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THE VALENTINE.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

The anniversary of St. Valentine's Day, disregarded as it now is in refined society, is still a season of pleasing excitement among village lovers in humble life; and to them this almost solitary relic of ancient national customs is scarcely less precious, than when high and low throughout the land met in merry mood to choose their valentines.

It is true that the rhyming ware which formed the subject of the epistolary valentines of the English peasantry, like their Christmas carols and epitaphs, have from ancient times contained little true poetry, and scarcely any variety; nevertheless, the doggerel verses were always acceptable to whomsoever they were sent, and the meaning was by no means difficult to be comprehended.

Some years ago, when the art of penmanship was scarcely known among the peasantry, the parish clerk, if actually possessed of that rare accomplishment, was commonly employed as valentine writer and reader general to the unlettered lovers of the congregation. This, of course, proved an annual source of profit to the sagacious scribe, who never exercised his clerical skill for a smaller consideration than a silver taster, and not unfrequently received a handsome gratuity over and above, as a sort of good-luck offering, from some of the most anxious among his gentle clients. Our old parish clerk and sexton (these offices are always united in a country village) was the greatest match-maker in the district, heaven rest his soul! It was, in sooth, his interest to nurse up all love affairs to a matrimonial conclusion, on account of the fees which fell to his share, in his official capacity, for his assistance in the performance of the marriage service.

Nehemiah Downton was an ancient bachelor, who, for the honour of the church of which he considered himself a dignitary, avoided all occasion of scandal, by dispensing with the services of a housekeeper, and performing all the domestic offices for himself; by which means he contrived to maintain an unsullied reputation, and to preserve inviolate such of the secrets of the parishioners as were confided to his keeping. In short, Nehemiah was a sort of Protestant Father Lawrence, whom any rustic Juliet among the lambs of his flock might visit and employ in the most delicate affairs with perfect safety.

Nehemiah's memory was well stored with the most approved valentine verses and their variations. An original valentine in those days was a thing of rare appearance, and when received, was perhaps scarcely so well understood or relished as the old-established formula which had descended from generation to generation. Great, however, were the cogitations and consultations between Nehemiah and his clients, if it happened that the latter were desirous of the alteration or interpolation of a couplet or quatrain in one of these standard valentines, in order to make it bear upon some peculiar circumstance or personal feeling. When this was the case, Nehemiah, being slow of study in the art of poetry, generally requested three weeks' or a month's notice to prepare his brief, for which, moreover, he always expected a double fee.

One moonlight evening in January, our rosy dairy-maid Dorcas, after bringing home her flowing pails, and setting out the milk in the red earthenware bowls with which the dairy shelves were neatly ranged, went forth a second time, and made a temporary elopement across the fields and byeways to the residence of old Nehemiah, in order to seek his counsel and assistance in a matter that required the most anxious consideration.

Poor Dorcas had been in very low spirits for the last three months. She had ceased to sing pastoral ditties at milking-time, or to move her dairy scrubbing-brush with her wonted vivacity; she had eaten no plum pudding on Christmas day, moped during the merry-makings of new year's eve, and refused to have any thing to do with drawing king and queen, or any other of the maskings any mummings practised in the servants' hall on old Christmas night, or the feast of the kings. Dorcas was a person of a secretive disposition, and therefore did not choose to relieve her mind by talking of her disquiet; yet it was pretty generally whispered "that she was crossed in love; for her young man, as she called Peter Fenn, farmer Drake's horse driver (in Suffolk, ploughmen are always styled, *hoss* drivers,) had not been to see her for more than twelve Sundays past, so no doubt Peter kept company more with Hannah Brown, Mrs. Drake's cook and dairy-maid, which, as she was his partner, was kind of to be expected, and was more convenient for Peter than walking across so many fields and pigsties after Dorcas."

These insinuations had the effect of saddening all the festivities of that jocund season, and indeed, of rendering every thing of the kind intolerable to the mortified damsel. It was to no purpose that the other female servants strove to comfort her. Dorcas was sullen and froward with every one in the house. "She did not wish to be pitied," she said, "and begged them to mind their own business, and not trouble themselves about her affairs." Furthermore, Dorcas forbade any one to mention the faithless Peter's name in her hearing again, by which prudent step she escaped the mortification of some malicious condolences, and of listening to many aggravating reports of his attentions to her rival; but though her feminine pride, and the reserve natural to her character, induced Dorcas to carry matters off with so much independence, the pent-up grief pressed heavily at her heart, and, after brooding over the subject for some weeks, she suddenly took the resolution of proceeding to our wise man of the parish, Nehemiah, and craving his assistance in carrying her project into execution. Nehemiah was sitting alone at his old oaken table, with an hour-glass before him, spectacles on nose, reading, for the thousandth time, Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms, when he was interrupted by the appearance of this unexpected visitor.

Dorcas looked like any thing rather than a love-lorn damsel, when she entered with the bright tints of her plump round cheeks heightened by the frosty air and the haste she had used, her flaxen hair blown into dishevelled ringlets, and her gay blue eyes sparkling through her tears. Our monk-like clerk was startled into something like an unwonted note of admiration at the agreeable vision that thus suddenly broke in upon his solitary studies. "My old eyes are quite dazzled through my spectacles, Mistress Dorcas, by those rosy cheeks of yours, that look brighter than Christmas berries to-night. Oh, lauk! oh, lauk! if I were but a young man for your sake!" cried Nehemiah, holding up his lamp, and scanning his comely visitor from head to foot. Dorcas turned away with a toss of the head. "Well, well, young woman, don't be scornful," said Nehemiah; civility is always worth a smile in payment, and I dare say now you want me to do something for you that you can't do for yourself." Dorcas placed a sheet of paper, a new pen, and a silver taster, on the old oaken table before Nehemiah, with a deep blush and a heavy sigh.

Nehemiah understood a hint as well as some persons would a succinct direction. He shut his psalter, trimmed his lamp, turned his hour-glass, reached down his ink-horn, arranged the sheet of virgin paper in the proper position on the back of a superannuated leather letter-case, that had once been, like the ink-horn and oaken-table, vestry furniture—tried the nib of the pen against his thumb nail, then dipping it into the ink-horn, motioned to Dorcas to take a seat on the carved church-chest, in which he kept his Sabbath suit of rusty black and the parson's surplice—looked the damsel full in the face, and pointing significantly to the paper, required her instructions in the following laconic terms:—"Epistle or valentine?" "Valentine," ejaculated Dorcas, in a faltering voice. "Good," said Nehemiah, referring for the day of the month to Moore's old almanac, which reposed beside his psalter, "Let me see—oh, January 21st; St. Agnes to speed; lucky day, Dorcas, for love affairs." "Ah, Master Nehemiah, I wish you may be right," sobbed Dorcas; "but, indeed, I isn't at all comfortable in my own mind; no, nor I hasn't been of a long time—not even since Michaelmas, as I may say, when that good-for-nothing hussy Hannah Brown let herself into farmer Drake's house, so that she might live partner with my young man, Peter Fenn. He has never fared like the same young man since, and she do boast that he keep company with her instead of me. I should never have thought of Peter for a sweetheart, if he hadn't come a suitoring arter me Sunday arter Sunday, and last year he sent me the prettiest valentine that ever was found, tied to the latch of the neat-house door, with three sugar kisses and a pink peppermint heart in it." "What were the words?" "Oh, Mr. Nehemiah, for you to forget them beautiful words, when you was the very person that read them for me, and writ the answer to go to him on old valentine's day in reply!" "Ah, I remember something about it now," said Nehemiah; "but, really, Mistress Dorcas, I write so many valentines, that though I have them all in my head, I seem to forget which goes to which. I am getting an old man now, pretty Dorcas, just on my sixty-six; but it wasn't always so, nor I didn't at one time need to wear 'sights,'" pursued the clerk, taking off his spectacles, and wiping the glasses on a corner of his visitor's apron. "What was your valentine last year, young woman, did you say?" "Why, Master Nehemiah, I hasn't forgotten it, if you have," replied Dorcas, "for it was a proper pretty one; don't you recollect these lines,

If you are ready, I am willing,
All the pretty birds are billing,
And like them, we'll both be singing,
When we set the bells a-ringing.
Join heart, join hand, and faith with mine,
And take me for your valentine."

"Ay, that was the one," cried Nehemiah; "sure I ought to recollect it, as you say, when it was all of my own writing; and wasn't there the picture of a hen and a few chickens drawn at the bottom by way of an emblem?" "Certainly," replied Dorcas; "and against the hen was written, 'this here hen is you, Dorcas; when you are my wife,'

Like this bird that struts in pride,
With all these chickens by her side,
You shall be when you're my bride."

"I know all about it," said Nehemiah; and I wrote for you in answer.

I am single for your sake,
Happy couple we should make,
Oh, how bright the sun did shine
When I saw my valentine."

And the emblem I limned for you in answer to his was two hearts painted with red ink, and linked together with a yellow wedding ring, to signify as if it were gold; and the posey was,

These two hearts are yours and mine,
When I wed my valentine."

"Ah," said Dorcas, with a sigh, "that will never come to pass now, I fear, and I am going to send him a different kind of valentine this year." "Of course you will," responded Nehemiah; "it wouldn't be no kind of use sending the same thing two years running, and you have plenty of time to choose another, you know; so now, what shall it be?" "It shall begin 'The rose is red,'" said Dorcas, with great solemnity. "Good," replied the amanuensis, writing down that most approved truism of valentine poetry. "'The violet's blue,'" pursued he mechanically, repeating the usual continuation of the sentence; but Dorcas hastily interposed with a "Pray sir, don't say any thing about violets this year." "What, then, am I to say after 'the rose is red?'" "Why," replied Dorcas, "it must be 'the leaves are green.'" "Very true, young woman," rejoined Nehemiah, placing the tip of his fore-finger against the side of his nose; "I know the one you mean; it runs thus

The rose is red, the leaves are green,
The days are past that we have seen."

"That's a sure thing," sighed Dorcas; "well, sir, have you wrote that down?" "All in good time, young woman," said Nehemiah, who was a slow scribe, and always formed his letters in the most methodical manner, his head gently following the motion of his pen through all his evolutions, with his tongue elongated and protruding beyond his lips, and his chin screwed up all on one side, indicating dots of i's, crosses of t's, and finishing strokes to f's, by significant nods and winks; and whenever he executed a capital letter, he testified his admiration of its appearance by an appropriate grin.

Dorcas sat meantime in a state of great mental excitement, with her mouth open, and her round blue eyes full of tears, watching with intense interest the pen of her amanuensis, and shaking her foot and drumming with her fingers on the table at the same time, as a sort of ventilation to the inward travail of her spirit. "Young woman," cried Nehemiah, "that ont (wont) do!—if you go on beating the devil's tattoo on my table, how do you think I can write your valentine? I never can spell right when any body does that." "Lauk, sir," rejoined Dorcas, "I begs your pardon; I didn't know how *nerrish* you were. But how far have you got?" "Why, as far as you told me. 'The days are past that we have seen.' I s'pose you would like it to finish,

If your heart's constant, so is mine,
And so good morrow, valentine."

"Oh, dear, Mister Nehemiah, I wish I only durst say that," cried Dorcas, putting her apron to her eyes; "but how can I, when he has'n't been to see me for twelve Sundays past, and folks do say he keeps company with that impudent hussy, Hannah Brown." "Pooh, pooh, Dorcas, for you shouldn't give ear to all that folks say." "No more I doesn't, any more than I can help," said Dorcas; "and I shouldn't believe any thing they do say, if Peter hadn't behaved so very *neglecting* to me ever since she has lived partner with him, and I want you to put a hint of that in the valentine."

Nehemiah took up the sixpence with a significant look, and twirled it on the board, as much as to say, "You have not come down with the proper fee for that sort of business."

Dorcas understood the hint, and drawing a small red leather purse with a tinsel edge from her bosom, and turning it mouth downwards, she shook its last coin, another sixpence, into her rosy palm, and pushed it towards the greedy scribe. "It's a crooked one," said she, "and I did keep it for good luck; howsoever, as I've paid my shoemaker's bill, and bought my winter 'parel with my Christmas wages, and hasn't got a debt in the world, I suppose I'm free to part with it."

The heart of the bachelor ecclesiastic was softened by the pathetic tone in which the simple Dorcas entered into this explanation of the state of her finances, and he actually returned both the lucky sixpence and the one she had previously tendered, and professed his intention of "not only writing the valentine, but furnishing the extra poetry she required, gratis." Those who may think highly of Nehemiah's generosity on this occasion, can form no adequate idea of the extreme pains which it always cost him to compound a rhyme. Truly, if our parish clerk had been paid a guinea a couplet, it would have been hard-earned money to him. In the present instance, he was only required to produce an answering line to rhyme to this octo-syllabic interrogative, which was improvised on the spot by the distressed damsel herself.

