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## PHRENOLOGY :

ITS OPPONENTS, ADVOCATES, PROGRESS, AND USES.

*A Lecture delivered before the Members of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, on Wednesday evening, November 13th.*

BY DR. WILLIAM GRIGOR.

Continued from page 336.

Dr. Pritchard it appears armed himself with the proper weapons of a philosophic champion, but unfortunately, he was not skilled in their scientific usage—or if so, he took care not to apply them accordingly to his antagonist. In illustration of this, he states, that he has had his attention directed for many years to this enquiry, and omitted no opportunity that presented itself of gaining information on this subject; he states, also, “that the Phrenologist need not go beyond the limits of his own species, in order to establish his doctrine on the basis of experience—that if a relative amplitude in a given region of the brain were always consistent with a proportional display of one particular faculty, or quality of mind, the constant coincidence would prove a connection between the two phenomena; that Phrenology certainly admits of proof or disproof, and would obtain it, if the measurement of a sufficient number of heads, and those belonging to marked qualities of mind, could be accurately and indisputably known; and, that if the testimony of facts on a great scale should be found adverse to the alleged coincidences, or to the correspondence of given mental qualities with certain conditions of the brain, Phrenology will not continue to make proselytes, and it will be ultimately discarded as an hypothesis without foundation. At present most persons seem to be in doubt on the subject, and to be looking out for evidence.”

The person who can acknowledge this Baconian method of investigation will be naturally enough expected to enter, in good faith, on the course which has so properly and fairly to the interests of truth presented itself. As an arbiter of a question of so much consequence, we will naturally too hope to be carried by him, from place to place, in search of the evidence which is to confirm or refute the doctrine in hand;—we will of course have to trace him from asylum to asylum, from prison to prison, penetrating to penitentiaries,—until he has searched the kingdom, and from all quarters collected, arranged, and with scientific acumen set, the facts, in that order and form, as that he who runs may read them. But the science of observation and experiment has lost its power in the hands of Dr. Pritchard. For while he urges the labour of it on the disciples of Phrenology, he reserves an easier method for his own use, and suitable for himself in his own closet—the Doctor works in his slippers, not in his walking shoes. He sits down at his ease and then takes every opportunity that occurs to him in his closet to make the necessary enquiry! In pursuance of this method, he enquires of others what their experience on the subject has been; but it is very extraordinary that though he wrote to persons who had great fields of observation within their reach, that he happened only to consult those who were on his own side of the question. He was thus satisfied with the experience, not to say anything of the experiment, of others; and with a new *Novum Organon* in his eye, trusted to a sort of hear-say evidence, a hear-say observation of facts, to constitute what may be called his hear-say method of investigating the laws of nature. Is this the course that Bacon recommended: or, even that Dr. Pritchard himself has proposed? Did Gall sit in his closet and trust to the authority of correspondents when his own eyes and hands were to be employed? The justice which a court of law would afford would be extremely meagre, if the advocate, the witnesses, the evidence, and the judge himself, were all on one side. Yet Dr. Pritchard consulted only those who were hostile to Phrenology; whilst he entirely omitted those medical gentlemen attached to lunatic asylums who were favourable to it, and who had made actual observation and experiment their guide. Could he believe that his mere dictum, supported by a few references to what may be termed hostile experience, would prevail over the testimony of other men of very high standing as medical attendants of lunatic asylums? And when he might have consulted such men as “Mr. Hare of the Retreat for the Insane at Leeds, Dr. James Scott of the Royal Naval Lunatic Asylum, Sir William Ellis of the Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, Dr. Disney Alexander of the Wakefield Asylum, Mr. Brown of the Montrose Asylum, Mr. Galbraith of the Asylum at Glasgow”—all medical practitioners who have given the most ample testimony of the success of Phrenological treatment in their several seminaries. And yet Dr. Pritchard, from the insulation of his closet, declares that he does not remember one

who could say that his own observations had afforded any evidence favourable to this doctrine.

But the Doctor's new mode of collecting evidence for the purposes of science does not stop here, for whilst he took care to correspond with those only whom he knew adverse to Phrenology, he had some show of truth in declaring the results of his inquiry; he however adopted another artifice not altogether so manageable in his hands, by quoting persons favourable to Phrenology and casting a false interpretation on their arguments, as if, they too afforded him no evidence favourable to the doctrine. He thus refers to M. Georget and to M. Voisin—pupils of Esquirol—the latter writes in the very book from which he makes his extracts “we shall add that M. Esquirol having made a numerous collection of skulls and busts of deranged persons will one day be able to publish valuable information on the relations between the form of the head and the different disorders of intellect, and thus illustrate many points of the Phrenological doctrine of the brain, taught by Dr. Gall.” Yet this man would guide your opinions on Phrenology—would be an authority for the public in estimating the truth or falsehood of one of the most important sciences which modern times have discovered. Falret, Ferrus, Broussais—Vimont, are all French authorities of the highest reputation in this matter, yet are not referred to, or, are misrepresented,—whilst Rudolphi, whom Gall himself has most elaborately refuted, indeed, it is almost tiresome to read the minuteness with which he does so, is amply quoted as an authority in the estimation of Dr. Pritchard. Dr. Andrew Combe justly complains in his able reply to Dr. Pritchard that he overlooks the opinions expressed by Phrenologists in the Phrenological journal—a work which has repeatedly challenged him to make good his statements, but which he has hitherto found convenient not to notice.

Where truth is concerned, and where the interests of mankind are deeply involved in the establishment of that truth, it is impossible to pass from the hostile labours of Dr. Pritchard without some feeling, that one knowing as well as he, how to point out the way, should so openly in the face of his own directions, have erred from the straight path, and for the sake, perhaps of a little day of ephemeral fame, seek to recommend himself by proceedings as disgraceful to him as a man of Philosophical investigation as to his reputation as a lover of truth and justice.

You may perhaps imagine that such an instance of malevolent criticism is peculiar to Dr. Pritchard. But he has got a confederate in his Philosophy—and one too who has a fellow feeling for him in his hostility to Phrenology. This is the author of the article, Phrenology, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the new edition of which too, it seems, promises “to correct and expunge all things imperfect or antiquated for the substitution of more instructive matter and more complete inquiring, that those arts and sciences which were not treated in the supplement, or which have assumed a new aspect, either from the progress of discovery, or accumulation of facts, or improved systems of classification will be considered anew.” The person selected for these excellent purposes with regard to Phrenology is Dr. Roget.

It appears the Doctor wrote, long ago, the article, *Cranioscope*, in the *Encyclopedia*; and consequently, to improve the matter, he undertakes about twenty years afterwards, to furnish the publishers of this work with all subsequent improvements and progress of Phrenology. To do this according to the principles of the new edition he must have been selected in consequence of his capacity to expound the principles of the new Philosophy. In his reading, knowledge, and experience, he ought to be qualified above ordinary men in this department. It is not for the critic but the expounder of science that we look in an *Encyclopedia*. Whatever a man's particular predilections may be, they are not required of him in conveying the information which we look for in such a public work. We want to read the science as it is—and not as it may happen to be in the mind of a hired and hostile critic. The Geologist, or, Mineralogist, alone, is allowed to treat of these subjects. Is it too much to ask for Phrenology the same privilege? would not Mr. Combe have written this article therefore better than Dr. Roget? Then why prefer the unqualified, to the qualified writer? Because, it appears that there is patronage in science as well as in other affairs; and because MacVay Napier promised to his readers what he has not performed, and thereby rendered his new edition in this instance, at least, a mere vehicle of criticism and neither correcting or expunging “all things imperfect or antiquated for the substitution of more instructive matter and more complete inquiry.”

Dr. Roget, overlooking perhaps this promise of his publishers, proceeds to reprint his former article on *Cranioscope*, under the

improved title of Phrenology. Reason for doing this was no doubt in the mind of Dr. Roget, because he had no substitution of “more instructive matter” to offer. That is a paper written twenty years ago is made suitable to a science that has been the means of drawing forth as much, if not more, Philosophical discussion, careful investigation, and intellectual talent, than any other in the last half century. But according to Dr. Roget the science must have stood still during all this time. In 1818 the great originator of the science had not completed his work—how then in reference to him, not to mention a dozen of other writers on the subject since then, is this article to fulfil the object of the publishers of the *Encyclopedia*? We turn to this emporium of science and we find Dr. Roget referring us to the writers on Phrenology—but to whom? Will it be believed, that omitting every writer subsequent to 1818, he only refers us to those who had written previously to that period. It is not necessary that I should occupy your time by mentioning all the names—I mean celebrated names, that have written on Phrenology since the period alluded to—Scotch—English—American—French—Danish—German and Italian. It is enough to say that Gall himself regarding some of them writes thus before his death. “They who read English, and are interested in the Physiology of the brain will be readily convinced how much those men have contributed to its perfection.” Yet the *Encyclopedia*, because of the ignorance, or invidiousness of Dr. Roget, can afford us no account whatever of anything that this host of able men have added to Phrenology. And let me here make a digression that have read, Gall's work, and lately that of Vimont, Broussais, Combe, Simpson, &c., and were my convictions otherwise respecting Phrenology than what they are and have been, I would still think as others do, that works of greater interest—wider range of information—address in the collection, arrangement, and application of facts to their leading principles, is not to be found in an equal number of works on any other subject of science. If you desire valuable and entertaining works as a recreation amidst the labours and cares of daily occupation, it is to these of all others, that I would most assuredly direct your attention. For though Vimont has many peculiarities and pretensions on the science of Gall, not sufficiently authentic, and with some flattering personifications of himself in the third person (“*selon moi*,”) yet, the prodigious labour of his work—for he presented to one of the Institutions of Paris a collection of two thousand five hundred specimens of the heads of animals—the half of which he was himself personally familiar with, the remarkable accuracy and beauty of his drawings—(for his work was published at the great price of £30.—By thus insuring the best masters—some of the drawings I have taken the pains to compare with specimens in my own possession all of which afforded me the most satisfactory testimony of his accuracy) the fact, that all this was the product of a man too, at first, hostile to Gall's views, and commenced for the purpose of refuting the originator of Phrenology, by facts and facts only;—but that they, as he proceeded, should rise in a body of evidence against his own predilections, and finally convince and convert him,—I say, under what circumstances soever we view his work, whether as to its immense body of facts and evidence—its influence over the fate of Phrenology—the style of its execution,—the contents of the letter press,—it every where commands our attention and merits our praise and admiration. But for all this, such a splendid work, and well known too, and heard of, over Europe, is refused a place in Dr. Roget's consideration!

Broussais, another excellent writer, on this subject, whose work I have had an opportunity also of reading, meets with a similar treatment from the ambiguously informed Dr. Roget. The consequence of all this is that the Doctor only writes of Phrenology previous to 1818;—to a period too, that he certainly had not the least idea of it as a science; or, that, it should continue to exist, a month after his article was published.

Both the Combes have ably answered him,—and further, have challenged him to support his assertions;—but it would appear that he has a very convenient side both for hearing and seeing, for they have heard or seen nothing from him respecting these challenges to this hour. Yet so completely has he lost the consistency of an analytical critic that in spite of himself, when he thought he could pounce upon some vulnerable point of his adversaries, he unconsciously refers to some of the works subsequent to 1818—showing that he does wilfully suppress the whole information which he himself has obtained since the date of his first article.

But let us turn from this silly and bigotted character of Dr. Roget, and consider what may be viewed as some of his open

ments and arguments against Phrenology. He charges the Phrenologists with misrepresentation and disguising of evidence: that they have taken a one sided view of the facts of nature—and collected a one sided set only—that a more large view of the facts are necessary—that his own observation has led him to this conclusion—that the exceptions are so frequent that Gall and Spurzheim themselves are at variance and have made glaring mistakes—that those mistakes are never recorded by the Phrenologists—or candidly set off against the instances in confirmation of their sagacity—that their collection of thousands of examples of coincidences are perhaps equally numerous balanced by instances of discordance, but which are excluded—that the brain of Cuvier was unusually large,—of Scott not large.

Such are the charges—such the substance of the work of Dr. Roget against this doctrine. As there is some substance to hold him by in all this, the Phrenologists answer him in detail.

