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THE BLACKSMITH OF LIEGE.

A TALE OF THE BURGUNDIAN WARS.

By Emma Roberts.

"Those that feare a matter commonly provide well for it, and have oftener good successe than they that procede with a careless contempt, unless God be fully resolved to strike the stroke, against whom man's wisdom cannot prevaile. Which point is sufficiently proved by the example of these Liegeois, who had been excommunicated the space of five years for their variance with their bishop, whereof notwithstanding they made no account, but continued still in their folly and nightiness, mooved thereunto only through wealth and pride. Wherefore King Lewis was wont to say that 'When pride rideth before, shame and damage follow after.'"

PHILIP DE COMINES.

"NEVER trust me, madam," cried Jacquette, to her young mistress; "but here is the worshipful burgomaster, Wilkin de Retz, in his dress of state, with two varlets in flaming liveries before him, knocking at the great gate as though he would beat it down."

"Well, returned Linda, "and what is that to me? He is come to make cheer with my kinsman;—brother, I suppose I must call him, since my poor mother thought fit to invest him with authority over me." And perceiving that her attendant was inclined to prolong the conversation, the frauken motioned her away; continuing to ply her needle with unconscious industry, while she pondered over her present situation and future prospects. Linda Wilmsfeldt was the daughter of a poor knight of Brabant, and her mother, being reduced to poverty at his decease, had subsequently accepted the hand of a rich burgess of Liege, who was a widower, with an only son. The burgess and his second wife were both in the grave, and the high spirited girl, proud of her noble descent, and chafing over her scanty means, was left dependant upon her step-father's son; who though not destitute of good qualities, was, like the generality of his fellow-citizens, tyrannical, conceited, and unpolished. Linda entertained a secret dread that her guardian would attempt to assert an undue control over her; and she justly imagined that the gay attire of Wilkin de Retz had not been assumed without a purpose: she was therefore more displeased than surprised when she received a summons to attend her brother in the hall. Mustering all her courage she descended to the apartment in which the two worthies were sitting in council together; and the sun's rays streaming in through an open pane in the upper part of the window, catching the rich gold chains with which her visitor had bedecked himself, her eyes were dazzled by the refulgence of these costly ornaments. It soon appeared that the modest burgess trusted entirely to these gauds, and to his velvet gown furred with miniver, for the advancement of his suit; for he preserved a solemn silence, and Franz Klingsohr, the host, was obliged, after a few preliminary hints, to open the negotiation, which had for its object a point of no less importance than the disposal of the fair hand of Linda Wilmsfeldt. The lady, after the approved fashion of gentle dames, declined the offer, modestly, but firmly; the lover uttered a deep sigh which might indeed have been mistaken for a groan; but Franz, of a less imperturbable temperament, burst forth into a torrent of invective, and, after divers reproaches on the score of his ward's obligations to his bounty, vaunted the extent of his own authority, and threatened to compel her to accept the offer of his friend. All the spirit of Linda's martial ancestors flashed out upon this insolent menace. Colouring crimson with indignation, she exclaimed, "Sunk and low as are my fortunes, know, thou base slave of mammon, that I despise thy idol gold; and when next you take upon yourself to propose a match for the daughter of a noble line, choose some fitting suitor; for I tell you, sir, that if you cannot find a man of gentle birth within your city, I will send to the knight, Count Lothaire de Lechtervelde, who now invests your gates; my jeopardy will excuse the indelicacy of the prayer, and should he reject my suit,—which he doubtless will, since I am abused by my connexion with a trader,—rather than wed one of the upstart burghers of this vile city, I will ally myself to the blacksmith who works beneath your wall!"

Franz was dumb during this speech, merely from inability to find words strong enough to express his rage. Recovering himself just as Linda was sweeping out of the room in triumph, he seized her by the hand, and making a strong effort to repress his wrath, desired her to seek her chamber, and remain a prisoner there until she should be prepared to obey commands which he possessed the power to enforce. Gladly flying from the spot, the fair orphan rushed up to her dormitory; but felt a little abashed when reflecting upon the loss of all her self-command, and the somewhat needless display of indignation which had provoked her guardian to draw a heavy bolt across her door, and to detain her

in strict confinement. Her rash speech had made a deep impression upon Franz; he was most bitterly incensed by her allusion to the Count de Lechtervelde, who was the scourge and the terror of the inhabitants of Liege; although at this time pulled up with self-confidence, they despised his threat of reducing the city, and treated his approaches with contempt. It was indeed scarcely possible for a place so strong and well fortified to entertain any apprehension from the slender force which the Burgundian knight could bring against it; but while the Liegeois felt perfectly secure of the impracticability of his efforts, they would have given half their city, could they, by that means, have got him into their power, and have been enabled to wreak their long cherished desire of vengeance upon his head. Lothaire, entrenched in an impregnable fortress, situated on the summit of a hill, which commanded the whole of the adjacent country, and overlooked the city of Liege, had, during more peaceable times, in consequence of a contract not unfrequent in those days, kept the road, from sunrise to sunset, free from all robbers and spoilers; exacting only such a toll from wayfaring passengers, in return for this service, as they were well able to pay. Even when the stipulated hour had passed, and all stray travellers were generally considered fair booty by the knight who patrolled the highways, living, as the phrase went, "by the saddle," he despoiled them of neither life nor property, but took a moderate ransom, and dismissed them in peace.

Notwithstanding these courtesies, the ungrateful Liegeois hated the bold knight, who, it must be confessed, took great delight in showing his powers over, and his scorn of, the greasy Burgheers, as he was wont to call the lords and rulers of the city; and many a time did they attempt, with all their puissance, to dislodge him from his tower of strength; but he repelled their assaults, and obliged them to retreat sorely beaten, and miserably disgraced. And now that, the duke of Burgundy being embroiled with the king of France, the people of Liege had seized the opportunity to revolt, Lothaire mustered a small body of men at arms, threw up works, and laid regular siege to the city, keeping it in check while his master's troops were otherwise employed. It was in vain that the garrison sallied out, resolved to put this contemptible force to flight; they were unable to carry the very weakest of the entrenchments; so admirably were they constructed, and so desperately did the Burgundians defend their outposts; nor were stratagems of more avail; they were discovered and turned upon the contrivers,—nay, at length, Lothaire, to show his utter contempt for their inventions, and the accurate knowledge which he possessed of every thing that passed within the city, had the audacity to despatch a trumpet regularly every morning to the walls, with orders to proclaim aloud to the garrison the exact nature of the plans which the council of war meditated for the day; and the enraged Liegeois having fired upon the flag of truce which accompanied the embassy, and killed the bearer, he swore that he would hang twenty of the delinquents before sunset, and kept his oath.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the name of the count de Lechtervelde should be poison in the ear of a Liegeois; and Linda, as gracious recollections of the kindness which she had received from the family who had fostered her from infancy, came across her mind, regretted her cutting sarcasms. Obeying therefore the gentle impulse which prompted her to seek a reconciliation with her offended kinsman, she despatched a humble and penitent message by Jacquette, praying to be forgiven. Franz, mistaking the motive for this concession, in the true spirit of his townsmen, resolved to impose hard terms upon one who seemed willing to submit; and refused to grant a pardon without a promise from the fair culprit to receive his friend Wilkin in the character of a lover; a requisition which Linda treated with disdain; and was, in consequence, kept more strictly confined than ever, being even deprived of Jacquette's conversation.

Indignation at the treatment which she experienced, enabled Linda to pass the first day of her captivity without suffering from ennui; but the second appeared insupportably tedious; and tired of her embroilery, she stationed herself at the window of her apartment in the hope of finding amusement in the passing scene without. The lattice overlooked the city wall, and was exactly opposite to the forge of the blacksmith, whose hand she had declared herself to be willing to accept in preference to that of Wilkin de Retz. She had often seen the honest artizan before, without however remarking his personal appearance; and she was surprised, and not a little shocked to perceive that he was a fine well-proportioned man, with a set of remarkably white teeth, and a pair of dark flashing eyes; an enormous bush of hair

on his face obscured his other features, and his skin was so grimed with his occupation, that he might have been mistaken for a Nubian; but although he possessed sufficient attractions to render the surmise possible, that admiration claimed some share in the choice; and deeply mortified by the supposition that so unpleasant a construction might be placed upon her flippant declaration, Linda was sufficiently punished for the heedless speech. But her vexation did not end here; the blacksmith, probably made acquainted, through the loquacity of the servants, of the flattering mention of his name, was continually turning from his work to gaze at the window of the lady who had honoured him with her regards; and though his demeanour was not disrespectful, a smile played round his lips, and his eyes spoke eloquent things, if by chance they happened to encounter hers.

Linda, driven away from the lattice by the too pointed admiration of her neighbour, passed the dreary hours in listless solitude. At night, however, when she could look into the street without being visible herself, she resumed her station. The forge had now become a picturesque object as it contrasted with the surrounding darkness. Its lurid fires spread a strong illumination around, displaying the swart figures which moved about in their red light, and throwing out showers of sparks as the heavy hammer descended on the anvil; even the clink of those instruments sounded not unpleasantly on the ear; and the bustle, hilarity, and activity which prevailed, both within and without, afforded abundant entertainment for the spectator. Citizens were seen hurrying to and fro, bringing their weapons to be repaired; others led their clumsy, but highly conditioned horses to be shod; the pavement was strewn with armour, and the bright cuirass, and the polished lance, gleamed in the light of the furnace. While surveying the different persons thus busily engaged, Linda could not avoid being struck by the superiority of the blacksmith over all the rest. Prompt, agile, ready upon every occasion, he superintended the work of his satellites, with an air which convinced her that he had been intended by nature for a superior station. He had, moreover, a kind word and a joke for all; and remedying with his own hand any thing that was done amiss, sent away all his customers well satisfied. There was an exquisite grace and ease in his movements which surprised the frauken; more especially as she perceived, that aware how ill suited it was to his station, he sometimes affected a rustic and clownish manner—an appearance however which he could ill support; for if his attention happened to be called off, he forgot to school his limbs and mien, and the agile spring, the dexterous elegant movement, all betrayed familiar acquaintance with camps and courts.

Convinced that some mystery lurked beneath, the proceedings of the blacksmith became exceedingly interesting to the fair prisoner; and she was further assured that he was not exactly what he professed to be, by remarking that when the forge was deserted and free from all visitors and lookers on, he never troubled himself with manual labour, though showing at other times considerable expertness at his trade. He seemed to be more familiar with the javelin than with the coulter, and when freed from the gaze of strangers, he lounged idly over his tools, or tilted against the wall, while his fellow-mechanics paid him the most profound respect. It was in vain that she puzzled herself to fathom the secret; and tired at length with fruitless conjectures, she dismissed the subject from her mind, and began to consider how she could best recover her freedom. Franz was inexorable to all her entreaties for pardon, and would accept of nothing less than unconditional obedience.

The burgess had lately obtained an office of some importance in the government of the city, an elevation which he owed to his friend Wilkin,—and having had the casting vote in two instances, in one of which he displayed his rigorous devotion to justice, by dooming the criminal to the block, and in the other, his love of mercy, by favouring the more lenient party,—he began to fancy that he possessed the power of dispensing life and death.