"How can you slight your only dear?" "Well," quoth the amanuensis, after he had copied this moving query from Dorcas's dictation on the slate which he always used in original compositions, to prevent the unnecessary ruin of a sheet of paper, "what comes next?" "Why, lauk, Mr. Nehemiah, sir, that is just what I am posed about," cried Dorcas, "and what I 'spected you to be able to tell me, as you are such a s'prising scholar, and understands almost every thing." "Don't you know that it is an awkwardish kind of business to find a rhyme just at a minute's notice, young woman," replied Nehemiah, gravely. "That's a sure thing," responded Dorcas again; "for as true as I'm alive, Mister Nehemiah, I have muddled my brains for the last three weeks, day and night, to try to fish out a rhyme to that there what I just told you, and it is a mercy that I didn't forget that by the way. Howsoever, now I talks of that, I must scamper home as fast as I can, and give our poor wennil (weanling) calves their suppers, or they'll raise such a dismal dolour arter their wittles and drink, that my partners will hear the poor dumb dears bleating, and wonder what I am up to, that I hasn't waited on them afore this time-a-night. And so, Mister Nehemiah, when you have made a proper consideration, I hope you'll be able to finish that there valentine what we are writing to Peter." "We, quotha!" cried the scribe, with no less scorn than the organist felt when the organ-blower talked of "our music." "If we had no more to do with it than you have, Peter would go without a valentine, I believe." "Well, Mister Nehemiah, don't fare so ugly-tempered," rejoined our Suffolk Sappho of low degree; "of course it's I what sends the valentine, and you writes it; so it is our valentine, or at least I hope it will, when you've finished it up."

Poor Nehemiah did his utmost endeavor to comply with Dorcas's request, and to finish up her valentine; but the more he tried, the farther off he seemed from the desired conclusion. Rhymes enough there were to "dear," no doubt, but none of them occurred to Nehemiah, save the very inappropriate substantives, beer and steer; and what had they to do with the jealousy and grief of a forsaken maiden, who was desirous of addressing a short pathetic remonstrance in amatory rhymes to her truant lover? So Nehemiah rejected both beer and steer as answering rhymes to "only dear;" and then he thought of clear, and hear, and fear, but could make nothing to the purpose with them. For three successive nights Nehemiah got no sleep for the mental travail he endured in this undertaking; "the Sabbath dawned, no day of rest to him," for, even when he entered upon his ecclesiastical duties, his thoughts were profanely labouring at the provoking half couplet he was expected to complete, and he committed a series of blunders quite astonishing to the vicar and congregation. Thrice did he read the parson's verses instead of his own in the psalms, twice he groaned out, "Oh dear!" instead of "Amen" and once he ejaculated an audible "Amen" in the middle of the sermon.

Never was a solitary bachelor who had no experience in love affairs of his own, so perplexed about compounding love verses for others. Still it was only half a couplet after all that was required of him, but that half couplet comprised more difficulties in its brief space than Nehemiah could master. "It hadn't no reason in it," he said, and he could not make any thing of a seasonable nature to jingle with it, though he kept counting up on his fingers with every word that was any thing like a clink to "dear."

Many were the clandestine visits that Dorcas contrived to make to Nehemiah, to hear "if he had finished up their valentine," but all were fruitless; a fortnight glided away, and still the unfinished couplet remained on Nehemiah's slate, without an answering rhyme, hanging up behind the door. At last, in the middle of his master's sermon, a thought popped into Nehemiah's noddle, which he considered so felicitous, that, lest it should es-

cape again, and be for ever lost to Dorcas, Peter, and the world, he, with a trembling hand, stole forth his brass pencil case, and privily booked it on the fly leaf of the parish prayer book, though it was even in his own opinion a positive act of sacrilege. But the temptation was too great to be resisted. It was impossible to lose this precious line,

"To court another, as I hear,"

which made so pretty and applicable a conclusion to the first line of the couplet,

"How can you slight your only dear?"

Dorcas, however, was not satisfied with it; she protested "that it had no particular signification. She wanted to give Peter a hint who it was that he slighted her for," she said.

Nehemiah was highly provoked at the dissatisfaction of his fair client, and told her, "if she did not like that ending, she must finish it herself, for it had been more trouble to him than twenty christenings with deaf god-fathers." Dorcas replied, "that it wasn't of no use sending it as it was," and passionately besought him, as it still wanted a week to valentine's day, that he would make a further consideration for the purpose of finishing up the valentine. Nehemiah found it impossible to resist the entreaties of such a buxom nymph as our love-lorn dairy-maid, so he fairly suffered himself to be hag-ridden for nearly another week with "the confounded couplet," as he called it; and it was not till the very eve of St. Valentine, just as Dorcas was lifting the latch of his door to make a last almost hopeless inquiry, "if he had finished up their valentine?" that another bright idea popped into his head. "Come in, Dorcas, dear!" he exclaimed, in his ecstasy; "I have thought of it now." "Well," cried Dorcas, fixing her round blue eyes upon the inspired clerk in eager expectation, "what is it?" "Hand me the slate that I may put it down, and then I'll tell you. No, I won't tell you, but I will read it all together," continued he, as he inscribed the parish-valentine slate with the precious morsel, which he called "a very 'spectable finish-up to the long-halting lyric." "Now, then, for it!" cried he, and, after clearing his throat with "Hi! ha! hum!" he read in a pompous chanting recitative,

"The rose is red, the leaves are green,
The days are past that we have seen,
How can you slight your only dear,
For one who lives so near?"

"That will do!" cried Dorcas, snapping her fingers, and by no means missing the two lacking feet in the metre, in her extreme satisfaction at Nehemiah having hit upon something that would fulfil her intention of giving Peter an intimation that she was aware of the proximity of the rival whose wiles had supplanted her. The valentine was duly transcribed on the sheet of paper without any accident of blot or blur, folded up, sealed with the top of Dorcas's thimble, and wrapped in a scrap of brown paper, addressed "to Mister Peter Fenn, hoss driver, at Mister Drake, farmer. With speed."

This billet was discovered by Peter on the morning of valentine's day, reposing in the corn measure out of which he was accustomed to deal the first feed of oats to his horses. He secured it with much satisfaction, though the contents of course remained a mystery to the unlettered swain. According to his own account, however, "it made him fare very comfortable all the morning, for he took it to plough with him in his waistcoat pocket, but thought it must have burned a hole there, he did so long to know who it came from, and what it was about, but he durstn't loose the horses till noon while they were basking," and then he lost his own dinner by running off to the clerk's house to get his valentine read.

Nehemiah protested he was quite hoarse with reading valentines that morning, there had been such a power of young people up with their valentines for him to read, and some that did not belong to the parish too, and who brought valentines that were very hard to make any sense of; however, those young people who had a parish clerk that could not read writing were certainly objects of charity, and he did all his possibles to make out all he could for them. At length, his harangue being at an end, he extended his hand for Peter's billet-doux, and gratified his longing ears by making him acquainted with the contents.

Peter was greatly touched by the tender reproach contained in the hopping couplet that had so long baffled Nehemiah's powers of rhyming. "Apray, Mister Nehemiah," said he, "doesn't that come from Dorcas Mayflower?" Nehemiah calmly replied, "I believe it do." "Well, master," rejoined Peter, seating himself on the old church-chest, "I don't think I have used that gal well." "That is a sure thing, young man," said Nehemiah, "but you know your own business best, I s'pose." "I can't say as how I do," replied Peter, in a doleful whine; "for I have got into a sort of hobble between Dorcas and another young woman." "Whose fault is that?" asked Nehemiah. "Why, I s'pose Dorcas thinks it be my fault," responded Peter; "but that other gal would not let me be at quiet, and was always axing me for my company, and making so much of me when I came in at meal times, that, somehow or other, I was forced to stay at home with her on Sunday evenings, instead of going to see Dorcas, because she always went into high-stericks if I talked of going after Dorcas. But I tell you what, Mister Nehemiah, I am

right sick of her nonsense; for as true as I'm alive, I do think she henpecks me all the same as if she were my wife." "Sarve you right, young man, I say, if you are fule big enough to put up with it." "Why," responded Peter, "I wouldn't, if I could get my neck out of the collar, as the saying is. But what is your advice?" "You hain't paid me for reading that there valentine yet," observed Nehemiah. Peter drew out a yellow canvass bag, capacious enough to have served the squire, and disbursed the expected sixpence.

"Thank you, young man," said the clerk; "and now I'll tell you what I would do if so be as I were situated as you are; I would just have my banns put up with Dorcas next Sunday." "Oh, lauk!" cried Peter, "that won't do, for I'm letten to master till Michaelmas, and he wont approve of my entering another sarvice, and a pretty life I should lead with Hannah in the house with me all the time the banns were being axed; and then I'm not quite sartain that Dorcas would consent to that, for she holds her head properly high when we meet now, and I can't say as how I like the thoughts of humbling to her, she is such a proud toad." "No wonder," said Nehemiah, "for half the young fellows in the parish are ready to hang themselves for love of her; and if you don't take care, you will be left in the lurch while you are playing fast and loose, and halting like an ass between two bundles of hay; for Dorcas isn't a girl that is reduced to go a-suitoring to a young man like your partner Hannah. If you were to know all the sixpences and shillings I have taken for writing valentines to her this week, you'd begin to look about you." "For writing valentines to my Dorcas!" whined Peter, in dismay; "why, apray, who did you write them for, Mister Nehemiah?" "That isn't fair to ask," said the scribe, "because I might get into trouble if I told tales out of school."

Peter sat and bit his nails in a profound fit of meditation for several minutes; at last he rose up with a foolish grin, and said, "I'll tell you what, Mister Nehemiah; I'll send Dorcas a valentine myself, and you shall write it for me." "Against our valentine's day, I s'pose you mean." "No, but I doesn't; I means this blessed young St. Valentine's day," quoth Peter; "our fellows like you may wait till our St. Valentine's day, but I'm for the young saint, if so be you can make it convenable to get it down against I take my hosses off at six in the evening." "That depends upon circumstances," replied Nehemiah; "and what sort of a one you want to have." "Why," said Peter, "my grandmother had a bootiful one sent to her by her first husband when she fancied he slighted her, and I dare say she would lend it to me for you to pattern after." "I dare say I know your grandmother's valentine," said Nehemiah, "if you can tell me how it begins." "I think I can," said Peter.

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
I swear I never loved but you;
The turtle never doubts her mate,
Then why should you, my bonny Kate?"

"That won't do," interrupted Nehemiah; "for Dorcas can't stand in Kate's shoes." "No, but we might change the sense, and I really do think I shall turn a pöte." "It isn't quite so easy to turn pöte, as you call it," said Nehemiah; "however, I'll get my slate and write down all the pötery you can say." "Then," said Peter you must put down

The turtle never doubts the dove,
Then why doubt me, my only love?"

"That isn't out of your own head, Peter?" cried Nehemiah. "Never you mind that, old fellow, but put down what I bid you, for there's more in my head than you thinks of, 'praps," said Peter; "only I must go and see arter my hosses now, for it's time for our second journey, but I will stop here at half-past six, and tell you the rest; and if you get it fairly written out for me, and two doves, with a wedding ring in their bills, drafted on to the paper, I'll tip you a whole shilling, and show you that I'm a capable pöte, in spite of all your cisums."

Nehemiah, who was by no means disposed to cherish an infant muse in his own parish, treated these indications of Peter's dawning genius with a certain dry sarcastic acerbity, which shewed that nature had intended him for a reviewer, not a bard. Peter, however, like most youthful rhymsters, was too much taken up with his own newly discovered powers of jingling, to allow his poetic ardour to be chilled by the discouragement of an elder brother in the art. "Now, Mister Nehemiah," cried he, when he burst into the clerk's cottage as soon as he had finished his appointed tasks in the field and the stable, "what do you think of this for a finish to our valentine?"

'Tis you alone I mean to marry,
Then why, sweet Dorcas, should we tarry?
The birds have all chosen their mates for the year,
But I'm not so happy—I wait for my dear;
My heart is still constant, and if you'll be mine,
Say 'Yes,' and 'for ever,' my own valentine!"