With respect to the first charge, they say, that they have observed and collected the facts which they have met in nature—and curious indeed would it be that nature only presented facts observable on one side—and that Lord Jeffery, Dr. Pritchard and Dr. Roget, and other astute observers could not find any on the other side though repeatedly challenged to give even one example;—on the infancy of which of the sciences have all Philosophers agreed?—are there no discordances among opticians—Geologists—Chemists? Their very discordance leads to the investigation necessary to truth—and does their differences not lead them also, to see both sides of the question?—were not some of the ablest Phrenologists sceptics? And were the discordances, perhaps, equally numerous as Dr. Roget says, would not Vimont, dealing so largely in facts generally, have furnished at least a few of them? The Phrenologists have never overlooked exceptions; in fact, they have been and are most scrupulous about them,—because an exception must belong to some other law or principle of nature not yet known;—it is like a stray bird—which tells by its presence of the flock whence it came, for this reason an exception is often of great value. Any one who has read Gall will soon perceive that as a Philosopher in search of truth he is one of the most scrupulous,—he is even tedious;—and illustrates what Bacon says a Philosopher should be, and do, more perfectly than any other author of modern times. In reading him I always found that I had arrived at the conclusion long before he did so himself;—they say that more enlarged and accurate inquiries have been courted, for at least 30 years, and yet all the keenness and bitterness of hostile opponents have not yet been able to show that many facts have been omitted or fairly opposed to those collected—that Dr. Roget, at least, in alluding to thousands of facts on one side, pays but a poor compliment to himself and party, by showing such a want of capacity to gather one fact from the other side, which being the side, if there be any other side in reality, upon which he himself stands, ought to afford him at all events one fact in thirty years to swear by. It is curious enough, however, that when the Doctor refers to apparently opposite bearings of the evidence, he should take his exceptions from those which Phrenologists themselves have pointed out to him! They say too, that since he admits thousands of facts and since none other are forthcoming of an opposite nature, why should he object to the use of those which have been collected?—upon his reasoning there would have been no sciences at all, since it would be inferred that the facts which have established them are worth nothing—because as he queries, “perhaps” there may be discordant facts to neutralize and destroy them! Meantime we shall enjoy our steam engines, practical navigation, and art of cookery, until the facts arrive from the other side to prove to us that there is no such thing as expansion by caloric, observations at sea, or death in the pot, to warrant our present substantial comforts! That the brains of Cuvier and Scott were different, there is no doubt; that the one was examined by competent persons,—the other not so; that Cuvier's head was much broader than Scott's; that the head of the latter was narrow and high, which enabled him to wear a much smaller hat than Cuvier—that a broad and high head is one of great force and power—that one narrow and high is indicative of great activity of brain—that so far as these points exist they correspond with the characters of the parties. Scott was never considered a profound or deep thinker—he was quick at describing the likeness and contrasts of things—but Cuvier looked farther—he looked into the things themselves.

Dr. Roget quotes his coadjutor Dr. Pritchard, who, as we have seen, quotes Esquirol and his pupils—the latter in the face of quotation actually Phrenologists—and then proceeds upon the authority of Dr. Pritchard that Esquirol was no Phrenologist. This is true enough, but we have seen that his cases are notwithstanding all in favour of Gall, though he himself never understood Phrenology. The same arguments we used in speaking of Dr. Pritchard are here exactly suitable for Dr. Roget; for he takes no notice whatever of those medical men who could have given him information on the subject. Thus Esquirol, Pritchard, and Roget, are a sort of syllogism proving Phrenology to be nought; because, the first did not understand it—the second quoted the first—and the third quoted the second—ergo, Phrenology is an

absurd hypothesis! In fact, one can hardly suggest any thing too ridiculous for critics of this description,—they provoke ridicule.

Dr. Roget concludes his observations by saying that “the present is not an age when a doctrine is likely to be repudiated on the score of its novelty, or its extravagance; and therefore he smiles at the complaints of persecution uttered by the votaries of the system of Gall and Spurzheim.” Well has it been said of this passage that whilst he was in the very act of penning it, himself was practising the very hostility he was attempting to shield, and himself ‘repudiating’ Phrenology at no little expense of labour, candour, and consistency. At the same time, also, he was perfectly aware that some half dozen of his coadjutors who have all in turn fired off their shafts—but which by some miraculous process, best known to themselves, have each and all bounded back again and again to their respective quivers, and so enabled Lord Jeffery, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Charles Bell, Drs. Gordon, Pritchard, Barclay, Tipper, Kidd, and Hope—for this is the roll, to continue a contest, which but for this easy acquisition of missiles, they must have long ago yielded. No one, whether Phrenologist, or, Psychologist, can read their attacks and the replies they have provoked, without seeing that the facts and the Philosophy are glaringly against them.

For the next formidable antagonists of Phrenology we have to cross the Atlantic and find them on this side. I have not spoken of the Continental opponents because they write in a different language from our own, and Dr. Gall himself has amply answered all of them previous to his death:—Tiedeman more recently by Dr. Combe, has been ably met. In America we find Drs. Sewall and Reese—names that are only worthy to be mentioned because they have unwittingly been quoted by editors of newspapers, and their silly misrepresentations thus spread abroad. Both these gentlemen have fallen into the able hands of Dr. Caldwell—and from the manner he has handled them it is quite probable that they will not soon present themselves again. Dr. Caldwell's paper is entitled “Phrenology vindicated, and Anti-Phrenology unmasked.” And states, that “in the heading of this essay the term unmasked is used under the entire extent, and strength of its signification. It embraces in its meaning the detection, in the work of an Anti-Phrenologist, of plagiarism, literary garbling, and perverted quotation, fabricated charges, offensive and groundless against Phrenology and its advocates, and other gross misrepresentations, deliberately made for the purposes of deception.”

To show what Dr. Sewall's veracity and opinions are worth on the subject, we quote the following passages. “By a recent examination of the head of the celebrated Infidel Voltaire, it is found that he had the organ of veneration developed to a very extraordinary degree. For him it is urged, that his veneration for the Deity was so great, his sensibility on the subject of devotion so exquisite, that he became shocked and disgusted with the irreverence of even the most devout Christians, and that out of pure respect and veneration for the Deity, he attempted to exterminate the Christian religion from the earth.” It seems the Doctor wrote with similar veracity of Dr. Chalmers. On these passages Dr. Caldwell has publicly challenged Dr. Sewall to produce the Phrenologist of good standing, or of any standing, who has given the preceding explanations of the characters of Voltaire and Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Sewall, however, following the practices of Drs. Pritchard and Roget, has not found it convenient to produce his authority.

Dr. Meredith Reese writes as follows—that “Phrenologists are taught to regard the lascivious man to be prompted by the organ of amateness, formed by the muscles of the neck? also he says, that all Phrenologists agree in attributing the faculty of speech and the power of articulating sounds, to the eyes!” It is enough to refer to such specimens as these, to appreciate at once the value of such writers as Drs. Sewall and Reese.

Such then are the authorities which for the last twenty years and upwards have been exciting the popular clamour against the discoveries and doctrine of Gall. Some of them men who have led with success the progress of many important events both in politics and science during this period—whose names have been as household gods in the estimation of the mass—whose opinions had only to be expressed, to be sanctioned and followed—and who over literature, science, and politics, have held rank among a literary oligarchy for nearly half a century. And yet you have only to refer to the writings of these men on the subject of Phrenology, and place them in contrast with those of Phrenologists, to perceive how weakly the ablest mind works when implanted with a sense of its own superiority, and when ignorant of the ground upon which it attempts to manœuvre,—how frivolous, indeed, it becomes;—and how utterly unworthy of the confidence or estimation of the faithful and accurate observers of nature. Each and all of them have been convicted either of gross ignorance, prejudice, perversion, or downright misrepresentation. They have all, and always, been fairly met—they have been manfully and Philosophically answered—and some have been challenged to support assertions which they have never to this hour supported, or even vindicated from the charge of mendacity;—they have been beaten from every position which they have

taken up against Phrenology—and though they have risen again and again to renew the contest, they have but resumed the same words and arguments as before, and in the use of which, as Archbishop Whately remarks, they have been triumphantly beaten.

Had any spurious science met but half the talent and influence of these men, it must have sunk in its very germ. And there is, perhaps, no stronger proof of the truth, the reality, the existence of this, as a portion of nature's own most wisely framed constitution, than that its supporters, rising from obscurity as it were, have maintained it in the face of such overwhelming opponents. Nothing but truth accurately and often observed could have supported them in their devoted, persecuted, labours—but this conviction only could have enabled them to persevere and to extend its doctrine—but this only could have brought around them a support that in point of numbers, talent, and intelligence, few other associations can excel. Among the whole range of varied Philosophic writers of the day, I challenge you to point out any that are superior, or perhaps approach, the eloquence or logical excellence of most of those who are at present engaged in the defence and progress of Phrenology. In former occasions I have endeavoured to point out to you and to illustrate, the spirit of the Baconian Philosophy,—the rules of the *Novum organon*; and if you would have illustrations on illustrations of that work laid before you, read the history of Dr. Gall's labours as detailed in his works; no writer within my humble research has tested himself, in science, with such severe accordance with these rules; has been so faithful and scrupulous in his notation of facts; has been so earnest or cautious in their arrangement; or who leaves the minds of his readers so fully satisfied with the conclusions at which he has arrived. And this scrupulous, discriminating, patiently laborious spirit he seems to have bequeathed as a legacy to his followers; whom he has left to work out the fulfilment of his Philosophy. But laying the arrangements of the philosopher aside, let us take the facts as he has collected them, with or without, any connection with speculation, or, theory, and they present, in any form, a mass of material, that if not already, must be, the foundation of one of the most important sciences which man has hitherto discovered in favour of his own prosperity.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

#### WINTER SCENES IN THE WEST INDIES.

DECEMBER 18.—This morning there came up a fine breeze, the canvas was all spread, and I was amused at the effect on our intelligent ship. As if ashamed of having toyed so long with the waves, she put herself on her side in the most convenient posture for work, thrust her bows into the water, and ploughed steadily and swiftly through the deep.

Just as we were all fairly stationed for the morning—the invalids reposing on well-fashed settees, the sober ones reading, the idle ones lounging and yawning—the cry of “sail, ho!” interrupted all employments, and directed all eyes to a cloudy spot on the horizon, the distant appearance of another wanderer on the ocean. In a short time the rapid motion of the two ships brought them so near that a flag, hung out as a signal that we wished to speak with her, was seen and answered from the other vessel. We then watched, with an excitement intelligible only to those who have been at sea, the approach of the stranger. Onward she came in full sail, not steadily pressing forward, but bounding from wave to wave by a succession of leaps and plunges. As she passed us at the distance of about three hundred feet, the spectacle was truly magnificent. She acted like a proud courser, dancing and leaping in the joy of his heart, and trampling over the billows in security and might. Now she plunged into a wave, tossed off the foam, like a steed throwing the froth from his bit, and then she raised her head like a charger rearing, and collecting his strength for new exertion. It was hardly possible not to regard her as some huge monster of the deep, careering onward through his native element, instinct with life.

DEC. 20.—We are now in a latitude where perpetual summer reigns, and language cannot describe the delightful and magical influence of this air on my diseased throat and lungs.—It is mild and balmy as if health had just shaken it off from his own wings; fresh and pure as heaven's atmosphere. This air, which now acts with such healing power on my system, has never been polluted by the smoke of cities, or the taint of man's abode. It has been playing over these pure waters, ever since it came from the breath of the Almighty, and has never seen man except when it has met with some diseased wanderer like myself on the ocean-deserts, and ministered for a moment to his sickly frame. The severe cough, so obstinate and painful when we left the harbour of New York, vanished, so soon as we passed the gulf stream and reached these mild latitudes.

As I sat down to read the Scriptures, never did the words of Holy Writ appear so sweet; to come so directly from the lips of the Eternal—Above me was the vast firmament, fit temple for God to speak in; around me was space unlimited, fit image of the infinity of God,—the deep roar in my ears was the solemn anthem which ocean sings in praise of him.

“Blessed is the man who trusteth in Thee; he shall not be

moved for ever," I read. As I looked around, I reflected, "What or whom else can I trust? These winds? Treacherous as the serpent, they may rise in their wrath and dash us to atoms, as you speck of foam rises and disappears. These black waters? They roll as angrily as if whetting their jaws for our destruction. This ship? Tight, trim and joyous as she bounds over the billows, she only lives, like a child playing with the lion's mane, on the forbearance of the monster. No. We will trust in the Lord: Him who rules these winds and waves—for they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved.

