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MARION CAMPBELL.—A HIGHLAND STORY.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

"This jealousy,
Is for a precious creature."—SHAKESPEARE.

A more inquisitive race of dogs than the greyhound, breathes not upon this earth. Wanting the sense of smell which usually leads astray those four-footed people, who, like the best of the two-footed generation, have certain small and general frailties mingled amongst their many virtues—lacking that temptation to step aside from the straight and beaten path, they indulge their wandering propensities by poking their pretty noses into every crevice and cranny they can spy out, and following every indication of life or motion which their quick sense of seeing and hearing can detect on every side. Many a dance has my lamented Mayflower led me, by her vagaries in this way; and, as greyhound nature will be greyhound nature under all varieties of coat or feature, I suspect that the fair Marion Campbell found her pet Luath—rough, wiry, bony, though he was, and of the sturdier, and stronger sex—quite as unmanageable as I my fair, sleek, delicate canine companion; although, in addition to all other points of difference, the good greyhound Mayflower happened to be a lady, and we all know that "the men-folk," as a country friend of mine is pleased disparagingly to designate that important part of the creation, are pleased to arrogate to themselves a total deficiency in the great quality called curiosity. I do not see that we "women-folk" have any business to quarrel with this assertion. If they who go clad in doublet and hose choose to make over to the wearers of bodice and petticoat the exclusive possession of the great faculty which may be called the very key to knowledge, I can find no reason why we should disclaim a distinction so honourable; except, indeed, the trifling consideration called truth, may count for anything in the argument; in which case, I should feel myself bound to declare, that, according to my limited observation, the quality in question is about as equally divided between the sexes, as freely and bountifully scattered amongst all animals with any pretensions to intelligence, whether biped or quadruped, as any—what shall we call it?—any questionable virtue well can be.

That this same organ of inquisitiveness was as strongly developed in Marion Campbell's rough and faithful attendant, as in my delicate pet, was made unpleasantly conscious to his fair mistress during a ramble which she, accompanied only by Luath and her damsel Janet, (whose functions about the daughter of the old Highland chief much resembled those of a modern lady's maid,) was taking through her native glens, one fine morning in August.

Marion passed along in silence; wrapt, sooth to say—as, in the heyday of her bloom, woman, from the princess to the peasant, is wont to be wrapt—in "maiden meditation," which, in the present instance at least, and, as I suspect, in a good many others, was, with all submission to the great poet, anything but "fancy free."

Marion Campbell's meditations glanced over her mind, mingling and crossing, now bright and now gloomy, like the tartan of her house, to which, indeed, that checkered and many-coloured web, a young lady's musings, may not inaptly be likened. First she thought of a new sacque and petticoat of pale lilac damask, flowered with alternate bouquets of roses and carnations, the most magnificent habilliment that had ever penetrated north of Inverary, and of a Mecklin head and ruffles, brought her in a present by her kinsman Archibald—Cousin Archie, as she used to call him, when they were children together—now a captain in Kingstons' dragoons; then she repeated to herself certain rhymes of the ingenious Mr. Moore, (upon that thin diet did the lovers of poetry banquet in those days,) whose "Fables for the Female Sex," published a year or two before, had just found their way into the Highlands; then the form of a heather sprig suggested an apron that she was flowering to wear with the above-mentioned damask suit; then she thought of her poor friend Helen Cameron, sister of the chief of Dungallan, whose proficiency in the mysteries of the needle had been acquired in a French convent, and who had taken so much pains to accomplish her in the gentle science of tent-stitch and cross-stitch; then the horrors of civil war, the much that she had heard, and the little that she had seen, of the last year's miseries, (for the ramble of which we are speaking occurred in the '46,) came shudderingly over her mind, as a cloud passes across the sun. "Poor, poor Helen!" thought Marion, sighingly; Archibald used to be jealous of Dungallan. He had little cause, Heaven knows. I never thought of

him, except as the brother of my friend, whatever might be his wishes with regard to me; and now, if, indeed, he be still alive, he is chased like the hill fox or the hare, and has nowhere to lay his head. Poor Dungallan! poor, poor Helen! Oh, the sickening horrors of such a war as this has been!—kinsman, with kinsman, friend with friend. And now this fearful search after a vanquished enemy!—this hunting down an old acquaintance, or it may be, an honourable rival, like a boast of the field! Oh, to a brave spirit, it must be misery!" sighed Marion to herself, imputing, as a tender woman so often does impute, her own feelings to the man whom she loves. "Archibald must feel it so, in spite of his devotion to General Campbell (who has been as a father to him,) and his loyalty to King George. And now these fearful sentences!—that poor young girl who died of a broken heart at the execution of her lover! They wring one's very soul. But Archibald has leave of absence now, for the cure of that old wound at Culloden, and will remain with us during the whole autumn; and no fugitive would be mad enough to come into the Campbell's country. Then, in the winter, my father talks of taking me to Edinburgh." And the lilac damask, with alternate bouquets of roses and carnations, flitted before the eyes of the fair wearer. "No one knows what may happen in the winter!" thought she, and visions of snow-white satin night-gowns, and white and silver brocades, the bridal paraphernalia of the time, gleamed, for an instant, in her mind's eye, calling forth a blush and a smile, a look and a feeling of innocent hope, that banished, for the moment, the recollection that such things as war and misery had ever existed in this world of sunshine and shadow.

These were the musings which the pranks and vagaries of Luath had interrupted. First, he was aware of the motion of a moor-fowl among the heather, and he darted up the hill side with the speed of an arrow, giving to his fair lady, and still more to her serving maiden—who exerted her lungs most womanfully for his recovery, screaming at the top of a naturally high voice until the rocks echoed back the sound as if it had been the shriek of a mountain eagle—giving to his fair pursuers the exceedingly tormenting and provoking spectacle of moving away the faster the more he was called back. Then a deer shewed himself in the valley, and off he darted through the glen, with a rush that threatened to run down the whole herd; while Janet's shrill pipe resounded through the uttermost depths of the glen, as it had before climbed the topmost ridge of the crags. Then he contented himself with slighter deviations from the straight path, skipping from right to left, and from left to right, poking his nose into that nook and this cranny, until, at last, just as the bridal apparition had crossed Marion's fancy, he disappeared behind a small clump of brushwood—two or three young birch trees, and a plant or two of yellow broom and Scotch brier that grew on the ledge of a cliff, down which, in winter, a mountain torrent made its way, and vanished, bodily, or seemed to vanish, into the face of the rock.

The extraordinary disappearance of her favourite—followed, as it was, first by a low sound from Luath, something between a bark and a growl, then by one or two muttered words, the speaker continuing invisible, and a slight noise of struggling—effectually roused his fair mistress, who, naturally high-spirited, free-born, and vigorous in mind and body, as becomes a mountain maid, plunged, without hesitation, into the stony bed of the torrent, now completely dried up by the summer sun, and, scrambling with considerable difficulty, (for the loose stones gave way even under her light tread, and she was forced to grasp every instant at the tufts of grass and heather that grew in the fissures of the cliff, and hung over its sides, to keep herself from falling,) succeeded, after some minutes' hard climbing, in gaining the position which her pet had reached at half a dozen bounds, and found herself perched upon a narrow ledge of rock overhanging the water-course, at about twenty feet from the bottom of the precipice; hardly wide enough to afford room to the little tuft of brushwood above which the cliff rose in a smooth, sheer ascent, until it seemed mingling with the clouds. Behind this small clump of birch, and broom, and brier, and now quite concealed by the summer foliage, was a small fissure, penetrating the natural mound, through which it was clear that Luath had disappeared, and into which she also passed, regardless alike of the dangers that she might encounter there, and of the warnings of Janet, who, climbing and remonstrating with equal good will, followed her lady as rapidly as a hearty tumble, which had unluckily befallen her at the commencement of her ascent, would permit.

A similar misadventure had very nearly occurred to her fair

mistress, not aware, at the moment of her entrance, of the rapid shelving of the narrow passage into the cave in which it terminated. She recovered herself, however, and found, by the light which penetrated through the fissure, (the only light which the place afforded,) that she was in a natural cavern, of considerable extent, and immediately confronted by a young man, who stood directly opposite to her, with an air and attitude of calm determination, one hand vigorously planted upon Luath's neck, and the other grasping a pistol which he had drawn from his belt.

Both were instantly released as he perceived the sex of the intruder.

"A woman!" exclaimed he, replacing the pistol in his girdle, whilst Luath, in a transport of pleasure, sprang upon Marion's shoulder, and nestled his rough head against her cheek. "A lady, then I have nothing to fear." And, with a courtesy which seemed habitual, he dragged a block of smooth stone, the only thing resembling a seat which the cave afforded, to a level spot near his fair visitor, and entreated her to take possession of it, in an accent whose gentle cheerfulness contrasted singularly with his rude and squalid aspect.

Marion, complying with his request, gazed upon him, as he stood before her, with a mixture of wonder and compassion. He was a tall young man, of a fair complexion, or rather a complexion which, before a long exposure to sun, and wind, and weather, had been fair; and a countenance which, in spite of a tremendous length of beard, had something at once singular and agreeable. He wore an old dark tartan coat, a plaid, and a philibeg, with a pistol and a dirk at his side, his feet all but bare, and his whole appearance indicated the extremity of human privation.

"One of those unhappy sufferers!" thought Marion, as her bright eyes filled with tears. "So might my father and my poor cousin Archibald"—even in her silent thoughts, she did not call him by a tenderer name—"so might they have wandered in their enemy's country, and have hidden in caves and rocks, had the day of Culloden ended differently."

"It is only my maid, sir—one for whose discretion I can answer," said Marion, aloud, as the entrance of Janet, and her exclamation of alarm and astonishment at sight of the stranger produced a less emphatic expression of surprise on his part. "I will answer for her as for myself," said Marion, warmly.

"Heaven forbid that I should doubt of either!" responded the stranger. "Wherever, during my wanderings, I have met a woman, there I have been sure to find a friend. Pity and fidelity are synonymous with her name."

"How can we serve you?" said Marion, glancing towards the interior of the cave, where some heather, arranged with the blossoms upwards, the hardy couch of the Highlander, and the remains of a wood fire, gave token of a residence of some duration. "You seem to want?"

"Almost everything, madam!" interrupted he, gaily. "For my wardrobe, you see its condition: witness my two feet, with half a brogue between them. Never was barefooted friar in father order for a pilgrimage. And as to my larder, that is reduced to a still lower ebb, as these few crumbs may bear testimony. I doubt if the leanest begging brother of St. Francis was ever so sparsely furnished. I have been thinking, indeed, of making an onslaught upon your venison. I must have attempted it to-night, from sheer starvation, though the report of fire-arms!"

"Would bring upon you twenty armed men," rejoined Marion—"would produce instant discovery, perhaps instant death! Heaven be praised you refrained, and that Luath's curiosity led us here to supply your wants. If it had been my father!"

"Or if Captain Archibald had happened to gang along with Miss Marion the now, instead of me," interposed Janet—"which wasna unlikely, ye ken!"

"Hush, Janet!" resumed her mistress, blushing. "We have no time to waste in talk. They may miss us at home, and"—

"Eh! Miss Marion, but ye are right!" exclaimed the incorrigible lady's maid. "The captain'll miss ye sure enoo, see sune as he has dune thae weary letters. We hae nae time for clavers. He'll be seeking ye up the brae and down the brae; and the loun Donald, the captain's man!"

"He'll be seeking after somebody else—will he not?" inquired the stranger who had listened with an air of suppressed amusement, and sly, quiet intelligence, not a little provoking to the fair Marion, to the revelations of her waiting woman.

"He'll be following his master's good example, and seeking up the brae and down the brae for you? Won't he, Mistress Janet?"

"Janet! hold your peace, I entreat you!" cried her lady, interrupting something that the chattering damsel was about to say. "Tell me, sir, and quickly, for the very moments are precious, how we can best serve you. With provisions, we can, I hope, supply you after dark."

"The tae half of a red deer pasty, sin' the gentleman fancies the meat, and a tass of whisky, gin the loun Donald hae left sae mickle in the castle, for he's aye fou frae morn till nicht," quoth Janet.

