a bundle of material without a habitation or a name. It would only be fair in such persons, if they did not like the subject, to hold their comment on it, or to study it, and after knowing it thoroughly, as other sciences are known, then, with their knowledge and judgment matured, give their criticisms to the world.

Besides these evidences of the truth of Phrenology as a science, we find that all throughout Britain, Phrenological Societies are formed, or forming, and able lecturers invited to illustrate the doctrine. In these Societies museums are forming,—by far the most useful mode of collecting and acquiring practical information on this or any other subject of a physical or a physiological nature. The Phrenological Journal is published quarterly, and it is not too much to say of it, that in point of talent, philosophical research, and general interest, there are few works of its nature or extent, that approach or equal it.

A work of similar import is published in Paris.

In America, the Phrenological Library is in course of publication, which will prove a compendious work when finished. It embraces the writings of almost all the leading Phrenologists. Since Spurzheim and Combe have visited the United States Phrenology is rapidly increasing in talent and numbers.

The advantages to be derived from Phrenology are already being elicited in many points of view. And the education of youth in particular, is acknowledging the influence which it is exerting in the formation and management of schools. In the mode of teaching most suitable to the young; the fitness or unfitness of individuals for certain descriptions of learning and knowledge,—ascertaining by it, even the qualifications of school masters themselves, for their respective duties.

A school is now forming in Glasgow entirely on this doctrine. And if you wish to know what it is likely to effect in this way, I refer you to Simpson's work on education, which surpasses all other works on this subject, just because it is founded on phrenological views. The great reformation which this work is destined to effect on the training of youth, is already advancing,—and the crowds that every where attend Mr. Simpson's lectures have seldom been equalled, and prove how much the people of Britain have his doctrine at heart. His system is a national one—which, when established, will set Phrenology beyond the reach of cavillers. It will then produce an important change on many subjects of vital importance to mankind—such as Mental Philosophy, Natural Theology, Ethics, Political Economy, Criminal Legislation, and on all matters connected with Taste, the Fine Arts, and the social condition of man. Any one of these subjects might be made the text of a lecture or a series of lectures, in which the bearings of Phrenology might be followed out, with equal advantage, but to which we can only refer at the present.

With respect to education, it will suffice to say, what a fearful condition is the system at present in, comparatively to that which Phrenology approves. How many children are forced into a study beyond their powers—and even injurious to their intellects—how many are driven by intimidation, to apply themselves to tasks which their faculties cannot reach—how many are punished for being slow at one exercise because they are clever at another—to what expense are parents at in thus educating their children without a knowledge of their capacities—what sums are spent on Music, Painting, and Drawing, where there are deficiencies of faculties for either? To what mortifications is youth thus exposed? How many young men study Divinity, Medicine, or Law, who are entirely unfit for their duties, but are forced to do so by the caprice of their parents? What a field there is here alone for reformation and improvement?

Need I appeal to your own experience for the confirmation of something of this kind? Are there no mechanics here, who, in their time, have had apprentices whom they could neither

measure, or enumerate—who could never be intrusted to finish any thing of themselves, in a work-man like manner? And who, in fact, could never be brought to see straight, or do any thing with what we call a straight eye? and who, in fact, have had their patience exhausted by lads who could not learn their trade at all. Upon all this Phrenology has a practical bearing.

When we look again to the most unfortunate of men—the Insane—what a feeling of hope and gratification does Phrenology here enable us to enjoy! It is here no speculation—no theory. It has been reduced to practise, and it has already brought health, and reason, and happiness, to hundreds. On this interesting subject, Phrenology teaches us how to manage and cure the unfortunate objects of disease: first, by ascertaining the predominance of certain faculties, the abuse of these, and the cause of their derangement. By the accuracy and discrimination which it enables the medical attendant to assert; not only are the faculties disturbed ascertained, but the very organs or localities of the brain, through which they are manifested. Applications are hence made to the very parts themselves affected, and as one or more faculties are only deranged,—for madness is almost always partial—the whole treatment it devoted to these; thus too, other organs that are in health and are known to exercise an influence over those disordered, are brought to aid the exertions of the Physician, and to bring back the diseased to healthy action. Thus too the lunatics are classified and associated, so that the one has a sanitary influence over the other, and thus their happiness and comfort, even as lunatics, greatly promoted. Under Sir W. Ellis 454 out of 600 lunatics are at perfect liberty, and kept in continual employment, and so managed, that only 30 attendants are required for the whole. The success of this mode of treatment over that followed before Spurzheim's visit to Great Britain, is remarkably striking—the number of cases being nearly tripled. Owing to some interference of the Doctors, Sir W. Ellis has been induced to resign his situation, and another Physician, not a Phrenologist, appointed; but the consequence very soon became apparent, by the resignation of the successor to Sir William, after a very short trial. Of the importance of Phrenology Sir William writes thus:

"In connexion with insanity I should strongly recommend the study of Phrenology; the tendency which it gives carefully to note, and the facility with which it enables us easily to distinguish variations in conduct, which, though minute, and apparently of little consequence, are, in reality, the marks of important changes of action in the brain, will alone be sufficient to recommend it to our most serious attention. But I have no hesitation in saying, that in addition to its being indirectly useful, in thus helping us to a more accurate acquaintance with the state of the patient, it may be applied directly to most valuable purposes. One instance of its use has already been detailed: I could mention others, where the mere examination of the head, without any previous knowledge or examination whatever, to the habits of the patient, has suggested the trial of a particular course of moral treatment, which subsequent events have fully proved to be correct. Nor will this be a matter of surprise, when we remember that those organs, through the actions of which the grand distinctions of character are produced, form large masses of brain, and that to distinguish their relative size and natural operation, it is not necessary to have recourse to callipers, or to determine their extent to a hair's breadth. A single glance will shew to a person in the habit of observing, whether the formation of the head indicates a naturally bold and passionate, or a timid and retiring man; will enable us to distinguish betwixt one highly gifted with the intellectual and nobler faculties,—and consequently proportionally responsible for their active and continued employment, with direct reference to the glory of God,—and his neighbour less liberally endowed, who has to struggle against a constitutional tendency towards mere animal gratification."

This is the testimony of a man led to Phrenology by its practical effects,—and it strongly confirms the observation of half a dozen other medical gentlemen at the head of Lunatic Asylums, who have all given their testimony to its paramount importance in such institutions.

MILLER, THE BASKET-MAKER.

Our readers have not forgotten Thomas Miller, the sometime humble basket-maker, of England, whose "Day in the Woods" and other productions have been noticed in these pages. He has recently published a work entitled "Rural Sketches," and yodging from extracts in the London Medicals, we infer that he is going on from strength to strength in his literary career. "Home Revisited" would do honor to any pen in England. A passage or two will evince the justice of our encomium. The basket-maker has left London, to place his foot on the very hearth-stone where he sat when a boy.—*Anti-Spectator*

"Mine was no affected feeling, no imaginary delight, but a mad, wild eagerness to look upon the old woods and green hills which had been familiar to me from childhood, and to which my mind had so often sailed on the heavy wings of pleasure, asleep or awake, just as fancy wandered. The old house was still the same, and every thing it contained seemed to stand in the very position that they occupied twenty years ago. There was no

change, saving that they appeared to look older—somehow more venerable; but the alteration was more in myself than in the objects I looked upon. I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days; it seemed to have lost that sharp, clear clicking, with which it had greeted my ears when a child, and when it told the hour, it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years.—The gilt balls, which decorated the tall case, were tarnished; the golden worlds into which my fancy had so often conjured them, were gone; the light that played around them in other days was dimmed; the sunshine rested upon them no longer. I heard the clock-chains slipping at intervals, as if they could not keep pace with time; they seemed weary with long watching; they could no longer keep a firm foothold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many years. I looked upon those ancient fingers, now black with age, and which were bright when they pointed out my hours of pleasure. They no longer told the time when my play-fellows would call upon me to wander into the green fields."

We need not ask the reader to admire the deep feeling, the clusters of rustic imagery, and the pictures of sylvan scenery, which animate the subjoined passage:

"And have I forgotten those days? No! I traversed the scenes with as much pleasure last summer as ever I felt in my boyhood. And oh! pardon me, if for a moment I felt proud at the thought, that the emotions I had gathered in those lovely solitudes had been wasted to a thousand hearths. I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodland with me into the huge city; and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have 'blessed them unaware.' From the low humming of unseen insects in the air, to the heavy murmuring of the bee, as it flew singing from flower to flower, or was lost amid the brawling of the brook, had my heart become a treasurer of their melodies. There I first heard the solemn tapping of the wood-pecker, measuring the intervals of silence; and saw the blue winged jay, as she went screaming aloft through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's strokes. Sometimes the gray rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch among the trees. There the melancholy ring-dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine at the side of the forest.—Then up flew the lark, carrying his 'tira lirra' heavenward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody.—Sometimes a bell came chiming solemnly over the distant river, glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees, until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost itself in the wood. Anon the shrill 'chit-chirping' of the grasshopper fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighboring valleys; or up sprung the pheasant with a loud 'whirr,' the sunshine gilding his gaudy plumage, as he divided the transparent green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf, with a pleasant sound, or the wind arose from its fitful slumberings, muffling its roar at first as if to awaken the silence of the forest, and bid the gnarled oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle. Nor was it from the deep wood-lands alone that all these sweet sounds float; hill and valley, and outstretched plain sent forth their melodies, until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of laborers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman, as he descended the hill. The bird-boy swung his noisy rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud 'rasp, rasp,' and leaned upon his scythe to wipe his brow or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the bay of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter's horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bittern boomed in hollow concert with the rank sedge. When the village was near'd, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sounding of the thrasher's flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and deafening clamor of some neighboring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear, when I revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although not forgotten, make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by—of companions who are now dead—of happy hours that can never return."

"If you and I should suspend specie payments," said Bass to a phrenologist, "what should we be like?" Give it up? A pair of suspenders.

