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HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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CONGREGATIONAL PSALMODY.

The Psalmist: a Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, suited to all the varieties of Metrical Psalmody; consisting principally of Tunes already in general use for Congregational Worship, newly harmonized for four voices with a separate Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-Forte: the greater part by Vincent Novello. Comprising also many original Compositions and Adaptations contributed expressly to this work, by himself and other eminent Professors: the whole adapted as well for Social and Domestic Devotion as for Public Worship. Part III. London: Jackson and Walford.

Every one may satisfy himself by a moderate attention to his own consciousness that the utterance of any sentiment whatever, gives it a force which it did not previously possess—that the belief of others being the subjects of the same feelings with ourselves deepens our own emotions, (partly perhaps by increasing our conviction of their propriety)—and that their simultaneous expression by a sympathizing multitude carries them to the highest pitch of intensity. Congregational psalmody is the fulfilment of these conditions by means which perfectly harmonize with its end and object—the promotion of the devotional feelings. Religious sentiments are embodied in metrical language, and thus it becomes easy for multitudes to combine in their recitation without clamour and confusion—and at the same time to avail themselves of the potent aid of music, which augments our feelings, by increasing our power of expressing them.

The great truths by which religion makes demands on our various emotions, even when apprehended, can never be felt in a degree commensurate with their importance. If then some proportion between the feeling of the heart and the import of the words on the lip can be produced only now and then, it is a positive good. The impression, which from its nature can only be transitory and occasional, will lend its influence to deepen the tone of our habitual and intermediate state of feeling.

Moreover, this takes place during a professedly religious service, when many things conspire to hinder it from degenerating into a mere gratification of taste, and a barren excitement of the sensibility. There is or ought to be here, the efficient presentation to the mind, not only of the proper occasions of emotion, but of the great reason why it is good to be moved at all—that we may act—and this is more likely to secure an effectual reception when the mind is moved already. There is no just objection to any means of stirring the feelings when at the same time they are made the allies of an enlightened and rectified will.

The annals of the Reformation in France, Germany, and our own country, show that music of the right kind and rightly employed, can be made an engine of vast effect in facilitating the progress of truth, and the sacred volume frequently recognizes its salutary potency. Why is it that in our experience its achievements do not parallel or even approach what has been recorded of it? Man remains the same. His nature is not more rebellious to its influence now, than it was when the minstrel's harp could prepare the prophet for the illapses of inspiration, or soothe the bosom of one under a preter-natural frenzy. It is comparatively ineffective with us only because we have ceased to appeal to its power. Our devotional music has become in a great measure spurious, and our practice of it formal, and we need nothing else to explain the insignificance of the results.

It is impossible in this life to present the perfect idea of the choral worship of God. We may conceive that to be independent of the aid of set compositions and tune-books. But one of its essential elements we may be certain is, the entire sincerity of all the innumerable company. What on earth is a pleasing and charitable fiction—that the heart of the multitude is as the heart of one man, must there be the simple and evident truth. In proportion to our belief in this state of things on earth, the poorest specimen of psalmody yields to a good man delight which no combination of genius and musical talent can afford. There are, however, plenty of ways of counteracting this idea, on which, as a means, nearly the whole effect of psalmody depends. It is destroyed when a whole congregation is called upon to utter sentiments which mark the variations of individual feeling, but could never be expected to exist in a multitude of minds at the same time. Hymns proper enough for the closet become worse than useless when put into the mouths of a congregation. They know that they cannot and ought not to be required to sing them with the heart, and they comply with the announcement from the desk, only as a form in which it is decent for them to join. This mistake is often committed for the sake of some piece of music which the congregation being familiar with therefore approves. 'Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame,' is an instance glaringly in point.

Compositions of a didactic character, conveying instruction in a medium of poetry, are happily abundant, and every variety of appeal and exhortation is to be met with in our collections. But it is usurping the functions of the pulpit to make the people preach to themselves by singing them. They are not hymns—that is, devotional compositions—and therefore, however useful they may be found, they prevent a higher use of the rite by perverting it from its true end, which is, worship. When our hymns express feelings that are proper to the engagement, and therefore ought to be the inmates of all bosoms, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the power of sympathy.

We have said that music answers a double purpose in psalmody, or should do so. It renders the recitation of multitudes orderly and simultaneous, and contributes to impart and enhance emotion by its power of expressing it. There is room to suspect that the great majority of tunes ordinarily heard in our chapels, fulfil only the first of these ends, or if the latter, in a much less degree than is both possible and desirable. Many of the most popular exert an influence which is worse than negative. As far as they convey any sentiment at all, it is often not of a kind fit for the occasion on which they are used, and therefore instead of being the auxiliaries of devotion, they rather repress it. It may be at once objected to us, 'there is no disputing about tastes—you may think as you do about our old favourites—but if we are in the majority, your predilections, are not to be complied with to our annoyance.' This is the universal argument against proposed reforms in matters of taste, and if it were intended to deny, what is implied in the very terms, that pleasure is the result of gratifying all manner of tastes, it would be conducive as well as trite. We should not contradict the Esquimaux who vaunted seal oil as a nice article of diet, however satisfied that our palates relished higher and purer flavours. But the question is one of degree—and none are qualified to decide it, who are only acquainted with one of the two classes competing for preference. Every body requires the correspondence should be observable between tunes and the words which may be sung to them, and feels that one tune may excel another in this congruity. If not, the words of 'God Save the Queen,' might be set to the jig called 'Drops of Brandy,'—or, to quit the glaringly absurd, the hymn beginning, 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,' might be sung to 'Burford,' or 'Thee we adore Eternal Name,' to 'Mount Pleasant'—'Lonsdale' would be as often the tune for 'And must this body die,' as 'St. Bride's'; and all without raising the sense of contrast and unfitness. If these are self-evident instances of the justness of the principle, as we are disposed to think them, is it not possible that the faculty of discrimination, if heedfully cultivated, may at last decide that tunes now widely popular are unfit for devotional use at all—and not merely by comparison with the beautiful melodies they have thrust out of notice? We are only inviting to finer appreciations and higher enjoyments.

There is also an argument 'in arrest of judgment' which it may be as well to anticipate. It is alleged, that if many of our tunes are not the best that could be adopted, they serve their purposes, and supply what is lacking, by the associations our congregations attach to them. If time and use are to give qualities to tunes which did not originally belong to them, we may increase our stores on these principles, by proselyting among profane songs to any extent. Our clerks may set long metres and common metres to 'Friend of my Soul,' 'Fly not Yet,' 'Flow on thou Shining River,' just as a notorious composer has done by 'Me Bacchus Fires,' 'Glorious Apollo,' and the popular duet 'Deserted by the Waning Moon.' Circumstances extrinsic to them may invest some of the worst tunes with a charm that belongs to none besides. Nothing is more likely or certain. But the particular recollections which afford this intense delight cannot be common to many people. Perhaps, on such grounds as these, no one tune would secure a majority of votes for its preservation. Moreover, associations equally solemn and affecting, will gather round the best tunes, if they are but sung often enough. And then we predict that the congregation which has permitted the reform will enjoy the recompense.

No tunes can vindicate their claim to be heard in the worship of God, which do not possess that quality of solemnity which summons the mind to devotion, and calls it from the world. Whatever excellence of other kinds they may exhibit, this is a cardinal requisite, and its absence is sufficient reason for banishing them summarily from our religious services. By asserting the absolute necessity of solemnity, we of course do not mean

that religion without which hope and joy are but flattering illusions, affords no scope for the musical expression of cheerful and animating feelings,—but that these when called into exercise by sacred motives have that belonging to them which forbids all light and frivolous modes of expressing them. It is possible to be solemn without gloom and to rejoice with reverence. On this score then, who can defend the tunes called Hampshire, Ebenezer New, Calcutta, Zion Church, Zadok, Church Street, Whitby, etc.

An analysis of tunes which do fulfil this great condition, discovers that they for the most part resemble each other in allotting one bar for the musical expression of two syllables, and if more than one, never more than two notes to each syllable. While the melody is kept within the compass of about eight notes, which is usually that of the human voice. These restrictions, which genius has imposed on itself, also secure the expression of the rhythm or measure of the stanza, and facility of performance by a congregation—points almost equally important with the first. But these three requisites—the expression of a devotional sentiment—identity of accentuation with that of the metre—and facility of execution, are not often separable and independent. The fault which destroys one will often affect the others equally. Vulgar conventional phrases and snatches of secular melody, absurd attempts at the fugue, or short points of imitation which the voices repeat without respect to the sense of the words—the metrical fall of the syllables placed on the wrong parts of the bar—one line taking twice as many bars as it ought, while others are defrauded of their due proportion—all these are allies (in annulling the constituents of a good psalm-tune. Their combined action is very well exemplified in such tunes as Cranbrook, Derby, Oxford, Kentucky, Cambridge New, Calcutta, etc. etc. In Leach (290, Rip.) the symmetry of the tune is spoilt by a senseless repetition of the last line, while a vulgar trolling of notes is expended on one word ('and lives to die no more,') making its duration six times as long as any other of its fellow-syllables. A similar deviation from the regularity of the metre takes place in 'Darkhouse' and 'Clifton.' The absurdity of this becomes evident if we imagine the clerk giving out the stanza in the metrical form it must assume when it comes to be sung to tunes, of which the three we have named are fair specimens. Long passages of short notes on single words are found in the most admired compositions, and we suppose the deformity we are censuring in psalm tunes is owing to a blind spirit of rivalry in their makers. They forget that, in the one case, it is only expressing the word which carries the sentiment in an appropriate strain of music, which can never fall on an insignificant or unsuitable word—that the idea of a cantata admits of this and every other means of making the music closely expressive of the specific sentiments of the words, which that of a psalm tune does not—while the former is not bound like a psalm tune to the observance of any measured accentuation. The attempt at a fugue is totally out of character in a psalm tune—because were the limits of the corale sufficient to develop its progress, it is destructive of the rhythm, and by interrupting the steady syllabic march of the melody, tends to keep the congregation silent, or makes them fall into confusion. In most of the cases where particular tunes seem to enjoy a patent right of being sung to particular hymns, e. g. Cranbrook, Zion Church, Atwaters, to the hymns beginning 'Grace, 'tis a charming sound,' 'How did my heart rejoice to hear,' 'With all my powers of heart and tongue;' it is perhaps this very peculiarity which has been the cause of such special conjunctions. There is some noisy passage to be answered in succession by the different parts, and the congregation execute them with great promptitude and energy. The basses are boldly daring when they have it all to themselves, and the counter-tenors pleasingly venturous on the verge of the impossible at those junctures of the strain that are contrived to display them. But it may be doubted whether all this fervor results so much from an exaltation of emotion, as from the run of the music admitting and inviting a loud and exhilarating uplifting of the voice. The tune itself, and not any feeling the tune expresses, is the thing thought of.

Many ideas, beautiful in themselves when sung with the expression of a solo singer, varying from the declamatory to that of intense feeling or peaceful repose, become impracticable to a congregation. 'Hotham' may be taken as an example of a good melody, but too delicate in its character for general use. But if a tune so beautiful as 'Hotham' is on this account scarcely transmissible by an assembly, what shall be urged in favor of many in which the same or a greater degree of structural unfit-ness for con-

gregational use is not compensated by excellency of a different kind ; as Calcutta, Leach, Condescension, with their quirks and quaver passages---or, Eaton, Eythorn, Knaresboro', etc., where the like faults are committed by semi-quavers ?

