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MADAME VON DER HAUSEN.

FROM REMINISCENCES OF LUBECK.

At the beginning of the present century, she had been left a widow with an only son. About the time the French overran Germany, he had attained his nineteenth year. Heir of a noble fortune, it was thought advisable he should marry early, and he had been solemnly betrothed to a young and beautiful lady to whom he was fondly attached. In Germany the betrothal takes place a year before the marriage. The young couple spend as much as possible of the intervening time in each other's society. Six happy months had passed over the heads of these young lovers, when the war tocsin was sounded, and the men of Lubeck were called on to fight for their fatherland. As readily as the Highlanders of old obeyed the signal of the fiery cross, did the Lubeckers form themselves into a regiment. The ladies embroidered the regimental colours, and presented them to the gallant corps, who swore no enemy should ever gain possession of them; and Heinrich bade adieu to his Amelia with the mingled feelings of a despairing lover, and an ardent soldier burning to avenge his country's wrongs.

Every one is more or less familiar with the events of the German war. After the fatal defeat of Jena in 1806, Blücher, retreating with the wreck of the Prussian army, and hotly pursued by Bernadotte, Soult, and Murat, threw himself into Lubeck; in spite of the remonstrances of the senate and the citizens, and thereby involved it in his own ruin. Not more than a third of the original Lubeck regiment returned with Prince Blücher. Among the survivors was Heinrich, worn and wasted to a shadow with danger and toil.

Anxiety and suspense had wrought their usual effects on Madame Von der Hausen and Amelia. The lovers met; but under what different circumstances had they once anticipated a meeting! They met but to part for ever. The French had followed hard on the retreating Prussians. The battle commenced outside the walls. The town was stormed. The Prussians fought in the streets, but at last were compelled to evacuate the town, which was sacked and pillaged, and for three dreadful days given over to the tender mercies of a brutal soldiery. More than thirty years have passed since those fearful days, but even yet, no one speaks of them but to an intimate friend, and the voice on such occasions sinks to a low whisper of shame and horror.

In the streets of his native city, at the very door of the house where he had hoped to dwell with his young and lovely bride, Heinrich fell covered with wounds. The family had taken refuge in the cellars, but in a moment of agony Amelia had rushed up stairs, and, looking from a window, saw her lover fall. Her shrieks attracted the notice of the soldiery; they broke into the house: a few days after, she died a raving maniac in the arms of Madame Von der Hausen. For some time after this, Madame Von der Hausen was a prey to hopeless misery. One of her favourite haunts was the church called the Marienkirche, a brick building in the Gothic style, finished before the year 1144, and displaying much elegance in its architectural decorations. But what attracted her was a painting of the Dance of Death, attributed by some to Holbein, but in reality, executed several years before the birth of that great artist. Here she would remain for hours, apparently taking a gloomily pleasure in the various scenes depicted by the artist, where death seizes men in the midst of security and apparent happiness.

One day when about to leave this spot, she was addressed by an old Lutheran clergyman. "Madame Von der Hausen," he said, "this picture seems to attract much of your attention, and yet, methinks, there is a picture in one of the side-chapels of the Dom Kirche, which might be to you a source of more genuine satisfaction." Thus saying, he left her. She pondered on his words, and next day bent her steps to the cathedral in search of the picture.

The side-chapels contain the monuments of many of the patrician families of Lubeck, and the tombs of numerous bishops and canons are in the choir. The remains of the Dukes of Oldenburg repose in immense coffins of white marble. The mother of Madame Von der Hausen belonged to a branch of that princely family, and she lingered long beside their tombs, feeling as if the dead were more to her than the living. In a chapel behind the high altar is a very remarkable painting, bearing the date 1491. It is placed in a shrine. On the outside of the folding-doors, there is a picture of the Annunciation. Inside of them are figures of St. John the Baptist, St. Jerome, St. Blaize, and St. Philip, but the central and principal picture is a representation of the events of the Passion, depicted in twenty-three distinct groups. Towards

this picture Madame Von der Hausen directed her steps. Each individual countenance is a study in itself. She gazed on the face of Simon the Cyrenian, in which there was a moral beauty that rivetted her attention. She was next attracted by the wild grief of Mary Magdalene; her head thrown back, her beautiful hair hanging in disorder round her shoulders, and her hands extended forwards as she wrung them in despair. By and bye, her eye rested on another figure: it was the Virgin mother, seated at the foot of the cross. The calmness of her agony struck forcibly on the heart of the bereaved mother. The view of the principal figure completed the impression, and Madame Von der Hausen left the place in a very different frame of mind from that with which she had entered it. I will not dwell minutely on the change which she now experienced; it is sufficient to state the result. Her distress was exchanged for a state of complete tranquillity, and henceforward her time was chiefly occupied in visiting the afflicted, soothing the mourners, and relieving the distressed.

Objects were not wanting on whom to bestow her sympathies. For several years the French kept possession of the town, and their cruelty and rapacity caused much individual misery. Their very presence was torture to multitudes on whom they had brought disgrace and ruin. Towards the end of the Moscow campaign, they evacuated the town, amidst the curses, not loud but deep, of the oppressed inhabitants. The Russians came, and were hailed as friends; but, alas! they were found to be locusts, "for they ate up the residue that had escaped" of the former plagues. If they got a silver fork or spoon to eat with, it was immediately transferred to their pockets, and was no more seen! The filthiness of their habits exceeded all that can be imagined: more than one gentleman burned his house after they had left it, -hopeless of cleaning it by any other means. Years glided on, and Madame Von der Hausen continued her course of practical benevolence. Great part of her ample fortune still remained, having, by the help of a kind friend, been preserved from French exactions. She did, indeed, deserve all that nurse Martha had said in her praises. There is an old church in Lubeck, the interior of which is fitted up for a poor's house. There are two long double rows of cabins, very much like those sometimes seen on the deck of a steam-boat; on one side, the cabins are occupied by females, those on the other side of the church by males. Here Madame Von der Hausen was in the habit of taking me; and while listening to the melancholy history of many of the occupants, I learned to feel that others had drunk at least as deeply of the cup of sorrow as I had done, and that in many cases it had proved ultimately a blessing.

PALMER'S VILLAGE.

Of all the human burrows in and about England, there is not one comparable, in its way, to Palmer's Village, into which I followed my fair little guide, under an archway not more than four feet high, close to the mouth of which stood a steam engine of peculiar, and to me incomprehensible, construction—the engineer uttering at intervals a short and rapid guttural sound, which I then conceived to be a warning to passengers to avoid the engine, but which more matured experience has informed me is simply an announcement to the nobility, gentry, his friends, and the public, that his steaming apparatus contains "baked taters, a halfpenny a piece—all hot, all hot!"

For the information of the curious in such matters, who may be induced by my description to essay the wonders of Palmer's Village, I take the liberty to observe, that, at the further end of the tunnel, or archway, aforesaid, is a step, over which new comers are apt to break either their shins or noses, which accident is facetiously called by the villagers, paying your footing. When your footing is thus paid, by your footing being lost, you emerge into an alley or avenue, fifteen inches wide, or thereabouts, affording room for one person, and no more, to pass along, and fenced on either side with old barrel staves, broken iron hoops, and rotten paling of every variety of scantling. Within the fence, on either side this path—which, I should have observed, is neither paved, nor flagged, nor bituminized, but simply one aboriginal puddle from end to end—are arranged the gardens of the respective tenements, two or three palings being omitted from the line of palisade for the convenience of pigs and tenantry. No gardens, I am sure, from the hanging gardens of Babylon, to those of White Conduit House, can exhibit in the same space (two yards square each) the variety of ingenious devices that ornament the gardens of Palmer's Village. A bit of anything green is the only deficiency observable, but this is supplied by a curious artistical arrangement of puddle-holes, dung-heaps, cabbage stalks, brick bats, and broken bottles.

The tenements attached are like nothing on the face of the world but themselves—a sort of half-breed between hovel and wigwam, without the least trace of cottage running in the blood. There are two stories, with two windows to each, in the face of these extraordinary village edifices, the window containing, on an average, three old hats, one flannel petticoat, and two patched panes of glass, each; there was also to each house a doorway, and some had an apology for a door.

You are not to suppose that there exists only one avenue through Palmer's Village, or only one straggling street of the tenements above mentioned. There were as many avenues, lanes, holes, and bores, as there used to be in the catacombs; houses huddled upon one another, without regard to discipline or good order; in short, were I a magistrate, I should feel inclined to read the riot act, Palmer's Village being strictly within the spirit and meaning of that enactment: a neighbourhood tumultuously assembled!

The houses, individually, look as if they deserved to be fined five shillings every man jack of them, for being drunk. They had evidently been up all night, and wore an intoxicated and disorderly look, which no well-regulated and respectable tenement would disgrace himself by being seen in. Stooping under the rotten paling, I was at length received into one of the most tattered mansions, and, having picked my way up a worn-out stair to the two-pair back; a miserable place, wherein a counterpane of patch work, spread over a little straw upon the ground, a broken chair, a stool, three bars of nail rod stuck in the chimney by way of grate, with a bit of the same material to serve for poker, a frying-pan, a snit herring and a half, perforated through the optics, upon a nail, a tea-kettle, and a smoothing iron, made up the ostensible furniture of the apartment.—*London Mirror.*

ASCENT OF ETNA.

The sky was still bright overhead, but, notwithstanding the east was dappled with approaching day, the view towards the west gave us the prospect only of a dark abyss, in which the view was lost, a blackness palpable, over which the eye wandered in a kind of awe, as if gazing at something supernatural. Refreshed by our short rest, we once more toiled onward. The increasing roar of the volcano now sounded so close, that a feeling of some insecurity began to mingle itself with the excitement of the scene. Another struggle or two, and lo! in the midst of a terrific explosion that seemed to make the mountain reel, we reached the edge, and looked down through the gray mist of the sulphur smoke into the fearful Gehenna that glowed beneath our feet.

It was a spectacle well worth the climb. The crater was a huge irregular basin, its walls split and riven, and shattered by the convulsive throes of the subterranean fire, and at one spot cleft almost to the base, as if some Titanic mace had swept its way through the dark and rocky wall. Within this gulf the stifling clouds were rolling hither and thither, dimly seen between us and the central aperture below, from which, at intervals, a blinding light shot up, giving a ruddy glare to the smoke that rolled forth from it. From the side of the conical hill, of which this formed the summit, a small stream of lava was flowing towards the surrounding wall, giving forth a scorching glow from its fiery waves, that rolled over one another with a slow and lazy motion. At short intervals the belching beneath our feet gave notice of a coming explosion, and the next instant, far up into the dark sky, as if but the sparks of a furnace, flew the huge blocks of rock, white at first, less brilliant when they reached the highest point of their flight, and falling back a deep red into the abyss from which they had emerged. At these moments the whole circumference of the crater was one blaze of light, contrasting strongly with the comparative darkness in which it remained during the intervals between the explosions, and turning one giddy with its glare, while the projected stones, as they rushed past us at no very great distance, increased the terror of the scene.

The day began to dawn, and straining our eyes towards the east, we could discern the outline of the coast called out into dark relief by the brightening sky reflected in the water. The morning, however, was dim and lowering, and, we began to fear, gave little promise of an extensive prospect. We descended the cone a short way, so as to be in some degree sheltered from the tempest that raged at the extreme summit, and waited for the development of the panorama which was to be unrolled beneath our feet.

Object after object became slowly visible—the sea between us and Italy—the coast of Calabria, dimly shadowed forth like a dark bank of clouds upon the horizon. Then began the scenery around the base of the mountain slowly to put on its daylight tints. There

tract of black ashes—there a stream of rugged lava, winding its course seaward, the dark ground of the vineyard speckled with the bright leaf of the springing vine, city and village, forest and sea, stretching out before us until they were lost in the dim horizon, while more immediately around us clustered the little mountains, (molehills as they seemed to us,) that, bearing on their brows the traces of every gradation of age, some green and waving, some ashy and arid, was each the self-erected monument of one of those eruptions which had spread desolation over this paradise through all epochs, up to times beyond any record but themselves.

Such was the prospect to the east and south, the point from which the wind was blowing, and we could trace, as on a chart, the outline of the coast from Messina and Scylla down to Syracuse. We ran over the route which we had passed, and dotted our journeys for two days to come. Nicolosi, Catania, Giara, Taormina, Messina, Calabria, like some dimly seen land of promise, with its Philistinish brigands—all these became brighter and brighter with the rising sun that came walking up the sky.

