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From the Court Journal.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

NAPOLEON AND HORTENSE.

One morning in the month of June, 1806, the Empress Josephine's jeweller was shown into a little apartment in the Tuileries, in which Napoleon was seated alone at breakfast.

"The necklace must be of a very superior kind," said Napoleon, addressing the jeweller. "I do not care about the price. Nevertheless, I shall have the jewels examined by a competent judge. Not that I doubt your honesty, M. Foucier, but because . . . in short, because I am not myself a perfect connoisseur. As soon as the necklace is finished, bring it to me; and be sure that you show it to nobody. You understand?"

"Perfectly, sire. But I should be very glad if your majesty would grant me a little more time, that I may be enabled to match the stones perfectly, one with another. Choice diamonds are very rare at present . . . and they have greatly risen in price."

At these words the emperor looked the jeweller full in the face, and rising from his chair, said—

"What do you mean, Foucier? You know that since the campaign of Germany you and your brethren are absolutely overstocked with jewels. I know it to be a fact, that the French jewellers have purchased all the diamonds offered for sale by the petty princes of the confederation, who have been ruined by rebelling against me. Go to Bapts or Mellerio. They have literally heaps of diamonds."

"Sire, I hope I shall not be under the necessity of applying to any one. The fact is, that I have now at home a superb assortment of diamonds, which I purchased for his majesty the King of Prussia, who has commissioned me to . . ."

"That is your business, sir, not mine," hastily interrupted the emperor. "But recollect, Foucier," added he, darting a sardonic glance at the jeweller, "that when you work for me, you are not serving the King of Prussia. . . Well, well, I suppose I may depend on you. Do your best, and prove to your brethren beyond the Rhine that we can surpass them in your calling as well as in all other things."

At a sign given by Napoleon the jeweller bowed for the last time, and left the apartment.

In about a week after Foucier presented to the emperor the most magnificent diamond necklace imaginable. The pattern, the jewels, the workmanship of the mounting, all were perfect. It was quite a *chef-d'œuvre*. Even Josephine's incomparable *ecrin* contained no ornament that could equal it. Napoleon had it valued, and it was declared to be worth 800,000 francs. This was not more than the price demanded by Foucier, and accordingly the emperor was perfectly satisfied.

About this time, June 1806, the Dutch people had seated on the throne of Holland Prince Louis Bonaparte, one of Napoleon's younger brothers.

On the day on which the Dutch ambassador presented the crown of Holland to Napoleon, with the request that he would place it on his brother's head, all the French court was assembled at St. Cloud. Louis and Hortense had arrived that morning from St. Leu. Napoleon gave orders that the ceremony should take place in the *Salle du trone*; and it was performed with extraordinary pomp and splendour. The emperor, who was in charming spirits, announced to the Dutch envoys that on the following day their king and queen would depart for Holland. In the evening Hortense was informed that the emperor wished to speak with her in his cabinet; and the usher, when he threw open the folding doors, announced, for the first time, "Her majesty the Queen of Holland."

"Hortense," said the emperor, "you are called to rule a brave and good people. If you and your husband conduct yourselves wisely, the Orange family, with their old pretensions, will never again return to Holland. The Dutch people have but one fault, which is that they conceal, under an outward aspect of simplicity, an inordinate love of wealth and luxury. The vanity of being rich is their ruling passion. Now, when you go to reside in your new court, I should be sorry to hear that you were eclipsed by the vulgar wife of some burgomaster, whose pride has no foundation but her husband's bags of gold. I have purchased a little present for you, which I beg you will accept. It is this necklace. Wear it sometimes for my sake."

So saying, Napoleon clasped on the brilliant necklace round the swan-like throat of Queen Hortense. He then embraced her affectionately, and bade her farewell.

When once installed at the court of Amsterdam, Hortense did ample honour to her step-father's present; and on all state occasions at the *Maison de Bois* the splendid diamond necklace attracted general admiration.

But adverse fate approached. Napoleon's sun was beginning to set; and the radiance which it shed on the thrones of Spain, Westphalia, and Naples, was growing dim. Hortense descended from the throne, as she had mounted it, in smiling obedience. When her Dutch subjects first beheld her, on her arrival, they greeted her with cries of "Long live our lovely queen!" On her departure, they cried, "Farewell to our good queen!" To a heart like that of Hortense's this testimony of a nation's regard afforded no small compensation even for the loss of a crown. From that moment she devoted herself to the education of her children, and to the consolation of her beloved mother, who, like herself, had retired into the privacy of domestic life, after having adorned a court. Still fondly attached to France and devoted to the emperor, Hortense eagerly looked for an opportunity when she might efface from Napoleon's mind the unjust prejudices which, during his exile to Elba, had been raised against her. That opportunity soon presented itself.

The cannon of Waterloo had ceased to roar, and the emperor had been forced to quit the Elysee and to take refuge at Malmaison, the last abode of poor Josephine. Napoleon was there, not like Charles XII. at Bender, surrounded by a few faithful officers and servants, but forsaken and lonely, like Belisarius in the Hippodrome, with no companion but his faithful sword. He was sitting in mournful contemplation beside a table, on which lay a copy of his second abdication, when he was surprised by the entrance of a lady. He raised his eyes towards her, and recognised Hortense.

"Sire," said she, in a voice faltering with emotion, "perhaps your majesty may recollect a gift which you presented to me at St. Cloud. It is nine years ago this very day."

Napoleon took her hand, and gazing affectionately on the daughter of Josephine, he said—

"Well, Hortense, what have you to say to me?"

"Sire," she replied, "when you conferred upon me the title of queen, you presented me with this necklace. The diamonds are of great value. I am no longer a queen, and you are in adversity. I therefore entreat, sire, that you will permit me to restore the gift."

"Keep your jewels, Hortense," said Napoleon, coolly. "Alas! they are now perhaps the only property that you and your children possess."

"They are indeed, sire. But what of that? My children will never reproach their mother for having shared with her benefactor the riches which he was pleased to confer on her."

As Hortense uttered these words, she melted into tears. Napoleon, too, was deeply moved.

"No," said he, turning aside, and gently repelling the hand which Hortense held out to him. "No, it must not be."

"Take it, sire, I conjure you. There is no time to lose. Moments are precious. They are coming, sire. Take it, I beg of you!"

By the urgent entreaties of Hortense, the emperor was at length prevailed on to accept the necklace, and in a few hours after it was sewed tightly within a siken girdle which he wore under his waistcoat.

About six weeks after this time Napoleon left the Bellerophon to go on board the Northumberland. The persons who accompanied the ex-emperor, and who had obtained permission to share his exile, were requested to deliver up their arms.

Whilst the search of the baggage was going on, Napoleon was walking with Count de Las Cases on the poop of the Bellerophon. After looking round him cautiously, and still continuing to converse on subjects quite foreign from the one he was thinking of, he drew from beneath his waistcoat the girdle in which the necklace was concealed. Placing it in the hands of his interlocutor, he said, with a melancholy smile, "My dear Las Cases, a certain Greek philosopher, whose name I think was Bias, used to say that he carried all his fortune about his person, though he had not a shirt to his back. I don't know how he managed, but I know that since my departure from Paris, I have been carrying the bulk of my fortune under my waistcoat—I find it troublesome—I wish you would keep it for me." Without making any reply, M. de Las Cases took the girdle, fastened it round his waist, and buttoned his coat over it.

It was not until Napoleon's arrival at St. Helena that he informed M. Las Cases of the value of the deposit which he had con-

fided to his care six months previously. He then told him that it was a diamond necklace, worth 800,000 francs. On several subsequent occasions Las Cases proposed to restore it; but the emperor declined receiving it:—

"Does it incommode you, Las Cases?" said he.

"No, sire," replied Las Cases; "but . . ."

"Nonsense, keep it," said the emperor. "Cannot you fancy it to be an amulet or a charm, and then you will find it no annoyance."

About fifteen months afterwards (in Nov. 1816), M. de Las Cases was removed from St. Helena. One day when he was at Longwood, engaged in conversation with the emperor, a messenger entered and informed him that the English colonel was waiting to communicate to him something from Sir Hudson Lowe. Las Cases replied that he was engaged with his majesty, and could not attend the colonel at that moment.

"Go, count, go," said Napoleon. "See what they want; but be sure you return and dine with me."

Count de Las Cases never beheld the emperor again. A party of dragoons were already stationed round the house. M. de Las Cases and his son (who was then very ill), were conducted from Longwood to Plantation House, where they were closely guarded until they embarked for the Cape of Good Hope.

Meanwhile Las Cases still retained the diamond necklace in his possession; and this circumstance gave him not a little uneasiness. Time was hurrying on, and he learned that he had only a few days to remain at St. Helena. He was tormented by the fear of being compelled to depart without having an opportunity of restoring the treasure to its illustrious owner. What was to be done?—all communication with Longwood was strictly prohibited. An idea struck him, and he resolved at all risks to carry it into effect. There was an English officer who had recently arrived at St. Helena, and with whom Las Cases had formed some slight acquaintance. He had been pleased with the gentlemanly manners of this Englishman, and the liberal and generous feeling indicated in the little conversation he had had with him. This officer happened to come to Plantation House, and Count Las Cases, being left alone with him for a few moments, made him his confidant.

"Sir," said Las Cases to the officer, who spoke French tolerably well, "I believe you to be a man of honour and feeling, and I have resolved to ask you to render me a service, which will put those qualities to the test. In the first place, let me assure you that the favour I am about to request will involve no violation of your duty; but it deeply concerns my honour, and that of my family. To come at once to the point, I wish to restore to the emperor a valuable deposit which he placed in my hands. Will you take charge of it, and contrive some means of returning it to him? If you will, my son shall seize an opportunity of slipping it unperceived into your pocket."

At this moment some one approached, and the officer could reply only by a look and gesture expressive of his assent. He then retired to a little distance. Young Las Cases, who was with his father, had received his instructions, and Queen Hortense's necklace was soon placed in the officer's pocket, unperceived by any one, though all the governor's staff was within sight.

But the most difficult part of the undertaking was yet to be performed—namely, to restore the necklace to its destination. An interval of two years elapsed ere this could be accomplished.

After the departure of Count Las Cases, the emperor fancied he could perceive that the *surveillance* exercised over him was even more rigid than before. He could not stir out of the house at Longwood without seeing an English officer who, from a little distance, closely watched all his movements. In the morning, in the evening, or at whatever time he went out, this same officer was always hovering about him like his shadow. This sort of inquisition was the more annoying, inasmuch as the officer had several times manifested the intention of speaking to him. The consequence was, that as soon as the emperor saw him approach, he made it a rule to cut short his promenade and go in-doors.

One day Napoleon thought he was much more closely watched than usual, and turning round angrily, he exclaimed, "What means this annoyance? Can I not come out to inhale a little fresh air, without having a spy on all my footsteps?" The emperor walked towards the house and the officer, who had heard the words which fell from him, quickened his pace, followed, and overtook him. In a few moments he stood before Napoleon. "Sire!" said he, in a tone of profound respect,—"Be gone, sir! be gone!" interrupted Napoleon, with a gesture of contempt.

"there can be no communication between me and your employ-ers! I desire you to be gone."

"Sire!" resumed the officer, with perfect composure, and without moving a step, "your majesty is mistaken." He then hastily uttered the words "Count Las Cases—Queen Hortense's necklace—"

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the emperor, stopping short, and looking at the officer—"What have you to say, sir?"

"Will your majesty," continued the officer, "be pleased to continue your walk without appearing to notice me. I have the necklace here. For the space of two years I have constantly carried it about my person, and have been seeking to restore it to you. Give me now an opportunity of throwing it into your hat; for even now I cannot venture to give it to you, lest I should be observed."

The emperor took off his hat and passed his hand over his forehead, as he was in the habit of doing when absorbed in thought. At that instant the officer threw the necklace into the emperor's hat, and said, in a low tone of voice, "Now I hope your majesty will forgive my importunity. I have fulfilled my mission, sire, and I will trouble you no more. May Heaven bless and preserve your majesty!" He then retired, and Napoleon saw no more of him.

At the end of April, 1821, some days before his death, Napoleon summoned General Montholon to his bed side. "My dear friend," said he in a low tone of voice, and turning his languid eyes toward the general, "I have under my pillow a diamond necklace of considerable value, belonging to Hortense. I have had my reasons for not letting any one here know that I possessed this treasure. It is my desire that as soon as I shall breathe my last you take charge of it, and on your return to France (should you ever be fortunate enough to see your native land again), restore it to Hortense. If, as is not improbable, she should die of grief before you return, give the necklace to her children, my nephews."

"Sire," replied the general, overpowered by grief, "I swear to fulfil your commands."

"I feel assured that you will, Montholon," said Napoleon, cordially pressing his hand; "now I die satisfied."