"Think!" said Nehemiah, "that it's well worth half a crown to write down such a lot of out-of-the-way stuff, Peter; and I don't believe your grandmother ever had such a valentine in her life." "Why, she sartainly hadn't any thing about my Dorcas in her valentine, but I kind of patterned arter her's for all that in mine, and the rest of it what spit my own case I made while I was at plough." "No wonder all the parish make a mock of

your crooked furrows, young man, if you waste your master's time and let the horses work the land in hills and vales while you are muddling your head after such nonsense ; I hope you don't mean to send that to the girl ; she won't know what to make of it." "Oh, won't she?" cried Peter ; "come, get your slate, and scratch away, or we shan't get it written down o' this side midnight." With a very ill grace Nehemiah complied, and it was only through the prevailing rhetoric of a third sixpence that Peter at length had the satisfaction of seeing his valentine completed, sealed, and indorsed as follows :—"For Miss Dorcas Mayflower, dairy-maid, at the Squire's great white house, in haste."

Dorcas was made happy by the receipt of the welcome missive that very night, and slept with it under her pillow. The following evening, after milking, she paid another stolen visit to the parish clerk, to be enlightened as to the nature of its contents ; and as she left Nehemiah's cottage with a joyous heart and bounding step, she encountered the author of the precious rhymes lingering among the ruins of St. Edmund's Abbey. All differences were made up between the lately estranged lovers during their walk home. Peter stood the storm of Hannah's wrath and disappointment with the firmness of a stoic all the time the banns of matrimony between him and Dorcas Mayflower were in progress of publication in our parish church ; and in spite of all the *high-sterricks* she could get up on the occasion, the nuptials were duly solemnised between the village valentines at the earliest possible day.

PASSAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It was no cottage orne ; it was no cottage of romance. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front ; but beyond these it possessed no feature like to fix it in the mind of the poet or a novel writer, and which might induce him to people it with beings of his own fancy. In fact it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as itself. A good man of the house it might possess, but he was never visible. The only inmates that I ever saw, were a young woman, another female in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild looking cottage girl enough ; always seated in one spot : near the window, intent on her needle. The old dame was as regularly, busied, to and fro in household affairs. She appeared one of those good housewives, who never dream of rest except in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the farther end of the room, showed you, without being truly inquisitive, the whole interior, in the single moment of passing. A clean hearth and a cheerful fire, shining upon homely but neat and orderly furniture, spoke of comfort ; but whether the dame enjoyed, or merely diffused that comfort was a problem.

I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike, the fire shining brightly and peacefully ; the girl seated at her post by the window ; the housewife going to and fro, contriving, dusting, and managing. One morning as I went by there was a change, the dame was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness which had compelled her to that attitude of repose ; nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew exactly the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a warmth stealing upon her ; she had wondered at it, and struggled against it, and bore up hoping it would pass by ; till both as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual ; the fire burning pleasantly, the girl at her needle, but her mother was not to be seen ; and glancing my eye upward, I perceived the blind closed drawn in the window above. It is so, I said to myself, disease in its progress. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of consequences, no extreme concern : and yet who knows how it may end ? It is thus that begin those changes, that draw out the central bolt which holds together families : which steal away our fireside faces and lay waste our affections.

I passed by, day after day. The scene was the same. The fire burning ; the hearth beaming clean and cheerful ; but the mother was not to be seen ;—the blind was still drawn above. At length I missed the girl : and in her place appeared another woman, bearing resemblance to the mother, but of a quieter habit. It was easy to interpret THIS change. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect ; the daughter was occupied in intense watchings, and caring for the suffering mother ; and the good woman's sister had been summoned to her bedside perhaps from a distant spot, and perhaps from her family cares ; which no less important even could have induced her to elude.

Thus appearances continued some days. There was a silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it ; till, one morning, I beheld the blind drawn in the room BELOW, and the window thrown open ABOVE. The scene was over ; the mother was removed from her family, and one of those great changes effected in human life, which commence with so little observation, but leave behind such lasting effects.

THE following is one of the prettiest pieces in the language, and written by an author who has probably been as violently abused, considering his deserts as any writer of the day. It is by Leigh Hunt.

ON HEARING A LITTLE MUSCAL-BOX.

HALLO !—what ?—where ?—what can it be
That strikes up so deliciously ?
I never in my life—what no !
That little tin-box playing so ?
It really seemed as if a sprite
Had struck among us, swift and light,
And come from some minuter star
To treat us with his pearl guitar.
Hark ! it scarcely ends that strain,
But it gives it o'er again,
Lovely thing !—and runs along,
Just as if it knew the song,
Touching out, smooth, clear, and small,
Harmony, and shake, and all,
Now upon the treble lingering,
Dancing now as if 'twere fingering.
And at last, upon the close.
Coming with genteel repose.

O full of sweetness, crispness, ease,
Compound of lovely smallnesses,
Accomplished trifle—tell us what
To call thee, and disgrace thee not.
Worlds of fancies come about us,
Thrill within, and glance without us.
Now we think that there must be
In thee some humanity,
Such a taste composed and fine
Smiles along that touch of thine.
Now we call thee heavenly rain,
For thy fresh, continued strain ;
Now a hail, that on the ground
Splits into light leaps of sound ;
Now the concert, neat, and nice,
Of a pigmy paradise ;
Sprinkles then from singing fountains ;
Fairies heard on top of mountains ;
Nightingales endued with art,
Caught in listening to Mozart ;
Stars that make a distant tinkling,
While their happy eyes are twinkling,
Sounds for scattered rills to flow to ;
Music, for the flowers to grow to.

O thou sweet and sudden pleasure,
Dropping in the lap of leisure,
Essence of harmonious joy,
Epithet-exhausting toy,
Well may lovely hands and eyes
Start at thee in sweet surprise ;
Nor will we consent to see
In thee mere machinery ;
But recur to the great springs
Of divine and human things,
And acknowledge thee a lesson
For despondence to lay stress on,
Waiting with a placid sorrow
What may come from heaven to-morrow,
And the music hoped at last,
When this jarring life is past.

Come, then, for another strain :
We must have thee o'er again.

GOOD-LIVING.—A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Gent. I wish, my dear, you would not keep the carriage an hour always at the door, when we go to a party.

Lady. Surely, my dear, it could not have waited half so long ; and that was owing to the unusual length of our rubber.

Gent. I feel exceedingly unwell this evening ; my head aches confoundedly, and my stomach is very uneasy.

Lady. You know, my dear, Mr. Abernethy told you, that after such a severe fit you ought to be very careful and moderate in your living.

Gent. Mr. Abernethy is a fool. Can anybody be more moderate than I am ? You would have me live upon water-gruel, I suppose. The rich pudding, indeed, that Mrs. Belcour made me eat, might possibly not have sat quite easy on the soup, and the salmon, and the chicken and ham, and haricots, and the turkey and sausages ; or, it is possible, the patties I eat before dinner might not perfectly agree with me, for I had by no means a good appetite when I sat down to dinner.

Lady. And then, you know, you eat so many cakes, and such a quantity of almonds, and raisins, and oranges, after dinner.

Gent. How could I have got down Belcour's insufferable wine, that tasted of the cork, like the fag-bottle at a tavern dinner, without eating something ?

Lady. And I am sure you drank a glass of Madeira with every mouthful, almost, at dinner ; for I observed you.

Gent. Why how could one swallow such ill-dressed things, half cold too, without drinking ? I can't conceive what makes me feel so unwell this evening ; these flatulencies will certainly kill me. It must be the easterly wind that we have had for these three days, that affects me ; indeed most of my acquaintances are complaining, and the doctors say, disorders are very prevalent now.—What can I have ? John, make me a tumbler of brandy and water—make it strong and put ginger enough in it. I have not the least appetite—what can I have ?

Lady. There is ham, and, I believe, some chicken—

Gent. Why, do you think I have the stomach of a ploughman, that I can eat such insipid things ! Is there nothing else ?

Lady. There is a loin of pork—perhaps you could relish a chop, nicely done ?

Gent. Why, if it was nicely done, very nicely, perhaps I could ; I'll try—but remember it must be done to a moment, or I shan't be able to touch it—and made hot—and some nice gravy. Confound these parties !—could anything be more stupid ? While Martin was sleeping on one side of me, there was Bernard

on the other, who did nothing but bore me about his horses, and his wines, and his pictures, till I wished them all at old Harry—I think I shall have done with parties.

Lady. I am sure, my dear, they are no pleasure to me ; and, if they were, I pay dear enough for it ; for you generally come home in an ill humour—and your health and your pocket too suffer for it. Your last bill came to more than ninety pounds, besides your expences at Cheltenham—and the next thing, I suppose, will be a voyage to Madeira, or Lisbon—and then what will become of us ?

Gent. What, do you grudge me the necessaries of life ? It is I that am the sufferer—

Lady. Not entirely so : I am sure I feel the effects of it, and so do the servants. Your temper is so entirely changed, that the poor children are afraid to go near you. You make everybody about you miserable, and you know Smith lost his cause from your not being able to attend at the last assizes, which will be nearly the ruin of him and his family. Two days before you were tolerably well, but after you had dined at —'s, you were laid up.

Gent. Nay, I was as much concerned at it as anybody could be ; and I think I had reason to be so, for I lost three hundred pounds myself—but who can help illness ? Is it not a visitation of Providence ? I am sure nobody can live more temperately than I do—do you ever see me drunk ? Aint I as regular as clock-work ? Indeed, my dear, if you cannot talk more rationally, you had better go to bed. John ! why don't you bring the brandy and water ?—and see if the chop is ready. If I am not better in the morning, I am sure I shall not be able to attend my appointment in the city.

There will always be a few ready to receive the hints of experience, and to them only can this scene be useful.—*Bentley.*

CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.—A woman was much addicted to talking in her sleep, and, after some observation, it was discovered that, in doing so, she went over all the transactions of the preceding day ; everything, especially, that she had herself said, was distinctly repeated in the order in which she had spoken it. In general she commenced immediately after she had fallen asleep, and began by repeating the first words she had spoken in the morning, and then went through the other conversation of the day, adapting her tone of manner to the real occurrences. Thus, whether she had called aloud to a person at a distance, or whispered something which she did not wish to be overheard,—whether she had laughed or sung, everything was repeated in the order, and in the tone of voice, in which it had actually occurred. In repeating conversations with others, she regularly left intervals in her discourse corresponding to the period when the other party was supposed to be replying ; and she also left intervals between different conversations, shorter in reality, but corresponding in relative length to the intervals which had in fact taken place. Thus, if she had been for two hours without conversing with any other person, the interval in her nocturnal conversation was about ten minutes. In this manner she generally required about two hours to rehearse the occurrences of the day. She was scarcely ever known to repeat anything she had read, but she occasionally repeated psalms, as if she had been teaching them to a child, and she repeated them more correctly than she could do when awake.

She exhibited also the more common characters of somnambulism, frequently rising in her sleep, pursuing her ordinary occupations in the kitchen, and even out of doors. On one occasion she awoke in the act of mounting a horse at the stable-door, and at another time was roused by spraining her ankle, while cutting grass in a ditch at some distance from the house. These occupations were observed to have a relation to her engagements during the day, being either a repetition of something she had done, or the accomplishment of what she had intended to do, but had been prevented from performing ; and sometimes it appeared to be something which she meant to do at the earliest hour on the following day.

These peculiarities had been matter of interesting observation, for a considerable time, when she at length fell into a state of continued unconsciousness to external things, which went on for three days, during which time she attended to all her usual occupations. This began on a Sunday, and continued to the Wednesday. On that day her master met her returning from an outhouse carrying a number of eggs, when he determined to attempt rousing her by shouting loudly in her ear. On his doing so she awoke as from a sleep, and spoke to him sensibly, but could give no account of the eggs, and could scarcely be persuaded that the day was not Sunday. In an hour she relapsed into the unconscious state, and was again roused in the same manner ; but, after some further experiments, this expedient failed, in consequence of which she was taken to her parents, and did not recover entirely for several weeks ; after this her former peculiarities became less remarkable and gradually ceased.—*Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers.*

THE SOUTH SEA.

BY M. G. HOWITT.

Oh, the south! the balmy south,
How warm the breezes float!
How warm the amber waters stream
From off our basking boat.
Come down, come down, from the tall ship's side,
What a marvellous sight is here!
Look, purple rocks and crimson trees!
Down in the deep so clear!
See! where the shoals of dolphins go,
A glad and glorious band,
Sporting among the day-bright woods
Of a coral fairy land.
See! on the violet sands beneath
How the gorgeous shells do glide;
Oh, Sea, old Sea, who yet knows half
Thy wonders and thy pride.
Look how the sea-plants trembling float,
All like a mermaid's locks,
Waving in thread of ruby red,
Over these nether rocks;
Heaving and sinking soft and fair,
Here hyacinth—there green,
With many a stem of golden growth,
And starry flower between.