"Unless our prolonged absence should excite suspicion, there is little doubt but we shall be able to supply you with food. Linen and shoes also can be procured from my father's wardrobe. But I ought to tell you, inhospitable as it seems, that your continuance here is attended with danger the most imminent. I feel that I am speaking to one of the unfortunate followers of the Pre—of Charles Edward," continued she, checking herself, as her listener drew himself up proudly; "and it is right to inform him that he is in the very midst of Argyle's country, surrounded by enemies on all sides, parties of soldiers in every direction, and an officer in the service of the King—nay, this is no time to quarrel for a word with one who is risking much to preserve you—an officer in King George's service actually in the castle. What madness brought you hither? You must not, cannot remain here. The same accident that discovered your retreat to us, may make it known to others. And then"—

The horrors of the executions at Kennington—an account of which, transmitted to her cousin from a friend in London, she had that morning overheard him reading to her father—struck at once upon her mind. She thought of the young man before her, evidently well-born and delicately nurtured, who, for a wrong cause it might be, but still for one which he thought right, was enduring so cheerfully the extremity of human privation—she thought of him, to-day talking with her, full of life and spirit, to-morrow undergoing the fearful sentence at which her flesh had crept as she heard it; and, unable to bear the image which her fancy had conjured up, she burst suddenly into a passion of tears.

Much affected by her sensibility, the object of her generous interest laid aside his levity and his haughtiness, and explained to her, simply and gravely, that, having been closely and unrelentingly pursued for many weeks, he had taken a sudden resolution to baffle, if possible, the sagacity of his enemies, by leaving the friendly country in which he had hitherto taken refuge, and planting himself in the very stronghold of his foes. The actual spot in which he was concealed had been suggested, he said, by the local knowledge of a companion, who had left him on the double errand of obtaining important intelligence and recruiting their stock of provisions; but whose return, unless he himself prevented his arrival by meeting him at a rendezvous some twenty miles distant, he expected to take place two days after. This companion was, he added, no stranger to Miss Marion Campbell whom he believed himself to have the honour of addressing, and to whom the house of Dungallan was certainly not unknown.

"Eh, pair Dungallan!" exclaimed Janet, whose sympathy extended to all her mistress's lovers. "We ken him weel, guid man! He gied me the vera brooch that ye see i' my pladdie, in return for an auld glove that he stealt of my leddy's, forbye ither tokens. Puir Dungallan!—sae it was he that fand the cove! He kent the place laugsyne, did Dungallan; frae the time that he was a bairn, nac higher than the honnd Luath. An' ye look for him the morn's morn! Eh, sirs, but we maun pit a ewe-milk cheese an' a wheen bannocks, to the pasty—he'll be just famished—to sae naething of anither tass o' the whiskey."

"Let him not come, I beseech you," said Marion, earnestly. "His danger would be tenfold greater than yours. He is known. He is one the chiefs of the Camerons—one of the principal planners of this unhappy insurrection; and said, also, to be a personal favourite of its unfortunate leader. I have known Dungallan all my life long. His sister was my early companion and instructress. Let me not have the misery of fearing that an old friend of my father's house should be dragged from his lands to a dreadful death. If he were taken, nothing could save him. My interest in him would be misconstrued. It would be thought—Heaven knows how falsely!—but it would be thought—proceeded Marion, in a low tone, and blushing deeply—"I know that it would be suspected. Only this very morning, when I spoke of poor Helen, the feeling burst forth. His presence, whilst my hot-headed kinsman is at the castle, would, indeed, be dangerous to us all."

"As fire to tow," corroborated Janet. "Guid sirs! I had clean forgot the captain. He's ganging gyte upon that score. He gerr'd the soldier lads tak auld Alison—who's as deaf as the stanes in the linn—to Inverary, to be examined, because the auld wife had a wee bit mutch of Cameron tartan, that the guidman had picked up at Falkirk, to cover her pair withered Craig. No! no!—Dungallan maunna come hither. The captain wad jalouse that he was hereabout, by instinct, ye ken, just as

Luath wad jalouse a brock or a tod by the mere effect of natural antepathy."

At this moment, the stranger—observing that Luath, who had hitherto stood quietly, and apparently half asleep, by the side of his mistress, pricked up his ears, and held his head slightly on one side, in the attitude of listening—laid his right hand firmly on his neck; and, in another instant, a quick step was heard in the glen below, succeeded by a loud, lively whistle, and a bold, manly voice calling, "Luath! Where are you, Luath, my man?" at short intervals. It was with considerable difficulty that the caresses of his lady, and the strong grasp of her companion, could restrain Luath from obeying the call. The footsteps were heard dashing through the loose, dry, gravelly bed of the wintry torrent; pausing a moment, as if the passer by were observing the marks made by the girls in their recent ascent, or as if his attention were attracted by the suppressed growls of Luath, or his repeated plunges, as he struggled with all his strength to escape from his holders; and in that moment—a moment that seemed an age—both Marion and Janet fancied that he might have heard the quick beating of their throbbing hearts. At length the sound of the footsteps died away; and the voice and the whistle grew fainter and fainter, and were gradually lost in the distance. For the present, at least, the danger was past.

After a long pause, Janet ventured a whisper. "Yon's Captain Archibald, calling Luath, pair fallow—he quiet, Luath, can't ye?—just to find whereabouts Miss Marion may be. Eh, sirs!—there'd be wild yark, I trow, gin he and Dungallan should forgether!"

Their new acquaintance appeared to feel the full force of this observation.

"Well," said he, "I must, if possible, be off to-night. Heaven forbid that I should lead my faithful friend, or you, my kind protectress, into unnecessary danger! Supply me—if, without peril to yourselves, you can do so—with so much of the commonest food as may give me strength for the journey, and a pair of shoes to guard my feet from the rocks and briars, and the tass of whisky which Mistress Janet spoke of, to drink your health and happiness—and I will set forth this very night."

"Ye ken the road?" inquired Janet.

"I have passed it once: and have learnt, in my wanderings, almost with the skill of a wild Indian, to fix in my memory the great landmarks of nature—the outlines of the mountains, the course of the streams, and the positions of the stars in the heavens; nay, even to follow upon the trail of a companion, by the aid of almost imperceptible signs—a transverse cut upon the smooth bark of the mountain ash, a birch twig broken, a sprig of heather dropped upon the path—tokens which, even now that I have indicated them to you, none but an eye quickened by keen necessity and present danger could clearly apprehend. Oh, this necessity is the schoolmistress over all others, to sharpen observation, and teach a man the use of his wits! We may dwell in a palace all our lives, and not know for what purpose our senses were given us; but turn us, barefoot and hungry, amongst these Scottish wildernesses, and we soon find that the chief aim and object of our faculties is to enable us to make a shift—in which grand art of existence I'll challenge any canny Scot, Lowlander or Highlander, from John o' Groat's House to the Tweed, It will be moonlight to-night," added he, more seriously, "and I have little doubt of finding my way to the place where I have appointed to join my friend. So now, my fair benefactress, I will detain you no longer."

And he took her hand, and bent his lips to it with an habitual grace and dignity; the effect of which was not at all diminished by his rude and squalid exterior, so independent of more extrinsic circumstances are those qualities of mind and manner—that union of suavity and nobleness—which constitute a gentleman. Marion lingered.

"The night is, of all seasons, the most dangerous to a traveller, in these troubled times. Even the fact of being out in the dark exposes the wanderer to suspicion. Could no disguise be thought of that should enable you to elude suspicion by day?—a female garb, for instance?"

"The gentleman shall be welcome to my best kirtle and bod-dice, and a hood and screen to the wale of it," quoth Janet. "Eh, and he'll mak a braw strappia lassie!"

"A woman!" replied the fugitive, quickly. "There you must excuse me. Anything but that. Braggart that I was, I forgot my failure in that line. I'll play the woman no more."

"No more!" And Marion gazed fixedly on his face, whilst a fresh suspicion crossed her mind, and the colour mounted even to her temples. "No more!"

"But he maunna leave the cave, by daylight, in a plaid and philibeg of the Cameron set. Gin he does, the captain, or the loun Donald, 'ill hoist him abint a dragoon, and carry him awa to Inverary, like pair doited Alison. There's walth o' auld tartans about the town, belonging to ae laddie or anither; and I can lift him a suit as cannily as ever my forebears lifted a drove o' black cattle," said Janet, laughing. "And then, when he has trimmed that beard o' his, whilk wad be as kenspeckle in a kilt as in a kirtle, he may pass for as dounce a Campbell, honest man, as Locheden himself."

"My father went this morning to a small hunting-lodge, and having accidentally left Luath behind, one of the lads who attended him ran back to desire that, unless my cousin should follow him to-morrow—which it must be my care to prevent—the dog might be sent after him in the morning. Luckily, the messenger met Janet before arriving at the castle, and, after delivering his message to her, returned immediately to his master; so that, if your route, sir, should lie in that direction, or in whatsoever direction your route may lie—for it will be better for both of us that I should remain in my present ignorance—your safety will be best assured by taking Luath, who is known to the whole country; and a note from myself to my father, which would be your warrant with any parties of the soldiers whom you might chance to meet. So soon as you shall be clear of present danger, set Luath free. He will speedily run home; and his appearance will be a token—a most welcome token—of your safety. Should you be taken, I rely upon your honour to declare my dear father's ignorance of this transaction. My own share in it I am ready to abide."

Once again, and with deep emotion, he for whose sake she was risking so much, and who felt that she was herself fully conscious of the peril which she incurred, lifted her hand to his lips, as she stood on the ledge of rock at the entrance of the cave, ready to attempt the precipitous descent.

"A poor and homeless fugitive thanks you, madam. The result of a more fortunate attempt may one day enable him to return, in his own behalf, or in that of him whom he represents, some part of this obligation. When that time shall arrive, send but a leaf of this flower"—And he plucked a lingering blossom of the wild brier that struggled into the cave, and presented it to her.

Marion turned towards him with gentle dignity.

"God forbid that any wild and idle words should lessen the readiness and satisfaction with which I tender my poor assistance to an enemy in distress! But if any circumstance could diminish those feelings, it would be the finding him—even in this moment of extremest wretchedness, when the blood of his bravest friends is flowing like water, and the lives of weak and suffering women are perilled, by the endeavour to save him from a similar fate—looking forward, with exulting hope, to a renewal of these scenes of agony. Oh, sir! if you be, as your words import, of high and legitimate influence with him in whose name this expedition has been carried on, represent to him the utter desolation which it has brought upon this unhappy land! Warn him against incurring, for that thorny wreath, a crown, the tremendous responsibility of another such convulsion. Whatever be the abstract justice of his claim, the truest titles to a throne—the blessing of God, and the love of the people—rest with the House of Brunswick; and he and his gallant son will find a nobler greatness, a sweeter peace, in a patient acquiescence in the will of Providence and the voice of the nation, than in efforts which can but end in the slaughter of their bravest and their most faithful followers, and in rending asunder the ties of friendship and of kindred, from the castle to the hut. Save this devoted country from the recurrence of scenes heart-rending alike to friend and to foe, and take with you my prayers and my blessings." Blushing at her own earnestness, she stopped suddenly. "I accept your flower," added she, in a calmer tone, "not as an emblem—yet, see, the leaves are already falling!—but as a memorial. Janet and Luath shall be with you as soon as they can steal away after nightfall. Farewell!"

And, attended by her faithful adherents, she stepped into the narrow bed formed by the waters, and slowly and cautiously gained the path beneath.

"Strange, yet noble creature!" muttered the fugitive to himself, as he stood at the entrance of the cavern, watching her descent. "She has not made any promise of secrecy; but one feels that a woman like that might be trusted with more than life. I'faith! one might cavy the Elector of Hanover and Captain Archibald Campbell such a subject and such a mistress. The rose was dropping did she say? Flowers are but foolish emblems. There is an eagle, one of the same sort that hovered above the vessel as we approached the Scottish shore. Tullibardine pointed it out to me at the time. That were a fitter symbol; and that sails on." And, catching, as ambition is wont to catch, at such auguries, he watched the flight of the kingly bird, soaring upward until it was lost in the distance; and then, cheered by the omen, retired into his place of refuge, with his usual *sang froid*, where, excellent, as he had himself boasted, at making a shift, he speedily kindled some dry sticks, by snapping the lock of his pistol, and setting light, by that means, to the stump of a tobacco pipe, lengthened sufficiently for use by the insertion of a tube of oaten straw, applied himself vigorously to the task of stifling the sense of present ennui and future danger, and the still more pressing claims of a keen appetite, in the fumes of the "fragrant weed!"

