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# HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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## THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

One beautiful summer morning, about the year 1630, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz angrily, "which of you remained behind in the studio last night?"

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova; "don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest, gentlemen," answered Isturitz; "last evening I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos, "here is a small figure in the corner of my canvass, and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures sometimes on my canvass, sometimes on the walls. There was one yesterday on your easel, Ferdinand."

"It must be Isturitz," said Ferdinand. "Gentlemen," replied Isturitz, "I protest—" "You need not protest," replied Carlos; "we all know you are not capable of sketching such a figure as that."

"At least," answered Isturitz, "I have never made a sketch as bad as that of yours; one would think that you had done it in a feat."

"And my pencils are quite wet," said Gonzalo in his turn. "Truly strange things go on here during the night."

"Do you not think, like the negro Gomez, that it is the Zombi who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Isturitz.

"Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in different parts of the studio, "if the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the Virgin in my Descent from the Cross."

With these words, Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and he gazed in mute surprise on his canvass, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin; but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and all made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this—who has painted this head, gentlemen?" asked Murillo, eagerly. "Speak, tell me. He who has sketched this Virgin will one day be the master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what delicacy! what skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?"

"No, senor," replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?" But they all gave the same reply as Mendez. "It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo, impatiently.

"I think, sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming; indeed this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, senior," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without putting every thing in order, cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes, and arranging our easels; but when we return in the morning, not only is every thing in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches (beautiful sketches to be sure they are), sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl, or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, senior."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant. Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy with timidity.

"And have you done so?"

"Yes, master."

"Speak, then: who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I shall make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trousers without replying.

"Ah, you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling his ear.

"No one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo.

"No one but me, I swear to you, master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who was sketching this head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio. This night, in place of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes from the lash. You hear—I have said it; now go and grind the colours; and you, gentlemen, to work."

From the commencement till the termination of the hour of instruction, Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared, the pupils made ample amends for this restraint; and as the unknown painter occupied all their thoughts, the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch well for the culprit; but give me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez; you have made it yellow enough already; and as to the culprit, I have already told you that it is the Zombi."

"Are these negroes fools or asses with their Zombi?" said Gonzalo laughing; "pray, what is a Zombi?"

"Oh, an imaginary being, of course. But take care, Senor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian with a mischievous glance at his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who has stretched the left arm of your St. John to such a length, that, if the right resembles it, he will be able to untie his shoe-strings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Isturitz, as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point."

"Oh, they say that negroes have the face of an ape and the tongue of a parrot," rejoined Gonzalo, in a tone of indifference.

"With this distinction," observed Ferdinand, "that the parrot repeats by rote, while Sebastian has judgment in his remarks."

"Like the parrot, by chance," retorted Gonzalo.

"Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that, from grinding the colours, he may one day astonish us by showing he knows one from another?"

"To know one colour from another, and to know how to use them, are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils; and truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eyes so correct, that many of them did not disdain to follow the advice he frequently gave them respecting their paintings. Although they sometimes amused themselves by teasing the little mulatto, he was a great favourite with them all; and this evening, on quitting the studio, each, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder, counselled him to keep a strict watch, and catch the Zombi for fear of the lash.

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—this studio, which during the day was so cheerful and animated—was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonised with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leant against an easel. Immovable and still, he was so deeply absorbed in his meditations, that the door of the studio was opened by one who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome negro.

"Why do you come here, father?" said he, in a melancholy tone.

"To keep you company, Sebastian."

"There is no need, father; I can watch alone."

"But what if the Zombi should come?"

"I do not fear him," replied the boy, with a pensive smile.

"He may carry you away, my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery."

"Oh, how sad!—how dreadful it is to be a slave!" exclaimed the boy weeping bitterly.

"It is the will of God," replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

"God!" ejaculated Sebastian, as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered; "God! I pray constantly to him, my father, (and he will one day listen to me,) that we may no longer be slaves. But go to bed, father, go, go, and I shall go to mine there in that corner, and I shall soon fall asleep. Good night, father, good night."

"Are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"My father, that is a superstition of our country. Father Engenio has assured me that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on earth."

"Why, then, when the pupils asked you who sketched the figures they find here every morning, did you say it was the Zombi?"

"To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh; that was all."

"Then, good night, my son;" and, having kissed the boy the negro retired.

The moment Sebastian found himself alone, he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then suddenly checking himself, he said, "Twenty-five lashes to-morrow if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!" and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak; it was only three o'clock; any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

"Courage, courage, Sebastian," he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; "three hours are thine—only three hours; then profit by them; the rest belong to thy master—slave. Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced," and, seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Efface this!" he exclaimed, "efface this! No; I will die first. Efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No—that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I should be her murderer. No, no, no, rather let me finish it."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. "Another touch," he exclaimed; "a soft shade here—now the mouth. Yes, there! it opens those eyes—they pierce me through!—what a forehead!—what delicacy. Oh, my beautiful —" —and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld the whole pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him!

Sebastian never once dreamt of justifying himself, and, with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other, he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he justly merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed; for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a flagrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo having, with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian, and, concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the Virgin to the terrified slave, who stood like a statue before him,

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing-master," said Murillo.

"You, senor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen; you have profited by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?"

"At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quick; the word reward gave him a little courage, but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes towards his master.

"A reward, senor, cried the pupils in a breath.

"That is well; but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez.

"Fifteen," cried Ferdinand.

"No," said Gonzalo, "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move, "are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for; I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then; do not be afraid.

"Oh, master, if I dared—" and Sebastian, clasping his hands looked upwards to his master, and trembled with the agony of suspense.

"That you might be free" answered, Murillo.

"Rather" said the slave in giving expression in a moment to the concentrated feeling of months "Rather, that my father may be free."

It was enough, and Murillo overpowered by the strong attachment of the boy for his father, in a few moments signed the article for the release of both.

## LARGE SHIPS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

BY PROFESSOR TENNANT.

Spacious and superb as are our modern steam-vessels, and justly boastful as we are of their many conveniences and luxuries, they are perhaps rivalled, if not surpassed, to judge from description, both in splendour of furnishings and magnitude of dimensions, by the vessels constructed by the ancient kings of Egypt and Sicily. We shall give a short account of two of these vessels, as handed down to us by an ancient Greek writer; though we shall not be surprised to learn that the description is received with some degree of incredulity.

The first we shall notice was one built by Ptolemaeus Philopater, four hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-six broad, seventy-two feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, and eighty feet high to the top of the poop. She had four helms of sixty feet; her longest oars were fifty-six feet long, with leaden handles, fashioned so as to be worked more easily by the rowers. She had two prows, two sterns, seven rostra or beaks, successively rising and swelling out, one over the other, the topmost being peculiarly stately and prominent. On the poop and prow she had figures of animals not less than eighteen feet high. The interior of the vessel was beautified with a delicate sort of painting of a waxy colour. She had, as her equipage, four thousand rowers, four hundred cabin-boys or servants, and two thousand eight hundred and twenty marines, to do duty on the decks.

The same prince built another ship, called the *Thalamegos*, or *bed-chamber ship*, which was only used as a pleasure-yacht for sailing up and down the Nile. She was not just so long or broad as the preceding, but was much more sumptuous in her chambers and their decorations. She was about three hundred and twenty feet long, and forty-five broad; her height, including that of the pavillion on her deck, was ninety feet; her structure was adapted to the shallow waters of the Nile, being flat-bottomed and broad below. In her upper part, she was lofty, roomy, and sublime. The parts about the stern were prominent, richly varied, and beautiful. She had two prows and as many sterns, both of which extremities were raised to a considerable elevation, the better to withstand the impetuous flow of the river. In the middle of the vessel were the dining-rooms and bed-chambers, with all other needful conveniences, solaces, and luxuries of high life ashore. All around the two sides and stern were double walks or galleries, one above the other, so that the whole ambulatory circuit was not less than five acres. The form of the lower walk was a peristyle or piazza; the higher was fenced in, covered, and diversified with windows. The first walk had its entry beside the poop; and in that part of it which was opposite to the prow, was a vestibule formed of ivory and other precious materials. Adjoining to these galleries was the Great Dining-Hall or grand cabin of the ship, surmounted with columns, and containing reclining couches for dinner. The greater part of this room was finely wainscotted with cedar and cypress-tree of Miletus. The twenty doors entering into it were panelled with wood of the thuya-tree, and decorated with ivory. The hinges, rings, bolts, and other furnishings of these doors, were of brass, burnished so as to resemble gold. The shafts of the columns were of the cypress-tree. The capitals were of fine Corinthian workmanship, embellished with ivory and gold. The epistyle, or beams conjoining pillar with pillar, were all of gold, or gilt; upon them was a freeze-

work, having little animals embossed, greater than a cubit in size, of ordinary workmanship, but in material and general effect admirable. Over the grand hall was a roof of cypress-wood, of quadrangular form, with gilt ornaments.

Adjoining the dining-room was a bed-chamber containing seven beds; divided from which, by a small space, was that part of the ship which was set apart for the ladies, consisting of a dining-room with nine couches, similar in magnificence to the great hall, and of a bed-chamber containing five beds. On ascending the stairs, hard by the aforesaid bed-room, one entered into another hall containing five dinner-couches; it had a turbinated ceiling, and near it was a temple or chapel of Venus, arched in the roof, wherein stood a marble statue of the goddess. Opposite to this was another sumptuous dining-hall, columned all round—the pillars being of fine Indian marble—and attached to it were bed-rooms with furniture like those above specified. Advancing farther towards the prow, one entered into the Grand Hall of Bacchus, likewise having pillars all round, with capitals and epistyle garnished with gold. The roof was like that of the chapel of Venus. In this hall, towards the right hand, there was a grotto, the colour and appearance of which was as if it had been constructed of true stones, all variegated and interspersed as with gold. It contained statues of the king's family, made of Parian marble.

Above all those there was another dining apartment, built on that part of the deck which lay above the roof of the grand hall, having the form of a tent. Over this, and attached to it, purple hangings were expanded, serving, when the ship sailed up the stream, as sails to receive the wind. A small court adjoined this pavilion, from which a winding stair led down to the concealed gallery, and to a dining apartment below, fashioned after the Egyptian mode; its pillars being round, and alternately black and white, with their capitals also round, and decorated with tufts of roses apparently half blown, cups of the river lotus, flowers and fruit of the palm-tree just blown, flowers and twisted leaves of the Egyptian bean, for so the Egyptians decorated their columns. Besides these chambers, there were many others of less size throughout the body and sides of the ship. Her mast was a hundred and five feet high, having a sail made of the finest linen, appended and wrought by ropes of purple. Such was Ptolemy's *Thalamegos*, a ship of which the least that can be said is, that it was worthy of the land of the Pyramids.