Towards the west our view was more limited, but equally picturesque. A heavy mass of clouds had gathered in the lee of the mountain, hiding from us the Liparis, the northern coast of the island, and all but the summits, wild and broken as they were, of the Antifoci mountains, that here form the central chain of Sicily, and rise to a height sufficient to adorn, but not to rival, their mighty king. These clouds seem agitated by a wind stronger than that which we experienced, and which was perhaps rendered irregular and gusty by the eddies that swept around the summit. They rolled, and twined, and writhed over each other—seething like the vapour of some huge caldron—now whirling in eddies, now shooting up in wild and torn flakes that melted away and vanished.

Satiated with our contemplation of the view around the mountain, we turned to take another look at the crater. It seemed even more terrific by the light of day than it did in the darkness. The sunlight faintly struggling through the sulphur-mist, fell upon the dark scorie below with a yellowish gray light, giving the whole amphitheatre an unearthly tinge, such as I had never seen before.

Our view of the environs of Etna during our descent, and of the conical hills that clustered round its base, was beautiful—the huge mountain brooding, as it were, over its multitudinous progeny. The heat, towards the latter part of our journey, was intense; the more so from its contrast with the icy climate we had been inhaling during the night. The result was a severe headache, from which all our party suffered, and it was, truth to say, with no little pleasure that we drew our bridle reins at the door of the humble hovel called the Albergo di Etna at Nicolosi. —Metropolitan.

BURIAL OF A LIVING GIRL.

The following thrilling description of the Hindoo burial of a living girl in the tomb of a dead lover, is from the Oriental Annual for 1839:—

“She was consequently now fully persuaded that he was dead—for at first she had some doubts even though she had been so many hours in the presence of his corpse—and the idea of being buried in the same grave with him was to her a matter of rejoicing rather than of grief. For her, death had no fears, since the object of her attachment was no more; and therefore, she cheerfully resigned herself to the fate that awaited her.

That very afternoon the beautiful Pariah was placed in a hackney with the corpse of the once happy Youghal wrapped in a cément. The doom pronounced against her was, that she should be buried in the same grave with the body of her lover, in the neighborhood of the mountain village where her father dwelt, and in which she was born. The persons who accompanied her had sufficient compassion to allow her to pass a few hours with her disconsolate parent previously to being consigned to that tomb prepared for the reception of one for whom she had entertained an earnest attachment. She passed the night under the parental roof, and in the morning early, accompanied by those who had been appointed to conduct the interment of the living with the dead, proceeded towards the place of sepulchre. It was at the foot of a lofty cone, which rising among a cluster of small hills, lifted its proud head to the clouds, and seemed to stand there a monument of the stupendous exercise of Omnipotent power. The body of Youghal had been sent forward to his place of burial, and the unhappy victim of usurped and pampered tyranny was allowed to follow rather than accompany an object which though concealed from sight, was still loathsome to a more delicate sense, in spite of the cément by which it was enveloped. The party slowly ascended the hill.—In front was an official on horseback, who had the charge of conducting the melancholy business, attended on either side by a man armed. The innocent maiden followed between two persons, likewise armed, who had neither respect for her sorrows nor compassion for her condition. Having arrived in sight of the hill's base, which had been fixed upon as the scene of punishment, the party reached a rude wooden bridge thrown over a gully presenting a frightful aspect of turbulence and danger.

It had a steep, irregular channel, through which the mountain current poured with frightful impetuosity, occasionally impeded in its descent by projecting masses of rocks and other impending

impediments collected there in the more temperate seasons of the year, when during the prevalence of temporary storms, portions of the hill are loosened from their parent masses and thrown into the water courses, then nearly dry, or only changed shallow or more gentle streams.

The bridge consisted of a single wide plank of teak, about half a foot in thickness, and nearly two feet wide, sustained under one end by beams inserted in the inequalities of the bank, and affording effectual support to the rude fabric, secured on the other side by two thin but strong upright poles, that kept it sufficiently steady to afford a safe, yet fearful footing. The torrent roared ominously as the procession passed over the bridge, which vibrated every step. Mariatalla's father accompanied her to the gully, and then turned homeward from a scene of distress which he had not the fortitude to encounter. After a silent march of about two hours, the victim and her guards reached the place of interment. In a small hollow between two rocks, a large deep hole had been dug, about three feet square. Upon the brink was placed the corpse of Youghal, in a state of sickening decomposition, covered with a ragged pulampore. The wretched girl advanced to the side of the pit without shedding a tear, and, strewing some flowers over the corpse, expressed her satisfaction at the privilege of being laid beside him in death, whom she had so fondly loved in life. Having completed the preliminary ceremonials, she desired that the ceremony might proceed. Her manner was solemn, though gentle, exhibiting a calm yet lofty determination to meet death with the spirit of resignation, which best becomes beings who are born to die.

At length, declaring she was ready to suffer the dreadful penalty to which she had been doomed by an unjust and selfish tyrant, the body of her late lover was lowered into the sepulchre, and Mariatalla having again scattered some flowers into it, descended into the dreary chamber of death. Her dress consisted of a light vest of colored silk, under a loose flowery drapery of thin white calico; her black hair was rolled up into a large knot on the top of her head, secured by a large brass pin, tapered and polished with gold. Upon her wrist she wore thin bangles and armlets of buffalo's horn.—The tips of her nails were slightly tintured with henna. Having been lowered into the vault, she rested herself upon a projecting ledge, purposely left in the head wall of the grave, and placed the corpse upon her knees. At the bottom of the pit a horizontal opening had been dug, to admit the dead body, so that its legs were forced into the hole, and its head to rest upon the lap of its living companion.—A few bamboos were now crossed above the latter's head, and fixed firmly in the side of the pit; upon whose slender beams branches were thrown, and a canopy being thus formed, which prevented the earth from falling in, the innocent girl was thus consigned to a living sepulchre, without one expression of sympathy being expressed at her horrible doom. The soil, from which the sun had caused to exhale every particle of moisture, was lightly strewed upon the bamboos, at once covering the living and the dead. After the task of inhumation had been performed, the delegates of Vermakem left its victim to her fate, and returned to the capitol, where they announced the completion of their mission.

RAIL ROAD TRAVELLING.

FROM WILLIS'S LETTERS.

When London shall have become the Rome or Athens of a fallen empire, [qu. Will it ever?] the termini of the Railways will be among its finest ruins. That of the Birmingham and Liverpool tract, is almost as magnificent as that flower of sumptuousness, the Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples. It is really an impressive scene simply to embark for ‘Brummagen,’ and there is that utility in all this showy expenditure for arch, gateway, and pillar, that no one is admitted but the passenger, and you are refreshingly permitted to manage your baggage, &c. without the assistance of a hundred blackguards at a shilling each. Then there are ‘Ladies' Waiting Rooms,’ and ‘Gentlemen's Waiting Rooms,’ and attached to them every possible convenience, studiously clean and orderly. I wish the President and Directors of the Utica and other American Railroads, would step over and take a sumptuary hint.

The cars are divided into stalls, i. e. each passenger is cushioned off by a stuffed partition from his neighbour's shoulder, and sleeps without offence or encroachment. When they are crowded, that is an admirable arrangement, but I found it very comfortable in long journeys in America, to take advantage of an empty car, and stretch myself to sleep along the vacant seat. Here, full or empty, you can occupy but your upright place. In every car are suspended lamps to give light during the long passages through the subterranean tunnels.

We rolled from under the Brobdignag roof of the Terminus as the church of Mary-le-Bonne struck six. Our speed was increased presently to thirty miles in the hour, and with the exception of the slower rate in passing the tunnels, and the slackening and getting under way at the different stations, this rate was kept up throughout. We arrived at Liverpool [205 miles or upwards] at three o'clock, our stoppages having exceeded an hour altogether.

I thought, towards the end, that all this might be very pleasant

with a consignment of buttons, or an errand to Gretna Green. But for the pleasure of the thing. I would as lief sit in an arm chair, and see bales of striped green silk unfolded for eight hours, as travel the same length of time by the Railroad. [I have described in this simile, exactly the appearance of the fields as you see them in flying past.] The old women and cabbages gain by it, perhaps, for you cannot tell whether they are not girls and roses.

The washerwoman at her tub follows the lady on the lawn so quickly that you confound the two irresistibly—the thatched cottages look like browsing donkeys, and the browsing donkeys like thatched cottages—you ask the name of a town, and by the time you get up your finger, you point at a spot three miles off—in short, the salmon well packed in straw on the top of the coach, and called fresh fish after a journey of two hundred miles, sees quite as much of the country as his most intellectual fellow-passenger. I foresee in all this a new distinction in phraseology. “Have you travelled in England?” will soon be a question having no reference to Railroads. The winding turnpike and cross roads, the coaches and post-carriages, will be resumed by all those who consider the sense of sight as useful in travel, and the bagman and letter bags will have almost undisputed possession of the rail-cars.

Mem. for the reader's information.—The charge from London to Liverpool is 2l. 13s. 6d. with no fees to conductors or baggage-lifters.

THE COUSINS.

“I shall be very busy to-morrow, and I don't know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening,” said I.

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till her very soul seemed pouring out from beneath the long black lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered,

“Why not?—you know how glad we are to see you.”

“Why not?”—said I, a little piqued at the word we; for, to tell the truth, I half suspected I was in love with my pretty cousin, and had as you know, flattered myself that it was reciprocal. “Why! because I shall be very busy,—and besides I heard Thornton ask you the other night to go to P—, to-morrow evening with him—and of course, my pretty coz, you go.”

“There goes that Thornton again,” said she. “I declare you are too provoking—you know what I think of him.”

“Ah! but,” replied I wickedly, “why make engagements on the night an old school-fellow is going away.”

Her gaiety was stopped at once. She hesitated an instant, and then answered,

“I told him I'd give him an answer to-day, and I thought we were all going together—but I'll send him a note declining at once—you know you don't think what you say, cousin.”

I laughed it off—and directly rose to depart.

“How very soon you are going!” said she in her pretty chiding voice,—and I thought there was something unusually melancholy in its flute-like tones.

“And you're going to kiss me,” said I gaily, after a little merry conversation. “Cousins always do it at parting among the Black-feet.”

“Indeed I ain't,” said she saucily.

“Indeed you are,” said I boldly.

“Indeed, in very deed, Mr. Impertinence; you mistake for once, even though you have shot buffalo at the Black Hills,” and she tapped her tiny foot on the floor, and pouted her rich, red lips saucily out, looking for all the world as if about to give me a flash or two of her brilliant repartee. But I was in for it; and I was determined to see whether love and the Black Hills could not conquer reserve and wit. I thought I would try the latter first.

“Isn't it your duty?” said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if doubtful whether I was quizzing or not.

“I can prove it by the Talmud,” said I.

A funny smile began to flicker round the corners of her mouth. “I can establish it, text by text?”

“Indeed!” said she archly, smiling maliciously at my anticipated perplexity. But I was ahead of her.

“Do unto others as you would wish to be done unto—ain't it proved my pretty coz?”

“Well, really, you deserve something for your wit, and more for your impudence—you're quite a logician—did you learn that too at the Black Hills?” and her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw I was no match for her in wit, so I betook myself to my other ground.

“Well—good bye, coz?”

“So early!”

“Early!” and I began to pull on my gloves.

“You'll be here to-morrow night, won't you?” said she, persuasively.

“Do you really wish it?”

“How can you doubt?” said she, warmly.

“But how I shall interrupt a tete-a-tete with Mr. Thornton,” said I, teasingly.

“Pshaw! Mr. Thornton, again,” said she, pettishly.

There was a moment's silence, and at its end came a low, half-suppressed sigh. I began to think I was on the right track.

"You won't grant my favor!—if now it was to mend Mr. Thornton's glove—"

"It's too provoking—" she burst out in her old mood, but directly added, in a pensive tone, "how can you think I care so for him?"

"How can I?—you do fifty things for him you wouldn't for me."

"Cousin!"

"I ask you for the smallest favor—I take one for a sample, and you refuse—you are a very unfair cousin," and I took her hand.

"Why?" said she, lifting her dark eye till its gaze met mine. It thrilled me in every nerve. "Why?" and her voice shook a little.