Marion, on her part, flushed and agitated, contrived to reach home, unsuspected. She walked straight into the small room that she was accustomed to call her parlour, which contained what little property a Highland lady of that day could call her own; and Miss Marion Campbell's possessions in that way were

the admiration of Argyleshire. She boasted, besides the ordinary complement of high-backed chairs, narrow settees, and diminutive tea-tables, a harpsichord, a seruaire surmounted with glass doors, serving at once for writing-desk and book-case, and furnished with the usual limited female library; a japan cabinet, well stuffed with choice china, mixed with divers curiosities, natural and artificial, of questionable beauty, and not remarkable for preservation; a glass case of gorgeous humming birds; and a gilt cage, containing a recent gift of her cousin—a bullfinch of great tameness, and such extraordinary accomplishments, that he not only drew his own water in an ingenious bucket constructed for the purpose, but attested his loyalty by piping very successfully the whole of the national anthem, from the first bar to the last, and had completely won the old piper's affections, by making certain indistinct and far-off efforts to catch the notes of the "Gathering of the Clan," as performed by him for a full hour every morning, walking up and down in front of the hall door. Dutch tiles decorated the chimney, India paper covered the walls, and the little apartment had a look of snugness and comfort, hardly to have been expected amongst the wild hills of the north. The starry white jessamine, the everlasting pea, and the hardy purple clematis—

"The favoured flower
That bears the name of virgin's bower"—

were trained round the windows; and a half glass door opened upon a sheltered flower-plot, bordered with thrift, and gay with pinks, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and garden lilies, intermixed with tall rose trees and carefully-trained bushes of Dutch honeysuckle, each almost as short, and quite as round as a Dutch cheese; whilst another door, on the opposite side of the room, led, by a narrow winding staircase, to her sleeping chamber above. It was a very complete lady's apartment; although most of the advantage of its insulation, and its power of egress from the castle without the knowledge of the other inhabitants, had hitherto been thrown away upon its fair possessor. She now decided that Janet and Luath should pass through the glass door when setting forth on their moonlight expedition. There was, to be sure, a wall round one side of the little flower garden into which it opened; whilst, on the other, it sank abruptly to the lake from which her father derived his territorial title; but that wall was in so precarious a state, and Janet so strong and active, that there was little doubt of her surmounting the difficulty. As to Luath, he would clear it at a bound.

Sunny and cheerful was Marion's little parlour, with its in-door comforts and luxuries, its out-door prettiness, its pleasant garden, and its sidelong peep of the calm clear waters, shut in by sheltering hills; and cheerful and sunny had been the temper with which the young Scottish maiden—high-born, healthful, and fair, the beloved and only daughter of a kind and indulgent father, the betrothed bride of the man whom she loved best in the world—had been wont to return to it, to pursue her ordinary avocations, after her daily ramble among the mountains or by the lake side. Now her mood was changed, anxious, uneasy, unquiet, the secret with which she had become acquainted—a secret which she felt must be imparted to no one, save her faithful Janet—must be held sacred at every risk—weighed upon her like a sin. She sat down to her seruaire, with the double purpose of depositing in one of its little recesses, the half-fallen rose, (for, with the softened feelings so natural to a woman, when rendering, at a great risk, a great service, she had already relented towards him by whom it had been presented,) and of writing the important billet, which with Luath, was to form his passport; but, harassed with doubts, whether, in following the impulse of the moment, she had done right or wrong, and weighed down by the horrible responsibility belonging to her situation, she had no sooner folded the flower carefully in silver paper, and cleared one of the pigeon-holes for its reception, than, with an irresistible movement of self-pity, mingled, it may be, with a shade of self-distrust, she laid her head upon her hand, and burst into tears.

Her heart, some what relieved by that great female comfort and privilege, a hearty fit of crying, she lifted up her head, with the intention of writing her letter forthwith, and chasing the subject, as much as might be, from her mind, when her attention was arrested by a packet, which she had dislodged from its place in depositing the token-flower, and which had unrolled itself in falling, and now lay open before her eyes.

It was a water-colour drawing, of great finish and beauty, executed by Helen, and representing the two friends in a glen near the castle. Marion, richly dressed, was seated in the foreground; one little hand thrown round the neck of the faithful Luath, whose honest countenance, always animated and intelligent, was awakened into double life by the report of Dungallan's gun, whose figure was seen farther down the glen, firing at a red deer, bounding by. Helen had drawn herself in profile, standing behind her companion, accoutred in plaid and boddick, as a Highland lassie, and setting off, by her darker complexion and simpler garb, the delicate and swanlike loveliness of the young beauty of Locheden. Even in this picture, the unselfish and amiable character of the artist might be traced. Herself eminently handsome, she had cast into the shade her own graceful figure and noble features, and had given all her care to heighten the charms of her friend.

Marion's spirits, already weakened, could not resist the flood of recollection that burst upon her at sight of this drawing, and of some stanzas which had served it for an envelope; slight, but graceful verses, in which the poet had mingled, with fond praises of his sister's skill as a portrait painter, very intelligent hints of his own devotion to the fair original.

"Poor Helen!" sighed she; "poor, poor Dungallan!"

The sigh was echoed from behind her, and, turning round, with a shock of nervous trepidation, she saw her Cousin Archibald, leaning upon her chair.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Campbell, for daring to look over you," said he, somewhat stiffly; "but having, after despatching answers to communications of some consequence, sought you in vain in your usual walks, and receiving, upon my return to the castle, the most contradictory answers to my questions as to your 'whereabout,' I was tempted, by the open door, and the sight of my friend Luath, to use my old privilege of the *entre*, and make my appearance in your withdrawing room. Old Angus informed me that you were walking, and well; Mistress Janet, on the contrary, said that you were at home, and indisposed; and, without intending, believe me, to intrude upon meditations which were clearly not intended to meet the general eye, I could not resist the temptation to inquire personally, which of the two reports was correct."

"Both were right, to a certain point," said Marion, with some effort. "I walked out, as I generally do, after breakfast, and returned, not ill, indeed, but less well than usual."

"It pleased Mistress Janet to deny that you had been out at all," persisted Archibald, drily; eyeing, with no good will, the waiting damsel, who had, by this time, made her way into the apartment, and was busying herself in collecting her lady's bonnet and shawl. "However, to let that matter rest, I wished to warn you against rambling about unattended, at this particular time. Intelligence has been received that one of the prime leaders in this rebellion, the very chief over whose portrait, conjoined with your own, I find you weeping, has been traced to this neighbourhood."

"Eh, sirs! Dungallan! Guidness save him, *puir chiel*, frae thae bloody redcoats!" was the ejaculation of Janet.

"Whether there be more truth in the exploded doctrine of sympathies than it suits the philosophers of this enlightened age to admit," continued Archibald, doggedly, "or whether the interest which you and Mistress Janet there, are pleased to testify in his fate, together with this mysterious walk, may serve to solve the enigma of his lurking about a place so remote from his own country, and apparently surrounded by enemies, remains to be determined. At all events, the coincidence is curious."

"My grateful affection for his sister, the daughter of my poor mother's dearest friend, the friend and instructress of my own childhood, might well account for any interest that I might take in Dungallan's fate," said Marion, rousing herself as she perceived the effect which her passive dejection and silent acquiescence in his suspicions, was producing upon the jealous temper of her lover. "If he fell a victim to these cruel, cruel laws, poor Helen's happiness would be ruined for ever."

"Sisters are convenient persons," observed Captain Campbell. "I am unfortunate in not possessing one; although, even if I were happy enough to boast a relation as accomplished as Miss Helen Cameron, I should lack the skill to set off her presents with a garnish of love verses. I am none of those same metro ballad-singers, thank Heaven!" added he, with increasing bitterness. "I am of Hotspur's mind, and

"Had rather hear a brazen candlestick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;"

"As for my walk, this morning," began Marion, desirous of turning the conversation, "that"—Fettered by the recollection of all that had passed in that morning's walk, and heart-struck by the sternness of his gaze, her voice faltered, and she suddenly stopped.

"What have I done, Archibald, that you should look at me and speak to me so unkindly?" said she, after a short pause, turning to him, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and a sweetness and earnestness of manner that won its way instantly to the lover's heart. He soothed and apologized, and, before they parted to dress for dinner, a perfect reconciliation had taken place, and he had vowed, for the fiftieth time, never again to suffer a shade of jealousy to pass across his mind.

Such vows are easily made; but to keep them requires a cooler temperament than that of Archibald Campbell; twenty times, that very afternoon, was the stifled passion upon the brink of bursting forth.

We must all have felt, even although we may have been fortunate enough not to have a secret of life and death in our charge, like poor Marion, how difficult it is, when the mind is filled with one subject, to keep up an easy and unembarrassed conversation upon any other; the more especially when our companion is one to whom we have been accustomed to confide every thought as it happened to arise. In such a situation, not only is our behaviour embarrassed and constrained, but there is a sort of spell over our

faculties, so that, in steering clear of the one great danger, we run foul of all sorts of minor perils, and say and do, we hardly know what, in a vain endeavour to cover the awkwardness of our real position.

To be Continued.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

PROROGATION.—This afternoon, at half past three o'clock His Excellency the **LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR** came down to the Council Chamber, attended by his Staff, to close the Legislative Session. His Excellency was received at the Province Building by a guard of honor of the 93d highlanders; the fine band of that Regiment playing God save the Queen, and salutes being fired from George's Island on his entrance and departure. Shortly after the arrival of His Excellency, the Assembly were summoned to attend, and His Excellency was pleased to give assent to a number of bills, and his dissent to a bill relating to the disposal of School Lands. The Session was then closed with the following Speech—[Times.]

Mr President, and Honourable Gentlemen of Her Majesty's Council;

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

As the public business is brought to a close, I have great pleasure in releasing you from your Legislative labours.

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

I thank you, in Her Majesty's name, for the supplies you have granted for the Public Service for the present year.

You have done as much as could be expected by your liberal grant of £10,000 for the Service and Equipment of the Militia, and it will be my ambition, as it is my duty, on any emergency that may arise, to give the fullest effect to the means of defence which you have provided. It is to be hoped, however, as the outbreak in the Canadas has been suppressed, and as the Government of the United States have adopted active measures for maintaining neutrality on their frontier, that the amicable relations which so happily exist between the Governments will not be interrupted.

It would have afforded me much gratification if the important business, which it became my duty to bring under your consideration, in obedience to Her Majesty's commands, (in consequence of your Address to the Throne last Session) had been satisfactorily arranged, and I cannot but express my regret that a subject of such deep interest to the prosperity and tranquillity of the Province remains unadjusted.

I cannot permit to pass unnoticed the resolution which you lately handed to me, expressing your regret that in the formation of the Legislative Council, Her Majesty's gracious Instructions had not been carried out; especially as you took occasion to present that resolution at the moment when you had reason to believe that it had become necessary for me to make some alteration in that Body, in consequence of Instructions then just received. It was my duty as well as my inclination to give the fullest effect to those Instructions, and I can confidently affirm that no means or exertions upon my part were wanting; but you, Gentlemen, must first make provision for the payment of the Legislative Council, (in a similar manner as you pay yourselves) before individuals can be induced, or can afford, to come from the country, and give up their time and labour, without remuneration.

It is unavailing to attempt to give satisfaction to all—some individuals no doubt are dissatisfied that they are not named to the Council, but as I am responsible to Her Majesty for the selection which I have made, I shall firmly resist any attempt to encroach upon Her Majesty's prerogative, or to influence me in the fulfilment of my duty.

Mr. President, and Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council;

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

I have deemed it proper to withhold my assent to the Bill passed by you, for the appointment of Trustees for School Lands in this Province, because some of the allotments have been for many years past, and still are in the charge of Trustees, nominated by my predecessors or myself, in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature, passed in the year 1766.

I shall not fail however, to transmit, to Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, a copy of this Bill, and request instructions for my guidance, in the event of the consideration of this subject being resumed in the next Session of General Assembly. I trust that I need not assure you, that I shall do so in such a manner, that it may induce the favourable consideration of Her Majesty's Government to the weight which is due to any subject emanating from both branches of the Legislature.

I have witnessed with much satisfaction, the uninterrupted zeal and harmony which appears to have animated the two Branches of the Legislature during the present Session, and I confidently rely that you will, on your return to your homes, cultivate in your respective circles those sound principles of loyalty and affection to our most Gracious Sovereign, and attachment to the Parent Kingdom, which alone can promote and secure the real interests of this rising and happy Colony.

From Blackwood's Magazine for March.

CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

No. I.

THE lunar light of rhetoric has often a similar effect to that of moonshine in the tropics. It strikes those blind who doze under its effluence. A crowd convulsed by the language of a political or religious fanatic is, for the time moonstruck. But dreamer, indeed, would he be who should suppose the source of the mischief to be, like Ariosto's moon, the store-house of all the lost wits of the sufferers.

