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From the Friendship's Offering.

THE TWO LIGHT-HOUSES.*

A TALE OF THE OCEAN.

By the old Sailor.

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Morning dawned—a bright and glorious morning; and the sun arose all red and beautiful, as if it had ascended from the coral caverns of the deep. And Annie looked out towards the ruins of the ancient castle in the village, and midway she saw the relentless Jonas approaching, accompanied by two men.

"Father!" called she to her aged parent, as he stood in the gallery, extinguishing the lights; "father, they are coming—they are coming—hasten to escape, or tell me what I can do to save you."

"No, my child," returned the grey-headed sire, as he met the fair girl in the lower apartment, "I will not shrink from the path of duty. A mightier hand than mine hath ordered this, and to its dispensations will I bend. Come hither, Annie, and take an old man's blessing ere we part."

"Oh, say not so, my father," replied the weeping girl, "wherever they may take you, I will follow, and share your lot." She knelt at the old man's feet; he placed his hands upon her head, his lips moved noiselessly, for the voice was in the heart.

The inexorable Jonas entered alone. "What is your decision?" inquired he, with well-assumed calmness.

"Will nothing but the destruction of one or both content you?" said David, as he raised Annie from her humble posture.

"I offer you safety not destruction," returned the other; "if you reject the former the latter is of your own seeking. You know the conditions."

"I do, Jonas, I do, and spurn them," answered David, firmly. "This old body must soon be laid in the grave, but she has many years to live, and do you think that it would be worth the few days that may be yet spared to me—days of sorrow at the best—do you think they would be worth purchasing by the irretrievable misery, in which she must be plunged through falsifying her vow, and marrying one whom she could never love?"

"This is second childhood," returned Jonas; "you are getting in your dotage to talk of romantic love. But let me hear you, young woman," turning to Annie, "what have you determined on?"

"To follow the counsel of my father," replied she, boldly. "I put my trust in God; he will deliver us from this evil."

"Fools! rash, headstrong fools!" vociferated Jonas, as he ground his feet upon the floor, while every limb shook with convulsive energy; "you force me to the deed; the officers of justice are waiting a short distance off, and only need my beck to lead one away a prisoner, and make a wretched outcast of the other; they will not tarry long even for me. Speak then, speak quickly, and his earnestness arose to agony—"save yourself, old man—Annie!"

His voice became tremulous with emotion; "Annie, will you suffer those grey hairs to be exposed upon a scaffold to the gaze of thousands? Will you madly place a rope upon the neck round which your arms have so fondly clung?" He paused, but both, though dreadfully agitated, continued silent. "Fools, mad fools!—know you not that the charge is murder?"

"Ay, is it indeed so?" exclaimed one of the officers, entering and producing a horse pistol, "I suspected there was something more than a matter of smuggling or poaching, though, in his lordship's estimation, I am not quite sure but poaching is worse than murder; howsoever, I was right in my suspicion—and Ned," he added, addressing his comrade, "you see I've listened to some purpose; come, where's the darbies?"

"Great God, this is too horrible!" exclaimed Jonas, covering his eyes with his hand, and speaking audibly to himself, "I did not mean it to go thus far—intimidation was all that I intended; and now—"

"You're caught in your own trap, my man," added the officer, finishing the sentence as he locked the handcuffs upon the wrists of the unresisting David, "Ned hand over t'other pair," the assistant gave him the securities; "and now, Mr. Jonas, you see we happens to know you for all your disguise—just hold out your manleys, for I must put the bracelets upon you both."

"Upon me, fellow!" returned Jonas, haughtily, and prepar-

ing for resistance, "dare to lay a finger upon me, and I'll prosecute you with the utmost rigour of the law."

"Whew!" whistled the man, with the utmost unconcern, "here's pretty waste of a tragedy speech. But come, sir, take it quietly; and don't put me to the unpleasant necessity of being uncivil; you may go to law afterwards, but, take my word for it, I shall secure you now, either dead or alive. You are, perhaps, an *accomplish* in the murder. You know what I mean—so I shall kill two birds with one stone."

Jonas saw, in an instant, the awkward position in which his reckless impatience had placed him, and making a determined spring for the door, he knocked down the officer, but was himself instantly prostrated by a blow from the staff of his assistant, Ned; the handcuffs were clapped upon him, and he was a prisoner. They quitted the light-house, and Annie locking the door, hastened to support the steps of her wretched father. The brothers were kept apart during their walk to the magistrate's, where they underwent a private examination; the result was, the committal of David on a charge of murder, and the detention of Jonas for want of securities to give evidence.

It happened to be within only two days of the assizes for the county, and on the third day from the period of his arrest, David was placed at the bar, to be tried for his life. Jonas had been promised indemnity for himself if he would reveal the truth, and the narrow-minded villain, regardless of consequences to his unhappy relative, saw only the prospect of Annie being thrown into his power, and compelled to a union which she hated. The circumstance of one brother appearing against another for a crime involved in considerable mystery, drew together a crowded court: and when the venerable man held up his horny hand, above a head whitened by the snows of age, a strong feeling of commiseration pervaded every breast, which was not lessened by the deep tone of his voice, as he solemnly pleaded "Not guilty, my lord;" and many a fervent prayer was breathed to heaven that his asseveration might be true.

A death-like stillness prevailed when the council for the crown opened the charge; breathless attention sat on every countenance as he proceeded, and when he closed his address to the jury, a look of sickly apprehension was manifest among the crowd, and every eye seemed as if trying to catch a neighbour's thoughts.

From this speech, which it is unnecessary to repeat, the court became aware that "the prisoner was indicted for having, on a certain day, about eighteen years previous, murdered an unfortunate stranger who had been cast ashore from a wreck at the same time with an infant child—that he had possessed himself of valuable property belonging by right of law to the lord of the manor; and that the girl named Annie Bligh was the child thus saved."

The first witness called was Jonas Bligh, who gave the following evidence:

On the night in question he was engaged with a gang of smugglers running a cargo across the beach into the haven, and went to the lower light-house to obtain his brother's assistance. There had been a heavy gale of wind, and it still blew fresh from the eastward, with a full sea running into the bay. He had found David on the point, dragging ashore a large piece of wreck that almost mastered him, but with the help of witness, they succeeded in getting it up; it seemed to be part of a vessel's bows with the fore-castle still remaining, and, lashed to the timbers, was the body of a man, a small chest, and other luggage, and loose upon the shattered piece of deck, a noble Newfoundland dog. They attempted to remove the articles, but the dog would not allow them to be touched; they laid the body on the beach and life was not extinct; the heart beat, for he held his hand upon it, and there was pulsation at the wrist. As the tide was flowing it was necessary to keep hauling the wreck in shore to prevent its being carried away; but their united strength was not sufficient to effect this, and Jonas quitted his brother to procure the aid of one of the gang. But Jonas had been drinking, and the liquor had overpowered him; so that some time elapsed before his return, and then he found the wreck had drifted away. David was in the light-house, and his wife chafing the limbs of an infant, apparently about nine months old. He stated, that finding he could not hold on, at the risk of his life he had cut the chest adrift, and got it ashore. Without waiting for any one to arrive, he had, in the presence of his wife, broke open the lid, and found the infant then under process of resuscitation. Astonished at the occurrence, he remained a short time, and then hurried to where he left the body, but wreck, and dog, and man

were gone! "This," continued the witness, "was all that I could get out of him; he swore that he had obtained no plunder: but from that time his condition was bettered and he became an altered man."

"What further testimony can you give?" inquired the counsel; "remember the solemn obligation of your oath, and conceal nothing. Where did you first go to when you returned with your companion?"

"To the spot upon the point, where I had left the prisoner," replied the witness.

"And did you perceive nothing extraordinary?" asked the counsel.

"I was groping about the shingle where the body had lain and fell," returned the witness, "that is, slipped down."

"Well, and what then?" continued the counsel, evidently aiming at some particular point.

"On getting up I observed a dark patch upon my frock," reluctantly replied Jonas, "and it was wet."

"Was the night light or gloomy?" interrupted the judge.

"Dark, very dark, my lord," replied the man under examination, "there was not a star to be seen."

"And do you pretend that you could distinguish a stain, for that is, I suppose what is meant? do you pretend to tell the jury that, on so dark a night, and yourself not sober, you could see a mark on your frock?" interrogated the judge, with some asperity.

A murmur of approbation was for an instant buzzed among the crowd—hearts beat quicker, and more joyous—hope, for a moment, irradiated many a face, but all was heavily crushed when the witness answered, "The light-house, my lord; we were full in its brightest glare."

The judge was silenced, and the counsel proceeded.

"Now, tell his lordship and the jury what were those marks that appeared upon your frock?"