LIFE OF BRANT, THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

This is the title of a very valuable work, published about a year since. To the native American, and we now refer particularly to the British American, what knowledge can be sought for, thirsted after, with greater avidity, and curiosity, than the well-authenticated history and description of the Indian,—the denizen of our forests before the keels of Europe touched the American strand. How changed this Continent since then! A few roving tribes of red-men enjoyed the whole of it: one vast wilderness, where the busy beaver, or the gregarious bison, had it all their own way; for then, the white-man had not fixed a value on their fur, and the gushing abundance of nature left the Aborigines no wants. How changed since then!—and, in one sense, how melancholy is the change. The European surveys America, and proudly points to the monuments of his skill, and enterprize, and perseverance, but, his proud form crouches with conscious shame, under the stinging reproach of virtue, generosity, and humanity, as they direct towards him the finger of scorn, for his treatment of the wild native.—That is a page of history which man would fain tear from out the volume; but, no! it must remain, the red and disfigured page of blood and violence. Perhaps, of all the Indian warriors whose names are familiar to us, not even excepting that renowned one, Tecumseh, none command our wonder and admiration more than Brant.—Brave as a warrior—chief of a warlike race, may be supposed to be, he was wise in council. He partook of the character of Achilles and Nestor. The theatre of his action, is now ground familiar to most of us, familiar even as a household word; yet, was it, in his day, and it is but as yesterday his son was living, as little known to the white-man, as are now the hunting-grounds of the Osages, or the Camanches.—The western part of the state of New York and Pennsylvania, it was, where the Mohawk ruled. This book is almost as a fairy tale, for it tells of things which have now no existence; and it tells them, beautifully. These volumes are rich in interest to the British Canadian, for Brant may be considered as Canadian property. The Niagara Frontier was the favoured land of the Six-Nations, and, there, are still to be found the remnant of the Mohawk race. His descendants are still the chiefs of the tribe, and are distinguished for all the virtues of the red-man, ere he was defiled by contact with the white,—*Montreal Courier*.

MILTON.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

The portrait of Adam is his own. His hair was admirable—his eyes of extraordinary clearness; no defect could be perceived in them; it would have been impossible to guess that he was blind. If we were not aware what party rage can do, could we believe that it would make it a crime for a man to be blind? But let us thank this abominable hate—we owe to it some exquisite lines. Milton first replies that he lost his sight in the defence of liberty, then adds these passages, full of sublimity and tenderness.

"In the night that surrounds me, the light of the Divine Presence shines the more brightly for me. God beholds me with greater tenderness and compassion, because I can see naught but him. The divine law ought not only to shield me from injury, but to render me more sacred, not on account of the loss of sight, but because I am under the shadow of the divine wings, which seem to produce this darkness in me. To this I attribute the affectionate assiduous of my friends; and their soothing attentions, their kind visits, and their respectful behaviour."

Milton rose at four in the morning during summer, and at five in the winter. He wore almost invariably a dress of coarse gray cloth; studied till noon, dined frugally; walked with a guide; and, in the evening, sang, accompanying himself on some instrument. He understood harmony, and had a fine voice. He for a long time addicted himself to the practice of fencing. To judge by Paradise Lost, he must have been passionately fond of music and the perfume of flowers; he supped off five or six olives and a little water; retired to rest at nine, and composed at night in bed. When he had made some verses, he rang, and dictated to his wife or daughters.

MEDICAL ADMONITIONS OF THE CHINESE.—Be virtuous; govern your passions; restrain your appetite. Avoid excess and high seasoned food, eat slowly, and chew your food well. Do not eat it to satiety. Breakfast betimes; it is not wholesome to go out fasting. Sup betimes and sparingly. Sleep not until two hours after eating. If in the spring there should be two or three hot days, do not be in haste to put off your winter clothes.

Not one in ten thousand die by poison; yet the bare mention of it strikes with horror; what multitudes by intemperance! Yet how little it is feared! See that moth, which flies incessantly round the candle—it is consumed! Man of pleasure, behold thine own image. Temperance is the best physic. The life of a man is a fever, in which very cold fits are followed by others equally hot. The man who hath never been sick doth not know the value of health.

THE SABBATH MORN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening morn,
Thou mirror of the mystery above!—
Oh sainted day! on prophet pinions borne,
How waits the heart thy solemn rest to prove;
How longs the soul with Deity to move,
And drink thy deathless waters!—and to feel
Thy beauty—and thy wisdom—and thy love—
Sublimely o'er the soaring spirit steal,
Till ope the heavenly gates Jehovah to reveal!—

Whilst, mounting and expanding, the Mind's wings
Thus like a seraph's reach eternal day;—
Futurity its starry mantle flings
And shrinks the past an atom in its ray!—
So mighty—so magnificent—the way
Which leads to God!—so endless—so sublime!—
The skies grow dark, their grandeur falls away
Before the worldless glory of that clime
Which feeds with light the suns and thousand worlds of Time!

Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening morn;—
Take me, Religion, on thy holy quest;—
Lead me 'mid desert hills, the wild and lorn,
To mark the lowly shepherd hail his guest
And bless the voice which ever leaves him blessed!—
Makes his rude cot an altar to God's praise!—
Where 'neath a mother's pious bosom prest,
His child, with little hands, and upward gaze,
Pleads for its parents' health and happy length of days!

Sun of the Sabbath—lead me to the vale
Whose verdant arms unfold yon village, fair;—
Afar from towns where passions stern prevail,
Afar from commerce and her sons of care—
Guide me where maidens young for church prepare
In cottage grace—and garments Sunday-white!
With reverent step, and mild submissive air,
Oft let me hear their tuneful lips unite
To hail with humble hearts the Sabbath's sacred light!

Morning of worship!—with thy beams arise
Devotions sanctified by memories dear;
With thee the hymns of nations wake the skies!
The broken prayer;—the sinner's contrite tear;
Hail, blessed morn, that brings the distant near;
Bids kindred meet the hallowed page around;—
Pours comfort in the friendless widow's ear,
For Who the wild birds fed whilst winter frowned,
Will succor her poor babes when she sleeps in the ground.

Some hand, she prays, an Infant School may raise!
And learn—oh, task divine!—their lips to bless!
Teach them that hope the book of Christ conveys,
To be their consolation in distress!
And He—the Father of the fatherless—
The sheltering wing of the poor orphan dove,—
God,—more than, words may show, or thought express,—
Shall aid them with his own almighty love!—
For angels plead for these—the motherless!—above!

Hail Sabbath hour!—hail comforter and guide!
Hour when the wanderer home a blessing sends;
Hour when the seaman o'er the surges wide
To every kindred roof his heart extends!—
Hour when to all that mourn thy peace descends,
When e'en the captive's bonds less sternly lower;—
Hour when the Cross of Christ all life defends;—
Hour of Salvation—God's redeeming hour—
Eternity is thine—and heaven-exalting power.

WILLIAM PENN'S WAY OF GETTING WHAT LAND HE WANTED.—Penn learned in 1669 that there was some very choice land not included in his first purchase; and he sent to inquire of the Indians, if they would sell it. They replied that they did not wish to part with the land where their fathers were resting; but, to please their father Onas,—the name they gave the good man,—they would sell him some of it. Accordingly, they agreed for a certain quantity of English goods, to sell as much land as one of his young men could walk round in a day, "beginning at the great river Cosquanco," now Kensington, "and ending at the great river Kallapingo," now Bristol. This mode of measurement, though their own choice, did not in the end satisfy the Indians; for the young Englishman, chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheat us."

"Ah, how can that be?" said Penn; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way."

"True," replied the Indians, "but white brother made too big walk."

Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it.

"Compelled!" exclaimed Penn, "how can you *compell* them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth, and number of fish hooks, with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling.

After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his

friends, exclaimed, "O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now, of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain—that is, in plain English to fight and kill them, and all about a little piece of land!"—*Adv. of Peace.*

A SUNDAY AT MOSCOW.

To one who had for a long time been a stranger to the sound of the church-going bell, few things could be more interesting than a Sunday at Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the Maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bell ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasing sounds. To me there is always something touching in the sound of the church-bell; in itself pleasing by its effect upon the sense, but far more so in its associations; and these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday in the holy city of Moscow. In Greece and Turkey there are no bells; in Russia they are almost innumerable, but this was the first time I happened to pass the Sabbath in the city. I lay and listened, almost fearing to move lest I should lose the sounds; thoughts of home came over me; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church-door. But he who has never heard the ringing of the bells at Moscow does not know its music. Imagine a city containing more than 600 churches and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick hammer-note, to the loudest, deepest peals that ever broke and lingered on the air as if unwilling to die away. I arose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and, after breakfast joined the throng called to their respective churches by their well-known bells; I went to what is called the English chapel, where, for the first time in many months, I joined in a regular church service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation, though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians.—*Incidents of Travel.*

CHINA.—The most interesting portion of Asiatic intelligence relates to the destruction by the Chinese authorities of opium belonging to British subjects, surrendered by Mr. Elliot. The following is a description of the operation; which foreigners were invited to witness, though but few availed themselves of the opportunity—

"Vats, or stone trenches, for the purpose, were prepared at the Bogue; and the destruction was effected by means of lime and salt, that no traces of it might remain. So injurious was it considered, that it was declared even unfit to be used for manuring the ground. The spot selected for the ceremony was an enclosure of 400 feet square, well palisaded; the side opposite, or away from the river, being, occupied by neat buildings for storing the opium, etc. The larger part of the foreground was covered by three vats of perhaps 75 feet by 150 each, opening by sluices into the river. The chests of opium, after being re-weighed and broken up in the presence of superior officers, were brought down to the vats; and the contents, ball after ball, broken down, crushed upon platforms raised on high benches above the water, and then pushed by the feet of the coolies into the receptacles beneath. A great number of men were, it appears, employed in thus macerating the balls for days together with long rakes, until the whole became a fetid mud, when the sluices were raised and the vats emptied into the river. Every precaution seemed to be used by the officers to secure the complete destruction of the drug; the spot being well guarded, the workmen ticketed, etc. The lookers-on were fully satisfied of the strict good faith with which the threat of the Peking Government was carried into execution; and it is remarked, as a matter worthy of reflection, that while Christian Governments were growing and farming the pernicious article, the Pagan Monarch should disdain to enrich his treasury with a sale the proceeds of which could not fall short of 20,000,000 dollars. The ceremony was conducted in the presence of the Imperial Commissioner, supported by the Admiral of the station, the Hoppo, and the provincial Judge."

About 300 chests were daily discharged by this process.