"Because you never do anything I ask you to."

"Indeed I do!" said she earnestly.

"I wish I could think so," said I pensively.

We were standing by the window, and I thought her hand trembled as I spoke, but she only turned away her head with a sigh, and without speaking, gazed out upon the lawn. At another time, perhaps, she would have listened to my language differently; but I was going away, perhaps forever, and it made her so pensive. Yet she did not know her own feelings. Something told her to grant my boon; it was but a trifle; it seemed so foolish to hesitate; but then something whispered to her that she ought not to do it. But then it would be so reserved and un-cousinly to refuse; and might I not be justly offended at her prudery? What could she do? I could hear her breathe, and see her snowy bosom heave, as she held her taper finger in a puzzle to her mouth. The conflict was going on between love and reserve; and yet poor little girl! she knew it not!

"And you really won't come to-morrow night, without—without—" she paused and blushed; while the low, soft, half-reproachful tone in which she spoke—smote me to the heart, and almost made me repent my determination. But then it was so pretty to see her look perplexed!

"Ellen," said I, as if hurt, "I am serious—you don't think I'd trifle with you—but I never before tried to test how true were the professions of those I loved—if one is thus bitterly deceived, I care not to try again," and half letting go her hand, I turned partially away.

For a second she did not answer, but she looked upon the ground. Directly a cloud came over the moon, and just as the whole room was buried in sudden shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of my little cousin's heart; I felt a breath like a zephyr steal across my face, and—what's the use of denying it?—I had conquered. But a hot tear drop was on my face; and, as I pressed her hand more warmly than became a cousin, a sudden revulsion of feelings came across her, the true secret of her delicacy flashed like sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how utterly she had betrayed herself, her head fell upon my shoulder, and I heard her sob. My heart stung me—vain, ungenerous sinner that I was—and I would have given much to have saved her that one moment of agony. But in another instant came the consciousness that I loved her. We spoke no word, we whispered no vow, but as I felt how pure a heart I had won, a gush of holy feeling swept across my soul, and putting my arm gently around her, I drew her to me as softly as a mother embraces her first-born babe. That moment I shall never forget. She ceased to sob, but she did not as yet look up. It might have been five minutes, or it might have been half an hour—I could keep no measure of time. At last, I said softly—"Ellen!"

"Will you come to-morrow night?" whispered she, lifting her dark eyes timidly from my shoulder.

"How can I refuse, dearest?" said I, kissing the tears from her long lashes.—*Confessions of L. Lorrimer.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER AND COUNTRYMAN.

"Dilatory fellow," said the lexicographer, for such, by his conversation, he evidently was, "where have you been loitering, defalcating in your time so egregiously?"

"What did you say, my master?" replied the countryman.

Lexi. Did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you so?

Coun. No, he wur an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jemmy Hancock.

Lexi. Hum! and so you procrastinated with him?

Coun. No I did'nt, I went to the Goat in Boots wi' him.

Lexi. Ah! had you dinner in the interim?

Coun. No, we had it in the tap-room.

Lexi. Blockhead! the terms are synonymous.

Coun. Are they? I thought them very dear—tenpence for eggs and bacon.

Lexi. Confound the fellow! how does this amalgamate?

Coun. Oh, I never stopped for that.

Lexi. Ah! totally abstracted from the consequences—fell into a reverie on your road, I dare say.

Coun. No, I did'nt. I fell into a ditch though—ale were so strong.

Lexi. And came out covered with chagrin?

Coun. No, but there wur plenty o' mud.

Lexi. Impervious dolt! Chagrin, I said.

Coun. Green! eh, I know now; we call it duckweed in our parts.

Lexi. I shall lose all patience; you were born incorrigible.

Coun. No I worn't; I wur born in Yorkshire.

Lexi. Again mistaking! do you never deviate?

Coun. No, I only goes out to work.

Lexi. You want common ratiocination, fellow.

Coun. No, I don't. I only want you to settle my account—one and eightpence; that can't be dear, such a load as this.

Lexi. I am foiled with my own weapons. Can you not discriminate even a common case?

Coun. No, I can't take any less—it's more than three miles, and case, as you call it, be heavy.

Lexi. I must succumb; here is your money, fellow; go your ways, and let me thank heaven I am released from the purgatory of your obtusity.

A VERY INTERESTING DEBATE.

We have the following account of an "interesting debate" from a gentleman who was present when it took place. He says that at a meeting of a negro debating junto in a neighbouring village, one of the members rose and said—"Honorable gemmen, I move we rebate dis subjec, 'Wich is de mose profable to de human famley, de Hos or de Ox.'" This being agreed to, sides were taken, and two of the "champions" went on with the discussion.

H. Honorable gemmen, I 'pear fore you on a werry important subjec, and 'pears dat I must take de side for de Hos. I wants to know if I had two hoses in de stable and two oxens, a gemman wants to ride, which do you think he'd take? Why, he'd be rite at de hos. And if a gemman sick, and want ago for de doctor, would he take de ox? No, he'd be right at de hos agin. But my repolent tell you better, you mus'nt b'lieve him.

O. Mister honorable gentlemen, I'm restonished at de gemman wat war up dar, talken out de hos; yes, I'm restonished, and I speak werry cam. Whar do you go for beef? Do you go to de hos? No, you go to de ox. But I speak 'gin and tell you more. Jist tink about eaten hos, honorable gemmen.

H. Well, I makes my 'pearance fore dis Bord agin for de hos, kos I likes de hos, and so does you, honorable gemmen. Why, if dey carried de mail wid de ox, you never git yer letter. Why, I'm restonished at dat repolent talken about goin to de ox for beef. War I cum from we go to de butcher. But I won't say no more, for 'V'm sartin de hos goes de caper.

O. I'm werry much restonished at dat gemmen talken bout karrien de mail wid de hos or de ox. What de Locomotion? Go away, de ox git de subjec.

A TRANCE OF A WEEK'S DURATION.—A young girl residing in a house back of German street, between 5th and 6th streets, Southwark, on the evening of Wednesday, the 25th ult. arose from her bed and began to pray. The religious exercises, with the workings of her own imagination, produced such a state of excitement in her mind as to throw her into a trance, in which condition she remained since yesterday week, insensible to every object and event around her. During that period she had partaken of no food except such aliment as thin gruel, which her friends or attendants force into her mouth between her clenched teeth. Such a long period of unconsciousness and abstinence has had no apparent effect upon her health; she breathes regularly, her respiration is similar to that of a person in a deep sleep, and her cheeks and lips have the glow and hue of health, the ruddy color of which, added to a face possessing regularity of feature, gives her an extremely interesting and beautiful appearance. The only motion that has been observed during this length of time by those around her, is a movement of the head, which turned occasionally from one side to the other as she lies upon her back, and a rapid rolling of the eyeballs under the closed lids.

She has now been eight days in this singular state, and seems no nearer a restoration to a state of consciousness than at the time of the first attack, though yesterday one of her attendants heard her whisper indistinctly, something about her brother, which made them believe that the fit of unconsciousness, was near its termination. She has been visited by five or six physicians, though it is not known to what they ascribe her present condition, whether to the effect of physical or mental causes. The name of the girl is Nancy Simpson.—*Am. paper.*

THE STEAMER DUCK.—Here (at Cape San Isidro) we saw for the first time that most remarkable bird, the steamer duck. Before steamboats were in use, this bird was denominated, from its swiftness in skimming over the surface of the water, "the race-horse"—a name which frequently occurs in Cook's, Byron's and other voyages. It is a gigantic duck—the largest I ever met with. It has the lobated hind toe, legs placed far backwards, and other characteristics of the oceanic ducks. The principal peculiarity of this bird is the shortness and remarkably small size of the wings, which, not having sufficient power to raise the body, serve only to propel it along, rather than through the water, and

are used like the paddles of a steam-vessel. Aided by these, and its strong, broad, webbed feet, it moves with astonishing velocity. It would not be exaggeration to state its speed at from 12 to 15 miles an hour. The peculiar form of the wing, and the short, rigid feathers which cover it, together with the power this bird possesses of remaining a considerable time under water, constitute it a striking link between the genera *Anas* and *Aptenodytes*. The largest we found measured forty inches from the extremity of the bill to that of the tail, and weighed 13lbs. It is very difficult to kill them, on account of their wariness and thick coat of feathers, which is impenetrable to any thing smaller than swan-shot. I am averse to altering names, particularly in natural history, without very good reason—but in this case I do think the name of steamer much more appropriate and descriptive of the swift paddling of the bird than that of race-horse.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—In Youatt's "Humanity to Brutes" is recorded the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog: "A vessel was driven on the beach at Lloyd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously; eight poor fellows were crying out for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant: he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.

The following pathetic scene occurred recently, at Perth, U. C. The prisoner was indicted for the murder of his son-in-law.

Perhaps we should notice, that during the investigation, the widow of the deceased, and who was at the same time the daughter of the prisoner, was on the part of the defence, brought into Court to be sworn. She appeared in mourning, pale, thin, and greatly discomposed; and it was only with exertion on her part, that she could keep composed enough to speak; however, nothing very material was elicited from her. Her feelings frequently overcame her; and she burst out into loud sobs, at one of which times, she cast her eyes upon the prisoner, and screamed—"father! father!" The Court of course ordered her removal; she had to pass her father, to whom she extended her hand in the midst of her sobs and shrieks of "father! father!" The old man in tears reached out his hand to his widowed daughter: the hand which, at the instigation of his heart, had been the means alike of her misery and his own. She received it, and was taken away. The scene was tragical, and brought the tears to many an eye.—*Brockville Recorder.*

STATUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A statue of Sir Walter, by Mr. Ritchie, was on the 15th Aug. set up at Selkirk! The statue (7½ feet high) is a striking likeness of the poet. Sir Walter is in the costume of the Sheriff, in his gown, with a roll of papers in his left hand, his right hand resting on his trusty staff. The following is the inscription under the statue:—

"Erected in August, 1839, in proud and affectionate remembrance of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Sheriff of this county from 1800 to 1832.

"By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my weary way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick breaks,
Though it should chill my withered cheeks."

On the several sides of the pedestal are Sir Walter's arms—the arms of the burgh—on other compartments are emblematic allusions to the character of the poet and novelist—a winged harp, with the word "Waverly" under it, and a finely cut Scotch thistle on another panel.

BEAR AND STAKE.—Mr. Wilkes going to Dolly's Chop-house in Paternoster-row with a friend, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his steak, as he called it. Mr. Wilkes, in the meantime, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the City and the Bear-garden: in the latter the bear is brought to the stake, but here the steak is brought to the bear."

When pleasure is over, said Mr. Burke, we relapse into indifference, or rather we fall into a sort of tranquillity, which is tinged with the agreeable colour of the former sensation.

GORDON CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Gordon Castle, near the village of Fochabers, in the ancient province of Moray, is a mansion of the modern school. This is almost to be regretted, for the old, rude and varied Gothic, with its round towers and battlements, would harmonize better with the associations connected with the spot and the family that so long possessed it. In building Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott is said to have made a romance of stone and mortar: it sets all the orders of architecture, as his genius set the canons of criticism, at defiance; yet its appearance is highly imposing. Gordon Castle is too regular; but its great height (four very lofty stories,) and its length, (in all nearly six hundred feet,) render it dazzling and overpowering at first sight. The situation is splendid. Around the town of Elgin the scenery is rather tame; but as you approach the bridge of Spey, blue hills, finely mapped and dotted on the horizon, begin to peep forth, and to impart a sterner and more impressive character to the landscape. It is like bringing John Balfour of Burley, or some old Cameronian veterans, down to a plain filled with gilded courtiers and youthful beauty. The river itself is no great ornament to the scene. There is too much of the bare shingly beach exposed—for the Spey is a stream that must have ample room for his winter floods; and the red freestone *scour* on the opposite bank is a poor substitute for the gray cliffs, lined with alpine shrubs and plants, which girdle in many of the Highland valleys. The Spey, though a bad master, is an excellent servant. It not only waters a long tract of country, but it produces abundance of exquisite trout and salmon. The Duke of Richmond receives yearly the sum of 8,200*l.* for the fishings of the stream—a revenue worth nearly all the feudal privileges of the former possessors of the estate.

