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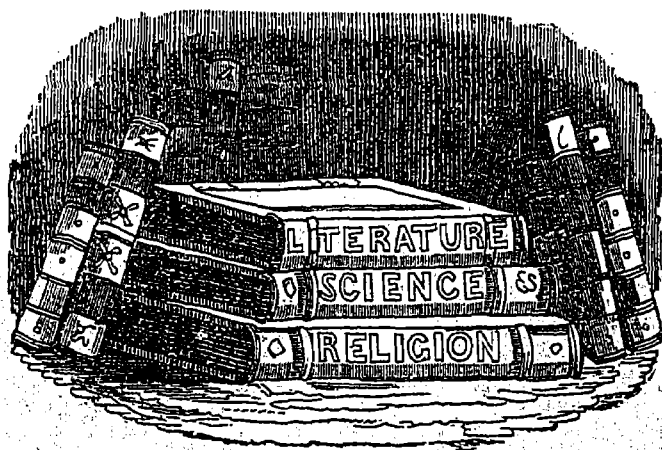
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NUMBER ONE.

CHARLOTTE DE MONTMORENCI.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH CHRONICLES.

By Agnes Strickland.

IT was the second morning after Charlotte de Montmorenci's first ball; but the enchantments with which that memorable evening had been fraught still floated before her youthful fancy. She had thought of nothing but the Louvre and its glittering pageantry all day; and her pillow had been haunted with dreams of Henri Quatre, and the gay and gallant nobles of his court who had vied with each other in offering the most intoxicating homage to her charms. Charlotte de Montmorenci was the most beautiful girl in France, and the sensation produced by her first appearance at court, was enough to dazzle the mind of a damsel only just emancipated from the sober restraints of a conventual education. She had danced the *pavon* with Henri himself, who had been lavish, on that occasion, of the seductive flattery which he was so well skilled to whisper in a lady's ear. Charlotte had found this incense only too agreeable; but the pleasure with which she was disposed to listen to the compliments of Royalty, received something very like a check from the impertinent espionage of a pair of penetrating dark eyes, which, whenever she raised her own, she encountered, fixed upon her with looks expressive rather of reproof than admiration.

How dared any eyes address language so displeasing to the reigning beauty of the evening, especially when her affianced lover, the sprightly heir of Bassompierre, appeared highly gratified with the brilliant success that had attended her presentation at court? Bassompierre was the handsomest and most admired of all the peers of France. He stood very high in the favour of his sovereign; and so generally irresistible was he considered by the ladies, that his choice of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci had entitled her to the envy of half the females of the court, who had vainly endeavoured to fix his roving heart.

Charlotte, in accepting him, had driven a hundred lovers to despair; for the beautiful and wealthy daughter of the most illustrious peer of France, from the moment she quitted her convent, had been surrounded by suitors. The provoking dark eyes, whose impertinent observations had annoyed and offended her in the royal *salon de danse*, did not belong to any of these luckless gallants. It would have been difficult, perhaps, for any lady, however fair, to reject the addresses of a man with such a pair of eyes, if their owner had rendered them as eloquent in impassioned pleading as they were in reproof. These unauthorised monitors, too, pertained not to the grave and stately Sully, or any of the elder worthies of the court, whom wisdom, virtues, and mature years might entitle to play the moralist, but to a pale, melancholy stripling, who engaged the attention of no one in the glittering circle but the neglected queen. With her he appeared to be on terms of affectionate confidence; and it was from behind her chair that he directed those glances which excited the surprise and displeasure of the fair Montmorenci.

The expression of those eyes, to say nothing of their singular beauty, haunted Charlotte after her return to the hotel de Montmorenci; and she regretted that she had not asked Bassompierre who the person was that had conducted himself in so extraordinary a manner. She had thought of propounding the inquiry more than once during the evening, but was unwilling to call her lover's attention to a circumstance that was mortifying to her self-love. She fell asleep with the determination of amusing Bassompierre, when he called to pay his *devoir* to her the next morning, with a whimsical description of the pale dark-eyed boy; trusting that her powers of mimicry would elicit from her sprightly lover the name of the person she sketched without betraying her curiosity.

The following day, at as early an hour as courtly etiquette permitted, the salons of the Duchess de Montmorenci were crowded with visitors of the highest rank, all eager to offer their compliments to her beautiful daughter. He of the mysterious dark eyes, and Francois Bassompierre, were however not among the visitors. Charlotte was surprised and piqued at this neglect on the part of her lover, and resolved to punish him by a very haughty reception the next time he entered her presence; but he neither came nor sent to enquire after her health that day.

The next morning the Duke de Montmorenci, after his return from the king's levee, said to his daughter—

"Charlotte, the king has forbidden your marriage with young Bassompierre."

"Vastly impertinent of the king, I think! What reason does he give for this unprecedented act of tyranny?"

"That you are worthy of a more illustrious alliance."

"I wish King Henri would mind his own business, instead of interfering in mine," said Charlotte angrily.

"My dear child, you are ungrateful to our gracious sovereign, who has expressed his intention of marrying you to his own kinsman, the first prince of the blood."

"And who may he be?"

"The young Prince de Conde, the illustrious descendant of a line of heroes, and, after Henri's infant sons, the heir-presumptive to the throne of France. Think of that, my daughter!"

"I will not think of anything but Bassompierre," replied Charlotte resolutely. "It is very barbarous of the king to endeavour to separate those whom love has united."

"Love!" repeated the Duke. "Bah! you cannot say that you seriously love young Bassompierre."

"I think him very handsome and agreeable, at any rate; and I am determined to marry him, and no one else. Ah! I comprehend the reason of his absence now. He has been forbidden to see me by that cruel Henri."

"You are right, Charlotte; it is in obedience to the injunctions of the sovereign, that Bassompierre has discontinued his visits to you. You will see him no more."

"Have I not said that I will not resign him?"

"Yes, my child, but he has resigned you."

"Resigned me!" exclaimed Charlotte, starting from her chair with a burst of indignant surprise; "Nay, that is impossible; unless, indeed, you have told him that I am faithless, or that I wish him to sacrifice his happiness in order to contract a nobler alliance."

"On the word of a Montmorenci, he has been told nothing, except that it was the king's pleasure that he should relinquish his engagement with you, and marry the heiress of the Duke d'Anmale."

"How, marry another? But I know Bassompierre too well to believe he will act so basely."

"My poor Charlotte, you are little acquainted with the disposition of men of the world and courtiers, or you would not imagine the possibility of your hand being placed in competition with the loss of the royal favour. Bassompierre, instead of acting like a romantic boy, and forfeiting the king's regard for the sake of a pretty girl, who cares not a whit more for him than he does for her, has cancelled his contract with Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorenci, and affianced himself to Mademoiselle d'Anmale."

"The heartless minion!" cried Charlotte, with flashing eyes; "would that I had some means of evincing my scorn and contempt of this baseness!"

"The surest way of doing that, my child, will be to accept the illustrious consort whom the king has been graciously pleased to provide for you."

"I think so too," replied Charlotte, after a pause; "but what sort of a man is the Prince de Conde?"

"He is said to possess great and noble qualities," said the duke; but he is at present only in his minority, and is withal of a reserved disposition. There is, however, no doubt but the companionship of a wife of your brilliant wit and accomplishments will draw out the fine talents with which this amiable prince is endowed, and render him worthy of his distinguished ancestry."

"I confess," observed Charlotte, "that I should prefer a man whose claims to my respect were of a less adventitious character. I should like to be the wife of a hero."

"So you will, in all probability, if you marry Henri de Conde. He is the last representative of a line whose heritage is glory, and of whose alliance even a Montmorenci might be proud," returned her father.

He then hastened to communicate to the king the agreeable intelligence that his daughter had offered no objections to a marriage with his youthful ward and kinsman the Prince de Conde.

"It is well, replied the monarch; I will myself present the Prince de Conde to his fair bride, and the contract shall be signed in my presence this evening."

The Duke and Duchess de Montmorenci were charmed at the idea of an alliance that offered to their only daughter no very remote prospect of sharing the throne of France. As for the fair Charlotte, her pride alone having been wounded by the desertion of Bassompierre, she took the readiest way of dissipating any chagrin his defection had caused, by making *use grande toilette* for the reception of the new candidate for her hand. So long was she engaged in this interesting occupation, that a pompous and continuous flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the royal cortege at the hotel de Montmorenci, before she had concluded

the arrangement of ruff and fardingale to her own satisfaction.

Her entrance was greeted with a suppressed murmur of admiration, and the graceful manner with which she advanced to offer her homage to the sovereign, excited fresh applause.

"Ah, my cousin," cried the enamoured monarch, turning to the Prince de Conde, "what an enviable man am I not about to render you, in uniting you to so charming a bride! By the mass, if I were a bachelor, I must have kept her for myself, and laid my crown at her feet; and, even as it is, I feel more pain than I am willing to confess in bestowing her upon another."

Henri Quatre felt the hand of the youthful beauty, which he had retained in his own, while addressing this high-flown compliment to her future husband, tremble in his grasp. Charlotte was conscious that her sovereign was availing himself of this opportunity of pressing her fairy fingers, with more ardour than became the paternal character he had assumed. A deep blush overspread her countenance as the question suggested itself to her mind. "Wherefore has he taken so much pains to separate me from Francois Bassompierre?" and, at the same moment, she stole a furtive glance at him, whose destiny was, from that hour, to be so closely connected with her own, and encountered the dark penetrating eyes, whose scrutiny had so much disturbed her at the Louvre. They were still bent on her face with the same grave mournful expression, as if intended to pierce into her very soul. Those beautiful but searching eyes belonged to Henri de Conde. Scarcely had she made this startling discovery, when the king, assuming the imposing characteristics of majesty, which so much better became his mature age than the light and reckless tone of gallantry in which he had before indulged, presented the Prince de Conde to her in due form. Then, putting her hand into that of his pale, thoughtful kinsman, he pronounced the patriarchal blessing of the *suzerain* on their approaching union.

Charlotte started, and impulsively drew back from the icy touch of the cold hand that then faintly closed on hers. There was nothing of tenderness, or encouragement, in the sternly-composed features of Conde; no trait of that silently expressive homage, which is so dear to the heart of woman; nothing, in fact, to compensate for the absence of manly beauty and courtly grace in a very young man. Though the habits of politeness and self-control, which are so early impressed upon the daughters of the great, prevented the fair Montmorenci from betraying her secret dissatisfaction, she ventured to direct an appealing look to her parents, as if to implore their interference; but her mother turned away, and her father gave her a glance which intimated that it was too late to recede.

The marriage contract was read, and subscribed by the king in his threefold capacity of *suzerain*, or paramount liege-lord of the contracting parties; and also as the next of kin and guardian of the illustrious bridegroom, who was an orphan and a minor. It was next witnessed by the parents of the bride. The pen was then presented to the Prince de Conde. He paused, and appeared irresolute; darted a glance of suspicious inquiry at the king, and bent one of his searching looks on the face of her to whom he was required to plight himself. Mademoiselle de Montmorenci was unconscious of his scrutiny. Overpowered by the strangeness and agitating nature of the scene, she stood, with downcast eyes and a varying colour, leaning her clasped hands for support on the shoulder of her only brother, afterwards so celebrated in the annals of France as the illustrious and unfortunate Henri de Montmorenci. Never had she appeared so charming as that moment, when the feminine emotions of fear and shame had lent their softening shade to beauty, which was, perhaps, too dazzling in its faultless perfection, and calculated rather to excite wonder and admiration, than to inspire tenderness. The stern expression of Conde's features relaxed as he gazed upon her, and observed the virgin hues of "celestial rosy red," and "angel whiteness," that came and went in her fair cheek. His countenance brightened, he took the pen with sudden animation, and, with a firm hand, and in bold free characters, subscribed his name to the contract.

"Charlotte Marguerite de Montmorenci, your signature is required," said the duke her father to the evidently reluctant damsel.