Dec. 25th.—The invalids on board are wonderfully benefited by the air. It is so mild, pure and balmy, that every inspiration carries a healing and exhilarating influence to every vein and muscle of the system. Most affectionately has God meted out the winds to this cargo of invalids, sending them so sweetly and cautiously that the tenderest of our passengers cannot be visited too roughly. He seems like a tender parent, spreading out bright skies over us—drying up all the moisture which might injure us—and tempering the air with just that amount of wind which gives it the most perfect and delightful adaptation to our bodies.

It being Christmas, our Captain invited us all to a Christmas dinner, and charged his cook to do his best. All the invalids and ladies made their appearance at table; the board was spread with more even than its ordinary luxuriousness; the demon sea-sickness had left us to fine appetites and good spirits. Probably there were few pleasanter Christmas parties in the wide bounds of Christendom than in this fine ship, in the midst of the ocean-wilderness. There was wit enough, and laughter in abundance, and those who refused wine gave sufficient evidence that alcohol was not necessary to happiness.

After dinner we adjourned to the quarter-deck, where tea and coffee were served. What an evening! The air blew upon us as mildly and as daintily as the sweetest morning breeze; the brilliant moon lighted up the waves far and near; the waters, as participating in the kindness of the occasion, rolled on their huge and powerful swells as gently as a summer's ripple, and softly raised and let down our ship like some great monster, in pleasant mood, tossing his giant babe.

On the main deck, the sailors, waiters and steerage passengers were engaged in sport, and their laugh rang and echoed over the waters. On the quarter deck, we were grouped together as chance or humour led;—chatted of politics, or home,—or listened to tales of voyages and wonders. What a wonderful amount of convenience and luxury has the art of man enabled him to concentrate and carry about with him! Within this little speck, tossed like a cockleshell, we have the elegancies of the parlour; the fashion and luxury of the drawing room; the rich stores of the pantry, the kitchen and the cellar.

### TOILET OF MR. TITMOUSE.

(From an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

Shaving over, he took out of his trunk an old dirty-looking pomatum pot. A little of its contents, extracted on the tips of his two fore-fingers, he stroked carefully into his eye-brows; then spreading some on the palms of his hands, he rubbed it vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers for some quarter of an hour; and then combed and brushed his hair into half a dozen different dispositions—so fastidious in that matter was Mr. Titmouse. Then he dipped the end of a towel into a little water, and twisting it round his right fore-finger, passed it gently over his face, carefully avoiding his eye-brows and the hair at the top, sides, and bottom of his face, which he then wiped with a dry corner of the towel; and no further did Mr. Titmouse think it necessary to carry his ablutions. Had he been able to "see himself as others saw him," in respect of those neglected regions which lay somewhere behind and beneath his ears, he might not possibly have thought superfluous to irrigate them with a little soap and water; but, after all, he knew best; it might have given him cold; and besides, his hair was very thick and long behind, and might perhaps conceal any thing that was unsightly. Then Mr. Titmouse drew from underneath the bed a bottle of Warren's "incomparable blacking," and a couple of brushes, with great labor and skill polishing his boots up to a wonderful point of brilliancy. Having washed his hands, and replaced his blacking implements under his bed, he devoted a few moments to boiling about three tea-spoonfuls of coffee, (as it was styled on the paper from which he took, and in which he had bought it—whereas it was, in fact, chicory.) Then he drew forth from his trunk a calico shirt, with linen wristbands and collars, which had been worn only twice since its last washing—i. e. on the preceding two Sundays, and put it on, taking great care not to rumple a very showy front, containing three little rows of frills; in the middle one of which he stuck three "studs," connected together with two little gilt chains, looking exceedingly stylish, especially coupled with a span new satin stock which he next buckled round his neck. Having put on his bright boots, (without, I am sorry to say, any stockings,) he carefully insinuated his legs into a pair of white trowsers, for the first time since their last washing; and what with his short straps and high braces, they were so tight

that you would have feared their bursting, if he should have sat down hastily. I am almost afraid that I shall hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that the next thing he did was to attach a pair of spurs to his boots:—but, to be sure, it was not impossible that he might intend to ride during the day.

Then he put on a queer kind of under waistcoat, which in fact was only a roll-collar of rather faded pea-green silk, and to designed to set off a very fine flowered damson-colored silk waistcoat; over which he drew a massive mosaic-gold chain, (to purchase which he had sold a serviceable silver watch) which had been carefully wrapped up in cotton wool; from which soft depository, also, he drew his ring, (those must have been sharp eyes that could tell, at a distance, and in a hurry, that it was not diamond,) which he placed on the stumpy little finger of his red and thick right hand—and contemplated its sparkle with exquisite satisfaction. Having proceeded thus far in his toilet, he sat down to his breakfast, spreading the shirt he had taken off upon his lap, to preserve his white trowsers from spot or stain—his thoughts alternating between his late walking vision and his purposes for the day. He had no butter, having used the last on the preceding morning; so he was fain to put up with dry bread—and very dry and teeth-trying it was, poor fellow—but his eye lit on his ring! Having swallowed two cups of his quasi-coffee, he resumed his toilet, by drawing out of his other trunk his blue surtout, with embossed silk buttons and velvet collar, and an outside pocket in the left breast. Having smoothed down a few creases, he put it on:—then, before the little vulgar fraction of a glass, he stood twatching about the collar and sleeves and front, so as to make them sit well; concluding with a careful elongation of the wristbands of his shirt, so as to show their whiteness gracefully beyond the cuff of his coat-sleeve—and he succeeded in producing a sort of white boundary line between the blue of his coat-sleeve and the red of his hand. A pair of sky-colored kid gloves next made their appearance; which, however showed such bare-faced marks of former service as rendered indispensable a ten minutes' rubbing with bread crumbs. His Sunday hat, carefully covered with silver-paper, was next gently removed from its well-worn box—ah, how lightly and delicately did he pass his smoothing hand round its glossy surface! Lastly, he took down a thin black cane, with a gilt head, and full brow tassel, from a peg behind the door—and his toilet was complete. Laying down his cane for a moment, he passed his hands again through his hair, arranging it so as to fall nicely on each side beneath his hat, which he then placed upon his head, with an elegant inclination towards the left side. He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-colored hair with a little tendency to round shoulders:—but his limbs were pliant, and his motions nimble.

Here you have, then, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to the life. Well—he put his hat on, as I have said; buttoned the lowest two buttons of his surtout, and stuck his white pocket handkerchief into the outside pocket in front, as already mentioned, disposing it so as to let a little of it appear above the edge of the pocket, with a sort of careful carelessness—a graceful contrast to the blue; drew on his gloves; took his cane in his hand; drained the last sad remnant in his coffee-cup; and, the sun shining in the full splendor of a July moon, and promising a glorious day, forth sallied this poor fellow, an Oxford-street Adonis, going forth conquering and to conquer! Pretty finery without, a pinched and stunted stomach within; a case of *Back versus Belly*. Forth sallied, I say, Mr. Titmouse, down the narrow, creaking, close staircase, which he had not quitted before he heard exclaimed from an opposite window, "My eyes! an't that a swell!" He felt how true the observation was, and that at that moment he was somewhat out of his element; so he hurried on, and soon reached the great broad street, apostrophized by the celebrated Opium-Eater, with bitter feeling, as—"Oxford-street!—stony-hearted step-mother! Thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children." Here, though his spirits were not just then very buoyant, the poor dandy breathed more freely than when he was passing through the nasty crowded Court which he had just quitted. He passed and met hundreds who, like himself, seemed released for a precious day's interval from intense toil and miserable confinement during the week; but there were not many of them who had any pretensions to vie with him in elegance of appearance—and that was a luxury! Who could do justice to the air with which he strutted along!

He walked along with leisurely step; for haste and perspiration were vulgar, and he had the day before him. Observe the careless glance of self-satisfaction with which he occasionally regarded his bright boots, with their martial aspendage, giving out a faint tingling sound as he heavily trod the broad flags; his spotless trowsers, his tight surtout, and the tip of white handkerchief peeping accidentally out in front! A pleasant sight it was to behold him in a chance rencontre with some one genteel enough to be recognised—as he stood, resting on his left leg; his left arm stuck upon his hip; his right leg easily bent outwards; his right hand lightly holding his ebon cane, with the gilt-head of which he occasionally tapped his teeth; and his eyes half closed, scrutinizing the face and figure of each "pretty gal" as she passed! This was happiness, as far as his forlorn condition could admit of his

enjoying it. He had no particular object in view. A tiff over-night with two of his shopmates had broken off a party which they had agreed the Sunday preceding in forming, to go to Greenwich on the ensuing Sunday; and this little circumstance a little soured his temper, depressed as were his spirits before. He resolved today to walk straight on, and dine somewhere a little way out of town, by way of passing the time till four o'clock, at which hour he intended to make his appearance in Hyde Park, "to see the fashions," which was his favourite Sunday occupation.

### TITMOUSE IN HYDE PARK.

*Fashionable life.*—By the great folk, who were passing him on all sides, he felt, well-dressed as he believed himself to be, that he was no more noticed than as if he had been a piastre, a blue-bottle fly, or a black beetle! He looked, and sighed—sighed, and looked—looked and sighed again, in a kind of agony of vain longing. While his only day in the week for breathing fresh air, and appearing like a gentleman in the world, was rapidly drawing to a close, and he was beginning to think of returning to the dog-hole he had crawled out of in the morning, and the shop for the rest of the week: the great, and gay, and happy folk he was looking at, were thinking of driving home to dress for their grand dinners, and to lay out every kind of fine amusement for the ensuing week, and that was the sort of life they led every day in the week. He heaved a profound sigh. At the moment a superb cab, with a gentleman in it dressed in great elegance, and with a very keen and striking countenance, came up with a cab of still more exquisite structure and appointments, in which state a young man, evidently of consequence; very handsome, with splendid moustachios; perfectly well-dressed; holding the reins and whip gracefully in hands glistening in straw-colored kid gloves—and between the two gentleman ensued the following low-toned colloquy, which it were to be wished that every such sighing simpleton (as Titmouse) could have overheard.

"Ah, Fitz!" said the former-mentioned gentleman to the latter, who blushed scarlet when he perceived who had addressed him—"When did you return to town?"

"Last night only."

"Enjoyed yourself, I hope?"

"Pretty well—but—I suppose—"

"Sorry for it," interrupted the first speaker in a lower tone, perceiving the vexation of his companion; "but can't help it, you know."

"When?"

"To-morrow at nine. Monstrous sorry for it—Fitz, you really must look sharp, or the thing won't go much longer."

"Must it be, really?" enquired the other, biting his lips—at that moment kissing his hand to a very beautiful girl, who slowly passed him in a coroneted chariot—"must it really be, Joe?" he repeated, turning towards his companion a pale and bitterly-chagrined countenance.

"Poz, 'pon my life. Cage clean, however, and not very full—"

"Would not *Wednesday*?—" enquired the other, leaning forwards towards the former speaker's cab, and whispering with an air of intense earnestness. "The fact is I've engagements a C—'s on Monday and Tuesday nights with one or two country cousins, and I may be in a condition—oh? you understand!"

His companion shook his head distrustfully.

"Upon my word and honor as a gentleman, it's the fact!" said the other, in a low vehement tone.

"Then—say *Wednesday*, nine o'clock, A. M. You understand? No mistake, Fitz?" replied his companion, looking him steadily in the face as he spoke.

"None—honor!"—After a pause—"Who is it?"

His companion took a slip of paper out of his pocket, and in a whisper read from it—"Cabs, harness, etc., £197 10s."

"A villain! It's been of only eighteen months' standing," interrupted the other, in an indignant mutter.

"Between ourselves, he is rather a sharp hand. Then, I'm sorry to say there's a detainer or two I have had a hint of—"

"Confusion!" exclaimed the other, with an expression of mingled disgust, vexation, and hatred; and adding, "*Wednesday*—nine"—drove off, a picture of tranquil enjoyment.

I need hardly say that he was a fashionable young spendthrift and the other a sheriff's officer of the first water—the genteel *beak* that ever was known or heard of—who had been on the look-out for him several days, and with whom the happy youngster was doomed to spend some considerable time at a cheerful residence in Chancery Lane, bleeding gold at every pore that while; his only chance of avoiding which was, as he had truly hinted, an honourable attempt on the purses of two hospitable country cousins, in the meanwhile, at C—'s!

EXTENSIVE COCOONERY.—Mr. Phyc of Germantown, Pa., has fed this season 1,000,000 of worms, and has 400,000 mulberry trees growing. He is about planting sixty acres more; and the year after he calculates on feeding fifty millions of worms.

