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THE VICTIMS OF PASSION.

A TALE OF THE EAST.

"These shall the passions wound and tear,
The vultures of the mind."—Gray.

"Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years,
With cares and feares."—Lord Bacon.

The celebration of the august and imposing rite of admission to the priesthood of the ancient and venerable order of Seva, had drawn together a crowd of persons from various parts of the southern district of India, to witness the scene in the great temple of the God, in the river-island of Iswara. The ceremony was now over, and the multitude had dispersed. One person still lingered near the altar; it was he who had just assumed the vows of a priest.

Godari was the younger son of a powerful and distinguished officer of the state. If abundant wealth, worldly honor, and high mental endowments could have secured the happiness of their possessor, there had been few whose blessedness had equalled his; but it was the misfortune of Godari to be born with that morbidity of feeling and susceptibility of passion which are the bane of comfort in every condition of existence. The temper of his spirit was moody and intense; he could look on nothing with moderate and healthful impressions; but every emotion which swelled his bosom was splendid ecstasy or bitter grief. The whole chord of his moral sensations was attuned to a key so much higher than that of the persons around him, that the daily intercourse of life caused between them and him an endless jar and discord. The necessary inferiority and unavoidable restraints of childhood, had distressed him with a kind of torture; the playful taunts and sprightly sarcasms of his equals, which others forgot as soon as formed, sank into his mind with a rankling bitterness. So vivid was his own consciousness that he never could escape from it, or view the world in any other relation than his single friend or enemy; every thing and every person seemed to be always interested in him. He was dowered with all the sensibility, and some of the power of a poet; and the painful instincts of a lofty spirit he had suffered from his youth with a troubled mind. From the high-seasoned banquet of Apician miseries which a temper, fastidious in torments, daily prepared from the occurrences of common life, there was the fascinating refuge of the world of fancy; and thus, feeding on the dream-food of luscious visions, was the appetite of his mind still more diseased.

In addition to the sufficient curse of an over-sensitive heart, it happened, unfortunately, that the elder brother of Godari was a person of a nature and disposition the very opposite of his own. Cold, callous, and unfeeling, he took a savage pleasure in tyrannizing over the tenderness of his brother; he hourly vexed his soul with deep and aching insults, and stung him into madness by cruel irritation. The very presence of so uncongenial a spirit, stirred up by a species of magnetic influence a dark strife of struggling passions: His father, also, though kindly natured, was of the world, worldly; he had breathed the petrifying air of a court until his temper had become stern, hard, and inflexible. His son found in his forceful spirit nothing cognate to his gentle wishings. His father put down all romantic and dreamy sentiments as false and noxious; and ardent minds, when they despise or condemn a passion or a principle, often forget to allow for its existence. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising if Godari looked back upon his past life as a dark and distressful memory of woe.

If the overthrow of personal quiet and happiness were the mere result of such exquisite susceptibility as we refer to, light would be the curse of such a portion compared with the whole evil actually wrought. The reaction of such suffering upon the moral frame is the darkest part of all. The sad history of such persons may be briefly written: their sensibility makes them miserable, and their misery makes them wicked. Their life is a truceless war against inward anguish; where others are free to debate principles, or decide on conduct in reference to honour, or justice, or duty, they are absorbed by the consideration of the effect upon the feelings. They dwell ceaselessly on self; for what indeed is genius, in any of its forms, but intense mental selfishness? They desire not to love but to be loved. This racking of the peace of the heart wastes away the moral being, and crushes down the spiritual integrity; the inevitable engrossment of private ends and motives saps the vigour of that virtue whose source and support is self-oblivion. From such intolerable depression the victim of susceptibility takes refuge in an opposite frightful ruthlessness and malignity. The native hunger after sympathy creates a craving in the heart which, if it be not satisfied with love, will deaden its pangs with the narcotic stimulants of abhorrence and fiendish de-

testation. Thus did the young Godari, a being made for purity and peace, often resile from the softness of human feelings to the ferocious sternness of demoniac hate; and, by the fretting of intemperate kindness, transformed in feeling "from a slave to an enslaver," he coped in fancy with the actual world, and sitting in his lonely chamber, meditated schemes of power with the tortuous cunning of Satanic malevolence. Soon flinging from himself in imagination all restraints of piety, he sprang suddenly into the endless void of atheism, and felt for a time a high relief from the smothered vehemence of natural feeling. But soon did this idle oscillation of benumbed feeling—this "waste of passion unemployed"—this life in death—of lonely and unanswered aspiration—become more grievous than the restraints of truth. He found that the idea of an empty universe—an idea that cannot be grasped or grappled with—despotizes over the mind with tyranny far more crushing than that of the thunder-armed God of heaven. He felt that unbounded vacancy annihilates the finite spirit. The suffering of this state of existence drove him back to belief. He became deeply religious, and felt in that sheltering thought, a deep and perfect peace. Passion died away within him; the simple purity of boyhood new-garmented his soul. He found in the calm ardour and exhaustless intetest of celestial love a sufficient object for all his aspirations. He had felt, when he thought of mingling in the action of the busy world, that there was no object on earth large enough to fill the wants of his wish; he had felt that all must be embraced or all would be lost; and that impossible striving after universality had made him wretched. Now, the single thought of God was enough to satisfy his widest hopes.

Religion assures peace to its followers, not by gratifying the passions, but by changing the nature. He who, with dispositions and feelings unaltered, hopes to find in piety a refuge from the griefs and sorrows of the world, will be mistaken. The devotion which is sustained by the natural ardors of the heart, is delusion. Holiness comforts mankind, not by satisfying existent wants or soothing existent griefs, but by withdrawing the sting of irritation from accustomed sources of sorrow, and teaching us to find new pleasure in new feelings. Godari felt happy in cherishing holy thoughts, yet was not the frigate of his desires transformed. Such faith might flourish in the calmness of solitude, but there was danger that it might give way in the trials of temptation. Sometimes even in the quietude of his lonely thoughts, his passions rose and overmastered his controul, and he relapsed into the wild and intoxicating freedom of defiance. But he soon returned to saner counsels, and felt joyous again in the peacefulness of prayer. The time now drew nigh in which it was necessary for Godari to make choice of some profession; for the ancient laws of that country forbade any to live in idleness. The thought of any worldly enterprise was intolerable to him; he believed that he could not succeed in any profession of that sort, and that the highest success would be ineffably paltry. He therefore chose the priesthood, and after many debates with his father, and many sneers from his brother, it was finally decided that that should be adopted. Let it not be thought that Godari was insincere; he cordially believed all the dogmas of his creed, and earnestly clung to the sentiments which they inspired as the only consolation in life. Still were his wishes but half purged, and his heart but half-illuminated. He looked upon religion rather as a refuge than as a mission; he adhered to it rather for the present happiness which it afforded than by the compulsion of a strong sense of duty. His profession was rather the choice of a refined selfishness than the results of a thorough sacrifice. In fact, the young man had not fully realized what he had undertaken; and it is the misfortune of those who, like himself, are cursed with the possession of imagination, never fairly to realize anything in life. They see nothing through the colourless light of actual life; but a roseate mist of delusion spreads itself around them, and becomes the atmosphere of their minds. To such men there is nothing agreeable in looking within, and dwelling amid the agitation of an unsatisfied heart; therefore, all their thoughts are outward and restless; they exist out of themselves in the creations of the visionary faculty. Fancy, like a coral-working insect, builds up a rich and summer dome around them, which then becomes their being. They are bent to fill up a picture of a story which imagination sketches; they think only of opinion, and never attain the consciousness of their true state, until some great calamity—some striking of the great clock of life—suddenly crushes down the net-work tracery of fancy.

The ceremony of his entrance on the priesthood was, as we have said, completed; and none remained in the temple, except the young devotee. There was a gloom and weight upon his spi-

rit which he could neither conquer nor account for; it was not the instinctive foreboding of ill which we sometimes feel, but merely a dullness and ungeniality of feeling. Perhaps it was the natural effect of the fatiguing pomp which he had just passed through; perhaps it was an uneasy feeling produced by the want of sympathy from his family in the course which he had adopted; perhaps it was a shade cast upon the glass of his spirit by the breath of some passing dream—for so small a thing as a forgotten vision of the night has power to colour the substance of our being. It was to overcome, if possible, this "stified, drowsy, unimpassioned grief" that Godari remained by the deserted altar. He endeavoured to compose his thoughts by pious recollections, and to drive away the dark shadow from his heart.

He presently rose and turned to a room joining the main temple, and separated from it by a hanging curtain. As he approached it he thought he saw the figure of some one standing upon the other side. He withdrew the folds a little without noise, and felt breathed upon his face, a soft, warm and delicious air, "so sweet that the senso ached at it." He paused a moment to inhale the ambrosial smell, and then moving the curtain, beheld the loveliest woman he had ever seen, standing and looking attentively upon a picture hung upon the wall above the curtain. Her countenance was all-rosate with the bloom of splendid intelligence; her complexion was as freshly soft and brightly pure as the dewy tints of a newborn flower; her features were gently proud with the high-born grace of purity and fine recession of a queenly innocence; and with a swan-like majesty,

The mantling spirit of reserve

Fashioned her neck into a goodly curve,

Her startled glance fell upon the intruder, and then fluctuated with a painful timidity. It was a dove-like eye that seemed a sphered soul; you might have loved and worshipped it apart from its possessor. In the breast of young Godari the bright conflagration of love was kindled in a moment.

It would be difficult to determine which party was the most embarrassed. They both stood bowing towards one another for some time, blushing deeply, and looking on the ground. At length the lady spoke.

"My brother left me here," she said with an agitated voice, "while he has gone to see if we could be permitted to look at the curiosities of the temple." And what a voice! There was a spirit in the sound; the gushing tones seemed angels uttered into immortality: there was a breathing life upon the words that pierced and played upon the hearer's heart.

"Certainly," said Godari, "on any day that the rooms shall be open, they will be infinitely honoured by your presence. Today, however they are closed, and no exception of persons is made. Yet to you, I am sure, that even now they will be open. To you I am sure that neither that nor anything else will be denied."

"O, no," said the strange lady, "I cannot think of opposing any of the usual laws. It is not a matter of any consequence," and she was moving away.

"Will you suffer me to bring you word," said Godari, "of the time when the rooms are open?"

The lady bowed.

"And will you promise to come?" said Godari, taking hold of her hand, and looking in her eyes with a supplicating impression, which it was impossible to resist. The lady smiled with an embarrassed air, and looked sideways at him.

"Promise me," continued the lover with the most persuasive accent.

"I will," said the other, half unwillingly, and making her escape at the same time from the room.

Like the dazzling blaze of sunlight, through a cloudy day, making an unconsuming flame of all the air, was the infinite illumination of the passion that blazed forth in the darkling mind of young Godari. In the experience of the spirit, unity is not completeness; individual consciousness is never wholly realized until it embraces with the being of another. As, in bodily feeling, sensation is our only evidence of the existence of the senses, so does the wierd brightness of the soul lie hid in sluggish apathy, until the reaction of another heart hath shot life into its torpid frame; then, roused by the wave-like pulsing of its strength, it rears its giant limbs, and swells its towering crest. Ere sympathy has sprung upon the heart, the spirit seems struggling idly to being; when first "the mirror of an answering mind" reflects the warmth of the appreciation on the desponding thoughts, then the soul flashes into splendid life. Feeling, indeed, might suggest, and those utterances of revealed truth which teach that by fellowship and unity the light of

the divine life is cherished, might support the notion that the immortal soul is not a self-breathing essence, incorporate in the frame, but is the mystic union of two lives—an all-hued Iris binding hope to hope.