EFFECTS OF LOVE OF PLAY.

The first machine of Newcomen required the most unremitting attention on the part of the individual who unceasingly opened and closed certain stopcocks, first for the introduction of the steam into the cylinder, and then for injecting the cold shower for its condensation. It happened on one occasion, that the person so employed was a boy named Henry Potter. His young companions at their sports uttered cries of delight, which vexed him beyond endurance. He was all impatience to join in their sport, but his required duties did not allow him half a minute's absence. His anxiety excited his ingenuity, and led him to observe relations he had never before thought of. Of the two stopcocks, the one required to be opened at the moment that the beam (which Newcomen first and so usefully introduced into his machines) terminated the descending oscillation, and required to be closed precisely at the termination of the opposite one. The management of the other stopcock was precisely the reverse. The positions, then, of the

beam and of the stopcocks, had a necessary dependence upon each other. Potter seized upon his fact; he perceived that the beam might serve to impart to the other parts of the machine all the required movements; and on the spur of the moment he realized his conceptions. He attached a number of cords to the stopcocks; some to the one end of the handle, and some to the other, and these he attached to the most suitable parts of the beam, so that in ascending it pulled one set of the cords, and in descending the other, and so effectually, that all the work of his hand was entirely superseded. For the first time, the steam-engine went by itself; and now no other workman was seen near it but the fireman, who from time to time fed the furnace under the boiler.

For the cords of young Potter, the engineers soon substituted rigid vertical rods, which were fixed to the beam, and armed with small pegs which either pressed from above downwards, or from below upwards, as required; and thus turned the different stopcocks and valves. These rods themselves have since been replaced by other combinations; but, however humbling the avowal, all these expedients are nothing more than simple modifications of a contrivance suggested to a child by his desire to join in the gambols of his youthful companions.

BEAUTIES OF THE THAMES.

From Chiswick upwards there is a constant succession of beautiful villas, only to look at which is enough to satisfy the traveler that he is indeed in England. Such neatness, such cleanliness, such taste, such variety of flower and tree peeping from behind, or springing on either side, such ivy covered walls, and such comfort visibly dwelling over all, meet the gaze of the passer by no where but in England. We have sailed up other rivers in our time, have seen the castles of the Rhine, the chateaux of the Seine, and the villas of the Elbe, the Scheldt, and the Menso; but never have we met with scenes of such elegant luxury as all England is dotted with. There is more appreciation of the simple loveliness of nature in England than in any other country in the world; even our poorest cottages embellish their poverty, and render it more endurable by nicely trimmed gardens both in the front and rear. Flowers and trees are the poor man's luxuries in England. The gewgaws of the art are beyond his reach, but roses and lilies, violets, blue bells, and anemones, and all the tribes whose very names are pleasant, adorn his humble windows, and show the taste of the indweller, as well as the rich vases, golden time-pieces, or choice paintings, that solicit our admiration in the chambers of the rich. How different is it in most of the countries on the Continent, especially in Germany, France and Belgium! There, neither rich nor poor have that love for verdure and flowers which is so characteristic of all classes of Englishmen. Their rivers show no such embowered villas and cottages on their banks as ours; the country houses of their gentry are naked and tasteless in comparison, and their cottages are miserable huts, around whose doors or windows the honey suckle never crept, and even a flower pot is an unusual visiter.—*English paper.*

Selected for the Pearl.

(A friend sent some brief selections for the Pearl, some time ago. They have been lying out of sight and forgotten. Having come to hand we give one this week.)

NO I.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.—Pride, Profit, and Pleasure, have sometimes been called the world's trinity; they are its three chief idols: each of them is sufficient to draw a soul from God, and ruin it. Beware of them, therefore, and of all their subtle insinuations, if you would be innocent and happy. Remember that the honor that comes from God,—the approbation of heaven, and of your own conscience, are infinitely more valuable than all the esteem or applause of men. Dare not venture one step out of the road to heaven, for fear of being laughed at for walking strictly in it.—It is a poor religion that cannot stand against a jest. Sell not your hopes of heavenly treasures, not any thing that belongs to your eternal interest, for any advantages of the present life; "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Remember also the words of the wise man, "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man;" he that indulges himself in drinking, in feasting, and in sensual gratifications, shall not be rich. I is one of St. Paul's characters of a most degenerate age, when men become "lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God." And that "fleshly lusts war against the soul," is in St. Peter's caveat to the christians of his time.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensible. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the way is paved for a thousand iniquities.

And take heed, that under any scruple, doubt, or temptation, whatsoever, you never let any reasonings satisfy your conscience, which will not be a sufficient apology to the great Judge at the last Day.

STOVES.—The air of a room in which a stove is used becomes at length completely dry, unless care be taken to keep up the supply of moisture by having constantly in the room a vessel filled with water. From the air becoming dry the skin of the face and hands become heated, and the

BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SICOURNEY.

A voice amid the desert!

Not of him,

Who in rough garments clad, and locust-fed,
Cried to the sinful multitude, and claim'd
Fruits of repentance, with the lifted scourge
Of terror and reproof. A milder guide,
With gentler tones, doth teach the listening throng.
Benignant pity mov'd him, as he saw
The shepherdless and poor. He knew to touch
The springs of every nature. The high love
Of Heaven, he humbled to the simplest child,
And in the guise of parable, allur'd
The sluggish mind, to follow truth and live.
They whom the thunders of the Law had stunn'd,
Woke to the Gospel's melody, with tears,
And the glad Jewish mother held her babe
High in her arms, that its young eye might greet
Jesus of Nazareth.

It was so still,

Tho' thousands cluster'd there, that not a sound
Broke the strong spell of eloquence, which held
The wilderness in chains: save, now and then,
As the gale freshen'd, came the murmur'd speech
Of distant billows, chafing with the shores
Of the Tiberian sea.

Day wore apace,

Noon hasted, and the lengthening shadows brought
The unexpected eve. They linger'd still,
Eyes fix'd, and lips apart—the very breath
Constrain'd lest some escaping sigh might break
The tide of knowledge sweeping o'er their souls,
Like a strange raptur'd dream. They heeded not
The spent sun, closing at the curtain'd west
His burning journey. What was *time* to them,
Who heard entranced the Eternal Word of Life?
But the weak flesh grew weary. Hunger came
Sharpening each feature, and to faintness drain'd
Life's vigorous fount. The holy Saviour felt
Compassion for them. His disciples press
Care-stricken to his side. "Where shall we find
Bread, in this desert?"

Then, with lifted eyes

He bless'd, and brake, the slender store of food,
And fed the famish'd thousands. Wondering awe,
With renovated strength inspired their souls,
As gazing on the miracle, they mark'd
The gather'd fragments of their feast, and heard
Such heavenly words, as lip of mortal man
Had never utter'd.

Thou, whose pitying heart
Yearn'd o'er the countless miseries of those
Whom thou did'st die to save, touch thou our souls
With the same spirit of unfeign'd love:
Divine Redeemer! may our fellow man,
Howe'er by rank or circumstance disjoint,
Be as a brother, in his hour of need.

Hartford, Conn.

KOECH'S REVOLUTIONS OF EUROPE.

This standard work forms the first number of another enterprising speculation to supply the classes below the wealthy, and indeed the mass of the people, with solid literature at a low price and in a compact form. The distinguishing feature of the "Popular Library of Modern Authors" is, however, to publish *copyright editions*, at a price but little if at all exceeding the more elegant reprints of older writers, so as to furnish the people with works before the gloss of novelty is worn off, or any of their matter is superseded or become obsolete. An excellent plan, if it be carried out with spirit and discrimination; the first regard being had to the nature of the book and its probable demand, instead of the copyrights the publisher may have in his possession.

This proper judgment has been exercised in the choice of the first number; for Koech's *Revolutions of Europe* is not only a valuable work in itself, but one whose absence cannot readily be supplied: presenting, in a brief space, a compendious narrative of the events of European history from the fifth century, as well as an investigation of the causes which produced them and of the results to which they gave rise.

The period treated of by Koech extends from the downfall of the Western Empire at the beginning of the fifth century, till the time immediately preceding the French Revolution. This time is divided into eight epochs, each of which the author conceives to mark some change in the state of Europe. Prefixed to his work is a brief introduction, containing a precis of ancient history; and Koech's editor, M. Schœll, has affixed a ninth period, containing European events of the French Revolution and the Empire, till the expulsion of Napoleon in 1815.

The mode of execution varies, of course, with the nature of the materials and the taste of the author; but the general character of the work is rather to point out the effects of events than to narrate particular actions. A battle, a siege, and similar deeds, are often compressed in a sentence, with the brevity of a chronological table; but the rise of municipalities, for example, the liberation of the serfs, the great inventions of linen paper, printing, gunpowder, &c., are narrated at comparative length. Again, the origin and especially the results of the Crusades are dwelt upon; but the exploits of the Crusaders are dismissed briefly. Although neither the merit of Koech nor the value of his work is to be judged of piecemeal—for which exhibition the *Revolutions of Europe* is not at all adapted—we will take an extract as a specimen of his exhaustive manner, and the information he crowds into a small space. And we select the invention of gunpowder and the mariner's compass, because they are important discoveries, whose origin is very much misapprehended in common compilations.

"Next to the invention of printing, there is no other that so much arrests our attention as that of gunpowder; which, by introducing artillery, and a new method of fortifying, attacking, and defending cities, wrought a complete change in the whole art and tactics of war. This invention comprises several discoveries which it is necessary to distinguish from each other. 1. The discovery of nitre, the principal ingredient in gunpowder, and the cause of its detonation. 2. The mixture of nitre with sulphur and charcoal, which, properly speaking, forms the invention of gunpowder. 3. The application of powder to fire-works. 4. Its employment as an agent or propelling power for throwing stones, bullets, or other heavy and combustible bodies. 5. Its employment in springing mines and destroying fortifications.