Next to Ptolemaeus Philopater, in ambitious ship-building, was Hiero, king of Syracuse, a man who delighted in conceiving great designs, who was a lover of magnificence in temples and other public edifices, and possessed a particular taste for naval architecture. He conjoined the useful with the elegant, for he employed his ships as traders for exporting the corn of his highly fertile island to other countries. The magnificent vessel of which we shall now give the description, was designed for a corn-trader, and was built under the eye of the celebrated Archimedes, by a ship builder from Corinth, a city renowned in these times for the superiority of its naval architects. The wood of which the ship was framed was cut down from Mount Etna, and would have sufficed to build sixty large galleys. At the same time that he got ready his timber, he went on also with other preparations, forging bolts, and collecting pitch, hemp, ropes, and yards, from almost all the various ports of Europe. Over the congregated workmen presided Archias, the Corinthian shipwright, subject to the direction of Archimedes, while the king himself controlled all the operations, and by his personal excitations infused zeal into the work. When the vessel was finished, she was drawn down into the sea by means of a powerful piece of mechanism invented by Archimedes. In that ship were twenty banks of oars. Three entrances led into her hull; the lowest, to that space which contained the ballast, descending by many stairs; the second, to the dining apartments: the last, into the spaces allotted for the soldiers or guards of the ship. On each side of the middle entrance were the dining-rooms for the men, thirty in number, each with four dinner-couches. In the division allotted for the sailors was a dining apartment with fifteen couches and three bed-chambers, each with three beds, that near the poop being used as kitchen. The floors of all these various apartments were paved with small square tiles, whereon was depicted the whole story of Homer's *Iliad* with admirable nicety and art. The roof and doors were embellished in like sort. At the highest entrance was a gymnasium, or exercising school, containing gardens marvellously planted with all manner of herbs, to which water was supplied by conduits of lead and tile-work. The walks through this *pleasance* were overshadowed by a complication of ivy and vine branches, the roots of which received nourishment in hogsheads full of earth, that received also their irrigation from the same leaden canals. Near by was situated the Dining-Room of Venus, which had a pavement of agates and other gems, walls and roof of cypress-wood, doors of ivory and thuya-wood; being, moreover, sumptuously furnished with statues, cups, and paintings. Near to this was a *scholasterium* or library, with five couches; its walls and doors being of box, and having the appearance of the nocturnal sky, with the constellations, embossed upon its roof. There was also a *bagnio* with three brazen cauldrons or hot-baths, and a laver of Tauromenian stone, that might hold forty gallons: There were also many cabins and lodges for the marines, mariners, and those who had charge of the *sentina* or sink. And besides all

these, were on each side of the ship ten stalls for horses, with the fodder and apparatus for grooms and horsemen; a tank or water-cistern on the prow made of planks close joined with pitch and linen, and holding about fifteen thousand gallons. Adjoining this was a fish-pond, partly made of lead, partly of wood, full of seawater, wherein fish were fed and preserved. From each side of the vessel, large beams protruded, at moderate distances, which sustained kitchens, ovens, mills, fire-wood, and other culinary conveniences. Figures, called Atlases, nine feet high, and placed at due distances from each other, surrounded the whole circumference of the ship, supporting the highest deck and the triglyph ceiling. The whole was adorned with appropriate paintings. She had eight fortified towers, two on the prow, two on the poop, and the rest in the middle. To each of these towers were attached two large beams or yards with machinery at their ends, by means of which large stones were thrown upon the heads of any hostile force sailing below. Each of these towers accommodated four young men, well armed, and one or two archers. All along the upper deck was built a wall with turrets and bulwarks, on which was erected a balista fabricated by Archimedes for throwing stones. This formidable engine could throw a stone of three hundred pounds, or a weighty javelin eighteen feet long, to the distance of a furlong. The ship had three masts, on each of which were suspended two huge swinging joists for darting stones; down from these also hung hooks, grappling-irons, and masses of lead, which could be thrown upon approaching assailants. There was other machinery of Archimedes's contrivance, by which hostile vessels rashly approaching too near, could be raised up, heaved in the air, and then dropped again into the sea, and destroyed. On each side of the vessel stood sixty men completely armed; an equal number stood on the masts and stone-shooting joists, where they were supplied by boys with baskets full of stones, for the elevation of which there were pulleys and windlasses. The vessel had four anchors of wood, and eight of iron. She had three masts, of which the second and third were easily got at home on Mount Etna or elsewhere; but a tree for the first was long and unsuccessfully searched for, till at last (happy omen for our present maritime supremacy!) one suitable for the purpose was discovered in the forests of Great Britain by a swine-herd! The pump, though of extraordinary depth and dimensions, was plied by one man, who managed it by means of a windlass, the invention of the aforesaid geometrician of Syracuse.

This great vessel was at first designated the *Syracusan*, but after her taking farewell of that city, she changed her address into the *Alexandria*. As lighters or attendant barges, there was attached to her a Cyprus-built barge, impelled by oars only, capable of wafting over sea a large cargo; and many smaller skiffs and fishing-boats, having a compliment of crews nearly equal to that of the large vessel. All offences committed in the population of this crowded ship were submitted to the wisdom of the ship-master, captain, or prow-master, who pronounced sentence according to the laws of Syracuse. The vessel received of corn as her cargo sixty thousand measures, besides vast quantities of flesh, fish, and other articles of provisions. After the vessel was built and rigged out, Hiero, having made enquiry into the depth of water of all the surrounding harbours, and finding that scarcely one had water sufficient to admit his gigantic merchantman, sent her with her cargo as a present to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, to whose subjects, then labouring under a scarcity of corn, she was doubtless a most acceptable gift. She was hauled into the harbour of Alexandria with huzzas of welcome and shouts of acclaim by the admiring Egyptians. Archimedes, an Athenian, and a writer of epigrams, wrote some verses on the superb vessel, which were rewarded by Hiero with a thousand measures of wheat, that were sent at the king's expense to the harbour of Piræus—certainly an enormous gift for such a petty poem, but yet not inappropriate, when we consider the magnificent scale on which every thing connected with the vessel had been calculated.

**CHIROGRAPHY.**—The following account of the hand-writing of men of genius, appeared some time since in an American paper:—It is generally believed that men of genius write in a very obscure, infirm, or eccentric character; such as Byron, Chalmers, Jeffery, and Buonaparte. Washington wrote a fair, open, manly, straight-forward line—every letter legible and distinct; Jefferson's hand writing was bold and masculine; Buonaparte wrote a most unreadable scrawl; Burke's writing was uneven and hurried; Hamilton wrote a light, running hand, sparing of ink; Canning's penmanship has a chaste and classical appearance; Madison writes a fair, firm, upright line, without distinction of hair or body strokes; and not unlike him writes Marshall. The autograph of J. Q. Adams is neat, manly, and perpendicular; Jackson writes rather a clumsy, careless, hand, than otherwise; James Kent's caligraph is perfectly unique, to be compared with nothing besides itself; Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen and full of ink; Peel writes with a stiff pen, but considerable taste and firmness; Dr. Chalmers writes as if he used the feather end dipped in ink, a real scrawl; W. Irving writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wishes no one could read it but himself; Jeffrey wrote as if he wrote against time, with a stick dipped in ink, nothing so unintelligible; Crabbe's hand-writing is neat and elegant.

For the Pearl.

## ANTIQUITY OF THE BIBLE.

The Sacred Scriptures are the most ancient writings in the universe. They contain the only authentic history of the earlier ages of the world. "Not to know what happened before thou wast born," says the proverb, "is to be always a child." Placed on a theatre where others have acted before us, and surrounded by monuments of the previous existence and of the labours of our progenitors, curiosity naturally excites an inquiry into the history of their pedigree and the story of their lives. The Scriptures gratify this curiosity and reward the inquiry. They exhibit the history of our species for more than four thousand years, from the cradle of its infancy in Paradise, till the advent of the Messiah. With whatever anxiety and care we retrace the current of history, when we ascend the stream of time a few centuries beyond the christian era, our compass is deranged and our pilot lost; we are driven on an unknown ocean, and enveloped by a darkness that may be felt, without a star to ascertain our latitude or direct our course. If we apply to the Roman historians for a guide; Rome itself was but of yesterday, and dates her origin but seven centuries and a half before the birth of Christ; and of the earlier parts of that scanty period, her annals were lost in the sacking of the city by the barbarian Brennus and his victorious Gauls.

If we turn our aching eyes to Greece for direction, they present no certainty of light anterior to their calculation by Olympiads, which commenced but 1766 years before the christian era, or about 23 years before the foundation of Rome. All beyond is involved in the impenetrable cloud of metamorphosis and mystic fable; in the story of her gods and her demigods, of her giants and superhuman heroes, in the legend of her golden and her silver age, and the carnal intercourse of her divinities with mortals. It is true the imperishable verses of her matchless poet, Homer, cast a feeble ray on the short period of the Trojan war, like a transient meteor in the midnight sky, which glares for a moment and then disappears, rendering the darkness still more perceptible; and excepting the Bible, of no other nation and in no other languages, are any authentic vestiges of early history extant. At an early period Egypt was populous, wealthy, and wise; but her hieroglyphics are inscrutable, and her pyramids are but splendid monuments of human vanity. Phœnicia, Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage spread the knowledge of letters and enriched the world with their adventurous navigation and lucrative commerce; but have left no historian to detail their discoveries or record their fame. The populous Nineveh is extinct, without a beam of light to direct posterity to the spot where she stood; the mighty Babylon has sunk, and has left no stone visible of her lofty tower, her hanging gardens, and her impregnable walls. The splendid and extensive ruins of Palmyra and Presepolis throw an awful gloom over the reflecting mind. These broken monuments of human grandeur testify the magnificence of their temples, the splendour of their palaces, and the skill and elegance of their architects; but the song of no bard remains to consecrate the fame of the stately princes who swayed the sceptre in those pompous capitals, or celebrate the exploits of their conquering heroes; and the heads that contrived, and the hands that raised the mighty fabrics, have mouldered in the dust, without an historian to record their names.

To the veracity of the narrative of Moses have been pompously opposed the supposed myriads of years in Chinese chronology, the Indoo institutes, the Chaldean and Arabian astronomical tables, and the recently discovered planisphere and zodiac of Egypt. That China began to be peopled immediately on the dispersion from Babel, we learn from the testimony of Moses himself, and their own chronology extends not, even in conjecture, beyond the period of their revered ancestor Fohi. But that the Fohi of China and the Noah of the Bible are the same personage, has been clearly proved; and a proper investigation of their own chronology fully corroborates the fact. When India was less known, we were told with much parade of the antiquity of its nations, of the sublime wisdom, the accurate philosophy, the mild and rational system of their moral and religious institutes. But a more intimate acquaintance with these nations has convinced all the learned that their chronology is fabulous, their philosophy childish, irrational, and absurd, and their religion cruel to its votaries, abhorrent to the finer feelings of the heart, and derogatory to every attribute of God. And the accuracy of modern astronomy has demonstrated that the most ancient astronomical tables extend not beyond the era of Babylon, and that every statement which anticipates that period, has been formed by retrograde calculations, inaccurately made, and discordant with time. And, finally, a French astronomer of high mathematical attainments, and himself a deist, has scientifically demonstrated that the Egyptian planisphere cannot be dated higher than the sixth or seventh century before the christian era, nor does he believe that it was ever designed to represent the celestial zodiac.

Thus, without some safer guide than the heathen world can furnish, would mankind be abandoned to the wilderness of hypothesis, and the distraction of discordant conjectures concerning the origin of their species and the length of time which has elapsed since first they were called into being by the voice of their Creator. Amid this oppressive gloom the unsullied blaze of Scripture

light directs our steps to the certainty of truth. The Holy Scriptures inform us in what place, and at what time, the original man emerged from the plastic hand of his Maker, and his history is traced in a regular succession of lineal descendants, till the peopled world had acquired an advanced degree of civilization, and each separate nation had acquired ability and means to compose the annals of its own history. The successive generations of mankind are recounted, with brief biographical memoirs of their history from primeval Adam to Noah. The dispersion of the projectors of Babel, and the re-peopling of the earth, are recorded in exact detail till the time of Abraham, whom God selected from among his idolatrous contemporaries as the depository of his revealed will to man. The numerous posterity of this faithful patriarch pass in review before us till they obtained the splendours of royalty in the person of Saul, of David, and of Solomon, and his successors, till the time of their captivity in Babylon, and thence through the variety of their chequered fate till the coming of Christ, and their final dispersion among the nations of the earth.

SIGMA.

