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## THE ADVENT ON SINAI.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

His robe was of the cloud,  
With lightning braided o'er;  
His heralds the trump note loud,  
And the echoing thunder's roar.

On the whirlwind's wing he came,  
And the mountain's awful height  
Was wrapt in smoke and flame,  
By the God's descending might.

He spake, and earth was dumb,  
Like the sea when the winds are laid,  
Like the night when the insect hum  
Is hush'd in the verdant glade.

He gave his fiery law  
In many an awful word,  
And the nations shook with awe  
As His threatening voice they heard.

Again to earth He came,  
In guise of a man forlorn,  
And changed was His crown of flame,  
For one of the rending thorn.

The law His hands had given  
He now fulfilled and kept,  
And opened the way to heaven  
For those who in anguish wept.

And He again shall come,  
Thrones shall before Him fall,  
And every voice be dumb,  
Or own Him Lord of all.

Then heaven along with earth  
Shall to its centre shake,  
And up to a brighter birth  
The whole creation wake.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

## THE PHYSICIAN'S FEE.

By Charles P. Hsley.

### CHAPTER I.

"Mother, are you unwell?" and the daughter looked up from the work on which she had for the last half hour, been busily and silently engaged. Her mother had been similarly employed; but her work, some unfinished music, was lying on her lap, while her head rested upon her hand, as if she were in deep thought.

"Mother, are you unwell? you look pale."

"No, my child," replied the mother, in a sad, calm tone, more sorrowful than it was her wont. The daughter put aside her work and took her parent's hand, gazing, with a troubled look, into her face. A tear glistened in the eye of Mrs. Lemand, at this delicate though forcible demonstration of filial affection.

"Ellen," said she, as she drew her child to her bosom, and imprinted a kiss on her fair forehead, "sixteen years ago, this evening, your father bent affectionately over my sick couch, to gaze upon his first-born—his daughter—yourself, my dear child! and twelve years ago, this same evening, I bent over his sick couch. The angel of death was there also, and I became a widow!" The tears of the mother and daughter were mingled.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemand were of English birth. They were married in their native land; but soon after, left for this country. They were not, by any means, rich, but enjoyed a comfortable independence. Mr. Lemand came over as agent for a house in Liverpool, and resided in New York. Here Ellen was born. After a residence of about five years in New York, the house in which Mr. Lemand was engaged became bankrupt. A few fragments were all that he was enabled to save from the wreck; and, broken in spirits, poor in health, Mr. L. was left to struggle along in a strange land as he best could. For two years he strove to regain the footing he had lost; but he only "wrestled with the air." He was taken sick, and soon died, leaving his wife and child a slender stock to support them on the rough journey of life.

Mrs. Lemand had no friends in England to whom she could appeal in her extremity.—She had rich relations, or rather an uncle; but she never had any intercourse with him, and probably her existence was entirely unknown to him—at best, uncared for. She soon found her little stock running low, and she began to cast about for means of support. She was not one of those who sit

down in idleness, repining at their lot, and murmuring at the decrees of Providence. She had faith in the "promises," and her heart had a leaning place of which the world knew not. Being expert with the needle, she made application among her few acquaintances for needle-work, and by constant industry was enabled to keep want from the door, and bestow upon her daughter that education, which, in adversity or prosperity, is alike a blessing. Ellen grew up all a fond mother's heart could desire.—She early made herself useful, and soon the united efforts of the mother and daughter allowed them to add some of the luxuries to the necessaries of life. Their dwelling was retired from the noise and bustle of the city. It was a humble though pleasant abode. The hand of taste was visible in all that appertained to it. The rooms were plainly, though neatly and comfortably furnished, and contentment, if not happiness, reigned there.—Such was the situation of affairs on the evening when our story commenced.

It was the anniversary of her daughter's birth, as well as her husband's death. No wonder the brow of the mother was shaded. The graves of buried hopes were re-opened: the fountains of memory loosed. It was the resurrection hour of departed joys. She thought of the trials she had passed through—of her far-off home, where, in childhood she was blest with a mother's love, and a father's care, and a sister's companionship—of her lost partner. All these came thronging on her thoughts—the white and the dark spots—the shadows and sunbeams of life. No wonder the teardrop stood in her eye. Again and again she pressed her child to her bosom; for she was the only earthly treasure that remained to her—the sole link that chained her affections to this world.

"May thy path through life be less thorny than thy mother's, Ellen! Nevertheless, not my will be done!" As she gave utterance to this humble reliance, her eye brightened, and the shadows flitted from her spirit, and the wonted smile of content again lit up her countenance.

We said that by their industry they were enabled to add some of the luxuries to the necessaries of life. This was true for a time, when prosperity smiled on the country. But dark shadows began to creep over the land.—The tide of fortune was suddenly checked, and began to recede. Retrenchment became the order of the day. Superfluities were discarded, and the closest economy was studied. Many persons were, consequently, thrown out of employment, and distress began to pervade the poorer classes. Mrs. Lemand escaped not the general doom. Day after day she found less employment for her needle. Many of those who furnished her with work were obliged to inform her they had not more to offer; and those who continued to afford employment were so uncertain in their calls upon her, that she barely earned enough to supply the simplest necessaries of life. Mrs. L. viewed the dark cloud setting over her late sunny prospects with an anxious eye. Winter was approaching. The times became more and more pressing. The inclement season called for new outlays. How were these demands on her purse to be met? Even by the most pinching economy, she barely received enough to live from day to day. She found it necessary at last, to dispose of household articles, from time to time, at a great sacrifice, to procure the means of subsistence. It is a dreadful condition for a female, brought up in independence, to be thus situated. Alas! how many have been thus placed—been thus doomed to witness the gradual wasting away of their little property, to satisfy the cravings of hunger—or, what is nearly as imperative, the urgent solicitations of an icy-berated creditor! To this extremity was Mrs. L. reduced. Article after article disappeared, until she retained scarcely enough for her limited use. And how did Ellen bear this reverse? Like the daughter of such a mother! More anxious on her parent's account than her own, she did all that one could do in her situation, to sustain her, and to alleviate her sufferings. A murmuring word never escaped her lips. Often, when her hoard was reduced so low as to afford hardly sufficient to satisfy one person—often would Ellen plead indisposition, that her mother might not divide the slender stock, although the pangs of hunger were gnawing within her. Notwithstanding this self-sacrifice, she was doomed to see her beloved parent gradually sink under the troubles that surrounded her.

As poverty came upon them, they were obliged to leave the comfortable roof that sheltered them, and take up their abode in the second story of a miserable tenement, in an obscure and unhealthy part of the city. Cutoff from their former employment, they were obliged to have recourse to such work as they could procure. They now depended on the slender pay received for

washing clothes for the boarders of a neighbouring hotel. The burthen of this fell on Ellen, for her mother's health and strength had become so reduced, she was only able to render very slight assistance. Ellen faltered not. She prosecuted her work with an air of cheerfulness, and strove, by every act in her power, to keep up the sinking spirits of her mother. Yet she did not—could not shut her eyes to her parents' gradual failing; and often, when her mother slept, would her firmness give way, and the hot tears soak the midnight pillow.

We have refrained from describing the person of Ellen. We have desired that the reader should first become acquainted with her mind, and feel an interest in her, on account of her good qualities, rather than the beauty of her person. Still, Ellen lacked not those external graces, which, if they do not constitute a woman's chief charm, yet render her an object of greater attention and admiration. In a gay and fashionable assembly she would have shone among the brightest; and yet, never did she appear so lovely, as when, arrayed in her humble garb, she performed, with a willing heart, those menial services for her mother's support.

### CHAPTER II.

It was a cold blustering evening in November. A raging northeasterly storm had prevailed through the day, and as night shut in, the wind and sleet swept sullenly through the streets, and drearily against the buildings. The shops were nearly all closed. The lamps shed a dim and flickering light on the slippery pavement, over which, occasionally, some passenger, bending to the blast, would hurry on his way. On this evening, emerging from a narrow, dreary-looking street, a young female was seen struggling along in evident haste. Turning the corner, and passing two or three blocks, she ascended the steps of a large house, before whose door an expiring lamp threw out a few faint gleams. After hesitating a moment, as if to recover herself, she rang the bell. The door was shortly opened by a young man, who hastily inquired her wants.

"Does Doctor Herbert reside here?" was asked, in a timid, irresolute voice.

"My name is Herbert," was the reply, in a tone that evidently showed that the speaker was not altogether pleased with the call.

"Can you not visit a lady—a poor woman," correcting herself—"who is dangerously ill?"

"Will not to-morrow do?" and the young man drew back, casting a significant glance at the driving sleet, as he partly closed the door, "will not to-morrow do—I have an engage—"

"For the love of heaven, sir, do not refuse me!" interrupted the female, in a trembling and beseeching voice—"My mother is sick—very sick—the distance is short—you shall be paid."

"Cannot you find some one else, Miss?" said the physician in a more yielding tone.

"Oh, no, sir! I have been refused by two others. My poor mother I fear is dying. Oh, sir, if you have a mother, you will go with me—if you have not, by her memory I charge you not to slight the orphan's prayer!" And the speaker turned her face full upon the young man. It was very pale, but strikingly beautiful.

Whether the affecting appeal or the lovely countenance influenced the young physician, it matters not; but he hesitated no longer. Hastily throwing on a cloak, he followed the female. Although she said the distance was not great, yet to the young man it seemed interminable. After following her through two or three obscure streets, and as they were plunging down an unlighted and dismal-looking alley, he inquired if they had much farther to go.

"This is the house, sir," said the female, stopping before a mean and shattered tenement, whose crazy frame could hardly withstand the heavy gusts that swept over it—"Take care of the broken step, sir!"

With this caution he picked his way into the low entry, and followed his conductress up a pair of creaking stairs, prepared to witness a scene of squalid wretchedness. A door was opened, and he was introduced to a dimly-lighted room. He started on his entrance. The signs of poverty he surely beheld; but it was not the poverty of crime and intemperance—the disgusting and revolting exhibition he expected to encounter. There was no appearance of disorder—no unpleasant odor—no filthy floor and dirty sack of straw for a bed—too commonly found in the abodes of want. He gazed about him in astonishment. The scanty furni-

ture was plain, and of the cheapest kind ; but every thing was neat and well arranged. A small tallow candle gave light to the room. There was the white pine table, covered with a clean cloth, on which rested a bible ; the well-scoured floor, and the neat bed—straw to be sure—but covered with spotless white though coarse sheets, and a plain counterpane. A few smoking embers burnt on the hearth. The physician had but a moment to view the unexpected appearance of the room, as the girl threw off her bonnet and cloak, and knelt by the bedside, displaying in the act a form of perfect symmetry—not the less attractive for being arrayed in garments of the cheapest material.

"Mother, dear mother, the doctor has come to see you!" whispered the kneeling one, in a voice exceedingly sweet and tender.

"Out of my sight, girl! Why follow me forever, like a curse, with your perpetual cry for bread—bread! Drink tears, as I do, and let them satisfy you!" and the sick woman raised her arms impatiently about.

The physician drew near, while the daughter buried her face in the clothes, sobbing with irrepressible emotion:

"My poor mother!—who never before looked unkindly on me, now drives me from her like a hated thing!"

"Ha! ha! hear the hypocrite!" said the sick woman, in a tone of withering scorn—"sir, beware!" and she partly raised herself in bed, and pointed her emaciated arm towards the weeping girl—"she will prove a bitter curse to you!" I gave her the last mouthful—robbed myself of the sole remaining crust—for what?—to feed a viper. May you never be cursed with an ungrateful child!" and she fell back exhausted on the pillow.

"Oh, sir, she raves," said the daughter, deprecatingly; "for two days I have heard only reproaches from one who never before opened her lips but in kindness!"