The true corale is to exercise the vocal powers of a multitude. Its music must therefore move in masses. It must be simple in its conception and structure, and broadly expressive of a devotional feeling. It is then among its properties to have its effect increased the greater the number of voices engaged in singing it---to be adapted, either in itself or by alteration of its time or 'expression,' to a great variety of sentiments ; though not often to any two that are in strong opposition. Its cadences, or the musical periods which terminate each line, may be made to contribute to the expressiveness of the composition, while they prevent tedium by delighting the ear with their harmony. The Collection whose title heads our remarks, contains multitudes of beautiful specimens. We may instance St. Mary's, Windsor (119), Burford (44), Tirzah (204), etc., as corales expressing the emotions which awe and subdue. They are characterized by a progression of the melody from one note to its next, and by a solemn and pathetic fall in their cadences. On the contrary, ideas of praise, joy, expectation, when musically expressed, are marked by a bold outline, the melody proceeding by thirds and fourths, with strongly marked changes of harmony---affording unexpected resting places in the cadence---as in Chichester, Jerusalem, Durwells, Eisenach, Warwick, Westminster New, York, Clifton, Montgomery, and many others ; while love, veneration, and the feelings of a tender or plaintive character call for smooth flowing equable melody, undisturbed by bold and unexpected contrasts. Of this kind, Abridge, St. Stephens, Sunbury, Melcombe, Tiverton, Havannah, Patmos, Liverpool, Mauchester, are unexceptionable examples.

It is the old corale, bold, dignified, and simple in its outline, that more evidently possesses the comprehensiveness which fits it for great latitude of application. It has, what has been technically called an apathetic character, devoid of the sensuous forms of modern melody. Analogous to a general term, it expresses a class of feelings, but not their specific differences. There is nothing in its melody to forbid the alteration of 'time' and 'expression,' as the feeling of the words sung to it may require. The modern corale, perhaps deriving its invention from the serious glee or verso movements of the cathedral anthem, is marked by the elegant flow of its parts and the expressiveness of its melody ; approaching more or less nearly to the ballad, whose nature it is to express more closely the feeling of the stanzas it is set to than that of any others. We are thus offered the means of forming a permanent union between hymns of particular shades of sentiment, and the tunes which are best adapted to express them. And provided the selected tunes are calculated for congregational use, both tunes and hymns will increase in force of impression by such appropriations. Let the principle which should dictate the conjunction be duly recognized, and all the rest may be left to the operation of public taste. We abstain from specifying what conjunctions of hymns and tunes are in our opinion most suitable, lest the bans should be forbidden. But to name a few tunes which appear to contain facilities for what we recommend :---Wirksworth is penitential ; Antwerp tells of our mortality, and is full of the memory of human woe ; Mount Ephraim denotes confidence, but it is the confidence of hope, not of possession---mingling anticipations of escape with the recollection that suffering is not yet over ; St. George's expresses cheerful reliance, and Cary's, grateful praise, but both are rather tender than bold ; Gloucester, on the contrary, declares the trust that exults, and counts the promise already won. We offer our opinions with unaffected deference to better judges. As it is, we have often to lament that the tune counteracts the effect of the words. We were lately required to sing Watts's beautiful paraphrase of the 133th Psalm, which calls upon us to stand in awe because God is around us, to 'Horsley'---a tune which almost obliges us to show that we however have no becoming sense of the overwhelming fact. This is perhaps the most perfect way of defeating the end of psalmody.

Concluded next week.

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

The following interesting fact is related by Audubon in his Ornithological Biography. In speaking of the Zenaida dove he says---A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well known key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of doves, awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by notes of any bird, and especially by them of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of

horrors, that through these plaintive notes and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be, 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers ; and no danger seemed to him to be comparable with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws ; and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends.

THE PEACEMAKER.

BY DR. CHANNING.

"Dr. Worcester's efforts in relation to war, or in the cause of peace, made him eminently a public man, and constitute his chief claim to public consideration ; and these were not founded on accidental circumstances or foreign influences, but wholly on the strong and peculiar tendencies of his mind. He was distinguished above all whom I have known by his comprehension and deep feeling of the spirit of Christianity, by the sympathy with which he seized on the character of Jesus Christ as a manifestation of perfect love, by the honor in which he held the mild, humble, forgiving, disinterested virtues of our religion. This distinguished trait of his mind was embodied and brought out in his whole life and conduct. He especially expressed it in his labors for the promotion of universal peace on the earth. He was struck, as no other man within my acquaintance has been, with the monstrous incongruity between the spirit of Christianity, and the spirit of Christian communities, between Christ's teaching of peace, mercy, forgiveness, and the wars which divide and desolate the church and the world. Every man has particular impressions which rule over and give a hue to his mind. Every man is struck by some evils rather than others. The excellent individual of whom I speak was shocked, heart-smitten, by nothing so much as by seeing that man hates man, that man destroys his brother, that man has drenched the earth with his brother's blood, that man in his insanity has crowned the murderer of his race with the highest honors, and, still worse, that Christian hates Christian, that church wars against church, that differences of forms and opinions array against each other those whom Christ died to join together in closest brotherhood, and that Christian zeal is spent in building up sects, rather than in spreading the spirit of Christ, and enlarging and binding together the universal church. The great evil on which his mind and heart fixed was war, discord, intolerance, the substitution of force for reason and love. To spread peace on earth became the object of his life. Under this impulse, he gave birth and impulse to peace societies. This new movement is to be traced to him above all other men, and his name, I doubt not, will be handed down to future time with increasing veneration as the 'friend of peace,' as having given new force to the principles which are gradually to abate the horrors, and ultimately extinguish the spirit of war.

"The abolition of war, to which this good man devoted himself, is no longer to be set down as a creation of fancy ; a dream of enthusiastic philanthropy. War rests on opinion ; and opinion is more and more withdrawing its support. War rests on contempt of human nature, on the long, mournful habit of regarding the mass of human beings as machines, or as animals having no higher use than to be shot at and murdered, for the glory of a chief, for the seating of this or that family on a throne, for the petty interests or selfish rivalries which have inflamed states to conflict. Let the worth of a human being be felt ; let the mass of a people be elevated ; let it be understood that a man was made to enjoy unalienable rights, to improve lofty powers, to secure a vast happiness ; and a main pillar of war will fall. And is it not plain that these views are taking place of the contempt in which man has been so long held ? War finds another support in the prejudices and partialities of a narrow patriotism. Let the great Christian principle of human brotherhood be comprehended, let the Christian spirit of universal love gain ground, and just so fast the custom of war, so long the pride of men, will become their abhorrence and execration. It is encouraging to see how outward events are concurring with the influences of Christianity in promoting peace ; how an exclusive nationality is yielding to growing intercourse ; how different nations, by mutual visits, by the interchange of thoughts and products, by studying one another's language and literature, by union of efforts in the cause of religion and humanity, are growing up to the consciousness of belonging to one great family. Every rail-road connecting distant regions, may be regarded as accomplishing a ministry of peace. Every year which passes without war, by interweaving more various ties of interest and friendship, is a pledge of coming years of peace. The prophetic faith with which Dr. Worcester, in the midst of universal war, looked forward to a happier era, and which was smiled at as enthusiasm or credulity, has already received a sanction beyond his fondest hopes, by the wonderful progress of human affairs.

"On the subject of war, Dr. Worcester adopted opinions which are thought by some to be extreme. He interpreted literally the

precept, 'Resist not evil ;' and he believed that nations as well as individuals, would find safety as well as 'fulfill righteousness' in yielding it literal obedience. One of the most striking traits of his character was his confidence in the power of love, I might say, in its omnipotence. He believed that the surest way to subdue a foe, was to become his friend ; that a true benevolence was a surer defence than swords, or artillery, or walls of adamant. He believed that no mightier man ever trod the soil of America than William Penn, when entering the wilderness unarmed, and stretching out to the savage a hand which refused all earthly weapons, in token of brotherhood and peace. There was something grand in the calm confidence with which he expressed his conviction of the superiority of moral to physical force. Armies, fiery passions, quick resentments, and the spirit of vengeance mis-called honor, seemed to him weak, low instruments, inviting, and often hastening, the ruin which they are used to avert. Many will think him in error ; but if so, it was a grand thought which led him astray."

SHOOTING CROCODILES ON THE NILE.---But the standing shots of the Nile are crocodiles and pelicans. The former still abound, as in the days when the Egyptians worshipped them ; and as you see one basking in the sun, on some little bank of sand, even in the act of firing at him, you cannot help going back to the time when the passing Egyptian would have bowed to him as to a god ; and you may imagine the descendant of the ancient river god, as he feels a ball rattling against his scaly side, invoking the shades of his departed worshippers, telling his little ones of the glory of his ancestors, and cursing the march of improvement, which has degraded him from the deity of a mighty people into a target for strolling tourists. I always liked to see a crocodile upon the Nile, and always took a shot at him for the sake of the associations. In one place I counted in sight at one time twenty-one, a degree of fruitfulness in the river probably equal to that of the time when each of them would have been deemed worthy of a temple, while living, and embalment and a mighty tomb when dead. While walking by the river side, I met an Arab with a gun in his hand, who pointed to the dozing crocodiles on a bank before us, and, marking out a space on the ground, turned to the village a little back, and made me understand that he had a large crocodile there. As I was some distance in advance of my boat, I accompanied him, and found one fourteen feet long, stuffed with straw, and hanging under a palm tree. He had been killed two days before, under a desperate resistance, having been disabled with bullets and pierced with spears in a dozen places. I looked at him with interest, and compassion, reflecting on the difference between his treatment and that experienced by his ancestors, but nevertheless opened a negotiation for a purchase ; and though our languages were as far apart as our countries, bargain sharpens the intellect to such a degree that the Arab and I soon came to an understanding, and I bought him as he hung for forty piastres and a charge of gunpowder. I had conceived a joke for my own amusement. A friend had requested me to buy for him some mosaics, cameos, etc., in Italy, which circumstances had prevented me from doing, and I had written to him regretting my inability, and telling him that I was going to Egypt, and I would send him a mummy or a pyramid ; and when I saw the scaly monster hanging by the tail, his large jaws distended by a stick, it struck me that he would make a still better substitute for cameos and mosaics, and that I would box him up, and, without any advice, send him to my friend. The reader may judge how desperately I was pushed for amusement, when I tell him that I chuckled greatly over this unhappy conceit, and having sent my Nabian to haul the boat as she was coming by, I followed with my little memorial. The whole village turned out to escort us, more than a hundred Arabs, men, women and children, and we dragged him down with a pomp and circumstance worthy of his better days. Paul looked a little astonished when he saw me with a rope over my shoulder, leading the van of this ragged escort, and rather turned up his nose when I told him my joke. I had great difficulty in getting my prize on board, and, when I got him there, he deranged every thing else ; but the first day I was so tickled that I could have thrown all my other cargo overboard rather than him. The second day the joke was not so good, and the third I grew tired of it, and tumbled my crocodile into the river. I followed him with my eye as his body floated down the stream ; it was moonlight, and the breaking of the water-wheel on the banks sounded like the moaning spirit of an ancient Egyptian, indignant at the murder and profanation of his god. It was, perhaps, hardly worth while to mention this little circumstance, but it amused me for a day or two, brought me into mental contact with my friends at home, and gave me the credit of having myself shot a crocodile, any one of which was worth all the trouble it cost me. If the reader will excuse a bad pun, in consideration of its being my first and my last, it was not a *dry* joke ; for, in getting the crocodile on board, I tumbled over, and, very unintentionally on my part, had a January bath in the Nile.---Stephens.

A contemporary says, that "the machinery of the Great Western will last for ever," and "afterwards it can be sold for old iron."

From Parkinson's Treatise on Live Stock.

A SPORTING SOW.

Of this most extraordinary animal, will here be stated a short history, to the veracity of which there are hundreds of living witnesses.—Slut was bred in, and was of that sort which maintain themselves in the New Forest, with regular feeding, except when they have young, and then but for a few weeks, and was given, when about three months old, to be a breeding sow, by Mr. Thomas to Mr. Richard Toomar, both at that time keepers in the forest.