In the castle were, and I suppose still are, some fine works of art. Marble full-length copies of the Venus "that enchants the world," and of the Apollo, by Italian sculptors, and busts of some of the ancients by Harewood, ornament the hall. In the dining-room are two busts, easily recognised to be from the chisel of Chantrey, of the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Bedford—both excellent likenesses. The peculiar beauty of Chantrey's busts seems to be the marvellous felicity with which he imbues cold marble with life and expression. They are not mere casts or models of the head and face—the soul is visible through the features. Excepting one or two of Roubillac's happiest efforts in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, and old Nolken's statue of Pitt, in the Senate-house, also in Cambridge, (the latter is really a wonderful work) nothing in the way of portrait sculpture seems equal to Chantrey's busts. Mr. Lockhart says he would not give Chantrey's bust of Scott for all the pictures and portraits that were made of him, and he is right. I saw it once, and shall never forget it. The most valuable painting in Gordon Castle is a three-quarters portrait of an old man, by Rembrandt: it is full of dark kindling energy and expression. The most glittering and imposing picture in the castle is a full-length of the late king in his coronation robes, by Lawrence. It was presented to the late Duke of Gordon by William IV., and the gift is said to have provoked some envy and regret with the Duke of Devonshire, and other titled amateurs, who longed to possess the splendid prize. There is another *chef d'œuvre* of English art—a piece by Landseer, containing portraits of the Duke of Gordon, the Duchess of Bedford, &c., with dogs and dead game on the ground. Sir Joshua Reynolds has contributed three pictures, full-lengths of George III. and his Queen, who usually go together on canvass, as they went together in life, and a portrait of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon. The latter is peculiarly soft and expressive, and seems to unite the qualities, rarely blended in one countenance, of great beauty, intelligence, and sensibility. The duchess was a remarkable woman—"charming, witty, kind, and sensible," as Burns eulogistically styles her; and she appears to have been the idol of the wits, poets, artists, and fashion of the day. Several productions of Sir Peter Lely—soft and dreamy, with "the sleepy eye of love"—of Teniers, Wouvermann, Angelica Hauffman, and other artists, lend grace and interest to the ducal mansion.

The grand charm of Gordon Castle must ever be its situation, its woods, and parks. These have all the exuberance of the finest sylvan scenes in England, as seen in Hants or Nottinghamshire, or as described in *Ivanhoe*. The lime trees are particularly fine, and one is of such immense growth and spreading foliage, that his grace might dine a regiment under its boughs. The late Duchess of Gordon was fond of this tree, and had its branches propped up that she might enjoy a "spacious circuit for her musings" within its shade. It is now enclosed by a fence, to protect it from the cattle. Opposite the dining-room is a large and massive willow-tree, the history of which is somewhat singular. Duke Alexander (father of the late duke, "the last of his race,") when four years of age, planted this willow in a tub filled with earth. The tub floated about in a marshy piece of ground, till the shoot expanding, "burst its cerements," and struck root in the earth below. Here it grew and prospered, till it attained its present goodly size. The duke regarded the tree with a sort of fatherly and even superstitious regard, half believing there was some mysterious affinity between its fortunes and his own. If an accident happened to the one by storm or lightning, some misfortune was not long in befall-

ing the other. The tree, however, has long survived its planter—the duke, at a ripe old age, yielded to the irreversible destiny of man; but his favourite willow, like the cedar-tree of the prophet, has reared its head among the thick branches, and is flourishing. Duke Alexander was a man of taste and talent, and of superior mechanical acquirements. He wrote some good characteristic Scotch songs, in the minute style of painting national manners, and he wrought diligently at a turning lathe! He was lavish of snuff-boxes of his own manufacture, which he presented liberally to all his friends and neighbours. On one occasion he made a handsome pair of gold earrings, which he took with him to London, and presented to Queen Charlotte. They were so much admired in the royal circle, that the old duke used to say, with a smile, he thought it better to leave town immediately for Gordon Castle, lest he should get an order to make a pair for each of the princesses! His son, the gay and gallant Marquis of Huntley, was a man of different mould—he had nothing mechanical, but was the life and soul of all parties of pleasure. There certainly never was a better chairman of a festive party. He could not make a set speech, and on one occasion, when Lord Liverpool asked him to move or second an address at the opening of a session of parliament, he gaily replied that he would undertake to please all their lordships if they adjourned to the city of London Tavern, but he could not undertake to do the same in the House of Lords. He excelled in short unpremeditated addresses, which were always lively and to the point. I heard him once on an occasion which would have been a melancholy one in any other hands. He had been compelled to sell the greater part of his property in the district of Badenoch, to lessen the pressure of his difficulties, and emancipate himself in some measure from legal trustees. The gentlemen of the district resolved, before parting with their noble landlord, to invite him to a public dinner! A piece of plate, or some other mark of regard, would certainly have been more *apropos*, and less painful in its associations; but the dinner was given and received. Champagne flowed like water—the Highlanders were in the full costume of the mountains, and great excitement prevailed. When the duke stood up, his tall graceful form slightly stooping with age, and his gray hairs shading his smooth bald forehead, with a general's broad riband across his breast, the thunders of applause were like a warring cataract or mountain torrent in flood. Tears sparkled in his eyes, and he broke out with a hasty acknowledgment of the honours paid to him; he alluded to the time when he roamed their hills in youth, gathering recruits among their mountains for the service of his country—of the strong attachment which his departed mother entertained for every cottage and family among them—and of his own affection for the Highlands, which he said was as firm and lasting as the Rock of Cairngorm, which he was still proud to possess. The latter was a statement of fact: in the sale of the property the duke had stipulated for retaining that wild mountain range called the Cairngorm Rocks. The effect of this short and feeling speech—so powerful is the language of nature and genuine emotion—was as strong as the most finished oration could produce. In its power over the audience (trifling as was the matter) it certainly rivalled anything that ever "fulminated" from the *pnux* or the forum.

Gilpin in his "Forest Scenery," has denounced the hawthorn-tree as having little claim to picturesque beauty, and as a poor appendage to nature. The worthy recluse of the New Forest had never visited Gordon Castle; for if he had witnessed the gigantic hawthorns which mingle in the avenue, and the distant and shrubby grounds with the deep masses of the holly and the alder, and the ash and the oak, he would have recanted this opinion. Some of these fine trees are ten and twelve feet in girth, and tower up with their white blossoms to a great height. Duke Alexander exercised much judgment in laying out the grounds, so that the various parts might harmonise. Subsequent improvements have heightened the effect of the whole; the woods have been judiciously thinned in some places—new paths and drives are made in the park and lawn—a rich flower-garden is added—and walks extend from side to side, on height and hollow, which present rich and magnificent panoramas of sylvan beauty. The Spey, winding in the distance through the woody amphitheatre, gives additional interest to the scene, and the great variety of game, deer, hares, &c., which cross you at almost every step, impart life and vivacity to the whole. Much of this luxuriant beauty is owing to the excellence of the climate and the soil. A gentleman at the castle informed me that he kept a register of the flowering shrubs, that he might compare it with another kept by a friend in Devonshire, and he found the most delicate plants were nearly as early in the north as in the garden of England. This delightful amenity must have tended to the growth of the huge forests which in early times covered the country. In the hull of the castle there is an immense plank, apparently six feet in breadth, round as a shield, on which there is the following inscription, cut in a brass plate:—

"In the year 1783, William Osborne, merchant, of Hull, purchased of the Duke of Gordon the forest of Glenmore, the whole of which he cut down in the space of twenty-two years, and built, during that time, at the mouth of the river Spey, (where never vessel was built before,) 47 sail of ships of upwards of 19,000 tons burden. The largest of them, 1,050 tons, and three others but

little inferior in size, are now in the service of his Majesty and the Hon. East India Company. This undertaking was completed at the expense, for labour alone, of 70,000*l.* To his Grace the Duke of Gordon this plank is offered, as a specimen of the growth of the trees in the above forest, by his Grace's most obedient servant,
"W. OSBORNE."

"Hull, September 26, 1806.

The sum at which the duke sold the forest of Glenmore (the finest fir-wood in Scotland) was 10,000*l.* It was contiguous to the noble woods of Rothiemarchus, and together they formed a region of great wildness, intersected by lakes, which for ages reflected the endless forests of pine that clothed its steeps and unbroken recesses. In obedience to the law of nature, the Glenmore forest is fast replenishing itself. "Nothing," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, "could be more savagely picturesque than that solitary scene when we visited it some years ago. At that time many gigantic skeletons of trees, above twenty feet in circumference, but which had been so far decayed at the time the forest was felled as not to be useful for timber, had been left standing, most of them in prominent situations, their bark in a great measure gone—many of them without leaves, and casting a pale, unearthly-looking light upon their gray trunks and bare arms, which were stretched forth towards the sky, like those of wizards, as if the act of conjuring up the storm which was gathering in the bosom of the mountains, and which was about to burst forth at their call." Sir Thomas Dick Lauder is an enthusiastic naturalist, and I like his observations and descriptions so well, that I would rather see him among scenes like the old forest of Glenmore than the "smoke and stir of that dim spot" which men call the city of Edinburgh.

The late Duke of Gordon was attentive to his deer park, and had usually about a hundred and fifty fallow deer, and forty large red deer, with a few roe, within its limits. In the forest, outside the park, the red deer swarm in hundreds. They approach sometimes to the front of the enclosure, toss their antlers, look around, and, as Campbell says,

"Unhunted seek their woods and wilderness again."

The accession of the Duke of Richmond to this extensive Scotch property has made comparatively little change in its management. His grace has introduced his English system of meeting all his tenants once a year at a round of dinners; he keeps up hospitality and state, and is a most liberal landlord.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The subjoined record of the leading exploits of our great Captain is from from Phillipart's Royal Military Calendar.

- 1787. March 7. Appointed ensign in 73d Foot.
- Dec. 25. Appointed lieutenant in 76th Foot.
- 1788. Jan. 28. Exchanged into the 41st Regt.
- June 25. Exchanged into the 18th Dragoons.
- 1791. Sept. 20. Received a company in 58th Foot.
- 1792. Oct. 31. Again exchanged to the 18th Dragoons—appointed Major in the 33d Foot.
- 1793. April 30. Appointed Lt. Col.
- 1794. Commanded a brigade of Infantry during Lord Moira's retreat through Flanders. Shortly afterwards was employed in the expedition under Admiral Christian, destined for the West Indies, and then accompanied his regiment to India.
- 1796. May 3. Received the rank of Col. by brevet.
- 1799. May 4. Col. Wellesley attacked and took Seringapatam, for which he received thanks in public orders from General Harris.
- 1800. Sept. 5. He intercepted Dhondia Waugh's force at Conaghull, when Dhondia himself and a great number of his followers were killed, and the whole body dispersed; for this, Colonel Wellesley received the thanks of General Braithwaite, then in command of the force at Madras, and also of the Governor General in Council.
- 1802. April 29. Obtained the rank of Major General.
- 1803. April 21. After a forced march of sixty miles, entered Poonah, possession of which had been taken by Holkor. Sept 23. Major-General Wellesley, with an army consisting only of 4500 men, of whom about 2000 were Europeans, attacked and defeated Assaye Scindeah's army, consisting of 38,500 cavalry, 10,500 infantry, 500 matchlocks, 500 rocket-men, 90 pieces of Ordnance. He next turned his attention to the Rajah of Berar's army, which he defeated on the plains of Agram.
- Dec. 14. Carried by storm the almost impregnable fortress of Gawighar.
- Dec. 16. Signed a treaty of peace with the Rajah of Berar.
- Dec. 30. Ditto, ditto, with Scindeah.
- 1804. Appointed Knight of the military order of the Bath.
- 1805. Early in this year he returned to England, when a sword, valued at £1000, was presented to him by the inhabitants of Calcutta; thanks were voted to him by both houses of Parliament; and his companions in arms presented him with a gold vase valued at 2000 guineas. In the autumn, Sir A. Wellesley accompanied Lord Cathcart to Hanover, and on the return of the army was appointed to a district.