There could be no hope for Linda while her guardian continued to entertain these inflated notions of his own dignity; so she made up her mind to a prolonged imprisonment, and from the mere necessity of taking exercise, busied herself with making alterations in the disposition of the furniture of her apartment. In removing a large press which, for some time, bade defiance to her efforts, a piece of the arras hanging fell from the wall, and in endeavouring to replace it, she touched a secret spring. A panel in the wainscot flew open, and disclosed an aperture, which, upon inspection, proved to be the entrance to a flight of dark, narrow, winding stairs. The necessity of preparing a light to guide her through the mazes of this passage, obliged the impatient

girl to postpone her peregrinations until nightfall. A lamp was always sent in with her supper, and without an instant's delay, she set forward upon an adventure which she trusted would enable her to quit for ever a roof which had now become odious. The stairs conducted her to a considerable depth below the surface of the earth, and ended in a passage which she imagined, from the direction it took, must lead across the street. Advancing along this path, she was excessively alarmed by a noise which seemed to proceed from the very bowels of the earth; she paused,—her heart palpitated, and the lamp nearly dropped from her hand; but reflecting that the din of the city, the tramp of horses, and the roll of carts, would come with a strange and deadened sound upon her ears, she soothed her apprehensions by attributing the extraordinary clamour to natural and common causes. Somewhat re-assured, she moved forward, and arriving at the end of the passage, another flight of stairs presented itself: these she ascended, and arrested a second time by an alarming sound, she clearly distinguished the hum of voices now close beside her. She paused again, and perceiving a chink in the wall, discovered that she was close to the forge. The stairs ran along the side of a subterranean apartment immediately behind the blacksmith's shop; and Linda was now a witness of a secret assembly in which the blacksmith himself, divested of his beard and other disguises, appeared to be the principal personage. A large excavation yawned in one corner of the room, through which the party ascended and descended, apparently giving orders to workmen below. Linda listened breathlessly to the debate, and stood aghast with horror at the words which struck upon her ear.

"Dolts! cravens! drones!" exclaimed the blacksmith, "had ye possessed the spirit of your brave comrades who work from the Burgundian camp, we should have had the mine completed, and the two avenues joined long ago. Tell me not of obstacles! I never found one yet. 'Death! the duke our master will escape the toils of Louis, and be at the gates to wrest the glory of the enterprise from our too tardy hands. By the eleven thousand virgins, and the three Kings of Cologne, I swear, that if the city be won without the assistance of the troops of Charles, I will make you dukes and princes in the land; ye shall drink the health of Lothaire Lechtersvelde from golden goblets,—ay and that of the blacksmith's bride. So bestir yourselves, ye loitering knaves; give me the splendid prize I pant to grasp. Here's to Liege and Linda!"

The terrified girl heard no more, but fled in haste from the spot, resting not a moment until she gained her own chamber; and now at no loss to account for the noise made by the pick-axes and spades, which were cutting a passage through the solid earth. Filled with tumultuous emotions, she was distracted by the multiplicity of feelings contending for mastery. Until this moment she never suspected that the slightest danger threatened Liege; she, in common with the other inhabitants, considered the attempt of Lothaire in the light of an idle bravado, undertaken merely to annoy the citizens; for even in the event of the hostile approach of the Duke of Burgundy, no one apprehended any serious evil, since all previous quarrels between that prince and his fickle subjects had been made up, after a little bloodshed, by the payment of a heavy subsidy; the duke taking care to exact no more than the city was very well able to give. But now if Lothaire should be permitted to execute his project unmolested, Liege would be sacked and placed at the mercy of a triumphant and relentless foe. Could she look tamely on and witness the destruction of a town which had given her shelter in her adversity?—the plunder of its sanctuaries, and the massacre of its inhabitants? No, no; she would fly to the council and apprise them of their danger; her hand was already raised to give the alarm; but the image of Lothaire, pale, bleeding, expiring, by cruel and lingering torture, swam before her, and she paused. Was there no means of saving him from an infamous and painful death? Must he be cut off in the career of his glory,—he whose gay sallies had made her smile when smiles were strangers to her lips?—he who was so beautiful, and so valiant, whose kindness and courtesy she had so much admired, and who had, even while anticipating the consummation of all his hopes of conquest, pronounced her name with tenderness? She could not, would not betray him. Yet, again, how could she answer it to her conscience to allow him to proceed unchecked in his ambitious purpose? Blood would be upon her soul,—the cry of the widow and the orphan would rise up in accusation to heaven against her: she must be answerable for all the violence committed by exasperated and brutal victors, and she sickened at the bare imagination of all the horrors which would befall the hapless wretches sacrificed to her affection for a man, perchance unworthy of her love. Pressing one hand upon her forehead, and the other over her heart, to still the throbbing pulses which caused its deep emotion, she strove to collect her scattered thoughts, and endeavoured to strike out some middle course by which she might preserve the city, and secure the life of the gallant Burgundian. Plan after plan presented itself, only to be rejected. Linda knew that she dared not trust to the most solemn oaths taken by the rulers of Liege; they had been too often perjured and forsworn to regard the disgrace and infamy attached to their broken pledges, and she

dared not hope that they would forego their long baffled revenge upon one whom they feared and hated more deeply and more bitterly than the prince of darkness himself.

Morning came, and found the agitated girl still undecided how to act: but an incident occurred which determined her to trust to the foes who threatened the gates, rather than to the ungrateful people of Liege.

Franz, whose greatest fault consisted in his too ardent zeal in the service of the government, was arrested at break of day, and dragged to prison upon some frivolous charge; his false friend, Wilkin de Retz, being the accuser. Aware that the disgrace of a person who had been entrusted with a share in the administration, was invariably followed by death, Linda felt assured that her only chance of rescuing her kinsman from the block, rested in a successful negotiation with Lothaire. She was fortunately not ignorant of the art of writing,—an accomplishment rather uncommon in that period,—and she therefore needed no assistance in her communication with the Burgundian. She acquainted him with the extent of the knowledge which she had acquired, taking care to conceal the means, and the circumstance of its being limited to her own breast; as she justly deemed that if he knew that his secret had been penetrated by one person alone, and that a woman, he would contrive some means to prevent it from spreading further. She proceeded to declare her resolution to divulge the whole affair to the council, unless he and his followers would sign a solemnly attested treaty, guaranteeing the security of all personal property, and the safety of the inhabitants from injury and insult; which document she required should be deposited at the shrine of the Virgin in the church of Notre Dame.

Determined not to make a confidant, Linda prepared to be the bearer of her own despatch; and attiring herself in the garb of a page, she threw a cloak over her shoulders, and taking a lance in her hand under the pretence of getting a new point, she stole out of the house, of which she was now sole mistress, and repaired to the forge. The anvil sounded loudly as she approached the shop, in which, as usual, half a dozen men were hard at work. The delicate appearance of the new customer,—an appearance which no art could conceal, although Linda had disguised herself cleverly enough,—excited the merriment of the boors who were busy at the forge.

Somewhat abashed by this reception, yet resolved to stand her ground, Linda looked anxiously towards the master smith, and catching his eye, made him an expressive sign. The workmen laughed, and whispered among themselves, repressing however the jests which sprang to their lips; and Lothaire stepping forward, started with dismay and surprise as Linda, in a low distinct voice, pronounced his name, and putting a roll of paper in his hand, retreated; the knight not daring to arrest her passage, lest he should be betrayed by the idlers in the street.

Linda had prepared for every thing; she would not return home lest her footsteps should be watched, but entered a church in which she had already hidden a second disguise. Arraying herself in a cloak and veil, which rendered one female only distinguishable from another by the height and size of the wearer, she proceeded to Notre Dame, and stationed herself at a convenient distance from the shrine, choosing a spot in which she was not exposed to observation.

Many persons passed and repassed during the period of her anxious vigil, and having performed their orisons, before the altar, withdrew. At length the clock struck the appointed hour; she tremblingly approached the spot, and, deposited in the niche which she had named, she discovered and drew forth the answer of the Burgundian. It contained the pledge which she demanded, and although evidently wrung reluctantly from the knight's hand by the exigence of the moment, it was full, complete, and satisfactory; and Linda doubted not that it would be held inviolate, since the honour of Lothaire de Lechtersvelde, whose name engrossed the parchment, had ever been unstained.

Returning to her solitary home, Linda, aware that the crisis was at hand, stationed herself at a window to watch the event; having, without exciting any attention, taken care to provide for the security of the house. The usual evening crowd had assembled round the forge, and the same bustle and activity as heretofore prevailed; the blacksmith himself was absent: nevertheless, there was no lack of gaiety,—the loud laugh and the oft repeated burden of some old song, resounded to the clank of the anvil, and the fall of the sledge-hammer. Gradually, as upon former occasions, the assembly dropped off, the fires decayed, and at length all was silent and deserted; the Cyclops, apparently tired of their work, withdrawing to seek a few hours of repose.

Midnight approached, was passed, and all remained still and solitary as the grave. Shortly after the clock had struck the half hour, Linda's eyes piercing the deep shade, detected groups of two and three together stealing out under the shade of the overhanging wall, and dispersing themselves noiselessly throughout the city. As the night advanced, the numbers thus emerging from the forge, and one figure taller, and more commanding than the rest, betrayed the disguised noble to the anxious girl. Soon afterwards a signal struck the watchful Linda's ear: the

chimes of the cathedral had been changed; all still remained profoundly tranquil, and as the silvery sounds floated through the calm night-air, they seemed to speak of peace and security, strongly at variance with the coming strife.

Another hour nearly passed; but then there arose a tumult in the city, at first faint, and apparently no more than might be occasioned by some drunken brawl, but afterwards of a more alarming nature; bells tolled, and were suddenly stopped; windows and doors rattled; a cry of "Treason" ran through the streets, mingled with the clashing of swords and the groans of the wounded. Many who would have bestirred themselves, had they known the real cause, believed it to be a popular tumult, and remained quiescent.

At length the drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded, but all too late; day dawned, and the bewildered Liegeois found the arsenal and all the principal place in the hands of Count Lothaire's men-at-arms, the garrison disarmed, and the magistrates in prison. The duke's banners waved from every tower, steeple, and pinnacle; and, before ten in the morning, two of the most factious of the burgesses, men who had burned the Duke Philip and his son in effigy, reversing their arms as those of traitors, had been tried, condemned, and executed, by their fellow-citizens, now anxious to make a grand display of loyalty. The heads of these men, mounted upon poles, were stuck up at the principal gates also at the instigation of their late colleagues. No other person suffered, and Franz, liberated from prison by the hand of Count Lothaire, led his deliverer to his sister's feet, and gladly gave his consent to her union with the "Blacksmith of Liege."

THE INFLUENCE OF COOKERY.—"Much, in matters of opinion, depends upon digestion and culinary arrangements. Drinking now is quite out of fashion, and eating is all the rage. By the way, why does not some spirited publisher undertake to put forth a culinary library, in monthly parts? It would do uncommonly well. The English people learned drinking of the Dutch, and now they learn eating of the French. We must take care, that with French cookery we do not imbibe French principles. It is a certain fact, that since French cookery has been so prevalent, the taste for poetry has abated, or rather the poetic genius of the country has been in abeyance. The connexion between cookery and opinions is obvious and clear. I would not carry the refinement so far as the running footman, who lived upon hares' flesh to make him run fast. But is it not a fact that similarity of food produces similarity of opinion? There is an attraction of affinity effected by cookery: they who dine much together generally assimilate much in opinion. It is not an easy matter to dine frequently with a man, especially if he have a good cook, without coming into some or most of his ways of thinking. Furthermore, how observable is the unanimity produced by a public dinner at a tavern. It seems an established fact, a generally recognized opinion, that the English people may be dined into anything. They are dined into liberty, they are dined into loyalty, they are dined into charity, they are dined into piety, they are dined into liberality, they are dined into orthodoxy, and they are dined into heresy. From dinner to digestion the transition is natural. And how much are opinions influenced by, and dependent upon digestion."—*W. P. Scargill.*

TACT AND TALENT.—"Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. * * For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent—ten to one. * * Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry: talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learned and logically; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honour to the profession, tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way. Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seem to know everything without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. * * Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a

very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect."—*Ibid.*

JESUS CHRIST, A WITNESS OF THE TRUTH.

To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world; that I should bear witness to the truth. John, 18: 37.