"You must not heed them, miss," said the doctor, who had been closely examining the patient; "they are the effects of disease. Your mother is labouring under a high fever—her senses are disordered, and it is customary for persons in her situation to fancy those their enemies and persecutors, who are most beloved in their lucid state. Be not troubled, therefore,—when restored to her right mind, her affections will be unchanged."

"But will her senses be restored?—is there hope?" said the girl in an anxious tone.

"Your mother is a very sick woman—very—but her case is far from desperate. With proper treatment she may recover, and my services shall not be wanted."

The daughter thanked him—not with words—but in a more expressive language—that of her heart, which the physician read in her glowing face and sparkling eyes.

We presume we need not inform the reader that the sick one was Mrs. Lemand. In assisting Ellen to accomplish some work which she had been unexpectedly called upon to perform, she had overtaken her feeble strength and exposed herself. A severe cold ensued, which terminated in a fever. Ellen would immediately have called in a physician, but her mother treated her sickness as a slight matter, preferring rather to suffer than to exhaust their miserable pittance in paying for medical advice. But Mrs. L. grew worse.—Indeed, so rapid was the disease, Ellen dared not leave her. Twice she dispatched a child of a neighbour for a physician, as she found that her mother's senses began to wander.—But, "good Samaritans" are scarce in a large city, and the calls of a ragged urchin rarely receive that attention, or are answered with that alacrity, as the calls of those whose appearance holds out a fee in prospective. Ellen however, had, like the young in general, a better opinion of human nature. Always ready at the call of suffering, she imagined that others were like herself, and when the boy returned with the physician's answer—"Will be there directly"—she waited impatiently and listened to catch every footstep. But she waited in vain. No physician came. Her mother grew hourly worse. Ellen would have gone herself to get advice, but she was fearful of leaving her mother's bedside. The delirium increased, and required all her care and watchfulness. To add to her affliction, the delirium began to assume that peculiar type which we have described, and the already burthened heart of the poor girl received a new pang in the dislike her mother began to show towards her. For two days she was exposed to this new trial. On the evening of the second day, her feelings were wound up to such a pitch, that she determined to go in person in search of a physician. She got an occupant of another part of the house to attend to her mother, while she went forth. It was a night of storms, as we have described. Inquiring of the few passengers she met, she received hasty directions, and applied to one and another of the medical profession. The first one to whom she applied, hardly allowing her to state her wants, pleaded a prior engagement; and from the second she turned with almost a bursting heart as she received a flat refusal. It was now getting late—the shops began to be closed, and the storm to beat more furiously. Wet, chilled, and almost in a state of despair, she sought still another—with what success the reader is already acquainted. She was fortunate in her choice, for Dr. Herbert, though young, was eminently qualified for his business.

Immediate measures were taken to combat the disease. After a copious depletion and the administration of sedatives, Ellen had the satisfaction of seeing her mother sink into a slumber—the first she had enjoyed for a long time. The physician, after doing all that the circumstances of the case demanded, leaving directions, etc. for the night, made preparations to depart. Ellen left the bedside, and taking from the table drawer a purse, emptied its contents, consisting of a number of small silver pieces, with a few coppers, and tendered them to the doctor, remarking, with some trepidation, "I know not your charge, sir—if you will be so kind as to call to-morrow, should not this be a sufficient fee, I will endeavor to obtain the exact amount."

The physician stood for a moment regarding the speaker with an embarrassed air: then said, as he took the proffered change—"I shall certainly call to-morrow—your mother's case demands it. But—" and he hesitated, while a slight flush passed over his face—"but—I liked to have forgotten it—there is a recipe I wish to leave," and he seated himself at the table, while Ellen returned to adjust something about the bed.

"There is the recipe," said he, rising and pointing to a folded paper on the table. "You will recollect to give the powders I have left every two hours, and the drops immediately. Good evening, Miss Lemand—I trust your mother will be better in the morning," and he took his leave.

Ellen took the folded paper to put it in her purse—the sight of which caused her to sigh, for it was entirely empty—when she was induced to look at the recipe. She opened the paper—a bank note for a generous sum fell from its folds, and the astonished girl read, instead of a recipe—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive!"

#### CHAPTER III.

Truly is it more blessed to give than to receive, when the object of our charity is known to be deserving. Young Herbert felt it to be so on his return home. He knew that his patient was poor, for every thing he saw spoke of extreme poverty;—the humble dwelling—the scant furniture—the incoherent expressions of the sick woman, and if these were not enough, the purse with its few bits of copper and silver: and he knew she was worthy.—The neatness and order of the room—the demeanor of the daughter—every thing around and about them convinced him that his gift was well bestowed. What argument he found for this conclusion in the brilliant charms of Ellen—and they never shone so conspicuously as in her assiduous attention to her poor mother—is not for us to say. Suffice it, that when young Herbert laid his head on his pillow, he felt more satisfied with his evening's performance than if he had received a good fat fee from a purse-proud patient.

But how shall we describe the emotions of Ellen on learning the contents of the pretended recipe? It would be difficult to paint them in all their variations. How deep and intense was her delight at the unexpected treasure—coming in this, her sorest need: and then came other feelings. Should she accept this gift—from an entire stranger? Would it be proper? But had she a right to reject it? Was it not intended for her mother as well as herself? These and a thousand similar questions she put to herself, without, however, being able to solve them to her satisfaction. Never before did she so much desire her mother's counsel and advice. But when she thought over the situation in which she was placed, with no possibility of earning any thing by her own hands so long as her parent continued sick; when she thought of the extra expenses that must necessarily be incurred to provide articles for a sick room; and when she remembered, too, that she had not funds enough of her own to procure more than a week's provisions, small as were her wants—she decided at once to accept the gift.

We shall not attempt to analyze poor Ellen's feelings, as she sat that night by her mother's bedside watching her uneasy slumbers.—She thought—as it was natural that she should—much of her benefactor, but not in the light of a benefactor solely. There was an under-current of feeling, as she dwelt upon his personal appearance—his fine manly form—his expressive countenance, and his sympathetic tones, which she did not attempt to fathom. She suffered the stream to flow on in its seductive brightness, without questioning its source or destination. Thus she passed a sleepless, but not a wearisome night.

In the morning her mother's symptoms appeared much more favorable. Though wandering at times, she did not exhibit those distressing tokens which so alarmed Ellen on the evening previous. It was with no small anxiety that she now awaited the expected visit of the physician. She listened with a throbbing heart to every approaching footstep—fearing, yet desiring, his presence. How should she acknowledge his donation—how express her gratitude? Should she be silent respecting it, or should she represent to him the true state of the case, and tell him that she should consider his gift as a loan, until she should be able to repay it? This last thought struck her the most favorably, and she resolved to be governed by it. She had scarcely arrived at this conclusion, when a chaise rattled up to the door. Presently footsteps were heard on the stairs. She started, and the blood flushed her cheeks as some one rapped on the door. Ellen open-

ed it, and Charles Herbert entered. He, too, was slightly embarrassed. Hastily paying his respects, he approached the bed, and inquired after his patient.

"My mother rested exceedingly well last night," said Ellen, "and appears much better this morning—do you not think so, sir?"

"Why—yes—here is a surprising change!" said Herbert, as he felt Mrs. Lemand's pulse. "I could not desire a more favorable case. But she requires great care and attention. Have you no friend, Miss Lemand, to assist you in the arduous duties of the sick chamber?"

"I once had not, Mr. Herbert; for the poor—those who most need the blessing of friendship—are generally deprived of it. When we were in prosperity we reckoned friends; but when adversity came upon us, friendship took her departure."

"It is a bitter lesson we all must learn sooner or later," said Herbert, "I was early taught it. When I most desired friends, I found them not; but when I needed not their aid, then they crowded around me. You said you once had no friend; have you been so fortunate as to secure one, Miss Lemand?"

Ellen felt her cheeks glow at this question. She hesitated a moment before replying; then, with a throbbing heart, and a slightly trembling voice, she said—"He who remembers the widow in her affliction—who feels that *it is more blessed to give than to receive!*—has proved himself a friend, indeed!" and she fixed her gaze earnestly on the young physician.

He started at this delicate acknowledgment, and taking Ellen's hand, with some warmth replied, "Miss Lemand, I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I thank God, who has given me the power, as well as the will, to do an act of kindness. But the trifle I left last evening must not be alluded to. We must be better friends—become better acquainted.—You were not always as you now appear—you have seen better days. Am I too bold in thus seeking your confidence!"

Charles Herbert was a man of generous impulses. He walked through the world with a warmer heart, and had a more exalted opinion of human nature than most men. He was enthusiastic in his attachments. When once the fountain of feeling was stirred, it generally overflowed. Left in early life an orphan, he had struggled on unaided—buffeting the waves with a strong arm and determined heart. He entered on the study of medicine with barely a change of raiment—a poor student thirsting after knowledge. He overcame difficulties under which others would have sunk. He bore up against trials, which would have crushed a less determined man. The elements of greatness were implanted in his nature, and all the array of adverse circumstances could not subdue them. His career was upward and onward, as will be the course of all those who have fixed an eye on the goal, resolved to win it. He was now, at an early age, in the enjoyment of the confidence of a numerous and wealthy class, reaping the harvest of his early sufferings. He ranked high as a young physician, and every day was adding new strength to his claims.—Such was Charles Herbert; and, with this brief exposition of his character, the reader will not be surprised at his addresses to Ellen, and the sudden proffer of his friendship. With such a cast of mind, the barriers of restraint are soon broken down, and though Ellen shrunk with an instinctive delicacy from entering at once into a narration of her past history, she could not reject his friendly overture.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The winter months had passed away. Spring had come with her train of flowers and choir of singing birds, and nature was decked in her beautiful garments.

It was evening; and the streets of the city were thronged with a gay crowd, enjoying the delicious atmosphere and the rich splendor of night. Every moving thing seemed glad, and in keeping with the freshness and beauty of the season. But, let us step apart from the crowd, and enter this genteel looking house. The rooms, if not richly, are handsomely furnished. Every thing gives evidence of being arranged by the hand of taste. Its occupants consist of two females. One, a middle-aged lady, bearing the marks of recent illness, reclines on a sofa; the other, a beautiful girl of about nineteen, whose simple white dress sets off a form of exquisite proportions, is seated at a neat work-table, reading aloud in tones exceedingly rich and clear. The picture is one of pure, unadulterated comfort; and, were it not for the lines on the brow of the elder—those leger-lines of care and suffering—one would suppose that sorrow had never shaded so fair and bright a scene.

"It is a sad story, mother," said the young lady, as she finished and laid aside the book, "and it bears a painful similitude to our own dark history."

"Without its happy termination, Ellen," replied the mother. "Perhaps if there had been a good physician nigh, the story would not have closed so darkly," and Mrs. Lemand fixed her eyes with an arch meaning on her daughter. A smile and a sigh struggled on the lips of Ellen.

"Our obligations to Mr. Herbert are many and great," said she, while a faint blush stole over her features. "Had it not been for him we might still have been the occupants of a hovel, and de-



pendent on the precarious means by which we so lately were supported.

"You have often heard, my daughter, that God never resorts to ordinary means to accomplish His ends, and that He often causes good to spring from what we in our finite judgment, call an evil. Instance my late sickness. To that we are indebted for the acquaintance of Charles Herbert—by him we learned the existence of that letter, the receipt of which has worked the change in our situation."

"True," said Ellen, "but we might have received the letter without the doctor's aid."

"We might, my dear, but"—continued her mother, who never neglected an opportunity to enforce a useful lesson—"I had rather ascribe the changes that have taken place to a wise providence than to a blind chance." And it was in this devout reliance that Mrs. Lemand found strength to bear patiently the ills of life. She had been schooled in adversity, as we have seen; but a submissive, docile spirit had shielded her in the hour of trial—"Thy will be done," were the magic words that buoyed her life-bark up, when tossed on a tempestuous sea. They formed the burden of a favorite song of hers written by a friend of her husband, and presented to her:

When sailing o'er life's changeful sea,  
Should storms my bark assail,  
Oh, may I put my trust in Thee,  
Whose power controls the gale;  
And though opposed may be the wind,  
My course but just begun,  
Let this but harbour in my mind—  
"THY WILL BE DONE."