1806. Jan. 30. Received the colonelcy of the 33d regt.
 1807. Defeated a detachment of Danes near Kioge.
 1808. April 25. Attained the rank of Lieut. General.
 August 17. Fought the battle of Rolea.
 August 21. That of Vimeira, and shortly afterwards returned to England.
 1809. March 22. Returned to Portugal, and appointed by the Prince Regent of Portugal, Marshal General of the Portuguese troops.
 May 11. Passed the Douro, and captured Oporto.
 July 28. Fought the battle of Talavera.
 In this year he was created Viscount Wellington.
 1810. Sept. 2. Fought the battle of Busaco.
 1811. May 5. That of Fuentes de Honor, or Almeida. In this year his Lordship was created by the Prince Regent of Portugal, Conde de Vimeira, and on the 31st July received the local rank of General in Spain and Portugal.
 1812. Jan. 18. Ciudad Rodrigo carried by storm.
 March 16. Badajos also carried by storm.
 July 22. Fought the battle of Salamanca. In this year his Lordship was created Marquis Wellington.
 1813. Jan. 1. Was appointed Colonel of the Horse Guards.
 Jan. 21. The battle of Vittoria; appointed Field Marshal, and same year a Knight of the Garter.
 August 11. The battle of the Pyrennees.
 Sept. 9. The battle of St. Sebastian.
 Oct. 9. The battle of Biddassoa.
 Oct. 31. The battle of Pampeluna.
 Dec. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. The battle of Neive.
 1814. May 8. He was created Marquis Douro and Duke of Wellington.
 February 27. The battle of Orthes.
 April 10. The battle of Toulouse.
 1816. June 18. The battle of Waterloo.
 July 18. Created Prince of Waterloo by the King of the Netherlands.

The following are the titles and orders conferred upon his Grace.

Prince of Waterloo, Baron Douro,
 Duke of Wellington, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo,
 Marquis of Douro, Duke of Vittoria,
 Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Torres Vedras,
 Earl of Wellington, and Count of Vimiera,
 Viscount Wellington,
 Knight of the Garter, Grand Cross of the Bath,
 Grand Cross of the Guelphic order (Hanover),
 Knight of St. Esprit (France),
 Knight of the Golden Fleece (Two Sicilies),
 Knight of St. Ferdinand and Merit, (do.)
 Knight of St. Jaunarius, (do.)
 Grand Cross of the order of Maria Theresa (Austria),
 Grand Cross of St. Andrew (Russia)
 Grand Cross of St. George (do.)
 Grand Cross of St. Alexander Newski (do.)
 Grand Cross of the Black Eagle (Prussia),
 Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword (Portugal),
 Grand Cross of the Sword (Sweden),
 Grand Cross of the Elephant (Denmark),
 Grand Cross of the order of William (Netherlands),
 Grand Cross of the Annunciade (Sardinia),
 Grand Cross of the order of Maximilian Joseph (Bavaria),
 Field Marshal in the armies of England, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, and the Netherlands,
 Captain General of the armies of Spain,
 A Grandee of the first class in Spain,
 Constable of the Tower,
 Constable of Dover Castle,
 Lord Warden of the Clinque Ports,
 Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire,
 Colonel of the Grenadier Guards,
 Colonel in chief of the Rifle Brigade,
 Master of the Corporation of Trinity House, and
 Chancellor of the University of Oxford.
 His Grace for a short time held all the high offices of the State in his own person. What perhaps redounds most to his honour is, that he never opposed a political contemporary for factious motives, or refused his advice and assistance to the Government, however much he might differ from the ministers of the Crown.

Mr. Cottam exhibited a brick and tile-making machine, invented by the Marquis of Tweeddale, which possessed some very peculiar advantages. The importance of obtaining bricks more perfect and with greater economy had been proved by the efforts made upon the subject; but as yet, although nearly thirty patents had been taken out on the subject, none had been successful. In this machine the clay was carried under the rollers in a compressed state, as an endless web, and was cut into proportionate shapes, which had but to be carried away to be baked. One revolution of the machine, which took one minute, produced thirty bricks, and one man and two boys were able to produce 30,000 in a working day.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In beauty lingers on the hills
 The death smile of the dying day,
 And twilight in my heart instils
 The softness of its rosy ray.
 I watch the rivers peaceful flow,
 Here, standing by my mother's grave;
 And feel my dreams of glory go,
 Like weeds upon its sluggish wave.
 God gives us ministers of love,
 Which we regard not, being near;
 Death takes them from us, then we feel
 That angels have been with us here!
 As mother, sister, friend or wife,
 They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain,
 And when the grave has closed between
 Our hearts and theirs, we love in vain!
 Would, Mother! thou couldst hear me tell
 How oft, amid my brief career,
 For sins and follies loved too well,
 Hath fall'n the free repentant tear.
 And, in the waywardness of youth,
 How better thoughts have given to me
 Contempt for error, love for truth,
 'Mid sweet remembrances of thee.
 The harvest of my youth is done,
 And manhood come, with all its cares,
 Finds, garnered up within my heart,
 For every flower a thousand tares.
 Dear Mother! couldst thou know my thoughts,
 While bending o'er this holy shrine,
 The depth of feeling in my breast,
 Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine!

FRANCE,—EXPLANATION OF THE PROCESS OF SUN PAINTING,—ON COPPER.

It having been announced that the process employed by M. Daguerre for fixing images of objects by the camera obscura, would be revealed on Monday, at the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, every part of the space reserved for visitors was filled as early as one o'clock, although it was known that the description of the process would not take place until three. Upwards of two hundred persons who could not obtain admittance, remained in the court-yard of the Palace of the Institute. The following is an analysis of the description given on this occasion by M. Arago:—

The influence of light upon colours was known long ago. It had been observed that substances exposed to its action were affected by it; but beyond this fact nothing was known until 1566, when a peculiar ore of silver was discovered, to which was given the name of *argent corne*, and which had the property of becoming black when exposed to the light. Photographic science remained at this point until it was discovered that this *argent corne* (chloruret of silver) did not become black under all the rays of light. It was remarked that the red ray scarcely effected any change, whilst the violet ray was that which produced the greatest influence. M. J. Baptiste Porta then invented the camera obscura, and numerous efforts were made to fix the pretty miniature objects which were seen upon the table of it, and the transitory appearance of which was a subject of general regret. All these efforts were fruitless up to the time of the invention of M. Niepce, which preceded that of M. Daguerre, and led to the extraordinary result that the latter gentleman had obtained. M. Niepce, after a host of attempts, employed sheets of silver, which he covered with bitumen (*bitumen de Judée*), dissolved in oil of lavender, the whole being covered with a varnish. On heating these sheets the oil disappeared, and there remained a whitish powder adhering to the sheet. This sheet thus prepared, was placed in the camera obscura, but when withdrawn the objects were hardly visible upon it. M. Niepce then resorted to new means for rendering the objects more distinct. For this purpose he put his sheets when removed from the camera obscura into a mixture of oil and lavender and oil of petroleum. How M. Niepce arrived at this discovery was not explained to us; it is sufficient to state that, after this operation, the objects became as visible as those of ordinary engravings, and it only remained to wash the sheet with distilled water to make the drawings permanent. But as the *bitume de Judée* is rather ash-coloured than white, M. Niepce had to discover the means of increasing the shadows by more deeply blackening the lines (*hachures*). For this purpose he employed a new mixture of sulphuret of potassium and iodine. But he (M. Niepce) did not succeed as he expected to do, for the iodine spread itself over the whole surface, and rendered the objects more confused. The great inconvenience, however, of the process was the little sensitiveness of the coating (*enduit*), for it sometimes required three days for the light to produce sufficient effect. It will easily be conceived, therefore, that this means was not applicable to the camera obscura, upon which it is essential that the object should be instantaneously fixed, since the rela-

tive positions of the sun and earth being changed, the objects formed by it were destroyed. M. Niepce was therefore without hope of doing more than multiplying engravings, in which the objects being stationary are not affected by the different relative positions of the sun. M. Daguerre was devoting himself to the same pursuit as M. Niepce when he associated himself with that gentleman, and brought to the discovery an important improvement. The coating employed by M. Niepce had been laid on by means of a tampon, or dabber; similar to the process used in printing, and consequently the coating was neither of a regular thickness nor perfectly white. M. Daguerre conceived the idea of using the residuum which is obtained from lavender by distilling it; and, to render it liquid and applicable with more regularity, he dissolved it in ether. Thus a more uniform and whiter covering was obtained, but the object, notwithstanding, was not visible at once—it was necessary to place it over a vase containing some kind of essential oil, and then the objects stood forth. This was not all M. Daguerre aimed at. The tints were not deep enough, and this composition was not more sensitive than that of M. Niepce. Three days were still necessary to obtain designs.

We now come to the great discovery in the process for which M. Daguerre has received a national reward. It is to the following effect:—A copper sheet, plated with silver, well cleaned with diluted nitric acid, is exposed to the vapour of iodine, which forms the first coating, which is very thin, as it does not exceed the millionth part of a metre in thickness. There are certain indispensable precautions necessary to render this coating uniform, the chief of which is the using of a rim of metal round the sheet. The sheet, thus prepared, is placed in a camera obscura, where it is allowed to remain from eight to ten minutes. It is then taken out, but the most experienced eye can detect no trace of the drawing. The sheet is now exposed to the vapour of mercury, and when it has been heated to a temperature of 60 degrees of Reaumur, or 167 Fahrenheit, the drawings come forth as if by enchantment. One singular and hitherto inexplicable fact in this process is, that the sheet when exposed to the action of the vapour, must be inclined, for if it were placed in a direct position over the vapour, the result would be far less satisfactory. The angle used is 48 degrees. The last part of the process is to place the sheet in the hyposulphate of soda, and then to wash it in a large quantity of distilled water.

Three highly curious drawings obtained in this manner were exhibited; one of the Pont Marie; another of the M. Daguerre's atelier; and a third of a room containing some rich carpeting, all the minutest threads of which were represented with the most mathematical accuracy, and with wonderful richness of effect.

Vice and Virtue.—Vice is sometimes more courageous than virtue, because it has less to lose.

Declaimers against the World.—They declaim more against the world who have most sinned against it; as people generally abuse those they have injured.

Virtue.—It is more difficult to convince the vicious that virtue exists, than to persuade the good that it is rare.

Experience has taught us little, if it has not instructed us to pity the errors of others, and to amend our own.

Characters.—We never injure our own character so much, as when we injure those of others.

Solitude and Society.—In society we learn to know others, but in solitude we acquire a knowledge of self.

Politeness.—Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

RELIGION ENHANCES EVERY ENJOYMENT.—We may see how completely religion is adapted to the nature of man, by observing that even the elements of enjoyment (and they are many, though fleeting) which this world contains, are never fully tested but by religious persons. Those abundant sources of pure delight which are to be found in the heart, the intellect, and the imagination, are never received in their fulness but by them; and why? because they are the germs of their future and more glorious being, and can only flourish in a soil akin to that ultimately destined for them. In a worldly mind, like plants removed from their original soil and climate, they exist, indeed, but with a blighted existence; and produce—but how degenerate is the production! Every thing that wants religion wants vitality. Philosophy, without religion, is crippled and impotent; poetry, without religion, has no heart-stirring powers; life, without religion, is a complex and unsatisfactory riddle; the very arts which address themselves to the senses never proceed so far towards perfection, as when employed on religious subjects. Religion, then, can be no obstacle to enjoyment, since the only sources of it which are confessedly pure are all enhanced by its possession. Even in the ordinary commerce with the world, what a blessing awaits an exemption from the low and sordid spirit, the petty passions and paltry feelings, which abound in it!

Before you censure your friend, be certain he deserves it.—*Dewey.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18, 1839.

THE OPIUM TRADE.—The China question excites much notice. Some exclaim against the British practice of forcing a trade, demoralizing and every way destructive to the millions of China, while others plead indirectly for the traffic; they place it on the same footing as the trade in ardent spirits in the British Islands, and argue that the people of China should be relieved from the paternal vigilance of its government on this subject, and that they should be allowed to please their appetites as they like. The latter is sorry reasoning, except indeed that human health and happiness are, as they often seem to be treated, as the mere dust of the balance in which commercial interests are weighed. The extent of this trade, the regularity and power with which it has been kept up in defiance of the native authority, the respectable and systematic prosecution of so apparently nefarious a matter, appears, to a disinterested spectator, a melancholy evidence of the deadness of man, generally, to moral perceptions, when in opposition to mere pecuniary interests. A few extracts from a late British journal, will give some interesting information on this subject. Our first extract shows the extent of the trade:

The quantity of the opium grown, under the sanction of the East India Company, and imported into China during the last twenty years, is given by the Rev. W. H. Medhurst, in his work on the state and prospects of China, in the following tabular form:—

Year	Chests.	Value.
In 1816	3,210	3,657,000 dollars.
1820	4,770	8,400,800
1825	9,621	7,608,205
1830	18,760	12,900,031
1832	23,670	15,338,160
1836	27,111	17,904,248

In a note, Mr. Medhurst adds, that during the year ending in the spring of 1837,—34,000 chests were imported, and the deliveries during the month of July, of the same year, amounted to 4000 chests.