From having no young, she was not fed, or taken very little notice of, until about eighteen months old; was seldom observed near the lodge, but chanced to be seen one day when Mr. Edward Toomar was there. The brothers were concerned together in breaking pointers and setters, some of their own breeding, and others which were sent to be broke by different gentlemen: of the latter, although they would stand and back, many were so indifferent, that they would neither hunt nor express any satisfaction when birds were killed and put before them. The slackness in these dogs first suggested the idea, that by the same method any other animal might be made to stand and do as well as one of those huntless and inactive pointers. At this instant the sow passed by, and was remarked as being handsome: Richard Toomar threw her a piece or two of oatmeal roll, for which she appeared grateful, and approached very near; from that time they were determined to make a sporting pig of her. The first step was to give her a name, and that of slut (given in consequence of her soiling herself in a bog,) she acknowledged in the course of a day, and never afterwards forgot. Within a fortnight she would find and point partridges or rabbits, and her training was much forwarded by the abundance of both, which were near the lodge; she daily improved, and in a few weeks would retrieve birds that had run as well as the best pointers, nay, her nose was superior to any pointer they ever possessed, and no two men in England had better. They hunted her principally on the moors and heaths. Slut has stood partridges, black game, pheasants, snipes, and rabbits, in the same day; but was never known to point a hare. She was seldom taken by choice more than a mile or two from the lodge, but has frequently joined them when out with their pointers, and continued with them several hours. She has sometimes stood a jack-snipe, when all the pointers had passed by it; she would back the dogs when they pointed, but the dogs refused to back her until spoken to; their dogs being all trained to make a general halt when the word was given, whether any dog pointed or not, so that she has been frequently standing in the midst of a field of pointers. In consequence of the dogs not liking to hunt when she was with them; (for they dropped their sterns, and shewed symptoms of jealousy) she did not very often accompany them, except for the novelty, or when she accidentally joined them in the forest.

Her pace was mostly a trot, and seldom known to gallop, except when called to go out shooting; she would then come off the forest at full stretch (for she was never shut up to prevent her being out of the sound of the call or whistle, when a party of gentlemen had appointed to see her out the next day, and which call she obeyed as readily as a dog,) and be as much elated as a dog, upon being shown the gun. She always expressed great pleasure when game, either dead or alive, was placed before her. She has frequently stood a single partridge at forty yards distance, her nose in a direct line to the bird: after standing some considerable time, she would drop like a setter, still keeping her nose in an exact line, and would continue in that position until the game moved; if it took wing, she would come up to the place, and draw slowly after it; and when the bird stopped, she would stand as before. The two Mr. Toomars lived about seven miles apart, at Rhinefield and Broomey lodges. Slut has many times gone, by herself from one lodge to the other, as if to court the being taken out shooting. She was about five years old when her master died; and at the auction of his pointers, etc. was included in the sale, and bought in at ten guineas.

Sir H. Mildmay having expressed a wish to have her, she was sent to Dogmersfield park, where she remained some years. She was last in the possession of Colonel Sikes, and she was then ten years old, had become fat and slothful, but would point game as well as before. When killed she was at Bassilden House. Slut weighed 700 lbs. Her death, to those who possess common feelings of humanity, appears (if one may use the expression,) at least animal murder: it would have cost but a trifling sum to have fed and sheltered her in the winter, and the park would have supplied her wants at no expence.

CAPTAIN RIOU.—April 23, 1790. "Crowther dined with us; and gave us an account of the shipwreck and Riou's fortitude." Mr. Crowther owed his education to the Elland Society; and had been recently selected by Mr. Wilberforce for a chaplaincy which he had prevailed on Mr. Pitt to found for New South Wales. A letter of the 17th of April announced to Mr. Wilberforce the shipwreck of the vessel in which Mr. Crowther sailed. "On the 11th of December we left the cape. On the 21st saw two islands of ice in lat. 42° long. 38° 30' E., distant about three

leagues. About noon on the 29d we saw another, and bore down towards it, hoisted out the jolly-boat and one of the cutters, and picked up some small floating pieces, and then bore away N. W., in order to get entirely clear of the ice. About half-past eight the same evening, the officer on the fore-castle cried out, 'An island of ice close a-head' (for, being in the dark, and a very thick mist, we could see very little before us). Before the alarm was sounded through the ship, she had struck one violent blow; and directly after she struck again, and got upon the ice, sliding along into an immense cavern in its side. Every effort was made to save the ship until Friday, when it was judged necessary to quit her. The captain would not leave her, but wrote a letter to the Admiralty. Two boats besides ours were hoisted out. We were taken up by a French ship, and came in it to the Cape, after being in an open boat from Dec. 25 to Jan. 3, exposed to cold, hunger, and thirst, having scarcely any clothes; two gills of water per day, and at most two pounds of bread, amongst fifteen." To this account he added, in a conversation which, with its racy Yorkshire dialect, Mr. Wilberforce delighted to preserve, "When the ship's condition was altogether hopeless, Capt. Riou sent for me into the cabin, and asked me, 'Crowther, how do you feel?' 'How? why, I thank God, pretty comfortable.' 'I cannot say I do. I had a pious mother, and I have not practised what she taught me; but I must do my duty. The boats will not hold one third of our crew; and if I left the vessel, there would be a general rush into them, and every one would perish. I shall stay by the ship, but you shall have a place; and be sure you go in the master's boat, for he knows what he is about, and if any boat reaches the shore it will be his.' In the bustle of embarking, I got into the wrong boat, and found out my mistake too late to alter it. The boats, however, neared each other to make an exchange of some of their provisions, and I heard Riou call to me, 'If you've a heart, Crowther, jump!' I made the attempt, and just reaching the boat fell backwards into the water, but was pulled in amongst them." No other boat than that into which he was thus taken ever reached the shore. "John Clarkson alone, of those who heard this conversation," says Mr. Wilberforce, "would not despair of Riou." "I have seen," said Mr. Clarkson, himself a naval man, "such wonderful escapes at sea, that so long as the captain preserves his self-possession, I can never despair of any ship." "Thursday 29th," says the diary, "waked by a note, saying that the Guardian, Riou, had arrived safely at the Cape. Poor Crowther could not believe it—sent him to Thurlow for a living." Captain Riou was preserved for a more distinguished end; his gallant death at the hour of victory at Copenhagen has linked his name with the memory of Nelson.—*Life of Wilberforce.*

THE HUMAN EAR.

On Wednesday evening last, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the indisposition of Mr. Donald, Mr. Charles Creed, Surgeon, delivered an elaborate lecture on the Human Ear. The sense of hearing, Meckel calls, and with great propriety, "the most noble and intellectual of all the senses." The ear may be less complicated in its structure than the eye; yet on examination, it is discovered to be an extremely delicate organ, and its functions liable to be deranged by the slightest causes. Indeed it is one of two organs, selected by inspiration as the choicest proof of the infinite wisdom of the Supreme Being: "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" And most happily did every section of Dr. Creed's lecture evince the justness of the divine selection. There is the porch of the ear, wrought into irregular bends and hollows, which like circling hills, or surrounding rocky shores, collect the wandering undulations of the air;—the tube, or the external passage to the inner cavities, shaped according to the best principles of acoustics, and for its protection, supplied with glands which give out a bitter and viscous matter, forming a perfect morass, embarrassing to the feet of insects, and certain death to all the little intruders that feed upon it. Crossing the ear tube from the sides are strong, short hairs, intersecting each other in such a manner, that an insect must overcome the resistance of those pikes, or chevaux-de-frise, in case the ear-wax does not arrest its progress. Next, we have the drum-head or membrana tympani at the further extremity of the canal, and where the peregrinations of insects are impassably limited. Across the membrane of the drum a fine thread of a nerve is drawn, which gives it the requisite sensibility and connexion with the system—and this membrane, being on the stretch, is put in vibratory motion by the slightest pulsation in the air, which it transmits to the still more important apparatus within. Look at that apparatus—the drum barrel with its chain of bones, the hammer and the anvil, the minute round bone and the stirrup, and these little bones of hearing so placed in the drum barrel, one joined to the extremity of the other, that they make a compound lever, the object of which is to have the freest and longest extent of motion in a little space. Unlike the military drum, the sticks of this are fixed on the inside, connected to little cords, which jerk them down, wherever there is the least noise, to give the brain intelligence, as it were, of what is going on without. Passing by the muscles, the tenors (stretchers) and the laxators (looseners) of the little

bones, we come to the labyrinth, consisting of three parts, the vestibule, cochlea or snail-shell, and the semicircular canals, all hollowed out of the solid bone. Each of the parts of the labyrinth is admirably adapted to the purposes of hearing—the vestibule with its thin membranous bag, which spreads its branched into the semicircular canals—the interior of the bag, and of its offsets containing a liquid entirely shut up in the bag, etc.—the space between this bag and the bony shell, filled with a network, having a quantity of liquid—and above all, the auditory nerve coming from the brain, and piercing first the bone, and after the membranous bag, in the liquid of which it expands and floats. Among a multitude of parts very correctly and fully described by Dr. Creed, we have glanced only at the chief, but enough, we think, to demonstrate that the ear is a very complicated instrument, as well as an exquisitely beautiful piece of mechanism. And when viewed as a whole, how admirable does it appear! The sonorous impressions of the air first collected by the external trumpet of the ear, and directed into the ear tube; then received by the membrane stretching over the head of the drum, and conveyed from thence by the chain of bones in the cavity of the drum to the labyrinth, where it gets in vibration the liquid outside the membranous bag, then the bag itself, then its liquid contents, and last of all the expansion of the auditory, or hearing nerve connected with the brain. But how amazingly nice must be the formation, and how inconceivably exact the tension of the auditory nerves, to correspond with the smallest tremors of the atmosphere, and so easily to distinguish their most subtle variations! And how correct must be the mechanical adaptation of the bones of the ear to each other, when if the extreme point of the handle of the hammer be moved the millionth part of an inch, by the vibrations of the drum-head, it will so operate on the anvil, and that on the stirrup, through the intervention of the minute round bone, (smaller than a mustard seed) that the stirrup will move through treble the space, by a single sonorous pulsation of the hammer, in the same period of time! It has been recently demonstrated that the human ear is so extremely sensible, as to be capable of appreciating sounds which arise from about 24,000 vibrations in a second; and consequently, that it can hear a sound which lasts only the 24,000th part of a second! May we not ask, triumphantly ask, "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?"

With us, the anatomy of the human body is a favorite study; indeed our great partiality for it has prompted us in the present instance, to remind the members of the Institute of some of the parts of the human ear, so beautifully illustrated in the lecture. Next to a want of knowledge of the word of God, we should esteem it our greatest disgrace to be ignorant of the structure of our bodies; and no subject can be more appropriate for the Institute, and more ought to be more popular, than the human body. The curiosity of man, and his eager desire for novelty, will lead him to brave the dangers of the ocean; it will impel him on to explore unknown climes, to wander among savages, and it forbids him to leave any ruin of antiquity unsurveyed, or any interesting spot unvisited. A fragment of a rock from an old and almost forgotten castle, a twig from a tree over the grave of some buried great one, or any memento of a like kind, is valued as above price. This may all be well enough. Far be it from us to undervalue the pleasure and benefits of travels; but while we are searching after curiosities and novelties in far off and unknown lands, we might find things quite as curious and novel nearer home,—even in our own bodies. We shall there see a piece of mechanism far surpassing the ingenuity and invention of man. Even in the minutest part, we shall find organs of a complex and different character, performing various functions, and each harmonising with the other, and all operating by fixed and regular laws. In short, we shall behold the last, and most perfect work of God—the master-piece of an Almighty hand. And a great portion of the knowledge is within the reach of all and is of easy attainment: thus, to know the form of the ear-tube examine the skull of a sheep bleaching in the field, and you have a resemblance to the human ear, particularly striking:—so to know the nature of the membrane of the drum, with common ingenuity you may dissect this beautiful membrane in the head of a fowl, with the point of a knife. A snail-shell will give a good idea of the cochlea, and a crook-neck squash an exact representation of any of the semi-circular canals. With such views we listened to Dr. CREED, nor were we disappointed in our expectations. Leaving the abruptness of the call to appear before a public assembly, out of the question, we considered the lecture highly creditable to the talents and industry of the lecturer, and throughout the whole it was evident that Mr. Creed had a perfect knowledge of the subject. We noticed a slight degree of timidity in the lecturer incident to a maiden address, but which, we would much rather perceive than a pompous, affected, and almost impudent mode of appearance before a public audience.

EDITOR OF THE PEARL.

FEMALE CURIOSITY.—A lady after hearing a very impressive sermon, condemnatory of wickedness in every shape, coolly exclaimed, "Well, after all, I should like to see everything for once."

For the Pearl.

LUCY CLARKSON.

A TALE OF SIMPLE LIFE.

Chapter II.—The Flight.

