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# HALIFAX PEARL,

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## INHUMATION OF THE DEAD IN CITIES.

From time immemorial medical men have strongly pointed out to municipal authorities the dangers that arise from burying the dead within the precincts of cities or populous towns. Impressed with the same conviction, ancient legislators only allowed to the most illustrious citizens a sepulchre in the temples of the gods. Euclides was interred in the temple of Diana Euselis, as a reward for his pious journey to Delphi in search of the sacred fire; the Magnesians erected a monument to Themistocles in their forum; Euphron received the same honor in Corinth; and Medea buried her two sons, Mermerus and Pheres, under the protection of Juno Acræ's altars, to guard their ashes from their persecutors. Lycurgus was perhaps the only Grecian legislator who recommended inhumation in temples and in cities, to accustom youth to the daily spectacle of death.

The primitive Grecians, it appears, buried their dead in or about their dwellings; and we find a law amongst the Thebans ordaining that every person who built a house should provide a repository for the dead upon his premises. In latter days both Grecians and Romans erected their tombs outside of their cities, and chiefly by the road-side.

Both religious and civil motives might have dictated the propriety of this regulation. The traveller, setting out upon a journey, and passing by the sepulchres of his sires, could in the presence of their manes invoke their protection; and on his return to his penates, safe from danger, he could put up thanks to the gods for his preservation. As a prudential measure, the interment of the dead beyond the walls of their towns, prevented the fatal consequences that might have arisen from extensive putrefaction and infection, and moreover the burning of bodies would have exposed the adjoining buildings to the danger of frequent fires. It is also possible that policy dictated these sanatory enactments. The ancients held the remains of the departed as a sacred trust, in the defence of which they were ever prepared to fall; and it is not improbable that their warriors would have rushed forth to meet the invader, before he would have defiled, by his approach to their cities the ashes of their ancestors. So scrupulously religious were the Athenians in performing the funeral rites of the dead, that they put to death ten of their commanders, after the battle of Arginuse, for not having committed to the earth the dead bodies that floated on the waters.

There is no doubt but their dead was buried in such a manner as not to prove injurious to the survivors; and Seneca plainly says, 'Non defunctorum causa, sed vivorum, inventa est sepultura.' The ancients both burned and buried their dead, but inhumation appears to have been the most early and the most approved rite. 'Let the dead be buried,' says a law of Cæcrops. Solon justifies the claims of the Athenians to the island of Salamis, from the circumstance of the dead bodies interrupted on its shores having been inhumed according to the Athenian custom, with their feet turned towards the west, whereas the Megarensians turned theirs to the east.

In various instances the burial or the burning appear to have been adopted upon philosophical doctrines. Democritus, with a view to facilitate resurrection, recommended interment, and Pliny thus ridicules the intention: 'Similis et de asservandis corporibus hominum, et reviviscendis promissa a Democrito vanitas, qui non revivixit ipse.' Heraclitus, who considered fire as the first principle, advocated the funeral pile; while Thales, who deemed water the chief element, urged the propriety of committing the departed to the damp bosom of the earth.

The early Christians inhumed the bodies of their martyrs in their temples. This honor was afterwards conferred on the remains of distinguished citizens, illustrious prelates, and princes. The infectious diseases which at various periods arose from this custom, induced Theodosius, in his celebrated code, strictly to prohibit it; and he even ordered that the remains of the dead thus inhumed should be removed out of Rome. The vanity of man, and the cupidity of the priesthood, soon overruled these wise regulations. Every family possessing sufficient means, claimed a vault within the churches, and thereby the revenues of the clergy were materially increased. At all times, even the dead appeared to have shared with the living the obligation of supporting the ministers of the altar. By a law of Hippas, the priestesses of Minerva received a chænix\* of wheat, and one of barley, with an obolus, for every individual who departed this life. The *libitina* of the Romans fulfilled the duties of our undertakers, or rather of the directors of funeral pomp of the French;

\* The chænix contained a pint.

yet they were attached to the temple of the goddess Libitina, whose priests received a fee in simple for every one who died, under the name of *Libitinae ratio*. Suetonius informs us, that in Nero's time the mortality was so great during one autumn, that thirty thousand of these silver pieces were deposited in the fatal treasury. To increase the emoluments of this sacerdotal body, these *libitinarii* sold at high prices every thing that was requisite for the funeral ceremonies, received a toll at the city gate through which the bodies were carried out, as well as at the entrance of the amphitheatre through which the dead gladiators were borne away. Phædrus alludes to this speculation in one of his tables, when speaking of a miser,

'Qui circumcidis omnem impensam funeris,  
Libitina se quid de tuo faciat lucrum.'

It is supposed that this avaricious divinity owed her name to the displeasure it must have occasioned to all who heard it,—*quod nemini libeat*; but it is also possible that it was derived from her bearing poor mortals away, whenever she fancied it, and *ad libitum*.

In more modern times, Theodolphus, Bishop of Orleans, complained to Charlemagne that lucre and vanity had converted churches into charnel-houses, disgraceful to the clergy, and perilous to the community. It was upon this representation that this prince, in his capitularies, prohibited burials in the churches under heavy penalties. But the laws of the wisest could not prevent priesthood from considering this source of emolument, although endangering public salubrity, an indispensable property that could not be meddled with without endangering the church.

In France, Maret in 1773, and Vicq d'Azyr in 1778, pointed out the danger of this practice in such glaring colours, that government by an edict only allowed church interment to certain dignitaries; but in 1804, by a wise law that should be enforced in every civilized community, inhumation in cities was entirely abolished.—amongst the numerous well-authenticated evil results of burying in churches that led to this wise prohibition, the following were the most striking and circumstantial.

In 1773, in Saulieu, Burgundy, an epidemic disease arising from the inhumation of a corpse in the church of St. Saturnin, created considerable alarm. The body of a corpulent person had been interred on the 3d of March, and a woman was buried near it on the 20th of April following: both had died of a reigning fever. During the last burial a fetid effluvia arose from the vault, which pervaded the whole church; and, out of one hundred and seventy persons who were present, one hundred and forty-nine were attacked with the prevailing malady, although its progress had been arrested amongst the other inhabitants of the town.

In 1774, a similar accident occurred in a village near Nantes, where several coffins were removed in a vault to make room for the lord of the manor: fifteen of the by-standers died from the emanation.

In 1774, one-third of the inhabitants of Lectouse perished from a fever of a malignant character that manifested itself after some works that required the removal of a burial ground. Two destructive epidemics swept away large proportions of the population of Riom and Ambert, two towns in Auvergne.

Taking this matter under consideration in a moral, or even a religious light, it may be questioned whether any advantage can accrue from the continuance of the pernicious custom, which during the prevalence of epidemic diseases endangers the life of every person who resides near a church. Does it add to the respect which the remains of the dead are entitled to? Certainly not: the constant tolling of 'the silent bell'—the daily cortege of death that passes before us—the graves that we hourly contemplate, perusing monumental records which more frequently excite unseasonable laughter than serious reflection—every thing, in short, tends to make death of little or no moment, except to those who have heard the mutes gossiping at their door. So accustomed, indeed, are we from our childhood to sepulchral scenes, that, were it not for the parish officers, our church yards would become the play-ground of every truant urchin; and how often do we behold human bones become sportive baubles in the wanton pranks of the idlers, who group around the grave digger's preparations! So callous are we to all feelings of religious awe when surrounded with the dead, that our cemeteries are not unfrequently made the rendezvous of licentiousness and the assembly-ground of crime, where thieves cast lots upon a tomb for the division of their spoil.

With what different feelings does the traveller wander over the

cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*. I am well aware that many of the gewgaw attributes that there decorate the grave, has been called the '*frippery*,' '*the foppery*' of grief; but does there exist a generous, a noble sentiment, that may not be perverted by interested motives and hypocrisy into contemptible professions? how often is the sublime rendered ridiculous by bad taste and hyperbolic affectation! When we behold the fond lover pressing to his lips a lock of hair, or the portrait of all that he holds dear, the cold, calculating egotist may call this the '*frippery of love*'; but the stoic who thinks thus, has never known the 'sweet pangs' of unrequited affection, when, in bitter absence, these collections of bliss gone by embodies, in our imagination, the form we once pressed to our respondent heart. The creation of our busy fancy stands before us, gazing on us with that tender look that in happier days greeted the hour of meeting: or trembles in our tears as when we last parted—to meet perhaps, no more! With what fervour of religious love do we behold the simple girl kneeling with uplifted eye, one hand on the green sod that covers all that endeared her to existence, till, overwhelmed with burning, choking regrets—as idle as they are uncontrollable—she sinks prostrate on the cold earth that now shrouds that bosom which once nestled her young hopes and fears! There have I seen the pale, the haggard youth—to all appearances a student, seated mournfully by the side of a tomb, absorbed in deep thought, heedless of the idlers who passed by him, looking at him perhaps with contempt!—heedless of the swift flight of time, which shrouded him imperceptibly in darkness, until he was warned by the guardian of the dead that 'it was time to depart—and to depart *alone!*' No inscription recorded the 'one loved name': he would not expose it to the unfeeling gaze of the heartless tourist: all he would willingly have traced upon her tomb, would have been '*Here lies my own!*'

The mouldering earth, the fleshless skeleton over which he mourns, cannot obliterate the remembrance of what she was; though her eyes perhaps no longer exist, still their former languid liquid look of bliss, beams freshly in his recollection. The lips which once pronounced the long-wished for avowal of mutual love are still moist and open to memory's embrace—still seem to lip the delicious *tu*! Our language is rich, without comparison richer far than the French; but we have nothing so endearing, so bewitching, as their *tu-toiement*: our *thee's* and *thou's* are frigid, chilly, when compared to the *first toi* that escapes inadvertently from beloved lips! A French writer has beautifully expressed this exquisite moment '*Le premier tu est tout-puissant; c'est le fiat lux de l'ame; il est sublime, il debrouille le chaos!*'

Sublime are the words, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!' Would it be irreligious to say, 'Happy are the dead who die beloved?' Their fond and ardent hearts had never been chilled by the withering hand of infidelity and ingratitude. They died in an ecstatic dream of perfect bliss on earth, and never were awakened to the world's mocking realities!—they died when they felt and believed in their heart of hearts that they were dearly beloved—could not be loved more dearly; with that conviction, death, in a worldly acceptation, can never be untimely. Probably they died still sufficiently animated by a latent, lingering spark of life, to press the hand that was so often linked in mutual pleasure in happy days—to feel the burning tear of anguish drop on the pale cheek—to hear the sad, the awful last word, a *Dieu!*—an expression that habit has rendered trivial, but which bears with it, in the tenderest solicitude, the most hallowed meaning, since in pronouncing it, we leave all that we cherish under the protection and the safeguard of our GOD.

Affection deprives death of all horrors. We shrink not from the remains of what we cherished. Despite its impiety, there was something refined in that conviction of the ancients, who imagined that in bestowing their farewell kiss they inhaled the souls of those they loved. How sweet are those lines of Macrobius, originally attributed to Plato!

'Dum semibulco suavio  
Meum pullum suavior,  
Dulceinque florem spiritus  
Duco ex aperto tramite,  
Animo tunc egro et sancla  
Cucurrit ad labia mihi!

Our Shakspeare has quaintly, yet beautifully, described this parting embrace:

'And lips O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.'