This quantity of opium, thus grown in India, and annually imported into China, appears large; but what is surprising in reference to it is, that every one of these chests are smuggled into the Celestial Empire. As early as the year 1796, the evils resulting from the practice of smoking opium had awakened the attention of the Chinese Government, and the practice was accordingly forbidden, under penalties which have been continually increasing in severity.

A China council presented a memorial to the Emperor, in 1836, from which we take a passage exhibiting the opinion of those authorities on the subject.

“To sum up the matter,” it says “the wide-spreading and baneful influence of opium, when regarded simply as injurious to property, is of inferior importance; but when regarded as hurtful to the people, it demands most anxious consideration, for in the people lie the very foundation of the empire. Property, it is true, is that on which the subsistence of the people depends, yet a deficiency of it may be supplied, and an impoverished people improved; whereas it is beyond the power of any artificial means to save a people enervated by luxury. In the history of Formosa we find the following passage:—‘Opium was first produced in Kaout-sinno, which by some is said to be the same as Kalapa or Batavia. The natives of this place were at first sprightly and active, and being good soldiers, were always successful in battle; but the people called Hung-maou (red-haired) came thither, and, having manufactured opium, seduced some of the natives into the habit of smoking it. From these the mania for it rapidly spread throughout the whole nation, so that, in process of time, the natives became feeble and enervated, submitted to the foreign rule, and were ultimately subjugated.’ Now, the English are of the race of foreigners called Hung-maou. In introducing opium into this country their purposes have been to weaken and enfeeble the Celestial Empire. If not early aroused to a sense of our danger, we shall find ourselves ere long on the last step towards ruin.”

Our next extract is an interesting evidence of the fine arts being enlisted in the cause of national prosperity, in China, and of an attempt to act on the popular mind in its own behalf.

A native artist, named Sunqua, residing in China-street, Canton, has executed some paintings on rice paper, which, forming a series, are six in number, and which, in fact, are an exact counterpart of Hogarth's famous Rake's Progress. The design of these pictures is to show the progress of the opium smoker from health and prosperity to misery and degradation. The first of these pictures represents a young man, the son of a gentleman of fortune, richly attired, and in all the freshness and vigor of youth. On his right is a chest of treasure, gold and silver; and on his left a personal attendant, constantly employed in preparing the crude article purchased and brought to the house for his use. In the second of these pictures he is reclining on a superb sofa, with a pipe in his mouth, surrounded by courtesans, two of whom are young, in the character of musicians. His money now flies without any regard to its amount. The third of these pictures represents him, after a short period of indulgence, with a countenance sallow and haggard, with high shoulders and naked teeth, and moping on a very ordinary couch, with his pipe and other smoking apparatus lying by his side. At this moment his wives, or his wife and concubine come in; the first, finding the chest emptied of its treasure, stands frowning with astonishment, whilst the second gazes with wonder at what she sees spread on the couch. In number four, his houses and lands are all gone, his couch is exchanged for rough boards and a ragged mattress, his shoes are off his feet, and his face awry, as he sits bending forward and breathing with great difficulty. The fifth represents him scraping together a few copper cash, with which he hurries to one of the smoking-houses to buy a little of the scrapings from the pipe of another smoker, to allay his insatiable cravings. In the last of these pic-

tures he appears as a confirmed sot, sitting upon a bamboo chair, continually swallowing the fæces of the drug, so foul that tea is required to wash them down, his wife and child seated near him, and, by winding skeins of silk from bamboo reels, earning for themselves and him the means of dragging out a miserable existence. These pictures are to be considered, not as the result of a singular notion in the mind of an isolated individual, but as indications of the general sense of a large class of the community in reference, of this degrading vice.

After perusing these means of judging on the subject, what can be thought, of the tens of thousands of Christians who force the trade,—of the mortifying effect which the question has on British character,—and of the dangerous tendency which commercial views sometimes have in confounding right with wrong,—or in urging wrong as right, merely because commercial interests are concerned. A more wholesome principle, we trust, will triumph,—one more in accordance with the eternal character of man,—as well as with the temporal interests of all men.

London papers remark that Ireland is the part of the Empire, at present most at repose, and least requiring the painful vigilance of Government. The troops are decreasing in Ireland, and regiment after regiment is transmitted to other parts which call for their presence. The Chartist agitation makes the provincial towns of England have the appearance of so many garrisons, while the state of Canada requires a strong military force in that direction, and British rule in India demands more than usual activity and intelligence.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed his Dublin constituents, declaring that the hope for proper attention, and for full justice, to Irish affairs, in the British Parliament, was altogether vain, and that he will urge the Repeal question as the only efficient remedy for the evils complained of. A local legislature he argues is essential to the obtaining of fair play and equal privileges for Ireland.

UNITED STATES.

The Western Railroad from Boston to Springfield was opened on October 1, and the event was duly celebrated:—the length of the Railroad is 99 miles, which was done in five hours, exclusive of stoppages.

There was much fluctuation in the N. York Stocks, but it was represented as the result of gambling operations.

Four gentlemen of Vicksburg subscribed \$20,000 to the Methodist Centenary fund.

A Destructive Fire occurred in Philadelphia on the night of October 4,—between Market and Chesnut streets, and destroyed property to the amount of about two millions of dollars. Fifty two buildings were on fire, forty were reduced to ruin. Loss of life also resulted from the calamity, and several severe wounds were received.

The New Orleans Bulletin says that General Francis Gaiennie fell in a duel on September 18, near Nachitoches,—his antagonist was general Bossier. They fought with rifles at forty paces,—the first fire proved fatal.

NEW YORK FIRES.—On Sunday morning, October 6, a fire broke out 189 Water street, opposite Holt's hotel, and continued raging until property to the amount of a million and a half of dollars was consumed. Holt's vast establishment, was saved by means of wet blankets and a small engine belonging to the house. Soon after the commencement of this fire another broke out south side of Burling Slip, which destroyed six three story houses. Previous to these fires and on the same night, two other conflagrations occurred, which destroyed or greatly injured 8 or 9 houses—and another, at Brooklyn, which consumed property to the value of 15,000 dollars.

Sickness still prevailed to an alarming extent in Mobile. The number of deaths for the week up to September 24, was 80, and for the month, 329. Contributions were making in other parts of the United States, to relieve the distress at Mobile.

A meeting of the friends of Mr. Wallack, whose Theatre was recently destroyed by fire, was held at the Astor House, N. York. It was resolved that a Theatre should be built at an expence of \$350,000 and be placed under the charge of Mr. Wallack.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRITISH QUEEN.—The delay of this fine ship for about two hours created an unusual degree of speculation—the detention was owing to a most villainous act of some unknown person, while she was in port the apartments containing her beautiful machinery, were thrown upon for the inspection of the public; some one availing himself of this privilege, took occasion, with the evident design of breaking the machinery, to place a bolt at the bottom, upon the top of the safety valve—and the consequence was, she could not condense her steam. To discover and remedy the evil, occupied two hours. Some delay was also occasioned, waiting for the Steward's supply of fresh Eggs.

The Small Pox, in its worst forms, was raging in the vicinity of Wiscasset, Edgecomb and Boothbay, Lincoln county, Me.

The use of Steelyards, by butchers, grocers, &c., is prohibited in New Orleans under a penalty of twenty dollars.

On the 22rd, ten vessels arrived at Oswego from Lake Erie, with upwards of 35,000 bushels of wheat.

Mr. Audubon has opened his gallery of original drawings, at New York, and it has been crowded with visitors. They are eminently beautiful. The copies of these, in his published volumes, cost £250 each set.

Late accounts from S. America represent the state of affairs as very wretched. Agriculture and commerce nearly extinct, and commotions in many quarters.

ST. JOHN N. B.—Great scarcity of labourers and builders, and of building materials, is said to be experienced in St. John.

On Wednesday week, Capt. Clark of the Night Steamer, running between Fredericton and St. John, fell overboard and was drowned. He left a wife and four small children.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.—A fishing company is about to be formed in this town, capital £1500, in 120 shares of £10 each.

P. E. ISLAND.—A fair and cattle show at Charlotte Town, passed off recently, very well.

ST. JOHN, N. F.—A destructive fire occurred on the morning of Sep. 16. It originated in the premises of Duscomb & Co. and destroyed much property. The estimate of loss is not stated.

BERMUDA.—A Bermuda paper giving an account of the gale of the 14th, after enumerating a number of disasters, in glowing terms, winds up the climax with the following—“Sign boards, wrenched from their fastenings, and cast *hither and thither.*”

QUEBEC.—H. M. Steam frigate, Medea, started for England on the morning of Oct. 5.

BYTOWN U. C.—Major Bolton, R. E. presented the Church of Bytown with a service of Communion plate, and his lady, Mrs. Bolton, presented a Christening vase, all of solid silver.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE DELEGATION.—An article in last Novascotian gives an account of what has been accomplished by the Delegates of the House of Assembly during their late mission to London. We give the substance of the article.

After much deliberation,—it was agreed, besides the opening of the ports of Arichat and Digby, that Cumberland, Parrsborough, Windsor, Shelburne and Lunenburg should be *Free Ports*, not warehousing ports,—that the Customs and Excise should be combined, by which, it is said, about £1500 a year will be saved,—that the £1500 granted yearly to the Post Office establishment, by the local legislature, should not be required,—that a bill regulating the granting of Crown lands should receive the sanction of government,—and that the Incorporating, Bounties Acts, etc. should be adjusted, as desired.

ADMIRALTY COURT.—James Barry, coming into the harbour on Saturday last, ran his schooner over a net which was placed a mile from the shore. The owner of the net complained that damage had been done, and claimed 30s. in consequence. Barry refused to comply, asserting that he did not injure the net, and that nets should not be allowed to impede the navigation. The complainant placed his case in the Admiralty, and Barry, fearing the consequences of a suit there, settled on Monday, by paying £12. 13s. 6d. He was very indignant, and could not understand how law or justice could require such expenses, and could thus, without trial or judgment, inflict such serious punishment.

The Chamber of Commerce of St. John N. B. urge the establishment of a more speedy mode of communication between St. John and Halifax, on the attention of the Society for promoting Trade and Manufactures of the latter place.

AGRICULTURE.—2½ lbs. of the Rohan potatoe, planted on 28th May by E. Allison, Esq. yielded 168 lbs. this fall. The same seed planted by J. Fairbanks, Esq. yielded 77 lbs. for 1 lb. and 110 potatoes for one potatoe.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Committee of the Halifax Agricultural Society, have published, during the week, their half-yearly report. Beside stating the views generally of such associations, and of the Halifax Society in particular, the following view of the season and of the produce of the peninsula of Halifax, is given:

The long continuance of the cold rains in the early parts of the Spring gave rise to fears that both the hay and potatoe crops would be seriously affected. The season, however, became more promising, and the hay, although not so heavy as in some former seasons, yielded nearly an average, and the potatoes both in quantity and quality will turn out well. The grain harvest was particularly favourable; and the weather up to the present time has been excellent for pastures. In referring to the following table of returns for the Peninsula it will be seen that the field of cultivation is extending and that wheat is growing more into favour. Six years ago there was only twelve acres, and this present year to 116½, and other grains in a corresponding ratio. The following return includes the crop in the Peninsula and Dutch Village:—Wheat 116½ acres, Oats 101½, Barley 11, Potatoes 177½, Turnips 7½, Hay 620½—Total, 1044½.

The society resolved on a Ploughing Match, which was held accordingly, and prizes of, a Medal value \$10, of \$8, \$6 and \$4 were awarded respectively, to D. Burns, J. Winters, C. Kline, and A. McCulloch.

Launched, on the 9th, from the Shipyard of Messrs. Gaetz & Zwicker, Lunenburg, the Brig Frederica, 250 tons burthen. She was named, and a set of colours presented, by Mr. Noble, Halifax.