We are told by our Apostle, that it behoved Christ to be made in all points like unto his brethren, that he might be to them a faithful High Priest in things appertaining to God. Men are so frequently required to appear in the character and capacity of a witness, that one of the laws of God, included in the tables delivered to Moses by Jehovah, on Mount Sinai, is to this effect: that men should not in the discharge of the duties of that office, forget at any time the presence of the Supreme Judge; and bear false witness against their neighbour. And so dishonourable does the breach of this law appear in the eye of reason, that no honourable man would be found to plead guilty to it, were it charged upon him. Indeed such a charge is deemed one of the highest insults which we can offer to a fellow man, and he accordingly arouses all his energies to resent the affront. Yet in society at large—in Christian society—and among the most honourable men, so little pains is taken to ascertain the truth, particularly in regard to religion; and so much shrinking is manifested in the statement and defence of it; that whether we contrast ourselves with the requisitions of our Lord, or his example, we find that most of us, even of the classes mentioned, fall considerably short of the standard to which they should have arrived, as witnesses for the truth.

What, then, can we do better as a moral exercise, than to examine carefully the character of our Lord Jesus—as a witness for the truth? and with equal care to imitate him in the discharge of our own duties, in this department. In prosecution of this inquiry we do not find that our blessed exemplar ever compromised the honour of Almighty God for the sake of worldly fame or advantage. The pursuit or offer of these advantages is to most men a severe temptation, and doubtless was to him a trial of some magnitude. Yet in resisting it, as in all other instances, he was faithful; and accordingly victorious. Here, where many of the mighty have fallen, he was invulnerable. Secondly,—We do not find that he kept back from his disciples any portion of truth which it was desirable or proper for them to be acquainted with. It is true, he did not inform them of all which he might, that he left many truths unrevealed, or but partly revealed; but this was in reference to their incapacity at that time to receive them, or to the future work of the Holy Spirit, as their guide into all truth: it in fact supposes, nay more, it proves, that these were truths, which at that stage of their advancement it was neither desirable nor proper for them to be acquainted with. Thirdly,—We find that he so stated what he did communicate, as to encourage and reward the diligent inquiries of his hearers. Not making his instructions so obvious as to remove the distinction which should subsist between the indifferent and the interested hearer,—between the man who manifests a blamable recklessness, or at most but an hereditary fondness for religion, and his fellow, who ingenuously inquires after her institutes, as things of vital importance to the world at large, and especially to himself. Fourthly,—When truth was necessarily of an offensive character, owing to the wrong dispositions of his hearers, we do not find that he on that account concealed or misrepresented it. He reproved sin, even the most popular, in the most candid and upright manner; regarding not the presence of men, but only the importance of truth and the value of their immortal souls. And to judge of this conduct by its effects, there can be no doubt that, though in several instances the ill passions and demeanour of men were excited into increased activity by his faithful remonstrances, in several more, their conviction and salvation were owing to the just line of conduct pursued by this faithful witness towards them. Fifthly,—He stated old truths of importance, in a more explicit, interesting, and influential manner. Men may regard truths of the highest importance in such a customary and unawakened manner, as to be unaffected, and consequently unreformed by them. And in such conditions as much good may be done by an explicit and manly promulgation of the kind of truths in question, as by an entirely new revelation. This often constitutes the main work of the reformer; and a reformer of the Mosaic economy was our Lord. In this capacity he bore an exemplary witness to the truths of antiquity; he announced to his prejudiced countrymen that he came, not to destroy but fulfil the law; and never was it so magnified and honoured as by his lips and life. His Sermon on the Mount is an ample vindication of these remarks. Now it was by this deliverance of the truth of the old covenant, coupled with his benign invitations and encouragement to action, that he gathered together and preserved so great a flock to his praise, and the honour and enlargement of a visible church of God on earth. Sixthly,—He revealed many new truths of capital importance; and in this particular he was a prophet and benefactor of the first order. Till he came, men were not properly or fully ac-

quainted with the doctrine of the divine nature—of the capacity of the human nature for holiness—of the forgiveness of sins and the new birth—of the immortality of the soul—of the resurrection, and eternal life—of the destination of departed souls—of the final judgment—of the privileges of the saints—or the state of the church triumphant. These, and a great many more manifestations of truth, were carefully unfolded by him, who "alone is worthy to take the book of divine revelation, and open the seals thereof." On the whole, and in reference to truth in general, it may undoubtedly be affirmed, as was affirmed by his enemies, never man spake like this man. Let us behold him,—for whether we regard the truths he promulgated, the condescension and urbanity with which he unfolded them, the manifold effects of his deliverance of truth, or the unbounded advantages which have resulted from his testimony, we are constrained to immortalise the great Judean Preacher in our hearts, and our hearts themselves to respond, never did man speak like this man.

But as Christians we ought to admire—but not merely admire, we ought to imitate in this particular our great exemplar. For, said he, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." We ought, therefore, not only to speak the truth, whenever we do speak, but in such a manner as to recommend the truth spoken. By these means we should endeavour to benefit our friends, and conciliate our enemies. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue," and Christians should not only avoid all evil speaking, but constantly strive, by the cultivation of religious knowledge, and religious tempers, and a cordial love for our fellow men, "especially those who are of the household of faith," to reprove, convince, edify and gain them; and to be of the number of those who "offend not in word," which, says the Apostle, "are perfect men, and able to govern the whole body." The Scriptures of truth show, (so important is the use of the tongue,) that when man speaks, God should be praised, his neighbour edified, and the speaker himself advanced in holiness, usefulness, and meetness for heaven.

W. F. TEULON.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.—It is commonly said that a child's questions are often of all others the most difficult; and this is quite true; simply because they go to the depths of truth, whereas we are accustomed to draw water for our daily use from the surface only—a surface in general, from its exposure, full of all kinds of foulness—and therefore softer and of better accommodation to our services than the pure and clear, but somewhat hard genuineness of the spring. But the questions of children are often not only very difficult, but very displeasing also; and this from the same cause, from their tendency to the very root, their sheer radicalism. As, for instance, a little boy will ask, Why does papa eat so many nice things—so much nicer than the poor people? and, Why does he go about dressed so finely, though he never works? and, Why do the other men let him have so much land, when he says that I ought not to have for my own garden any more than I can dig with the little spade? and, Why do the poor people work for him all day, and then take their hats off to him, and call him Sir? Why don't they take it in turns to do it, he one day and they the next? Now, these are home-thrusts; they are not to be parried. The only way to meet them is the hard, stiff, impenetrable, ass-headed callousness of custom; and accordingly this is done. Don't be so troublesome; don't ask questions about what does not concern you; nobody ever inquires of a little boy about such things, and therefore you need not know them; or, if any answer at all be given, it is generally in the form of what the lawyers call a horse-plea—I suppose because it runs away from the question; a silly, parsley-bed evasion—a frustration instead of a reply. The child feels at once, for children are keenly sensitive of ridicule, that the purpose is to make fool of him; and the purpose is often gained. He is made a fool indeed, not merely for the moment, figuratively, but perhaps also, if the practice be continued, actually and ever after. Such is the encouragement given to the really commendable spirit of curiosity, the inquisitiveness of the child after truth and right principles. The fact is, that wherever there is corruption and perversion of custom, truth and principles are the most inconvenient things imaginable. The less that is said about them the better, at least for dominant interests. But it is long before children can be made sensible of the convenience of such obliquities—they cannot easily shuffle themselves into the loose social habits. They know nothing of conventional phrases and opinions: they are no sophists, and therefore, in many cases, they are the best and truest of philosophers.—*Self Education.*

BY THE INDUSTRY.

NEWS FROM CANADA.

Throughout yesterday and to-day our city has been very much excited in consequence of the seizure and burning of the *Caroline*, and the killing of one of our citizens at Schlosser. The feeling generated by these acts is altogether different from the patriotic excitement which has prevailed here. The taking of the life of Durfee, and the wounding of other citizens, and the burning of the *Caroline*, are acts for which our government is bound to demand the fullest and most ample atonement. The *Caroline* cleared from this port on the forenoon of Friday last, for Schlosser, whither she went, and during the day made several trips between

that place and Navy Island. One of her trips was made without showing her colours, in consequence of breaking her flag staff. At evening she hauled up along the dock of a landing place at Schlosser, and was made fast.

Several persons who were there at the time, and unable to obtain lodging for the night, went aboard the boat to sleep. Among this number, we understand, were some volunteers for Navy Island from Rochester. The only arms on board were a few pistols, and an old musket. A little after midnight the boats from Chippewa came alongside,—they contained in all from 30 to 50 men. As they approached the *Caroline* they were hailed, but without stopping to parley, they rushed upon her deck, armed with pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, and a general melee ensued. The affair lasted but a few minutes; the boat was soon cleared of her crew and lodgers, towed into the stream and set on fire. She went blazing into the rapids, but probably broke to pieces before going over the falls.

Of the 33 persons who were on board in the evening, 9 are missing. It is not ascertained with absolute certainty, that any except Durfee was killed. He was found lying on his back on the deck, with a ball through his forehead.

A Mr. King is severely wounded by a sabre cut in the shoulder. Capt. Harding, of the brig *Indiana*, has a cut extending from the left corner of the forehead to the nose. A negro is also desperately wounded. But two persons were taken; one a boy of this city, and a Canadian from Grand River.

The funeral of Durfee was attended by upwards of 2000 persons.

Sir Francis Head was at Toronto when it took place, and so we presume was Col. McNab, who is Speaker of the House of Assembly.—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser.*

The U. Canada Legislature met on the 28th December. The Speech of Sir Francis Head is of unusual length, and treats fully of the disturbances of the Province. After alluding to the death of his late Majesty, and the accession of Queen Victoria, Sir Francis enters into the political differences of the Province, and the conspiracy which existed to subvert the British Constitution. He allowed, he says, the conspirators to mature their plans unmolested, and allowed the Military to leave the Province, depending on the strength of the well effected. He next alludes to his surprise at the actual insurrection, to the meeting with the insurgents, and to the loyalty and bravery of the Militia. The entire test of insurrectionary principles, their complete defeat, and the return of Tranquillity are next dwelt on, and while the Province was in this state, the appearance of fresh trouble is thus stated:

"I regret to inform you, that the peace of this province was suddenly invaded from a quarter from which her Majesty's subjects in this province had certainly never calculated upon receiving an attack.

"Such are the feelings of the British people toward the Americans, and yet I regret to inform you, that in a moment of profound peace and of professed friendship, a considerable number of Americans, regardless of the crimes committed, as well as of the degraded character of the man, have sympathized with the principal rebel, who has lately absconded as a criminal from our land. I regret to inform you, that American citizens of influence and great wealth have come forward to coerce the brave and independent people of Upper Canada, to change laws and institutions which they have lately, by open and almost universal suffrage publicly declared that they prefer.

"Such has been the popular excitement, that not only has a body of Americans headed by American leaders, within a few days, taken possession of Navy Island, (which belongs to the British empire,) but a Proclamation has just been issued from this spot, declaring that the standard of liberty is planted in Canada—that a provisional government is established there—that a reward of five hundred pounds is offered for my apprehension—that three hundred acres of her Majesty's lands will freely be bestowed by this provisional government upon any volunteer who shall personally assist in invading our freedom; and it is added that "ten millions of these lands, fair and fertile, will speedily be at their disposal, with the other vast resources of a country more extensive and rich in natural treasures than the United Kingdom or old France.

"I am informed that Americans from various quarters are hastening from the interior to join this standard of avowed plunder and revolt—that cannon and arms are publicly proceeding there—and under these circumstances, it becomes my painful duty to inform you, that without having entertained the slightest previous doubt of the sincerity of American alliance, the inhabitants of this province may in a few days be called upon by me to defend their lives, their properties and their liberties, from an attack by American citizens, which, with no desire to offend, I must pronounce to be unparalleled in the history of the world."