"All these discoveries belong to different epochs. The knowledge of saltpetre or nitre, and its explosive properties, called detonation, is very ancient. Most probably it was brought to us from the East (India or China), where saltpetre is found in a natural state of preparation. It is not less probable that the nations of the East were acquainted with the composition of gunpowder before the Europeans, and that it was the Arabs who first introduced the use of it into Europe. The celebrated Roger Bacon, an English monk or friar of the thirteenth century, was acquainted with the composition of gunpowder, and its employment in fire-works and public festivities; and according to all appearances, he obtained this information from the Arabic authors, who excelled in their skill of the chemical sciences. The employment of gunpowder in Europe as an agent for throwing balls and stones, is ascertained to have been about the commencement of the fourteenth century; and it was the Arabs who first availed themselves of its advantages in their wars against the Spaniards. From Spain, the use of gunpowder and artillery passed to France, and thence it gradually extended over the other states of Europe. As to the application of gunpowder to mines and the destruction of fortified works, it does not appear to have been in practice before the end of the fifteenth century. The introduction of bombs and mortars seems to have been of an earlier date (1467.) The invention of these in Europe is attributed to Sigismond Pandolph Malatesta, Prince of Rimini; but in France they were not in use till about the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. Muskets and matchlocks began to be introduced early in the fifteenth century. They were without spring-locks till 1517, when for the first time muskets and pistols with spring-locks were manufactured at Nuremberg.

"Several circumstances tended to check the progress of fire-arms and the improvement of artillery. Custom made most people prefer their ancient engines of war; the construction of cannon was but imperfect; the manufacture of gunpowder bad; and there was a very general aversion to the newly-invented arms, as contrary to humanity, and calculated to extinguish military bravery. Above all, the knights, whose science was rendered completely useless by the introduction of fire-arms, set themselves with all their might to oppose this invention.

"From what we have just said, it is obvious that the common tradition which ascribes the invention of gunpowder to a certain monk named Berthold Schwartz, merits no credit whatever. This tradition is founded on mere hearsay; and no writers agree as to the name, the country, or the circumstances of this pretended inventor; nor as to the time and place when he made this extraordinary discovery.

"Lastly, the mariner's compass, so essential to the art of navigation, was likewise the production of the barbarous ages to which we now refer. The ancients were aware of the property of the magnet to attract iron; but its direction towards the pole, and the manner of communicating its magnetic virtues to iron and steel, were unknown even to all those nations of antiquity who were renowned for their navigation and commerce. This discovery is usually attributed to a citizen of Amalfi, named Flavio Gioia, who is said to have lived about the beginning of the fourteenth century. This tradition, ancient though it be, cannot be admitted; because we have incontestible evidence that, before this period, the polarity of the loadstone and the magnetic needle were known in Europe; and that, from the commencement of the thirteenth century, the Provençal mariners made use of the compass in navigation.

"It must be confessed, however, that we can neither point out the original author of this valuable discovery, nor the true time,

when it was made. All that can be well ascertained is, that the mariner's compass was rectified by degrees; and that the English had no small share in these corrections."

The history of the ninth period, written by M. Schœll, is probably more readable, and certainly more rhetorical, than the work of Koech, but wants his matter and his solidity.

WOMAN'S WIT.

The following dramatic passage is concerning Gustavus Vasa, when that distinguished monarch took refuge from the Danish usurper in Dalecarlia, to mature his plan for the deliverance of his country:

On the little hill just mentioned, stood a very ancient habitation of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consisted of a long farm like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtue of its heroic mistress, who saved by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. Gustavus, having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, bent his way towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman by the name of Pearson, whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligation he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honors. He exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, offered unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved General. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any, while he was absent, some days afterwards saw Pearson leave the house to put his design into execution. It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, induced him to sacrifice his honor to his ambition, and for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he proceeded to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not the courage to face his victim, but telling the Dane how to surprise the Prince, who, he said, believed himself under the protection of a friend, he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its contents. "It will be an easy matter," says he, "for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus." The officer, at the head of the party of well armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations.

At some distance from her, sat a young man in a rustic garb, chopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer told her he came, in King Christiern's name, to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed color; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, "if you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these two days, he has just walked out into the wood, on the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him." The officer, not suspecting the easy simplicity of her manner, ordered part of his men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice, "unmanly wretch! What—sit before your betters? Don't you see the King's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength, and, opening a side door, "there get into the scully," cried she, "it is the fittest place for such company!" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him and shut the door. "Sure," added she in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lot of a slave!" The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account, but she, affecting great reverence for the King, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlor while she brought some refreshments. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps, glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately flew to Gustavus whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to the bank of the lake, where the fisher's boats lay, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

St. Louis police office, reported in the Bulletin of the 8th.—*George Mortimer Wardwell*, a genteel and intelligent young man, of about 20 years of age, was brought up this morning on a charge of being drunk in the streets, and disturbing the peace. He pleaded guilty to the charge, and evidently labored under the greatest emotion. When requested to give some account of himself, he replied:

"Sir—I have now arrived at that extremity of degradation, which, long ago, I became satisfied would one day or other become my position. Sir, I do not believe I was born to this. In my youth, when I first started in the world, my prospects and my hopes were as bright as the sky which bent over me. I married a beautiful wife when I was 28 years old, and had acquired a considerable competence; Sir, I need not tell how I loved her!

"Two years after I was married to my wife—who was a young lady of handsome expectations and had a beautiful boy to bless me with his innocent endearments, we received letters from England, announcing the death of my wife's father, and soliciting me to come to England immediately, for the purpose of settling up the affairs of the deceased, and receiving my portion of the estate. I immediately made preparations for my departure, and leaving my wife under the protection of an intimate friend, whose name was Henry Anson Willoughby, I set sail for England. My business detained me no longer than I had anticipated, and I began to feel the most intense anxiety in regard to my family. The letters which I received from my wife grew brief and unfrequent, sometimes startling me with their abruptness. Just before the final steps in regard to my wife's portion were about to be completed, I received a letter from America, written by an old friend of my father's family, warning me to hasten home if I would preserve my future happiness and the honor of my wife! Imagine my dismay! I hurried home, leaving my business still unsettled, and arrived in time to find my hearth desolate, my wife eloped with my friend Willoughby, and my boy—my darling boy—in the Orphan Asylum—an object of public charity!

"Willoughby had represented himself as a rich planter from Alabama, and that he was sojourning at the north for the purpose of regaining his health. Placing my child under proper protection, I flew in pursuit of the destroyer of my peace, with my heart bursting with revenge. At Montgomery, (Ala.) I learned that Willoughby had been there, in company with a lady, who he called his wife—that he had been for years a notorious black-leg and swindler, and had gone to Mobile, leaving his wife (*my wife!*) behind, in circumstances of destitution. After waiting for some time, and hearing nothing from her base paramour, she borrowed money of some of the citizens and followed him.

"Mad with rage and disappointment, I pursued. At Mobile I lost all traces of the villain and his wretched victim. I proceeded to New Orleans; and on making enquiries of the different boats, I was told by the captain of one of them engaged in running to St. Louis, that a woman answering the description I gave, had gone up the river on his boat long since. I immediately embarked for this place, Sir, and my money being nearly exhausted, I was compelled to take passage on deck. I arrived here in a state of complete destitution; and being unable to learn any thing of my wife or the villain, Willoughby, I became discouraged and disheartened. The bottle was my resort. I mingled with the vilest of the vile; and, last night was persuaded by several others, to visit a house of ill-fame.

I entered—and the first object that met my gaze was *my wife*, resigning her tender cheek, which I had not suffered "even the winds of heaven to visit too roughly," to disgusting caresses. Sir, sir, I became mad! I can tell no more, but that I rushed from the house, invoking the most impious maledictions upon him who had been the cause of such misery and anguish; and found myself this morning in the situation in which you behold me. Sir, nothing, which you can inflict will be a punishment to me; and you can bestow no greater favor than to take my life. I have lived too long—I am ready to die."

He was discharged.

BED.

Our sweetest and most bitter hours are thine;
Thou by the weary frame art fondly pressed,
Which, grateful, blesses its most dearest shrine,
While curses thee, pale Sickness' sad unrest.
'Tis here the blushing bride receives her lord,
'Tis here the mother first beholds her child;
'Tis here death snaps affection's fondest cord,
And changes sunny bliss to anguish wild;
'Tis here the good man, pondering on his fate,
Beholds that bed which this doth typify,
Made by the sexton, his frail form's estate,
Where, in long slumber, it shall dreamless lie;
And he exults, feeling in that dark sod
His robe alone will lie—the rest with God!

Knickerbocker.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser and Patriot.

MR. COMBE.

There are some circumstances connected with Mr. Combe's visit to this country, which for his honour, should be known; and which, if before known, would have made that visit more satisfactory to him, and valuable to the public.

Mr. Combe having retired from his profession (the law) with a competent fortune, devoted his life to the study of mental and moral philosophy; and embraced phrenology, as affording the plainest solution of mental phenomena.

Honestly believing that he had found the true philosophy of mind, and that a general knowledge of it would greatly promote the happiness of mankind, his ardent philanthropy led him to promulgate his doctrines by writings, and by lectures.

His success must have been gratifying to him, for his works passed through many editions, and his lecture rooms were thronged.

It was by the urgent solicitations of Americans, that he reluctantly consented to visit this country to finish the work begun by Spurzheim.

He neither expected nor desired any pecuniary gain; but as he was to make sacrifice of the comfort and quiet of an elegant home to promote, as he deemed, the good of mankind, he naturally wished to make his lectures defray his actual expenses. In all the cities which he has visited in this country, his lectures have been attended by small, but very intellectual audiences.

He was told when he arrived here, that if he would announce his course (as without any violation of truth he might have done) to be on the subject of "moral and intellectual philosophy," and say nothing about the phrenological part, he would have thronged audiences. But he would do no such thing; he had erected a beautiful structure of mental and moral philosophy, by which he both asserted the beauty and dignity of human nature, and justified the ways of God to man—he considered phrenology the basis of the whole, and would consent to begin only at the foundation.

Whatever may have been his success in propagating his phrenological notions, this at least is certain; he has elicited from all his hearers, the warmest admiration of his talents as a philosopher, and gained their entire confidence in the purity and elevation of his sentiments.

It is very much to be desired, not for Mr. Combe's sake, but our own, that his views on education, legislation, and morality, should be extensively known.

From Mrs. Matthews Life of her Husband.

TROUBLES OF CELEBRITY.