From Bremer's Excursions in the Interior of Russia,

### THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

The laws of the empire requiring that all those condemned to exile, in whatever part of the country they may have received sentence, must pass through Moscow on their way to Siberia, the traveller has here the best opportunity that can be afforded in any part of European Russia, of learning something of the treatment and prospects of those unhappy men.

On reaching this city, they are allowed a brief rest in the convict prison; their daily journeys being so calculated that the separate bands all arrive here, from the opposite corners of the empire, each Saturday night. After resting throughout the ensuing week, during which they are relieved from their chains, they are despatched in one common band on the second Monday after their arrival; on which occasion government allows some member or members of the committee of prisons to be present, to controul the harshness of the jailors or the guards, and to see that none suffer any unnecessary degree of restraint. They are even empowered to hear any statement which the prisoners may make, and, in most cases, to grant immediate redress; or if the application be not of a nature to be granted on the spot, to pledge themselves that it shall be duly attended to after their departure.

The person most frequently present on those occasions is the excellent Hazy, physician to the prisons, one of the warmest philanthropists we have ever known. His exertions in behalf of the unhappy convicts are most incessant. His labours are evidently those of love, and that makes him deem no sacrifice of time or comfort too great.

Instead of a frowning prison we were surprised to see merely a collection of log huts, united, however, and surrounded by a wooden wall, strong and high. Indeed we soon saw that the place, though of seemingly frail materials, is made fully as secure as stone and lime could be—numerous sentinels being posted round it, as well as at every gate. On being admitted, which was done with great caution, and after a strict scrutiny, we found the first court occupied by a file of prisoners already chained for the dreary journey. Poor wretches! with those heavy fetters on their ankles, they were to walk every step of a journey which lasts only a few days less than six months! They were all, men and women, in the convicts' dress, a long loose kind of grecoat made of coarse lightish grey cloth. The men have one side of their head shaved; but to distinguish soldiers more readily from the others, they have the whole fore part of the head shaved, in place of the side. All are permitted to retain the enormous beard, in which they take much delight. Each is allowed a low felt cap; but they always remain uncovered when any visitor comes near: in fact, the whole time we remained in the prison, the manner of all we saw was not only respectful, but becoming. There was something of composed resignation amongst them, which touched us more than clamorous grief would have done. Of what is still more shocking in such places—levity—there was also none—not a single instance of the swearing and attempted tricks generally seen in such places at home.

Leaving the court, we entered a large prison-room, most frightfully crowded with men, women, and children, who were to depart that morning. Dr. Hazy and another member of the committee were seated near the door, and by them stood the principal keeper, who had the long list of names in his hand, to each of which was added a brief notice of the crime and history of the individual. Always, as a new name was called, the person came forward from the crowd, and, before passing out to have his chains put on in the yard, was asked whether he had any application to make. Many of them had nothing to ask; others had petitions about wife or child, or relations, which were almost invariably granted. If the request be of a kind which cannot be fulfilled without a short delay, the visitors' powers go so far as to entitle them to defer a prisoner's departure for a week.

The readiness and clearness too, with which they seemed to state their cases, surprised us; a few words sufficed; while the firm yet respectful way in which the plea was urged, showed that they felt themselves in friendly company. Their joy and gratitude, when any wish was complied with, knew no bounds. The anxiety shown to gratify them astonished us, and proved that the system is not in all respects so cruel as we had imagined.

The applications were of course of very different kinds. One man, for instance, a Jew, came forward and begged that he might be granted eight days' delay, as his brother, also a convict, would arrive the following week, and it would be some consolation to them, even in disgrace, to travel together. It was instantly complied with; and the poor man—he had been condemned for a species of forgery—drew back overjoyed into the throng.

A female who had volunteered to accompany her husband, and had an infant in her arms, wished that they might be allowed to remain a little, to give her time for receiving an answer to an application which they had made to see whether the parish would allow their other child to accompany them. This was also conceded: In explanation of this case it may be stated, that by the law, if a prisoner wish to have his wife with him, and she is willing to go (she cannot be compelled, banishment to Siberia cancelling the bonds of marriage,) government pays all her expenses on the journey, but she must assume the convict uniform and go

along with the chain—not tied, nor in it, but behind it—in one of the carts for infants and baggage. With children the case is different—they belong to the parish, not to the parents. Each parish and each proprietor having an interest in keeping their population as high as possible, parents are not allowed to claim any above five years of age when boys, nor above seven when girls. Boys, in particular, parishes are very unwilling to part with; as may be expected in a country where the numbers to be drawn for the army in each parish depends not on the amount of population at the moment of drawing, but on the amount a short time before; so that the conscription falls more heavily on those who remain, if they part too readily with youngsters. Sometimes however, great indulgence is shown, both by proprietors and communities.

The ceremony just described was gone through with all, and by the time we returned to the principal court, fetters had been placed on nearly the whole band. It is a cruel operation. The fetters consist of a couple of heavy iron rings, one for each ankle, united by a chain generally two feet long, or rather more, and made of links each four or five inches in length. The chains are not placed on the naked skin, but over the short boot. Instead of being fastened by a padlock, however, so as to be easily removed at night,—the prisoner is never relieved of them till he reach his journey's end—the chains are rivetted by the executioner, who drives an iron bolt through the ankle-rings, and, by strong hammering, flattens it at both ends in such a way, that nothing can take it out—it must be cut through by main force. While the chaining is going on, the serjeant who is to take charge of the prisoners on their journey, stands by all the time, to see that all are secured to his satisfaction—that is, in such a way as he thinks will justify him in answering for their safe keeping with his own life.

The whole band being now fettered, they were again mustered in the yard, after which a new chaining commenced—they had still to be linked four and four together by the wrists. At the head of the line a little table was standing, covered with copper coin, from which every man was receiving, in advance, a certain part of his daily allowance, government giving each, for his maintenance, a fraction less than five-pence a day. To each woman who accompanies her husband, half that sum is allowed, and for each child something in proportion.

As the moment of starting approached—the moment when for them the world, our world, should cease to have any interest—for when once those gates are passed they are considered as dead, cut off from society—we were more than ever struck with the calm bearing of the troop. So far from being sad or repining, they looked almost cheerful, and willing to go. This feeling is inspired by the general leniency of their treatment. They are warmly clothed, provided with strong shoes for the journey, and plentifully fed. If sick, they are also cared for.

All being now ready, the final scene was gone through, by the doctor asking—it is the last chance they have of making their wants known—“whether they were satisfied or had any request still to make?” All replied, “we are contented; we have nothing to ask.”

The gates were thrown open, outside of which the exiles, of whom there must have been more than one hundred, were handed over to a strong guard on foot. Every man loaded his gun in the presence of the prisoners. There was a mounted escort with long spears; the commander of which instantly began to use the poor creatures very roughly, riding fiercely about amongst them, striking right and left with his strong whip, without the smallest reason for doing so, just as a brutal drover might do amongst cattle. A little confusion prevailed for a time, but soon all was in order, and they moved slowly away—the men in a band by themselves; after which followed the carts with their wives, their children, and their little bundles of clothes; and last came the female convicts, marching in a band by themselves, strongly guarded, but not chained.

When they had got to some distance, it was terrible to hear the slow, regular clank of their chains, as they crept across the turf among the small clumps of fir. This gave us a long look as we turned away.

The fate of those condemned to the highest degree of punishment is one of perhaps unmitigated misery—nothing can be more wretched than their condition. From the first hour after their arrival, they are engaged in the most laborious and unwholesome toils—in the freezing depths of the mine, or amid the suffocating vapours of the places where unhealthy chemical processes are carried on—shut up from the light of day, the breath of heaven, the sympathy of their kind. They not only lose goods and rank, but by a refinement in cruelty, they lose their very names—that which marked them to be Christians, and by which they were known among men, is taken away. Christian and family appellations are alike obliterated, and a number given in their stead, by which they are always called by the driver when he has occasion to address them.

Hard as all this may be, the government answers, and perhaps with some reason, that such a punishment is better than to take away their lives, which would have been their sentence in almost every other country.

It must also be stated that the number of those who suffer in

this way is very limited: the greater part of the Siberian exiles are by no means severely treated: they are more colonists than convicts, and have it fully in their power not only to live in comfort, but to secure the respect of those about them. Some prisoners who have made their escape, and got back to Russia, have said that, but for the unquenchable desire to see their native village, they would not have wished to change their condition.

Most of the convicts are settled out on allotments, which they cultivate; and as it is the interest of government to colonize the country, and people it as fast as possible, a man with a family is always encouraged. Taking, therefore, the great mass of those sent thither, the true way of regarding Siberian exile would be to consider it as a new life to the prisoner. From the moment he leaves Moscow, all connexion between him and the community to which he hitherto belonged entirely ceases; he is cut off from every previous connection; habits, observances, duties—are changed;—the past becomes a blank; but the future may not be misery. If he can reconcile himself to it, his lot becomes supportable; even more, he may amass something, and leave a family who, taking warning by their father's sufferings, may, by perseverance in the paths of virtue, soon cause their origin to be forgotten.

It surprised us to find that, besides those banished by the sentence of the regular courts, a great many are sent to Siberia by the proprietors of land, noblemen, &c., whose sentence is fully as imperative as that of the judges. When one of his serfs offend him, a landlord has but to condemn him to exile, and he is rid of him for ever. Several of those we saw of this class. This punishment cannot be inflicted, taking the strict letter of the law, at the mere caprice of the individual; but in practice it is found difficult to controul a nobleman; he is to all intents and purposes irresponsible for the exercise of this dangerous privilege.

### LAST NO. OF "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"

BREAKING UP OF DOTHEBOY'S HALL.

Continued from page 387.

“The success of this first achievement prompted the malicious crowd, whose faces were clustered together in every variety of lank and half-starved ugliness, to further acts of outrage. The leader was insisting upon Mrs. Squeers repeating her dose, Master Squeers was undergoing another dip in the treacle, and a violent assault had been commenced on Miss Squeers, when John Browdie, bursting open the door with one vigorous kick, rushed to the rescue. The shouts, screams, groans, hoots, and clapping of hands, suddenly ceased, and a dead silence ensued.

“Ye be noice chaps,” said John, looking steadily round. “What's to do here, thou young dogs?”

“Squeers is in prison, and we are going to run away!” cried a score of shrill voices. “We won't stop, we won't stop!”

“Weel then, dinnot stop,” replied John, “who waants thee to stop? Run awa' loike men, but dinnot hurt the women.”

“Hurrah!” cried the shrill voices, more shrilly still.

“Hurrah!” repeated John. “Weel, hurrah loike men too. Noo then, look out. Hip—hip—hip—hurrah!”

“Hurrah!” cried the voices.

“Hurrah agean,” said John. “Looder still.”

The boys obeyed.

“Anoother!” said John. “Dinnot be afeard on it. Let's have a good 'un.”

“Hurrah!”

“Noo then,” said John, “let's have yan more to end wi,' and then coot off as quick as you loike. Tak' a good breadth noo—Squeers be in jail—the school's brokken oop—it's a' ower—past and gane—think o' that, and let it be a hearty 'un. Hurrah!”

“Such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and were destined never to respond to again. When the sound had died away the school was empty, and of the busy noisy crowd which had peopled it but five minutes before, not one remained.

“Very well, Mr. Browdie!” said Miss Squeers, hot and flushed from the recent encounter, but vixenish to the last; “you've been and excited our boys to run away. Now see if we don't pay you out for that, Sir! If my pa is unfortunate and trod down by, henemies, we're not going to be basely crowed and conquered over by you and Tilda.”

“Noa!” replied John bluntly, “thou bean't. Tak' thy oath o' that. Think better o' us, Fanny. I tell'ee both that I'm glad the auld man has been caught out at last—very glad—but ye'll sooffer eneaf wi'out any crowin' fra' me, and I be not the man to crow nor be Tilly the lass, so I tell'ee flat. More than that, I tell'ee noo, that if thou need'st friends to help the awa' from this place—dinnot turn up thy nose, Fanny, thou may'st—thou'lt foind Tilly and I wi' a thont o' old times about us, ready to lend thee a hand. And when I say that, dinnot think I be asheamed of waa't I've deane, for I say agean, Hurrah! and curse the schoolmeaster—there!”

“His parting words concluded, John Browdie strode heavily out, remounted his nag, put him once more into a smart canter, and, carolling lustily forth some fragments of an old song, to which the horse's hoofs rang a merry accompaniment, sped back to his pretty wife and to Nicholas.