The answer was anticipated by the court—judge, jury, and spectators knew there could be no other; yet, when the witness solemnly answered, "Blood," a thrill of horror went through every soul, and all eyes were bent upon the hoary-headed prisoner.

"That is all I have to ask him for the present, my lord," said the counsel for the prosecution, addressing the bench.

"Is the prisoner defended?" inquired the judge; and the simple but important monosyllable "No!" was returned.

"Then, prisoner, it is my duty to ask you whether you have any questions to put to the witness?"

Deep attention was drawn to the aged man, and expectation was alive that something would be elicited in cross-examination, but this was changed to grievous disappointment when David calmly replied, "None, my lord, he has spoken the truth."

The next witness was called—the smuggler who had accompanied Jonas to the point. He deposed to that fact, and corroborated the evidence of his predecessor relative to the marks of blood, as in raising up his comrade, a portion of the stains had been imparted to himself; moreover, he had found a large clasp knife; (a thrilling shudder went through the crowd) "and it lay right in a pool of blood."

"What became of that knife?" inquired the prosecuting counsel.

"I buried it," returned the man, "but may I proceed in my own way—there is something to be told before I come to that."

"Proceed," said the judge, "but do not wander from the point—tell us where you buried the knife."

"I will, my lord," answered the witness, and then continued, "I left Jonas Bligh at the light-house, and returned to the gang, and when we had worked the crop—"

What do you mean by working the crop?" inquired the judge, "speak plainly, man."

"My lord," said the council, modestly, "I presume he means that they had carried off and secured their illicit cargo—is it not so, witness?"

"Yes, sir," replied the smuggler, "and when we had worked the crop, I returned to the Low Light determined to watch what David would do. Jonas was gone, and in about an hour, I saw the prisoner come stealthily out, and he went some distance above high-water mark, and raised a dead body on his shoulder." A half suppressed groan was uttered by the audience, and every look was bent upon the old man to see what effect this testimony would produce. To the surprise of all, there was a smile upon

* Concluded from our last.

his features, but it vanished in a moment, and calmness, as before, overspread his countenance. The witness continued: "I should have told you that when he first came out, he went to the palings of the garden, and took something over which he carried in his hand. I could not then tell what it was, but I followed him, about mid-way to the upper light, where he threw the body down, and by his digging I knew it was a spade. Then, my lord, amid the howling of the gale, he formed a grave for the murdered man, and when he had finished, I heard the body fall heavily into it; he then filled it up and went away."

"This place has been examined, brother C—, I suppose," said the judge, "and we shall have full evidence of the fact?"

"No, my lord," returned the counsel, evidently surprised, "this is the first I ever heard of the matter;" he turned and whispered to some one immediately behind him—"even the attorney for the prosecution, my lord, was totally unprepared for this—it is all new and unexpected."

"But it is most important to the cause of justice," added his lordship. "Attend, witness,—have you ever visited that spot since?"

"No, my lord," replied the man, "but I went to it when David was gone, and took my bearings, so that I might find it again."

"You do not know, then, whether it has ever been disturbed since?" inquired the judge.

"It has never been touched by me or any one, from that hour to this," observed the prisoner, in a quiet, subdued tone.

"You had better remain silent, prisoner," said the judge; "your words are tantamount to a confession, and yet you have pleaded not guilty."

David bowed, and the judge, turning to the witness, asked, "Do you think you could point out the place if you were there?"

"I could readily, my lord," asserted the witness, "and, moreover, it was there I buried the knife."

"This is, really, a matter of much moment," said the judge, and turning to an official personage by his side, he continued, "Mr. High Sheriff, let some responsible person accompany the witness as soon as his examination is over, and have the place properly searched. Proceed Mr. C—."

The counsel bowed and inquired, "Was there any blood near the grave?"

"There was," returned the man, "for I carried some of the shingle away with me, and looking at it next morning, I found that many of the stones were stained."

"What sort of a knife was it?" asked the counsel, "describe it to his lordship and the jury to the best of your recollection."

"It was a large clasp knife," answered the witness, "such as is generally used by seamen." One was handed to him for inspection, which caught the eye of the prisoner, who looked eagerly at it, and finding that the witness did not immediately answer, exclaimed—

"My lord, it was the very fellow knife to that, but rather broader at the end, and it had a lanyard."

"You make strange admissions, prisoner," remonstrated his lordship, "you had better take my advice, and remain silent." David bowed again. "Pray," enquired he of the witness, "did the knife you mention have what the prisoner calls a lanyard to it?"

"It had, my lord," answered the man, "and I cut off part of it, which I put in clear water, which it tinged deeply with the color of blood."

"Pray how is it that you never went to the place since, or gave any information?" inquired the judge.

"I sailed across the water the next day, my lord, to Flushing," returned the witness, "and was away two or three years."

"But when you returned," continued his lordship, "did not the voice of a brother's blood cry aloud for vengeance—where was your conscience?"

"I did not remain in England long, my lord," answered he, "circumstances obliged me to quit it for a time."

"That is," said the prisoner, quietly, "you were apprehended a few hours after you were landed—were tried, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for a burglary."

The excitement produced by this charge was very great; a buzz went through the audience, and it was not till the crier of the court had repeatedly called silence, that order was perfectly restored. From some cause or other, the judge did not check it, but as soon as quiet resumed its reign, he turned to the witness, "How, sir? is it as the prisoner has stated?"

"It is, my lord," replied the witness, "I committed the crime, and I suffered the punishment."

"Would your lordship be pleased to ask him where he came from now?" said David, addressing the judge.

"Certainly, prisoner," replied his lordship, "I suppose you mean the place he has come from to give evidence?" David bent his head in token of acquiescence. "You have heard the question, witness," said the judge, "now answer it."

"I came from the jail, my lord," replied the man, and another strong sensation excited the spectators.

"My lord," said the counsel, rising, "I will readily admit that the witness is not untainted—he is now in custody on a charge of

felony; the last witness and the prisoner were in the same jail with him; a recognition took place, and as in murder cases, we are glad of any testimony to bring the perpetrator to justice, we availed ourselves of his evidence. I have no more questions to ask the witness."

Strongly escorted, and accompanied by the under-sheriff, the witness was despatched, in a chaise-and-four, to point out the grave of the murdered victim, and the remainder of the trial was postponed till their return. Another case was called on, and the excitement of the audience soon ran into a different channel.

On the following morning, David was again placed at the bar, but affairs were changed with him since the previous day. An eminent counsel was engaged in his behalf, and Annie was permitted to sit in the court where she could see the aged prisoner, who had been so long to her as a father. On one side of her was a young naval officer, in the uniform of master's mate, who was accompanied by a seaman, in the usual dress; and on the other side of her sat an elderly gentleman, who, by his manners and appearance, was considered to be a foreigner. David smiled upon the fair girl,—for she was the only soul he knew, in that vast assembly—and she returned his smile with one of placid sweetness, that beamed with delight upon the old man's heart.

At length the witnesses were called, and the under-sheriff ascended the box, who, as soon as he was sworn, gave the following evidence:

"Upon arriving at the mess, it was still daylight, and the man vainly endeavoured to find the spot, but as soon as darkness had closed in, and the lights were lit, he, without hesitation, placed himself upon it. At daylight that morning, they commenced their search, and after digging about two feet down, a knife was thrown up," he drew it from his pocket, and held it up to the horrified view of the court, and then passed it to the jury; "part of the lanyard had been cut off, and it seemed to be crusted with blood. About six feet below the surface we came to the body—a convulsive hissing, and quick respiration in the court followed this announcement of the discovery of the victim, and the witness paused."

"Go on, Sir," said the judge, his feelings unusually excited.

The witness was still silent, whilst he was endeavouring to untie the knot of a silk handkerchief, apparently containing something of importance to the testimony he was about to give. "We found the body," reiterated he, and again stopped.

"Why don't you tell his lordship," said the prisoner, in a tone of restless disquietude, "you found the body of a DEAD DOG!"

The sudden change from the horrible to something like the ridiculous, produced a burst of hysterical laughter from the females, which was instantly checked by the judge, who, addressing the witness said, "Proceed sir,—was it nothing more than a dog that you found?"

"No, my lord," returned the under-sheriff, "it was the dead body of a monstrous dog, and this my lord," taking a large collar from the handkerchief, "was on its neck. We searched in every direction but could find nothing more."

"This affair seems to be involved in much mystery," said his lordship, "and at present I see nothing to go to the jury—however, proceed."

"My case is closed, my lord," said the counsel for the prosecution, rising up, and facing the bench.