By love, those aspirations which have been dull and dumb, are quickened by a glorious energy; our darkling ends and aims are tipped by the sunlight of a splendid purpose. Those longings after good which, when the heart would have rayed them toward distant objects, were turned and deadened in itself, are winged with a sweeping, endless flight. Love is a real bliss, with the unreal wideness of a shapeless hope; it is a victory before the war; the lustre of a triumph, unsoiled by the dust of the race. Thenceforth, joy is not an occasional and confined emotion; it is the state of the heart; it lies at the source, and mingles with the first fountain of the thoughts, and like the tinted crystal sphering a star-like fire, colours each springing beam of light. The lover breathes an exhaustless air of bliss—floats on an ebbless tide of joy. For all delights, his thoughts are all-sufficient to themselves; and, deep-enriched in sheltering peace, hope resting on the breast of memory, carols its floating chaunt of joy.

As well might a man, by slow-kindling and successive bonfires, attempt to stutter forth the startling glare, whereby the lightning with its one swift flash displays the skies, as a narrator to convey by slow particulars, and cold details of action and impression, the flood-like force of instant love, whereon the soul is floated far from all its moorings. Godari felt as if a fiery minister of life had whirled through his thoughts with the speed of a vollege, and lighted the dull grief of his heart into a blaze of gladness. He was panting with the agitation of this exciting interview. Whether accident had hitherto prevented his meeting with one whose presence was fitted to disturb his soul with the might of quivering feelings, or whether his proud and jealous temper had felt a lonely joy in turning softness into scorn, certainly never till now had masterless love possessed his being. The sullen cloud that had eclipsed his days rolled away into the distance of long-forgotten years. When the first tumultuous ecstasy had passed, and his calmer mind began to hover about the edges of the one imagined thought that possessed his memory, that recollection seemed to him a secret treasure which he might visit to refresh his heart and think of with delight in all his troubles, an ever-blooming and still-budding bliss to which his pained soul might turn and sigh away its grief.

Godari had taken the precaution of sending an attendant after the lady to ascertain where she resided, and had resolved on visiting her on the following day. The night was passed by him in tasting the sweetest thing the mental sense can ever know—a lover's fragrant fancies and nectared hopes. Independent of the keen pleasure of these delightful thoughts, the rich relief from the agonizing pressure of the morbid terrors which had weighed upon his being, which was afforded, by the absorption of sensibility in an inward subject had been sufficient blessing. The tyranny of externality no longer crushed his freedom; he breathed a regular and unchecked breath. Rid of the spectored thralldom of his former slavery, his fancy gambled in its covert lawns. His scheming heart—for the poet's heart will still be scheming—shaped goodliest scenes of happiness, and incidents of pleasure; he framed a thousand histories of wedded joy, all to be told of in his future life. Roaming through all the dizzy worlds of dreamery, companioned by her loveliness, her presence made the blest more blissful. Leaving the young dreamer to his thoughts of pleasantness, let us turn for a while to another scene.

The summer shadows were beginning to lengthen through the ancient forest which was skirted by the deep and rapid river Ceveri, when the young king Goroyen rode through the wood to enjoy the freshness of the rising breezes. This monarch, while yet a boy, had been called to assume the throne of the southern district of India; and was in the habit of compensating himself for the annoying absorptions of business in the morning, by long and solitary rides through the royal forest in the afternoon. It was on the same day that Godari had taken his vows, that the king, after being present at the ceremony, and having returned to his palace to dine, mounted his horse and set out on his usual excursion. The father of Goroyen, who was a man of solitary and meditative disposition, had built a lodge in the heart of the forest and furnished it with the utmost luxury and elegance, as a place of retreat and privacy from the business and bustle of the court. The rooms were arranged every morning by a confidential servant from the palace, but no attendant resided at the house and no one was entrusted by the king with the key. Goroyen visited this place almost every afternoon, and its silence and solitude rendered it a delightful spot for reading or for thought.

The king was riding leisurely along, within sight of this lodge, when he was startled by a wild cry of terror and distress, issuing from beyond a thicket of underwood which concealed the view. The cry was followed by a loud crashing of limbs and rustling of leaves, and the king spurring his horse quickly around the obstructing bushes, beheld with consternation, a young and delicate woman flying with breathless rapidity, and closely pursued by a terrible wild boar. The lady in a few moments sank to the earth, in horror and affright, and the ferocious animal was

about to spring upon her, when Goroyen threw himself from his horse, and drawing his sword with inconceivable swiftness, confronted the monster in the full rush of his violence. The boar, suddenly jerking his tusks sideways, inflicted a wound upon Goroyen, and brought him to his knee; then, drawing back lowered his front and dashed with all his vehemence at his bending foe. Goroyen planted himself firmly upon one knee, threw out his other foot and fixed it against a root, then supporting one end of his sword against his breast with one hand, and directing the blade with the other, was prepared to receive the assailant on the point of his weapon. The animal made one spring; the steel met and clove the centre of his skull: in a moment, he lay dead upon the body of the king.

Goroyen was stunned by the violence with which the enormous creature had leaped upon him; but, soon recovering, extricated himself from the lifeless load that rested upon him, and turned towards the lady whose safety had urged him to this contest, and who still lay where she had fallen, pale and insensible. The first conviction of Goroyen was that she was dead.

Without a moment's delay he raised her lifeless form in his arms, carried her to the lodge which was close at hand, and laid her upon a rich velvet sofa in one of its rooms. He resorted at once to all the modes of restoration which he could think of; he called her, shook her, begged her to come to life; then threw water in her face, and loosened her dress behind, that her returning breath might not be obstructed. Finding that none of these appliances were effectual, he knelt down and looked intently in her face; partly fascinated by her wondrous and peculiar beauty, and partly to see if no signs of vitality were discoverable in her countenance. He then threw himself beside her on the sofa, and clasped her to his bosom in the hope that the warmth of his person might quicken the coldness of her frame. In a little while she heaved a deep sigh, and presently after opened her eyes, and closed them again; she then drew a long and difficult breath, folded Goroyen to her bosom, and muttered—"My brother."

The king delighted with her restoration, imprinted eager kisses on her cheek. The lady again opened her eyes, and fixed them upon him.

"It is not my brother," said she, but without any surprize or agitation.

"It is one who loves you," replied the other, "with more than a brother's love."

"Are we quite safe?" she asked, gazing intently in the air.

"Entirely."

"Oh, what a horrid scene! a few minutes after you left me, I was hastening home, when a horrid animal sprang out of a thicket, and ran directly towards me. I thought I should have died with terror. I tried to run, but I felt so weak that I could scarcely move. The animal was just upon me, when you, my brother, appeared. Oh! oh! what I felt when I saw you," and she burst into a flood of burning tears.

Goroyen rose from the couch, and kneeling on one knee, watched her blind emotion, without interrupting the natural course of her feelings. He was deeply touched, as well by her beauty as by the interesting exhibition of uncontrollable disturbance. As the violence of her sobs abated, and she grew more composed, he took her hand in his with kindness, and said in an affectionate tone,—

"Well, the danger is now passed; you are entirely safe now."

The lady started, and fixed her eyes in astonishment upon the speaker. The indulgence of her excited feelings in tears had calmed her agitation and recalled her wandering thoughts to the reality of her position. She raised herself upon the sofa and looking wildly round upon the gorgeous furniture of the apartment, exclaimed, "Where am I? Who are you? What place is this?" Then looking down to where her falling dress had exposed the exquisite fairness of her bosom, she raised her hand hurriedly to conceal her breast, and blushed like scarlet.

Goroyen was enchanted by the graceful confusion and maiden delicacy of the lovely girl; and pressing her hand gently to his lips, said in a tone of profound respect, "Be assured, madam, that nothing but the eye of the purest and sincerest love has looked upon those charms." The lady blushed more deeply than before.

Goroyen was silent. The stranger, after struggling with her embarrassment, and essaying in vain several times to speak, said in a broken voice, looking upon the ground, "I—I thought it was my brother. I am indebted to you, I suppose, for my life. How shall I display my gratitude and—regard?" Then fearing that she had said what she ought not to have done, she hung her head and trembled with perplexity.

"Chiefly," replied the royal wooer, "by assuring me that you are not hurt in the least."

"I am not hurt at all; but—but, cannot I go home?"

"At any moment that you please; yet I shall be most honoured and delighted if you will remain. Listen to me. This place is sacred from all intrusion. Your presence will give me pleasure. If you will stay here a little while, I pledge to you my stainless honour, that nothing shall occur that can possibly embarrass or offend you, and that I will obey your directions in

every thing. And, that you may feel yourself protected, put this little dagger in your belt."

As she was extending her hand to receive the weapon, her eye fell upon a little stream of blood creeping slowly along the carpet. She started up, exclaiming with alarm, "You are wounded."

"Not the least; the merest scratch," said Goroyen, who, in the warmth of interest, had forgotten his wound.

But in attempting to raise himself from his knee, the necessary strain upon the sinews of his limb, caused him such acute suffering that he cried out, in spite of himself. Forgetful of his boast, he was fain to crawl to the sofa and stretch himself upon it, with a countenance expressive of extreme pain.

"Does it give you much pain?" said his companion with solicitude.

"Not much, my love," said Goroyen in a kindly tone, at the same time frowning with anguish.

"I will dress it for you," said she.

"My darling!" said Goroyen, in an incredulous tone, "what should you know about dressing wounds? You had better let it alone."

"No, indeed, I can dress it very well. Will you not let me?" "You may try it if you like. But you will kill me I am sure."

The lovely surgeon began her operations. The congealing blood had caused the dress of the king to be stuck to the flesh, and the removal of it inflicted severe pangs upon the patient. "Oweh! my sweetest!" was the exclamation which the first motion elicited: "Booh! my dearest cherub!" marked the second: "Bah! you loveliest dear!" was roared at the third.

At length the operation was completed. "Do you find yourself better?" asked the successful surgeon.

"Much," replied the king, "and shall be still better if you will do one thing more."

"What is that?"

"Kiss me," said the modest patient.

There was something so frank yet so delicate about the countenance of Goroyen, that he inspired confidence and ease in all who came near him. Though the lineaments of his face could not have disclosed his rank, they would have told you at once that he was a thorough gentleman. The lovely lady seemed to understand in a moment the playful refinement, and unpresuming familiarity of his manner; she only pouted with her pretty lips, and said "I shan't."

"By the by," said she, "I wonder whereabouts we are. Do you know?" And she looked with curiosity about the room. She then walked to the window and looked out. "Good gracious! this is the king's lodge. There is no other building in the forest. I tell you what, the king often rides at this hour, and if he comes and finds us here he will be terribly angry. What shall we do? We had better get out as soon as possible. How in the name of goodness did you get in?"

"There is the key," said Goroyen.

"There are but two persons who ever have that key," said she, looking at him with a certain queerness; "the king and his private servant."

"Might it never occur to you, you perversè little angel! that I was the private servant of the king?"

She paused a moment, and looked keenly at him. "No, no," said she, shaking her head, "you have not the appearance of a servant."

"Then," said Goroyen, smiling kindly towards her, "I must be—"

He stopped and looked enquiringly at her. "The king!" she exclaimed with surprise and awe. An Indian monarch is looked upon as belonging to a superior order of mortals. The colour fled from the lady's cheek, and she bowed with the deepest reverence.

"Nay, nay, my darling!" said Goroyen, "do not tremble at having conquered a king. By my faith, I must renounce my rank, if it deprives me of the privilege of your affections. Come to me," said he. "I told you that you would be an unskilful surgeon; for while you cured one wound, you inflicted a deeper. That wound," he continued, pressing her to his bosom, "only yourself can heal."

Leaving the lovers in the solitude of sacred feeling, let us return to the history of young Godari. The servant whom he had sent after the lady whom he had met so suddenly, and whom the reader has doubtless discovered to be the same whom the king had rescued in the forest, returned with the intelligence that her name was Chatrya—that she resided a little beyond the termination of the forest, and that she belonged to the ancient and honourable tribe of the Samides, the descendants of the old dynasty of kings who had been dethroned ages before by the founder of the present reigning family, and had since lived in entire seclusion, within a separate district, totally disconnected with every other family in the kingdom. Besides the interest of such pure illustrious blood, there floated round the history and position of this tribe, or family, an air of romance, which farther enfeathered the fancy of Godari and made him still more anxious to meet her again.