Nor was it only on the dying that the ancients bestowed this mark of fondness. Tibullus and Propertius tell us, that, as their bodies were laid on the funeral pile, they clasped them in a fond and last embrace.

In regard to the painted crosses, the chaplets, the garlands of flowers, which mark the hallowed resting-place of the departed, it may be said that they are but romantic and poetical expressions of grief. If it were only real grief that expressed itself by outward testimonials, how soon would mourning be banished as an idle expense!—the 'inky cloak,' and customary 'suits of solem black—the trappings and the suit of woes,' be laid aside. What a different feeling does the splendid catafalque, covered with black velvet, studded with silver tears and illuminated by thousands of glaring tapers, excite, when compared with the simple and verdant graves which point out the spot 'where souls do couch in flowers,' blessed by affection's tears instead of lustral waters. At all periods, amongst every nation, flowers and certain trees seem to have been consecrated to the dead. The Romans planted the wild vine and the box around their tombs. Thus Martial to Alcimenes.

'Accipe, non Pharo nutantia pondera saxo,  
Quam cineri vanus dat ruitura labor  
Sed fragiles buxos, et opacas palmitis umbras,  
Quaeque virent lacrymis humida prata meis.'

The wealthy assigned a beautiful garden to their departed favourites, as in the instance of Augustus and Mæcenæ. Not only did they suspend garlands over their tombs, but scattered flowers around them. Again in Virgil,

'Purpureosque jacit flores, actilla tatur.'

The same custom prevailed amongst the Grecians, who considered all purple and white flowers acceptable to the dead. The 'Tullians strewed Achilles' grave with the immortal amaranth and lilies. Electra complains that the tomb of Agamemnon received no myrtle boughs; in short, instances of this practice are every where to be found. In addition to flowers and perfumes, ribands and hair were also deposited on their sepulchres. Electra adorns Agamemnon's tomb with her locks, and Canace laments that she had not been able to perform the same rite on her beloved Macareus. Poets tell us that precious ointments and wines were poured upon their monuments; and we find, in Euripides, Helen bidding Aermione to take locks of her hair, honey, mixed with milk, and wine, to the sepulchre of her aunt. Amongst the Chinese, to the present day, the cypress and the fir, shade their cemeteries, the former tree, the attribute of Plato, was ever considered funereal, hence called *feralias*; and the *feralia* were festivals in honour of the dead, observed by the Romans. Varro pretends that the cypress was called funereal from *funus*, as it emitted antiseptic aroma. Pliny and others pretend that it typified the dead, from its never shooting out fresh sprouts when the trunk was hewn down. At any rate, to this hour, it is planted in burying-grounds in every civilized country.

Let us then hope, both for the living and the dead, that this custom, which obtains in France and other countries, will be adopted by us, instead of becoming the subject of ridicule. It is far more desirable to see families repairing to the tomb of the departed on the anniversary of their death, that to behold them daily passing by their remains with cold indifference.

It would scarcely be believed upon the continent of Europe, that to this very hour bodies are buried in confined church-yards in the most crowded and dirty parts of the British metropolis, such as Russel-court, Drury-lane, and various other similar holes and corners; the rudest nations were never guilty of such a glaring impropriety. In the kingdom of Siam, the remains of the opulent are burnt with great ceremony, while the bodies of the poor are carried out and exposed on mountains; in Ceylon, the remains of the indigent are interred in the neighbouring woods; the rich consumed on gorgeous funeral piles.

The Chinese inhume their dead at some distance from their cities and towns; it is only the bodies of the rich and noble that are allowed to remain on the premises of the family. Navarette mentions a curious custom prevalent in one of their provinces, Chan Si, where in the event of two betrothed persons dying at the same period, they are married while their coffins are still in their former dwelling, and afterwards burnt together. The Hotentots bury their dead in the wild clefts of rocks and caverns; the Peruvians bear theirs to the neighboring hills and mountains. The Greenlanders wrap their dead in furs and skins, and carry them to a considerable distance from their huts, in Kamskatka and Siberia bodies are covered with snow in caverns and caves; and the African savages perform the same funeral rites as the Irish; their dead are carried to the burying ground, followed by crowds of relatives and other people, who join the procession, bellowing and howling most piteously, 'Oh! why did you die? did you want any thing that was ever denied you?' and after the funeral the survivors invariably got drunk on palm wine, or any strong liquor they can procure; a custom similar to the *circumpolatio* of the Romans. [Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience, published in Bell's Select Medical Library, July, 1838.]

How difficult a thing it is to persuade a man to reason against his own interest, though he is convinced that equity is against him.—*Truster.*

For the Pearl.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PETRA.—No. 5.

Mr. Stevens here describes a race between two camels, which terminated in a fight, and the upsetting of the baggage containing the provisions for the travellers—one of the camels lay dead on the sand. This animal is invaluable to the Bedouin; he alone is adapted to the Desert, as he can travel several days without food or drink. His milk they use; his flesh is their food; and with his hair they manufacture their rude garments and tents. The camel feeds from his master's hand, kneels to receive his burden, and rises, as if glad to carry his beloved master. The only lament of the Arab sheik was, however, that they had lost twenty dollars. Two vultures were observed hovering over the dead beast, and probably, assisted by others, soon devoured their prey. The sheik had a most beautiful mare. Stevens says she reminded him of the war horse of Idumea so finely and poetically described by Job, xxxix: 19—26:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Before leaving the valley, they found in one of the gullies a large stone; veined as I before described the stones were at Petra. It had been washed down from the mountain of *Wady Moussa*; and was to be found in no other place (if we credited the Arabs.) That evening Stevens noticed a circumstance which reminded him of the accounts of Strabo and other ancient historians, of large cities built of salt, having stood at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. In the upset by the camels, the salt was lost, but the Arabs, well used to privations, knew where to find the little that their barren land could produce:—and one of them soon returned, with a cake or incrustation as large as the head of a barrel. Singular strata of salt were observed, and in large quantities, in the sides of the mountains. An American traveller will make allowance for the natural wildness of the country—the want of carriages or horses—but still he is both surprised and disappointed;—here was a road leading to the ancient city of Gaza—a regular caravan route for four thousand years—and yet so perfect in the wildness of nature, that a stranger would probably have passed by without noticing it, and certainly without imagining even for a moment that the wild track or path, of which it formed the entrance, would conduct him to the ancient capital of King David, and to Jerusalem also. The solitary trail of the Indians over the American prairies and forests is more perfectly marked as a road than either of the great routes;—and yet, near the spot where the two roads diverge, are situate the ruins of an ancient city. The ruins were a confused and shapeless mass: no columns—no blocks of marble,—and the remains indicated those of a third or fourth rate city only. At night-fall they arrived at another field of ruins, where the relics of an Arab village were mingled with those of a Roman city; two square buildings of large Roman stone were standing like towers, while all the rest had fallen, and the stones which once had formed palaces, were now worked up into fences around holes in the rocks, the hiding-places of the miserable Arabs. And even here, the proofs of "Man's inhumanity to man" were clearly visible; the boundaries of war had been levelled against the wretched village; the houses were in ruins, and the inhabitants whom the sword had spared were driven out. On the very borders of the Holy Land we saw that Ibrahim Pacha, "the great Egyptian warrior," was razing this conquered land with the same rod of iron which his father swayed in Egypt. He had lately visited this frontier village with the brand of war burning, and desolation had marked his devastating path. One might expect to find the Arabs (children of nature) free from the reproach of civilization, "the love of Mammon;" but, fearful to relate! the savage has far outstripped the citizen in his love of "filthy lucre." When an Arab asks for money and receives it, his eyes sparkle with wild delight—his fingers clutch it with rapacity—and he departs, like the miser, to count it over one, and to hide it from the world.

Mr. Stevens thus concludes his pleasing, highly interesting, and instructive notices of Idumea:

I cannot leave this wonderful land without again expressing my regret at being able to add so little to the stock of useful knowledge. Having due regard to my former observations, relative to the interpretation of the Prophecy, "None shall pass through it (Edom) for ever and ever," I can say I have passed through Idumea. Burckhardt entered from Damascus, on the east side of the Dead Sea, and struck the borders of Edom, at such a point that he cannot be said literally to have passed through Edom. The reader will perceive by my map, that I did pass directly through the land of Edom, lengthwise, and crossed its northern and southern border; and although I did pass through, and

was not cut off, God forbid that I should count the prophecy a lie. Even though I had been before a confirmed infidel, I had seen enough in wandering through the Desert with my Bible in my hand, to tear up the very foundations of infidelity, and to scatter its very fragments to the winds. In my judgment the prophecy is abundantly fulfilled in the desolation of the ancient Edom, and the complete breaking up of a great public highway; and it is neither necessary nor useful, to extend the awful denunciation against a passing traveller.

H. H.

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Tradition asserts, and the people believe, that these aged trees are the remains of the forest that furnished timber for Solomon's temple three thousand years ago: and every year, on Transfiguration-day, the Maronites, the Greeks, and the Armenians celebrated a mass here, at the foot of a cedar, upon a homely altar of stone. It is certain that they were very ancient, even several hundred years ago: two centuries since, they were twenty five; Pococke, a century ago, found fifteen standing, and the sixteenth was recently blown down; Burckhardt, 1800, counted eleven or twelve: there are now but seven, and these are of so prodigious a size, of an appearance so massive and unperishable, that it is easy to believe they actually existed in biblical times. Those which have fallen within the last two centuries, have either perished through extreme age and decay, while the occasional violence of the winds probably contributed to their fall. "The oldest trees," observes Burckhardt, "are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, and even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the others were lower, but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in Kew Gardens." The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travellers, and other persons who have visited them. The trunks of the oldest trees seemed to be quite dead; the wood is of a grey tint.

The enormous tree to the left is the one that Maundrel says he measured, and found it twelve yards in girth, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs: at above five or six from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree. They are difficult of approach, and are surrounded by deep snow, which is not passable until the middle of summer, when it begins to melt away: the ground on which they stand is uneven, being covered with rock and stone, with a partial but luxuriant vegetation springing up in the interstices: their position on the brow of the mountain, surrounded on every side by deep and solemn valleys, rocky and almost perpendicular descents, waterfalls, and dreary dells, has something sacred and awful in it: they seem as if placed in their splendid and perilous site like sentinels between time and eternity—the sad and deathless memorials of the days of the first temple, when God dwelt among his people in the visible glory between the cherubim, and in the blessings of earth and heaven, gave proofs of his love. All else has perished: the temple, the city, the generations of men, "like the sands of the sea-shore for multitude;" thrones, religions, principalities, and powers, have passed like the winds that howl through these branches: and the cedars have stood on their mountain brow, immortal! no voice has yet gone forth to hew them down utterly: the voice of time is hushed on this cloud-like brow. How often have they heard the rushing of his wings, "going forth utterly to destroy, and have put forth their leaves and their glorious branches with each season, fresh and strong as in the days of their youth."

