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THE PEARL.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1837.

No. 7.

A THOUGHT IN SOLITUDE.

Where is the queenly ship,
That in her beauty flew
Over the harbor's emerald waves,
To her home, the deep and blue?
Like a bride she bounded forth,
With music and with glee;
Proud were the men who guided her
To combat with the sea!

Can her high pride be tamed?
Where are her streamers gone?
Doth she lie where the south-breeze cannot reach,
Nor the storm-wind's awful tone?
Where is the queenly ship,
With her crew of gallant men?
Are they in silence laid to sleep,
But once to rise again?

Or is she bounding on
As on that parting day;
Doth the noble bark, like one of life,
The skill of man obey?
O! there were hearts within her
That warmly beat for me—
But their God and mine 'holds in his palm'
Their enemy, the sea!

Quebec, April, 1837.

A. A. M.

SINGULAR VICISSITUDE OF FORTUNE.

'As illustrative of the sudden and singular vicissitudes of fortune which men sometimes undergo in that place, (Stock Exchange) I may mention a curious instance in the case of Mr. F——, the present proprietor of one of the most extensive estates in the county of Middlesex. He had been for some years a member of the Stock Exchange, when, on becoming unfortunate, he had to suffer the indignity of having his name chalked on the black board; an indignity to which poverty more frequently than dishonourable conduct is subjected. The loss of a handsome fortune, coupled with the treatment he had received from the committee, worked his feelings up to such a state of frenzy, that chancing to pass London bridge a few days after the battle of Waterloo, he, in his despair, threw the last shilling he had in the world over the bridge into the water. For a few moments afterwards he stood motionless on the spot, leaning over the parapet, and gazing vacantly on the water. The emotions which then passed through his mind were of a nature which no second party could describe; and which, indeed, even he himself could not by possibility convey with anything like their vividness or power, to the minds of others. His predominant feelings—but no idea can be formed of their burning intensity—were those of envy of the insensate stones, and of a wish that he himself were, like his last shilling, at the bottom of the river. That moment, but for the crowds of persons who were repassing, he would have thrown himself over the parapet of the bridge, and ended his woes by ending his existence. From that instant, he did form the purpose of committing suicide; and he began to move slowly towards home with that view. Before he had reached the other end of the bridge, he was met by a Frenchman with whom he had been on terms of great intimacy. He would have passed by the Frenchman, so absorbed was he with the wretchedness of his condition, without recognizing him. The latter, however, advancing towards Mr. F——, seized him by the hand, and inquired how he was. He managed to lisp out an 'O, how are you.'

'This is a most important affair to both countries,' said the Frenchman.

'What affair?' inquired the other, partially recovering himself from the frightful reverie to which he had been giving way.

'Why, the great battle,' observed Monsieur.

'The great battle! What great battle?'

'The battle of Waterloo.'

'You are surely dreaming. I have not heard a word about it: the newspapers make no mention of any battle having been lately fought.'

'I dare say they do not. How could they? Intelligence of it has only reached town within the last two hours. The foreign secretary and the French ambassador alone know anything of it. Government have received the tidings of it by telegraph: it is not an hour since I parted with the French ambassador from whom I had the information. Napoleon is signally defeated.'

'Mr. F—— felt as if he had started from a deep sleep. He felt as if he had become a new man. The advantage to which such important intelligence might be turned on the Stock Exchange, the scene of so many disasters and so much degradation to him, immediately shot across his mind.'

'And the battle was an important one?'

'Most important,' said the Frenchman, with great emphasis. 'It will prove fatal for ever to the prospects of Buonaparte. His usurpation is at an end,' he added, with evident joy, being a great adherent of the Bourbon family.

'Were the numbers on either side great?'

'I have no idea of the exact numbers, but the battle was the greatest which has been fought in modern times, and it lasted a considerable part of three days.'

'Mr. F—— cordially shook the Frenchman by the hand, and said he would call on him in a day or two. Hastily returning to the city, he hurried to a certain firm on the Stock Exchange, informed them that he had just become exclusively possessed of most important information, and expressed his readiness to communicate it to them on condition that he should receive the half of whatever profits they might realize on any operation they might have in the Stock Exchange in consequence of that information. They agreed to his proposal: he told them the result of the battle of Waterloo: they rushed into the market and purchased consols to an enormous amount. In the meantime Mr. F—— proceeded to another large house, and told them also that he possessed information of the most important character, of which he was sure they had heard nothing. They admitted they knew of nothing that was not in the public prints. He made the same proposal to them he had done to the other firm: they also, not supposing Mr. F—— had spoken to any other party on the subject, at once closed with the offer, and, on the intelligence being communicated to them, one of the partners called the other aside—there were only two in the counting house at the time—and whispered to him, not on any account to let Mr. F—— out of his sight, lest he should allow the important intelligence to transpire to some one else,—adding that he would that instant hurry to the Stock Exchange, and employ various brokers to purchase consols to a large amount. 'You'll recollect what I have said,' he observed to his partner, as he hastened out of the counting-house. 'I'll take special care of that,' said the other. 'Leave such matters to me,' he added in his own mind. A thought struck him. 'Mr. F——, will you just step into the parlour,' pointing the way, 'and have a lunch?' Mr.

F. assented. They both proceeded to an apartment in another part of the house. A lunch was brought. Mr. F——, whose state of mind had deprived him of all appetite for some days past, now ate rather heartily. While busy with the tidings set before him, the other, rising from his seat, said, 'You'll excuse me for a moment, Mr. F——, while I transact a small matter in the counting-house.' 'Certainly,' said Mr. F——, 'take your time.' The other quitted the room, and on getting to the outside, locked the door, unknown to Mr. F——, and put the key in his pocket. In about half an hour the first partner returned from the Stock Exchange, and stated that the funds had already, from some cause or other, risen in an hour two or three per cent. The cause, it is unnecessary to say, was the immense amount of consols which had been purchased by the first house to whom Mr. F—— gave the information. Both partners proceeded to the apartment in which they had shut up their prisoner, and apprised him of the rise which had taken place, adding that they did not think it advisable to purchase at the advanced price. He urged them to do so, expressing his firm belief that when the news of so important a victory by the allied powers had been received, the funds would rise at least ten or twelve per cent. The parties acted on his advice, and made immense purchases. The event justified the soundness of Mr. F——'s counsel, and the accuracy of his opinion; for on the day on which intelligence of the battle was made general, the funds rose to the amazing extent of fifteen per cent., which is the greatest rise they were ever known to experience. Mr. F——'s share of the profits between the two houses in one day exceeded £100,000. He returned next day to the Stock Exchange, and very soon amassed a large fortune, when he had the wisdom to quit the place for ever, and went and purchased the estate I have alluded to, which he still possesses. —From the Great Metropolis.—Second Series.

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.—'On entering the harbour (says Mr. Earl), I perceived a small hut, perched upon the steep side of one of the heads, and upon making an enquiry concerning it, was informed that it had been erected for the residence of the men who guarded the sarong burung (birds' nests), which abound in an extensive cavern in the immediate vicinity, this hut having been constructed at the mouth of one of these subterraneous recesses.

'The manufacturers of the nests, so greatly in esteem in China, are small swallows, which are supposed to collect the glutinous substance of which they are composed from the sea. The nests resemble small tea-saucers in form, the rim being about the size of that of a tumbler. The best that is, those collected before the eggs of the bird have been laid are of a light red colour; and nearly transparent, bearing almost a perfect resemblance to isinglass, except that they are rather more brittle. China is almost the only market for this delicacy, the nests being greatly in demand throughout the Celestial Empire, in consequence of their supposed nutritious qualities. They are of three different degrees of excellence, and the best kind is sold in China at the rate of nine shillings an ounce. When used for culinary purposes, they are dissolved in water, and made into a tasteless soup. I have eaten them several times at the table of rich Chinese, but must confess that they did not strike me as being at all agreeable to the palate: in fact, it is difficult to distinguish the slightest flavour. The collection of these nests is a work of danger and difficulty; they are taken periodically, and it is necessary to station proper persons at the mouths of the caverns to prevent the birds from being disturbed by intruders.'

For the Pearl.

THOUGHTS ON ASTRONOMY.

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament sheweth his handy work.

To those who view the magnificence of the great Creator in all his works, these words of the sublime psalmist have already said more than man can express, and if the writer sought applause, he would certainly not have chosen a text which at once casts his performance in the shade.

But the pleasure he has received from a very limited study of Astronomy, induces an endeavour to draw the attention of others to the same delightful subject.

Many nations ere the gospel's light had reached them, adored the Sun as the Author of their happiness; they felt the benefit of its light, the necessity of its heat to the vegetable world, which was their chief subsistence, and they knew also that they were mortal; they had never heard of God, but acknowledged a superior being, and naturally worshipped the most grand and imposing object that nature presented to their view. They looked upon the heavens with wonder, and to the Sun (as the great director of the universe) with awe and veneration.

How thankful should we be for the light that shines upon us! How much ought we to appreciate our emersion from the cares and darkness of Superstition. If our unenlightened ancestors could have imagined the immense distance of the Sun or could have conceived its magnitude, how much would their respect for, and fear of that orb have been increased. Science has brought this subject within reach of the most humble; the principles of Astronomy are explained in such clear language that their abstruseness is no longer to be dreaded.