Though waves around dash high and dark,  
And burst upon its deck,  
Dooming my frail and struggling bark  
To early, sudden wreck;  
Though cloud on cloud their forms should rear,  
And shroud entire hope's sun;  
Still may I say without a fear,  
"THY WILL BE DONE."

Where'er through life my path may lead,  
In sunshine or in gloom;  
Though thorns should every step impede—  
How dark so'er my doom;  
Oh, never may I dare contend  
Against the Holy One!  
But whisper, as I lowly bend,  
"THY WILL BE DONE."

But how are we to account for this happy change in the circumstances of Mrs. Lemand? To enable the reader to understand it fully, he must go back with us to the sick chamber which we left rather abruptly. We mentioned that Mr. Herbert took a deep interest in the welfare of the family, and made an offer of his friendship. He was one of those characters with whom one feels at home on a short acquaintance. We have all met with such in our intercourse with the world—men who win our confidence almost at first sight. Strangers though they are, the heart, as it were, goes out to meet them, and by a sort of spiritual magnetism, the affections become cemented in the solid bonds of friendship.

Mrs. Lemand's sickness continued for some weeks, and her recovery was slow. In the frequent visits of Herbert—and they were not all professional—he learned the history of his patient. This knowledge added to the interest he felt for the mother and daughter; and he determined in his own mind to restore them if possible, to their former comfortable situation. We will not say that it was friendship alone that prompted him. If he had another motive, however, it will appear.

One morning, about six weeks after his introduction, he called rather early and unexpected. He apologised for his unwonted visit, by stating that he hoped he was the bearer of good tidings. Mrs. Lemand, who had so far recovered as to be able to sit up, smilingly remarked—

"If your tidings are very good, as a judicious physician you will break them to us gently, for we have been so long used to adversity, that, like light to the recovered blind, sudden joy might be injurious."

"One who can bear suffering so well need not fear from such a cause," replied Herbert, "But I am as much in the dark as yourself—here is what will solve the mystery;" and he handed Mrs. L. a packet, sealed with black, and bearing a foreign post mark. "On looking over the papers," continued he, "I noticed an old advertisement, stating that there was a valuable letter in the Post Office, directed to Mrs. Ellen Lemand. I took the liberty of calling for it—now for the mystery!"

Mrs. Lemand hastily broke the seal, and glanced over the letter. It fell from her hands, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "This is indeed good news,"—she exclaimed in an excited voice—"unexpected news! Read the letter, Ellen—aloud, that I may not be mistaken—that our friend may share with us our joy—if, indeed, I do not dream!"

Ellen took up the letter, and read as follows—

Weymouth, England, January 17, 18—

MY DEAR MADAM—It becomes my duty, as executor to my la-

mented friend; your late uncle, William Rakeby, Esq. who died on the 30th ult., to inform you that he has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed to you, the sum of £5000, as a testimony of respect for your late mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Thorndike.

I am, madam, very respectfully,

Your obed't serv't

HENRY JAMESON.

"This is indeed good news!" said Herbert, springing from his seat and clasping a hand of the mother and daughter. "Permit me to give you joy—heartfelt joy on the occasion!"

The reader must imagine the feelings of Mrs. Lemand and Ellen—thus raised, as they were, from the depths of poverty to independence.

The legacy was in due time received from England. Mrs. Lemand procured another residence, and with a truly grateful heart, prepared to enjoy the blessings so unexpectedly allotted her.

Physicians' horses have a wonderful faculty, it is said, of remembering the houses of their master's patients. At any rate, for a long time the doctor would have to pull the off rein, when passing by the obscure street, down which the animal had daily been accustomed to trot. Nor was it long before his nag was wont to prick up his ears and pass with a brisker gait up a certain other street; for, with an instinctive sagacity, the noble beast knew that a longer call than usual was made on a certain patient in a certain house. Indeed, at a particular hour in the day, he invariably bent his steps to that quarter. So accustomed had he been to the practice, that one day, at the usual hour, he started off on his own account with an empty chaise. When the doctor found the horse was missing, knowing, perhaps, his nature, better than the groom, he did not trouble himself about the elopement, but proceeded to call upon the aforesaid patient.—There stood the horse, sure enough, at the accustomed spot, safe and sound, leisurely pawing the ground as usual. Herbert parried the jokes good humoredly played upon him by Mrs. Lemand, as he best could. It was a marvel to her, she said, that the doctor's horse should have such a liking to that particular post before her door—and she appealed to Ellen to solve the mystery.

This very act of the horse hastened an event which his master had long brooded over.—When Ellen was appealed to, she left the room in some confusion. Her mother continued to banter Herbert, declaring she should not consider herself bound to pay a fee for every visit the horse took it into his head to make. She should surely protest the bill, if the doctor charged for every call.

"This is what troubles me," said Herbert, with more emotion than the occasion seemed to require—"I fear you will not allow my charges. Yes"—and he hesitated in some confusion—"yet—madam—I will make bold to present my bill." And he seated himself at the table, and scribbled on a piece of paper as follows—

"Mrs. Ellen Lemand to Dr. Charles Herbert—Dr.

For—family visits. \$—

Received payment in full by her daughter's hand.

CHARLES HERBERT."

"If this is allowed," said he, as he handed Mrs. L. the paper, "my hopes are sealed."

She glanced her eye over it, and then, with a flushed countenance, and quivering lip, took the pen and wrote on the back of the paper—

"ACCEPTED—WITH ELLEN'S CONSENT!"

And Ellen? Why, she was a dutiful child, and—ratified the bargain!

#### BAXTER AND BUNYAN.

BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

The sufferings of two memorable Dissenters, differing from each other still more widely in opinions and disposition, than in station and acquirement, may be selected as proofs that no character was so high as to be beyond the reach of this persecution, and no condition so humble as to be beneath its notice. Richard Baxter, one of the most acute and learned, as well as pious and exemplary men of his age, was the most celebrated divine of the Presbyterian persuasion. He was so well known for his moderation as well as his general merit, that at the Restoration he was made chaplain to the king, and a bishopric was offered to him, which he declined, not because he deemed it unlawful, but because it might engage him in severities against the conscientious, and because he was unwilling to give scandal to his brethren by accepting preferment in the hour of their affliction. He joined in the public worship of the Church of England, but preached to a small congregation at Acton, where he soon became the friend of his neighbor Sir Matthew Hale, who though then a magistrate of great dignity, avoided the society of those who might be supposed to influence him, and from his jealous regard to independence, chose a privacy as simple and frugal as that of the pastor of a persecuted flock. Their retired leisure was often employed in high reasoning on those sublime subjects of metaphysical philosophy to which both had been conducted by their theological studies, and which, indeed, few contemplative men of elevated thought have

been deterred by the fate of their forerunners from aspiring to comprehend. Honored as he was by such a friendship, esteemed by the most distinguished persons of all persuasions, and consulted by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in every project of reconciliation and harmony, Baxter was five times in fifteen years dragged from his retirement, and thrown into prison as a malefactor. In 1669, two subservient magistrates, one of whom was steward of the Archbishop of Canterbury, summoned him before them for preaching in a conventicle. Hale, too surely foreknowing the event, could scarcely refrain from tears when he heard of the summons. He was committed for six months; and, after the unavailing intercession of his friends with the king, was at length enlarged in consequence of informalities in the commitment. Twice he afterwards escaped by irregularities into which the precipitate zeal of ignorant persecutors had betrayed them. Once, when his physician made oath that imprisonment would be dangerous to his life, he owed his enlargement to the pity of Charles II. At last, in the year 1685, he was brought to trial for supposed libels, before Jeffreys, in the court of King's Bench, where his venerable friend had once presided, where two chief justices, within ten years, had exemplified the extremities of human excellence and depravity, and where he, whose misfortunes had almost drawn tears down the aged cheeks of Hale, was doomed to undergo the most brutal indignities from Jeffreys.

The history and genius of Bunyan were as much more extraordinary than those of Baxter, as his station and attainments were inferior. He is probably at the head of unlettered men of genius, and perhaps there is no other instance of any man reaching fame from so abject an origin; for the other extraordinary men who have become famous without education, though they were without what is called learning, have had much reading and knowledge, and though they were repressed by poverty, were not like him, sullied by a vagrant and disreputable occupation. By his trade of a travelling tinker, he was from his earliest years placed in the midst of profligacy and on the verge of dishonesty. He was for a time a private in the parliamentary army; the only military service which was likely to elevate his sentiments, and amend his life. Having embraced the opinions of the Baptists, he was soon admitted to preach in a community which did not recognize the distinction between the clergy and the laity. Even under the Protectorate he was harassed by some busy magistrates, who took advantage of a parliamentary ordinance excluding from toleration those who maintained the unlawfulness of infant baptism. But this officiousness was checked by the spirit of the government, and it was not till the return of intolerance with Charles II. that the sufferings of Bunyan began. Within five months after the restoration, he was apprehended under the statute of the thirty-fifth of Elizabeth, and was thrown into prison, or rather a dungeon, at Bedford, where he remained for twelve years. The narratives of his life exhibit remarkable specimens of the acuteness and fortitude with which he withstood the threats and snares of the magistrates, and clergymen, and attorneys, who beset him. He foiled them in every contest of argument; especially in that which relates to the independence of religion on civil authority, which he expounded with clearness and exactness, for it was a subject on which his naturally vigorous mind was better educated by his habitual meditations than it could have been by the most skillful instructor. In the year after his apprehension, he made some informal applications for release to the judges of assize, to whom his petition was presented by his wife, who was treated by one of them, Twisden, with brutal violence. His colleague, Sir Matthew Hale, listened to her with patience and goodness; and with consolatory compassion pointed out to her the only legal means of obtaining redress. It is a singular gratification thus to find a humane character, which if he be met in the most obscure recesses of the history of a bad time, is sure to display some new excellence. The conduct of Hale on this occasion can be ascribed only to strong and pure benevolence; for he was unconscious of Bunyan's genius; he disliked preaching mechanics, and he partook of the general prejudice against Anabaptists. In the long years which followed, the time of Bunyan was divided between the manufacture of lace, which he learned in order to support his family, and the composition of those works which have given celebrity to his sufferings. He was at length released in 1672, by Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln; but not till the timid prelate had received an injunction from the Lord Chancellor to that effect. He availed himself of the indulgence of James II. without trusting it, and died unmolested in the last year of that prince's government. His "Pilgrim's Progress," an allegorical representation of the Calvinistic theology, at first found readers only among those of that persuasion, gradually emerged from this narrow circle, and by the natural power of imagination over the corrupted feelings of mankind, at length rivalled Robinson Crusoe in popularity. The bigots and persecutors sunk into oblivion; the scoffs of wits, and worldlings were unavailing, while, after the lapse of a century, the object of their cruelty and scorn touched the political sympathy as well as the piety of Cowper; his genius subdued the opposite prejudices of Johnson and of Franklin, and his name has been uttered in the same breath with those of Spencer and Dante.

For the Pearl.

## SILENCE.

Silence is eloquent—

And sorrow, though severe  
Is not more plainly shown,  
By the heart-rending groan,  
Than by the silent tear.

There is a voice in grief—

Though it has pierced so deep,  
That sealed in apathy,  
The heart forbids to sigh  
And the eye forgets to weep.

It's want of words expresses

The fulness of its feeling,  
And painful silence speaks,  
That, grief that spirit breaks,  
Which language fails revealing.