To the fancy of the spectator, seated on the grey rock by their side, there is something mysterious, yet beautiful, in the murmur of the wind through their recesses, like the wild tones of a harp, said to be touched by the hand of the distant dead, whose spirit is passing by: the hearer knows that he shall never listen to that sound again, in which there seems to be the voice of eternity. The tree near Jerusalem, a venerable sycamore, beneath whose branches the prophet Isaiah was slain,—the aged olives of the valley of Jehoshaphat, do not come on the memory or fancy like these cedars of Lebanon,—whose image is blended with the earliest pictures of our childhood,—with the ceiling, the wall, the pure gold, and all the glory and history of the first temple of the true God. Shall they live till that temple be again rebuilt, and the restored race of Israel again worship there? Perhaps, before they die, Palestine shall resound with the praises of the Lord, and the name of the Redeemer shall be borne even to their mountain brow, from the lips of those who now despise Him. Then, and not till then, had they a voice that might say as of old, "Now let us depart in peace—we have seen the first dispensation, the second also has been fulfilled, and we have waited on earth till the third and last manifestation to our lost land: it is time to depart."

Of their past as well as present appearance, the words of Ezekiel are beautifully descriptive: "The fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty; they all envied him; the cedar, with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs: under his shadow dwelt the people." The voice of prophecy has per-

haps often been heard amidst the shades of these sacred trees: their name, and the images they suggested, often mingled in the strains of inspiration. Is there any object in nature more dear to the poet; whether in the tempest they swung their aged arms to the sky, or the Maronite hymn rose sweetly from multitudes kneeling around? The groves of all other lands, even the most ancient, the palm forests that were the pride of Egypt, the noble oak and fir-trees of Ephraim and Carmel,—the curse withered them, or with the changing seasons they passed away: when the cedars also die, all these, in the words of sacred writ, each famous forest in the old and new world shall say, "Art thou become like unto us, cut down to the ground? art thou also become weak as we?"

Small Arab tribes come to live here when the snows are melted, in the beginning of July, and continue during the hot months: it is to simple and primeval people a favourite and lovely residence, enjoying an air that bears health on its wings, so pure and inspiring from its very elevated site, and entire freedom from the heats that often prevail in the valleys and lower declivities. The Arabs pitch their tents in the forest, in a sort of half-savage life, yet free from its perils and habits; the stranger finds a friendly welcome to their rude homes: they pass very many hours in the heat of day beneath the branches of the cedars, conversing, smoking, or seated indolently,—some of the mothers swinging their children by a cord hung to one of the sacred branches, as if some virtue were thence derivable, or healing quality to some bodily disease. Perhaps the men, from a superstitious feeling, find a peculiar pleasure, unknown elsewhere, in smoking their long pipe, seated on a fallen branch or trunk: it must be confessed that their attitude and looks, in this loved reverie and indulgence, however in keeping with Orientalism, are somewhat at variance with the more refined and enthusiastic reverie of the stranger, who would rather be alone in such a spot, than exposed to the fixed and curious gaze of some young Arab mother, or the voice of her child.—*Fisher's Views of Syria, the Holy Land, etc. illustrated.*

**THE IDIOT.**—Every reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madame Clairon, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French Stage, by his representation of the father struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms. Perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy, is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding, amidst the gradations of idiocy. The various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility which lie there unknown, Genius, in some gifted moment, may discover. In the meantime, as a small specimen of its undivulged dramatic treasures, we submit to our readers the following little anecdote:—

A poor widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth, or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence.

He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the school-boys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal," in a low, pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sang his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the school-boys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was no where ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among those unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal.

He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and, as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the school-boys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble

sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sank the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthy hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sang with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal—pal-lal."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the New York Mirror.

**A MORNING INVOCATION.**

Wake, slumberer! Summer's golden hours  
Are speeding fast away;  
The sun has woke the opening flowers,  
To greet the new-born day!  
The deer leaps from his leafy haunt;  
Fair gleams the breezy lake;  
The birds their matin carols chaunt,  
All nature cries, "Awake!"

Oh! lose not in unconscious ease  
An hour so heavenly fair;  
Come forth, while yet the glittering trees  
Wave in the purple air:  
While yet a dewy freshness fills  
The morning's fragrant gale;  
While o'er the woods and up the hills,  
The mist rolls from the vale.

Awake! too soon, alas! too soon,  
The glory must decay:  
And, in the fervid eye of noon,  
The freshness fade away.  
Then seize the hour so swift of flight:  
Its early bloom partake—  
By all that's beautiful and bright,  
I call on thee—awake!

**A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.**

THE meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, two years ago, had just concluded its proceedings, and was about to separate, when an individual rose, and standing on a bench in front of the platform, requested the attention of the meeting for a few moments while he gave an account of a slave which he had lately received. In a moment all were seated, and listened with intense interest, while the speaker, Alvan Stuart, Esq., of Utica, proceeded that, three (now five) years ago, in the state of Georgia, a certain black slave, of gigantic stature and proportional strength, thirty-five years old, and having a wife and five children, determined to effect his escape, and to rescue himself and sable family from bondage. A Quaker, who resided near him, being privy to his design, resolved to aid him in its accomplishment; and accordingly carried the slave and his family fifty miles in a waggon by night. In the day-time they lay concealed in the woods, and on the second night the same man carried them fifty miles further. It was the design of the negro to make his way to Canada, the name of which country he had heard, and of which he had an undefined notion, but without any accurate knowledge of where it was situated; and he dared make no inquiries save of the Quaker, his neighbour, who seemed to have acted the part of his guardian angel. At the end of the second night, he told the black man that he could do no more for him, having already endangered both his life and property. He told the slave that he must not travel on the highway, nor attempt to cross a ferry, but taking him by the hand, he committed him to God and the north star. This star he advised him to take as his guide, and it would lead him at length to the land of British freedom. The poor slave bade adieu to his benefactor, and after skulking in the day and travelling by night, he at length came to an unexpected obstacle. It was a broad river (the Susquehannah,) of the existence of which he had not the least knowledge. But as nothing remained but to cross it, he tied his two young children on his back, and between swimming where it was deep and wading where it was shallow, his two elder sons swimming by his side, he at length made out to reach the opposite bank; then, returning, he brought over his wife in the same manner. In this way he passed undiscovered through South and North Carolinas and Virginia, and at length made his way into Pennsylvania; not knowing, however, that he had reached the land of Quakers, and of freedom. And thus he pursued his way with the same fear and the same secrecy, until, after six weeks of incessant toil and danger, he arrived, with bleeding feet, at the town of Buffalo; and being afraid to confide in any white man, he put his wife and children in the custody of some poor Indians in that neighbourhood; for he rightly judged that the poor were most likely to be the friends of the poor. As he entered the town, and passed the shop of a coloured barber, who was also, like himself, a man of great physical strength, the man saw him through the window and instantly stepping into the street put his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "You are a fugitive slave;" but, seeing his alarm, he added, "Fear nothing, I shall not betray you." The slave then told the barber his whole story, and

when he had done, the barber said, "I will engage to put you safe over the Canada line. But it is right I should tell you, your master was this morning in my shop inquiring after you." He concealed the slave in his stable, comforted him with food and with part of a bottle of wine, and obtained a waggon and two horses to carry him to the ferry over the Niagara river. He could not cross in the night, because the boats did not run; and the only resource that remained was to set out at the dawn of day. They did so: and the slave, his wife and children, the barber, and the driver, arrived safely at Black Rock, and called up the ferryman to take them over. The ferryman had unfastened the boat, and it had just swung off into the stream, when who should make his appearance but the slave's master, with his horse in a foam and a cocked pistol in his hand. He ordered the ferryman to turn the scow back again, on which the barber declared that if he did so, he would be the death of him. The master, with violent vociferations, protested that if he did not he would blow out his brains. The poor ferryman lifted up his hands, and cried, "The Lord have mercy on me! It seems I am to be killed any how; but if I do die, I will die doing right." At that moment the hands were at work upon the steamboat, Henry Clay, and perceiving how matters stood, they gave three loud cheers for liberty, which were immediately responded to by a collection of people on the Canada side. The ferryman pushed off, and in a few minutes the rejoicing slave with his wife and children were borne on the dark bosom of the Niagara river safe to the land of British liberty and law.

The story was told in the most artless manner, without any attempt on the part of the speaker to add effect to the words, as they fell rather heavily from his lips; but a thrill was sent through the hearts of the assembled multitude, which may be imagined but cannot be described.

**MAN.**—Man was created the last and most excellent of God's mighty works. Confining our attention to him in a mere physical point of view, he is the most perfect of all terrestrial beings; not, indeed, in size or animal strength, for in these qualities many excel him, but in the refined, the exalted plan and model upon which he is constructed. The eagle, it is true, may have a more powerful vision; the hare be more alive to every sound; the wild dog or vulture catch the faintest scent upon the gale; but in Man there is a nice balance, an adjustment, and felicitous accuracy of the senses, which thus expressly tend to his elevation and happiness; and at the same time that they minister to his pleasure, enable him to obtain an intimate and minute acquaintance with the properties of the world around him. Hence the voice of melody, the colours of earth and sky; the odours of spring; the fruits of summer; the glorious sun, and the spangled canopy of heaven, are sources of gratification and delight to him. Language, in which he can convey his wants, his desires, and the most abstract ideas of his mind, is his alone; and his alone are reason, and an immortal soul. Capable of inhabiting every climate, and in every situation surrounding himself with the necessaries of life, Man peoples the burning regions of the torrid zone, and the ice-girt shores of the arctic ocean. To him the mountain, the valley, the morass and the desert, are alike; and modifying his food according to locality, he thrives upon rice, and the plantain, and the palm-nut on the plains of India; and upon the raw flesh and blubber of the seal, on the frozen snows of Greenland. In all respects, may each individual exclaim "Truly I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

**THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.**—We look with delight, on the beautiful and complicated machinery of our manufactories, which seems to perform so many labours as it were by enchantment; but in Natural History we behold a scheme more vast, a structure more curious, operations more complicated, ends more important, means more adapted and laws more profound. Here the Christian Philosopher, as he explores the mines of research, or investigates the various phenomena, the laws or habits of the tribes that people earth and air, will feel a calm and pure delight, unmixed with the baser passions, which the man of the world, in his pursuit of riches, or empty honours, or vain applause, can neither experience nor understand. Here he is led by the hand of Nature, and he leaves the city and the mart, and all the pagantry of artificial life—he leaves the turmoil, the follies and the crimes of an agitated world, and goes forth to the green fields, and wanders by the rivers' flowery brink, or through the tangled wood, in holy and peaceful contemplation. To him the bounding deer, the crouching hare, the linnet carolling from the brake, the turtle cooing in the woodland gloom, the woodpecker tapping the aged tree, the kingfisher darting like a meteor down the stream, or the little warblers of the hedge-row, are objects of interest; the nimble lizard as it rustles through the leaves, the chirping grasshopper, and the busy insect tribes of brilliant hues that glitter like diamonds in the sun, the active murmuring bee, the shared horn beetle that winds "his low but sullen horn,"—all have claims on his attention, all are objects of contemplation, all lead him to the Cause of causes; for he forgetteth not His power who made and governs all—His, the eternal Word, who was in the beginning, and was with God, and was God, and without whom was not any thing made that was made.

## LAST WORDS.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

WHEN the receding shore  
Of dearest home dims on the anxious sight;  
The bravest hearts deplore  
The parting of the soul—the farewell blight;  
Still hope will peace restore,  
As midnight mourners yearn for morning's light.

The garden flow'rets die,  
Leaves fade—the rippling rivulets are still;  
Darkness o'erveils the sky;  
E'en birds have ceased their sweet melodious trill;  
Yet spring will beautify,  
And they return; for such is Nature's will.