"I have a great mind not to sign," said she, in a confidential tone aside to her brother, who was two years younger than herself.

"Are you minded to offer an unprovoked affront to an honourable gentleman, and to afford a triumph to a recreant lover?" was the whispered response of the youthful heir of Montmorenci.

Charlotte advanced to the table, and signed the instrument

She received somewhat coolly the congratulations with which her friends and relations overwhelmed her; and when the folding doors of the saloon were thrown open, and the king gave his hand to the Duchess de Montmorenci to lead her into the banqueting-room, where a sumptuous entertainment had been laid out in honour of the occasion, she took the offered arm of the man to whom she had just affianced herself, with an averted head, and a sigh escaped her.

"I fear," said he, in a low voice, "that you have been compelled to do violence to your feelings in signing that contract."

These were the first words that Conde had ever addressed to his beautiful fiancée, and there was a deep and tender melody in the rich but melancholy tones of his voice, that thrilled to her heart not less strangely than the penetrating glances of his fine dark eyes had previously done.

"I shall not hate him quite so much as I thought I should," was her mental response to this considerate question; but instead of answering the prince with reciprocal frankness, she replied with some hauteur—

"I am not accustomed to do any thing on compulsion, Monsieur."

It was now Conde's turn to sigh—he did so from the bottom of his heart: and Charlotte felt angry with herself for the perverseness which had prompted her to repel his first advance towards a confidential understanding.

A ball succeeded the banquet. The prince de Conde did not dance, though reminded that courtly etiquette required that he should at least tread the measure with his bride elect; and Charlotte found a more gallant, if not a more suitable partner, in her admiring sovereign, with whom she once more danced the graceful pavon, and bounded, with flying feet, through the light courante, heedless of the grave looks of disapprobation with which her vivacious enjoyment of her favourite amusement was regarded by him to whom her hand was now plighted.

An early day had been fixed by the king for the nuptials of Bassompierre, and Mademoiselle D'Aunale. Charlotte expressed a wish that the marriage should precede theirs, and, in the meantime, the Prince de Conde availed himself of the privilege of a betrothed lover, in passing much of his time at the hotel de Montmorenci; but when there, his attention appeared more engrossed by the parents and the youthful brother of his fiancée, than by herself. In conversation with them, the "shy reserved boy of Conde," as Henri Quatre was accustomed to call his studious cousin, could be eloquent, graceful, and even witty. He possessed talents of the finest order; his mind had been highly cultivated; and there was sound sense, and beautiful morality in every thing he said. Charlotte, seated at her tapestry frame, beside her mother, could not help listening, at first with girlish curiosity, but, by degrees, with profound attention, to the observations which he addressed to her brother on the course of history he was reading; and when she saw his pale cheek kindling with the glow of virtuous and heroic feeling, and his dark, penetrating eyes beaming with intellectual brightness, she blushed at the thought that those eyes should have witnessed so much vanity and frivolity in herself.

Sometimes she felt mortified that he addressed so little of his conversation to her; and then, without reflecting that she had rebuffed and repelled him in the first instance, she was piqued into a haughty imitation of his reserve, when alone with him: and when surrounded by the gay crowd of her courtly admirers, she endeavoured, by the exercise of coquetry, to shake his equanimity, and provoke him either into a quarrel, or an acknowledgment of love.

She was convinced that he had ceased to regard her with indifference; for she had more than once detected his illustrious dark eyes fixed upon her with that intense expression of passionate feeling, which can never be mistaken by its object; yet he had resolutely refrained from giving to that feeling words; and it seemed hard to the most beautiful girl in France, that she should be wedded, unwedded, by him of all others, from whom she most desired to hear the language of love.

"If I could but once see this youthful stoic at my feet, I should feel prouder of that triumph than of all the homage which has been offered to me this night by 'him of the white plume,' and his gallant peers," sighed Charlotte to herself, as she was returning from the last ball at the Louvre at which she was to appear as Mademoiselle de Montmorenci.

It was the most brilliant she had ever attended; and though on the eve of her bridal, Charlotte ventured on the hazardous experiment of exciting the jealousy of her betrothed. She succeeded only too well, and Conde, unable to conceal his emotion, quitted the royal salon at an early hour. All the interest that the beautiful and admired Mademoiselle de Montmorenci had taken in the gay soiree, departed with the pale agitated stripling, whom every one present suspected of being the object of her aversion: and pleading a head-ache to excuse her from fulfilling her engagement of dancing a second time with the king, she retired almost immediately afterwards.

On entering her own apartment her attendant presented her with a billet. It was from the Prince de Conde—the first he had ever addressed to her.

"CHARLOTTE DE MONTMORENCI,"

"Late as it may be when you receive this, I must see you before you retire to rest. You will find me in the east saloon."

"HENRI DE CONDE."

"Not even the common forms, unmeaning though they be which courtesy requires, observed in this his first, his only communication to me!" thought Mademoiselle de Montmorenci as she crushed the paper together in her hand. She took the silver lamp from the toilet, and dismissing her damsel, repaired to the appointed trysting place; then, unclosing the door with a tremulous hand, she stood before Conde with a cheek so pale, that when he first caught a glimpse of her dimly shadowed reflection, in the cold glassy surface of the mirrored panel, opposite to which he was standing, he absolutely started; so different did she look from the sparkling animated beauty whom he had left, scarcely an hour ago, leading off the dance with Royalty in the glittering salons of the Louvre.

"Charlotte de Montmorenci," said he, addressing her in a low deep voice, "I hold in my hand the contract of our betrothment. That contract was signed by you with evident reluctance, and it will cost you no pain to cancel it." He paused, and fixed his dark penetrating eyes on her face as if to demand an answer.

Charlotte tried to speak, but there was a convulsive rising in her throat that prevented articulation. The glittering carcanet that encircled her fair neck appeared, at that moment, to oppress her with an insufferable weight, and to have suddenly tightened almost to suffocation. She drew a deep inspiration, and raising her trembling hands, essayed to unloose the clasp, but in vain. It seemed to her that the hysterical emotion that oppressed her was occasioned by the weight of this costly ornament, and its rich appendages, and that her life depended on her instant release from their pressure; and after a second ineffectual attempt to unclasp the jewelled circlet, she actually turned an imploring glance for help upon the real cause of her distress—her offended lover. Conde's assistance was promptly accorded; but, either through the intricacy of the spring, or his inexperience in all matters relating to female decorations, or, it might be, that he was at that moment not less agitated than his pale and trembling fiancée, his attempts to unclasp the carcanet were as unsuccessful as her own. While thus employed, her silken ringlets were unavoidably mingled with his dark locks; and more than once his brow came in contact with her polished cheek, and when, at last, by an effort of main strength, he succeeded in bursting the fastening of the jewelled collar, she sunk with a convulsive sob into the arms that were involuntarily extended to receive her. For the first time, Conde held that form of perfect loveliness to his bosom, and, forgetful of all the stern resolves that had, for the last few hours, determined him to part with her for ever—forgetful of pride, anger, jealousy, and reason itself, he covered her cold forehead with passionate kisses, and implored her, by every title of fond endearment, to revive. Those soothing words those tender caresses, recalled her to a sweet but agitating consciousness; and when she perceived on whose breast she was supported, a burst of tears relieved her full heart, and she sobbed with the vehemence of a child that cannot cease to weep even when the cause of its distress has been removed.

"Speak but one word," cried Conde. "Have I occasioned this emotion—these tears?"

Charlotte could not speak, but her silence was eloquent.

"Nay, but I must be told, in explicit terms, that you love me," cried Conde; "it is a point on which I dare not suffer myself to be deceived."

"Mighty fine!" said the fair Montmorenci, suddenly recovering her vivacity and smiling through her tears, "and so you have the vanity to expect that I am to reverse the order of things, and play the wooer to you, for your more perfect satisfaction, after you have informed me of your obliging intention of canceling our contract of betrothment."

"Ah, Charlotte! if you did but know how much I have suffered before I could resolve to resign the happiness of calling you mine!"

"Well, if you are resolved, I have no more to say," rejoined Charlotte proudly extricating herself from his arms.

"But I have," said Conde, taking her by both her hands, which he retained in spite of one or two perverse attempts to withdraw them. "Fie, this is childish petulance!" cried he, pressing them to his lips; "but, my sweet Charlotte. The moment is passed for trifling on either side. These coquetries might have cost us both only too dear. We have caused each other much pain for want of a little candour."

"Why, then, did you not tell me that you loved me?" whispered Charlotte.

"Because I dared not resign my heart into your keeping before I was assured that I might trust you with my honour."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Charlotte, becoming very pale; "and is it possible that you could doubt?"

"Charlotte, I was too well acquainted with the king's character to behold the undisguised manifestations of his passion for my affianced bride with indifference. The attentions of a royal lover were flattering, I perceived, to the vanity of a young and beautiful

woman. The complacency with which they were, at times, received, and my knowledge of the motives which induced the king to break your first engagement with Bassompierre were sufficient to alarm a man of honour," said Conde with a darkening brow.

"You are talking in enigmas, Henri de Conde," rejoined Mademoiselle de Montmorenci.

"If you are ignorant of the fact, that Henri of France separated you from his handsome favourite, because he feared that such a husband would be a formidable rival to himself, no one else is: for Bassompierre has made the particulars of his sovereign's conversation with him on that subject too public for it to remain a matter of doubt. You look incredulous, Charlotte, but you shall hear the very words in which the king made this audacious declaration—'I am, myself,' said he to Bassompierre, 'madly in love with your beautiful Montmorenci.'"

"Ha! did he, a married man, dare to make such an acknowledgment?"

"Yes, Charlotte; and, moreover, impudently added—'If she loves you, I shall detest you. You must give up either her or me. You will not of course risk the loss of my favour. I shall marry her to my cousin Conde.' Yes, Charlotte, the plain 'shy boy of Conde,' as he generally styles me, was designed for the honour of being this husband of convenience; but had I known his guileful project at the time, when he required me to sign the contract, not all the power of France, nor even the influence of your charms, should have bribed me to subscribe that paper."

"It is not now irrevocable," said Charlotte, proudly.

"It is if you are willing to accede to the conditions on which I am ready to join in its fulfilment."

"Name them."

"You must see the king no more after our marriage."

"That will be no sacrifice; and, after your communication, I could not look upon him without indignation. How little did I imagine that such baseness could sully the glory of him of whom fame has spoken such bright things!"

"Charlotte, it is his prevailing foible. The sin that was unchecked in youth, gained strength in middle age, and now amounts to madness. There will be no security for our wedded happiness if we remain in his dominions; but can I ask you to forsake friends and country for me?" said Conde.

"Shall I not find all these things, and more also, in the husband of my heart?" returned Charlotte, tenderly.

"Ah, Charlotte! can you forgive my ungentle doubts?" said Conde, throwing himself at her feet.

"Yes, for they are proofs of the sincerity of your affection; and had you been less jealous of my honour, I should not have loved you so well," said she. "From this hour we are as one; and it will be the happiness of my life to resign myself to your guidance."

"Then, my sweet Charlotte, I must, for the sake of the fading roses on these fair cheeks, dismiss you to your pillow, without farther parlance," returned Conde. They exchanged a mute caress, and parted.

The marriage was celebrated with royal pomp on the following day, at high noon, in the church of Notre Dame. Conde received his lovely bride from the hand of his royal rival; but the king's exultation in the success of the deep laid scheme, by which he had separated the object of his lawless passion from her first lover, to unite her with one from whom he vainly imagined he should have little to fear, was of brief duration. The nuptial festivities received a sudden interruption on the following morning, in consequence of the disappearance of both bride and bridegroom; and what was stranger still, it was soon discovered that they had eloped together. The good people of Paris were thrown into the most vivacious amazement at an event so entirely without parallel, either in history, poetry, or romance, as the first prince of the blood running away with his own wife; and their astonishment increased, when the circumstances of this lawful abduction transpired, by which it appeared that the Prince de Conde, accompanied by his illustrious bride, quitted their chamber an hour before dawn, and that he had actually carried her off, riding behind him on a pillion, disguised in the grey frieze cloak and hood of a farmer's wife.

