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Forget Me Not for 1839.

THE CORNISH WRECKER.

BY R. JOHN'S, ESQ.

There are popular fallacies, which though generally believed, are seldom publicly asserted, and thus, like the slanders of private scandal, they long remain unrefuted. To these belongs the notion that the natives of the Cornish coasts make it their custom during stormy nights to lead horses with lanterns attached to their heads along the summit of cliffs, that ships may be lured to destruction by false lights. This inconsiderate fable we have seen gravely administered to the public within the last ten years. Then there are dark hints of murder committed on the victims of shipwreck, that the right of the wreckers to their pillage might remain undisputed; while all the recollections of sea-shore violence on the coast of England are carried westward, and confused into a monstrous idea that the fathers of the present generation of Cornish fishermen and miners not long ago made wholesale murder a pastime if not a profession; and even yet are their sons supposed to give strong indications of their parentage.

We frankly confess that the world may be many years older ere the coast-born poor of Cornwall can be brought to respect, on principle, property cast upon the beach by the violence of the elements; custom for centuries having apportioned such waifs to the finder, still profanely are they called God-sends; but we are fairly borne out in saying that on no part of the coast of England is more self-devotion displayed for the safety of a distressed vessel whilst aid can be afforded her, or for the rescue of life when her destruction is inevitable.

The following incidents, the leading facts of which will, perhaps, be remembered by the Cornish reader, may serve to exhibit a wreck on the coast of Cornwall in its true colours; we shall only add that, while there are instances in the recollection of many, where gallant Cornish wreckers have perished in their endeavours to save the shipwreck, the records of murders committed on the unfortunates thrown upon their shores exist but in the unsubstantiated legends of by-gone years.

Deep was calling unto deep, the red lightning pointed like the finger of a destroying angel from out the thunder-cloud, and the messenger of wrath revealed amid the blackness of night a doomed vessel contending with the breakers of a rocky shore. Rolling heavily, she ground her keel on the fatal reef that held her till the fires and winds of heaven and the rage of the foaming waves had done their worst, making a wreck of the good ship Planter, homeward-bound West Indianman. The reader may, perhaps, tremble for the fate of the hapless mariners of that bark, even should they escape from "the hell of waters" that surrounds them, our scene being laid on a wild part of the coast of Cornwall, where a throng of suspicious-looking fishermen and gaunt miners crowd the beach. The vessel is fast going to pieces; every wave that passes over her washes from his clinging hold some despairing wretch whose life-grasp yields to the suction of the retreating waters. The Cornish wreckers, joined hand in hand, are in the breakers. The foremost of each line, supported by those behind him, grasps at the senseless forms tossed amid the surge, or casting a rope to the swimmer whose strength is failing him, they rob the sea of its prey. Ere the ship broke up a hawser had been passed to her, by which many of her crew and passengers were saved, and every fire of the neighbouring cottages had its crowd of these sufferers, when their companions in misfortune, rescued at a later period of the wreck, arrived.

Divers are the rude efforts to arouse consciousness in the apparently dead, and with what joy is the return of animation hailed by the wives and children of the fisherman! The men, when they have deposited their burdens of suffering humanity, again repair to the beach; but now it is too evident that the sea no longer supports on its troubled wave aught of the victims of shipwreck but the swollen and mangled corpse. The bale, the wine-cask, the shattered timber, and the broken spar, chests, crates and cases, are dashed on the shore by the rushing tide, but no more of human life is there to be rescued. This night Symey Cove has lost one of the boldest of its fishermen; and on the morrow a name will be called at the neighbouring mine which will be answered only by the wail of the widow and the cry of the orphan. Two of the rescuers have perished. While a single human being was to be saved, bravely did the wreckers struggle with the waters, but now they conceive that they have won their reward, and truth obliges us to present a degraded picture of those who have as yet deserved our warmest approbation.

A scene not less grotesque than picturesque is displayed on that shore. Boxes and packages are broken open; wearing apparel,

and goods of divers kinds, are scattered on the beach. Fires are lighted, wine and spirit-casks spiled; while men, and even boys, drink from buckets, hats, and shoes, till each puncheon has a groupe of noisy Bacchanals around it. Now come the galloping yeomanry, hastily called out; the excisemen, the custom-house officers and their assistants, together with the posse comitatus of neighbouring gentry. After a few sharp contests with the wreckers, some little attention is ensured to the rights of property; and by daybreak large piles of goods saved are heaped on the beach, guarded by the sailors of a revenue-cutter on the station and the dismounted yeomanry. Such was the wreck of the Planter West Indianman, in the winter of 179—, on the coast of Cornwall.

But we must leave for a while the crowded strand, and turn our attention towards a cottage, where an elderly matron and a fair girl, whose beauty would have graced a prouder dwelling, were awaiting the return of Hannibal Strike, who had been all night abroad. The woman, in her short cotton jacket, woollen petticoat, and check apron, looked well the fisher's wife, as she was impatiently gazing from the door into the early dawn, fancying every wayfarer that approached from the direction of the wreck him whom she sought; but a nearer view would convince her that she beheld not the stalwart form, grey head, and embrowned visage, of one of the boldest fishermen, the best of pilots, and withal the most determined wrecker on that part of the coast, for such was the character of her husband. Scarcely less anxious than the expectant wife was her companion, though the poor girl could claim no other relationship with Hannibal than those kindred ties which arose out of gratitude on the one side, and generous protection on the other. Some ten years before our tale commences, a shopkeeper in the neighbouring town, with whom our fisherman occasionally dealt for groceries, whenever a lucky pilchard season or other speculation allowed of his treating his good dame with such luxuries, had died insolvent, leaving an orphan girl totally unprotected for. Strike was one of the last belonging to the neighbourhood who was informed of this occurrence; he happening to have been absent just then, ill-natured people declared not for the purpose of passing goods through the custom-house, though several of the gentry within a few miles of Hannibal's abode had requested him to leave in their back premises certain ankors of Schiedam, "any time after nightfall, at his earliest convenience." We do not mean to hold the fisherman up as an example of propriety to all the meddlers with salt water along the coast of England; though we will not allow shameless libels on the character of Cornishmen to go forth unrefuted, we must not hide the fact that our hero, in common with most of his friends and neighbours, was more than suspected of doing a little smuggling. Nevertheless, Hannibal was a warm-hearted kind fellow, who could not hear of distress without trying to relieve it, unless, indeed, underwriters were the afflicted parties; and he forthwith took possession of the only property the grocer left behind him which the creditors did not covet, and brought home little Mary Harvey, as a playmate for his son, who was about four years her senior.

Well was his charitable act rewarded, when this boy, grown a stripling of fourteen, abandoned the home of his youth, and went forth a reckless adventurer, leaving to the child of the stranger those duties of filial love and obedience which he so cruelly forgot. The cottage of Hannibal Strike was not more than a mile from the beach where the wreck of the merchantman had caused the scene we have attempted to describe. The fisherman, as usual, had been the first to save life, and the last to cease plundering that which the prejudice of custom led him to consider lawful spoil; and now, as morning dawned, little thinking of those at home anxious for his safety, he was watching a small box or case which, though sufficiently buoyant to be raised on the crest of the wave, would again provokingly become lost in the trough of the sea; now appearing as if the next breaker would cast it at his feet, and then swept away just as the wrecker thought the prize within his grasp. During the night more than once had Hannibal saved life at imminent peril to himself; he had afterwards secured about his person several valuables which chance had cast in his way; had then taken his share in the tussle with the authorities; and now, could he but obtain that tempting case, he had prudently determined to make the best of his way to his cottage. A huge roller at length dashed the wished-for treasure fur on the beach; in an instant the wrecker seized it, and, placing it on his shoulders, commenced his retreat, congratulating himself that an abutment of the cliff had, as he thought, saved him from the observation of some sailors belonging to the cutter, then guarding a pile of goods about five hundred yards distant.

Hannibal, however, had not proceeded far along the beach, when a rough grasp on his shoulder, and a blow from the flat of a cut-

lass, made him drop his load and turn on his assailants, who were no other than Mr. Smart, a revenue-officer, and Dick Stretcher, his coxswain—"Now, Hannibal Strike, you old vagabond! if I don't get you sent across seas for this, never trust me!" cried the blustering official.

"No sure, sir, you won't," doggedly replied the fisherman, "and, if it warn't for them pistols, and that bit of bright iron, you should'nt rob me of what the sea gave me. Faith and troth, you should'nt. Arn't I saved two lives this blessed night? There's the old man up at the Dolphius; and the young veller they thought was dead, and I dragged out of the wash of the waves—did'n't Jan Pentreath tell me that his old 'oman and Gracy Dolcooth had brought un to life again? Not that I care to tell 'ee what I've done—I only mean I've earned my right to what I've got; and more than that, I seed nobody laid hand on a thing while life was to be saved; and a wreck's a God-send to the coast; and so it was in my vayther's time, and his vayther's afore him."

Smart responded to this plausible defence of wrecking with a sneer, ordered his coxswain to seize the case, and, coolly telling Hannibal he knew where to find him, would have walked off; but the old man caught him by the arm, and, as if reckless of consequences, said:—"Afore you go, Mr. Smart, first take a few words from Hannibal Strike. You say you know where to find me, please suro I believe 'ee do—case why?—you comes there for no good. But, whether you 'forms against me or no—if I see you a skulking about my door, trying to make a poor girl like my Mally forget her yartue, dang it if I doant make 'ee feel the weight of an old man's hand."

The party addressed seemed to wince under the stern gaze of the wrecker, but at length broke away with an impatient oath at his impertinence, and an assurance that the vengeance of the law should reach him for his morning's work. He would have secured Hannibal on the spot, but two or three stragglers were approaching, and the revenue-officer, by a constant harsh exercise of his always unpopular duties, had few friends among the fishermen; thus he might calculate on being opposed rather than assisted by the new comers. Smart, who was a good-looking but unprincipled man, prided himself much on his intrigues. Long had he sought to lure Mary from the path of innocence, and his enmity to Hannibal Strike arose from a conviction that the honest counsel of the old man had been the cause of his having failed in his designs.

Even younger in mind than years, the gentle girl had at first felt gratified by the attentions of one whom she considered far above her in station; and, ere his dishonourable motives were discovered, she had nearly rendered to him that gift which is seldom to be recalled—a maiden's heart. But Hannibal's sound though homely reasoning aroused her from a dangerous dream before it was too late. When the revenue-officer received his dismissal, Mary's lips trembled not to give it utterance, and her affection towards her benefactor seemed, if possible, increased by this act of faithful guardianship.

We will now carry the reader to "The Dolphius," a little public house, bearing a sign-board exhibiting the semblance of three nondescript fishes, by courtesy allowed to be thus designated. In a small sanded parlour, stretched on a rude couch formed of sails and blankets supported on chairs, was an elderly man, who, though clothed in the rough garb of the humble people around him, bore the appearance of a gentleman. On his brow were graven not only the furrows of Time's relentless share, but there too might be traced the deeper lines that tell of age anticipated by sorrow. This was the individual to whom Hannibal Strike had referred as "the old man up at the Dolphius."

It would be of little importance to our narrative did we trace the early career of the stranger whom we have occasion to introduce; suffice it to say that, many years before shipwreck cast him on the coast of Cornwall, he had been a wealthy planter in the Island of Barbadoes, when a destructive fire in his dwelling and plantations reduced him to comparative poverty, the same stroke of adversity depriving him of his wife and child, to whom he was devotedly attached. Feeling every aim of existence thus suddenly snatched from him, he became disgusted with his colonial pursuits, placed his estates in the hands of an agent, and, with the hope of dissipating his grief, had travelled through many parts of North and South America; nor did he return to the West Indies till the reported improvement in his property, a weariness of wandering, and a wish to secure a favourable opportunity of selling his estates, induced him to revisit Barbadoes. The settlement of his affairs effected, Mr. Mortram sailed for England, having prophetically announced to the few friends that Time had left him in the colonies his intention of going home to die in his native land.