These will again renew,  
The birds their songs,—the trees their leaves,—the flowers  
Bloom in their rainbow hue;  
And silver streams, fed by the summer showers,  
Sing to the heaven's calm blue;  
But these are not of us,—they are not ours.

Ours are the dearest ties:  
Once fled, what voice the lost one can recal?  
In climes beyond the skies  
The spirit soars too purified to fall:  
Memory alone can rise  
Upon the wings of Love;—yes, that is all.

The last, the trustful scene,  
When friends are gathered round the silent bed;  
When she, alone serene,  
Smiles while their tears in agony are shed;  
Shall we not comfort glean,  
To know eternal bliss awaits the dead?

The kind familiar face  
Yet miss we from our own domestic hearth;  
We mourn the vacant space,  
And all the sunshine of past joyous mirth:  
No more can we replace  
Her our hearts loved—above all things of earth.

The faint LAST WORDS we hear,  
From the fond lips of the departing one,  
Whisper "She is not here,"  
Assure us that for ever she is gone:  
Still will we hold them dear,  
When semblance fades, they're left to dwell upon.

Metropolitan for July.

## NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—No. 4.

## A STREET LOVE SCENE.

"Well, Fanny," said the miller's daughter, "you see I have come to see you, although we had some words last night."

"I pity your bad passions," Tilda, replied Miss Squeers; "but I bear no malice. I am above it."

"Don't be cross, Fanny," said Miss Price. "I have come to tell you something that I know will please you."

"What may that be, Tilda?" demanded Miss Squeers; screwing up her lips, and looking as if nothing in earth, air, fire, or water, could afford her the slightest gleam of satisfaction.

"This," rejoined Miss Price, "After we left here last night, John and I had a dreadful quarrel."

"That doesn't please me," said Miss Squeers—relaxing into a smile though.

"Lor! I wouldn't think so bad of you as to suppose it did," rejoined her companion. "That's not it."

"Oh!" said Miss Squeers, relapsing into melancholy. "Go on."

"After a great deal of wrangling and saying we would never see each other any more," continued Miss Price, "we made it up and this morning John went and wrote our names down to be put up for the first time next Sunday, so we shall be married in three weeks, and I give you notice to get your frock made."

There was mingled gall and honey in this intelligence. The prospect of the friend's being married so soon was the gall, and the certainty of her not entertaining serious designs upon Nicholas was the honey. Upon the whole, the sweet greatly preponderated over the bitter, so Miss Squeers said she would get the frock made, and that she hoped Tilda might be happy, though at the same time she didn't know, and would not have her build too much upon it, for men were strange creatures, and a great many married women were very miserable, and wished themselves single again with all their hearts; to which condolences Miss Squeers added others equally calculated to raise her friend's spirits and promote her cheerfulness of mind.

"But come now Fanny," said Miss Price, "I want to have a word or two with you about young Mr. Nickleby."

"He is nothing to me," interrupted Miss Squeers, with hysterical symptoms. "I despise him too much!"

"Oh, you don't mean that, I am sure?" replied her friend. "Confess, Fanny; don't you like him now?"

Without returning any direct reply, Miss Squeers all at once fell into a paroxysm of spiteful tears, and exclaimed that she was a wretched, neglected, miserable, castaway.

"I hate everybody," said Miss Squeers, "and I wish that everybody was dead—that I do."

"Dear, dear!" said Miss Price, quite moved by this avowal

of misanthropical sentiments. "You are not serious, I am sure."

"Yes, I am," rejoined Miss Squeers, tying tight knots in her pocket-handkerchief and clenching her teeth. "And I wish I was dead too. There."

"Oh! you'll think very differently in another five minutes," said Matilda. "How much better to take him into favour again, than to hurt yourself by going on in that way; wouldn't it be much nicer now to have him all to yourself on good terms, in a company-keeping, love-making, pleasant sort of manner?"

"I don't know but what it would," sobbed Miss Squeers. "Oh! Tilda, how could you have acted so mean and dishonourable! I wouldn't have believed it of you if anybody had told me."

"Heyday!" exclaimed Miss Price, giggling. "One would suppose I had been murdering somebody at least."

"Very nigh as bad," said Miss Squeers passionately.

"And all this because I happen to have enough of good looks to make people civil to me," cried Miss Price. "Persons don't make their own faces, and it's no more my fault if mine is a good one than it is other people's fault if theirs is a bad one."

"Hold your tongue," shrieked Miss Squeers, in her shrillest tone; "or you'll make me slap you," Tilda, and afterwards I should be sorry for it."

It is needless to say that by this time the temper of each young lady was in some slight degree affected by the tone of the conversation, and that a dash of personality was infused into the altercation in consequence. Indeed the quarrel, from slight beginnings rose to a considerable height, and was assuming a very violent complexion, when both parties, falling into a great passion of tears, exclaimed simultaneously, that they had never thought of being spoken to in that way, which exclamation, leading to a remonstrance, gradually brought on an explanation, and the upshot was that they fell into each other's arms and vowed eternal friendship; the occasion in question, making the fifty-second time of repeating the same impressive ceremony within a twelvemonth.

Perfect amicability being thus restored, a dialogue naturally ensued upon the number and nature of the garments which would be indispensable for Miss Price's entrance into the holy state of matrimony, when Miss Squeers clearly showed that a great many more than the miller could, or would afford, were absolutely necessary, and could not decently be dispensed with. The young lady then, by an easy digression, led the discourse to her own wardrobe, and after recounting its principal beauties at some length, took her friend up stairs to make inspection thereof. The treasures of two drawers and a closet having been displayed, and all the smaller articles tried on, it was time for Miss Price to return home, and as she had been in raptures with all the frocks, and had been stricken quite dumb with admiration of a new pink scarf, Miss Squeers said in high good humour, that she would walk part of the way with her for the pleasure of her company, and off they went together, Miss Squeers dilating, as they walked along, upon her father's accomplishments, and multiplying his income by ten, to give her friend some faint notion of the vast importance and superiority of her family.

It happened that that particular time, comprising the short daily interval which was suffered to elapse between what was pleasantly called the dinner of Mr. Squeer's pupils and their return to the pursuit of useful knowledge, was precisely the hour when Nicholas was accustomed to issue forth for a melancholy walk, and to brood, as he sauntered listlessly through the village, upon his miserable lot. Miss Squeers knew this perfectly well, but had perhaps forgotten it, for when she caught sight of that young gentleman advancing towards them, she evinced many symptoms of surprise and consternation, and assured her friend that she "felt fit to drop into the earth."

"Shall we turn back, or run into a cottage?" asked Miss Price. "He don't see us yet."

"No, Tilda," replied Miss Squeers, "it is my duty to go through with it, and I will."

As Miss Squeers said this in the tone of one who has made a high moral resolution, and was besides taken with one or two chokes and catchings of breath, indicative of feelings at a high pressure, her friend made no farther remark, and they bore straight down upon Nicholas, who, walking with his eyes bent upon the ground, was not aware of their approach until they were close upon him; otherwise he might perhaps have taken shelter himself.

"Good morning," said Nicholas, bowing and passing by.

"He is going," murmured Miss Squeers. "I shall choke, Tilda."

"Come back, Mr. Nickleby, do," cried Miss Price, affecting alarm at her friend's threat, but really actuated by a malicious wish to hear what Nicholas would say; "come back, Mr. Nickleby."

Mr. Nickleby came back, and looked as confused as might be, as he inquired whether the ladies had any commands for him.

"Don't stop to talk," urged Miss Price, hastily; "but support her on the other side. How do you feel now, dear?"

"Better," sighed Miss Squeers, laying a beaver bonnet of

reddish brown with a green veil attached, on Mr. Nickleby's shoulder. "This foolish faintness!"

"Don't call it foolish, dear," said Miss Price, her bright eye dancing with merriment as she saw the perplexity of Nicholas; "you have no reason to be ashamed of it. It's those who are too proud to come round again without all this to-do, that ought to be ashamed."

"You are resolved to fix it upon me, I see," said Nicholas, smiling, "although I told you last night it was not my fault."

"There; he says it was not his fault, my dear," remarked the wicked Miss Price. "Perhaps you were too jealous or too hasty with him? He says it was not his fault, you hear; I think that's apology enough."

"You will not understand me," said Nicholas. "Pray dispense with this jesting, for I have no time, and really no inclination, to be the subject or promoter of mirth just now."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Price, affecting amazement.

"Don't ask him, Tilda," cried Miss Squeers; "I forgive him."

"Dear me," said Nicholas, as the brown bonnet went down on his shoulder again, "this is more serious than I supposed; allow me. Will you have the goodness to hear me speak?"

Here he raised up the brown bonnet, and regarding with most unfeigned astonishment a look of tender reproach from Miss Squeers, shrunk back a few paces to be out of the reach of the fair burden, and went on to say—

"I am very sorry—truly and sincerely sorry—for having been the cause of any difference among you last night. I reproach myself most bitterly for having been so unfortunate as to cause the dissension that occurred, although I did so, I assure you, most unwittingly and heedlessly."

"Well; that's not all you have got to say surely," exclaimed Miss Price as Nicholas paused.

"I fear there is something more," stammered Nicholas with a half smile, and looking towards Miss Squeers, "it is a most awkward thing to say—but—the very mention of such a supposition makes one look like a puppy—still—may I ask if that lady supposes that I entertain any—in short does she think that I am in love with her?"

"Delightful embarrassment," thought Miss Squeers, "I have brought him to it at last. Answer for me dear," she whispered to her friend.

"Does she think so?" rejoined Miss Price; "of course she does."

"She does!" exclaimed Nicholas with such energy of utterance as might have been for the moment mistaken for rapture.

"Certainly," replied Miss Price.

"If Mr. Nickleby has doubted that, Tilda," said the blushing Miss Squeers in soft accents, "he may set his mind at rest. His sentiments are reciprocal."

"Stop," cried Nicholas hurriedly; "pray hear me. This is the grossest and wildest delusion, the completest and most signal mistake, that ever human being laboured under or committed. I have scarcely seen the young lady half a dozen times, but if I had seen her sixty times, or am destined to see her sixty thousand, it would be and will be precisely the same. I have not one thought, wish, or hope, connected with her unless it be—and I say this, not to hurt her feelings, but to impress her with the real state of my own—unless it be the one object dear to my heart as life itself, of being one day able to turn my back upon this accursed place, never to set foot in it again or to think of it—even think of it—but with loathing and disgust."

With this particularly plain and straight-forward declaration, which he made with all the vehemence that his indignant and excited feelings could bring to bear upon it, Nicholas slightly bowed, and waiting to hear no more, retreated.

But poor Miss Squeers! Her anger, rage, and vexation; the rapid succession of bitter and passionate feelings that whirled through her mind, are not to be described. Refused! refused by a teacher picked up by advertisement at an annual salary of five pounds payable at indefinite periods, and "found" in food and lodging like the very boys themselves; and this too in the presence of a little chit of a miller's daughter of eighteen, who was going to be married in three weeks' time to a man who had gone down on his very knees to ask her! She could have choked in right good earnest at the thought of being so humbled.

But there was one thing clear in the midst of her mortification, and that was that she hated and detested Nicholas with all the narrowness of mind and littleness of purpose worthy a descendant of the house of Squeers. And there was one comfort too; and that was, that every hour in every day she could wound his pride and goad him with the infliction of some slight, or insult, or deprivation, which could not but have some effect on the most insensible person, and must be acutely felt by one so sensitive as Nicholas. With these two reflections uppermost in her mind, Miss Squeers made the best of the matter to her friend by observing, that Mr. Nickleby was such an odd creature, and of such a violent temper, that she feared she should be obliged to give him up; and parted from her.