THE TURK UNBEARDED.

Sometime since, business brought a Turkish merchant to Leghorn; being a person of liberal disposition and possessing the means of displaying it, his acquaintance was much sought by the thrifty and calculating Lavernese. He was a robust good-looking man, of about thirty five, and gloried in a beard of most respectable longitude, as black as jet, which it was his particular care to keep duly trimmed and delicately perfumed. At one of the conversations of the place, he fell in with the wife of a certain Signor G—, a gentleman employed in the dogana, or custom-house, but who happened at this time to be in Florence, whither he had been called by a law suit. Though a Tuscan, Signor G— was, an almost solitary instance of the kind, subject to occasional fits of jealousy, and when summoned by his affairs to Florence, left his better half with considerable reluctance; but being put to a choice of evils, he wisely preferred leaving his wife for a time, to the risk of losing his money for ever. The lady, as I have said, attracted the Mussulman's attention. Being somewhat of a coquette, the novelty of a Turkish adorer hit her fancy extremely; so that poor Achmet was ere long ensnared in the meshes of Cupid, without a prospect, or even a wish, to extricate himself. Never bearing the least hint at her being encumbered with a husband, he naturally enough concluded that she was either maid or widow, and consequently fair game to be wooed and to be won, for he did not set the difference of religion down as a great obstacle. One evening therefore, whilst engaged at the house of a friend, in a tender *tete-a-tete*, he offered in tolerable *lingua franca*, for real Italian he neither understood very well nor spoke very intelligibly, to take his Christian enslaver to Constantinople as his wife. Hearing this fair proposal, unwilling, no doubt, to risk the loss of her admirer by a candid explanation, she bantered him without giving a decisive answer to his question. In this manner she put him off from day to day, whilst the enamored Turk continued to press his suit with more fervor than ever. In the meantime Signor G—, having terminated his affairs was daily expected from Florence. His lady was not particularly anxious that he should become acquainted with the advantageous offer made in his absence. But how to get rid of her Turkish swain, who besieged her as closely as a beleaguered city? She at length hit on, what she conceived an infallible plan for this purpose. His predilection for his beard was no secret to her, on this point she based her operations. Accordingly when he next pressed her as usual,

'Really,' she said, 'I might be prevailed on but for that odious beard.'

'Odious beard!' reiterated the petrified Turk, 'the blessed prophet cannot boast a finer.'

'I don't care,' replied the fair one, 'you will never do for me, with that goat like appendage to your chin.'

In fine, to cut the matter short, the reader must know that the Turk comprehending but little Italian, understood the lady she would be his, provided he manifested his love for her by the sacrifice of his beard; and that this once done, she was fairly his own by contract implied and expressed between them. Though the loss cut him to the very soul, he resolved to give his mistress this extreme proof of the intensity of his adoration. Little did the simple follower of Mahomet imagine the wiles of which our fair Christians are capable, and still less did his deceiver conceive a Turk could ever reconcile himself to the loss of his beard.

Next morning a loud knock announced a visitor. The cameriera came running up to tell her mistress, as well as she could from laughing, that the Turk was come.

'Seccatura!' said the Signora.

'With a whole levy of Turks at his heels.'

'Male!' answer the lady.

'And without a hair on his chin.'

'Peggio,' cried her mistress, 'what shall we do now?'

Our Turk already, as he conceived, the husband of the lady, in force of the stipulation between them, was come with a dozen stout Turks of his crew, each bearing a nuptial present for the bride, in order to take possession of the lady and her residence, in which he proposed fixing his quarters during his stay in Leghorn. These affairs, by the way, are managed much more simply and with less ado in Constantinople than with us. Having directed his attendants to remain without in the anteroom, until summoned to attend, he hurried in on the wings of love to salute his fair bride. His twelve followers, with all the gravity of Turks, squatted themselves down in the middle of the room, and making themselves quite at home, produced their pipes, and began composedly to send up the odoriferous fumes in volumes to the ceiling. In the mean time the fair Lavernese within was sadly embarrassed. In vain she prayed, expostulated, remonstrated, explained. The enraptured Turk would listen neither to excuse or entreaty. Had he not sacrificed his beard? Was not his chin as smooth as her own? Was ever woman more fairly or dearly won? How the scene would have ended we cannot pretend to determine, had it not happened that at just this very critical moment Signor G— himself walked in. When he entered the anteroom and beheld twelve Turks, smoking in a circle, like the signs of the zodiac in the days of Phylon, he almost began to think he had mistaken the house. Upon inquiry what all this meant, one of the grave dozen laconically gave him to understand that the residence now belonged to his master.

'Indeed!' said Signor G—, much edified by the intelligence, 'How has that happened?'

'He has married the lady!' puffed out the Mussulman.

'The devil he has!' roared the Signor G—. 'What? a new husband? and a Turk to boot, after six weeks absence?' And he rushed into the inner parment. There he found his lady resisting all we have described, the overtures of the smooth chinless Turk.

'My husband?' cried the lady.

'My wife?' said the gentleman.

The disappointed Mussulman stood aghast as he heard; whilst the Signora began explaining to the Signor G—, the meaning of this strange scene, as well as she could, whether entirely to her husband's satisfaction is uncertain. Be that as it may, he very politely assured his intended successor that according to the law of the country, wives being only allotted one husband at a time in Italy, and his claim being the prior one, he trusted the other would at least have the goodness to wait for his demise; but this was what the Turk, who had parted with his beloved beard to obtain the lady, was by no means inclined to consent to. Words ensued; and words were on the point of being followed by blows, in which, as there was only one Christian against a round dozen of Turks; the former, though the first husband, would probably have come off second best, had not his servants, seeing how matters went called in the police whose presence put an end to the fracas.

Infuriated at the double loss of his beard and his bride, the Turk continued to threaten vengeance for having been thus victimized, until the police, apprehensive of the consequences, put him by force on board his own vessel, and sent him beardless and wifeless to Constantinople.—*Metropolitan*

RELIGION OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

BY CAPTAIN SPENCER.

The principal articles in the faith of the inhabitants of the Western Caucasus are,—a firm belief in one God, supreme and powerful, and in the immortality of the soul, which they feel convinced will be translated to another world, the abode of their fathers. Like the Mahometans, they do not represent Deity under any visible form, but define him as the Creator of all things, whose spirit is diffused over all space. Besides the one Eternal God, they believe in the existence of several inferior beings, or saints, to whom the Great Spirit, *Thka*, has delegated power over such sublunary things as he deems too trivial for his awful superintendence. These saints have each an anniversary, which is celebrated with public rejoicing and prayer, in the same manner as festivals are in Catholic countries. Some of them are represented under a peculiar symbol; but they do not worship them, except as intermediate agents. Upon this subject I made strict inquiry, and found that all my informants agreed as to this point, and which confirmed what I had previously heard from several Russian officers, who had been for many years in communication with the Circassians. Nevertheless, this worship must be regarded as a species of adoration by the strict Protestant and the equally rigid Mahometan. The most powerful among these saints is Seozeres, to whom the winds and the waters are in subjection. He is regarded with especial reverence by those who reside near the coast; and equally so by the shepherd, being also the protector of flocks and herds. His fete is celebrated by the inhabitants of each village or hamlet at the beginning of spring, when his symbol, a dried pear-tree, is adorned with garlands of flowers, and various other ornaments, not unlike a *May-pole*. A large card, or cheese, is attached to the summit; and several lamps, according to the number of the guests invited (the feast being usually held at the house of the chief, or one of the elders), are kept

burning, here and there, over the tree. As cleanliness is considered a virtue among these people, the symbol of the saint, preparatory to being clothed in its finery, is most carefully washed in the purest spring water. Every thing being ready, it is solemnly carried into the house by one of the elders; and, as the saint is supposed to be a great navigator and traveller, his emblem is welcomed with acclamations by the whole company. An animal is sacrificed to his honour; a public banquet prepared; and feasting and rejoicing continued for three days, with an occasional supplication to the saint to protect them from the evils which he is supposed to have the power of averting. The feast concludes by the division of the cheese among the guests, which superstition invests with the property of curing numerous diseases. Each Circassian family preserves one of these sacred trees on his premises: the saint is, however, entirely neglected until his anniversary again occurs. One of the most remarkable features in this festival is, its resemblance to that of St. John, still celebrated by the peasants of the remote districts, in the Carpathian mountains; to which we may add, that the decking of a tree with flowers, ornaments, and lights, during the Christmas holidays, is practised, even to this day, by nearly the whole of the inhabitants of Germany, and other countries in the north of Europe; and one of the prettiest gifts you can present to a child in Germany; at Christmas, is an ornamented fir-tree, covered with fruit, flowers, confectionary, and wax lights. Another of the Circassian saints is Merissa, protector of bees; and no less important a personage than the mother of God. This is evidently a mixture of Paganism with the adoration paid to the Virgin Mary. In a country like Circassia, where honey forms so important a part of the husbandry of the people, and mingles so extensively with their food, we cannot wonder that they personified a deity of such powerful influence to guard the bee; and, from their traditions, it appears she performed the trust most faithfully; for, on one occasion, when an evil spirit most wilfully attempted to destroy the whole of these industrious insects, she preserved a couple by her miraculous power, and repopulated the woods and forests. This feast is celebrated for three days, about the middle of September, with feasting and rejoicing, like the others; the only difference being, that the dishes and drinks composing the banquet are made entirely from the produce of the bee. Besides these, there are several other saints, such as Yemikha, Skuskha, Naokhatkha, and Meate, protectors of agriculture, woods, and forests, etc. who are each honoured with a festival. To which we may add the powerful king, *Tiebske*, a mixture of Mars and Vulcan, protector of armourers. Thunder and lightning, as it emanates immediately from the great Spirit, *Thka*, is regarded by the Circassians with the greatest veneration; and happy is the man who is so distinguished as to fall a victim to its violence: his body is consigned to the earth with great solemnity, and his family rejoice at the great honour conferred upon them. When they hear the *chebli* (thunder,) rolling in the heavens, they believe it to be an angel of God, travelling in his fiery chariot through the air; and rush forth from their houses, *en masse*, to thank the celestial messenger who thus irrigates their fields, and refreshes and purifies the air, during the great heat of summer. The Circassians also reverence, with more than common devotion, three sisters, who preside over and encourage the happiness of domestic life, good fellowship, and harmony, with their neighbours. These divinities are also supposed to shield the warrior in battle with their protecting wings, and to guard the footsteps of the traveller; consequently, the natives never undertake an expedition, or even change their domicile, without making a propitiatory offering to their fair saints."

THE JEWS OF SMYRNA.

After dinner, under the escort of a merchant, a Jew from Trieste, residing in the same hotel, I visited the Jew's quarter. The Jews of Smyrna are the descendants of that unhappy people who were driven out from Spain by the bloody persecutions of Ferdinand and Isabella; they still talk Spanish in their families; and though comparatively secure, now, as ever, they live the victims of tyranny and oppression, ever toiling and accumulating, and ever fearing to exhibit the fruits of their industry, lest they should excite the cupidity of a rapacious master. Their quarter is by far the most miserable in Smyrna, and within its narrow limits are congregated more than ten thousand of the accursed people. It was with great difficulty that I avoided wounding the feelings of my companion by remarking its filthy and disgusting appearance; and wishing to remove my unfavourable impression by introducing me to some of the best families first, he was obliged to drag me through the whole range of its narrow and dirty streets. From the external appearance of the tottering houses, I did not expect any thing better within; and out of regard to his feelings, was really sorry that I had accepted his offer to visit his people; but with the first house I entered I was most agreeably disappointed. Ascending outside by a tottering staircase to the second story, within was not only neatness and comfort, but positive luxury. At one end of a spacious room was a raised platform opening upon a large latticed window, covered with rich rugs and divans along the wall. The master of the house was

taking his afternoon siesta, and while we were waiting for him I expressed to my gratified companion my surprise and pleasure at the unexpected appearance of the interior. In a few minutes the master entered, and received us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. He was about thirty, with the high square cap of black felt, without any rim or border, long silk gown tied with a sash around the waist, a strongly-marked Jewish face, and amiable expression. In the house of the Israelite the welcome is the same as in that of the Turk; and seating himself, our host clasped his hands together, and a boy entered with coffee and pipes. After a little conversation he clasped his hands again; and hearing a clatter of wooden shoes, I turned my head and saw a little girl coming across the room, mounted on high wooden sabots almost like stilts, who stepped up the plat form, and with quite a womanly air took her seat on the divan. I looked at her, and thought her a pert, forward little miss, and was about asking her how old she was, when my companion told me she was our host's wife. I checked myself, but in a moment felt more than ever tempted to ask the same question; and, upon inquiring, learned that she had attained the respectable age of thirteen, and had been then two years a wife. Our host told us that she had cost him a great deal of money, and the expense consisted in the outlay necessary for procuring a divorce from another wife. He did not like the other one at all; his father had married him to her, and he had great difficulty in prevailing on his father to go to the expense of getting him freed. This wife was also provided by his father, and he did not like her much at first; he had never seen her till the day of marriage, but now he began to like her very well, though she cost him a great deal of ornaments. All this time we were looking at her, and she, with a perfectly composed expression, was listening to the conversation as my companion interpreted, and following with her eyes the different speakers. I was particularly struck with the cool, imperturbable expression of her face, and could not help thinking that, on the subject of likings and dislikings, young as she was, she might have some curious notions of her own; and since we had fallen into this little disquisition on family matters, and thinking that he had gone so far himself that I might waive delicacy, I asked him whether she liked him; he answered in that easy tone of confidence of which no idea can be given in words, 'oh yes'; and when I intimated a doubt, he told me I might ask herself. But I forbore, and did not ask her, and so lost the opportunity of learning from both sides the practical operation of matches made by parents. Our host sustained them; the plan saved a great deal of trouble, and wear and tear of spirit; prudent parents always selected such as were likely to suit each other; and being thrown together very young they insensibly assimilate in tastes and habits; he admitted that he had missed it the first time, but he had hit it the second, and allowed that the system would work much better if the cost of procuring a divorce was not so great. With the highest respect, and a pressing invitation to come again, seconded by his wife, I took my leave of the self-satisfied Israelite.