Sir Francis then expresses the firmest confidence in the bravery and loyalty of the Inhabitants; he remarks on the flagrancy of the threatened intervention; on the natural strength of a Country in resisting invasion, and on the assistance which Great Britain will afford to her subjects in that part of the Empire. Sir Francis concludes on this topic by expressing an expectation that the American Government will promptly vindicate its character regarding these transactions; and by stating that he had communicated with the Governor of New York, and with H. Majesty's Minister at Washington, on the subject,—and that he had reinforced the Militia on the frontier, and had prepared for a general call upon the militia. His Excellency then adverts to the remuneration which should be provided for losses and injuries suffered by the insurrection, to measures of future protection and to resistance to aggression on the territory of the Province.

It is said, that the British Minister at Washington, having in vain pressed the intervention of the U. States Government to repress the hostile acts of its citizens respecting Canada, had demanded his passports.

An unsuccessful attack of the U. Canada forces on Navy Island is reported.

The American Packets have carried home three bearers of despatches to the British Government, one from the British Minister at Washington, one from Canada in great speed; and one borne by a Lower Canada Patriot for whose apprehension \$2000 were offered.

From Flowers of Loveliness.

"TO VICTORIA.

Violet, grace of the vernal year!

Offer'd be thou to this spring-like reign!

Is not thy tint to that lady dear,

Whose banner of blue is the lord of the main?

Ivy we twine of changeless green,

Constant for ever in leaf and bough;

So may the heart of our maiden queen

Be always verdant and fresh as now.

Carnation, laced with many a streak

Of blooming red on its leaflets bright,

May be a type of her mantling cheek,

Blent with a brow of pearly white.

Tansy, though humble an herb it be,

Look not upon it with scornful eye:

On virtue, that lurks in low degree,

A glance should fall kind from those on high.

Olive, thy branch, dove-borne o'er the foam,

Was a sign for the surges of death to cease;

So, from the lips of our dove should come

The soft but the sure command of peace.

Roses of England, ceasing from flight,

Twine round her brow in whose veins are met

The princely blood those roses unite

In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet.

Iris, to thee the maid of the bow,

That promises hope, her name has given;

Join, then, the wreath at her feet we throw,

Who beams as a symbol of hope from heaven.

A nemone, flower of the wind! is the last.

We cull,—and our garland is now complete—

Gentle the current, and soft be the blast,

Which Victoria, the queen of the ocean, shall meet!"

L. E. L.

WIVES BY ADVERTISEMENT.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, L.L.D.

There are many wretched persons—miserable in mind and in prospect—poor in pocket and in spirit—degraded by misfortune or vice—abased by circumstance or crime—unhappy by reason of their own doings, or the deeds of others: for such there is pity, and there may be pardon. But there is a class yet lower, almost beneath contempt, who are the artificers of their own shame. In this motley world, among those classes who rank as the "civilized," there is one set of persons sunk in abasement and wretchedness far, far beneath the vicious or the pauper,—those are the men who advertise for wives!

The lowest creature upon earth,—lower far than the beggar whose rags float in the wind, and whose bed is in the ditch by the way-side,—is the wretched one who advertises for a wife. His doing so is an open and undisguised avowal of his own great unworthiness. It proclaims that he is unable or unworthy to obtain a wife by the usual means. His vices may have shut him out from reputable female society; his defects of mind or person,—perhaps both,—may have excluded him from being known to the respectable portion of womankind, for not otherwise can any man lack the means of being introduced to the acquaintance of women of character. Thus isolated, he puts himself up to the public bidding, for the unworthy to purchase. He lays aside the dignity of his sex, and avows himself desirous of a life-union with age, deformity, vice,—so that they be thickly gilded. He proclaims that he is in the market, like any other commodity. He avows that pride, passion, principle, are all abandoned; he only wants to wed for money. Is there any creature more debased than such a thing? Is it not gross calumny to dignify it with the name of man?

The advertiser usually (indeed, almost invariably, for as yet the fair sex are not quite so self-degraded) is a male. By his own account, he is young, wealthy, and accomplished. Is it not passing strange that such a gifted being is so utterly unacquainted with reputable females, as to be compelled to put himself up to public bidding?—to render himself the laughed-at dupe of all who may select him as the butt for their covert mockeries?—to degrade the name of man—to defame the fair character of woman—to disgrace marriage (a sacrament of one church and a holy ordinance of all), by avowing himself purchaseable by any female who may be hopeless enough to make such a bargain—heartless enough to put up with it? Who can—who must be the replicants to such advertisements! The old, the ill-favored, the unprincipled, the characterless; all whose demerits have not enabled them to get a husband before.

The woman who seriously replies to such an advertisement must have abandoned all sense of the touching, beautiful, and becoming delicacy of her sex. There must be a deliberate resolve to discard that modesty which is the brightest gem that female decorum can wear, to prostrate her mind and curb her feelings,—to level herself to the utter degradation which such a negotiation involves; for, besides the bold assurance requisite for such bargaining with an utter stranger, the poor wretch must have

made up her mind to the chance of being refused. The advertiser may be a little fastidious, and disapprove of her; a little capricious, and reject her; or a little facetious, and have been only playing a trick.

After a long courtship, conducted with respect on one side and modesty on the other, a delicate minded maiden in private life hesitates to say "Yes," to the hearted request of her affectionate, her faithful, her long-trying lover: but here the position is reversed. The heartless female may hear a refusal from the lips of the stranger with whom she has been bargaining for marriage! What humiliation for a woman.

Bankrupt, indeed, in charms and character must she be who would proffer herself as the spouse of a wife-advertiser for the fulfilment of such a speculation. What can they expect from an union thus composed of the mingled elements of all that is wretched in mind and base in purpose? Seek they for love? It is a holy passion not to be sold nor bought. Strive they for happiness? That, also, is not a marketable article. Hope they to meet with the esteem of each other? Alas! they cannot have their own! All sympathy of taste, all mutuality of feeling, all congeniality of temper, all the charms and all the decencies of the marriage state, they must take on hearsay. They buy each other, as we buy cattle. Their qualifications must be discounted in the bargain. They cannot love: theirs is a contract from which delicacy shrinks, and at which pride revolts. If they should have children, with what face can they tell them that they, the parents, became wedded through the introduction of a newspaper advertisement. That man should be so fallen, and that woman should be so mean, as to be linked together by such ties, is one of the marvels to which the venality of this buying and selling age has unhappily given birth. That eminent individual, Mr. William Corder (who happened to get hanged one day, in Suffolk, for the murder of a young woman whom he seduced), obtained a wife by an advertisement in a London paper. A very pretty precedent for such delicately-minded ladies and gentlemen!

Suppose that she who replies to such an advertisement should not be refused, and that the advertiser is satisfied with the "property" she brings him, in exchange for the honour of wearing his name—for, under the circumstance, he can scarcely have a heart to win, or worth winning—what prospect of happiness can there be for her with one of whose disposition she previously knows nothing. And he must be no less ignorant of her. The one—as in the case of the murderer, who married thus—may be taken from her by the hands of justice, to expiate his crimes on the scaffold: the other may be recognised as friends, if to his friends he dare introduce a woman thus wedded for him at hap-hazard, as a person of abandoned character who has completed her wretched career by sheltering herself beneath the sanction of wedded life.

Think, also, on the chance of the husband's being tricked. He may be deceived in the amount of the "value received" for his precious person. Instead of opulence, he may have become wedded to poverty; instead of luxuriously living in wealth and splendour, he may have espoused one deeply in debt, who by her marriage provides herself with a scape-goat, to rot in the prison, which otherwise would have received herself; for it is part of the English law, that the husband is accountable, in purse or person for the previous debts of the wife.

What a sweet cat-and-dog sort of union must that be, where mutual confidence cannot exist. It is a desecration of marriage. It is the abuse of the ordinances of religion to legalize prostitution of mind and body. It makes a living libel upon that affection, which, through delay and danger, through toil and trouble—seeks (and finds so often) in wedded life, a sweet reward to counter-balance the heart-breakings, which had nearly wrecked the proa of their trusting hopes. It degrades marriage to mere animal sensuality. It tears the veil from the sanctity of that state which has something higher and holier than mere passion for its impulse: something of a mind to delight in and repose on, when the edge of appetite is dulled. It is, in a word, a disgrace to the social compact, in a Christian land, that a man should openly put himself up to the heartless bidding of wealth, and sell himself for gold.

From such marriages the prospect of felicity is small. Love must be quite out of the question. How can the man love her who buys him? How can the woman esteem him who not only marries her for money, but must have some extraordinary deficiencies to preclude him from obtaining an introduction to female society, from which he might select a wife in the usual and legitimate manner? Wretchedly low must be the man for the woman who is content to take a wife or husband on trust. The tyrant Mezentius, who tied the living to the dead, was less cruel than those self-destroyers who proclaim themselves willing, as old Trapbois would say, "for a con-si-de-ra-tion," to link themselves with age, deformity, and vice. The suffering of the tyrant's victim would soon be over: a long life of misery and wretchedness may elapse before death separates the unnatural union of the others.

It is a fact, that the advertisements which invite women to matrimonial alliances, just as they are invited to bargain at auction

or shops, are not jests, to see if females would notice them; they are what they avow; and it is an ascertained circumstance that many mesalliances have been formed through this very delicate medium.

The infection has crossed the waters. Matrimonial advertisements frequently appear in American papers, as well as in Paris papers—happily more rarely in those of England. There are but few female advertisers in either country—though they are numerous in France; but this arises, not from modesty (because whoever would answer such an advertisement would advertise), but because men are not yet quite so abandoned as to accept a lady who offers herself. Of the two, the male advertiser is the more degraded; he abandons himself to the indiscriminate biddings (the term is a marked one) of the females, and resigns his privilege of choosing and asking a wife for himself. Even in India, whither English belles resort on matrimonial speculations, they pass through the ordinary ordeal of private introduction, they must be seen before the negotiation for them commences, and the man does not blindly run himself into the matrimonial halter. The advertiser may lose his chance. He may be content to risk his prospect of future happiness upon, perhaps, one interview: the lady may be virtuous (the chances being forty to one that she is not), but may be she is not equally vicious! The only consoling prospect is, that when he has spent his *sposa's* fortune, he can take wings in the next packet-ship and cross the "deep, deep sea," leaving the *dama* to despair, and the chance of another advertisement! Could she expect constancy—or love—or confidence—or respect?

It is worth consideration, that, in almost every instance, the wife-advertiser puts in the interesting inuendo, that the lady "must have some property," which he modestly intimates, "may be settled upon herself." Kind hearted wife-seeker! he will be moderately content to live upon the interest of her fortune.

The impudence of these announcements is extraordinary. One, now before me, states that a wife is wanted (with a good fortune), and ending with the very encouraging hint, "that to a lady whose acquirements would render the unemployed hours of the advertiser agreeable, a preference would be given." Think of that, Master Brooke! "a preference would be given!"—it is the language of an auctioneer when he advertises property for sale.

The matter is this—that the advertisement puts the man up to female competition. Are women indeed so badly off that they must seek husbands? If the advertiser should find a purchaser, let the buyer and the bought have the curse of remembering, for ever, that one has paid money for a husband for her purity; the other sold himself as a slave, for a daily dole of food, and a decent coat.

Better break stones by the highway—better beg—better starve—than thus degrade the dignity of manhood.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A CONDEMNED MAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Part I.

Condemned to death!—For five weeks has this thought dwelt alone with me; I have been always frozen by its presence, always crushed down beneath its weight. Formerly—for it seems to me these are rather years than weeks—I was a man as others are. Each day, each hour, each minute had its idea; my spirit, young and lofty, was full of phantasies. It amused me to unravel them, the one after the other, without order and without end, embroidering, from inexhaustible arabesques, its rough and slender staff of life. There were visions of young maidens, splendid mitres, battles won, theatres filled with light and sound, and again young maidens and solemn walks at night beneath huge branches of chesnut-trees. There was always a festivity in my imagination. I could think on what I would; I was free.