Two or three days elapsed before the engagement of his office allowed him leisure to leave the temple long enough to visit her. At length, an unoccupied afternoon occurred, and mounting his horse, and obtaining a very precise direction from his servant, he set out towards her residence. In front of the house, above the door, was a little terrace of flowers, upon which a large window opened from the second story. As Godari drew near he recognized the form of Chatrya stooping down to examine one of the flowers. She raised her head and saw him, and instantly retreated within the window. The heart of Godari beat with strange and painful quickness. He almost repented of his enterprize, and actually slackened his pace considerably, to protract the period of meeting. He pictured to himself so vividly the first encounter with the lady, that the scene with all its pleasing terrors, seemed present before him. "Faction was swallowed in surmise, and nothing was, but what was not." He found himself bowing several times in his saddle, in nervous and involuntary rehearsal of the opening act.

He at length gained the porch, and asked if Chatrya was at home. The enquiry was a mere matter of form; without thinking about an answer he was about to enter, when the servant replied that she was not. Godari was thunderstruck. He had seen her himself at the window: and he stood for a moment balancing in his mind between the fact and reply, in confused surprise, and then turned from the door.

Concluded next week.

ORIGIN OF FEMALE NAMES.

We shall have the pleasure, in this paper, of informing those of our fair friends who bear names derived from the German tongue, and others in modern use, what is the signification of their various appellations; a piece of information, which, unless specially given to philological studies, they are not likely to acquire. Those over whom the words *Adelaide* or *Adeline* have been pronounced at the font, are, etymologically speaking, *princesses*, such being the interpretation of these German terms. They are beautiful names. If the preceding names be of regal strain, *Alice* or *Alicia* is of the peerage, signifying *noble*; and a sweet name it is, for the bride of baron or burgess. *Amelia* changed into *Emily* or *Amy*, is of French origin, and has the meaning of *beloved*. *Amy* Robsart rises at once to the mind in its search for individuals who have graced these appellations. It would be almost a relief to the feelings to think the sad story of *Amy* Robsart a fiction, but almost all our historians admit that her death was occasioned by a fall from a staircase, the result of a cruel plot on the part of her ambitious husband. Julius Mickle's ballad, beginning thus beautifully—

"The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby,"

amply shows the general belief of the people dwelling in the neighbourhood of the scene of the tragedy. So that *Amy* is justly to be held as a name hallowed by beauty and misfortune.

Blanche is one of the loveliest of female names. It is from the French, and signifies *white* or *fair*, which is also the meaning of *Bianca*, the Italian form of *Blanche*. It would be decidedly a pleasure to the ear to have such a name as *Blanche* in more common use, and we would beg to hint to fair womankind that it is a matter of no light importance to them to bear agreeable names of this sort. Men may not absolutely marry on the bare score of name, yet it must be no trifling pleasure to have it in one's power to sound such a name as *Blanche* in the chamber or lobby of one's wedded home, when any matter required the joint conjugal consideration. *Bridget* is one of the few Irish names in use among us. It signifies *bright* or *shining bright*, and is a very decent name of the Deborah order, applicable with much propriety to good old housekeepers or buxom dairy-maids. *Charlotte* is the feminine of *Charles*, and has the same meaning as that formerly mentioned, *valiant-spirited*, or *prevailing*, which last character is applicable, we have no doubt, to many fair Charlottes, wedded. *Charlotte* Corday, a young Judith, who freed her country from a worse than *Holofernes*, did no dishonour to this name. *Caroline*, also, is a feminine form of the word *Charles*, or rather of its Latinised shape, *Carolus*, and has the same signification, of course, as *Charlotte*. Both of these are common female names, and are not undeserving of being so. *Edith* and *Eleanor* are from the Saxon, and signifying respectively *happy* and *all-fruitful*. The original form of *Edith* was *Eadith* or *Eade*, and a version of the name, nearly the same as the latter of these, was the baptismal appellation of Byron's child,

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"

Emma is generally understood to be from the German word signifying a *nurse*, or a *good nurse*. *Imma* was the form in which the name was borne by Charlemagne's daughter, a lady who distinguished herself by a remarkable proof of affection for her lover Eginhard, the emperor's secretary. This attached pair not daring to meet openly, on account of the comparative meanness of the lover's rank, held their interviews in the princess's apartments. While they were there together one night, a fall of snow came on, and left the ground covered. This was only found out

by the lovers when they were about to part, and caused them great alarm. Eginhard had to cross a courtyard, and his footsteps in the snow would have betrayed his visit. In this dilemma, the princess *Imma* took her lover on her back, and carried him across the court, knowing that her own footstep would excite neither remark nor suspicion. But it chanced that Charlemagne had risen from his couch that night, and opened his window, which overlooked the same court, and which permitted him to see, by the moonlight, the stratagem to which love had driven his daughter. The emperor at once admired her conduct and was enraged at the whole circumstance, but he suppressed his ire until some time afterwards, when he laid the matter before his council, and asked their advice. Opinions were divided on the point, and Charlemagne adopted the lenient course. He gave the hand of *Imma* to her lover. Such is the story of the first person in history whom we find to bear the name of *Imma* or *Emma*.

Frances is a very agreeable name, the feminine of *Francis*, and has the like meaning of *frank* or *free*. *Gertrude*, also from the German, signifies *all truth*. *Gertrude* must ever be associated in our minds with the image of young, gentle, beautiful, trusting woman, because such was the character of her of Wyoming, who was

"The love of Pennsylvania's shore."

Harriet and *Henrietta*, since *Henry*, the corresponding male name, signifies *rich lord*, may be held to signify *rich lady*, a meaning not unworthy of the names. *Magdalene* is from the Syriack, (some say Hebrew,) and has the sense of *magnificent*. Around this name, circumstances, that oblivion cannot touch, have thrown sad, yet sweet recollections: Its more common form is *Madelina* or *Madeline*, than which nothing can be more pleasant to the ear or eye. *Melicent* or *Millicent* is a name sweet as honey, and *honey-sweet* is indeed its interpretation in the French tongue. Even in the contracted state of *Milly*, there is a degree of mellifluousness about this term. *Rosabelle* might be adopted into familiar family use with much propriety. It is immediately from the Italian *Rosabella*, which signifies a *fair rose*. *Tabitha* is a name which was not once uncommon in Britain, but somehow or other it has been assigned over from the human to the feline race. *Tabby* is a cat, and nothing but a cat. The term is from the Syriac, and signifies a *roe*, a very different animal, indeed, from puss. The famous sister of *Matthew Bramble*, in *Smollet's* *Humphrey Clinker*, did much to make old maids sharers with puss in the use of *Tabitha* in all time coming. In the same novel occurs the name of *Winifred*, which signifies *winning peace*. The famous countess of *Nihsdalé*, who contrived the escape of her doomed husband from the Tower of London, was a *Winifred*, and a bright honour to the name. A sainted lady of *Wales*, however, was a much more wonderful *Winifred*. Hear the illustrious *Pennant* on this subject.

"In the seventh century there lived a virgin of the name of *Wenefrede*, of noble parents, and niece to *St. Beuno*. *Beuno*, after building a church and founding a convent in *Carnarvon*, visited his relations in *Flintshire*, and obtaining from his brother-in-law a little spot at the foot of a hill where he resided, erected on it a church, and took under his care his niece *Wenefrede*. After a time, a neighbouring prince of the name of *Cradocuss* was struck with her beauty, and at all events determined to possess her. He made known his passion to the lady, who, affected with horror, attempted to escape. The wretch, enraged at the disappointment, instantly pursued her, drew out his sabre, and cut off her head. *Cradocuss* received on the spot the reward of his crime; he fell down dead and the earth swallowed up his impious corpse."

"The severed head of *Wenefrede*," continues the legend, "took its way down the hill, and stopped near the church. The valley, which, from its uncommon dryness, heretofore received the name of *Sychnant*, indicative in *Welch*, of that circumstance, now lost its name. A spring of uncommon size burst from the place where the head rested. The moss on its sides diffused a fragrant smell. Her blood spotted the stones, which, like the flowers of *Adonis*, annually commemorate the fact, by assuming colours unknown to them at other times. *St. Beuno* took up the head of his niece, carried it to her corpse, and, offering up his devotions, joined it nicely to the body, which instantly re-united. The place was visible only by a slender white line encircling her neck, in memory of a miracle far surpassing that worked by *St. Dionysius*, who marched many miles after decapitation with his head in his hands. *St. Wenefrede* survived her decollation fifteen years."

The honour in which the heroine of this legend was held, is testified by the remains of a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch, and supported by pillars, which still exist on the spot where the miraculous stream gushed forth. The ruins of a beautiful chapel of Gothic architecture are also visible there. The whole legend is carved on the well. Such is the true history of the most famous of the *Winifreds*.

We have reached the close of our list, or rather lists, and yet we find that some names, not unworthy of being noticed, have been omitted, chiefly because they do not belong to any of the beforementioned divisions, being in part, at least, the creation of fancy. *Shakspeare* and other great poets seem to have been as successful in the invention of names, as on other points to which

they applied their imagination. We do not know that *Rosalind* was of *Shakspeare's* invention, but, whether it was so or not, it sounds in our ears as one of the very sweetest of names, and we would humbly recommend its general adoption.

"From the east to western Ind,
No Jewel is like *Rosalind*."

The first part of the name is evidently from the Latin *rosa*, a rose, like *Rosamunda*, but the *lind* is most probably a termination appended for more euphony. *Shakspeare's* *Viola*, too (a violet), is worthy of all acceptance. The name, under the form of *Violet*, is not uncommon among us. And then *Miranda*, which signifies to be admired, as is expressed in the exclamation of *Prince Ferdinand*, when he first hears it,

"Admired *Miranda*! indeed the top of admiration!"

Perdita, which signifies the lost or a foundling, is no whit inferior to the preceding; and the same may be said of *Cordelia*, which has the meaning of *cordial*, or *heartly*. But of all *Shakspeare's* names, one, which he in all probability invented, and which has no meaning that we are aware of, is perhaps the most beautiful. This is *Imogen*. Why should applications like these lie unused, while the changes are wrung upon a limited number of names of far inferior beauty, till absolute confusion is created in families and nations? Why should the *Earine* of *Ben Jonson* with the meaning of *spring* or *vernal*, or why should the

"Heavenly *Una* with her milk-white lamb"

of *Sponsor*, which signifies the only one, be laid aside, and forgotten? Let the ancient stories be drawn upon and let us have the pleasure of at least uttering a musical sound every time we speak of each other. We say this half-jestingly, half-seriously; jestingly, because we fear that others may be disposed to look upon the matter in a jesting light; and, seriously, because we really think that too little care is usually exercised in the selection of names, and because to pass by beautiful names for others every way inferior, seems to us something like wearing coarse garments when fine ones are at our command. The long lists which we have now gone over put it at least in the power of those who feel desirous of so doing, to exert a choice in this matter for the benefit of their yet nameless posterity.—*Edinburgh Journal*.

ANECDOTE OF TWO ARAB CHIEFS.—There dwelt upon the great river *Euphrates*, near the great city of *Basotra*, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. Their enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another, towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an *Anizee* hates a *Montifec*. It fell out, that the *Pacha* of *Bagdad*, being apprehensive of the invasion of the *Kurds* from *Kurdistan*, sent out an order to the chief of this *Anizee* to send him forth with 20,000 men; and the order was obeyed. The *Pacha*, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the *Montifec* chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand from him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief; and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the *Pacha*, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the *Kurds*. If now you command that 10,000 of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked the *Pacha* sternly in the face, and replied; "Your slight knowledge of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for 10,000 of my tribe, when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned, but as it is, my reply cannot but be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so: there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with when free, but when a prisoner, never."

The haughty *Pacha* looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the *Pacha*. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the *Pacha*. It was the chief of the *Anizees*. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in open conflict, I should not have interposed, but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be first to strike off his chains. There are 20,000 lances under my command gleaning yonder in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe." The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the *Anizees* conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, "we are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arab should always act to each other; but you are now safe and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostility is renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the *Anizees* returned to the defence of the *Pacha*.—*Buckin*

THE SEASON OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. HARRISON SMITH.