**THE WHITE STONE.**—"To him that overcometh will I give a white stone." It is generally supposed by commentators that this refers to an ancient judicial custom of dropping a black stone into an urn when it is intended to condemn, and a white stone when the prisoner was acquitted. But this is an act so distinct from that described in the Scripture before us, "I will give him a white stone," that we are disposed to agree with those who think it refers rather to a custom of a very different kind, and not unknown to the classical reader, according with beautiful propriety to the circumstances before us. In primitive times, when travelling was rendered difficult from the want of places of public entertainment, hospitality was exercised by private individuals to a very great extent, of which, indeed, we find frequent traces in all history, and in none more than the Old Testament. Persons who partook of this hospitality, and those who practised it, frequently contracted habits of friendship and regard for each other; and it became a well-established custom, both among the Greeks and Romans, to provide their guests with some particular mark, which was handed down from father to son, and ensured hospitality and kind treatment whenever it was presented. This mark was usually a small stone or pebble, cut in half, and upon the halves of which the host and the guest mutually inscribed their names, and then interchanged them with each other. The production of this tessera was quite sufficient to ensure friendship for themselves or their descendants whenever they travelled again in the same direction; while it is evident that these stones required to be privately kept, and the name written upon them carefully concealed, lest others should obtain the privileges, instead of the person for whom they were intended. How natural, then, is the allusion to this custom in the words of the text, "I will give him to eat of the hidden manna;" and having done, having made himself partaker of my hospitality, having recognised him as my guest, my friend, "I will present him with the white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he which receiveth it." I will give him a pledge of my friendship, sacred and inviolable, known only to himself.—*Rev. H. Blunt's Practical Exposition of the Epistle to the Seven Churches of Asia.*

**MIRACLES.**—Avoid all absurd prejudices theoretically against miracles. They are inseparable from existence. Creation was a miracle. Its subsistence is not less so. The true idea of a miracle is, that it is an act of Divine power—an event which the material laws of nature without the greater law of the Divine agency could not effect. To describe a miracle as a violation of the laws of nature is an incorrect and an inapplicable definition; for all the laws of nature are in continual violation and counteraction by each other. Fire burns, but water extinguishes it; water is fluid, but cold converts it into a solid, and heat into air. It is the established course of nature, that all its laws should be thus violating each other. It is by such a violation that we roll yearly round the sun. This is the result of the attractive line continually violating the laws of that propulsive force which every planet has received. These two laws are in a constant struggle, each violating the other, neither prevailing; and therefore the result of their increasing conflict and counteraction is that forced compromise, ever resisted by each, but maintained by their very resistance, which appears in our circuitous orbit. We now go round the sun by no willing movement: instead of flying off from it, as one law urges us to do; and instead of falling into it, to which the other is always drawing us,—this mutual violation of each other's law compels our planet into that elliptical circuit which is the artificial product of this appointed contest.—*Sharon Turner.*

**THE VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES TO WOMAN.**—Not only as the charter of salvation will woman prize the Bible, but, if her taste and judgment be properly cultivated, it will afford literary enjoyment and recreation. As the earliest record of this beautiful world and its many joyous tenants—of that convulsion of its surface to which the eye bears constant witness, and universal tradition lends its testimony,—its historical value will rise higher when compared with other standards. Fancy may fill up the glimpses it affords of domestic life in the primeval ages, and the

traces it yields of patriarchal customs and manners long passed away. The geography and natural history of the Scriptures become more interesting and instructive when elucidated by the investigations of modern travellers. Prophecies and their fulfilment recorded in its pages are evidenced in history by the rise and fall of empires, and merit an attentive examination; while imagination may safely revel in the glowing pictures of that blessed eternity revealed in the Bible alone. The beauty and variety of style in Scripture defy competition and preclude satiety; the simplicity of its historical relations—the majesty of its triumphal odes—the awfulness of its threatenings—the beauty of its imagery—the grandeur of its prophecies—and the tenderness of its invitations,—no human composition can ever equal. They only can appreciate its attractions "who make the book of God's word their chosen pleasure ground;" and how can the time which many women possess be more profitably employed, how can their researches be more amply rewarded, than in this mine of intellectual wealth? If the female mind and taste be formed upon the model of this matchless volume, they will recoil from those light and pernicious writings of the day, which warp the judgment and mislead the affections; while the Bible provides for her who follows its guidance a pathway to knowledge wherein she cannot err, a field for investigation bounded only by the intellect, and topics of the imagination circumscribed only by eternity.—*Duties of Woman arising from her Obligations to Christianity; by Mrs. Riley.*

**LITERARY STYLE.**—On style, Milton holds this language: "For me, readers, although I cannot say I am utterly untrained in those rules which the best rhetoricians have written in any learned language, yet true eloquence I find to none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that whose mind soever is fully possessed of a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others—when such a man would speak, his words, by what I can express, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

Dr. Johnson lays it down, that he who would acquire a style elegant and smooth, must devote his days and his nights to the reading of Addison.

Dr. Franklin's plan was, to read a number of the Spectator, shut the book, and try how nearly he could imitate the original.

Longinus advises a writer, when about to attempt a lofty flight, to conceive within himself how Homer, or any one of the master spirits of the world, would have expressed himself upon such a subject. In our day one may ask himself—how would Milton, or Cooper, or Robert Hall have expressed himself?

Foster, in his inimitable Essays, observes,—False eloquence is like a false alarm of thunder, where a sober man, that is not apt to startle at sounds, looks out to see if it be not the rumbling of a cart. Eloquence resides in the thought, and no words can make that eloquent which would not be so in the plainest that could possibly express the sense.

**CLASSICAL PRINTER.**—Stephens, the celebrated classical printer, is thus mentioned by Baillet, in the *Judgment des Savans*: "The economy of Robert Stephens' house was excellent. He received no workmen into his printing house but such as were skilled in Greek and Latin, and capable of being master elsewhere. He had, besides this, men and maids, who were not allowed to talk any thing but Latin, as well as the workmen in the printing house. His wife and daughter understood it perfectly, and were obliged, with all the domestics, to talk nothing else. So that the store houses, the chambers, the shop, the kitchen—in a word, from the top to the bottom, all spoke Latin at Robert Stephens's. This generous printer had usually ten men of learning in his house, who corrected his impressions under him; and, not satisfied with the application he gave to the correction of the several proofs which came from the presses, he publicly exposed the printed sheets before they were taken off, and promised a reward to such as should find any faults in them."

**MILITARY PRIDE.**—A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone, "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbour's now?" One of the little urchins eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?" "Tut," said the mother, "hold your tongue; there is no one corporal, but your father and myself."—*American Anecdotes.*

**PHILOSOPHY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.**—"Lest I should forget to mention it, I put down here a rebuke which, later in life, Sir Walter gave in my hearing to his daughter Anne. She happened to say of something, I forget what, that she could not abide it—it was vulgar. "My love," said her father, "you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word vulgar?" "Tis only common; nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon."

## MEDHURST'S CHINA.

Any information of the immensely extensive and populous territory of China is interesting to the christian and the philanthropist. Hitherto it has been thought impenetrable, its language impracticable, and continued separation from the great mass of mankind inevitable, and of the nature of a providential decree: now it seems that properly qualified persons, acting judiciously may enter it; the language of the country is attainable; and the efforts of christian benevolence, though coercion could do nothing, and commerce next to nothing, are likely to bring it into beneficial contact with the human race. From Mr. Medhurst's very valuable work, and which we are happy to find is for sale at Mr. C. H. Balcher's, we shall give under their proper heads as many extracts as our pages will allow. It may be well to mention that the work is written and published in aid of the cause of missions, and the diffusion of the Gospel in China.

## CULTIVATION OF CHINA.

To the fertility of the soil, we may add the consideration that it is very extensively cultivated. China contains, as has been before observed, 830,719,360 English acres; and if we allow one-third of this area for hills, rivers, marshes, and waste lands, we shall have 553,812,906 acres for cultivable land. In ascertaining this, however, we are not left to conjecture; as there exists a report made to the Emperor Keen-lung, in the year 1745, of the amount of land then under cultivation; according to which it appears, that reckoning the land belonging to individuals with that in the possession of the Tartar standards, the military, the priests, and the literary, there were at that time 595,598,221 English acres under cultivation; since which period, a new estimate has given 640,579,381 English acres, as the total extent of occupied land in China. Thus it appears that more than three-fourths of the surface are owned and tilled by man; allowing, according to the highest census, nearly one acre and three quarters to each individual. The greatest part of this area is laid out exclusively in arable land, and devoted to the production of food for man alone. In China, the natives make no use of butter or cheese, and very seldom of milk; the principal animal food is pork, which is generally home-fed; they have few horses for travelling, pomp, or war; and the only cattle they keep are such as are needed in husbandry: hence, there are no grazing farms, no meadows, and very little pasture; while every acre of ground, capable of cultivation, is turned up by the spade or the plough in order to afford sustenance for the teeming inhabitants. The few beasts of burden or of draught which they keep, are either tethered to a string by the side of the road, or turned out to graze on the hills; while they are supplied by night with a little straw or bean-stalks, which is also their principal food during the winter. A common is quite unusual throughout the Eastern half of China; while parks and pleasure-grounds are proportionably scarce as the anxiety to satisfy the appetite prevails over the desire of amusement.

## INDUSTRY OF THE CHINESE.

The industry and skill of the Chinese, striving to produce as many of the necessaries of life as possible, would also argue a dense population, ever struggling against threatening want, and compelled to exert themselves for their daily bread. In tropical climates, where the ground is fertile and the population scanty, the natives find that by a few months' labour they can produce sufficient food for a whole year's consumption, and are therefore indisposed to exert themselves further. But in China, the inhabitants are incessantly employed; and every individual is obliged to be busy in contributing his quota to the common weal. Every one in the least acquainted with the manners of the Chinese, knows that they are untiring in their exertions to maintain themselves and families. In the business of agriculture they are more particularly active, raising two crops from the ground every year, extending their cultivation in every possible direction, and bringing the most unpromising spots into use, in order that nothing may be lost. Their skill in effecting these objects is not, considering their few advantages, contemptible. They thoroughly understand the importance of varying the crops; they know perfectly well the seasons and soils adapted for certain productions; and they are fully sensible of the importance of manuring the ground in order to maintain its fertility. A stranger is struck with this on first setting his foot on the shores of China. Almost every individual met with in the paths and fields is provided with a basket and a rake; and every evening the cottager brings home a certain quantity to add to the manure heap, which is a most important appendage to every dwelling. Having but few sheep and cattle, they are obliged to make the most of the stercoraceous stock of men and swine. This is carefully collected, and actually sold at so much per pound; while whole strings of city scavengers may be seen cheerily posting into the country every successive morning with their envied acquisitions; little heeding the olfactory nerves of the less interested passengers. Every other substance likely to answer the end is anxiously collected and carefully disposed, so as to provide for future exigencies; such as decayed animal and vegetable matter, the sweeping of streets, the mud of canals, burnt bones, lime; and, what is not little a singular, the short, stumpy human hair, shaven from millions of heads every ten days, is industriously gathered up, and sold for manure throughout the empire.

## ECONOMICS OF DRESS AND ROOMS.

In their dress, the Chinese are alike anxious to economize the soil. Barrow says, that "an acre of cotton will clothe two or three hundred persons;" and as cotton can be planted between the rice crops, and thus vary the productions and relieve the soil, the Chinese prefer such clothing as they can raise at the least expense of ground and labour. Were the hundreds of millions of China to be clothed in woollens, an immense tract of grazing land would be required, which would deduct materially from the area devoted to food, and greatly exceed what the Chinese could afford. In their dwellings, likewise, they are particularly frugal of room: living together in a very small compass, and crowding into closely-built cities, as though ground with them were an object of great moment. A room twenty feet square would afford sufficient space for a dozen people to eat, drink, work, trade, and sleep; while the streets of their towns and cities are so narrow that it is quite possible to touch each side of the way with the hand as you pass along. Now if we compare this frugality with the extravagance of European nations in regard to room,—living on beef and mutton, and wearing woollen clothes,—we may easily see that the ground which would sustain one Englishman would be sufficient for the support of three or four Chinese. Amongst such a selfish and sensual people so much economy would not be observed did not stern necessity compel; and what greater necessity can exist than the difficulty of sustaining a crowded population from a contracted soil?