Every man employs, for a large part of every day, a mechanism far more wonderful than the engine of Watt or Babbage; and an additional wonder is, that few know they use so sublime an instrument, though it is worked by distinct acts of his own thoughts and will. What is it?—Language. By this we build pyramids, fight battles, ordain and administer laws, shape and teach religion, are knitted man to man, cultivate each other, and ourselves. How vast is our self-glorification for the art of writing, how infinite for the smaller art of printing; how silent and null for that of speech! Our noblest gifts are too apparently invaluable and divine to be referred as matter of praise to ourselves, and, therefore, we do not think of them at all, but take them for granted as a portion of ourselves. Yet, are not even we ourselves given to us by a power higher than we?

Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry. By means of these they kindle abiding lamps beside the track which they have passed: and in the hands of the sage and prophetic leaders of the train, these shoot forward a column of light into the darkness before them. The darkness, indeed, is still great, but it is much that by means of the light which contrasts with it, we know it to be darkness.

A man once said, with an air of much self-complacency, I believe only what is proved. Another answered, you seem to think this a merit; yet, what does it mean but that you believe only what you cannot help believing? That which it is important to believe, is that which we need not believe, unless we will to do so. The ancient oracles often deceived men to believe that which it was a duty to disbelieve. There are modern ones which seek to better the instruction by changing it into the exact converse. On all sides mingle and help each other's discord the thin whines and harsh grunts of a faithless necessity, on all sides yawns before us the grim and stupid falsehood,—the will has nothing to do with the belief.

The prose man knows nothing of poetry, but poetry knows much of him, nay, all that he knows not of himself; and how much is that! as well as all that he does know, which, indeed, is little.

There is a kind of Catholicism of opinion which honours truth in the same way as he who marries many contemporaneous wives honours marriage, or as the man honours property who appropriates as much as possible of his neighbour's.

The harmony and correlation of nature as a whole, are far more perfect than in any reproduction of a part of it by art. But because art cannot represent the great whole except typically, it has, as its peculiar function, to unite and round into a minor whole such fragments as it can grasp. If it created only a literal copy, its work would be not a whole, but still fragmentary. He, therefore, who would substitute a literal copy for a true work of art, manifestly wants the sense of that in his original which art most looks to and draws life from, namely, the peaceful and musical unity which pervades it, and blends together all its portions, in one great image, the outward symbol of one God.

A picture-gallery full of spectators, is an excellent image of the relation of art and reality. The unmoving, unblemished faces, and more than living accuracy of forms, the fine interwoven lines and fixed harmonizing colours, are all fitted in each picture to some single end. They are bounded by the definite purpose of the whole, which shuts up each composition as a distinct world. The thought cannot grow upon the canvas from spring to summer or from year to year. It detains us within its own limits, excluding all the universe beyond. It is unchangeable, indeed, but finite, irreceptive of aught from without, unconscious of aught within, and unproductive. While the beholders look and move before the high, glowing, many-coloured ideas, one recognises with sparkling eyes, some vivid representation of that which he has himself observed in nature; another is delighted and satisfied by the grace and roundness of the group which reveals some ancient story; a third is lifted up and inspired by the sight of beauty beyond all that experience knows of, and owns the presence of a majestic imagination. But of their own faces no one, to a keen eye, is free from grievous defects and offences, or has the perfectly serene and living expression which all may be led to conceive, though none have seen it. There is weakness, meanness, rancour, ugliness, more or less visible in every aspect. The compositions which these real figures form with each other, are broken and harsh, crowded or vacant, confused and undefined, not centralized by any distinct purpose. Yet, on the

other hand, every one of these beings has a life which grows without cessation; stands not in one fixed visible site, but in a thousand shifting and involved relations; is hemmed in by no wooden frame, nor magic circle of an artist's single conception; but has an infinite around it, and works and shapes itself therein, by a destiny that assigns to it no point beyond which it shall not pass.

Emotion turning back on itself, and not leading on to thought or action, is the element of madness.

Goethe sometimes reminds us of a Titan in a court dress. But the Titan is the reality, the clothing only the fleeting appearance. To his greatness nothing was wanting but the sense how far finite greatness, even such as his, is still below infinity; how much weaker is the strongest independence of an earthly spirit than the dependance upheld by Him who alone can abide for ever, unsubdued, yet peaceful. He was the shaping central figure of a world of light and graceful images, a lovely Greek Olympus. But over the smooth and bland aspects of his marble and ivory works, deep shadows and startling lights are thrown from the larger and more earnest sphere of the infinite, the personal—in a word—the Christian, which encircles like sky and ocean, with huger proportions and immense vistas, his calmer, smaller dominion. These glimpses too, and gigantic shadows of immortal ideas, he endeavoured to unite by soft connexions with his own peculiar forms, and to invest them with the like serene and rounded beauty. But the element was too vital insurgent, and for ever started away beneath his hand, or burst off in fierce discord from the easier and more pliant material of his art. Hence the inconsistency and painful jarring which not seldom molest us in the midst of his quietest and most seductive creations.

These are persons not merely indifferent to knowledge, but who positively dislike it, because it puts them out in the rotary repetition of their ignorance.

One of the commonest of all delusions is that which leads us to weigh men against each other, and not by an absolute standard. The practical application of this error leads to an immoderate admiration of men of great energies ill applied, and to a corresponding contempt for the weaker and narrower minds which have done all the best in their power with the portion of life and activity intrusted to them. We often estimate the man of abounding and busy faculties, by considering, not how far he has faithfully employed his whole being for high and pure ends, but what over-balance of right and arduous endeavours remains, after deducting all that is base, idle, and self-willed. And this over-balance may easily be so important as to cast altogether into shade the utmost and entire labours of lesser minds, though these may, nevertheless, have wrought with perfect singleness of aim and unwearied self-devotion. Glory to the selfish rich man's gorgeous offering, is still the cry of the world's orators, too often even of those most nobly gifted. Glory to the widow's mite, is that still sweet inward song of the true heart taught in endless harmonies issuing from the face of God.

How often is to execute a thought the same thing as to execute a man, that is, to put an end to it.

Philosophy is a Hermes, the messenger of the gods! who leads up some to those transparent and everlasting abodes, and others down to the land of shadows and unrealities, and therefore, of suffering. He sometimes plays divinest music, and is seated hard by Jupiter himself, who listens joyous; at other moments he is a swindler, liar, and thief, among the stalls and styes of earth.

It is worthy only of a Turk to saw down the statue of the Uranium Venus into blocks that may serve as steps to a harem, and to exult in the change. Such is the work of Epicurism.

We perpetually fancy ourselves intellectually transparent when we are opaque, and morally opaque when we are transparent.

It was the middle of August. The sun was setting in a rainy sky, which hid the disk behind a dark bank of cloud. The high tide of the distant sea had caused the river to overflow a portion of its green and wooded banks. The whole unbounded plain, from the height on which the two spectators stood, looked a bed of meadow and vineyard, through which the large and quiet river, with a few small sails upon its surface, flowed unheard and waveless to the city, which extended its shapely bridge, and raised its Gothic towers and spires in the becalmed and noiseless evening. The sun was visible, but hung near enough to the lower edge of the clouds to shoot a bright red gleam obliquely across the river from above the town, and to tinge the lake-like inundation with a glow, broken to the eyes of the gazers by the trees in the hedges of the flooded fields. The town alone broke the straight line of the horizon, and between its building and the skirt of the clouds was spread a pale clear amber air, while all around the sky and over the whole landscape the shades of green and grey were dimly blending. The evening bell sounded from a distant village church, and the red light deepened and broadened on the water with a ruby blaze, while the vapours and land below the sun melted in a purple stream. Then the border of the cloud itself kindled, and from below it the sun's rim dropped and seemed to hang a steady benignant fire. Through the broken clouds in the east, now tinged by the same red light of sunset, the full moon

glanced serene. All was so peaceful and unmoving while the far-off chime scarcely floated to the ear that Time appeared to have ceased its beatings, and for a moment these two hearts lived in eternity.

From the Metropolitan for March.

SOLITUDE.

In early youth I shunned mankind,
From books alone to store my mind;
In woods, and ruins moss-*o*-ergrown,
I sat, and read, and thought alone.

An impulse did I feel, a flame,—
I never questioned whence it came;
A feeling powerful as unknown,
That urged me still to be alone.

I climb the mountain, through the cloud,
Midst lightnings, and the thunders loud:
Thence looked around as from a throne,
And triumphed I was there alone.

At midnight, deep in torrent caves,
I listened to the dash of waves,
Down horrid chasms darkly thrown,
And felt an awful joy alone.

The earliest flush the morning gave,
Soft trembling o'er the ocean-wave,
Thence, crimson'd, through the darkness blown,
Midst flying mists, I met alone.

Ever in darkness and in light,
At cheerful noon, at pitchy night,
Around me, like an Iris thrown
Was joy, that still I walked alone.

In sleep was heard the sound of streams,
The sunset mingled with my dreams;
The wetting ocean had the tone,
Which lives in slumbering ears alone.

With passing years a change there came,
Though Nature's charms were still the same;
No more that impulse strong might speed
My steps to mountain or to mead.

The wood, the stream, the rock, the tree,
The bud, the blossom, bird and bee,
Still were—but were no more desired—
My mind into itself retired.

My soul was full of Nature's light;
In vain the morn was dewy, bright;
In vain to win my gaze did eve
Its long and lingering shadows weave.

For, with an overflowing mind,
I turned from Nature to my kind;
From all things was the freshness flown—
I could not bear to be alone.

RICHARD HOWITT.

From the Penny Magazine No. 378.

ANECDOTES OF A BLIND PERSON.

In a small village in one of the northern counties of England there resides a man of the name of J *** W****, who at present is between thirty and forty years of age. When he was a little boy, he had the misfortune to become totally deprived of sight, though not before he had been a short period at school, where he had learned a little of both reading and writing, being considered a child of remarkably quick parts. His parents, who owned and occupied a small farm, both died about this time, and their little blind son was received into the family of his paternal grandfather, where he continued to reside until he grew up to manhood. During this period no attempts were made to impart to him any useful knowledge; for in that part of the country there were then no institutions for the education of the blind. Such being the case, the only active employment he engaged in was that of lending a helping-hand wherever he could assist in the duties attendant upon the management of his grandfather's farm. While a mere youth, he was considered a sort of prodigy by his neighbours and acquaintances; for he not only attempted many things that seemed far beyond the reach of persons labouring under the severe affliction with which he was visited, but he often actually succeeded where others failed who enjoyed the full possession of all their faculties.

Amongst his youthful predilections was that of music, and in this respect he was by no means singular; since it is generally remarked that the solace of sweet sounds has peculiar charms for most persons labouring under blindness. Accordingly, a violin was procured for the poor boy, who without any aid or instructions soon made such proficiency in the musical art, that the name of J *** W**** was placed upon the already long list of "blind fiddlers."

When he attained the age of twenty-one he came into the possession of a small farm that had belonged to his father; and notwithstanding that the nearest and best friends advised him to rent it out to some one, and live upon the proceeds (limited as they necessarily must be), and not incommode and trouble himself with its management,—he unfortunately was deaf to good advice, and actually entered upon his patrimony at the term sub-

sequent to his coming of age. Although, as has already been observed, he was remarkably active and intelligent for a person in his melancholy condition (for the loss of sight under all circumstances places a person in a melancholy condition), yet when he took upon himself the management of his own farm it soon became apparent that he would have farmed better, and more profitably, had he possessed his eyesight. Several of his performances were, nevertheless, quite marvellous,—for with a pair of steady horses he was able to make pretty good work as a ploughman, and it was not unusual to see him driving his cart to mill or market. But his labours were not confined to the ploughing and tilling of his ground; for in the time of harvest he might be seen mowing his grass, or with a sickle cutting down his oats and barley. Shortly after he commenced farming on his own account he entered into the marriage state; and at the present time he is the father of a family. But although he became possessed of a helpmate, his pecuniary prospects were far from improving; yet before he became irretrievably involved in difficulties, he gave up farming to those who could better see how to manage it. Having disposed of his property, he then rented a small house that stood by the side of the high-road leading through the village; and being bent upon doing something for a livelihood, he procured a licence under the (then) recently-passed act of retailing beer upon the premises, and accordingly opened a beer shop. But as the remote and out-of-the-way situation of the village precluded the possibility of his doing much business in that line, he turned his attention to dealing in horses (for which he had always shown an inclination), and frequented the fairs and markets all through the country. His friends attempted to dissuade him from embarking in a business that obviously required the possession of all the senses—and particularly that of seeing; but their remonstrances were again ineffectual. It must be admitted, however, that he was more of an adept than his friends had imagined; for on many occasions he would return from the markets with a more valuable horse than he had set out with—besides a few extra sovereigns in his purse, which he had realized by his various tradings and exchangeings. It was very remarkable, too, that in all his dealings and traffickings among horses he never met with any accident nor was he ever robbed of the smallest sum of money.