"Well, brother C—, and what is there to go to the jury?" asked his lordship, "A body is seen, and it disappears; there is no evidence to say in what manner—true, there is blood, the blood of some one, but no person saw the deed perpetrated; nor is it, indeed, absolutely essential to conviction that there should be where the corpse of the murdered is discovered—but here there is no proof whatever that life has been taken, for the victim is never seen afterwards."

"I am certain your lordship does not mean to say that under all cases of trial for murder the body must previously be found to insure conviction," argued the learned counsel, "for supposing, my lord, two men at sea, and the one in malice prepense, strikes the other overboard, so that he is drowned, and the body sinks to rise no more—"

"In such a case, brother, the very act itself is sufficient, if a third party is witness to the blow," interrupted the judge.

"My lord," said the counsel for the prisoner, "I have hitherto remained silent, as I would not intrude myself impertinently; but I assure you, my lord, I have an undeniable answer to the case. I will with ease refute the charge, as soon as my aged client has closed his defence—a charge, my lord, based on villainy and fraud. I should feel grateful to your lordship to let the trial proceed, that the old man's grey hairs may not go down dishonoured to his grave."

"It shall be so," said the judge; "Prisoner, the time has now arrived for you to make your defence."

Old David bowed to his lordship and the jury, smoothed down the silvery locks on his forehead, than laying his hands on the front of the dock, he gave a look of mingled emotion at Annie, and began:

"My lord," said he, "I am not going to plead the frailty of human nature in extenuation of crime, though 'I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;' yet, my lord, when a man is steeped in poverty, and sees his offspring,—his

own flesh and blood,—crying for the food which he has not to give, sore is the temptation if the red gold comes within his grasp, and avarice tells him there is no eye abroad to witness the transaction. My unhappy brother has truly stated that he assisted me to haul the piece of wreck on shore. It was a dark and fearful night, my lord, and whilst he was away to collect more strength, I cut adrift some of the luggage, and my hand grasped a canvass bag which spoke in a language all can understand; there was the clattering and ringing of money, and cold, hungry, and wretched as I was, I thought of my famishing children, and my very heart laughed with joy. I placed it in my breast—ay, next my skin,—for I feared to part with it again,—and it seemed to throw me into fever, it scorched up my feelings of humanity, and when I approached the man who yet lived, my knife was in my hand,—he might recover and claim the gold, and my boys and girls—O God! the desperate maddened agony of that moment!" The old man bowed his head, and groaned heavily, and every eye in the crowded court showed symptoms of intense commiseration. "I've said, my lord," continued he, as soon as he had gained more composure, "my knife was in my hand, for I had been cutting away the lashings of the small chest, and other things,—and I grasped the man,—but the dog, who had stood unmoved till then, suddenly flew upon me, and seized me by the arm; at first he merely made me feel that he had teeth, but when he found that I persisted, he bit deeply, and would not quit his hold. I rose up, but he still held me fast till I drew my knife across his throat,—it was sharp, my lord,—desperation had made me powerful, and the faithful animal lay dead at my feet. I feared to let the tide carry him away, as that might lead to detection, and I equally feared for Jonas to see him, lest he might suspect the cause; so I dragged the carcass to some distance round the point above high water mark, and left it. On my return to the wreck, I found it had drifted higher up the bay; I followed, and secured the small chest which, with some light articles, I carried to my dwelling. Humanity began to resume its dominion over me; I thought of the man upon the beach, and took the old woman with me to aid in bringing him to the light-house; but on reaching the surf, I found the tide had partly flowed over the spot, and the body was gone. We searched along the beach, but could nowhere find it, and we hastened back to the light-house to examine the booty we had secured. The chest, though small, was very stout, and covered in every part with tarpaulin; yet a blow from my axe split the lid, which we removed, and there, wrapped up in linen, but with the face and hands exposed, lay what we then thought, was a dead infant. There was, however, blood on one of the arms, from a cut caused by the axe,—she has the scar now. Annie, my love," said the aged prisoner, addressing the weeping maiden, "Annie, show it to his lordship." In an instant all eyes were directed to the spot where the humble girl was seated, but she instantly arose, bared her arm, and the place was visible to both judge and jury. "Well, my lord, seeing the blood, my dame chafed the child's limbs, and it revived just as Jonas came back. He taxed me with defrauding him of his share, and swore that I had murdered the man. He had stained himself with blood,—the blood of the slaughtered dog, my lord, which I had buried as has been described. I kept the money to myself: but from that hour the hand of the Almighty was heavy upon me, and my moisture was turned into the drought of summer,—my wife and children were called away till I had none but the stranger left in my house. Years of bitter repentance have rolled over my head since then; my life was spent in grief, and my days in sighing: my strength failed me because of mine iniquity. I was haunted by the thoughts of that shipwrecked man who came alive to shore,—to British land,—and yet was cruelly suffered to perish."

"Avast!—avast, heave and haul there!" shouted the seaman who sat near Annie, "he did not perish not by no manner o' means, for here I am d'ye mind, all alive and kicking, my hearty."

This sudden exclamation, vociferated with all the honest warmth of a tar, produced the most heart-stirring commotion, and from a stillness that was almost startling, there was utter confusion in the court, which was greatly increased by the bawling of the officials, commanding "silence." At length, order was restored, David's defence was closed without any mention of the motives that stimulated Jonas to vengeance, and the counsel for the prisoner called Jack Binnacle into the box. Jack deposed that he had been a seaman in a Dutch Guineaman that had broke from her moorings in the Downs, and, during the gale, had struck upon the Long Sand, but was knocked over it with the loss of her masts and rudder. She then drifted into deep water, till she tailed upon the Galloper, where she stuck fast and went to pieces; every soul except himself and the child—who belonged to a lady passenger—perished. He it was who secured the chest and the valuables, and when they had floated away on the piece of the wreck, he had kept perfectly sensible till a short time before reaching the shore, when benumbed by the cold, he sunk into helpless weakness, but his senses did not altogether forsake him; he was in some measure aware of what was going on, and during the absence of David, he so far recovered as to raise himself and crawl away over the bank. To this, he was prompted by a double motive; he was apprehensive that he should share

the fate of the dog, and he likewise was desirous of making off with a good cargo of doubloons which he had stowed about his person, and which he might probably be called on to account for if the fact should become known. At all events, he got clear off, spent his ill-gotten wealth, and was pressed into his majesty's service,—had been watchmate with Brailwell in the frigate upon the Mediterranean, and one first watch, during conversation, the subject of the wreck was broached; it led to further explanations, and the anxious lover had no doubt that the father of Annie was the person implicated. For a gallant action in cutting out a felucca, and general good conduct, William had been promoted to the quarter-deck, and Mr. Brailwell, the young officer by Annie's side, was master's mate of his majesty's ship. On their return to England, both obtained leave of absence, (William becoming responsible for his shipmate's reappearance), and hastened to the nesh, where learning what had taken place, they immediately set out again, and had only arrived the previous evening.

"The hand of Providence does indeed seem to have been wonderfully displayed here," said the judge with pleased solemnity.

"But your lordship is not yet aware of the full extent," uttered the counsel for the prisoner, "nor should I introduce the subject here, but that villainy may meet its due. I will not take up much of your lordship's time. Have I your permission to proceed?"

Curiosity will at times overcome every child of Adam,—even the grave judges of the land are subject to it. His lordship assented if it would not occupy much of the public's time.

"My lord," said the counsel, "the brother of the prisoner,—the first witness in this case,—was driven from the country for his rogueries, and after tossing about in various parts of the world, he was at last located at one of the Dutch settlements on the coast of Africa, in the service of a wealthy merchant, whose wife and children perished at sea, or in other words, the only intelligence heard of the ship, was her driving from the Downs during a heavy gale of wind, without a pilot, and parts of her frame came ashore, in Hosley Bay, and cases, trunks, even one of the boats, were picked up near Landguard Fort, at the entrance to Harwich. The date corresponded exactly with that on which the event occurred that brought you old man to the bar, and revolving every circumstance in his mind, the outcast felt convinced that Annie was the daughter of his wealthy master. They landed in this country about ten days ago, and Jonas Bligh persuaded his employer to let him take a journey to the nesh in order to make inquiry,—having communicated only just as much as was calculated to stimulate the father's mind. For a day or two he remained in secret, prosecuting his research till he became satisfied of the accuracy of his anticipations, and then making himself known to the prisoner, he demanded the girl for his son in marriage; but finding the suit was refused, he resorted to intimidation; this also failed, and then revenge prompted him to become the double-dipped villain that he is. You, my lord, must see his motive for this marriage, and I shall say no more about it. He was taken into custody and detained, and his master hearing nothing from him, arrived last evening in his progress to the nesh, and put up at the same inn with our gallant young friend here. The trial was the all engrossing topic. By those accidents which frequently happen in public rooms, the parties fell into acquaintance; explanation ensued,—and need I tell the rest my lord? This good girl," and he took Annie's hand, "found her real father, who is now sitting beside her; and if any doubt had remained, it was removed this morning by the production of the dog's collar, having on it the name of the gentleman himself."