The emperor's disorder was making rapid progress. As soon as General Montholon was informed that he could not survive more than a few hours, he hastened to his bed-side. There like a watchful sentinel, he stood silently and mournfully awaiting the moment when the august sufferer should draw his last breath. When that moment arrived, Dr. Antomarchi announced it by the awful words, "All is over!" Montholon then, recollecting his oath, slipped his hand under the pillow which supported the hero's head, and secretly removed the treasure which had been bequeathed to his charge.

After long and perilous wandering in America and in different parts of Europe, General Montholon was at length permitted to return to France. After paying a visit to his aged mother, he set off for Arenenberg, to present to the ex-queen of Holland the necklace, which in her eyes was now doubly consecrated by recollections of happiness and misfortune. Hortense indeed regarded it as an object almost sacred; and she suffered a most painful struggle with her feelings when, in a moment of distress, imperious circumstances compelled her to part with it. The King of Bavaria offered to purchase it by the payment of a life annuity of 23,000 francs, settled on Hortense. The agreement was ratified, and two years afterwards Hortense ceased to live. The King of Bavaria has consequently paid only 46,000 francs for an object worth 800,000. Kings, it must be confessed, sometimes make fortunate bargains. This circumstance serves to explain why the magnificent necklace, the adventures of which are above related, was mentioned in the will of the ex-queen of Holland.—*Court Journal*.

MODES OF SALUTATION IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

When men salute each other in an amicable way, it signifies little whether they move a particular part of the body, or practise a particular ceremony. In these actions there must exist different customs. Every nation imagines it employs the most reasonable ones; but all are equally simple, and none are to be treated as ridiculous.

This infinite number of ceremonies may be reduced to two kinds, to reverences or salutations, and to the touch of some part of the human body. To bend and prostrate one's self to express sentiments of respect, appears to be a natural motion; for terrified persons throw themselves on the earth when they adore invisible beings, and the affectionate touch of the person they salute is an expression of tenderness.

As nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much farce and grimace are introduced. Superstition, the manners of a people, and their situation, influence the modes of salutation, as may be observed from the instances we collect.

Modes of salutation, in general, are similar in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, incivility, fear, and esteem, are expressed much in a similar manner; these demonstrations, however, become in time only empty civilities, which signify nothing.

The first nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they know no reverences or other compliments, or they despise them. The Greenlanders laugh when they see an European uncover his head, and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

The inhabitants of the Philippine isles take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face. The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute. At New Guinea they put on their hands the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

Other salutations are very incommodious and painful; it requires much dexterity and practice to be polite in an island situated in the Sound. Ventman tells us they saluted him in this grotesque manner: they raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face. The inhabitants of the Philippines bend their bodies low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air with their knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, leaving his friend half naked. Sometimes men place themselves naked before the person they salute, to show their humility and unworthiness to appear in his presence. This was done before Sir Joseph Banks, when he received the visit of two female Otahaitians. The Japanese only take off a slipper; the people of Arracan their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

In progress of time, it appears servile to uncover one's self. The grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the king, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation; and we may remark, that the English do not uncover their heads so much as the other nations of Europe. Uncovering the head, with the Turks, is a mark of indecent familiarity; in their mosques, the Franks must keep their hats on. The Jewish custom of wearing their hats in their synagogues, arises probably from the same Oriental custom.

In a word, there is not a nation (observes the humorous Montaigne), even to the people who, when they salute, turn their backs on their friends, but that can be justified in their customs.

The Negroes love ludicrous actions, hence all their ceremonies seem farcical. The greater part pull the fingers till they crack. When two Negro monarchs visit, they embrace, snapping three times the middle finger.

Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmena would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the blood as it issued. The Franks tore the hair from their head, and presented it to the person they saluted. One slave cut his hair, and offered it to his master.

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences. These are the most remarkable postures:—The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow their head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then bend them to the earth along with the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees and bend the face to the earth; this ceremony they repeat two or three times. Surely we may differ here with the sentiments of Montaigne, and confess this ceremony to be ridiculous. It arises from their national affectation. They substitute artificial ceremonies for natural actions.

Marks of honour are frequently arbitrary; to be seated, with us, is a mark of repose and familiarity; to stand up, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes will only be addressed by persons who are seated, and it is considered as a favour to be permitted to stand in their presence. This custom prevails in despotic countries; a despot cannot suffer without disgust the elevated figure of his subjects; he is pleased to bend their bodies with their genius; his presence must lay those who behold him prostrate on the earth; he desires no eagerness, no attention; he would only inspire terror.—*From a Scrap Book*.

ATTRACTING NOTICE.—Some men attract attention by the singularity of their dress; others by the eccentricity of their conduct. The man of old set fire to the temple though he knew that his own death would be the consequence, rather than that his name should remain unknown. And just now, there appear to be thousands of the lower classes in France who aim at notoriety by their attempts to take away the life of the Citizen King. I have heard of an Irishman, who finding that no one bestowed a look upon him while he stood in the usual position, drilled himself into the habit of inverting himself in some of the leading thoroughfares; in other words, in standing for several minutes on the crown of his head. But one of the most ingenious and yet convenient expedients of which I have lately heard for bringing one-self into notice, was that before alluded to, of a young man, otherwise well informed, who represented himself, as "the man who had never read the Waverley Novels." He observed that every one making any pretensions to intelligence, made a point of displaying in company his acquaintance with the Waverley Novels,

and that in consequence of the universality of this, no one brought himself into notice by exhibiting his intimacy with these celebrated productions. He therefore concluded that by affecting a total ignorance of them he was sure to excite attention. The event showed his opinion was correct. He soon found that he could not have adopted an expedient more effectual for his purpose. All eyes were upon him whenever he mixed in respectable society. Not to have read the Waverley Novels seemed a thing so extraordinary in a literary man, that people were all anxiety to see so singular a person. His company was courted, just as if he had had something about him which distinguished him from the rest of his species. I doubt whether the learned Pig ever excited greater curiosity. He was invited to routs and parties, not from any abstract friendship for him, but merely as a sort of raree show to the other guests.—*Great Metropolis*.

From Blackwood for January.

THE WINTRY MAY—1837.

When summer faded last away,
I sighed o'er every short'ning day;
Comparing with its pale-hued flowers
My withered hopes, and numbered hours,
And thinking—"Shall I ever see
That Summer sun renewed for me."

When Autumn shed her foliage sore,
Methought I could have dropt a tear,
With every shrivelled leaf that fell,
And frost-nipped blossom. "Who can tell,
When leaves again clothe shrub and tree,"
Whispered a voice, "where thou wilt be?"

But when old Winter's rule severe
Set in triumphant—dark and drear;
Though shrinking from the bitter blast,
Methought—"this worst once overpast,
With balmy, blessed spring, may be
A short revival yet for me."

And this is May—but where, Oh! where
The balmy breath, the perfumed air
I pined for, while my weary sprite
Languished away the long, long night,
Living on dreams of roving free
By primrose bank, and cowslip lea?

Unkindly season! cruel spring!
To the sick wretch no balm you bring;
No herald-gleam of Summer days,
Reviving, vivifying rays—
Seasons to come may brighter be,
But Time—Life—Hope—run short with me.

Yet therefore faint not, fearful heart!
Look up and learn "the better part,"
That shall outlast Life's little day—
Seek peace that passeth not away:
Look to the land where God shall be,
Life—Light—yea—All in All to thee.

CONTRIVANCES OF ANIMALS.

I believe no person who has, without prejudice, studied the character and habits of the living creatures below him, will find it easy to deny them at least some glimpses of that higher faculty to which his own species has the most appropriate claim. A few well-authenticated instances will illustrate this remark. I have the following anecdote from a gentleman of undoubted veracity, and acute observation, in the vicinity of Dumfries. A few years ago this gentleman had beautified his residence, by converting a morass in its neighbourhood into an extensive piece of water; which he had stocked with fish; and, as places of retreat for these tenants of his lake, he had caused numerous roots of trees to be thrown in here and there, which were usually hid below the surface. This year (1836), however, the unusually dry spring caused the necessary supply of water unexpectedly to fail, and the pond sank so low, that some of the roots made their appearance, and on one of these, more elevated than the others, a pair of wild ducks constructed their inartificial nest, and the female had already laid some eggs, when the weather changed, and the descending rains having filled the streams by which the lake was fed, the surface gradually rose, and threatened to overwhelm the labours of this luckless pair, and to send their eggs adrift on the swelling waves. Here instinct had no resource. It was an unexpected occurrence, for which this faculty could not provide; but if any glimmerings of reason belonged to these fond parents, it might be expected to be exerted. And so it was. Both the duck and the drake were observed to be busily employed in collecting and depositing materials; presently the nest, which the rising waters had already reached, was seen to emerge as it were from the flood; more and more straw and grass were added, till several inches of new elevation was gained, and the nest, with its precious contents, appeared to be secure. Here the fond mother patiently brooded her full time, and one duckling rewarded her care; when, just as it had escaped from the shell, another torrent of rain fell, more sudden and more violent than the first; the water rose higher and higher; the nest and remaining eggs were swept away. In this emergency, the whole attention of the parents was given to the living progeny, which was safely conveyed by them to the shore,

where another nest was constructed; and their sagacity and solitudo were finally crowned with success.

In some of the insect tribes, there seems to be an extraordinary faculty, which, if it can be called instinct, surely approaches to the highest faculty possessed by man—I mean the power of communicating information, by some natural language. Huber affirms, "that nature has given to ants a language of communication, by the contact of their antennæ; and that, with these organs, they are enabled to render mutual assistance in their labours and in their dangers, discover again their route when they have lost it, and make each other acquainted with their necessities." This power seems to be confirmed by what occurred to Dr Franklin. Upon discovering a number of ants regaling themselves with some treacle in one of his cupboards, he put them to the rout, and then suspended the pot of treacle by a string from the ceiling. He imagined that he had put the whole army to flight, but was surprised to see a single ant quit the pot, climb up the string, cross the ceiling, and regain its nest. In less than half an hour, several of its companions sallied forth, traversed the ceiling, and reached the repository, which they constantly revisited, till the treacle was consumed. The same power of communication belongs also to bees and wasps; as may be proved by any one who carefully attends to their habits. This is their language, not of articulate sounds, indeed, but of signs—a language which, as Jesse observes, "we can have no doubt is perfectly suited to them—adding, we know not how much, to their happiness and enjoyments, and furnishing another proof that there is a God all-mighty, all-wise, and all-good, who has 'ornamented the universe' with so many objects of delightful contemplation, that we may see him in all his works, and learn not only to fear him for his power, but to love him for the care which he takes of us, and of all his created beings." Whether this power of communication be rational or instinctive, it is obviously only suited to a being possessed, at least to a certain extent, of intellectual faculties—of the power of forming designs—of combining, with others, to execute them—of accommodating itself to circumstances, and, therefore, of remembering, of comparing, of judging, and of resolving. These are assuredly acts of reasoning; at least I know not under what other category to arrange them.

The instance which Dr Darwin gives of a wasp, noticed by himself, is in point. As he was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp, with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off, first one wing, and then another, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty. Here we have contrivance, and contrivance; a resolution accommodated to the case, judiciously formed and executed, and, on the discovery of a new impediment, a new plan adopted, by which final success was obtained. There is, undoubtedly, something more than instinct in all this. And yet we call the wasp a despicable and hateful insect!—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

From Miss Parloe's "River and the Desert."

THE PLAGUE AND BURIALS AT MARSEILLES.