The enamoured king, transported with rage at having been thus outwitted by the boy-bridegroom, gave orders for an immediate pursuit. The wedded lovers were, however, beyond his reach. They had crossed the Spanish frontier before their route was traced, and Philip the Third afforded them a refuge in his dominions.

The refusal of that monarch to give up these illustrious fugitives, produced a declaration of war from Henri. He was, in fact, so pertinacious in his attempts to obtain possession of the object of his lawless passion, that it was not till after his death that Conde ventured to return, with his lovely wife, from the voluntary exile to which they had devoted themselves as a refuge from dishonour. The splendid talents and noble qualities of Henri de Conde have obtained for him so distinguished a place in the annals of his country that the title of the "Great Conde" would undoubtedly have pertained to him, if the renown of his illustrious

son, by Charlotte de Montmorenci, had not, in after years, transcended his own.

History has, with her usual partiality, passed lightly over this dark spot in the character of the gay, the gallant, the chivalric Henri Quatre, without bestowing a single comment on the lofty spirit of honourable independence that characterised the conduct of his youthful kinsman on this trying occasion; and has left wholly unnoticed the virtue and conjugal heroism of the high-born beauty, who nobly preferred sharing the poverty and exile of her husband to all the pomp and distinctions that were in the gift of a royal lover.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE ON THE HUMAN EYE.

By Thomas Taylor.

CHAPTER I.

He that formed the eye, shall he not see?—PSALM xciii. 9.

The anatomy and physiology of the human eye, constitute one of the most interesting branches of natural science. There is a fascination in the study rivalling the most enchanting scenes of fiction and romance. As an ornament to the countenance of man, it is so exquisitely beautiful—as an organ of the noblest of the senses, it is so inexpressibly useful—and as a piece of complicated mechanism, it is so consummately perfect—that the human eye is eminently entitled to the attention of all persons of every station and degree.

Does beauty attract us? Does the bright attire in which the rose and the daisy, the violet and the lily are arrayed, win our notice and regard? Does the feathered race, in so many of which are combined elegance of shape and brilliancy of plumage, command our attention and love? Do the insect tribes, those "favorite productions of nature, and to which she has given the most delicate touch and highest finish of her pencil," excite our endless admiration? Does the lovely spring with her green tapestry and her expanding buds, her refreshing odours, and her cloudless skies, exhilarate our spirits, and call forth the expression of grateful adoration? And shall we fail to number among the infinite beauties of nature, that most beautiful of all beautiful objects, the human eye. The clearness of water, the transparency of glass, and the lustre of precious stones delight us; and shall we refuse to be charmed with the humours of the eye, more pellucid than crystal, and infinitely surpassing in brightness the most polished mirror? The various families of plants so rich with colours, "dipped in heaven," render us unmixed delight, and shall the beautiful colours of the eye which our Creator has selected to adorn the human face divine, the sweetness and delicacy of the blue, or the fire and vivacity of the black, yield us no pleasure and satisfaction? Take the various qualities which entitle an object to be ranked among the beautiful, according to the theory of that impartial writer of the English language, Edmund Burke, and observe how all these qualities unite in a single eye. An object to be beautiful must be comparatively small, and what is the eye but a resplendent little globe, peering from beneath the folded drapery of the soft and pliant eye-lid. It must be smooth, and is not the surface of the eye free from all asperity? does not the finger glide evenly over it without the least obstruction? and does not the beautiful curtain, the iris, present a smooth and velvet-like appearance. It must be delicate, and surely if extreme delicacy has its chief residence in one object more than all others, it is in the human eye. But enough; on this subject let the old English poet Spenser teach us, in the quaint and homely style of our forefathers,

Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark spirits;
Yet found I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble the image of their goodly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not over;
Nor to the lightning, for they still preserve;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto crystal for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness might offend her.
Then to thy Maker's self they must be;
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

And certain it is, if our hearts are really susceptible of the charms of beauty, the organ of vision will not be a despised, neglected object.

To the prosecution of this interesting enquiry, we are farther invited by the great utility of the sense of sight. "If we shall suppose an order of beings"—we see the striking illustration of Dr. Reid—"endued with every human faculty but that of sight, how incredible it would appear to such beings, accustomed only to the slow information of touch, that, by the addition of an organ, consisting of a ball and socket of an inch diameter, they might be enabled, in an instant of time, without changing their place, to perceive the disposition of a whole army, or the order of a battle, the figure of a magnificent palace, or all the variety of a landscape? If a man were by feeling to find out the figure of the Peak of Teneriffe, or even of St. Peter's church at Rome, it would be the work of a lifetime."

"It would appear still more incredible to such beings as we

have supposed, if they were informed of the discoveries which may be made by this little organ in things far beyond the reach of any other sense: that by means of it we can find our way in the pathless ocean; that we can traverse the globe of the earth, determine its figure and dimensions, and delineate every region of it: yea, that we can measure the planetary orbs and make discoveries in the region of the fixed stars."

And simple as sight is, of what instruction and joy and beauty and ever-varying magnificence is it the source. Deprived of it, and the light which glows in the ruby, sparkles in the diamond, and flames from the sun, would be unproductive of pleasure to man. For him nature would put on her beauteous garb in vain—and the sweet moon with her silver radiance, and the myriads of golden orbs which deck the sable robe of night, would prove useless to him—and all the wonders which crowd the miniature worlds of animated existence in every drop of water, would exist unknown to him. The morning and the evening would be alike to him, and the revolving seasons would succeed each other, without ministering to his instruction by the variety of beautiful objects they exhibit. Almost to any extent we might expatiate on the unspeakable advantages of vision, and yet the half would not be told. To receive so great a part of the happiness of our present existence from the sense of sight, and not to reflect on its noble organ, is, undoubtedly, to evince a thankless heart to the giver of every good and perfect gift."

Independent, however, of the beauty and utility of the eye, in its mechanism it displays such perfect ingenuity of construction, such exquisite nicety of workmanship, and such completeness of adaptation to the purposes of vision, that viewed simply as a refined optical instrument, it eminently merits our attention and regard. Almost from time immemorial it has been the subject of glowing eulogy and profound admiration. A scientific examination of the structure of the eye, produced in the mind of that eminent ancient physician Galen, the conviction that there was a God. Socrates expatiated on its wonderful mechanism, and the princely pen of Cicero was employed in unfolding the various complicated parts of this astonishing contrivance. And among the moderns, we need hardly remark, that no single object in nature has elicited so much panegyric. Take a few testimonies in proof. Says the distinguished Euler, "we discover in the structure of the eye perfections which the most exalted genius could never have imagined—it infinitely surpasses every piece of mechanism which human skill is capable of producing." Says Dr. Thomas Brown, "the eye is a machine of such exquisite and obvious adaptation to the effects produced by it, as to be, of itself, in demonstrating the existence of the Divine Being who contrived it, equal in force to many volumes of theology. The atheist who has seen and studied its internal structure, and yet continues an atheist, may be fairly considered as beyond the power of mere argument to reclaim." Says Dr. Reid, "the structure of the eye and all its appurtenances, clearly demonstrate this organ to be a masterpiece of Nature's work." The celebrated Dr. Brewster remarks that, "while the human eye has been admired by ordinary observers for the beauty of its form, the power of its movements, and the variety of its expression, it has excited the wonder of philosophers by the exquisite mechanism of its interior, and its singular adaptation to the variety of purposes which it has to serve." Dr. Arnott, with that spirit of enthusiasm which breathes in all his writings, observes, that "the human eye in its simplicity is so perfect, so unspeakably perfect, that the searchers after tangible evidences of the existence of an all-wise and good Creator, have declared their willingness to be limited to it alone, in the midst of millions, as their one triumphant proof." And Dr. Roget, in his most excellent treatise on Animal and Vegetable Physiology, pronounces that, "on none of the works of the Creator which we are permitted to behold, have the characters of intention been more deeply and legibly engraved, than in the organ of vision, for the most profound scientific investigations of the anatomy of the eye concur in showing, that the whole of its structure and all its parts, are finished with that mathematical exactness which the precision of the effect requires, and which no human effort can ever hope to approach—far less to attain." These, be it remembered, are the clear, philosophical conclusions of a few of the great lights of the scientific world, and we have introduced them to excite an intense interest on this most interesting subject, and to work up the mind to that pitch of ardent enthusiasm which should be felt by all, engaged in so delightful a study. But if these fail in enlisting all our awakened energies in this pursuit, we have left one other resource. How perfect is the knowledge of God! how infinite his understanding! how inconceivable the exercises of the attribute of his omniscience! And yet in the inspired volume, the proof of this attribute is brought, not so much from the ponderous orbs of the universe, guided in their motions by an omnipotent arm, but the proof is triumphantly adduced from the minute ball of the eye, gracefully rolling in its socket, and taking full cognizance of all the rich and varied beauties of an extended landscape. Says the royal monarch of Israel, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see." Concede that God possesses all the wisdom necessary to invent and perfect so curious and accurate an instrument as the eye, and you must concede that he has unbounded intelligence, for so perfectly conclusive is the reasoning,

that a man must admit its soundness, or take refuge in the gloom and misery of atheism. In the formation of the human eye, then, we have a constant demonstration that the Lord is a God of knowledge. This simple consideration will, I trust, inspire us with a quenchless ardour, in the acquirement of just and enlarged views, of the mechanism and vital endowments of so admirable an organ as the human eye.

ANIMATED EXISTENCE.—"One thousand millions of human beings are conjectured to exist upon this revolving planet. But who can number the quadrupeds and birds, the fishes that pass along the great waters, and the insect population that inhabit every leaf and opening flower. Examine a map of the world. There are the Rhiphan hills, and Caucasus, and the magnificent sweep of the Andes. There are the Cordilleras, and the high hills of Tartary and China. Yonder are the snow-clad mountains of the frozen regions, and beneath them rolls the Arctic sea. Lower down is Iceland, the cultivated fields of Britain, civilized Europe, and burning Africa, the vast continent of America, stretching from north to south, the smiling plains of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, turbaned India, and all the glory and luxuriance of the east. Look again, but with the mental eye, for the visual organ can no longer follow it; dissimilar races of men are conspicuous in various portions of the globe. One part is crowded with fair men, in another are seen clear olive faces, in another, black. Some are swarthy, others of pale complexions. Their languages are various, and their modes of thinking widely different. Each continent, and every large island, has also its own peculiar kind of quadrupeds, and birds, and insects. The lordly lion, the boar, the antelope, the wild bison, the tusked elephant, the reindeer, the wolf, the bear, and arctic fox, have all their boundaries assigned them. The air is filled with a winged population. The lakes and ponds, every sea and river, is stocked with fish and animated beings, of strange forms and aspects. Myriads of insects, and creeping things innumerable, are seen walking in the green savannah to their forests of interminable length, and among the branched moss that clothes the roots and branches of high trees. And more than even these, every leaf that quivers in the sun-beam, and every flower that drinks the dew of heaven, is in itself a world of animated life.

"Over the mighty whole watches One who never slumbers, and whose ear is ever open to the prayers of his children. He is our Father: his eye is perpetually upon us; the darkness of the night cannot hide from him, he spieth out all our ways. He will not overlook us in the thronged city; nor need we fear to be forgotten in the most solitary place."