As a mere mathematical calculation, this study would interest only a few.—But if we think of the great power that mankind have derived from it, even in its earliest stages;—if we consider the advantages that navigation has opened to the world; the wealth that nations who have made Astronomy their study have acquired; the honour that individuals have gained by discovery, and the consequent moral benefit that the Western world has received from civilization; we shall find that a general knowledge of its principles is neither uninteresting or without benefit. But these are not its only advantages; for who can view the wide expanse of heaven, and the countless stars that stud its apparent canopy, without feeling his insignificance when he knows their nature and vast distance. Or who can learn unmoved that the earth on which he stands is travelling with great velocity through infinite space attached by the invisible power of gravitation to other worlds, that revolve at ever varying distance about the visible direction of their system with paths so well defined, and governed by such unerring laws that they can never come in contact with each other. And how must the mind expand in the consideration of "space" unlimited "unconfined"—through which a comet may wander for nearly a century, and yet be traced through every mile of its path by the ingenious research of man, who foretels its return but lives not to witness the veracity of his calculation. The heavenly bodies wander on for ages but man returns to the dust! Can these ideas, and pride find place in the same breast?

Astronomy must raise the mind to God. The study of it must lead to humility for two reasons, first because the further we advance the wider appears the field before us, and secondly because the consideration of things superior to ourselves shews us our extreme weakness. Without Astronomy what are the heavens to us? The sky is a field of blue, and the stars are only the spangles that adorn it! but the mariner seeks in vain his destined port, or is unwittingly dashed on some sunken rock. The years roll on unmarked. The destroyer "time" still continues his ravages but his days are no longer numbered. The mind loses the pleasure which the knowledge of so beautiful a system, must produce; and rises not in praise to the Author of all. For to it the Heavens do not declare the full glory of God—the firmament sheweth not the extent of his handy work.

A SAILOR.

THE HAPPY DREAM.

I laid me down and slumbered,
And gladness filled my breast:
I dreamt that my days were numbered,
That my weary heart had rest:
And a loved fair girl whom I joy'd to see,
Was the first with smiles to welcome me
To the land of the good and blest.

As she came, there was music on the air
With the motion of her wings,
That parted from her pinions fair,
Free as the gush of springs:
And the strains which arose and died around,
Were softer than twilight-mellowed sound,
More sweet than from earthly strings.

I turned with the pain of parting
From the few I left behind,
But that fair one's radiance darting,
Swept the shadow from my mind:
As I gazed on her beauty beyond compare,
Away was dissolved the pain, and care,
That had linked me to my kind.

I marvelled at the splendour
So pure and so intense:
Yet all subdued and tender
That injured not the sense:
I marvelled at the coming bright,
Of that illimitable light,
Which was, I knew not whence.

Around were myriads soaring
With fadeless glory bright,
Whose natures were adoring
The fountain of all light:
And soothing o'er my spirit stole
These accents of the loved soul
That first entranced my sight.

"Thou hast left the realms of night,
Thou hast left the land of care;
Thou hast gained the abode of Love and Light,
The home of the good and fair:
Oh! blessed art thou such home to gain,
Where Rest is not the child of Pain,
Nor Joy is Sorrow's heir!"

I awoke, and pined to die,
For the light came thick and dull;
I pined on the wings of the dove to fly
To the Land of the Beautiful:
I pined to sever the mind from the clay,
But the spirit within me for ever would say,
"God's laws man may not annul."

Metropolitan for June. RICHARD HOWITT.

ROUTE OF THE ISRAELITES.—"Late in the afternoon we landed on the opposite side, on the most sacred spot connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, where they rose from the dry bed of the sea, and at the command of Moses, the divided waters rushed together, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots, and the whole host of Egypt. With the devotion of a pious pilgrim, I picked up a shell and put it into my pocket as a memorial of the place, and then Paul and I mounting the dromedaries which my guide had brought down to the shore in readiness, rode to a grove of palm-trees, shading a fountain of bad water, called ayoun Moussa, or the fountain of Moses. I was riding carelessly along, looking behind me towards the sea, and had almost reached the grove of palm-trees, when a large flock of crows flew out, and my dromedary frightened with their sudden whizzing, started back and threw me twenty feet over his head completely clear of his long neck, and left me sprawling in the sand. It was a mercy I did not finish my wanderings where the children of Israel began theirs; but I saved my head at the expense of my hands, which sank in the loose soil up to the wrist, and bore the marks for more than two months afterward. I seated myself where I fell, and as the sun was just dipping below the horizon, told Paul to pitch the tent with the door towards the place of the miraculous passage. I was sitting on the sand on the very spot where the chosen people of God, after walking over the dry bed

of the sea, stopped to behold the divided waters returning to their place and swallowing up the host of the pursuers. The mountains on the other side looked dark and portentous, as if proud and conscious witnesses of the mighty miracle, while the sun, descended slowly behind them, long after it had disappeared, left a reflected brightness which illumined with an almost supernatural light the dark surface of the water.

"But to return to the fountains of Moses. I am aware that there is some dispute as to the precise spot where Moses crossed; but having no time for scepticism on such matters, I began by making up my mind that this was the place, and then looked around to see whether, according to the account given in the Bible, the face of the country and the natural landmarks did not sustain my opinion. I remember I looked up to the head of the gulf, where Suez or Kolsun now stands, and saw that almost to the very head of the gulf there was a high range of mountains which it would be necessary to cross, an undertaking which it would have been physically impossible for 600,000 people, men, women, and children, to accomplish with a hostile army pursuing them. At Suez, Moses could not have been hemmed in as he was; he could go off into the Syrian desert, or, unless the sea has changed since that time, round the head of the gulf. But here, directly opposite where I sat, was an opening in the mountains, making a clear passage from the desert to the shore of the sea."—*Incidents of Travel*.

CREATION OF MAN.

When the divine counsel in the infinitude of its wisdom entered within itself to meditate on a plan by which to fashion finite man, the sun was looking down upon the new born world in the brightness of unclouded splendor, and the earliest flower that sprung spontaneous from the new made soil—the first production of prolific nature—unbosomed its beauty to his morning beams—then it was that gentle zephyrs which had not learned to vaunt themselves into angry tempests, wafted fragrance on their unseen wings, bounding as it were in joy through the thornless bowers of paradise; the bright waters too, spread out in chrysal calmness, seemed as the vast mirror of the glorious heaven, reflecting the excellencies of creation from its shining bosom, teeming with life, and rushing in very gladness, with the scaly tribes wantoning in their own elastic element—the feathered race of varied plumage, lifted their ten thousand songs of praise and thanksgiving, to him who gave them being and bade them sing shaded as they were from the mid-day heat, by the fading foliage of the blessed Eden, they wafted sweet bosannas to the high home of angelic and godlike perfection where their mighty Maker sat enthroned.

There stood the tree of life in the midst of the flowery plain, untouched, save by the unshining bird that chanted hallowed praise among its branches, and the soft wind that murmured by, catching on spotless pinions, nature's sacrifice of unsullied incense and bearing it up to the throne of heaven's eternal King. No hand was there to gather in the treasures that spontaneous grew, or to molest the unmolested shoot. Silence reigned profoundly throughout the blissful regions, until a voice in commanding tones, exclaimed, "let us make man in our image and after our likeness." Then it was, at the mention of the word man first named in heaven, that unfallen spirits, bowed their forms, and meditated what the word might mean,—it was of interest to them, whether it should be a creation greater or a "little lower" than themselves. While gazing with intensity of interest on the action of Omnipotent Power, they beheld in Eden a fair form arise upon his brow he bore the dignity of unspotted innocence, his eye beamed with the consciousness of his Creator's favor—his heart rejoiced in the approbation of his Maker. Thus he sat alone in the light of the sixth day's sun, on himself so strangely brought into being and into being. Looking upward with a mind unclouded by sin—unclouded by contamination's contagious hand, he in amazement viewed the stupendous works which appeared around and around him.

Thus our primeval sire sat in Eden's bower listening to the gentle rippling of the waters as they passed out of the lonely garden, the twin rivers poured their waves along, parting and passing from each other, and seeming in the presence of their new made lord, as separating friends, sighing to each other as they moved away that touching word—farewell—a word ere long destined to fall upon his heart as the dread thunder-bolt of heaven.

Adam slept. There rests the last workmanship of God, in the bringing forth of his proud, his matchless—superstructure—there he rests—alas preparing for a long fatigue. And while he slept from out his side a shade arose which startled suddenly into life and stood to wake him with her magic touch. 'Twas woman—on her cheek sat angel innocence, on her person perfect beauty, her eyes beamed the mildness of female purity and love, she looked upon herself and her rising lord in the bright light of time, themselves the subjects of vast eternity. She wondered at the symmetry and excellence displayed in the exquisite form of her beloved spouse—his heavenly mien—his manly countenance, his dark eye, were objects of her surprise, and curious—as her daughters have ever been—she laid her soft hand on his peaceful brow, and exclaimed, we are one, bone of bone, and flesh of flesh. The happiness of Eden was complete.

ALPHA.

FARMS IN ENGLAND.—The farms are regularly laid out in square and parallelograms of from two to forty acres, and in general they are laid down as smooth and level as the roller can make them. Here is a luxuriant wheat field, and there busy preparations for putting in potatoes or turnips, and there barley or oats just shooting up from the dark and rich soil. But scarcely a rod of the fence, such as we meet every where in the U. States of America, do you see in your 200 miles ride from Liverpool to the metropolis. All is hawthorn; and these hedges, which are, for the most part, neatly trimmed about the gardens and farmhouses, and by the roadside, add more to the beauty of the country than any description had pictured upon the mind. The common method of making the hedges is this: first, a ridge is thrown up, perhaps a foot from the level of the fields which are to be fenced off, then the young thorn is to be planted in two parallel rows, about a foot or eighteen inches apart. The growth is not very rapid, but when it has attained the height of four or five feet, in about as many years, it becomes so dense that no domestic animal would think of breaking through it. The leaf is small, deeply verdant, and beautifully serrated. In the month of May these hedges are clothed with a white fragrant blossom, very much resembling that of thorns of our own country, and it is then that the honeysuckle and other wild flowers unfold their wild hues and mingle their sweetness with the hawthorn. In the hedges, trees, such as the oak, the elm, and the horse chestnut, are planted, sometimes in rows near together, but oftener far apart, so that each one rises and waves by itself over the humble but not less charming growth below. Single trees of great age, and very large, are sprinkled here and there in every direction, and every now and then you catch a glimpse, in the distance, of a grove or clump, which adds not a little to the beauty of the landscape.—*Humphrey's Tour.*

ESCAPE FROM A SHARK.—HARDY, in his travels through Mexico, gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark:—The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loretta, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it: a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms of water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look

upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tintetero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tintetero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tintetero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim; or, at least that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the relish. Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo; one, to suffer himself to be drowned, the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud by which himself and the tintetero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Providentially he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.