Imagine a space of ground, somewhat exceeding six acres, devoted to the victims of one deadly malady! At first each body was committed singly to the grave—it had its own little spot of earth—its own distinguishing cross—its own garland of *immortelles*. Affection and regret had yet a resting-place for the imagination—the tears of tenderness could be wept upon the tomb of the beloved and lost. But this "luxury of woe" endured not long; the number of victims increased, not only daily, but hourly—the city streets became one vast funeral procession—the population which had thronged the walks now crowded the burial-place—and, too frequently, they who dug the graves died as they hollowed them and shared them with their employers. Others, as they plied their frightful task, recognised among the victims some friend, or relative, or parent; and with the partial insanity of despair, sickening at the sight of their own hurried and imperfect work, sought to violate the prouder tombs around them, in order to deposit within their recesses the remains of those who had been dear to them! Then came the second and still more revolting stage of the hallucination of misery. It was on one of the most fatal days of the disease—a bright sunshiny morning of July, when sea and sky were blue and beautiful; and Nature, pranked out in her garb of loveliness, seemed to mock at human suffering; that suddenly as the city groaned with victims, those who had hitherto laden the death carts, and carried them forth to burial, withdrew despairingly from the task, and literally left the dead to bury their dead. For a brief interval the panic was frightful; the scorching heat of the unclouded sun,—the rapid effects of the disease upon the bodies,—the difficulty of procuring substitutes for the revolting duty,—all conspired to excite the most intense alarm, lest the effluvia of putrefaction should be su-

peradded to the miasma which was already feeding the malady. In this extremity, the Mayor of the town addressed himself to three young men, of whose courage and resolution he had a high opinion, and who instantly consented to devote themselves to the preservation of their fellow-citizens. The sexton, measuring and hollowing out his narrow space of earth, was replaced by workmen flinging up the soil from the deep trenches, extending some hundred feet in length; while the courageous trio who had undertaken to transport the bodies, speedily filled up the common grave which was thus prepared for them. The same prayer was murmured over a score; the tinkling of the same little bell marked the service performed for a hundred, whose sealed ears heard not the sound; and for awhile the work went on in silence. But that silence was at length rudely and strangely broken. Human nature, wrought up to its last point of endurance, acknowledged no authority—spurned at all duty,—and the tools of the workmen were cast down as they sprang out of the trenches, and refused to pursue their task. It must have been a frightful scene, and one never to be forgotten, when the gleaming of bayonets was apparent within the walls of the grave-yard, and the troops stood silently along the edge of the trenches, partially heaped with dead: compelling, by the mute eloquence of their arms, the labours of the living! And this in a burial-place! where all should be still, and solemn, and sacred! The compulsory work was completed, and I stood yesterday upon the spot of frightful memories, beside the long, deep, common graves of upwards of four thousand of the plague-smitten. The sun was shining upon them,—insects were humming about them,—on those which had been first filled up, the rapid vegetation of this fine climate had already shed a faint tinge of verdure; above them spread a sky of the brightest blue without a cloud: on one side the eye rested on the distant city, and the ear caught the busy hum of the streets; on the other, swelling hills and rich vineyards stretched far into the distance; but they lay there, long and silent, and saddening,—the mute records of a visitation which has steeped the city in tears of blood. It was awful, as I paused beside these vast tumuli, to remember that two short months had peopled them—to stand there, and to picture to myself the anguish and the suffering, the terror and the despair, amid which they were wrought; to know that within their hidden recesses were piled indiscriminately the aged and the young, the nursing and the strong man, the matron and the maiden; and, above all, it was affecting to trace the hand of surviving tenderness which had planted the record-cross, and the tributary wreath, upon some spot of the vast sepulchre, which was believed to cover the regretted one. I say believed: for who could measure with his eye that fatal trench, and make sure note of the narrow space where his own lost one lay, above, or beneath, or in the midst of that hour's victims?

Would you endeavour to divest yourself of these revolting images, they are brought back upon you with tenfold force, as you pause at the termination of the trenches; for there your eye falls on a tall black cross, crowned with *immortelles*, and bearing the inscription:—

Cholériques du Mois de Juillet.

You turn away with the blood quivering in your veins: and a second cross, wreathed and fashioned like the first, marks the graves of the

Cholériques d'Avant et Septembre.

And here, thanks to all-gracious Providence! the last formed trench yet yawns hollow and empty for full two-thirds of its length. The Destroying Angel, slowly furls his wings.—Death glutted with prey, pauses in his work of devastation—I do not think that I shall again have courage to enter the cemetery.

BITTER THINGS.

He sat himself at the feet of the clustered columns, and, covering his face with his hands, he wept.

They were the first tears that he had shed since childhood, and they were agony. Men weep but once, but then their tears are blood. I think almost their hearts must crack a little, so heartless are they ever after.—Enough of this. It is bitter to leave our father's hearth for the first time: bitter is the eve of our return, when a thousand fears rise in our haunted souls. Bitter are hopes deferred, and self-reproach, and power unrecognised. Bitter is poverty; bitterer still is debt. It is bitter to be neglected; it is more bitter to be misunderstood.

It is bitter to lose an only child. It is bitter to look upon the land which once was ours. Bitter is a sister's woe, a brother's scrape: bitter a mother's tear, and bitterer still a father's curse. Bitter are a briefless bag, a curate's bread, a diploma that brings no fee. Bitter is half-pay!

It is bitter to muse on vanished youth; it is bitter to lose an election, or a suit. Bitter are rage suppressed, vengeance unwreaked, and prize-money kept back. Bitter are a failing crop, a glutted market, and a shattering speck. Bitter are rents in arrear, and tithes in kind. Bitter are salaries reduced, and perquisites destroyed. Bitter is a tax, particularly if misapplied; a rate, particularly if embezzled. Bitter is a trade too full, and bitterer still a trade that has work out. Bitter is a bore!

It is bitter to lose one's hair or teeth. It is bitter to find our an-

nual charge exceed our income. It is bitter to hear of others' fame when we are boys. It is bitter to resign the seals we vainly would keep. It is bitter to hear the winds blow when we have ships or friends at sea. Bitter are a broken friendship and a dying love. Bitter a woman scorned, a man betrayed!

Bitter is the secret woe which none can share. Bitter are a brutal husband and a faithless wife, a silly daughter, and a sulky son. Bitter are a losing card, a losing horse. Bitter the public hiss, the private sneer. Bitter are old age without respect, manhood without wealth, youth without fame. Bitter is the east wind's blast; bitter a step-dame's kiss. It is bitter to mark the woe which we cannot relieve. It is bitter to die in a foreign land.

But bitterer far than this, than these, and all, is waking from our first delusion!—For then we first feel the nothingness of self—that hell of sanguine spirits. All is dreary, blank, and cold. The sun of hope sets without a ray, and the dim night of dark despair shadows only phantoms. The spirits that guard round us in our pride have gone. Fancy, weeping, flies. Imagination droops her glittering pinions and sinks into the earth. Courage has no heart, and love seems a traitor. A busy demon whispers that all is vain and worthless, and we among the vainest of a worthless crew!—*D'Israeli.*

From the New-England Farmer.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

The pleasures of the eye are among the most varied, the most abundant, the most impressive, the most instructive of any of the senses; we had almost said of all the others combined; and throughout universal nature, in all its departments and productions, external beauty is every where present and predominant, that this sense might be cultivated and gratified, that the eye might be filled to the full.

The cultivation of a taste for the beautiful in creation, is laying a broad foundation for innocent pleasures and moral devotion; and multiplying the instruments and excitements to a grateful piety. This taste, then should by every means be encouraged and improved; and it is impossible in this case that we should go too far. It is impossible for us to become too much in love with nature; with the beauty of the land, the ocean, the skies, the forests, the beasts, the birds, the insect world, the flowers; and the vast and ever changing procession of animal and vegetable life, as it passes before us.

We greet, therefore, with unaffected delight, every effort to cultivate, and strengthen this taste, and to lead men away from the grovelling cares and wasting perplexities of common life, to study nature in her vast laboratory; and to mark the divine agency in her every operation, and admire and adore that beneficent prodigality of beauty, which is every where poured out around us.

We cannot forget the delight with which, the last season, we visited the splendid tulip plantation of a distinguished cultivator in the vicinity of Boston. This man is a fool, says one, to spend his time and money in the cultivation of these paltry flowers! But he was a much greater fool who said it. We saw in it the truest wisdom. What a profusion and what an endless variety of beauty! What a wonderful organization; and what exquisite tints, and tints, and colouring, and shades! What skill, what wisdom, what beneficence, illuminate this simple and narrow page of God's earliest revelation, and were here concentrated in a blaze of glory. What a source of innocent and delightful recreation to the cultivator; and what a benefaction to others in the pleasures which it imparted.

Away then with party politics, which madden men to frenzy; and embitter all the waters of life. Away with the miserable sophistries, and conceits, and arrogancies of controversial theology, which disturb the temper, and narrow the mind, and nourish pride and inflame resentment. Away with the wretched drudgery of a never-to-be-satisfied avarice, which extinguishes all generous and noble sentiments; and hardens the heart like stone. Learn to love the purer, the heart-enlarging, the heart-improving pleasures of nature; drink of the crystal waters of this exhaustless fountain; and worship our Creator in this, his glorious temple; adore his goodness and perfection in infinitely multiplied forms of beauty, which every where crowd upon the sight; in the snowdrop which first peeps above the ground to whisper to you that spring is coming, in the rose, the queen of flowers, that sits upon her mossy throne and sheds her fragrance upon your path, in the floating and golden clouds which draw their glowing folds around the retiring monarch of the day, and in the sparkling stars which watch with their eternal fires over your hours of repose.—"See God in every thing, and every thing in God."

HAPPINESS.—It was Gray the poet, we believe, who said that the highest state of enjoyment which he could imagine, was to lie all day on a sofa and read books of romance. The imagination of the Burman soldier was equally fertile when he replied to a question concerning his ideas of a future state. "I shall, said he, be turned into a great buffalo, and shall lie down in a meadow of grass higher than my head, and eat all day long, and there won't be a musquito to trouble me!"—*Jean Paul.*

From the Metropolitan for April.

ENGLAND! ENGLAND!

By RICHARD HOWITT.

England, England, glorious name,
Home of freedom, star of fame;
Light o'er ocean widely sent,
Empress of the element;
Gorgeous sea-encircled gem,
Of the world bright diadem;
Nation nations to command,
Who but points admiring hand
To thee, to thee, our own dear land!

Wisdom spake, and thou hadst birth,
Throne and sceptre of the earth;
Heaven's own beacon in the deep,
Eye of soul that never sleeps;
Altar of the world, whose fire
Brightly burns, nor may expire—
Built in adamant, to stand,
God is in thee, heart and hand,
England, England, glorious land!

THE MARINER'S DREAM;

ON THE STORM-DEMON.

Loud roars the blast
O'er the foam-crested ocean;
The mad waves are dancing
In hurried commotion;
The water-spout bursts,—
Its dark column uprearing,
Like a spirit of death
O'er the billows careering!
The heavens are all flame;
The black cloud's rent asunder;
The Storm-Demon comes
In his chariot of thunder!

Spirits,—dark spirits,—
His summons obeying,
Now trooping around him,
Their homage are paying.
Mark! mark! how they laugh
As the tempest is telling
His triumphs aloft,
To the wild music swelling!
"Up, spirits! away!
O'er the flame-crested ocean,"
The Storm-Demon cries,
"Wake your wildest commotion!"

Now, shrouded in weeds,
From their watery pillows,
Ghosts of drown'd mariners
Float o'er the billows!
The phantom-ship bounds,
The loud tempest defying,
Crowding sail, and away
O'er the mad waters flying!
The pale, ghastly crew,—
How their eyes roll with wonder!
And wild is their shriek
As they plunge 'mid the thunder!

Bentley's for April.

From the French of J. A. Pezouzel, M. D.

BRIMSTONE-HILL, AT GUADALOUPE.

The island of Guadaloupe is not the only one of the American Antilles that has volcanoes and mines of brimstone; few are without them; they are found in Martinico, Dominica, St. Christopher, St. Lucia, etc. The mountain on which Mr. P. made his observations is called La Souffriere, or Brimstone-hill, because it contains ores of sulphur, and its summit constantly emits smoke, and sometimes flames. It is very high, and forms a kind of truncated cone. It rises above the chain of mountains that occupy the centre of the island and run through all its length from north to south. In ascending this conical mountain, it is soon observed that the woods differ in kind; the trees are smaller, and, at the top, are mere shrubs. Having arrived at the spring-head of the river of Galleons, south of the Brimstone-hill, the waters were so hot as not to be borne. The neighbouring ground smokes, and is full of brown earth like the dross of iron. In other places the earth is red, and oven dyes the fingers; but these earths are tasteless. Near these three boiling hot springs are some others that are lukewarm, and some very cold. They put some eggs into the hot ones, and they were boiled in three minutes, and hard in seven.

Having passed this mountain of the three rivers, and the valleys between it and the Brimstone-hill, they began to ascend the latter. They were about an hour and a half getting up to the height of 500 feet, when they reached the gulf at the place whence the smoke issues, which is about twenty-five toises in breadth. Here nothing but sulphur and calcined earth are to be seen; the ground is full of crevices, which emit smoke or vapours; these cracks are deep, and you hear the sulphur boil. Its vapours rising yield very fine chemical flowers, or a pure and refined sulphur; and on the clinks or funnels the spirit of sulphur runs down like fair water. They continued climbing to the top of the mountain, keeping to the east, or windward. When at the summit, they discovered another gulf or funnel, opened some years since,

which only emitted smoke. The top of the mountain is a very uneven plain, covered with heaps of burnt and calcined earth, of various sizes. In the middle of this flat is a very deep abyss or precipice. It is said there was once a great earthquake in this island, and the Brimstone-hill took fire, and vomited ashes on all sides, and this mountain cleft asunder; when probably, this abyss or precipice opened. The mountain having split, cast forth ashes and sulphureous matter all around, and from that time no earthquake has been felt in the island. This abyss in the middle of the flat is behind two crags or points that rise above the mountains, and on the north side answers to the great cleft, which goes down above a thousand feet perpendicular, and penetrates above an hundred paces into the flat, and is more than twenty feet broad; so that in this place the mountain is fairly split from the top to the base of the cone.