LYRICAL POETRY OF GREECE.—"The peculiar character of the Greek lyrical poetry can only be understood by remembering its inseparable connexion with music: and the general application of both, not only to religious, but political purposes. The Dorian states regarded the lyre and the song as powerful instruments upon the education, the manners, and the national character of their citizens. With them these acts were watched and regulated by the law, and the poet acquired something of the social rank, and aimed at much of the moral design of a statesman and a legislator; while, in the Ionian states, the wonderful stir and agitation, the changes and experiments in government, the rapid growth in luxury, commerce, and civilisation, afforded to a poetry, which was not, as with us, considered a detached, unsocial, and solitary art, but which was associated with every event of actual life—occasions of vast variety—themes of universal animation. The eloquence of poetry will always be more exciting in its appeals—the love for poetry always more diffused throughout a people in proportion as it is less written than recited. How few even at this day will read a poem!—what crowds will listen to a song! Recitation transfers the stage of effect from the closet to the multitude—the public becomes an audience, the poet an orator; and when we remember that the poetry thus created, embodying the most vivid, popular, animated subjects of interest, was united with all the pomp of festival and show—all the grandest, the most elaborate, and artificial effects of music—we may understand why the true genius of lyrical composition has passed for ever away from the modern world."—*Bulwer's Athens.*

ENGLAND.

England! my native land, O loved the most!
Not for thy wealth, that could not make thee great;
Nor power, though now a thousand years elate,
Walled round by love with valour's peerless host;
But that thou art of every land the boast
For glorious charters of an ancient date,
Through which from time to time regenerate,
Thou shed'st new light on every distant coast.
Whence had America the soul she prizes,
But from thine institutions framed of old?
And if in her more bright our phoenix rises,
If from her ore more pure flows freedom's gold,
We hail the light that cheers and that surprises,
England, thy first-born, beautiful and bold!

RICHARD HOWARD.

For the Pearl.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROPHECY.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

No. 1.

Having had reference to the travels of Captain the Hon. G. Keppel entitled "a personal narrative of a journey from India to England by Bassorah Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, and Persia in 1824"—and aware of the high character given to these travels by all the reviewers;—to complete the "Illustrations of Prophecy" I shall transcribe from his pages much valuable matter—also from the Travels of Captain Mignan in 1827—and of Mr. Buckingham. Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels I have perused carefully as relates to Babylon—the detail is quite too voluminous for our present purpose.

In page 115, vol. 1st.—Captain Keppel observes, "The soil of Ancient Assyria and Babylonia consists of a fine clay, mixed with sand, with which as the waters of the river retire, the shores are covered. This compost when dried by the heat of the sun, becomes a hard and solid mass—and forms materials for the fine bricks, for which Babylon was celebrated. We put to the test the adaptation of this mud for pottery—by taking some of it when wet from the banks of the river—and then moulding it into any form we pleased—having been exposed to the sun for half an hour, it became as hard as stone. These remarks are important as the indications of buildings throughout this region are different from those of other countries. The universal substitution of brick for stone being observable in all the numerous ruins we visited, including those of the great cities of Selucia, Etisiphon and of the mighty Babylon herself, for which we have the authority of Scripture that her builders used brick for stone, and slime (Bitumen) for mortar. Gen. 11. 3.—In consequence of this the ruins instead of showing fragments of Pillars or any definite marks by which we might conjecture the order of Architecture, exhibit an accumulation of mounds, which on a dead flat soon attract the eye of a traveller, and have at first sight the appearance of sandy hillocks—on a nearer inspection they prove to be square masses of brick facing the cardinal points, and though worn by the weather, built with much regularity; the vicinity is strewed with fragments of tiles and broken pottery—coins also are sometimes found. Travellers should bring instruments for digging for hidden treasures.

From this place (Mahowel) the ruins of the once mighty Babylon are distinctly visible—like irregular and misshapen hills; 14 miles to the N. N. E. is the Tower of Babel, now known by the name of Nimrod's Tower (Birs Nimrod). Renoullin in his geography of Herodotus, has so completely established the identity of the ruins with that city, that I shall merely state, the site is still called Babel by the Natives;—the traditions of oriental writers, and the Arabs assign the highest antiquity to those ruins with whom all ancient authors agree—the appearance of the place also answers the description given by these authors, and the position agrees with the relative distance of Babylon from other great cities—the city of Selucia for instance on the N. E., and the city of Is,—on the N. W. the ruins seem by me to correspond with all ancient accounts. The aspect of the fallen city is precisely that which the divine writings predict Babylon would exhibit after her downfall. The geographical accounts convince me that Babylon could not have stood elsewhere, than on the spot I visited, and the prodigious remains are conclusive evidence that they could have belonged to no other city—when we consider the sandy nature of the soil on which Babylon stood, the perishable materials of which it was composed, and the many large cities which have been built of the ruins—when workmen have been constantly employed in removing the bricks—that for three thousand years the ruins have been subject to the injuries of the weather, and that in consequence of the Euphrates periodically overflowing its banks, they are inundated for two months in the year; we ought to be still more surprised that such vast masses should have withstood so many concurring causes for total extinction. I take it for granted therefore that all the ordinary buildings are crumbled into dust; and that only the remains of the largest exist,—whoever has seen the mud habitations of an eastern city will readily accede to this suggestion—if any further argument were wanting the fact mentioned by Diodorus Siculus that the greater part of the land within the walls was ploughed up in his time, would be in my opinion conclusive evidence: after stating upon what grounds, I rest my belief in the identity of those ruins, it is fair to add that our party in common with other travellers have totally failed in discovering any traces of the city walls. I ask, was it possible for tired travellers to explore the ruins of walls sixty miles in circumference. Mr. Buckingham traced the walls and found some of them remaining, in a state of great delapidation. The divine predictions against Babylon have been so literally fulfilled in the appearance of the ruins that I am disposed to give the fullest signification to the words of Jeremiah that "the broad walls of Babylon shall be utterly broken." Jer. 51. 58. St. Jerome who lived in the fourth century states, that the walls were then standing, enclosing wild beasts for the hunting of the Persian Kings. The vast remains "of Babylon the great" the glory of the Chaldees excellency were then visible; with the Temple of Jupiter Belus towering over the

ruins in inexpressible grandeur. March 26, 1824.—At day light we quitted Mahowel, from which place the ruins of Babylon commenced,—at 9 o'clock we arrived at the first ruin of magnitude it is called by the Natives the Muzillibah or overturned; in 1616, it was visited by Pietro Della Valle who not having examined the vast ruin on the opposite bank of the river, supposed it to be the Tower of Babel—its form may have been originally square but is now oblong, the sides face the four cardinal points of the compass, then to the N. and S. are upwards of 200 paces in extent that to the East 180, that to the West 136—the height is very singular it is well to be observed that in Della Valle's time the altitude of this ruin was 200 feet, and the wall about two thousand six hundred, proving the liability of those ruins to a gradual decrease, for in the space of 200 years the mound has diminished 60 feet in height, and nearly 500 in circumference. The western side by which we ascended thro' the lowest, is the most remarkable, as it shows more distinctly the form of the structure—the mound appears to be a solid mass—it is composed of sun dried bricks, cemented with clay mortar—between each layer of brick is one of reeds the summit is traversed by large channels formed by the rain; in walking we stepped on several pieces of alabaster, and on a vitrious substance resembling glass; we saw great quantities of ornamental and other kinds of pottery—these were vast numbers of entire kiln burnt bricks, 14 inches square and 3 thick; on many were inscribed those unknown characters resembling arrow heads, so remarkable in the ruins of Babylon and Persepolis. The freshness of the inscriptions was astonishing appearing to have been recently stamped; instead of having stood the test of upwards of three thousand years—from the mode in which the bricks are disposed of in this, and several other ruins it is evident that with some exceptions the great buildings of Babylon were composed of sun burnt bricks and coated with bricks burnt in the furnace,—the mound was full of large holes. We entered some of them and found them strewed with the carcasses and skeletons of animals recently killed,—the odour of wild beasts was so strong that prudence got the better of curiosity, for we had no doubt of the savage nature of the inmates; our guides indeed told us that all the ruins abounded in lions and other wild beasts—so literally has the divine prediction been fulfilled that "wild beasts of the desert and of the islands should lie there." Isaiah 13. v. 21. 22. After exploring this ruin we proceeded to Hillah—with the exception of a few huts, the town is situated on the west bank of the Euphrates. We crossed the river by a bridge of boats like that at Bagdad—the Euphrates here is 150 feet broad. On producing our firman, the house of Musad, the governor of Merbela, was allotted to us, and a Junissary was sent by the Governor to attend us. Hillah was built in the twelfth century out of the ruins of Babylon. It is enclosed within a mud wall of mean appearance, but the Bazaar is tolerably good—its inhabitants ten thousand. Garden produce, rice, dates and grain; the soil is very productive—little cultivated, however. If any thing could identify the people of Hillah as the descendants of the ancient Babylonians, it would be their extreme profligacy, for which they are notorious. The veranda of the house we occupied was paved with inscribed Babylonian bricks; we amused ourselves with compassing them with others we had brought from the ruins. At first sight many appeared alike, but on examination some letters appeared different; this would indicate that they were not stamped from a mould, but separately. These characters have hitherto baffled the inquiries of the learned; Maurice is of opinion that the inscriptions have a reference to Astronomy. When Alexander came to Babylon, Calisthenes was informed by the Chaldeans that their astronomical observations were recorded on kiln burnt bricks, "*Cocillibus laterculis inscriplas.*" We brought with us from Babylon several curious cylinders, of which numbers are found in the plains. I have presented three to the British Museum. These cylinders differ from each other in size and material, the larger an inch long; they are perforated in the centre, and from the numbers found have probably been worn by the common people as amulets. Mr. Keppel describes three amulets, and proves that two of them illustrated the account of Herodotus respecting the dresses of the Babylonians, viz. that they have two sorts of linen that falls to the feet—another over this made of wool—a white sash covers all.

March 27th. Early this morning we set out to visit the town of Babel, all well armed and mounted. At a short distance from Hillah we met ten horsemen sent by the Governor. A just idea of the state of the country may be formed by our being obliged to have a party of twenty armed horsemen to go a distance of six miles, though we had nothing except our arms to attract robbers. On our road we met a large party of the desert Arabs, who offered us no molestation, but gave us the usual salutation, "Salam aleikam." They were probably of the same tribe as our guard, otherwise it is not likely we should have escaped so well. In describing a sham fight of the Arabians, the author observes. Nothing could be more animated, or would have afforded a finer subject for the painter than this group of wild men; it is difficult to conceive the effect of a large party of armed horsemen thus huddled together in the greatest apparent confusion, with drawn swords and couched lances. This was a general passage of arms, and not without its interest; but when two hostile tribes meet, they then put into fierce execution, the address which they acquire by this constant practice. From Ho-

rodotus we learn that the Tower of Babel, which was also the Temple of Belus was a stadium in length and breadth; this would give a circumference of two thousand feet. The temple consisted of eight turrets rising one above the other. Rennel calculates its height at 500 feet—the ascent was outside, and a convenient visiting place half way up this temple was destroyed by Xerxes. Alexander wished to rebuild it, but died before he commenced; he however employed two thousand soldiers for two months to remove the rubbish. The ruins of the Tower of Babel are six miles S. W. of Nillih. At first sight they appear like a hill with a castle on the top. The greater portion is covered with a light sandy soil."

Your obedient servant, H. H.

For the Pearl.

THE ALBUM LEAF.

Upon being urged to write something original for a Lady's Album, the following lines were composed by the author, which by request we have been permitted to publish.

1

This leaf is like the finest snow
Just lodged upon a garden wall,
Unstained by ought impure below
As Adam was before the fall.

2

Eliza then if urged by thee
With recreant hand I'm led
To mar its virgin purity,
The shame is on thine head;
And if an awful voice I hear,
Or fearful form I see,
At some dread bar I must appear
What shall I say for thee?

3

As Adam in the garden hid
When crime to him was laid,
I fear I'll act as Adam did
And say as Adam said,
The woman urged what I have done
She pressed me to agree,
And then Eliza what must come
But woe to you and me?

4

That precious drop of Eastern sea
Fresh from its pearly shrine,
Of purer nature could not be
Than was this leaf of thine.
So great a change henceforth deplore
For see what now remains,
Its vellum surface scribbled o'er
With crooked inky stains.