There were a few timid young children, who, miserable as they had been, and many as were the tears they had shed in the wretched school, still knew no other home, and had formed for it a sort of attachment, which made them weep when the bolder spirits fled, and cling to it as a refuge. Of these, some were found crying under hedges and in such places, frightened at the solitude. One had a dead bird in a little cage; he had wandered nearly twenty miles, and when his poor favourite died, lost courage, and lay down beside him. Another was discovered in a yard hard by the school, sleeping with a dog, who bit at those who came to remove him, and licked the sleeping child's pale face.

They were taken back, and some other stragglers were recovered, but by degrees they were claimed or lost again; and in course of time Dotheboys Hall and its last breaking up began to be forgotten by the neighbours, or to be only spoken of as among the things that had been.

#### A HAPPY COUPLE.

"Tim Linkinwater condescended, after much entreaty and brow-beating, to accept a share in the house, but he could never be prevailed upon to suffer the publication of his name as a partner, and always persisted in the punctual and regular discharging his clerical duties.

He and his wife lived in the old house, and occupied the very bed-chamber in which he had slept for four-and-forty years. As his wife grew older, she became even a more cheerful and light-hearted little creature; and it was a common saying among their friends, that it was impossible to say which looked the happier—Tim as he sat calmly smiling in his elbow-chair on one side of the fire, or his brisk little wife chatting and laughing, and constantly bustling in and out of hers, on the other.

Dick, the blackbird, was removed from the counting-house and promoted to a warm corner in the common sitting-room. Beneath his cage hung two miniatures, of Mrs. Linkinwater's execution: one representing herself and the other Tim, and both smiling very hard at all beholders. Tim's head being powdered like a twelfth cake and his spectacles copied with great nicety, strangers detected a close resemblance to him at the first glance, and this leading them to suspect that the other must be his wife, and emboldening them to say so without scruple, Mrs. Linkinwater grew very proud of these achievements in time, and considered them among the most successful likenesses she had ever painted. Tim had the profoundest faith in them likewise, for upon this, as upon all other subjects, they held but one opinion, and if ever there were a "comfortable couple" in the world, it was Mr. and Mrs. Linkinwater.

#### SETTLEMENT OF THE NICKLEBYS.

The first act of Nicholas, when he became a rich and prosperous merchant, was to buy his father's old house. As time crept on, and there came gradually about him a group of lovely children, it was altered and enlarged, but none of the old rooms were ever pulled down, no old tree was rooted up, nothing with which there was any association of by gone times was ever removed or changed.

Within a stone's-throw was another retreat, enlivened by children's pleasant voices too, and here was Kate, with many new cares and occupations, and many new faces courting her sweet smile (and one so like her own, that to her mother she seemed a child again), the same true gentle creature, the same fond sister, the same in the love of all about her, as in her girlish days.

Mrs. Nickleby lived sometimes with her daughter, and sometimes with her son, accompanying one or other of them to London at those periods when the cares of business obliged both families to reside there, and always preserving a great appearance of dignity, and relating her experiences (especially on points connected with the management and bringing-up of children) with much solemnity and importance.

There was one grey-haired, quiet, harmless gentleman, who, winter and summer, lived in a little cottage hard by Nicholas's house, and when he was not there, assumed the superintendence of affairs. His chief pleasure and delight was in the children, with whom he was a child himself, and master of the revels. The little people could do nothing without dear Newman Noggs.

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave, and trodden by feet so small and light, that not a daisy dropped its head beneath their pressure. Through all the spring and summer-time, garlands of fresh flowers wreathed by infant hands rested upon the stone, and when the children came to change them lest they should wither and be pleasant to him no longer, their eyes filled with tears, and they spoke low and softly of their poor dead cousin."

#### ADVENTURE IN NORWAY.

I set out early one morning with two attendants, well armed and provided to enjoy the chase of the bear in a Norwegian forest. My dress was that generally worn by the Norwegian sportsman,—a coat composed of a coarse cloth, manufactured in the country, well lined throughout, and made to button close about the neck, trowsers and gaiters of the same, with warm stockings and flannel, which in those countries should always be worn next the skin, linen shirts being always uncomfortable and sometimes even dangerous.—Instead of a bat I used a cap, with

lappets to cover the ears, which, without that precaution, run the risk of being frost-bitten. But I must not forget one of the most essential parts of a Norwegian sportsman's equipment; the skidor, or snow-skais, generally constructed of fir, covered with seal-skin, the skait for the left foot being generally from eight to ten feet in length, while that for the right is considerably shorter, the object of which is the better to enable the hunter to turn. The skidor seldom exceeds two or three inches in breadth, and are of great service to the sportsman, enabling him to glide over the vast wastes of trackless snow with a rapidity and ease utterly unattainable without them. Armed with my rifle, and a good sharp strong knife in a sheath at my girdle, I sallied forth, after a good breakfast of reindeer flesh and coffee, to try my fortune in the forest. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the Norwegian scenery,—its terrific precipices,—its raging cataracts,—its gloomy forests, and trackless wilds, covered with frozen snow, with lofty mountains in the back ground,—its dark lakes and mighty rivers, never fail to excite both awe and admiration in the traveller. On this occasion I was returning alone, after a long and unsuccessful pursuit of a bear, which had separated me from my attendants, when I met with the following accident. Having broken one of my skais in the chase, I had been compelled to take them both off, and trudge along as well as I could without them, and, as it turned out, most luckily for me it was that I did so. As I was walking carelessly on, every now and then giving a loud shout to endeavour to let my attendants know where I was, and directing my footsteps by my pocket compass, I suddenly put my feet upon a pit-fall, and in a moment was precipitated to the bottom. These pit-falls are frequently used to ensnare wild animals, and in order to avoid accidents, the person who digs them is obliged by law to give proper notice through the whole district, but even this does not prevent peasants falling in. The pit-fall is made by digging a circular hole in the ground, of about fourteen feet in diameter, and about twelve in depth, having in the centre strong upright posts which come up to the surface of the ground. On these posts a moveable platform is placed in such a way that it lets down any animal that may chance to set foot on it, headlong into the pit, when by means of a spring it instantly resumes its place. The outside is covered with loose earth, snow, or twigs, and generally baited in such a manner as not to scare the animal for which it is intended. It was into such a pit I so suddenly fell, and to this day I cannot imagine how I managed to escape without broken bones. For some moments I lay as it were stunned and unconscious of my helpless plight, but on recovering my senses, my first impression was, that I must have broken some limb; but no sooner, however, had this idea flashed across my mind than it gave place to one of a real and even more alarming description. The moment I came to myself, I knew that I must have fallen into a pit-fall, but my horror may be more easily imagined than described, when a heavy breathing near me made me conscious that I was not the only tenant of the pit, but that a bear or a wolf, nay perhaps both, shared my captivity. On making this discovery, I squeezed myself up into the corner I found myself in, my heart seemed to be suspended motionless in my bosom, such was the terror of these dreadful moments. In this state I listened in breathless attention for the dreaded sounds, and my worst fears were soon, but too plainly, confirmed.

Not only were the breathings of two animals distinctly audible at the other corners of the pit, but I even fancied I saw their glaring eyes fixed on me through the darkness, and felt their hot and fetid breath upon my face. Never shall I forget the agony of these moments, the cold sweat rained off my brow as I crouched on the cold earth in expectation each moment of finding myself in the fatal clutch of a huge bear. I know not how long I continued in this fearful state of suspense, but at last feeling some slight courage from what I began to consider a panic, having taken the same possession of these animals as it had of me, after a short but fervid prayer, I began to reflect on the possibility of escape. Upon feeling my clothes, I found I had not lost my knife, which I immediately drew. These little moments occupied some time, for I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution to avoid making the least noise, for that I imagined would bring round an immediate catastrophe. I now began to have some hopes, and still exercising the utmost caution to avoid noise, I set about feeling the sides of the pit with my hands to learn if there was any chance of my being able to climb up them to the mouth of the pit. Instead of being perpendicular, I found they had been hollowed out so as to increase the difficulty, or rather render it impossible to climb them. I soon, however, hit upon a plan to overcome this difficulty, and immediately set about its execution. Turning my face to the sides of the pit, and my back to my fellow captives, I commenced cutting foot-steps, or rather holes in the sides with my knife, at such distances as would enable me to get to the top, a work which occupied me some time, as I was obliged to work very slowly to prevent the enemy from taking alarm. Having accomplished this, I resolved to make the attempt, but feeling anxious to take my rifle with me, which I knew must be at the bottom of the pit, I stooped down, and with my hand on the ground, began feeling around me, not venturing far at a time.

In this way I kept on feeling and feeling, still further, and further, when suddenly I thought I had found it, but imagine my horror when I found I had in my hand the huge paw of a bear. I need not add I dropped it in a second, but it was some time before I could recover from the shock this untoward familiarity with my dangerous neighbor and the smothered growl it drew from him occasioned. At length just when I had given up all idea of recovering my rifle, and had resolved to make the attempt without it, it most unexpectedly came to hand. I had already put my foot in the first hole and was preparing to ascend to the second, when my hand fell by accident on the stock of my rifle, which had rested with its muzzle down against the sides of the pit in the position in which it fell. This was indeed a joyful discovery, and I carefully raised it and placed it in the best situation my climbing would admit. Having reached the utmost extent of the wall of the pit, I then began to examine with my hand the wooden platform, so as to discover the best way to open it. Here again I found my difficulties return upon me, but having achieved so much, I was resolved not to be overcome, and after much trouble and labor with my knife, I at length succeeded in removing enough of the deal plank of the platform to allow my body to pass. Before I entirely removed this I made myself ready for a spring, so that not a moment might be lost in taking advantage of the outlet, as I knew very well, that the moment the opening became visible, it was more than probable the bear would endeavour to take advantage of it. Nervous myself to the last struggle, I suddenly pushed aside the loosened board and instantly raised myself with both hands into the aperture. It was indeed an anxious moment when I found myself with the upper part of my body once more in the open air, the lower part still suspended in the pit, and felt the boards quivering under my hands. I was obliged to exercise the utmost caution, as the least mistake would have once more hurled me from the treacherous platform into the den. By keeping one hand firm on the post on which part of the platform rested, I at last, to my inexpressible joy, found myself once more at liberty beneath the canopy of heaven. My first care was to replace the board, so as to shut out the light from the pit, it being now a beautiful moonlight night; my next to pour out my grateful thanks to the great Power who had so signally preserved me. I then held council with myself what was best to be done, whether single-handed to attack the bear in his den, or to go for assistance. While holding this council within myself, I examined my rifle, which I found uninjured, and carefully re-primed it. I confess that after the handsome treatment that I had experienced from the paws of the bear, I felt some compunction in commencing hostilities on my late fellow captive; besides, I remembered that the same steps which enabled me to escape, might do the same for him, an event by no means agreeable, and I had resolved to leave him unmolested, when suddenly the board was shoved aside, and who should I behold but the gentleman in question, who with his huge muzzle through the hole, began making most desperate efforts to pull down sufficient of the platform to enable his carcass to pass through. Peace was now out of the question, accordingly placing my rifle as close as possible to his head, I pulled the trigger, and with a terrific growl the bear fell to the bottom of the pit, as I imagined, mortally wounded. Without loss of time I re-loaded my rifle, and while doing so heard a dreadful conflict carried on below, between the enraged bear and a wolf, whose piercing yells mingled in dire discord with the growling of the enraged bear. It appeared as if the bear had fallen on the wolf, and in his fury was sacrificing him to his vengeance; gradually these yells became fainter and fainter as the wolf expired in the grasp of his huge foe, and I could not help shuddering when I recollected that his might have been my fate. While this dreadful scene was passing in the pit I had reloaded my rifle, and again placed the board over the hole, and now stood prepared to receive another attack. As I expected, having satisfied his vengeance on the wolf, bruin once more ascended with increased fury to the mouth of the pit, and having thrown away the piece of board commenced a most desperate attempt to break through the platform. For a moment as I gazed on his grim muzzle covered with blood, I felt almost unnerved at his fury and determination, but soon recollecting that it must be his life or mine, I once more put my rifle to my shoulder, and advanced the muzzle close to his head. My alarm was dreadful, when stretching out his huge paw the bear seized the barrel of my gun and drew it towards him; not a moment was to be lost, the gun was cocked, his own paw held it to the lower part of his neck, in another second the gun would have been wrested from me, when I pulled the trigger, this shot was fatal, the gun was once more in my hands, and the bear fell dead to the bottom of the pit. This last encounter was the work of an instant, and I could hardly believe that my deadly foe was killed. By the time, however, I had re-loaded my rifle to be prepared for the worst, I heard some shouts, and soon beheld lights in the distance coming towards me, and presently my attendants, with some peasants they had enlisted in the search, and who had been full of apprehension on my account, came up guided by the report of my gun. These honest people were delighted at finding me safe and sound, but at first would scarcely credit my adventure. With assistance the platform was removed, due precaution being preserved in case the bear should

Now fight, although but little danger was to be apprehended, each of the attendants being experienced bear hunters, having conquered bears single handed. Their astonishment was complete when on moving the platform they perceived the mangled carcase of a wolf and a huge bear at the bottom of the pit, and when I pointed out to them the steps by means of which I had made my escape.—*London Sportsman.*

### PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued.)

It should be observed, that of the foregoing marks of disease some, as the serum under the arachnoid membrane and in the ventricles of the brain, the fluidity of the blood in the heart and great vessels, and perhaps the deep red upon parts of the lining membrane of the stomach, are to be regarded as the effects of the last or fatal fit of intoxication; while others, as the striking firmness confidently alleged by some anatomists to have been observed in the superficial parts of the brain;—the thickening, induration, contraction, and ulceration of the stomach and intestines— the enlargement, unevenness, hardness, fatty deposits, and orange color of the liver, the unnatural color, size, and flabby texture of the kidneys, must have resulted from the more gradual operation of the habitual use of strong drink.