## DIALOGUE WITH A CONFUCIAN.

At length, softening down, he said, "I see, Sir, that your anxiety to instruct the Chinese originates in a kind intention; but your books are filled with a few cunning remarks on an abstruse subject, mixed up with much that is unfounded. Our ancient philosophers taught the doctrine of filial piety, but left the mysterious subject of spiritual beings alone, as not intimately connected with the happiness of the people. In your books, every expression tends to this point; while the duties of the human relations are seldom referred to. This is neglecting the important and caring about the insignificant. Confucius cautioned men against paying too much attention to religious ceremonies, and forbade their flattering the gods to procure protection; but if ignorant people will busy themselves in begging for blessings, they only squander their own time and money and do no harm to others; why then trouble one's-self about them? The religious practices of men are as various as their minds; let every one follow his own inclinations, and not interfere with others."

Finding us determined, he left us, when another began. "You speak of this Jesus as a Saviour; pray whom does he save?" "All who believe," we replied. He resumed: "You talk of the forgiveness of sins; shall I obtain the forgiveness of sins by reading this book?" "If you follow its directions, and believe in the holy Saviour, you will." "What will this Saviour bestow on those who trust in him?" "He will take them to heaven." "Have you believed?" "I hope I have." "Has he taken you to heaven?" "I trust he will when I die." "Die! oh, you have to wait till death for all this: give me present enjoyment; who cares what will happen after death, when consciousness ceases?" So saying, he turned away.

## OPPOSITE RELIGIONS OF THE CHINESE.

It is very singular, that China should have given birth, at the same time, to two remarkable men, differing essentially in their doctrines and views, each the founder of a system of religion and morals which has overspread and divided China, from their days to the present time. These individuals have been already referred to; viz., Confucius and Lao-tze, and their interview with each other recorded. Though they seem to have had a respect for each other, yet they do not appear to have combined or coalesced in the plans they laid down for the instruction of posterity. Of Confucius it is said, that he never spoke of the strange and marvellous, and sought to fix men's attention on the duties of the human relations; while the other inculcated a contempt for worldly greatness and domestic happiness—placing the chief good in mental abstraction, and professing to deal much with the spiritual world. The one erred in being too sceptical, and the other in being too superstitious; yet they have both retained their hold of the mind of China, even to the present day, and it is difficult now to say, which system is most prevalent throughout the empire.

## EXTENSIVE USE OF THE CHINESE CHARACTERS.

But the Chinese are not only living under one form of despotic rule; they possess, likewise, one universal language and literature. It is a remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding the spoken dialects of each province and county vary so materially that the Chinese of different districts are absolutely unintelligible to each other, yet the written medium of the whole empire is easily understood by all; and writing, instead of speaking, constitutes the universal method of exchanging ideas. The Chinese written language, being symbolical, and the same symbols being used to designate certain significations, whatever sounds be attached to the character, each instructed person readily understands a book, though he may use a different dialect from the writer. It is remarkable, further, that not only are the same signs employed for

certain ideas, in all parts of the country, but the same style is used. The disposal of the characters, as well as the characters themselves, is according to one uniform method; so that a person able to write well, in Chinese, no matter what may be his native dialect, is intelligible to the remotest borders of the empire. Yea, even beyond the limits of Chinese rule, the Chinese character and style are understood, and throughout Cochinchina, Corea, and Japan the same mode of writing is current and legible. Thus a book once composed in the customary Chinese style, if intelligible to one learned man, would be intelligible to all; and might travel among the hundreds of millions inhabiting south-eastern Asia, communicating intelligence throughout the whole region. What a stimulus does this afford to an active and energetic mind, while engaged in studying the Chinese language, or inditing a book for their instruction, that he is doing what may be available to the benefit of so many millions, and that to the latest generation! Such a book needs only to be multiplied and circulated, without undergoing the slightest alteration in order to enlighten and edify one-third of the human race.

## EXTRAORDINARY MEMORIES OF CHINESE SCHOLARS.

The first business of a Chinese student, is, to commit the whole of these books and classics [of Confucius and his disciples] to memory, without which he cannot have the least chance of succeeding. The text of these nine works, is equal in bulk to the New Testament; and it is not hazardous too much to say, that, were every copy annihilated to-day, there are a million of people who would restore the whole to-morrow. Having been composed at a very early period, and somewhat mutilated in the time of Che Hwang-te, it necessarily follows, that there are several indistinct passages, unintelligible to the people of the present day. Hence commentaries have been found necessary, and a very celebrated writer, who flourished about the twelfth century, called Chou-foo-tsze, has composed an extensive exposition of the whole. This commentary is likewise committed to memory by the student, and his mind must be familiar with whatever has been written on the subject. The number and variety of explanatory works, designed to elucidate the Chinese classics, show in what estimation these writings are held, and what an extensive influence they exert over the mind of China. A Chinese author says, that the expositors of the four books are more than one thousand in number. The style and sentiment of all the moderns is greatly conformed to this ancient model, and the essays and exhortations of the present day, chiefly reiterations of the sentiments of their great master, and an incessant ringing of the changes on the five constant virtues, and the five human relations, which form the basis of moral philosophy in China. Even the Buddhist priests, and the followers of Taou, teach their disciples the books of Confucius, and nothing is looked upon as learning, in China, which does not emanate from this authorised and infallible source.

## EXTENT AND VALUE OF EDUCATION IN CHINA.

The number of individuals acquainted with letters in China is amazingly great. One-half of the male population are able to read, while some mount the "cloudy ladder" of literary fame, and far exceed their companions. The general prevalence of learning in China may be ascribed to the system pursued at the literary examinations, by which none are admitted to office but those who have passed the ordeal with success, while each individual is allowed to try his skill in the public hall. Wealth, patronage, friends, or favour, are of no avail in procuring advancement: while talent, merit, diligence, and perseverance, even in the poorest and humblest individual, are almost sure of their appropriate reward. This is their principle, and their practice does not much vary from it. They have a proverb, that "while royalty is hereditary, office is not;" and the plan adopted at the public examinations is an illustration of it.

## THE THREE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

On reviewing the three systems, we find that Confucius taught his disciples nothing definite concerning God or the future world; his scheme of cosmogony is irrational and unsatisfactory; and his compliance with the common superstitions, inconsistent and time-serving. The doctors of eternal reason makes use of some expressions respecting an underived and all-pervading principle; but they have mixed up so much superstitious nonsense with their system, and are such gross idolaters in practice, that we must pronounce them as far from the truth as the philosophic sect. While the religion of Buddha, imported from the west, though it talks about the retributions of a future life, and professes to manifest much compassion, yet in denying a first principle, and a last end; in contradicting the existence of an everlasting God, and eternal retribution; in deriving all things from nothing, and in making all things revert to nihility again, as the essence of being and the summit of bliss; has deluded the inhabitants of China still more than their indigenous systems, and left them to the blackness of darkness for ever.

It is very remarkable, however, that all the sects in China acknowledge a Trinity. The Confucians speak of the three powers of nature—heaven earth, and man; the Taonists have some reference to the "three pure ones," who combine in themselves the essence of eternal reason; and the Buddhists speak of the "three precious ones;" namely, the past, present, and future

Buddhas. In whatever these notions originated, the coincidence is striking, and deserves to be noted by those who think that they can find the doctrine of a Trinity in all religious creeds, and who suppose that the idea was derived by traditions from the early progenitors of mankind.

Another circumstance, in which the three religions of China resemble each other, in their atheism. The Confucians derive their diagrams, or mystic numbers, from the extreme point or nullity; the Taoists talk of myriads of concretions, producing emptiness; and the Buddhist system is founded in nonentity. "No first cause" characterises all the sects; and the supreme self-existent God is scarcely traceable through the entire range of their metaphysics; and yet the Chinese manage to combine the apparently irreconcilable principles of atheism and polytheism. "Gods many, and lords many," are adopted by every sect, and it is more easy to find a god than a man in China. Though they account no divinity to be eternal, yet they discover a god in every thing. Their temples, houses, streets, roads, hills, rivers, carriages, and ships, are full of idols; every room, niche, corner, door, and window, is plastered with charms, amulets, and emblems of idolatry; so that while they acknowledge no god, they are overrun with gods; and find it their greatest burthen to support and worship their numerous pantheon.

## TRACT-DISTRIBUTION IN CHINA.

On our arrival at the beach, we were anxious to distribute a few tracts before our departure; but the officer in attendance said, that, as the mandarins had been supplied with books, it was not necessary to spread them among the people. We were, however, of a different opinion; and, opening our stores, we began to deal them out to the by-standers. To our surprise, the moment a tract was held up, a rush was made for it; and, as quickly as we could take them out, they were snatched from our hands by the natives. This caused a tumult; and the officer, finding the people crowd round in such numbers, began with the police runners to beat them off with cudgels. The populace, however, returned to the charge, coming up on one side as fast as they were driven off on the other; until, dissatisfied with our slow method of distribution, they thrust their hands into the basket, and helped themselves. It was in vain to remonstrate, they were determined to have the tracts, and in a few minutes every leaf disappeared; while we, with difficulty, maintained our standing. Had we been aware of their intention, we might have mounted some elevated place, or have pushed off to some distance from the land; but it was as sudden as to us it was new, and when once commenced could not be resisted. No sooner were the books in the hands of the crowd, than they were out of sight of the officers, for the Chinese wear large loose sleeves instead of pockets, and immediately a tract was obtained, it went up the sleeve, so that it was difficult for the mandarins to find or recover one.

Their anxiety to obtain books, however, must not in the least be ascribed to any knowledge of, or relish for, their contents; but merely to an eager curiosity to get possession of something that came from abroad, and an insatiable cupidity to obtain what was to be had for nothing.

## ISLAND OF POO-TOO—CONTRAST BETWEEN ITS MORAL AND MATERIAL FEATURES.

We loaded our boats with tracts, and went ashore; where we commenced ascending those romantic heights, crowned by fantastic temples and enchanting groves, so glowingly described by a previous traveller in his account of this island. We soon found a broad and well-beaten pathway, which led to the top of one of the hills, at every crag and turn of which, we espied a temple or a grotto, an inscription or an image; with here and there a garden tastefully laid out, and walks lined with aromatic shrubs, diffusing a grateful fragrance through the air. The prospect from these heights was delightful in the extreme; numerous islands, far and near, bestudded the main; rocks and precipices above and below; here and there a mountain monastery rearing its head; and in the distant valley, the great temple, with its yellow tiles, indicative of imperial distinction, basked like a basilisk in the rays of the noon-day sun. All the aids that could be collected from nature and art, were there concentrated, to render the scene lovely and enchanting. But to the eye of the Christian philanthropist, it presented one melancholy picture of moral and spiritual death. Viewed by the light of revelation, and in the prospect of eternity, the whole island of Poo-too, with its picturesque scenery, its hundred temples, and its six thousand priests, exhibited to the mind nothing but a useless waste of property, a gross misemployment of time, and a pernicious fostering of error, tending to corrupt the surrounding population, and to draw off their minds from the worship of the true God, to the adoration of the phantom Buddha. All the sumptuous and extensive buildings of this island, were intended for no other purpose than to screen wooden images from the sun and rain; and all its inhabitants employed in no other work than the recitation of unmeaning prayers, and the direction of useless contemplations, towards stocks and stones: so that human science and human happiness, would not be in the least diminished, if the whole island of Poo-

too, with its gaudy temples, and lazy priests, were blotted out from the face of the creation.