When the strong arm of Hannibal Strike came to his support amid the breakers, he was quite exhausted by his exertions in breasting the waves; added to which a blow from a floating portion of the wreck had severely, and, as it was soon discovered, fatally, injured him. When borne to the Dolphins, he was speechless, the blood gushed from his mouth, and an artery was found to have been ruptured. A surgeon from the adjacent town was speedily in attendance; offers of superior accommodation to that of the humble hostelry arrived from the neighbouring gentry; but the stream of life ceased not to pour, in spite of the skill of the mediciner, and ere long the shipwrecked stranger made his abiding home in the little churchyard of Lannassy. The reader is now acquainted with particulars which came not to the knowledge of the parties engaged in kindly offices about the dying man, till their care being unavailing, the coroner's inquest that sat on the body elicited what we have narrated.

But, leaving the Dolphins, let us make our way to the cottage of Jan Pentreath, where, after having undergone more remedies than the Humane Society would ever have sanctioned, and found restoration in some of the many, a handsome young man was snugly sleeping between the blankets of a low truckle-bed. There was a blazing fire on the hearth, on either side of which two old women were seated at a little round table, bearing cups and saucers, matchless of their kind; together with a black tea-pot that had for its neighbour a suspicious-looking case-bottle: a loaf of course brown bread, a potato patty, and a few salted pilchards, completed the preparations for the sociable afternoon meal of Peggy Pentreath and Gracy Dolcooth—"Help ee self, then, an Gracy, and, if it's only for the nonce of it, put in a drop o' the liquor. A dish o' tea is a comfort then, please sure, after being up all night, and a fussing all day as us a been. Give the bottle a lift, then, there be plenty more where that's a come from. Well, now, if that aint a nice handsome gentleman, after all! and the neighbours does say he's got a power o' money. I only wish un would wake and have a morsel to ate. Help eeself to the tatie fuggan, Gracy. They tells me he's the son o' the voregin gentleman that's dead, up at the Dolphins."

"And so he be's," answered Gracy, taking up the conversation as soon as Peggy had stopped to sip and blow a saucerful of hot tea:—"It all came out afore Mr. Roberts, the crowner; my Peter was there, and he told me that this young vellow was the old man's hare, which means a rich squire's son. But, please, sure, the gentry won't lev un stay here long. While you was wanting, there came a power o' company to know how he be's, and to look at un sleeping; and that Muster Smart said he wanted to get un to don'tify a box as he called it; and it seems he's a got poor Hannibal Strike in the prison for stealing of un."

"Ah! Grassy, cheeld venne! I heard something o' that when I was out. That Smart's a cantankerous young toad! He wants to swear old Hannibal took the box from the pile o' goods his people were a-guarding; but I'll be sworn it's all a lie; they pays un for lying up at the custom-house."

Thus in an under-tone prated the watchful guardians of the sleeper, who, though he had slumbered heavily during the whole morning, showed as yet but little likelihood of waking. We will now proceed to the town of Lannassy, where, in a wretched prison, the more miserable on account of the little use made of it, was Hannibal Strike, seated on the damp floor of his cell, the authorities not having made up their minds whether he should have his place of confinement fitted up with the accommodation of a truss of straw for the night, or whether it might not be expedient at once to dispatch their prisoner to the county-gaol. Hannibal had passed one examination before the magistrates. The coxswain swore that the case seized in the possession of the wrecker had formed part of a pile of goods which he and his comrades had collected—how it had been abstracted he knew not, but he identified it by certain marks which had engaged his notice. In addition to this evidence, Mr. Smart gave so exaggerated an account of Strike's offences against the revenue, and threw so much suspicion on his general character, that, as the magistrates were anxious to make an example of some of the parties engaged in wrecking the night previous, it was thought but just to press the matter against one who, they imagined, had actually restolen what had not long before been rescued from the grasp of the plunderers.

Hannibal solemnly denied that he had done any thing worse than just save the case from the waves, though he candidly confessed that he was carrying it home to see what it might contain, and in a tone of apology, said that the gentlemen might talk as they liked, but nothing should make him believe that there was any harm in a poor man's taking what the sea gave him. Evening was fast approaching when Nanny Strike, the afflicted wife of the fisherman, and the sobbing Mary were admitted to the prisoner. They brought news that the magistrates did not mean to forward him to Bodmin till the next morning, and he was now permitted to have a flock mattress, together with a plentiful supply of straw, and furthermore the solace of companionship till eight o'clock.

"Well, these be new-vangled laws, Nanny," said Hannibal, as he sat himself on the bed. "But this be comfortable, please sure, after the hard ground—why I be nearly stiff o' the could."

"Ah, Hannibal, what be they a-going to do with ee? Dear—dear—why did ee meddle with that box?"

"Dang the box! they can't harm me—don't ee take on so, you foolish old 'oman," and the affectionate husband wiped the eyes of his weeping spouse with her apron. "And thee, too, Mally, thou silly cheeld," said he, smiling through his glistening tears on the orphan girl, "I believe ee are both come to make an ould fool o' me."

Mary answered this appeal by clinging to her benefactor, and exclaiming:—"Tis I who have brought all this—Mr. Smart is taking vengeance because I followed your warning."

"Don't ee cry, there's a good maiden—cheer up, my ould dame—why, what makes ee both hold to me so?" soothingly expostulated Hannibal. "They won't hang me, dost think, for just taking what the breakers flung me—for steal the box I never did. Oh that my boy was here to stand up for his vayther! but there's no one o' my name but a poor weak 'oman like thee, Nanny"—and the old man's head dropped on his breast as if he sorely wanted the comfort he fain would have imparted.

The constable who had locked the afflicted family in the prison was now heard approaching, and the women began to weep afresh, fearing that a longer stay with the prisoner was to be denied them. But the cause of his coming was to reconduct Strike before the magistrates. "I don't know what it all means," said the man, "but there be some of the gentry up at the Mayor's, and you're to be examined again before I lock you up for the night."

Accompanied by his wife and adopted daughter, Hannibal was now taken to the house of the principal magistrate. Here he was ushered into a room, where he found several of the town dignitaries assembled round a young man of gentlemanly exterior, reclining on a sofa, earnestly talking to a very attentive auditory. On the entrance of Strike he attempted to spring from his couch, but, as if through weakness, again fell into a recumbent posture.

"The owner of the box you are charged with having taken," said one of the gentlemen, pointing to the stranger, who was no other than the individual whom we left in Mally Pentreath's cottage, but who, as "an Gracy" had prophesied, was soon removed thence to much better quarters.

"I humbly beg his honour's pardon," answered the wrecker. "but I only took what the sea hove up, and what—As sure as a gun, if it arn't the young vellow I dragged from the water!" cried Hannibal, turning suddenly to his wife, who with Mary had been permitted to follow him into the room.

The fishermen's delight that he was now, as he considered himself, safe from prosecution, seeing that he had saved the life of the owner of the box, was soon lost in astonishment as he beheld the fixed gaze of his wife directed towards the young man, who had again risen from the sofa, and was approaching her. His wonder was complete when his good dame, with a startling scream, flung herself into the gentleman's arms and wept aloud. The hand which the stranger held out to Hannibal was most respectfully taken, and retained for a few moments with an air of bewilderment, till Nanny Strike's face, streaming with tears, was raised, and, at length finding words to express her joy, she exclaimed:—"Oh Hannibal, don't ee know him? he is our son!"

The father and husband was now the most affected of the party, as Harry Strike knelt for the old man's blessing and forgiveness. Mary, too, was not an uninterested spectatress of the scene, and soon took her position in the family group, when details too long for our limits explained that the young adventurer had been found by Mr. Mortram a poor ill-treated cabin-boy, in a ship where that gentleman happened to be a passenger; that he rescued the lad from the brutal treatment of his master, and placed him at a school in New York. There the reports of his preceptors as to his natural abilities and good conduct so delighted his benefactor, that, becoming more and more attached to him, the childless planter ultimately adopted him as his son. Education had not exhibited its effects in mental development without touching the heart of the truant wanderer. Ere Mr. Mortram made Harry his companion to Barbadoes, prior to his proposed removal to England, perfect confidence existed between the young man and his patron.

The latter had contemplated with much satisfaction the reconciliation of the lost son to his parents, and had promised his protegee that he would speedily put it in his power to compensate, in some degree, to the authors of his being for past forgetfulness. Harry Strike lamented the death of Mr. Mortram most bitterly, for he had fully appreciated the kindness bestowed on him; but, though great was the damp thus cast on the happiness he experienced at being re-united to his family, a more immediate distress arose from the charge which still rested on his father. The magistrates, who had been sympathising spectators of the scene described, consulted on the matter, and declared they could not interfere with the due course of justice, as Mr. Smart continued to press the commitment of the fisherman for having stolen property when under the protection of his men. Happily the next day it was discovered, by Harry's instrumentality, that the box, which contained papers of consequence, bore marks and appearance exactly similar to another, which, after some search, was discovered to be still in the possession of the revenue-officers.

Hannibal was thus exonerated from the graver charge which had been preferred against him, and as to the offence of wrecking, it would have been invidious to make a solitary example of him. Mr. Smart very prudently procured his removal from that part of the coast; Hannibal Strike and his wife lived for many years in a commodious cottage not far from the scene of the wreck; their son Harry, who had purchased property in a midland county, in vain endeavouring to persuade the old couple to leave a locality endeared to them by the memories of past days. But the pretty Mary Harvey was not quite so inexorable: after the lapse of two years, which were not idly spent in preparing herself for the superior position which she was invited to share, she became the wife of Harry Mortram.

The name of Strike was now extinct, and we can assure the reader that we do not depart from truth out of delicacy to the feelings of his descendants, in saying that Hannibal Strike, for the rest of his life, strictly adhered to the "new-vangled" law of men and tum. Though, when there happened to be a wreck within ten miles of his cottage, the old man was sure to be there, it was merely as a spectator. Yet still as a matter of argument, to the day of his death he held the opinion of his fathers, that there was "no harm in taking what the sea threw on the shore."

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF FOUR BOYS.—In the well known and often visited Middleton Dale, where the towering rocks stand in such majestic grandeur, capped with forest trees and mantling ivy, the threatening attitude of which has often struck with the sublimest admiration and awe the mind of the idle wanderer, the careless pedestrian, and the tasteful and inquiring tourist—amid the crags which surround the base of one of these stupendous rocks is a narrow creek, which leads through a long and subterranean passage into a cavern called the "Wonder," but which, owing to its dangerous and rugged path, is not often visited but by the most enterprising and curious, and the most daring children of the High Peakers. Four boys of the latter description, from the village of Eyam, about the age of eleven years, anxious to explore the secret cavern and narrow windings of the Wonder, a few days ago provided themselves with a candle, and immediately after dinner proceeded to carry their purpose into effect. Various are the reports as to the length of the cavern, some asserting that it extends for several miles under the neighboring hills. It is not often explored further than about three hundred or four hundred and eighty yards, to which point it appears our youthful subterranean travellers, extended their route, when unfortunately for them, a drop of water from the top of the rock extinguished their light, and left them in total darkness in the gloomy cavern. Night came on, and the parents began to be uneasy about their absence, and not returning home when darkness began to cover the earth, immediate search was made for them, and every inquiry made among their playfellows; when it happened that they found one to whom it appears this scheme of exploring the Wonder had been communicated. Provided with lights and mining clothes, two men immediately started at midnight to seek them, when at the extremity of the cavern they found the little daring creatures fast asleep, with their clothes torn, scratched, bruised, and bleeding from the wounds they had received in their attempts to make their way out in darkness. From their own accounts it appears that after the light was extinguished, they made several attempts to find their way back in vain; after which they knelt down and repeated their prayers, and then tried again, without any greater success. They then prayed again and again, and each time attempted in vain to get back, till, exhausted and wounded by falling over the ragged pieces of rock which line the windings of the cavern, and terrified by their awful situation, they sank into sleep, in which state they were found.