It is well known, that often in cases of death by lightning, the blood does not congregate, but remains in the form of a homogeneous fluid, the principle of life having been suddenly and wholly extinguished by the electrical shock. The same thing is observable when death takes place from the influence of certain poisons, as the vooarra, tianus, and tobacco.

This is also the case when a draught of alcoholic liquor proves fatal. The blood in the heart, the large vessels, and the lungs, is entirely fluid; so effectual is this poison in preventing the last natural act of vitality in the blood, its coagulation.

A difference of opinion has existed among physiologists as to the manner in which alcohol acts upon the animal machine in producing its peculiar effects. The sudden exhilaration and glow in distant organs, occasioned by the swallowing of a small quantity of it, result, probably, from the impressions made upon the nerves of that organ being communicated by sympathy to those of distant parts. From experiments practised by Rayer, it appears that an impression made by alcohol upon a sensitive surface of great extent is speedily fatal. Injected into the peritoneum of a rabbit, it extinguished life in less than a minute; an effect altogether too sudden to admit of explanation by absorption. This view will also explain the sudden recovery which takes place upon the stomach being entirely emptied, in those cases of inebriation which arise from a single and large draught, and in which the symptoms have existed only for a period too short to admit of absorption to any extent.

Mr. Brodie, indeed, from some of his experiments made upon animals, inferred, that this article is not at all absorbed or carried into the circulation. A sufficient number of facts, however, prove its capability of passing into the circulation, and sometimes in large quantities. Mr. Magendie, in an experiment upon a dog, half an hour after tying up the outlet of the stomach and injecting it with alcohol, found a strong odor of this fluid in the blood, and obtained it also from the blood by distillation.

A healthy labouring man in London, but thirty years of age, drank at a single draught, a quart of gin for a wager; within a quarter of an hour he fell down insensible, and died in about three hours from the time of falling. In the Westminster Hospital his body was dissected, and in the ventricles of the brain was found a considerable quantity of limpid fluid, distinctly impregnated with gin, both to the sense of smell and taste, and even to the test of inflammability. The liquid appeared to the senses of the examining students, as strong as one-third gin to two-thirds water.

Another case in point is related by Dr. Ogston. He says, 'that on the 23d of August, 1831, he examined, in company with another medical man, the body of a woman aet. 40, who was believed to have drowned herself in a fit of intoxication no one having witnessed the act.' 'We found,' says he, 'nearly four ounces of fluid in the ventricles of the brain, having all the physical qualities of alcohol, as proved by the united testimony of two other medical men who saw the body opened and examined the fluid. The stomach also smelt of this fluid.' That spirit exists in the circulation is obvious, from the fact of its being present in many cases in the breath, after its entire removal from the stomach, as is shown by a careful examination of its contents, discharged by vomiting, or through the aid of the stomach pump.

Does spirit pass into the circulation by the route of lacteal absorption? It has been indubitably established by a great variety of experiments that numerous articles, some of them slowly, others expeditiously, may be imbibed directly by the walls or coats of the blood vessels, and thus pass into the blood. In one experiment, less than three minutes were occupied in the passage of a strong watery solution of nux vomica through the coats of the jugular vein of a dog. In the other experiment with the dog, already referred to, in which M. Magendie found spirit in the blood, there was none detected in the chyla.

Spirit, then, may sometimes enter the circulation by direct imbibition through the coats of the blood vessels; and when it has arrived at the blood, it unites with its watery part, for which it has a strong affinity, and circulates along with it through every organ, deranging, opposing, or extinguishing the actions of life. In the brain, when a portion of the watery part of the blood is thrown into the ventricles to relieve the gorged vessels, alcohol is deposited with it; and from its strong affinity for water, it is probable that a proportion of it is deposited along with the thin fluids secreted by the large glands, as the mammary glands, and kidneys; and there can be no doubt of its being exhaled in large quantities from those surfaces, as the skin and bronchial membrane, from which there is a free transpiration of aqueous matter, whether in a liquid or æriform state.

The inhalation, only, of the vapor of distilled spirit or of wine, may be carried so far as to produce deep intoxication. Received in this manner, it is probably imbibed by the blood in the fine vessels distributed upon the walls of the air cells of the lungs, and then conducted by the route of the circulation to the brain and other distant organs.

To be Continued.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, 1839.

LITERATURE.—We this week conclude our extracts from Dickens's last very popular work. About 50,000 copies of Nicholas Nickleby have been sold in numbers, and no doubt a large edition will yet go off when it assumes the shape of one or two volumes. A late Examiner has some remarks on this story, and as that paper is generally good authority on literary matters, we may dwell for a moment on its criticism. The popularity of this work is thus accounted for,—of the author, the Examiner says,—

"He seized the eager attention of his readers by the strong power of reality. He thoroughly individualises what he takes in hand. Our sympathies are never left to wander off, into quarters vague or undefined, from the flesh and blood to which he allies them. And this also is the reason why we cannot associate anything that is vulgar or low with his treatment of subjects that in themselves are avowedly so. In everything of that kind that he presents to us, these is, in his manner of doing it, the manliness and simplicity of nature, or the truth of life as it is. We are never repelled by the abominations of egotism, conceit, or dogmatism. We are never disgusted by misplaced ridicule. If there is good going on, there is a vivid and hearty style to bring out all its beauty; and if there is evil, it runs no chance of being mistaken for good. The quantity of invention, observation, and knowledge of character, observable in the writings of Mr. Dickens, is never more apparent than in his kindness of heart and capacity for generous emotion."

"Thousands read the book because it places them in the midst of scenes and characters with which they are already themselves acquainted; and thousands read it with no less avidity because it introduces them to passages of nature and life of which they before knew nothing, but of the truth of which their own habits and senses suffice to assure them. This is a test which only a man of genius could bear. It is only in the presence of a writer of genius that the affinities and sympathies of high and low, in regard to the customs and usage of life, are so revealed. For it is not more by the bonds of a common humanity, than by the alliances of common habits, that we are all linked together. The highest and the lowest in these respects most nearly approximate to each other. Like effects must always more or less result from being either above or below a dependence on other people's opinions."

The simplicity, earnestness, perspicuity and other good points of the author, are strongly noticed, particularly that fulness of mind, that abundance of material, which makes his work so exceedingly rich in incident, and which is the opposite extreme of that gold-beating system, by which a few small pieces of the precious metal are hammered out into the thinnest possible fabric, and made to extend over a great space. On the contrary, Dickens strews his ingots of composition, as if his rich mine was not in the slightest danger of exhaustion. Of his pictures of London, and perhaps they are among the best from his pen, the Examiner remarks:

"With him, we pass along misty streets in some cold and foggy morning, while but a few meagre shadows flit to and fro, or now and then a heavy outline of coach or cab or cart looms through the dull vapour, yet were it only for the noises he strikes from time to time upon our ears, distantly and indistinctly as though the fog had muffled them, we could not doubt that it was London. We enter with him by night, through long double rows of brightly burning lamps, a noisy, bustling, crowded scene, in which he shows us the rags of the squalid ballad-singer fluttering in the same rich light that shows the goldsmith's glittering treasures, and where one thin sheet of brittle glass is the iron wall by which vast profusions of wealth and food are guarded from starved and penniless men, and this is the same London as before. At all times, and under every aspect, he gives us to feel and see the great city as it absolutely is. Its interior life is made as familiar to us as its exterior forms. We come to know better the very places we have known best."

While admitting very great abilities, The Examiner contends that Mr. Dickens is not a perfect novelist. His story is said to be too diffuse and ill connected,—to be injured by exaggerations, which destroy truth and nature in some places,—and to be rather barthened with epithets and adjectives in the reflective parts. Having made these exceptions, which may be considered like slight flaws on a beautiful slab of marble, the critic makes amends by the heartiness of his praise.

"What a host of beauties crowd on our grateful recollection, which we have not opportunity or space to give even a passing glance to. With what pleasant thoughts it has stocked our memory, with what true and tender sentiments enriched our hearts, with what a healthy and manly moral instructed our minds, with how much vivid distinctness each character takes its place before us, how plainly we see the individualities of each, the form of their faces, the accident of their habits, the nicer peculiarity of their minds. These are triumphs which only belong to a first-rate writer. The creative powers of the novelist, when properly directed and well sustained, take rank with history itself."

Some might be inclined to make more serious objections than those made by The Examiner; we allude to persons who require a strict abidance by the rules of morality, in all matters intended for general perusal, and who therefore are not pleased at the parts in which the profanity of some of the characters is exemplified rather plainly. Dickens had errors in this way, but most readers will be inclined to consider his faults venial, considering his subject, and those who have preceded him in depicting similar phases of life. Nevertheless the objection is one of moment, and the gifted masters of the pen should learn the difficult task of erasing occasionally, and of sometimes making sacrifices of wit and verisimilitude, to the cause of good morals. The Examiner itself, exaggerates somewhat, when it asserts that the creative powers of the novelist take rank with history. By the way, the critic made a slip when he compared the powers of the novelist to history,—the novelist and the historian, or the novel and the history, should have been the subjects of comparison,—but not the novelist, or his powers, and history. It would not do to say, that the talents of the architect, take rank with staturary,—although the merits of first rate buildings, and of statues might be considered on a par.—But returning to the exaggeration, however delightful and just and instructive works of imagination may be, they can scarcely ever be placed as equal in value to works which have important facts, in every particular, for their foundation, and which are built up with all the skill lavished on the lighter edifices. "The children of the mind are not of clay;" and some of those children we would no more think of parting with, than if they had indeed once worn the garb of mortality,—but still we should not confound real life with the scenes of fairy land, and place the latter on the same level because its deceptions are of fascinating beauty. Dickens however has produced some of the "children of the mind" alluded to by the poet, and the world will place among acquaintances, which are not to be forgotten, Nicholas, and Kate, and Ralph, and Newman, as surely almost, as they have placed Waverly, and Jennie Deans, and Rob Roy, and Old Mortality.

Of the Heads of the People, extracts from which we closed last week, the Examiner says:

"These heads, issued in quadruple sets, have during the year proved very pleasant monthly visitors to many; and, collected in a neat volume, they form a gallery of character which will unquestionably repay more than a casual glance. The plan of the work was novel, and likely if well executed to secure popularity, but only on that condition. Its success shows that the condition has been fulfilled. The best compliment that has been paid to the work is the adoption of the project by the French, who are now busily illustrating and criticising themselves on the same principle and with similar effect."

The French, however, do not, it appears, bear to have their heads so roughly handled as the English. They are not so willing to laugh at themselves,—and instead of allowing themselves to be taken by the horns, like John Bull, they do not seem inclined to admit that they have any horns to be taken by. An artist who has been sketching some of their heads, had a narrow escape of having his own overhauled with a rougher weapon than a pencil,—and was finally obliged to have a police guard accompanying him about Paris, to shield him from the fury of some classes who felt hurt at his portraits.