GLAD Earth a verdant altar rears,
Where Spring and all her train appears:
Her balmy airs—her sunny hours—
Her freshening dews—her od'rous flowers;
Thence, fragrant exhalations rise,
Like holy incense, to the skies.

The early birds in choral lay,
By love attuned, their homage pay,
Soft winds harmoniously unite
To breathe forth accents of delight;
While streamlets, bursting Winter's chain,
Seek their far way, o'er mead and plain,
Murmuring, as they glide along,
A cheerful and melodious song.

Shall things material thus proclaim
The wise Creator's gracious aim,
And man be mute—nor fervent raise
His voice in gratitude and praise?
Oh, shall not human bosoms swell,
With raptures, language cannot tell;
In sympathetic ardour glow,
With all above and all below,
And in this gladsome season vie,
With water, air, and earth and sky?

Say, shall not intellectual powers
A purer incense waft, than flowers?
And pour forth tones of holier love,
Than warbling songsters of the grove?
Shall lowing herds and bleating flocks,
Echoes from the hills and rocks,
Flowing streams and gushing fountains,
Winds among the woods and mountains,
Make music of a sweeter kind,
Than the rich melodies of mind?

Forbid it every noble power
That constitutes the immortal dower,
Which to mortals has been given
For highest purposes, by heaven.
Let ardent souls, on wing sublime,
Soar far beyond the bounds of time,
With universal nature join
In hymning goodness so divine,
Leaving created things behind,
To adore the uncreated Mind!

THE WIFE.

FROM "TALES, BALLADS, ETC."

By Mrs. Gilman.

I had been married about four years, when I received a letter from my friend Eliza Somers, saying she would accept my invitation to pass a few weeks with me at ——. Five years previous we parted with mutual vows of unchanging friendship. She was my beloved companion in a boarding school, when I was in a land of strangers, and had sympathized with me in all my childish troubles. Although we had been so long separated, our affection and sympathy remained unchanged, and our letters were records of cherished friendship and esteem. She had just returned from Europe, where a residence of some years had added to her accomplishments and intelligence, while I remained at home cultivating domestic virtues.

As the time drew near for her to arrive, I heard such accounts of her surpassing beauty and grace, that I almost regretted having invited her. I had an undefined fear that she might be too attractive in the eyes of him who engrossed all my affection and all my solicitude; but it was too late to retract, and I felt a feverish anxiety when I thought of her coming.

I was not naturally prone to jealousy, but it was the weakness of my husband's mind, that he could never see an interesting young girl without seeking to excite in her an admiration of himself. I was ashamed to let him know that I suffered from these flirtations, and often wept in secret after an evening spent in the society of young girls by whom he seemed fascinated for the time. I was frequently mortified to see him waste his time and talents in such trifling, but feared to make any suggestions, lest he should think I wished to check harmless indulgence.

The eventful day at length arrived; it was a beautiful sunny morning when the carriage stopped at the door, and my dear Eliza, with the bounding step of youthful grace, sprung to my arms. We wept with un subdued emotion, but our's were tears of joy. I forgot my incipient jealousy, and looked on this gifted being as one who was to fill up my sum of earthly happiness. She was dressed in a drab-colored riding habit, with a black velvet hat and feathers. Her hair clustered in beautiful ringlets about her face, and her transparent complexion was tinged with the bloom of health. With the most perfect beauty she seemed to have an entire unconsciousness of her attractions.

Nature had been bountiful to this beautiful creature in mind as well as in person, and I soon saw our gravest statesmen listen to her graceful conversation with delighted attention. In the enchantment of her society, I was happy beyond all my former experience. She made no effort to captivate my Henry's imagination, or to flatter his vanity, but looked on him as a being set apart and consecrated to her friend; and the thought did not enter her

mind that there could be any rivalry between us. I also felt a confidence in her integrity, and in those religious influences of her mind.

My husband, like her, was gifted with every imaginable grace of mind and person, but not like her blessed with such strict integrity or singleness of heart. It was, as I have remarked, the weak point of his character, to be very susceptible to the influence of female beauty. Although his responsibility as a married man and as a father, prevented him from expressing his admiration openly, yet many a fair girl has felt the pressure of his hand, and many an innocent eye glistened at the tale of flattery he poured into her ear under the insidious guise of friendship. His voice was soft and melting, and his manners so refined and delicate as to inspire immediate confidence.

He could not long resist the temptation of trying to excite in the mind of my friend an admiration of himself; but while he sought to captivate her, he became unconsciously fascinated by her charms. Eliza was gratified by his attentions, because he was the husband of her friend; she was proud of his friendship, because his talents and his high place in society made it an honour to her. But although she listened to his conversation with gratified attention, and talked with him with animation and truth, she never flattered him. Thus was the seal placed on our youthful friendship, and although I might wonder how she could be insensible of his admiration whom all the world admired, yet I had consolation in the belief that she would not willingly become my rival.

The affection between Henry and myself was not impaired by these inconsistencies. He loved and respected me more than all the world beside, and he was a most devoted parent. It is true that he often made me unhappy, and he was sometimes on the verge of danger, but I could not fail to perceive that his impression was evanescent, and that it did not interfere with his real affection for me. He laboured in his profession, he sought honour and distinction for my sake, and it seemed his greatest pleasure to meet my approbation. It is possible that if I had represented to him the folly as well as danger of his conduct he would have been influenced by my counsel; but the fear of being considered that degraded being, a *jealous wife*, kept me silent, and I trusted to the redeeming power of his own principles. Some time after the arrival of Eliza we attended a fancy ball, and Henry with animated looks asked her to dance. They both danced exquisitely, and with great spirit and animation. The exercise gave a glow to her countenance, and my husband looked at her as if he was surprised and bewildered by her beauty. I was sorry I had not confided to my friend the history of my husband's excitability, because she was too generous to have interfered with my happiness, and her own excellent principles would have led her to check the first indication of an undue prepossession. He was evidently dazzled by the beauty and eclat attending her; but this was not the moment to allow me to make the humiliating confession that I feared her as my rival.

After the dance was ended, he brought her to me and said—

"My dear Laura, I shall thank you forever for the pleasure I have enjoyed this evening. Do entreat your friend to waltz with me, for she has refused my solicitation."

While he was speaking I was so agitated that I could not reply, and I only gave him a grave and cold bow. But he heeded not my abstraction. My hands and feet were cold as marble, and my lips dry and motionless. He stood by my side, unconscious that I was near, while he poured forth to her strains of the sweetest flattery. She looked at him with surprise, but soon left us to join the dance. My husband followed her with his gaze, but she heeded him not, and he became as abstracted as myself.

My agitation soon passed away, the frequency of these trials had at length given me power to control my emotions after the first shock, and when Eliza returned to me, I was as serene and tranquil as usual. She was now an object of great admiration and attention, surrounded by our most distinguished gentlemen, who listened with delighted attention to her graceful and intelligent remarks. Henry seemed studying her character, from the manner in which she received the homage now paid her. With the selfishness of man's heart, he wished she should look cold on others and listen with pleasure only to him. His pride would not allow him to love, unless it were to conquer,—but at a single look of encouragement he was at her side, and I began to be seriously alarmed lest his allegiance to me should be forgotten in his admiration of my friend. Thus I was kept in a state of agitation and dread, as I saw her power over him. But she was unconscious of the impression she had made, and I was supported by the hope that her sensibility would soon awaken in favour of one of the numerous candidates for her regard.

It is fortunate for the happiness of married life that there are interests and sympathies which bind husband and wife together, beyond the reach of external circumstances! Who could believe that he who was often quietly seated by the fire in my dressing room, alternately caressing my lovely children and their mother, could be the same being, who, perhaps a few hours before, would almost have sacrificed their happiness and affection, to obtain the transient admiration of some favourite young girl! When fatigued with the world, the ease and comfort of his own fireside was a luxury to him. He took my hand in his one evening, and said, tenderly—

"You look pale, my dearest Laura. I wish I had spent the afternoon with you, rather than those silly girls."

The tears started to my eyes, and I was on the point of telling him how much he made me suffer. He kissed away my tears, and said that no man living had so delightful and lovely a wife, and that it should be the study of his whole life to make me happy. Our little girl passed her fingers through his curls and felt his cheeks, and looking up in his face, said—

"Don't you love mamma now, dear papa, better than you do cousin Eliza?"

This simple little question awakened all the sensibility of his character, and he seemed at once to comprehend why I looked pale, and why the tears came into my eyes. He redoubled his assiduity and caresses; he said I was more dear to him than in our days of early love; and that if he trifled with others it was through mere vanity and love of admiration. This was a moment of happiness to us all; and thus the bonds of affection were renewed which had been in danger of being broken.

Some weeks passed away in all the alternations of amusement and weariness, happiness and discontent. He was proud of my beauty and accomplishments, and there were times when his attentions to me were almost exclusive and lover-like. At others they were shared by Eliza, and frequently she engrossed him wholly. I believe at this time I was the only object of his love, though to others he appeared to live but in her presence. She was often censured, while the apparently neglected wife was pitied.

Eliza was more admired than any lady who had appeared at— for a long period, and she might have formed a most delightful connexion which would have satisfied even the ambition of her mother, and have secured her own happiness; but I believe that at this time my husband began to have an undue influence over her. My little Henry had been quite sick; I was confined almost exclusively to the nursery; and in my anxiety for him, I forgot every other interest. From this cause my husband and Eliza were thrown much into each other's society. They read together,—they wrote poetry for each other,—they were both fond of music, and they were very sentimental. She lost her interest in the amusements of society, and by degrees her acquaintances and even her admirers ceased to inquire after her.

One day when my little boy was nearly recovered, Henry proposed to take me to ride. As I had not enjoyed much of Eliza's society of late, and she seemed dispirited, I asked her to accompany us. It was a delightful morning, and the pleasure of getting into the fresh air, with the delight of knowing that little Henry was relieved from danger, exhilarated my spirits and I was as gay as a bird. Henry was all attention and tenderness towards me, and we were both animated and happy.

Eliza seemed less amiable and less happy than usual, while I was like a child just released from captivity. The country, in the early spring, looked delightfully, and I proposed to get out and take a ramble in the fields. The proposition was agreeable to all, and we sallied forth. By degrees Eliza recovered her gaiety, and we were a happy, careless two. Suddenly we heard the crash of a fence, and on the opposite side of the field saw a tremendous bull coming furiously towards us. For an instant Henry hesitated which he should save, but in the next he had me in his arms and set me over the fence; he was then in hopes of being in time to save Eliza, but the coachman, seeing our peril, rushed to our assistance and arrived just in time to place Eliza over the fence by my side. Henry jumped over and joined us, and I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him in an agony of joy and terror. Eliza had fainted on the ground. She, however, soon recovered, and as she opened her eyes Henry gave her, as I thought, an impassioned kiss. But I ascribed it to the agitation of the moment: and would not allow it to embitter the joy and gratitude I felt for deliverance from such a peril. I was satisfied that in a moment of danger Henry had given me the preference, when one equally helpless was by his side.

The coachman procured her a glass of water, and as she took it, she said—

"Thomas, I am glad it was you who saved my life, because I can reward you. But if it had been you, sir, reward had been out of my power, and my obligation would have been perpetual."

I thought she spoke with a tone of resentment, and Henry looked distressed.

As we rode home I made an effort to recover the cheerfulness of the party by entering into conversation; but after a few ineffectual attempts we all relapsed into silence. My apprehensions for the happiness of Eliza were now seriously awakened. I feared that Henry had not been ingenuous with her. I thought that few men were so formed to dazzle the imagination of an unsuspecting young girl; and I had seen him, when he would sometimes seem willing to sacrifice his lofty ambition and aspiring hopes to gain the fleeting regard of some new being of fashion. I feared that my dear friend was deluding herself into the belief that she might cherish an innocent though romantic attachment for the husband of her friend; a delusion that would be fatal not only to her own happiness, but to mine.