It is not sufficiently observed by all the admirers of flowers, that the agreeable perfume of plants, in full bloom, when diffused through close apartments, becomes decidedly deleterious, by producing headache, giddiness, and other affections of the brain. But it is in confinement alone that such effects become evident. In the garden, when mingled with a wholesome and exhilarating atmosphere, amidst objects that awaken the most delightful sensations of our nature, these sweets are a part of our gratifications, and health is promoted as a consequence of enjoyment so pure.

Who has not felt the excitement of Spring? of nature, in that delightful season, rising from lethargy into beauty and vivacity; and spreading the sweets of the thorn and the violet, auxiliary to our gratifications? Amidst the beauties of the flower-garden, these pleasures are condensed and refined; and the fragrance there, hovering on the wings of the breeze, cannot be imagined less wholesome than pleasant.

Whatever increases our gratifications, so peculiarly unmixed with the bad passions of human nature, must surely tend to the improvement of mankind; and to the excitement of grateful feelings towards that beneficent Creator who has so bountifully supplied these luxuries, which none are denied.—*Murand's Botanic Garden.*

For the Pearl.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. II.

Having in the last paper pointed out the difference between a mere unorganized mass, and the regularly organized being; the object of the present Essay will be, to mark the points of distinction between the animal and vegetable. And this at first might strike the passing observer, as a consideration involving but slight difficulties; and indeed this is the fact with regard to the extremes,—but when, by degrees scarcely apparent, the animal has degenerated down to the zoophyte,* remaining stationary at the point where it began to exist, and reproducible like the plant from slips, where the vegetable would appear merged into the animal, it is here where the difficulty lies. But there are characters belonging to each, by which they may with certainty be distinguished. In the former paper it was hinted (sufficiently for the present purpose) what constituted *organization*, and, as it will be noticed again, it need not be repeated here; so that the distinctions above mentioned may be at once considered. The vegetable then, as already shown, is more complex, composed of a greater number of elements than the mineral: and the animal again surpasses the vegetable in the number of its constituents. Here then we have the first remarkable distinction; in the next place, the *solid parts* bear a larger proportion to the *fluid* in the vegetable, than in the animal,—in the former, the solid or *woody* portion, consisting of full three parts of the whole, whilst in man, the solids hardly amount to one sixth; his frail tenement soon decomposes after death, and a handful of mother earth, together with his light skeleton, are all that remain when the ground and air have received back their modicum of his bodily structure; but on the other hand the tree when prepared by the axe, remains for ages a part of our buildings, subject to very slight alteration when it has once been dried,—and in this state outlasts many a generation of him, who removed it from its forest-home, and lopped its graceful branches. And the reason why the animal is the more perishable is that the *azote*† which enters so largely into its composition, is a principle extremely volatile and gaseous; while the vegetable is chiefly formed of *carbon*‡ which is fixed and solid. (It may be remarked here, that it is an object in these Essays to avoid as much as possible those clogs, and *bug-bears*, of all scientific studies—the *technicalities*. Their use is sometimes, however, unavoidable, without a great deal of circumlocution; but when this happens their meaning will be given.) There is, however, one distinguishing characteristic, which would alone serve to mark the difference between these two great classes of organized beings, without any of the points already noticed. The zoophyte, or *vegetable animal*, fixed like the plant to the place of its birth, not possessing even that partial change of place, observable in some of the vegetable tribes. Yet even it is in possession of one real characteristic, by which it is far removed from the vegetable; and that is a surface internally, by which alimentary digestion may be performed, or in other words a pouch or bag into which food is received, and from the food a principle extracted to support animal life, and repair losses,—this process is called *digestion*, and by its presence animal life is surely indicated. For from the shapeless mass of sponge up to the last and completest work of the Creator, all possess a stomach, no matter how simple, or elementary.

An animal then in the abstract may be thus defined: a nutritive tube, open at the extremities; and the polypus appears to make nutrition the sole business of life; it seems to have no other object in view, than the spreading out of its numberless arms to involve its prey in their intricacies, and then when caught, conveying them to its digestive cavity, (for it is scarcely a stomach) just to support enough of life to enable it to repeat the office. This tube, which at first only extends the length of the animal, we shall find gradually elongating itself, till at last, as we rise in the scale of animated life, we find it doubled and redoubled on itself, till it far exceeds in length the body in which it is contained. This great essential of animal life is less dependant for existence and action on the other organs, than are they upon it; it adheres to life with more tenacity too than any other,—and no matter what has caused the dissolution, this canal is noticed to undulate, after all motion has ceased in the heart, and the animal has become a senseless mass. Having now then furnished ourselves with the criteria by which organization may be detected, and established a line of distinction between the animal, and the vegetable kingdom, the next object will be, the consideration of those phenomena which constitute life,—and to trace it up from the point where it results from actions, as simple as the being which exerts them, observing the organs gradually multiplying in number, and their properties increasing as we rise in the scale,—till we arrive at the complication presented in our own bodies, in which the causes and results are more numerous and more perfect than in any other living being; but yet we shall find that each being is in itself perfect, and so constructed, that its functions may be performed in the most favourable manner, with regard to the circumstances in which it is placed,—so that cast our eyes where we may, we shall find that all is “*Good*,” emphatically good. C****

* Zoophyte. Partaking of the nature of both animal and vegetable.

† Azote. So called because it deprives of life when inhaled into the lungs.

‡ Carbon—or Charcoal.

DON'T QUARREL.—One of the most easy, the most common, and most perfectly foolish things in the world, is—to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman, or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species of degree of benefit to be gained by it. And yet strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers, doctors, and princes, quarrel, the church quarrels, and the state quarrels; nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions.

If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one—it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of other—and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.

The reason people quarrel about religion, is because they really have so little of it, and the harder they quarrel, the more abundantly do they prove it. A man has a right to stand fast by his religious faith—a right to insist upon it, a right to present it respectfully, on all proper occasions, to the consideration of others, but he has no right to quarrel; and any man that will quarrel about these things, in my opinion has not much to quarrel about.

Politicians need not quarrel. Whosoever quarrels with a man for his political opinions, is himself denying the first principle of freedom—freedom of thought, moral liberty, without which there is nothing in politics worth a groat: it is therefore wrong upon principle. You have on this subject a right to your own opinion, so have others; you have a right to convince them, if you can: they have the same. Exercise your rights, but again I say—*don't quarrel*.

The truth is, the more quietly and peaceable we all get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbours. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him; no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.—*Emporium, an American publication.*

FOREIGN POETRY.

No poet can ever be felt by a foreigner. The vigour of his thoughts, the depth of his philosophy, or the brilliancy of his imagination may receive their due praise, because they may address themselves to his comprehension. But the whole beauty of his language is a blank. It is beyond the power of any foreigner to appreciate the delicacies of expression, to measure the minute force of phrases, to catch the colouring of words, to seize the fleeting and exquisite essence that constitutes poetic language, in a strange tongue. No Englishman can feel the poetic charm of Racine. No Frenchman can feel the poetic charm of Shakspeare. The proof is simple. Let the Englishman read a speech of Racine in the ear of the Frenchman. The countenance of our Gallic friend will inevitably show, that he regards himself as listening to a good-natured barbarian. Let the Frenchman in turn read a scene of Shakspeare, John Bull, in his most polished state, will not be able to suppress a smile at the grotesqueness of foreign ambition. The obvious fact is that, though nations may communicate their prose treasures with sufficient ease, their poetry is incommunicable. The meaning can alone be given. The brilliancy, vividness, and elegance of the expressions vanish in the transfer. The flower is not to be extracted from the crucible in any other shape than ashes; its component parts may be there, but the spirit has gone off in the distillation. This forms the prominent folly of the pretence to enjoy the rhythm and measures of the Greek and Latin poets. How is it possible to enjoy the music of language, of which we do not retain a single tone? No man living pronounces a single word, perhaps a single letter, as the Greek or Roman pronounced it. What would be the result, in the instance of any modern language. The attempt has never been made without the most ridiculous failure. Every one remembers the Marquis *proprieture* of Ermenonville's epitaph on Shenstone—

“Under this plain stone,
Lies Thomas Shenstone,
A poet rural,
Who wrote of things natural.”

A Greek or Latin epigraphist would unquestionably laugh at one and all our attempts at classic verse, just as we laugh at the unlucky ambition of the Marquis.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

MARRIAGE.—With all its little ills and evils, man knows no happiness until he marries; let him possess a woman of sense and virtue, and of whom he himself is worthy, and he will feel a solid and permanent joy of which he never was before sensible. For, as somebody says, the happiness of marriage, like the interest of money, arises from a regular and established fund; while unmarried libertines live upon the principal and become bankrupt in character and respectability. To be sure (and as the same authority

tells us,) uninterrupted happiness, no man can or ought to expect.—Life is no sinecure; fruits do not spring spontaneously from the earth, as they did in the garden of Eden; nor does manna drop from the clouds as it did in the wilderness. But as a scheme of solid comfort, matrimony affords to well regulated minds a double share of pleasure in prosperity, and a solace and support in sorrow and adversity.—*The Parson's Daughter.*

ACACIA.—The flowers of a species of the acacia are used by the Chinese in making that yellow which bears washing in their silks and stuffs, and appears with so much elegance in their paintings on paper. They gather the flowers before they are quite open, and put them into a clean earthen-vessel, over a gentle heat, and stir them continually, till they become dryish and of a yellow colour; then to half a pound of flowers they add three spoonfuls of clear water, and after that a little more, till there is just enough to hold the flowers incorporated together. They boil this for some time; and the juice of the flowers mixing with the water, it becomes thick and yellow. They then take it off the fire, and strain it through a piece of coarse silk. To the liquor they add half an ounce of common alum, and an ounce of calcined oyster-shells, reduced to a fine powder. All this is well mixed together, and produces the lasting yellow they have so long used. The dyers of large pieces use the flowers and seeds of the acacia for dyeing three different sorts of yellow. They roast the flowers, as before observed and then mix the seeds with them, which for this purpose must be gathered when quite ripe; by different mixtures of these, they produce the different shades of colour, only for the *deepest* they add a small quantity of Brazil wood.

FEMALE CLOTHING.—It seems to be a fancy prevalent among young people that it does not become them to wear warm clothing in cold weather. Various diseases that cut life short, are the constant fruits of their folly. And in the female especially, in whom the skin is so much more vascular, delicate, and sensitive; whose circulation partakes so much of the external character; who is therefore, so much more susceptible to cold, and so much less capable of resisting it, all those precautions are necessary in a tenfold degree. Yet it is the custom among women to clothe themselves warmly during the morning and the day, and at night put on a dress thinner and lighter, to expose the neck, the bosom, the arms; and then no wonder that they are feeble and delicate—that is, diseased; and that the beautiful, especially, in whom the skin is always exquisitely vascular, so often become the prey of consumption. Clothing is perfect in the degree in which it is warm and light. Cumberous apparel produces fatigue and excites perspiration; two things which give cold a dangerous power over the constitution. Of all substances yet invented, flannel hosiery appears to combine the qualities of warmth and lightness in the most perfect degree, and therefore, upon the whole, to form the best winter clothing.