A thundering, irrepressible burst of applause,—the unrestrained voice of nature itself,—shook the very building:—the judge arose and waved his hand to command silence, but fell back overpowered in his seat. David, who before knew nothing of all this, uttered a deep groan, and sank within the dock; and several minutes elapsed before tranquillity was restored. The judge directed the acquittal of the prisoner, who was discharged from custody and received in the arms of his friends.

"And now," added old Martin, "what do you think of my tale of The Two Light-houses?"

"Excellent, my friend, most excellent," answered I. "But what became of the parties afterwards?"

He threw down his net, and rose up as he replied, "Annie and Brailwell were married, and he lived to be a post captain. David left the light-house to reside with Annie's father. Richard went to sea, and never was heard of again. Jack Binnacle died in Greenwich Hospital—"

"And Jonas?" inquired I, impatiently interrupting him.

"What became of the scoundrel Jonas?"

The veteran looked hard in my face as he answered, "Jonas?—Why, sir, Jonas was buried in a four-cross-road."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.—"I think public reading rooms the best mode of educating young men. Solitary reading is apt to give the head-ache. Besides, who knows that you do read?"

A BATTLE OF CATS.

If ever there is one hour in the whole twenty-four in which cats combine in themselves all the "horribly disagreeable" that attaches to nuisance and abomination, it is most assuredly in that hour,

"When weary mortals seek repose,"

and all "the brute creation" is as "dead asleep" as door-nails, cats alone excepted. Their meetings, their conferences, their disputes, their arguments, their love-feasts and their quarrels, are all arranged in that "witching hour" when the wide dark world is as Wordsworth has it,

"Quiet as a nun—breathless with adoration."

The following descriptive account of one of these unholy night-watches is given by a correspondent, who was "on the spot." He was a witness to the whole transaction, and can therefore "vouch for its truth."

A BATTLE OF CATS.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the slates!"

Miss Tabitha having made an assignation with Tom Tortoiseshell, the feline phenomenon, they two sit curmurring, forgetful of mice and milk, of all but love! How meekly mews the demure, relapsing into that sweet under-song—the purr! and how curls Tom's whiskers, like those of a Pashaw. The point of his tail, and the point only, is alive; insidiously turning itself, with serpent-like seduction, towards that of Tabitha, pensive as a nun. His eyes are rubies, hers emeralds, as they should be; his lightning, hers lustre; for in her sight he is the lord, and in his she is the lady of creation.

"O happy love! when love like this is found!
O heartfelt rapture! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
If earth a draught of heavenly pleasure share,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale."

Woman or cat, she who hesitates, is lost. But Diana, shining in heaven, the goddess of the silver bow, sees the peril of poor Pussy, and interposes her celestial aid to serve the vestal. An enormous grimalkin, almost a wild-cat, comes rattling along the roof, down from the chimney-top, and Tom Tortoiseshell, leaping from love to war, tackles to the red rover in single combat—sniff, snuff, splutter, squeak, squall, caterwaul, and throttle!

"From the soft music of the spinning purr,
When no stiff hair disturbs the glossy fur,
The whining wail, so piteous and so faint,
When through the house puss moves with long complaint,
To that unearthly, throbbing caterwaul,
When feline legions storm the midnight wall,
And chaunt, with short snuff and alternate lull,
The dismal song of hymeneal bliss."

Over the eaves sweeps the airy hurricane. Two cats in one, like a prodigious monster with eight legs, and a brace of heads and tails; and through among the lines on which clothes are hanging in the green, and break the fall, the dual number plays squelch on the miry herbage.

The four-story fall has given them fresh fury and more fiery life. What tails! Each as thick as my arm, and rustling with electricity, like the northern streamers. The red rover is generally uppermost, but not always, for Tom has him by the jugular, like a very bull-dog, and his small, sharp, tiger-teeth, entangled in the fur, pierce deeper and deeper into the flesh, while Tommy keeps tearing away at his rival, as if he would eat his way into the windpipe. Heavier than Tom Tortoiseshell is the red rover by a good many pounds: but what is weight to elasticity—what is body to soul? In the long tussle, the hero ever vanquishes the ruffian.

Cats' heads are seen peering over the tops of walls, and then their lengthening bodies, running crouching along the coping-stones, with pricked-up ears and glaring eyes, all attracted towards one common centre—the back-green of the inextinguishable battle. Some dropping, and some leaping down, from all altitudes; lo! a general *melee*! For Tabitha, having through a skylight forced her way down stairs, and out of the kitchen window into the back area, is sitting pensively on the steps;

"And, like another Helen, fires another Troy!"

Detachments come wheeling in the field of battle from all imaginable and unimaginable quarters; and you now see before you all the cats in Edinburgh, Stockbridge, and the suburbs. Up fly a thousand windows from ground-flat to attic, and what an exhibition of nightcaps! Here elderly gentlemen, apparently in their shirts, with head night-gear from Kilmarnock, worthy of Teputomy's self; behind them their wives, grandmothers, at the least, poking their white faces, like those of sheeted corpses, over the shoulders of the fathers of their numerous progeny; there chariest maids, prodigal enough to unvell their beauties to the moon, yet, in their alarm, folding the frills of their chemises across their bosoms; and, lo! yonder the captain of the Six Feet Club, with his gigantic shadow, frightening that pretty damsel back to her couch, and till morning haunting her troubled dreams! "Fire! fire!" "Murder! murder!" is the cry; and there is wrath and wonderment at the absence of the police-officers and engines. A most multitudinous murder is in process of perpetration there, but

as yet there is none; when lo! and hark! the flash and peal of musketry; and then the music of the singing slugs, slaughtering the catti, while bouncing up into the air, with Tommy Tortoise clinging to his carcass, the red rover yowls wolfishly to the moon, and then descending like lead into the stone area, gives up his nine ghosts, never to chew cheese more, and dead as a herring. In mid-air the phenomenon had let go his hold, and seeing it in vain to oppose the yeomanry, pursues Tabitha, the innocent cause of all this woe, into the coal-cellar, and there, like Paris and Helen,

"When first entranced, in Canaan's isle they lay,
Lip pressed to lip, and breathed their souls away!"

The fearless pair begin to purr and play in that subterranean paradise, forgetful of the pile of cat corpses that in that catastrophe was heaped half-way up the currant-bushes on the walks, so indiscriminate had been the stages. All undreamed of by them, the beauty of the rounded moon, now hanging over the city, once more steeped in stillness and in sleep!

No battle was ever more admirably described, no field-marshal's despatch ever described the onslaught and victory over an enemy with more punctilious precision; the rapid interchange between thought and action is most vividly portrayed; Caesar's *veni, vidi, vici*, is a fool to it, begging the Roman general's pardon; and the anti-cruelty-to-animals climax, of the slug-slaughtered cat chief, gives a most sanguinary finish to the whole "affair," and puts the sign and seal of "inimitable" to the whole.

EPHON.

* Blackwood's Magazine—"Notes Ambrosiana."

IMMENSE ELEPHANTS' TEETH.—"He told us that he had a house full of ivory, and despatched some eunuchs for two large teeth. In a few minutes they came. He exultingly asked, 'Can you afford to buy them?' at the same moment two magnificent teeth were brought in, exceeding in size any thing of the sort I had ever seen. At the roots they were about two feet and a half in circumference, and gradually tapered to the point; it took two able-bodied slaves to carry one of them; they were each about eight feet long, and of a dark tinge. I endeavoured in my own mind, to picture the enormous size of an animal capable of carrying such a weight attached to his head. I should suppose that each tooth could not have weighed less than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds. We had one on board weighing one hundred and forty pounds, which we purchased off Addacoodah, and those which we then saw were nearly twice as large. The king asked me if we had goods sufficient to purchase them; to which I replied, we had, provided he did not ask more than their real value. I inquired what he would take for them, as I should like to come to an agreement before going on board; but he replied, they were the king of teeth (Sulikeep Gowawa)."—*Laird's Africa.*

RAT EATING IN SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—"In a meeting held with the Christians, our advice was earnestly solicited upon several topics; among which was 'rat-eating.' As Mangaia was not so abundantly supplied with fish as some other islands, and as there were no animals except rats, when I visited it, these formed a common article of food; and the natives said they were exceedingly 'sweet and good'; indeed, a common expression with them, when speaking of any thing delicious, was, 'It is as sweet as a rat.' They find no difficulty in catching them in great numbers, which they do in many ways, but principally by digging a hole, and strewing in it a quantity of candle-nut (*aleurites*), and when a sufficient number of rats were in the hole, they drew a net over it, and secured them all. Having obtained as many as they wish, they singe the hair off on hot stones, wrap them up in leaves, and bake them. Saturday was their principal rat-catching day, as they were desirous of having 'animal food' to eat with their cold vegetables on the Sabbath. They now wished to know our opinion as to whether it was sinful to eat them. I informed them that we were in the habit of looking upon rats as exceedingly disgusting; but not perceiving anything morally evil in the practice; I could do no more than recommend them to take great care of the pigs and goats I had brought, by which means they would speedily obtain an abundant supply of animal food: far superior to that which they esteemed so sweet and good."