Among the extraordinary effects of the popularity of my husband 'At Home, were the applications made, under every kind of pretext, letters being sent to him from all sorts of professions and trades about town. One man offered him snuff for himself and friends, if he would only mention the name and shop of the manufacturer. Another promised him a perpetual polish for his boots upon the same terms. He was solicited to mention every sort of exhibition, puff all the new quack medicines, and patents, from surgeon's instruments to mangles, called for his public approval. There was no limit to these requisitions. Lozenges were to be tasted, razors to be used, razor strops to be tried. The wines sent to him to taste, though said to be of the finest quality, nevertheless required a bush which was expected to be hung out nightly at his house of entertainment, for value received.

Patent files, the price of which was to be liquidated by his praise; wigs and waistcoats, boots and boot hooks, ventilating hats and bosom friends—all gratis! And an advertising dentist presented himself one day, offering to teeth our whole family if Mr. M. would draw his metallic teeth into notice. In fact he was inundated with presents, so that our cottage sometimes looked like a bazaar; and I had frequent occasion to exercise my ingenuity in contriving how and to whom I might convey the generally useless articles forced upon our acceptance. In fact we eventually paid for them, by purchases and presents of and to the parties from whom they came, in order to smooth down their disappointments at my husband's declining to comply with their requests with which they were accompanied.

Amongst the most amusing of these varieties was a petition from Mrs. Johnson, who yearned to hear her American Soothing Syrup commended and re-commended by my husband; and she one night held forth the tempting bribe, that she and a party of friends would appear in the boxes, in the fond hope of hearing the real blessing to mothers pointed out by Mr. Matthews to the maternal part of the audience. At length my husband's gallantry and for the joke's sake, devised the memory of it in the Dilbery family, where he made Mr. D. boast that he had in the course of his domestic duties, found it right to supply his family with this inestimable balm.

THE END OF A SPECULATOR.

"A correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser, in mentioning the death of Mr. Andrew Dexter, of that city, thus alludes to the extreme fluctuation in worldly circumstances which marked his life.

Personally, I knew but little of the man. But fame once was busy in heralding his name. Once he was a rich banker at the North. He owned an entire bank, and with it broke almost every other bank in the State, before he got broke himself. He built the celebrated great Exchange in Boston, which was burnt. He was the enterprising founder of the town of Montgomery, in the State. He was ever a man of active, sober habits.

And this man, I am told, was sick and died in a little ten by twelve office, in this city, with scarcely the necessaries of life furnished him when they would have been of service to him! and that but five or six persons followed his remains to the grave!"

What a melancholy tale is told in this casual paragraph! *Sic transit etc.* This unfortunate man, whose solitary sick bed was almost denied the necessaries of life, and whose remains were scarcely honoured with the decencies of Christian burial, was, not many years ago, one of those *prince merchants* who dazzle the passing eye with their unsubstantial splendor. He was a great dealer in stocks, shares, and banks, and proudly lorded it upon the Exchange! He is another victim of the demon of speculation, at whose shrine so many are annually sacrificed. When will our people learn that this mad spirit is as fatal to individual happiness as to national prosperity? When will they learn that neither personal nor public weal can exist without integrity, prudence and industry? The specious projects which delude the popular eye with the appearance of riches, do not and cannot create wealth. They can only alter its distribution, and at the expense of those who have honestly earned it. The amount of misery produced by this captivating mania is frightful. The best men, when involved in the vortex, are inevitably whelmed.

THE GRAVE.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every terror, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved,—what a place for meditation. Then is it we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheard in the daily course of intimacy; then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death, with all its stifled grief, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assidues; the feeble fluttering, thrilling. Oh! how thrilling is the pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, filtering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience, of every past endearment, unregarded, of that departed being who never, never can return to be spoiled by contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast wronged by thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan and pour the unavailing tear, better because unheard and unavailing.

SUGAR.—Dr. Madden, the traveller, now one of the mixed commission at Havana, under the treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade, and at present in this country, on behalf of the Africans of the Amistad, stated while in Boston, one or two observable facts touching the production in Cuba of this necessary of life. He states from his own personal observation that during the season of cultivation, about eight months in the year, the slaves are worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four. They are constantly seen dropping asleep over their work, and as often roused by the whip of the driver. No woman, or not more than one or two to a plantation, are allowed on the inland estate. The men are, of course, soon worked to death, and as the natural increase falls short of the demand, their places must be supplied from Africa. This plan is defended as the most economical and profitable. That it is so, is proved by the fact that one slave in Cuba produces three or four times the amount of sugar raised by one in Jamaica, before the emancipation. These atrocities chiefly confined to the interior plantations. The domestic of the better sort of Spaniards are treated with great humanity; the laws of the Island are much more humane in their provisions than those of our slave States; but their operation is checked by the slave population of the towns—that of the inland in general beyond their reach. In this business in Cuba, are engaged multitudes.

many New England men, and to our shame be it spoken, at least a few Bostonians. The loss of life on an estate owned by one of the latter, when it was in preparation for sugar cultivation, was stated by a physician who resided upon it in his medical capacity, to have been forty per cent.—*Boston Courier*.

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued.)

In so far as we are acquainted with the powers of the stomach, we have no evidence that it is capable of digesting or decomposing alcohol. Dr. Beaumont, in his experiments with St. Martin, observed that neither alcohol nor fermented liquors, nor other fluids, not holding aliment in solution, are changed by the gastric juice, but very soon after being received, pass out of the stomach either through the pylorus or by absorption. And from the fact of an alcoholic exhalation from the lungs existing for several hours after the drinking of intoxicating liquor, as appears from the odor of the breath, it is to be inferred that no healthy animal process whatever can accomplish its dissolution. The stomach and its auxiliary organs act upon the thousands of nutritive articles, decomposing them, changing their nature, and preparing them to become a component part of the organs themselves; but the versatile and wonder-working agencies of animal chemistry seem powerless when brought to operate upon this uncongenial and refractory material. In the stomach it is alcohol, in the lungs it is alcohol, in the brain it is alcohol: and as the organs are unable to break down its elements and render it nutritive or harmless, they throw it out at every emunctory and pore; not, however, until it has left upon the vital tissues and movements the impress of mischief, which being reiterated from day to day and year to year, brings premature decay, disease, and dissolution.

CHAPTER III.

Is there any condition of the system in health or disease, in which its use is indispensable, and for which there is not an adequate substitute?

Of the effects of alcohol as a beverage in health there ought to be but one opinion. The whole history of spirit drinking whether simple, or combined with the different ingredients existing in fermented or brewed liquors, affords abundant proof of its being uncongenial with the most natural and healthy actions of the bodily organs. How wide from the truth is the notion that spirit aids the stomach in the process of digestion.

Dr. Beddoes observed that, 'animals to whom he had given spirits along with their food, had digested nearly one half less than other like animals to whom none had been given.' Under the habitual use of spirit, the daily dose may give a temporary alleviation to the irritated nerves of the stomach already enfeebled, but instead of conferring tone or vigor to that organ, it only serves to perpetuate its disease or debility.

In the case of St. Martin, the young man before mentioned, into whose stomach through the side, a large opening was left after the healing of a severe wound, Dr. Beaumont frequently observed diseased appearances;—as, red or purple spots upon the lining membrane of the stomach, from some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood;—aphthous or cankerous patches upon the same membrane; 'the gastric fluids mixed with a large proportion of rosy mucus, and mucopurulent matter slightly tinged with blood, resembling the discharge from the bowels in some cases of dysentery.' It is worthy of remark that these beginnings of disease were not always accompanied with the external signs or symptoms of disorder. When of considerable standing, however, these appearances were occasionally observed to be attended with 'an uneasy sensation and tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some dizziness and dimness and yellowness of vision on stooping down and rising again,' also, with a brown coat upon the tongue, and a slight sallowness of the countenance.

'Improper indulgence in eating and drinking,' says Dr. Beaumont, 'has been the most common precursor of these diseased conditions of the coats of the stomach. The free use of ardent spirits, wine, beer, or any intoxicating liquor, when continued for some days has invariably produced these morbid changes.'

In evidence of the directly poisonous influence of alcoholic drinks upon the constitution, is the fact, that men long accustomed to their daily use may be taken off suddenly and entirely from it, not only without impairing the health, but with a certainty of improving it. In the summer of 1829, Mr. Powers, agent and keeper of the Penitentiary at Auburn, N. Y. declared, that during several years' residence in that institution, he had never known an individual whose health had not been benefited by the total abstraction of spirit and every other stimulant drink and narcotic from his diet. This testimony is very important, inasmuch as a large proportion of the whole number of convicts when admitted to that establishment are drinkers of alcoholic liquors, from tipping to beastly drunkenness. 'These drinkers,' said Mr. P. are generally very uneasy and nervous, and sometimes greatly distressed for ten or fifteen days after being put upon water as their exclusive beverage; but after that period they have a good appetite, ease in flesh and become healthy.' A considerable number daily received and discharged; the average number re-

maining in the penitentiary, was six hundred. I have never seen so large a congregation of men so healthily looking as these convicts, when they came into the chapel on Sabbath morning to hear a sermon from their chaplain. Some of these men were sixty years old when admitted, and were confirmed drunkards. The evidence furnished by all our state prisons, where similar discipline is practised, is of the same character.

SCRAPS.

EARTH'S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH.

Earth's children cleave to earth—her frail
Decaying children dread decay,
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
And lessens in the morning ray:
Look how by mountain rivulet,
It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
Along the green and dewy steeps:
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings
To precipices fringed with grass;
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings;
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.
Yet all in vain—it passes still
From hold to hold, it cannot stay,
And in the very beams that fill
The world with glory, wastes away;
Till, parting from the mountain's brow
It vanishes from human eye;
And that which sprung of earth is now
A portion of the glorious sky.

Bryant.

Figurative language, when not carried to excess, is highly agreeable to taste and imagination; it gives splendour to poetry, lustre to eloquence, expression to passion, dignity to sentiment, and poignancy to wit; it is the elegant mantle which delicacy throws over all that is gross, or vulgar, or deformed; it is the splendid robe of fancy and graceful dress of the muses—nevertheless, it is this same license in speech, this free and various colouring of thought which chiefly helps to perplex us in the study of logic, in the science of metaphysics, and indeed in all our inquiries concerning our mental constitution.