SCRIPTURE ELUCIDATIONS.—The reapers merely cut the ears off, for straw was of no value in Egypt; reeds were a better material for thatching; their cattle and horses seem rarely, if ever, to have been stabled, and consequently litter was not required; the chaff was preferred to the straw for stuffing beds. We find it recorded, that, in the seven years of plenty, ‘the earth brought forth *by handfuls*’; a singular expression, which seems to allude not only to the great luxuriance of the crop, but also to this custom of cutting away only so much of the stalks as the reaper grasped in his hand. We find, however, that straw was used in the manufacture of bricks. The stems of the corn left by the reapers were plucked up by the hand for the brickmakers; and, as this was both tedious and toilsome, we can estimate the injustice of Pharaoh when he refused to supply straw to the captive Israelites. We must remember that the tyrannical Pharaoh issued his orders, prohibiting the supply of straw, about two months before the time of harvest. If, therefore, the straw had not been usually left standing in the fields, he would have required from the Israelites a physical impossibility; but the narrative shows us that the Israelites found the stems of the last year's harvest standing in the fields—‘So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw.’—(Exodus v. 12.) By stubble, the historian clearly means the stalks that remained from the last year's harvest.”

The upright loom used by women was simply a strong beam, over which the web was passed. The warp was introduced by a shuttle nearly resembling a long knitting needle, and then pressed and held in its place by a bar of metal, which, in the book of Judges, is called ‘the pin.’ Hence we see that Samson displayed considerable strength when he broke the snare of the wily Delilah, after having deceived her by a false statement of the secret on which his superhuman power depended:—‘And Delilah said unto Samson, Hitherto thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: tell me wherewith thou mightest be bound? And he said unto her, If thou weavest the seven locks of my head with the web. And she fastened it with the pin, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awaked out of sleep, and went away with the pin of the beam, and with the web.—Judges xvi. 17.”

NOTES ON DRAWING.

It is difficult to determine whether drawing be a more pleasing or useful invention : whether it affords more pleasure as a means of delineating agreeable forms, or is of more use as a medium for the recording of good and virtuous actions, by a representation of their occurrence, and of the persons by whom they were performed, and thus stimulating others to the like.

Drawing is defined to be, the art of representing the appearances of objects by means of appropriate lines or marks, and may be divided into outline and shading.

The outline, frequently called the contour, is the representation of the boundary of an object, as it appears to terminate against, or commingle, with the background. The outline is also used to circumscribe the various parts, as of dress, or muscle, or bone, or component part, whether of figure, building, or landscape : and circumscribes in short all the parts, whether interior or exterior.

Shading describes or expresses projections, cavities, and sometimes flatness.

There are few things of higher importance than correctness of outline. By that, the real intelligence of an artist may be known ; for by an outline, wholly devoid of shading, he may give the general character of an object he may desire to represent, and in many instances the full expression of a figure or a face. Outline is, therefore, so far, a class of drawing complete in itself, and the student cannot be too careful or assiduous in acquiring the power of copying faithfully from whatever may be placed before him.

For the commencement of his exercises, the learner should copy from the best drawings or prints, as the attempt to draw from solid bodies, such as plaster casts, will rather tend to embarrass than improve him. Drawings are certainly preferable to engravings, because the latter are usually executed in a style peculiar to that art, as the line, the dot or chalk, and the scraping or mezzotinto.

When the object to be drawn is fixed upon, the student should first endeavour to sketch out the general form lightly, so that if there be mistakes, they may be more easily removed. He should calculate, as nearly as he can, the distances of the particular points in the original ; and then, placing dots at similar distances on the paper, draw his lines with care to them, following in these lines the waving or other tendency of the outline to the original. Then, the principal divisions are put in, and when, as nearly as possible ascertained by the eye, to be correct, the smaller parts may be marked, and having been got together, the work should be scrupulously examined. If any errors be discovered, the whole should be passed over with a piece of bread, until it becomes faint ; and then it should be revised and retouched until it becomes correct. Much time may be saved by comparing the drawing with the original ; observing whether the sloping, the horizontal, and the perpendicular lines accurately follow, have the same range, and keep the same distances with it.

It is always better that the student should depend upon his eye, rather than use any artificial means of measurement ; but the compasses may be referred to occasionally, rather as a means of proving the fidelity of the drawing, than as a guide in the formation of the lines.

It would be as well that beginners should make their drawings the same size as the originals, in order to exercise the eye in habits of measuring with exactness. After a time, they may with advantage either make them larger or smaller, by which means they will acquire the power of preserving similar proportions upon various scales.

Such are the general rules by which the beginner may with advantage pursue his studies in the exercise of outline drawing : accuracy and discrimination, in which, is one of the best evidences of an artist's skill. It may be as well here to observe, that the outline need not be of one uniform thickness ; but, on the contrary, that it may be varied in that respect with great advantage. But this requires much delicacy and exactness of touch, and should not be resorted to until after considerable practice.

We will now proceed to the second branch of our subject, namely, shading. The most simple method of shading is that of forming repeated lines, parallel, or nearly so, to the outline : that, therefore, is the best mode for the beginner to practise. After he has succeeded in making some progress in this mode, he may proceed to the crossing of the lines by other parallels, technically called *hatching*, which after a little practice, will be found both useful and expeditious. In the use of hatching, the principal thing to be attended to is, that the lines should conform as much as possible to the shape of the parts, so as to express their flatness, roundness, or inflections ; and, at the same time, should vary in thickness, so as to give the effect of the more or less prominent parts of a surface. In the next place, the student should take the greatest care that the lines, so crossing as we have mentioned, should not be either so violent in their intersections, or hard in their execution, as to have the effect of net-work, which can never be the case if they are kept in an easy and harmonious flow.

The objections frequently urged against this mode of shading, that there is nothing resembling it in nature, upon a little examination will be found to have little foundation in sense : for, the very same objection may be made to every other mode of line shading ; nay, it may even be objected with equal reason, that in nature there is no such thing as an outline.

The other modes of shading are as follow : With the stump

(which is a piece of soft leather rolled up tight and cut to a point) dipped in powdered chalk, and then rubbed over the parts of the drawing intended to be shaded, which are much improved by hatching upon when made. Tinting, or washing, is another mode, but which can only be pursued with advantage by those who have made considerable proficiency in drawing : this latter is executed with a camel's hair pencil, and is done in two ways ; first, by laying down the shades as nearly in their places as possible, with a tint sufficiently dark, and softening off the edges with a clean pencil and water ; when dry, the process is repeated if necessary. The other mode is that technically termed *stippling*, which is effected as follows : the shadows are dabbed in with a tint lighter than enough, and the interstices between them also dabbed with other tints, of more or less depth, as necessity points out ; then a wash is laid over the whole, after which the various parts are carefully worked up with the brush, blending the light with the shade, and giving the latter their due force and power.

When shading is done with the stump, it is frequently the custom, and a very good one, to use coloured paper of some neutral tint. This affords the opportunity of using white chalk for the lights, and black, or black and red chalk for the shadows, leaving the paper itself for the middle tints. The working of the lights may be done in precisely the same manner as that pointed out for the shades.

Having now pointed out, though briefly, the plan with which the student should commence, and the mode he should adopt, let us proceed with our subject. After the learner has succeeded by practice in gaining a facility of getting in an outline, and of putting in shadows from the best examples whether in prints or drawings, he should pursue his shades from the bust ; then from plaster casts of various other parts of the body, and ultimately from models of the whole human figure.

The human form is at once the most beautiful, interesting, and difficult subject of imitation, and therefore the student should aim at accuracy in his delineations of that, being assured that when he can master its difficulties, he will never be at much loss in drawing any other subject whatsoever. No labour bestowed upon gaining this accuracy is too much : for it will be found to be amply repaid in the case of overcoming every other difficulty.

Some few directions appear necessary as to the proper placing of the bust, or other model to be drawn from. It should not be too directly opposed to the light, for if so, there will be a want of shade to give relief to the projecting parts, and to show their lesser varieties which so much contribute to the beauty of the human form : nor, should it be placed too obliquely, for then there will be a superabundance of shadow, and many of the parts be lost in obscurity. That light therefore is best, which is admitted from a single window and that somewhat high ; and the most proper situation for a model is at an elevation nearly on a level with the eye, and at such a distance that the whole is comprehended by it at one glance.

With regard to the situation of the student, he should place himself so that the light should fall on the paper from the left hand side, for if not, the shadow of his hand will be always in his way ; he should also take especial care every time he looks at the model that he does so under precisely the same aspect ; for which purpose, before he begins, he should fix upon some point as the most exactly opposite his eye, and whenever he looks at his model, in the first place find out that.

With regard to the mode of execution, the same rules apply to drawing from the model, as to copying from prints or drawings, and need not therefore be here repeated.

A knowledge of the bones and muscles is essential to the student in drawing : for, although he may by habit acquire the power of copying whatever may be placed before him, he can never do it with so much facility as when he has acquired such knowledge. At what period of study he should gain this information is a point on which many differ ; but it appears clear, if we consult our reason, that the earlier the better. The beginner, therefore, cannot do better than divide his time between drawing, and the study of some elementary treatise upon the science of anatomy ; by which, in a few weeks, he will gain a clearer notion of *proportion* than, perhaps, years of mere copying would afford him.

Whatever differences of opinion exist as to the period at which the study of anatomy should begin, all agree that the student should not venture upon drawing from the living human form, until he has attained to a thorough knowledge of the bones, and also of the superficial muscles, together with their origin and insertion. When he has gained this, and also a great facility in drawing from the casts, he may proceed to make his first attempts from nature ; this should not be delayed too long, lest he should fall into a hard mode of execution from the habit of copying from inanimate objects.

The value of a knowledge of anatomy will appear the more obvious, if we remember that the student cannot expect the same stillness in the living model, to that which he has been accustomed to in the cast, and that without such knowledge he cannot give competent directions as to the resumption of an attitude when it has been once varied.

As the art of sculpture reached its highest degree of perfection in the hands of Grecian sculptors, the student, however far he may advance in drawing from the life, would do well from time to

time to consult the antique, and study from its best examples. This will serve to fix his fluctuating notions of symmetry and beauty—form his taste,—and teach him what to select and what to reject in the individual living models which may come under his eye.

Finden's Tableaux of the Affections.

THE CARTEL.

By Miss Milford.

"Flee, I beseech thee, Isidore ! If the peace and comfort—(why do I name such words ?)—if the very existence of thy poor wife be dear to thee I implore thee flee ! By the memory of our young loves, by the happy days that we have known together—by that closer and dearer tie, the sorrows that we have shared—by the precious boy at whose sick couch we watched in vain—by the smiling girl who now lies lapped in the unconscious sleep of infancy—by the dead for whom we mourned—and by that living blessing whom God in his mercy sent to compensate that mighty woe—by a father's hopes and a father's duties, I conjure thee, flee ! See I am tall—the cloak hangs nearly as low over thy ankles as over mine ; thou need'st but droop a little thy manly form as in grief—oh ! what wife could walk erect from the prison of her husband !—thou hast but to draw the capote over thy brow and to let fall the veil, and hold thy handkerchief to thy eyes—alas ! did I ever leave thee other than weeping ?—and thou wilt pass undiscovered. Or suffer me to arrange this hair, and thou mayest defy detection. Dost thou not remember how often in our wooing days we have passed for brother and sister ? How often thou thyself hast vowed, when thy comrades have been vaunting the delicate bloom of their blue-eyed maidens, that thou didst rather prize the swart skin and jetty eye of the rich south, than the dainty red and white of their rose-lipped beauties. Alas ! it was the love in that eye that won thy heart. And canst thou now resist its appeal, now that love and life hang upon thy consent ? Flee, my Isidore !—if thy wife, if thy child be dear to thee, wrap thee in this disguise and flee !"