At the borders of the forest, four horses awaited the lovers, and with them, a young man from the neighbourhood, who had been procured to act as guide,—and Julia, who had agreed to accompany her young mistress, and who had hastily left the cottage, and arrived betimes at the place of meeting.

The simplicity and grace learned at the Prairie cottage, well became the maidens, as they sat the eager steeds, enveloped in large mantles, whose hoods, not ungracefully shielded their heads from the night dews.

Julia and the guide, Eben Heartwell, led the way, followed at a short distance by those who felt the chief excitement and responsibility of the moment.

Darkness was ill-suited to rapid travelling through the wilderness, but after the first hour of flight, the moon emerged above the leafy horizon, "Apparent queen,—and shadowy set off the face of things." A short time prior to her appearance a leaden dullness lay on every thing, there was no positive light or shade, but a chaotic sameness so favourable to the skulking ills and vague fears, of night. Now, Cynthia's silver beams streamed luxuriantly on hill and rock, and rustling leaves, sweetly illuminating one portion of each, and throwing the other into deep shade:—thus, elegantly defining the outlines of every object, while suppressing the minor details,—and making the picture of simple and expansive effect, yet rich in finely traced form, in light and shade,—and along the sky, in deep tints and tones, gradations and blendings, of colour. How audibly did her arrowy beams seem to address the avaricious, and the apathetic, and the grossly sensual in any of the feelings or passions:

"Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd,
By the white moon-beams' dazzling power,—
None but the loving and the lov'd,
Should be awake at this sweet hour."

But not even all these who might have claim to the titles, loving and loved, could enjoy the sweets of that placid hour. A feeling of security and innocence should pervade the breast, shedding a light of its own over that little world, if the charms of the outer world are to be properly appreciated.

The moonlight scenes which made the labyrinth of wood and glade romantic, and which would have many attractions at other times for some of the travellers, were but little heeded under the circumstances of their flight. The one great object of Reynall's thoughts, the success of his elopement scheme, excluded other matters except in a very subordinate degree,—and Lucy had neither eye nor ear for anything except her flight from home. She had suddenly awoke to new feelings, and they painfully absorbed her faculties. She had, by her breach of some engagements, and her unwarrantable contraction of others, and by her cruel flight from old friends and sister and father, tasted of the tree of evil; and perceptions, unknown before, were called into existence. Her wonted peace of mind was gone,—and what a gnawing guest was the consciousness of crime in her young bosom. Her dearest, and until lately, her only, friends, had now become objects of distrust and dread,—her beloved home had put on the aspect of a prison,—and she was fleeing, with a comparative stranger, to an entirely strange world. As the little cavalcade moved more slowly, when well removed from the prairie, she had better opportunity of examining her feelings, and of appreciating her situation. She almost shuddered to find how isolated her mind had become,—nothing past, or around, gave her the pleasure which was wont to attend every scene,—she clung to one point only for refuge, and knew not what to anticipate of the foreboding future. She might have been a gayer adept in folly or crime, had not education and habit fixed the perceptions of propriety and of true satisfaction, too deeply for immediate eradication.

The forest began to decline, the trees were less high and less close, and glimpses of the distant brightening sky could be seen between the trunks of fir and oak. The travellers soon rode out freely on an open plain, where the breezes of morning swept refreshingly. The moon, pale and ineffectual, had approached the horizon in one direction,—and along another the saffron tints lay, warning momentarily, and beautifully intimating the approach of day's monarch. Already a solitary herdsman traversed the common, guiding a patriarchal host of flocks and herds to some distant town, or, happier, to quiet waters beside green pastures. Several houses marked the verge of the expanse, and the household smoke curling up gracefully, told of the industrious occupants, who toiled and spun, and sowed also, and reaped, and gathered into barns,—that they might be fed and arrayed;—not indeed like Solomon, but like his simple ancestors, who made the fields their home, and found in their pastoral abundance, as much satisfaction as he did in his armouries of golden shields, or in the cedar walls of his palace.

As the indications of society appeared around, the travellers adjusted their dresses, and seated themselves more firmly, and

reined up while they urged their horses,—and exhibited in various ways, some of that homage, which all, more or less, pay, to the opinion of their fellow creatures.

Conversation, which had been carried on at intervals during the night journey, was renewed with this change of scene.

"Lucy my love you will soon now get shelter and rest, let us hasten across this barren, and we may reckon on safety. We should not be overtaken here. But why those tears Lucy? This is unkind,—or has fatigue oppressed you?"

"A country maiden, Charles, need not fear a few miles toil,—but why should I have cause of fear? And whose pursuit should I dread? Alas does not duty even now call on me to retrace my steps?"

"This, love, if an expression of altered views, comes too late,—but do not let me believe that your views have altered. Let it be timidity or suspense, but not a withdrawal of that confidence and affection which had elevated its object above his former self. But, for your own sake, if not for mine, bid farewell to the girl, and put on a woman's resolution and spirit. Would Lucy's home be again what it once was, if she now returned? Would she subject herself to the remarks and sneers of the settlement? and would my rival prize her as he once did?—surely you are not in earnest or have lost sight of the annoyance and feeling of degradation, which would be consequent on return,—which would so ill become Lucy Clarkson,—and which I would die rather than allow her to be subject to, except as her own choice."

"No Charles, though too hastily, I chose you freely, and I abide by my choice;—you speak truly, also, about retracing my steps;—I feel I am your affianced partner,—none shall separate us, if my will can have effect,—your good is my good now, and your trouble also mine. May forgiving heaven bless a union which has, unfortunately, commenced in some breach of duty, and in dread rather than joy."

"You are mine then for ever,—my wife, my love. The morning air has already refreshed you,—let us hasten, and another half hour may give you repose. Go on Eben, the nags, as well as ourselves want refreshment."

At this intimation the horses were instantaneously put into a more rapid pace; they seemed aware of approaching forage and rest, and pressed on cheerfully, their hoofs soon beat merrily on the level sward, now enlivened by the first beams of the sun, which cast the shadows of the cavalcade, fantastically, on the dewy herbage.

The travellers at length drew up opposite a long low building, which apparently blended the character of tavern and farm-house. A sign swinging from the end of a long pole, and exhibiting the appropriate figure of a Moose,—was indicative of the former; while groups of cattle, and stacks of hay and corn, gave evidence of the latter. After a few moments spent in seeing Lucy comfortably provided for, Reynall stood at the door in conversation with his guide. A scrutinizing look in the direction which they had travelled satisfied him that all was quiet in that direction,—except being specked with a scattered flock of sheep, above which a sportsman's eye could detect some wheeling plover, nothing animated disturbed the intense repose of the scene. It was an expanse of moss and heath, flanked by the distant forest, and canopied by the slow sailing clouds and the azure arch of heaven.

"All's right, hitherto, Eben, if the old man had discovered his loss before retiring to rest last night, they would be hot on our trail ere this. They will not now overtake us sooner than the afternoon, and we will then be where one man's right arm will be as good as another's, provided the muscle be not wanted."

"Clarkson is known at many places along the road, and may get help to recover his property,—my advice would be to push on, and place as much ground between you and him, as you can."

"So think not I. It would never do for him to follow me to my cover, and make a noise in B—,—we will have the scene out in the field, Eben. Your occupation is gone with the forest, I will be my own guide now,—yet, accompany me, if you will, give me your assistance, and become citizen instead of prairie boor. If not, I will fight it out myself, I have no doubt, having got this far."

"I'll try the town awhile, I think; last night's job, if discovered, as doubtless it will, would earn me the gauntlet from the prairie lads; and, to tell you the truth Squire, I have been running away with Julia all the night, while you were doing the same with her mistress. But what are we to do with the horses,—we must not have more law than we can manage on our hands."

"Good, about Julia, Eben;—as to the horses, make yourself easy. They were a speculation of mine. I purchased them last evening, and beside being of good service in an emergency, they will give me fair interest for the dollars they cost, when I reach home. Let's us in now for an hour,—and to-night we will sleep on the Buffalo barren."

"The Buffalo barren?"

"Yes, I will leave the beaten track, and cross to Zoar, dropping a clue by which the pursuers will be put on the right scent. They will, no doubt, overtake us during the evening, as I will not push on now, and the barren will see out this discussion.

There, no road-side meddlers can interfere, or prate about the skirmish. Will you stand by me?"

"Aye, or I would not have come this far. What's old Clarkson to me, and why should not the young lady follow her own bent? Freedom I say,—and farewell to axe and plough. I would not mind a tussel myself, just to show the Prairie, that idle Eben can stir himself as well as any, when he likes the work."

"Look to the horses then, and to yourself, for one hour at the Moose."

The scene was neither of Prairie, nor Forest, nor cultivated glade. The ocean freedom of the first, and its wild, rich, art-disdaining herbage,—the deep cavern shades, and fantastic labyrinths of the second,—and the junction of peace and comfort and mild beauty indicated by the last,—were all absent on the picturesque solitude of the Barren. It had a most broken surface, patches of level turf, clumps of bare blue rock, reedy swamps, moss covered blocks of stone, small pools, streams trickling along flinty beds, with here and there clumps of fir and spruce, giving a wild grace to what would be else too sterile, formed the scene through which our travellers passed. The sky was in good keeping with the landscape,—the clouds were broken in fine chaotic masses,—and the sun sent down his beams, palpably, through the interstices, marking the bold surface below with lines of golden light, which contrasted with the cloud-shaded parts,—like lines of laughter on a countenance habitually grave and stern.

Lucy was more cheerful, although more fatigued, than during the first hours of flight. Her resolution taken, she cast the pains of doubt and hesitation aside, and aroused her mind to act with becoming spirit, the new part which she had chosen for herself. She alighted from her horse at noon, with a more buoyant air, and seated at the side of a bubbling spring, partook of refreshments,—while her wonted vivacity, blended with the intelligence and grace and maiden modesty which had been inculcated in the Prairie cottage, shed their usual charm around her little circle. At times the weight, of which remains still lingered around the heart, seemed coming back with all its force, and a shade overspread her countenance, as the dark breeze ripples over a sunny lake,—and a sigh escaped her finely formed lips, which seemed altogether unfitted for the expression of care in any of its soul-oppressing forms. This, however, was but momentary she threw of the intruder with an effort, and became more elated by the re-action of her feelings; as the bent spring, when released, flies beyond its usual place of rest. Reynall had put on a gay and rather reckless air, which had been contracted in a frontier city, and which, although perhaps the most dangerous, was the most becoming phase of his character. Of ordinary intelligence and sensibility, he only rose above mediocrity under the influence of his animal spirits, and a tone of dashing enterprise which had become habitual in situations favourable for its development.

The other travellers, Julia and Eben, felt as the moment required,—relieved from any high responsibilities and anxious anticipations of a distant day, they heartily yielded to passing impulses. They were of that class of human beings whose habits supply the link between the absorbing cares of civilized society, and the unsolicited instincts of savage life, and to whom the present time seems the all-important period. For that class, the dance, or song, or rest,—or the danger, trouble, or toil, of the passing day, is sufficient,—and they are alike below and above, those petty arts and cares, by which the magnates of society carry on the more splendid game of their existence. The attendants of the lovers chatted and laughed together, and awaited the call for renewed exertion, as thoughtlessly as Rolla, their canine friend, who reposed at the feet of his master, wearied by the night's unusual exertion.

As the sun approached the western horizon, his ardour appeared to dissipate some of the cloud musses, and to roll up the more heavy from his path. He entered on a field of unusual glory, the cloud-haze was imbued with crimson and gold, in every variety of tint, from the brilliancy which dazzled, to the delicate distant tone, which soothed and charmed. Above him appeared the bank of vapour, its edges elegantly bordered with glowing saffron colour, and the prominences over its expanse enchantingly defined by exquisite, pink-tinged, pencilings.