## FUTILITY OF CHINESE EDICTS.

One very severe proclamation was issued in the year 1812 in which the diffusion of Christianity was declared a capital crime; and yet, in the very teeth of that order, Dr. Morrison and his brethren have been carrying on their operations, for the quarter of a century. When the Honourable Company's chartered ship, the Amherst, went up the coast, proclamations of various kinds were issued; and the most furious edicts have followed each successive voyage in the same direction, which, if collected, would fill a volume. No sooner had the enterprise described in the foregoing pages, been concluded, than a dispatch arrived from Peking, addressed to the viceroy of Canton, expressive of the emperor's high displeasure, and requiring the governor to take measures to prevent such proceedings in future.

**EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA.**—After the bodies of all the victims had been recovered, the melancholy fact was proved that full one-fourth of the number would have been saved had prompt means been found to disencumber them from their situation. The men were found to have expired in the act of making desperate efforts at disengagement. But the women were generally in an attitude of despair; their hands extended over their heads, the fingers convulsively entwined amongst their hair. Not so with mothers who perished with their offspring; these all appeared to have been careless as to themselves, devoting all their thoughts to the preservation of the infant. With their bodies extended and arched above their little ones, they seemed to hope to save them; or, with arms and hands extended towards the spot where the child was found, it seemed, that although unable to touch it, because of the few intervening ruins, they had the horrid consciousness of the vicinity. Many signal examples were exhibited of the heroism and vigour of men, and of the indomitable power of maternal affection. An infant was rescued clinging to the breast of its dead mother, and perfectly recovered, after being three days under the ruins. An uncle of my old friend and comrade, General William Pope, was dug out alive on the fifth day. A lady with child was liberated by the sole labour of her husband, after being two days buried. Three days afterwards she was brought to bed; and together with her child and husband lived many years. Being asked what sensations she felt in her horrid tomb, she replied, "I waited and waited with confidence, knowing that my husband was alive." A girl of eleven years of age was dug out on the sixth day, and lived. Another aged sixteen, named Eloisa Basili, remained buried eleven days; with an infant in her arms, which on the fourth day died; so that, on their being delivered, the latter was in a state of putridity. The poor girl Eloisa could not possibly liberate herself from the corpse of her little sister, being closely hemmed in by the ruins. A slight glimmer of light penetrated to her tomb which enabled her to count the returns of day. But other authority irrefragably established the facts of this surprising case and those already mentioned.

Many cases of prolonged vitality in animals were more surprising than those of the human species. Two mules lived under a mountain of ruins, one twenty-two days, the other twenty-three. A hen lived also twenty-two days, and two fat pigs thirty-two days. All of the human species, as well as the brutes thus ushered again to-day, preserved for a length of time a sort of stupid weakness, no desire to eat, an insatiable thirst, and an almost blindness.

Of the number saved, many men returned to their occupations, healthy and in good spirits, while others remained ailing and melancholy. This difference was supposed in great part to depend on the period of their inhumation, and on the loss or preservation of hope in the different parties. The young Eloisa Basili, although very handsome, treated with every kindness and amusement by her relations, was never after known to move her lips into any thing like a smile. All those who were buried for any length of time, when interrogated about their sensations, made for answer—"So far I remember; further I thought not, and know nothing." Most of those persons died at premature ages. Eloisa Basili, oppressed with melancholy, refused to marry; neither would she retire to a convent, as recommended by some of her pious friends. Her only pleasure seemed to be in solitude. Seated under a tree, she would sit for hours, her eyes averted from every habitation, and fixed upon the sea. On the appearance of an infant she involuntarily turned her head aside.

**THE LORD'S PRAYER ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.**—"Let us now," says Erasmus, "imagine we hear a soldier among these fighting Christians saying the Lord's Prayer. *Our Father*, says he. Oh, hardened wretch! Can you call him *Father*, when you are just going to cut your brother's throat? *Hallowed be thy name*. How can the name of God be more impiously unhallowed, than by mutual bloody murder among you his sons? *Thy kingdom come*. Do you pray for the coming of his kingdom, while you are endeavouring to establish an earthly despotism, by the spilling of the blood of God's sons and subjects? *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven*. His will in heaven is for

peace, but you are now meditating war. Dare you say to your Father in heaven, *Give us this day our daily bread*, when you are going the next minute to burn your brother's corn-fields, and had rather lose the benefits of them yourself than suffer him to enjoy them unmolested? With what face can you say, *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us*, when, so far from forgiving your brother, you are going, with all the haste you can, to murder him in cold blood for an alleged trespass, which, after all, is but imaginary? Do you presume to deprecate the danger of *temptation*, who, not without great danger to yourselves, are doing all you can to force your brother into danger? Do you deserve to be *delivered from evil*, that is, the evil being by whose spirit you are guided, in contriving the greatest possible evil to your brother? Yet there are persons who, while they pass over altogether the impiety and unchristian character of war itself, are horrified at a battle being fought on a Sunday!

## POETICAL PORTRAITS.

[The following verses—reprinted from a scrap-book—are the composition of the late Robert Macnish, a man of eccentric and varied genius, who distinguished himself by his contributions to Blackwood's Magazine, and by works entitled the Anatomy of Drunkenness, the Philosophy of Sleep, etc.]

## Shakespeare.

His was the wizard spell  
The spirit to enchain;  
His grasp o'er Nature's cell,  
Creation owned his reign.

## Milton.

His spirit was the home  
Of aspirations high!  
A Temple, whose huge dome  
Was hidden in the sky.

## Thomson.

The Seasons as they roll  
Shall bear thy name along;  
And graven on the soul  
Of Nature, live thy song.

## Orny.

Soaring on pinions proud,  
The lightnings of his eye  
Scar the black thunder-cloud,  
He passes swiftly by.

## Burns.

He seized his country's Lyre,  
With ardent grasp and strong;  
And made his soul of fire  
Dissolve itself in song.

## Southey.

Where Necromancy flings  
O'er Eastern lands her spell,  
Sustained on Fable's wings,  
His spirit loves to dwell.

## Coleridge.

Magician, whose dread spell,  
Working in pale moonlight,  
From Superstition's cell  
Invokes each satellite!

## Wordsworth.

He hung his harp upon  
Philosophy's pure shrine;  
And, placed by Nature's throne,  
Composed each placid line.

## Campbell.

With all that Nature's fire  
Can lend to polished Art,  
He strikes his graceful Lyre  
To thrill or warm the heart.

## Scott.

He sings, and lo! Romance  
Starts from its mouldering urn,  
While Chivalry's bright Lance  
And nodding Plumes return.

## Wilson.

His strain, like holy hymn,  
Upon the ear doth float,  
Or voice of Cherubim  
In mountain vale remote.

## Hemans.

To bid the big tear start  
Unchallenged from its shrine  
And thrill the quivering heart  
With pity's voice, are thine.

## Shelley.

A solitary rock  
In a far distant sea,  
Rent by the thunder's shock,  
An emblem stands of thee!

## Hogg.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,  
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,  
He sees the Fairies' gleam  
Far from the haunts of men.

## Byron.

Black clouds his forehead bound,  
And at his feet were flowers:  
Mirth, Madness, Magic found  
In him their keenest powers.

## Moore.

Crowned with perennial flowers,  
By Wit and Genius wove,  
He wanders through the bowers  
Of Fancy and of Love.

Selected from the Railway Magazine.

## SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES.

**STEAMING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.**—This great problem has been solved, and in a manner that leaves no doubt of a steam communication being able to be maintained with America under all circumstances. The *Sirius* of London, and the *Great Western* of Bristol, have had the honour of first accomplishing this great object, and nearly simultaneously.—The *Sirius* left Cork, April 4th, and reached New York the 23rd, having accomplished the voyage in 19 days. She encountered some severe gales; her average rate was  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour; with wind fair, 12; in moderate weather 10. Out of 453 tons of coal, she consumed 431, and 43 barrels of resin, which was mixed with coal-ashes. Her tonnage is 700, and engines 320 horse-power. On her return, she left New York May 1st, and arrived at Falmouth May 19th, in 18 days. The winds were generally against her and rough. Her daily rates of sailing were:—153, 193, 155, 90, 106, 131, 152, 180, 225, 220, 176, 156, 172, 181, 182, 200, 227, 119 miles to Scilly. The Captain says, had he had good coals, he could have reached home three days earlier. New York to Cork is 3,300 miles; to Falmouth, 3,400.—The *Great Western* left Bristol April 8th, and reached New York the 24th, having been fifteen days and five hours in her outward voyage. Her daily rates were:—240, 213, 206, 231, 212, 218, 241, 243, 185, 169, 206, 183, 192, 158, 230 miles, and 50 to harbour, making a total distance of 3,223 miles. Out of 600 tons of coals, she used only 450, having used no resin, and steamed all the way. Her mean daily rate was 215 miles, and hourly 9, with unfavourable weather, and strong head-winds. Reducing to the same distance, she beat the *Sirius* by four days and a quarter. She left New York on her return May 7th, and reached King's Road the 22nd, at 10 A. M. Her tonnage is 1,340, with 450 horse-power engines. It has been computed, that two barrels of resin are equal to one ton of coals; and thence that, at the same expense of fuel, the *Great Western* has performed nearly double the work of the *Sirius*.—The *Great Western* consumed, as given us by a friend, near thirty-three tons of coal per diem in her outward trip, which was fifteen days, and twenty-seven in her homeward, which was fourteen and a half.—Too much praise cannot be given to the spirited proprietors of these vessels, whose names, and all those connected with the great performance, will be handed down to posterity with honour. The palm, however, of superiority is due decidedly to the enterprising genius of Bristol. Not only is the *Great Western* every way a superior vessel to the *Sirius*, whether we regard her tonnage or her sailing, but she is far more economical in the work that she does.

**THAMES TUNNEL.**—Mr. Brunel has given an account of the new poling boards which he is employing for the effectual protection of the shield at the Tunnel. These constitute a system of panelling, of which every one, though it can be easily moved, is secured to its neighbour. Thus the boards cannot be displaced, and a most efficient auxiliary is provided against the loose portions of ground in front of the shield. The application of these appears to have added every thing that was wanted to render the shield a perfect protection in all operations of a nature similar to those which are now going on at the Tunnel.

**ASPHALTIC MASTIC.**—The asphaltic mastic is obtained from Pymont, near Seyssel, and brought down the Rhone: it is a compound of a carbonate of lime and mineral pitch. After being roasted on an iron-plate it falls to powder, or may be readily pounded. By roasting, it loses about one-fortieth of its weight. It is composed of nearly pure carbonate of lime, with about nine or ten per cent. of bitumen.—When in a state of powder, it is mixed with about seven per cent. of a bitumen, or mineral pitch, found near the same spot. This bitumen appears to give ductility to the mastic. The addition of only one per cent. of sulphur makes it exceedingly brittle. The powdered asphaltic is added to the bitumen when in a melting state; also a quantity of clean gravel, to give it a proper consistency for pouring it into moulds. When laid down for pavement, small stones are sifted on, and this sifting is not observed to wear off. The mass is partially elastic, and Mr. Simms has seen a case in which a wall, having fallen away, the asphaltic stretched, and did not crack. It may be considered as a species of mineral leather. The sun and rain do not appear to have any effect upon it; it answers exceedingly well for the floors of the abattoirs of the barracks, and keeps the vermin down; and is uninjured by the kicking of the horses' feet. It may be laid down from eight-pence to nine-pence per square foot.