Any quantity of brimstone might be fetched from this mountain, even in ship-loads. Bright yellow brimstone, with a greenish cast, might be gathered round the vent-holes of the burning gulf, with large quantities of fine natural flowers, or very pure sulphur. What passes in the mountain may be called a natural analysis, or distillation. The brimstone takes fire in the centre of the earth, as in chemical operations, when the mixture of spirits of nitre and oil of turpentine suddenly produces a heat and flame. In like manner, an oily and sulphureous exhalation inflames and sends forth fires which have been mistaken for falling stars. The flowers rise with the acid spirit, which being condensed by the cool air, falls in drops.

One of the party having thrust his cane too far into a funnel, and not being able to pull it out again, used the blade of his sword to recover it. In an instant the hilt was quite wet, the water dropping off; and on drawing it out, the blade was extremely hot.—*Philosophical Transactions.*

From the Court Journal.

THE MIRROR OF FEMALE GRACES.

EDUCATION.

It is unjust and dangerous to hold out false lights to young persons; for, finding that their guides have in one respect designedly led them astray, they may be led likewise to reject as untrue all else they have been taught; and so nothing but disappointment, error, and rebellion, can be the consequence.

Let girls, advancing to womanhood, be told the true state of the world with which they are to mingle. Let them know its real opinions on the subjects connected with themselves as women, companions, friends, relatives. Hide not from them what society thinks and expects on all these matters; but fail not to show them, at the same time, where the fashions of the day would lead them wrong; where the laws of heaven and man's approving (though not always submitting) reason, would keep them aright.

Let religion and morality be the foundation of the female character. The artist may then adorn the structure without any danger to its safety. When a girl is instructed on the great purposes of her existence; that she is an immortal being, as well as a mortal woman; you may, without fearing ill impressions, show her, that as we admire the beauty of the rose, as well as esteem its medicinal power, so her personal charms will be dear in the eyes of him whose heart is occupied by the graces of her yet more estimable mind. We may safely teach a well-educated girl that virtue ought to wear an inviting aspect; that it is due to her excellence to decorate her comely apparel. But we must never cease to remember that it is virtue we seek to adorn. It must not be a merely beautiful form; for that, if it possess not the charm of intelligence, the bond of rational tenderness, is a frame without a soul; a statue, which we look on and admire, pass away and forget it. We must impress upon the yet ingenuous maid, that while beauty attracts, its influence is transient, unless it presents itself as the harbinger of that good sense and principle which can alone secure the affection of a husband, the esteem of friends, and the respect of the world. Show her that regularity of features and symmetry of form are not essentials in the composition of the woman whom the wise man would select as the partner of his life. Seek, as an example, some one of your less fair acquaintance, whose sweet disposition, gentle manners, and winning deportment, render her the delight of her kindred, the dear solace of her husband. Show your young and lovely pupil what use this amiable woman has made of her few talents; and then call on her to cultivate her more extraordinary endowments to the glory of her Creator, the honour of her parents, and to the maintenance of her own happiness in both worlds. To do this, requires that her aims should be virtuous, and the means she employs to reach them, of the same nature.

DRESS.

When innocence left the world, astonished man blushed at his own and his partner's nakedness, and coverings were invented. For many an age the twisted foliage of trees, and the skins of beasts, were the only garments which clothed our ancestors. Decoration was unknown, excepting the wild flower, plucked from the luxuriant shrub, the shell from the beach, or the berry off the

tree. Nature was then unsophisticated; and the lover needed no other attraction to his bride's embrace, than the peach-bloom on her cheek, the downcast softness of her consenting eye.

In after times, when Avarice ploughed the earth and Ambition bestrode it, the gem and the silken fleece, the various products of the loom, and the Tyrian mystery of dyes, all united to give embellishment to beauty, and splendour to majesty of mien. But even at that period, when the east and south laid their decorating riches at the feet of women, we see, by the sculpture yet remaining to us, that the dames of Greece (the then exemplars of the world) were true to the simple laws of just taste. The amply folding robe, cast round the harmonious form! the modest clasp and zone on the bosom; the braided hair, or the veiled head; these were the fashions alike of the wife of a Phocion and the mistress of an Alcibiades. A chastened taste ruled at their toilets; and from that hour to this, the forms and modes of Greece have been those of the poet, the sculptor, and the painter.

Rome, queen of the world! the proud dictatress to Athenian and Spartan dames, disdained not to array herself in their dignified attire; and the statues of her virgins, her matrons, and her empresses, show, in every portico of her ancient streets, the graceful fashions of her Grecian province.

The irruption of the Goths and Vandals made it needful for women to assume a more repulsive garb. The flowing robe, the easy shape, the soft, unfettered hair, gave place to skirts, shortened for flight or contest—to the hardened vest, and head-buckled in gold or silver.

Thence, by a natural descent, have we the iron bodice, stiff farthingale, and spiral coiffure of the middle ages. The courts of Charlemagne, of our Edwards, Henries, and Elizabeth, all exhibit the figures of women as if in a state of siege. Such lines of circunvallation and outworks—such impregnable bulwarks of whalebone, wood, and steel; such impassable mazes of gold, silver, silk, and furbelows, met a man's view, that, before he had time to guess it was a woman that he saw, she had passed from his sight; and he only formed a vague wish on the subject, by hearing, from an interested father or brother, that the moving castle was one of the softer sex.

When the arts of sculpture and painting, in their fine specimens, from the chisels of Greece and the pencils of Italy, were brought into England, taste began to mould the dress of our female youth after their more graceful fashion. The health-destroying bodice was laid aside—brocades and whalebone disappeared: and the easy shape and flowing drapery again resumed the rights of nature and of grace.

Thus, for a short time, did the Graces indeed preside at the toilet of British beauty. But a strange caprice seems now to have dislodged these gentle handmaids. We see immodesty on one side, unveiling the too redundant bosom; on the other, deformity, once more drawing the steeled bodice upon the bruised ribs. Here stands affectation, distorting the form into a thousand unnatural shapes—and there, ill-taste, loading it with grotesque ornaments, gathered (and mingled confusedly) from Grecian and Roman models, from Egypt, China, Turkey, and Hindostan. All nations are ransacked to equip a modern fine lady—and, after all, she may perhaps strike a cotemporary beau as a fine lady, but no son of nature could, at a glance, possibly find out that she meant to represent an elegant woman.

DEPORTMENT.

To preserve the health of the human form is the first object of consideration. With its health, we necessarily maintain its symmetry and improve its beauty.

The foundation of a just proportion in all parts must be laid in infancy. A light dress, which gives freedom to the functions of life and action, is the best adapted to permit unobstructed growth; for thence the young fibres, uninterrupted by obstacles of art will shoot harmoniously into the form which nature drew. The garb of childhood should in all respects be easy: not to impede its movements by ligatures on the chest, the loins, the legs, or arms. By this liberty we shall see the muscles of the limbs gradually assume the fine swell and insertion which only unconstrained exercise can produce; the shape will sway gracefully on the firmly poised waist; the chest will rise in noble and healthy expanse; and the human figure will start forward at the blooming age of youth, maturing into the full perfection of unsophisticated nature.

The lovely form of woman thus educated, or rather, thus left to the true bias of its original mould, puts on a variety of interesting characters. In one youthful figure, we see the lineaments of a wood-nymph; a form slight and elastic in all its parts. The shape, "small by degrees and beautifully less, from the soft bosom to the slender waist!" a foot, light as that of her whose flying step scarcely brushed the "unbending corn;" and limbs, whose agile grace moved in gay harmony with the turns of her swan-like neck and sparkling eyes.

Another fair one appears with the chastened dignity of a vestal. Her proportions are of a less aerial outline. As she draws near, we perceive that the contour of her figure is on a broader, a less flexible scale, than that of her more ethereal sister. Euphrosyne speaks in the one, Melpomene in the other.

Between these two lie the whole range of female character in form. And in proportion as the figure approaches the one extreme or the other, we call it grave or gay, majestic or graceful. Not but that the same person may, by a happy combination of charms, unite these qualities in different degrees, as we sometimes see graceful majesty and majestic grace. And, certainly, without the commanding figure softens the amplitude of its contour with a gentle elegance, it may possess a sort of regal consequence, but it will be that of a heavy and harsh importance. But unless the slight and airy form, full of youth and animal spirits, superadds to these attractions the grace of a restraining dignity, her vivacity will be deemed levity, and her activity the romping of a wild hoyden.

Young women must, therefore, when they present themselves to the world, not implicitly fashion their demeanours according to the levelling rules of the generality of school-governesses; but, considering the character of their figures, allow their deportment, and select their dress, to follow the bias of nature.

SECRET OF PRESERVING BEAUTY.

It has been observed that, during the period of youth, different women wear a variety of characters, such as the gay, the grave, etc. When it is found that even this loveliest season of life places its objects in varying lights, how necessary does it seem that woman should carry this idea yet farther by analogy, and recollect she has a summer as well as a spring; an autumn, and a winter! As the aspect of the earth alters with the changes of the year, so does the appearance of a woman adapt itself to the time which passes over her. Like a rose in the garden, she buds, she blows, she fades, she dies.

When the freshness of virgin youth vanishes; when Delia passes her teens, and fastly approaches her thirtieth year, she may then consider herself in the noon of her day; but the sun which shines so brightly on her beauties, declines while he displays them, and a few short years, and the jocund step, the airy habit, the sportive manner, all must pass away with the flight of time. Before this happens, it would be well for her to remember that it is wiser to throw a shadow over her yet unimpaired charms, than to hold them in the light till they are seen to decay.

From this, my fair friends will easily apprehend that the most beautiful woman is not at forty what she was at twenty, nor at sixty what she was at forty. Each age has an appropriate style of figure and of pleasing; and it is the business of discernment and taste to discover and maintain those advantages in their due seasons.

The general characteristics of youth are, meek dignity, chastened sportiveness, and gentle seriousness. Middle age has the privilege of preserving, unaltered, the graceful majesty and tender gravity which have marked its earlier years. But the gay manners of the comic muse must, in the advance of life, be discreetly softened down to little more than cheerful amenity. Time marches on, and another change takes place. Amiable as the former characteristics may be, they must give way to the sober, the venerable aspect with which age, experience, and "a soul commercing with the skies," ought to adorn the silver hairs of the Christian matron.

Nature having maintained a harmony between the figure of woman and her years, it is decorous that the consistency should extend to the materials and fashion of her apparel. For youth to dress like age, is an instance of bad taste seldom seen. But age affecting the airy garments of youth, the transparent *Draperies of Cos*, and the sportiveness of a girl, is an anachronism as frequent as it is ridiculous.

Virgin, bridal beauty, when she arrays herself with taste, obeys an end of her creation—that of increasing her charms in the eyes of some virtuous lover, or the husband of her bosom. She is approved. But, when the wrinkled fair, the hoary-headed matron, attempts to equip herself for conquest, to awaken sentiments which, the bloom on her cheek gone, her rouge can never arouse; then, we cannot but deride her folly, or, in pity, counsel her rather to seek for charms, the mental graces of Madame de Sevigne, than the meretricious arts of Ninon de l'Enclos.