SPANISH INCONGRUITIES.—Late in the evening we entered Ovar, a long, straggling town, in which I naturally concluded that some house of accommodation must exist; but literally there was none. The Peninsula generally, although it may be said more of Spain than Portugal, abounds in these strange inconsistencies. I once stopped at a venta in Andalusia, which not only possessed the necessaries, but many of the comforts of life. Meat and fowls, with tea, coffee, and chocolate, formed a sumptuous bill of fare for a Spanish country inn; forks abounded but when I called for a knife, I was told that no such implement was kept in the house, on a principle of self-preservation. The reason given was eminently Spanish; but, in fact, the road was chiefly frequented by smugglers, who live well, but always carry their own knives, and this was the real cause of the deficiency. The same curious contradictions are occasionally found in the higher ranks. I remember sleeping at the house of a decayed noble, who received me with the utmost hospitality. My sleeping apartment was, however, destitute of the most common conveniences of life; my bed had no curtains, there was not a looking-glass, there was not a chair in the room. Such being the case, I was surprised and somewhat amused at seeing a menial, attired in a faded livery of green and gold, enter my apartment with much state, bearing a basin of massive silver, which he was himself compelled to hold, because there was no table on which he could

place that ponderous relic of the departed splendour of the house.—*Portugal and Galicia.*

2 KINGS, v. 17. “And Naaman said, Shall there no then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth?”—In some cases it is almost impossible to perform the ablutions which are required in the East, from the difficulty of obtaining water. Contrivances have therefore been adopted to obviate it. Some of the Arabs rub their hands on a smooth stone for this purpose. Other people make use of sand, as possibly the servant of Naaman wished to do of the earth he requested. “Both at sun-set and at eight o'clock, the whole assembly were summoned to prayers, a man standing outside the tent and calling them to their devotions, in the same manner as is done from the minarets of the mosques of Turkish towns: each man rubbed his face over with sand, a heap of which was placed in front of the tent for that purpose, to serve as a substitute for water for their religious ablutions. We could not but admire the decorous solemnity with which they all joined in the divine worship, standing in a row, and bowing down and kissing the ground together.”—*Irby and Mangle's Tour.*

SCIENCE.—If all we see and hear be true, our times are making rapid advances in the developments and improvements of science. In a paper recently presented by a learned Doctor Bannato to the royal academy of science at Paris, an examination was exhibited of the character and constitution of the celebrated fiddler Paganini. The Doctor attributed his high attainments to neither study nor practice but a singular and entirely original conformation of his physical being, nor does he confine the organs of his peculiar powers entirely in accordance with the accepted rules and locations of phrenology. Leaving the head, he proceeds to an examination of the arm which he describes as being a beautiful specimen of moveable machinery capable of discoursing admirable music, upon that prince of instruments the fiddle. The peculiar organization of his ear, which is no less singular than his arm, and the large development of his cerebellum, also contribute their portion in the construction of his inimitable perfections.

Thus Paganini is made a fiddler by a freak of nature in the formation of his corporeal structure.

A LADY'S PROMISE.—Lady Penelope d' Arcy, daughter and co-heir of Thomas, Earl of Rivers, who married Sir George Trenchard, was left a widow at seventeen. She wedded, secondly, Sir John Gate, Knt., and thirdly, Sir William Hervey, Knt. of Ickworth, in Suffolk. This fair lady and wealthy heiress was wooed by three suitors at the same time, and the knights, as in chivalry bound, were disposed to contest the prize with target and lance; but the lady herself forbade the battle, and menaced the disobedient knights with her eternal displeasure, promising jocularly that if they had but patience, she would have them all in their turns, and she actually fulfilled her promise, for she espoused, first, Sir George Trenchard of Wolverton, secondly, Sir John Gate, of Foile, and thirdly, Sir William Hervey, of Ickworth.—*Burke's Landed Estates.*

PATENT BUTTER.—We learn from the silk culturists that the Emperor of Russia has issued a patent to one of his subjects, for a new method of making butter. It is thus: simmer the milk while still sweet, 15 minutes, take care not to burn it, and then churd it. The butter comes very soon, and is of a quality much superior to that made in the common mode. It is richer and preserves its flavour, much longer, and the milk, being left sweet, retains its value for ordinary uses.

The experiment is so easy and promises so much, both in respect, to saving of labor and superior results, that it invites trial very strongly.

NO BEER—NO BREAD!—In the window of a respectable brewery in this town is the following:—“Notice No Tee-totaler will be supplied either with grains or yeast from this brewhouse.”—*Reading Mercury.*

HOPE.

I

It is not on earth, by pollution enshrouded,
I seek for a morning, all bright and unclouded;
The days of our years are all darkness and pain,
And the fresh gathered clouds return after the rain.

II

I seek not on earth, by the touch of sin tainted,
The fountains for which my lorn spirit hath fainted;
Here, death may be heard in each musical rill,
And his poison creeps through all its loveliness still.

III

While onward and upward my footsteps are going,
I heed not the tempests that round me are blowing;
By toil I am wearied, by weakness distrest,
But this earth is for labour, I ask not its rest.

IV

For my spirit is seeking that rest which remaineth;
That water of life, which death never profaneth;
That morning, whose light hath the brightness of seven,
The life, and the rest, and the glory of heaven.

Martha Rowles.

A VISIT TO THE MOSQUES OF TURKEY.

By Miss Pardoc.

"If we escape from St Sophia unsuspected," said my chivalrous friend, "we will then make another bold attempt; we will visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet; and as this is a high festival, if you risk the adventure, you will have done what no Infidel has ever yet dared to do; but I forewarn you that, should you be discovered, and fail to make your escape on the instant you will be torn to pieces. This assertion somewhat staggered me, and for an instant my woman-spirit quailed; I contented myself, however, with briefly replying, 'When we leave St. Sophia, we will talk of this,' and continued to walk beside him in silence. At length we entered the spacious court of the mosque; and as the servants stooped to withdraw my shoes, the bey murmured in my ear,—'Be firm, or you are lost!' and, making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear, which was rapidly stealing over me, I pulled the *fez* deeper upon my eye-brows, and obeyed. On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was laid with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons from the lofty ceiling, shed a broad light on all the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars, beggars were crouched down, holding in front of them their little metal basins, to receive the *paras* of the charitable; while servants lounged to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting, awaiting the egress of their employers. As I looked around me, our own attendant moved forward, and, raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at mid-length of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrank back before the blaze of light that burst upon me. Far as the eye could reach upwards circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the stupendous dome; while beneath, devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues: the imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit, was one blaze of refulgence and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy till it looked like a gigantic meteor! As I stood a few paces within the doorway, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice; I looked forward—upward—to the right hand, and to the left—but I could only take in a given space, covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and at a certain signal bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences among the tall dark pillars which support it. And this was St. Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment: the light; the ringing voices; the mysterious extent, which baffled the earnestness of my gaze; the ten thousand turbaned Moslems; as kneeling with their faces turned towards Meccah and, at intervals, laying their fore-

heads to the earth; the bright and various colours of the dresses; and the rich and glowing tints of the carpets that veiled the marble floor—all conspired to form a scene of such unearthly magnificence, that I felt as though there could be no reality in what I looked on, but that, at some sudden signal, the towering columns would fail to support the vault of light above them, and all would become void. I had forgotten every thing in the mere exercise of vision; the danger of detection; the flight of time; almost my own identity; when my companion uttered the single word 'Gel, Come;' and, passing forward to another door on the opposite side of the building, I instinctively followed him, and once more found myself in the court. What a long breath I drew as the cold air swept across my forehead! I felt like one who has suddenly stepped beyond the circle of an enchanter, and dissolved the spell of some mighty magic. 'Whither shall we now bend our way?' asked my companion, as we resumed our shoes. 'To Sultan Achmet,' I answered briefly. I could not have bestowed many words on my best friend at that moment; the very effort at speech was painful. In ten minutes more, we stood before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and ascending the noble flight of steps which lead to the principal entrance, we again cast off our shoes, and entered the temple. Infinitely less vast than St. Sophia, this mosque impressed me with a feeling of awe, much greater than that which I had experienced in visiting its more stately neighbour. Four colossal pillars of marble, five or six feet in circumference, support the dome, and these were wreathed with lamps even to the summit; while the number of lights suspended from the ceiling gave the whole edifice the appearance of a space overhung with stars. We entered at a propitious moment, for the Faithful were performing their prostrations, and had consequently no time to speculate on our appearance. The chanting was wilder and shriller than that which I had just heard at St. Sophia; it sounded to me, in fact, more like the delirious outcry which we may suppose to have been uttered by a band of Delphic priestesses than the voices of a choir of uninspired human beings. We passed onward over the yielding carpets, which returned no sound beneath our footsteps: and there was something strangely supernatural in the spectacle of several human beings moving along, without creating a single echo in the vast space they traversed. We paused an instant beside the marble-arched platform, on which the muezzin was performing his prostrations to the shrill cry of the choir; we lingered another, to take a last look at the kneeling thousands who were absorbed in their devotions; and then, rapidly descending into the court, my companion uttered a hasty congratulation on the successful issue of our bold adventures, to which I responded a most heartfelt 'Amen'—and in less than an hour, I cast off my *fez* and my pelisse in the harem of—Effendi, and exclaimed to its astonished inmates,—'I have seen the mosques!' Knowing what I now know of the Turks, I would not run the same risk a second time, though the Prophet's beard were to be my recompense. There are some circumstances in which ignorance of the extent of the danger is its best antidote. But the feeling that remained on my mind was vague, even to pain. I had seen St. Sophia, it is true, and seen it in all the glory of its million lamps; I had beheld it at a moment when no Christian eye had ever heretofore looked on it; and when detection would have involved instant destruction. I had lifted aside the veil from the Holy of Holies, witnessed the prostration which followed the thrilling cry of 'Allah Il Allah!' and polluted, with the breath of a Giaour, the atmosphere of the true believers; I had looked upon the Cheik-Islam, as he stood with his face turned Mecca-ward, his pale brow circled with gold, and his stately figure draped in white cachemere; and I had stood erect when every head was bowed and every knee bent at the name of the Prophet."—From "The city of the Sultan in 1836"

The Samaritan, or Phœnician, was the original Hebrew character; and the present alphabet was invented after the captivity.