Now I am a captive; my body is in irons in a dungeon; my spirit imprisoned in one idea, one horrible, bloody, implacable idea. I have but one thought, one conviction, one certainty—I am condemned to death.

Whatever I do it is always there—the infernal thought!—like a leaden sceptre at my side, alone, jealous, chasing all distraction, face to face with me, miserable, and shaking me with its two icy hands, when I would turn away my head or close my eyes. It creeps in all forms where my spirit would flee from it, and it mingles, like the horrible burden of a song, with all the words that are addressed to me; it glues itself with me to the hideous gratings of my dungeon, possesses me when awake, watches my convulsive sleep, and re-appears in my dreams as a knife.

I have just started in my sleep from my pursuit. Ah! it is but a dream. Well, even before my eyes have had time to open sufficiently to see, this fatal thought, written in the horrible reality which surrounds me, on the damp and sweltering flag-stone of my cell, in the pale rays of my night-lamp, in the coarse woof of the cloth of my garments, in the gloomy figure of the guard-soldiers, whose cartouch-box shines through the grating of my dungeon; it seems that a voice has already murmured in my ear, "Thou art condemned to death!"

It was a beautiful morning in August. For three days my trial

had been entered upon, for three days had my name and my crime drawn together each morning a cloud of spectators, who came crowding down on the benches of the hall of a audience like ravens around a carcass; for three days had all the phantasmagoria of judges, witnesses, advocates, and king's attorneys passed and repassed before me, sometimes grotesque, sometimes bloody, but always gloomy and fatal. The two first nights of uneasiness and terror I had not slept, the third night I slept from lassitude and fatigue. At midnight I had left the jury deliberating; I had been brought back to the straw of my dungeon, and I had fallen immediately into a deep sleep, in a slumber of oblivion. They had been to me the first hours of repose for many years.

I was in the depth of this profound sleep when they came to awake me. This time, neither the heavy step, nor the iron shoes of the jailer, nor the clashing of his knot of keys, nor the harsh gnashing of the bolts, were sufficient; it required his rude hand on my arm, and his rough voice in my ear, to arouse me from my lethargy.

"Awake!" said he.

I opened my eyes, and rose up scared upon my seat. At that moment, through the high and narrow window of my dungeon, I saw, on the ceiling of the neighbouring gallery, the only sky I could have a glimpse of, that yellow reflection in which eyes accustomed to the darkness of a prison know so well how to recognise the sun. I love the sun.

"It is a fine day," I said to the jailer.

He remained a moment without answering me, as though not knowing whether it were worth the trouble of a word; but after some effort he answered bluntly, "It is possible."

I remained immovable, my spirit half lulled asleep, my mouth in a smile, my eyes fixed on that soft golden reverberation that diapered the ceiling. "Here is a fine day," I repeated.

"Yes," answered the man, "They wait for you."

These few words, like the thread that breaks the insect's flight, threw me back violently into reality. I saw again, suddenly, as in a flash of lightning, the gloomy hall of the assizes, the horse-shoe range before judges covered with bloody hues, the three ranks of the stupid-faced witnesses, the two gend'armes at each end of my bench, the dark robes rustling, and the heads of the crowds swarming in the depth of the shadow, and the fixed looks of the twelve jurymen—who had watched while I slept—resting upon me.

I arose; my teeth chattered, my hands trembled, and I knew not where to find my clothes. My legs were weak; at the first step I made I stumbled like a street-porter overcharged; nevertheless, I followed the jailer.

The two gend'armes waited for me at the threshold of my cell. They replaced the hand-cuffs. They had a small complicated lock on them, which they closed carefully. I let them do it: it was a machine on a machine.

We traversed an interior court. The light air of the morning revived me. I lifted up my head. The sky was clear; and the warm rays of the sun, divided by the long chimneys, described large angles of light on the summit of the high and gloomy walls of the prison. It was indeed a fine day.

We mounted a circular staircase; we passed along one corridor, then another, then a third, then a low door opened; a hot air mingled with sounds struck my face—it was the breath of the crowd in the hall of the assizes. I entered. At my apparition there was a rumour of arms and voices; the raised benches were displaced with a noise, the partitions cracked; and whilst I traversed the long room, between two masses of people walled in with soldiers, I seemed like a centre to which were attached the threads which moved all those inclined and gaping faces.

At that minute I perceived that I was without irons; nor could I remember either when or where they had been removed from me.

There was then a great silence. I had reached my place: at the moment the tumult ceased among the crowd, it ceased also in my ideas. I suddenly and clearly understood that which, until then, I had only seen in confused glimpses—that the decisive moment was come, and that I was there to hear my sentence.

Let him explain it who can; but from the manner in which this idea came to me, I can state that it caused me no terror. The windows were opened; the air and the noise of the city came freely from without; the hall was bright as for a bridal. The gay beams of the sun traced here and there the luminous figure of the casements, sometimes lengthened on the floor, sometimes developed on the tables, sometimes broken at the angle of the walls; and from these shining lozenges of the windows each ray cut out in the air a large prism of golden dust. The judges at the end of the hall looked contented, probably from the delight of their task being soon finished. The face of the president, softly lit up by the reflection of a window, had something of calmness and goodness spread over it; and a young barrister was talking, almost gaily, and grasping the hand of a pretty woman in a rose-coloured hat, placed, by favour, behind him. The jurors alone appeared wan and dejected; but it was apparently from the fatigue of having watched all the night. Some of them yawned; nothing in their countenances indicated men who had just borne sentence of death; and in the figures of the good citizens I could divine nothing beyond a great wish for sleep.

THE GENIUS OF POETRY.

BY REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

Genius of Poetry! the noblest born!
Thy themes are as thy joys—rich and sublime!
Creation is thy range; where'er a star
Sends forth a ray, thy wing is wont to fly.
And oft, where never rolled an orb, away
In solitary, unilluminated gloom,
Thou holdest high communion with thy God.
His omnipresent pow'r and tender love
Delight thy musing moments, and thy harp
Is richest and most eloquent in praise.
Thy quick perception gladdens in events,
To others hid; thou knowest sounds and views,
Unheard, unnoticed by the grosser born.
Where'er thy pinions wave, new pleasures rise
Sweet in thy breast, and eye and ear, and all
Thy ravish'd senses wonder and admire.
The music of the spheres is heard by thee,
And angels ne'er may know its richest tones,
Delighting thee;—thou see'st a purer light
In every beam, than falls on other eyes;
Colours have finer shades than others see,
By thee perceived—and when the thunder speaks
Loud from his midnight throne, thou dost discern
An import and a tone none else may know;
And in the lightning flash thou see'st a glance,
That else who once beholds shall surely die!
Does grandeur call thee? Lo! the boundless scene
Glow with a living spirit; and thy heart
Swells with expanding rapture, high and wild,
And unexpress'd, save in thy thrilling song.
The aged forest bows his hoary head,
In reverence, and waves his trembling arms
On high, to hail thy coming to his shades.
The mountains loftier lift their lofty heads,
And stand like giants guarding the sweet vales,
Of humble peace, from the demoniac storm.
The seas explain to thee their mysteries;
For thee the blue heavens cast their veil aside,
And sun, and moon, and stars come near, and show
Unto thy favour'd eye their wondrous things.
Does novelty attract thee? things more strange
Appear in things the strangest, and a power
Alike peculiar, wonders in thy sight.
The clouds assume all hostile forms, and wage
Celestial warfare; meteors on swift wing
Bear to the Prince of Hell tidings of earth;
And comets, issuing from the eternal throne
To see if earth's iniquity is full,
Wave wide the threaten'ing sword—the startled sky
Shrinks from the horrid light, and pales with fear.
Earth listens, motionless, expecting still
The thunder of Destruction's chariot wheels—
And Time throws down his scythe, crushes his glass,
And, trembling, waits th' archangel's dooming voice!

THE TRUE NOBILITY OF LABOUR.

BY REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

"How many natural ties are there between even the humblest scene of labor, and the noblest affections of humanity! In this view, the employment of mere muscular strength is ennobled. There is a central point in every man's life, around which all his toils and cares revolve. It is that spot which is concentrated by the names of wife, and children, and home. A secret and almost imperceptible influence from that spot, which is like no other on earth, steals into the breast of the virtuous laboring man, and strengthens every weary step of his toil. Every blow that is struck in the work-shop and the field, finds an echo in that holy shrine of his affections."

"So material do I deem this point—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell upon it a moment longer, and in a larger view. Why, then, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants. The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been the power, to move that world of machinery. Ten thousand wheels within wheels might have been at work; ten thousand processes, more curious and complicated than man can devise, might have been going forward without man's aid; horses might have risen like an exhalation,

—'With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple;

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, richer than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in these Elysian palaces. 'Fair scene!' I imagine you are saying; 'fortunate for us, had it been the scene ordained for human life!' But where then tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd, nay, far beneath a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass whereon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed

and the forest, for him to fashion into splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act of creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler. I call upon those whom I address to stand up for that nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here if any where, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth, as escape from it."

"This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system; under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and stream, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat—TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood; the only true nobility!"

THE MORAL TENDENCIES OF THE MECHANIC ARTS.

"If an intelligent manufacturer or mechanic would carefully note down in a book all the instances of adaptation that presented themselves to his attention, he would in time have a large volume; and it would be a volume of philosophy—a volume of indisputable facts in defence of a Providence. I could not help remarking lately, when I saw a furnace upon the stream of the valley, and the cartman bringing down ore from the mountains, how inconvenient it would have been if this order of nature had been reversed; if the ore-bed had been in the valley, and the stream had been so constituted as to rise, and to make its channel upon the tops of the ridges. Nay more; treasures are slowly prepared and carefully laid up in the great store-houses of nature, against the time when man shall want them. When the wood is cut off from the plains and the hills, and fuel begins to fail, and man looks about him with alarm at the prospect, lo! beneath his feet are found, in mines of bitumen and mountains of anthracite, the long hid treasures of Providence—the treasure-houses of that care and kindness, which at every new step of human improvement, instead of appearing to be superseded, seems doubly entitled to the name of Providence."

"All nature is not only a world of mechanism, but it is the work of infinite art; and the mechanic-inventor and toiler is but a student, an apprentice in that school. And when he has done all, what can he do to equal the skill of the great original he copies; to equal the wisdom of Him who has stretched out the heavens like a curtain, who has laid the beams of his chambers in the waters? What engines can he form, like those which raise up through the dark labyrinths of the mountains, the streams that gush forth in fountains from their summits? What pillars and what architecture can he lift up on high like the mighty forest trunks, and their architrave and frieze of glorious foliage? What dyes can he invent, like those which spread their ever-changing and many-coloured robe over the earth? What pictures can he cause to glow, like those which are painted on the dome of heaven?

"It is the glory of art that it penetrates and develops the wonders and bounties of nature. It draws their richness from the valleys, and their secret stores from the mountains. It leads forth every year fatter flocks and herds upon the hills; it yokes the ox to the plough, and trains the fiery steed to its car. It plants the unsightly germ, and rears it into vegetable beauty; it takes the dull ore and transfuses it into splendor, or gives it the edge of the tool or the lancet; it gathers the filaments which nature has curiously made, and weaves them into soft and compact fabrics. It sends out its ships to discover unknown seas and shores; or it plunges into its work-shops at home, to detect the secret, that is locked up in mineral, or is flowing in liquid matter. It scans the spheres and systems of heaven with its far sight; or turns with microscopic eye, and finds in the drops that sparkle in the sun, other worlds crowded with life. Yet more is mechanic art the handmaid of society. It has made man its special favorite. It clothes him with fine linen and soft raiment. It builds him houses, it kindles the cheerful fire, it lights the evening lamp; it spreads before him the manifold page of wisdom; it delights his eye with gracefulness, it charms his ear with music; it multiplies the facilities of communication and the ties of brotherhood; it is the softener of all domestic charities—it is the bond of nations."