"And leave thee here to perish !"

"Nay, my husband, nay ! not to perish, but to join thee speedily in some distant land, and live a calm and blissful life in safety and in freedom. Wrap thyself in this cloak, and away. Away, then, I conjure thee ! The patrol will soon go their rounds, and the sentinel who is now on duty will be changed. Nay, I have not taken him into our counsel. Look not reproachfully. But well I know that Andre Duval will show nought but respect and sympathy when he sees me, or one whom he takes for me, pass in sorrow from the place. Dally no longer. Lisette waits without to conduct thee to her mother's abode, one of the old niches about Notre Dame, where thou mightest be safe for ages. There thou shalt stay until the search be past, and then we will depart for America. Nay, wherefore shake thy head ? I shall be safe and free. Be sure of that. The imperial Josephine, although even she may not venture to intercede for one who has so transgressed the hard iron martial law as to challenge his superior officer, will yet fully surely protect her favoured handmaiden—one whose wedding she was graciously pleased to honour with her presence—from the effects of her wifely love. Alas, was I not the wretched cause of this calamity ? It is not through thy love for me that thou art in prison ? and wilt thou deny me the blessed privilege of setting thee free ?"

And no longer able to resist her persuasions, Colonel de Gourbillon did submit to array himself in Adole's garments, and, having safely passed the sentinel on guard, was in a few minutes following the steps of Mademoiselle Lisette from the prison of La Force to the precincts of Notre Dame.

The escape was complete and successful : but an unexpected circumstance rendered poor Adele's stratagem unavailing, and replaced Isidore once again in his dungeon, and in all the peril attendant upon a breach of military law under the iron rule of Napoleon.

It was a right queenly chamber was that boudoir, into which the soft air of an April morning stole so wooingly ; and yet its pervading beauty spoke rather of elegance than of splendour. The prevailing taste of its fair and gentle mistress was everywhere visible. Flowers, pictured to the life by the deft needle of the embroidress, bordered the pale pink hangings, which shed a tender blush over the apartment ; flowers, bright from the loom of Arras, seemed strewn in gay confusion over the rich but delicate carpet ; flowers, fresh from the dewy gardens, glowed in the flower-painted jars of Sevres porcelain, which crowded the marble tables ; whilst plants, the fairest and choicest of the hot-house and conservatory, were grouped in alabaster vases, catching the soft light of the veiled windows.

On a Grecian couch, near a half-curtained recess, sat a gracious and graceful lady, the fitting inmate of this scene of enchantment. Her dress, even to the lilies in her bosom and the Provence rose in her hand, was of pure and spotless white, the most exquisite in texture and most becoming in form. Her shape and features were faultless in contour and expression. If the bloom of youth were faded, it was more than replaced by sweetness and sensibility. At the moment of which we write, that lovely countenance wore the gentlest look of pity as she addressed a sad and weeping lady, who had just been admitted to her presence :—

"Ma pauvre Adele! I had hoped and believed that you were still the joyful occupant of your husband's prison. I never thought to be so sorry to see you at St. Cloud. Colonel de Gourbillon is then retaken?"

"Not retaken, may it please your majesty: he accomplished his escape in safety, and reached a retreat where he might have remained undiscovered until the day of doom; but the sentinel who watched the door of his cell on the evening of his departure was to be held responsible for his prisoner. Had not Isidore surrendered himself, that poor soldier must have now been the victim; and dearly as I love my husband, or rather because I do love him dearly, I could not have wished him so saved. He is again in prison, and the sentinel free."

"Was that sentinel an accomplice in the escape?"

"No, on my word of honour, gracious madam. He was my foster brother, the son of my good old nurse, and would not, as we well knew, raise the veil, or pull away the handkerchief from, as he supposed, a weeping wife, as a rougher warder might have done; but we took more than common pains to preserve him from all suspicion of our plans, for his sake and our own. Poor Andre! he at least will escape!"

"And, after all, what was the cause of this unhappy challenge?"

"Alas! alas! royal madam, I was the thrice unhappy and most unconscious cause! Walking on the Boulevard Italien with Madame le Vasseur, General Villaret, heated as he says, by wine, and mistaking me for my cousin, Pauline de St. Brie (your imperial majesty has often noticed our sister-like resemblance), to whom, as it now appears, he has been for some months secretly married, accosted me in a manner which occasioned me the most lively alarm. My husband came up at the moment; the general, certainly not himself, and hardly aware of his mistake, treated the matter with provoking levity. Madame le Vasseur's presence and my tears, put, for the time, an effectual check on Isidore. He hurried us home, and then wrote that unhappy letter—that challenge to a superior officer—which falling, I hardly know how, into the hands of the minister at war, constitutes the sole and fatal proof of his breach of martial law; for General Villaret, as much distressed as man can be, and full of self-blame, and self-accusation, denies all recollection, except of his own misconduct. Oh! if that fatal letter could be regained or destroyed! or if the real facts of the case could be brought under the notice of him in whose word will lie the final sentence—the awful doom of life or death. Oh! if he could know the provocation, the palliation! he, that soul of honour, who holds his imperial consort's purity as the brightest jewel of his crown. How often have we heard him quote Cæsar's axiom—"

Here a slight movement of caution, and perhaps of uneasiness, on the part of Josephine, and a noise like the rustling of papers, suddenly stopped Adele's pleadings, and directed her attention to the half-curtained recess. It opened on a small turret chamber, fitted up as a private study, and at a writing-table, folding a letter, sat a gentleman, plainly dressed in a single-breasted green coat, a white kerseymer waistcoat, and the ribbon of the legion of honour at the button-hole. His little cocked hat was on a chair at his side; and although his noble head was bent over the letter which he was folding, Adele felt at once that it was no other than Napoleon. Papers were strewed before him, and amongst these the eyes of the trembling wife rested upon her husband's well-known writing, the challenge upon which his fate and hers depended.

The emperor paused in his occupation, and applied to his snuff-box for his habitual luxury; his countenance was calm and untroubled, and, but for a momentary glance towards the curtained doorway, it might have been doubted if he were conscious that he was not alone.

"Speak!" whispered Josephine encouragingly; "plead your husband's cause!"

Five minutes before, Madame de Gourbillon would have given her right hand for such an opportunity. Now it had arrived, and, between habitual awe of her great master, and the tremendous interest which she had at stake, she knelt before him weak and wordless as a child.

"Pardon, sire! pardon!" Her voice died away; and had not a passion of tears come to relieve her, she would have fainted.

Napoleon made no answer. He was about to seal the letter which he had folded, and selecting a paper from the table, he first used it to light the wax taper which stood in a richly chased golden candlestick by his side, and then flung it into the brasier, tapping his snuff-box as he watched the burning fragments, and glancing upon the happy wife, and her sympathising mistress, with a smile exquisite in its sweetness and beauty. Perhaps at that moment his sensations were the most enviable of the three.

Need I say that the paper which he had destroyed was the only proof of Isidore's guilt—the all-important cartel?

STERNNESS.—Some men seem most severe when they are in reality most affected, as snow turns to ice when on the point of melting.

ALICE LEE.

BY L. E. L.

Through the dim and lonely forest
Comes a low sweet sound,
Like the whispering of angels
To the greenwood round,
Bearing through the hours of midnight,
On their viewless wings,
Music in its measure telling
High and holy things.
Through the forest lone and dim
Swelleth soft the twilight hymn
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

On the grass the dew unbroken
In their silver lie,
And the stars are out in thousands
On the deep blue sky;
Bright as when the old Chaldenns
Held them as the shrine
Where was kept the varying fortune
Of our human line.
Would that o'er their mystic scroll
Better hours may have to roll
For the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee!

Time was, coming forth together,
She and Spring might seem
Like the beautiful creations
Of a morning dream;
Each went through the quiet greenwood
Wandering alone,
With the green leaves and wild flowers
O'er their pathway strown.
Of the seasons in the year
Spring seemed fittest to be near
The old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Round her head the locks are golden,
So the Sun in June
Pours his glory o'er the summer
At his crystal noon;
From that shining hair, when parted,
Came the pure high brow,
With the carving of a statue,
With the mountain's snow.
Blue her eyes as yon blue heaven,
Nature every charm had given
To the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

But it was the inward beauty
Breathing from her face,
That gave every look and motion
Its diviner grace;
Thought was on the high white forehead,
In the deep blue eyes,
And it was the quick warm feeling
Bade the blushes rise,
Which could such sweet light impart,
Writing on the cheek, the heart,
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Lovely was the highborn maiden,
Happy were the hours
Gathering in the oak-tree's shelter
Mosses and wild flowers;
When the deer from each green coppice
Fled, a startled band,
Save when some familiar favourite
Fed from her small hand.
Danger now, and fear, and wrath,
Are around the woodland path
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Nobly doth she meet the trial,
She who hath but known
Till the present time of trouble
Life's smooth path alone.
Though her smile be somewhat sadder,
And her eye subdued,
Such are lovelier as the token
Of a higher mood.
Like an angel's is the face,
In its meek and pensive grace,
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Not an hour of calm and quiet
Hath his old age found,
There are foes and strangers haunting
His ancestral ground.
Of his ancient halls and woodlands
Is the old man rest,
But they have not quite bereaved him,
For his child is left.
Others evil fortunes move,
Deeper, dearer, is the love
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

'Tis her voice that now is raising
Words of praise and prayer,
Heaven will consecrate the worship
Of this hour of care.
Earthly care and earthly sorrow
Only purify;

Such a heart as that uplifting
Its best hopes on high
Heaven will bless the faithful maid,
Heaven will bless the duty paid
By the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Forget Me Not for 1639

TEA.—The Chinese have the following tradition relating to the origin of tea:—Darma, a very religious prince, and son of an Indian king, came into China about the year 619, to promulgate his religion; and, with the hope of alluring others to virtue, by his example, pursued a life of unvaried mortification and penance, eating only vegetables, and spending most of his time unsheltered by any dwelling, in the exercise of prayer and devotion. After continuing this life for some years, he became worn out with fatigue, and at length closed his eyes, and fell asleep against his will; but, on awaking, such was his remorse and grief for having broken his vow, that, in order to prevent a relapse, he cut off his eyelids, as being the instruments of his crime, and threw them on the ground. Returning to the same spot on the ensuing day, he found them changed into two shrubs, now known by the name of tea. Darma, eating some of the leaves, felt such vigour imparted to his mind, that his meditations became more exalted; and the lethargy which had previously overpowered him, entirely disappeared. He acquainted his disciples with the wonderful properties of these shrubs, and in time the use of them became universal.

THE SWALLOW.—M. Dupont de Nemours gives the following singular account of what fell under his own observation:—"I remarked," he says, "a swallow which had unhappily, and I cannot imagine in what manner, slipped its foot into a slip-knot of packthread, the other end of which was attached to a spout of the College of the Four Nations. Its strength was exhausted,—it hung at the end of the thread, uttered cries, and sometimes raised itself, as if making an effort to fly away. All the swallows of the large basin, between the bridges of the Tuileries and the Pont Neuf, and perhaps from places more remote, had assembled to the number of several thousands. Their flight was like a cloud; all uttered a cry of pity and alarm. After some hesitation, and a tumultuous council, one of them fell upon a device for delivering their companion; communicated it to the rest, and began to put it into execution. Each took his place; all those who were at hand went in turn, as in the sport of running at the ring, and, in passing, struck the thread with their bills. These efforts, directed to one point, were continued every second, and even more frequently. Half an hour was passed in this kind of labour before the thread was severed and the captive restored to liberty. But the flock, only a little diminished," adds M. Dupont de Nemours, "remained until night, chattering continually in a tone which no longer betrayed anxiety, and as if making mutual salutations and recitals of their achievement."