THE RUINS OF JERICHO.—The glory of this famous city is departed, and a solitary square tower, called by the monks the house of Zaccheus, is all that remains on the site of the once grand fortifications. A few hedges of wild cactus have supplanted the walls that fell under the blast of Joshua's trumpet; and since the days of Hiel the Bethelite, none has been found bold enough to fly in the face of the solemn denunciation against the rebuilder of Jericho. A few, very few, mud huts, tenanted by naked Arabs, and scarcely visible till closely approached, constitute the modern village of Riblah, the Turkish name for Jericho.—*Elliot's Travels*.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—In the canton of Casle, in Switzerland, there is a law which compels every newly married couple to plant six trees immediately after this ceremony, and two more on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons, frequently near the high road, and the greater part of them, being fruit trees, are at once both useful and ornamental. The number planted is said to amount to ten thousand annually.

LITERATURE.—Sir Walter Scott, in conversing with a young man who was about to embark upon the perilous voyage of letters, in search of fortune and fame, made to him this pithy remark—it contains a volume: 'Literature, my young friend, is a good staff, but a bad crutch.'

LIBERTY.—Political liberty does not consist in being able to do what we wish, but in being able to do what we ought to wish.

SINCERITY.—To practice sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

VERY EXTRAORDINARY.—There are now confined in the public and private establishments for the treatment of insanity in London and its neighborhood, no fewer than sixty men and women who consider themselves the legitimate but unacknowledged sovereigns of the country.

If a person is bent on quarrelling with you, leave him to do the whole of it himself, and he will soon become weary of the unencouraged occupation.

Go not to bed till you are wiser than when you arose; for observation, experience and reflection, the elements of wisdom, are the property of all those who like to enjoy them.

BEAUTY.—We have high authority for the opinion, that perfect loveliness is only to be found where the features, even when most beautiful, derive their peculiar charm from the sweetness and gentleness of disposition which the countenance expresses.

EFFECTS OF FLATTERY.—An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity: 'Alas,' cried he, 'I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me.'

The true Christian never goes out of his way to seek riches and dignities, but he does not scorn and reject them if they fall in his way, and seem to come in the order of Providence.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20, 1839.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—We last week gave some particular of the money market, as furnished by English dates to Nov. 16th. The crops of the United Kingdom, it is said, will not show such a deficiency in quantity as was experienced last year, but the quality is described as much worse than that of last year crop's. The steamship *President*, 600 horse power, is expected to cross the Atlantic in April next.—The Ship of war *Imogen* arrived at Portsmouth from South America, on Nov. 15th, with cash, to merchants, to the amount of £600,000.—The marriage of the Queen to Prince Albert is still rumoured. The Prince's outfit and revenue, is stated by the gossiping journals, we know not on what authority.—The upsetting of a carriage in which Lord Brougham was journeying, gave occasion for a practical joke, not very becoming, but which has made some noise. A letter, purporting to be written by his Lordship's travelling companion, was forwarded to London, stating that the accident had been fatal to the great man. The journals immediately took up the subject, and a number of obituary notices appeared, very eloquent, on his Lordship's character, and history. Most of these were highly complimentary; but in the midst of the glorification, his Lordship spoiled the sport, by writing to town, declaring that he really was not dead at all, and that therefore the remarks were rather premature. Immediately the wind changed,—the hoaxer got pummelled, sundry insinuations were thrown out that his Lordship himself was at the bottom of the whole, and dissatisfaction, at the resuscitation, and the spoiling of so many fine paragraphs, was but clumsily concealed.

Numerous indications of conspiracies had been discovered in France; consisting of manufactories of powder, balls, arms, &c. Many seizures and arrests had been made.

The Russians expected war, from the immense military operations in progress in the Empire. Conspiracies, however, appear to be numerous, and serious, among the Autocrat's subjects, and his finances are said not to be on the war establishment.

France showed a disposition to countenance the pretensions of the Pacha of Egypt, while England, Austria, and Prussia support the Sultan's views. Mehemet holds the fleet, and seems resolved to have a good deal of his own way notwithstanding the advice of the great powers.

The British Government had, formally, refused to indemnify the opium dealers, for the quantities of the drug destroyed by the government of China. A loss of about £2,000,000 will be the penalty for continuing the prohibited traffic.

Political discussions still occupied public attention in Canada. A petition to the Legislature was in course of signature in Upper Canada, praying for an Alien Law, and a new-test at elections. The former has reference to "Americans" resident in the Province,—the latter to persons who have been implicated in treasonable movements. The question of the Union of the Provinces elicits much warmth. Such a step, without the prostration of the French Canadian power, is described as strongly tending to the separation of Canada from Great Britain, and its junction with the United States.

The Governor General opened the Upper Canada Legislative Session on Dec. 3. After calling attention to the questions in which the Canadas are peculiarly interested, his Excellency said that he had no grounds for apprehending a recurrence of aggression on the frontier, but that if these disgraceful proceedings should be renewed, means of ample defence were in possession and would be called into action.

TEMPERANCE.—Items in British papers show that the cause of Temperance, a cause in which every man is interested, is making much progress in the old country. Many of the higher classes exert themselves with much effect in England, and in Ireland Roman Catholic and other Clergymen have done great good. At Dungarvan recently, (a small town in the South of Ireland) a procession of 3000 persons, members of Temperance societies, marched on a Sunday through the town. Many publicans had relinquished the sale of ardent spirits, and had commenced modes of living more in accordance with the improved views of the present time. A new London Police Act prevents the sale of ardent liquors on Sunday forenoons, and the regulation caused an immediate improvement in the observance of the sacred day. A vast field for the Philanthropic is presented in London, as, in degree, is in most large towns. In the great metropolis, it is stated, there are 550,500 adult persons who do not attend a place of worship,—there are 660 buildings devoted to divine worship, and 5000 licensed public houses. The facts are striking indeed, and call loudly on the pious and benevolent to be up and doing. In every town and every community "there is ample room and verge enough" for those who are zealous in good works, who wish to be distinguished among those who love their brethren, and who see brethren wherever they see men.

A man was recently tried in New York, for the murder of his wife, found guilty, and sentenced to die. The Judge who passed sentence made the following remarks:

"Upon this solemn occasion it may not be unattended with good, to advert to the cause which has reduced you to this deplorable condition. This, by your own confession, was rum. Within the last nine years I have had eleven men arraigned before me on indictments for murdering their wives; ten of whom were drunkards. What stronger proof could be afforded of the deplorable consequences of intemperance?"

"From my own experience, and the best information I have obtained, I am satisfied that three-fourths of the crimes committed are consequent to intemperance. Drunkards crowd our penitentiaries, and our almshouses are filled with them, or with those who are brought to want by the intemperance of their natural protectors. In spite of the admonitions of wise and good men, victims of intemperance daily swell the throng, and the tide of misery consequent upon it moves on, and will continue to move on as long as like causes continue to produce alike effects."

"Were it a possible thing to portray the misery consequent upon the use of ardent spirits, from the first anxious look and suppressed sigh of parents and wives, through all the sickness, poverty and crime attendant upon it; from the first disregard of the kind admonitions of friends, till the hands of the victims reek with the blood of the partners of their bosoms, society would look with horror upon the scene. The counsel of the wise would not then be disregarded, nor the tear of nearest and dearest relations shed in vain."

"Every young man would come to a fixed determination never to taste the accursed cup; and every old man would to his example add his influence to eradicate the evil which has swept one race of human beings from the land on which we live, and which at one time threatened to demoralize another."

Such facts speak trumpet-tongued,—and looking from the evils of intemperance to the good of its opposite, what glorious results to the human family would follow right views on this subject. An individual may think that he has not much power in the matter, but individual example and influence can do great things, and by such minute machinery the vastest undertakings have been accomplished. The man of science, the politician, does not wait for matters to bend to his views, but shapes his course for himself and moulds his materials by degrees; so should it be with the moral philosopher also.

CUBA.—On another page is a scrap respecting Slave Labor in Cuba. It makes the blood curdle in one's veins, to think how hardened man becomes to man, and what evils are perpetuated, coolly, and by system, from a love of gain. All this might not be wondered at if the oppressor had an interminable life here in prospect; but with his lease of three score years and ten, at the most, what a fool he is to spend it so, and how much more pitiable than his slave when the hour of final exit arrives.

In an American paper called the Emancipator, lately appeared a poem, consisting of fifty-one stanzas, entitled the Sugar Estate, and illustrative of Cuba slavery. From this we select some verses.

"Whoever spent a night on an estate
In time of crop, and went to bed at eight,
And, roused at midnight, heard the frightful bell,
Or startling conch's loud blast at change of spell;
The crack of whips, the hurried tramp of men,
The creaking mill, the drivers' threats, and then
The sudden scream, the watchful bloodhounds' growl,
And midst the din the stokers' ceaseless howl.

All the dread noise that's requisite to keep
The jaded cattle and the slaves from sleep:
To rouse the weak, and drown the women's sighs,
One deafening uproar of discordant cries.
Whoever heard these horrid midnight sounds,
And might not deem Hell had enlarged her bounds,
Made this Plantation part of her domain,
And gave its owners slaves, and lust of gain?"

Planters of Cuba, strangers and creoles,
Condes, and Consuls of congenial souls;
Nobles with titles at the market rates,
Settlers from "Old Virginia," and its farms,
Sharpeners in exile, safe from law's alarms—
Brokers in bills, and bankrupts with estates;
One word at parting,—look to your estates,
Warning of ruin's written on your gates."

SCIENCE, ARTS, &c.—An American has procured a patent in England for an invention by which woollen cloth is manufactured without spinning or weaving. The machinery was expected to be in operation at Leeds in a short time; one set of machinery it is said, which will cost about £600, will produce 600 yards of cloth, 30 inches wide, in 12 hours. The patent right has been purchased in England and Belgium for large sums.

A machine called a dynamometer has been invented in the U States; its use is to measure the power of machinery, which it is said to do with mathematical accuracy. It is thus described:

"It is so constructed that the whole power communicated from the wheel, or drum of the engine, either by a belt or gearing, may be made to pass through the machine, and while so passing through it, the exact amount of power exerted is weighed by means of a steel-yard scale and weight, with the accuracy of a Dearborn balance. At the same time the velocity is indicated by a clock index, showing the number of feet which the hand moves per minute. The weight indicated by the balance, multiplied into the number of feet indicated by the clock, shows the number of pounds raised one foot per minute."