The Irish alphabet is the Phœnician.

DONNA CATALINA DE ERANSO.

THE FEMALE ENSIGN.

The duchess d'Abrantes is publishing in Paris the "Lives and Portraits of Celebrated Women," from which we make a selection never before seen in this country. It is an account of one *Donna Catalina de Eranso*, the nun-ensign who seems rather a fiend than a "celebrated woman." The adventures of the nun-ensign—so called from her habiting herself in the military uniform—are so curious as to partake of the appearance of romance; though it is stated that the documents which prove her existence and extraordinary adventures are numerous and authentic. This strange being was it appears born at Sabastein in 1885. She was compelled to take the veil, but made her escape from the convent, and, having assumed male attire for the purpose of avoiding capture, her real sex was not discovered till the lapse of many years, during which she fought with great bravery as a soldier in the new world, and was promoted to the rank of ensign. Her violent temper led her into many scrapes, and she committed several murders—but ultimately obtained her pardon both from king and pope, and died in obscurity. From the history of this daring Amazon, we extract the following *murder and duel!*

The nun-ensign loved play with a sort of frenzy; and the violence of her temper rendered her disgusting to those who only sought amusement in it. She was therefore dreaded in the gaming house which she always made a point of visiting whenever she arrived in a town in which any existed. One day after her return from La Concepcion she was losing. A dispute arose about the throw; the banker wanted to speak, but she ordered him to be silent. He replied in a word so insulting, that Catalina became frantic with rage. "Dare to repeat that word," said she. The unhappy man did so, and had scarcely uttered it ere Catalina's sword was buried in his heart. At this moment a young and noble Castilian, don Francisco Paraga, auditor general of Chili, entered the room. With the authority of his rank and office, he ordered the ensign to leave the house, Catalina cast a glance of bitter contempt at him, and made no other reply than to draw her dagger—her sword still reeking with the blood of the unfortunate banker. Don Francisco repeated his order in a louder and more commanding voice, and at the same time seized Catalina by the upper part of her doublet, in order to enforce her obedience. As she felt his hand touch her bosom, she for a moment became an indignant woman; but the stern and cruel soldier soon avenged the outraged female. Raising her left arm, she stabbed Don Francisco in the face, and her dagger penetrated through his two cheeks. Then brandishing her sword and dagger, and casting a terrible look around the room she sprang upon the stairs and disappeared before the terrified spectators could summon resolution to stop her.

But though Catalina had succeeded in getting out of the house, she knew that the vengeance of the man she had wounded would be dreadful. She fully understood her situation, and the moment fury was appeased, perceived the full extent of the danger she had brought upon herself. There was only one mode of averting it; that was to seek the sanction of the cathedral, and thence retire to the adjoining convent of San Francisco. She had scarcely reached her asylum, when the governor arrived, surrounded by his soldiers—and Catalina was blockaded months. It seemed no doubt singular to her—but to her alone, who knew herself to be an apostate nun—that she should thus be besieged in a monastery, not for violation of her first vows, but for having killed two men with her woman's hand and her tiger's heart.

She had a friend in her regiment, Don Juan de Silva, ensign of another company. One day he came to see her she was walking alone and under the gloomy arcade of the church, uttering blasphemies against the sect which was becoming insupportable to her. Don Juan just had a quarrel of so serious a nature that the satisfaction he required could not be deferred till the morrow but was to have been given at 11 o'clock the same day. On the rising of the moon, the two adversaries were to meet in a wood at a short distance from the ramparts.

"But I have no second," said Don Juan, "and I am come to request you will perform that office for me." The nun started at the appeal; this confidence in her courage sent a thrill through her heart. But a cloud suddenly passed her brow—a thought had come between her and her friend—she frowned as she looked at Don Juan with suspicion—she thought he wanted to betray her.

"Why fight beyond the walls, and at such an hour?" said she, fixing upon his countenance those eyes which always sparkled with a flame of the darkest ferocity. Don Juan made no reply. From her look and the tone of her voice, he had guessed her suspicious.

"Alonzo!" he said at length, "since you refuse your services, I will go unattended; for I have confidence in no one but you."

"I will go; I will attend you!" cried Catalina.

The clock of the convent had just struck ten, when Don Juan came to fetch her. Both were wrapped in large brown *capas*, under which they carried their swords, whilst the *sombrero* concealed their faces.

"These preparations would be more necessary at any other time," observed Catalina, as they both continually stumbled from the darkness of the night.

The moon had not yet risen; the sky was overcast, the weather stormy, and not a star to be seen. They found Juan's adversary, with his second, waiting for them. He who was to fight with Don Juan was a knight of St. Jago named Don Francisco de Rojas. The moment he perceived them coming towards him, he advanced to the skirt of the wood, took off his cloak and *sombrero*, and, addressing Don Juan, observed that all reconciliation between them being impossible, they had better not waste in useless words the time which might be more advantageously employed in the work of vengeance. Don Juan bowed in silent acquiescence, drew his sword, and the combat began. Meanwhile, the two seconds on the skirt of the wood, and close to the combatants, took care of the *capas* and *sombrero*, concealing, however their faces from each other, which Catalina was most anxious to do. They would perhaps have quitted each other without recognition, had not Catalina on seeing Don Juan receive a wound and stagger, cried out. "That was the blow of a base and cowardly traitor!"

"Thou liest!" replied the second of Don Francisco de Rojas.

Catalina approached the stranger with her dagger in her hand: in an instant two blades of steel sparkled in the shade; and the silence of the forest, which had been interrupted by the strife of the two principals only, was broken in upon by a deadly combat, arising from no other cause than the insatiable thirst of a woman for blood. Scarcely were the hostile weapons opposed to each other, ere Don Francisco's friend fell, mortally wounded. He asked for a priest. On hearing the agonized cry of her victim, Catalina's heart became vulnerable for the first time. She thought she knew the voice; and, leaning over the dying man, she recognized, by the uncertain light of the moon, which had just risen, features which struck her with remorse.

"Who are you then?" she asked, as if reproaching her victim with the crime she had just committed.

"Captain Michael de Eraso," replied the dying man. The unhappy woman had killed her brother.

BASHFULNESS.—There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a body, which a few steps into the world convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

LOVE.—There is something soothing and delightful in the recollection of a pure-minded woman's affection; it is the basis in the desert of a worldly man's life, to which his feelings turn for refreshment, when wearied with the unhalloved passion of this work-o'-day world.

THE PAST.—Past time is the sepulchre of generations that are gone; we should respect it, but we should not wish to bury ourselves and live in it.

THE CHANGING WORLD.

By Mrs. Hale.

How the world's aspect changes!—doth it change?

Or are those changes in the eye that gazes?
Mark the light hearted boy—all earth is strange
And new, but lovely: and he laughs and praises,
And makes his life a holiday, nor dreams
His bounding foot will ever press the thorn:
The world he treads as fair and softened seems
As far off mountains robed in hues of morn.

There comes a change—when youth with burning thought,
Roams o'er the sunny fields in search of roses;
And he may pluck them but they're dearly bought,
For every step some blasted scene discloses—
And the flowers wither ere the wreath is twin'd—
Haste! seize another—'twill be all the same;
His flowers he scatters to the passing wind,
Sighs and confesses, "Pleasure's but a name!"

There comes a change—when manhood walks abroad;
He seeks no roses, let the frail things wither;
The path he chooses, mighty men have trod,
And on he rushes, scarcely heeding whither;
But shining dust is scattered o'er the ground,
He stoops to grasp it and is bowed forever!
Though heaven's transcendent glories beam around,
The mind intent on gold regards them never.

There comes a change—when age, with sunken eye,
Hath lost his vision, and the mists have gathered;
Then life's dark shadows o'er the cold world lie—
No spring can blossom when the heart is withered;
And all is worthless—even gold grows dim—
But, dying mortal, turn and look above thee!
There see Hope's star still burns, to guide to Him,
Who from the throne of Heaven hath stooped to love thee!

A SCENE DURING THE PLAGUE IN MILAN, 1630.

Translated from "I Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni.