Reynall and Julia rode, rather slowly in front, as Eben's guidance was no longer needed. The scene was, and had been for some miles, bold and barren. But few trees broke the broad monotony of the solitude, and among those were some of the tall bare trunks, which depict sylvan old age, or rather death, and which are the very emblems of desolation and decay. Black, blasted-looking, they stretched abroad their leafless arms, rattling in the breeze, as if in hideous mockery of the verdant tenants of the waste, and as if prognosticating decline and death to those which now appeared so flourishing. Man's busy hand had not been on the scene,—and nature, in every direction, bore evidence that she was allowed to work out her own changes undisturbed. The moss clothed the block of granite,—the slime mantled the pool,—the tree decayed, and fell where it grew, and lay rotting where it fell, and the narrow track in which the travellers moved was only distinguished from the expanse around, by observing

that stumps and rocks had been partially removed from it, so as to admit of something like regular progress on horseback. The barren afforded an excellent illustration of the superiority of man on foot, over mounted force, in many scenes of warfare. A band of men could easily move over the mazy surface, baffling and separating, and destroying the squadron of war horses and their encumbered riders. But what had the epithets of European slaughter to do with that solitary scene? The Indian and the settler perhaps met there in deadly conflict, but it was far removed from the chivalry of Frank or Hun, and thoughts of their array came inappropriately to the gazer. The dignity and interest of the wild arose from the bold yet harmonious disposition of land, and water, and verdure, and cloudy canopy, according to nature's working,—and not from the history of man's cruel, and often contemptible, struggles.

Rolla, who had been somewhat in the rear, beating about among the fern and heath, now came bounding along the path where the horses moved at a steady pace, and 'passing his master' wheeled round, and stared backward with an expression of solicitude and alarm. Reynall looked hastily over his shoulder, and checking his steed, ejaculated, "They come at last." Lucy changed to almost deadly paleness, while Eben and Julia rode hastily up.

"Lucy, love, ride forward with your attendant, and let me break the first rash of this interview. You need not go much in advance, as your presence may be necessary,—or, it may be, that our flight must be urged,—a few minutes will tell."

Lucy obeyed mechanically, with feelings which forebode speech.

"Well Eben," said Reynall, as the females left their protectors, "we will have this out now. Do not let them pass you, that's all,—do you take the old man under your care,—while I will look after my particular friend; I expect the second is Osburn."

From the time the dog directed attention to the rear, a couple of figures on horseback, could be seen, urging violently, along the narrow path of the barren,—and the tramp of the pursuers on the more rocky parts of the roads, could now be heard distinctly.

Eben, involuntarily, placed his hand to his breast, and felt that his hunting knife was in its proper position, while he swung round the rifle which was suspended across his back, and throwing the barrel over his left arm, held the stock with his right hand.

"Replace the rifle," said Reynall, "and never mind your knife. We must not have any fighting except in self defence,—and I don't think they will drive us to that. Mind now, and do as I do."

By the time the pursuers were thundering down on the party which waited to receive them, and they were described to be Clarkson, and Osburn,—Lucy's former lover and Reynall's rival.

Reynall placed his horse obliquely, at a narrow and rocky bend in the path, and Eben doing the same, they blocked up the passage. Lucy and her attendant lingered about a pistol shot ahead.

"Clear the road, ruffians," said Clarkson, as he bore down with all the impetus which the jaded horse and rugged path would admit of.

"Pull up," said Reynall, as his face and whole form became unusually excited, "or your foundered nags and yourselves will make rough acquaintance with these rocks. I won't leave the road without knowing why, for any man. Ruffians indeed! why do you come tilting down on us in this manner, with your rifles in hand, like a couple of Ishmaelites?"

"Come old man" said Eben, as the horses of the pursuers were almost brought to a stand still by the circumstances, and as the whole moved slowly forward, the pursued still blocking the way, and the others vainly endeavouring to urge past—"Come old man, if you attempt any tricks with your barker, I'll beat the brains out of grey Elk-foot there, and that would not be convenient so far from the Prairie."

With these words the guide attracted the attention of Clarkson, while Reynall exchanged glances of hate and defiance with his advancing rival.

At this crisis, when a personal struggle seemed inevitable, all were stayed by the rapid advance of the females. Lucy rode up, exclaiming with fervor,—“For heaven's sake forbear. Let me not be the cause of more evil. Father, in my mother's name I conjure you, be patient,—Reynall, for my sake, this once, do no violence.”

"I have overtaken you, disgrace to my grey hairs," exclaimed Clarkson, "how dare you, degraded as you are, mention your mother's name? Join me at once, and return to your now blasted home."

"A pleasant invitation," said Reynall, "a word from the first." "Give way, insulting scoundrel!" roared Osburn, as he pressed on anew.

"Back at your peril!" said Reynall, "another time may be to account for these epithets,—this is no place to play the Brave, a few cool words may settle the business more rapidly. Your violence I laugh to scorn, we are two to two, and could flog you in as many minutes, I have no doubt, but surely not in this company, except needs be."

Osburn still pressed on, when Lucy's soft voice was heard above the melee,—

"Again I beg peace, for Heaven's sake,—what right have you James Osburn to thus interfere,—I have chosen this man as my plighted husband, why do you seek evil to him and me? Back, sir, to your farm, and leave us to our path, you can only interfere with us as a ruffian would; I will not return to the Prairie with life."

"Heard you that?" said Reynall,—“did I not say well, that cool words could settle this as well as warin blows,—at present, at least?”

"Yes," muttered the dreadfully excited Osburn, "I heard it,—as for you Lucy Clarkson I resign all right to any influence over your actions, if ever I had any,—your character has been pronounced by your own lips, and earth has no evil I would shun more than that of a false female heart; go, go,—no longer what I once respected, go with the stranger, and think when sorrow comes, as it assuredly will, of this hour. Go, any point of the heavens would furnish me with a partner more acceptable than you now."

Lucy coloured highly, and exclaimed with much emotion, "Presuming fool,—what gave you this right of insult?"

Clarkson seemed confounded, at this turn of affairs; his blood also mounted highly, and again ebbed to his heart, showing the strong emotions which stirred his soul. "This is too much Osburn," said he,—“She is my daughter yet, and your taunts and insults I did not expect, and will not allow. You cast off sir, and give license to go!—and dare to cloud the girl's character,—this is liberty, and malice, which a father must not bear patiently. My daughter has been untainted by a breath of slander, until this hour, and her choice of the hand of one, in preference to that of another, shall not subject her to it now."

Osburn was silent, his feelings passed like a stream of lava over his faculties,—the revulsion of baffled, utterly baffled, love,—and a sense of having acted inadvisably,—choked his utterance, if any fitting words could be found for the occasion.

"Come on, Sir, with us," said Reynall, "and all will end happily."

Clarkson felt, in a moment, that the step proposed, was the only wise one under circumstances, and he appeared to immediately acquiesce. The horses were already put in motion, and the unhappy Osburn, turned to retrace his steps, when Clarkson called after him, and rode rapidly up.

"Osburn," said he, vehemently, "forgive my warmth, I sympathise with you, I lament that we should part other than friends; but your unguarded expressions goaded me to extremity. Forgive me,—give your hand,—you will get refuge by diverging for a few miles, on the first bridge path to the right."

The late warm friends now shook hands as if they were never to meet more on former terms, and yet were unwilling that they should part as enemies.

"I forgive freely," said Osburn, "I acted improperly, and I feel, if I were in your situation I might have done as you have. It matters not, however, great changes have occurred in a short time,—my feelings have all taken another course,—I am no longer what I was an hour since. Farewell, farewell."

The solitary man turned once more to his road, seeking the Prairie with altered feelings indeed,—and the group of travellers, moving in an opposite direction, hastened forward. The setting sun gave warning of approaching shades, and the cheerful roofs of men's dwellings, promising the comforts of society, marked the distant horizon. It was lighted with a streak of lingering beauty, bright and alluring, like the anticipated path of the lovers, who found circumstances thus ameliorate and smooth before them,—and whose hearts rose buoyant to the scenes of existence.

To be continued.

SECESSIONS.—Our congregation, said I, at Slickville, contained most powerful and united body it was. Well, there came a split once on the election of an elder, and a body of the upper crust folks separated and went off in a huff. Like most folks that separate in temper, they laid it all to conscience: found out all at once they had been adrift afore all their lives and joined another church as different from our's in creed as chalk is from cheese; and to show their humility, hooked on to the poorest congregation in the place. Well, the minister was quite lifted up in the stirrups when he saw these folks jine him; and to show his zeal for them the next Sunday, he looked up at the gallery to the niggers, and, said he, I beg you won't spit down any more on the nible seats, for there be gentlemen here now. Gist turn your heads, my sable friends, and lei go over your shoulders. Manners, my brothers, manners before backery. Well, the niggers seceded; they said it was an infringement on their rights, on their privilege of spittin', as freemen, where they liked, how they liked, and when they liked, and they quit in a body.—Sam Slick.

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady, at dessert, if he would not venture on an orange? "Madam, I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

Sir John Cullier, the miser, used to return thanks that he had been born on the twenty-ninth of February, because then he only kept his birthday every fourth year.

A WINTER PICTURE

FROM THE LIFE

By Cornelius Webbe.

In awful state, that tyrant, Winter,
Sat, sternest Sovereign of the World,
Mid ruins wild of ice-bull islands,
By driving winds and waters hurled.
Where'er he rode, th' imprisoned rivers
Broke up and splintered, with a sound
As when the stony rocks are shivered
With the thunderbolt's rebound!

Strong gusts the doors and windows battered,
As they would burst our homesteads in;
And old dwellers, shrinking, trembled
At the powerful tempest's din.
The streets were silent as at midnight,
Save when the wind, with sea-like roar,
Dashed past the rocking walls, and vanished;
Then Silence kept them as before.

Black clouds, with watery burdens laden,
Drove—darkening noonday as they went;
And then the daylight shone a moment
From out the cold, grey firmament.
Never did Winter look more sternly,
Speak more sternly, through his storms!
"Ah, Man," cried I, "in this drear season
Should have a heart that shines and warms!"

I sat me by my fire, bright burning,
And thought, with pity, of the Poor,
Down covering from the cold in corners,
Perishing at the rich man's door.
I heard men beg, and men deny them,
With hearts by selfish prudence churl'd:
"Oh God! there's too much of th' Inhuman
Still working in this human world!"

Like waves of air, the gusts rolled onward,
And fell like sea-waves on the shore;
And then a hushed and solemn silence
The streets and houses slumbered o'er.
No shouts were heard of children playing;
The wandering dogs lay shivering down;
And Winter, like that vengeful Angel,
That strikes unseen, swept through the Town!

I thought upon the wastes of Ocean;
The cry of brave men in despair
Came in the blast, so sadly moaning,
And shuddering crept the chilling air.
"Oh God!" I cried, "let not the quicksands
And rocks that lie round England's door
Wreck them at their loved Country's threshold
But lift them safely on the shore!"

A huge cry, the sole sound human,
A feeble, faltering, fainting cry—
Filled the wild pauses in the mad wind's raving,
How shrilly, sadly, fearfully!
A pauper Man, old, paralytic,
Dragged his dead limb o'er the stones!
"Oh hear him, Heaven! Man will not hear him,—
And answer to his piteous groans!"

"Lift up thy rod, thou God of mercy,
And do thy Patriarch Prophet's part!
Strike out the waters of sweet pity
From that dry Horeb, Man's hard heart!
The poor in this rich land are crying;
No clouds rain manna now, nor quails;
And who should feed them mete their mercies,
Weigh their deep miseries in scales!"

"When wild sea-mews, or wilder ravens,
Long starving on the stony ground,
Or, hungering by the ice-bound rivers,
Call up their flock if they have found
Some foul-rotting, carrion morsel,
To their ravening maws a meal,
Shall human natures be inhuman,
Nor for poor human natures feel?"

"Is this a time to meanly measure
Man's mercy to the wretch that calls,
In human tones for human pity,
From naked collars—windy walls,
Where brave men, in misery moping,
Sternly starve and proudly pine,
While the sumptuous Dives wallow,
Sensual as the selfish swine?"

"Melt down, oh God! the frozen currents
That should warm the rich man's heart!
Break up the Winter in his bosom,
Till pity flows through every part!—
Oh disabuse this generous People
Of the stern charities of men
Who make an average of misery,
Light weigh its wants, and sleep agen!"