The secret of preserving beauty lies in three things—Temperance, Exercise, Cleanliness. Under these few heads we shall find much good instruction. *Temperance* includes moderation at table, and in the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasure. A young beauty, were she fair as Hebe, and elegant as the Goddess of Love herself, would soon lose these charms by a course of inordinate eating, drinking, and late hours.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

What I am going to relate may be deemed a wild fiction. I cannot help it. I wish that it were so. To me it was a dreadful truth, and taught me an awful lesson of mistrust in our weak natures, and the necessity of guarding against presumption, that nursing mother of superstition; but I will hurry over this part of my biography as rapidly as I can. It was just eight bells, ten o'clock, when James Gavel again came on deck. His features were rigid and stern, yet there was a wild excitement in his eye that was painful to look upon, and which appeared the more startling, from the concentrated light of the lantern that he held. He first

of all, with studious phrase, thanked me for the diligent watch that I had kept. Indeed, latterly, I had perceived a refinement in his language much at variance with his former nautical phraseology. He then requested me to turn up the hands for the burial of the dead. The wind was mournfully singing among the rigging, and hurrying along the decks, whilst the doleful cry of the boatswain, "All hands to burial," sounded strangely sad. The men did not hurry up quickly, as usual. They came up like so many shadows in the partial darkness, stealing quietly and reverently aft. By the directions of Gavel, who superintended the preparations, instead of placing the grating on the gang-way, as is usual, he ordered it to be placed on the taffrail, that, as we were running before the wind, when the body was thrown overboard, it might the sooner be clear of the vessel. The line was made ready, another lantern was lighted, and Jugurtha, the dumb black, with the boatswain and Gavel, went below, and shortly afterwards the corpse was handed up, covered with the ship's colours for a pall. It was then put upon the grating, in order to be launched overboard. The manner of burial at sea is this. The body is sewn up in the hammock of the dead, and if he had died of any disease considered epidemical, the bed-clothes are also contained in this canvass shroud. Two or three heavy shot are also sewn up at the feet, to ensure a rapid sinking. The grating is used as a kind of bier, on which this mummy-like receptacle for mortality is placed, and that, with the body, is launched generally, over the ship's side. The grating is afterwards, when the funeral service has been completed, hauled again on board by means of the rope attached to it. The body on the grating, covered with the ensign, was, at the direction of the mate, made ready for launching overboard; the whole of the ship's company clustering round, and one of the seamen holding the lantern, Gavel prepared to read the funeral service. Hats were taken off. "Axing your pardon, Mr. Gavel," began one of the men, "but it seems to me as if you had sewed up all poor Wilson's bed-clothes, it is so bulky like. Now, as he didn't die of no fever—and my whole kit was washed overboard last gale, I'm willing to pay a fair price for his'n, and you can stop it out of my wages." Jugurtha grinned, and the mate merely said, "Silence, do not disturb the service." "Had you not better, Mr. Gavel," remarked the boatswain, "send for the Captain? Searve him right, I think, to be made stand by the man he murdered." "He is near enough," said Gavel, hurriedly and with a slight shudder. "Let me have no more interruption. You man at the wheel, there, John Cousins, mind the ship's head, and keep your ears open." Three times did Gavel begin, and, at each attempt, his voice was, as if in wrath, blown back upon his lips, and, at last, he was obliged to turn his face from the corpse, and standing thus to proceed. This omen, this apparent anger of Him to whom the hurricane is but as a servant, appalled not Gavel. Verily was he a man of strong nerve, or he was more than an enthusiast. In a loud, clear, and sonorous voice, that the winds could not overcome, he began, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," etc., etc., still keeping with the left hand a firm hold of the bier, whilst, with his right, he held the prayer-book. There was a savage solemnity about the scene, that did not elevate, but made the heart tremble. The officiating priest, for so, for the moment, must we call this untainted seaman, seemed to be actuated by a spirit of defiance, as much as by a feeling of piety; and there was a scowl of gratified revenge, or of some passion as evil, upon his countenance. That it was dangerous even then and there to cross him, was made manifest by an interruption, that, on any other occasion, would have appeared ludicrous. The disappointed sailor, who had wished to inherit the bedding that he supposed was tacked up with the body of the steward, cried out in a reproachful manner, when Gavel read aloud, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." "Then why does Wilson walk off with his blankets and bed?" The hand that held on the bier was dashed, in an instant, by this man of fierce passions into the face of the interrupter, whilst he exclaimed, "Silence, reprobate scoffer!" As the seaman fell to the deck with the blow, he muttered a dreadful imprecation, and a strange and stifled groan was heard, but no one knew from whence it proceeded. After this, Gavel resumed the book, and read on. The gale was increasing momentarily, but it seemed to make no impression upon the stern officiator. He read more loudly and more sternly. A horror began to creep over us all. Methought, at times, that the corpse under the union jack had a motion not produced by the plunging and rolling of the vessel. I endeavoured to repel the horrible idea that seized me. It was in vain. My suspicions increased every moment. I knew not how to act. Gavel read on. It was now a perfect storm, yet he seemed to be trying his strength against it. His voice became shrill, and still mastered the rushing of the mighty winds. Twice had I laid my hand upon his arm, and besought him to forbear. I might as well have addressed the tempest that was hurrying us to destruction. He was labouring—labouring did I say? revelling under the influence of a superstitious excitement. Nothing but sudden death could have stopped him. He read on. Another hand had quietly stepped to the wheel to assist the man at the helm—for the brig was bounding, plunging, and reeling—but to

all this Gavel seemed impassable, imperturbable. The service drew to conclusion—I was in a perfect agony of dread. The cold perspiration stood upon my brow. I felt, I knew not why, that I was assisting at some horrible, some unnatural sacrifice. Several times was I upon the point of laying my hands upon the swaddled corpse to relieve the crushing burthen of my suspicions; but when the cruel mate came to that part which finishes the ceremony, and read, "We therefore commit *their bodies* to the deep," the truth, in all its horror, flashed upon me, and I caught at Gavel's throat, and exclaimed, "Atrocious murderer! Men, haul the bodies on board." But Gavel was too quick for me. He thrust the grating over the stern, and the splash of the descending bodies to their cold deep grave was hardly heard amidst the lashings of the water that boiled under the counter of the vessel.—*Outward Bound.*

For the Pearl.

SCOTTISH SCENERY.

No. I.

LOCH KATRINE.

Who has not read "The Lady of the Lake?"
The hallowing of each locality,
In these entrancing bursts of scenery;
Whose mingled wildness and rude grandeur wake
The most sublime conceptions of the mind.
Loch Katrine sleeps unruffled—the last ray
Is lingering still upon the verge of day;
And fancy here unfettered—unconfined—
Would people with its shining imagery
"That little isle" on which the sea gulls rest,
And shudder at yon "goblin cavern," lest
It should unfold some spell of witchery,
Recalling back the thoughts of olden time,
And scenes immortalized in much loved rhyme.

△

SIN OF RETALIATION.—"Right and justice do not consist in retaliation; and if what we have before said may have appeared to justify it, it was only with the view, by further exposition, of setting the matter in a right light. For we are far from possessing the right of retaliation—least of all, that of retaliating evil for evil. For as evil is always wrong, we can never be justified in doing wrong. Therefore, however hard the refraining from retaliation may be to human nature—in so far as it is merely nature, and like the animal, exercises self-protection—still there proceeds from this duty of man, as a spiritual, or rational being, and from the truly divine principle of justice itself, the command of our Saviour,—Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; 'pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you;' a command, which we know He himself to have executed in the fullest and most extended signification; and by which, in his teaching and conduct, He gave proofs to all ages that God was with him, and spoke and acted in him. We, rooted and grounded on self, recoil from this command, and believe ourselves justified in considering it inconsistent with the principle of justice. The feeling of self, and the impulse of self-preservation and self-defence rebel against it. We hold that nothing can be more just than this maintenance of self; and we are right, so far as our personality is united to our individuality. But our personality extends far beyond our individuality. It unites us with the kingdom of spiritual beings, where the highest unity, and the unchangeably existing—the eternally living Spirit dwells. If we would maintain our place in the kingdom of spirit, we must set limits to—or, as scripture says, 'deny—ourselves;' by doing which, we gain as spiritual beings what we lose as individual. We do not, however, lose our individual being, because this, as we have said, is united to our general being, or personality. We merely lose our partial, limited, finite claims, and receive in their stead, universal, unlimited, infinite ones, whereby the promise is fulfilled,—'He who loses his life for my sake, shall gain it everlastingly.' Which may be interpreted,—he who renounces selfish gratifications with the view of promoting his spiritual concerns, shall enjoy a far higher satisfaction,—that which lies in the feeling and consciousness of a pure, spiritual existence and action, and which is no other than that of eternal happiness, or bliss. We have only to make the trial in any one case, in order to find this confirmed. If we, for example,—having conquered self, and suppressed the impulse to retaliate—truly, and from our hearts forgive any one who has injured us, this victory over, or denial of self, will be immediately rewarded by the blessed feeling of having performed a pure, spiritual act; and so in all instances of self-denial. We stand, therefore, as spiritual beings, or persons, much higher than as mere individuals, or creatures of self, and we reap the greatest advantage, if we, as spiritual beings, give up the right which we claim as natural ones. Justice and its claims are not destroyed by doing this; for the highest, truest justice is 'the equalisation of equals.' Herein lies the secret of divine love.—We love ourselves: the love of self is born in us. Now if we place others—according to the principle of pure and perfect justice—on an equality with ourselves, this equalisation must consist in loving them as ourselves, which is incompatible with all revengeful retaliation, all aversion, all enmity, all hatred. True love and true justice form one in spiritual beings; they cannot hate."—*On Education and Self-Formation by Professor Heinroth of Leipsic.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 11, 1838.

A CATHOLIC NOT A LATITUDINARIAN SPIRIT.—On a late occasion we apologized to our readers for the unfortunate insertion in our columns of a piece, condemnatory of one class of our fellow christians. Had the article in question been of a purely argumentative character, we should have passed it by without note or comment. As it contained, however, the expression of the opinion of its author that in many instances Universalists are given over "to strong delusion that they should believe a lie,"—that such *despise* Truth though supported by the whole weight of scripture testimony—that their hearts are obdurate and their understandings wilfully perverted—that the consequences of such perversity and obduration are fearful and dismayingly, which, however, must be borne by themselves under circumstances of hopeless remedy:—as the extract was of this description, we considered ourselves bound by the pledge of our prospectus, to acquaint all concerned, with the circumstance of its introduction to our pages. We felt more grieved than we can well express that a fallible, mortal creature should have found it in his heart, to pronounce condemnation in such unmeasured terms on any professing to love and serve the same God with himself;—while it was also a source of acute pain to us that the fulmination of such an ecclesiastical anathema should have taken place in our periodical. If we could, most gladly would we have wiped it away with our tears. To the Father of the spirits of all flesh we could not but sigh out the prayer,

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
Or deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right,—thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong—O, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Calmly and dispassionately, and in the spirit of meekness and gentleness, we composed our apology. Our brow was not clouded with anger, nor was our heart ruffled with passion, when we penned our remarks. Cherishing no ill will towards any, but owing to all mankind a generous and christian charity, we felt a brotherly kindness for the author of the denunciatory opinion—and in consequence endeavoured to write as kindly as possible. We called no names—impugned no motives—charged no crimes—threatened no evil. We say this with the more confidence because those best acquainted with us, will not place our gentle mode of defence to any dread of our opponents:—we have as little of the spirit of trepidation in our composition as most men, but while we quail before none, we hope that we love all. Anger, and malice, and all uncharitableness, we wish to have put far away from us. Whosoever doeth the will of our Father in heaven, despite the peculiar opinions they may entertain, we cordially regard as our brother and our sister. If we have one desire in our breasts, more glowing and operative than all others, it is to see the manifestation of more christian love, irrespective of names and creeds, and the exercise of more mutual candour and forbearance, amongst all the children of God. For our own part, never do we feel ourselves more truly blessed than when promoting harmony and good will amongst the followers of God.

Pained as we felt at first in approaching the subject of dispute, yet do we feel more so in having to revert to a topic of so unpleasant a nature. Although we wished not to give offence, yet the writer of the controverted piece, appears to have taken great indignity at our apology. As the editor of "The Wesleyan," he has thought fit to employ its pages in an attack upon us and our journal, and accordingly in the last number of that periodical we are assailed by ungenerous insinuations and odious personalities, and which have no bearing whatever upon the point in debate. But let these pass—if they do not harm their author more than ourselves, we shall be glad—"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."—With the spirit which prompted such uncharitable and ill advised observations, we have no desire to combat—quarrel we will not with any man—nor shall we, whatever may be the provocations, employ any other weapons than those of kindness and fair argument. To those accusations however, which apply to our conduct as public journalists, we shall deign a brief reply: the rest we shall leave where we find them, and for the edification of all who love such kind of commodities.

We are not aware that as many as six Universalists subscribe to the Pearl—that hundreds of the opposite opinion take our paper, we do know. Judge then of our great surprise when we found ourselves charged with "tamely yielding up essential and important doctrines of the Bible, and sacrificing christian Truth, to gain and retain the favour of Universalist patrons." Now such a proneness to doubt the sincerity, to censure the motives, and to depreciate the virtues of an antagonist, as is displayed in this quotation, we do most earnestly repudiate. Forsooth, we cannot think that an Universalist may be a man of genuine piety without having flung in our face the charge of sordidness—that instant we must be represented as holding the balances, with the truth of God in one scale, and the pelf of earth in the other, while the latter we make to kick the beam. Now, is this kind—is it generous—is it just? Because our views are somewhat more liberal than those of the editor of "the Wesleyan" must it therefore be, that we are base, that we are wicked? O! tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph and rejoice. But we can forgive the insinuation, and at the same time assure our good friend that had he charged us with folly in rendering ourselves liable to offend our numerous anti-universalist patrons, he would have been much nearer the mark. When shall it be that religious people will learn to argue, without hacking and hewing each other's characters—and to differ in opinion without bearing any hatred to each other. Surely this may be done, or what is christianity better than heathenism? "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

A second accusation we must now notice is that, "the cause of true religion can never be advanced by the publication of quotations from the works of a professed Socinian, in which dancing and the amusements of the world are advocated and recommended." Very well, but how does this prove that it is right to heat and anathematize your fellow servant for a difference in opinion?