Through the very heart of this frightful desolation, Renzo made his way; nor paused, till uncertain which of two roads to take. He was about to turn down the one indicated to him, when there issued from it a horrible confusion of sounds, above which was clearly distinguishable the sharp, appealing tinkle which preceded the pest carts; he shuddered, yet went on, with difficulty threading his way through the street broad as it was. Three of these horrible vehicles followed one upon another, and now stopped. The scene which followed might not inaptly be compared to a corn market; there was a hurrying to and fro of persons and burdens, sacks filled and emptied of their contents. **Monatti* hurrying into the houses, others coming out, tottering beneath the burdens they carried on their shoulders, which they deposited with little precaution on one or the other of the carts; some in their red liveries, others without this insignia, and a still greater number distinguished by one more revolting, with jerkins and plumes of various colors, as if to denote that this fearful public calamity were to them a festival. From window to window there issued at each moment a sepulchral sound, which scarce resembled the human voice, though it articulated "*Ina Monatti!*" then with a sound yet more sinister there arose above the sad wailing, a sharp voice in reply "adess' adesso!" With these there mingled heart-rending lamentations, and entreaties to make speed, to which the *Monatti* replied with impatient oaths. Renzo pursued his way endeavouring to bestow no more attention on the obstacles in his path, than was necessary to avoid stumbling over them; till, at length, his shrinking gaze fixed on a sight of peculiar and touching misery—a sight which, whilst it prompted, rived, the soul to contemplate. He stood transfixed to the spot as it were spell bound. Down the steps of one of the largest houses, there descended a graceful female form,

*Thus were denominated the men to whom was assigned the laborious and perilous task of removing dead bodies from the houses, the roads, and the Lazaretto to the pit which formed one vast tomb for rich and poor; as well as to conduct those suffering under the disease to the Lazaretto, and superintend the burning of infected apparel.

her appearance denoted that if the first bloom of youth had passed, its prime had not. On her sweet countenance were traces of loveliness faded and obscured, but not destroyed—of cruel suffering and mortal languor; yet withal, there shone pre-eminent that beauty, at once soft and majestic, so peculiar to Lombardy. She moved towards the convoy, her step was slow and painful, but not unsteady—her eyes were free from tears, but bore evidence of having shed so many that their source was dried up? there was in her grief a something tranquil and profound which indicated a soul keenly sensible to, yet fully competent to struggle with it. Yet was it not her appearance only which, in the midst of so much misery pointed her out as an object of peculiar commiseration and wakened on her behalf the feeling which had been weakened or extinguished in almost every heart. She held in her arms a little girl about the age of nine—dead, but attired with the most scrupulous nicety; her flaxen locks were minutely parted on her forehead; her robe was of the finest texture and dazzlingly white: in short, one might have fancied that the tender hand of a mother had arrayed her for some fête which had long been promised, and was now accorded as a reward. Neither was she held in a reclining posture but upright as in life, with her little cold breast supported against the one which had nourished her infancy. One might have thought she slept, were it not for the little hand, white and rigid as marble, which hung so heavily, so inanimately by her side; for the little hand which rested on its mother's shoulder with an abandonment which betokened the slumber of death—yes, she who so tenderly supported the little unconscious being was her mother! did not the resemblance between those two lovely, pallid faces attest the fact, the anguish of the one which still bore faint evidence of life, must have incontestably proved it! A turpid *Monatto* advanced, and extended his hand to relieve her of her burden; yet, was there an involuntary hesitation in his manner, a sort of tender respect. The mother shrank back but betrayed neither displeasure nor disdain.

"No," she exclaimed in a soft low voice, "I, myself must lay her on her bier: take this," and she placed a well-filled purse in the hand which the *Monatto* extended; "promise me," she continued, "promise me that you will not remove the most trifling article from this precious form, that you will not suffer any one else to do so; but lay her in her grave just as she now is."

The *Monatto* placed his right hand on his breast, then with obsequious civility, the result of the ne'er till then felt emotions which subdued his hardened nature, rather than of the unexpected boon he had received, busied himself in clearing a space on the cart for the little corpse. The mother imprinted a long kiss on her child's brow, and laid her softly down, as though on a bed to sleep; she then arranged her snowy garment in graceful folds around her. "Farewell, my Cecilia," she murmured, "repose in peace! ere another day has dawned we shall follow thee, and then we shall all be together for ever; meanwhile, pray for us, and I will pray for the other dear ones who have gone before!—farewell! She then carefully spread a coverlet of fine white linen over the rigid little form, and turning to the *Monatto* addressed him in a voice yet more low and unearthly; "*Monatto*," she said, "you will repass at Vespers forget not to enter, and ascend to the front chamber on the right of the first floor, you will then have to take me, and not me only, my last earthly treasure is dying also."

Thus saying, she returned slowly into the house, and in an instant after appeared on the balcony holding in her arms her youngest darling, still breathing it is true, but with the stamp of death on its little face. Pressing the little sufferer to her breast, and trying to hush its mournful wailings, the still youthful mother stood contemplating the unworthy obsequies of her first-born, till the pest cart moved on and was finally lost to sight. Then she too, disappeared, and with an expiring effort of strength, she laid her infant on the bed, stretched herself beside it, and breathed out her pure soul at the same moment its little spirit also winged its flight to realms supernal.

THE MASON BEE.—"One good old lady took up her position within a foot of the sofa on which I was accustomed to lounge during the extreme heat of the day. I therefore could watch all her motions without any trouble. I copy here the memorandum made at the time:

House completely built in about three hours; diameter of the foundation-circle 6-8ths of an inch, height when completed, 5-8ths, and door or chimney projecting scarcely 1-8th. I could not decide whether more than one bee was occupied in the construction, because they are so much alike; but there never have two appeared at the same time. When the building was finished, it was left for the remainder of the day to consolidate, and it soon became quite hard and dry. Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, I found the labourer of the preceding day arrive, and in her arms a long slender green caterpillar. She approached the open door or chimney, but did not rest on it, for while hovering on the wing she contrived to push the head of the caterpillar into the hole, and then gradually, and by piecemeal, to force in the whole body. As soon as this was fairly out of sight, she took her departure, and in five minutes returned with another victim. I counted 7 of these caterpillars pushed into the same building. The eighth time she returned without a caterpillar, but with a load of clay, with which in an instant she closed up the open door, and immediately began to lay a new foundation. This she finished before noon, and left it to dry for the rest of the day. Next morning I saw her bringing the caterpillars, but did not remain to count them.

"I allowed the process to go on for four days, when with a sharp table-knife I removed the first nest from the wainscot, and found the ova hatched, and the caterpillars, in whose bodies they had been deposited, nearly all destroyed by the young grubs. In the second the ova had not burst, and in the third the cell was quite crammed with the still fresh bodies of the green caterpillars. I found in the huts that had not been disturbed, the wall broken on one side or other, and that when taken down they were quite empty. Here then we find the insect first preparing a prison for the caterpillars, in whose bodies she deposits her ova for the purpose of being hatched, and which bodies also supply the young with food, until able to destroy the wall of the building, and find nourishment elsewhere."—*Halliday's West Indies.*

GUIANA CUCKOO AND A WREN.—"The little wren which I have already mentioned, seems to be so alarmed and annoyed by what is here called the lazy-bird (the *Cuculus rufo*), that she seeks and avails herself as much as possible of the protection of man, building her nest in the most frequented rooms of the house. One actually hatched and reared her young brood under a table in the mess-room of the 25th regiment, at Eve Leary barracks, a room frequented by hundreds daily, and where noise and uproar generally prevailed for half the night, yet nothing seemed to disturb her. To hang up an empty soda-water bottle in the open veranda is considered by this bird as a great boon, as in it she finds a retreat which the lazy-bird cannot reach; yet it is a most remarkable fact, that should the lazy-bird succeed in getting her egg placed in the little wren's nest, she not only hatches it, but is most indefatigable in procuring food for the the ravenous maw of the alien monster that has destroyed her own natural offspring.

"Here, as in Europe, the young of the foster-mother disappear as soon as the young cuckoo is hatched. Can it be a recollection of the cruel fate of her own young, and of the additional labour she will have to undergo, that makes her thus so persevering in her endeavours to escape from the pursuit of her remorseless persecutor? I saw a lazy-bird to-day follow a wren into the drawing room at Camp House, and was with difficulty driven out and prevented from taking possession of the wren's nest."—*Ibid.*

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF INSTINCT.—"A hive of bees have made a lodgement in the north wall of the dining-room, about six inches from the window-sill. They enter by a small opening, which is covered by the window-shutter, when it is fastened back by the iron hook that secures it; and I find that when the shutter is firmly hooked back, it completely obstructs their entrance. It is not often however, that the servants are at the trouble of fixing the hook; but as it has been done occasionally, the bees must have found it an annoyance, and, with the view of providing against it, they have surrounded the hole in the wall by a ball of clay, of the size of a hen's egg, which, though it does not prevent the shutter from being hooked back, keeps it at a sufficient distance from the wall to permit the bees to pass easily behind it. I can discern no other reasons for their having placed this ball of clay over their entrance, unless it is to prevent the rain being driven into the hole when it is not protected by the shutter. In either case, we have here a wonderful example of the power of instinct. I have twice removed the ball of clay, but have always found it restored. The bee is very like the meadow, or fog-bee, of England, small and short-bodied. The hive does not seem to

be numerous. I seldom see more than three or four at a time about the entrance. I do not think they have any sting, for when I destroyed their clay-guard they were irritated, but did not attempt to sting or molest me."—*Ib.*

INSTINCTIVE PROPENSITIES OF ANIMALS.—At the last meeting of the Royal Society a highly interesting paper on this subject was read by Mr. Knight. The author narrates several curious facts illustrative of his position, viz, that the propensities of animals are conveyed to them by their predecessors, without reference to education or habit. A terrier and spaniel, brought up in utter ignorance of their natural pursuits, if we be allowed the phrase, were taken out by the author, and placed within sight of a pole-cat. The terrier displayed all the symptoms of violent anger, while the spaniel looked on with indifference, but sprang his game the moment it was observed. Mr Knight supposes that these hereditary propensities might be made to cease, and others be substituted. The springing-spaniel, for example, probably never would have been heard of, had not shooting on the wing been introduced. On this point, also, the author observes that the woodcock, now a very wild bird, was, sixty years ago, on its first introduction amongst us, comparatively tame; this wildness being superinduced, as it were, by the constant alarm in which it is kept during the shooting season. Other facts are given with respect to that class of dogs called retrievers, in sportsmen's language; though wholly untaught, they acted as well as the best instructed dogs. The paper terminates with a remark on the hereditary propensities of the Norwegian pouey, which are singularly confirmatory of the foregoing. A paper by Capt. Lloyd, of Port Louis, was noticed. This communication contains the result, we believe, of 50,000 observations, barometrical and other, made by the author at the above-named place.