From this we went into several other houses, in all of which the interior belied, in the same manner, their external appearance. I do not say that they were gorgeous or magnificent, but they were clean, comfortable, and striking by their oriental style of architecture and furniture; and being their Sabbath, the women were in their best attire, with their heads, necks, and wrists adorned with profusion of gold and silver ornaments. Several of the houses had libraries, with old Hebrew books, in which an old rabbi was reading or sometimes instructing children. In the last house a son was going through his days of mourning on the death of his father. He was lying in the middle of the floor, with his black cap on, and covered with a long black cloak. Twenty or thirty friends were sitting on the floor around him, who had come in to condole with him. When we entered, neither he nor any of his friends took any notice of us, except to make room on the floor. We sat down with them. It was growing dark, and the light broke dimly through the latticed windows upon the dusky figures of the mourning Israelites; and there they sat, with stern visages and long beards, the feeble remnant of a fallen people, under scorn and contumely, and persecution and oppression, holding on to the traditions received from their fathers, practising in the privacy of their houses the same rites as when the priests bore aloft the ark of the covenant, and out of the very dust in which they are still looking for the restoration of their temporal kingdom. In a room adjoining sat the widow of the deceased, with a group of women around her, all perfectly silent; and they took no notice of us either when we entered or when we went away.—*Stephens' new Incidents of Travel.*

LIFE AND ITS END.—Remember for what purpose you were born, and, through the whole of life, look at its end. Consider when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the bubble of worldly vanity—it will be broken: not in worldly pleasures—they will be gone: not great connexions—they cannot serve you: not in wealth—you cannot carry it with you: not in rank—in the grave there is no distinction: not in the recollection of a life spent in a giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world.

IMPROVEMENT IN CARPETS.—The public in Edinburgh is occasionally gratified with exhibitions of the carpets of Messrs. Whytock and Company, executed upon a peculiar principle, the subject of a patent, and which we shall try to give our country readers some idea of. Externally, these carpets resemble the richest velvet, the upper surface having a thick nap, like plush, but not so deep in the pile as the usual Turkey carpets and hearthrugs. The pile of the Turkey carpet, as is well known, is produced by a laborious process of building in bits or tufts of coloured wool, fixing the tufts with a cross thread and lay, as in weaving and then shaving the tufts to a smooth surface. In another fabric the usual process consists in weaving the carpet with threads of different colours, throwing up certain coloured threads to form the patterns, and keeping down those coloured threads in parts where they do not require to be shown. For example, in order to throw up a small pink rose-bud, within the compass of a yard in length, threads of a pink colour must go along the warp of a whole web, and be kept out of sight every where but at one spot in each yard. It is clear that the one process is extremely tedious, and consequently expensive, and that by the other a great loss of materials is incurred, which also has the effect of increasing the price of the article. The plan followed by the copartners above mentioned obviates both disadvantages. We are not at liberty to describe their process minutely; but we may state that, by a mechanical arrangement of the most ingenious nature, the threads of the warp are separately dyed beforehand in such a way as ultimately, when woven, to produce the decided appearances. Each thread is tintured in a particular manner along its whole length of several hundred yards, a little bit green, a little bit yellow, another little bit red, and so on, so as to perform its part in the general effect—each thread, of course, different from another. An unskilled visitor, taking up one of those threads, and being told that each bit of colour had its share in the designed composition of perhaps a series of flowers, or even of some more formal pattern, would be lost in wonder to think of the ingenuity which could plan and provide for such a result. And yet, when the threads are arranged and put into the loom, every little bit of colour is found to take its own proper place, and fulfil its end in the general design. The pile is produced by a knife which runs across the web, and cuts open the raised loops; and thus the carpet is completed without a single inch of thread being any where lost. The figures shine out in harmoniously blended tints with unparalleled brilliancy, and the appearance is that of the richest painting on velvet. As works of art, or rather, we should say, the fine arts—for they are as much so as the famed Gobelins of Paris—these productions of the loom afford a striking testimony of the improvement which has of late years taken place in Scottish manufactures of the more tasteful kind.

MUSICAL MISERIES.—Singing is certainly a most delightful accomplishment, but it is one which the forms of society render too often a misfortune, or at least a grievous burden, to the possessor. Every one, in the course of his experience, must have known instances of young men being ruined by the seductions to which this dangerous gift exposed them. Such catastrophes arise chiefly from a want of firmness of mind—a defect which spoils more characters than all others put together. It would be a very harsh and most unsocial thing for those whom nature has endowed with musical talents, to refuse altogether to exercise their powers for the gratification of their friends; but these friends become enemies when they seek to indulge their ears at the cost of that valuable time which success in life requires to be bestowed on more important objects. It is, besides, a sad lowering of the dignity of a MAN, to submit to hold a place in society upon the credit of "singing a good song," and to enter houses and attend festive occasions in that light, with the full consciousness that none of those other qualities of which a man may justly be proud, would ever have brought him there, had he not been able to tickle the ears of the company then and there assembled with the sorrows of Auld Robin Gray's young wife, or the Humours of Bartholomew Fair. Singing men should take a lesson from the famous clown, Joseph Grimaldi, who was one of nature's true gentlemen. When playing at Bath on one occasion, Grimaldi was invited to dinner by a clerical dignitary of that place, and on going to the house along with a brother of the stage, found a large company assembled. Scarcely was the cloth removed, when the entertainer asked Grimaldi's companion for a song, which request was complied with forthwith. The host then made a similar call upon Joe, but, not having yet had time almost to wipe his lips, the great clown begged for the moment to be excused. "What, sir! not sing!" cried the churchman; "why, I asked you here to sing!" Grimaldi rose instantly on hearing these words, and telling the host that if he had made that statement on sending the invitation, it would have saved some trouble, took his departure from the house, to return no more.

This spirited lesson, read to a coarse-minded entertainer, is one which might be borne in mind with advantage, by many of much higher pretensions in the world than honest Joseph Grimaldi. Nightly did he grin—and what an ear-to-ear grin his was!—for his bread on the public stage, but in private society he played the

part only of a man and a gentleman, and could not stop for a moment to be exhibited *there* as a show. How much more keenly ought this feeling to be entertained by others, who have not the excuse of such a profession as Grimaldi's to colour over the debasement! While we speak thus, however, we must be understood always as referring to cases where men permit their singing faculties to be made a perpetual exhibition of, not to those instances where the gift of music is temperately and judiciously used, and merely serves, as it were, as an *additional* accomplishment to render a man's company a little more agreeable to his friends. Let the singer strive to make his musical endowment hold this supernumerary place, and to gain the esteem of society by the display of nobler and more praiseworthy qualities.

THE VIRGIN HEART.—There is nothing under heaven so delicious as the possession of pure, fresh, and immutable affections. The most felicitous moments of man's life, the most ecstatic of all his emotions and sympathies, is that in which he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart. The springs of feeling when in their youthful purity, are as fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness; the spell that once draws them is the mystic light of future years and undying tenderness. Nothing in life is so pure and devoted as woman's love. It matters not whether it be exerted for husband or child, sister or brother, it is the same pure unquenchable flame; the same constant and immaculate glow of feeling, whose most proper food is misfortune, and whose undeniable touchstone is trial, where true friendship is tested and fidelity proved. Do but give her one token of love, one kind word or gentle look, even it be amid desolation and death—the feeling of that faithful heart will gush forth as a torrent in despite of every earthly bond or mercenary tie. More priceless than the gems of Golconda is a virgin's heart, and more devoted than the idolatry of Mexico is a woman's love. There are no sordid views, no qualifying self-interest mingled in the feelings that prompt the holy flame. It is a principle and characteristic of her nature, a faculty and an infatuation which absorbs and concentrates all the fervor of her soul, and all the depths of her bosom. There is more thrilling felicity derived from an union of true, guileless, and uncontaminated hearts, than all the conquests of Alexander or Napoleon, the wisdom of Socrates, or the wealth of Cræsus. None can rightly appreciate the feelings that such pure refinements are calculated to call forth, but those who have drunk at its gushing and sparkling fountains; whose pure hearts and enlightened minds can only appreciate a diamond of such matchless worth and endearing attractions.

HOPES OF IMMORTALITY.

Strong as the death it masters, is the hope
That onward looks to immortality:
Let the frame perish, so the soul survive,
Pure, spiritual and loving. I believe
The grave exalts, not separates, the ties
That hold us in affection to our kind.
I will look down from yonder pitying sky,
Watching and waiting those I loved on earth;
Anxious in heaven, until they, too, are there.
I will attend your guardian angel's side
And weep away your faults with holy tears:
Your midnight shall be filled with solemn thoughts;
And when, at length, death brings you to my love,
Mine the first welcome heard in paradise.

TRANQUILLITY.—Tranquillity is the wish of all; the good, while pursuing the track of virtue—the great, while following the star of glory—and the little, while creeping in the styes of dissipation, sigh for tranquillity and make it the object which they ultimately hope to attain. How anxiously does the sailor, on the high and giddy mast, when tempestuous seas arise, cast his eyes over the foaming billows and anticipate the calm security he hopes to enjoy when he reaches the wished-for shore! Even kings grow weary of their splendid slavery, and nobles sicken under increasing dignities. All, in fact, feel less delight in the actual enjoyment of worldly pursuits, however great and honourable they may be, than in the idea of their being able to relinquish them and retire to

"—Some calm, sequestered spot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

A SATISFACTORY ANSWER.—A gentleman in one of the steamboats asked the steward, when he came round to collect the passage-money (one shilling each for the best cabin) if there was no danger of being blown up. The steward promptly replied—"No, sir, not in the least: we cannot afford to blow people up at one shilling a head."

There is a letter now in the imperial archives at Vienna, written by the celebrated Wallenstein to his friend and General Pappenheim, summoning him urgently to the great battle at which Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, both died and conquered. This letter is steeped in the blood of Pappenheim, who was killed in the battle.

A negro being asked how late it was by his watch, replied, "Sixty-three minits pass ha'f arter twelve; why you no keep a watch you'self?"

Every time one laughs, it is said, he draws a nail out of his coffin.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 5, 1838.

By arrivals from England via New York, we have received the following interesting news.

The Royal William, Steamer, which left New York on the 4th of August, arrived at Liverpool on the 19th.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have refused to allow a statue of Lord Byron by the celebrated Thornwaldsen, to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Parliament, after having been in session for 178 days, was prorogued on Thursday the 16th, by Her Majesty in person. The speech was read by Her Majesty in her usual clear and impressive manner.

HER MAJESTY'S SPEECH.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The state of public business enables me to close this protracted and laborious session.

I have to lament that the civil war in Spain forms an exception of the general tranquility. I continue to receive from all foreign powers the strongest assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most amicable relations.

The disturbances and insurrections which had, unfortunately, broken out in Upper and Lower Canada, have been promptly suppressed, and I entertain a confident hope that firm and judicious measures will empower you to restore a constitutional form of government, which unhappy events have compelled you for a time to suspend.