There is a voice in Death—

The silence of the grave  
Conveys its lesson home,  
To those in health's fair bloom;  
The fearful and the brave.

Go to the place of tombs:

Gaze on the mouldering bier;  
The arm of conquest now,  
And the whitened locks of snow,  
Have found a pillow there.

The bud of infancy,

Ere it could charm the eye;  
Is cleft by Death's rude hand—  
Transplanted to expand,  
Beneath a milder Sky.

Ask silence, where they lie,

Who have removed hither?  
And she replies; "they're taking,  
(No care those slumbers breaking)  
A long—long sleep together."

Where is the damask cheek—

With white and crimson shaded?  
The flower has lost its bloom,  
And in the silent tomb,  
Its beauteous tints have faded.

Where is that speaking eye,

Whose light such life imparted?  
Its beams are quenched now,  
And from that lovely brow,  
"The glory has departed."

All—all that charms us here

Is transient as the wind,  
Or as the meteor's flight,  
Over the face of night;  
Which leaves no trace behind.

## GEESE KILLING IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

## A Frightful picture.

"I was (continues Sir George) similarly indebted to the kindness of fortune on another occasion, the particulars whereof I will here introduce, not only in exemplification of the foregoing remark, whereby I was within an ace of passing through Lincolnshire without visiting a slaughter-house of the native geese, but since the subject I am upon is one of comestibles and provisions for the table. Two years ago, while remaining a day in the town of Boston, my attention being then chiefly directed to the gigantic operations that propel the stagnant waters of the fens in artificial rivors of the sea; I had intended to bend my way to whatever spot I might see to the greatest advantage the means and the effect, whereby the science of drainage has there been conducted to so vast an extent. And having previously visited the noble church, whose eight spires, airily supported on lantern arches, springing from an octagonal turret, are only equalled by the architectural symmetry within the building, where the whole aisle and transepts, in unbroken space, and under one roof, are supported on lofty pointed arches of exquisite form, I had nothing in fact, else to do, when by mere chance, as I have already hinted, my attention was called to the red field of blood, whereon hundreds of poor geese yield up their lives daily, and perish, generation after generation, for the benefit of mankind. As I was strolling onwards in the direction of the fens, I had hardly proceeded clear of the suburbs of the town, when the busy hum of imprisoned thousands was borne upon the breeze, as of those multitudinous throngs which, during the depth and intensity of winter, are seen gallantly piercing the snow-storm in pointed column, and murmuring in gentle cackle as they plod along. For a moment I attentively listened, but a moment, to ears accustomed to rural sounds, was quite sufficient to reconcile localities, and account for the phenomenon. A few minutes more conducted me to the very spot from whence the sound proceeded, where, on a small plot of ground, a quarter of an acre in extent, a drove of five thousand geese were closely penned like sheep, cackling their sorrows to the winds, and awaiting their melancholy doom. From a thousand to sixteen hundred a week here die regularly by the hands of the executioner; and, as I learnt, upon making inquiry, that, according to arrangement carried into effect by the

proprietor of the establishment, three days in every week, of which the morrow was one, were set apart to slaughter, I made up my mind to go the next morning accordingly, and witness the ceremony. At ten o'clock the next morning, when I arrived on the premises, two hundred and sixty geese had been already barbarously assassinated out of six hundred, the number on that day doomed to die. The dead birds were all plucked, trussed, and laid in order, neatly ranged on shelves wherewith this, the first and outer apartment, was surrounded. The said apartment communicated by an outer door through the back yard of the premises by a series of wicket gates, to the plot of ground already referred to, and also by partitions with two other chambers, in one of which the geese were killed, and in the other stripped of their feathers. In the first of the two latter chambers, three boys were employed. The first boy, by virtue of his office, drove the geese a dozen at a time from the grand depot into a pen parted off in one corner of the apartment, and these, batch by batch, were usually disposed of as quickly as he could go to the depot and return. The second boy, though in point of fact he acted the part of a hangman, did nothing more than, taking each goose one by one out of the aforesaid pen, prepare it for execution. To this end, by a dexterous twist, he entangled together the pinions of the bird behind its back, and inserted its legs in one of eight nooses that hung suspended five feet from the ground against the wall, over a long trough which rested on the floor to catch the blood. The third boy's business was simple and sanguinary—merely that of cutting throats. Of this young matador, though scarcely twelve years old, the trenchant blade had not only passed across the weasands of all those geese that had already given up the ghost, but ere the sun had passed his meridian, the death-cackle of the whole devoted six hundred had sounded in his ears. His whole care and attention was necessarily occupied with the dying; though frequently unawares, and in despite of his best efforts, he received a flapping from a gory neck, or a tingling stream of blood spirted in his eye; whereat his countenance would gleam with a ludicrous expression of alacrity and surprise. He would then compose the limbs of his victims in death with double diligence, yet only precisely so long as they shewed by fluttering, in their last moments, a disinclination to behave decently. Afterwards, he allowed every goose to go out of the world in the best manner it could. So soon as a goose appeared thoroughly dead, its legs were disengaged from the noose to make room for another, when the defunct bird was tossed out of the chamber of death, through a small square window or aperture that communicated with the plucking-room. Here, behind a large table or dresser sat seven men and one woman, upon low seats, enveloped in a cloud of dust and down, and up to their hips in feathers; wherewith altogether they were covered with such profusion, that among the eight individuals, it was difficult at first sight to point out which was the woman. These people were paid for their labour, as I was told, at the rate of a shilling a score, wherewith, such is their dexterity and strength of thumb, that some are able at the aforesaid price, provided they have geese to pluck, to earn ten or twelve shillings a day. As near as I could judge, a goose was plucked naked as a needle in about six minutes; a plump fat bird, at all events, every forty or fifty seconds, from either one or other of the operators, was pitched heavily on the dresser. Thus, the artists, without favour or delay, vigorously pursued their work, while the noise of quills relentlessly ripped from their sockets, sounded like the crackling of a faggot in a baker's oven, or twigs snapped in twain by a lusty donkey, as he bursts through a thicket. Each goose, so soon as plucked, was pitched by the plucker as I before observed, upon the dresser. Hence it was removed by the man presiding over the first outer apartment already mentioned, and then immediately scientifically trussed and deposited on the shelves. After witnessing the various operations now described, I paid a short visit to the premises in the rear of these apartments, where a small steam-engine is continually kept at work in the double operation of grinding meal for the geese's food, and stirring and pounding the same into a compost together with potatoes. Three men, moreover, in the yard adjoining, sap green as high as their waistbands, were hard at work loading carts with shovels from a large heap containing at least a dozen wagon loads of pure goose manure. The reader now will, I trust, have formed an idea of a Lincolnshire poulterer's establishment, although, than the one cited, there are others, I believe, considerably more extensive. From hence the geese are despatched regularly to the London market, packed in baskets containing twenty-five birds each, of which baskets twenty-five also make a wagon load in weight, supposing each goose on an average to weigh eleven pounds, upwards of three tons. The wagons are forty-eight hours on the road, and the cargoes, on their arrival, consigned to sales-men, are disposed of to the poulterers."—Sir George Head's Home Tour.

**PRESERVATION OF GRAIN.**—A company has been formed at Marseilles, who undertake to keep grain and flour for the public, and, by means of a new process, to preserve all the grain intrusted to them from the ravages of insects of all kinds. The establishment not only undertakes to keep the grain securely, but guarantees the holders against any loss by fire.

## ON FOOD.

"The diversity of substances which we find in the catalogue of articles of food is as great as the variety with which the art of the science of cookery prepares them; the notions of the ancients on this most important subject are worthy of remark. Their taste regarding meat was various. Beef they considered the most substantial food; hence it constituted the chief nourishment of their athletes. Camels' and dromedaries' flesh was much esteemed, their heels more especially. Donkey-flesh was in high repute. Mæcenas, according to Pliny, delighted in it; and the wild ass, brought from Africa, was compared to venison. In more modern times we find Chancellor Dupret having asses fattened for his table. The hog and the wild boar appear to have been held in great estimation; and a hog was called 'animal propter convivium natum'; but the classical portion of the sow was somewhat singular—'vulva nil dulcius ampla.' Their mode of killing swine was as refined in barbarity as in epicurism. Plutarch tells us that the gravid sow was actually trampled to death to form a delicious mass fit for the gods. At other times, pigs were slaughtered with red-hot spits, that the blood might not be lost; stuffing a pig with asafetida and various small animals, was a luxury called 'porcus Trojanus;' alluding, no doubt, to the warriors who were concealed in the Trojan horse. Young bears, dogs, and foxes, (the latter more esteemed when fed upon grapes,) were also much admired by the Romans; who were also so fond of various birds, that some consular families assumed the names of those they most esteemed. Cælius tells us how to drown fowls in Falernian wine, to render them more luscious and tender. Pheasants were brought over from Colchis, and deemed at one time such a rarity, that one of the Ptolemies bitterly lamented his having never tasted any. Peacocks were carefully reared in the island of Samos, and sold at such a high price, that Varro informs us they fetched yearly upwards of 2000*l.* of our money. The guinea-fowl was considered delicious; but, wretched people! the Romans knew not the turkey, a gift which we moderns owe to the Jesuits. Who could vilify the disciples of Loyola after this information! The ostrich was much relished; Heliogabalus delighted in their brains, and Apicius especially commends them. But, of all birds, the flamingo was not only esteemed as a *bonne-bouche*, but most valuable after dinner; for, when the gluttonous sensualists had eaten too much, they introduced one of its long scarlet feathers down their throats, to disgorge their dinner. The modern gastronome is perhaps not aware that it is to the ancients he owes his delicious fattened duck and goose livers,—the inestimable *foies gras* of France. Thus Horace:

Pinguibus et fœcis pastum jecur anseris albi.

The swan was also fattened by the Romans, who first deprived it of sight; and cranes were by no means despised by people of taste.

"While the feathered creation was doomed to form part of ancient delights, the waters yielded their share of enjoyment, and several fishes were immortalised. The *muræna Helena* was educated in their ponds, and rendered so tame that he came to be killed at the tinkling of his master's bell or the sound of his voice.

Natat ad magistrum delicata muræna,

says Martial. Hirtius ceded six thousand of these fish to Cæsar as a great favour, and Vitellius delighted in their roe. The fame of the lamprey, or the *mustela* of Ausonius and Pliny, is generally known; and the sturgeon, the *acipenser sturio*, was brought to table with triumphant pomp; but the turbot, one of which was brought to Domitian from Ancona, was considered such a present from the gods, that this emperor assembled the senate to admire it. Soles were also so delectable, that, punning on the word *solea*, they were called the *soles* of the gods; the dorad, *sparus auratus*, was consecrated to Venus; the *labrus scarus* was called the brain of Jupiter, and Apuleius and Epicharmus maintain that its very entrails would be relished in Olympus.

"The *garum*, or celebrated fish-sauce of the Romans, was principally made out of the *sciæua umbra*, and the mackerel; the entrails and blood being macerated in brine until they became putrid.

Expirantis adhuc scombri, de sanguine primo  
Accipe fastosum munera cara garum ---

thus says Martial: and Galen affirms that this disgusting preparation was so precious, that a measure of about three of our pints fetched two thousand silver pieces. So delightful was the effluvia of the *garum* considered, that Martial informs us it was carried about in onyx smelling-bottles. But our luxurious civic chiefs are not aware that the red mullet—for such I believe was the *mullus*—was held in such a distinguished category among genteel fishes, that three of them although of small size, were known to fetch upwards of £200. They were more appreciated when brought alive, and gradually allowed to die, immersed in the delicious *garum*; when the Romans feasted their eyes in the anticipated delight of eating them, by gazing on the dying creature as he changed colour like an expiring dolphin. Seneeca reproaches them with this refinement of cruelty—'Oculis quoque gulosi sunt;' and the most renowned of Apicius's culinary discoveries was the *alec*, a compound of their livers.