MALAY BARGAINING.—In their communications with each other, the Malays are always polite, abusive language never being employed amongst them. Every man carries a kris at his side, ready to avenge an insult should it be offered to him; and the certainty of instant recourse to this weapon, no doubt, tends in a great measure to prevent the occurrence of any event that might call for its use.

In trading with the Malays, an European should always endeavour to keep his temper; which an individual not accustomed to them will sometimes find a matter of difficulty. In making a purchase, they will offer five dollars for an article worth twenty; and, should the vender put himself in a passion, they will tease him with like offers, in the hope that he will give them the goods at the cheapest rate for the sake of getting away.

Their commercial transactions being generally conducted in places in which a number of individuals are collected together,—as, for instance, in the court of the Sultan, or at the residence of the Capitan China,—if secrecy should be required, they adopt a mode of bargaining by means of the fingers, which precludes the bystanders from discovering what is going on. The parties grasp each other's hands, and the purchaser makes an offer by pressing one of the joints of the vender's fingers, there being to each joint a number attached, from one to ten; and touching a certain part of the hand will show whether the offer is in tens, hundreds, or thousand. The hands of the dealers are covered with a handkerchief, so that none of the people present can see what is going forward. When the purchaser has made his offer, the vender, by another grip, lets him know what price he will take; and thus they continue, one increasing his offer and the other lowering his demand, until the bargain is concluded or broken off. This custom has, I think, been introduced by the Arabs; for they were always the greatest adepts at it, while the Javanese and other natives who have little communication with them, are unacquainted with the method.—*Earls Indian Archipelago.*

MISERY OF AMERICAN SLAVES.—We visited the negro quarter, a part of the estate which filled me with disgust wherever I went. It is something between a haunt of monkeys and a dwelling-place of human beings. The natural good taste so remarkable in free negroes is here extinguished. Their small, dingy, untidy houses, their cribs, the children crouching round the fire, the animal deportment of the grown-up, the brutish chagrins and enjoyments of the old, were all loathsome. There was some relief in seeing the children playing in the sun, and sometimes fowls clucking and strutting round the houses; but otherwise a walk through a lunatic asylum is far less painful than a visit to the slave quarter of an estate. The children are left during working hours in the charge of a woman; and they are bright, and brisk, and merry enough for the season, however slow and stupid they may be destined to become.—*Miss Martineau.*

STEAMERS ON THE ATLANTIC.—Every thing promises that it will not be long ere the Atlantic is ploughed as regularly by steamers as it is now by sailing vessels;

indeed, all things considered, it is perhaps surprising that the object should not have been effected many years ago. Steam boats of a peculiar construction are now building at New York, for the packet service between that port and Liverpool; and another is constructing at Blackwall for an English company, who do not, however anticipate that they shall be able to commence operations before the spring of 1838. Meanwhile a steamer plies regularly between London and Jamaica. It has performed the trip several times, although the fact has attracted very little attention.

AN AWKWARD DILEMMA, IF TRUE.—When Sir Francis Burdett was in the zenith of his popularity, and just after he first became the representative for the city of Westminster, some of his honest constituents, who are known, issued a bill in the form of a Bank of England note, on which was inscribed a "promise to pay the bearer, on demand, the sum of £1000, when Sir F. Burdett ceases to be a patriot and an honest man." It is said that some of these notes are in the possession of individuals, who intend suing the issuers for the amount, the baronet having become an apostate, and a most dishonest political character.—*Bath Guardian.*

DUELLING IN FRANCE.—In consequence of the fatal termination of a duel that took place last year between M. Prestat, now a sub-lieutenant in one of the regiments in Africa, and a M. Hans, both at that time in the Polytechnic School, and in which the latter was killed, the mother of M. Hans, a widow, brought an action against his adversary for a compensation for her loss. The case was heard last week before the Tribunal de Premiere instance, and Lieut. Prestat was adjudged by the Court to pay the widow an annuity of 800 francs for her life. This example might be happily followed in our law courts.

RICH BEGGAR.—Last week, a beggar, cased in rags, was brought up by the police officers of Dumfermline, for insolence in the exercise of his profession. On being searched, there were found on him bank checks, and gold and silver to the amount of £438. The Magistrate treated him to a new suit of clothes at his own expense, as his former habiliments were intolerable. He is a perfect miser, and is named Robert Forrest or Ferguson.—*Fife Herald.*

The art of sailing is merely an imitation of the nautilus. There are thirty species; some so large that drinking cups are made of their shells. The fish is independent of its shell. In sailing it stretches out two of its arms, which hold up a membrane of a sail; and with two other arms and its tail, rows and steers. The prodigious number and size of those in a fossil state proves that they were at one period more important than they have been since. Man has exerted his power as the universal destroyer.—*Ibid.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1837.

Our British dates by the Packet are from London to the 8th of June. They add but little of interesting or important information to our previous advices. The moored affairs of Europe were still dark and lowering. Spain is yet the theatre of civil war—the Queen's cause, however, was presenting a more favorable aspect than of late. In Great Britain on the celebration of the Princess Victoria's Birthday, the gloom and depression of the people arising from their commercial distress, appear to have been shaken off, and the rejoicings were general and ardent.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.—Wednesday, the day on which the Princess Victoria completed her eighteenth year, was very generally kept as a festival in the Metropolis. Most of the great shops were closed the whole or part of the day, and the workmen in the manufactories and breweries were allowed a holiday. Neither House of Parliament sat. At night there were splendid illuminations all over London; and the throng of carriages and people on foot was immense. It was a beautiful evening for the display of gas-lights.

At the Thames Police-office, on Wednesday, the captain of a West Indian man, from Jamaica, applied for the assistance of Magistrates to secure a negro who had concealed himself in his ship, and was not discovered until 3 days after he left Jamaica, unless he took him back he should be liable to a heavy penalty. Mr. Ballantyne said, he supposed the negro liked England better than Jamaica; and as he was accused of no crime, nobody here could force him to go back; he was perfectly free in England.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.—The state of the commercial and manufacturing interests is very discouraging, if not alarming. In the northern and midland counties, the working people

dismissed from employment by thousands at a time. Intelligence from America, received during the week, has been sufficient to check every thing like speculation or hope of a speedy release from difficulties. Several American banks, some of them hitherto of high credit—such as the Mechanics' Bank, and the Dry Dock Company of New York, have stopped payment. Failures of private concerns have occurred to an immense amount in the aggregate. The consequence has been in Liverpool, the stoppage of a large American commission-house, and in London the firms of Thomas Wilson and Co. Timothy Wiggin and Co. and George Wildes and Co. These concerns had been propped up for several weeks by loans to a large amount, from the Bank of England; but the latest accounts from America having shown the fulfilment of their engagements to be most improbable, the Bank Directors, after two days anxious consideration, decided, on Thursday night, not to grant any further assistance; and yesterday the firms above-named suspended payment. It is expected that many minor establishments will give way; but the extent of the mischief is as yet only guessed at. In New York the consequences will be disastrous, and the reaction in this country must be dreaded; though we understand that the effect of the postponement of the failures has been to relieve numerous parties of limited means, and throw the chief loss on those who are better able to bear it.

OPPRESSION IN PORTUGAL.—We regret to learn that the British merchants have not escaped oppression, as the following letter from them to the British Consul there will show.

Lisbon, May 12.

SIR,—We the undersigned British merchants established in this city, beg to acquaint you, that we have within the last few days been summoned by the collectors of the *manzi* of the different districts of this city, to pay within twenty-four hours the different means with which we have been respectively taxed, under penalty of sequestration on our property. By the existing treaties and privileges with Portugal, we are, as merchants, (*negociants de grosso trato*), exempt from the payment of *mento* and *decima*, and never having until now been called upon for payment of this impost, we, therefore, have to request you will be pleased to take such immediate steps as may prevent our being compelled to pay the sums demanded from us, as well as to secure us from any future demand of such a tax.

SPAIN.—BORDEAUX, JUNE 3.—A private letter states that the French government received on Saturday a despatch from the governor of Saragossa, dated the 28th, stating that on the 26th General Buerens had reviewed in that city a corps of 4,500 infantry and 400 cavalry, at the head of which he had (as we already knew) marched to join and take the command of the division of Iribarren. On the 29th, 2,000 additional troops were to have arrived in Saragossa, proceeding in the same direction. The governor adds, that "discouragement was beginning to be felt among the troops of Don Carlos. Biscayans and Navarrese insurgents had been persuaded to quit their mountains, by the assurance that they were to march directly on Madrid, but that the moment they found that Catalonia was their destination they began to desert," and that "300 of them had already arrived at Saragossa." According to this officer's report, the Carlists had 800 wounded in the affair of Huesca.

THE KING'S HEALTH.—The London Spectator of the 3rd says:

The King is declared one day to be "much better;" the next to be "perfectly convalescent;" then His Majesty, having passed a good night, is improving; in short, if the courtly chronicler, and the *Morning Post* were to be depended upon, the King should have appeared at the Spitalfields ball on Thursday, like a "giant refreshed." But we fear that William the Fourth is still very far from well; for the levees have been put off for a fortnight, the grand dinner to the Knights of the Bath indefinitely postponed, and Sir Henry Hallford has not been released from daily attendance at the Castle. The Queen is said to have nearly recovered from her protracted indisposition; but this also we take with a few grains of allowance.