Not among the least surprising feats of "Blind J***," (as his neighbours and acquaintances familiarly called him,) were the adroitness and accuracy displayed by him in finding out the bye-roads, gates, and dim paths leading to many of the secluded farm-houses in the mountainous and thinly-inhabited district where he resided. The writer of this article, who knew him in his infancy, and still knows him well, has many times had the curiosity to watch his motions when travelling through the lanes and meadows; and the result has always been an increased astonishment at the accuracy with which the sightless equestrian would quit the main road,—force his horse up to some gate he wished to open,—unlatch the gate with apparent facility,—and then continue his route amongst the various turnings and windings, until he arrived at the door of the farm-house he was intending to visit. All this would have been the less surprising had he been mounted upon some old and staid animal to which the lanes and paths were mostly familiar; but this by no means was the case, since, from his constant dealings in horses, he rarely made two excursions with the same animal. He was likewise noted for the breaking-in of young horses; not only on his own account, but for any of his neighbours that chose to employ him in this way; and what is very extraordinary, he never met with the slightest accident to himself or the horses under his charge; nor failed in subduing the most vicious tempers, nor of rendering them as tractable and gentle as it was possible for them to become.

Notwithstanding that he had calculated upon considerable profits from his beer-retailing establishment, as well as something in addition from his trading in horses, yet he could not hide from himself the disagreeable certainty that he was yearly becoming poorer and more narrowed in his circumstances. He therefore came to the resolution of making the most of his musical talents; so that that which had hitherto been practised as an amusement should henceforward become a source of emolument. Such being his determination, it soon became blazoned abroad that "Blind J***" would feel much obliged to the inn and public-house keepers in the surrounding country towns and villages, if they would patronise him at the fairs, dances, and merry-makings; and as his name was already favourably known throughout an extensive range of country, not so much for his fiddling as for various other wonderful achievements as a blind person, he soon had the satisfaction of finding himself ranking with the most popular of the ambulatory fiddlers frequenting any of the neighbouring districts; so that the money he made in his new calling, added to his other small items of income, seemed to bid fair towards ensuring for himself and family a comfortable subsistence.

One of the most remarkable characteristics in J*** W**** was the uncommon retentiveness of his memory. This has already been partly exemplified in the manner he was able to ride through the country, from hamlet to hamlet, and from house to house, alone and unassisted: but after he became a professional attendant at the fairs and merry-makings as a fiddler, many more indivi-

duals had opportunities of observing this wonderful tenacity of memory; for a voice that he had once heard he never forgot; and being (principally in consideration of his bereavement) a general favourite, most of the young men (and many of the maidens too) used to make kind inquiries after his health, on which occasions he invariably asked their names, and never afterwards forgot them, no matter where or under what circumstances they chanced to meet.

In many parts of the north the ancient custom of itinerant musicians perambulating the country a little before Christmas commences is still kept up. They journey from house to house, playing some familiar air before the doors or the windows of the rural dwellings, addressing by name the several members of each family, and wishing them a "good night," or a "good morning," as the case may happen to be. In this way they continue these nocturnal visits until Christmas begins; when laying aside their instruments, they perform the same journey by day, when it is expected that every householder will contribute his mite; for it would be considered unpardonable to refuse a trifle to the "poor thwaites," as these itinerant ministers are called. When the subject of these remarks had become a professional reformer at the fairs, etc., he undertook to traverse by night a wide and wild district, for the part of the country wherein he resided was mountainous and scantily inhabited. Being a total stranger to many of the fell-side farm-houses, he considered it necessary to have a companion in these nightly excursions, with whom he agreed to divide whatever money they should collect at the end of the season, although his guide happened to be non-musical. The season was a remarkably severe one, and the musician and his conductor were frequently exposed to severe frosts and storms of drifting snow. One night, when the frost was more intense than usual, and when the poor fellows were near the extreme limits of their nightly wanderings, about four or five miles from home, they reached the side of a rather small but rapid stream, across which they had to find their way by means of a score of pretty large but somewhat irregular stepping-stones. It was the guide's duty to venture over first, and explain to his sightless superior if there were any new or peculiar difficulties; and then the musician and his violin (for he would not intrust it to the care of another), aided by a long and stout staff, undertook to pass over. It appeared, however, on the night in question, that the guide had neglected to inform J** W**** that the surface of one of the stepping-stones was incrustated with slippery ice, and the consequence was that the unsuspecting and courageous fiddler, having fearlessly placed his foot upon the treacherous stone, off it slid before he had time to recover the false step, and the next moment he found himself plunging into the rapid current. His presence of mind, however, did not forsake him; for although he momentarily lost his footing, he managed to hold his violin high above the surface of the half-frozen river. This little adventure certainly had the effect of preventing him from completing his ordinary circuit that night—or, rather, morning; for having lost his hat in his anxiety to save his fiddle, and being thoroughly drenched, he found it necessary to hurry homewards by the nearest route in order to escape from the ill effects of the intense cold.

But this little misadventure was far from cooling his musical ardour; since about the same hour on the night following he was at the identical same place, and fording the treacherous stepping-stones. But on this occasion he was alone; for as his companion had neglected his duty in making him acquainted with the difficulty on the previous night, he had given him to understand that for the future he should dispense with his attendance. After this occurrence took place, this extraordinary person continued to perform his nightly long and rough journeys alone; and which he undertook for several succeeding winters;—and respecting which he has often been heard to declare, that upon the whole he was much better off without a companion; for having so many rude stiles and fences without stiles to climb over, he found there was a considerable saving of time when not incommoded by a useless attendant.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.—Mr. Edward Floyd, in 1621, was punished by the House of Commons for scoffing at the Elector and Electress Palatine; it being adjudged that, they being the son-in-law and daughter of the king, the head of the parliament, any reflections upon them were a breach of the undoubted privileges of the House. The sentence is thus reported:—"1. Not to bear arms as a gentleman, nor be a competent witness in any court of justice. 2. To ride with his face to the horse's tail, to stand on the pillory, and his ears nailed, etc. 3. To be whipped at the cart's tail. 4. To be fined in £,000. 5. To be perpetually imprisoned in Newgate. It was put to the question first, whether Floyd should be whipped or not—which some lords doubted to yield to, because he was a gentleman—yet it was agreed, *per plures*, that he shall be whipped. Then it was put to the question, whether Floyd's ears shall be nailed to the pillory, or not, and agreed, *per plures*, not to be nailed." Even members were occasionally exposed to a somewhat distressing exercise of authority:—"In 1626, Mr. Moor was sent to the Tower for speaking out of season. Sir William Widdrington and Sir Herbert Price sent to the Tower for bringing in candles against

the desire of the House."—*Dwarris on Statutes*, p. 83. If ancient precedents are to be revived and acted upon, a good many modern orators might speedily find themselves in the same predicament as Mr. Moor.—*Quarterly Review*.

For the Pearl:

If you think the following lines worthy a corner in your inestimable PEARL, by inserting them you will much oblige A FRIEND.

GLAZED HATS.

Gentlemen what is the reason
For the Ladies think it out of season,
That you should wear such odious hats,
Fit only for the heads of cats.

A glazed hat is what I mean
Which on your heads should ne'er be seen,
They are such very frightful things
I wish I'm sure they would take wings.

I also wish that in their flight,
That they would get a sudden fright,
And ne'er come back to trouble us,
Or we shall make another fuss.

You dandies think when you have got
(A hat, I'm sure, I'll call it not.)
Upon your heads, that we will fall
In love with both the short and tall.

But you are very much mistaken
If you believe our hearts are breaking,
Though you may think us foolish in our way,
We are not, and now farewell, I say.

ILLUSTRATION OF ATONEMENT.—If I should compare the natural state of man, I should conceive an immense graveyard, filled with yawning sepulchres and dead and dying men. All around are lofty walls and mussy iron gates. At one of the gates stands Mercy, sad spectatress of the melancholy scene. An angel flying through the midst of heaven, attracted by the awful sight, exclaims "Mercy, why do you not enter, and apply to these objects of compassion, the restoring balm." Mercy replies, "I dare not enter, justice bars the way." By her side, a form appeared like unto the Son of Man. "Justice," he cried "what are thy demands that Mercy may enter and stay this carnival of death?" "I demand," said Justice, "pain for their ease—degradation for their dignity—shame for their honour—death for their life." "I accept the terms; now Mercy enter." "What pledge do you give for the performance of these conditions?" "My word, my oath." "And when will you fulfill them?" "Four thousand years hence upon the hill of Calvary." The bond was sealed in the presence of attendant angels and committed to patriarchs and prophets. A long series of rites and ceremonies, sacrifices and oblations, was instituted to preserve the memory of that solemn deed. And at the close of the four thousandth year, behold at the foot of Calvary, the incarnate Son of God; Justice too was there; in her hand she bore the dreadful bond; she presented it to the Redeemer and demanded the immediate fulfillment of its awful terms. He accepted the deed and together they ascended to the summit of the Mount. Mercy was seen attendant at the side of the Son of Man, and the weeping church followed in his train. When he reached the tragic spot, what did he with the bond? Did he tear it in pieces, and scatter it to the winds of heaven? Ah! no, he nailed to his cross; and when the wood was prepared, and the devoted sacrifice stretched out on the tree, Justice sternly cried "Holy fire come down from heaven, and consume this sacrifice." The fire descended and rapidly consumed his humanity—but when it touched his Deity it expired. Then did the heavenly hosts break forth in rapturous strains, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men!"—*Evans*.

LAKE OF TIBERIAS.—About eight o'clock we reached Tiberias, having travelled about two hours along the side of the lake; we had occasion to observe that more pains appeared to have been taken to construct the road where it was very rocky, than in most parts of Syria which we had visited. The modern town of Tiberias is very small, it stands close to the lake of Genesaret, and is walled round with towers at equal distances. At the northern extremity of the ruins are the remains of the ancient town, which are discernible by means of the walls and other ruined buildings, as well as by fragments of columns, some of which are of beautiful red granite. South of the town are the famous hot-baths of Tiberias: they consist of three springs of mineral water. We had no thermometer, but we found the water too hot to admit of the hand being kept in it for more than fifty seconds. We endeavoured to boil an egg, but without success, even out of the shell. Over the spring is a Turkish bath, close to the lake's side, which is much resorted to, particularly by the Jews, who have a great veneration also for a Roman sepulchre which is excavated in the cliff near the spot, and which they take to be the tomb of Jacob. Beyond the baths, a walk runs from the lake to the mountain's side, which rather perplexed us when we were taking the measures of the ancient walls of Tiberias; but it has since appeared evident that the walls did not extend so far to the south, and that this was the fortification of Vespasian's camp, as appears from Josephus, who places it in this position. The lake of Tiberias is a fine sheet of water; but the land about it has no striking features, and the scenery is altogether devoid of character.—*Irbid and Mardin*.

For the Pearl.

SACRED PHILOSOPHY.

NUMBER OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

"He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names. Great is our Lord and of great power, his understanding is infinite."—PSALM cxlvii: 4. "Lift up your eyes on high, and see, who hath created these. He draweth forth their armies by number; he calleth them all by name."—ISAIAH, xl: 26. "The host of heaven cannot be numbered, neither the sand of the sea measured."—JEREMIAH, xxxiii: 22.

It is related of the eloquent Massillon, when on the august occasion of pronouncing the funeral oration of Louis XIV., surnamed "the Great," that amidst all the pageantry of deceased royalty, his silence remained unbroken for so long a time, that the grandees of the court became alarmed lest all their great expectations should be defeated by the failure of their renowned orator. At length the mysterious silence ended: the preacher arose, and casting an awful glance over his noble auditory, in a solemn and almost stifled voice, exclaimed, "My brethren! God alone is great!" Powerful beyond description was the effect of this unexpected appeal, and yet we have sometimes been inclined to consider it merely as the language of art—a brilliant stroke of oratory intended to dazzle and overwhelm. Be this as it may, of one thing we are certain, that it is purely the voice of nature, and the language of the heart, which is breathed forth from the intelligent beholder of the glories of a midnight sky, in the emphatic words, "God alone is great." The earth on which we dwell, in all its loveliness, variety and magnificence, is calculated to fill us with vast conceptions of the grandeur of Him whose power constructed so stupendous a globe—reared its mountains—formed its valleys—channelled its rivers—extended its plains—and spread verdure and beauty on every side. But when we contemplate the countless orbs of the firmament—the unnumbered hosts of worlds scattered wide and vast over the illimitable expanse, these feelings of awe and wonder are impressed upon us with ten-fold sublimity and force.

"Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight face
But must inquire,—What hand behind the scene,
What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
Who bowled them flaming through the dark profound,
Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze."

None but those who have considered the immensity of the great vault of heaven; the still, solemn, uniform motion, and the prodigious number of stars, will form any worthy conception of the amazing proof of the infinity of the Eternal mind, which is involved in the declaration, that "God telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names." And those only who have witnessed as an ocular reality, the immeasurable expansion of the celestial regions, with the infinite number of spheres which glitter in the boundless extent, can rise to the sublimity of Isaiah's language, when he asserts in the elegant and energetic terms of inspiration,—"He draweth forth their armies by number: he calleth them all by name: through the greatness of his strength, and the mightiness of his power, not one of them faileth to appear." Man, with all his powers, so great, so wonderful, cannot count the particles of dust which float in a single sun-beam,—his arithmetic cannot number the drops of water which compose the many mighty billows of the wide-rolling ocean,—and the sands of the sea-shore baffle all his powers of computation. But these, grand and impressive as they are, are really nothing to the wonders which our optical instruments disclose to us in some regions of the heavens. And yet the calculation of all the majestic bodies which adorn every part of the skies, is "a very little thing," with the Almighty. Who then can withhold his enlightened assent to the inspired position—"Great is our Lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite."

COMETS, one of the three classes, into which astronomers divide the heavenly bodies are, for the most part, considered few in number. This undoubtedly is the popular notion, and yet the appearances of several hundred have been recorded; and it should be remembered that many are invisible on account of their traversing that part of the heavens which is above the horizon in the day time. Almost every year we have the account of one or more comets seen, and it sometimes happens that two or three are visible at the same time. But it can be proved, according to the philosophy of chance, that the number of comets may be unlimited. In an elaborate dissertation, "On the Mechanism of the Heavens," by Mrs. Somerville, we have the following able remarks on the subject:—"A hundred and forty comets have appeared within the earth's orbit during the last century, that have not again been seen; if a thousand years be allowed as the average period of each, it may be computed by the theory of probabilities, that the whole number that range within the earth's orbit must be 1,400; but Uranus being twenty times more distant, there may be no less than 11,200,000 comets that come within the known extent of our system." At this account of nature, the profoundest mind may well stagger! Extend the idea to other worlds, and systems of worlds, and man is bewildered and lost in the grandeur of the conception. "Lo! these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power, who can understand?"

Great as the number of the comets appears to be, it is absolutely nothing when compared to the number of the FIXED STARS. For the convenience of description and reference these have been classed into groups, called constellations. Such divisions, however, are purely of human invention, and have no reference to any thing connected with the stars themselves. The region of the stars is also divided into two hemispheres, the one north and the other south. Of the constellations in both hemispheres the ancients knew 48; the moderns have increased the number to more than 100. The stars of the constellations are again distinguished into classes, according to their apparent brightness, and are termed *magnitudes*. The brightest stars are said to be of the first magnitude; those which fall so far short of the first degree of brightness as to make a marked distinction are classed in the second, and so on down to the 16th degree of magnitude. Below the sixth or seventh degree of magnitude, none are obvious to unassisted vision. Many of the stars of different magnitudes which appear to the naked eye as single bodies, are not so, but a combination of several. "One has been ascertained to be a sextuple star, or six associated together; two others are quadruple or groups of four; several are triple; and still more are double."

Sir Win. Herschel enumerated upwards of 500 double stars, and Professor Struve of Dorpat, in 1826 surveyed 1000 double stars. Since then, it is stated, this professor has examined above 120,000 stars, and found 3059 to belong to the first four classes of double stars. Many thousands of stars that seem to be only brilliant points, when carefully examined are found to be in reality systems of two or more suns revolving about a common centre.

At various periods in the history of Astronomy, catalogues of stars have been formed. Hipparchus, in 129 B. C. made a catalogue of 1022 stars—all that are visible in one hemisphere to the naked eye, in the clearest and darkest night. Flamsteed with telescopes made another of 2884. Bode, in 1800, of 27,000, and Lalande, the same year, of 50,000. But with telescopes more powerful, and instruments more delicate for the determination of their places, these catalogues of stars have been vastly increased. "Mr. Bessel of Königsberg, observed in the short space of three years, between thirty and forty thousand stars, comprehended within a zone extending to 15 degrees on each side of the equator; but even this great number is but a small portion of the whole within the limit of the zone which he examined. To procure a more complete survey, the Academy of Berlin proposed that *this same zone* should be parcelled out among twenty-four observers, and that each should confine himself to an hour of right ascension, and examine it in minute detail. This was adopted; and the eighteenth hour was confided to Professor Inghirami, of Florence, and examined with so much care, that the positions of 75,000 stars have been determined in it." See *Edin. Rev.* No. 101, page 91. Now on the supposition that the other twenty-three positions of the zone presented an equal number of stars with the one thus carefully examined, the whole would form an amount of 1,800,000. And this but a spot in the magnificent spectacle of the heavens! Who then can estimate the number of the whole? In some parts of the heavens the stars are so near together as to form clusters, which to the unassisted eye, appear like thin white clouds. Many of these owe their brightness to the diffused light of myriads of stars. These brilliant portions of the heaven are denominated nebulae: no fewer than 2500 were observed by Sir Win. Herschel. In a clear night level your telescopes at

"A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to us appear,
Seen in the Galaxy, that Milky Way,
Like to a circling zone, powdered with stars."

This immense but irregular zone of whitish light is called the Milky Way. What a field for lofty contemplation! Of the prodigious quantities of stars in this luminous belt, Sir Win. Herschel gives the following proof. On August 22nd, 1792, he found that in forty-one minutes not less than 258,000 stars had passed through the field of view in his telescope. On another occasion, observes Mrs. Somerville, "in one quarter of an hour he estimated that 116,000 stars passed through the field of his telescope which subtended an angle of 15'." This however was stated as a specimen of extraordinary crowding; but at an average the whole expanse of the heavens must exhibit about a HUNDRED MILLIONS of fixed stars that come within the reach of telescopic vision." Nor is this the testimony of a solitary mind. Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer of the present day, speaking of the *milky way*, says:—"when examined through powerful telescopes, it is found (wonderful to relate!) to consist entirely of stars scattered by millions, like glittering dust on the black ground of the general heavens." And Montucla, vol. iv. page 29, observes, "the more powerful the telescope, the greater is the number of stars seen. Lalande computed, that, with a forty foot telescope, a hundred millions were visible."

Assuming that our best telescopes can introduce to our notice the mighty number of 100,000,000 stars, shall we vainly suppose that at the extent of this unbounded range we have found the outer boundaries of Jehovah's empire? Shall we dare to limit the dominions of the Almighty by our limited powers and feeble instruments?

"Where ends this mighty building? Where begin
The suburbs of creation?
Say at what point of space, Jehovah dropped
His slackened line, and laid his balance by:
Weighed worlds, and measured infinite no more."

And comes the answer from any but the fool—"the building ends where our geometry fails—Jehovah dropped his slackened line just at the limits of our astronomy—the suburbs of creation are the distant points to which our telescopes convey us." Or to cite the spirit-stirring words of the Christian orator of the world:—"Fancy may take its flight far beyond the ken of eye or of telescope; it may exultate in the outer regions of all that is visible; and shall we have the boldness to say that there is nothing there; that the wonders of the Almighty are at an end because we can no longer trace his footsteps? that his omnipotence is exhausted because human art can no longer follow him? that the creative energy of God has sunk into repose because the imagination is enfeebled by the magnitude of its efforts, and can keep no longer on the wing of those mighty tracts?" Let it be considered that the different catalogues of fixed stars made by astronomers have depended on the power of glasses by which the celestial regions have been examined; and hence the number has augmented in proportion to the superiority of the instruments employed. What then would be the vast total produced with glasses of infinitely higher magnifying powers? And "who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquisitions? The day may yet be coming when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful!" Referring to one of the calculations of Sir Win. Herschel, Dr. Thomson in his "Sketch of the Progress of Physical Science," remarks:—"If we compute from such a narrow zone, the whole celestial vault must display, within the range of telescopic vision, the stupendous number of more than five billions of stars. If each of these be a sun to a system similar to ours, and if the same number of planets revolve round it, then the whole planets in the universe will be more than FIFTY-FIVE BILLIONS, not reckoning the satellites, which may be much more numerous." On this subject also, Sir John Herschel, an authority on any question of Astronomy, observes that—"every increase in the dimensions and power of instruments, which successive improvement in optical science has attained, have brought into view multitudes innumerable of objects invisible before; so that, for any thing experience has hitherto taught us, the number of the

stars may be REALLY INFINITE, in the only sense in which we can assign a meaning to the word." If such be the building, what must be the architect? If such the effect, what must be the Cause? If such be creation, what must be the Creator; that Creator who "numbereth the stars, and calleth them all by name." EDITOR.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, 1838.

BRITISH NEWS.—By the March packet we have received intelligence from London to the 8th of March. The two leading topics of interest are annexed:

REPRIMAND OF MR. O'CONNELL.—On Wednesday, the order of the day for the attendance of Mr. O'Connell having been read,

The Speaker said—"Is the honourable Member in his place?" Mr. O'Connell rose and said—"I am here, Sir;" and then sat down.

The Speaker—"The honourable Member will please to stand up." Mr. O'Connell accordingly rose; and the SPEAKER addressed the offender as follows—

"Mr. O'Connell, you have permitted yourself to be betrayed into the use of expressions at a public meeting, with respect to which this House has come to the following resolutions—That the expressions in the said speech, containing a charge of foul perjury against Members of this House in the discharge of their judicial duties, are a false and scandalous imputation on the honour and conduct of Members of this House: that Mr. O'Connell having avowed that he had used the said expressions, has been guilty of a breach of the privileges of this House: and, finally, that he be reprimanded in his place."

At the conclusion of the reprimand, Mr. O'CONNELL, without sitting down, addressed the House. He said that it was not because they had passed a long-winded resolution, asserting their purity by a majority of nine, or nine-and-twenty, or even two hundred, that the country would judge them to be pure. In the opinion of the country, the House had no more vindicated itself by that vote, than Judges who authorized the taking of ship-money would have been justified in public opinion by a declaration of their own purity and patriotism. It was admitted on all hands, that the decisions of Election Committees were biased by party interests and attachments; and what, he wished to know, was that, but an admission of perjury? The House had done absolutely nothing to vindicate itself from the charge he had brought against it. Give him a Committee, and he would prove that charge; he would meet their resolutions by evidence. "Sir, I mean to move that this Committee shall be formed, and I shall submit, upon that, to any thing which the House may think fit. I have repented of nothing—I have retracted nothing. (Hear.) I mean not to use harsh or offensive language. (Cries of "Oh, oh!" from the opposition.) But I re-adopt what I before said. I admire their attention to a subject which introduces the name and sanction of the Deity. (Hear hear.) I repeat what I have said, but I wish I could find terms less offensive in themselves, and equally significant. (Hear, hear.) I am bound to re-assert what I have said, for I am convinced of nothing by a vote. (Hear.) Sir, I now move for the appointment of a Committee."

CENSURE OF MINISTERS.—In the House of Commons, on the 6th of March, Sir William Molesworth moved the following Resolution:

"That an humble address be presented to her Majesty the Queen, respectfully expressing the opinion of this house that in the presented critical state of her Majesty's foreign possessions in various parts of the world, it is essential to the well-being of her Majesty's Colonial empire, and the more important domestic interests dependent on the prosperity of the colonies that her Majesty's Colonial Minister should be a person on whose intelligence, firmness, and capability, the house might be able to place reliance; and declaring that, with all due deference to the constitutional authority of the crown, the house is of opinion that her Majesty's present Secretary of State for the Colonies did not enjoy the confidence of the house or country."

To which the following amendment was moved by Lord Sandon, and, after a warm debate, lost by a majority of only 29 in favour of Ministers.