**ASTRONOMY.**—Sir John Herschel has returned, after near four years' sojourn at the Cape of Good Hope, to observe the accurate positions of the stars in the southern hemisphere. It is said he has brought home with him a large mass of valuable astronomical and other observations, which will shortly be arranged and published.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**—This splendid line was opened to Maidenhead on Monday, June 4th. To Reading and Didcot it will be opened next spring, and between Bath and Bristol at the same time. Every precaution is taken to ensure regularity and punctuality, as far as plenty of power will do it. Nine engines are now ready for working this first part, that is at least

double the number which is needful. The present intermediate stations are to be at Ealing, West Drayton, and Langley Marsh.

**NORTHERN AND EASTERN RAILWAY.**—The works from Tottenham-mills northward are proceeding rapidly. Five miles are completed at the Tottenham end, and the remainder to Broxbourne will be ready in the autumn. Active preparations are in progress beyond Broxbourne to Bishop Stortford. Instead of proceeding by the expensive route to Islington, a line is to be carried from Tottenham-mills road to unite with the Blackwall line, and bring the terminus to Fenchurch-street. It is computed that £400,000 at least will be saved by this means, as well as the tunnel avoided at Clapton hill. This junction line, which is computed to cost £120,000, may be completed in less time than the extension could to Islington. The terminus will thus be brought into the heart of the city, near London Bridge, where steam-boats are plying to the west, we believe, every quarter of an hour, and eastwards to all parts of the world.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.**—By the evidence of Mr. Moss before the House of Commons, it has been shown, that of 3,300,000 persons carried thirty miles, and during a period of some years, only two fatal accidents to passengers had occurred, one of which happened in a fog just after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the other by the culpable negligence of the engine-man. What will the advocates for stage-coach safety say to this? With an equal number of persons, will this make one per cent. of the accidents by stage-coaches?

**RAILWAY IN HOLLAND.**—A decree of the 30th of April directs a railway to be made from Amsterdam to Arnheim by Utrecht, to be prolonged, in case of need, from Utrecht to Rotterdam, and from Arnheim to Prussia. Loans to the amount of 18,000,000 of florins, or £1,400,000, at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., to be contracted for to meet the expense. This railroad, if the subscriptions fall short, is to be executed at the private expense of the king.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 24, 1838.

**RURAL CEMETRIES.**—As supplementary to the eccentric article in our last number on "The Inhumation of the Dead in Cities," we intend to offer a few remarks on Rural Cemeteries.

On hygienic considerations, the propriety of having the cemeteries of towns at some distance from the inhabited portions, seems to be generally admitted. Among medical writers a variety of opinion exists on the production of malarious disease by animal putrefaction, but all are agreed that air, charged with the products of animal decomposition arising from bodies confined in a small place, as in the case of private vaults when first opened, may, so powerfully affect the nervous system as to produce high nervous disorder, and that when such miasmata are absorbed by the lungs in a concentrated state, they may excite putrid disorders of the most dangerous description. Among other instances in proof of this latter view, we are informed by Baron Percy, one of the eminent army surgeons of Napoleon, that a Dr. Chambon was required by the Dean of the Faculty of *Medecin* of Paris to demonstrate the liver and its appendages before the *Faculte*, on applying for his license. The decomposition of the subject, given him for demonstration, was so far advanced, that Chambon drew the attention of the Dean to it, but he was required to go on. One of the four candidates, Corion, struck by the putrid emanations, which escaped from the body as soon as it was opened, fainted, was carried home and died in seventy hours: another, the celebrated Fourcroy, was attacked with a burning eruption; and two others, Laguerrenne and Dufresnoy, remained a long time feeble, and the latter never completely recovered. "As for Chambon," says M. Londe, "indignant at the obstinacy of the Dean, he remained firm in his place; finished his lecture in the midst of the commissioners, who inundated their handkerchiefs with essences, and doubtless owed his safety to his cerebral excitement, which during the night after a slight febrile attack, gave occasion to a profuse cutaneous exhalation."

But, setting aside all considerations of health, do we owe no respect for the dead? And does not nature point out to us the duty of selecting a spot, remote from the din and bustle of life, surrounded with evergreens, and beautified with shrubs and trees, wherein may repose the ashes of our friends? In many places the loss of the ground so appropriated is an object of the first consideration, but Halifax abounding with unoccupied land has no such impediment in the way. A number of the towns in Great Britain have their rural cemeteries, and it is not hazardous too much to say, that ere long none will be without them. The beautiful cemetery of Pere La Chaise, near Paris, is an object of attraction, to every intelligent traveller, and in the United States there are two cemeteries which almost vie with it in point of loveliness. One is the Laurel Hill cetry near Philadelphia, and the other Mount Auburn, near the city of Boston. We had the pleasure of visiting the latter in 1836 and a sweeter spot we never beheld. You enter this sylvan retreat by an Egyptian Portal of a chaste and hallowed appearance, with its appropriate inscription, "Then

shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit return to God who gave it."

Having passed a neat cottage on your left and in which resides the keeper of the grounds, you proceed a short distance along a carriage way, until some beautiful walk induces you to turn aside. So many are there of these walks, and branching out as they do in all directions, that it is not long before you find that you are in an almost endless labyrinth. Still as you continue you are gratified at every new turn by some simple yet elegant surmounting to a tomb, which makes its appearance and summons your attention. All of these tombs are remarkable for their simplicity, and yet amongst them, there is a great diversity of pattern and design, many of the most polished marble, and evidently requiring in their formation, much skill and taste. Affection has here and there surrounded them, with flowering shrubs, and has otherwise marked the place by the careful preparations with which the love that survives the tomb is oftentimes expressed. Many of the paths and avenues wind through romantic recesses, and what adds greatly to the interest of the place, they are all designated by different trees, shrubs and vines. There is, among others, the Sweet briar path, the Hawthorn path, the Beech avenue, the Sumac path, the Ivy, Hazel and Woodbine paths, and the Larch avenue. Many of these walks admirably correspond to your associations with the name of the tree, shrub or vine. There is the Hemlock path, a name so often found in connection with "Night-shade," and a gloomy spot it is. And so of most of the other names. Nearly in the middle of the grounds is a large pool of water, which with its margin of turf, is quite an ornament to the place. Mount Auburn, the garden of graves we visited twice, and yet the second time it seemed more interesting and beautiful than the first, and we lingered on the sacred spot with the most intense delight. It was a lovely place and we venerated it as a repository of the dead. And greatly would Halifax be enhanced in our estimation with her rural cemetery, commanding, as it might, a beautiful view of our noble harbour, and embellished in a manner creditable to the taste and liberality of our townsmen. Shall we never be favored with such a hallowed place—

—the port of rest from troublous toyle,  
The world's sweet inn from puine and wearisome turmoyle.

**THE SEASONS AND CROPS.**—On all sides we are favoured with accounts of the exceedingly fine weather of the season, and of the abundance of the fruits of the earth. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" and abounding gratitude should be felt towards Him who giveth rain in its season, and causeth his sun to shine for the benefit of man. We extract from the *New England Farmer* the following piece on the weather, and by which it will be seen that in New England the article of potatoes is very abundant. In Nova-Scotia there is too general a failure of this useful article, owing as we believe, to the antipathy which exists against planting them whole.

"The season, we believe, has not, within the memory of any man living, been surpassed for the fineness of its weather and the luxuriance of its vegetation. The sun-shines and rains have come in such regular and beautiful succession; and the temperature has been so precisely what it seemed desirable that it should be that even habitual discontent has found no room for complaint; and the most fastidious imagination has not been able to say how matters should be improved. Hay is coming in abundantly; and the season has been as favorable as it ever was for securing it. Rye and wheat, and barley and oats, are looking extremely well. Potatoes promise profusion, and Indian corn, the best treasure of New England, never presented a more healthy and brilliant appearance. There is really nothing to be done; but to shake our heads with sorrow, and cry; "it is too much trouble to gather all these good things. We shall never get through with harvesting and husking. O sad! our neighbors' crops are as good as ours. We have got too much, too much; prices must come down; prices will be low; the poor will have enough this time;" and other complaints as grateful and as benevolent, of which there is always in our community *quantum sufficit*."

**THE LADY LILFORD**, a very fine ship of 600 tons, built by Mr. Lyle, for Messrs Canard & Co. was launched from the ship yard at Dartmouth, on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. The beautiful weather in addition to the interest of the sight, induced a large number of persons to visit Dartmouth on the occasion. The harbour in the vicinity of the yard was studded with boats, and every eminence around was crowded with spectators. Most gracefully did my Lady Lilford glide into the water, amid the plaudits of the multitude, and having been ceremonially named by Miss Canard. Built for the purposes of commerce and civilization and not for those of destruction, as we gazed on the ship we were forcibly reminded of the peace words of Mary Howitt—

And the blessings of a thousand lands  
Upon our ship shall lie!  
For she shall not be a man-of-war,  
Nor a pirate shall she be;  
But a noble, Christian merchant ship,  
To sail upon the sea.

**PASSING SENTENCE OF DEATH.**—In the case of Lount and Matthews, the Chief Justice of Upper Canada used the following language:—"The awful sentence of death must follow your conviction. But although a power to pardon resides only in the Sovereign whose authority you endeavoured to subvert, if I could conscientiously encourage in you a hope that pardon would be extended, I should gladly do so—for it would render infinitely less painful the duty which the court has to discharge. I know no ground, however, on which I can venture to hold out such a hope; and I do therefore most earnestly exhort you to prepare yourselves for the execution of the sentence which is about to be pronounced. In the short time which may remain to you, I pray that you may be brought to a deep sense of the guilt of the crime of which you are convicted; and that you may be enabled to address yourselves in humble and earnest sincerity to the infinite mercy of that Saviour whose divine commands you have transgressed."—And by the last Canada papers we find the Judge passing sentence of death on 12 persons in the following terms:—He urged upon them all the importance of preparation for another world, and then pronounced the following sentence, (after calling each by name):—"That you and each of you be taken to the jail from whence you came, and that on the 25th day of the present month of August, you and each of you be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you are dead; then your bodies are to be quartered: and may God have mercy on your soul."

We are told that to this last expression, there were several who responded 'Amen.' One of the bailiffs, a stout fellow, burst into tears, and this soon became contagious. So strongly does Humanity speak against the punishment of death. The heinous nature of the offence is lost in pity for the offender, and thus the very design of such punishment is overthrown. And no marvel, since the command "THOU SHALT NOT KILL" (not Thou shalt not maliciously kill—Thou shalt not kill with evil intent—Thou shalt not murder,——mere human glosses it is believed of the word of God, but simply and emphatically "THOU SHALT NOT KILL") has been re-enacted and solemnly confirmed in the New Testament by the Saviour himself without any exception whatever, and in vain do we look in the New Testament for any suspension of its action, or any mitigation of its import, as in the political and civil code of the Jews, and which code was wholly done away with the coming of Christ. But it is not our intention to argue the question at present, but merely to draw the attention of our readers to the contrast between God and Man.