From the ship yard of Messrs. Hull, Granville,—a ship, 700 tons, called the Pursuit, built for Messrs. Eaton and Burnham & Co. of St. John, N. B.

CAPE BRETON.—A small schooner, supposed to be from Newfoundland, was wrecked near Louisburg in the gale of the 18th Sept. Five bodies were picked up, and decently interred by the inhabitants.

The Bazaar of the Ladies Association of Edinburgh, in behalf of Cape Breton, was held at Lergs agreeably to appointment, on the 15th and 16th of August, and produced the sum of £119 to the funds of the Association.—With this assistance these ladies were enabled to accomplish the object which they had at heart. On Oct. 10, Mr. and Mrs. Munro, Miss Gordon, and Mr. McDonald, arrived in the Acadian, from Greenock, and are preparing to proceed to the scene of their labours. Mr. and Mrs. Munro are appointed to conduct the school at Boularderie Island, Miss Gordon opens school at Middle River, and Mr. McDonald proceeds either to Wycogomah or Malagawatch. The Hon. S. Cunard granted them a free passage in one of his vessels about to sail for Sydney.—(Condensed from the *Guardian*.)

YARMOUTH.—On the 29th Sep. a council of twelve was appointed by the members of Free Will Baptist Church, Cape Sable Island, Township of Barrington, before whom Mr. Nickerson of Kemptville, was examined as to his gifts to preach the Gospel—council satisfied—Sabbath morning 30th, Elder Brady of Portlour delivered an appropriate sermon, after which he proceeded to set apart Mr. Nickerson by prayer and laying on of hands, as an Evangelist. Elder McGray, Pastor of the above church, gave the charge, Elder Brady gave the right hand of fellowship.

NOVA-SCOTIA PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.—At the Annual Meeting of the Nova-Scotia Philanthropic Society, held on Monday evening the 6th inst. the following gentlemen were chosen Office-bearers for the ensuing year:—

Thomas Forrester, Esq. President; Mr. William A. McAgy, Vice President; Robert A. Bigby, Charles D. Hunter, Asst. Vice Presidents; William Caldwell, Treasurer; Robert M. Barratt, Secretary; Samuel Caldwell, Asst. Secretary; William B. Stevenson, Steward. Beamish Murdoch, Esq. Mr. Robert Richardson, Joseph Bennett, Joshua Lee, Matthew Lounds,—Committee of Charity.

A Sermon in aid of the Methodist, Halifax, Sunday School, will be preached at the New Chapel, Brunswick street, and a collection made, on Sunday evening next. Hour of service, 7 o'clock.

THE WILD FLOWERS.—Miss Morris, we understand, has obtained a large list of subscribers for her elegant Provincial work. This is creditable; her subscribers thus encourage a most deserving work, and evince their own taste and secure a pictorial treasure, at the same time.

THEATRE.—The season is drawing to a close, to-morrow being the last night but one, and we perceive for the Benefit of Mr. Chapman, the Stage Manager, and his lady—if industry on the part of Mr. C. and a continued endeavour to please on that of the lady, receive its reward, they will have a good house—*Commun.*

LATE AND IMPORTANT.

A New York paper of Oct. 10, received in town yesterday, gives some news of importance, both European and American.

It has dates, brought by the Liverpool, Steamer, down to Sep. 20, London, Sep. 21, Liverpool. The important items in brief are,—

- A great failure of the crops in England.
- A Suspension of Specie payments by the Banks of Philadelphia and Baltimore.
- The termination of the Spanish war.

By extracts from a number of English papers it appears, that continued rains have in a great degree blasted the prospects of the agriculturists,—that the crops will be very short generally, and in some instances almost a total failure,—that 5 millions of gold will be wanted during the ensuing year to purchase corn for England, and that doubts exist whether quantities required can be obtained for gold,—that riots occurred in France, in consequence of the exportation of grain to England, which resulted in a Government ordonnance forbidding the exportation,—and that supplies from the Black Sea are inconsiderable.

This is melancholy intelligence; but, we trust, as in many other instances, that circumstances will turn out much more favourable than appearances predict. Passengers in the Liverpool state that matters are not so gloomy as they are represented.

The suspension of Specie payments in some parts of the United States has been caused, in part, by the dishonouring of some bills drawn on European establishments, on account of cotton consignments. The Banks of New York and Boston were spoken of with much confidence, and the suspension elsewhere was describ-

ed as a wholesome check which would have no extensive bad effect, and would result in good.

Respecting SPAIN, Don Carlos, and suite, and followers to the amount of about 3000 men; have been driven into the French territory, and there disarmed. The Don has been sent to the Chateau Bourges, fifty leagues from Paris. Morena, whose execution of the Englishman, Mr. Boyde, made so much talk several months ago, has been shot by his own soldiers. Espartero, the Queen's General, gets great praise for his conduct.

Fresh difficulties appear in the Turkish empire. Mehemet Ali refuses to surrender the Ottoman fleet, or to resign his claims on Syria, while new insurrections, it is said, have broken out in other quarters. The young Sultan applied for advice to the ministers of the friendly powers.

Rumours respecting the marriage of Queen Victoria, are still circulated.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. The session of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, will open on the first Wednesday in November. Tickets for the Course can be had, in a few days, at Messrs. McKinlay's stationary store, at the following rates: Members, 7s. 6d., Ladies, 5s., Youths, 5s.

The following is a list of Lecturers, as arranged by the Committee.

Nov. 6.	Joseph Howe, Esq.	Introductory Address
13.	Dr. Grigor.	Phrenology.
20.	Do.	Do.
27.	Dr. Teulon,	Saline Substances.
Dec. 3.	Do.	General Knowledge.
10.	P. Lynch, junr, Esq.	Antient Art.
17.	Jas. Forman, junr. Esq.	Magnetism.
24.	Do.	Do.
31.	Dr. Creed.	Light.
Jan. 7.	Do.	Do.
14.	G. R. Young, Esq.	Steam Navigation
21.	Mr. Geo. Smithers.	Drawing.
28.	Mr. A. McKerzie.	Hydraulics.

The following gentlemen are also expected to lecture during the session: Messrs. McKinlay, W. Gossip, senr, Rev. J. McIntosh, Dr. Sawers, Dr. McCulloch, &c.

Vacancies will be made for occasional lecturers, in any part of the course where they may offer. J. S. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, Mr. T. Humphrey, Chemist and Druggist, of Halifax, to Martha Ann, second daughter of Joseph Darby, Esq.

On Tuesday last, at Dartmouth, by the Rev. Mr. Blackwood, Mr. W. Rutherford, to Miss Susanna Fulton, of Stewiacke.

DIED.

Suddenly, on Monday, John Sullivan, aged 69 years.
On Friday morning, T. Walsh, Esq. M. D. Surgeon of H. M. 37th Regiment, in the 57th year of his age.
On Wednesday morning, Mr. Matthew O'Brien, aged 40 years, deeply regretted by his relatives and a large circle of acquaintances.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Sunday, 12th—Am. brig Mary Helen, Hamilton, Alexandria, 13 days—flour, wheat, etc. to G. P. Lawson, and A. B. Richardson; Am schr. Palestine sailed 4 days previous; brig Granville, Lyle, St. Petersburg and Elsinore, 46 days—hemp and tallow to T. & L. Piers; spoke, 8th inst. ship Jacob Perkins, of Bath, U. S. bound to Boston, lost foremast the day previous, steering for next port; brig Flea, Flockhart, sailed a day previous from Elsinore for London; schr. Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. 4 days—fish, to S. Binney and others; ship Brenda, Simpson, Liverpool, G. B. 46 days—general cargo, to W. A. Black & Son and others; new brig Calla, Fowler, Yarmouth, 3 days—ballast, to J. Duffus; barque Wanderer, Robson, Newcastle, 67 days—glass, iron, coal, etc. to Fairbanks & McNab, lost topmasts on the 29th ult.; schrs. Meridian, Cornwallis—produce; Union, and Friendship, Argyle—dry fish; Canso Trader, Canso—fish; Eliza, and Albion, Bridgeport—coal; Betsey, Prospect—herrings; Morning Star, Liverpool, N. S.—dry fish; Lady Hunter, do.—herring.
Monday, 13th—Barque Margaret Miller, Peckford, Tatmagouche, bound to Liverpool, leaky; schr. Adelle, O'Brien, Labrador 10 days—spoke, 6th inst. schr. Betsy, hence, for Labrador; of 9th inst. of Manadieu, fell in with and boarded a fishing vessel with loss of foremast, no person on board, laden with barrels etc. towed her into Manadieu same day, and refitted, arrived here in company.
Tuesday, 14th—Am. Packet brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 5 days—flour, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others; H. M. Frigate Cleopatra, Capt. Lushington, St. John's, N. F.; schrs Edward & Samuel, John Thomas, Mary, H. Denoon, and Agnes, Sydney, coal; New Commerce, Pictou, do. New Dolphin, Prospect, Herring; Angler, P. E. Island, produce; Dolphin, Bay Chaleur, shingles.
Wednesday, 15th—Schr. Adventure, Munn; Industry, Ryal; Friendship, Doan; Sydney,—coal.
Thursday, 17th—barque Liverpool Symons, Liverpool, G. B. 32 days, salt, and dry goods, to M' Nab, Cochran & Co. and others; schr Gracious, Glasgow, Charlotte Town, P. E. I. 4 days; brig Jubilee, Percy, St. John, N.F. 6 days, dry fish, to J. Allison & Co.; brig Effort, McDonald, Trinidad De Cuba, 34 days, molasses to M. B. Almon.

Stoves! Stoves!

CANADIAN heavy cast STOVES for Churches, Kitchens, and Halls—For sale by the Subscriber at his Auction Store, near the Ordnance, viz.
Largest size double close Canada Stoves, for Kitchens, Single Close ditto, 4x2, 3½x2½, 3x2 and 2½ by 1½ feet. ALSO, on hand, from New York and Boston, an assortment of Franklin and Cooking Stoves; a further supply daily expected.
Oct. 11.—2m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

AUCTIONS.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,
TO-MORROW, SATURDAY, at 12 o'clock, in front of their Room.
20 ps. Swanskin Flannel,
Imported and damaged on board ship Brenda from Liverpool,—sold for the benefit of the Underwriters and all concerned. Oct. 18.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,
On Monday next, at 12 o'clock, at the Store of Mr. G. Roast.
6 puns. Fishery Molasses,
16 bbls SUGAR, 20 bbls Superfine FLOUR, Pot Barley, POLAND STARCH, Coffee, Peas, 2 Cases HONEY, Chests Souchong Tea, Boxes CANDLES, Liverpool and Glasgow SOAPS, 1 cask OLD JAMAICA, 1 cask High Wines, 1 hhd. SUPERIOR OLD BRANDY, 1 hhd GIN, Lime Juice, Whale OIL, Leaf Sugar, Cigars, Venison Hams, Cinnamon, Corn Brooms, With a variety of other articles.—ALSO,
6 Hhds SHERRY, imported from London, 5 cases Superior CHAMPAGNE do do. Oct 18.

Brown and Earthen Ware, &c.
BY W. M. ALLAN,
At Fairbank's wharf, TO-MORROW, SATURDAY, at 11½ o'clock,
15 Crates Earthen Ware,
20 barrels Lamp Black, 20 hhd's BRANDY, 25 gross Bottles, 150 doz. Brown Dishes, 16 doz Jugs, 20 doz Bottles, 20 doz Porringers, 50 doz. Broth Mugs, 5 doz Stone Mugs, 20 doz pickle Crocks. Oct 18.

BY EDWARD LAWSON,
On MONDAY next, at 12 o'clock, on THOMPSON'S WHARF,
50 puns. choice Molasses,
10 do do RUM. October 18.

Canvas and Cordage.
A FRESH SUPPLY of CANVAS and CORDAGE received per Acadian direct from the Rope Walk of the Gourock Company. ALSO, Per Brenda,
Pilot Cloths, Flushings, Flannels, Blankets,
Brown Cloth, Prints, Springfield and Manchester Warp, Mackerel and Herring Nets, Salmon Twine, Nails, Spikes, Paints, Oils, Shot, Gunpowder, and many other articles suitable for the season, all of which the Subscriber offers for sale on moderate terms.
Oct. 18.—2w ROBERT NOBLE.