Dewey.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, JANUARY 13, 1838.

PHRENOLOGY.—As introductory to a few observations we wish to set before our readers on the subject of Phrenology, we copy the following just though severe remarks from an excellent literary periodical:—

“Whatever conflicts with the opinions or prejudices of mankind must commend itself to public favor by something more than its simple truth, or according to the world’s estimate of its danger or folly, persecution or ridicule will ever wait upon its progress to general belief.

“The phrenologist has not been compelled to ascend the scaffold, nor has he been tortured with ‘a slow fire of green wood,’ for his heretical opinions; and for this mercy, he is indebted to the enlightenment of the age in which he first proclaimed his discoveries: but he has been preserved, in order to be ‘roasted’ by the burning satire of his contemporaries, and to be ‘served up,’ for the gratification of those epicures in wit, who, with the aid of a good tailor, can do more for the cause of truth by a look and a laugh, than a Gall or a Spurzheim, by the labors of a life. To these laughing philosophers, your phrenologist is a very eccentric man indeed—very; to their humble apprehensions his science appears quite stupid—quite; and all he converses about, appears to them to be nothing more nor less than ‘bumpology,’ positively. Moreover, they have heard some amusing anecdotes upon the subject. A travelling disciple of this wonderful science, who wrote out characters for eighteen pence per head, once departed from the scene of his labors without paying his bill, and his landlord was represented as so far becoming a convert to his guest’s theory, as to believe in the organ of ‘unpaysiveness!’

“These philosophers ill conceal their mirth at the frequent occurrence of mistakes made by those gentlemen termed practical phrenologists, and have been known to violate every rule for the suppression of ungentlemanly laughter, when the fact has been related, that a manipulator of heads, supposing himself (being blindfolded,) to be in a prison, pronounced the wealthy mayor of a city to be a thief; a retired butcher to be a murderer; and a minister of the gospel to have been convicted of rape!

“More important opponents have been found among the traders in the current literature of the day; as well your ‘penny-a-liner,’ as the man who has had the courage to write a book, and the good fortune to vend a copy-right, have been unmercifully witty at the expense of my brethren; and without waiting to inquire whether any important truth was concerned in phrenological investigation, they have only sought to know whether any thing ludicrous could be derived from it. These oracles Ignorance consulted, and the response was—a laugh.”

And after all it is best, perhaps, that every new theory or science, should be subjected to the most severe scrutiny. If light and unsound it will by the sifting process, be swept away; if of due weight and importance, and substantiated by numerous incontestible facts, it will command the attention and confidence of all candid and enlightened persons. Whether wit, and satire, and banter, are the most proper means of scrutiny is another question, but it is one which for the present does not need a reply. The fiery ordeal, however, be it of what kind it may, we believe to be of great and manifest utility. We know that there are many sincere, though as we think, weak minds, who feel alarmed at the progress of Phrenology, supposing that it will subvert all morality and religion. To such persons we wish to offer a few remarks, in the hope of dispelling their fears and calming their agitation.

Our timid friends doubtless believe what is now universally admitted, that the brain is the material organ of the mind—the instrument by which the soul acts. Shall we therefore conclude that they think that the instrument is the soul itself, or that the brain and the mind are identical? Take as an illustration the human eye. The eye is the organ of sight, and without it vision cannot be effected, but was it ever supposed that the eye is itself the faculty of vision? Is the man then who asserts that the eye is the instrument of vision, necessarily a materialist? ‘Most certainly not,’ will be the instant response of those whom we address. But with this admission how can they fairly make out the charge of materialism against the phrenologist, when he merely asserts that the brain is the organ of the mind. He does not declare that the material brain can think or reflect, any more than physiologists assert that the humours, or retina, or optic nerves of the eye can see or judge of colours. Shall we then involve all the phrenologists in the sin and folly of materialism, and yet clear the great mass of mankind of such a charge? Without a perversion of reason and common sense, we feel confident it can never be done.

It does not in the least diminish the force of our argument to advert to the peculiarity in the belief of phrenologists, concerning the division of the brain into a series of organs. As it is now universally conceded that the whole mass of the brain as one entire organ is material, there can be no increase of materialism in separating the brain into parts. To us the vast amount of difference

between phrenologists and others, seems to be this—the general belief is that the brain as whole and entire, performs all the functions of thought, perception, volition, etc. etc., while phrenologists divide the brain into compartments, and to each part assign its own peculiar function. The one that the brain is undivided—the other that it is divided. But how this latter theory makes either for or against materialism, is a problem we shall not attempt to solve. Nor are we alone in this view of the case. Dr. Johnson in his late work on ‘The Economy of Health,’ observes—

“That the doctrine of a plurality of organs for the manifestation of several faculties of the mind should favour materialism more than the doctrine of one organ for all the faculties, is so utterly absurd as to be entirely unworthy of notice;—nor can I see that the said doctrine weakens in the slightest degree, any moral or religious precept. Suppose it were asserted by a phrenologist that there is an organ of DESTRUCTIVENESS, and that the greater development of that organ in one individual than in another indicated a greater propensity to cruelty in that one than in the other—does this doctrine diminish the responsibility for the crime of cruelty or murder, or the necessity of controlling that bad disposition, any more than the doctrine of propensity to cruelty in the soul itself—a doctrine which no anti-phrenologist will deny? If a man should claim an excuse for crime because he has an organ of criminality in his brain, another may claim, with equal justice, an irresponsibility, because he has a propensity to crime in his soul! But there are good and bad organs in the brain, as well as good and bad propensities in the mind; and the obligations we are under to cultivate the good and control the evil, are just as great in the scheme of phrenology as in the systems of ethics and religion established before phrenology was heard of.”

Here our limits oblige us to draw to a close. Into the merits of phrenology as a science we shall not enter—nor shall we even assume its correctness. It is enough for us to shew that phrenology is not the monstrosity many imagine—that it does not conduct the sober inquirer into the chilly region of materialism. And our object will be realised, if we prove successful as a mediator between the phrens and the anties. We are not believers in phrenology—oh, no! Yet we are not exactly skeptics, either. A ‘state of betweenity’ aptly expresses our situation in regard to these craniological matters.

FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

CONSTANTINA.—Constantine, or Constantina, as it is usually called, which has so recently been taken by the French, is the capital of the territory of the same name, and constitutes a portion of the state of Algiers. It is considered to be by far the largest and strongest of the towns in the eastern part of Algiers, is seated on the top of an immense rock, and can only be reached by steps cut out of it. Criminals are usually executed by being thrown from this precipice, or African ‘Tarpeian Rock.’ It contains numerous Roman antiquities, particularly a triumphal arch in a state of good preservation.

THE QUEEN.—Captain J. Goode formerly of the 10th Hussars, supposed to be insane, insulted her Majesty by holding up his fist and uttering highly disgusting language, on Saturday 4th of November.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The subscription for a national memorial of the Duke of Wellington’s military achievements nearly approaches £12,000.

THE VICTORIA, a new Three-Decker of dimensions larger than those of any ship at present in the British Navy, has been commenced at Pembroke Yard.

THE ILLUMINATION of Temple Bar alone, on the occasion of her Majesty’s visit to the city, cost £800.

ANTISLAVERY EXERTIONS.—Public meetings have been held in various cities of England to obtain the entire disfranchisement of the colonial apprenticed population in the present session of Parliament. The address of the ladies of Great Britain to the Queen on behalf of the suffering apprentices, received upwards of 400,000 signatures.

PROFUSION.—The city dinner consisted of 220 tureens of turtle Soup, 50 boiled turkeys and oyster sauce, 60 roast turkeys, 10 sirloins of beef, 40 dishes of partridges, etc. etc.

MAGNIFICENCE.—The gold plate used at the Queen’s table and sideboard, supplied by Messrs. Brook & Son, Poultry, was valued at £150,000. Vast quantities of gold and silver plate for the general company lent by different private gentlemen amounted in value to £400,000.

HANOVER.—The King of Hanover has formally and finally taken the step of disowning the constitution which was given in 1833 by his late Majesty William IV.

A coach has been constructed on a new safety principle, which it is said, is impossible to be overturned.

SIDE ARMS.—The representation lately made to the military authorities by Lord John Russel, relative to Soldiers wearing side arms when not on duty, has been successful. The practice will in future be discontinued. The Spectator humorously remarks, “Soldiers are no longer to walk the streets armed. When drunk or passionate, they must fall to fisty cuffs, like true John

Bulls, and give and take thumps upon equal terms with civilians.”

RIOT.—A serious disturbance has occurred in Bradford, in consequence of an attempt to introduce the Poor laws into that town and neighborhood. In addition to the Metropolitan police the military were called on to protect the Guardians. Twelve of the rioters were wounded, two of them seriously. According to the statement in the Times, the Soldiers were intoxicated when they were ordered to clear the streets.

Mr. O’Connell has addressed a letter to the Protestant Clergy of Ireland, with a new plan for settling the Tithe question.

THE BALLOT.—Numerous meetings have been held in various parts of Great Britain in favour of the Ballot system. Lord John Russel declares that he is bound to oppose it.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—The French government have taken up the subject of these Societies, and they are warmly patronised by the King of Sweden and the King of Prussia. The Rev Mr. Craig the moderator of the Synod of Ulster, at a late meeting in Belfast, announced his intention of joining them.

BRITISH SEAMEN.—In a tract just issued for gratuitous distribution, by the British and Foreign Sailors Society, it is stated that in those dens to which they resort in the Port of London, 365; seamen are sacrificed every year by the introduction of stupefying, deadly narcotics; and that the SUBJECTS now procured for dissection at one of our metropolitan hospitals, are chiefly Sailors.

CITY MEDAL.—In commemoration of the royal visit, a massive and beautiful medal has been struck by Messrs. Griffin and Hyams, which is to be published to-morrow. The obverse presents a bold and life-like profile of our maiden Queen, the head encircled with a wreath, in which the rose, thistle, and shamrock entwined, and are tastefully combined with the emblems. The reverse exhibits an allegorical representation of her Majesty, in classical costume, beneath a triumphal arch, accompanied by Plenty, Fame, and Britannia, receiving the city sword from the chief magistrate.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.—At the late Anti-Slavery meeting in London, Mr. O’Connell denounced in the following strong terms the iniquitous Slaveholders of the United States. ‘I care not in what country Slavery exists. I hate it in all countries, the slavery of the Poles in Russia under their miscreant tyrant, and the Slavery of the unfortunate men of colour under their fellow men, the boasted friends of liberty, in the United States.

Only cast your eyes across the Atlantic, and see what is taking place on the American shores! (Cheers.) Behold those pretended sons of freedom—those who declared that every man was equal in the presence of his God—that every man had an inalienable right to liberty—behold them making, in the name of honour, their paltry honour, an organised resistance, in four or five slave states, against the advocates of emancipation. Behold them aiding in the robbery committed on an independent state. See how they have seized upon the territory of Texas, taking it from Mexico, Mexico having totally abolished slavery without apprenticeship, (loud cheers,) in order to make it a new market for slavery. (Shame!) Remember how they have stolen, cheated, swindled, robbed that country for the audacious and horrible purpose of perpetuating negro slavery. (Cries of ‘shame!’) Remember that there is a treaty now on foot, in contemplation at least, between the Texans and the president of the United States, and it is only postponed till this robbery of Texas from Mexico can be completed. Oh! raise the voice of humanity against these horrible crimes. (Cheers.) There is about republicans, a sentiment of pride—a feeling of self-exaltation. Let us tell these republicans, that instead of their being the highest in the scale of humanity, they are the basest of the base, the vilest of the vile. (Tremendous cheers.) My friends there is a community of sentiment all over the world, borne on the wings of the press; and what the humble individual who is now addressing you may state, will be carried across the waves of the Atlantic; it will go up the Missouri—it will be wafted along the banks of the Mississippi—it will reach infernal Texas itself. (Immense cheering.) And though that pandemonium may scream at the sound, they shall suffer from the lash of human indignation, applied to their horrible crime. (Cheers.) If they are not arrested in their career of guilt, four new states in America will be filled with slavery. O! horrible breeder of human beings for slavery!