It may be right or it may be wrong, to publish citations from Socinian writers, but what has all this to do with the expression of an opinion that Universalists are given over to delusion—that their hearts are obdurate, and their understandings wilfully perverted etc. etc.—and why has it been introduced? Was it not enough to charge us with loving Mammon more than the word of God, without condemning our journal for the introduction of pieces months ago? But we shall not complain of this—we will even assume that it has been done from a pure motive? Still we conceive that we have a right to inquire why the name of the author of those extracts was omitted? why the character of his book was not mentioned? why his restrictions on dancing were not introduced? and why the very amusements of the world advocated were not specified? Nine out of every ten readers of the Wesleyan will suppose that our obnoxious author recommended dancing without any limitation, and amusements of all sorts, innocent or wicked? And is it just to produce such an impression on their minds—or to lead them to conclude that we are the votaries of the God of this world? Surely it cannot be right after this fashion to injure the reputation of individuals? Now we do call upon the editor of the Wesleyan, by that common justice which one man owes to another, to state the whole truth on this matter—and if he will not, we are quite sure that an uncharitable world will judge him somewhat unfit to lecture his brother on amendment and restoration. Let him find a Universalist who could hurt the good name of a fellow christian by a partial testimony, and yet who would not repair the injury inflicted, by the publication of a statement, complete and full, and he will soon learn that with us profession is nothing, without an accompanying holy life and conversation. We shall, however, think on the side of charity, and hope that the editor of the Wesleyan will yet do us ample justice. In the meantime we may remind our readers that the professed Socinian as he is termed, was Dr. Channing—that the pieces referred to were copied from an address ON TEMPERANCE, delivered before the Massachusetts Temperance Society, and published by request of the Committee—that this address was highly extolled in England and America—that the amusements recommended for the avoidance of intemperance were "such innocent pleasures as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as are consistent with and are favourable to a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness, that life has a higher end than to be amused." Now these are the kind of pleasures lauded by the Doctor (but stigmatized by our friend as amusements of the world) and the encouragement of which he desired as an important means of temperance. But does he not recommend dancing? Yes—in the same way as Dr. Watts, and Mrs. Sigourney the beautiful American poetess, recommend it? Not however the dancing of the ball-room—or the dancing that is connected with extravagance of dress—vanity—late hours—exhaustion of strength, etc. Such dancing is condemned by Dr. Channing, whilst it is domestic dancing he is chiefly favourable to. "It is desirable," he observes "that members of the same family, when confined by unfavourable weather, should recur to it for exercise and exhilaration; that branches of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation, in which the young form a part—and that it should be extended to the labouring classes of society, not only as an innocent pleasure, but as a means of improving the manners." And Mrs. Sigourney, whose name is loved by people of all parties and denominations, remarks that, "as a mode of exercise in the domestic circle, dancing is healthful, and favourable to a cheerful flow of spirits. I was once accustomed to witness it in a happy family, where the children at the close of the reading and lessons, which diversified the long winter evenings, rose to the music of the piano, while the parents, and even grand-parents, mingling with the blooming circle, gave dignity to the innocent hilarity in which they participated. There was nothing in this to war with the spirit of the prayers which were soon to follow, or to indispose to that hymn of praise, which hallowed their nightly rest." But had our opponent referred to the particular pleasures advocated by the Doctor, and to his limitations with regard to dancing, we should have been spared the trouble of inditing these remarks. With the knowledge thus furnished, if any persons had objected to our course of procedure, it would not in the least have affected us. But we shall complain if any condemn us in ignorance and without a cause. The approbation and esteem of the good and wise we ever desire to secure; and it will be no small grief to us, to be robbed of that regard by means which, we think, are improper and unjust.

By a reference to our article in number sixteen, our readers will perceive that we avow our recognition of true disciples of Christ in all sects—that with regard to Universalism we concur in opinion with the great and good Robert Hall, whose praise is in all the churches, that "every one must form his own judgment on the subject—that the belief of the eternal duration of future misery is not an essential article of faith—that it is never proposed as a term of salvation—and that the individual who believes in Christ is perfectly secure of salvation whichever hypothesis he embraces on the subject." Now until these four positions are met and refuted it is ridiculous to charge us with latitudinarianism. But most strange to tell, the editor of the Wesleyan does not attempt to confute them:—there stand the four mountain arguments in his way of denunciation, but he will not put forth a finger to move them. He finds it much easier and more convenient to pursue another course, and hence is lavished upon us charges of tamely and cowardly surrendering truth—and doing this to avoid the frowns or to solicit the smiles of the advocates of error—and again ours is pronounced to be a dastardly course—and meanness of conduct. Now, will our offended brother allow us to say "that the cause of true religion can never be advanced by the publication" of such opprobrious rebuke. And if "the Wesleyan" is to be made the vehicle for the utterance of such detraction, we venture to predict that it will have but a short duration. But its Editor informs us that "he has no fellowship with that latitudinarian spirit, which under the semblance of christian liberality, and at the expense of christian truth and fidelity makes it a matter of perfect indifference what a person's religious creed may be, so that he professes to be a Christian." But where is such a spirit to be found? Not, we are certain in the Universalist, the Pelagian, the Socinian or the Roman Catholic—not one of these, and indeed no man of a sane mind, holds the truth of God at so cheap a rate, as to account it a matter of perfect indifference what creed another professes. But

may not a christian highly esteem every iota of the word of God, and be fully persuaded in his own mind of his religious opinions, without usurping the prerogative of Christ; and assuming the office of the omniscient Judge, by scrutinizing the hearts of others, and excluding all those from the pale of divine mercy who entertain different sentiments. We blame no man for holding with an unflinching hand, what he conceives to be scriptural truth—but when he lifts up his arm to hurl the mimic thunderbolt of denunciation at his brother, we are ready to exclaim, Stop friend, that is not your work—you are not Judge—you are not Lord of the conscience—it becomes you not to be clothed with the garments of vengeance—Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? Nor do we condemn any man for exerting all his talents for the overthrow of what, after a full and candid investigation, he views as error—may we contend that he ought to do so, and yet that he is wrong when he expresses indignation, and retributive contempt and dislike for the advocates of the error.

The March number of the Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine contains a long review of Mr. Watson's works, in the course of which the reviewer says—"He never forgot that the same law which required him to love God, required, likewise, that he should love his neighbour; and he who properly loves his neighbour cannot be uncharitable. Besides, he had a very powerful conviction of the weakness of the human faculty, and its consequent exposure to mistake; while, therefore, he held his own opinions firmly, yet, believing in the general honesty of purpose with which others had arrived at conclusions different from his own, he felt himself bound every way to treat them with the respect which one man, and he a disciple of Christ, owes to his fellow-man and his fellow disciple. And he did not forget this even in controversy where it is so often forgotten."

Now we would not say to our editorial brother, in the spirit of taunt, "Go and do thou likewise," and yet we do think the example is worthy of his imitation. But our friend further informs us that "he does not envy the principles of those public characters [mark the emphasis of italics] who in the exuberance of their charitable feelings, lend their influence to the support and propagation of opinions decidedly unscriptural, and practically, exceedingly dangerous." Whether the italics of this quotation belong to us or not, it is certain that to us they will be affixed. Will the author of this declaration be so good as to substantiate the heavy charge; will he state to the public when and where and how we thus gave our sanction to error? Does he mean to assert that Robert Hall did this, or that we have done it by citing his views? If our accuser had the opportunity, and could condescend to listen to our weekly ministrations for a few months; we pledge ourselves that he would be satisfied that we give no countenance to anti-scriptural opinions in any shape or form. We desire above all things to be known as lovers of the pure and unsophisticated scriptures of Truth. He would learn also, that we abridge no man's liberty of judging for himself—that we never revile any for differing from us in opinion—that we invariably conclude that others are equally honest with ourselves, in their search after truth—that we never pronounce condemnation of any for not beholding things in the same light as we do—and that we never attack persons but principles, and then always in as mild and temperate a manner as we can. Now if this be latitudinarianism, we pray that we may possess more of it. Next we are told, that with "these religious latitudinarians, an individual may be a Pelagian, or a Socinian—or a Papist, or a Universalist—or a sincere believer in Christ—with equal regard to propriety and safety." Is this also intended for us, for if so we demur to the propriety of affixing but a solitary note of exclamation to the long sentence—with all due deference we submit, whether a few more such notes were not indispensably required to give force to the proclamation, that we think a man may believe almost any thing and every thing with equal propriety and safety. Never was such an idea cogitated in our brain—we think no man safe and secure who is not a sincere believer in Christ—but we trust there are such believers amongst all sects. And does our opponent differ from us here, and adopt the name of the venerable Wesley for the title of a religious paper in which such illiberal views are broached? Although we dare not make his authority the standard of our own belief, yet we should be truly sorry to have such uncharitable opinions imputed to him. Describing a man of a catholic spirit, he remarks that "he is one who loves us friends, as brethren in the Lord, as joint partakers of the present kingdom of heaven, and fellow-heirs of his eternal kingdom all of whatever opinion, mode of worship, or congregation, who believe in the Lord Jesus; who love God and man; who rejoicing to please and fearing to offend God are careful to abstain from evil, and zealous of good works." To the question why such an amiable character is so rarely found, he says "Why, there is a delicate device, whereby Satan persuades thousands that they may fall short of it and yet be guiltless. "O yes," says one "I have all this love for those I believe to be children of God; but I will never believe he is a child of God, who belongs to that vile congregation! Can he, do you think, be a child of God, who holds such detestable opinions? or he that joins in such senseless and superstitious, if not idolatrous worship?" So we may justify ourselves by laying the blame on others! To colour our own devilish temper, we pronounce our brethren children of the devil!" See Wesley's Works. Vol. vi. page 180. And when he wrote to Pelagians, Socinians, and Universalists did he declare that he considered that they were given over to delusion to believe a lie? Far from it—his words, are now before us addressed to Dr. Taylor, who was a Pelagian, a Socinian, and a Universalist;—after enumerating Dr. Taylor's natural and acquired endowments—his strong understanding—lively and fruitful imagination—plain and easy, yet nervous style,—Mr. Wesley then makes the following christian acknowledgment—"And I believe you have moral endowments which are infinitely more valuable and more amiable than all these. For (if I am not greatly deceived) you bear good-will to all men. And may I not add, YOU FEAR GOD?"

Such was the treatment which the opponents of Wesley received at his hands. With regard to Roman Catholics, his liberal views are an honour to his memory. What work did he circulate more widely, or recommend more strongly than the Christian's Pattern of Thomas a Kempis, the work of a Roman Catholic! In what veneration did he hold the piety of the Marquis de Renty, another Roman Catholic! How frequently did he take occasion to declare his belief that many members of the Church of Rome were holy, devout persons. Says he, "I believe I know some Roman Catholics who sincerely love both God and

their neighbour, and who steadily endeavour to do unto every one as they wish him to do unto them." Of the production of a Roman Catholic he records—"I translated from the French one of the most useful tracts I ever saw, for those who desire to be fervent in spirit. How little does God regard men's opinions." Such were the principles of the truly catholic Wesley, but he did not escape being branded as a *latitudinarian*. He was goaded and stung almost to madness by charges of this description. The crime was brought against him of "*palpable dishonesty* in concealing his principles." The most frightful consequences were deduced by his enemies from his oft-repeated declaration, that "Orthodoxy, or right opinion, is at best but a very slender part of religion, if any part of it at all." The hue and cry was raised against him for a position from which he was told it followed that "ignorance and error are as friendly to virtue as just sentiments." Precisely agreeing with the evil attempted to be saddled upon us, that a man may entertain any opinions, "with equal regard to propriety and safety." So often was this stale objection brought against Mr. Wesley, that at length, in the sorrowful outpourings of his heart he exclaimed, "I am sick of opinions: I am weary to hear them. My soul loathes this frothy food. Give me a gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. Let my soul be with these Christians of *whatsoever opinion* they are of." So say we. And because Mr. Wesley spoke favorably of the piety of Roman Catholics—he was stigmatized as "a close friend to the church of Rome"—he was charged again and again with preaching popery—and the society he founded was denounced as "*twin-sister* of the Church of Rome." And let any man in the present day think liberally, and speak liberally, and act liberally, and the bigots in derision will call him Papist and Universalist, and indeed *all names* in turn. From these specimens of the liberality of Mr. Wesley, our friends will judge how far a paper advocating, as we conceive, sentiments so opposite, deserves to be called by his name. Genuine Wesleyanism has for its motto, ANTI-SECTARIANISM AND A CATHOLIC SPIRIT.