"Oh Charity, thou Northern Virtue!
Oh love and pity of the Poor!
Benevolence, thou grateful giver,
With ever-open hand and door!
Ye Household Virtues, born of Heaven
And him who taught the Christian plan,
Awake, ye charities of Christians,
And love and cherish all that's Man!"

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30, 1838.

News by the Great Western have been received at New York, 20 days later than by previous advices. An abridgment of the more interesting items we present below.

The Liverpool steamer, sailed from Liverpool at the appointed time, October 20th. She was seen on the 21st at 8 A. M. with her engine stopped, and blowing off her steam. She was seen again on the same morning at 11 A. M. Tuskar bearing W. N. W. distant about 9 miles, going at between 9 and 10 knots an hour against a strong head wind and sea. The Liverpool had fifty-one passengers.

It was reported that a short extra session of Parliament would be immediately held, in consequence of Lord Durham's resignation, of which intelligence was carried out by the Great Western.

Dispatches from the British Government for Lord Durham, were sent off by the steamer Liverpool—they were answers to those sent out by the Great Western.

Dr. Lushington has succeeded the late Sir John Nicol as Judge of the Admiralty Court. The salary is £2500.

A new commercial treaty has been entered into between Great Britain and Austria, which is spoken of as highly advantageous to the interests of British commerce, and otherwise of importance. One of the principal provisions of the treaty places Austrian ships arriving at British ports, from ports in the Danube, on the same footing, in respect to ship and cargo, as British vessels—that is to say, dispensing with the British navigation laws.

The Queen was to take up her residence at Brighton on the 10th November, and remain there until within a few days of Christmas.

The Duke of Devonshire has given up his claim to about £20,000 arrears of tithes due to him as lay proprietor of certain parishes in Ireland.

The news from Spain was still unfavourable for the Queen. Pardinia, one of her generals, has sustained a severe defeat from Cabrar, who had also collected an immense amount of booty, with which he was slowly retiring to rejoin the main army of the Carlists.

Louis Bonaparte has left Switzerland. He passed Coblenz on the 18th, on his way to England.

These letters also say that the British and Turkish fleets it is said had united and repaired to the entrance of the Dardanelles; and it was believed that they would pass into the Black Sea, to watch the proceedings of the Russians.

Messrs. Curling and Young, of Limehouse, builders of the British Queen, have begun a steam-ship of 2000 tons, being 100 more than the British Queen. She is not to be so long as that vessel, but much wider.

LONDON, Oct. 23. EARL SPENCER.—The journey of Earl Spencer to Windsor had caused some excitement in the city in the early part of the morning, the opinion was that he was going to Canada in the place of Lord Durham, since which, it is reported that he is to take the place of Lord Glenelg, as Secretary for the Colonies.

On the arrival of despatches from Canada by the Great Western, on the 18th ult. Lord Melbourne came from Windsor, was in Downing-street a few hours, and hurried off to Windsor again. The Liverpool steamer was detained two hours on the 20th, to convey to Canada despatches, in answer to those brought on the 18th. On the 22d Earl Spencer had an interview with Lord Melbourne and immediately proceeded from Downing-street to Windsor. On the 23d there were rumours in London of the resignation of Lord Glenelg, and of the appointment of the Duke of Richmond or Sir William Horton to succeed Lord Durham.

The sale of fancy work at Tain, for the benefit of the Cape Breton Highland Emigrants, has been crowned with much success. The handsome sum of £80 sterling was realized—a truly seasonable supply for our poor countrymen, and a proof of the benevolent exertions made by the ladies of Tain.—*Inverness Courier*.

THE NAVY.—The greatest despatch is manifested in the equipment of the Ganges, S4, at Portsmouth. All the disposable artificers are at work on her, and she will be ready for commission in about a week. The Thunderer S4, is likewise preparing at Plymouth, and the Cambridge, 80, at Chatham. The Vernon 50, at Sheerness, is also ordered for Commission. The Indus, a new teak built 80 gun ship, will be ready for launching before the end of the month. The new Corvette Daphne, to mount 18 guns, will be ready for the pendant in about a fortnight. The Wasp, 74, now in dock, is ordered to be cut down to a 60 gun frigate.—*Hampshire Telegraph*, Oct. 22.

PORTSMOUTH, Oct. 23.—The Champion, 18, Commander St. Vincent King, arrived this morning from the North American and West India station. The Edinburgh, 74, Captain Henderson, got away yesterday, she goes to Jamaica, and is to be attached to Sir Charles Paget's squadron. About 150 disposable seamen and marines, to form the crew of the Niagara and Bull Frog on the lakes in Canada, have been sent out in the Edinburgh and Pique.

The Barossa transport has left Spithead for Cork; she will there embark some detachments of troops for the regiments in the West Indies, and then proceed to Barbadoes, a draft from the 8th and 89th regiments at Gosport having gone from hence.

Royal Tar Steamer in the Bay of Biscay.—The Royal Tar left the river on Friday, 12th instant, for Lisbon and Gibraltar. On reaching the Bay of Biscay she met a heavy sea and stiff breeze, which strained her to that degree that she was half full of water before the captain and crew were aware of it. If there had not been six pumps to go to work with she must have gone down. There were 65 passengers on board; and when it was reported that the ship was sinking, the scene of dismay and uproar that ensued baffles description. The passengers have landed at Falmouth, there to await the arrival of another steamer.

LOWER CANADA, Montreal, November 10.

The Upper Canada mail arrived last night, but brought no papers. No passengers came down.

A boat belonging to Messrs. Henderson, Hooker & Co. laden with flour and beef, was driven across from Coteau du Lac to the opposite shore, by stress of weather, where she sunk, she was taken possession by the Rebels.

Along with John Macdonnell was brought to town, a Mr. Nigus, who has been peddling about for some weeks since in all the most disloyal sections of the country, as a Chicago Canal Contractor, but he was almost immediately released.

Prisoners continue to be brought in. On Wednesday a party of Police under Captain Browne and Lieut. Worth, returned from an expedition to Varennes, where they had succeeded in taking three Rebels of the names of Louis Beaudry, Ed. Robitaille, and A. Archambault, and a small cannon, a five or six pounder.

Whatever may be the sympathy on the other side of the lines, it does not beat the excitement on this side. Two of the rebels had already been hung by the force detached from Montreal.—*Montreal Transcript*, November 19.

Montreal, Nov. 12.—By a private letter received yesterday, we regret to learn that Mr. George Hay, a respectable farmer residing on the banks of the Richilien, about six miles above St. Valentine, has been robbed by the rebels of all his moveable property, including his valuable stock of cattle, sheep, pigs, etc., and that all the loyal inhabitants on that side of the river, have experienced similar treatment. Mr. Hay's house had been used as a barracks for several days by about 2000 of the rebels.

The Chambly mail carrier who arrived yesterday afternoon, reports that the volunteers had been fired upon by the Rebels, and that Mr. Dixon, the postmaster, had been obliged to fly to the fort for protection.

Nine prisoners who had been arrested in the neighbourhood of St. John's, were brought to town yesterday afternoon in the Princess Victoria.

We learn from the prisoners that a notary of Chateaugay of the name of Dumarez held the rank of Chief Commissary, but had decamped over the line 45 with \$250, which he had in his official capacity, taken from a tavern-keeper of the name of Mallet.

The affair or rather affairs at Lacolle, were of more consequence than we had supposed. It appears that the whole strength of the rebels was engaged in it, and that they were signally discomfited. The first attempt was made on the 6th by Cole and Gagnon. The great object was to open a communication between Napierville and Rouse's Bay, where the rebels had a schooner, on board of which was their principal supply of arms, consisting of sundry muskets and a six pounder.—The attacking force consisted of about 400 men, and the attack commenced about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 6th. The defeat of the rebels was complete, and they left in the hands of the volunteers their six pounder, about 250 stand of arms and a quantity of ammunition. Their loss was 7 killed and 8 prisoners. The wounded escaped over the lines. Two of the volunteers were killed and two wounded.

On the morning of the 9th, the attempt was made by Nelson himself, with 300 well armed men from Napierville, and 200 more who had swords and pikes. The attack this time was upon Odeltown, which was defended by 200 volunteers under command of Colonel Taylor. The following is his account of the affair.

Odeltown, Nov. 18, 1838.

Sir—I have the honour and the satisfaction to report to you for the information of His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, the successful result of an affair with the rebels, which took place this morning. The insurgents mustered 1000 strong, under the personal command of Dr. Nelson. They attacked my advanced guard at Captain Weldon's at about a quarter to 11, A. M., upon which I immediately directed the concentration upon Odeltown church of the small force of 200 men under my command.

The enemy extended around us, and kept up a sharp fire, which was as sharply answered. After an action of two hours and a half, during which several brilliant sallies were made by the volunteers, the insurgents retreated, leaving 50 dead, and carrying off several wounded.

I regret to say that Captain McAllister and 4 men have fallen, and that Lieutenant Odell and 9 men have been wounded—none of the latter, however, are seriously injured.

When I arrived at Caldwell's Manor, at day-break, I learnt the great disparity of force which existed; I heard, also, that the loyalists were much worn out by constant watching and harassing duty. I, accordingly, wrote Captain Gratton, at the Isle aux Noix, asking him, if he could, consistently with the safety of the Fort, give me any aid. That officer promptly replied, by coming in person with a detachment, but unfortunately he reached Odeltown too late to participate in the engagement.

A reinforcement from Hemmingford, under Major Schriver, arrived also after the retreat of the rebels.

It is my intention to advance and take up a new position at Lacolle to-morrow morning.

After the above plain recital of events, it were needless for me

to say, that I have every reason to speak in the highest terms of approbation of the gallantry and conduct of volunteers under my orders.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHARLES CYRIL TAYLOR, Lt. Col.

Lieut. Griffin, Deputy Assistant Adjutant General.

It appears that the Odeltown Volunteers were in possession of the Cannon, which was captured on the 7th inst. at Lacolle, and it was on this occasion turned with dreadful effect against the rebels. When they were advancing up the road to the church where the volunteers were posted, one discharge of grape shot, cleared, as one of their number said, a space of ten feet wide through their ranks. It was only fired three times in all, when the volunteers were compelled to keep inside the Church; but in the frequent efforts made by the rebels to take the gun, which was left outside, such a destructive fire was kept up from the windows, as rendered all their attempts abortive.

The insurgents have evacuated their head quarters at Napierville, which was found abandoned by Sir John Colborne on his arrival there on Saturday. This intelligence was communicated in the following despatch.

Napierville, 10th Nov. 1838, Saturday, 9, A. M.

Sir,—I am directed by the Commander of the Forces to inform you, that the force under his command has just arrived here. The rebels to the number of 2000 evacuated the town about two hours ago, and about the same number had previously gone off, many of them having thrown away their arms. The cavalry are now in pursuit of the former, on the Chateaugay road. Colonel Love's column reached the town from St. Valentine, at the same time with the head quarter division.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN EDEN, D. A. G.

Colonel Wetherell, C. B. Commanding Montreal.

Beauharnois has been retaken, and all the prisoners have been rescued. There seems to have been a fight, for although the despatch announcing the retaking of Beauharnois gives the other particulars, it mentions that the loss of the troops was one man killed, and three wounded. The passengers of the Brougham were found at Beauharnois and rescued. The boat was a good deal crippled in the machinery, and was towed down to Lachine. The mail had not been discovered by the rebels, and was found on board unopened.

BEAUHARNOIS, 10th Nov. 10, P. M.

Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, that, in conjunction with Colonel Philpotts, a detachment of one officer of Engineers, twenty-two Sappers and Miners, one captain, three subalterns, four sergeants, two buglers, and one hundred and twenty-one rank and file, 71st Regiment, with upwards of one thousand Glangarry men, were landed at Hungry Bay this morning, marched, and took Beauharnois, rescued all the prisoners, with the exception of Messrs. Ellice, Brown, Norman, Ross, Norval, Bryson, Hounsdown, and Surveyor, supposed to be at Chateaugay—with the loss of one man killed, and three wounded, of the 71st Regt.

The men are much fatigued, and we wait here for orders.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

L. CARMICHAEL, Colonel P. S.

Major Hall, Assistant Quarter Master General.