SIR FRANCIS HEAD is re-called from the government of Upper Canada—Col. Arthur is appointed Governor.

VELOCITY.—Messrs. Stephenson of Newcastle have constructed a splendid and powerful locomotive engine, for the Great Western Railway Company. It is called the North Star, and is calculated to run 50 miles an hour with 50 tons burden attached, and with the tender only, at the immense speed of 80.

THAMES TUNNEL.—Another irruption of water into the Thames Tunnel has lately occurred. Out of 75 workmen one only was lost.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.—Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M. P. has been re-elected as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Lord John Russel, Sir John Campbell, and Mr. O’Connell it is said were put in nomination by the Whigs.

A CIGAR MAN.—The proprietor of one of the Mile-end Omnibuses discovered that the conductor belonging to the vehicle

was dividing the profits of the business with him, and withholding as much as 6s. and 8s. a day. He was accused of the offence by his employer, and did not deny it; on the contrary, he in the most impudent manner excused himself by saying that his wages (24s. a week) was not enough to support him, as his cigars alone cost him 13s. or 14s. a week.

WAR AND THE QUAKERS.—The following is the substance of the constable's statement respecting a distraint taken from John Paul, a member of the Society of Friends at Tavistock, for refusing to lend his waggon to convey military baggage in consequence of his conscientious scruples against war:—

GOODS TAKEN.

Six mahogany chairs,
One tea urn,
One copper coal scuttle,
Being about two thirds of their value.

CHARGES.

	£	s.	d.
Levy,	0	3	0
Man in possession five days,	0	12	6
Appraiser,	0	2	
Advertising and publishing sale,	0	10	0
Duty to the Excise,	0	5	4
Magistrates clerk's fees,	0	5	6
Auctioneer's commission,	0	5	4
Penalty,	0	3	0

£5
3s left with this account, 0 2 10
* The Queen's profit for distress on her subject.

SHORT WORK.—A young shopkeeper of this city (Chester) having paid his addresses to a young female of his own station in life, gained her friends' consent to his union with her, and the Thursday in last week was fixed for the marriage, when on Monday he received a letter from his betrothed, telling him she would never see him more, in consequence of his having been seen on the day previous to kiss his servant Peggy. Mortified at the discovery, and anxious to punish the indignant lady's anger, he procured a license and was married to Peggy before twelve o'clock on the same day.—*Chester Courant.*

THE QUAKERS AND THE CHURCH.—The Quakers of Middlesborough, in Yorkshire (the Quakers, who are opposed to compulsory levies for the maintenance of religious worship) have voluntarily given £400, towards the erection of a church in the above rising town, where they are the owners of considerable property.—*Globe.*

THE ARMY.—93d Regiment—The first division, under Major Arthur, arrived at Cork on Tuesday; the second is to be there this day. The Maitland and Barrossa Transports are to take them out with the drafts for Gibraltar. The service companies under Lieut. Col. McGregor, awaiting at Cork the arrival of the Maitland transport to convey them to Gibraltar, arrived there in wings. The first division embarked on Sunday in the Hercules, at Kingstown, at 8 A. M.; the second division in the Vulture, on Tuesday, at 8 A. M. They are to replace the 43d at Nova-Scotia, the order for Gibraltar having been countermanded.—*United Service Gazette, December 2.*

From the Albion, December 30.

Success the most brilliant, has crowned the loyal efforts throughout both Upper and Lower Canada. Not a rebel is now in arms—all has been subdued or have submitted; it is then with poignant sorrow that we see the only foe now left, is composed of a body of men from the United States, a country with which England is at peace, and against which she has committed no hostile act whatever.

But it is not in Buffalo alone where this war-like feeling has shown itself: Rochester, Oswego, Ogdensburgh, St. Albans, and Swanton, have had their public meetings and passed their resolutions. Vermont appears to be arming, and on the point of levying war. The meeting at St. Albans resolved to "clean their rifles and cast their bullets," under the flimsy pretext that they dreaded invasion from the British side! In New York also a large meeting was held on Wednesday, at which Mr. O'Callaghan was produced. A report was also adopted, with resolutions containing the most opprobrious language and violent abuse of the British people. Charges of cruelty were urged against the troops in the recent operations utterly and absurdly untrue, and calculated to excite the most rancorous feelings towards the Canadians. These statements are most painful to us to make, but it becomes our duty as public journalists to do so. A great change has certainly come over the public mind on this side of the line within the last two or three weeks, and the people of Canada had better know it at once.

GREAT MEETING AT ST. ALBANS.—A large meeting of the citizens of Franklin county, Vermont, was held at St. Albans, on the 19th ult., to express their sentiments on Canadian affairs, and the threats of the loyalists.

The following resolutions among others were submitted and adopted:—

Resolved, That our Government ought to take immediate measures to obtain redress for the injuries and insults perpetrated on our citizens by the people of Canada.

Resolved, That Lord Gosford, instead of sending spies and informers among us to instigate prosecutions, would be entitled to much more respect were he to exert equal energy in attending to his appropriate duties of preventing infractions of our neutral rights by his Canadian forces.

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed to represent to the General Government the injuries which have already been inflicted upon our citizens upon the frontier, and which are still threatened by British subjects in Lower Canada.

The Canada Attorney General (C.R. Ogden,) entirely disavows all knowledge, and exonerates the Canadian Government from all responsibility, touching the outrageous threats and conduct named in the proceedings of the meetings in Franklin county. The committee of the meetings made their statements on the authority of affidavits: regularly taken and sworn to probably.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. A. McKinlay delivered an interesting, beautifully illustrated, Lecture on Combustion, last Wednesday evening, to a crowded audience. Mr. McKinlay will continue next Wednesday evening on Electricity.—*Tel.*

For the latest news from the United States respecting Canada etc. we must refer our readers to another page.

The Mail for England will be closed on Monday next at 12 o'clock.

MARRIED

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Theophilus Smith, to Miss Mary Ann Stinson, both of this town.
At Sackville, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Archibald Gray, A. M. Rector, Mr. Thomas M. Fultz, of that place, to Miss Catharine Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Marshall, Esq. of Guysborough.

At Dartmouth, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. A. Parker, Mr. James Allen, to Phebe, sixth daughter of John Allen, Esq.

At Dartmouth, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. A. Parker, Mr. William Neilson, Surgeon Dentist of Halifax, to Susan, seventh daughter of John Allen Esq. of Dartmouth.

On the 30th December, by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, Louis Hudson, of Country Harbour, to Mary Ann Clarke, of Halifax.

On Saturday evening by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. John Munroe, to Mrs. Christian Wilson, both of this Town.

On Monday, 1st inst. by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. Peter Currie, to Mrs. Jane Williams, both of McNab's Island.

DIED

At Truro, on Thursday, the 4th Jan. after an illness of but 14 hours Allison, fourth daughter of Mr. Daniel Cook, aged 23 years.

At Truro, on the 15th November, Mr. James D. Nash, a native of Ireland aged 62

At New Orleans, 8th October last, Mrs. Charlotte Heermans, wife of Doctor C P Heermans, of that place, aged 48 years.

On Friday, the 5th inst. Mr. George A. Forrestall, in the 35th year of his age.

On Friday, the 5th inst. Susannah Mary, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Holloway, aged 15th months.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday—Schr. Congress, Baker, St. John's N F, 27 days—fish &c to S Cunard & Co. Acadian, Jones, Boston, 4 days—assorted cargo to J Clark and others.

Sunday—Brig John Lawson, Raymond, Falmouth, Jan. 24 days—ballast to W. Pryor, junr.

Monday—Barque Granville, Prowse, Sydney, 5 days—coal, bound to St. Joan N B—put in leaky; brig Emerald, Beckwith, Montego Bay, 24 days—run and sugar to J Allison & Co.

Tuesday—Brig Greyhound, Tucker, Kingston, Jamaica, 40 days, and St. Peters, N F, 9 days—ballast, to J. Allison & Co.—brought up Captain McLeod and crew of the schr. Four Sor; cast away at St. Peters on the 18th December.

Wednesday—Barque Louisa, Williams, Liverpool, 63 days—goods, brandy, steam engine, &c. to H. Curzon & Co. and Steamboat Company.

Thursday, Schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston, 4 days, to J Clarke, D and E Starr and co. and W. Long. Five passengers. Brig Sir J J. Duckworth, Spencer, Grenada, 27 days. run, to J and M Tobin. Brig. Sir Peregrine, Rogers, Berbice 40 days, run and molasses, to D and E Starr and co.

CLEARED.

January 6th—brig Goshawk, Cocker, Berbice—assorted cargo by D & E Starr & Co. 8th—Adelaide, Donkin, London—oil, whalebone, headmatter, staves, by W Lawson, Jun. brig. Coquette, Wilkie, B. W. Indies—fish, staves, &c. by W J Starr. 9th—Schr. Dove, Farrell, do.—do. by W Donaldson; brig. Hilgrove, Bell, Trinidad—do. Saltus & Wainwright.

MR. BURKE will commence his Lectures on Phrenology, on Tuesday evening next, Jan. 7, at 8 o'clock, P. M. at the Mechanics' Institute. The evenings for the Lectures will be Tuesdays, Thursdays & Saturdays.

For further particulars apply at Mr. Mackinlay's Bookstore. Jan. 12,

COMMISSION AND AUCTION BUSINESS,

THE subscribers beg to intimate to the Public, that they have commenced Business under the Firm of

RIGBY AND JENNINGS,

At their Auction Room & Commission Office, head of Bauer's Wharf, where they will be glad to receive Property for Private or Public Sale. All articles put up at Auction will be sold without restriction, as those which may be limited will be disposed of at private Sale. The subscribers further beg to state, that proceeds Sales of property committed to their charge will be paid over to the Consigners immediately after the Sale thereof; as they intend to conduct their business solely in the Commission Line, they will adopt the principle of Cash payments, on all transactions.
C H RIGBY,
A B JENNINGS.
January 9, 1838.

SALES AT AUCTION,

BY JAMES COGSWELL,

At his Room This Day, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, to close sales: 8 Pieces Flushings, 1 piece pilot cloth, 1 piece Swanskin, 10 bed Quills, a few pairs cotton Shirts, 3 pieces superfine black cloth, 4 ditto blue Forrest do, 2 bags pimento, with a number of other articles. January 13, 1838.

BY J. M. CHAMBERLAIN

At His Room This Day, Saturday, 13th Dec. at 11 o'clock.

20 BBLs. salt Herring, 1 Cask Molasses, 6 chests Tea, 4 bbls. Sugar, 12 qr. Boxes Chocolate, 5 bbls. sweet Oranges in lots to suit purchasers; 10 boxes, 10 half do. prime Bunch Raisins for table use; 2 bales 500 lbs. Cotton Warp, Nos. 6 & 7 8, 9 & 10, 1 piece twilled Homespun, 4 pieces Linen Sheeting, 50 Boys' Cloth Caps, 5 doz. mens' Flannel Jackets; 1 Cooking Stove, 1 Franklin Stove, secondhand Ship Stoves, a bed, a quantity of Feathers, Chairs, small Waggon, an 8 day clock, a She Goat, 11 Sides Sole Leather, 6000 prime Havana Cigars. Jan. 13.

SEED, ETC.

THE Subscribers have received from the Boston Agricultural Ware House, Ex Industry, Clover and Timothy Seed, and boxes Garden Seeds. Also, Ploughs sent as a pattern, of a new construction. As Mr. J. intends visiting Boston immediately, persons wishing any description of implements, Trees or Seeds can depend upon receiving them in good order, and with dispatch, by leaving directions at their Warehouse, head of Bauer's Wharf. Halifax, January 12, 1838. RIGBY & JENNINGS.