PETITIONS.—In the year 1642, when Charles the First and his parliament were at issue, two remarkable petitions were presented to the House of Commons. One was from the Porters, fifteen thousand, as they said, in number, exclaiming against the prevalence of an adverse, malignant, blood-sucking, rebellious party, who insulted the privileges of parliament, and fomented the Irish rebellion; which, if not punished, they should be forced to extremities not fit to be named, and make good the saying, "Necessity has no law." They had nothing to lose but their lives, which they would willingly expose in defence of the House of Commons, according to the Protestation.

The other petition was in the name of "many thousands of Poor People" in and about the city of London; this was, in fact, from the Beggars, who declared, "That their oppressions were so great, by means of the bishops and popish lords, that they knew not where to get bread; want and necessity, breaking the bounds of modesty, would force them to lay hold on the next remedy to remove the disturbers of the peace, and the hinderers of the happy proceedings, who ought to be publicly laid open to the world; and they cried out for the Lord's sake to be heard—that their religion, laws, and welfare might be precious in their sight—that the cries of the poor might bless them."

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.—Whoever has attentively meditated on the progress of the human race cannot fail to discern that there is now a spirit of inquiry amongst men which nothing can stop or even materially control. Reproach and obloquy, threats and persecution, will be in vain. They may embitter opposition and engender violence, but they cannot abate the keenness of research. There is a silent march of thought which no power can arrest, and which it is not difficult to foresee will be marked by important events. Mankind were never before in the situation in which they now stand. The press has been operating upon them for several centuries, with an influence scarcely perceptible at its commencement, but by daily becoming more palpable, and acquiring accelerated force, it is rousing the intellect of nations; and happy will it be for them, if there be no rash interference with the natural progress of knowledge; and if by a judicious and gradual adaptation of their institutions to the inevitable changes of opinion, they are saved from those convulsions which the pride, prejudices and obstinacy of a few may occasion to the whole.

EXTRAORDINARY CAVERNS IN MORAVIA.—The number of singular and curious caverns in the mountain districts of Moravia, have long since attracted the attention of the men of science in Germany; many of them contain the bones of animals, particularly those of elephants and bears, completely imbedded in stalactites. When we contemplate these immense masses of spar, and remember they have been formed by single drops of water, the mind is lost when endeavouring to conjecture at what remote period these animals existed. Among the most interesting of these caverns, is that called *Slouper Tropfsteinhöhle*, near the little town of Slouper, not far distant from Olmutz. Nor is that called the *Macocho*, which lies between Williamowitz and Nenhof, in aromatic forest, less worthy of attention. This cavern possesses the singular property of attracting electric matter; hence the peasants, whenever the atmosphere indicates an approaching thunder-storm, retreat with their flocks and herds to a considerable distance from such a dangerous neighbourhood. The depth of this cavern is likewise so great, that when a stone is thrown into it, eight seconds elapse before it is heard to reach the water at the bottom; and if a pistol is fired into it, the report heard is equal in loudness to that of a cannon, at the same time smoke from the powder, uniting with the damp vapour of the cavern, remains nearly an hour on the top in the shape of a bell.—*Spencer's Travels in the Western Caucasus.*

IS HE RICH?—Many a sigh is heaved—many a heart is broken—many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point as virtue to vice? And yet, how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue? How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of a daughter, this: "Is he rich?"—Is he rich? Yes, he abounds in wealth; but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband?—Is he rich? Yes! "his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day;" but can you infer from this he is virtuous?—Is he rich? Yes! he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes "take to themselves wings and fly away!" And will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man that has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah! beware: the gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not then, "Is he rich?" but is he virtuous?

THE STOMACH.—"I firmly believe that almost every malady of the human frame is, either by high-ways or by-ways connected with the stomach. The woes of every other member are founded on your belly timber; and I must own, I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, but I feel a desire to exclaim,—Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, 'Sir, you have eaten too much, you've drunk too much, and you have not taken exercise enough?' The human frame was not created imperfect. It is we ourselves who have made it so. There exists no donkey in creation so over-laded as our stomachs."—*Bubbles from Nassau.*

THE PEARL

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1, 1837.

PATNETIC EXPOSTULATION TO THE LADIES.—We mentioned in a former number that the antiquated fashion of wearing hoops had been revived among the ladies of Paris. England appears to have taken alarm at the innovation, and the Court Journal has addressed a most moving appeal to the ladies of Britain. For our own part we think the widespreading hoop dress will correspond admirably with the whalebone corset, well fitted and laced tight by machinery: the harmony of proportion will be so striking that it will captivate the eye of every beholder! But we must make room for the exhortation of the Court Journal:—

Ladies of England! the ladies of Paris are wearing hoops. Absolutely, the unapproachable, the figure-annihilating, the imprisoning hoop, is revived among the ladies of the most "tasteful country in the world," and bids fair to fall at last into very general use. But, ladies of England, we pray you, devoutly, not to follow their example. Do not, like them, determine upon walking about in immense hat-boxes—do not fetter the cheerful boundings to which your happy hearts prompt you by any such personal fortress, by any such a "wallowing-in" of your fair and aerial forms. We are not, we respectfully assure you, in the very least desirous to do away with all the restrictions which fashion may place upon individual taste—we should groan only five times if we heard that you were going to revive high-heeled shoes, only ten times if we were informed that you had all resolved to wear patches—but the state into which we should fall, of despondency and despair, if you were again to think even of hoops, much less to get into them, might give rise to the most alarming consequences—consequences which it might benevolently please you to lament. The attempt

has been made, in a Morning Paper, to disarm you of immediate objection by intimating that the new Parisian hoops are "neither so large nor so heavy as those worn in former times by our grandmothers." But this is only what has been called a "weak invention of the enemy." They may, it is true, be small and light, so is a pepper-box, but how they can "give much elegance to the female shape," when the very nature of a hoop is utterly to destroy the shape, it is difficult to imagine. In fact, we are convinced that the hoop can do no such thing; at all events, that it cannot add elegance to the figures of Englishwomen; and we do not believe that the figures of our fair continental neighbours at all deserve to have so great an insult paid them as is implied by the observation that anything so unnecessary, so absurd, so out of keeping, as a hoop, can enhance the symmetry of the personal aspect of Frenchwomen. Ladies, of whatever nation, are unimprovable—no art can increase the beauty of a woman's form, and the adoption of any piece of attire which her sweet modesty and exquisite taste does not deem necessary is, an injustice to herself, to which the capricious admiration of the other sex should neither tempt nor force her. So much, or rather little, at present. We do not fear that we shall be called upon for any further observation on this point, although we shall deem it our duty to do so if Parisian bad taste gets its *circulars* sent over for the patronage of the ladies of England."

LIFE WASTED.—A late English ministerial paper states that "the mortality among the troops in the West Indies, is immense." The news of the week confirms the above statement—the *West Indian* of Dec. 14th mentions that "fever had broken out amongst the troops in the Garrison at Trinidad—some of the officers had died and their families,—and the inspection of the troops was prevented by the severity of the sickness." There is nothing new in these announcements respecting the mortality among our troops in the West Indies: these islands have long been the grave of European forces. For many years have 'slaughtered hecatombs' been immolated on the altar of the popular, modern idol, WAR. True we have commiserated with the infatuated pagans who have offered themselves to be crushed beneath the car of the Eastern Juggernaut—but men may perish by thousands under the British Juggernaut, and who feels for them? For the poor Hindoo we weep tears of blood; for the poor soldier rushing into the arms of death, scarcely a whisper is breathed to deter him from a fate so awful and wretched! But war in some cases is right, and therefore it is right to send troops to the West Indies with the certainty that thousands will die annually! Such is modern christianity—in times of war it allows you to kill, and rob, and act falsehoods, and desecrate the Lord's Day! And in times of peace it permits men to be sent to regions of death, and beholds them cut off from existence by myriads, and yet utters not the voice of lamentation! The following remarks by the great M. Neckar, demonstrate that that minister was really impressed with a sense of the magnitude of this evil: he says—"I cannot remember, without shuddering, to have seen the following statement in an estimate of the money requisite for the exigencies of the war:—Forty thousand men to be employed for the colonies, 40,000; to be deducted one-third for the first years mortality, 13,333—leaving 26,667! A clerk in office makes his calculation in cool blood. A minister, on the perusal, has seldom any other idea than the expense, and turns with unconcern to the next leaf to examine the results of the whole. I know of no law of nature by which mankind deserve such indifference. The sacrifice which a government requires of citizens are just, or unjust, supportable or dreadful, according to the wisdom of its deliberations."—*Works of M. Neckar.*

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DESPACHES.—On Friday last the following resolutions were introduced to the notice of the House of Assembly by Mr. Hugh Bell, and seconded by Mr. Joseph Howe:—

Resolved, That the despatches of the Right Honourable the Secretary of the Colonies, dated the 20th April, 28th June, 6th July and 31st October 1837, were hailed by this House with the liveliest satisfaction, as recognizing and enforcing, by the authority of the Home Government, most of the great principles which this House had asserted in their address of 1837, and still adhere to.

Resolved, That this House were more especially gratified, by the cordial and frank admission of the claim of the Assembly, to control and appropriate the whole of the public Revenue arising in the Province, including the casual and territorial Revenue, the fees of office, the proceeds of land, the royalty paid upon the produce of Mines, and the amount of the old Crown duties.

Resolved, That the condition imposed upon the surrender of these Revenues to the control of the Assembly, was cheerfully acquiesced in by this House, who have always recognised the propriety and the necessity, and on constitutional grounds, of assigning an adequate and permanent provision, for the chief executive and judicial officers of the Province; and the house received, as a gratifying proof of her Majesty's confidence in this Assembly, the directions given to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to arrange the precise amount and terms of the proposed Civil List with the House, and the express declaration that the House were at liberty to exercise a sound judgment upon the amount and

permanency of the salaries, and that the sums specified in the Despatch of 31st October, 1837, were not to be insisted on, if smaller salaries were, in their opinions, sufficient for the proper maintenance of such officers.

Resolved, That the House having accordingly proceeded, in the last session, to consider the amount of salaries, which, in their judgment, ought to be granted for the permanent support of these officers, according to their station in society, and the circumstances of the Colony: and having communicated the result of their deliberations in their Address to her Majesty, have received, with astonishment and concern, the Despatch of the 27th September last, in which the Colonial Secretary has assumed an entirely new position; and withdrawing the consideration of the Salaries from this House, to whom it most properly belongs, has directed the Lieutenant Governor to insist on the sum of £4,700 sterling, which, added to the sum of £3,440 sterling, already secured by permanent acts of this Legislature, exceeds the largest amount demanded last year, and would enable the Government to allow to these Officers a scale of salaries disproportioned to the means of the country, and to the duties to be performed,—and which the people of this Province, and their Representatives, would condemn as an extravagant waste of the public funds, contrary to their declared wishes, and to the real interests of the Government as well as of the people.

Resolved, That the House have also remarked with astonishment and regret the terms of the same Despatch, dismissing their complaints of the composition of the two Councils, in requesting a reconstruction of the Upper Branch of the Legislature; and of the Executive Council, this House sought not merely a change of men, but of principles,—they were anxious that the patronage and favor of the Government should be equally diffused among all classes—that the representatives of the people should not be thwarted by the opposition of the Upper Branch, in their endeavours to introduce rational reforms, and to enforce a wise economy, and that the temper and spirit of the local Administration should be in accordance with the opinions and wishes of the great majority of the people.