LETTER WRITING.—"When shall I catch a glimpse of your honest face-to-face countenance again? Your fine dogmatical sceptical face by punch-light? O! one glimpse of the human face, and shake of the human hand, is better than whole reams of this cold, thin correspondence; yea, of more worth, than all the letters that have sweated the fingers of sensibility, from Madam Sevigne to Sterne and Shenstone."

BARGAINS.—"Next to the pleasure of buying a bargain for one's self, is the pleasure of persuading a friend to buy it. It tickles one with the image of an imprudency, without the penalty usually annexed."

ON THE MAGNITUDE AND GRANDEUR OF THE SUN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DICK, L. L. D.

Among all the objects of the visible creation there is none whose beauty is so much admired, and whose benign influence is so generally appreciated, as the sun. Every day this glorious orb visits us with his cheering beams, dispels the shades of night, and diffuses joy and animation among all the tribes of sensitive existence; without whose powerful energy, our world would soon become a dark and shapeless chaos, without life, order, or enjoyment. But the splendour of this luminary, and the benefits it confers, are so common, and so regularly continued, that we are apt to view them with indifference; and we seldom contemplate, with the eye of an enlightened understanding, the wonderful nature of that vast globe on which surrounding worlds depend for all the comforts and beneficial agencies they enjoy. To the vulgar eye, the solar orb appears only like a flat luminous circle of a few inches diameter; and there are thousands of mankind who consider it in no other light than as a brilliant lamp, of no great size, hung up in the firmament to give us light by day, and to enable us to prosecute our daily labours. Even minds of a more elevated and reflecting cast have seldom entered into all the sublime ideas connected with the nature and properties of this august luminary: and it is questionable whether the greatest astronomer now existing is capable of forming a conception of the magnitude and sublimity of the solar orb, corresponding to its vast extent and its real grandeur. To enable the reader to form some faint idea of the immense magnitude of the sun, we extract the following passage from a work just published, entitled, "Celestial Scenery."

"The magnitude of this vast luminary is an object which overpowers the imagination; its diameter is calculated at 880,000 miles, its circumference is 2,764,600 miles, its surface contains 2,432,800,000,000 square miles, which is twelve thousand three hundred and fifty times the area of the terraqueous globe, and nearly fifty thousand times the extent of all the habitable parts of the earth; its solid contents comprehend 356,818,730,200,000,000, or more than three hundred and fifty-six thousand billions of cubical miles. Were its centre placed over the earth, it would fill the whole orbit of the moon, and reach two hundred thousand miles beyond it on every side. Were a person to travel along the surface of the sun, so as to pass along every square mile on its surface at the rate of thirty miles every day, it would require more than two hundred and twenty millions of years before the survey of this vast globe could be completed. It would contain within its circumference more than thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as the earth, and a thousand globes of the size of Jupiter, which is the largest planet in the system. It is more than five hundred times larger than all the planets, satellites, and comets belonging to our system, vast and extensive as some of them are. Although its density is little more than that of water, it would weigh 3360 planets such as Saturn, 1067 planets such as Jupiter, 329,000 globes such as the Earth, and more than two millions of globes such as Mercury, although its density is nearly equal to that of lead. Were we to conceive of its surface being peopled with inhabitants, at the rate of 280 to every square mile, (which is the rate of population in England,) it would contain 681,184,000,000,000, or more than six hundred and eighty billions, which would be equal to the inhabitants of eight hundred and fifty thousand worlds such as ours.

"Of a globe so vast in its dimensions, the human mind, with all its efforts can form no adequate conception. If it is impossible for the mind to take in the whole range of the terraqueous globe, and to form a comprehensive idea of its amplitude and its innumerable objects; how can we ever form a conception, approaching to the reality, of a body one million three hundred thousand times greater? We may express its dimensions in figures or in words; but in the present state of our limited powers, we can form no mental image or representation of an object so stupendous and sublime. Chained down to our terrestrial mansion, we are deprived of a sufficient range of prospect so as to form a substratum to our thoughts when we attempt to form conceptions of such amazing magnitude. The imagination is overpowered and bewildered in its boldest efforts, and drops its wing before it has realised the ten thousandth part of the idea it attempted to grasp. It is not improbable that the largest ideas we have yet acquired, or can represent to our minds, of the immensity of the universe, are inferior to a full and comprehensive idea of the vast globe of the sun in all its connexions and dimensions. And therefore, not only must the powers of the human mind be invigorated and expanded, but also the limits of our intellectual and corporeal vision must be indefinitely extended, before we can grasp the objects of overpowering grandeur which exist within the range of creation, and take an enlightened and comprehensive view of the great Creator's empire. And as such endowments cannot be attained in the present state, this very circumstance forms a presumptive argument that man is destined to an immortal existence, where his faculties will be enlarged, and the boundaries of his vision extended, so as to enable him to take a large and comprehensive view of the wonders of the universe, and the range of the Divine government. In the meantime, however, it may be useful to allow our thoughts to expatiate on such objects, and to endeavour

to form as comprehensive an idea as possible of such a stupendous luminary as the sun, in order to assist us in forming conceptions of objects still more grand and magnificent. For the sun which enlightens our day is but one out of countless millions of similar globes dispersed throughout creation, some of which may far excel it in magnitude and glory."

As the sun is a body of inconceivable magnitude, it appears that extensive and amazing processes and operations are going forward on its surface, or in its immediate vicinity: "this appears from the immense size both of the dark and the luminous spots, and the sudden and extensive changes to which they are frequently subjected. Spots have been observed on the solar disk so large as the one-twentieth part of the sun's diameter, and, of course, 44,000 miles in lineal extent, comprising an area of one thousand five hundred and twenty millions of square miles. Now, it is known from observation, that such spots seldom or never last longer than forty-four days; and, consequently, their borders must approach at the rate of at least a thousand miles a day, but in most cases with a much more rapid motion. What then, shall we think of the motions and operations by which a large spot has been made to disappear in the course of twenty-two hours? as I have sometimes observed; yea, which have disappeared in the course of a single hour? And what shall we think of the process by which a spot as large as the earth was broken into two during the moment of observation, and made to recede from each other, as was observed both by Dr. Long and Dr. Wollaston? How powerful the forces! how rapid the motions! and how extensive the changes which must have been produced in such cases! Whether we consider such changes to be produced in the solid globe of the sun, or merely in the luminous atmosphere with which it is environed, the scale on which such movements and operations must be conducted is immense, and altogether overpowering to the imagination. What should we think were we to behold the whole of the clouds which float in the earth's atmosphere, dissipated in a moment? the continent of America detached from its basis, and transported across the Atlantic? or the vast Pacific Ocean, in the course of a few days, overwhelming with its billows the whole of Asia, Africa, and Europe? Amazing as such changes and revolutions would appear, there are in all probability, operations and changes, though of a very different description, taking place on the solar surface or atmosphere, upon a scale of much larger extent. It is found by calculation, that the smallest space containing a visible area which can be distinctly perceived on the sun with good telescopes, is about 460 miles; and a circle of that diameter contains above 166,000 square miles. Now those ridges or corrugations formerly termed *faculae*, which are seen near the sun's margin, are more than twenty times larger than such a space; they evidently appear to be elevations and depressions on the solar surface, and are almost as distinctly perceptible as the wavings and inequalities on the surface of the moon. How immensely large and elevated, then, must such objects in reality be, when we perceive their inequalities so distinctly at the distance of ninety-five millions of miles! The elevated parts of such objects cannot be less than several hundreds of miles above the level of the valleys or depressions, and extending in length several thousands of miles; yet sometimes in a few days, or at most in a few weeks, these extensive objects are either dissipated, or dark spots appear in their room, evidently indicating the existence of stupendous powers, which are in constant operation in connexion with this august luminary."