Annapolis.

P. W. MORRIS, JR.

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"What a wonder is the sea itself! How wide does it stretch out its arms, clasping islands and continents in its embrace! How mysterious are its depths—still more mysterious its hoarded and hidden treasures! With what weight do its watery masses roll onward to the shore, when not a breath of wind is moving over its surface! How wonderfully fearful is it, when its waves, in mid ocean, are foaming and tossing their heads in anger under the lash of the tempest! How wonderfully beautiful, when, like a melted and ever-moving mirror, it reflects the setting sun, or the crimson clouds, or the saffron heavens after the sun has set; or when its 'watery floor' breaks into myriads of fragments the image of the quiet moon that falls upon it from the skies!

"Wonderful, too, are those hills of ice that break off, in thunder, from the frozen barriers of the pole, and float toward the sun, their bristling pinnacles glistening in his beams, and slowly wasting away under his power, an object at once of wonder and of dread to the mariner, till they are lost in the embrace of more genial deeps. And that current is a wonder, which moves for ever onward from the southern seas, to the colder latitudes, bearing in its waters the influence of a tropical sun, and saying to the iceberg from the pole, 'Hitherto may ye come, but no farther.' And, if possible, still more wonderful are those springs of fresh water which, among the Indian Isles, gush up from the depths of a salt ocean, a source of refreshment and life to the seaman who is parching with thirst 'beneath a burning sky.' And is it not as wonderful, when, not a spring of fresh water, but a column of volcanic fire shoots up from 'the dark unfathomed caves of ocean,' and throws its red glare far over the astonished waves, that heave and tremble with the heaving and trembling earth below them! wonderful, when that pillar of fire vanishes, leaving a smoking volcano in its place! and wonderful, when that volcano, in its turn, sinks back, and is lost in the depths whence it rose!

"Then there are other wonders in the living creatures of the deep, from the animalcule, that 'no eye can see,' and that scarcely 'glass can reach,' up to 'that Leviathan which God hath made to play therein.' In 'this great and wide sea are things creeping innumerable, both small and great blasts.' Yet He, who hath made them all, even there openeth his hand and satisfieth the desires of all. Wonderful is it, that, of these 'creatures innumerable,' each one finds its food in some other, and in its turn, serves some other for food; and that this great work of destruc-

tion and reproduction goes on in an unbroken circle from age to age, in the deep silence of those still deeper waters where the power of man is neither felt nor feared!

"What a wonder, too, is that line of phosphoric light, which, in the darkest night, streams along 'the way of a ship in the midst of the sea!' What is it that gives out this fire, which, like that of love, 'many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it?' Theorists may speculate, naturalists may examine, chemists may analyze; but none of them can explain; and all agree in this, that it is a wonder, a mystery, a marvel. A light that only motion kindles! a fire that burns nothing! a fire, too, seen, not in a bush on Horeb, which is not burned, but in the deep waters of the ocean that cannot be! Is not this a wonder!

"And, if that path of light is a wonder, which streams back from the rudder of a ship, is not that ship itself a wonder? That a fabric so gigantic as a first rate ship, of traffic or of war, framed of ponderous timbers, compacted with bolts and bands of still more ponderous iron, holding in its bosom masses of merchandise, under whose weight strong cars have groaned and paved streets trembled, or bearing on its decks hosts of armed men, with the thundering armament of a nation—that a fabric thus framed and thus freighted, should float in a fluid, into which, if a man fall, he sinks and is lost, is in itself a wonder. But that such a fabric should traverse oceans, struggling on amid the strife of seas and storms, that it should hold on its way like 'a thing of life,' nay, like a thing of intellect, a being endued with courage, and stimulated by a high purpose, a traveller that has seen the end of his voyage from the beginning, that goes forth upon it without fear, and, competes it as with the feeling of a triumph, is, as it seems to me, a greater wonder still. Let me ask you to stand, as you perhaps have stood, upon the deck of such a ship,

'In the dead waste and middle of the night,'

now in the strong light of the moon, as it looks down upon you between the swelling sails, or now in the deep shadow that the sails throw over you. Hear the majestic thing that bears you, breasting and breaking through the waves that oppose themselves to her march! She is moving on alone, on the top of the world, and through the dread solitude of the sea. Nothing is heard, save, perhaps, the falling back of a wave, that has been showing its white crest to the moon, or, as your ship is plowing her way, the rushing of the water along her sides. Yet she seems to care for all that she contains, and to watch, while they sleep as sweetly in her bosom as in their own beds at home: and though she sees no convoy to guard her, and no torch-bearer to light her on, she seems as conscious that she is safe, as she is confident that she is going right. Is not all this a wonder?"

THE MINES.

"There's danger in the mines, old man," I asked of an aged miner, who, with his arms bent, leaned against the side of the immense vault absorbed in meditation—"it must be a fearful life."

The old man looked at me with a steadfast, but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half-broken sentences he uttered, "Danger—where is there not—on the earth or beneath it—in the mountain or in the valley—on the ocean or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot—where is there not danger?—where has not death left some token of his presence?"—"True," I replied, "but the vicissitudes of life are various; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him—the hunter seeks death in the wild woods—and the soldier in the battle field—and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands to-morrow may be his tomb."—"It is so, indeed," replied the old man—"we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life—'tis a strange riddle—who shall solve it?"

"Have you long followed this occupation?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

"From a boy—I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of those vicissitudes," said I, "to which you have just now alluded?"

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings! Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me so proud in their strength—and I filled too with a father's vanity. But the Lord chasteneth the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding mass. We were together—so near that his hot blood sprang into my face. Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came—there was no cry—no look of terror—but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash—and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment—but time that changeth all things brought relief—and I still had sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They too were taken from me. Side by side they died—not as their brother—but the fire-damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man—his fair jewels—than whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price—and told

him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should thus survive the stripling things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?"—"You have, indeed," I replied, "drank of affliction. Whence did you derive consolation?"

The old man looked up—"from Heaven—God gave and he hath taken away—blessed be his name." I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer—and the old man passed on.

Cardiff Chronicle.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE WATER LILY.

Beauteous flower, whose pure blossom rears
Upon the bosom of the scarce moved stream!
Queen of the lake and dark-blue river!
Mirror'd in the waters, I see thy form,
That now attracts my earnest gaze.
Oft as the evening breeze breathes o'er
Thy resting place, thy silver chalice rises
Upon the bosom of the mimic wave—
Emblem of purity! When morning breaks,
From 'neath the wat'ry couch thou risest,
To meet the orient brow. At eve,
When sinks the sun amid the ocean isles,
Thy petals close upon that rich fragrance
That deeply dwells within thy golden breast.
Some say thou'rt void of sweetest perfume—
Indeed they wrong thee, water lily!
Those who seek thy fragrance to enjoy,
Must kiss thy lips at evening tide,
When glittering pearl-drops lie within
Thy cup—the summer shower just past away:
'Tis then thy perfume sweetest smells,
Mellifluous. I oft have seen thee
Floating queen-like upon the shaded stream,
Where mortal hand could scarce disturb thee
And, as I looked, fancy would depict
Some sylph-like form within thy bosom
Nestling. I would think it was the abode
Of fairy beings, such as oft we heard of
In childhood's cloudless days.
Alas! no more upon the meadows gay
Those lightsome forms, beneath the mushroom shade,
Do sport the moon-lit night away.
Banished, perchance, to lonely glades,
Ye seek the varied course of silent streams—
Chiefest where glow, in summer time,
The beds of beauteous water lilies.
There in safety ye may rest,
Within your silabaster bark,
And float secure upon the wavelet's breast.

THE GENUS 'BORE.'

—'Oh, he's as tedious
As in a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cakes, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.'

SHAKESPEARE.

The good and the bad things of earth are strangely mingled together, and you cannot have either separately. Agreeable friends are blessings; but one cannot form acquaintances, without contracting some sort of alliances with those who are especially disagreeable. For what purposes bores were created, it would be difficult to determine; perhaps, to teach us patience and forbearance. It certainly requires as much patience to remain cool under the inflictions of dulness, as for any thing else in life; and to be able to forbear, when you feel tempted to kick stupidity out of your presence, is a virtue indeed.

There are two leading classes of bores—the garrulous and the taciturn. Heaven help you, when you are victimized by one of the first class! He deluges you with words. He inflicts all the scandal and news upon you, while you look like Resignation hugging a whipping-post. You feel irritated awhile, and then sick. He has tongue enough for both, and only requires that you resolve yourself into a horrible deformity, by becoming all ear. You gape, and show symptoms of sleep. He doesn't care; you may sleep, or dislocate your jaws, as you please. He is one of the emissaries of fate, sent on earth to punish, and he means to fulfil the purpose of his destiny. There is no getting clear of his noise; and you may as well be as complacent as you can, and regard his tongue as the scourge which inflicts chastisement for past sin.

Again, a taciturn bore drops into your presence. You talk first on one subject and then on some other; but instead of showing interest, he looks as if his leaden eyelid would fall in spite of your efforts. You think the fellow a fool; and can scarcely resist the propensity to enlighten him in regard to himself, by telling him so. You look 'unutterable things' at him; but you cannot stir him up. Your heart sinks within you, and for a moment you look the model of a statue of despair. You ask him to read the morning paper, but he is tired to death of politics. You offer him a book, and he fumbles it listlessly for a moment, and puts it down. Your agony becomes excruciating; your friend looks like the impersonation of the night-mare, and he clings to you, as the old man of the sea clung to Sinbad.

The present is the age of bores. No skill can avoid them. Like the enemy of your soul's salvation, they go about seeking whose peace they may destroy. They infest every society, and their

name is Legion. If you were to seek a cave in some far-off mountain, they would find you out; or if, in despair, you should drown yourself, in the sea, the ghost of some bore would be sure to rise with yours from the waters, and torture your shade on its way to 'kingdom come.' Whether you sit down, lie down, read, write, or reflect you must be annoyed by the presentiment of bores and coming evils. Your apprehensions are ceaseless, and you momentarily expect the Philistines will be upon you—Philistines who wield the weapon which was fatal to their ancestors of old.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

Observe that slow and solemn tread, when the young bride takes her wedded one by the arm, and with downcast looks, and a heavy heart, turns her face from "sweet home," and all its associations, which have for years been growing and brightening, and entwining so closely around the purest and tenderest feelings of the heart. How reluctant that step, as she moves towards the carriage; how eloquent those tears, which rush unbidden from their fountain!

She has just bade adieu to her home! she has given the parting hand—the parting kiss! With deep and struggling emotions she had pronounced the farewell! and oh, how fond, and yet mournful a spell the word breathes! and, perhaps, 'tis the last farewell to father, mother, brother, sister!

Childhood and youth, the sweet morning of life, with its "charm of earliest birds," and earliest associations, have now passed. Now commences a new—a momentous period of existence! Of this she is well aware. She reads in living characters—uncertainty assuming that where all was peace—where all was happiness—where home, sweet home, was all in all unto her. But these ties, these associations, these endearments, she has yielded, one by one, and now she has broken them all asunder! She has turned her face from them all, and witness how she clings to the arm of him, for whom all these have been exchanged!

See how she moves on; the world is before her, and a history to be written, whose pages are to be filled up with life's loveliest pencillings, or, perhaps, with incidents of eventful interest—of startling, fearful record! Who can throw aside the veil even of "three-score years and ten," for her, and record the happy and sun-bright incidents that shall arise in succession, to make joyous and full her cup of life; that shall throw around those embellishments of the mind and the heart, that which crowns the domestic circle with beauty and loveliness; that which sweetens social intercourse, and softens, improves, and elevates the condition of society? Or who, with firm and unwavering hand, can register the hours and days of affectionate and silent weeping—of midnight watching! Who pen the blighted hopes—the instances of unrequited love—the loneliness and sorrow of the confiding heart—the deep, corroding cares of the mind, when neglected and forgotten, as it were, by him who is dearer to her than life—when all around is sere and desolate—when the garnered stores are wasted, and the wells dried up, and the flickering blaze upon the hearth wanes, and goes out! and leaves her in solitude, in silence, and in tears! But her affectionate wane not, slumber not, die not?