Resolved, That the House are dissatisfied with the composition of the two Councils, for the reasons set forth in their address of last year, and which the subsequent changes in these bodies, and the experience of their practical operation, as now constituted, have strengthened; and this House, as respects the Legislative Council, and the spirit by which it is animated as compared with the Representatives of the People, needs only to refer to the resolutions and address on the subject of the Civil List, which were adopted by the Council in the last session, and entered on their journals.

Resolved, That a change in the composition of both Councils is, in the judgment of this House, indispensable to the public weal—and that many individuals are to be found in this Province, whose independent principles and station in society well qualify them for occupying a seat at either board without pecuniary remuneration.

Resolved, That this House deeply regret that Her Majesty has been advised to direct the disallowance of certain acts of the Assembly, which they had passed after the fullest consideration and inquiry into all the circumstances of the case. The act for regulating our internal postage would have saved us upwards of £1000 a year, and left to the Government the unrestrained and necessary control over that important branch of the public service. The Act for limiting the jurisdiction of the Admiralty Court was regarded by the Commercial and Shipping interests as a beneficial change in the Law—and having been in use for nearly two years, and found to operate without injury to seamen, the House would deeply regret were its main object defeated by a representation in which they cannot concur,—while the acts for incorporating Insurance Companies, and for allowing certain bounties, though they may be in some respects opposed to the policy which the Government act on in the Mother Country, appear to this House well adapted to the local circumstances of the Province, and to the advancement of its trade and manufactures.

Resolved, That this House have the fullest confidence in the sincere and generous disposition of her Majesty, to satisfy the reasonable expectations of her faithful and loyal Commons in this Province; and they attribute the disappointment they have experienced this Session, not to any abandonment of the wise and constitutional principles announced in the Despatches of 1837, but to a want of correct information, derived from the proper sources, on the part of her Majesty's Ministers.

Resolved therefore, that the House deem it advisable to appoint of their members possessing the confidence of the House, to proceed to England, and to represent to her Majesty's Government the views and wishes of this House, and of the people of Nova Scotia, on the subjects embraced in the foregoing resolutions, and such other matters as may be given to them in charge.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.—"This is the title of a periodical published at Halifax, the prospectus of which will be found on our first page. We have received and read the first number, which imposes upon us the duty of announcing to the British Canadian public its existence and its merits, for it would be unjust to conceal from the public which has fostered us, the fact that that which

is very superior can be obtained from a neighbouring Colony, whence the communication is so regular. Our first acquaintance with this publication was as "The Halifax Pearl" by which name we introduced it to the notice of our readers. It has now undergone some change, of plan as well as of name, and we venture to say that, if it is not now, it soon will be, the best periodical published on the American continent."

The above encomium upon our sheet we copy from the *Montreal Transcript*. It is the more gratifying to us, as it comes from a contemporary who has stood forward as a staunch (*temperate* also we are willing to admit) advocate for the killing of the rebels by the hands of the hangman: without the most distant wish to palliate in any form the crying sin of rebellion, we have contended that their lives should not be taken away without authority from our benign Creator. Rebellion, we view, as a crime of unsurpassed magnitude—in *all* cases forbidden by God—and under all circumstances worthy of the unqualified detestation of good men. To obtain its purpose, (and that purpose may be good or bad) it seeks to destroy human life, and therefore we condemn it absolutely and altogether: consistency obliges us, for the same reason, utterly to repudiate capital punishments, no matter to what extent the rebel may have carried out his wicked and savage plans. If he kills, is that any warrant for us to hang—or if he robs, does justice call upon us to steal? If the former question be answered in the affirmative, why not the latter also? We cannot see with what propriety any nation assumes the right to do those very things which it condemns and punishes as violations of moral duty in individuals. But the question with us is a scriptural one:—Either God delegates to men a power to inflict death upon their fellow men, or he does not? If such a power is conferred it is revealed to us in the Bible! Let the appeal then be made to the divine standard, and perhaps, no more authority will be found in it for the killing of the galleys than the torture of the rack! In proper season we shall undertake to prove our assertion; but in the meantime we may be allowed to express our astonishment that the Bible has been kept so completely out of sight by most of the Canadian papers, in their demand for the execution of the rebels. We could wish them to try to prove that their demand is a righteous one—one comporting with the high requisitions of Christianity. We are obliged to the *Transcript* for its favorable notice of the Pearl, and more particularly on account of the difference of view between us to which we have now alluded.

A lecture on Hydrostatics was delivered before the Institute by Mr. McKenzie at its last meeting. The familiar mode of illustration adopted by the lecturer, rendered his scientific propositions intelligible to the lowest capacity. The absence of technicalities, and the introduction of facts as witnessed in every-day life, added not a little to the interest of the subject. The power of the *Hydrostatic bellows* was exhibited to the audience, and the cause of the appearance of springs in mountains explained on the general principles of the science. The objections of ignorant individuals to the utility of a knowledge of science were met by the lecturer and ably refuted. At the close of the lecture an animated debate arose on the compressibility of water, and the floating qualities of ice. Lord Bacon, we believe, was the first person who instituted an experiment, with the view to ascertain whether the application of force could compress water into a less space than it occupied at first—for this purpose he inclosed a quantity of water in a leaden globe, and although he found that the external force which he applied, caused the water to make its way through the pores of the metal, yet Bacon did not draw the conclusion that water was incompressible, for in his account of the trial, he says, that "he computed into how much *less space* the water was driven by this violent pressure." A scientific society at Florence repeated the experiment with a silver globe filled with water, and either with a screw-press or a ponderous hammer, altered the form of the globe, driving the water through the pores of the silver. By the more ingeniously contrived experiments of Mr. Canton, and which have been lately confirmed by Professor Zimmerman, it has been proved that sea-water may be compressed 1-340th part of its bulk, when inclosed in the cavity of a strong iron cylinder, and under the influence of a force equal to a column of sea-water 1000 feet in height. Other experiments by Oersted and Perkins have demonstrated that the differences of volume in the compressed water are proportional to the compressing power.

Galileo was the first who observed that ice was tighter than the water which composed it, its specific gravity being to that of water as eight to nine. This rarefaction of ice is generally attributed to the air bubbles produced in water by freezing, and which being considerably large in proportion to the water frozen, render the body so much specifically lighter. But M. Mairan, in a dissertation on ice, attributes the increase of its bulk chiefly to a different arrangement of the parts of the water from which it is formed; the icy skin on the water being composed of filaments, which according to him, are found to be constantly and regularly joined at an angle of 60°; and which by this angular disposition, occupy a greater volume than if they were parallel. He found the augmentation of the volume of water by freezing, in different trials, a fourteenth, an eighteenth, a nineteenth, and, when the

water was previously purged of air, only a twenty-second part. It has been usually supposed that the natural crystals of ice are stars of six rays, yet this crystallization of water, seems to be as much affected by circumstances as that of salts, and hence the difference in the accounts of those who have undertaken to describe these crystals. To whatever cause may be assigned the increase of the volume of ice, it is certain that ice is, bulk for bulk, lighter than water. Water, when it assumes the form of ice at the temperature of 32°, has invariably a greater magnitude than in its fluid state at the higher temperature of 40°, and is consequently lighter. The colder the water, the lighter it becomes—and hence the first stratum of water (if we may be allowed to use the expression) at the bottom of a lake is heavier than the second stratum—the second than the third—and so on, until we arrive at the surface of the lake, the water of which being colder than all the rest, is above all the other strata. Thus, ice floats upon the surface of water, because the water upon which it swims is of a higher temperature than the ice, while the water immediately beneath a sheet of ice floats above the less cold water which is at greater depths. A remarkable effect of the buoyancy of ice, is noticed by Dr. Lardner in his work on Hydrostatics. Speaking of some of the great rivers in America, he observes:—"Ice collects round stones at the bottom of the river, and it is sometimes formed in such a quantity that the upward pressure by its buoyancy exceeds the weight of the stone round which it is collected, consequently it raises the stone to the surface. Large masses of stone and ice are thus observed floating down the river to considerable distances from the places of their formation." But will ice sink in water by its own weight? The question was discussed *pro* and *con* at the Institute—some were confident that it might sink in water, and others seemed to be at a loss to comprehend the possibility of such a phenomenon. We are free to admit that we are of the latter class. It may be so, but we must see ice sink in water without any extraneous matter adhering to it, before we can know its certainty—and we must be sure also that we do not labour under an *ocular delusion*. Not to expatiate on the facts already noticed, we cannot see how the most minute quantity of water can become congealed without its expansion, and if in the process of solidification, water undergoes a considerable increase of bulk, so long as it remains ice, however small the piece of ice may be, we cannot understand how it can be specifically heavier than the water beneath it which remains in a fluid state, so as to cause it to sink. And we are confirmed in this view, so far as our recollection serves us, by what little reading of science we have enjoyed. Certainly, Dr. Lardner speaks of ice *always* floating at the surface. At the same time it is quite possible that a more extended knowledge of science would convince us that ice may be made lighter than water in its fluid state, and thus satisfactorily account for its diving properties.

The late papers from Lower Canada have furnished us with an account of the killing of five more of the rebels at Montreal. The drop, we are told, had been so arranged, that on the removal of the bolts, the bodies would hang on the outside of the wall, and consequently fully exposed to public view! A sad exhibition of inconsistency in a christian country whose pulpits are constantly echoing "Love your enemies," "While we were yet enemies, Christ died for us." But in these days, men find no difficulty in reconciling the benevolence of christianity with the strangling of criminals. Soon, perhaps, they will prove that a circle is square, or that north is south. But we will kill men for *example*, as if the foot of the gallows was the place to teach men their duty to God, or to society, or as if so barbarous a spectacle as the hanging of a man could do otherwise than brutalize the mind of the beholder. But who gives to us the authority to *violate* the law of love to the culprit, for the sake of example?

The Legislature of New Brunswick have voted £1000 for the loyal Canadian sufferers. On the passing of a vote as above, the Chairman of the Committee, in reporting it to the house, stated that it was announced by three hearty, loyal, and sympathetic cheers, in which every member of the House as well as the spectators in the galleries heartily joined!

With some slight alterations, the whole of the resolutions on the Despatches, have been carried by large majorities in the House of Assembly. The Committee appointed to prepare instructions to the Delegation are Messrs. Young, Doyle, Huntington, Morton, Bell, Lewis and Howe.

Much damage has been caused throughout the country by the violent storm and heavy rains on Saturday and Sunday night last. At Mr. Piers's mill much injury was done, and the bridge near the mill was carried away. On the road to Margaret's Bay most of the bridges have been destroyed. A large quantity of hay was washed off the Falmouth Dyke. Four bridges on the Gasperaux river were swept away. Farther accounts, we fear, will shew a great destruction of property throughout the country.

R. R. on Phrenology, in our next. Some of our present numbers have a wrong date on the first page. It was not noticed until the greater part of our sheets had passed through the press.

The fifth Lecture on the Divine Origin and Authority of Christianity will be delivered, by Thomas Taylor, next Lord's Day evening, at 7 o'clock.

DIED.

On Saturday last, Henry Ycomans, Esq. aged 76 years. This gentleman has long resided in this community, and has ever been highly esteemed a most worthy and upright character,—his kind heart and hospitable disposition will long be remembered by his sorrowing friends.

On Wednesday, the 16th inst. at the Gut of Canso, Island of Cape Breton, Rodah, wife of David McPherson, in the 41st year of her age.

Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness, in the 50th year of her age, Catherine F. wife of Mr. John Smith, and eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Dugwell, of H. M. Dockyard.