And here it may be remarked, that Miss Squeers having bestowed her affections (or whatever it might be that in the absence

of anything better represented them) on Nicholas Nickleby, had never once seriously contemplated the possibility of his being of a different opinion from herself in the business. Miss Squeers reasoned that she was prepossessing and beautiful, and that her father was master and Nicholas man, and that her father had saved money and Nicholas had none, all of which seemed to her conclusive arguments why the young man should feel only too much honoured by her preference. She had not failed to recollect, either, how much more agreeable she could render his situation if she were his friend, and how much more disagreeable if she were his enemy; and doubtless, many less scrupulous young gentlemen than Nicholas would have encouraged her extravagance had it been only for this very obvious and intelligible reason. However he had thought proper to do otherwise, and Miss Squeers was outrageous.

"Let him see," said the irritated young lady when she had regained her own room, and eased her mind by committing an assault on Phib, "if I don't set mother against him a little more when she comes back."

It was scarcely necessary to do this, but Miss Squeers was as good as her word; and poor Nicholas, in addition to bad food, dirty lodgement, and the being compelled to witness one dull unvarying round of squalid misery, was treated with every special indignity that malice could suggest, or the most grasping cupidity put upon them.

#### LA MERE DES SOLDATS.

I had very often heard of the person who bears the above appellation, and yet, during years of residence in and frequent visits to Paris, it had so chanced that I had never seen her. However, I determined not to go again without making acquaintance with her, and, in October, 1829, I accomplished my purpose. I set off for Montmartre with a friend, who was to act as guide and master of the ceremonies, and leaving our carriage at the *barriere*, we slowly proceeded up the hill.

It was one of those days so frequent in autumn, when gleams of sunshine break through heavy masses of clouds, and cast partial lights over the landscape. Paris and its environs appeared like a vast panorama, and we often turned round to contemplate the scene which we were leaving behind us. The gilded dome of the Invalides rose in the gray atmosphere with independent brightness; St. Genevieve and Notre Dame served as beacons to direct us to the spots which most interested us. The castle of Vincennes rose from the plain, and the dense black cloud above, threw over it a gloom which was well adapted to its history. One broad solitary beam illumined the darkness, and shot across the fading tints of a beautiful and distant assemblage of trees. The light alone would have attracted our observation, but it was like a ray of glory over the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and the last loved being there deposited seemed to be hailing us as we stood. The fairest, the best, the pride and joy of all connected with her, had vanished from us in the perfection of youthful loveliness; and at this moment her heavenly countenance, her extraordinary talents and acquirements, her unvaried and universal benevolence, her resignation to her untimely fate, all rushed upon our recollection, and our hearts were too full to speak.

But the living soon awakened us from our reverie, and we silently gained the village. It had no beauty to induce us to linger in it; and, having heard that *La Mere* was often to be seen at the confessional in the church, we bent our steps thither. A poor decrepid female most officiously besprinkled us with holy water as we entered; but the object of our search was not there, and Monsieur D. left me to examine the interior of the building, while he tried to gain information concerning her residence. The church of Montmartre is not beautiful either in decoration or architecture, but it is interesting from its antiquity, and from a few old relics within, such as a font and two or three mutilated tombs; but its venerable appearance is destroyed by bad paintings and the dirty finery hung about the various altars around the sides of the building. Having procured some directions, my friend returned, and, proceeding through two or three little dirty alleys, we reached a high wall, which so completely concealed the dwelling of *La Mere*, that, had it not been for a small door, we should not have guessed that there was any habitation behind it. There was neither bell nor knocker; tapping seemed in vain: we therefore shook this door with all our force, and our ears were then assailed by the loud outcries of some curs, who would have disputed our entrance. A dirty-looking female admitted us, and, when we asked for *La Mere Ste. Camille*, ushered us in through a low apartment without furniture, inhabited by fowls and ducks, into another of better dimensions. I had, it is true, seen enough of nuns and friars to destroy the romantic notions which we English Protestants often conceive of them; but all I had heard of this extraordinary being led me to expect a fairy rather than a dwarf, and, with feelings heightened by the circumstances of my walk, I had quitted the church with impressions far beyond their natural pitch. It was well for me that the entrance had somewhat checked these, or I might have started when *La Mere* first presented herself. It was not that the idea of her unearthly appearance was destroyed, but I in vain looked for her good deeds in her exterior. A little being stood before me not more than four feet and a half high. Her

black gown was made with the wide sleeves and skirt always worn by nuns; her bib and head-cloth were white as snow; a large black veil was thrown over her head and shoulders; a rosary was attached to her girdle; and a large cross was suspended from her neck. A pair of huge feet, in thick and coarse shoes, peeped from beneath her robe; her hands were small and shriveled; but her face—I have reserved that till the last, despairing to convey an adequate notion of its expression. Her features were aquiline, and had been handsome; the loss of her teeth had brought her nose and chin, sharpened by age, too near together to preserve their original beauty, but her eyes were beyond the power of words to describe. Surrounded by wrinkles, they yet preserved all the fire of youth; they were black, and seemed to penetrate into every secret feeling. They were occasionally raised to Heaven with fervour, but, when she was speaking of her adventures, they were in incessant motion. Her voice was not harsh, but loud as that of a Stentor, and contributed more than any thing else to the idea of her being supernatural.

Accustomed to see a multitude of people, all of whom she cannot recollect, it is very easy to pass for an old acquaintance with *La Mere des Soldats*, and as such my friend introduced himself. As such did she receive him, and welcome us both to her dwelling. We sat down and conversed some little time, during which I had an opportunity of surveying the apartment. A large *pot-au-feu* stood among the wood-ashes in the ample chimney; a small bed at one corner, with yellowish white curtains, was destined to receive not only its owner, but a huge cat, which evidently preferred diurnal possession. A table, a few old chairs, a chest of drawers, a sort of secretaire, and a basket for each of the dogs, completed the furniture.

After talking over the number of her patients and some minor troubles which had lately befallen her, she asked us to inspect the chamber prepared by herself, for those workmen who are wounded in the quarries close by her residence. There was no occupant at the time I speak of, but the three beds which the chamber contained were all ready to receive their patients at a moment's notice, and were models of neatness and cleanliness. The room was hung round with prints illustrating the lives of the saints, and, railed off from the rest was a small altar, dedicated to our Saviour, decorated with the usual accompaniments of tinsel, flowers, and candlesticks. *La Mere* placed chairs for us all to kneel upon, and said, "Whatever religion you may be of, you surely cannot refuse to join your voice with mine in thankfulness and supplication to the Saviour of mankind. All religions are the same which acknowledge the Almighty and his Son." Of course we complied with her request, and she commenced a prayer of her own composition. Her voice, however, frequently failed her, and Mons. D. offered to read the prayer for her. She put it into his hands, and gave herself up to the devotion of the moment. She repeated it after him with fervour, and, although the verses were not perfect, they were simple and affecting; and, on seeing her with her hands and eyes upraised, and her whole self entirely abstracted, as it were, from this earth, it was not possible either to refuse her credit for her sincerity, or in some measure to partake of her feelings. On rising, she laid her hand upon my arm, and exclaimed, "Now you are truly my sister, and I hope you will never forget the prayers of *La Mere Ste. Camille*." We offered her money, but she pointed to a little box, and said, "Put it into that, for there I keep the treasures of others. I do not want it just now for my hospital, but there are many poor in this parish."

We returned to her own room, and then begged her to relate to us the history of her life; for I told her that I had come all the way from England to hear it, and to see her. She readily complied with my wishes, but wandered occasionally from her subject. She frequently stopped to make reflections, and at times her enthusiasm rendered her almost incoherent; the following, however, is the substance of her narration.

Her real name is Maunoir, and she was born at Angers, where she lived with a wealthy mother. From the earliest age she devoted herself to charity, and, when the civil wars commenced, she visited the fields of battle to carry succour to the wounded, and comfort to the dying. With her basket of drugs and cordials, she braved the horrors of such a scene, spent hours in staunching wounds, and probably saving the lives of many, who would otherwise have perished from exhaustion. During these troubled times, sixty-four unhappy priests were shut up in the chapel of the castle at Angers, and were suffering tortures from thirst. This diminutive being scaled the walls, and by means of cords, lowered wine and water through the broken windows to the unfortunate sufferers. For this she was thrown into prison, and even there, regardless of her own fate, she contrived to help her companions in misfortune. She was at length released by some counter revolution, which changed the authorities. Her mother died, and her property having been all confiscated, Mademoiselle Maunoir went to Paris, in the hope of attaching herself to some religious community devoted to the relief of the sick, and, arriving at her aunt's, she was entreated to leave her vocations, and behave as became the heiress of a considerable property. This she positively refused to do, and she was consequently disinherited: before her aunt died, however, she made over her property to

the institution which her niece had even then endeavoured to found.

Finding that to associate herself with any established order would be to confine her pious exertions, she pursued her own course, and particularly devoted herself to the care of sick or disgraced soldiers, and of those who were not sufficiently poor to go into an hospital, and yet not rich enough to pay for medical attendance. But the former have always been the chief objects of her care, from which she derives the title of "*La Mere des Soldats*." She not only visits them in their hospitals, but in their prisons, whither she carries them bodily refreshment and the consolations of religion. For this, she is so well known to every body, that she is admitted where no one else would be allowed to go; and whenever an unhappy soldier is tried for any offence, she takes her station in the court, with her little bottle of *eau de melisse* in her hand, with which she revives the spirits of those who are condemned. The instant that the prisoner is taken out of court, away she trots at an incredible rate, with her wooden shoes, and great feet, to the palace. The sentinels, who know her, permit her to pass; the people in waiting admit her still further; and she glides into the royal presence almost unperceived. She does not always plead in vain, for, the military laws of France being extremely severe, every opportunity which affords an excuse for their mitigation is readily seized. Among the successful instances which she related to us, I shall select only two.

The first was that of a young man who had been forced into the army, and torn away from a young wife, to whom he had been married only a few months, and from a number of beloved friends and relations. The news of his mother's dangerous illness, and the immediate prospect of the birth of his child, reached him, and he sought and obtained leave of absence, in order to return to his family. His home was far in the south of France, and he had the happiness of finding his mother better; but, as he was about to depart, after a very few days' rest his wife was taken ill, and, to leave her in safety, and embrace his now born child, he delayed the moment of starting, in the hope of still reaching his regiment by the expiration of his furlough. To do this he was obliged to use extra-exertion; but, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, he was a week beyond the appointed time. He was seized as a deserter, tried, and condemned to be shot. When his sentence was pronounced, the poor fellow fainted, but *La Mere* was close at hand, to pour her cordial down his throat, and to whisper a few words of hope in his ear. She proceeded, with her usual celerity, to the Thuilleries, and told her story to the kind-hearted Louis XVIII., who not only pardoned the culprit, but ordered his discharge. I saw the letter from the family to his benefactress, which expressed their unbounded gratitude; and she told me that they every year proved, by some trifling present, that her services were not forgotten.