The brilliant skies may shed down all their gladdening beauties; nature array herself in gay flowers, bright hopes—and friends, kind friends, may greet with laughing countenances and kind hearts; but it avails naught. One kind look—one soft and affectionate accent, the unequivocal evidence of remaining love; one smile like that which wooed and won that heart, would enkindle brighter, and deeper, and lovelier emotions at its fountain, than heaven, with all its splendour, and earth, with all its beauties, and gay associations.

Oh! young man, even be to thy young bride, then, what thou seemest now to be; disappoint her not! What has she not given up for thee? What sweet ties, that bound heart to heart, and hand to hand, and life to life, has she not broken off for thee? Prove thyself worthy of all she has sacrificed. Let it ever be her pleasure, as now, to cling with confiding joy and love to that arm. Let it be her stay, her support, and it shall be well repaid. Here is an enduring—an undying love! Prosperity will strengthen it—adversity will brighten and invigorate it, and give to it additional lustre and loveliness! Should the hand of disease fall upon thee, then wilt thou behold woman's love—woman's devotion! for thou wilt never witness her spirits wax faint and drooping at thy couch! When thine own are failing, she will cling to thee like a sweet vine, and diffuse around thy pillow those sweet influences and attractions that shall touch the master-springs and nobler passions of thy nature—that shall give new impulse to life! Her kind voice will be like music to thy failing heart—like oil to thy wounds! Yea! she will raise thee, restore thee, and make thee happy, if anything less than an angel arm can do it!

PARNELIA.

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an aching tooth, an empty purse, an undutiful child, an incessant talker, hogs that break through enclosures, a dull razor, mosquitoes, a fop, and a subscriber that won't pay for his paper.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, JANUARY 6, 1838.

OUR NEW VOLUME.—In presenting the first number of the second volume of the Pearl to our friends and subscribers, we must claim the privilege of holding a brief and familiar tete-a-tete with them, in relation to its prospects, literary and otherwise. With respect to the past, we may merely observe that, we have aimed, to suit our periodical to readers of every description—to make it generally entertaining and useful. We have sought to blend amusement with instruction—to pass from light and gay effusions to stern disquisition—to allure and please the studious and the grave, as well as the lover of light reading, affording to both a not inelegant nor uninteresting relaxation and amusement. In a word, it has been our constant study to make the Pearl entertaining and agreeable, as well as solid and useful. The miscellaneous character of the work, we have reason to believe has made it a favorite with a large circle of readers. The present volume will be conducted on the same principles as its predecessor, with a still larger proportion of articles various in style and character. That the *litterati* of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick should have furnished our columns with so few original pieces has been to us matter of deep regret. We had fondly hoped that a thousand pens would have rushed to our aid—that there would have been a general rummaging of portfolios and a general revision of manuscripts in order to elevate our character as a literary people in the estimation of our neighbors. But we have been disappointed—grievously disappointed. We cannot conceal our emotions when we remember that our periodical has existed upwards of seven months, and yet scarcely seven provincial pens have been employed in the Pearl to advance the interests of literature in these provinces. Of the patronage that has been extended to our journal, it would be ungrateful in us to complain—nay we have reason to be proud of our large and respectable subscription list. But our pride of country is wounded at our barrenness of original matter. Here we are mortified beyond measure, and must be permitted loudly to complain. Why slumbers the talent of these provinces? Are the pericraniums of all unfurnished? Or what shall evoke the good things with which they are crowded? Shall we say more, or is not a word to the wise sufficient for them.

The present enlarged sheet will demonstrate to our readers, our desire to furnish them with a periodical, unequalled in cheapness, respectable in general appearance, and in a literary point of view not unworthy of their continued support. Circumstances have compelled us to deviate a little from our announced plan in reference to politics. We found our space would not allow us to furnish all the views of the press on subjects of stirring interest, and we thought it best in consequence to be entirely silent. We felt that we might lay ourselves open to the charge of partiality, and from one step to another have found ourselves engulfed in the vortex of agitation and strife. This consideration will induce us likewise to pass by the proceedings of the House of Assembly while in session. To give a full report would require the whole extent of our sheet—while our selection might give umbrage to the different classes of politicians, according to the light in which they might view it. We hope, therefore, that our future line of procedure will be agreeable to all parties. Avoiding politics *in toto* we shall break no bones—injure no man's feelings—stir up no bitterness and contention. The facts of science—the charms of literature, and the truths of our holy religion, will be productive rather of sweet blood and generous spirits; reviving and animating the dead calm of idle life, entertaining the leisure of the active, and relieving the toil of the laborious; now beguiling, perchance, pain of body, or diverting anxiety of mind; and happily again, it may be, filling the place of bad thoughts, or suggesting better. Thus our course will be marked with love and harmony and peace.

We respectfully ask our friends and patrons to exert themselves, to increase the number of subscribers to the Pearl. We have been gratified by the interest which many persons have expressed in our prosperity. To such individuals we feel our obligations and may venture to solicit their aid in adding to our present list of subscribers. Having said thus much explanatory, denunciatory, and expostulatory, we enter upon a new volume with an enhanced patronage, enlarged hopes, and a settled determination to spare no labor nor expense, which may increase the reputation of the Pearl, and widen the boundary of its circulation and influence.

THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREST WREATH.—We have ever been lovers of genius whether its birth place be the Isle of our fathers, a foreign country, or our own native wilderness. But when developed in the features of some colonial Muse the interest is more than ordinary. Here associations assimilate with sensibilities of soul that do honour to the patriot and man. And these infant provinces are not without their offspring of fame. It is impossible that the descendants of Great Britain should lose all traces of their unrivalled ancestry. Beside there is a spirit that breathes enchantment through our vernal groves, awakens soft melody in the summer breeze, tunes its wild voice to the mellifluous sighs of Autumn, and pensive lingers with the wintry blast.

This spirit moves its magic wand over the land we love, and we feel our birth-right and are proud to call it ours. But one thing we lament. The children of song are not always properly welcomed as auspicious luminaries destined to throw a radiance over our literary sky, and though their talents are silently appreciated by many, yet there are few willing to hazard a public estimation of their claims. And there are ranklings of envy to be found in little minds, inimical to worth which it cannot emulate.

Our meditations were led into this channel by a brief melody that for purity and elegance, is justly entitled to public admiration. The piece alluded to is from the well known pen of Mr. Leggett, Author of the Forest Wreath etc. whose touching poetry of boyhood, though perhaps too unstudied, premature and wild, was meanwhile indicative of innate powers that if we mistake not, will one day tell his name to the world in unequivocal accents of renown. The melody was recently published in the Sister Province and reads as follows:

When by the broken light
Of weary skies I waken
Tones on the breezy night
Of music long forsaken,
My memories seem
A troubled dream,
From haunts of old returning,
And dim the glare
Of starlight where
My pilgrim torch was burning.

Where are my kindred gone?
Why leave me thus complaining?
Of all that I have known
How few are now remaining:
What friendships roll'd
In shrouds of old
From cold oblivion waking,
Recall the tears
Of other years
When sever'd hearts were breaking.

Then what remains of earth
To woo the soul from heaven,
Of beauty, fame, or worth,
Since dearest ties are riven?
While faith illumines
Our opening tombs,
Ye clouds of death dis sever,
For "th' lost on earth
Reviv'd in heav'n"
Will part no more forever.

It will easily be perceived that our young Poet has herein imitated the measure of Moore's "Oft, in the stilly night," at least so we think; and perhaps this circumstance at first glance assumes an aspect of temerity, as if the writer had essayed to rival the sweet tongued Bard of Erin; yet the result of the attempt amply compensates even for this supposed ambition. In a word, Mr. Leggett has in this instance rivalled his prototype in style. To a sentimental reviewer of the above, the author stands as a solitary one surveying the occasional gleamings of a sad and weary sky. The lonely gust of the night breeze sighs around his neglected harp. His master essays to recall some music of other time; meanwhile ancient recollections suddenly emerge from the haunts of childhood, as a wildered dream. He contemplates the spot where his torch of boyhood so brightly burned, and behold, a shadowy waste where the cold starlight falls in stillness. Then how natural the inquiry "Where are my kindred gone?" and how pathetic the response.

Friendships long shrouded in gloom now rise from broken urns, and the tears of sensibility and the sighs of a broken heart, are revived, as at the first moment of parting. Yet as some pitying star breaks through dis severing clouds, so the light of heaven shines through melancholy thought upon his weeping soul. The eye of faith looks through the cheerless vale of death to the home of kindred spirits, and the wrapt poet disclaims the world with all it has and is.

Thus end the beautiful sentiments of this melody. Happy the man possessed of such views and feelings, and proud should the country be that gave him birth. We shall now conclude with the hope that the present introduction of the name of Leggett into the columns of the Pearl is only to precede a more intimate acquaintance with the native powers of his highly cultivated mind.

LECTURES OF MR. BURKE.—The lectures of this gentleman delivered to the Mechanic's Institute during the week, have excited an intense interest in the community. However various the views of individuals may be on the science of Phrenology, there can be but one opinion as to the splendid talents of the lecturer. For the peculiar charm with which he invests every topic, he is unrivalled, while his lucid and perspicuous mode of address can hardly be surpassed. His elaborate argument against materialism, introduced on Wednesday evening, was as fine a specimen of reasoning as we ever remember to have read or heard. But this was not all—there was the brightening eye—the intelligent countenance, and the *tout ensemble* of the speaker, rendering the argument perfectly irresistible. In Mr. Burke's elocution the use and advantages of extemporaneous speaking are strikingly manifest. Not less has the Institute done honour to itself than conferred a

privilege, by passing a vote of thanks and constituting Mr. Burke an honorary member. We confidently expect that the members of the Institute will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity now afforded of acquiring a complete knowledge of the modern system of Phrenology. To advocate the theory without understanding it, is the height of folly, while to oppose it ignorantly is equally absurd and preposterous.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOWER CANADA.—We are indebted to the *Montreal Courier* for an Extra containing the following important intelligence from the Army under His Excellency Sir John Colborne. St. Eustache it will be seen had been carried with trifling loss to the troops, and Sir John was pursuing his march after the fugitives.

ST. EUSTACHE, 14th Dec. 1837.

Sir,—I am directed by the Lieut. General commanding to inform you, that the forces under his command, crossed the river about 3 miles below St. Eustache and invested the town about mid-day. Many of the rebels made their escape on the appearance of the troops; but others attempted to defend themselves in the church and the surrounding buildings, from which they were driven in about an hour. Our loss has been trifling. One hundred and twenty have been taken, and a great many arms. The loss of the rebels in killed and wounded has been great. Dr. Chenier, their leader, is among the killed.

I have the honor, &c. &c.

(Signed) JOHN EDEN,

Dy. Adjt. Genl.

Lt. Col. Hughes,
Officer Comdg. Montreal.

Friday, Half-Past Three, P. M.

We have just seen a gentleman who was in the engagement, and who left St. Eustache at 9 this morning. He states that Sir John Colborne and the troops marched upon Grand Brule about 8 o'clock. Half an hour before they left, some 30 Canadians came in with a flag of truce. They stated that about 300 men were at or near Grand Brule and ready to surrender their arms and themselves without resistance, and that Girod, Girouard, and all their other leaders of any note, were missing. Sir John marched on, however, carrying them as prisoners in the rear of the column.

MONTREAL, (*Courier*) Dec. 16.

The following is the official report of the march of the troops yesterday to Grand Brule. It will be seen that it confirms the previous reports of the flight of the leaders, and of the unconditional surrender of their followers.

Deputy Adjutant General's Office,
St. Benoit, Dec. 15, 1837.