The following is a comparison of the expansive view from Mount Etna with the amplitude of the sun: "When we ascend to the top of Mount Etna or Mount Blanc, and survey the vast group of surrounding objects which appear around and beneath us, when the morning sun illuminates the landscape, we behold one of the largest and most expansive objects that can meet our eye in this sublunary scene, and we can compare it with objects that are smaller, and with those that are somewhat larger. But the amplitude of such a scene extends only to about one hundred and fifty miles in every direction, which is less than the least visible spot or point which we can perceive on the sun with the most powerful telescopes.

"Let us compare more particularly the view from Mount Etna with the amplitude of the sun. 'There is no point on the surface of the globe,' says Mr. Brydone, 'that unites so many awful and sublime objects as the top of Etna, and no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and magnificent a scene. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Pinari, Alicudi, Lipari, Stromboli, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet, and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side, so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity.' Yet this glorious and expansive prospect is comprised within a circle about 240 miles in diameter, and 754 in circumference, containing 45,240 square miles, which is only the 1-53,776,608th part of the surface of the sun; so that fifty-three millions seven hundred and seventy-six thousand landscapes, such as beheld from Mount Etna, beheld to pass before us ere we could contemplate

a surface as expansive as that of the sun. And if every such landscape were to occupy two hours in the contemplation, and twelve hours every day allotted for the survey, it would require twenty-four thousand five hundred and fifty-four years before the whole surface of this immense globe could be in this manner surveyed; and, after all, we should have but a very imperfect view of the vast system of the sun."

"It is owing to the existence and agency of the sun that our globe is a habitable world, and productive of enjoyment. Almost all the benign agencies which are going forward in the atmosphere, the waters, and the earth, derive their origin from its powerful and perpetual influence. Its light diffuses itself over every region, and produces all that diversity of colouring which enlivens and adorns the landscape of the world, without which we should be unable to distinguish one object from another. By its vivifying action vegetables are elaborated from inorganic matter, the sap ascends through their myriads of vessels, the flowers glow with the richest hues, the fruits of autumn are matured and become, in their turn, the support of animals and of man. By its heat the waters of the rivers and the ocean are attenuated and carried to the higher regions of the atmosphere, where they circulate in the form of vapour, till they again descend in showers to supply the sources of the rivers, and fertilize the soil. By the same agency, all winds are produced, which purify the atmosphere, by keeping it in perpetual motion; which propel our ships across the ocean, dispel noxious vapors, prevent pestilential effluvia, and rid our habitations of a thousand nuisances. By its attractive energy the tides of the ocean are modified and regulated, the earth conducted in its annual course, and the moon sustained and directed in her motions. Its influence extends even to the mineral kingdom, and is felt in the chemical compositions and decompositions of the elements of nature. The disturbance in the electrical equilibrium of the atmosphere, which produces the phenomena of thunder, lightning, and rain, and the varieties of terrestrial magnetism; the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the globe, and their diffusion among the waters of the ocean, may all be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the agency of the sun. It illuminates and cheers all the inhabitants of the earth, from the polar regions to the torrid zone. When its rays gild the eastern horizon, after the darkness of the night, something like a new creation appears; the landscape is beautifully adorned with a thousand shades and colours, millions of insects awake and bask in its rays, the birds start from their slumbers and fill the air with their melody, the flocks and herds express their joy in hoarser acclamations, man goeth forth to his work and to his labour, all nature smiles, and the hills rejoice on every side. Without the influence of this august luminary, an universal gloom would ensue, and surrounding worlds, with all their trains of satellites, would be shrouded in perpetual darkness; this earth would become a lifeless mass, a dreary waste, a rude lump of inactive matter, without beauty or order; no longer should we behold the meadows clothed with verdure, the flowers shedding their perfumes, nor the valleys covered with corn; the feathered songsters would no longer chant their melodious notes, all human activity would cease, universal silence would reign undisturbed, and this huge globe of land and water would return to its original chaos."

LOSS OF LIFE BY WAR.—Only a small part of the victims in war perish by the cannon and the sword. In France, the mortality among soldiers generally in youth or middle life, was found to be even in peace nearly twice as great as among galley slaves. In a time of war they live on an average about three years; and even in peace their life is probably shortened fifteen or twenty years. Their exposures, hardships, and diseases often sweep them away like dew before the sun,—in some cases one half, in others three-fourths, in another still nearly nine-tenths!

Look at the havoc of single battles—at Austerlitz 20,000; at Dresden 30,000; at Waterloo 40,000; at Eylau 50,000; at Borodino, 80,000. Still worse in ancient times,—at Issus 110,000; at Arbela, 300,000; in one battle of Cæsar 363,000, and in another 400,000 of the enemy alone; in the siege of Jerusalem more than a million, and in that of Ancient Troy not less than two millions! In the Russian campaign there perished in six months, more than half a million, and during twelve years of the recent wars in Europe no less than 5,300,000! The army of Xerxes, probably more than 5,000,000 was reduced in less than two years, to a few thousands. Jenghiz-khan butchered in the district of Herat, 1,600,000, and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,760,000; and the Chinese historians assure us that during the last twenty-seven years of his reign, he massacred an average of half a million every year, and in the first fourteen years no less than eighteen millions; 31,500,000 in forty-one years by a single hand!! Grecian wars sacrificed 15,000,000; those of the twelve Cæsars, 30,000,000; those of the Crusades, 40,000,000; those of the Saracens and the Turks, 60,000,000 each; those of the Tartars 80,000,000. Dr. Dick reckons the sum total of its victims, at no less than *fourteen thousand millions*, eighteen times as many as all the population now on the globe; and Burke conjectures the number to have been **THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILLIONS.**

WHAT WE DO NOT LIKE TO SEE.—A little dwarf with a coat that reaches to his heels; with a long cigar in his mouth, talking about love and marriage.

A lack-a-daisical young lady of the sentimental order who has an abundance of feeling for herself, and for nobody else.

A clergyman who, while professing to be the follower of a meek and crucified saviour, takes every opportunity to gain consequence in the eyes of the rich worldlings, and thinks the cry of the poor and needy too vulgar for his aristocratic ears.

An actor, too much engaged with the fate of the audience to attend to what is going on upon the stage.

A small dog with such short legs that they cannot touch the ground.

A man who gets his living by feeling extraordinary patriotism, and who loves his country for the purpose of filling his belly.

A pretty girl who dodges aside when an affectionate lover attempts to kiss her.

A snuff box for one.

RUW STATISTICS.—In the English Statistical Journal for November there is an article under the head of Excise, taken from the Parliamentary documents; giving an exact account of proof spirits on which the duty was paid for home consumption in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The result is curious:

	England	Ireland	Scotland
Population,	18,897,187	7,767,401	2,865,114
Gallons of Spirits,	12,341,238	12,293,464	6,767,715

Thus it appears that the quantity of spirits consumed in England is seven pints and one-ninth per head on the population, in Scotland twenty-three pints per head, and in Ireland rather more than thirteen pints per head per annum.

A London Editor calls this 'a staggering argument against the boasted sobriety of Scotland.'

It certainly is astonishing, when we consider the industrious and moral character of the Scots, and to what an extent ardent spirits is universally found to be a source of disorder and crime.

YOUNG WOMEN.—There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in very young women (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling;) it shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape, than our rough, masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps, I do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table.—There is a sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives delicacy to thought, and tact to manner. But sentiment with men is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality, not, as with the other sex of the moral.—*Bulwer.*

THE MISERIES OF WAR.—I have no time, and assuredly as little taste, for expatiating on a topic so melancholy, nor can I afford at present, to set before you a vivid picture of the other miseries which war carries in its train—how it desolates every country through which it rolls, and spreads violation and alarm among its villages—how, at its approach, every home pours forth its trembling fugitives—how all the rights of property, and all the provisions of justice must give way before its devouring exactions—how, when the Sabbath comes, no Sabbath charm comes along with it—and for the sound of the Church bell, which was wont to spread its music over some fine landscape of nature, and summon rustic worshippers to the house of prayer—nothing is heard but the deathful volleys of the battle, and the maddening outcry of infuriated men—how, as the fruit of victory, an unprincipled licentiousness, which no discipline can restrain, is suffered to walk at large among the people—and all that is pure, and reverend, and holy, in the virtue of families is cruelly trampled on, and held in the bitterest derision.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

ANECDOTE OF MATTHIAS.—We presume it is not generally known, says the Burlington Sentinel, that this notorious impostor passed through the eastern part of this state sometime since. While at Newbury, a large number being present, some one in rather a taunting manner asked him to exhibit a miracle.—Without the least embarrassment, he replied, 'I have been exhibiting every day, for the last ten years, the greatest miracle ever shown to the world: I have been telling the truth without being mobbed.'