The new volume by Thomas Moore, which has been sometime spoken of, has made its appearance. Some of the Journals give it high praise, but others make many drawbacks from its fame. The volume consists of the Epicurean, a republication, and a poem, called Alciphron, which is a versification, with some additions, of a part of the former.

The London Atlas notices the work in a very friendly strain,—but the Spectator takes a different view of the matter, as the following will show:

"The story of Alciphron, it will be observed, is complete; and it would not perhaps be very intelligible without some previous idea of the Epicurean. There are also objections, both critical and moral, to the incidents and sentiments, which apply to the prose tale as well. But it is useless to waste elaborate criticism on that which the tenderest censor must pronounce a failure. In its structure, and the parts which compose it, Alciphron is merely the bones of the Epicurean, wanting the fulness, the roundness, and the colour which covered the skeleton, and gave shape to a form not very natural. In its poetry, Alciphron only exhibits the ghost of the writer's former powers. There is a tripping verse—though it sometimes fails, in the accent at least; there are turns and conceits—sometimes tolerable, or a shade more, but generally feeble and puerile, if not silly; and there is the sensual philosophy of Mr. Little, without the buoyancy and animation which whilom set it off—reminding one of a hoary-headed rake playing the gallant. There is also a deficiency of fitting character throughout the poem: it is not Egyptian, it is not classical, it is not antique, it is only Tom-Moorish. The lighter parts remind

one of similar portions in *Lalla Rookh* whilst the grave heroics of the Priest of Memphis resemble the outpourings of the Veiled Prophet, Mokanna. Unluckily, there are no lyrics, to delight by their finish or their felicity of expression: and in sober truth, *Alciphron* must be pronounced devoid alike of matter or spirit—it is the manes of a poem."

This is very severe; the article in which it occurred drew forth a letter from the celebrated author. In this letter, Mr. Moore corrects an error of the Spectator, informing the Editor of that periodical, that *Alciphron* was not a recent versification of the Epicurean, but that it was written twenty years ago, that the prose tale grew out of it, and that the present publication was occasioned by a bookseller's proposal and purchase. The author does not combat the severe criticism of the Spectator further than to say that "some of its conclusions are not very charitable." They may not be charitable, but, judging from extracts, we fear that they are, in some respects, but too true,—and that sentiments of respect for the interests of religion, and of sound morals, did not influence the writer as much as they ought to influence a man on the far side of threescore years. If the youngest should guard against writing a line "which dying he would wish to blot," how much should one whose "hey dey" of life is so decidedly past, and who, peculiarly, should be making close acquaintance with the feelings befitting that final hour.

We make a couple of extracts of a favourable character. The first is a sketch in the gardens of Epirus (the work is in the form of letters.)

"And ev'n while thus to thee I write,  
And by the Nile's dark flood recline,  
Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight,  
Back to those groves and gardens bright,  
And often think, by this sweet light,  
How lovelily they all must shine;  
Can see that graceful temple throw  
Down the green slope its lengthened shade,  
While, on the marble steps below,  
There sits some fair Athenian maid,  
Over some favourite volume bending;  
And, by her side, a youthful sage  
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,  
Would else o'ershadow all the page."

The next is a speculation on Dreams.

And who can tell, as we're combined  
Of various atoms—some refined,  
Like those that scintillate and play  
In the fixed stars—some, gross as they  
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay—  
Who can be sure but 'tis the best  
And brightest atoms of our frame,  
Those most akin to stellar flame,  
That shine out thus, when we're at rest;  
Ev'n as their kindred stars, whose light  
Comes out but in the silent night?  
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,  
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,  
And that our Guardians from on high  
Come, in that pause from toil and sin,  
To put the senses' curtain by,  
And on the wakeful soul look in?

A new play by Sir L. Bulwer, called the Sea Captain or the Birthright, was produced at the Hay Market Theatre, on the last night of October, and was enthusiastically received.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**—Her Majesty's Packet, Hope, brings Falmouth dates to Nov. 9. A Chartist riot had occurred at Newport. A body of men 50,000 strong marched into the town, and attacked the West Gate Hotel, where the Magistrates, Special Constables, and a party of military were stationed. The object of the Chartists appears to have been to release one of their friends who was in prison. They were supplied with arms, and fired on the Hotel, wounding the Mayor and others,—after the riot act was read, the military were ordered to fire,—they did so, killing from ten to twelve, and wounding many others. The Chartists retreated from the town.

Several failures had occurred in Manchester. Details are furnished from many places respecting the shocks of Earthquake felt in Scotland. The phenomenon was preceded by a very unusual noise,—and was alarmingly severe and extended. The chief force was felt along the line of the Grampians, but the vibrations branched out in every direction.

Emigration to Australia, New Zealand, United States and Canada, seems to occupy much of attention in the United Kingdom. Dr. Rolph, the Canadian emigration missionary, was making great exertions, which, no doubt, would be followed by corresponding results. Ten thousand persons, it is said, will be ready to leave parts of Scotland in the Spring;—an English paper says, that 2000 cottages are vacant in Stockport,—and that 200 persons had left that town within three months, for S. Australia, we have only to wish that the sufferings and risks consequent on such wholesale movements may terminate happily.

The Hampshire Telegraph wishes to be informed, what is the shortest passage that has been made between Halifax and any port in the British Channel. The Telegraph says, that the shortest they know of, is that of the *Tendos* Frigate, in eleven days and twelve nights to Portsmouth. The *Nyce* made Portsmouth, from St. John Newfoundland, in seven days and six nights.

Particulars respecting the progress of the English in India are given. Unexpected success had attended late movements.

It appears that the English Government have despatched a vessel of war to Alexandria to make a formal demand for the restoration of the Turkish fleet. France, it is said, will support Mehemet Ali's pretensions, if he confines them to the hereditary possessions of Egypt, Syria and Arabia. His Highness seems in no haste to make up his mind on any of the questions submitted to him. The overflow of the Nile this year, has been abundant. This is said to be much in favour of Mehemet's projects for 1840.

The Chinese authorities at last accounts, were destroying the contraband opium, daily, in large quantities. Does not his Majesty of the "celestial Empire" appear to set a brilliant example, as regards his care of the morals and general well being of his subjects,—to other Monarchs who profess to be guided by superior principles.

Great distress is said to exist in Paris. Other corn riots had occurred in the West. The French army in Africa had suffered severely from sickness.

Some ministerial changes, and defensive preparations by Cabrera, are the chief features of Spanish news.

A resolution of the Emperor of Russia to separate his Catholic subjects from the jurisdiction of Rome, had caused some difficulties. A number of non-consenting clergymen had been arrested and banished to Siberia. The Russians had suffered severely in some late engagements with the Circasians. The former succeeded in carrying the fortress of Akula, with the loss, it is said, of about 12,000 men.

Emigration of the nobility and gentry from Hanover, is said to be going on, in consequence of the proceedings of King Ernest.

The Houston (Texas) Telegraph gives a melancholy account of the destruction of a body of settlers, in the month of October, by the Indians. A party of thirteen men, one woman and two children started from a settlement below St. Austin, for the purpose of making a "location" on the San Gabriel river. While travelling on a Prairie they were attacked by Indians, the men were killed on the spot; but the fate of the woman and children was not known.

The Canal tolls of Pennsylvania for 1839, it is asserted, will exceed by about \$200,000 the receipts of 1838.

The Peoria Register states that 2000 Russian families, flying from persecution, at home, are about to settle in Wisconsin. Although melancholy to hear of such cases of extensive exile, it is well that the oppressed have the new world to retreat to, and can look forward to the prospect of peaceful homes in a strange land, instead of dragging out a hopeless existence in the place of their birth. It is no wonder that the United States fill up rapidly, when they form the great refuge for those, in every part of the world, who are weary of the circumstances that they find about them.

Good news is announced respecting the Temperance cause in the United States. A vast decrease in the use, and manufacture, and importation of ardent spirits has been experienced.

"According to the Annual Report of the Temperance Union, from 15,000 to 20,000 people in Massachusetts have, within the last year, signed the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors. In New York city, more than 10,000. In Philadelphia, more than 4,000. The New York Seamen's Temperance Society reports 200 captains and 2,000 seamen as regular and consistent members. The amount of domestic spirits inspected at the public office in New York in 1838, was but little more than half as great as that inspected in 1837. In the same year there was a decrease in imported spirits of 25 per cent. Of 1,200 distilleries once in operation in the State of New York, not 200 now remain.—The chief of these are nine in the vicinity of the city, mainly upheld by the manufactories of imitation wines. In Massachusetts, in 1834, there were 118 distilleries; in 1837 there were 46.

This is akin to the beating of ploughshares into pruning hooks.

In Canada the question of the Union of the Upper and Lower Provinces was causing much excitement. People's minds differ very much on the subject,—some considering it the panacea for political evils, others seeing no less than separation from Great-Britain, in the scheme. The party who take the latter view form their objections on the continuance of power to the French, and fear that the junction of that party with the dissatisfied in U. Canada, will cause what they anticipate.

Fifteen persons were badly burnt in Quebec, while endeavouring to save property from a House which was on fire. Four of the inhabitants of the building perished in the flames.

The anniversary of "the Battle of Odeltown," U. Canada, was celebrated on the evenings of the 7th and 9th of November, by Divine Services, and public dinners. Rev. Mr. Cooney was the orator on the occasion,—his name was the subject of one of the toasts.

A statement has been published, of the distribution in U. Canada, of the funds voted by Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick for the relief of the sufferers by the late rebellion. It appears that a sum of £1146 has been expended in relieving 40 persons, most of them having families.

At a recent Temperance Meeting in Montreal, a Rev. Gentleman named E. N. Knill, delivered an impressive address. He

"made," says the Reporter, "a most affectionate, and we trust, successful appeal to the consciences of those engaged in the traffic." This is an important point on which to make an impression.

Mr. Boyde of St. Andrews, N. B. has been returned member of Assembly for Charlotte County. His opponent, Mr. Clinch retired from the contest, being upwards of 300 behind.

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—P. Lynch junr. Esq. delivered a very interesting lecture last Wednesday evening, on Antient Art. Doctor Teulon will lecture next Wednesday evening, on Domestic Economy.

The Halifax Literary and Scientific Society, had a discussion last Monday evening, on the comparative influence of Philosophy and Poetry. Votes were in favor of Philosophy. Next Monday evening is set apart for recitation.

The Pictou Literary and Scientific Society, commenced its sixth session on Dec. 4, with a lecture from James Fogo, Esq.

**LATEST.**—We have to thank M. B. Almon, Esq. for a slip of the Boston Daily Advertiser, brought by the Mailboat which arrived this morning. It contains English dates up to Nov. 16, furnished by the arrival of the Steam Ship, Liverpool, at New York. We give the substance of its contents.

Notwithstanding the intelligence of the American suspension of specie payments, the London Money market had improved, as had also the Liverpool cotton market. M. Jaudon continued to pay all Bills drawn on him by the Bank of the United States, although the Holland loan had not been concluded. The Morning Chronicle of Nov. 13, contradicts on authority, the rumour, that M. Jaudon had declined payment of any bills of Exchange drawn upon the London Agency by the Bank of the United States. The same paper of Nov. 14, announces, that consols had not varied, that Exchequer bills continued to improve, but that no business of importance had been transacted in the British funds. The Liverpool journal Nov. 16, said that there were symptoms of the crisis being past for the present. The Exchanges had improved, and the export of gold to the continent had nearly ceased. The new postage law was to have gone into effect throughout the United Kingdom on the 5th of November.

## DIED,

At Dartmouth, on Tuesday evening last, after a lingering illness, in the 44th year of his age, Mr. James McNabb, leaving a widow and 7 children, and an extensive circle of friends and connections to mourn their loss.

At sea, after an illness of 25 days, on the passage from Kingston, on 25th ult. Capt. Joseph Hore, master of brig Fanny, of this port, in the 33d year of his age, a native of Teignmouth, England.

## SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

### ARRIVED.

Saturday, Dec. 7th, Morning Star, Quebec and Montreal, 18 days flour and beef to Salkus & Wainwright and others.

Sunday, 8th Schr. Mary and Manly, Arichat, fish.

Tuesday, 10th, Barque Blanche, Newbold, London, 59 days, (58 to Sambre Light) to J. & M. Tobin; HM. Packet Hope, Lieut. Cresser, Falmouth, 31 days.

Wednesday 11th, Brig. Abeona, Milgrove, Azores, 27 days, grain, oranges, lemons to McNab, Cochran & Co.