Railroads have reached Italy at last,—the first in this beautiful country was opened on Oct. 3d in the vicinity of Naples, by the King in person. The line is to connect Naples and Castellanauro. M. Dubios, a commissioner of the French shareholders of the company, address his Majesty on the occasion. The King replied saying:

"I experience great satisfaction at seeing Frenchmen uniting their interests with Neapolitans in this fine undertaking. This railroad will assuredly be of great benefit to commerce and industry. I have given my entire protection to this the first essay of the kind in Italy, and, being convinced of its utility to my people, I contemplate, on the termination of our works as far as Nocera and Castella, a continuance of the communication by Avellino to the Adriatic. It will give me pleasure to enter into an association with French."

A new Steamship, the Cleopatra, has lately been put in operation. She cost, it is said, £125,000,—the finest packet ship ever built in America cost about £22,500.

Oxford street, London, will soon lose the appellation given to it by a celebrated writer "stony-hearted mother;" it is to be paved with wood, according to the mode tried in other parts of the metropolis and approved of.

A visit to the Pyramids of Egypt, by Prince Puckler Muskau, gives some interesting information on the subject. The Prince says that there is no fear of the preservation of these huge monuments, for thousands of years, from the ordinary wear and tear of the elements. Col. H. Vyse has some hundreds of Bedouins employed digging into and exploring the Pyramids, and has even bored the Sphinx to ascertain whether its interior was used for a place of interment, as was supposed. He has discovered some apartments, hitherto unknown, in the Pyramids, but nothing of consequence has yet resulted from his zeal. The smallest Pyramid is described as the most magnificent in its formation; the true entrance to it has not been discovered, although Col. Vyse had penetrated 59 feet into its bulk. The Prince believes that all this examination is lost labour, and that the Pyramids are but vast tumuli reared over the remains of some personages who wore the might of their day. The narrow passages discovered in some of these monuments he supposes not to have been made at the time of their erection, but to have been dug out at a more recent date, as in the case of the small Pyramid now, by Col. Vyse.

A prevention for Sea Sickness is said to have been discovered by a mechanist. It consists in berths so placed that they will retain a horizontal position at all times, without any perceptible motion. The agitation of the vessel, mainly, produces the Sickness, consequently that which negatives the motion may be supposed a preventive. Confinement to a berth, however, would be considered somewhat of a penalty by some travellers.

An ingenious gentleman at Paris has been promising the good people there, that he would work a balloon, in the air, by means of sails and oars, as a vessel is worked in the water. He made the attempt in October last, but notwithstanding his theory, and his exertions, after a few antics above the citizens' heads, he followed his pilot balloon, very quietly, according to the wind's gentle persuasion.

The gale of Sept. 13th, has been the subject of investigation as affording evidence of the theory of the rotation of storms.

MILITARY TESTIMONIALS.—A few weeks ago the papers announced that the officers of the 93rd Regt. had presented to Col. McGregor an elegant silver Candlebra as a testimonial of the sense which they had for his services, and kindness, as Col. of the Regt. The privates expressed their feelings in a similar manner by presenting a pair of wine Coolers to the same gallant officer. The device of the candlebra was a branch for lights springing from a thistle, and a miniature representation of a soldier of the Regt. in full costume, with drums, colours, &c. Col. McGregor, as an officer and a gentleman, and a christian, has, we believe, distinguished himself in moments when the highest qualities were called for,—as well as in the daily intercourse connected with his situation as commander of a distinguished body of men. The tributes of respect mentioned above, therefore, was deserved, and reflected credit on all concerned.

By recent papers we perceive, that a stop has been put to this custom, of military men expressing their opinion of commanders by means of presents. Orders have been issued that such shall not in future be received by any officer, serving, or having served, under her Majesty. This regulation may seem strange, but, no doubt, good cause for it exists, or it would not be made. The practice may be supposed to lead to invidious distinctions, and to a laxity of discipline,—it may also happen that a Commander may have abundant cause to deal with his regiment in a manner not likely to call forth expressions of respect and affection, although it may be requisite for the well being of those whom he has in charge, and for the good of the service generally.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Doctor Teulon delivered a very interesting lecture on Domestic Economy last evening. A motion was put and passed, that the lecture should be printed. In consequence of next Wednesday being Christmas day there will be no lecture on that evening. The next Wednesday being New Year's day, there will be a lecture on the next evening, Thursday, when the President of the Institute, Mr. A. McKinlay will lecture.

MARRIED.

On Friday the 13th inst. by the Rev. J. Martin, Mr. Benjamin Horne, to Miss Margaret Bigby, both of this town.
At Chester, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Shreve, Mr. James Brewer, to Mrs. Hannah Doherty, widow.

DIED.

On Sunday evening last, after a short illness, in the 51st year of his age, Mr. Samuel Lawrence, a native of Wiltshire, England. His integrity and kindness of disposition, endeared him to a large circle of friends; he has left a wife and seven children to lament the loss of one of the best husbands and fathers.
At Liverpool, England, Oct. 24, Elizabeth, consort of William Green, Esq. and eldest daughter of Temple F. Piers, Esq. of this town.

AUCTIONS.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

To-morrow, Saturday, at the Ordnance Yard, at 12 o'clock.

A quantity of

Unserviceable Stores.

By order of the Storekeeper.

Dec. 20.

Fancy Stationary, Foreign Ornamental GLASS TOYS, &c. &c.

BY ROBERT D. CLARKE,

At his Auction Warehouse, to-morrow, Saturday, at Eleven o'clock, precisely,

IN Lots to suit purchasers; 1 case Fancy Ornamental Glass, comprising various sizes Blue and gold painted and opal white Vases; sorted gilt painted and opal white fancy Jugs and Mugs; rose painted blue and gold and opal white Sugar Basons and Salts; gilt painted blue and gold and opal white Cups and Saucers; 3 cases of Toys, comprising, Elephants, Tigers, Lions, Horses, Cows, Dogs, Cats, Tyrol Dancers, Monkeys, Arks, Stables, Figures, and an endless variety of handsome large Toys; 1 case Toy Dinner Sets; Skittles; white, black and coloured Beads; Necklaces; Victoria Boxes; Ladies' Bead Work; Guard Chains, Wax Dolls, etc.

ALSO; A variety of very handsome Stationary, comprising; rich embossed and lettered Albums; Scrap books; Sketch scrap books; embossed blotting Cases; morocco Portfolios, etc. etc. A variety of hair brushes; a few sets ivory handle knives and forks, 50 pieces in a set; chess men; ivory combs, etc. etc. The goods may be seen this day Friday; sale positive, no postponement on account of the weather.
December 20.

Life Insurance, MARINE INSURANCE,

AND FIRE INSURANCE

EFFECTED upon safe, and moderate terms, upon application at the office of

J. LEANDER STARR.

Granville Street.

4 w. (Recorder, Journal, & Pearl.) Dec. 20.

Christmas Presents.

LADIES' ROSEWOOD WORK BOXES 5s. and 6s 3d. each,
Do Extra large, silk lined, &c. 9s 6d.
Superior Rosewood Writing Desks, 12s 6d.

ALSO,
700 handsome Printed CAMBRIC DRESSES, from 3s 9d to 6s each.

LONDON HOUSE,
Dec. 20th, 1839.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

HAS Received Ex Thalia and Fleeta, from Great Britain, a supply of Groceries, etc. among which are,
London Wax wick Candles, in 30 lb. boxes; best Poland Starch, 30 and 60lb.; Crown and Button Blue, sup. quality.

Also, per Portree from Boston,

B. and W. Hard cold water CRACKERS, in 10lb and kegs; square Sugar Do; Butter, Milk, Wine and Medford Do.; Baker's No. 1. Chocolate; Currants; casks Raisins; Filbert and Hickory Nuts.

Also, a lot of Wooden Ware,

Consisting of, Tubs, Buckets with covers, Water Pails, Wash Tubs, wash boards, Trays, Rolling Pins, Pestles and Mortars, barrel covers, nests of boxes, Mop heads, Dippers, Clothes Pins, Beer Taps, &c. &c. Which are offered for sale low for cash, with a general assortment of Groceries etc.
RICHD TREMAIN, Junr.
Dec. 20. Journal, Times. 3w

CIRCULAR.

R. D. CLARKE,

RESPECTFULLY begs to intimate that he has re-commenced the AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS, in the new store, KINNEAR'S BUILDING, where he has extensive storage for all descriptions of Merchandise, and trusts that his general knowledge of the Trade, with promptitude and attention to Property Consigned to his care, will ensure him a small share of patronage.

☞ The Papers published in the Province will please give the above two insertions, and send their bills for payment.
Halifax, Dec. 20. ROBERT D. CLARKE.

Seasonable Goods.

Landing, Ex Prince George from London.

PILOT Cloths, Flushings, fine and Slop CLOTHING and a variety of other articles in

50 Packages,

Received as above, and for sale on reasonable terms by
Nov. 1, 1839. 2s. J. M. CH

From Festus, a Poem by W. Pickering.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDS.

I had

A friend with whom, in boyhood, I was wont
To learn, think, laugh, weep, strive, and love, together ;
For we were always rivals in all things—
Together up high springy hills to trace
A runnell to its birthplace ; to pursue
A river ; to search, haunt old ruined towers,
And muse in them ; to scale the cloud-clad hills
While thunders murmured in our very ear ;
To leap the lair of the live cataract,
And pray its foaming pardon for the insult ;
To dare the broken tree-bridge across the stream ;
To crouch behind the broad white waterfall,
Tongue of the glen, like to a hidden thought—
Dazzled, and deafened, yet the more delighted ;
To reach the rock which makes the fall and pool ;
There to feel safe, or not to care if not ;
To fling the free foot o'er my native hills,
Which seemed to breathe the bracing breeze we loved,
The more it lifted up our loosened locks
That nought might be between us and the skies ;
Or, hand in hand, leap, laughing, with closed eyes,
In Trent's death-loving deeps ; yet was she kind
Ever to us ; and bare us buoyant up,
And followed our young strokes, and cheered us on—
Even as an elder sister bending above
A child, to teach it how to order its feet—
As quick we dashed, in reckless rivalry,
To reach, perchance, some long green floating flag—
Just when the sun's hot lip first touched the stream,
Reddening to be so kissed ; and we rejoiced,
As breathing it on we went over depth and death,
Strong in the naked strife of elements,
Toying with danger in a little fear
As with a maiden's ringlets. And oft, at night,
Bewildered and bowitched by favourite stars,
We would breathe ourselves amid unfooted snows,
For there is poetry where aught is pure ;
Or over the still dark heath, leap along, like harts,
Through the broad moonlight ; for we felt wherever
We leapt the golden gorse, or lowly ling,
We could not be from home.—That friend is gone,
There's the whole universe before our souls.
Where shall we meet next ? Shall we meet again ?
Oh ! might it be in some far happy world,
That I may light upon his lonely soul,
Hard by some broad blue stream, where high the hills,
Wood bearded, sweep to its brink—musing, as wont,
With livelike eagerness, upon sacred things ;
For much in youth we loved and mused on them.