I did not see her after our ride until she came down arrayed for a dinner party. She was splendidly dressed, and looked radiant in beauty; she had recovered her cheerfulness and self-pos-

session. I kissed her affectionately, and told her I was delighted to see her look so lovely. Henry handed her to the carriage, and I saw a smile illumine her face, and a blush of surprise and pleasure spread over her countenance, as he stopped at the door to bid her adieu. As he turned to come in, the expression of his face gave me a chill, and a shudder ran through my frame! It had a look of triumph and satisfaction, for which I could not account.

He was going the next day on a distant excursion, and expected to be absent a week at least. Employed in making his business preparations, he allowed me no opportunity to observe his feelings. About eight o'clock he came in, and he looked so cheerful and happy that my mind was reassured. I resolved not to disturb his few remaining hours, by making inquiries which might lead to painful discussions. We passed the evening alone, chatted, and had music, as we used to do when we were at our happy home in the country. I forgave him silently the look of affection he had given Eliza, and was almost ashamed of my jealous fears. At ten o'clock he started up, and said—

"You must be tired with the exertion you have made to-day, my dear Laura, and you had better go to bed. As Eliza has gone to a public ball this evening, and it will be proper for me to see hersafe home.

Before I had time to speak, he had kissed me and left the house.

I was now in an agony of suffering. I groaned—I clenched my hands,—I raved about the room until I was exhausted, and then sat down and tried to recollect myself. Many little circumstances in the conduct of Henry occurred to my mind, and a conviction that his affections were lost to me forever, almost made me distracted. I spent an hour in this dreadful state; the idea of my sweet children at length came over my mind, and I went to the nursery. They lay sleeping sweetly together, and I burst into tears.

"O Henry," I exclaimed, "how could you blight such a paradise of happiness? Can you know the wretchedness you have caused! Dear Eliza, you are innocent, for who could resist such allurements?"

Another hour of misery passed, and Henry came not. A second paroxysm ensued. At two o'clock the door bell rang, and Henry and Eliza came in laughing and apparently very happy. I was not prepared for this. I shut the door of the nursery softly, and fainted on the floor. How long I remained I know not; but cold and exhausted and miserable, I lay on the bed by the children almost without sense or memory. At daylight the door opened carefully, and Henry came in. He took my cold hand in his, and said he came to take a parting kiss of me and the children. I could hardly recollect myself. He said he had not been in bed; that having some unfinished writing to do, and being obliged to travel as soon as the sun rose, he had remained in his study. "I was surprised, dear wife," he continued, "not to find you in our room when I went to take leave of you." I attempted to speak, but the words died away, and my tongue absolutely cleaved to my mouth. The room was dark—he could not see the haggard expression of my face, and I was too miserable to speak. He kissed me affectionately and went towards the door; he seemed irresolute, and came and sat by the bed. He took my hand again, and said, "you seem languid this morning; are you well, are the children well?" My tears began to flow, and I should soon have told all my suffering, but the stage horn sounded, and he left me.

When the maid came in to dress the children she found me so low and languid, that she alarmed Eliza, and begged her to send for a physician. Eliza came immediately into the nursery, but I was not able to speak. I could only sigh and moan. As soon as the physician saw me he perceived at once that my system was in a high state of nervous excitement. He asked no questions, but ordered an opiate, and perfect rest and quiet. Eliza continued to watch by me through the day, and I gradually became composed, and slept. On the second day I was still unable to converse, but my recollection returned, and my sense of misery was very much mitigated. I began to think I had given too much consequence to the circumstances which I had noticed. I thought of Henry's unvarying kindness and affection, and of his indulgent forbearance towards all my faults. A thousand instances of his tenderness and the sacrifice of his own happiness, rushed to my recollection, and I soon began to find comfort. On the third day, I was able to enter into conversation with Eliza. She seemed unconscious that any party of my suffering had been occasioned by her, and I postponed entering on the subject until I had more maturely considered whether it would be expedient for me to notice the past, or to leave everything to the rectitude of her mind and heart.

It is singular that such a revolution should have taken place in my feelings, without any change of circumstances; but my nerves were again braced, and reason resumed her empire. Eliza took her needle-work, and gave orders that no company should be admitted, and we sat together composedly, but we were both in a grave humour.

A servant came in and brought her a book. It was enveloped in a brown paper covering, and besides being sealed, was tied with a string of very narrow blue ribbon. She looked confused, and said, with an effort to seem unconcerned, "You may lay it in my

dressing-room." All my subdued emotions were again excited, and my boasted philosophy gone.

I said to Eliza, "If you have no objection I would like to look at that book," and I held my hand out to take it from the servant, but she seized it herself, and said, "It's only a book which William Brown promised to send me. Why should you be so curious?"

"I am not curious, Eliza, but I have a particular reason for seeing what is contained in that envelope. I am convinced that the book did not come from William Brown."

"Then you doubt my word?"

"No, that does not follow; you may be mistaken."

She continued to hold the package irresolutely, but at length rose up, and was going with it to her own room. My resolution was now taken. I took hold of her arm and said, "this book came from Henry—perhaps you do not know it, but I have too certain knowledge of the fact, for I gave him this blue ribbon to fasten a bundle of papers with the evening before he went away."

"O then, I see how it is, you are jealous," said she, blushing.

"No, Eliza, not jealous, but I am grieved to see you under a delusion which may prove fatal to your happiness."

"Do you think there is any harm in your husband sending me a book?"

"None in the world. But there is harm in the mystery and concealment."

She seemed extremely reluctant to open the package, but I was determined now to see whatever it contained. I had not at this time a vague and unsettled jealousy, which never fails to obscure the judgment, but I had a clear and distinct perception of duty marked out, and I insisted on the package being opened in my presence.

She slowly broke the seal and untied the ribbon, trembling with embarrassment. At length she took out the book, looked at it carelessly, and said—

"Here is the book; it is the Pleasures of Memory. I really do not perceive why you should attach so much importance to my receiving a little present from your husband."

"Eliza," said I, "you are not ingenuous—in that book is a letter; and that letter contains the reason of this agitation and concealment. I must read that letter before you quit the room."

"As the letter is directed to me," said she, "I suppose you have no objection to my reading it first?"

"Certainly not, if you will read it in my presence."

She opened it slowly, and at the first sentence, I saw that she was very much agitated. The color left her cheeks, and having read about a page, she began to tear the letter in pieces. I snatched it out of her hand, rushed into my dressing-room and locked the door. I sat down without sense or motion—my circulation had ceased, and I was like a marble statue; I thought I should die.

The idea that Eliza was now in a state of suffering and suspense as well as myself, at length aroused me to action. I read the letter deliberately through twice. I saw, through the whole, the sophistry of a man who was dazzled at the idea of being beloved by such an exquisite being, and who was aiming to convince her that an attachment between them might be pure and perfectly innocent, and could in no way affect his duty or conduct as a married man. He alluded to his last interview in terms which convinced me that under the name of friendship, they had exchanged pledges of affection, and he endeavored to convince her that they violated no duty by such a course. His language and sentiments were pure and romantic, such as would suit the fancy of an unsophisticated female.

I will not here repeat his arguments or his expressions, but I inferred from them that Eliza still believed herself under the influence of a calm and holy friendship. It was my painful duty to enlighten her mind on this most momentous occasion.

I went to her room, and found her involved in the deepest misery. She acknowledged that she had deceived me, but said she had also deceived herself. She begged my forgiveness, and entreated that I would guide and direct her.

"I am in utter despair," said she, "and would fly to you, to my friend whom I have injured, for relief."

"My dear Eliza, there is but one course of rectitude, but one right way. If you have really been yourself deceived, you are not so much to be blamed as pitied. We are both placed in difficult circumstances, and we must take counsel together."

I took Henry's letter, read it through to her, and simply pointed out the consequences which would result from his reasoning.

"He has deceived himself as well as you," said I. "If you are sincerely desirous to act on Christian principles, you have but little to do. I do not wish to appear in Henry's eyes as an irritated and jealous wife, and perhaps if I should remonstrate with him, he would ascribe it to unreasonable suspicion. You shall therefore answer his letter in the terms which your awakened conscience and unbiassed judgment shall dictate. If Henry acquiesces in your opinions and relinquishes all intercourse with you, what has passed shall remain a secret between us. I shall love you better than ever, and Henry will be saved the pain of knowing that the wife whom he respects and whom he will again love, is acquainted with his dereliction."

This proposition was exactly suited to Eliza's character. It

showed a confidence in her integrity and regard for her feelings, which attached her more than ever to me. After some further conversation, I left her to write her letter.

She brought it in the evening for me to read. It met my approbation entirely; it contained reproof and counsel, as well as expressions of regard; but shewed so clearly that she was governed by religious influences, as to leave no room for an appeal from this decision. We passed the evening tranquilly but seriously together; before parting for the night joined in a devout prayer that our Heavenly Father would protect us and enlighten our path of duty, and teach all erring minds the way of truth.

Eliza and I separated, on that eventful night, on terms of perfect confidence and friendship. She saw that she had erred, but such was the integrity of her mind, that although she might feel sorrow in resigning the friendship and affection of such a being as Henry, and feel deeply the loss of his society, yet she resolved to act up fully to the promise she had given me.

And here let me pause to pay a tribute to the power of education. Principles of truth and piety and responsibility to God had been inculcated with every incident of her life, and although great attention was given to her improvement in other respects, yet all was subservient to moral and religious culture. If Eliza forgot for a while her duty, it was owing to the great reliance she placed on Henry's integrity, and on her respect for his character. She did not perceive that she might be the means of alienating his affection from his wife and family, and thus be guilty of a great moral evil, but was led insensibly by the guise of friendship.

I was now more miserable than I ever had been. I had known sorrow and disappointment, but here was desolation and despair. I thought my husband's affections were lost to me forever, and that he had forfeited my esteem in his attempt to interest the heart of my dear friend. This reflection added bitterness to my grief, and I was almost distracted. I did not attempt to sleep, and I found myself uttering exclamations of woe with wild gesticulations. Then I would sit down and try to be calm. I recollected all his tenderness, all his care for me when I was sick and in trouble, and all the instances of devoted affection he had demonstrated for me through our married life.

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, "that all the happiness is lost to me, and that I shall live through it? Shall I become indifferent to him, and again see him flattering and caressing other beautiful girls? Shall I still be his wife, and yet perhaps an object of pity to my friends? There is something appalling in this inroad on the affections."

At length morning dawned. I heard the servants below; the doors opened, the shutters were unclosed; Henry's favorite servant went whistling through the hall. All seemed busy. All seemed happy. I alone was wretched. In order not to be spoken to, I laid down in my bed and pretended to sleep. Soon the cheerful voices of my children in the nursery told me they were awake and well; and a feeling of gratitude to my Heavenly Father that he had preserved them through the night was the first gleam of comfort I had experienced. I became more tranquil, and was soon able to address that Being who is ever ready to answer the supplication of an humble sufferer. I did not rise to breakfast, but sent for Eliza to bring her prayer-book to my room, and she read to me the morning prayers and a portion of the Scriptures, and thus were our hearts sanctified and strengthened for the trials of the day.

It were vain to tell of the alteration of hope and despondency, of renewed affection and deep resentment which agitated my mind until the day arrived when we might expect an answer to Eliza's letter. She too partook of my agitation, for she was uncertain how Henry would act on the occasion. We sat together in my dressing-room, abstracted and sad; the post horn sounded, and in the next moment a letter was brought to me, which I knew to be in Henry's handwriting. We both turned pale. There was something very affecting in our situation. So much of the happiness and respectability of our lives depended on the present communication, that we were almost breathless when I broke the seal.