"Snails were also a great dainty. Fulvius Herpinus was im-



mortalised for the discovery of the art of fattening them on bran and other articles; and Horace informs us they were served up, broiled upon silver gridirons, to give a relish to wine. Oysters were brought from our coasts to Rome, and frozen oysters were much extolled. Grasshoppers, locusts, and various insects, were equally acceptable to our first gastronomic legislators. Acorns, similar to those now eaten in Spain, formed part of a Roman dessert; the best were brought from Naples and Tarentum. It does not appear that the ancients had a great variety in their vegetable diet; condiments to stimulate the sluggish appetite seemed to be their principal research."—*Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

## THE NUMBER SEVEN.

Our scriptures abound with innumerable instances of the authorized use of this number. Enoch, the seventh after Adam was translated to heaven. At the deluge Noah received seven days' notice of its commencement; and was commanded to select clean beasts and fowls by sevens, while the unclean were only admitted by pairs. On the seventh month the ark rested on Ararat, and Noah despatched his dove at the distance of seven days each time. The seven years of plenty and seven years of famine were denoted by Pharaoh's dream of seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of good and seven ears of blighted corn. In the Jewish economy, the seventh year was directed to be a sabbath of rest, and a grand jubilee commenced at the end of seven times seven years. Job and Balaam each offered sacrifices, by the express command of God, consisting of seven bullocks and seven rams; and this was, undoubtedly, conformable with the usual practice of Jewish antiquity. Bishop Horsley says, that 'much of the Jewish ritual was governed by the number seven.' The golden candlestick had seven branches, supporting seven burning lamps. When atonement was to be made for the sin of a priest, or of the congregation, the veil was to be sprinkled with the blood of the offering; and the mercy-seat was to be sprinkled seven times on the great day of annual expiation. The festivals of the Jews were celebrated each for seven days successively; and among the extraordinary sacrifices were seven or twice seven lambs. When the ark of the covenant was brought from the house of Obed-Edom to Jerusalem, the sacrifice on that great occasion was seven bullocks and seven rams. The destruction of Jericho was miraculously effected by the use of this number; for seven priests, bearing seven rams' horns for trumpets, were directed by the Almighty to compass the city seven days, and on the seventh, to proceed round it seven times, when the walls should fall into ruin. Solomon was seven years building the temple, which was dedicated in the seventh month, and the public festival lasted seven days. The punishment of Nebuchadnezzar was, that he should be banished seven years from human society. The whole machinery of the Apocalypse is conducted on precisely the same principle. It contains seven synchronisms, which were preceded by a succession of woes, addressed to seven churches, recorded in a book with seven seals, denounced by seven angels to the sound of seven trumpets, and revealed by seven thunders or oracular voices. The wrath of God against the idolatrous world is let loose by seven angels, having seven plagues inclosed in seven golden vials. Idolatry is represented under the figure of a scarlet-coloured beast, having seven heads; and seven idolatrous kings, or seven forms of polytheism are pointed out for destruction.—*Freemason's Quarterly Review.*

CORK.—M. Dutrochet having made some observations on the formation of cork in the *Quercus suber*, has communicated them to the French Academy of Sciences. It has been always stated, that this substance is a development of the layer of cellular tissue exterior to the fibrous layers of the bark, but M. Dutrochet differs from this general opinion. He says that since the researches of M. Adolphe Brongniart, it is admitted that the tegumentary covering of vegetables is composed of two parts, viz. the epidermis or cuticle, and composite membrane formed of cells which increase internally, by the production of new cells. The young stems of the *Quercus suber* have no cork, but it is the enormous development of the internal surface of the cellular tegument, or membrane, which forms the cork in more adult trees.

## A PORTRAIT.

Her close lips  
Were delicate as the tinted pencilling  
Of veins upon a flower; and on her cheek  
The timid blood had faintly melted through,  
Like something that was half afraid of light.  
There was no lighter print upon the grass,  
Than her elastic step! and in her frame  
There was a perfect symmetry that seemed  
Aerial as a bird's.

RECIPE FOR COLD WEATHER.—Shut the door; make your house tight; get a stove; plenty of dry wood; don't leave the door open; put a spring on it; if any one stands holding the door wide open while he tells you a long yarn, knock him down with the poker. We have but one thing more to add, and that is—*shut the door!!!*

For the Pearl.

## NATIONAL ANTHEM,

OR, A VOICE FROM BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

By William M. Leggett.

GOD of our fathers, hear—  
Answer a Nation's pray'r—  
Speak from between  
The lofty Cherubim,  
Glorious with Seraphim,  
And bless the diadem  
Of Britain's Queen!

Oh may our Isle renown'd,  
Star of the Nations' round,  
Peerless be seen—  
And while her proud display  
Lights kingdoms far away,  
Still may her brightest ray  
Shine round the Queen!

GOD of our fathers, hear—  
Be to old England's pray'r  
What Thou hast been!  
Should righteous cause impel,  
May brilliant conquests tell,  
Heroes invincible,  
True to their Queen!

Millions of voices raise  
The patriot burst of praise:  
Nor intervene  
One tone of discord, where  
Name we "Victoria,"  
But be each Briton's pray'r  
GOD save the Queen!

New Brunswick, 1838.

MILITARY STRATAGEM.—Few generals have been more distinguished for their military stratagems, than the Norwegian king, Harald Hardrada, who lost his life in the battle of Stamford Bridge, in 1066, when in alliance with the exiled Northumbrian Earl Tostig—an alliance which, by drawing off the forces of the last of our Anglo-Saxon monarchs to the north, greatly facilitated the Norman invasion. Harald Hardrada, in his youth, led a life of strange adventure in the East, and fought for some time under the banner of the Byzantine emperors. On one of his expeditions to Sicily, he got possession of a town by a singular stratagem, which is thus related by Snorri Sturluson, in his *Heimskringla*:—"When Harald arrived in Sicily he began to ravage the country, and came with his army to a populous town, to which he laid siege. The walls, however, were so strong, that he began to doubt whether it would be possible to make a breach in them; and the burghers had plenty of provisions, and everything which they needed for their defence. Harald, therefore, ordered his fowlers to catch the small birds, that nested in the town, and flew to the forest during the day in quest of food. He then caused splinters of inflammable wood, smeared with wax and sulphur, to be fastened on their backs, and enkindled. The birds, when set at liberty, flew immediately to the town to revisit their young and their nests, on the roofs of the houses, which were thatched with reeds and straw. The fire fell from the birds on the thatch, and although each bore but a small quantity, their number was so great, that one house after another began to burn, until the the whole town was in flames. The inhabitants then came out, and implored mercy, and Harald thus got possession of the town."

THE RICHMOND MAIDS OF HONOUR.—One of his practical jokes, played off upon one of the ladies of our party, I must set down. She had never been at Richmond before, or if she had, knew none of the little peculiarities attached to it. He desired the waiter after dinner to bring some "maids of honour"—those cheesecakes for which the place has been time out of mind so celebrated. The lady stared, and then laughed; Daly saw her surprise, and elicited all he wanted—her innocent question of "What do you mean by maids of honour?" "Dear me," said he, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheesecakes elsewhere, are here called maids of honour; a capon is called a lord chamberlain; a goose is a lord steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bed-chamber; and a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on." The unsophisticated lady was taken in; and with all the confidence which Daly's gravity inspired, when she actually saw the maids of honour make their appearance in the shape of the cheesecakes, she convulsed the whole party, by turning to the waiter and desiring him, in a sweet but decided tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house, quite cold.—*Theodore Hook.*

WOOLWICH ARSENAL.—"After twenty-two years of profound and almost undisturbed peace, during which time many thousands have been condemned and sold, there are still in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich nearly 24,000 pieces of ordnance, and this is but a small portion of the mighty resources of the

British nation. Of the above number, nearly 3,000 are of gun metal, and the remaining 21,000 of iron. This mass of destruction is divided into pieces of 202 different natures and lengths. There are also in the Arsenal nearly three millions of cannon balls and bomb shells. It is said, that when the allied Sovereigns came to England, and visited the Arsenal, they imagined that some wooden imitations of artillery had been made to deceive them, and when convinced of the reality of the spectacle before them, they could hardly find language to express their surprise.

"The weight of the largest gun known to have been cast in the Arsenal is ninety cwt., and the smallest from two to three cwt. The brass pieces are usually much lighter, the heaviest hitherto cast weighing only thirty-six cwt. There are four air furnaces in the foundry, the largest of which will melt 325 cwt. of metal, a sufficient quantity to cast fourteen guns, and the smallest twenty cwt., which is generally used for refining."

"It may not be amiss in concluding this notice of the foundry, to give a brief account of the different processes through which a gun passes before its completion. The mould, a mixture of clay, loam, sand, etc. being prepared of the requisite size and secured by being strongly bound with iron hoops, is heated red hot in order to evaporate all latent humidity; it is then placed in the earth, before the furnace, the cavities around it are filled up with clay, and the metal, when sufficiently heated, is conducted into the mould, and the casting of the gun is completed. The gun is cast solid; the next process is that of boring and turning, which are both performed by one machine and at the same time; a large bit, of the diameter wanted, is firmly fixed, against this the gun revolves, four horses being required to move it, and while the bit is thus by the constant revolution of the gun, cutting away the metal and forming the bore, the other parts of the machine are employed in turning the exterior; after this, the touch-hole being drilled, the gun is complete. It is then minutely and carefully examined in every part; magnifying glasses are applied to its exterior surface, whilst mirrors are made to reflect its interior; its inclination and relative proportions are then tried with mathematical instruments; and lastly, the gun is proved by being fully charged, and fired off at the butts."

ZOOLOGY: ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL INSTINCT.—In a paper, in the June No. of the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève" (so ably edited by M. de la Rivière) who read several papers at the recent meeting of the British Association, there are some curious anecdotes, tending to prove how near, if not quite, to the power of reasoning the actions of animals approach. Two men who were about to walk to Vevey, agreed to meet at an appointed place. One of them, who arrived first, fancying he was too late, resolved to push on and overtake his comrade; but his dog shewed evident symptoms of disliking this proceeding. He ran backwards and forwards, lingered behind, and, at length, totally disappeared, but speedily returned with the walking-stick of the second person in his mouth. He had come late, and sat down to wait for his friend; but the sagacity of the animal resorted to this evident means of teaching them their relative positions, and bringing them together.—Another dog, which they were trying to teach to mount a ladder, got so tired of his lesson that he ran away, but next day he returned alone to the ladder, and applied himself to the task, just as if his vanity had been piqued into learning the exercise.—A third dog, taught to carry a lantern with its owner, on winter mornings before daylight, as the latter carried milk to a neighbouring farmer, happened one day to be shut up when his master departed. When loosened, he ran after and overtook him, but perceiving that he had not the lantern, he returned to the house, and causing it to be given to him, again hastened to his accustomed light work.—Another, belonging to a young student, whose master, while bathing, hid among some rushes, was hilloed into the water, as if an accident had happened; when, instead of plunging in, he ran lower down the rapid stream, and took his station, watching the river, where it was most likely to bring down the body for rescue. We conclude with one fact more, relating to an animal of which we have been used to consider innocence, rather than wisdom, the characteristic. A pigeon, familiarised to the kitchen, where it was fed and caressed, one day witnessed the killing of a pullet, and it immediately flew away, and never returned to the scene of slaughter! The kitchen death of a chicken is not very unlike the death of a dove; and the warning was not lost.

CAUCASIAN SUGAR.—Here I was made acquainted with their manner of procuring sugar, which is derived from the walnut tree, that flourishes here in extraordinary perfection. During spring, just as the sap is rising, the trunk is pierced, and a spigot left in it for some time, when this is withdrawn, a clear sweet liquor flows out, which is left to coagulate, and on some occasions they refine it. For diseases of the lungs, and general debility, they consider it a most valuable medicine. Clarified honey, bleached in the sun, till it becomes quite white, is another substitute for sugar.—*Spencer's Circassia.*



For the Pearl.