I rejoice at the progress which has been made in my colonial possessions towards the entire abolition of negro apprenticeship.

I have observed with much satisfaction the attention which you have bestowed upon the amendment of the domestic institutions of the country. I trust that the mitigation of the law of imprisonment for debt will prove at once favourable to the liberty of my subjects, and safe for commercial credit; and that the established church will derive increased strength and efficiency from the restriction of the granting of benefices in plurality.

I have felt great pleasure in giving my assent to the bill for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland. I cherish the expectation that its provisions have been so cautiously framed, and will be so prudently executed, that whilst they contribute to relieve distress, they will tend to preserve order, and to encourage habits of industry and exertion.

I trust likewise that the act which you have passed relating to the composition for tithe in Ireland, will increase the security of that property, and promote internal peace.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your despatch and liberality in providing for the expenses of my household and the maintenance of the honour and dignity of the Crown. I offer you my warmest acknowledgements for the addition which you have made to the income of my beloved mother.

I thank you for the supplies which you have voted for the ordinary public service, as well as for the readiness with which you have provided means to meet the extraordinary expences rendered necessary by the state of my Canadian possessions.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The many useful measures which you have been able to consider, while the settlement of the civil list and the state of Canada demanded so much of your attention, are a satisfactory proof of your zeal for the public good. You are so well acquainted with the duties which now devolve upon in your respective countries, that it is unnecessary to remind you of them. In the discharge of them you may securely rely upon my firm support, and it only remains to express an humble hope that Divine Providence may watch over us all, and prosper our united efforts for the welfare of our country.

After the speech had been read, the Lord Chancellor announced the prorogation of Parliament to the 11th October next.

RETURN OF THE DELEGATES.—The Hon. J. W. Johnston, and the Hon. J. B. Uniacke, arrived in Town on Friday evening last from Quebec—they landed at Pictou from H. M. steamer Medea.

The Deputations from the Provinces to his Excellency the EARL OF DURHAM, were suddenly interrupted in their consultations with his Lordship, by his determination to resign the high office he held, in consequence of the recent proceedings in the House of Lords with regard to his government, and in which Her Majesty's Ministers acquiesced. We have inserted a very respectful address to his Lordship from the Delegates, and the answer given to it which possesses much interest; it presents his Lordship's views, and the measures contemplated by him for the good government, welfare and prosperity of Her Majesty's North American Colonies. We are not at all surprised at his Lordship's resignation—no other alternative consistent with his

dignity, was left to him. The Malabar was preparing to receive His Excellency and Family.

What steps Her Majesty's Ministers will now take, as respects the Canadas, we are at a loss to conjecture—the proceedings of Parliament, their acquiescence in them, and the consequent resignation of the Earl of Durham, are all calculated to excite the most anxious feelings in every loyal British bosom.

The announcement of his Lordship's determination to proceed immediately to England created the utmost excitement in Quebec; he had been waited upon by large numbers of the respectable inhabitants, and public meetings were called, for the purpose of requesting him to continue in the government. The gentlemen of the Deputation express themselves highly gratified with the manner with which they were received by his Lordship. —*Journal.*

QUEBEC, Sept. 22.

This afternoon, the highly respectable and influential gentlemen, composing the Delegations from the Eastern Colonies, waited in a body on His Excellency the Governor General, and delivered the following address:—

To His Excellency the Right Honourable the Earl of Durham, Governor General of the British North American Provinces, etc. etc.

In approaching your Lordship on the eve of our departure from Quebec, we beg unanimously to offer to your Lordship the expression of our highest respect, and of the deep concern with which we have heard of your Lordship's rumoured intention to resign the Government of these Provinces.

The duties of the mission with which we have been entrusted by the Lieut. Governors of Nova-Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the frankness of communication permitted by your Lordship, have brought us into acquaintance with your Lordship's feelings and views in relation to British North America; and irresistibly impressed our minds with the conviction, that your Lordship cherishes an ardent desire to elevate the Colonies committed to your Government, and entertains conceptions calculated to render that desire effective.

In a review of the short period of the Government under your Lordship's personal direction, we behold your Lordship with that feeling so congenial to Englishmen which turns with repugnance from the shedding of blood on the scaffold, blending mercy with justice; while returning tranquility had already rewarded an administration conducted without the sacrifice of one human life; and we were aware that improved laws and institutions were in preparation, which under a Government firm, mild, and impartial, gave to the future the reasonable prospect of restored confidence and renovated prosperity.

For the Provinces with which we are more personally connected, we saw in the warm interest, the enlightened and comprehensive views, and extensive powers of your Lordship, the dawning of vigor and improvement hitherto unknown. With your Lordship's departure those anticipations will we fear fade away; but although it should be our lot to see these Provinces continue feeble and nerveless compared with the condition at which their natural advantages entitle them to aim, yet shall we ever remember with gratitude the statesman who, exalted in the first rank and treading on the highest eminences of political life in our common country, hesitated not at the call of his Sovereign, with disinterested zeal, to undertake an office of unparalleled difficulty, and has given to those distant territories the benefit of his enlarged experience and vigorous conceptions.—Your Lordship's comprehensive mind has opened to our view the animating prospect of great public improvements advancing our common welfare, and which will ever associate your Lordship's name with the highest prosperity of the Colonies.

We are unwilling to abandon the hope, that your Lordship may yet continue in the administration of your high office. Under any circumstances we beg to assure your Lordship, that our most ardent wishes for the happiness of the Countess of Durham, your Lordship and family, will accompany you through life.

J. W. Johnson, Member of the Legislative Council Nova-Scotia.
James B. Uniacke, Member for County of Cape Breton, and Member of Council.

Wm. Young, Member of Assembly for the County of Inverness.
M. B. Almon,

Deputation from Nova-Scotia.

Charles Simmons, Member of the Executive Council, and Speaker of Assembly of New Brunswick.

Henry Peters, Legislative Council.
E. Botsford, Member of the Executive Council, and House of Assembly.

James Kirk.
John Robertson,

Deputation from New Brunswick.

I. H. Haviland, Member of Executive and Legislative Councils.
Geo. Dalrymple, Speaker of the House of Assembly.
Joseph Pope, Member of Assembly for Prince County.

Deputation from Prince Edward Island.

To which address, His Excellency was pleased to return the following answer:—

It is impossible for me to express to you in language sufficiently strong, the feelings of gratitude and pleasure with which I have received this address.

Representing, as you do so worthily, the three Provinces of Nova-Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, this proof of your confidence in me, and approbation of the principles on which my Administration has been conducted is most gratifying to me.

I assumed the Government of the North American Provinces, with the predetermination to provide for the future welfare and prosperity of them all; never doubting that such a provision would be the best, nay the only, real security for their permanent connection with the British Crown. In communications which have taken place between us, and from which I have derived equal pleasure and information, you have been fully apprised of my views and intentions. These you have appreciated and recognized in a manner for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. I have, indeed, had a difficult and laborious duty to perform. The result of my endeavours however, is one of which I need not be ashamed. In the short space of little more than three months I have seen tranquility restored, and confidence reviving. I have caused substantial justice to be administered, tempered by mercy. I have carefully examined, with a view to reformation, all the institutions of the Province more immediately committed to my charge; and I was on the point of promulgating such laws as would have afforded protection to all these great British interests which have been too long neglected. I had also, as well you know, devoted the most careful attention to all subjects which could affect the general interests of all the Colonies, and had brought nearly to maturity the plan which I intended to submit in the first instance to the consideration of the Provinces, and eventually of the Cabinet and the Imperial Parliament. In this, I trust useful course, I have been suddenly arrested by the interference of a branch of the British Legislature; in which the responsible advisers of the Crown have deemed it their duty to acquiesce. Under these circumstances, I have but one step to take—to resign that authority the exercise of which has thus been so weakened as to render it totally inadequate to the grave emergency which alone called for its existence.

Be assured, however, of this, Gentlemen,—that this unexpected and abrupt termination of the official connection which united me with the North American Provinces, will not weaken in my mind the feelings of deep interest which I shall ever take in their fate, or render me less anxious to devote every faculty of my mind, every influence I may possess, to the advancement of their interests, and to the establishment, on the most lasting foundation, of their welfare and prosperity.

QUEBEC, Sept. 22.—We can state on competent authority that, notwithstanding it has been thought expedient to disallow Lord Durham's Amnesty Ordinance, His Excellency has received letters from Viscount Melbourne and Lord Glenelg, expressing in the warmest terms their approbation of his Lordship's measures in the administration of this Government, and discharge of the important duties of High Commissioner.

The following we extract from an able article in the Quebec Gazette, on Lord Brongham's Anti-Amnesty Bill:—

“We have nothing to do with the parties or factions which prevail in England,—no community of feeling with them, otherwise than as fellow subjects. We have no voice or influence in forming the Government of the United Kingdom. As dutiful subjects of the Crown, we are bound to honour and obey those acting under its authority, no matter what party at the time may be in power. We cannot speak of a majority of the House of Lords as a faction, or ascribe to them wrong or improper motives; but we know and feel, that right or wrong, they have sanctioned a grievous injury to the North American Colonies, who, we humbly presume, have no reason to dread any permanent danger to their liberties from the exercise of any degree of authority necessary to restore and secure peace to this country. We can only regret that their Lordships are more uneasy on that head than the colonists. We sincerely regret that a body, which we have been taught to reverence for their hereditary interest in the welfare of the nation, their high traditional notions of honour and patriotism, joined with wisdom, experience and independence, should have inflicted on us, who are entirely innocent of Lord Durham's appointment, and have no control over his acts, a cruel prolongation of our sufferings, and, as we conceive, an injury to their own character and the interests of the Great Empire, of which we also form a part.”

The following General Order was issued by Major General Macomb, of the United States Army, previous to his leaving Detroit:—

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
DETROIT, Sept. 8, 1838.

1. Officers authorized to enlist men for the Army of the United States, will be particular not to enlist deserters from any service whatever, especially from the British Army in Canada.
2. Officers commanding the frontier will not allow noncom-

missioned officers or soldiers to pass into Canada, nor will they allow any British deserters to come into the forts, barracks, or camps of the United States. By command of

ALEXANDER MACOMB,

Major General Commanding in Chief.

H. S. MACOMB, A. D. C.

Assistant Adjutant General.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.

The great eclipse was distinctly visible at New York, and is thus described by the Star:—

The great *Annular Eclipse* yesterday afternoon will long be remembered, as one of the most beautiful of astronomical phenomena the present generation will ever have an opportunity of observing. The afternoon cleared off fine, and the sun was scarcely dimmed but for a moment by some light fleecy clouds. At the time computed, the northern and under edge of the sun's disc began to indicate a slight indentation, which in a few moments exhibited the appearance of a piece of coin with a nib or clip in it. Then the transit of the moon's dark body as it progressed, diminished the sun to all the phases of the moon from the full to the last quarter, and finally to a very slender crescent, whose delicately pointed horns more and more extended themselves, ultimately all but joined together below into a superb ring of brightest gold. The ring was nearly completely perfect and of uniform thickness, except at the very lowest part, where a dividing black line across seemed to have been left as it were by design. The body of the moon now seemed a smooth globular black ball on the centre of the sun, the edge of each unbroken. The astronomers were mistaken as to any irregularity. The sky was a deep dark blue twilight and chilly. All the leaves reflected myriads of brilliant crescents alongside dark shadows. At 5 the moon passed off south, and again the unshrouded luminary of heaven pursuing his path-way, rolled his golden wheel, adown the western sky.

KINGSTON, JAM., September 7.

Our accounts from the country, although more favourable than they have hitherto been, are still, we are sorry to say, of a very unsatisfactory and suspicious kind. On many estates that we could name, a hoe has scarcely as yet been lifted, or a cane-piece thrashed by any portion of the late apprentice population. On others, from 15 to 20 are at work, where there used to average from 30 to 52 on hoe alone; and on all these properties the offer of wages have been liberal, nor indeed exceeded, that we are aware of, by any of those who are working better. This state of things, however, there is one consolation, cannot last much longer; and we indeed begin to hear rumours of *concession* on the part of the labourers: but whether this is the forerunner of any thing like a healthful and continuous calm, we will not take upon ourselves to prognosticate. One thing is undeniable—the labourers generally have been impressed by their advisers with a very strong antipathy to specific agreements, or those extending to any length of time.—*Standard*.