But to bolster up his denunciations, the editor of the Wesleyan refers us to the advice of Jude, *earnestly to contend for the faith*. Now our editor has bound himself by a solemn contract to preach according to Mr. Wesley's Notes on the New Testament—here then is his comment on the passage—"contend earnestly—yet *humbly, meekly and lovingly*: otherwise your contention will only hurt your cause, if not *destroy your soul*." As much of this humble, meek, loving contention for the faith as you please, but no statement of a fear that your adversaries are "given over to believe a lie." Next we have introduced the words of Paul to Titus, "*Rebuke them sharply*, that they may be sound in the faith." Rebuke them—Who? A fellow disciple living *holy and humbly*, who with prayer to God for light, and with all diligence and sincerity, examines the word of God, and arrives at the conclusion that all men will be saved finally, is such an one to be rebuked? O how it grieves our souls to see passages of the word of God forcibly torn away from their connexion—the Bible used solely as a large reservoir of texts, or as a well-stored magazine of miscellaneous theological aphorisms. Mark—Titus is directed to rebuke the *Cretians*, who were liars, evil *wild beasts*, lazy gluttons, and therefore Universalists are to be treated in the same manner. And then as Dr. Doddridge has well observed, "St. Paul speaks of reproving *vice not error*, and if any consequence is to be drawn from the one to the other, it is to be admitted with much caution, considering to what a degree pride and passion often transport men, even in the management of theological controversies, beyond all bounds of *prudence, charity and decency*." Timothy is to rebuke also, but with *all long suffering*. But even allowing that Titus and Timothy, who had their divine commissions from the Apostles, were to pronounce anathemas, does it therefore follow that a fallible man now should arrogate such power, *without any divine commission, without any such apostolical authority*? A pattern, however, which the editor of the Wesleyan may safely follow, will be found in 2 Tim. ii: 24. "A servant of the Lord must not *strive*, but be *gentle toward all men*, apt to teach, *patient of evil*, in *meekness instructing* those that oppose themselves." We have now noticed every thing essential in the editorial of the Wesleyan with the exception of the unkind insinuation, "that the denunciations of the Apostles grate harshly upon our ears and would not be received into the Pearl without inspection and a long and soothing apology." O where is charity? where is brotherly kindness in such remarks? Except on the account of their author, and for the sake of our common religion, they do not grieve us harmlessly by us—and we are quite invulnerable to all such mimic lightnings. It is only time lost and paper wasted, to cast forth at us the fiery darts of denunciation! We weep at the conclusion of the whole is this—we may be anathematized—our conduct may be called *mean and dastardly*—we may be charged with *lame and cowardly* surrendering truth, and that too from the basest motives—we may be evil spoken of through a *partial* testimony concerning our quotations from a *professed Socinian*, on *dancing* and the *amusements of the world*—we may be lectured on *atonement, amendment, and restoration*, and charged falsely with having made rents in Zion, and so have *insult* added to *injury*—and we may be represented as cherishing no good will to apostolic threatenings—all this and much more may be said, and written, and acted against us, and yet ours shall never become a *sectarian* paper. No party, or denomination, or sect, shall have an inch of space in our columns wherein to propound with *self-complacent intolerance*, their exclusive claims to truth, to churchship, to piety, or to the promises of God's word. None shall be allowed in THE PEARL to make some disputed and disputable doctrine, a watchword, a test of God's favour, a bond of communion, a badge of peculiar holiness, or a warrant for condemning their fellow disciples however imbued with the spirit of Christ. It must not—it shall not be. The Warburtonian spirit may be allowed an ample range through the pages of "The Wesleyan" but not a nook or cranny shall be found for its tread of desolation and excommunication through the columns of the Pearl. It shall not find room for the sole of its foot. Proudly we will inscribe this on our banners, "ANTI-SECTARIANISM AND A CATHOLIC SPIRIT." And if, acting on this motto our periodical cannot be supported without being tacked on to the tail of some party, why then, let it sink.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.—By the Packet ship, the *Lady Paget*, belonging to Messrs Cunard which arrived on Sunday in 21 days from Liverpool, news have been received in town few days later than by her Majesty's Packet Swift. The Bill for the abolition of slave apprenticeship had passed the Commons. Lord Durham was to embark for Canada on the 19th of April. The last Quarter's revenue had fallen off considerably. The weather was still very cold. The prosecution of the Dublin election petition cost upwards of £13,000. The London and Birmingham Railway has been opened.

ERRATA FOR OUR LAST. On the 140th page 2nd column—Read "proof of her age" instead of "proof of her age"—"Prince of life"—"Provinces of life."

The Mail for England, by the Swift, Packet, will close on Saturday evening, at 5 o'clock.

MARRIED,

At Granville, on the 24th April, by the Rev. Moore Campbell, Mr. John Fletcher Bath, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of David Hall, Esq.

DIED,

At Windsor, on the 19th ult. Mr. Michael Smith, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place, leaving a large family to lament their loss.
At Wolfville, on Sunday 20th ult. aged three months, Leander Starr, youngest son of Elisha Dewolf, Esq.
At Bridgetown, on Wednesday, 24th ult. of Croup, Brenton Haliburton, infant son of Thomas Spurr, Esq. aged 19 months.
Wednesday evening, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Wright, aged 3 years and 9 months.
At St. John, N. B. on Friday last, James H. son of Mr. Thomas P. Crane.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday, May 4th.—schr. Olive Branch, Bridgeport—coal; barque Georgian, Marshall, Liverpool, G. B. 33 days, dry goods, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co and others; brig Albion, Leslie, Aberdeen, 39 days, general cargo, to Deblois & Merkel—lost foremast this morning.
Saturday, May 5th.—Ship James Moren, Ferguson, Liverpool, G. B. 35 days, salt to D. & E. Starr & Co.; schr. Adelle, Wilson, Bermuda, 9 days, ballast to master.
Sunday, May 6th.—Packet barque Lady Paget, Galt, Liverpool, G. B. 21 days, 65 hours from the Banks of Newfoundland, general cargo, to S. Cunard & Co. and others. The barque Louisa, Milgrove, sailed in company; Sir T. Harvey, sailed same day for Miramichi; left John Porter, to sail for Halifax, in 5 days; ship Halifax, Cleary, in 3 days. Spoke on 26th ult. lat. 43, long. 54, 30, brig Dryad, of Liverpool, from Lima, bound to London, out 102 days; schr. Mary, Drummond, Fortune Bay, N. F. 14 days, herrings, to the master.
Tuesday—schr. Eliza Ann, Smith, St. Stephens, 10 days, lumber and shingles to master; True Brothers, Liverpool, N. S.
Wednesday—schr. Hannah, McLennan, Liverpool, N. S. flour; Meridian, Crowell, St. Stephens, via Barrington, 7 days, lumber and shingles, to master; left schr. Hazard, and Favourite. Crowell.
Thursday—Am. schr. Sea Serpent, Kenny, Cape Cod, 8 days, bound fishing—sprung her mainmast on Sunday last; brig Geo. McLeod, Miller, Greenock, 35 days, (to Sambro) general cargo to James Leishman & Co. and others; schr. Maddona, Kerwin, Burin, N. F. 6 days, herrings, to Creighton & Grassie.

CLEARED,

May 4th, Am. schr. Sarah Ripley, Howes, Boston—wood, by the master; sloop Zephyr, Humphrey, St. John's, N. F.; brig. Belle, Prudden, St. John's, N. F., run by Saltus and Wainwright; George IV, Phillips, Guernsey—sugar, staves, etc. by S. Binney; brig Susanah, Howill, Richibucto—ballast; barque Acadian, Auld, Charleston, wine, etc. by the master; schr. Union, Magdalen Islands, Porter, by T. Lydiard; ship Prince George, Friend, Quebec, ballast, and stores by the master. 5th, schr. James Clarke, Beck, St. John, N. B., assorted cargo, by S. S. B. Smith and others; Alicia, Miramichi, assorted cargo, by Fairbanks and Allison, and others; Willing Lass, Watt, Miramichi, assorted cargo, by S. Cunard & Co. and others; Star, Nickeram, St. Andrews, rum, molasses, flour, etc. by S. Binney, W. A. Blackson, and others. 7th, Mail of Erin, Kirkpatrick, B. W. Indies, assorted cargo, by J. and M. Tobin. 8th, brig. Pictou, Clarke, St. John's, N. F. assorted cargo, by H. Woodworth, Hugh Bell, and others; schr. Richard Smith, Langlois, Miramichi, assorted cargo, by J. & M. Tobin; Mary Jane, McGrath, Bermuda, assorted cargo, by J. W. Young, D. & E. Starr and Co. and others.

MEMORANDA.

At Yarmouth, May 2—Brig Isabella, Beveridge, New York, flour, beef etc.; 4th, Industry, Lovitt, Demerara. Cld. 27th ult.—Schr. Amethyst, St. Andrews; Jane, Argyle; Cann, Halifax; 28th, Schr's. Ruth Hannah, St. Andrews; Yarmouth Packet, St. John N. B., Brig Practicole, St. Andrews; 30th, Barque Tory's Wife, Savannah; Schr. Resolution, Boston; May 1st, Schr. Matilda, St. Vincent.
The brigantine Resolution, Moser, from Demerara bound to Lunenburg got into Shag Bay on the 8th, and on Wednesday, at 4 P. M. dragged her anchors and went on shore; vessel and cargo. 70 puncheons rum and molasses, and one man, lost.—Yar. Herald April 20. An American fishing schooner about 80 tons, from Barnstable, Cape Cod, was totally wrecked on Thursday the 19th inst. on the western side of Shag Harbor Island. Rigging, materials, and outfits saved, and taken to Barrington to be sold.—1b.
Liverpool G. B. Entered for loading 20th March—Enterprise,—for Tatnagouche: Evergreen, Morar, Quebec, Adv. to sail April 1st. Barque Brothers, Poole, of St. John N. B., for Richibucto, touching at Prince Edward Island and Pugwash.
Markets—At Barbadoes, 9th April, Dry fish \$5½ Mackerel 9, Alcwives, 7½—Herrings, 6.

INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has just received 150 pairs India Rubbers, assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low, for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order
Opposite Cunard's Wharf.
WILLIAM WISSWELL.
Jan. 27.

AUCTIONS.

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

To-morrow, Saturday, at Fairbank's wharf, at 12 o'clock.
3000 BUSHELS red and white WHEAT, 10 puns. RUM, 10 hhd's MOLASSES, 12 logs MAHOGANY, 6 tons LIGNUM VITAE, 4 hhd's LIME JUICE. May 11.

BY JAMES COGSWELL.

To-morrow, Saturday, on the premises, at 12 o'clock, at noon:
ALL that Dwelling House and Lot of Land situate in Barrington Street, being the northern moiety of Lot No. 5, letter A. Galland's division, measuring on Barrington street 24 feet, and in depth 60 feet, with a right of way 3½ feet wide from Barrington street to the yard. The Dwelling House contains two rooms on the first floor, with store rooms and pantries, three on the second, and five rooms on the third floor with closets, a large Garret, a cellar kitchen, and a Cellar with a good well of water. The Out-Houses are large and convenient. The House adjoins the residence of Dr. Hume, and is at present occupied by Mr. Lee, who will permit any person to inspect the Premises upon application to him. The terms and farther particulars may be known on application to Scott Tremain, Esq. May 11. J. TREMAIN.

TURNBULL & FOUND, TAILORS,

BEG leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have now on hand a general assortment of BROAD CLOTHS, BUCKSKINS, CASSIMERE and VESTINGS, which they are prepared to make up on the most reasonable terms. Every article can be depended upon as to fitting, quality, and workmanship. Granville Street, (adjoining Mr. Nordbeck's Store) May 10.

GARDEN PLANTS FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has fine, healthy CAULIFLOWER, and EARLY YORK Cabbage plants &c. fit to be immediately transplanted, for sale at his residence in Brunswick street a few doors to the North of the Round Church. May 11th. 1838. THOMAS WILSON.

THEATRE.

By the permission of HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

Doors open at half-past 7, performance to commence at 8

The Performance will commence, THIS EVENING, Friday, with the Operatic Farce of

NO SONG NO SUPPER, OR THE LAWYER IN THE SACK.

Frederick	Mr. Taylor.	Endless	Mr. Nickinson,
Crop	" Bellamy,	Thomas	" Brown,
Robin	" Thorne,	William	" Mestayer,

MARGARETTA Mrs. THORNE,

In which character she will sing the Ballad of "RELIEVE MY WOES and ACROSS DAWN"

Derathia	Mrs. Tessiere	Nelly	Mrs. Anderson.
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Finale by the characters,

"LET SHEPHERDS LADS!"

After which the Farce of the

IRISH TUTOR, OR NEW LIGHT:

Charles	Mr. Brown,	Dr. Flaile	Mr. Nickinson,
Filwell	" Anderson,	Beadle	" Mestayer,
Dr. O'Tool	" Bellamy,	Rose	Miss Sands,

The performance to conclude with the highly successful Farce of

NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY,

OR THE YOUTH THAT NEVER SAW A WOMAN:

COLIN (the youth that never saw a woman)	Mrs. THORNE,	Rinaldo	Mr. Bellamy,
Father Philip	Mr. Anderson,	Gertrude	Mrs. Anderson,
			Mrs. Tessiere.