The second instance was of more recent occurrence, and was that of a fine young man, who, after a series of irritating and insulting conduct from his superior officer, was at length struck by him. The soldier returned the blow, and felled his officer to the ground. He was arrested, and the court-martial sentenced him to be shot, in a few hours after condemnation. *La Mere* darted off to the Thuilleries with inconceivable rapidity, but unhappily the king, Charles X., was at St. Cloud. She instantly quitted the palace, and met the Duc de R——t in his cabriolet. He heard her story, and, telling her to get into his carriage, he drove her at full speed to St. Cloud, at the same time informing her that there was no hope for her *protege*, for the youthful and benevolent Duc de Ch——s had already solicited his majesty twice, without success. Arrived at St. Cloud, *La Mere* met on the stairs the Duc de Ch——s, who told her that his majesty still continued inexorable, for it was an offence which was never pardoned. *La Mere*, however, persisted, and so effectually worked upon the king's feelings, that he wavered. At that moment, the rolling of wheels and the trampling of horses were heard. They were leading the poor victim to the place of execution. Dropping on her knees, *La Mere* called religion to her aid, in so powerful a manner, that she obtained the royal grace. The Duc de Ch——s awaited the result of her visit, and when she shouted, "Pardon!" from the door of his majesty's apartment, he immediately despatched a horse-soldier to stop the execution. He arrived just as the poor fellow had had the handkerchief bound round his head, and dropped on his knees to meet his fate. The joyous cries of his companions informed him that he was saved, and when they tore the bandage from his eyes, he was senseless. They carried him from the ground to the hospital, where he had a fever; "but," said his protectress, "we shall soon get him well again."

The good deeds of *La Mere Ste. Camille*, however, have not been confined to individual instances. When the Empress Josephine was on the throne of France, she sent for this enthusiastic being, and asked her what she should give her by way of present. *La Mere* only asked for a male and female lamb of the real Merinos breed. The empress complied, and interested herself very much about their well-doing. From these, and from a more numerous donation of the same kind from another quarter, *La Mere* has reared a large flock of the purest race. This has been her great resource at all times, and, when the plague raged

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17, 1838.

at Barcelona, she pledged her flock, in order to pay the expenses of two religious sisters and five brethren, whom she sent to attend on the sick in the hospitals. She was desirous also of sending the same sort of assistance to the Greeks during their late struggle, but the government prohibited the departure of her little expedition.

I am sorry to add, that advantage is but too often taken of the enthusiasm and credulity of *La Mere*, and she has frequently been drawn into the snares of the artful, and become responsible for sums of money. Such a circumstance had just occurred when I saw her, and she was obliged to sell some of her "*pauvres bêtes*," as she called them, to answer a heavy demand. As she spoke, the remainder arrived from browsing on the hill, and a little ragged shepherdess conducted them to their fold behind the house: we saw them before we came away, and they evinced much joy at the sight of their mistress. They also licked our hands, and seemed so perfectly tame, that she had evidently spent much time among them, teaching them gentleness.

Such is the history of this wonderful woman, who is still to be seen every day descending and reascending the hill of Montmartre, on her way to and from the military hospitals. A little basket hangs on her arm, and she is escorted by her two dogs. The soldiers bless her as she passes their *casernes*. "*Bon jour, ma mere!*" salutes her on all sides as she goes along; and many of the poorer class feel a superstitious reverence even for her name.

**THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.**—The London and Birmingham Railway is, unquestionably, the greatest public work ever executed, either in ancient or modern times. If we estimate its importance by the labour alone which has been expended on it, perhaps the Great Chinese Wall might compete with it, but when we consider the immense outlay of capital which it has required,—the great and varied talents which have been in a constant state of requisition during the whole of its progress,—together with the unprecedented engineering difficulties, which we are happy to say are now overcome,—the gigantic work of the Chinese sinks totally into the shade.

It may be amusing to some readers, who are unacquainted with the magnitude of such an undertaking as the London and Birmingham Railway, if we give one or two illustrations of the above assertion. The great Pyramid of Egypt, that stupendous monument which seems likely to exist to the end of all time, will afford a comparison.

After making the necessary allowances for the foundations, galleries, etc., and reducing the whole to one uniform denomination, it will be found that the labour expended on the great Pyramid was equivalent to lifting fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three millions cubic feet of stone one foot high. This labour was performed, according to Diodorus Siculus, by three hundred thousand, and by Herodotus by one hundred thousand men, and it required for its execution twenty years.

If we reduce in the same manner the labour expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway to one common denomination, the result is twenty-five thousand million cubic feet of material (reduced to the same weight as that used in constructing the Pyramid) lifted one foot high, or nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven million cubic feet more than was lifted one foot high in the construction of the Pyramid; yet this immense undertaking has been performed by about twenty thousand men in less than five years.

From the above calculation has been omitted all the tunnelling, culverts, drains, ballasting, and fencing, and all the heavy work of the various stations, and also the labour expended on engines, carriages, wagons, etc.; these are set off against the labour of drawing the materials of the Pyramid from the quarries to the spot where they were to be used—a much larger allowance than is necessary.

As another means of comparison, let us take the cost of the Railway and turn it into pence, and allowing each penny to be one inch and thirty-four hundredths wide, it will be found that these pence laid together so that they all touch, would more than form a continuous band round the earth at the equator.

As a third mode of viewing the magnitude of this work, let us take the circumference of the earth in round numbers at one hundred and thirty million feet. Then, as there are about four hundred million cubic feet of earth to be moved in the Railway, we see that this quantity of material alone, without looking to any thing else, would, if spread in a band one foot high and one foot broad, more than three times encompass the earth at the equator.

It will be evident that such a work as this could only have been undertaken in a country abounding with capital, and possessing engineering talent of the highest order. The steps by which the science of Railways has arrived at its present position were slow, yet progressive. Railways of wood and stone were in use, as well as the flat iron or tramrail, in the middle of the seventeenth century, particularly among the collieries of the north, and were gradually improved from time to time; they still, however retained a character totally distinct from those structures which will soon form the means of transport through all the principal districts of the kingdom.

**REVIEW OF NOVELS.**—Strange as to some of our readers it may appear, "*Pickwick*" was criticised in the *Eclectic Review* (a religious work remarkable for its strict tone of morality,) some time since, and the number of this periodical for July contains a well-written and able sketch of MR. BULWER'S recent novels, "*Maltravers*," and "*Alice, or the Mysteries*," with sound and reasonable comments on those productions. This we take to be a somewhat novel feature in a religious periodical; but we heartily commend the manly wisdom displayed in introducing such articles into such a work as the *Eclectic*. Who has not read "*Pickwick*?" And how many of the religious world have read or will read both "*Alice*" and "*Maltravers*!" But suppose such reading were shut out from our libraries and banished from the fire-side, could they be excluded from the chamber and the solitary walk, and sealed up wherever the members of our families may roam or rest? Or, could we give complete effect to our interdict against the perusal of all such books by every individual connected with us, by how many thousands of those with whom we and our children, and all we love and care for, must daily associate, would they be still perused and pondered over with enthusiasm and delight! What influence would they still exert over the minds of those by whom, to a great extent, the taste and sentiments even of our own households will be moulded or modified! What power, mysterious indeed and unseen, but mighty, would they still possess, not over such as read them with avidity, but with those also who never opened a page, or scarcely knew of their existence! We are insensibly but powerfully operated upon by all with whom we come in contact: their tastes, sentiments and opinions, affect our own; and, whilst the character is forming, of what untold importance is it that this power should be employed for good! On the narrowest grounds, therefore, and with a view merely to the advantage of ourselves and ours, we should seek to elevate the moral sentiments and habits of the mind, to enable thought to purify the sources of emotion, to chasten and subjugate the imagination, to adorn and dignify the virtue of the entire community. And if the maxim "that he who makes the songs has more power in moulding the character of a people than he who makes their laws" be true, can any more effective means be found for accomplishing these benign ends, than by bringing our most popular authors to the bar of christian criticism, and by seeking to exert the authority of christian principles on the minds of these authors themselves? We are not now discussing the question how far the reading of works of fiction should be indulged in, or by whom nor whether the reading of them should be tolerated at all. We simply deal with the fact that they are, and will be, despite of all our efforts to the contrary, extensively read; and if this be so, then does it appear to us to be the imperative duty of the guides and guardians of our literature, as far as in them lies, to improve and elevate the order of such productions; and obtain a guiding and controlling power, not over readers only, but over the writers too. Let us give the meed of our approval, so far as we faithfully can, even to those who professedly write only for the amusement of the people, where they combine with the fascinations of romance the lessons of a lofty morality, and a daring faith in the providence of a supremely wise and righteous Being,—where they display the beauty of pure and tender sentiment, and the nobleness of magnanimity and self-denial, and expose the debasement of vice in all its forms, its miserable folly, its hopeless shifts, its final and utter failure. Where errors in morality, or ignorance or perversion of christian truth, appear, let these evils be shown and reproved, not with bitter, unchristian severity, and though in charity and with courtesy, yet without compromise. If vice be tolerated or defended, if the strain and tendency of any such productions be to inflame the passions, or to arouse our sympathy in behalf of the victims of any lust, let rebuke be administered with the calm dignity of a noble mind, not the malice of a personal and petty foe. The article in the *Eclectic*, which has drawn from us these remarks, will, we are sure, benefit every one who, by chance or design meets with MR. BULWER'S works; and should it catch the eye of the gifted author himself, we think it will induce him again to revolve the points on which the reviewer is anxious to set him right, and may impart to him new zest and power in his professed endeavours to render the delights of the imagination subservient to the improvement of the heart.

Of the popularity of novels and their extensive circulation, we find the following declaration in Tait's Magazine for June:—  
"Apologies for novel-reading are no longer offered or sought. All the world reads the new novels, and a great portion of it with insatiable, devouring appetite. It, indeed, evinces no slight degree of self-control to close the fascinating, drab-coloured 12mo, at the proper hour at night, and not open it again till after breakfast and family prayers are over next morning. Those who eschew the theatre and the opera, the race-course and the hounds in full cry, are but the more likely to yield to the blandishments, the soft seduction, of the novel. Romances, at least since the days of Gray, are nowhere more diligently perused, though sometimes

under the rose, than in the seats of learning. An English parsonage is the very place to meet with and enjoy a novel; nor do Dissenters altogether escape the prevailing epidemic. Novels have been heard of among the Baptists; they are making way among the Quakers. Mr. Wilberforce was, in his day, a considerable novel reader. Robert Hall read novels; and they constituted, to the very worst of them, the daily bread of Crabbe. There went to be shame, doubt, or an awkward bashfulness among the grave and the pious, suspected of this mode of amusement; and among the learned and philosophic, ineffable scorn of a frivolous and enervating pursuit. But strong is frail human nature, and will prevail; so, while "man is dear to man," and while human beings hope and fear, and plan and scheme, and build castles in the air, the whole race, each after his or her kind, will own the enchantment of these *tableaux vivans*, of many-coloured life. The power of the drama will fail before that of the novel; nor is the reason of this difficult or obscure."