We are informed by a gentleman just returned from the West end of the Island, that the labourers, in that district of the country, still obstinately refuse to accede to the terms proposed to them, which the same as are generally offered in this parish.—In Westmoreland, where there are between 70 and 80 Sugar Estates and innumerable settlements, it was computed that not 100 labourers were at work. In Hanover, matters were not much better; the only description of work performed in that parish, was by task, and no larger task would the labourers accept, but such as might, with the greatest ease, be completed by 11 or 12 o'clock; for this they insist on 1s. 8d., calling it a full day's labour.—*Cornwall Courier*.

In our late excursion to Hanover, we learnt with much regret that the estates in that parish were suffering considerably, in consequence of the refusal of the majority of the labourers to work for less than 2s. 6d. per day.—*Falmouth Post*.

ST. JOHN, N. B. Sept. 22.

THE BOUNDARY LINE.—The Maine papers received by the mail, last evening, are silent on the subject of the survey of the Boundary Line by Governor Kent's Commissioners. We learn from Fredericton, that the Commissioners are reported to have reached Bangor, on their way to Houlton, in prosecution of the object of their mission.

Major Head arrived here this morning in the steamer *Nova Scotia* from Windsor, and preceeded immediately to Head Quarters, for the purpose of proceeding with his inquiries.

P. E. ISLAND, September 25.

A Proclamation appeared in yesterday's Gazette dissolving the General Assembly, and intimating that Writs have been issued for electing a new House of Assembly, returnable on the 10th December. The Elections for the different Towns will commence on the 5th of November. The county Elections will all commence on the 12th November.

THE BRITISH QUEEN.—Letters from England at New York state, that this splendid vessel was expected in London, from Scotland, in October, and that she would certainly leave for New York in November.

LATER.—We have been favoured by Mr. Keefer with a Glasgow paper of August 29,—furnished by the Acadian from Greenock. It contains London dates to August 27. Nothing of any consequence is added to items on hand, by this arrival.—*Nbr.*

The Duchess of Orleans was safely delivered of a son on August 24,—the occurrence had caused much joy to the Royal Family of France, and is of interest to the French people. The infant was created Count of Paris.

General Evans had passed through France on his way to Spain.

Mr. O'Connell, it appears, is about organizing a new Association, which is opposed by many of his former friends. The object does not appear.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor Sir COLIN CAMPBELL accompanied by his aide-de-camp Lieut. *Campbell*, and Deputy Commissary General *Hewetson*, returned here on Saturday afternoon from a tour of inspection of the Military Posts, etc. in New-Brunswick. We understand His Excellency was much gratified at the fine appearance of the 11th and 65th Regiments stationed in that Province.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.—Drowned on Tuesday, 25th ult., on his way from Halifax, near George's Island, Mr. *Charles Leroux*, a native of Jersey, in the 34th year of his age, leaving a disconsolate wife to mourn his loss. Whoever will find his remains and convey them to his wife, who resides in the South East Passage, shall be handsomely rewarded. He had on his person, when lost, a considerable sum of money.

DOYLE, who murdered Mr. CLEM lately at the River Philip, was tried last week at Amherst and found guilty.

BAZAAR.—We have a very pleasing and delightful duty this day to perform, in recording in our columns the exertions and the success of the Female Benevolent Society of St. Andrew's Church, at the Bazaar which they held at Mason Hall on Thursday last.

Upon entering the Hall which was most tastefully and elegantly decorated with the Flags of different nations, the tables extending along the whole length of the room and at both ends of the building, presented a very imposing and striking appearance, being covered with a rich profusion of beautiful articles of the finest materials, and most exquisite workmanship, suited to almost every variety of taste and equally adapted both for use and for ornament. The different articles of dress and of taste, which were far too numerous for us to particularize, were generally admired, eagerly sought after and readily purchased; and it was most gratifying to find that the active and unwearied exertions of the Committee, and their friends, for weeks and months past, were so highly appreciated and so amply rewarded.

We are disposed to view this Bazaar as a very useful and successful undertaking, gratifying to the public in general, and highly beneficial to the poor, for whose welfare it was more especially intended. One day was found indeed to be too short a period to dispose of all the articles which had been provided for the exhibition, but the sales from 11 o'clock in the morning till 6 in the evening, including the entrance money, realized the handsome sum of £166 14s. one of the largest sums which has ever been raised on one day, in one place, in Halifax, for charitable purposes.—*Guardian*.

A SERMON will be preached and a collection taken up in aid of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School, at the Brunswick-Street Chapel, on Sunday evening next, 7th October; and at the Old Chapel, Argyle-Street, on the Sunday evening following.

PASSENGERS.—In the *Eclipse*, Miss Wainwright, Miss Godfrey, Miss Stowe, Mr. Basanta, Mr. Burgess. In the *Osprey*, Captain George, and Master Masters. In the *Kate*, Mr. Twining. In the *Georgian*, Mr. and Mrs. Williams. In the *Pictou*, Messrs. Romley, Manning, and 9 in the steerage. In the *London Packet*, Mr. and Mrs. Child, Miss Johnson. In the *Acadian*, James N. Shannon, Esquire; Messrs. Johnson and McFarlane. In the *Prince George*, from London, Capt. Hardshaw, Lieut. Ford, Royal Engineers.

BIRTH.

On Sunday, 30th ult. the Lady of M. B. Almon, Esq. of a Son.

MARRIED.

At New York, on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Bayard, Mr. Peter K. Ogden, to Miss Magdalen, second daughter of G. B. Van Norden, Esq. of Yarmouth, N. S.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. A. McGillivry, of the East River of Pictou, the Rev. James Ross, of the West River, to Isabella daughter of William Matheson, Esq.

DIED.

At Greenock, on the 20th August last. William Murdoch, sen. Esq. Merchant, in the 70th year of his age.

Wednesday morning at seven o'clock, Mrs. Mary H. (a native of Bermuda) wife of James F. McEwen, Esq. of the Naval Hospital.—The friends and acquaintances of the deceased are respectfully requested to

attend the Funeral, from the residence of her husband, on Saturday next, at 12 o'clock.

Suddenly at Charleston, South Carolina, of Yellow Fever, Mr. John Clarke, a native of Halifax, in the 30th year of his age; a young man deservedly regretted and greatly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

On Wednesday morning last, Amelia Jane, daughter of S. G. W. Archibald, Esq. in the thirteenth of year her age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Sept. 29th—Schr. *Hope*, Shelburne—dry fish; Hero, Liverpool, N. S. do.; Dove, do.—do. and oil; Waterlily, Bell—do.; Mailpacket *Roseway*, Burney, Bermuda, 8 days; Albion, Emily, Waterloo, Restigouche Packet, and Agenoria, Miramichi; Favourite, Harden, Herald, J. Kelley, John McCallum, Scott, St. Andrews; Mechanic, Augusta, and Pruden, St. John, N. B.

Sunday, 30th—Barque *Osprey*, Burrows, London, 34 days—coal and bricks to J. and M. Tobin—made the passage out and home in 70 days. On 27th inst. lat. 42.1-2, lon. 60 35, fell in with schr. *Scipio*, from Porto Rico bound to St. John's, N. F. and took off Captain Currey, Mr. Boyd, supercargo, and crew; the S. while lying to on the 12th inst. lat. 35 21, lon. 60 1-2. was hove on her beam ends, lost masts, deck swept, two stanchions carried away, and stove three planks in the side, remained in that situation 9 days, the vessel making a great deal of water.—On the 23rd inst. saw a brig within 2 miles of them, hoisted signals of distress but no notice was taken of them. Brig *Granville*, Lyle, Kingston, Jam. 22 days—ballast to A. Lyle—exchanged signals yesterday, off Liverpool, with brig *Acadian*, hence for Boston; *Matilda*, Yarmouth—dry fish; Temperance, McPhee, Magdalen Islands, 12 days—dry fish, to D. and E. Starr and Co.

Monday, 1st—Schr. *Irene*, Joyce, Sydney, Arichat, 6 days—coals; Richmond, Gerroir, at Arichat 21st ult. from Quebec; *Amaranth*, Coffin, Labrador, 10 days—dry fish and herrings to the master; left Stranger, Farrel; schr. *Martha Wood*, Hammond, Norfolk 9 days—staves, to J. Allison and Co; Good Intent, Perry, Yarmouth, 2 days—molasses to T. Bolton; Nancy, Bichan, Kingston, 21 days—ballast to J. Strachan; Brig *Emily*, Barron, sailed in com.; brig *Kate*, Hore St. Thomas, via Shelburne, 49 days—rum and sugar, to W. Roche; Dove, LePoyle, Newfoundland; Meridian, Harbour Grace—fish and oil; barque *Georgian*, Marshall, Demerara 16 days, to D. and E. Starr and Co; brig *Humming Bird*, Godfrey, Trinidad, 17 days, to Saltus & Wainwright; schr. *Goodwill*, Annapolis—fish.

Tuesday, 2nd—Brigt. *Pictou*, Clark, St. John, N. F. 13 days—dry fish, and salmon, to S. Binney and others; *Mermaid* Arichat—dry fish, etc.; Concord, and Hazard, St. Mary's—dry fish; *Dolphin*, Mary and Queen Adelaide, Sydney—coals; Echo, Labrador, 20 days—fish; Meridian, Harbour Grace, N. F. 14 days—dry fish, to S. Binney; Mary, Louisa, and Mary, Sydney—coals, dry fish, and butter; Barbet, Montreal, 19 days—flour, to Fairbanks and Allison; Ben, and Rising Sun, Bridgeport—coal; Hawk, Mabou—beef and dutter; Teaser, and Humility, Barrington—fish, oil, etc.; Hazard, Crowell, Burin, 13 days—dry fish, to D. and E. Starr, and Co.; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg; Govt. schr. *Victory*, Darby, Sable Island, 3 days; Richmond, Gerroir, Montreal, and Arichat,—flour, bread and dry fish, to Creighton & Grassie; Active, Kendrick, Placentia Bay, N. F. 16 days—dry fish and oil, to Fairbanks and Allison; New Dolphin, McQuarry, Gaspé, 17 days, to A. & J. McNab; brig *Sarah*, Doane, Demerara, 31 days—Rum, to J. Leishman and Co.

Wednesday, 3rd—H. M. brig *Ringdove*, Com. Nixon, Kingston and Nassau, 20 days; barque *Acadian*, Auld, Greenock, 32 days—general cargo to W. Stairs and others; schr. *Waterloo*, Evans, Miramichi, 9 days—salmon and alewives, to W. M. Allan; Dart, Collins, Liverpool—fish.

Thursday, 4th—schr. *Mary Catharine*, LaBare, Quebec, 12 days; sailed for St. John, N. B.; *Seaflower*, Sydney, coal; *Rambler*, Port Medway, lumber; Frederick, do dry fish, etc.; *Mary Jane*, Gilchrist, P. E. Island, fish, etc. pork, to Wier & Woodworth.

Friday, 5th—ship *Prince George*, Friend, London, 40 days, general cargo to Charman & co; schr. *Favourite*, Helm, St. Andrew, lumber. H. M. Frigate *Crocodile*, reported off Sambro.

CLEARED.

October 1st—schr. *Mary Ann*, Vincent, St. George's Bay, flour, etc by Archibald & Wilkie; Collector, Phelan, St. John, N. F. rum, etc, by J. U. Ross and others. 2nd—schr. *Industry*, Simpson, Boston, salmon, etc by W. Long and H. Fay—26 passengers; *Mary*, Petitpas, coal, by the master; brig *James*, Abell Kingston, fish, etc by W. B. Hamilton. 3rd,—Bachelor, Hore, St. John, N. F. rum, etc. by J. Strachan and others.

The *Pictou* left brig *Louisa*, Wainmsley; schr. *Jane* and *Victory*, discharging, St. John, N. F. 4th ult. sailed Ann, Crick, Pernambuco.

London Packet saw brig *Hilgrove*, going in; brig *Delfast*, Nelms, sailed in company; brig *Loyalist*, Skinner, the day previous.

The *Ringdove* reports the Bahama Islands were visited by a severe Hurricane on the 7th, 8th and 9th ult, all the wreckers was out to assist the numerous vessels which had been either driven on shore or dismantled, H. M. Ship *Thunder* was driven from under Andros with 3 anchors to the Florida Reef, where she brought up for 3 hours—the wind suddenly shifted, and she was driven a second time across the Gulf Stream, to the Bahama Bank, the anchors the whole time hanging to the bow. Her maintop-mast was blown away, and her main and mizen masts were sprung. The *Parser* died on the 28th of August. H. M. S. *Sappho* had lost the boats, and had 6 men attacked by fever, one died; she had taken 4 slaves since leaving Halifax last October:

THE USELESS CRADLE.