At Grenada, about 1st December, Rev. Wm. Heath.
At Bermuda, 15th ult. Rev. Mr. Lougry.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Jan. 26th—Brig Louisa, Walmsley, Pernambuco, 43 days; Mailboat Velocity, Healy, Bermuda, 18 days; schr. William, Cullerton, Liverpool, NS—fish and oil to J. H. Reynolds; brig. Reward, Gourty, (late Hannam, who died at sea, 7th ult.) Kingston, 37 days—ballast to H. Lyle—spoke, 3d inst. brig. Woodbine, from Jamaica, for Halifax; schr. John Ryder, Wilson, Baltimore, 15 days—flour, wheat, etc., to S. Binney.

Wednesday 30th.—Schr. Mariner, Gerrard, Baltimore, 10 days—flour, to S. Binney; brig. Woodbine, Homer, Jamaica, via Barrington, 41 days—ballast, to the Master.

Thursday 31st.—Schr. Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 1 day, sugar; Rival Packet, McClearn, Liverpool, 1 day, fish; Mail Boat Roseway, Bermuda, 12 days.

CLEARED.

January 26th.—schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston—assorted cargo by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Morning Star, Ferran, Boston—herring, etc. by G. P. Lawson; Mahone Bay Packet, Cronan, Boston—assorted cargo by D. Cronan; brig. Elizabeth, Billingsby, West Indies, fish, by D. & E. Starr & Co.

SALE AT AUCTION.

FURNITURE, BOOKS—&c.

By J. M. CHAMBERLAIN,

At his room, to-morrow Saturday, 2nd Feb. at eleven o'clock
A MAHOGANY CHEST OF DRAWERS, 1 Bedstead, Wash stand, fire screen, Curtain Poles, 12 Chairs, a Spanish Guitar, 2 Watches, a lot of Books, Carpenter's Tools, Nails, and Smiddy other articles.

—A L S O—

1 Crate of CROCKERYWARE, 20 Kegs red paint.
Feb. 1 1839.

ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

THE Subscriber has removed his China and Earthenware establishment to the new store at the north corner of the Ordnance head of Marchington's Wharf, where in addition to his present stock, he has received per barque Tory's Wife, from Liverpool, a general Assortment of Earthenware, etc. consisting of,

CHINA TEA SETS, Dinner Services—of neatest shapes and patterns, Tea, Breakfast, and Toilet Sets, and a general assortment of Common ware, which will be sold wholesale and retail at low prices.

—A L S O—

40 Crates of assorted Common Ware, put up for Country Merchants.
BERNARD O'NEIL.
February 1.

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 22nd January, 1839.

THE Stockholders are hereby called upon for the balance remaining unpaid on the Shares held by them in the Capital Stock of the Bank of Nova-Scotia, in two several instalments, viz—

Twenty-five per cent, or Twelve Pounds Ten Shillings on each Share, to be paid on or before the Fifteenth March next; and
Twelve and one half per cent, or Six Pounds Five Shillings on each share, to be paid on or before the 1st May next.

By order of the President and Directors.

J. FORMAN, Cashier.

EDWARD LAWSON,

AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER, Commercial Wharf. Has for sale,

50 hds Porto Rico SUGAR,
200 barrels TAR,
30 Tierces Carolina RICE,
50 bags Patna RICE,
200 firkins BUTTER,
10 puns Rum, 10 hds Gin,
10 hds BRANDY,
10 hds and 30 qr. casks Sherry WINE.

January 18, 1839.

UNION MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH STARR, ESQ. PRESIDENT.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company, the following Gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year—viz.

James A. Moran, Joseph Fairbanks, J. Strachan, Wm. Stairs, David Allison, John U. Ross, Daniel Starr, Hugh Lyle, John T. Wainwright, James H. Reynolds, S. B. Smith, and Wm. Roche, Esqrs.

The Committee of Directors meet every day at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the office of the Broker, directly opposite the Custom House.
Jan. 18. GEO. C. WHIDDEN, Broker.

For the Pearl.

MY AIN SWEET NATIVE VALE.

Some bardies sing o' men o' fame
And some o' love's heart burning flame,
Some raise on high Victoria's name;
But I will sing my childhood's hame,
Oh my ain sweet native vale,

Around its Castle nor see grey,
Which ance contained its chieftains gay,
I've wandered at the close o' day,
While fell the sun's last golden ray;
On my ain sweet native vale.

Its streams are to my memory dear,
Eels, trouts, an' minnows I caught there,
And salmon fine I oft did spear,
When entick dikes they couldna clear;
In my ain sweet native vale.

When there's a bird on ilka tree,
A singin blythe an' merrily;
When hums around the busy bee,
Oh how delightfu' 'tis to be,
In my ain sweet native vale.

Shall I again that vale behold,
Ere I am laid in earth so cold,
Strath bogie, for ever I'll hold,
Thy name in my heart's inmost fold,
Oh my ain sweet native vale.

Saint John, N. B. }
January 14, 1839. }

G. M. R.

THE FLOGGING.

[The following article, from the "Military Sketch-book," is clever and affecting. The actual infliction of the flogging is evidently drawn by one who has watched the reality with no trifling degree of feeling. This sketch is worth many pamphlets on the subject.]

"PARADE, sir!—parade, sir!—There's a parade this morning, sir!"

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding lungs of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my barrack-room bed, one morning, about a quarter before eight o'clock.

"Parade!"—I reflected a moment;—"yes," said I, "a punishment parade."

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to perform, "Curse the punishment!—curse the crimes!" muttered I to myself.

I was soon shaved, booted, and belted. The parade-call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack-yard.

The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground; the officers, like myself, were turning out; the morning was cold as well as foggy; and there was a sullen, melancholy expression upon every man's countenance, indicative of the disrelish they had for a punishment parade; the faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were particularly serious; the women of the regiment were to be seen in silent groups at the barrack-windows; in short every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive 300 lashes each. One of them, a corporal, had till now preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences, by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes rising doubtless from habits of intoxication, were disobedience of orders, insolence to the serjeant on duty, and the making away of some of their necessaries.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched in a few minutes to the riding-house, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square, with the colonel, the adjutant, the surgeon, and the drummers, in the centre.

"Attention!" roared out the colonel. The word, were it not that it was technically necessary, need not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense; and scarcely could the footsteps of the last men, closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding-house. The two prisoners were now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

"Attention!" was again called, and the adjutant commanded to read the proceedings of the court-martial. When he had concluded, the colonel commanded the private to "strip."

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the "cat," in order to free the "tails" from entanglement with each other.

"Strip, sir!" repeated the colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

"Colonel," replied he, in a determined tone, "I'll volunteer."

"You'll volunteer, will you, sir?"

* Men under sentence of court-martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

"Yes, sooner than I'll be flogged."

"I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard-house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately."

The latter sentence was addressed to the corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners; and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off, a morose frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The colonel now addressed the other prisoner.

"You are the last man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, sir, from a belief that you were a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of farther promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, though unwillingly, permit the sentence of the court which tried you to take its effect." Then, turning to the serjeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the corporal's stripes from his jacket: this was done, and the prisoner then stripped, without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate corporal's situation; for it was believed that nothing but intoxication, and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law, as that of which he was convicted. The colonel himself, although apparently rigorous and determined; could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished: the affected frown, and the loud voice in command; but ill concealed his real feelings; the struggle between the head and the heart was plainly to be seen; and if the head had had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the heart would have gained a victory. But no alternative was left; the man had been a corporal, and, therefore, was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors; had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but, as the case stood, the colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so. No officer was more averse to flogging in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgment, which at all times was regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging was in his eyes an odious punishment, but he found that the total abolition of it was impossible; he therefore held the power over the men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits; and courts-martial were frequent; so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, indeed, were those punishments carried into execution; for, if the colonel could find no fair pretext, in the previous conduct of the criminal, to remit his sentence, he would privately request the captain of the company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle; thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer under whose more immediate command he was; and, in general, this proved far more salutary than the punishment ever could have done.

The prisoner was now stripped, and ready to be tied, when the colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa, with the other culprit.

"No, sir," replied the man; "I've been a long time in the regiment, and I'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I'll bear it; but I'll not quit the regiment yet, colonel."

This sentiment, uttered in a subdued but manly manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from both officers and men; but most of all by the old colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his nether lip; he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brows down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner thus openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands, to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below; the cords were passed round them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached, and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the serjeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.

The first drummer began, and taking three steps forward, applied the lash to the soldier's back—"one."

Again he struck—"two."

Again, and again, until "twenty-five" were called by the serjeant. Then came the second drummer, and he performed his twenty-five. Then came the third, who was a stronger and a more heavy striker than his coadjutors in office: this drummer brought the blood out upon the right shoulder-blade, which perceiving, he struck lower on the back; but the surgeon ordered him to strike again upon the bleeding part. I thought this was cruel; but I learnt after, from the surgeon himself, that it gave much less pain to continue the blows as directed, than to strike upon the untouched skin.

The poor fellow bore without a word his flagellation, holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended; and tied at the wrists above his head. At the first ten or twelve blows he never moved a muscle; but about the twenty-fifth he clenched his teeth and cringed a little from the lash. During the second twenty-five, the part upon which the cords fell became blue, and appeared thickened; for the whole space of the shoulder-blade and centre of the back; and before the fiftieth blow was struck, we could hear a smothered groan from the poor sufferer, evidently caused by his efforts to stifle the natural exclamations of acute pain. The third-striker, as I said; brought the blood; it oozed from the swollen skin, and moistened the cords, which opened its way from the veins. The colonel directed a look at the drummer, which augured nothing advantageous to his interest; and on the fifth of his twenty-five, cried out to him, "Halt, sir! you know as much about using the 'cat' as one do of your sticks." Then addressing the adjutant, he said, "Send that fellow away to drill; tell the drum-major to give him two hours' additional practice with the sticks every day for a week, in order to bring his hand into—a—proper movement."

The drummer slunk away at the order of the adjutant, and one of the others took up the "cat." The colonel now looked at the surgeon, and I could perceive a slight nod pass, in recognition of something previously arranged between them. This was evidently the case; for the latter instantly went over to the punished man, and having asked him a question or two, proceeded formally to the colonel, and stated something in a low voice; upon which the drummers were ordered to take the man down. This was accordingly done; and when about to be removed to the regimental hospital, the colonel addressed him thus: "Your punishment, sir, is at an end; you may thank the surgeon's opinion, for being taken down so soon." [Every one knew this was only a pretext.] "I have only to observe to you, that as you have always, previous to this fault, been a good man, I would recommend you to conduct yourself well for the future, and I promise to hold your promotion open to you as before."

The poor fellow replied that he would do so, and burst into tears, which he strove in vain to hide.

Wonder not that the hard cheek of a soldier was thus moistened by a tear; the heart was within his bosom, and these tears came from it. The lash could not force one from his burning eyelid; but the word of kindness, the breath of tender feeling from his respected colonel, dissolved the stern soldier, to the grateful and contrite penitent.

Had we eyes sharp enough, we could see the arrows of death, flying in all directions, and account it a wonder that we and our friends escape them a single day.

"Would you not have known this boy to be my son?" asked a gentleman. Mr. Curran answered, "Yes, sir, the maker's name is stamped upon the BLADE."

Warrander, boasting of his gastronomical skill, observed in the hearing of Alvanley, that he could make excellent soup. "Yes," said the lordly wit, "so does a CALF'S HEAD."

Ambitious men abuse every thing. It is in the name of the Gospel, that millions of victims have been sacrificed; it is in the name of Liberty, that tigers like Robespierre have shed torrents of blood.

Animal Magnetism Ouldone.—It is said that Mr. Perkins has invented a compound, which he calls the "concentrated essence of the sublimate spirit of steam." A person has only to put a vial of it into his pocket, and it will carry him along at the rate of fifty miles an hour; or by merely swallowing the powder when you go to bed at night, in the morning you will wake up in any part of the world you choose.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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