## THE ANNAPOLIAN REVIEWER.

A Correspondent in the Novascotian of the 15th inst. has thrown so many ungenerous reflections o'er the memory of my boyish "Wreath," that, by the etiquette of authorship I am somewhat bound to reply.

My opponent, whom I shall promiscuously designate *The Annapolian Reviewer, friend N., and the busy gentleman*, will never do credit to his assumed *Censorship* (pardon the phrase obliquely borrowed from his sage critique) until he learn to make more appropriate selections for satire, and to animadvert with less show of envious feeling.

One part of his gratuitous interference refers to a Poem in "The Forest Wreath," entitled "The Thunder Storm," and the following stanza is quoted in proof of its barrenness of poetry.

"Whence the terrific grandeur that shoots thro' the sky,  
Like the lightnings which flash from a Deity's eye—  
Whence the noise that makes rocks, hills and mountains to nod,  
As it breaks thro' the clouds like the tramp of a God!"

On these lines the Annapolian Reviewer thus seriously comments—"I should really like to know how or where he (the author) ever saw "the lightnings flash from a Deity's eye," or where he ever heard the "tramp of a God?"

Indeed! but is it criminal to speak of what we never directly saw, or heard? Then let him not presume henceforth to imagine that there exists any intellect in his own brain, unless he be favoured with ocular and auricular demonstrations peculiar to himself.

Now a certain universally acknowledged genius remarks of the Universe—

"Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Why then may not the figure be carried out? why not suppose that the energy which lights up the countenance of nature forth beams from the eye of that soul? But has a soul got eyes? Ay, there perchance is the desideratum—and for that very reason I leave the question with the critical acumen of *friend N.*

But is *the busy gentleman* an admirer of the muses? Let's try him with a paragraph from the Bards of Old England—from the very King of Bards—even Byron.

"Or view the Lord of the unerring bow  
The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
The sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;  
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright  
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye  
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,  
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,  
Developing in that one glance the Deity."

He does'nt like it—I know he does'nt like it. Some people very gravely "prefer sense to sound," and others again, *their own opinion* to either.

But how will his talisman weigh in a scale manufactured by his favorite?

(Apart to the Reader. By *friend N.*'s favorite, I mean the man wot wrote the following pretty lines:)

"He often rode, as thro' the land he past,  
Full thirty miles before he broke his fast!  
Then added thirty more before he stopt to dine!  
And ten or twenty more before his preaching time!  
When worn with toil, and age, and sore disease,  
He rode an easier way, his friends to please." etc. etc.

The man who can squander away his judgment in the approval of such doggerel as this, will never harm me much, Mr. Editor. Yet I feel willing to indulge him with a little more light on the subject, peradventure it may irradiate the gloom that seems to cloud his vision. How then does he understand that sublime allusion to the Deity—"who maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind?" Methinks his slowness of understanding and peculiar aversion to metaphor, will lead him to enquire, Who ever heard tell of a chariot of clouds, and of the wind having wings?—or who ever saw the Deity walking on the wings of the wind?

I fear that he cannot enjoy the majesty of such thoughts as refer to "Him that rideth upon the heavens," "whose strength is in the clouds" and "who speaketh in thunder"—that he cannot duly appreciate the lofty symbols recorded in the inspired pages of the Volume of Volumes.

But enough is written to epitaph the tomb of his critique. I conclude therefore with one respectful request—and that is made to the very gentleman himself—*Friend N.* wilt thou let my childish works alone, and henceforth quarrel with a man? I have a new work forthcoming, and thou may'st try thy skill at that until thy sides ache, and welcome.

W. M. LEGGETT.

Bathurst, N. B., Feb. 22, 1838.

Adversity perfects the good, but the bad it renders worse—as the vessel of gold is softened by the same fire that hardens the vessel of clay.

Except pain of body and remorse of conscience, all our evils are imaginary.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often think themselves deep, when they are very near the surface.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1838.

## BRITISH NEWS.

Her Majesty's Ship Pique, Capt. Boxer, arrived on Monday from Cork, in 42 days, with the head quarters of the 93d Regt. commanded by Lieut. Col. McGregor. She brings London dates to the 19th, and Cork to the 22d January.

The Hercules and Vestal were to sail in a few days with troops for Halifax. The Malabar 74, was under orders to convey troops to Canada.

Sir George Arthur and a number of military officers sailed from Portsmouth for New York, on the 4th January. Major General Sir J. Macdonnell, commanding one of the districts in Ireland, has been offered the command of one of the divisions of the army to be sent to Canada, and it is understood, has accepted it. Col. Campbell has been appointed to command the artillery in Canada—two companies of field batteries, one troop of horse artillery, with the rocket troops, will form the brigade, and expect shortly to embark. The Board of Ordnance had issued tenders to supply 2,000 shells at the shortest time possible.

The news of McKenzie's attempt on Toronto, had reached England prior to the 5th of January.

The London Royal Exchange has been destroyed by fire.

ROYAL MESSAGE.—Lord J. Russell, upon being called on by the Speaker, stated, that Her Majesty had been waited upon by such members of that House as were Privy Councillors, with the address, to which she has been pleased to return the following most gracious answer:—

"I thank you for the assurance of my faithful Commons to support my efforts for the restoration of tranquillity in Lower Canada. The unfortunate events that have taken place in that province give me the deepest concern; but I look forward with anxiety to the period when the re-establishment of order will enable me to lay the foundation of lasting peace in the colonies.

"The spirit manifested by the loyal inhabitants of the provinces of North America, and the exertions they have made in support of my authority, demand my warmest acknowledgements.—(Cheers.)

From the Cork Southern Reporter, Jan. 20.

GOVERNMENT MEASURES RESPECTING CANADA.—Parliament met on Tuesday, and on that and the next (Wednesday) evening, Lord John Russell developed the course of policy which Ministers intend pursuing with respect to Canada, and the legislative measure which has been resolved on. In the course of a long and eloquent speech the noble Lord stated the outline of the Bill which it was his intention to bring in, which would suspend that part of the Canadian Constitution by which it was made necessary to call together the members of the Legislative Assembly; it was proposed that the power of legislation should be given during the suspension of the Constitution to the Governor in Council. It was also proposed, with a view to the final adjustment of the existing differences, that the Governor and Council should have recourse to the opinions of the American authorities themselves, summoning for that purpose a Board, to consist of twenty-three persons, ten for each of the Canadas, and the remaining three to be selected from the present Legislative Council. The propositions which should emanate from this assembly, after being assented and agreed to by the Governor, to be transmitted to England, and proposed to Parliament, with a view of making such modifications in the Canadian Constitution of 1791 as might eventually prove the foundation of an harmonious and free constitution for the people. Lord John concluded by moving an Address to the Queen, assuring Her Majesty "That while the House was ready to afford redress to real grievances, they were fully determined to support the efforts of Her Majesty for the suppression of revolt and the restoration of tranquillity."

The Gazette of the same evening announced an appointment of much importance, that of the Earl of Durham to be Governor General, Vice Admiral, and Captain General of all her Majesty's Provinces, within and adjacent to the Continent of N. America. He is also appointed Her Majesty's Commissioner for the adjustment of certain important affairs affecting the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada. This appointment cannot fail to be satisfactory to the Parliamentary friends of the Canadians. Lord Durham is more likely than any other eminent public individual to effect the object of his appointment.

On Wednesday, Lord John Russell brought in the bill of which he had given notice on the previous evening. The power of passing laws during the suspension of the House of Assembly was to be conferred for the present on Sir John Colborne as Governor in Council; but when the Earl of Durham arrived out, the power would be vested in him. Further instructions would be given to the Governor-General, and if necessary a power of granting a general amnesty in the Province of Lower Canada would be conferred on him.

In the House of Lords the subject has not been yet regularly discussed, Lord Glenelg having merely given notice of his inten-

tion to move on Thursday an address to her Majesty on the affairs of Canada. A conversation followed, in the course of which the Duke of Wellington expressed a hope that preparations would be made on such a scale; and operations conducted in such a manner, as must make it quite certain they would succeed, and that, too, at the earliest possible period that the season opened. If such a course were pursued he was determined to give his support to her Majesty's Government.

## LATER FROM ENGLAND.

We have been obligingly favored with Liverpool Papers to the 3d February, and several London Papers of earlier dates, received by the Stephen Porter.

They are almost wholly occupied with the affairs of Canada Parliament re-assembled on the 16th January. A Bill was immediately introduced into the House of Commons—making temporary provision for the Government of Lower Canada, which, after undergoing some trifling alterations, was passed and sent to the House of Lords. The Bill, originally submitted by Ministers, suspends the operation, until November 1840, of the Act 31, Geo. III. entitled, "An Act to repeal certain parts of an Act, passed in the 18th year of His Majesty's Reign, entitled, An Act for making more effectual provision for the Government of the Province of Quebec in North America, and to make further provision for the Government of the said Province"—authorises the appointment of Legislative Councillors—empowers the Governor and Council to make Ordinances for the good Government of Lower Canada, and to appropriate the Revenues received in the Province to public services, but not to exceed the sum "appropriated by Law within the said Province for the public service in the year 1832"—applies the provisions of Act 31, Geo. III. in reference to the enactment and confirmation or disallowance by His said Majesty, of Ordinances to be passed by the Governor and Council, "in so far as the same can be applied"—and empowers Her Majesty, at any time, by an Order in Council to declare that, "from a time to be by such Order for that purpose appointed, all the enactments of the Bill shall cease to be in force."

This, in our opinion, is the wisest course Her Majesty's Government could pursue. The appointment of Earl Durham as Governor General of the North American Colonies appears to have given much satisfaction in England. His Lordship will call to his assistance in the Government of Lower Canada, the most talented, loyal and respectable Gentlemen in the Province, and in the measures they will adopt we shall have every confidence.

Gazette.

LONDON, FEB. 1.

The news received this morning from Upper Canada of the boarding of the American Steamer Caroline, by which unfortunate event several American Citizens have lost their lives, has caused some sensation in the City, as well as effected the British Funds; but, according to accounts received, the above Steamer was purchased from the Americans by the rebels at Navy Island, for the purpose of supplying them with provisions and ammunition from the American shore. Should this prove correct, the British were justified in destroying the Steamer.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man died on the 26th ult. in the 87th year of his age. The Countess of Essex has also paid the debt of nature.

The Italian Opera House at Paris has been destroyed by fire—as also the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

The following passengers sailed in the Cambridge from Liverpool, bound to New-York, on Tuesday: Major-General Clitherow, Capt. Clitherow, Majors Wingfield, Hall and Yonge, and Colonels Marshall, Turner and Nickle.

It is said to be in contemplation by the Admiralty to remove the Falmouth Packets to Devonport.

The squadron of Cavalry destined for Canada are to be remounted in that country, Major Biggs, of the 7th Hussars, accompanied by a veterinary Surgeon, having received orders to proceed there, with the horses which will be required.

The Apollo, troop-ship, is destined to convey to Halifax some of the drafts intended for Regiments now serving in Canada.

DEATH OF LORD ELDON.—This nobleman died at his residence, No. 1, Hamilton-place, Piccadilly, on Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock, in the 87th year of his age. We believe his lordship was attacked with no particular complaint, but sunk under a gradual decay of nature. His lordship was attended during his illness by his daughter, Lady Frances Bankes, the wife of Mr. Bankes, of Corfe Castle, who, since her separation from her husband has resided with her venerable parent. Lord Eldon has left two daughters, Lady Frances Bankes and Lady Elizabeth Upton, the wife of Mr. Upton the architect, and will be succeeded in his title by his grandson, Lord Viscount Encombe, who is now in his 27th year, and who came from Shirley House, near Croydon, to attend on his noble grandfather during his last moments. Lord Eldon, with the exception of Lord Lynedoch was the most aged member of the House of Peers.