**A COMPREHENSIVE OUTLINE OF THE GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA, FROM THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. FOR SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE INSTRUCTION, BY JOHN CROSSKILL.** A work like the present one has long been a desideratum in our provincial literature, both for teachers and for the learner. Of the design and plan of the publication, the industrious author in his preface observes:—

"That the youth of Nova Scotia might no longer be suffered to complete their scholastic days in total ignorance of the History of their native land; that persons of every age, capacity, and rank, might be supplied with an historical narrative sufficiently interesting to repay the attention of a leisure hour—that all who possess a copy of Haliburton's History might have within their reach a manual for ready reference to correct the numerous discrepancies in that otherwise valuable work; that those Schoolmasters who have adopted the History of Nova-Scotia as part of their system of instruction, might have assistance in their efforts—and that others might be induced to extend this laudable but too much neglected practice:—such were the motives which impelled the author to his task—such the prospect which urged him to its completion. No capricious alterations have been made in the language of the authors whose works it was found necessary to consult; a list of which is supplied on the last page, for the convenience of those who are desirous of extending their knowledge of Nova Scotia. While it was necessary to condense the narrative into a small compass, care has been taken to notice every interesting fact, and to continue the history to the present year. Some apology, is necessary for the Map, which does not include the adjacent Provinces, as proposed. The omission is made from causes which the author could not control. Immediately after the appearance of the advertisement, he was politely presented with a beautiful and correct draft, extending to Lake Erie, west—Philadelphia, south—Labrador, north—and Newfoundland, east. This was forthwith put into the hands of the engraver, but the difficulties and delay attending the execution of it, induced him to abandon the object. The Map subjoined, however, contains the new Counties, and is otherwise sufficiently correct for all ordinary purposes."

Appended to the work are some recommendatory notices by the principal teachers in Halifax, and which are highly flattering to the taste and ability of the compiler. As far as our own examination has extended we highly approve of the plan of the work for tuition, and we deem it a tribute to merit, and a duty to the public, to notice and recommend the "**COMPREHENSIVE OUTLINE**," as superior to any thing of the kind we have yet seen and at a very moderate expense. It is sold by all the Booksellers in town, price one shilling and sixpence.

**EMBARKATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, FOR QUEBEC.**—It being known that His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell would embark on board the *Medea*, steamer, on Saturday morning, in order to proceed to Quebec, a great number of people assembled to witness his departure. At ten o'clock, a guard of honor of the Welsh Fusiliers, with the brass band of the Regiment, marched down and took their station on the Queen's wharf. His Excellency was attended to the wharf by his aides; by Col. Snodgrass, the administrator of the Government during his Excellency's absence; by a number of the Members of Her Majesty's Council, and several military gentlemen; and after receiving their adieus, stepped into the barge under a salute from George's Island, the band playing, and loud cheering from the crowds assembled on the Queen's and Market wharf. A guard of marines received him on board the steamer, which lay at a short distance from the wharf, and was immediately under weigh, displaying His Excellency's flag at the main topmast head. Miss Campbell, and two of His Excellency's aides, Lieut. Arthur Campbell, and Col. Starr, accompanied him to Quebec. J. R. Glover, Esq. and lady, and Ensign Bazalgette, also went passengers. The *Medea* will call at Charlotte-Town, P. E. I. for Sir Charles Fitzroy, the Lieut. Governor, who also proceeds to Quebec.—*Times*.

**PUBLIC HOTEL.**—A meeting took place at the Exchange Coffee House, on Friday evening last, for the purpose of devising measures for the erection of a Public Hotel in this town. The Meeting was well attended, and by those especially of the more influential and wealthy, under whose management the proposed undertaking will be made a credit to the Town, and we hope a profitable enterprise to the Shareholders. The Hon. Thomas N. Jeffery was called to the chair, and the proceedings of former meetings having been succinctly stated by the Secretary, (Henry Pryor, Esq.) and several sites being mentioned as eligible for the proposed Hotel, a resolution was moved and carried, that a purchase should be made of two out of three lots offered for sale in Argyle street, comprising the property of Mr. McDougal, occupied by Mr. Thomas Medley, etc., and the adjoining property of W. M. Allen, and W. A. Black, Esquires, running back to the upper street. Shares were then subscribed to the amount of about £7000, and a limit is made to the stock at £12,000, at £100 per share. The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to carry into effect the arrangements necessary for the completion of the object, with authority to apply to the Legislature for an act of incorporation.—Hon. T. N. Jeffery, Hon. H. H. Cogswell, Hon. J. B. Uniacke, Hon. Michael Tobin, E. Kenny, James Murdoch, and Wm. Young, Esquires. Henry Pryor, Esq. was appointed Secretary and Treasurer of the Company.

The pride which must be felt, in an establishment which will remove from Halifax much of the discredit which formerly attached to it in the opinion of travellers, from want of sufficient accommodation; the effect it will have in enhancing the value of property; and the prospect of Atlantic Steam Navigation making this port a medium of transit, which will draw crowds of travellers to Halifax, must, we should think, afford the strongest inducement to capitalists and others, speedily to fill up the number of shares. The certainty of success is reduced to a point; and we fully expect the enterprise will cause no greater heartburnings to those who engage in it than our Insurance Companies have done—some of which have realized we believe, cent. per cent. to the Stockholders, in a very short time after being in operation.—*Ibid.*

**DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.**—At a meeting of the Governors of Dalhousie College on Monday the sixth day of August inst.

It was resolved that the College be opened for public instruction on the first day of October next.

That until the funds and circumstances of the Institution may admit of more extended operations; it is the intention of the Board that the following Classes or Professorships shall be conducted therein, viz.:

- 1st. The Classical Languages.
- 2d. The Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.
- 3d. Moral Philosophy, Logic and Rhetoric.

That the third class be conducted by the Rev. Dr. MacCulloch, who, for the present is appointed President.

That public notice be forthwith given, for gentlemen competent to fill the two other Professorships above named, to send in their names to the Secretary of the Board on or before the 15th day of September next, as Candidates for such Offices, to be submitted to the consideration of the Board."

It is therefore requested that such Gentlemen as are desirous of becoming Candidates for the Professorships of Classical Languages and the Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the College, would send in their application, within the period above specified, to

J. W. NUTTING.

Halifax August 7, 1838. Secretary of the Board of Governors.

**PIRACIES.**—Captain Winchenbak of the brig Ceylon, arrived at this port last night from Marseilles, reports that on the 4th inst. in lat. 36 degrees 13 minutes, longitude 47 degrees 20 minutes, at about six in the afternoon, he met a schooner with fore and main-gallant sail, steering to the South. Hoisting a Portuguese flag, the schooner fired several guns ahead of the brig, and compelled her to heave to—ordering her boat to be sent alongside. The Captain and two men went on board the schooner, when five of her crew manned the boat, and boarded the brig.—Not finding any money, they took what provision they wanted, with a box of wine, and left her, subsequently releasing the captain and his men. Before leaving his brig, the captain had taken the precaution to conceal some \$1,500 in specie in a cask of water on deck.

Captain Cobb of the ship Hibernia, arrived last night from Liverpool, reports that on the 5th inst., at 4 P. M., he spoke the British brig Isabella, 150 days from Sidney, New South Wales, bound to London. On the day previous, in the afternoon, the Isabella had been boarded by a Spanish piratical brig of eight guns, full of armed men. They took the spare sails of the brig, with the cordage, canvass, and twine, robbed the passengers and seamen of their clothing—carrying off whatever would suit their purposes. On the morning of the 5th the Isabella fell in with the United States sloop-of-war Cyane, and communicated the above intelligence to Captain Percival, who immediately hauled up to the southeast in pursuit of the pirate. Captain Cobb supplied the Isabella with sails and stores.—*N. Y. Courier.*

**MUNIFICENCE.**—Mr. John Jacob Astor, a wealthy and benevolent merchant of New York, has made to the corporation of the city, a donation of \$550,000 for the establishment of a Public Library.

It is said that more than 25,000 American Indians, in the West, have fallen victims to the small pox.

**MORREAU.**—A gentleman from Lewiston says that Morreau was executed at Niagara, on Monday, between the hours of 12 and 1. We fear this is true, although the Buffalo papers of Tuesday morning say nothing of it.—*Rochester Democrat.*

The Montreal papers of Wednesday give a report from Kingston, that all the political prisoners in confinement there have made their escape, by means of a sewer running under the prison. Among them were Messrs. Parker and Montgomery.

The Montreal Courier of Thursday says that Mr. Parker and five other prisoners have been retaken.

**ROUTE TO HALIFAX.**—Despatches for Halifax were brought to New York by the Great Western, answers it appears are to be returned by the same route. This is cause of mortification,—Halifax is about four days sailing or steaming, nearer Great Britain than New York is, and Halifax is a principal British Station, yet the longer route through a comparatively strange country is preferred. Despatches were also received in New York, for Canada.—*Novascotian.*

Really this is too bad. If our mails are to be carried to New York, this community will feel vastly indebted to steam ships. Our Packets direct to this place were far preferable to this humiliating zig-zag route.

**LATEST NEWS.** As we have not had an opportunity of seeing the late English papers, we extract the following items of news from the *Novascotian* of last evening:

The Great Western, Steam Packet, Lieut. Hoskin, R. N. arrived at New York on August 5; fourteen and a half days from Bristol. She made her passage home in twelve days and a half. A gentleman went in her from New York, and has returned,—having been absent 39 days, twelve of which he spent in England! She brought out 131 passengers.

In the House of Lords on the 17th, it was stated, that Sir John Colborne wished to be relieved from his command in Canada, and that it did not appear that an augmentation of troops in Canada was required at present.

The Irish Tithe question is said to be on the point of settlement. A suggestion of Sir R. Peel—that a balance of the loan to the Irish clergy should be applied to the settlement of the tithe arrears—has been acceded to by Mr. O'Connell. Lord Lyndhurst proposed an amendment to the Irish Corporation Bill: namely, that the franchise should be of the yearly value of not less than £10 *bona fide* holding,—the amendment was carried by a majority of 60.

Commander James Pearl, R. N. 38 years in the service, has been knighted.

The Duke of Leeds had departed this life. The Crops in England promise abundantly.

The Liverpool Standard says, that H. S. Chapman, of Canadian celebrity, has received a commission from Government. No foundation for the assertion appears.

The Vandeville Theatre, Paris, has been destroyed by fire. A serious fire, causing an immense loss of property, occurred at Cairo on June 21.

The remains of Napoleon, it is asserted, are to be removed to Paris, with great ceremony.

Warlike appearances between the Pasha of Egypt, and the Sultan, have been modified by the intervention of the British Consul at Alexandria.

The Hanoverian Chamber of Deputies have addressed the German Diet in support of the Constitution, attempted to be set aside by King Ernest. This has occasioned much speculation, and will occasion, it is thought, a complete discomfiture of the absolute views of his Majesty. Prussia, it is said, has fallen off from the support of King Ernest: his submission to circumstances is confidently reckoned on.

Spanish movements were reported, but nothing at all conclusive appeared; nothing indeed even to assist a judgment on the state of parties in that unfortunate country.

Excitement, concerning questions at issue between Belgium and Holland, continued in those countries. Important results were thought probable. The interposition of Prussia and France, at opposite sides, was reckoned on, in which case a state of fierce warfare might be expected.

**COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS.**—We are constantly receiving the names of subscribers in various parts of the province, but without the cash in advance, and we are as constantly obliged to decline forwarding the Pearl to any in the country who do not comply with the terms of our publication. Our paper is published so low, that we do not consider it advantageous to our interest, to send to any places without payment in advance. The expense of collecting subscriptions would almost equal the amount due for

the paper. Our agents and the postmasters will oblige us by informing all persons who are desirous of subscribing to the Pearl, that we adhere rigidly to our terms of subscription, namely, "To country subscribers, fifteen shillings inclusive of postage, payable in all cases in advance."