"That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, expressing to her Majesty our deep regret that the tranquillity of her Majesty's provinces of Upper and Lower Canada should have been disturbed by the wicked and treasonable designs of disaffected parties in those provinces, by which many of the inhabitants have been seduced into opposition against the authority of her Majesty. To assure her Majesty that we have observed, with the utmost satisfaction, the zeal and fidelity which have animated the loyal inhabitants of her Majesty's North American provinces, and that we cordially rejoice in the success which has attended her Majesty's regular troops combined with the services of the loyal inhabitants. To assure her Majesty of our continued determination to

aid her Majesty in every effort which she may be called upon to make for the suppression of revolt and the complete restoration of tranquility in those provinces, professing at the same time our desire to afford redress to every real grievance, and to take such measures as shall promote the constitutional government of those provinces, and shall best secure order and tranquility, and promote the real interests of all her Majesty's subjects. Humbly to represent to her Majesty that it appears, on considering the documents and the correspondence relating to her Majesty's North American provinces which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to lay before this house, that it is the opinion of this house that the defiance of her Majesty's authority, which has led to a violent rebellion, and the suspending of the constitutional government in Lower Canada, are in a great degree to be attributed to the want of foresight and energy on the part of her Majesty's confidential advisers, and to the ambiguous, irresolute, and dilatory course which has been pursued with respect to the affairs of Canada since their appointment to office."

ORDNANCE ESTIMATES.—The Artillery Corps is to be augmented by an addition of three companies; there is also to be an increased expenditure for barracks and works of 28,000*l.* and the purchase of ordnance stores will exceed that of last year by 60,000*l.*; 14,000*l.* is to be laid out this year in the survey of England, and 50,000 on that of Ireland; a survey of Scotland is also to be commenced, and 2000*l.* is set apart for that purpose. New Barracks are contemplated for New South Wales and Nova Scotia, at an estimate of 92,000*l.*; and 10,000*l.* is to be voted for public buildings at Halifax, Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, and Montreal.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the half yearly meeting of the Horticultural Society held at the Mechanics' Institute, Dalhousie College, on the 24th February, 1838,

Hon. T. N. JEFFERY, President, in the Chair.
Hon. JOSEPH ALLISON, Vice President.

After the Treasurer had submitted his accounts, which were satisfactory to the meeting, the following office bearers were unanimously elected:—

President, Hon. T. N. Jeffery.

VICE PRESIDENTS,

Hon. Charles Prescott, Hon. Joseph Allison,
Lieut. Col. Jones, Royal Engineers, Lieut. Col. Buzalotte.

The Secretary at the particular request of the Meeting, consented to continue in office for the present; Henry Fryor, Esq., was appointed Treasurer.

J. W. Nutting, Esq. Charles Blackmore, Esq.
William Millikin, Esq. James Tremain, Esq.
Charles J. Hill, Esq. Edward Allison, Esq.
Andrew Richardson, Esq. Mr. Hosterman,
Charles Twining, Esq. Mr. F. W. Parker,
Thomas Williamson, Esq. Mr. Titus Smith,
Joseph Howe, Esq.

Mr. Titus Smith was elected an Honorary Member of the Institution; Messrs. Twining and Charles Hill, Auditors.

The Secretary has received a letter—from the Secretary of the London Horticultural Society, saying—they will be happy to tender any assistance in their power to the Institution established in Nova-Scotia.

FIRES.—A Fire occurred between the hour of 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning, in Albemarle street, and before it was subdued, six dwellings were burned to the ground, viz:—Three houses belonging to Mr. J. Nott; two to Mr. Archibald Goreham, and one occupied by J. Brown, truckman. It is rumoured that this fire must be the work of incendiarism: at least such an opinion is favoured by rather strong circumstances. The flames broke out in an unoccupied house, (one of Nott's) the tenants of which were summarily ejected a day or two previous.—Another alarm was given last night about 8 o'clock. Mr. W. Flinn's house adjoining the National School on the west, occupied by Mr. W. H. M'Carthy, and Mrs. Cook, was discovered to be on fire, but timely exertion prevented the consuming element from gaining an ascendancy.—Recorder.

ADVERTISEMENT IN OUR LAST.—Having no feelings but those of kindness towards all the followers of the Saviour, however denominated, we were deeply grieved at the insertion in our last number, of an extract appended to an advertisement, reflecting in severe terms on one class of christians, of whom we hope and without doubt believe, they are the children of God. To the author of that extract we entertain no sentiment adverse to brotherly love: still we think it due to our numerous subscribers and to ourselves, to mention that our publisher, not having sufficient time to refer the quotation for our inspection, printed it without our knowledge. Determined from the commencement of our miscellany to know nothing of the minor differences which divide and distract the christian world, we have passed by communications whose tendency was to produce strife amongst those who ought to be brethren. Any remarks calculated to repair the rents of our divided Zion, we are glad to insert—but those of a contrary nature we studiously avoid. That after all our circumspection, our journal should be the theatre for the explosion of the mimic thunderbolt of denunciation, is to us, cause of

unmingled regret. Far from admitting the correctness of the offensive article, in all sects, we recognize joyfully true disciples of Jesus Christ. For years we were intimate with an intelligent and confirmed Universalist, and candour and justice compel us to aver, that we never knew a more exemplary, holy, and upright christian. To our friends we need not say, that the peculiar opinions of the sect denounced, form no part of our creed: we fully acquiesce in the usual and popular interpretation of the passages which treat on the future doom of the finally impenitent. The view we have long taken of the subject, is in entire accordance with that of the amiable and eloquent Robert Hall. Writing to a gentleman at Trinity College, Cambridge, among other observations he says:—"At all events, it is a subject of pure revelation, on the interpretation of which every one must be left to form his own judgment. If the milder interpretation can be sustained by a preponderating evidence, I shall most sincerely rejoice; but I have yet seen nothing to satisfy me that this is the case. I would only add, that in my humble opinion, the doctrine of the eternal duration of future misery metaphysically considered, is not an essential article of faith, nor is the belief of it ever proposed as the term of salvation; that if we really flee from the wrath to come, by truly repenting of our sins, and laying hold of the mercy of God through Christ, by a lively faith, our salvation is perfectly secure, whichever hypothesis we embrace on this most mysterious subject. The evidence accompanying the popular interpretation is by no means to be compared to that which establishes our common christianity; and therefore the fate of the christian religion is not to be considered as implicated in the belief or disbelief of the popular doctrine." In the spirit of love these remarks are cast as oil on the troubled waters of the christian community. Beloved, "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

The Canadian Papers by the last Mail contain nothing of any importance. The trial of Sutherland was proceeding. Prisoners are almost daily released from the Montreal Goal.—Nov.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH on the prorogation of the House will be found on another page.

SOME COPIES OF THE PEARL are wanted at this office Nos. 4 and 5 of Vol. I, and Nos. 1, 2, 3, 7, and 12 of the present volume. For clean copies 7½ will be given.

DIED,

On Monday the 9th inst. of the Water in the Brain, Mary Gordon, aged two years, one month and 26 days, only child of Donald and Elizabeth Grant.

On Saturday morning last, in the 5th year of his age, Charles, infant son of Mr. Edward Brown, jr.

At Shubenacadie, on the 15th inst, Margaret, wife of Mr. G. H. Lynch, leaving a husband and eleven children to deplore the loss of an affectionate parent being much respected by all her friends and acquaintances aged 42 years.

At Boston, Mr. John Cleary, Shoemaker, aged 45 years, a native of this place.

On Monday last, after a short illness, much regretted by his brother Officers, in the 26th year of his age, the Hon. Wm. Crofton, Lieut. in H. M. 85th Light Infantry, only brother of Baron Crofton.

At Demerara, on the 2d of March, aged 28 years, Captain James Blanchard, of the brig Addington of Weymouth, N. S. and for some time a Ship Master out of this port; deeply lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

On Tuesday evening, Mary Louisa, third daughter of Mr. Joseph Keefer, in the 11th year of her age.

On Tuesday, in the 33d year of her age, Isabella, consort of James G. Boggs, Esquire.

On Tuesday afternoon, in the 20th year of her age, after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian patience and resignation, and with a sure hope of blessed immortality, Catharine Amelia, third daughter of Mr. Joseph Hawkins.

At Dutch Village, on Monday evening, at six o'clock, Mr. Matthew Walker, in the 77th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this place.

In the Poors' Asylum, Mary Ann Itchings, aged 38, a native of England; Sarah Fennel, aged 55, a native of England.

At St. John, N. B., after a long and painful illness, which he endured with pious resignation to the will of God, Ezekiel Barlow, Esquire, in the 72d year of his age, sincerely, and deeply lamented by a large circle of his friends. During his long life, integrity and benevolence were ever conspicuous, and at the closing scene, he left this world of trial with full confidence of being received by the blessed Saviour into Heaven.

At Margaree, Cape Breton, on the 29th March last, in the 46th year of his age, Mr. Benjamin B. Etter, formerly of this place.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday April, 13th—H.M. Packet Tyrian, Lieut. Jennings, Falmouth, 32 days; brig. Tory, Kelly, Yarmouth, 30 hours—ballast; Mailboat, Roseway, Bufeay, Bermuda, 9 days; schrs. Barbet, Richards, Torbay—ballast; Springbird, Sydney—coal; Glasgow, Guysborough—beef, pork, butter, &c.; Charlotte and Mary, Bridgeport—coal; Speculator, Young, and Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg—molasses and lumber.

Saturday, 14th—Am. brig Roxana, Jones, Philadelphia, 7 days—corn meal, rye flour, and buck wheat, to John Clark, and Wier & Woodworth; brig. Sir Peregrine, Rogers, Berbice, 26 days—rum and molasses, to D. & E. Starr, & Co.—Left brig Addington of New Edinburgh, to sail in 2 days for St. John, N. B.;—Unity of St. Andrews. Am. schr. Robert Bruce, Cook, Philadelphia, 7 days.

Sunday 15th—Barque Sally, McKenzie, Hull, 29 days—wheat, dry goods, &c. to Wm. A. Black & Son, and others; brigts. Hypolite, Ferran, Bermuda, 6 days—ballast to C. West & Son; Rob Roy, Smith, Guyana, P. R. 20 days—sugar, to Frith, Smith & Co.

Tuesday 15th.—Schr Caroline, Crouse, St. Andrews, 4 days, lumber, etc. to the master.

Wednesday 16th.—Schr Rival Packet, Liverpool, N. S., lumber; Glide, Shelburne, Staves.

CLEARED.

April 12th—Brig Ann, Crick, West Indies, dry fish, flour, &c. by J. Allison, & Co; schr. Maria, Gerior, Quebec, tea, by S. Cunard & Co. 14th, Persa, Pengilly, Demerara, do. by T. C. Kimbair; Transit, Darrell, West Indies, do. by J. & M. Tobin. 16th, President, Odell, St. John, N. B. by S. Binney. 17th, brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, B. W. Indies, dry and pickled fish, &c. by J. Fairbanks; Congress, Cameron, Newfoundland, by D. & E. Starr, & Co.

MEMORANDA.

Trinidad, March 9, Arrived, Schr. Cinderella, McNeil, from hence, 32 days, experienced very bad weather 8 days after leaving.

The mailboat reports transport Sovereign, arrived on 29th ult. from Cork, with a detachment of the 11th Regiment, stationed at Malta; H. M. Ship Cornwallis was expected at Bermuda about 10th inst.

Spoken, march 9, lat 20, lon. 63½, schr. Neptune from Halifax, for Jamaica, with loss of deck and sail.

At Margaret's Bay, 10th inst.—Brig Loyalist, Skinner, from Falmouth, Jam.

The Ben, from Arichat, and Albion, from Bridgeport, have arrived at Boston.

At St. Andrews, Ship Joseph Porter, Porter, hence.

Brig. Reindeer, Morrison, hence, at Barbadoes, in 14 days. New York. Arrived, H. M. Ship Griffin, Dominica.

PASSENGERS.—In H. M. Packet Tyrian, major M'Queen, late of the 74th Regt, Messrs Mignowitz, and J. F. Muncey. In the Sally, Captain Cook, late of Barque Isabella, of Pictou, sold.

AUCTIONS.

PAINTS, OIL, WINE, &C. &C.

BY JAMES COGSWELL,

At the Store of Messrs. McNab, Cochran & Co. head of Commercial Wharf, to-morrow Saturday, at 12 o'clock.