I read in silence the first passage! I sprang from my seat. I threw my arms around Eliza's neck, and exclaimed, "We are happy once more! Virtue is triumphant, and my dear husband is restored to me." I fainted with excess of emotion. When I recovered I found Eliza standing by my side, and we mingled our tears and our caresses, until we were sufficiently composed to proceed. He entered into a detail of all his feelings and all his transgressions, and enclosed Eliza's letter for me to read, that I might witness his humiliation and learn the value of her character. He said his affection for me had always been paramount to every other sentiment, and it was only in the late unhappy incidents that he had ever been in any danger of sacrificing his allegiance to me. "But," he continued, "if you and Eliza will forgive this dereliction of principle, my future life will show that I am worthy your confidence. Although I can offer no excuse for the past, yet I will prove that I am now awakened to the responsibility conferred by the elevated station I hold in society, and by the obligations of married life." In conclusion he said, "I shall depend on you, my dear wife, to watch over

me and remind me of my duty. If you see me yielding to my love of female admiration, you can interpose your gentle spirit and reasonable mind, and I shall be shielded from temptation by the armour of hallowed affection." He thus in a frank and manly spirit acknowledged his faults and his danger, and I was too happy in the belief of his restored affection to investigate too closely the reasons for his disclosure. There is indeed a redeeming principle in wedded love. Providence has wisely planted about it interests and affections which enable married persons to bear with each other's aberrations and infirmities. As our union had been threatened with danger, we mutually felt the necessity of avoiding future trials, by an increased vigilance over each other's faults, and by perfecting our own character as moral and accountable agents.

Let every unmarried woman, then, by the sanctity of her deportment, check the first impulse to overlook the barriers which are her dearest safeguard, and let every married man remember when he trifles with the young and inexperienced, that he desecrates a "holy temple."

A MATRON.

ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.

We have read Miss Pardoe's last new work, under this title, with much interest. Like all the writings of that lady, it abounds in beautiful thoughts and pleasant fancies. We take the following poetic gems from the volumes before us.

THE RAIN-DROP.

There was a bright and sunny sky
Spread over a laughing land,
But one small vapour was floating by,
Where the wild wave kissed the strand;
As it passed o'er the ocean-swell,
A rain-drop from the dark cloud fell.

"Alas!" the limpid moisture sigh'd,
As it clave the yielding air;
"And must I perish in that salt tide,
And die unregarded there!
Hard is my fate to be thus riven
From my glorious place 'mid the vault of heaven!"

Down, down it fell; but ere the tide
Touched the bright sand of the shore,
An oyster that thirsted, open'd wide
Its pearl-encrusted door;
And by the soft breathing of the air,
The limpid drop was wafted there.

Time pass'd—and then a fisher came,
And from that oyster drew
A precious prize, whose wondrous fame
Through many a region flew;
The rain-drop had become a gem,
To deck a monarch's diadem!

THE HEART'S FREEDOM.

Oh! the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean! a bird on the wing!
A riderless steed o'er the desert-plain bounding,
A peal of the storm o'er the valley resounding:
It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree
Of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free!

Oh! the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone
From the lip and the eye of a beautiful one;
But the frown and the force with its impulse contending,
Ever find it as adamant, cold and unbending;
It may break, it may burst, but its tyrants will see
That even in ruin it dares to be free!

JOY.

Joy is a bird!
Catch it as it springs;
It will return no more
When once it spreads its wings.
Its song is gay, but brief
The voice of sunny weather:
But, ah! the bird and leaf
Vanish both together!

Joy is a flower!
Pluck it in its bloom;
'Twill close its petals up
If darker skies should gloom.
It is a lovely thing,
And formed for sunny weather;
But, ah! the flower and spring
Vanish both together!

Joy is a child!
Seize it in its mirth;
For soon its lip will know
The withering taint of earth.
The eye is bright as truth,
A type of sunny weather;
But, ah! the smile and youth
Vanish both together!

PRUDENT STIPULATION.—An elderly maiden lady, with a pride above being dependent on wealthier relations, retired daily to her chamber to pray for a "comfortable competency," which she always explained in these words, with a more elevated voice: "And lest, O Lord, thou shouldst not understand what I mean, I mean four hundred a year, paid quarterly."

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

Some persons entertain an opinion, that in the case of murder, at least, there is a sort of immutable necessity for taking the offender's life. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." If any one urges this rule against us, we reply, that it is not a rule of Christianity; and if the necessity of demanding blood for blood is an everlasting principle of retributive justice, how happens it that, in the first case in which murder was committed, the murderer was not put to death?

The philosopher however would prove what the Christian cannot; and Mably accordingly says, "In the state of nature, I have a right to take the life of him who lifts his arm against mine. This right, upon entering into society, I surrender to the magistrate." If we conceded the truth of the first position, which we do not, the conclusion from it is a sophism too idle for notice. Having, however, been thus told that the state has a right to kill, we are next informed by Filangieri, that the criminal has no right to live. He says, "If I have a right to kill another man, he has lost his right to life." Rousseau goes a little farther. He tells us, that in consequence of the 'social contract' which we make with the Sovereign on entering into society, "Life is a conditional grant of the state;" so that we hold our lives, it seems only as 'tenants at will,' and must give them up whenever their owner, the state, requires them. The reader has probably hitherto thought that he retained his head by some other tenure.

The right of taking an offender's life being thus proved, Mably shows us how its exercise becomes expedient. "A murderer," says he, "in taking away his enemy's life, believes he does him the greatest possible evil. Death, then, in the murderer's estimation, is the greatest of evils. By the fear of death, therefore, the excesses of hatred and revenge must be restrained." If language wilder than this can be held, Rousseau, we think, holds it. He says, "The preservation of both sides, the criminal and the state, is incompatible; one of the two must perish." How it happens that a nation "must perish," if a convict is not hanged, the reader, we suppose, will not know.

We have referred to these speculations for the purpose of showing, that the right of putting offenders to death is not easily made out. Philosophers would scarcely have had recourse to metaphysical abstractions if they knew an easier method of establishing the right. Even philosophy, however, concedes us much: "Absolute necessity, alone," says Pastoret, "can justify the punishment of death;" and Rousseau himself acknowledges, that "we have no right to put to death, even for the sake of example, any but those who cannot be permitted to live without danger." Beccaria limits the right to two specific cases; in which, "if an individual, though deprived of his liberty, has still such credit and connexions as may endanger the security of the nation, or by his existence, is likely to produce a dangerous revolution in the established form of government—he must undoubtedly die." It is not, perhaps, necessary for us to point out why, in these suppositional cases, a prisoner may not be put to death; since we believe that philosophy will find it difficult, on some of her own principles, to justify his destruction: For Dr. Paley decides, that whenever a man thinks there are great grievances in the existing government, and that, by heading a revolt, he can redress them, without occasioning greater evil by the rebellion than benefit by its success—it is his duty to rebel. The prisoner whom Beccaria supposes, may be presumed to have thought this; and with reason too, for the extent of his credit, his connexions and his success, is the plea for putting him to death; and we must therefore leave it to those who indulge in such speculations, to consider, how it can be right for one man to take the lead in a revolution whilst it is right for another to hang him for taking it.

A HOME STROKE.—The late Dr. Bushby, when Chaplain to the forces quartered at Dover, was one afternoon delivering a discourse from the eighth commandment, in which he animadverted on the sad consequences of stealing. "It is," said he, "such an ungentlemanly, beggarly thing for a soldier to steal. Not, my beloved brethren, that I would tax any of you with the commission of so foul a sin. No, heaven forbid it! though I have lost a pair of boots and several other things since the regiment was stationed on the heights!"

IRISH HUMOUR.—A shrewd yankee, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be put upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, a son of Hibernia was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity on his head, and fixing his eyes steadfastly on the sign. On an enquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

LOGIC.—"How is it," said one to an incipient wag a few days since, "how is it that homely women have the clearest heads?"—"Why (said he) it is according to the rule laid down by St. Paul, to the pure all things are pure, even so to the plain all things are plain."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 1839.

Intelligence by the arrival of the Liverpool, is of high interest and quite remarkable. One of those sudden turns in the progress of events has taken place, which sometimes occur to baffle all calculation, and show the folly of political prophecy. For months past our tidings from Europe have been still of gathering clouds on the political horizon, daily increasing in blackness and in volume; and wearing an aspect so threatening that it seemed almost impossible but that they must be attended with tempest and convulsion. In a moment, as it were, we find them dispersed, and all around is sunshine and gladness.

The hostile appearances between England and our own country have entirely disappeared—the occasions of jealousy and licker-ing between France and England, and England and Russia, have been removed by courteous diplomacy—in the East the alarming condition of affairs is succeeded by such a change as almost totally removes the possibility of serious trouble—in France the wisdom and firmness of the King have piloted him safely through the difficulties of his position, and the factious projects of his enemies are scattered to the winds—the long pending quarrel between Belgium and Holland is peacefully adjusted—and in a word the whole aspect of European affairs has not been for many years more strongly indicative of quiet and prosperity than at the present moment.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

NEW YORK, MAY 8.

TWELVE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.—The steamship Liverpool, Lieutenant Fayer, Royal Navy, arrived from Liverpool last evening about 7 o'clock, and anchored at the quarantine ground, where, we understand, she was temporarily detained in consequence of having the small pox on board. Captain Fayer has had a pleasant passage, and brings 400 tons of fuel into port with him. There are 92 names on the Liverpool's list of passengers, and her freight is as full as she could conveniently carry. She sailed on the 20th ult. her regular day, and brings Liverpool papers to that date, and London to the 19th, both inclusive.

The House of Commons re-assembled on the 8th and the House of Peers on the 11th ult.

Lord John Russel brought forward his promised resolution on Irish affairs in the House of Commons on the 15th ult. supporting it by a long and able speech. Sir Robert Peel proposed his amendment, and a debate ensued, which was renewed from day to day, and had not terminated on the 18th ult. It was expected that the vote would be taken on the 21st, and that ministers would have a majority.

Lord John's motion was as follows;—"That it is the opinion of this house that it is expedient to persevere in those principles which have guided the executive government of Ireland of late years, and which have tended to the effectual administration of the law, and the general improvement of that part of the United Kingdom.

The political news is of no importance. Franco is quiet and Louis Philippe adroitly manages to keep a Ministry, and guide the Chamber of Deputies.

The peaceable termination of the Maine controversy was known in London, and gave great satisfaction. All fear of a rupture was entirely over, and the subject ceased to occupy public attention. The British money market seemed to be in a more promising condition than by the last arrival.

Letters from Bayonne to the 14th ult. inclusive had been received in London.

The last advice from Tolosa received in that town mentioned the existence of a conspiracy to substitute for Don Carlos a new pretender to the crown of Spain; that the Duchess of Beira proposed for that office her son, the Infant Don Sebastian; and that her principal aim at the present moment was to procure for him the chief command of the army. Maroto would in that case, be sacrificed as well as Don Carlos.

Lords Lansdowne and Normanby, both declined serving on the committee on crime in Ireland, because they conceived the committee of a criminatory nature.

Lord Brougham was sufficiently recovered to leave Paris for London. His Lordship's indisposition is said to have arisen from his having swallowed a needle.

FROM THE EAST INDIES.—The British troops have taken possession of Hyderabad and Pakhur without any resistance on the part of the natives.

The possession of these places, it is said, will give the complete command of the Indus.

The Ameers of Scinda have submitted to the British Government.

Sir H. Fane retains the command of the troops. The state of British interests is represented as highly satisfactory.

ARMING OF THE CHARTISTS AT BARNSELY.—The Chartists are arming with pikes, pistols, and guns, not only in the

town of Barnsley itself, but also throughout its populous vicinity. Such has been the demand during the last fortnight, that the shops have been nearly cleared of fire arms, particularly the pawn-brokers, who are large dealers in second hand ware.—*Leeds Mer.*

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 20.

There seems to be some disagreeable delay in signing the Belgian treaty, and some not very pleasant correspondence on the subject between our Minister and the cabinet of the king of the Netherlands.

The Manchester Mechanics' Institution has realized £2000 by an exhibition of works of art and national productions. The example is about to be imitated in Sheffield, and in Leeds. The materials of these exhibitions are furnished gratuitously from private collections.