And what must be the feelings of a reflecting Judge, in passing sentence of death on a fellow mortal, reminding him that pardoning mercy is not to be expected on earth, and exhorting him to apply to that God who will not destroy the penitent, however great may have been his crimes! Do not such representations involve a contrast between human government and divine government, which is truly striking, and reproachful to the one or the other? If God is so merciful to the penitent offender, why should not man imitate his example? And if God, in mercy, waits to be gracious, and is disposed to allow the offender a space for repentance, why should human governments arrogate the divine prerogative, and hurry the transgressor to his final reckoning? In ancient times it was deemed just and honourable to kill captives taken in war; but now such deeds are deemed not only unjust, but barbarous and horrid. A similar change in public sentiment may occur in regard to felons. It is believed that the time approaches, when killing felons will be viewed with as much horror as is now generally felt, when captives taken in war are wantonly put to the sword. When we find that 45,000 persons of one denomination of Christians are constrained to petition against the punishment of death in all cases, not excepting murder, as in a late instance in Great Britain—when we know that the whole body of the Friends believe in the unscriptural nature of death punishments—when we hear Lord Brougham declaring that he entertains a doubt whether capital punishments should be inflicted even in the case of murder—when commentators of the Bible are beginning to remember we are not Jews but Christians, not under Moses but under Christ, and are expounding the New Testament as of paramount authority—and when it is known that in all the religious sects, the doctrine of the strict inviolability of human life is gaining converts every day, what may we not expect, what may we not hope for? Surely it shall come to pass, that "Mercy shall be built up for ever." But we do not rest our hopes and our cause on the plea of mere mercy; we assume the higher, firmer ground of strong justice. By this will we conquer.

**News.**—The Jamaica Gazette to July 14, has been received. It is filled with letters, documents, and facts connected with the new order of things. On the 9th of July the Governor issued a Proclamation to the Prædial Apprentices, in which he gives them joy of the great blessing of liberty conferred upon them, removes any misapprehension under which they might labour with respect to the property of their former masters, tells them that idle vagrants will be punished as in England—urges them to listen to the ministers of religion and acknowledges their excellent behaviour while apprentices. The Emancipation Act has seven sections—

two for emancipation, two to secure the laborers from being "turned right out of doors," two to provide for the sick and infirm, and the last to declare the day on which comes "a holiday throughout the island." The next document of interest is a second Proclamation of the Governor, requiring the religious observance of the First of August as a day of "General Thanksgiving to Almighty God," with "the same reverence and respect which is observed and due to the Sabbath." So much in earnest were the authorities to secure this, that when an association or party calling themselves "Friends of Freedom" made arrangements for a celebration by bonfires, fireworks etc., his Excellency published a letter disapproving of all such displays, as inconsistent with the proprieties of the occasion. As to the feelings of the negroes in the anticipation of freedom, we find only two cases of insubordination or unkindness, while the almost universal feeling is that of a desire to continue with their former masters on their own specified terms. In our estimation such a glorious triumph is more noble than all the blood-stained victories ever fought on embattled plains. And christianity will yet go forth in her bloodless career overturning other relics of barbarism amongst us, and introducing the reign of universal love and peace.

**CROWN COLONIES.**—From certain notices in the House of Lords, we learn that the Government will speedily liberate all the slaves in the Colonies appertaining to the Crown.

**GRANT OF MINES.**—Two Americans have obtained from the Crown office in New Brunswick, a grant of all the mines of every name and nature, whatever, in the entire territory of St Martin's—comprising a space of more than 287 square miles.

A Fire occurred lately at Hudson, N. Y., by which property estimated at from \$100,000 to \$200,000, was destroyed. The Fire, it is said, was caused by sparks from a steam Boat.

The reported death of 500 Indians, on the Mississippi, by steam explosion, has been totally contradicted.

Captain Longmire was tried yesterday, by Special Commission in the Court of V. Admiralty, for the murder of his Cook, J. Smith, on the high seas. Captain Longmire was acquitted and discharged.—*Novascotian*.

**GOVERNOR KENT AND THE BOUNDARY.**—The Bangor Whig brings us the following important information relative to the intentions of the Governor of Maine. Mr. Kent is in earnest, and the bitterest of his opponents will by and by be compelled to do justice both to the wisdom and policy of his administration. "We understand," says the Whig, that the Executive Government of the State are taking measures to have every thing in readiness to run the N. E. Boundary Line, according to the treaty of 1783, on the first of next month. We suppose the course taken will be to appoint Commissioners to proceed to run the line. If they meet with no resistance from the Provincial authorities, well and good; if they do, measures will be taken to protect the Commissioners by a competent military force. Already the attention of the Adjutant General has been invited to the subject."—*Portland Advertiser*.

Sixteen of the accomplices of Moreau, (who was lately executed) have been condemned to death, at Toronto. We trust that it will not be found expedient to carry the sentences into full effect. *Nbr.*

One of the sixteen prisoners alluded to above, Mr. L. W. Miller made the following speech—

"MY LORD:

"Your Lordship has asked whether I have any thing to offer why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me. I shall with the permission of your lordship, offer a few remarks, not however with a belief that I shall be able by any thing that I might say to turn aside the impending fate that awaits me. \* \* \* \*"

"I am, indeed asked why sentence of death shall not now be passed upon me. If I had done a deed worthy of death, I would say, let it come; but I declare to your lordships, that according to the dictates of my own judgment, I deserve neither death nor bonds.

"I have not been guilty of the death of any one. I have taken from no one that which was not my own. I came not into your country to destroy its form of government. I came not upon its borders with arms in my hands. Young and inexperienced as I am, I was led into the error, for which I now stand convicted, by the advice of others. Had truth and justice prevailed, I should not now be called to stand before your lordships in peril of my life. \* \* \* \*"

"When I became sensible of my error—when I found that it was better for me to return to my home—I was told that the lines could not be passed, and that if I forsook my party death would be my portion.—Thus situated what way was there for my escape?"

"I appeal, my Lord, to the lancers, whether I did not use my best exertions to stay the hand of the assassin. I appeal to every individual who was present at the attack upon the lancers, to say whether I did not do every thing in my power to prevent the death of any one, or the loss of any property.

"I am here, before your lordship, convicted as a felon; but appealing to my own conscience, I avow to your lordship and to this whole court, that I cannot consider myself guilty of a felonious act—yet, if it is my fate to suffer death, I must bow to the mandate which decrees it."

POST OFFICE, HALIFAX, Aug. 17, 1838.

Mails will, in future, be made up for St. John, N. B. on Monday at 4 o'clock, Wednesday at one, and Saturday at five. The Mails for Digby and Yarmouth will, in future, be made up on Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

### MARRIED,

At Truro, on Tuesday, 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Burnyeat, Mr. Joseph G. Browner, Printer, seventh son of the late Lieutenant John Browner, R. N. and latterly merchant captain, Liverpool, G. B. to Miss Harriet Penny, both of Devonshire, England.

### DIED,

On Sunday evening, at 9 o'clock, after a very short but painful illness, in the 65th year of her age, Mary, wife of Joseph Starr, Esquire, of this town. By this dispensation of Divine Providence, an extensive family and connexion have been deprived of the best of mothers and kindest of friends, by whom her memory will be long and fondly cherished.

On Wednesday morning last, Ann Pender, wife of Michael Pender, in the 27th year of her age, leaving a husband and two small children to mourn her loss. Funeral this day Friday, at 4 o'clock from Richard O'Neal's, in Lockman Street.

At Nevis, July 8th, Captain John Bowden, of the brig Matilda of this port, a native of England, leaving a disconsolate widow to mourn his loss.

At Portland on the 27th of June, Mr. William Jessop, third son of the late Mr. John Hays, of this town, aged 35 years.

### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

#### ARRIVED.

Friday, August 17th—schr Canso Trader, Canso—fish; Margaret, Furlong, Placentia Bay, 8 days—herrings, to P. Furlong; Am. brig Emerald, Kinkain, Pictou, 6 days—coal, bound to Boston; schr Will Watch, Carr, St. John, N. B. and Welshpool, 4 days—dry fish and alewives to W. J. Starr and D. & E. Starr & Co; Hope, Ruggles, and Betsy, P. E. Island—fish and oatmeal.

Saturday, 18th—Schr New Commerce, Bridgeport—coal.

Sunday, 19th—Gov. schr Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 7 men and 22 passengers of the barque Granville; brig Atlantic, Lewis, Tobago and Grenada, 28 days—rum, to W. H. Neal; returned—schr Oracle, Muirhead, bound to St. Andrews—lost fore and main topmast in a squall on Saturday; Maid of Erin, Kirkpatrick, St. Vincent, 18 days—rum to J. & M. Tobin; brig Heron, South; Gayama, 29 days—sugar, to Frith, Smith & Co.; Eclipse, Aerestrup, Demerara, 24 days—rum, to Saltus & Wainwright; Abeona, Townsend, St. Thomas, 19 days—sugar and rum, to J. U. Ross.

Monday, 20th—Schr Nancy, Barrington—fish, saw on Saturday a large topsail Schooner, partly sunk, topmasts and sails hanging over the side; had apparently gone on shore that morning on Point Chert Head; Eliza Ann, Bay Chaleur, fish; Victory, Cann, fish; Defiance, Pugwash, fish; Morning Star, Mainadieu, fish; Springbird, Sydney coal; Elizabeth, do; Breeze, Magdalen Islands, fish, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co; Spanish brig Bello Curzona, Gelsse, Havannah, 18 days—sugar, cigars, fruit, to Creighton & Grassie; schr Four Sisters, Wooden, Larbrador and Cape North, N. F.—dry fish, oil, salmon, etc.; H. M. Ship Cornwallis, Capt. Sir Richard Grant, Quebec, 12 days, was detained in the River off the Brandydips until Sunday 12th inst.: left at anchor there H. M. Ship Inconstant with the Admiral's Flag, to proceed to Bermuda; Malabar and Pearl, the latter passed down 6th instant.

Tuesday August 21st—Schr Susan, Margaret's Bay, fish; Trial, Whitehead, do; Union, Redding, Boston, 9 days, fruit, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others.

Wednesday August 22nd—Schr Two Brothers, Pictou—deals; Planet, LaHave—lumber; Wasp, Barrington—fish; Betsy, Canso, dry and pickled fish; Elizabeth, Port Medway, lumber; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. 6 days—limestone, to muster and others.

Thursday August 23d—Am. schr Caroline, Oates, Washington, 12 days—staves, tar, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co; schrs Star, Rugged Islands—fish; Favourite, Helm, St. Stephens, 4 days—lumber and shingles, to D. & E. Starr & Co; Collector, Phealan, Bridgeport—coal, bound to Boston, sails on Saturday Morning, for Boston; Speculator, Lunenburg, 2 days.

#### CLEARED,

Friday, 17th—Pictou, Clarke, St. John, N. F. fish, etc. by S. Cunard & Co; Oracle, Muirhead, St. Andrews—flour, etc. by W. Roche; Alicia, Currey, St. John's, N. F.—flour, etc. by W. Pitts and others. 18th—Defiance, Currey, Miramichi—assorted cargo, by S. Cunard & Co, and others; Triton, Reap, St. Kitts—do by J. H. Reynolds and others; Victoria, Savage, Quebec—sugar, by S. Binney; Caroline Crouse, St. Andrews—bread, etc. by W. Roche. 20th—packet barque Lady Paget, Lockett, Liverpool, G. B.—deals, staves, etc. by S. Cunard & Co. W. Stairs and others; brig Victoria, Crockett, New York—coal, by the master; Am. schr Susan, Taylor, Baltimore, plaister and old iron, by Stephen Binney. 21st, schr Adeona, Patten, B. W. Indies fish, by Frith, Smith & Co; Ketch Lottery, Hinson, do. do, by J. & M. Tobin. 22nd, brig Otter, Dill, do do, staves, by G. P. Lawson; barges Hesione, Mechie, Montreal, sugar, oil, etc. by Frith, Smith & Co. and others; Omphale, Savage, do. do, by Fairbanks & Allison and others; schr Ion, Hammond, St. John, N. B. sugar, flour, etc. by W. Roche, S. Binney and others. 23rd—Brig Streatiam Castle, Hudson, Bay Chaleur; schrs Mary Jane, M'Grath, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by H. N. Binney; Armide, Smith, St. John, N. B. flour, etc. by J. Allison & Co, D. & E. Starr and thors.



From the Southern Agriculturalist.

### PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

The subjoined prognostics of the weather have been taken from authors of approved experience, and in some instances of much learning. Many, indeed none of their works have as I believe, been republished in this country, for the editions from which I have drawn my information, are English.\* This last conviction induces me to send you this article, which I had compiled for my own use. The space allotted prohibits me from giving the causes of the respective prognostics—in each instance, however, the prognostic can be explained by the laws of nature.

#### I.—SIGNS FROM VAPORS OR MISTS.

1. If a white mist in an evening or night spread over a meadow, wherein there is a river, it promises the next day to be bright.
2. When the mist hanging over the lower lands draws towards the hills of a morning, and rolls up their sides until the tops be covered, there will be no rain.
3. In some places, if the mist hangs upon the hills, and drags along the woods, instead of over-spreading the lower grounds, in a morning, it will turn to rain.
4. If mists rise in low grounds, and soon vanish, fair weather.
5. If they rise to the hill tops, rain in a day or two. (One of Mr. Worlidge's rules.)
6. A general mist before the sun rises near the full moon; fine weather.

#### II.—FROM CLOUDS.

1. It is a symptom of fair weather when clouds dissolve into air: otherwise when they are collected out of the air.
2. When heavy rains are about to fall every cloud rises bigger than the former, and all the clouds are in a growing state.
3. When clouds are fleecy, deep, and dense towards the middle, and very white at the edges, with the sky very bright and blue about them, they are of a frosty coldness, and will soon fall either in hail, snow or hasty showers or rain.
4. When clouds breed high in the air in thin white trains, like locks of wool or the tails of horses, there will soon be wind below, and probably a rain with it.
5. When clouds as they come forward seem to diverge from a point in the horizon, a wind may be expected from that quarter, or the opposite.
6. When a general cloudiness covers the sky above, and small black fragments of clouds, like smoke, fly underneath, rain is not far off, and it will probably be lasting.
7. No surer sign of rain than two different currents of clouds, especially if the undermost flies fast before the wind: and if two such appear in hot summer, a thunder storm is gathering.
8. Clouds like large rocks; great showers.
9. If small clouds increase; much rain.
10. If large clouds decrease; fair weather.
11. In summer, when the wind has been South two or three days, and it grows very hot, and clouds rise with white tops, like towers, as if one were on the top of another, joined together with black on the nether side, there will be thunder and rain suddenly.
12. If two such clouds rise one on either hand; rain.
13. Dappled white clouds, (called a mackerel sky) generally predict rain.
14. Small black clouds of a clear evening; undoubted signs of rain.
15. Blue or black clouds near the sun any time of the day, or near the moon by night; signs of rain.
16. Small waterish clouds on the tops of hills; rain.
17. If clouds grow or appear suddenly, the air otherwise free from clouds; tempests at hand, especially if they appear to the South or West.
18. Clouds setting on the tops of mountains; hard weather.

#### III.—DEWS.

Dew plentifully on the grass after a fair day, foretells the next day fair; but if after such a day no dew is on the ground, and no wind stirring, rain may be expected.

#### IV.—FROM SKIES.

1. Between a red evening and grey morning, is commonly a heavy dew or a mist over the ground, but if a red morning succeeds, there is no dew.
2. When a lowering redness spreads too far upwards from the horizon in the morning or evening, rains or winds follow, and often both.
3. When such a redness, together with a raggedness of the clouds, extends towards the zenith in the evening, the wind will be high from the West or Southwest, with rain.
4. When the sky in a rainy season is tinged with sea-green color, when it ought to be blue, the rain will continue and increase.
5. If it is a deep dead blue, the weather will be showery.
6. A dark thick sky, lasting for sometime, either without sun or rain, always becomes fair, then foul—that is, a clear sky before rain.

\* Lord Bacon, Best, the shepherd of Banbury, Worlidge and Claridge.

#### V.—FROM SUN.

1. When the air is hazy, and sun's light fades by degrees, and his orb looks whitish and ill defined; one of the most certain signs of rain.
2. If the rays of the sun breaking through the clouds, irradiate and are visible in the air, rain soon.
3. White at his setting; bad weather.
4. Shorn of his rays; bad weather.
5. Going down into a bank of clouds which lie in the horizon; bad weather.
6. If he rise red and fiery; wind and rain.
7. If he rise cloudy, and clouds decrease; certain fair weather.

#### VI.—FROM MOON.

1. When moon and stars grow dim, with a hazy air and ring or halo around it; rain follows.
2. If moon appear pale and dim, expect rain.
3. If red, a sign of wind.
4. If of its natural color, and the sky clear, fair weather.
5. If the moon is rainy throughout her course, it will clear up at the ensuing change, and the rain will probably commence in a few days after, and continue; if, on the contrary, the moon has been fair throughout, and it rains at the change, the fair weather will probably be restored about the fourth or fifth day of the moon, and continue as before.
6. If new moon does not appear till the fourth day, a troubled air for the whole month.
7. If the moon, either at her first appearance, or within a few days after, has her lower horn obscure, or dusky, or any wise sullied, it denotes foul weather before the full.
8. If discolored in the middle, storms are to be expected about the full, or about the wane, if her upper horn is affected in like manner.
9. When on her fourth day she appears spotless, her horn unblunted, and neither flat nor quite erect, but betwixt both, it promises fair weather for the greatest part of the month.
10. An erect moon is generally threatening and unfavorable, but particularly denotes wind; though if she appear with short and blunted horns, rain may rather be expected.

#### VII.—FROM WINDS.

1. When the wind veers about uncertainly to several points of the compass, rain is pretty sure to follow.
2. Some have remarked, that if the wind, as it veers about, follows the course of the sun, from the East towards the West, it brings fair weather; if the contrary foul; but there is no sign of rain more infallible, than a whistling or howling noise of the wind.
3. Wind turning to North-East, continuing there two days, without rain, and not turning South the third day, or not raining the third day, will likely continue North-East for 8 or 9 days fair, and then come South again.
4. If it turn again out of the South to the North-East, with rain, and continue in the North-East two days, without rain, and neither turns South or rains the third day, it is likely to continue North-East two or three months.
5. After a Northerly wind, for the most of two months or more, and then coming South, there are usually three or four fair days at first, and then on the fourth or fifth day comes rain, or else the wind turns North again, and continues dry.
6. If it returns to the South within a day or two, without rain and turns Northward with rain, and returns to the South in one or two days, as before, two or three times together after this sort, then it is likely to be in the South or South-West two or three months together, as it was in the month before.
7. Fair weather for a week with a Southerly wind, is likely to produce a great drought, if there has been much rain out of the South before. The wind usually turns from the North to South with a quiet wind without rain; but returns to the North, with a strong wind and rain. The strongest wind is, when it turns from South to North by West.
8. If you see a cloud rise against the wind or with wind, when that cloud comes up to you, the wind will blow the same way the cloud came.
9. When the wind varies for a few hours, and afterwards begins to blow constant, it will continue for many days.
10. What ever wind begins to blow in the morning, usually continues longer than that, which rises in the evening.
11. If the wind be East or North-East in the fore part of the summer, the weather is likely to continue dry; and if Westward towards the end of the summer, then it will also continue dry.
12. If in great rains the winds rise and fall, it signifies the rain will forthwith cease.
13. If the South wind begins for two or three days, the North will suddenly blow after; but if the North blows for the same number of days, the South will not rise till after the East has blown for some time.
14. A change in the warmth of weather is generally followed by a change of wind.

#### VIII.—METEORS.

When meteors, or the aurora borealis, appear after some warm day, it is generally succeeded by a coldness of the air.

#### IX.—FROM ANIMAL CREATION.

Swallows, when they fly aloft after their prey, a serene sky—when they skim the ground or the water, rain not far off—their appearance a sign of spring set in. When the notes of the whip-poor-will are heard, spring has set in—when sheep wind up the hills in the morning to their pastures, and feed near the top, an indication of the clearing of clouds, or drizzly weather,—dogs grow sleepy and stupid before rain, and by refusing their food and eating grass, show their stomachs out of order—water owl dive and wash themselves more than ordinarily before rain—flies are particularly troublesome, and seem more hungry than usual—toads are seen crawling across the road or beaten path in the evening—moles work harder than usual, and sometimes come forth; so do worms—ants are observed to stir and bustle about, and then return to their burrows—bees stir not far, and betake themselves to their hives—swine discover uneasiness, as do likewise sheep, cows, etc. all appearing more eager in pasture than usual—birds of all sorts are in action, and more earnest after prey—fleas bite harder than common—spiders crawl abroad. On the contrary,—spiders webs on the trees, or in the air, indicate fair and hot weather—so do bees, when they fly far and come home late—likewise, a more than usual appearance of glow worms, by night. If gnats play up and down in the open air, near sunset, they presage heat; if in the shade, warm and mild showers; but if they join in stinging those that pass by them, cold weather and much rain may be expected. In men, frequently, aches, corns and wounds, are more troublesome, either towards rain or frost. The crow cawing and walking alone on the seashore, or on the banks of rivers or pools, presages rain. Birds that change countries at certain seasons, if they come early, show the temper of the weather, according to the country whence they came; \*as in winter, woodcocks, pigeons, etc. if they come early, show a cold winter.

#### X.—FROM VEGETABLE CREATION.

1. Most vegetables expand their flowers and down in sun-shiny weather, towards the evening; and against rain close them again,—as in the down of Dandelion. The rule is, if the flowers are close shut up, it betokens rain; if they are spread abroad, fair weather.
2. All wood, even the hardest and most solid, swells in moist weather.
3. The speedy drying of the earth's surface, is a sign of a Northerly wind and fair weather; and its becoming moist, of a Southerly wind; and rain.
4. When sounds are more plainly heard than usual—rain.
5. If wainscots or walls that used to sweat be drier than usual in the beginning of winter, or the eaves of houses drop more slowly than ordinary, it portends a hard and frosty winter.
6. When there are but few nuts, cold and wet harvests generally follow; when a great show of them, hot, heavy and dry harvests succeed.
7. If the oak bears much mast, it presages a long and hard winter. The same of hops and haws.

#### XI.—FROM RAIN.

1. Sudden rains never last long; but when the air grows thick by degrees, and the sun, moon and stars shine dimmer and dimmer, it usually rains six hours.
2. If it begins to rain from the South with a high wind, for two or three hours, and the wind falls, but the rain continues, it is likely to rain twelve hours, or more; and does usually rain until a strong North wind clears the air; these long rains seldom hold above twelve hours.
3. If it begins to rain an hour or two before sun rising, it is likely to be fair before noon, and continue so that day; but if the rain begins an hour or two after sun rising, it is likely to rain all that day, except the rainbow be seen before it rains.

#### XII.—FROM SEASONS.

1. Generally a moist and cold summer portends a hard winter.
2. A hot and dry summer and autumn, especially if the heat and drought extend far into September, portend an open beginning of winter, and cold to succeed towards the latter part and beginning of spring.
3. A warm and open winter portends a hot and dry summer, for the vapors disperse into the winter showers; whereas cold and frost keep them in, and convey them to the late spring. So saith my Lord Bacon.
4. A severe autumn denotes a windy winter; a windy winter a rainy spring; a rainy spring a serene summer; a serene summer, a windy autumn; so that the air, in a balance is seldom debtor to itself; nor do the seasons succeed each other in the same tenor for two years, together. So also saith my Lord Bacon.
5. At the beginning of winter, if the South wind blow, and then the North, it is likely to be a cold winter; but if the North wind blow first and then the South, it will be a warm and mild winter.

BARNWELL.

Published every Friday evening, at the Printing Office of W. GUNNELL, South end of Bedford Row, and opposite the Apothecaries' Hall, where Books, Pamphlets, Bank Checks, Cards, Circulars, Posting and Shop Bills, etc. etc. will be neatly printed.