It has often been said in this journal, that the province of Nova Scotia possesses resources within itself and round its coasts, of inexhaustible value, and that if these were spiritedly and properly brought into action, the province would be one of the most valuable appertaining to the British crown. We have no reason even now to doubt this; on the contrary, we are more convinced of the truth thereof. A large and valuable source of profit has lately been discovered at Shelburne, where Granite of the greatest value and of inexhaustible quantity has been discovered. Already have these quarries been opened by an enterprising Scotchman, of the name of Fisher; one cargo of which has reached New-York, and been sold at a good price. Several other cargoes are expected, and we have the best reason to believe that this new source of wealth will speedily become of national importance. Some columns, we understand, have been wrought for a building in Halifax; and agents are on their way to St. John and other places, to procure further orders for the same. The admirable quality of the stone—its abundance, and its proximity to sea navigation, are of incalculable value: and will allow the article to be brought into market at a rate exceedingly low—*New-York Albion*.

PETITIONS FOR AND AGAINST CHURCH-RATES.—The Fourteenth Report of the Committee on public petitions brings the statement of petitions this session down to the 2d of May. The numbers are—

	Petitions.	Signatures.
In favour of Church-rates	2462	253,612
Against	1505	448,945

Showing the majority of signatures against the rates to be 195,332.

AN EARTHQUAKE.—It is stated in the Frankfort papers, that an Earthquake on the 1st of April made sad ravages in four of the Greek Islands—Hydra, Spezzia, Poros, and Santorino. The shocks were repeated at intervals during a week. The little town of Santorino was swallowed up by the sea; not a vestige of it or its inhabitants remain. Altogether it is supposed that four thousand persons have perished in these convulsions.

"THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL JOURNAL."—The prospectus of a monthly periodical, with this title, proposed to be published in St. John, N. B. by Mr. John Crosskill, will be inserted in our next number. Each number is to contain 24 or more large octavo pages—printed on fine white paper—at the low price of 12s. 6d. per ann. or 10s. if paid in advance. Messrs. McKinlay and Mr. E. Brown are agents in this town.

From the Acadian Telegraph.

The Melville, Admiral Sir Peter Halkett, sailed on Wednesday. She presented a splendid appearance, running a short distance from the wharves, with a free westerly breeze. She was repeatedly cheered by groups of townspeople, her band playing *Auld Lang Syne*. She was saluted from George's Island, and returned the salute in beautiful style. When the Melville had left the harbour, Sir Peter's Successor, Sir Charles Paget, was saluted by the batteries, as the Chief of the Station.

S. N. Binney, Esq. has been appointed Manager of the Nova Scotia Branch of the Bank of North America.

The New Brunswick Legislature have loaned £5000 to the St. John Water Company.

There seems much distress in St. John; families of sick and distressed Emigrants, beside the resident poor, were felt a heavy burthen.

The distance from Fredericton to Boston is travelled in three days. From Fredricton a coach starts on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and reaches Bangor the evenings of the following days; a steamer takes up the line at Bangor.

A new Paper, called the Times, has appeared at Woodstock, N. B.

The largest vessel ever built in N. B. was launched at Kingston, N. B. on the 28th June,—the Columbus 939 tons new measurement, 865 old. On the 8th of July the Caledonia, 518 tons was launched.

A petition from the inhabitants of the County of Northumberland, N. B., praying for a reduction of the duty on Timber cut on Crown lands, has been forwarded to the House of Assembly. The "Civil List Bill" gives the Assembly controul over these matters.

Accounts from the Mauritius, Feb. 19, state that a dreadful hurricane, which had greatly injured the crops, had been felt in that Island.

The Welland Canal, U. C. is in successful operation. Vessels carrying about 850 barrels of pork, can pass thro'.

Some black troops, at St. Josephs, near Port of Spain, Trinidad, assaulted their officers, and attempted an insurrection. They were speedily subdued. (The Placid which arrived here on the 20th inst. and sailed from Trinidad on June 20th brings further particulars. Armed bodies of the Insurgents escaped,—and it was rumoured that Martial Law would be proclaimed.)

Herrings were swarming in the harbour of Yarmouth, (N. S.) at last accounts.

The Paris Chemists have discovered a preparation by which they can remove ink from paper without leaving the least mark. This has put the dealers in paper currency into much consternation.

His Majesty's ship Champion and Vestal, hence at Quebec, 12th July.

MARRIED.

At Londonderry, on the 28th June, by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. John McElmon, of Nepody, N. B. to Miss Ruth, Daughter of Mr. David McLeilan of the former place.

Tuesday, Mr. George Hewston, [Proprietor of the Fresh Water Nursery Garden,] to Miss Catharine Wallace.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, suddenly, in the 44th year of his age, Mr Samuel Mitchell, of the firm of Deblois, Mitchell & Co. a gentleman long known and highly respected by the commercial community, as an upright and intelligent merchant. His funeral will take place from his late residence, on Saturday next, at 3 o'clock, which his friends and acquaintances are invited to attend.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, His Majesty's brig Swift, Walsh, Falmouth, 34 days; Brig Cordelia, Jones, Boston, 8 days; Brig Halifax, O'Brien, New York, 6 days; Brig John, Young, Pernambuco, 30, and Barbadoes, 18 days; schr Broke, Cann. Yarmouth.

Sunday, H.M.S. Cornwallis, Vice Admiral Sir C. Paget, Capt. Sir Richard Grant, Portsmouth, via Madeira; brig. Héron, Smith, Guyana, Porto Rico, 18 days, Bermuda 5 days; schr Van, Ragged Islands; Hope, Shelburne; Wellington, LeHave.

Monday, Schr William, Barret, St. Kitts, 19 days; brig Sylph, Wainwright, Gaudaloupe, 21 days; schr Brothers, Cape Negro; Two Sons, Barrington, do.

Tuesday, Am. ship Woodbury, from Liverpool, G.B. out 57 days with 128 passengers, bound for Bath, U.S. in want of provisions and water; schr Diana, Barrington.

Wednesday, Schr. Neptune, Cunningham, Falmouth, Jamaica, 25 days; Royal Adelaide, Bigg, Dominica, 23 days; Armide, Smith, St. Stephen's; 4 days.

Thursday, Schr. Placid, Harrison, Trinidad, 30 days; American schr. America, Somers, Richmond, 11 days; Schrs. Bush, Liverpool, N. S.; Revival, Liverpool, N. S.; Thomas, Port Medway; Hunter, Barbara, and Mary, Ann, C. B.;—Glory, Arichat;—Otter, Maubou; Shannon, Mary, H. Denoon, Sydney, C. B.; brig Red Breast, Grenada; Elizabeth, Hamburg.

Saturday, Am. brig Acadian, Boston, 65 hours.

CLEARED.

Friday, Brig Standard, Burrows, West Indies; Catharine, Smart; Bay Chaleur; Schr. William, Lannegan, West Indies; Emerald, Farrell, do. Pride Snadden, do; brig Olivia, Tucker, Kingston, Jamaica; Schr. Britannia, Covell, St. John, N. B.

17th, Schr. Edward & Samuel, Balcom, Coast of Labrador; Emily, Crowell, Bay Chaleur.

19th, L'Esperance, Rae, Quebec; Breeze, Johnson, Gaspe; Tanner, Hatchard, B. W. Indies; Doane, Newfoundland; Alicia, Cufry Miramichi.



THE BOSTON AMPHITHEATRE.

Under the Management of

MR. H. H. FULLER.

WILL give a variety of splendid Entertainments at Halifax, on Citadel Hill; and as every arrangement will be made for the comfort of the audience, the Manager hopes to receive the patronage of the Inhabitants.

The Performance will commence with the

GRAND ENTREE,

Led by Mr. FULLER. Clown, Mr. ASTEN.

Grecian Exercises,

By Mr. POTTER, who is unrivalled in this country in his profession.

QUANG CÆLIS will appear, and go through the

Chinese Contortions,

Grand Alemande, by Mr. & Mrs. Asten.

GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.

COMIC SONGS,—By Mr. RIPLY.

TIGHT WIRE, By Mr. HOOD,

The milk-white Mare MEDORA will go through astonishing performances.

PEASANT'S FROLIC,—By Mr. HOOD.

Clown's Act of Horsemanship,—By Mr. Asten.

SONG,—Mrs. HOOD.

The whole to conclude with

BILLY BUTTON'S UNFORTUNATE JOURNEY TO BRENTFORD!

Halifax, on CITADEL HILL, on FRIDAY the 4th August, to be exhibited for

EIGHT DAYS ONLY!

Doors open at half-past 2 o'clock, P. M. and performance at 3, P. M.

On its Route to Halifax, will visit the following Places:—Pictou, 25th & 26th of July; 27th & 28th, at New Glasgow; 29th at West River Pictou; 31st July & 1st of August, at Truro; 2d, at Stewiacke; 3d, at Gay's River.

Price of admission—Box, 3s. 1d; Pit, 1s. 10d. Children, half-price. July 21.

EXTRACTS FROM LATE PUBLICATIONS.