TERROR OF THE GIBBET!—The *Hertford Reformer*, in allusion to the conduct of the crowd at a late execution at Hertford, says—"So careless and light were the feelings of the people, that they amused themselves with what is called 'bonnetting' one another, and one young man narrowly escaped punishment for amusing himself in that way on the hat of a constable while passing through the crowd with his prisoner, as he looked upon it in the light of an attempt to rescue. What effect has this public execution had on the minds of those who witnessed it? We walked amid the crowd; we saw them returning from the place of death, and from all the terrors of justice, and marked their demeanour. There was no eye dimmed with tears; no pallid cheeks; no sad and gloomy thoughts appeared to oppress them; but all was laughter, jest, and revelry. The public-houses and beer-shops soon became filled; and the spectators of death went to feasting and gambling; the quiet of the town was disturbed by scenes of drunkenness and licentiousness; and the day was a carnival to the dissolute of the neighbourhood."

An inquest was held on Sunday last, on the body of John Kenrick, a cooper, choked whilst eating his dinner, by swallowing a large piece of meat. Verdict, died by choking and suffocation whilst swallowing his food.

An inquest was held on Tuesday last, on the body of Harriet Plunkett, wife of Richard Plunkett, private of Her Majesty's 8th or King's Regiment, found dead in one of the rooms of the North Barracks.—Verdict sudden death, in a natural way.

An inquest was held on Friday upon the body of John Doyle, truckman. It appeared from evidence that on Thursday evening last, the deceased and a person by the name of Lawrence Cleary, met at the forage barn of Messrs. Hunter and Chambers, opposite the Workhouse—that both deceased and Cleary were, at the time, somewhat intoxicated; and that after some quarrelling between them they had a scuffle and fight. They were parted by John McGuire the person who attends at the barn to serve out the hay. It appeared from Mr. McGuire's testimony that about a quarter of an hour after the scuffle, the deceased turned to go away, when Cleary struck him on the head with a truckpin. Dr. Hume having examined the body, deposed that the blow occasioned an extensive fracture of the skull, and concussion of the brain, of which the deceased (after lingering about eight hours) expired early yesterday morning. The Jury presented Cleary for murder.—*Recorder.*

At the Perot Settlement, County of Annapolis, an inquest was held on the 18th March last, before Peter Bonnett, Coroner, on view of the body of Elizabeth Poor, a native of Ireland. Verdict—Died by the visitation of God.

At Paradise Lake, Dalhousie Settlement, County of Annapolis, on the 24th April last, inquests were held before Peter Bonnett, Coroner, on view of the bodies of James Ord and George, his son, who were found drowned in attempting to cross the said lake on the ice, on the 22nd inst. Verdict accordingly. The jurors, (through their foreman,) after receiving their fees, 24s. presented the same to the afflicted widow, in a very feeling manner. To such a pitch of destitution was the family of the deceased (Ord) reduced, at the time of his death, that not a morsel of any description of food was found in the house, to alleviate the hunger of the truly unfortunate widow and five remaining children. The condition of this widow, burthened with the care of such a young and helpless family, strongly appeals to the charity and benevolence of the public. Paradise Lake is 20 miles from Annapolis Royal, in the woods of Dalhousie.—*Novascotian.*

The Delegates of the Legislative Council, the Hon. Messrs. Stewart and Wilkins, sailed in the last Packet for England.

The index which we have the pleasure of presenting with this number, we hope, will give satisfaction to our numerous friends. We have been at considerable expense and trouble in the preparation of it, in order to render it an ornament to the paper. We may take this opportunity of expressing our grateful acknowledgments for the continued patronage of our readers. A large addition of subscribers we have received during the year, to each of which

we tender our thanks. Our office of editor will shortly be resigned to other hands, when we hope the indulgence which has been extended to us will be continued to our successor. The Pearl is now an established periodical, having made its way to public favour without the assistance of any sect or party in religion or politics. Our circulation is now upwards of eight hundred, although we have not been in existence quite two years. And in two years from this date, we doubt not, this number will be doubled. Eschewing politics and the sectarian polemic controversies of the day, the Pearl will continue a favourite literary and family paper.

THE WEATHER.—The weather during the last ten days has been strong nightly frosts, which has almost entirely checked vegetation, and we fear has entirely injured all the tender seeds and early potatoes in the ground.—*Journal.*

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, by the Rev Mr. Marshall, Mr. J. B. Hamilton, of Sackville, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Mr. Peter Zwicker, of Chester.

DIED.

On Tuesday last, Mrs. Eede Dolby, in the 57th year of her age.

At Somerset, Bermuda, on the 15th ult. James Righton, Esq. at the advanced age of nearly 92.

At St. John, N.B. on Monday morning, the 6th inst. after a very severe illness of 11 days, Mrs. Margaret Whipple, wife of A. W. Whipple, Esq. and daughter of the late W. E. N. Devere, aged 20 years.

At Yarmouth, on the 27th ult., Miner Huntington, Esq. aged 76 years.

At Bath, England, on the 28th March, aged 74 years, Mrs. Coffin, the widow of the late General Coffin, of New Brunswick.

At Montreal, on the 2d inst. in the 40 year of her age, Christian Cumming, wife of Mr. Alexander Paul.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, May 11.—brig James Matthews, Bremner, St. John's P. R. 16 days—sugar, etc. to M. B. Almon; H. M. S. Cleopatra, St. John, N. B.; schr Nile, Caroline, and Russell, St. John, N. B.; Shannon, and Yarmouth Packet, Yarmouth; Mary Jane, Albion, Bee, and Happy Return, P. E. Island; Ellen, Arichat; Favorite, St. Stephens; Nancy, Acadian, Mary Ann, Loon and Richard Smith, Sydney; Perseverance, Power, Liverpool, G. B., 44 days—salt, etc. to R. Noble; schr Richmond, Gerior, Sydney, coal—bound to Boston.

Sunday, 12th—schr Sarah, Larkin, St. John, N.B., 5 days—salt, to J. Allison & Co; Collector, Phelan, St. John's, N. F., 15 days—dry fish, etc. to Salties & Wainwright and M. B. Almon; President, Odell, do. 15 days—tobacco, etc. to T. & L. Piers; schr Arctic, Patillo, New York, 10 days, and Liverpool 14 hours—flour, etc. to Deblois & Merkel; Britannia, Smith, St. John, N. B. 3 days; Am. packet brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 3 days—assorted cargo to D. & E. Starr & Co.; brig Susan King, McLean, St. Lucia, 20 days—molasses, etc. to J. & M. Tobin.

Tuesday, 14th—Brig Augiau, Dupre, Newfoundland—fish, to Creighton and Grassie; schr Sarah Ann, Hues, P. E. Island—produce, to W. M. Allan; Anastasia, Power, Fortune Bay, N. F.—herrings, to G. Handley.

Wednesday, 15th.—Ship Prince George, Friend, Cork, 27 days—dry goods, to Charman and Co. and others,—and a company of Royal Artillery; brig Luna, Croil, St. Thomas, 18 days—rum and sugar, to D. and E. Starr and Co.

Thursday, 16th—schr Speedy Packet, LeBreton, Grenada, 15 days, do. to Creighton & Grassie.

Friday, 17th—brigt. Quadruple, Scoun, Bermuda, 8 days, sugar, to Frith, Smith & Co; brig. Sylph, Stowe, St. Thomas, 16 days, rum, to Salties & Wainwright; schr Trial, Power, Falmouth, Jan. 27 days, ballast and Hides, to J. Struchan; brig. Henry Volant, Woodman, St. Thomas, 23 days, rum and sugar, to Salties & Wainwright and others; schr Woodbine, P. E. I; Rose, do. do; Angier, do. do; Malony, do.

CLEARED.

Saturday, May 11th—ship Halifax, McClear, Liverpool—deals, cotton, etc. by A. A. Black and others; brig Granville, Lyle, London, naval stores, by T. & L. Piers; Tamar, Hatchard, Trinidad—dry fish, etc. by Salties & Wainwright; schr Harmony, Dénstadi, Labrador—assorted cargo by J. Isles. 14th—schr Abeona, Patten, Bermuda, fish, etc. by Frith, Smith & Co; brig Albion, Leslie, Miramichi, sugar, etc. by S. Cunard & Co. and others. 16th—barque Georgian, Marshall, Kingston, fish, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co; brig Fanny, Hore, B. W. Indies, fish, by A. A. Black.

16th—schr Uniacke, Landry, Gaspe, flour, etc. by Creighton & Grassie and others.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS.

THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrival completed his extensive SPRING SUPPLY of the above, together with

Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, (Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc. PAINTS and OILS, etc.

The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his Drug Store, near the Market. JAMES F. AVERY. May 10 6w

RUM! RUM!!

AT AUCTION, BY EDWARD LAWSON,

To-morrow, Saturday, on Creighton & Grassie's wharf, at ELEVEN O'CLOCK,

40 PUNCHEONS GRENADA RUM of superior strength and flavor, just landing ex Speedy Packet. May 17

NOTICE.

WHITNEY'S new Steamer, the "METEOR" leaves St. John every MONDAY evening for WINDSOR and will leave WINDSOR every Tuesday evening for St. John. St. John, May 17. J. WHITNEY & CO.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

WEEKLY TRIP TO WINDSOR.

The Steamer NOVA-SCOTIA, Capt. Raed, will leave on Monday,—for Eastport and St. Andrews, returning on Tuesday.

Wednesday—for Digby and Annapolis, returning the same evening. Time of leaving St. John, 7 o'clock, a. m.

Thursday Evening—for Windsor returning on Friday—leaving Windsor the same tide she arrives.

For further particulars enquire of the Master on board, or at the Counting Room of E. BARLOW & SONS. St. John, April 20, 1839.

A NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE

THE SUBSCRIBER has commenced Business in the shop at the corner of JACOB'S and WATER STREETS, where he intends keeping a General Assortment of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND OTHER GOODS, suitable for Town and Country use, which he intends selling at a small advance for cash; and solicits a share of public patronage.

—He has on hand,—

Wheat and Ryb Flour, Corn Meal and Indian Corn, Rice, Navy and Ship Bread, Crackers, Beans, Oatmeal, Molasses, Sugar, Teas, Coffee, Chocolate, Butter, Pepper, Allspice, Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Starch, Soap, Candles, Tobacco, Slop Clothing, Broad Cloths, Flannels, Cotton Warp, Corn Brooms, Tobacco Pipes, boxes Raisins, Almonds, Walnuts, a small quantity of excellent Pork for family use, together with a variety of other articles.

WINTHROP SARGENT.

Halifax, May 3—5w.

SPICES, DRUGS, &c.

RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—bags of E. I. Ginger, Cloves, Pimento, Caraway Seed, black and white Pepper, cases Cinnamon; Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Raze Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Saleratus; Soda, blue Vitriol, Alum and Copperas, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Windsor Soap, Black Lead, Starch, and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass, Trusses, Lancets, etc. (6m) GEO. E. MORTON. Halifax, May, 1839.

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshend, ditto ditto.

Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin.

The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation.

The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers.

N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogshend, do. do.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blakslee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.

Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

DISCONTINUATION.

W. & J. MURDOCH,

AFTER the 1st of May ensuing discontinue their RETAIL business. They cannot withdraw without thanking the community or the liberal support they have received.

WHOLESALE.

W. & J. MURDOCH, after the 1st of May ensuing, will re-open their Warehouses ENTIRELY for WHOLESALE, and solicit a continuance of that Business, which will still be conducted on their usual liberal terms. SPRING IMPORTATIONS expected to be received in a fortnight. April 19th.

ANNUALS FOR 1839.

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per the CLIO, from Liverpool, the following ANNUALS, viz.

- Friendship's Offering,
- Forget Me Not,
- The Keepsake,
- The Book of Beauty,
- The Oriental Annual.

LIKEWISE. The third number of Petley's Illustrations of Nova Scotia, containing the following views:

- View of the Cobequid Mountains,
- Fredericton, N. B.
- Windsor from the Barracks,
- Stream, near the Grand Lake,
- Indian of the Mic Mac Tribe,

With an additional view to be given gratis to all those who subscribed for the first two numbers. March 6,

TABLE TALK.