TO-MORROW EVENING, will be performed, the Comedy of

CHARLES 2nd, OR THE MERRY MONARCH:

Charles	Mr. Nickinson	Capt. Copp	Mr. Bellamy,
Rochester	" Taylor	Mary Copp (with songs)	Mrs. Thorne,
Edward	Mr. Brown	Lady Clara	" Anderson,

After which the laughable Farce of the

YOUNG WIDOW:

Splash	Mr. Nickinson,	AURILIA	Mrs. THORNE,
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During the piece a Dance by Mr. Nickinson and Mrs. Thorne.

To conclude with the laughable Negro Extravaganza of

O! HUSH,

VIRGINA CUPIDS,

Jack Harris (a Negro of the first WATER,) Mr. GEER.

On Monday will be performed the Petite Comedy of the

TWO QUEENS,

MARY of Denmark, Mrs. THORNE.

After which the Farce of the REVIEW,

Together with

INTRIGUE OR BATH ROAD.

ON WEDNESDAY

MRS. THORNE'S BENEFIT,

When will be presented a Great variety of Entertainments.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—First box, 5s.; second box, 3s. 9d.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Private boxes to contain 4 persons, £1 5s. Box office open daily from 10 to 1. Smoking positively prohibited. The strictest order will be preserved in the house. MAY 11.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

NO VI.

Perhaps there are no places in the world, in which a more complete insight into human nature, in all its simplicity, extravagances, eccentricities, follies, and viciousness, may be had, than in the police offices of London. The cases which daily come before the magistrate, develop at one moment deep-laid schemes of unredeemed villainy; in the next, instances of such perfect simplicity or "greenness," as no one could have previously deemed of possible existence. I will give a few of the more interesting cases which have lately occurred in several of the offices, which will go far to confirm what I have just said about the complete exhibition of human nature, in all its aspects, which is to be seen at these establishments. For the sake of classification, it may be as well to give the cases of such headings as it is very likely they would have received, had they been written for the daily newspapers. It may perhaps be right to mention, that none of the cases have before appeared in print.

Here is a case which I shall give which smacks of matrimonial squabbles and of poetry, in pretty equal proportions. Perhaps the most appropriate heading of it would be,

THE POETICAL COBBLER.

Sally Muggs, a little squat-looking woman, not very fair, and on the wrong side of forty, came bustling forward to the bar, and looking the sitting magistrate expressively in the face said, "Please your vorship," and then suddenly paused.

Magistrate—Well, ma'am, and what is your pleasure?

Mrs. Muggs—Vy, your vorship, it is— (Here the lady again abruptly paused, and buried her face, in quite a theatrical manner, in her handkerchief.)

Magistrate—Well, what is it? Let us hear it.

Mrs. Muggs—Please your vorship, this 'ere man at the bar is my husband.

Mrs. Muggs turned about, and emitted a disapproving glance at "the man at the bar."

Magistrate—Very well; go on.

Mrs. Muggs—And he is a mender of old shoes, your vorship.

Magistrate—Well, and what about it? Why don't you proceed?

Mrs. Muggs (with a deep sigh)—And I married him six months ago.

Magistrate—Really, my good woman, if you have any complaint to make to the bench, you must proceed to do it at once, otherwise I shall order you from the bar. You have, I understand, a charge to prefer against the prisoner; pray come to it without any further circumlocution.

Mrs. Muggs—I will, your vorship. Vell, as I was a sayin', I married this 'ere man six months ago, and—

Magistrate—What has your marriage six months ago to do with the present case?

Mrs. Muggs—I soon diskivered, your vorship, that I had married a—Oh, Sir! I cannot utter the word.

Here Mrs. Muggs held down her head, and appeared to breathe so rapidly as to threaten instant suffocation.

Magistrate—And pray, madam, whom or what did you marry?

Mrs. Muggs—A—a—a—a poet, your vorship.

The wife of the poetical cobbler pronounced the word "poet" with a most emphatic groan, as if she had, in her own mind, associated something horrible with it.

The court was convulsed with laughter, in which the worthy magistrate heartily joined.

Magistrate—But what has the circumstance of your husband being a poet to do with the present charge?

Mrs. Muggs—I'll tell you presently, your vorship. I had some money when I married him; and so long as it lasted, he always spoke to me in pleasant poetry; but ven the money was all gone, his poetry became very disagreeable.

Magistrate—You mean, I suppose, that he scolds and quarrels with you in poetry? (Laughter.)

Mrs. Muggs—He does both of them 'ere, your vorship; but he does something more.

Magistrate—Assaults you, perhaps?

Mrs. Muggs—Yes, your vorship: he beats me, and kicks me about most cruelly, and all the while keeps talking poetry. (Renewed laughter.)

Magistrate—But pray do come to the present charge.

Mrs. Muggs—I will, your vorship. He came home last night a little the worse for leekur, and axed me, in poetry, for half-a-crown to spend with some fellow-snoobs. I told him I had not a single penny in the house; on which he threatened, in poetry, to make gunpowder of me, if I did not give him what he wanted.

Magistrate—And was he as good as his word?

Mrs. Muggs—I'll tell you all about it. (Laughter.) I again told him I had not a farthing in the house; on which he took down my best green silk bonnet, which was hanging on a nail, and which cost me ten-and-sixpence a fortnight before, and which I bought from Mrs. —

Magistrate—Never mind what your bonnet cost you, or who you bought it from, but tell us about the assault.

Mrs. Muggs—Yes, your vorship. Vell, as I was a sayin', he

took down the bonnet, which was as handsome and fashionable a 'an as was ever a-made by any milliner in Lunnun, and which was—

Magistrate (with considerable warmth)—Pray do not expatiate any more on the good qualities of the bonnet, but come at once to the assault on yourself.

Mrs. Muggs—I beg your vorship's pardon; but I vas a comin' to that 'ere as fast as I could. Vell, ven he took down the bonnet, he dashed it on the floor, and stamped upon it with his feet, as if he would drive the werry life out on't. "Oh, my new bonnet!" said I; and the voids was hardly out of my mouth, when he gave another stamp on it with both his feet. "My ten-and-sixpence bonnet!" said I; and with that, he gave it a kick which sent it right up to the ceiling, and down again. (Loud laughter.) I then tried to snatch it up, saying, "Oh, my green silk bonnet!" on which he again put both his ugly hoofs on it, and stood with it underneath, just as if it had been a mat to wipe one's feet with. That bonnet, your vorship, vos von of the best—

Magistrate—Really, madam, if you go on in this way, I must dismiss the case at once. You are speaking only of an assault on your bonnet; pray come to the assault on yourself.

Mrs. Muggs (curtseying gracefully)—Vell, I will, your vorship. As I was a-going to say, I tried to get the bonnet from him, and then he began to have a regular dance upon it. I stood a ghost at the sight, your vor—

"Aghast, she means, your honour; but she has no intellect—not a morsel," growled the cobbler, who had hitherto not only looked sulky but remained silent.

Mrs. Muggs resumed—I did, indeed, your vorship; but he grinned in my face and spoke poetry. I tried to push him off the bonnet, ven he struck me so violently on the face, that the blood poured in rivers from my nose, and I fell down on the floor. I cried out "Murder!" and another 'ooman as lodges in the same house called a policeman, who took him into custody.

A black eye and swollen face bore ample testimony to the forcible nature of the blows which Mrs. Muggs had received from her poetical husband.

The policeman said, that when he took the defendant into custody, he also addressed him in poetry. When he asked him,

"Why did you knock this woman down?"

he answered,

"Because she refused me half-a-crown."

(Loud laughter). He then added—

"I'll go to the station-house with you,
If you'll only wait a minute or two,
Till I wash my face and comb my hair,
A request which you must admit is fair."

The defendant, who was a short, thick-set, massy-headed personage with a most unpoetical expression of countenance, evinced, all this while, the utmost impatience to address the worthy magistrate. The latter having apostrophised the poetical cobbler with a "Now, Sir," he advanced a step or two farther up the bar, and putting both his hands behind his back, looked the presiding magistrate earnestly in the face.

Magistrate—Well, Sir, what have you got to say to this charge?

I admit that I was somewhat rude,
But not until I had reason good:
She call'd me a horrid ugly brute,
Which sure enough did put me out:
I then hit Mrs. Muggs two or three blows,
As your vorship already very well knows.

(Loud laughter.)

Magistrate—You seem very anxious to be considered poetical. Do you call it poetry to commit an assault of this kind?

Mr. Muggs—Do I call it poetry to beat my wife?

I do: the deed with poetry is rife.

Magistrate—You do! will you be so obliging as to tell us (in plain prose if you please) what kind of poetry you call it?

Mr. Muggs—Most certainly: I'll tell you in a fraction

Of time—I call it, Sir, the poetry of action.

At this sally, the office was again convulsed with laughter, in which the bench heartily joined.

Magistrate—(to Mrs. Muggs)—Does he always speak in this way?

Mrs. Muggs—Not always, your vorship, but he is sure to do so when he has drunk too much, and also occasionally when he is perfectly sober. He is now and then seized with fits of speaking poetry as he calls it, and threatens at times to knock my "unpoetical soul" out of me. Mrs. Muggs, as she made the latter observation, tried to look wise, as if she had said something of surpassing cleverness.

Magistrate—(to Mr. Muggs)—I understand you mend shoes.

Mr. Muggs—(hesitatingly)—Why—yes—I believe I dooes. (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate—Don't you think you would be much better occupied in attending to your business, than in making a fool of yourself by affecting to be a poet.

Mr. Muggs—It may be so, Sir, but I don't know it.

Magistrate—Well, if you persist in making an ass of yourself in this way, you must be permitted to do so; but you shall not be allowed to assault your wife.

Mr. Muggs—I'll not do it again, Sir, upon my life. (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate—You are sentenced to—

"Pray," interrupted Mrs. Muggs, addressing herself to the worthy magistrate, her heart having relented as she beheld her poetical husband looking touchingly towards her, "pray, do, your honour, let him escape this time; I'll be bound he won't beat me again, nor destroy my bonnet."

Mrs. Muggs looked as well as spoke so imploringly on behalf of Mr. Muggs, that even the magisterial nature, proof as it is generally supposed to be against entreaties of the kind, could not withstand the earnest supplications of the cobbler's lady.

Magistrate—(to Mr. Muggs)—Sir, we shall allow you to get off this once at the request of your wife, but if the offence be repeated we shall deal with you in a very different way.

Mr. Muggs—I thank you, Sir, and wish you good day. (Laughter.)

Mr. and Mrs. Muggs then cordially embraced each other as if their mutual affections had been wondrously improved by what had happened.

"I'm sure, Dick," said Mrs. Muggs, looking up touchingly in her husband's face, as he clasped his arms around her, "I'm sure, Dick, you won't do it no more."

To which tender appeal, Mr. Muggs, as Milton would have said, answered thus:—

"No, Sally, dear, I will not do't again,
Never, my angel. I will refrain,
From this time forward, and for aye.
Perish my hand, should ever the day
Arrive, in which 'twill hit thee a blow!
Oh, Sally, my love! oh, Sally, oh!
Your kindness has me quite overcome:
As I will prove whenever we get home.
So let us hence, and leave this place;
I'm thankful we quit it with such a good grace."

The parties then retired, with their arms most affectionately entwined around each other's neck, amidst peals of laughter from all present.—The Author of the Great Metropolis.

REMOVAL.

LONGARD & HERBERT'S HALIFAX BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is removed to the Market Square, next door to Mr. David Hare's and opposite Messrs. Black's Hat and Ware Store.

The Subscribers return thanks for the liberal patronage which they have experienced, in their attempt at furnishing a good home-manufactured article;—they now solicit a continuance of public support at their New Stand, where they will endeavour to produce a cash article at the lowest rate and of superior quality.

LONGARD & HERBERT.

N. B. The Subscribers are unconnected with the Shoe Making business now conducted in their old stand.

I. & II.

HERBERT'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY

Is also removed as above: and to induce patronage in opposition to importation, the cost will be lowered about 20 per cent on former prices. March 10. 3m.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD CON.

THIS COMPANY having determined to renew its business in Halifax, has appointed the Subscriber its Agent, by Power of Attorney, duly executed for that purpose.

From the well known liberality and punctuality which the Company has invariably displayed in the settlement and payment of all losses submitted to it, and from the present moderate rates of premium, the Subscriber is induced to hope it will receive that fair share of the business of this Community which it before enjoyed.

By application to the Subscriber, at his office, the rates of premium can be ascertained; and any further information that may be required will cheerfully be given. CHARLES YOUNG.

Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

LAND FOR SALE.

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

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

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

FOR SALE.

At the different Book-Stores in Town, and by the Author, in Windsor, A TREATISE against Universalism; In which Universalism in its Ancient Form, as embodied in the Restoration-scheme, and in its Modern Form, as employing no future punishment, is shown to be Anti-Scriptural. By the REV. ALEXANDER W. McLEOD. April 9.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

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