A WEIRD STORY.—"A young man, from one of the inland provinces, came down for some purpose to the south coast of Java, where a heavy sea is always tumbling in upon the land from the Indian ocean. On arriving at the sea-shore, he was amazed at the sight which presented itself; for the waves came rolling in, apparently endeavouring to jump on each other's backs, and dashing with the greatest fury against the beach. This state of affairs being so different from the quiet inland waters which had hitherto been the object of his contemplation, he concluded that there must be a battle-royal going on among the billows; and, with some trepidation, filled his bottle with the fighting water to shew to his friends at home. When he returned to his native village, the inhabitants crowded about him to hear an account of his adventures. After relating the perils he had encountered on his journey to the coast, he proceeded to describe the appearance of the sea. 'When I approached the great sea,' said he, 'I heard a noise like the roaring of bulls, and I saw that there was a great battle of the waters. They were not quiet and peaceable, like those of our lake, but were tearing and fighting—ay! fighting like tigers and buffaloes.' The gaping audience was struck with astonishment. The Jaxa, who was the oldest, and, therefore, considered the wisest man in the village, at last found his speech. 'Beware, young man,' said he, 'how you endeavour to impose upon us. Waters fight! Are you goats, or are you buffalo-calves, that you tell us this? What is there to make the waters of the great sea fight, any more than those of our lake? I have seen the sea myself, when I went to eat the wind on the top of the Taggal mountain, and it was as smooth as a paddy field.' The traveller looked around him with a triumphant glance, and requested one of the women to bring him a bottle she would find in his bag. 'Now,' said he, 'I expected that the extraordinary fact would be doubted; and I, therefore, procured a bottle of the water. Bring me a basin, and you may judge for yourselves.' The listeners crowded about him, and happy was he who could procure a near view of the proceedings. With a sneer at the ignorance of his countrymen, the man who had seen the world drew the stopper from the bottle, and, after a moment's hesitation in order to acquire courage, poured the water into the basin. To his utter amazement, and discomfiture, the water 'wouldn't fight,' but lay quite still, as if it had never been pugnacious. The Jaxa, who from the confidence displayed by the traveller had begun to fear that he had been premature in his doubts, and that his consequence as the village oracle would, therefore, be lowered, now denounced the poor man as a vile impostor, and pushed his vantage ground so strongly, that the luckless experimentalist was glad to shut himself up in the house, to avoid the reproaches of his townsmen. Even here, however, he was not safe; for his wife, who had expected that his discovery of the fighting water would exalt her husband to a post of honour, and cause him to be regarded as the leading man of science in the village, the president, in fact, of the Royal Society of the place, vented her disappointment on him in the shape of a curtain lecture: and thus badgered on all sides, the luckless traveller wished that he had drowned himself in the fighting water before he had said any thing about it.—*Eastern Seas, by G. W. Earl.*

AGE OF FICTION.—"About twenty years ago, the literary tide set in in favour of fiction. The extraordinary success of the Waverly Novels stimulated a host of writers to apply themselves to works of a similar class. If those who, after Sir Walter Scott, were the earliest in this literary field, did not acquire the same fame, or derive the same pecuniary advantage as the Magician of the North, they were sufficiently successful to encourage them to make new efforts, and to induce others to follow their examples. Hence, about ten or twelve years since, when the mania for works of fiction was at its height, it was calculated that from two to three hundred appeared in the course of the year. All of them of any note could boast a sale of from 750 to 1,000: decidedly good ones often reached a sale of from 1,500 to 2,000 copies. A striking change has since come over the spirit of this class of literature. The authors, whose works of fiction a dozen years since commanded a sale of from 1,500 to 2,000 copies, cannot now command a sale of 500. I could mention many instances in confirmation of this but it would be equally invidious to authors and publishers. I may state in general terms, that on one day, about six months ago, four novels, two of them by authors of great celebrity in the high and palmy days of works of fiction, were published by different houses, and that the sale of neither of the works exceeded 350 copies; that of three out of the four was under that number. Publishers have now come to the conclusion—a conclusion forced on them by painful experience—that the days of this class of works are past for ever. Authors may continue to write, but publishers will not publish, except in comparatively few cases, even though the copyright were offered them for nothing. If authors will write novels, they must publish

them at their own risk. This, indeed, has been the case, though the public are not aware of the fact, in many instances of late years, as I shall have occasion afterwards to show at some length. The truth is, that, with the exception of the works of fifteen or twenty authors, no individual ever now dreams of purchasing a novel for his own reading. The only copies bought are for the circulating libraries.—*Great Metropolis.*

HONOUR IN THE SOUTH-WEST.—A passenger on board the Henry Clay, in which I ascended the Mississippi, showed in perfection the results of a false idea of honour. He belonged to one of the first families in Kentucky, had married well, and settled at Natchez, Mississippi. His wife was slandered by a resident of Natchez, who, refusing to retreat, (retract?) was shot dead by the husband, who fled to Texas. The wife gathered their property together, followed her husband, was shipwrecked below New Orleans, and lost all. Her wants were supplied by kind persons at New Orleans, and she was forwarded by them to her destination, but soon died of cholera. Her husband went up into Missouri, and settled in a remote part of it to practise law; but with a remote suspicion that he was dogged by the relations of the man he had shot. One day he met a man muffled in a cloak, who engaged with him, shot him in both sides, and stabbed him with an Arkansas knife. The victim held off the knife from wounding him mortally till help came and his foe fled. The wounded man slowly recovered; but his right arm was so disabled as to compel him to postpone his schemes of revenge. He ascertained that his enemy had fled to Texas; followed him there; at length met him, one fine evening, riding with his double-barrelled gun before him. They knew each other instantly; the double-barrelled gun was raised and pointed; but before it could be fired, its owner fell from the saddle, shot dead like the brother he had sought to avenge. The murderer was flying up the river once more when I saw him, not doubting that he should again be dogged by some relation of the brothers he had shot. Some of the gentlemen on board believed that if he surrendered himself at Natchez, he would be let off with little or no punishment, and allowed to settle again in civilized society; but he was afraid of the gallows, and intended to join some fur company in the North-west, if he could, and if he failed in this, to make himself a chief of a tribe of wandering Indians.—*Miss Martineau.*

CANINE FIDELITY.—"The entire body of a Kaffir, who had been shot at least a week, probably when hanging on the rear of the retreating Fingoes, lay a little off the road, wrapped in its kaross; neither vulture nor hyena had touched this body; and we saw the cause of their forbearance on approaching it. A small yellowish dog, with a black muzzle, lank with famine, rose from its dead master's breast where it kept watch, and angrily snarled defiance at every intruder. It was impossible to remove the dog for the purpose of saving it from starvation, until some Hottentots threw a noose of hide round its neck and dragged it off."—*Alexander's Campaign in Kaffirland in 1835.*

HENRY G. HILL, Builder and Draughtsman.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has discontinued the Cabinet business, and intends to devote his time exclusively to

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.

He begs to offer his grateful acknowledgments to those who have hitherto patronised him, and now offers his services as an Architect, Draughtsman and Builder, and will be prepared to furnish accurate working plans, elevations and specifications for buildings of every description, and trusts by strict attention to business to insure a share of public patronage.

Residence, nearly opposite Major McColla's.
Carpenter's shop—Argyle-street. June 10.

MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL ACADEMY.

THOMAS BURTON,

BEGLS leave to notify to his friends and the public, that he has opened an Academy in

Brunswick-Street, opposite the New Methodist Chapel, where he intends instructing youth of both sexes, in the following branches of education, viz. Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, generally. Likewise, Maritime and Land Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the Italian and modern methods of Book-keeping by double entry. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and advancement of such pupils as may be committed to his care. July 8.

HUGH CAMPBELL,

No. 18, Granville St.

RESPECTFULLY acquaints the Public, that he has received by the late arrivals from Great Britain, a Supply of the following articles, which he sells at his usual low terms.

CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hook:
Santorne, Vin-de-Grave, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown and pale Sherris, fine old Port, Marsala, Tenerife, Bucellas, Muscatel and Malaga **WINES.**

Fine old Cognac pale and colored, **BRANDIES,**
Do. Hollands, fine old Highland Whiskey,
Do. Irish Whiskey, fine old Jamaica Rum, direct from the Home Bonded Warehouse.

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy.

Curacoa and Mareschino.

Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout,

Edinburgh and Alloa ALES—Hodgson's pale do.

Fine light Table do., and Ginger Beer.

Nova Scotia superior flavored Hams; Cheshire and Wiltshire Cheese, double and single refined London and Scotch Loaf Sugar, muscatel and bloom Raisins, Almonds, assorted preserved Fruits, a general assortment of Pickles and Sauces, Olive Oil, for lamps, Robinson's patent Barley and Groats, Cocoa, and West India Coffee.

Soda and wine Biscuit with a general assortment of Groceries usual in his line. Halifax, June 17.

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Has just received, from London & Glasgow, a large assortment of

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LEDGERS & JOURNALS, various sizes, Day, Cash, Land Registrar Books, Writing Papers, various sizes and qualities, Quills, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Penknives, Ink and Ink Powders, Bibles, Testaments, Prayer, Psalm and Hymn Books, English, French and Latin School Books. A large variety of children's Books, Pocket Books, Gunter Scales, Dividers, CHARTS, Wax Taper and Strands, Writing Desks, Travelling Dressing Cases, &c. &c. all of which will be sold at low prices.

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June 10. 6w.

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BOOK-BINDING in all its branches executed in the neatest manner.

BLANK BOOKS of all kinds constantly on hand, or made and ruled to patterns.

PAPER HANGINGS and **BORDERINGS**, a neat assortment, handsome patterns and low priced. A further Supply of these Articles, of rich and elegant patterns, expected from London,

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June 17, 1837.

CARD.

DR. RUFUS S. BLACK, having completed his Studies at the Universities of Edinburgh and Paris, intends practising his profession in its various branches in Halifax and its vicinity.

Residence for the present, at Mr. M. G. Black's Corner of George and Hollis Streets.

Advice to the Poor, gratis. 8w. July 8.

IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE.

THE attention of the Public is called to the above article. By the new and improved process of roasting which, the whole of the fine aromatic flavor of the berry is retained. Prepared and sold by

LOWES & CREIGHTON,
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Corner of Granville and Buckingham Streets.
June 3, 1837.

MIRAMICHI SHINGLES.

400 M. best prime Shingles for sale by the Shipper. **ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.**
June 3, 1837.—6w.

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