W. L. WHITE,
Hair Dresser, and Manufacturer of every description of ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.
RESPECTFULLY announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Halifax and its vicinity, that he has commenced business in the house lately occupied by Mr. McKenzie, Confectioner, adjoining the Apothecary's Hall, Bedford Row, where he hopes by application and industry to merit a portion of their patronage. Oct 11.

THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Madame La Truete.
Under the immediate patronage of His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell.

THIS EVENING, (Friday,) 18th October, will be performed the Comedy of
The Soldier's Daughter,
WIDOW CHERLY, with the original epilogue, Mrs. CHARLES.
GRAND SHAWL DANCE, by Madame La Truete.
After which, a new farce, now performing in London, called
Frank Fox Phipps,
FANNY FRITTER, a chamber-maid who has travelled, Mad. LA TRUSTE.
Sailor's Hornpipe, in character, Mrs. Chapman.
The whole to conclude with a new farce, entitled
MAIDENS BEWARE,
Rosalie Boquet, afterwards Achille de Entrechtat, }
one of the National Guard and Maitre de Danse, } Mad. LA TRUSTE

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!!!
To-Morrow Evening for the
BENEFIT of Mr. and Mrs. CHAPMAN.
And positively the LAST NIGHT BUT ONE of the Season,
LAST APPEARANCE OF MR. FREER.
(Who has kindly volunteered his services on this occasion.) First night of

The Chamber of Death,
Or the Black Gondola.
BARIDAN, (a Soldier of Fortune.) Mr. FREER,
As played by him upwards of 300 nights in London, at the Queen's Theatre.
MARGUERITE OF BURGUNDY, Mrs. CHARLES.
A variety of amusements to conclude with the
Brigand, or the Terror of the Alps!!!
FORTUNATO the Brigand's Son, Mrs. PRESTON,
Assisted by the whole strength of the Company. Oct 18.

A CHANT,—THE MISSIONARY.

BY BULWER.

Beauteous on the mountains, lo !
The feet of him glad tidings gladly bringing,
The flowers along his pathway grow,
And voices, heard aloft, to angel harps are singing ;
And strife and slaughter cease
Before thy blessed way, young messenger of peace ?

O'er the mount, and through the moor,
Glide thy holy steps secure ;
Day and night no fear thou knowest :
Lonely, but with God thou goest !
Where the heathen rage the fiercest,
Through the armed throng thou piercest ;
For thy coat of mail, bedight
In thy spotless robe of white ;
For the sinful sword, thy hand
Bearing bright the silver wand ?
Through the camp and through the court,
Through the bandit's gloomy fort,
On the mission of the dove,
Speeds the messenger of love !
By a word the wildest taming ;
And the world to Christ reclaiming ;
While, as once the waters trod
By the footsteps of thy God,
War, and wrath, and rapine cease,
Hushed round thy charmed path ! Oh messenger of peace.

THE LAST OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"The history of this mournful scene is not less affecting than the death of the Grecian philosopher, which in many respects, it resembled. The same placid humour characterised the conversation of both, the subdued dignity of mirth. But Raleigh, more fortunate than Socrates, beheld, by the light of revelation, that glorious immortality which only glimmered upon the clouded eye-sight of the Athenian.—When Raleigh took leave, as we are informed in the careful life of him by Birch, of the lords of other and gentlemen,

He entreated the Lord Arundel to desire the king that no scandalous writings, to defame him, might be published after his death; concluding, "I have a long journey to go, and, therefore will take my leave." Then having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the executioner to show him the axe, which not being presently done, he said, "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it," and having it in his hands, he felt along the edge of it, and, smiling, said to the sheriff, "this is a sharp medicine, but is a physician for all diseases." Then, going to and fro on every side of the scaffold, he desired the company to pray to God to assist him, and strengthen him. The executioner, kneeling down, and asking him forgiveness, Sir Walter, laying his hand upon his shoulder, granted it; and being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies." As he stooped to lay himself along, and reclined his head, his face being towards the east, the executioner spread his own cloak under him. After a little pause, he gave the sign that he was ready for the stroke, by lifting up his hand, when his head was struck off at two blows, his body neither shrinking nor moving. His head was shown on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag; and with his velvet night cap thrown over, was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning coach of his lady's. His body was interred in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; but his head was long preserved in a case by his widow, who survived him twenty-nine years; and after her death, by his son Carew, with whom it is said to have been buried at West Horseley, in Surrey, which had been a seat of Sir Walter's.

AUDUBON.

Mr. Audubon, senior, who has recently arrived in the United States, so far from having lost any portion of his enthusiasm in the cause of natural history, has determined upon entering on a new field, and will shortly commence a history of the quadrupeds of this country—very copious and elaborate data for such a purpose having already been obtained by him in the course of unexampled labors in his ornithological researches. But, ample as his material is, it is not enough for such a man as Mr. Audubon. He goes again into the wilderness and again explores the continent for further means of enriching the natural science of his country, and for adding to his own fame. Such a man deserves more from the nation than will probably be awarded to him. It will be left to posterity, we fear, fully to appreciate the labors and the character of Audubon—high as that character stands with the world.

One thing we do insist upon, and Mr. Audubon must pardon the liberty we take with him. He has now in his possession the entire series of the original drawings of all the plates in his magnificent work, and from the natural pride of a man of genius, hesitates in exhibiting them. Why should he? These drawings

are unquestionably the most splendid the world ever witnessed. Nothing like them—nothing approaching them can be found on earth. They are as much superior to the colored engravings of his great work, as any other original picture is to the copies from it, however ably and faithfully taken. This magnificent collection is now in this city, and would furnish for the gallery, such as could be found no where else on either continent. Mr. Audubon neither does justice to himself or to his countrymen, if he permits any sensitive delicacy of feeling to prevent him from permitting these elaborations of thirty years' devotion—these masterpieces of a master genius, to go before the public. The philosopher need not deem himself the gainer by such an act, richly as we believe the exhibition would reward him; it would be the public, the world of art and of science that should be considered the beneficiary on such an occasion.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

THE FATE OF A GAMBLER.

We extract from a foreign paper the following account of the melancholy consequences of indulging a propensity for gambling as illustrated in the melancholy fate of a Bohemia nobleman:

"The dreadful passion for gambling has lately made another victim in Bohemia. The young Count J. B. Gravallasky had two years ago inherited fifteen millions of francs; he was then in his twenty-fifth year, and always in gaming houses. He lost at Milan, 500,000 florins—at Vienna, 800,000—at Prague, 300,000 florins. This severe lesson, instead of tempering his passion, made it still stronger.—He sold his furniture, then his estates, and even the revenues to arise from the dominions composing his birth-right, for one hundred years, which property could not be alienated. All his money he lost also. Reduced to misery, and always dreaming of the possibility of winning back the immense fortune he had lost, he committed the serious crime of forging bills of exchange. He was at Gratz, and there he found means to negotiate, to Messrs. Churchman & Co. in that town, bills, on which he had affixed the false signatures of the bankers, Reynerbergers and Brothers, at Vienna. One of the partners of this rich house arrived the same day at Gratz, and informed the Messrs. Clarenheim that they were the dupes of a sharper. Next morning the Count Gravallasky was arrested, but a short time after he found means to escape. He left Gratz, and went to Beraum, where he assumed the name of Karrner, and passed for a cabinet maker. He lived there in quiet retirement, but being discovered, he was put in confinement, and on the night of the 19th or morning of the 20th December, he strangled himself with a silk handkerchief."

MECHANICAL INGENUITY OF THE NATIVE EAST INDIANS.

Instances frequently occur when it is of consequence that some person should be found upon the spot adequate to the undertaking of works of importance, which otherwise must be postponed until the arrival of an officer of Engineers. The principles of road-making should always be understood, together with the construction of temporary bridges, rafts, and, in fact, an acquaintance with mechanics of every kind may be turned to good account in India; where Europeans are continually thrown amongst expert workmen, who are perfectly ignorant of science, and who, though following with great precision the instructions which they receive, can originate nothing. Many officers in India superintend the building of their own carriages, turning out very handsome equipages in remote stations, where a vehicle of the kind had never been seen before; others make up articles of furniture in the same way in their own houses; for labour being cheap, and the greater part of the materials required at hand, there is no difficulty whatsoever in procuring anything after a given pattern. The armourer of a native regiment made some excellent Italian-irons from a model cut in paper, while a common carpenter constructed very beautiful bird-cages, though he had never seen anything of the kind before, from a pattern cut in pasteboard, and strung with cotton threads.

LIGHTNING.

It is curious to find that the conductor, or lightning rod, which so many men of genius, learning and ingenuity, have been at the pains to complete, which in fact has always been regarded as one of the proudest trophies of science—was known and employed by people of no more refined cultivation than the wild peasantry of Lombardy. The Abbe Bethollet, in his work on electricity, describes a practice used on one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, on the shores of the Adriatic, which has existed from time immemorial, and which is literally neither more nor less than the process which enabled Franklin to bring lightning down from the clouds. An iron staff, it seems, was erected on the bastion of the castle during the summer, and it was a part of the duty of the sentinel, whenever a storm threatened, to raise an iron pointed halbert, towards this staff. If on the approach of the halbert sparks were emitted, (which to the scientific mind would shew that the staff was charged with electricity from a thunder cloud,) the sentinel was made sure that a storm impended, and he tolled a bell which sent forth the tidings of danger to the surrounding country. Nothing can be more delightfully

amiable than the paternal care of its subjects, which this provision of the local government exemplified. The admonishing sound of the bell was obeyed like a preternatural signal from the depth of the firmament; shepherds were seen hurrying over the valleys, urging flocks from exposed fields to places of shelter. The fishing boats, with which the coast of the Adriatic was generally studded, forthwith began to crowd sail and to make for the nearest port, whilst many a supplication was put from many a gentle and devout heart on shore before some hallowed shrine, for the safety of the little fleet.—*Monthly Review.*

PICKLING MEAT.—We consider the suggestion in the following paragraph worthy of particular consideration.

Professor Rafinesque strongly denounces the use of saltpetre in brine, intended for the preservation of flesh to keep for food. That part of the saltpetre which is absorbed by the meat he says is nitric acid, or aquafortis, a deadly poison;—animal flesh previous to the addition of the former only possessing a nutritious virtue. This is destroyed by the chemical action of salt and saltpetre; and as the professor remarks, the meat becomes as different a substance from what it should be, as leather is from raw hide before it is subjected to the process of tanning. He ascribes to the pernicious effects of this chemical change, all the diseases which are common to mariners and others, who subsist principally upon salted meat—such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, etc., and advises a total abandonment of the use of saltpetre in making pickle for beef, pork, etc. The best substitute for which, he says, is sugar, a small quantity, rendering the meat sweeter, more wholesome, and equally as durable.

In that diversified book of Southey's, "The Doctor," he describes the tranquil pleasures of a bereaved husband, in touching terms. They were "to keep every thing in the same state as when the wife was living. Nothing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs, were fed as duly for her sake, as they formerly were by her hands."

GRAVITY OF BREAKFAST.—Whether breakfast is the most serious and silent meal, because it is first, or because it is the soberest, it is difficult to say; but it does generally pass without much talk, or, at all events, without much talk that is worth recording. Punsters very seldom pun at breakfast, and the narrators of long winded stories are at that time more sparing of their tales. There is then seldom any argumentative discussion or any play of wit. Breakfast is altogether a matter of business; an affair of life and death; because if people did not break their fast, they could not live. Dinner is quite another thing; that is more a matter of pleasure than of business; and they who speak of the pleasures of the table, are supposed to allude to dinner, and not to breakfast. A man may dine with Duke Humphrey five days in the week; but it is a much more serious matter to breakfast with Duke Humphrey.

TIGHT LACING.—"I think this practice is a great public benefit," said a gentleman.

"A great public benefit," exclaimed a friend, "why how can that be; do you not see that a great many of our young ladies are ruining their healths, and losing their lives by it?"

"Yes, yes," returned the other, "but my dear fellow, do you not see that it kills off only the fools and we shall have all wise ones by and by?"

Society is like a large piece of frozen water; there are the rough places to be shunned, the very slippery ones all ready for a fall, and the holes which seem made expressly to drown you. All that can be done is to glide lightly o'er all. Skating well is the great art of social life.

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