Sir,—I am directed by the Lieut. General Commanding, to inform you, that the forces under his command, arrived here to-day, having on the march from St. Eustache been met by a Deputation from this place, which on the part of the few Rebels who remained, communicated their anxiety to lay down their arms, and to surrender unconditionally. Girouard escaped last night, and the greater part of the habitants have returned to their homes.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN EDEN,
Deputy Adj. General.

Lieut. Col. Hughes,
Officer Commanding, Montreal.

Sir John Colborne and his staff came into town from Grand Brule this afternoon, at 2 o'clock, with the Cavalry as an escort. Before leaving Grand Brule this morning, a number of the principal buildings were fired, and in a very short time the entire village was in flames.

LATER FROM MONTREAL.—We have conversed with a gentleman who arrived in this city on Saturday evening from Montreal, which he left on the 19th inst. The intelligence contained in our correspondent's letter, is fully confirmed by this gentleman, who further informs us that Amory Girod, who had been the leader of the insurgents at Point Brule, had shot himself at Long Point, near Montreal, on the 18th, to avoid falling into the hands of the loyalists, by whom he was hotly pursued. Scott, another leader, has been taken prisoner. All the troops and volunteers who had marched against the insurgents at Grand Brule, had returned to Montreal, with the exception of the 32d Regt. which had been detached to different villages, to preserve the tranquillity which at length appears to have been established. No day had been fixed on which to determine on the course to be pursued with respect to the prisoners who had been taken. Mr. Papineau's abiding place has not yet been discovered. Mr. Brown continued at Middlebury, Vt. and was untiring in his exertions to excite a sympathy on behalf of the insurgents.

Dr. Chenier was killed in the action of St. Eustache; Dumouchel, an active leader, was a prisoner. Among the killed also are enumerated A. B. Papineau, a member of the Provincial Parliament, and nephew of the Speaker, Lorimier, J. F. Labrier and Hubert, an Advocate; and among the prisoners Pelletier, an Advocate, and Coursolles.

UPPER CANADA.—Our latest intelligence from Toronto mentions the gratifying fact that that city is now under the protection of 2,500 loyal volunteers, a force quite sufficient to protect it.

The accounts from Toronto of the 12th inst. are decisive as to the fate of the rebels there. The country is decidedly loyal. It will be recollected that *the people here put down rebellion without the assistance of British troops.*

All the persons taken by the insurgents were of course released. Those taken from among the insurgents were released the next day, by Sir Francis Head, with an admonition, being looked upon rather as dupes than rebels.

Toronto, or York, as it was formerly called, is the capital of Upper Canada, and is situated near the western extremity of the Lake Ontario. It is a very flourishing city with a population of about 12,000.

TORONTO, Dec. 8.

Government House,
8th December, 1837,

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor warmly thanks, in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, the LOYAL and GALLANT MILITIA of Upper Canada, for their ready attention to the call of their Country, when their services were required for putting down a cruel and unnatural Rebellion.

His Excellency trusts, that that service has now been effectually rendered, and it only remains for him to take whatever steps may be necessary for the peace and security of the Several Districts, and to announce, with much satisfaction, that there appears to be no further occasion for the resort of Militia to Toronto.

Mr. A. McKinlay will lecture, next Wednesday evening, on *Combustion*, on which occasion a variety of interesting experiments will be exhibited.

A liberal subscription has been raised in St. John, to aid in the support of the wives and children of the 43d Regiment who belonged to that station.—N. S.

THE WESTERN MAIL—has just arrived; Mr. Simonds has been re-elected Speaker of the Assembly of New Brunswick. There is no later news from Canada.—N. S.

BY THE PACKET,

By Her Majesty's Packet Alert, arrived this afternoon, 23 days from Falmouth.—Parliament met on the 15th November; Mr. Abercromby was unanimously elected Speaker.—The City Dinner passed off without any thing to disturb its harmony and magnificence.—A dinner was given to Mr. O'Connell at Stockport; 2000 persons attended.—The French Elections have terminated without any alterations of consequence.—Don Carlos, in a deplorable situation had crossed the Ebro.—The King of Hanover has dissolved the States and set aside the Constitution of 1833.—The Queen's Speech, at the opening of Parliament is of a general character. Allusion is made to Canada; but sentiments on this subject would be much affected by subsequent intelligence. A Regt. the 93rd, we believe, were under orders for Nova-Scotia.—Tel.

Her Majesty's Ship Cornwallis sailed from Bermuda 26th November—arrived at Barbadoes 6th December—found there Her Majesty's ship Seringsapatum and Skylark (packet). Embarked on the 7th the right wing of the 65th, and left wing of the 76th sailed on the evening of the 7th from Barbadoes, and arrived at Grenada on the 8th. Disembarked left wing of 16th, and embarked left wing of 65th on the 10th, and sailed from Grenada on the 11th. No men of war there. Officers—Lieut. Col. Senior, Major Walker, Capt. Baylee, Nokes, Fatienco, Smith; Lieutenants Whitaker and Sealy; Acting Paymaster Westrupp; Acting Qr. Mr. Newenham; Lieut. and Adj. Haining; Ensign Cook; Asst. Surgeons Lorimore and Miller. Strength of Regt. including officers, 470. Also came passengers, the Ladies of Col. Senior and Capt. Baylee; 40 women and 92 children. Letters for Bermuda by the Cornwallis, will be in time on Monday night.—Tel.

THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.—With the first number of our new volume we embrace the opportunity of expressing our thanks to the various editors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for the kindly manner in which they have noticed our labors.

N. B. Persons desirous of advertising in the Pearl, will please to send their notices, not later than 6 o'clock, on Friday evenings.

MARRIED

At Shubenacadie, by the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, Robert Sterling, Esq. to Sarah the amiable daughter of John McDougall, of the same place. On Wednesday last, Mr. John Wright of this town, to Miss Mary Smith, daughter of the late Joseph Smith, of Douglas. At Truro, on the 25th inst. by the Rev. John Baxter, Mr. William Nelson, to Miss Mary Ann Yuill, both of that place. On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Scott, Henry M. Watson, Esq. of the Ordnance Department, to Martha Jane, eldest daughter of John Howe, Esq. Deputy Postmaster General.

DIED

On Friday last, in the 92d year of her age, Mrs. Crawford Findlay, a native of Edinburgh. Wednesday afternoon Mr. Duncan McPherson, in the 79th year of his age, a native of Navin, Scotland, and a very old inhabitant of this town. On Monday last, Sarah Jane, youngest child of William Full, aged 39 months. On the 25th ult. William R. Feran, aged 5 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Tuesday—Her Majesty's line-of-battle Ship Cornwallis, Capt. Sir Richard Grant, in 24 days from Barbadoes, and 21 from Grenada, with the 65th Regiment, under the command of Col. Senior; Mail packet Lady Ogle, Stairs, Bermuda, 12 days, Mail packet Roseway, Burney, Boston, 4 days, left brig Acadian, to sail on the 2d inst. Brig. Coquette, Wilkie, St. Thomas, 24 days—ballast, to W. J. Starr, left schr. Arctic, of Liverpool, N. S. to sail for Barbadoes.

Wednesday—Brig Corsair, Thompson, Demerara, 26 days—rum & molasses, to Fairbanks and McNab; ship Halifax, Cleary, Liverpool, 70 days—dry goods, &c. to J. Brain and others; brig Thistle, Maloney, Barbadoes, 21 days—ballast, bound to St. Andrews.

Thursday—Brig. Tamer Hatchard, Trinidad, 24 days—ballast, to Saltus & Wainwright—the brig. Eclipse from hence, was going into Trinidad when the Tamer came out.

Friday, Her Majesty's Packet Alert, Norrington, Falmouth, 29 days. Experienced very severe weather on her passage, was driven on her beam ends; lost bulwarks, boats and 1 man overboard;—Schr. Congress, St John, N.F. 27 days.

CLEARED.

Saturday 30th—Sp. brig Malaga, Cacarno, Spain—dry fish by Creighton & Grassie; ship Wm. Hardman, Newcastle—plank &c. Fairbanks and McNab; brig Reward, Lyle, West Indies—dry and pickled fish by H. Lyle; schr. Eagle, Connor, Newfoundland—salt, by the master. Jan. 2d.—Persa, Pengilly, Demerara—fish, &c. by T. C. Kinnear; barque Liverpool, Godfrey, Jamaica—do. by S. Binney. 3d.—Herald, Bennet, London—seal skins, oil, &c. by Robert Noble.

MEMORANDA

The schr. Defiance, Nickerson, hence, bound to Pugwash, got to the westward of Pictou Island, and was drove back to Gut of Canso. The Velocity spoke, on the 14th ult. lat 52, lon 65, brig John Lawson, Raymond, hence, for Falmouth, Jan.

Capt. Healey, of the Mail boat Velocity, reports that on the afternoon of the 6th inst. he descried a black suspicious looking brig, apparently armed, directly bearing down upon the Velocity. Having kept in sight nearly three hours, and ran ahead about 5 miles, she hauled away, E S E much to Capt. H's satisfaction, leaving him to pursue his course unmolested.

Brig Gambia, Huber, from Annatto Bay in ballast, bound to St John, N B was cast away at Beaver Harbour on the 18th inst—materials saved, Capt. and crew arrived here.

COOKING AND FRANKLIN STOVES.

EX. SCHR. NEPTUNE, FROM BOSTON.

THE Subscriber has received by the above Vessel, a consignment of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, which he can confidently recommend as superior to any thing of the kind lately imported
Wm. M. ALLAN.

He has also on hand—Punchoons Demerara Rum, bbls Prime Sugar, Cognac Brandy in qr. casks, Marsala Wine in do.; chests fine congo and Bohea Tea, 160 M. prime Havana Cigars. Black's Wharf. January 6th, 1838.

WILLIAM M. ALLAN,

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

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

DRAWING ACADEMY.

THE Commencement of a system of Classes, for Instruction in the various branches of Drawing, and Colouring.—By which Lads, Young Men, and others, might obtain facilities in those studies, not now possessed—has been suggested to the Subscriber. Anxious to employ his time to the best advantage for the Community in which he resides, he proposes to adopt the suggestion and give the system a trial.

Classes will be opened at the subscriber's residence from eleven to one o'clock on specific Days for Drawing and Colouring, and from eight to ten in the evening for Drawing, in which the rudiments of Perspective, Mechanical and Architectural drawing will be taught; the terms will be unusually moderate, and strict attention given to the improvement of the pupils, in these interesting and very useful branches of Education.

Classes now opened, Continued as usual.
W. EAGAR.

STOVES, FOR WINTER, 1838.

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

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

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

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

NEW BOARDING HOUSE

THE SUBSCRIBER tenders his thanks to his friends, for their prompt exertions in removing his Goods and Furniture on the night of the Fire; and informs them and Public, that he has hired MR. VASS'S Brick Building in BEDFORD ROW, where he would be glad to accommodate BOARDERS, and hopes to receive a share of support in his new line of Business.
December 1. GEORGE T. FILLIS.

SALE AT AUCTION,
BY JAMES COGSWELL,

At his Room, This Day, Saturday, at 12 o'clock,—the under-mentioned Goods, ex Ship Halifax.

4 BALES, consisting of Blue Flushings, Pilot Cloth, blue Broad Cloth, 20 pair Whitney Blankets, 20 Wool quilted Bed Quilts, 20 pair 11-4 Cotton twilled Sheets, a few pieces Flannel. January 6.

SUPERIOR HAVANA CIGARS, &c.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

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

ADVERTISEMENT.

To Merchants, Ship Masters, and others,—the Friends of Seamen.