ANAGRAMS.—The following examples from the N. Y. American are more than ordinary felicitous. They are introduced in that paper with the remark:—'It would appear sometimes that the letters composing some words were selected with a determination, that if by any accident they should be transposed, they should only compose other words meaning the same thing.—for example, 'punishment,' transposed, makes 'nine thumps'—'Astronomers,' transposed, makes 'Moon starrers;' and on the same principle we find the new title of 'Sub-Treasurer,' furnishes the letters that make the corresponding title—'a sure barometer.'

DOMESTIC POETRY.

For the Pearl.
TO MY SISTER.

We parted—no: as many part
Who meet on earth no more,
With tearless eyes, unshaken heart,
Which feels no grief, no pain, no smart
Till parting scenes are o'er;
From which even then Hope's joyous wing
Brushes aside reflection's sting.

We parted—but with hand's imprint;
We spake no sad "farewell:"
The unseen throbbings of the breast,
The secret tear—alone expressed
What words were vain to tell;
Nature such language oft imparts,
Silent, but read by kindred hearts.

We parted and though Hope would fain
Speak of bright hours to come,
It may be that long years of pain
May pass ere we shall meet again,
Beneath the smiles of Home.
But though thus sad my lot may be,
There yet is left one joy for me.

Full deeply hath affection traced
Thy image on this heart,
And time with wild and ruthless waste
May mar all else—that uneffaced
Shall never thence depart;
And grief a milder form shall wear
While I can still behold thee there.

Oh! it is strange that distance gives
A more endearing charm,
To friends beloved, whose memory lives
In fancy's visions warm;
'Tis strange that we should love the most,
Those objects, which the heart hath lost.

I watched thee o'er the bounding foam
With many a boding fear,
My fancy long with thee did roam,
And saw the gentle star of Home
That shone so bright and clear,
Lighting the tempest's headlong wrath,
And pouring sunshine o'er thy path.

That Home, methinks its placid light
Like some beloved eye,
Is struggling through the gathering night
Of misery, and with radiance bright
Still brings its comforts nigh;
And warm and fervent is the thought,
That comes with all its blessings fraught.

Oft when the weary sun is low,
Behind yon western hill,
And clouds with purest lustre glow,
And night is in the vale below
Where all around is still;
Like angel's whispering comforts blest,
Visions of Home, rise in my breast.

As glimmers round some fated bark
The lightning in its flight,
When Heaven with howling storms is dark—
As quickly fades the electric spark
And leaves a blacker night;
So quick Home's visions light my doom,
To plunge me in a deeper gloom.

Oh! if misfortune has one sting
More pointed than the rest,
'Tis felt by hearts that closest cling,
Where cruel parting moments fling
Their darkness o'er the breast;
Where beats the withered heart alone,
And hope's sweet sunshine too is flown.

'Tis thus in life the souls that feel
Affections strongest tie,
'Rest of what'er on earth can heal,
Bleed most beneath the cutting steel
That leaves their hopes to die.
The dearest joys that meet us here,
Are blest with many a bitter tear.

But why so sad a theme prolong—
'Tis that corroding grief
May give the maddening thoughts that throng
The breast, embodied forms in song,
And yield the heart relief:—
But this is done, and peace again
Succeeds to troubled hours of pain.

Now fare thee well—if here one line,
Bring darkness o'er thy breast,
The Hope that lingers still in mine,
The Hope of meeting yet—be thine,
And give thy spirit rest.
Sweet Hope! thou surest shield from ill
Be thou my sister's guardian still.

Bridgetown, Jan. 27, 1838.

LINES

On the death of Miss Louisa McNab.

Farewell, dear girl, I now must take a long and last farewell,
The many hearts that mourn thy loss, shrink at thy funeral knell,
Thy buoyant spirit light as air, (tho' fragile was thy form),
Seemed to forbid the sad idea, of an impending storm.

Thy friends at last, with anxious gaze, watched thy declining frame,
And saw with anguish that disease, which painful 'twas to name,
Thy lovely sister, now on high, in spirit hovered near,
To catch the vital spark; and guide to that long home so dear.

We should not mourn, for thou hast left, a world of toil and care,
And though 'tis now, a parting hard, we all must soon prepare
To meet our God, and give account, of all in body done,
If well, to take our place, where lives, that pure and Holy One.

Mother, dry up your tears once more, think of the blessings left,
He has a right to take, who gives, e'en though thou wert bereft
Of all, that gives to life its charm, of each fond friend in turn,
Indeed 'tis hard, but oh: it is, a lesson all must learn.

Many's the friend who sheds for thee, a sympathetic tear,
Many a prayer is offered up, when none but God is near
For you and yours, that you may feel, how just are all His ways,
And, may the thought of this great truth, gild all your future days.

Father, accept the sympathy, of one who knew, so well,
The daughter thou hast lately lost, and one who earlier fell;
In innocence they both have left, their tenements of clay,
And none on earth, can know them more, till the last coming day.

Then do not grieve, they would not change their home for this below,
But patiently submit, for soon 'twill be your turn to go,
To meet those loved ones, where, to part will ne'er be heard of more,
And every tear be wiped away, and each his God adore.

Brothers and sisters, look around, observe the vacant place
Where morning, noon and night she sat, with her all cheering face,
Her heart so light, she seemed to throw a magic charm around
On all, for in her guileless breast, vice never yet was found.

Thy little band, I grieve to see, dispersed by death's cold hand,
The ways of God we know not now, but soon shall understand,
Thy sisters, now enthroned on high look down with pitying love,
And guardian angels are to thee, till thou art called above.

Schoolmates take warning, none can tell, who next your God may see
It may be soon, it may be late, reflect then, one and all,
Look at the place, vacated now, that she has filled for years,
I need not ask, if grief you feel, I see the dropping tears.

So long she mingled with you all, in each day's girlish sport,
So full of merriment, you ne'er, had given it a thought
That she could die, and leave you all, so soon to mourn her loss,
And go to that compared to which, this world is nought but-dross.
February 15th, 1838.

COMMON SENSE.—It may be asserted, with but too much truth, that a very considerable proportion of Christians have a habit of laying aside in a great degree their common sense, and letting it, as it were, lie dormant, when points of religion come before them;—as if reason were utterly at variance with religion, and the ordinary principles of sound judgment were to be completely superseded on that subject; and accordingly it will be found, that there are many errors which are adopted—many truths which are overlooked, or not clearly understood,—many difficulties which stagger or perplex them,—for want, properly speaking, of the exercise of their common sense; i. e., in cases precisely analogous to such as daily occur in the ordinary affairs of life; in which those very same persons would form a correct, clear, prompt, and decisive judgment.—*Whately.*

A JOKE OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.—Among its lounging young barristers of those days, Sir Walter Scott, in the interval of his duty as a clerk, often came forth and mingled much in the style of his own coeval *Mountain*. Indeed, the pleasure he seemed to take in the society of his professional juniors was one of the most remarkable, and certainly not the least agreeable features of his character at this period of his consummate honor and celebrity; but I should rather have said, perhaps, of young people generally; male or female, law or lay, gentle or simple. I used to think it was near of kin to another feature in him, his love of a bright light. It was always, I suspect, against the grain with him, when he did not ever work at his desk with the sun full upon him. However, one morning, soon after Peveril came out, one of our most famous wags (now famous for better things), namely, Mr. Patrick Robinson, commonly called by the endearing Scottish diminutive "Peter," observed that tall conical white head advancing above the crowd towards the first place, where the usual roar of fun was going on among the briefless, and said, "Hush boys, here comes old Peveril, I see the peak." A laugh ensued, and the Great Unknown, as he withdrew from the circle, after a few minute's gossip, insisted that I should tell him what our joke upon his advent had been. When enlightened, being by that time half way across "the babbling hall" towards his own *Division*, he looked round with a sly grin, and said between his teeth, "Ay, ay, my man, as well Peveril o' the Peak ony day as Peter o' the Panch" (punch), which being transmitted to the stove school, of course delighted all of them, except their portly Coryphæos. But Peter's appellation stuck; to his dying day, Scott was in the outer house Peveril of the Peak, or Old Peveril—and, by and by, like a good cavalier, he took to the designation kindly. He was well aware that his own family and younger friends constantly talked of him under this sobriquet.

THE DEWDROP.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The sky hath its star, the deep mine hath its gem,
And the beautiful pearl lights the sea;
But the surface of earth holds a rival for them,
And a lustre more brilliant for me.

I know of a drop where the diamond now shines;
Now the blue of the sapphire it gives:
It trembles—it changes—the azure reigns.
And the tint of the ruby now lives.

Anon the deep emerald dwells in its gleam
Till the breath of the south wind goes by;
When it quivers again, and the flash of its beam,
Pours the topaz flame swift on the eye.