Mr Ellice and the other gentlemen made prisoners by the rebels at Beauharnois, arrived at Montreal, on Sunday. The Courier gives the following account of their landing:—

Considerable sensation was created in town yesterday by the arrival of Messrs. Ellice, John McDonald, John L. Grant, John Bryson, John Ross, — Hounsdown, David Normand, Dr. Surveyor, and another whose name we did not learn, about whose safety some apprehensions had been entertained. It appears that after their capture at Beauharnois, they were, as was supposed here, conveyed to Chateaugay, where they were entertained in a room from which daylight was carefully excluded, but they were allowed to have candles burning. During this time they were well treated by the cure, and the nuns, who were permitted to send them a profusion of luxuries from their larder cellars. They were also allowed to proceed in the same carts to Laprairie, and were even advised, it is said, by some of the older rebels which road to take as the safest.

Through the whole of yesterday very large volumes of smoke were visible in the direction of Chateaugay, and last night a large portion of the heavens was illuminated by an extensive blaze, which was visible in the direction of St. John's, supposed to be St. Athanase.

The following was received this morning.

L'Acadie, 12th Nov. 1838.

Sir—I am directed by His Excellency Sir John Colborne, to acquaint you that the rebels who had assembled in arms in the District of Montreal, have been entirely dispersed by H. M. troops and the volunteers.

I have the honor, etc.

Wm. ROWAN, Military Secretary.

To Charles Buchanan, Esq. H. M. Consul, N. York.

We understand that the Banks of this city suspended specie payment yesterday.

Extract of a private letter from Montreal, dated 11th November:—

"It appears that the Rebels after evacuating Napierville, to the number of 2000, proceeded, under the command of a French General named La Martin, in the direction of Chateaugay River, where they have entrenched themselves, and their force is variously estimated at from 3 to 5000 men, as they have been joined by large numbers of the disaffected.

"The Dragoons and Hussars were in instant pursuit, and the Infantry were about following. There is hardly a doubt that ere this Sir John has come up with and engaged them; of the result there can be little doubt, as he has as fine a force, for its numbers, as ever took the field. There is a tremendous column of smoke at this moment arising apparently over Napierville, some say La Tortu, it is plainly to be seen though six leagues distant.

"Quebec, 14th Nov.—"The news from the Montreal District this morning continues to be satisfactory. Sir John Colborne, had not returned to Montreal, but was looked for hourly. The Rebels at Napierville, who at one time mustered 4,000 strong, fled at the approach of the troops and got within the line 45. It was supposed that the commander of the Forces was bending his march to Chateaugay, where the insurgents at one time were in great force. L'Acadie and Saint Martin are said to have been burnt, and the Glengarry Men have visited Beauharnois with the same terrible retribution.

From the Montreal Herald of the 13th inst.

On Sunday evening, the whole of the back country above Laprairie presented the awful spectacle of one vast sheet of lurid flame, and it is reported that not a single rebel house has been left standing. God only knows what is to become of the surviving Canadians and their wives and families, during the approaching winter, as nothing but starvation from hunger and cold stares them in the face. It is melancholy to reflect on such awful consequences of the rebellion, and the irretrievable ruin of so many human beings, whether innocent or guilty.

From the Montreal Herald, October 15.

The French officer San Martin, whom we noticed as one of the prisoners taken at Odeltown, has been brought to town, and offers, if he gets his liberty, to deliver Dr. Robert Nelson, dead or alive, to the authorities. We very much doubt if this offer will be accepted. He states that he has been the victim of deceit and treachery—that he was assured of having under his command an army of 30,000 men, well equipped and brave, instead of which he found only three or four thousand miserable wretches, armed to be sure, but the rankest cowards he ever had any connexion with.

Sir John Colborne has caused a considerable number of houses to be burned, belonging to noted rebels.—New York Com.

Extract from the "Sentinel," published at Prescott, Upper Canada, Nov. 8, 1838.

We regret to learn that an American soldier was shot near Cornwall, on Wednesday last, by some of the volunteers stationed in that vicinity. A gentleman just arrived in the Dolphin, states that ten barges, apparently filled with men, were seen passing down, that they were hailed and did not stop or make any satisfactory reply; and the volunteers taking them for rebels, fired. It proved, however, that the men were American soldiers bound for some part of the country below. An American officer came to Cornwall the following day, making bitter complaints respecting the circumstance. We have no doubt every satisfaction that can reasonably be required will be given.

PRESCOTT.—A severe engagement had taken place between a party of the Rebels and Sympathisers about two miles below Prescott, and a small detachment of the 83d regiment and marines, and about 200 volunteers. The rebels fortified themselves in a strongly built mill, and several stone and wooden buildings, by which they were enabled at first successfully to resist the attacks made against them, in which we are sorry to state, Lieut. Johnson, 83d regt. a d Lieut. Dulmag, Sergt. Fraser, 4 men of the Militia, and 3 women, were killed and several wounded.

QUEBEC MERCURY OFFICE.

November 19th, 1838.

By the steamboat *British America* which arrived yesterday afternoon, we received an Extra of the *Montreal Herald*, dated Saturday morning, containing Colonel Young's Official Despatch on the subject of the Brigand landing at Prescott. The enemy were gallantly driven from their position, though at a heavy loss to the loyalists of 45 in killed and wounded. We refer for particulars to the extra which is copied below.

The Court Martial for the trial of the prisoners at Montreal, comes on to-morrow, Major Genl. Clitherow is President.

Extra of the Montreal Herald.

MONTREAL, Saturday Morning, Nov. 17.

TEN O'CLOCK, A. M.

The following important despatch from Col. Young was received at Head Quarters this morning, and, while every one will sincerely lament the heavy loss sustained by Her Majesty's regu-

lar and volunteer troops, their gallantry must be the theme of admiration; and general must be the satisfaction that the enemies of our country have sustained a signal defeat, which will likely be followed by their utter annihilation.

PRESCOTT, Nov. 14, 1838.

SIR.—With reference to my letter of the 12th inst. I beg to report, for the information of his Excellency the Commander of the Forces, that Captain Sandom, commanding the Royal Navy in Upper Canada, having arrived from Kingston at two o'clock yesterday morning, in the armed steamboat *Victoria*, accompanied by the *Cobourg*, a combined attack upon the enemy's position, near Johnstown, was decided upon. I, accordingly, moved off, in two columns, at a quarter before seven, A. M. The left, destined to turn the enemy's right, was led by Col. D. Fraser, and was accompanied by thirty men of the Royal Marines, Capt. George Macdonell's company L. G. Highlanders, Capts. Jones' and Fraser's companies of 2d Regiment of Grenville Militia, and one hundred men of Colonel Martle's Regiment of Stormont Militia. The right column was led by Lieut. Colonel Gowan, of the Queen's Borderers, and was composed of forty four men of the 83d Regiment, one hundred and fifty of the Queen's Borderers, and one hundred of Colonel Martle's Regiment. The enemy was strongly posted behind stone walls on rising ground; but the impetuosity of the troops overcame those obstacles, and in an hour they were driven into a wind mill and stone house adjacent. The former is particularly strong, and finding, after a constant fire of some hours from the armed steamboats, and of musketry, that no impression, could be made on the building, I considered it more prudent, in order to avoid a further risk of life, to draw off the greater part of the troops, at three, P. M.; leaving strong piquets, to prevent the escape of those in the buildings until the assistance of heavy guns could be procured.—In this affair, the officers and men of the regular troops, as well as those of the Militia, evinced the characteristic firmness of British soldiers. The rifle fire of the enemy was particularly true and steady. I have not yet received the returns of killed and wounded; but I regret to say that the loss was severe. Lieutenant Johnston, of the 83d Regt. a most gallant officer, was killed, and Lieut. Parker, of the Royal Marines, a young officer of great promise, was shot through the arm.—Lieut. Dulmage, of the 1st Regiment Grenville, was killed, with the advance of the left column; and Lieut. Parlow, of the 2d Dundas, and Ensign Macdonell, of the Royal Glengarry Highlanders, was wounded, also in advance. The killed and wounded of all ranks, are computed at forty-five—few of the former are, however, in the number, and many of the latter are not in danger. The loss of the enemy, especially in officers of note, was great. Generals Brown and Philips were killed, and thirty-two prisoners were taken.

It is most gratifying to me to have it in my power to report the zeal with which the Militia of the District rallied on the first sound of invasion round the standard of their country, as well as their perseverance in the various duties required from them.

I feel much indebted to Capt. Sandom, R. N., for his zealous co-operation. On Monday, Lieut. Fowel, in charge of the armed Steamboat Experiment, particularly distinguished himself, by his exertions to destroy, in front of the town, a large steam-vessel, and two schooners, in possession of the patriots.

I have the honor to be, etc.

PLOMER YOUNG.

Colonel Particular Service.

P. S.—I do not imagine the buildings will be tenable long, after the guns are placed in position.

Captain Goldie, A. D. C. etc. etc.

We have given as full an account of the wicked rebellion in the Canadas as our space would permit. We have confined ourselves chiefly to official documents, and when obliged to insert other accounts, we have taken care to strike off the vengeful and cold-blooded terms with which some of them close: those obliterations, however, do not in the least affect any single statement of facts. We observe in some of the private accounts a notice of the execution of the rebels, in what appears to us, a most summary method, and of the burning of houses over a vast extent of country; but we do not give any credence to such reports, and will not believe that we have so suddenly receded to the age of barbarity in the absence of all official proof. Surely there are other modes of punishing rebels, more in consonance with sound policy, than burning down their houses, and exposing innocent women and children to almost inevitable destruction. We do hope that those in authority will not do a single deed which will sully the fair fame of England, or appear as a blot on the page of her history.

The *Medea* we are happy to learn, has been liberated from Shediac with little or no damage.

The latest accounts from England render it almost certain that the mails to this port, will be conveyed by steam-vessels, to commence early in the Spring. We hope the anxiety which has been manifested as to the fate of the Liverpool steamer, will not prove detrimental to the interests of Atlantic steam navigation.

An extended notice of Dr. Creed's lecture before the Institute, will be found on the 3rd page.

We should be glad to insert short notices of the proceedings of the Pictou Literary Society. Will any of our subscribers oblige us in that way?

We have to apologize to our Liverpool correspondent for omitting in a few instances to insert his favours, but want of room has sometimes compelled us to adopt such a course. We hope, however, to do justice in future.

A correspondent of the *Novascotian* mentions the case of a poor man, who met with a sad accident at Margaret's Bay on Thursday the 22d inst. A tree, it appears, fell upon his leg and broke it. In this state he remained lying on the ground, exposed to the cold for some time, before assistance came. Doctor Avery, hearing of his wretched condition, in company with Dr. Black, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, visited him gratuitously, on Sabbath last. One such act of genuine kindness we would rather record, than all the splendid victories ever won on embattled plains.

Among the names of the passengers who came out in the *Great Western* are the Hon. W. Crane of N. B. and Mrs. Crane. To that gentleman, to Judge Halburton of Windsor, to Joseph Howe, Esq. of this town, and to a few other gentlemen, the provinces are much indebted for the warm interest which they displayed while in England, in reference to the conveyance of the monthly mails to this port by steam ships.

At the next meeting of the Mechanics' Institute, G. R. Young, Esq. is to lecture. The President, we believe, announced the subject of the lecture, "The Rise and Progress of Steam Navigation," but the *Novascotian* gives it thus, "On the advantages of a steam communication, between Halifax and the Mother Country, and the means to be adopted for its introduction." We think it of considerable importance to the interests of the Institute, that the precise subject of discourse should always be known to the public.

We think the lovers of good Congregational Psalmody will derive much pleasure from a careful perusal of the article we have commenced on our first page. It will be concluded in our next.

MARRIED.

At London, on the 27th Oct. at St. John's Church, Folham, the Hon. William Crane, of Sackville, in the county of Westmoreland, New Brunswick, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Thomas Jones Wood, Esq.

DIED.

On Friday evening last, Mrs. Mary Forrester, in the 76th year of her age.

At Dartmouth, on Friday morning last, Mrs. Jane Jackson, wife of Mr. B. Jackson, in the 60th year of her age, leaving a large circle of friends to lament her loss.