Lord J. Russell brought in the Canada Temporary Government Bill, and moved its first reading. Mr. Hawes enquired whether

any steps had been taken to prevent the sanguinary punishments in Lower Canada, previously to the arrival of Lord Durham?— Lord J. Russell answered, that though there was not the least reason to expect that Sir J. Colborne would do anything beyond his duty, the government had not neglected to let that officer know its opinion of the inexpediency of capital punishment.—Sir R. Peel, after some remarks from Mr. C. Buller, &c. deprecated the continuation of pre-discussion on what ought to be the character of punishments regarding crimes of the extent and particulars of which they knew nothing.—The bill was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday.

A petition was then presented by Mr. Grote from Mr. J. A. Roebuck, praying that he might be heard at the bar of the House in defence of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, and in opposition to the measure which the Government meant to introduce in regard to that country.—Lord J. Russell had some doubts whether Mr. Roebuck could be considered as agent for Lower Canada, but without giving an opinion upon that point, he thought the petition should be taken into consideration another day. Ultimately it was agreed that the petition should be printed and taken into further consideration on Monday, and further that Mr. Roebuck should be in readiness to proceed with his address if it should be the wish of the house to hear him. The House adjourned at a quarter past one o'clock.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Jan. 26.

The Canada Bill underwent some amendments without opposition.

JANUARY 29.

Lord John Russell moved the third reading of the Lower Canada Government Bill, upon which, however, the House divided, after observations from Sir George Sinclair, Mr. Hume, Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Grote, &c.—The numbers were, ayes, 110—noes 8—Majority, 102.

LONDON, JAN. 11.—The whole of the Royal Exchange, comprising four wings, occupied as Lloyd's Coffee Rooms, the Royal Exchange, Shipping, Fire and Life Assurance Offices, the Gresham committee Rooms, the British Merchant Seamen's Institution Offices, and other Offices belonging to numerous Individuals, was totally consumed last evening. The Exchange was the property of the Gresham Committee and the Mercer's Company. The whole of the building was insured in the Royal Exchange Insurance Committee. The merchants, for the present, will assemble in Guildhall.

JANUARY 20.—Both of Sir Robert Peel's amendments to the Canadian Bill were adopted. The one was to take away more of the Crown the power to terminate the operation of the Bill without the authority of Parliament. This is of comparatively little importance, as the Crown is not likely, under any circumstances, to take such a step without the authority of Parliament. The other was to do away with the clause in the Bill, making it imperative on Lord Durham to give a certain determinate representative character to the new Council of advice. On Thursday evening Mr. Ellice, who has an extensive practical acquaintance with Canada, and possesses large estates in it, strongly counselled the Minister not to divide the House on such a question, or to disturb the all but unanimous manifestation of feeling which had so far prevailed. Lord John Russell assented, stating that the object of the Government was to show clearly its desire to govern Canada on Constitutional principles. On re-considering the proposition, we are led to take a different view of it from what we took at first. The intentions of the Government will be, we hope, sufficiently manifest; it seems unnecessary to fetter Lord Durham; and the clause stands in the way of a general Legislative Union of our transatlantic Provinces, which, for reasons we have stated elsewhere, we consider an object particularly desirable. The Bill, thus, and in other respects amended, passed, being opposed only by eight Members, and was laid on the Table of the House of Lords on Wednesday.

THE ARMY.

The 2d battalion of the guards, and 2d of the Coldstream, have received peremptory orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark for Canada on the 14th February. They are to be commanded by an officer of great character, Col. Grant; the Colonel, (Joddrell) whose turn it was, having sold out.

Colonel Sir George Teesdale goes out in command of the three squadrons of the King's dragoon guards to Canada.

Major Hall, late of the staff corps, appointed to a particular service in the Canadas, has sailed for that colony.

Major W. F. Williams, who has taken dispatches to Canada, and was selected for a particular service there, was for many years in the 85th Regiment, and very dangerously wounded at Bladensburg.

The depot of the 34th Regiment, at Cashel, marched on Friday, for Fermoy, preparatory to embarkation for Canada.

The Hercules is to embark 500 men of the detachments intended for regiments in Canada.

The Board of Ordnance has raised the bounty for Royal Artillery recruits to five guineas a man, and reduced the standard

to five feet seven inches. The establishment is deficient near 400 men.

It is supposed that the service companies of the 36th regiment will also embark for Canada, in the ships-of-war ordered from Bermuda to the West Indies, and that all officers on leave of absence from their companies will be ordered to join forthwith.

The detachments of Artillery, stationed at the several forts on the Lower Shannon, have received orders to prepare to march to Island-Bridge the latter end of this month, to be replaced by Major Calmer's company. These movements are preparatory to the embarkation of detachments of artillery to Canada.

The following officers are under orders to embark, with the drafts of their corps, for North America, viz:—15th Regiment, Captain Cuthbert and Lieut. Coleman; 65th, Lieut. Bullock and Quartermaster Elliott; 66th, Capt. Gordon and Nesham. The drafts of the 15th, 34th, 66th, and 85th Regiments are to embark at Cork, on the arrival of the Hercules, 74 guns, for conveyance to North America. Lord Arthur Lennox, M. P. for Chichester, will accompany his Regt. the 71st. to Canada.

Major Gen. Sir Wm. MacBean, with his brother, Captain MacBean, Royal Horse Artillery, as Aid-de-Camp, has arrived at Limerick, to assume the command of the district.

Major Biggs, of the 7th Hussars, has been ordered to proceed to New York, to purchase horses for the cavalry going out in the Spring to Quebec. Lieut. Hammersley and a party of the King's Dragoon Guards from Dundalk, embark in a few days at Liverpool, for the same destination, and on the same service. The 19th Regt. for embarkation to Canada, has arrived at Cork from Templemore. Volunteers from the 99th to the 85th, arrived at Tralee, head quarters of the 85th depot, on Saturday, and Volunteers from 78th on Friday.

Sir Andrew Leith Hay, succeeds Major Gen. Sir R. Chapman as governor (civil) of Bermuda.

The hon. Edward Bouverie, son of Lord Radnor, is to accompany the Earl of Durham to Canada. Capt. the hon. Harvey Grey, of the 52d Regt. son of Earl Grey; Lieut. the hon. Frederick Villiers of the Coldstream guards, son of Lord Jersey; and Capt. Conroy, are spoken of as having been appointed aides-de-camp to the Earl of Durham.

MONTREAL, Feb. 13.

A regiment of the Glengarry Highlanders under the command of Lieut. Col. M'Donald leave town this day to be stationed at St. Philippe.

All was quiet in Upper Canada, and along the frontier, at the latest dates, as well as in this Province. Complimentary addresses, from all parts of Upper Canada, were coming in to Sir Francis Bond Head, on the occasion of his departure. We observe in some of them, a disposition to find fault with the Home Government on the subject of the misunderstanding.

Eight resolutions, on the breach of neutrality by the citizens of the United States, were ordered to be printed by the House of Assembly of Upper Canada on the 3d instant. They approve of the capture of the steamer Caroline; censure the grand inquest of the country of Niagara in the State of New York, who found a Bill against Col. McNab and those employed in the capture, for murder, and conclude "that reparation is due by the American Government to Her Majesty, not only for the expence, incurred in defending the Province, but for the destruction of the lives of our fellow subjects."

QUEBEC, February 22.

Toronto papers are of the 15th inst. The rumour of the re-ascending of the American banditti, and the Canadian rebels, in the Michigan territory, not far from Detroit, comes from various quarters, and is, we believe correct. The freezing of the river St. Clair will give them a facility in crossing into the Western District, and though there can be no doubt as to their ultimate fate, still they may commit much mischief, and occasion great distress to the inhabitants, before a sufficient force can be brought together to oppose them. As to any attempt on the part of the authorities of the State of Michigan to interrupt their movements after all that has already occurred in that quarter, such an interference is hardly to be expected.

POSTSCRIPT.—Accounts have, we learn, been received in town this morning, from Kingston, which state that the United States' Marshal had arrived in town from the neighbourhood of Brownstown, to warn the authorities there that an attack might be expected from a party of Canadian Rebels and Americans from that neighbourhood, and that the United States authorities having found themselves unable to raise a sufficient force to restrain them, had dispatched him to put the inhabitants of Kingston on their guard.

From the N. York Commercial Advertiser, Feb. 19. Lady Head and family arrived in town on Thursday, from Toronto, on their way to England by the next London packet, and are now at the Athenæum Hotel.

The Lady of Sir Francis Head and daughter, Mrs. Gen. Dalrymple, sister of Sir Francis, and servants, go out to-morrow in the Ship Wellington for London.

We regret very much to learn that Lady Head was treated with rudeness at Rochester, on her way to Albany, and that the

incivility to which she was exposed was carried to such a length as to cause serious alarm to herself and family.

Sir Francis Head, whose purpose it was to come to New-York from Canada via Lexington, has been advised that arrangements have been made on that frontier to annoy him by arrest, on an indictment! The Baronet will, of course, save those officious people an opportunity of any such public exhibition of their folly.

Provincial Secretary's Office, Halifax, 19th February, 1838.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint Charles E. Budd, Esq. to be Surveyor of Vessels, preparatory to their obtaining Certificates of Registry, for the Port of Digby, in the room of Harry Davenport, Esq. resigned.

MARRIED.

At St. Mary's Church, Aylesford, on Saturday 24 ult. by H. L. Owen, A. M. Mr. Foster Woodberry, of the Parish of Wilmot, to Miss Maria Morton, daughter of Mr. Edmund Morton, of Aylesford.

DIED.

Tuesday morning, at one o'clock, Mr. James Cruickshanks, in the 52nd year of his age, a native of Banffshire, North Britain, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town, leaving a widow and a large circle of acquaintances to lament the loss of a kind husband and faithful friend.

On Thursday evening last, in the 56th year of his age, after a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude. William Handfield Snelling, Esq. Deputy Commissary General in her Majesty's Service.

On Thursday 22d ult. at Sackville, Windsor Road, Mrs. Sarah Rickey, aged 84 years.

On Sunday last, at 4 o'clock, Scott Henry, only son of William Clarke, aged 11 months.

At Pope's Harbor, on the 23d January, Abraham Belong, aged 102. Mr. B. was a German by birth—emigrated to this country in 1752, and served with the British at the capture of Louisiana.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 28.—Am. packet brig Roxana, Jones, Boston, 3 days—tar, pork, lard, cornmeal, flour, &c., to J. Clark, D. & E. Starr, & Co., and others.—Passengers, Capt Burnell, late of brig Indus, and 2 in the steerage; schr. Lady, Bond, Bridgeport—coal.

TUESDAY, March 6.—H. M. S. La Pique, Capt. Boxer, Cork, 42 days—with the right wing of the 93d Regiment; Ship Joseph Porter, Porter, Liverpool, 30 days—wheat, to W. Black & Son.

CLEARED.

February 24th—Schr. Woodland, St. John, N. B.—sugar, molasses, herrings, &c. by J. W. Barss, W. M. Allan, and others; Industry, Simpson, Boston—herrings &c., by J. Cochran, and H. Kay; 26th—Polly, Flemming, Fortune Bay—salt, nets, and barrels, by Thomas Ring; 22nd brig Victory, Ernst, Jamaica—dry and pickled fish, &c. by J. Allison & Co.; 28th—schr. Mary Jane, M'Grath, Bermuda—lumber, beef, pork, oats, &c., by J. W. Young and others; March 1st—Schr. Eliza, Downey, Demerara—dry fish, and salmon by T. C. Kinnear.