STEAM—A MIRACLE.—Sir Ralph Woodford told us that when his steamer was first started, (in Trinidad,) he and a large party as a mode of patronising the undertaking, took a trip of pleasure in her, through some of the Bocas of the main ocean. Almost every one got sick outside, and as they returned through the Boca Grande, there was no one on deck but the man at the helm and himself. When they were in the middle of the passage, a small privateer, such as commonly infested the gulf during the troubles in Columbia, was seen making all sail for the shore of Trinidad. Her course seemed unaccountable; but what was their surprise, when they observed, that on nearing the coast, the privateer never tacked, and finally, that she ran herself directly on shore, the crew at the same time leaping out over the bows and sides of the vessel, and scampering off as if they were mad, some up the mountains, and others into the thickets. This was so strange a sight, that Sir Ralph Woodford ordered the helmsman to steer for the privateer that he might discover the cause of it. When they came close, the vessel appeared deserted: Sir Ralph went on board of her, and after searching various parts without finding any one, he at length opened a little side cabin, and saw a man lying on a mat, evidently with some broken limb. The man made an effort to put himself in a posture of supplication; he was pale as ashes, his teeth chattered and his hair stood on end. "Misericordia! misericordia! Ave Maria!" filtered forth the Columbian. Sir Ralph asked the man what was the cause of the strange conduct of the crew; "Misericordia!" was the only reply.

"Subeis quien soy?" Do you know who I am?

"El—El—O Senor! misericordia! Ave Maria!" answered the smuggler.

It was a considerable time before the fellow could be brought back to his senses, when he gave this account of the matter: that they saw a vessel, apparently following them, with only two persons on board, and steering, without a single sail, directly in the teeth of the wind, current, and tide:

Against the breeze, against the tide,
She steaded with upright keel,

That they knew no ship could move in such a course by human means; that they heard a deep roaring noise, and saw an unusual agitation of water, which their fears magnified; finally, that they concluded it to be a supernatural appearance, accordingly drove their own vessel ashore in an agony of terror, and escaped as they could; that he himself was not able to move, and that when he heard Sir Ralph's footsteps, he verily and indeed believed that he was fallen into the hands of the Evil Spirit.—*Coleridge's West Indies.*

FRENCH WOMEN.—There is a facility of amusement about the French quite unenjoyable by the English, and inconceivable to them. Our ideas of good fellowship and society are substantial; we like to be excited and entertained highly when we come together; but to be dressed and to go out, and to chat, is enough for the Parisian dame! she looks neither for feasting, nor wit, nor yet for any intellectual intercourse! she will dress in all her jewels to appear at her friend's *soiree*, when she and all the company will feel themselves sufficiently amused by a child set to dance, or to prate with *naivete*: this, with a sorbet or an ice contents her; she is the most amiable being in life. Not so the English woman; and one, I believe, cannot be found disinterested, and at the same time experienced on the point, that would not pronounce the choicest French society a bore.—*English in Italy.*

JOHNSON'S EPITAPH ON GOLDSMITH.—It appears from Mr. Cradock that Goldsmith had, in some measure, the pleasure of hearing his own epitaph; of which the reader will remember that the neatly turned compliment, *nihilletigit quod non ornavit*, forms a prominent part. Though Johnson was sometimes very rough with Goldsmith, yet he always made him only his own property; for when a bookseller ventured to say something rather slightly of the Doctor, Johnson retorted: "Sir, Goldsmith never touches a subject but he adorns it." Once when I found the Doctor very low at his chambers, I related the circumstance to him, and it instantly proved a cordial.—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

PARISIAN POLICE IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.—A wager was once laid with M. Hecault, Lieutenant of Police, that an obnoxious paper, called the Ecclesiastical News, should be introduced into Paris at a particular barrier, on a certain day and hour, and yet that it should escape the vigilance of the police. At the time and place appointed, a man made his appearance, was stopped, and searched with the greatest strictness—in vain. No notice was taken of a shaggy dog he had along with him; but under the rough coat of the unconscious news-carrier several of those papers were concealed. The magistrate laughed at the trick, and owned himself outwitted.—*Vie Privee de Louis XV.*

THE LION'S PROVIDER.—It was generally supposed that Thurlow in early life was idle, but I always found him close at study in a morning, when I have called at the Temple; and he frequently went no further in an evening than Mando's, and then only in his dishabille. When Chancellor, he made great use of

the services of a Mr. Hargrave, and had occasion to give himself less trouble than any man that ever filled that high station. An old free-speaking companion of his, well known at Lincoln's Inn, would sometimes say to me, "I met the great law-lion this morning going to Westminster, and bowed to him, but he was so busily reading in the coach, what his provider had supplied him with, that he took no notice of me."—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

ROYAL DELICACY.—The King, having one day at dinner inquired after a person who used to eat at his table, was told that he was dead. "Ah!" rejoined the King, "I had taken care to warn him of it." Then looking round the circle, and fixing his eyes on the Abbe Broglio, he said: "Your turn will come next." The Abbe, who was of a morose and choleric temper, replied: "Sire, when the storm came on yesterday, whilst we were hunting, your Majesty was as wet as the rest." He then went out in a rage. "This is just the temper of the Abbe de Broglio," cried the King; "he is always angry." Nothing more was said of the matter.—*Vie Privee de Louis XV.* ["Get you home," said Louis on another occasion, to one of his courtiers, whose nose fell a bleeding; "it is a sign of death."]

LORD CHANCELLOR YORKE—THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH.—Having alluded to the short life of the much regretted Mr. Yorke, after he was Lord Chancellor, I think it incumbent on me to contradict the reported manner of his death, on the authority of one of his own family. He certainly was much agitated, after some hasty reproaches that he had received on his return from having accepted the seals, and he hastily took some strong liquor, which was accidentally placed near the sideboard, and, by its occasioning great sickness, he broke a blood-vessel.—*Cradock's Memoirs.* [The delicacy of expression discovered in this passage, may vie with Froissart's tenderness in describing the death of the Count of Foix's son, who had enraged his father by refusing to eat his dinner:—"And so in great dilemma he thrust his hand to his son's throat; and the point of the knife a little entered his throat, into a certain vein; and the Earl said, 'Ah, traitor, why dost not eat thy meat?' and therewith the Earl departed, without any more doing or saying, and went into his own chamber. The child was abashed, and afraid of the coming of his father, and also was feeble from fasting; and the point of the knife a little entered into a vein of his throat; so he fell down suddenly, and died."]

TEA-DRINKING.—The Duke of Grafton used to fill his teapot full of the finest tea, and then drop water into it from the urn, and drink the essence, professing that weak tea only was prejudicial, and that he took it thus strong for the benefit of his nerves. Dr. Johnson, whose nerves were at least as susceptible as his Grace's, declared himself to be a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who, with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning! The doctor's tea certainly looked as strong, but the quality, perhaps, might not be equally as good.—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

A VISION OF THE RESURRECTION.—Methought I saw a very handsome youth towering in the air, and sounding of a trumpet; but the forcing of his breath did indeed take off much of his beauty. The very marbles, I perceived, and the dead obeyed his call; for in the same moment the earth began to open, and set the bones at liberty to seek their fellows. The first that appeared were swordmen, as generals of armies, captains, lieutenants, common soldiers, who, supposing that it had sounded a charge, came out of their graves with the same briskness and resolution as if they had been going to an assault or a combat. The misers put their heads out, all pale and trembling, for fear of a plunder. The cavaliers and good fellows believed that they had been going to a horse-race or a hunting-match. And, in fine, though they heard the trumpet, there was not any creature knew the meaning of it. After this, there appeared a great many souls, whereof some came up to their bodies, though with much difficulty and horror; others stood wondering at a distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a spectacle. This wanted an arm, and an eye, t'other a head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the prospect of so strange a variety of figures, yet it was not without just matter of admiration at the all-powerful Providence, to see order drawn out of confusion, and every part restored to the right owner. I dreamed myself then in a church-yard, and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of heads; and an attorney would have demurred upon pretence that he had got a soul that was none of his own, and that his body and soul were not fellows.—*Sir R. le Strange's Translation of Quevedo's Visions.*

WARBURTON'S ANNIVERSARY SERMON, WITH HURD'S REMARKS.—Before Dr. Hurd was quite recovered at Lincoln's Inn, I once called upon him; and he told me that Bishop Warburton was to preach that morning at St. Laurence's Church, near Guildhall, an anniversary sermon for the London Hospital. "Then, Sir," said I, "I shall certainly attend him." "I wish you would," replied he, "and bring me an account of all particulars. I believe I know the discourse; it is a favourite one; but I could rather have wished that his lordship would have substituted some other;" then hesitating, added, "but it is perhaps,

of little consequence; for he does not always adhere to what is written before him; his rich imagination is ever apt to overflow." I was introduced into the vestry-room by a friend, where were the Lord Mayor, and several of the governors of the Hospital, waiting for the Duke of York, who was their president; and, in the meantime, the Bishop did everything to alleviate their impatience. He was beyond measure condescending and courteous, and even graciously handed some biscuits and wine on a salver, to the curate who was to read prayers. His lordship being in good spirits, rather once exceeded the bounds of decorum, by quoting a comic passage from Shakspeare, in his lawn sleeves, with all its characteristic humour; but suddenly recollecting himself, he so aptly turned the inadvertence to his own advantage, as to raise the admiration of the company. Many parts of his sermon were sublime, and were given with due solemnity; but a few passages were, as in his celebrated Triennial charge, quite ludicrous; and when he proceeded so far as to describe some charitable monks who had robbed their own begging-boxes, he excited more than a smile from most of the audience. "Though certainly, sir," said I, "there was much to admire, yet, upon the whole, to speak the truth, I was not sorry that you were absent; for I well knew that you would not absolutely have approved." "Approved, sir!" said he, "I should have agonized."—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

THE REGENT DUKE OF ORLEANS.—At a supper at the Regent's, the company were indulging themselves in jests upon the new Prime Minister, Cardinal Dubois. One of the most bitter fell from the Count de Noce. "Your Royal Highness," said he, "may make what you please of him, but you will never make him an honest man." The Count was banished the next day; and remained in exile till after the death of the Cardinal; when the Regent wrote to him to return. His note was not less singular than the rest of the affair; "With the beast dies the venom. I expect you to-night to supper at the Palais Royal."—*Vie Privee de Louis XV.*

WARBURTON'S LIGHT READING.—When afterwards we became more intimate, I ventured to mention to her, [Mrs. Warburton,] that Mr. Hurd always wondered where it was possible for the Bishop to meet with certain anecdotes, with which not only his conversation, but likewise his writings abounded. "I could have readily informed him," replied Mrs. Warburton; "for when we passed our winter in London, he would often, after his long and severe studies, send out for a whole basket full of books from the circulating libraries; and at times I have gone into his study, and found him laughing, though alone; and now and then he would double down some interesting pages for my after amusement."—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

ROUSSEAU AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.—When Rousseau was in England, Mr. Garrick paid him the compliment of playing two characters on purpose to oblige him; they were Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone; and as it was known that Rousseau was to be present, the theatre was of course crowded to excess. Rousseau was highly gratified, but Mrs. Garrick told me that she had never passed a more uncomfortable evening in her life, for the reclusive philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat, that he might not fall over into the pit. After the performance, he paid a handsome compliment to Mr. Garrick, by saying, "I have cried all through your tragedy, and have laughed through your comedy, without being at all able to understand the language."—*Cradock's Memoirs.*

All ages have produced heroic women, but none a nation of Amazons.

The wearing of rings is very ancient. It was prohibited in Rome to all mechanics, and men of mean condition, to wear rings of gold, so that granting a licence for any person to wear a ring, was as much as to make him a gentleman. The usage of sealing with rings is also of great antiquity.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax but no paper will be sent to a distance without payment being made in advance. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at the regular period of six months from the date of subscription. All letters and communications must be post paid to insure attendance and addressed to Thomas Taylor, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

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