At Pictou, 15th instant, in the 39th year of his age, the Rev. Kenneth John McKenzie, recently pastor of St. Andrew's Church of that place.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Sunday, Nov. 25th—Schr. *Glory*, LeBlanc, St. John, N. B. 52 hours, ballast;—spoke 23d ult. schr.—, from Weymouth bound to Antigua. Schr. *Elizabeth*, Port Medway, lumber and dry fish.

Monday, 26th—Mailboat *Roseway*, Burney, Boston, 5 days.

Wednesday, 27th—Kingfisher, Ragged Islands; Trial, Port Medway; Maid of Erin, Kirkpatrick, New York, 6 days—Beef, Pork, etc. to J. & M. Tobin. Left Brig *Persa* to sail 25th.

Thursday, 28th—schr. *Speculator*, Lunenburg; *Britannia*, Covill, St. John, N. B. 4 days, ulewives, etc. to J. Leander Starr; Flying Fish, Liverpool, N. S. dry fish; *Adelle*, O'Brien, P. E. Island, 5 days, produce.

Friday, 30th—Schr. *Margaret*, Furlong, Placentia Bay, 15 days—dry fish and oil to the Master.

CLEARED,

Nov. 24th—Schr. *Ion*, Hammond, St. John, N. B. rum, oil, etc. by A. Keith, S. Binney and others; *Oracle*, Muirhead, St. Andrew's, coals, flour, chocolate, by W. Roche; *Jessie*, McInnis, P. E. Island, general cargo; *Mary*, Deagle, and *Margaret*, Walker, do. do.; *Sultan*, Smith, St. John, N. B. wheat and canvas, by A. Murison; *Emily*, Crowell, Barrington and St. Andrew's, flour etc. by Fairbanks and Allison. 26th schr. *Industry*, Simpson, Boston—assorted cargo by W. J. Long—*Mary Jane*, P. E. Island, by Wier & Woodworth. 28th brig *Henrietta*, Clements, Jamaica—fish, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co.; brig *Harriet* and *Elizabeth*, Young, St. John, N. F. porter, etc. by J. & T. Williamson; *Victoria*, Hopper, Cork—timber and deals by Fairbanks & Allison. 29th—schr. *Eight Sons*, Eaton, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by J. Fairbanks.

From our Liverpool, N. S. Correspondent.

Arrived 27th Oct.—brig *Victory*, Collins, Sydney,—coals, to W. McGill; 30th—brig *Dee*, Rees, Demerara, ballast, to J. S. Darrow; schr. *Combine*, Freeman, St. Lucie, to W. Foster and others; schr. *Arctic*, Henderson, Sydney, 15 days, coals to T. R. Patillo. Nov. 11th brig *Hero*, Turner, Demerara, 30 days, molasses to W. B. Taylor; 12th schr. *Mary*, McKenzie, Sydney, 20 days, coals, to the master, and others. 6th—sailed, schr. *Mary*, Collins, fish and lumber for Barbados, by S. Collins.

RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES.

Importance of Acting Truth.—The late Robert Hall had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance, stated in his life, by Dr. Gregory:—

Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old, might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, "She is gone to sleep. I put on my night-cap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said, "Excuse me, Madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" "Oh dear no, Sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her: children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

The Pious Moravians.—In the early part of the career of the Rev. John Wesley, influenced by a desire to do good, he undertook a voyage to Georgia. During a storm on the voyage he was very much alarmed by the fear of death, and being a severe judge of himself, he concluded that he was unfit to die. He observed the lively faith of the Germans, which in the midst of danger kept their minds in a state of tranquillity and ease, to which he and the English on board were strangers. While they were singing at the commencement of their service, the sea broke over them, split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks as if the great deep had already swallowed them up. The English screamed terribly: the Germans calmly sung on. Mr. Wesley asked one of them afterwards, if he were not afraid. He answered, "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" He replied mildly, "No: our women and children are not afraid to die." These things struck him forcibly, and strengthened his desire to know more of these excellent people.

Church Clocks.—While the late Rev. R. Watson was preaching, one sabbath-morning, at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, he observed a man rise from his seat, to look at the clock in the front of the gallery, as though he wished to give the preacher a hint to approach to a conclusion. Mr. Watson observed, in a very significant manner, "A remarkable change has taken place among the people of this country, in regard to the public service of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in his service. A sad and ominous change!" And then, addressing the man, whose rude behaviour had called forth the remark, he said, "You need be under no alarm this morning: I shall not keep you beyond the usual time."

Rev. J. Hervey.—Of Mr. Hervey it is recorded, that he was never known to be in a passion. Of how few can this be said! It would be well, however, could we learn to attain this victory over ourselves. It would not only produce happiness in our own minds, but leave an indelible impression on the minds of others. "For the temper and lives of men are books, for common people to read, and they will read them, though they should read nothing else."

Boerhaave.—The celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," said he, "which if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest method against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God, that he would cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

Honesty.—A very respectable linen merchant in Coleraine offered Dr. Clarke when a youth a situation in his warehouse, which was accepted by him with the consent of his parents. Mr. B—— knew well that his clerk and overseer was a religious man, but he was not sensible of the extent of principle which actuated him. Some differences arose at times about the way of conducting the business, which were settled pretty amicably. But the time of the great Dublin market approached, and Mr. B—— was busy preparing for it. The master and man were together in the folding room, when one of the pieces was found short of the required number of yards. "Come," says Mr. B——, "it is but a trifle. We shall soon stretch it, and make out the yard. Come Adam take one end, and pull against me." Adam had neither ears nor heart for the proposal, and absolutely refused to do what he thought a dishonest thing. A long argument and expostulation followed, in which the usages of the trade were strongly and variously enforced; but all in vain. Adam kept to his text, resolving to suffer rather than sin. Mr. B—— was therefore obliged to call for one of his men less scrupulous, and Adam retired quietly to his desk. These things may be counted little in the life of such a man; but not so in the sight of God.

Pride.—The eminently great and good Howard, the philanthropist, neither wanted courage nor talent to administer reproof

where he thought it was needed. A German count, governor of Upper Austria, with his countess, called one day on the man who had excited so large a share of the public attention. The count asked him the state of the prisons within his department. Mr. Howard replied, "The worst in all Germany," and advised that the countess should visit the female prisoners. "I," said she, haughtily, "I go into prisons!" and rapidly hastened down stairs in great anger. Howard, indignant at her proud and unfeeling disposition, loudly called after her, "Madam, remember that you are a woman yourself, and you must soon, like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

Temperance.—Dr. Corbyn observed that he had been twenty years in India, eleven of which he had passed under canvas, and knew the difference that existed between European and Sepoy regiments. Sepoys worked night and day, and yet their drink was only water; but Europeans must have their drams, must have their liquor. In proof that soldiers could abstain whenever they pleased from liquors, he adverted to the custom of kegging in India, as follows. The men made vows that they would not drink for a year together; and during that time they had been remarked as being the finest men in the regiment; but the moment the time had expired, they had given loose to their inclinations, and had gone on in a course of intoxication till they had been flogged. They then went on to greater excess, till attacked by the horrors, one of the most dreadful of all maladies, and so on till their career of intemperance ended in destruction.

The Temperate Man and the Free Drinker.—How often is it the case that while we laugh at another for a supposed absurdity, we commit a real absurdity ourselves! A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table, than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of wine, then," said his hospitable host, "or a glass of ale." "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." These answers called forth a loud burst of laughter. Soon after this, the temperate man took a piece of bread from the side-board, and handed it to the host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."

Card-Playing.—Mr. Locke having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, these three noblemen, insisted of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, sat down to cards. Mr. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company observing this took the liberty of asking him what he was writing; "My Lord," said Locke, "I am endeavouring as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for, having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest men of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your conversation: and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said this last hour or two." This well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

The Peacemaker.—On one occasion, when Mr. Nott, a missionary, and his companions, arrived at the island of Tubuai, the whole of its population were preparing for battle, being engaged in a war. The missionary and his friends stepped forward as mediators, saw the leaders of the contending parties, expostulated with them, procured an interview between them, and reconciled their differences. The contending armies threw down their weapons of war, cordially embraced each other, went in company to a new building which was devoted to the service of God, and sat side by side to hear the gospel of peace, which was now published to many of them for the first time.

Rev. John Eliot.—The attachment of the Rev. John Eliot, usually called the apostle of the Indians, to peace and union among christians was exceedingly great. When he heard ministers complain that some in their congregations were too difficult for them, the substance of his advice would be, "Brother, compass them!" "Brother, learn the meaning of those three little words,—bear, forbear, forgive." His love of peace indeed, almost led him to sacrifice right itself. When a bundle of papers was laid before an assembly of ministers, which contained the particulars of a contention between parties who he thought ought at once to be agreed, he hastily threw them into the fire, and said, "Brethren, wonder not at what I have done; I did it on my knees this morning before I came among you."

Going Another Way.—The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, formerly president of Princetown College, was once on board a packet ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed atheist. By and by there came on a terrible storm, and the prospect was that all would go to the bottom. There was much fear and con-

sternation on board, but not one was so horribly frightened as the atheist. In this extremity he sought out the clergyman. He found him in the cabin, calm and collected, and thus addressed him: "O, Doctor Witherspoon! Doctor Witherspoon! we're all going for it; we have but a short time to stay. Oh my gracious! how the vessel rocks! we're all going, don't you think we are, Doctor?" The Rev. gentleman turned on him a look of most provoking coolness, and replied in broad Scotch, "Nae doubt, nae doubt, man, we're a' ganging; but you and I dinna gang the same way."

Meekness.—It is said of Mr. Dod, one of the puritan divines, that a person being enraged at his close and awakening doctrine, raised a quarrel with him, smote him in the face, and dashed out two of his teeth. This meek and lowly servant of Christ, without taking the least offence, spit out the teeth and blood into his hand, and said, "See here, you have knocked out two of my teeth without any just provocation; but if I could do your soul good, I would give you leave to dash out all the rest." Thus he was not overcome of evil, but overcame evil with good.

Influence of Benevolence.—The only way to be loved, is to be, and to appear lovely; to possess and display kindness, benevolence, tenderness; to be free from selfishness, and to be alive to the welfare of others. When Dr. Doddridge asked his little daughter, who died so early, why every-body seemed to love her, she answered, "I cannot tell, unless it be because I love every-body." This was not only a striking, but very judicious reply. It accords with the sentiment of Seneca, who gives us a love-charm. And what do you suppose the secret is? "Love," says he, "in order to be loved." No being ever yet drew another by the use of terror and authority.—Jay.

Seasonable Reproof.—Ebenezer Adams, an eminent member of the Society of Friends, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found six months after the death of her husband, on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all the dignity of woe, approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her by the hand, thus addressed her:—"So, friend, I see thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This reproof had so great an effect on the lady, that she immediately laid aside the symbols of grief, and again entered on the important duties of life.

Consistency.—When Lord Peterborough lodged for a season with Fenelon, archbishop of Cambry, he was so delighted with his piety and virtue, that he exclaimed, at parting, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a christian in spite of myself."

A correspondent states that an intelligent traveller has discovered, near the Colorado River, in Texas, fifteen miles from Bastrop, a native tree which produces gum-elastic, or caoutchouc. The same writer states that, in the vicinity of the Mustang prairie, a salt spring, or saline, has been discovered, of such excellence and abundance of water, that it is thought sufficient to supply the whole republic. Mineral coal, in great abundance, is also found not very far from the same prairie; and iron ore, the most valuable of all minerals, is abundant near the river Trinity. If, in addition to this, we could say there was an abundance of forest-wood in all parts of Texas, it would be the most important discovery in the whole catalogue.

Popular Poison.—When pure ardent spirits are taken into the stomach, they cause irritation, which is evinced by warmth and pain experienced in that organ; and next, inflammation of the delicate coats of this part, and sometimes gangrene. They act in the same manner as poison. Besides the local injury they produce, they act on the nerves of the stomach which run to the brain, and if taken in large quantities, cause insensibility, stupor, irregular convulsive action, difficult breathing, profound sleep, and often sudden death. The habitual use of ardent spirits causes a slow inflammation of the stomach and liver, which proceeds steadily, but is often undiscovered till too late for relief.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal.*

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