Thursday, 12th Brig Fanny, Allan, (late Hore who died at sea the 26th ult. after 25 days illness) Kingston, 40 days, ballast to A. A. Black, experienced very heavy weather, passenger Capt. Nelmes; Mailboat Schr. Lady Ogle, Stairs, Bermuda, 12 days.

Friday, 13th, Mailboat brig Velocity, Barss, Boston, 58 hours, Steamer Liverpool, arrived at New York, 6th inst. 39 days; brig. Reward, Forrester, Kingston, 39 days, ballast, to H. Lyle; made Cape Sable, 1st inst. barque Ellen Cobb, Miramichi, 14 days, bound to Liverpool, GB. leaky timber laden; schr. Abigail, Doane, New York, 17 days, flour, to S. Binney; brig Mary Ann, Canso, J. McNab.

## Stoves! Stoves!

**CANADIAN** heavy cast **STOVES** for Churches, Kitchens, and Halls—For sale by the Subscriber at his Auction Store, near the Ordnance, viz.

**Largest size double close Canada Stoves,** for Kitchens, Single Close ditto, 4x2, 3½x2½, 3x2 and 2½ by 1½ feet. ALSO, on hand, from New York and Boston, an assortment of Franklin and Cooking Stoves; a further supply daily expected. Oct. 11.—2m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

## Seasonable Goods.

Landing, Ex Prince George from London: **PILOT** Cloths, Flushings, fine and Slop **CLOTHING**, Blankets, and a variety of other articles in

**50 Packages,**

Received as above, and for sale on reasonable terms by Nov. 1, 1839. 3m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN

## Pale Seal Oil.

**BBLS** and Hds of **SEAL OIL**, of the very best quality, for sale at a low rate. Apply to **ROBERT NOBLE** November 22.



From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

## THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Father, guide me! Day declines,  
Hollow winds are in the pines;  
Darkly waves each giant bough  
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;  
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,  
Which erewhile with breezy swell,  
From the purple mountains bore  
Greeting to the sunset-shore.  
Now the sailor's vesper hymn  
Dies away,  
Father! in the forest dim,  
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill  
Of the leaves that late hung still;  
In the dull and muffled tone  
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;  
In the deep tints of the sky,  
There are signs of tempests nigh.  
Ominous, with sullen sound,  
Falls the echoing dust around,  
Father! through the storm and shade  
O'er the wild,  
Oh! be thou the lone one's aid---  
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume  
Homewards through the hoding gloom,  
O'er my way hath flitted fast,  
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd,  
From the chesnut's ruddy bark,  
And the pools now low and dark,  
Where the wakening night winds sigh  
Through the long reeds mournfully,  
Homeward, homeward, all things haste---  
God of night!  
Shield the homeless---midst the waste,  
Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,  
Now my babe is laid to rest;  
Beautiful! his slumber seems  
With a glow of heavenly dreams.  
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,  
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,  
Where his mother bends to pray,  
For the loved and far away.  
Father! guard that household bower,---  
Hear that Prayer!  
Back, through thine all-guiding power,  
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night---  
Not a star sends quivering light  
Through the massy arch of shade  
By the stern old forest made.  
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes  
All my pathway open lies,  
By thy son, who knew distress  
In the lonely wilderness,---  
Where no roof to that blest head  
Shelter gave---  
Father! through the time of dread,  
Save, oh! save!

## EFFECT OF MARSHES IN PRODUCING FEVER.

There can be no doubt that fever is always prevalent in the neighbourhood of marshes. Warden, in his account of the United States of America, remarks, 'All low parts of the United States along the banks of rivers and lakes, and near the borders of stagnant waters, and in marshy situations, where vegetable or animal substances, in a state of decay, are exposed to the action of the autumnal sun, are subject to an intermittent or bilious fever. In every low situation, where the rich vegetable soil is first exposed to the action of the sun, or where the water disappearing presents to its action a muddy surface, deleterious emanations are produced, which, ascending to the surface of a neighbouring hill, become the cause of disease there, as well as near the surface where they originated.' He gives a great number of instances of fevers having broken out in America in the neighbourhood of marshes; and he also cites, from various authors, cases showing the pestilential effect of marshes in Europe on the health. The Pontine marshes in Italy are well known to have produced for centuries numerous febrile diseases. Lancisi physician to Pope Clement XI., relates, that in the vicinity of Rome, thirty persons of both sexes, and of the highest rank, being on a party of pleasure near the mouth of the Tiber, the wind suddenly changed, and blew from the south across putrid marshes; and that such was its effect, that all except one were suddenly seized with tertian fever. An inundation of the rivers in Hungary, which covered many parts of the country with stagnant waters, is said to have occasioned the loss of 40,000 of the Austrian army. The annual overflowing of the Nile has produced the same effect, from the earliest times, at Alexandria and other places. In August, 1765, a continued or remitting fever was produced among the soldiers and marines stationed in the island of Portsea, in the neighbourhood of stagnant waters, and a great number of them were carried off. Warden remarks, that 'the most extraordinary fact regarding marsh miasmas is that their influence is more sensibly on the summits of the neighbouring hills than on the very borders of the

marsh whence they emanate. An invisible and pestiferous vapour, which rises by its lightness, or is wafted by currents of air, hovers on the summit during the hot season, and soon paralyses the strongest constitutions.' He gives several instances where such pestilential exhalations had produced fevers at the distance of two miles. The short duration of human life in marshy districts has been remarked by all writers on population. For example, the average duration of life is at least one-third lower in Holland than in England or France. In Switzerland, according to the observations of Muret, the probability of life, or the age to which half the born live, was as follows:—In nine parishes of the Alps, 47 years; in 41 parishes of the Pays de Vaud and Jura, 42; in 12 parishes where grain was cultivated, 40; in 18 parishes among the great vineyards, 37; in one marshy parish, 24!—*Tail's Magazine* July, 1839.

## THE CHINESE NAVY.

Having seen the men of war at Canton, I have had a view of the best part of the Imperial navy. The vessels are here better manned, the cannon of a superior cast, and the whole construction is first rate. The largest of these seldom carry more than twenty guns, which are either thrown on deck, or mounted upon a paltry carriage. How they manœuvre in a pitched battle it is impossible to conjecture, though a diffuse naval code for the guidance of the naval officers is in the possession of the commanders. The great question is, whether wind and waves will permit them to act according to their rules. All the ports of the coast as far as the Yang-tze Keang have their stationary navy, but the principal stations where High Admirals command, are Canton, Amoy, and Ningpo. They have under their immediate command often no less than 16 vessels of various dimensions, the least carrying four guns. I have often seen on board an Admiral's junk from 2000 to 3000 men, who crowd the deck to suffocation. They have also a river navy, which is far better equipped and more numerous than the marine, especially on the Yang-tze Keang, and other large rivers—and it may be said that China possesses the largest navy in the world. Its use is to maintain peace on the high seas, and not to wage wanton war. Such a laudable object does not require those destructive weapons which other nations have invented for martial combat, and in the waters of the central kingdom, crackers and squibs are more serviceable, than Congreve rockets and chain shot. Whilst the men of war of other countries traverse the ocean, the Chinese are otherwise employed. During the greater part of the year they stay in the harbour, and when cruising, they never go out of sight of land, and do not exceed their jurisdiction, which perhaps extends about 80 miles along the coast. This makes them acquainted with all the creeks and islands about, and they retain their domestic habits. Dreadful, however is their lot, when they are blown off the land, and utter despair the consequence. In such cases they either give themselves up to the direction of the winds, and float about until they reach the shore, or steer courageously towards the south, where they must hit upon some island or other.

## GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHMR.

If not the longest on record, the fit of public gratitude to Grace Darling, is among the most remarkable. The pulpit and the stage, the saloon and the servant's hall, the palace and the cottage have rung with her praises. Admiration has been carved in stone, engraved on copper, painted, printed and distributed in fifty thousand forms. If all these tributes could find their way to the lighthouse on the Fern Islands, they would fill up its every nook to the exclusion of their object. Never had fisherman's daughter such a monument as the mezzotint before us. It is a plate of enormous size, exquisitely engraved by Lucas, in his best manner, from a picture by H. P. Parker and J. W. Carmichael, both countrymen of the Darlings, both artists resident in the town of Newcastle, intimate with the local scenery of their picture, and perfectly well acquainted with the persons who give it interest. The stormy sky skimmed by the curlews—backs the abruptly rising rock; which cast up by a violent effort of nature, appears as if still under the heaving influence of volcanic action. It presents a natural wall of crags, with rugged battlements and bastions, and, as it were, towers and curtains. Beneath, the sea, in quiet weather, lies twenty fathoms deep, and the plumb-line descends almost perpendicularly by the edge of that terrific precipice, while the rock itself above the water rises boldly, to the south-west, but declines, dipping into the sea, to the north and east. Indeed the Islands in a storm look like a mighty flock of large sea monsters playing with the deep. Now, when the steam-vessel has been by a gigantic wave cast at a dash upon the rock, where the trembling remnant of the rescued are shivering and ready to fall, through fear and cold, into the sea; when the lights stream like meteors through the storm-cloud; when our thought is a hope that there may be no one in the light-house, which looks as if doomed to be swept away, while that a ship of war can live in such a sea appears impossible; now we see the little coble—a mere skiff on the labouring waters, surrounded by floating fragments of the wreck, dashed over by the wave, screamed over by the storm-bird, and in it an old man and young girl. We recog-

nize the faces, we see the smile of humanity and benevolence, and we witness the eager struggle with the elements of death to save the lives of others. This is an engraving that would be an ornament to any house, and we hope it will be the means of inspiring others with the heroic ardour of Grace Darling.—*Atlas*.

## A DRY FOUNTAIN.

There is, or was, in Florida, a beautiful sheet of water known by white men and Indians as the Silver Spring, which before this year's drought, had never failed and was relied on by all living things in that region as exhaustless. Its pretty name was naturally suggested by its bright aspect. In the depth of the forest, and bordered by a matted growth of live oak and other evergreens, a circular or oval hollow about sixty yards in diameter shelved down through sand of perfect whiteness, to its centre, where the spring gushed upward so vigorously as to agitate the surface some fathoms above, filling the entire basin with water of delicious purity and coolness, through the diamond transparency of which were seen fish of different kinds and various colors, which always refusing a bait, were believed by the Indians to be enchanted or blessed spirits; and under the blaze of a tropical summer, a sensual fancy could hardly have imagined, even in the land of flowers a more delightful heaven than the bath of the Silver Spring.—There was ample room and verge enough for a little boat in which visitors amused themselves floating over the secluded little lake. On a visit, a few weeks since, some officers found the spot deprived of half its beauty and of all its wonted freshness. The silver sands were dry as the desert; the spirit fish and water had vanished; and thickly strewn in the woods round, were the bleaching skeletons and withering carcasses of horses, deer, wild cows, and a variety of other animals, which had perished of thirst. The dry basin somewhat resembled the crater of a volcano, for thought there was not a drop of moisture, the boiling motion of the spring was kept up in the sand—and on thrusting down the foot or a stick, the gas escaped in puffs distinctly audible. A poet might make something out of all this.—*Charleston Mercury*.

DAVID CROCKET.—This eccentric character had the reputation of possessing ready wit, though in our intercourse with him we never could discover an aptness in his retortations, or a quick sally when he was cornered. The anecdote that we are about to relate, rather goes to prove that he was not always off his guard.

While holding a seat in Congress, he contracted a dislike for the Hon. Mr. W—, who was not at all considered a model for manly beauty, and who, also, wore spectacles to conceal his cross-eye. The Colonel was, at an exhibition of wild beasts in Washington, when he was called on to express his opinion of a large baboon that figured amongst the rest of the animals.

"If he only wore a pair of goggles," said Crockett, "he would be as like Mr. W— as two peas."

Turning round, he saw Mr. W— by his side, and, in order to smooth over the affair, continued with perfect collectedness—

"Is that you, W—? Well, I owe an apology somewhere—and I don't know whether to make it to you or to the monkey."

Beauty deserts us; but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave.

The *Picayune* says there is woman in New Orleans, who has hit on the expedient of carrying *loadstone* in her pocket to make herself attractive.

'I know thou hast a wife at home,  
I know thou hast a child,  
By that subdued domestic smile  
Upon thy features mild.'

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Bleeding at the nose, if it be ever so violent and protracted, may be permanently stopped by the individual using some salted beef, which has been grated fine with a grater, in the same way that he would take snuff. Two or three pinches are said to be sufficient to stop any fit of bleeding.

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