CASTLES.

A CASTLE of the "Chlen time," was a fortress or place rendered defensible either by nature or art, or both. In the reign of Henry II., of England, in whom the Anglo-Saxon line was restored, there were no less than eleven hundred and fifteen castles each of which included a manor, or an estate of lands of large extent. The greater part of which he ordered to be demolished. The situation of the castles of the Anglo-Normans, was most commonly on an eminence, and near a river ; a situation on several accounts eligible. The whole of the castle, (and the like observations apply to castles generally in various parts of Europe,) was frequently of great extent and irregular figure, and surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, sometimes dry and sometimes filled with water, called the *Fosse*. Before the great gate or entrance was an outwork called a *Barbacan* which was a strong and high wall with turrets upon it, designed for the defence of the gate and drawbridge. On the inside of the ditch stood the wall of the castle about eight or ten feet thick, and between twenty and thirty feet high, with a parapet and a kind of embrasures, called crennels, on the top. On this wall, at proper distances, *squar* towers of two or three stories high, which served as lodgings for some of the principal officers of the castle, and for other purposes ; and on the inside were lodgings for the lord's retainers, granaries and storehouses and other necessary offices. On the top of the wall, and on the flat roof of these buildings, stood the defenders of the castle when it was besieged, and from thence discharged arrows, darts, stones, fire, molten lead, etc. upon the besiegers. The great gate of the castle stood on the course of this wall, and was strongly fortified with a tower on each side, and rooms over the passage between the towers. Thick folding doors of oak, studded with huge nails, which secured a lining of thick iron-plates ; and a portcullis, or lattice of iron work which dropped down from above, effectually secured the entrance. Within the outward wall was a large open space or court, called, the largest and most perfect castles, the *outer Bayle*, or *Bal* in which stood a church or chapel. On the inside of the

outer Bayle was another ditch, wall gate and towers enclosing the inner Bayle or court, in which the chief Tower (the lord's residence) or Keep was built. This keep was a very large square fabric, four or five stories high, having small windows in prodigiously thick walls, which rendered the apartments dark and gloomy. Underneath were dismal dark vaults, for the confinement of prisoners, which sometimes gave it the name of the *Dungeon Keep*. In the Keep was the great Hall, in which the baron or proprietor displayed his hospitality by entertaining his numerous friends and followers. At one end was a place raised a little above the floor called the *Deis*, where the chief table stood, at which persons of the highest rank only dined or feasted with the proprietor. Such were the castles or fortresses of the great feudal barons ; and such, no doubt, was the strong hold of the tyrant Macbeth. The walls of these places of strength were from twelve to twenty feet thick at the base ; and in their thickness were the winding staircases, the well-water, the vast oven, enclosed galleries and chimnies, and passages and stairs communicating with the vaults and dungeons, which received all their light and air there from. There were also secret passages in the walls, known only to the proprietor, who by that means could gain access to various parts of the castle, and make himself acquainted with the concerns of his household or guests. There was likewise a kind of flue for conveying sounds to every part, not more than eight inches in diameter. The *state apartments* occupied the whole third story ; and the *state staircase* was large and commodious—large enough to admit of military engines. Adjoining the great chamber was a private *Oratory* or chapel, for the especial use of the proprietor and his family. In short it was a little town, the resources of which were in itself. It was very natural for the lord of so extensive a fortress to "hang out his banners on the outer wall," in stern defiance of his foes ; and such were Macbeth's directions.

The homely hearth of the humblest cottager of the present day, far exceeds, in domestic comfort, the rude pomp and iron splendor of the barons of the olden time. Of a surety it was the "iron age," as handed down to us ! The remains of the Tower of London, as it now exists, is a beautiful specimen of the inner walls, fosse and keep, of an ancient fortress. The outer walls have long since been destroyed, its ditch filled up, and the sites thereof covered with streets and buildings.—*New York Reporter*.

BOOKS ETC.

Sheets of copper and lead, the bark of trees, bricks, wood and stones were anciently used as books. Two columns, the one of stone, the other of brick, are spoken of by Josephus, who says that the children of Seth wrote their inventions and discoveries in science upon them. Porphyry speaks of some pillars which were preserved in Crete, on which the Corybantes, it was said, recorded the ceremonies which were in vogue at their sacrifices.—The leaves of the palm-tree were used, and the finest part of the barks of the ash, elm, lime and maple trees. Hence comes the Latin *liber* (book) which signifies the inner bark of the trees, and as these barks were rolled up, for convenience, the roll was called *volumen* or *volume* , a name afterwards given to rolls of paper and parchment, and now to any one packet of sheets. By degrees wax and leather were employed, and the skins of sheep and goats of which, at length, parchment was made. The ancient rolls were sometimes four or five feet wide, and fifty feet long, being composed of several sheets fastened together. The letters at an early period were divided into lines, then into distinct words, which afterwards, were distributed and pointed by marks into paragraphs, chapters and sentences. Among the Eastern nations the writing was commenced at the right and read to the left ; in the northern and western, the contrary way. The Greeks used both ways ; alternately commencing at the right and left. The Chinese commence their lines at the top of the page and read to the bottom. The Turks place the name of God at the beginning of all their works.

The word book is from the Saxon *booc*, which comes from northern *buch*, a beech or service-tree, on the bark of which the ancient Britons used to write.

King Alfred gave a large estate for a work on Cosmography. In 1499 they were sold from £10 to £20 each. The first printed book was the Vulgate edition of the Bible, in 1462 ; the second was the *De Officiis* of Cicero, in 1466. Two thousand books were ordered to be burned by Leo I., at Constantinople, during his reign. In the suppressed monasteries of France, in 1790, there were found four million, one hundred and ninety four thousand four hundred and twelve volumes, of which nearly one half treated on theology. The end of the book was formally marked by a \gg , called *coronis*, and the volume was frequently washed with an oil taken from cedar to preserve it from decay.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWINGS.

A correspondent of the London Times gives the following account of an important improvement in the art of photogenic drawing, calculated we think to add considerably to the value of the discovery :

A new method of producing photogenic drawings was yesterday

exhibited to a small circle of scientific persons. The drawings produced, which combine the minute exactness detailed in Daguerre's tables with the powerful contrast of the light and shadow of an original drawing, are effected by means of Indian ink. By this new process, the plate on which the light is to act is placed in the camera obscura entirely black, and the action of the light upon it destroys either partially or entirely the blackened surface, thus producing the various tints of a drawing from the most perfect white through all the different degrees of shadow, to a jet black. The blackened plate is so sensibly affected by the rays of light, that objects illuminated only by the faint light of a common candle are depicted in all their detail as distinctly as if acted on by the brightest sunlight. Whilst putting the plates into the camera obscura, the operator must only make use of a small lantern with a coloured glass, in an otherwise perfectly darkened room, and the same precaution must be taken in fixing the images produced in the camera obscura. Unfortunately the preparation of these new photogenic plates is rather complicated, requiring the science of a chemist as well as the skilful hand of an artist, and the inventor (Dr. Schaffhaeul, of Munich) has not yet correctly ascertained how long these plates will remain sensible to the action of light. The doctor hopes, however, that they may be kept in that state for years, and there is nothing to prevent a most extensive use of this new method, as the process of generating and fixing these wonderful images is very short and simple. The inventor promises, as soon as he has simplified the mode of preparing the plates for his new method, to make it public through the medium of one of our scientific journals.

SHOOTING A RAT.—A few weeks since, while the rail road was progressing at Palmer, Mass., the workmen employed there were in the habit of placing the powder they used for blasting in a neighboring grist mill for safety. At one time they had two open kegs and one with the head off and the powder exposed standing in one corner of the mill. Two men and a boy were in the mill at the time, and discovered a very large rat, which one of them proposed shooting, the gun was loaded from the powder kegs, but the rat hid himself. After chasing it round the building some time they at last fired and killed the rat, took it up, and were retreating, when one of the party spoke of the powder. Upon looking back they discovered that they had fired at the rat behind the powder, and that the wadding was on fire and on the edge of the open keg. With great courage and presence of mind, the boy offered to go and remove it, which he did ; but just as he turned his back from it, the whole of the three kegs exploded, blowing the building to pieces, killing one of the men on the spot and wounding the other, and the boy in such a manner that they died shortly after.—*New Bedford Mercury*.

MISFORTUNES.—It was one of Bulwer's finest ideas, comparing misfortunes to the Cadmean creations, for they destroy one another. If they did not, they would soon destroy those who experience them.

A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and an unfeeling heart said Patrick Henry.

Life would be as insupportable without the prospect of death as it would be without sleep.

VIRTUE.—It is more difficult to convince the vicious that virtue exists, than to persuade the good that it is rare.

PERVERTED TALENTS.—Education, says Dr. Channing, is now chiefly a stimulus to learning, and thus men acquire power without the principles which alone make it a good. Talent is worshipped ; but if divorced from rectitude, it will prove more of a demon than a god.

SPINSTERS.—Formerly women were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed furniture, and, till their marriages, were consequently called *Spinsters*, which continues to this day in all legal proceedings.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All letters and communications post paid, addressed to John S. Thompson, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

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HALIFAX : Printed by W. Cunnabell, at his Office, nearhead of Marchington's wharf.