A little, massy-headed, bushy-haired man, with a bluff face, answered to the name of Adam Crofts, the moment the crier of the court pronounced it. He appeared before the commissioners with the view of soliciting their aid to enable him to accomplish what he had failed to effect by any means within his own reach, namely, to compel or induce—he did not care which—a Mrs. Mortimer, a plain-looking woman, seemingly about two-score years of age, to pay him the sum of seven shillings and sixpence, which he alleged she owed him; but which position she totally denied.

Commissioner—What are you, Mr. Crofts?

Mr. Crofts—I am Mr. Crofts, Sir, please your honour.

Commissioner—I did not ask your name.

Mr. Crofts—I beg your vorship's pardon; I thought you did.

Commissioner—What I wish to know is, what are you?

Mr. Crofts (with great surprise)—What am I?

Commissioner—Yes; what are you? The question is a very plain one.

Mr. Crofts—Well, Sir; and didn't I give you a plain answer?

Commissioner—You hav'n't given me any answer at all.

Mr. Crofts (increasingly surprised)—Your vorship's surely mistaken. Didn't I say I was Mr. Crofts?

Commissioner—But how do you live?

Mr. Crofts (looking quite enlightened)—Oh! that's what you mean, Sir, is it?

Commissioner—That's what I mean. Pray, then, answer the question.

Mr. Crofts—Oh, certainly, please your honour. Why, then, I live by my profession.

Commissioner (looking very much surprised)—You don't mean to say you're a professional man?

Mr. Crofts (with a self-complacent smile)—I certainly do, your vorship.

Commissioner—And to which of the professions may you belong?

Mr. Crofts—To the profession of a cradle dealer. (Roars of laughter.)

Commissioner (greatly surprised)—To the what profession?

Mr. Crofts—To the profession of a dealer in cradles. (Renewed laughter.)

The several commissioners on the bench looked at each other, and heartily joined in the general laugh.

Commissioner—Well, this is the first time that I have heard dealing in cradles dignified with the name of a profession. But let that pass; pray what is your claim against this woman?

Mr. Crofts (smoothing his hair with his hand)—I'll tell you in as few words as I can, Sir.

Commissioner—Well, be as brief as possible.

Mr. Crofts—You must know, your vorships, as I makes and sells the best cradles as was ever made or sold; and this 'ere woman, who had only been married six months, comes past my shop where I always keeps a large assortment of cradles of every variety and at all prices, and all warranted town-made, and the best quality as—

Commissioner (interrupting him)—Mr. Crofts, have the goodness to confine yourself to the case before the Court, and don't wander into an eulogium on the merits of your cradles.

Mr. Crofts—I beg your honour's pardon for transgressing (digressing); I'll not forget your polite hint, Sir. (Loud laughter.) Well, as I was a-sayin', she comes one day past my shop door—and I should tell your honours that her husband was with her—and says she to me, says she, "What is the price of your cradles?" Says I to her, "Do you want a cradle, Ma'am?" Says she to me, "Of course I do, or I would not ask you the price of the articles." "Well, dear, I don't think you do at present," suggested Mr. Mortimer, mildly. "I must be the best judge of that myself, I should fancy," answered Mrs. Mortimer, with a contemptuous toss of the head. "No doubt, you must, Ma'am," said I, anxious, as your vorships will readily believe, to do business. "Very well, love," said Mr. Mortimer, soothingly; "if you think you want a cradle, have one by all means." "I may require it by-and-by, and it's just as well to have in the house beforehand," remarked Mrs. Mortimer, in a subdued tone. And, says I, "You're quite right, Ma'am; by all means, you—"

Commissioner—Pray, Mr. Crofts, be so kind as to come to the debt at once, and don't waste the time of the Court with extraneous matter of this kind.

Mr. Crofts—Well, your vorship, I'll tell you the remainder of it in half a minit. Mrs. Mortimer steps into my shop, and pointing to a particular cradle, said, "Vat's the price of that 'ere?" "Nine shillings, and not a farden more nor less," says I. "It's not worth it," says she. "I tell you vat it is, Ma'am; if you get as good a cradle as that von in this 'ere town at the money, I'll make a present of it to you gratis for nothing." (Loud laughter.) "I'll only give you—"

The Court—Really this is insufferable trifling with the Court. Don't tell us anything about what you asked, or what she offered, but say at once, did the defendant buy the cradle, and what did she give you for it?

Mr. Crofts—Bless your honours' hearts, she didn't give me

nothin' at all for it, and that's the reason vy I have brought her here to-day. (Renewed laughter.)

Commissioner—Tell us, then, what she engaged to give?

Mr. Crofts—She engaged to give me seven-and sixpence, and to—

Mrs. Mortimer—It's all false, your honours; and so it is; I never bought the cradle at all.

Mr. Mortimer—It's all false, your vorships; she never bought the cradle at all.

Mr. Crofts (surprised, and with much energy)—There, now; there's a couple for your vorships! She *did* buy the cradle.

Mrs. Mortimer (with great vehemence)—I did not, you lying rascal. You sent it to us without being ordered.

Here the Court suggested to the defendant that she must not allow herself to be carried away by any temporary heat, and Mrs. Mortimer nodded to the Court in token of her intention to act to the suggestion.

A Commissioner—Did you, Mr. Crofts, send the cradle to the defendant without her having concluded a bargain with you first?

Mr. Crofts—I'll tell you how it is, Sir. I said the harticle was as vell worth nine shillings as it was worth twopence-half-penny. "Seven-and-sixpence is the outside value of it," says she. "Let me send it to you, and you can pay it at any other time," says I. "Seven-and-sixpence," again said she; "I wouldn't give a farthin' more for it." And so saying, her husband, who spoke very little, and herself quitted my premises. sent her the cradle next day saying I would accept her offer.

Commissioner—When was this?

Mr. Crofts—Eighteen months ago.

Mrs. Mortimer—Don't believe him, gentlemen; it was only seventeen months and some odd days. (A laugh.)

Commissioner—Well, Mrs. Mortimer, you appear to have got the cradle at your own price; what are the grounds on which you refuse to pay the money?

Defendant—I never made the bargain; he did not accept the offer when I made it; and therefore I was not bound to take the article next day.

Commissioner—But why then did you let the cradle into the house? Why did you not return it at once?

Mrs. Mortimer—I did not like to be uncivil, your honours; but I sent a message to him next day to come and fetch the cradle away, as I did not want it. He may have it now.

Mr. Crofts—But I *won't* at this 'ere distance of time. She would now return it, because as how she has no prospect of ever having a little inhabitant to it. (Peals of laughter, during which Mrs. Mortimer looked quite savage at the distinguished vender of cradles.)

Mrs. Mortimer—You're nothing but an impertinent—

The Court—Mrs. Mortimer, we cannot allow any such expressions! you must restrain yourself while here.

Mrs. Mortimer, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed out—"It's werry, werry difficult to do, Sir."

It was eventually decided that as Mr. Crofts had not accepted Mrs. Mortimer's first offer, but sent the cradle next day when she had changed her mind as to the probability of requiring a cradle at all as a piece of household furniture, and as the cradle had never been used, Mr. Crofts must take back the article, and try to dispose of it to some other customer.

"To some one who will have use for it," sighed Mrs. Mortimer.

"Vich is more than you ever vill," growled Mr. Crofts, as he turned about to waddle out of the court, manifestly chop-fallen at the result of his case. As Mrs. Mortimer left the court, she was overheard to say to a female acquaintance, that she would never again bargain for any article merely because she might possibly at some future day want it; and to express her regret that she should have priced the cradle, or bought, as she had done a quantity of baby's clothes before she was justified in believing they should be required.

THE ALARM OF POISON.—Kemble, in the zenith of his fame, playing Hamlet at Newcastle, when Bensley, who was the leading actor of that company, had the honour to be cast the Ghost. Kemble's high popularity made him, of course, a vast bugbear in a country theatre; and Bensley was much annoyed at having to second the greatness of such an artist. Accordingly, he studied the part of the Ghost, having got but short notice, in great tribulation, almost up to the hour of performance; amazingly tormented by an apprehension that the affair would, in some way or other, injure his reputation. When the time came for dressing, Bensley's fears were not abated. He put on the Ghost's leather armour, which fitted him horribly; swearing by turns at the Ghost, the armour, and the manager; and all the while, at intervals, repeating fragments from his part, as to his accuracy even in the text of which he was by no means entirely satisfied. At length the curtain rang up, and it occurred to Bensley that a moderate draught, taken in time, might give him firmness; and thereupon—still repeating his part at intervals—he summoned the call-boy to his aid. "Boy" (calling), "mark me!" (repeating)

"if ever thou didst thy dear father love" (this was out of the character.) "I am not in the habit of taking strong liquors on nights when I perform; but, prithee, go to the public-house next door, and get me a glass of brandy and water." When the brandy and water came, the first scene of the play being going on all this while, Bensley, who had still the book in his hand, studying, drank it off at a single draught; but, as he set the empty glass down, to his surprise, and rather indignation, he perceived a strong red sediment lying at the bottom of it. Bensley was not a man to be trifled with. He immediately sent the glass back to "The Crown," from whence it came, desiring moreover to know what the landlord meant by offering him so filthy a potation. Within the next minute he was called to go upon the stage; and, still grumbling about the liquor and the character, he walked down stairs, and made his entry as the buried Majesty of Denmark; but no sooner had John Kemble, with "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" started on one side, than his eye caught the landlady of "The Crown" in the wings on the other, wringing her hands, and throwing her person into dreadful distortions, and calling on him for heaven's sake to come off. Bensley made up his mind; that the woman, as well as all the rest of the world, was frantic; and went on with his part as well as he could, it being in that scene only dumb show; beckoning and signing to Hamlet very solemnly with his truncheon, and looking cannon-balls the other way at the landlady, who was so vociferous as to be heard almost at the back of the gallery. At length the time of exit came—"What the devil, madam, is the matter with you?" "The matter!—Oh, Mr. Bensley!—Oh, forgive me—on my knees—miserable sinner that I am!" "Why, what in the name of the fiend ails the woman?—get up." "The glass—the brandy and water—the glass—red arsenic—Oh, sir, you are poisoned!" "Poisoned!" "Oh, yes—oh, forgive me!—My eldest daughter sent the glass on the shelf, with red arsenic for the rats; I mixed it in the dusk—there was no candle—oh, on my knees!" As the written part dropped from Bensley's hand, the scene had shifted, and Kemble added himself to the party. "Come, Bensley, the stage is waiting." "Sir, I can't help that: I'm poisoned." "Oh, poisoned!—Nonsense—the people, my dear sir, are hissing in the pit." "Sir, I—what can I do?—I tell you I'm poisoned—I'm in the agonies of death!" "Well, but, my dear Mr. Bensley, if you are poisoned, you can play this one scene. What are we to do?" And, in the end, Mr. Kemble, who did not know well what it all meant, absolutely hurried Bensley on the stage, and they began the scene together, Bensley playing the Ghost, under the full conviction that, in five minutes, he should be a ghost in earnest. The play, under these auspicious circumstances, proceeds—

Ham. Whether wilt thou lead me? Speak I'll go no further!

Ghost. Mark me!—(Aside—I believe I shan't be able to go much farther.)

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit.—(Aside—Oh, that horrible brandy and water! I am dying.)

Ham. (Aside)—Nonsense—stay a little—you'd descend directly.

Ghost. (Aside)—I can't go on.

Ham. (Aside)—Then you had better go off—I'll apologise.

Mr. Kemble then comes forward, and tells the house that Mr. Bensley is suddenly indisposed. In the mean time a surgeon has been sent for, who examines the poisonous glass and declares that whatever it contains, it is innocent of arsenic. In the end the call-boy is again produced, when it turns out that the peccant vessel was not the landlady's of the Crown at all, but that the messenger had himself carried a glass for the brandy and water with him from the theatre, and had, moreover, accidentally taken that which contained the rose-pink, mixed to make "blood" for the murderers in the ensuing pantomime.—*Mathew's Entertainments.*

LOVERS.—People who are in love with each other, wonder that third persons should discover their sentiments. They fancy themselves in a sort of Calypso's Island, and are astonished when a strange sail is seen approaching the coast. There is, in point of fact, no paradise that has such a low and thin fence as this; every passer-by can see through it.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, { Joseph Allison, and
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	{ J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Fredericton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, Jr. Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Parishboro', C. E. Ratchford, Esq.	Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Carlton, G. Jos. Meagher, Esq.
Economy, Elias H. Crane, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. J. W. Anderson.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree &
Antigonish, R. N. Henry, Esq.	Chipman.

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