WHITE, Black, Blue, Green, Brown and Yellow Paints. Just landed; 40 pieces Osnaburgh, hhds. and half hhds. boiled and raw Linseed Oil, 5 hhds. 10 qr. casks Teneriff Wine, 2 pipes Calatonia do. quarters and octaves choice old Maderia Wine, from the house of Gordon, Duff & Co. 60 boxes Soap, 20 barrels Brown Stout (4 doz. each). April 20, 1838.

PORK BUTTER, &C.

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

To-morrow Saturday, at 12 o'clock, in front of his Store, Commercial wharf,

TO close consignments—33 bbls Pork, 4 bbls Hams, 10 firkins Butter, 10 bbls Sugar, 400 lbs salmon Twine, 35 kegs Tobacco, 10 boxes Starch, 10 dozen Handspikes. Also, a quantity of Nets, Lines and Twines, &c. &c. April 20.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY BAZAAR.

At a meeting of the Committee of the above, held Wednesday, April, 18, 1838. It was Resolved,

1. That the thanks of the Committee be respectfully rendered to those Ladies and Gentlemen who have materially assisted them by their kind and liberal contributions of useful and ornamental work, refreshments, &c. &c. and to the numerous friends who patronized their exertions on the day of sale.

2. That the above resolution be inserted in the different Newspapers.

Editors are politely requested to copy the above.

SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &C.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture Silver plate, of all descriptions, of the purest quality, on very low terms. He has now on hand, a good supply of Silver table, desert, and tea spoons, Forks, Sugar Tongs, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Soup and Gravy Ladles. Jewelry neatly repaired. The highest price given for old Gold and Silver.

EDWIN STENRS.

April 20.

Corner Buckingham & Barrington Streets.

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.

Jan. 27.

3m.

WILLIAM WISSWELL.

NEW PERIODICAL,

Just Issued,—

THE FIRST NUMBER OF A PAPER ENTITLED

THE WESLEYAN:

WHICH is designed to advocate the doctrines, etc. of Wesleyan Methodism and diffuse interesting and profitable information on various subjects. The Wesleyan (each number containing 16 pages imperial octavo) is published every other MONDAY (evening) by William Cunnebell, at his Office, south end of Bedford Row; Terms—seven shillings and six pence per annum; one half always in advance. Subscribers' names will be received, in Town, by the Wesleyan Ministers, Mr. J. H. Anderson, and by the Printer; also, in all parts of the Provinces, by the Wesleyan Ministers and the properly authorized Agents.

The general heads under which articles will be arranged, are, Biography, Divinity, Biblical Illustrations, Biblical Criticism, Poetry, Literature, History, Science, Missionary Intelligence, General Intelligence, sapr, Intelligence. The Christian Cabinet, the Wesleyan, The Expolocal Ladies' Department, The Youth's Department, The Child's Department, &c. No effort will be spared to render the WESLEYAN worthy of Public Patronage; persons intending to subscribe will please send their names with as little delay as possible.

Halifax, Feb. 28, 1838.

JAMES VENABLES,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

BEGS leave to intimate to his friends and the Public generally, that he has commenced the above Business in all its branches, in the shop in Barrington Street,

Three doors south of Mr. Thomas Fotrester's Stone Building, where he hopes by punctuality, moderate charges and his endeavours to please, to merit a share of public patronage.

Halifax, April 5, 1838.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

In the country last year, (1796,) says Madame du Montier, I was in company with a friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story.

About forty years ago, he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. The magistrates shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor; and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. "My dear friend," said he, "do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before your Almighty Judge? what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance?" "True, father," returned the malefactor, "but I cannot divest myself of an idea that you have it in your power to save my life." "How can I possibly effect that?" rejoined the friar; "and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of accumulating your crime?" "If that be all that prevents you," replied the malefactor, "you may rely on my word. I have beheld the rack too near, again to expose myself to its torments." The friar yielded to the impulse of compassion; and it only remained to contrive the means of his escape. The chapel where they were was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. "You have only," said the criminal, "to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders." The friar consented to this manœuvre; and having replaced the altar, which was portable, he seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the officer and executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what was become of the criminal? "He must have been an angel," replied he coolly, "for, by the faith of a priest, he went out through that window." The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where our good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that, moreover, if he was a criminal, which he could not suspect, after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid*; and, after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away. Twenty years after, this friar travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way, just as the day was closing; a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one. "If you will follow me," he added, "I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety." The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration. He perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned; and, as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry-yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed: "My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar; had it not been for him, you would not have been here, not I neither; he saved my life." The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and when he was alone with him, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. "I kept my word with you," said the thief, "and resolved to lead a good life in future. I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm; gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours: I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me: I shall now die content, since I have seen, and am able to testify my gratitude toward my deliverer." The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him, by the use to which he devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense but, could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This man then obliged him, to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those mountainous parts.

MUMMERY OF FUNERALS.—I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner, perhaps, heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry (like Provost Couler), but glad that I shall not see my own.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

THE RAILWAY STEAMER.—Were any of the ancients to rise from their tombs, and to behold a steam-ship full of passengers darting up the Thames, or a train of carriages with 1,000 people flying along a railroad at the rate of 30 miles an hour, they would be surprised at the fact of their revisit to the same planet they had left; since 1000 years in the grave may probably seem no longer than a short *giesta* after dinner. Without rudder or rein—without tug or tow-ropes—without chart or compass—without impulse from man, or traction from beast—this maximum of power in the minimum of space—this magic automaton, the Railway steamer, darts forward on iron pinions like an arrow from a bow, along its destined course. Devised by science, but devoted to industry—harmless as the dove, if unopposed, but fatal as the thunder-bolt, if obstructed in its career, this astonishing offspring of human invention, this giant in strength, dwarf in stature, drags along and apparently without effort, whole cargoes of commerce,—merchants and their merchandise, artizans and their arts, travellers and their traffic, tourists and their tours, in short every thing that can be chained to the tail of this Herculean velocipede. It nearly annihilates distance between the inhabitants of a state, and thereby converts, as it were, a whole country into a city—securing all the good effects of combination and concentration, without the bad consequences of a crowded population. By the railroad, Liverpool and Manchester, Birmingham and the metropolis, are made contiguous cities, while wide and fertile tracts of country intervene.

Dr. J. Johnson.

RECIPE FOR A SERENADE.

Take a "light" or "wild" guitar;
Let it rhyme with "evening star;"
Paint your sky the very blue
Of the real sapphire hue.
Let the moon be high and bright,
Shedding lots of "tender light;"
Then go on with "myrtle bowers,"
"Pearly dewdrops," "perfumed flowers;"
"Fanning zephyrs"—just awake—
"Gondole!" and "glassy lake;"
"Balmy odours," "orange grove,"
To chime with "dove," or "love," or "rove;"
And above all, pray don't forget
The lady's locks of gold or jet,
"Swan-like neck," of Alpine snow,
Such "fair form" as sylph might show.
Let her blooming cheeks and lips
Rose and coral far eclipse;
Then her eyes (of course) must be
Like diamonds—choice simile!

Vow thy constant, dotting heart,
Aches, and quakes, and breaks to part;
That Death alone can ease your pain,
If she list not to your strain.

Arrange your cloak in graceful fold;
Never dream of "catching cold;"
Take your station, sound the key,
Two flats are proper "Major" "B."

And when all these essentials mingle
In one smooth, soft, mellifluous jingle;
I'm sure you'll find that thus is made
A most delightful serenade.

ELIZA COOK.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—When Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, mentioned to a friend that he was about to appear in the character of a novelist, he complained to him of the many difficulties he should have to encounter in his now undertaking. The latter replied, "Think, when the work is over, of the pleasure of correcting the press." "Ay!" rejoined Fred., "and, when that work is over, think of the *press* having the pleasure of *correcting me!*"

CRIMES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The French Government has employed M. Moreau de Jonnes to draw up a comparative calculation of the crimes committed in England and France respectively; and according to the French papers, the result appears to be, that from 1830 to 1835, murders were four times as frequent in Great Britain as in France, and wounding and maiming, with intent to murder, more frequent by one-half. Robberies in England were four times more numerous, and five times greater, in proportion to the population of the two kingdoms.

ASPARAGUS.—Fontenelle had a great liking, it seems, for asparagus, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain *bon vivant* Abbe, with whom he was extremely intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner. The Abbe was very fond of asparagus also—but liked his dressed with butter. Fontenelle said, that for such a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable—and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had just ordered for himself—and that half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing together very lovingly, and waiting for dinner, the poor Abbe falls suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy—upon which Fontenelle instantly springs up, scampers down to the kitchen with incredible agility, and bawls out to his cook with eagerness, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil! as at first!"

A LARGE FAMILY.—According to Mr. J. Baillie Fraser, Futtee Allee Shah, the late king of Persia, had, at the time of his death, from 700 to 800 wives in his harem. Of this goodly collection were born to the king, first and last, from 120 to 130 sons, and about 190 daughters; which progeny increased so rapidly, that when the king died, had his descendants been all gathered together, he would have seen, it is said, a tribe of full 5,000 souls,—men, women, and children,—clustering around his throne.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES, before the days of Scott, were indeed droll affairs. The *Literary Gazette* humourously observes: "The characters were of to day, and the costumes of yesterday. Lord Peterborough might be mistaken for General Evans, Cardinal Wolsey for Dr. Wade, Sir Isaac Newton for Mr. Murphy, Shakspeare for Mr. Bunn, the Admirable Crichton for Corinthian Tom, and Lord Burleigh for Dusty Bob."

PROSPECTUS,

Of a New Work from the pen of WILLIAM M. LESGETT, Wesleyan Missionary, to be entitled

THE MEMENTO,

This Publication, which is to form a Duodecimo volume of about 200 pages, will include a selection of original sermons, strictures, poems, and sacred melodies; and as the author has used every effort to render it acceptable even to the eye of criticism, his patrons may anticipate an adequate return for the small expense of three shillings and nine pence per copy.

The Memento will be neatly executed, as to the mechanical part, done up in cloth, and delivered to Subscribers through the politeness of Agents appointed for that purpose.
Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

ALSO TO BE PUBLISHED,
THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR

Condensed and Simplified by the same Author.

This brief analysis is designed to facilitate the progress of the Students in the science of our native language, and will, doubtless, prove a valuable acquisition to Provincial schools and the Public generally. Several gentlemen of critical acumen have seen the work in MS., and honoured the same with the most unqualified approbation.

Price 2s. per copy. 25 per cent discount allowed where one dozen, or upwards, are ordered by any one person.

P. S. Subscriptions for either of the above works received at the Pearl Office Halifax, or at the book-store of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay
16th. Feb.

A SERMON.

In the Press, and to be published, in the course of next month;

A SERMON, entitled "THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST" Preached in The Wesleyan Chapel at Guysboro, on Sunday, January 7 1838. BY ROBERT COONEY.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor.

An Exhibition of PAINTINGS is now open, at Cochran's Buildings, entrance south, next door to Mr. W. H. Milward's.

The object of this Exhibition is to revive a taste and encourage native talent. Artists and Amateurs are invited to contribute, and send such Pictures as they wish to exhibit, to the Exhibition Rooms. Lovers of the Arts will be gratified to learn, that several valuable old Pictures, never before exhibited, will be shown on this occasion. Daily Tickets 1s 3d.; season Tickets 5s. to be had at Mr. Eagar's Bazaar. Catalogues to be had at the Exhibition Rooms. March 16.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgry, in Barrington Street, next door to Mr. A. Reid's Store near St. Paul's Church. Possession may be had 1st May, 1838. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to the Proprietor, D. D. Stewart, Esq. Newport, or to B. Murdoch, Esq, at his Office, next door to the premises. February 2.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the firm of LOWES & CREIGHTON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts due to and owing by the said Copartnership will be received and paid by P. W. CREIGHTON.

GEORGE LOWES,
PHILIP W. CREIGHTON.

Halifax, 9th April, 1838.

P. W. CREIGHTON begs to inform his friends and the public that he has entered into Copartnership with Mr. M. A. NEWTON, under the firm of

NEWTON & CREIGHTON,

And they purpose continuing the above business as heretofore carried on under the firm of Lowes and Creighton, and beg to solicit a continuance of their support.

April 9th, 1838.

TURNBULL & FOUND,
TAILORS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the Public, that they have commenced business in the above line, in the house adjoining Mr. Nordbeck, in Granville Street, where all orders in their line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Feb 17.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

Will be published every Friday evening, at the printing office of Wm. Cunnell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and index.

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