**PASSENGERS.**—In the Acadian for Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Field, Mrs. C. Twining and 2 children, Mr. and Mrs. Webber, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Miss Rudolf, Mr. Gibbons Mr. A. B. Jennings, and three in the steerage. In *Moda* (steamer) for Quebec, His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, Miss Campbell, Capt. Campbell, R. Glover, Esq and Lady, J. Leander Starr, Esq, Ensign Bazette. In the *Sylph*, Capt. Walsley and Mr. Washington. In the *Fleta*, Mrs. A. Russell and Miss Russell.

Dr. Cogswell, arrived in town, on Wednesday the 5th inst. via New York and New Brunswick, from England.

#### MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Drummond, Mr. John Barron, to Miss Elizabeth Barron, both of Kilkenny, Ireland.

#### DIED,

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Michael Kelly, Shipwright, aged 58—

#### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

##### ARRIVED,

Friday August 10th.—Schr Teazer, Canso; Lady, Dover; Royal Adelaide, St. Mary's; Victory, Arichat—fish, etc.; brig Lady Chapman, Gilbert, Porto Rico—sugar, to J. & M. Tobin; Otter, Dill, do, —sugar, to J. & M. Tobin; Georgian, Graham, Picton, 6 days—coal, to S. Cunard & Co.; schr Barbara, Gerior, Boston, 5 days—ballast; Ion, Hammond, St. John, N. B. 5 days—wine, salmon, etc. to Wm. J. Starr, and others, 8 passengers.

Saturday 11th.—Schr Willing Lass, Watt, St. John, N. B.—meal and alewives, to W. Roche; Victoria, Savage, do.; Alicia, Currie, Miramichi, 6 days—salt, to Fairbanks & McNab; Manly and Lucy, Arichat—fish; Mary, Barrington, do.; Caroline, Crouse, St. Andrews, 8 days—lumber, to Wm. A. Black & Son; brig Flota, Evans, Miramichi, 6 days—alewives, shingles, etc. to S. Cunard & Co.

Sunday 12th.—Schr Mary, Margaret's Bay—fish; Hugh Deacon, Sydney—coal.

Monday 13th.—Schr Mary, Cann, Sydney, 4 days—coal; brig Victoria, Brookman, Sydney, 4 days—fish and coal, to Fairbanks & Allison; schr Oracle, Muirehead, St. Andrews, 5 days—lumber to W. Roche; Victoria, Annapolis—lumber.

Tuesday 14th.—Brig Somerset, Williams, Bermuda, 9 days—sugar and molasses, to Frith, Smith & Co.; Am. schr Susan, Taylor, Baltimore, 14 days—flour and corn, to S. Binney and master; schr Active, Philips, Port Medway—lumber.

Wednesday 15th.—Schr Armide, Smith, St. Domingo and Bermuda, via Barrington, 14 days—40 bags of coffee, to W. & J. Murdoch; brig Streatham Castle, London, 60 days—flour, wine, etc. to S. Cunard & Co. and Gov. stores; Sylph, Wainwright, Bermuda, 7 days, to Saltus & Wainwright.

Thursday, 16th.—Schr Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 1 day, ballast; Elizabeth, Liscomb Harbour, dry fish; Fanny, Arichat, dry and pickled fish; True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool, N. S.—lumber; Abeona, Brier Island—fish; Olive Branch, Boushier—fish; Esperance, Gagneo, fish, etc. 4 days from Arichat; brig Reward, Hannam, Kingston, 27 days, ballast, to H. Lyle; ship Dolphin, Roach, Liverpool, G. B. 44 days—salt, dry goods, etc. to Fairbanks & McNab.

##### CLEARED,

Saturday August 11th.—Brig James Matthews, Bremner, B. W. Indies, fish, by M. B. Almon; schr Lady, Bond, Oderin, N. F. flour, molasses, etc. by W. B. Hamilton; Dove, McNeil, LePoyle, N. F. assorted cargo, by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Ellen, Burk, Boston, coal, by J. Mundell and others; brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, assorted cargo, by J. Clark and D. & E. Starr & Co. 13th.—schr Marie, Audet, Gaspe, rum and molasses, by Creighton & Grassie; brig Margaret, Doane, and John, Hodson, Berbice, fish and staves, by D. & E. Starr & Co.; London Packet, Harvey, Barbadoes, fish, etc. by Frith, Smith & Co; 14th.—Schr Matilda, Venus, Bulong, La Boyle Bay, lumber, salt, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co; Am Para, Emperor, Gray, Philadelphia, salmon and gypsum, by J. H. Braine. 15th.—brig Ann, Crick, St. John, N. F.—tea, butter, etc. by J. Allison & Co, and J. Binney; brig James, Hatchard, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by Saltus & Wainwright; Sir S. Chapman, Hunt, do. do. by J. & M. Tobin; schr Rafter, Crane, Bay Verte, by the Master.

##### MEMORANDA.

Ship Susan and Sarah hence at Liverpool, in 18 days. New York, 5th inst. arrived Steamer Great Western, Bristol, 14 days,—made the passage home in 12½ days.

Ship Halifax, hence at Liverpool, in 17 days.

Liverpool, 18th ult, arrived barque John Porter, Crosby, hence.

Barque Brothers, Poole, to leave Liverpool 20th ult. for Halifax.

Shelburne 6th inst arrived, brig Evelina, Bars, Bermuda.

**SHIPWRECK.**—Barque Granville, Mills, from Sligo, 35 days, bound to St. John, N. B. in ballast, was cast away on Sable Island, 31st ult. in a thick fog, passengers, (20 in number) and crew saved. The Captain and 6 men arrived yesterday in the long boat—left the Island on Saturday.—[Guardian.]

**MARKETS** at Kingston, 18th ult.—Dry Fish 4-8, Mackerel 9, Alewives and Herrings, 8—Salmon 19—Lumber 24—Oil 5s 10d, Jam: currency.



## ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

We extract the following graphic and most interesting description of an encounter between a brave young English officer and a full-grown lion of India, from "Waterton's Essay on Natural History," just published by Messrs. Longman and Co. Mr. Waterton received the account from the officer himself, when at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, some months since. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Waterton, "the affable and unassuming manner in which he related it to me. I repeatedly urged him to allow me to put it on record, and at the same time to make use of his name; but I plainly saw that his feelings were against his complying with my request; and I think I should not have succeeded, had I not luckily brought to my assistance the plea of benefit to natural history."

In the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajcote, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morning, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and related with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighbouring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat. They now proceeded toward the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion, seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last he became somewhat more tractable; but as he was advancing through the jungle, all on a sudden the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his underparts with his teeth, and hung on them till the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Captain Woodhouse in the meantime firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail, as the jolting of the elephant, and the uproar of the moment prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and after searching about for some time, he observed the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him; but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to their elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket; and as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards. The Indian game-finder who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of his gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably

find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieutenant Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep-track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him.

"Impetus est fulvis, et vasta leonibus ira!"

This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in most magnificent style." Capt. Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making; wherefore he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, "whose courage none could stain," were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to crunch the captain's arm; but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a couching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, crunched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint, showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay bleeding and disabled under the foot of a mighty and an irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its fitting honours, was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that if his friends fired, the ball would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "to the other side! to the other side!" Hearing the voice they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side. Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior. The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim.

A PLEASANT MESSAGE.—Some five-and-twenty years ago, the late Mr. Bartleman was taking ill, just before the commencement of the festival at Gloucester, for which he had been engaged, so that he could not leave London; another Basso was applied to, at a very short notice, who attended, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of every body. When he called on the organist, the late Mr. Mutlow, to be paid, the latter thanked him most cordially for his kindness in attending, also for the very noble manner in which he had sung; and concluded with the following very complimentary and pleasant message:—"When you see poor Bartleman give my best regards to him; and tell him how much we missed him during the festival!"—*Musical World*.

IGNORANCE.—Captain Alexander notes, from the hill Damaras, (in South Africa,) I could make nothing out to show they had any, the most imperfect, religious impressions; "Who made the sun?" I asked them. "We don't know; we are a stupid people, we don't know anything—only let us get plenty to eat, that is all we care for,"—was the common answer I got from this be-  
lighted people.

MONEY AT THE FINGER'S ENDS.—The Siamese, like the Chinese, wear the finger-nails very long, and the ladies have them sometimes tipped with silver.

The Siamese use no alloy in their manufactured gold, which is very fine, and of a very deep colour, almost orange.

ANCIENT AND MODERN OPINIONS OF THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN.—It is remarkable that the most modern notions upon the nature of the brain and nerves have reverted and approximated to those of the most ancient periods. Already 500 years before the Christian era, and no historical record ascends to a higher antiquity than this period, did Pythagoras, to whom the existence of the nerves, as part of the body, was still unknown, maintain the opinion that the brain is the chief seat of the soul, and the seat of the intellect.—*Ehrenberg*.

WISDOM AND EXPERIENCE.—"When I was a young man," says John Wesley, I was sure of every thing; but in a few years, finding myself mistaken in a thousand instances, I became not half so sure of most things as before. A process something like this operates upon every rational being; and hence it is, that as a man grows older, he becomes less violent and dogmatical in politics, and every thing else; not that he is less ardently attached to the cause of truth, but because he has discovered that he has often mistaken falsehood for truth, and because he has learned to be more moderate in his expectations of unattainable perfection than he was in the enthusiasm of youth.

SHIP SAINT OF THE CHINESE.—A light was burning (in the cabin) in a little cupboard. On looking into it there was a great profusion of decoration, pieces of tinsel, artificial leaves, and the like, to be seen. At the back part was seated a little waxen image, dressed out with silks and gaudy ribbons. This was the guardian saint of the boat, to which the sailors, twice a day, offer sweetmeats, fruit, and little cups of tea. After waiting a due time, to see whether she will accept the offering, the boatmen generally assist her in the matter by swallowing it themselves. She is considered the patroness of sailors, and goes by the name of 'Tien-how, or Queen of Heaven.' In fact, it was a Ghos-house or church, which, upon enquiry, I found was never omitted even in the smallest vessels.—*The Fan-qui in China*.

WEALTH.—Excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within its shell and never puts it out but for the purpose of lucre and ostentation, who looks upon his fellow creatures not only without sympathy, but arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he was made to be their lord, as if they were for no other purpose than to pumper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandizement; such a man may be rich, but trust me, he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in fortune a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that, and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow-men; let them fall like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the wayworn pilgrim. I wish you, indeed to be distinguished; but wealth is not essential to distinction. Look at the illustrious patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists, who, in various ages, have blessed the world: was it their wealth that made them great? Where was the wealth of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, Epaminondas, of Fabricius, Cincinnatus, and a countless host upon the rolls of fame? Their wealth was in the mind and heart. These are the treasures by which they have been immortalized; and such alone are treasures which are worth a serious struggle.—*William Wirt*.

VOCAL CLOCK.—The subjoined description of a curious clock is given in the journal of the Rev. J. Wesley:—"On Monday, April 27, 1762, being at Lurgan, in Ireland, I embraced the opportunity which I had long desired, of talking to Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock, which stood on the opposite side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round on the company, and then said, with a clear, loud, articulate voice, *past one, or two, or three* and so on. But so many came to see this, (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe,) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend to his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it, or reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine to pieces."

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