CHEAP AND ELEGANT PERIODICAL.

THE HALIFAX PEARL is Published every Saturday Morning on a superior paper and type, at the very low price of 15s. per annum if paid in advance. Each number contains eight large quarto pages. The first number of the new series of this work, beautifully printed on an enlarged sheet, has just been issued, and may be seen at the different book-stores in town.

The Pearl has been published for the public, not a section of it; and while endeavouring to amuse and improve all readers in turn: it has been very solicitous to give offence to none. It has sought to be entertaining, without violating morality and decorum; grave, without tediousness; and moral, without austerity:—to impart useful knowledge, unencumbered by crabb'd technicalities; to inculcate great principles, irrespective of party bias; and to diffuse the all-important truths of revelation, divested of controverted tenets. It will ever eschew all political warfare and all polemical strife. The Pearl is confidently recommended, as a periodical unequalled in cheapness, respectable in general appearance, and in a literary point of view, not unworthy of an enlarged patronage. Persons who are desirous of subscribing to the Pearl from the commencement of the present year, are respectfully requested to forward their names as early as possible to either of the Halifax Booksellers, or to the Printing Office of Mr. W. Cumabell, as but a limited number of copies have been struck off.

Postmasters and other Agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names, Pearl Office. January 12,

A SUITABLE NEW YEAR'S-GIFT.

Just Published,

PRICE 2s: neatly bound in silk. A New Companion to the Altar: on Sacramental Exercises, chiefly in the language of the Holy Scripture: Intended to furnish the Christian Communicant with a profitable spiritual exercise, during the period of the dispensation of the Divine ordinance by W. F. Teulon. To be had at the respective Book-stores in Town.

"The pious author has well judged that the best recommendation of such works is their conformity to Scripture, and the Liturgy of the Church; and he has here furnished the serious communicant with considerable portions of the former, well suited to the devout meditations of his soul while waiting at the Altar of Redeeming love" (Colonial Churchman.)

SUPERIOR HAVANA CIGARS, &c.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

20,000 first quality Havana CIGARS, Boxes first quality Eau de Cologne, Boxes second quality Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, Transparent, Rose and Almond Soap, Military shaving Soap, A few handsome bird Cages, &c. &c. January 6th, 1838. 4w

WILLIAM M. ALLAN,

BEGS leave to acquaint his friends and the Public generally, that he has removed his Establishment, to the wharf of Wm. F. Black, Esqr. where he has abundant convenience for every description of Goods, he also begs to tender his grateful acknowledgements for the many favours he has received, and solicits a continuance of them at his new place of business.

AT PRIVATE SALE, a variety of Cooking STOVES. January 6th, 1838.

STOVES, FOR WINTER, 1838

FOR Sale by the Subscriber, at his Auction Room, near the Ordnance, the following assortment of FRANKLIN and COOKING STOVES, to be warranted, and of superior heavy castings (at moderate prices) viz—

No. 5, 6, 7, and 8, Saddle back cooking Stove, with iron and copper boilers and kettles complete—Wilson's improved (3 boilers) ditto ditto—the above are the common use, without the cooking apparatus, if required.

Round hot air Stoves, for Stores and Shops—elegant parlor Franklin do, with portable grates, for wood or coals, various sizes—plain cast do. common do, (at low prices)—rich mould parlor hot air do, with stone back and oval grates, for coals only.—A further assortment expected daily from the United States.

Cash will be given for wrought or cast iron in small or large quantities. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN. January 6th, 1838.

From the New York Mirror.

THE BRIDE.

BY CHARLES JEFFREYS.

Oh take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now;
Remember, 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart;
'Tis one that only truth should weave,
And only falsehood part.

The joy of childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears;
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free—
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fixed with thine,
In good and ill to share—
And well I know 'twill be her pride
To soothe each sorrow there.
Then take her, and may fleeting time
Mark only joy's increase,
And may your days glide calmly on,
In happiness and peace.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

I have heard a story, somewhere, of a merchant who collected a party together to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark track of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintance circled round her, and, as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children, who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing through the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant-maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand, without a candlestick.—He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangement with his wife about the supper-table; the girl shortly returned with her arms full of ale-bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. "Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost agitation. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my hands were full," said the girl. "Where did you leave it?" "Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubs." The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he discerned the open powder barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long and red snuff of burnt-out wick topping the small and gloomy flame. This sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters above struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some moments, gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddler commenced a lively jig, and the feet of the dancers responded with increased vivacity, the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the emotion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling!—with desperate energy he dashed forward; but how was he to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the small live coal of wick to fall into the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the distended fingers pointed toward the object of his care, which, as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. When he reached the head of the stairs, the excitement was over; he smiled at the danger he had conquered: but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every-day life.—*Kaickerbocker Mag.*

EXCUSES FOR NOT ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.—
Overslept myself, could not dress in time, too cold, too hot, too windy, too dusty, too wet, too damp, too sunny, too cloudy, don't feel disposed, no other time to myself, look over my drawers, put my papers to rights, letters to write to my friends, took physic, tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays, can't breathe in church, always so full, feel a little feverish, feel a little chilly, feel very lazy, expect company to dinner, got a headache, caught cold last night at a party, intend nursing myself to day, new bonnet not come home, tore my

mnslin dress coming down stairs, got a new novel must be returned on Monday morning, wasn't shaved in time, don't like an extempore sermon, can't sit in a draft of air, stove so hot in Winter always get a headache, mean to enquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to so public a place as a church and will publish the result.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.—The North American says, there is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the author of being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration—

Man is strong—Women is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad—Woman at home.

Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it.

Man has science—Woman taste.

Man has judgement—Woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice—Woman an angel of mercy.

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS.—I remember a curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of very few words, but they were very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Canada or the Lion, in the west Indies, I forget which, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and when the ship was going before the wind, they threw a letter over the stern, which they contrived should be blown into the stern-gallery. In this document they expressed a determination not to fight should they come into the presence of an enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned the hands up, and thus addressed them; "So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight if we meet the French; well, never mind, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough." They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better.—*Captain Brenton's Naval history of England.*

The following lines, says the Christian Witness, were found written in pencil on the "fly leaf" of a Sunday school book, called "Early Impressions." They refer to events related in that entertaining narrative. It is not known whence they are derived, but it is supposed they are original. Are they not worthy of a publication?

THE WISH.

AUGUSTA.

I would shine in diamonds, in coloured gems be dressed;
The rainbow for my mantle, the stars upon my breast;
Feathers, fringes, flowers and lace, all rich and gay attire,
Should make the humble know their place, and all the world admire;
And I would lead the rox, by wealth's commanding power;
Thus joy should fill my golden cup, till life's last lingering hour.

HELEN.

I would be a beauty, and flash my brilliant eye;
My cheeks should opening roses show, my lips a vermil dye;
My alabaster brow and neck should dazzle all who gazed—
My dimple smiles should win all hearts, where'er my beauty blazed:
Thus would I charm the world, by my bewitching power,
And thus fill up my cup of bliss, till life's last lingering hour.

ANNA.

Give me not wealth nor beauty; I ask a spirit keen;
A wit that sparkles while it burns; that cuts as soon as seen.
Like a blazing comet, I would trace a bright protentious path,
And all should worship at my shrine, or tremble at my wrath.
Thus I would sweep the world, by wit's subliming power,
And fill my joyous crystal cup, till life's last lingering hour.

EMILY.

These tempting gifts I dare not ask, they blight the soul when given:
Ah! rather grant me a pure heart, that guides me safe to heaven;
A gentle spirit from above to lead in wisdom's ways,
To make me humble in my youth, and useful all my days;
That if I always rule my life by virtue's holy power,
My cup of bliss will overflow beyond my latest hour.

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCE TO THE LATE LORD CASTLEREAGH.—Lord Castlereagh, when commanding, in early life, a militia regiment in Ireland, was stationed one night in a large, desolate countryhouse, and his bed was at one end of a long dilapidated room, while at the other extremity a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared in a huge, gaping, old-fashioned chimney. Waking in the middle of the night, he lay watching from his pillow the gradual darkening of the embers on the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up, and a naked child stepped from among them on the floor. The figure advanced slowly towards Lord Castlereagh, rising in stature at every step, until, on coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the appearance of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with a bleeding wound on the brow, and eyes glaring with rage and despair. Lord Castlereagh leaped from his bed, and confronted the figure in an at-

titude of defiance. It retreated before him, and gradually diminishing as it withdrew. He followed it, pace by pace, until the original child-like form disappeared among the embers. He then went back to his bed; and was disturbed no more. This story Lord Castlereagh told with gravity at one of his wife's supper parties in Paris in 1815, when Scott was among the hearers.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

FAITH.—It is in sorrow or sickness that we learn why faith was given as a soother to man; faith, which is hope, with a holier name; hope that knows neither deceit nor death. Ah! how wisely do you speak of the philosophy of belief! It is indeed, the telescope, which leads our vision to the stars. And to you, my beloved, comprehended and known at last, to you I leave, when I am gone, that monitor, that friend; you will know yourself what you teach to me. And when you look not on the heaven alone, but on all space, on all the illimitable creation, you will know that I am there! For the home of a spirit is wherever spreads the universal presence of God. And to what numerous stages of being, what paths, what duties, what active and glorious tasks in other worlds, may we not be reserved; perhaps to know and share them together, and mount, age after age, higher in the scale of being. For surely, in heaven there is no pause or torpor; we do not lie down in calm and unimprovable repose.

Bulwer.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS.
OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—In 2 Vols.

VOLUME I.

WILL comprise Illustrations of Nova-Scotia, under the patronage of his Excellency Major General Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. B. &c. &c. in a Series of Engravings from original drawings by William Eager, of all the most important parts of the Province.

VOLUME II.

Illustrations of New Brunswick, under the patronage of his Excellency Major General Sir John Harvey, K. C. H.

The above works will be published every four months in numbers, each containing three views, superbly engraved on Steel by eminent artists, price 10s.—and will be accompanied by a Letter Press, giving a brief history of each Province, with statistics to the latest period.

The first No. of Nova-Scotia now offered to the public, will show that no expense will be spared in getting up the work in a style of elegance, superior to any thing ever published in North America. The publisher therefore trusts this will give him a strong claim on the patronage and support of a liberal and discerning public.

Subscription Lists for one or both of these Works—are now open at Mr. C. H. Belcher's, the Halifax Bazaar, and at the different Stationers at St. John, New Brunswick, Fredericton, and St. Andrews. December 15.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 40 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscribers.

He also cautions any person or persons from cutting Wood or otherwise trespassing on the above mentioned Premises, as he will prosecute any such to the utmost rigour of the Law.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

NEW HYMN BOOK.

FOR sale at the book stores of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay and Mr. J. Munro, a few low-priced Hymn Books of the Methodist Protestant Church compiled

BY REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

The volume consists of eight hundred and twenty nine hymns. Selected from the masterpoets of Zion, and containing all the most admired hymns of Watts and Wesley, besides an ample collection from Heber, Montgomery, Conder, Gisborne, Burder, Logan, Stibbing, Addison, Milton, Cowper, Doddridge, etc. etc.—it is presumed, that a more comprehensive and spiritual collection of Hymns, better calculated to instruct the understanding in the truths of religion, to impove the heart in pious sentiment, and elevate the affections, in the public worship of God, has never yet appeared in the English language.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale 150 M. Prime spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichi Shingles; 100 M. Pine Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23. 1837.—6w.

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

AN assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig Acadian from Boston, for sale at low prices—by

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oct 14.—3m.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

Will be published every Saturday morning, at the printing office of Wm. Cunnabell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and index.

TERMS: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and six-pence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names. All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance. Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.