NEW PERIODICAL.

Just Issued,—

THE FIRST NUMBER OF A PAPER ENTITLED THE WESLEYAN:

WHICH is designed to advocate the doctrines etc. of Wesleyan Methodism and diffuse interesting and profitable information on various subjects. The Wesleyan (each number containing 8 pages imperial octavo) is published every other Wednesday (Morning) by William Connabell, at his Office, south end of Bedford Row; Terms—seven shillings and six pence per annum; one half always in advance. Subscribers' names will be received, in Town, by the Wesleyan Ministers, Mr. J. H. Anderson, and by the Printer; also, in all parts of the Provinces, by the Wesleyan Ministers and the properly authorized Agents.

The general heads under which articles will be arranged, are, Biography, Divinity, Biblical Illustrations, Biblical Criticism, Poetry, Literature, History, Science, Missionary Intelligence, General Intelligence, Local Intelligence. The Christian Cabinet, the Wesleyan, The Expensor, Ladies' Department, The Youth's Department, The Child's Department, &c. No effort will be spared to render the WESLEYAN worthy of Public Patronage; persons intending to subscribe will please send their names with as little delay as possible. Halifax, Feb. 28, 1838.

CIRCULAR.

AS Mr. Leggett contemplates inserting in the introductory pages of 'THE MEMENTO' the names &c of his esteemed agents, together with the names of Subscribers obtained through their politeness, he would respectfully suggest the propriety of an early return of Subscription Lists—say on, or before the 10th of April, if not sooner. Editors and Publishers of Periodicals throughout the Provinces will confer a special favour by copying the above. Bathurst N. B. Feb. 12, 1838.

TO BE SOLD, BY JAMES COGSWELL,

On the Premises, at Public Auction, in the Town of Halifax, on Tuesday, the Third day of April next, at twelve o'clock, pursuant to an order of His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor and Her Majesty's Council.

ALL the Estate, right, title, and Interest of the late John A. Linnard, deceased, at the time of his death in, to; and upon, all that messuage and tenement, and all that Lot of ground, situate, lying and being in the Town of Halifax aforesaid, fronting Westward on Hollis Street and there measuring Thirty Eight feet and extending in depth Sixty two feet more or less known and described as Lots No. 5, letter C—in Galliard's Division with all the houses, buildings and Hereditaments thereto belonging. Terms, Cash on the delivery of the Deed—

THOMAS LINNARD, Admr. of JOHN LINNARD.

22nd February, 1838.



**BANNISTER THE COMEDIAN**—Bannister was a wit himself as well as the instrument of the wit of others. Some of those recollections still remain. In giving them here, it must be remembered how much is necessarily lost in losing the look, the tone, and the moment. One day, as he was walking with the celebrated Suett, a fellow on the top of a coach cried out, "Hope you 're well, Master Dickey Gossip." Suett, not prepared for the acquaintanceship, said, peevishly, "What an impudent ruffian!"—"He seems one of the profession, however," observed Bannister. "Don't you see he is upon the Stage?"

A shoemaker in Piccadilly, determined to astonish the world, had put up a motto, from Euripides, over his window. Bannister happened to be passing with, I believe, Porson. "That is Greek," said Bannister.—"What! are you acquainted with Greek," asked the Professor, with a laugh.—"I know it by sight," was the happy reply.

On the night of Mrs. Siddon's retirement from the stage, she withdrew, much affected with the sympathy of the audience; but as the curtain fell, one of those sounds followed, from some enemy of the great actress, which penetrates the ear amid a thousand plaudits, and for its susceptibility to which George Colman said the stage was originally called a *Histrionic* profession. Siddons caught the tone, and turning startled to Bannister, asked, "Can that be a hiss?"—"No," said Bannister, "it is a hys-teric."

The irritability of Matthews was proverbial. He was generous in giving his personal assistance to his brother actors; but it required dexterity, and the fortunate moment, to escape at times an angry reply. An actor once pressed him to play for his benefit at Drury-lane. "What could I do?" said Matthews, recounting the circumstances to Bannister. "The blockhead knew I was to play at the English Opera-house on the same night; I could not split myself."—"I don't say that," observed Bannister, "but the poor fellow's idea probably arose from his seeing you, as I have done, play in two pieces on the same night."

Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The barrel organ," interrupted Bannister.

A farce, from the French, was performed, under the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its fate," said Bannister.—"What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side.—"What fate?" said Bannister. "Why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

**A SOUTH CAMBRIAN WEDDING.**—"Saturday is fixed as the day of marriage, and Friday is allotted to bring home the furniture of the woman; generally an oak chest, a feather bed, clothes, and crockery. The man provides a bedstead, table, dresser, and chairs. The evening is employed in receiving the presents of money, cheese, and butter, at the man's house, from his friends; and at the woman's house from her friends: this is called *purse and girdle*—an ancient British custom. All the presents are set down on paper, and when demanded, they are to be returned. On Saturday, the friends of the man come on horseback to his house, to the number of fifty or a hundred, eating and drinking at his cost, making their presents, and repaying those made at their weddings. Ten or twenty of the best mounted then accompany the bridegroom to the house of his intended, to demand her of her friends, who, with the lady, appear as uncomplaining as possible; and much Welsh poetry is employed by way of argument, one party being within the house, and the other without, abusing each other heartily, in language something more honourable than 'choice Italian.' Formal orations are delivered by some of the out-door party, and replied to by others, appointed to conduct this nuptial negotiation. At length the father appears, admitting and welcoming his guests; they alight, take refreshment and proceed to church. The girl mounts behind her father, mother, or friend, upon the swiftest horse they can procure, and gallops off, with her intended husband, and all the wedding guests, riding after in full chase.

Over the hills and far away,

go these bride-hunters, till the girl or her steed grow weary, and she suffers herself to be quietly conducted to the church and married. All the party then return to the married couple's house, eating at free cost, but finding their own liquor. Many of my Welsh friends tell me they have often joined the wedding troop, and that the chase is a most animated and amusing scene,—the bride leading the cavalcade of merry equestrians in any direction, and the whole party scouring the country like mad-folks." *South Wales by Roscoe.*

**GREAT MEN.**—At Hainton, there died in 1816, Samuel Suggs, aged fifty-two; and his body, with a single coffin, weighed fifty stone.

In 1754, died, Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing in Essex. His body was above five yards in circumference, and weighed five hundred and sixty pounds: requiring sixteen men to bear him to his grave.

In 1775, Mr. Spooner, of Skillington, near Tamworth, weighed, a short time before his death, forty-five and nine pounds and measured four feet three inches across the shoulders.

Keyser mentions a young man in Lincoln, who ate eighteen

pounds of beef daily, and died in 1724, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, weighing five hundred and thirty pounds.

A baker in Pye Corner weighed thirty-four stone, and would frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds; he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water-gruel and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk.

Mr. Collett, master of the Eversham Academy, weighed upwards of twenty-six stone. When twelve years old; he was nearly as large as at the time of his death. At two years of age, he required two nurses to lift him in and out of bed; one of whom in a fit of anger, he felled to the floor with a blow of his hand.

At Trenaw, in Cornwall, there was a man, known by the name of Grant Chillcot, who weighed four hundred and sixty pounds; one of his stockings could contain six gallons of wheat.—*Dr. Miligan's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

**A TOWING WHALE.**—On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 17., a fisherman of the name of Forward, of Ramsgate, went out to fish in his punt, and while at anchor, about half a mile from the Pier head, his punt was suddenly raised up by an enormous fish, which by some means got the cable athwart his fin, and raising the anchor from the ground, carried the boat and the astounded fisherman away with him. As the punt was only thirteen feet long, the poor man, although he had got his knife ready for cutting the cable, was fearful of doing so lest the boat might go down head-foremost. After being towed at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour for some distance, the animal fortunately disengaged himself from the cable and rose to the surface, when Forward, to his great surprise, found out that the fish was a monstrous whale, of at least sixty feet long, with his back covered with barnacles and other shell fish. Ludicrous as the above statement may appear, it is nevertheless true, *a la lettre.* The affrighted man returned safe into port with his punt, and became an object of great interest from the miraculous escape which he had experienced.

**AN INSTANCE OF REVENGE, AT STRENOZ.**—When we marched in hieré, about 100 prisoners were marched past us, all in uniform, except one immense big scoundrel-looking fellow, who was discovered to be a Guerilla. A crowd gathered round him, and a Lancer drew his sword, and, to my horror, cut him down. Thinking there was going to be a general massacre, I rushed into the centre trying to defend the wretch; when bayonets innumerable were shoved into him. I stood over him while struggling in agony; and the Lancer who struck him first, called out, 'I saw him murder my father and brother.' I walked off instantly and took my officers with me (who were all round with swords drawn,) saying, loud enough for the Portuguese to hear—"That he deserved his fate." It appeared that this wretch, a few days before, had cut the throats of six Constitutional officers, and that he was the leader in the murder of the 130 prisoners. A mob when excited is dreadful. Before he was dead, the women were stamping on his hands, and they put a lighted cigar into his mouth."—*Col. Shaw.*

**MORAL NEGATION.**—Three Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Gourock for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sabbath morning; deeming it a profanation, however, to employ an oared-boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the Rothesay Mail-steamer, "to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun down that way at ony rate."—"But what's the difference, pray," asked the negotiator, "between being rowed over with oars, and by the paddles of the steamer?"—"Difference! there's a handle difference between rowing by the power o' man, who maun answer for what he does, and a water-wheel pa'ing us; in ither words, gip ye wad hae us to be mair pointedly particular, a steam engine's no a moral being, it's no an accountable awgent!"—*Laird of Logan.*

**HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.**—In Spain there may be truly enough said to be "Honour even among thieves," the Spanish robbers generally giving their victim a certificate of his having been plundered, which effectually protects him from any further molestation.

#### REMOVAL.

**LONGARD & HERBERT'S HALIFAX BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.**

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

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

LONGARD & HERBERT.

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

L. & H.

**HERBERT'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY**

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

March 2. 3m.

#### COMMERCIAL AGENT, BILL BROKER, & C.

THE SUBSCRIBER has opened an office at his house, opposite the Province Building, for the transaction of business as above. Funds remitted with orders for investment either in purchase of Merchandise or otherwise, will be faithfully applied, and the discounts obtained for ready money in all cases allowed those who may employ him. The advantages which will accrue to persons who have Exchange for sale, as also of those who are desirous of purchasing, will be found more than adequate to the trifling commission that will be charged. Persons not residing in Town who may forward Bills for Sale, may have their Funds placed in either of the Banks at their disposal, or remitted by Post as directed.

A Record will be kept of Bills lodged for Sale as well as of those required, so as to afford immediate information to applicants.

The patronage and support of his Friends and the Public, is respectfully solicited in favour of the undertaking.

G. N. RUSSELL.

March, 3.

#### PROSPECTUS,

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

#### THE MEMENTO,

This Publication, which is to form a Duodecimo volume of about 260 pages, will include a selection of original sermons, strictures, poems, and sacred melodies; and as the author has used every effort to render it acceptable even to the eye of criticism, his patrons may anticipate an adequate return for the small expense of three shillings and ninepence per copy.

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

Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

#### ALSO TO BE PUBLISHED,

#### THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR

Condensed and Simplified by the same Author.

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

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

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

#### PRIVATE SALE.

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

#### TURNBULL & FOUND.

#### TAILORS,

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

#### LAND FOR SALE.

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

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

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

#### ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

#### OF HARTFORD CON.

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

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

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

CHARLES YOUNG.

Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

#### INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has Just Received 150 pairs Indian Rubbers assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order. Opposite Cusard's Wharf.

Jan. 27.

(3m.)

WILLIAM WISSWELL.

#### THE HALIFAX PEARL,

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

Terms: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and sixpence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names. All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance. Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.