THE approach of a New Year is generally esteemed a call to increased exertion in any good-work: and is esteemed, therefore, an appropriate period for soliciting interest to an object which has for some time past occupied a share of my attention. From within a short period of it my coming to this town, from what I had understood of its commercial and at the same time benevolent character, I was surprised to find that there was not in its port, a Bethel-Chapel; or any place of worship appropriated to the convenience of Seamen. Considering how largely, and how universally, society is indebted to this adventurous and useful class, exertions and sacrifices, even if considerable, ought to be made on their behalf. I have no doubt of this position being admitted, and even forming a settled conviction in the minds of most persons, of those addressed: but it may not have occurred in what way to provide a remedy; seeing it would require a disengaged preacher, a chapel, &c. This difficulty I should be happy to diminish, so far as to render the object practicable: and am therefore induced to offer my services gratuitously, as a morning,—or a morning and evening preacher, to the sailors that frequent this Port; provided, I can free of cost to myself, enjoy the liberty of using in this service, some room or store in or near Water Street, with a desk, a stove, a few lights, and seats if convenient, and a Bethel Flag, would form a sufficient provision for the purpose. Respecting the contingent expenses attending the prosecution of the work, a very trifling deposit or subscription on the part of its friends, would liquidate them: and I would engage to produce in the public prints, an annual statement of receipts and disbursements; and would propose, that the overplus should be applied to the purchase of tracts and Testaments, to distribute among the seamen which needed them. Ultimately, no doubt, if this necessary work is begun, and carried on well for a time, a Floating Bethel Chapel might be obtained, and kept moored in the harbour to fulfil the design more completely, as in London, Liverpool and many other ports. Respecting the kind of instructions intended to be conveyed to this interesting class, I would wish to give every assurance that it should be plain and scriptural, in accordance with the formularies of the Church of England, and conducive to loyalty to our Gracious Sovereign the Queen; to regular subordination, and the strict performance of their duty, agreeable to the memorable saying of the immortalized Nelson.

I feel confident that to the Gentlemen of Halifax concerned, this application will not be made in vain: but will issue in the institution of a regular and permanent means of grace, for the weather-beaten seamen who visits this port. That when he has seen God's wonders in the deep, and again weathered the perils of the ocean, in this haven, he may find a Bethel, to be to him the house of God, and the gate of Heaven; and may hence imbibe principles and directions, from the Scriptures of Truth, which shall be to him a chart through the voyage of life, and a compass in the dark season of sorrow,—which shall give him victory in death, and finally obtain for his vessel a secure anchorage in the promised and hoped for haven of eternal rest. Pity 'tis that it should be otherwise, after so laborious and tempestuous a life on earth!

Gentlemen,
Your most Obedient Servant.

WM. F. TEULON.

N. B. I shall be happy to attend to communications from any Gentleman respecting this object, and am prepared to enter on the duty, as soon as the required accommodation is provided. The Editors of the News, severally, are respectfully requested to reprint this Address.
Halifax, December 30, 1837.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

A COURSE of Lectures on the ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, will be delivered by

THOMAS TAYLOR,

In the Old Baptist Meeting House, on Friday Evenings, at 7 o'clock.
December 15.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for Sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. Mac-Kinlay, and Mr. J. Munro, and at the Printing Establishment of W. Cannabell, Sackville Street, opposite the South end of Bedford Row.

CUNNABELL'S
NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK,
For the Year
1838

CONTAINS, besides the usual lists, and Astronomical Chronological, and Miscellaneous matter, Mathematical Answers and Questions, DAILY NUMBER very useful in calculations, Agricultural and Statistical Information, EQUATION TABLE, Charades, Answers and Questions, and COPIOUS INDEX, &c. &c.
Dec 1, 1837.

HOPE,

BY COUNTESS BLESSINGTON.

Whither, Siren, roamest thou,
With bright eye, and open brow,
Leading Infancy along
With thy sweet, entrancing song ?

Fair deceiver ! dost thou go
To the mourner, murmuring low,
By his bed of care and pain,
'Sleep ! the spring shall come again !'

Send'st thou o'er the angry sea,
Dreams of hamlet, field, and tree,
Say'st thou, 'Droop not, home is near !'
To the storm-worn voyager ?

Tell'st thou Love of sunny hours
By calm lakes, in garden bowers,
(Far away Contempt and Pride),
With the peerless at his side ?

Or, in clarion-music loud,
Dost thou call to warrior proud,
'Lo ! thy fame !'—or miser cold
Startlest with the chink of gold ?

Or for him, who all his nights
Keeps a vigil shared by sprites—
The pale poet—through the gloom
Build'st thou up a laurelled tomb ?

Dreams—all dreams—yet who could say,
Flatterer, thy false music stay ?
Who could break thy wand ? not I—
Gheat me, dear one, till I die !'

GENS OF BEAUTY.

ADVENTURES OF A HUNTER.

One of the anecdotes related to me, gave a picture of the accidents and hard shifts to which our frontier rovers are inured. A hunter, while in pursuit of a deer, fell into one of those deep funnell-shaped pits, formed on the prairies by the settling of the waters after heavy rains, and known by the name of sink-holes. To his great horror he came in contact, at the bottom, with a huge grisly bear. The monster grappled him : a deadly contest ensued, in which the poor hunter was severely torn and bitten, and had a leg and an arm broken, but succeeded in killing his rugged foe. For several days he remained at the bottom of the pit, too much crippled to move, and subsisting on the raw flesh of the bear ; during which time he kept his wounds open, that they might heal gradually and effectually. He was at length enabled to scramble to the top of the pit, and so out upon the open prairie. With great difficulty he crawled to a ravine formed by a stream, then nearly dry ; here he took a delicious draught of water, which infused new life into him, then dragging himself along from pool to pool, he supported himself by small fish and frogs.

One day he saw a wolf hunt down and kill a deer in the neighbouring prairie ; he immediately crawled forth from the ravine, drove off the wolf, and lying down beside the carcass of the deer, remained there until he had made several hearty meals, by which his strength was much recruited.

Returning to the ravine, he pursued the course of the brook until it grew to be a considerable stream ; down this he floated until he came to where it emptied into the Mississippi. Just at the mouth of the stream he found a forked tree, which he launched with some difficulty, and, getting astride of it, committed himself to the current of the mighty river. In this way he floated along until he arrived opposite the fort at Council Bluffs. Fortunately he arrived there in the day-time, otherwise he might have floated unnoticed past this solitary spot, and have perished in the wide waste of waters. Being descried from the fort, a canoe was sent to his relief, and he was brought to shore more dead than alive, where he soon recovered from his wounds, but remained maimed for life.—*Washington Irving's Tour on the Prairies.*

THE QUEEN OF KING CHARLES II. OF SPAIN.

The amusement in which she was most frequently indulged was the privilege of accompanying the King to the chase. His majesty had presented her with a spirited steed from Andalusia, and a circumstance which occurred one day when she had mounted it in the court of the palace, displays, in a striking point of view, the ridiculous forms established at the palace of Madrid. The animal having begun to rear, the Queen fell from her seat, and her foot having been entangled in the stirrup, the horse dragged her along. Charles, who saw this accident from the balcony of one of the palace windows, became motionless from terror.

The court at the moment was filled with guards and grandees but no one dared to run the hazard of assisting her majesty in this peril, as it was a species of treason for any one to touch the person of the Consort of Spain ; and, which one would hardly expect, it is a more heinous offence to touch her foot than any other part of her body. At length two Spanish cavaliers, Don Louis de las Torres and Don Jayme de Soto-mayor, resolved at all risks to save their Queen. The former seized the bridle of the palfrey, while his companion extricated her majesty's foot from the stirrup. Having rendered her this service, they went home

with all possible expedition, and ordered their steeds to be saddled, that they might fly from the resentment of the King.

The young Count of Penarande, who was the friend of both, approached the Queen, and respectfully informed her of the danger in which her preservers might be placed, unless she interceded in their favor. His majesty, who had now come to the spot, listened to the entreaties which she offered to him, and a messenger who was immediately despatched with a pardon to the cavaliers, reached them just in time to prevent their flight into a foreign land.

PROCRASTINATION.—Sir Walter Scott, writing to a friend who had obtained a situation, gave him this excellent advice. "You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity, which easily besets you from the habit of not having your time fully employed ;—I mean what the women very expressively call dawdling. Your motto must be *Hoc age*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray mind this : this is a habit of mind which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologize for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock,—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great cast in life, and must be played with all skill and caution."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*

LORD MANSFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.—The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which his Lordship himself told from the Bench :

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation, not uncommon in this class of persons. The fellow begged his Lordship to give him a character.

'What kind of a character can I give you?' says his Lordship. 'Oh, my Lord, any character your Lordship pleases to give me I shall most thankfully receive.'

His Lordship accordingly sat down and wrote as follows :

'The bearer, John——, has served me in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me.'

John thanked his Lordship and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his Lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man in a handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognized his late coachman.

'Why John,' says his Lordship, you seem to have got an excellent place ; how could you manage this with the character I gave you ?'

'Oh, my Lord,' says John, 'it was an exceeding good character ; my new master on reading it, said, he observed your Lordship recommended me as an able driver and a steady man. These are just the qualities I want in a coachman : I observe his Lordship adds, that he discharged you, because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah, I am a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me.'

Constitution of the Ladies' Anti-lace-tie-tight Society. Established at Squaratum Jano Domini, 1837.

Art. 1. The object of this society, shall be to prevent in ladies, those distortions of nature seen in the wasp, hornet, and other insects quite cut in two in the middle.

Art. 2. No member of this society shall wear stays made of stronger materials, than hemp, whale-bone, and steel.

Art. 3. No cord shall be used in lacing, of more than one inch in diameter, nor shall the same be stronger than well twisted cutgut.

Art. 4. No stronger means shall be used in bringing the stay home, than that of a windlass worked by a stout nigger, or the capstan of a schooner with cook, scullion, and loblulaboy at the bars.

Art. 5. No member of this society when she shall distinctly hear her ribs crack, shall tell the man at the wheel to give it another turn, but shall always belay at that point.

Art. 6. No member of this society, whatever may be her shape, shall compress her waist within one half of its natural dimensions.

Art. 7. No member of this society, so laced by accident or otherwise, that her heart has been obliged to seek her throat for breath, shall complain of head-ache, giddiness, suffocation or apoplexy.

Art. 8. Any member of this society, who shall violate any of the foregoing articles, shall be expelled for life, and at her death shall be delivered over to the surgeons, who may cut and carve

at will, and report, in their medical books, any shocking phenomena they may discover, as a warning to all who may refuse to join this anti-lace-tie-tight society.—*Boston Post.*

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.—A person asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain-maiden :—"A young friend of hers requested her to go into a cane-brake and get him the handsomest reed. She must get it at once going through, without turning. She, went, and, coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her if that was the handsomest she saw, 'Oh ! no !' she replied, 'I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on, in hopes of one much better, until I got nearly through, and then I was obliged to take up with any one I could get ; and a crooked one at last.'"

FROM THE PICKWICK PAPERS.—"There is no deception now, Mr. Weller. Tears," said Job, with a look of momentary slyness, "tears are not the only proofs of distress, nor the best ones." "No, they aint," replied Sam, expressively. "They may be put on, Mr. Weller," said Job. "I know they may," said Sam ; "some people, indeed, has 'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug whenever they likes."

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

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

VOLUME II.

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

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

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

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

LAND FOR SALE.

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

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

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

NEW HYMN BOOK.

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

BY REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

The volume consists of eight hundred and twenty nine hymns Selected from the masterpoets of Zion, and containing all the most admired hymns of Watts and Wesley, besides an ample collection from Heber, Montgomery, Conder, Gishorne, Burder, Logan, Stibbing, Addison, Milton, Cowper, Doddridge, etc. etc.—it is presumed, that a more comprehensive and spiritual collection of Hymns, better calculated to instruct the understanding in the truths of religion, to improve the heart in pious sentiment, and elevate the affections, in the public worship of God, has never yet appeared in the English language. Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

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

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.—6w.

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

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

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oct 14.—3m.

THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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

Terms: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in advance in a single or seventeen shillings and sixpence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discountance permitted but at a regular period of six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

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