Look, look on the grass-blade all freshly impearl'd,
There are all of your jewels in one;
You may find every wealth-purchased gem in the world,
In the dewdrop that's kiss'd by the sun.

Apollo's own circlet is matchless, they say;
Juno envies its sparkles and light;
For 'tis form'd of drops lit by his own burning ray,
And Olympus shews nothing so bright.

THE PETTING YOUNG LADY.

BY PHIZ.

“Were we to define the petting young lady, we should say that she is one who loves every living thing which is small. The fact of being small is quite sufficient to guarantee her affections without any additional requisite whatever. So strong is this love of hers for smallness in any shape, that her favourite term for expressing intense admiration is the word ‘little.’ Thus, if she see a horse which pleases her, she instantly cries out, ‘What a dear little horse!’ although the horse be as big as a hay-stuck; if a dog, ‘What a nice little dog!’ if a house, ‘What a sweet little house!’ Her whole language is a compound of diminutives. Instead of saying ‘mouse,’ she says ‘mousey;’ instead of ‘aunt,’ ‘aunty;’ instead of ‘shoe,’ ‘shoey.’ The petting young lady began her small existence with loving a little doll. When she was three years old she fell in love with a little lamb, an affection which lasted till the little lamb became a large sheep, on which act of insubordination she discarded him into the hands of the butcher. Her next attachment was a little dog, till the little dog became a big dog; on which she took a little canary and a little kitten. Of late she has been petting a little pony, till it is ready to burst: and finds no delight so great as in nursing a most particularly small baby, belonging to the married house-maid, which she calls a sweet dear little thing, and half suffocates with hugging, at least a dozen times a day. If you call at the house, you will be sure to find her in tribulation about some favourite. Either her chicken has broken its leg, or her spaniel has shattered his constitution by tumbling off her lap upon the rug; or her pet pig has been slaughtered for salting; or her canary has been killed by the cat. It is quite surprising what a host of troubles she has: you would fancy her the mother of a dozen children at least. And yet, with all this excessive love for animals, a hundred to one but she is unkind towards her younger sisters, if she have any. Her selfishness knows no bounds. She is always appropriating. When you call, take care how you lead the conversation to zoology. She will be sure to coax you for a little Chinese pig, or a little Andalusian cat, or a little Mexican dog, the uglier the better. A much cheaper way of gaining her regard is to kiss severally each and all of her pets in regular rotation. This will be sure to please her, and when you go away, she may, perhaps, eulogistically say of you, if you are particularly lucky, ‘What a nice little man!’”

MARRYING IN CIRCASSIA.—“When the accepted lover has fulfilled his engagements, or given security for their performance, arrangements are made for the marriage; the girl is decked in all her finery, and completely covered by a long white veil, which, among the wealthy, is flowered with gold or silver. A friend of the bridegroom officiates as bridesman, and gallops away with the girl to the house of some relative where the wedding is to be celebrated. On arriving at their destination, the bride is received by the matron of the house with all the solemnity observed on such an important occasion. She is then conducted to the apartment destined for the happy pair, where she is left alone, with a bundle of pine torches, or a fire of the same material; the replenishing of which, so as to preserve a continued blaze until the arrival of her destined lord, is an indispensable duty. This is done to prevent the entrance of any supernatural enemy, who might be tempted to run away with the prize. We must not, however, forget to mention, that an elderly matron, one who usually officiates on such occasions, after the entrance of the bride, performs the mystic ceremony of walking three times round the nuptial-bed, repeating the words of some charm in Arabic, commencing with the head, and finishing with the feet; after which she places three earthenware pots, filled with corn, at the head, foot, and side, in each of which a lamp is left burning. The

happy moment, midnight, having arrived, the bridegroom mounts his horse, and seeks his friend, who, in the interim, takes up his abode in the neighbouring woods. On being introduced to his bride elect, he draws his poniard, and instantly performs the ceremony, so peculiar to the whole of the Caucasian tribes, of cutting open the corset that has confined her form from infancy. It is owing to this singular custom of wearing the corset, that we so frequently see the countenances of the young girls sallow and unhealthy in Circassia, and their forms often ill-shaped; for it is not until being divested of the virginal corset, that they expand into what nature had intended them to do. No other ceremony is observed at a Circassian bridal, except feasting and merry-making. At the break of day the youth departs with his wife, presents her to his parents, and she is installed in the dwelling appropriated for her near their house; but, according to the custom of the people, her husband never visits her except by stealth, a degree of disgrace being attached to the man who devotes his time to the society of his wife. Polygamy is allowed; but a Circassian is generally contented with one wife; or, at most, two.”
—Cap. Spencer.

SHAKESPEARE.—“Who so inexhaustible in his varieties? who so profound in his knowledge—his knowledge of all the hidden springs of the heart, and of the causes or effects of human events? What feeling is there undescribed? What motive unexplored? What passion not developed? What duty not enforced? Ambition, avarice, prodigality, revenge, patriotism, filial piety, conjugal love! All the romance and witcheries of imagination! All the homefelt realities of life! If we look for pathos, who so pathetic? for wit, who so witty? for humour, who so humorous? In epic, beyond all, heroic! In tenderness, beyond all, sweet! Indeed (to use his own words),

“Sweet as summer.”

In description, ever appropriate, he is gorgeous, and sublime, or gentle and soothing, as the subject requires; whether Cleopatra sail down the Cydnus, or ‘towers topple on their warder’s heads.’ In short, in such immeasurable varieties of knowledge and imagery, who could ever find an end? or, closing the book, say he had finished? No! a thousand lives might pass, and the lessons not be terminated.”

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 24, 1838.

SWITZERLAND.

BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.

THE WALDENSES.

OR PROTESTANT VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT AND DAUPHINY. BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED

FROM A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.—ALSO NUMEROUS VIEWS BY W. BROCKEDON, F. R. S.

WHAT crowds of thrilling thoughts the titles of these charming works bring before the mind’s eye. Switzerland, the land of TELL is a name synonymous with all that is noble and inspiring in patriotism and independence. Which of her lakes has not been dyed with the blood of her ruthless foes? which of her mountains has not seen planted the standard of freedom and victory? or which of her valleys has not witnessed her struggles and triumphs in the cause of liberty and man? To the warrior who loves to recount deeds of heroism and valour, Switzerland stands forth a land of wonders, and its annals of daring and slaughter rekindle the ardent fires of his capacious soul. To the christian who longs to see the day arrive, when the banners of peace shall wave over all lands, the sound of Switzerland conjures up visions of blood and death, and his forgiving spirit is melted within him. But none, we are confident, whether christians or warriors, patriots or philanthropists, who have read Montgomery’s Wanderer of Switzerland, have not felt an ardent desire to visit a country so famous in the annals of nations.

“THE SWITZER’S LAND!—Where grandeur is encamped
Impregnable in mountain-tents of snow;
Realms that by human foot-print ne’er were stamped,
Where the eagle, wheels, and glacial ramparts glow!
Seek, nature’s worshipper, those landscapes! Go,
Where all her fiercest, fairest charms are joined—
Go to the land where TELL drew freedom’s bow;
And in the patriot’s country thou shalt find
A semblance to the scene and his immortal mind.”

And most gladly will we obey the injunction of the Poet, and embrace the first opportunity to go to such an interesting land. In the meanwhile, however, we intend to feast our eyes with these tastefully executed engravings. Let us open the first part at random. What have we here? “The Valley of Ossola” and an enchanting spot it appears to be. How smoothly the winding stream flows along the valley, laving with its delicious waters the fertile plain. So quiet, so lovely, so serene, this beau-

tiful valley seems to whisper to man, peace and mercy. And these everlasting hills how proudly they stand the monuments of creative power. Indeed, the tone of this engraving is so silvery and brilliant, and delicate, that it wins our admiration and regard. In part the second, we open upon a view of Mont Blanc—

“Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

As we gaze on this picture we shudder lest the avalanches should lose their subtle balance and come down, ‘bounding, bursting, burying all.’ To calm our agitation we turn to the last plate of this part. “LUGANO,” with its placid lake so charmingly delineated, operates most soothingly on our spirits. But what shall we say of the picturesque scenery of GENEVA in the fifth number. This magnificent picture alone is worth the small charge of the whole part. Its romantic beauty is of the first order. The loveliness and variety of the scenery must fascinate every beholder. In the ten numbers of Switzerland, now before us, we might easily select to gratify all tastes. And where all the plates are so admirably engraven, it is hardly fair to institute a comparison of their merits.

THE WALDENSES! We write this word with a kind of veneration filling our bosoms. Their brotherly spirit—their primitive christianity—their firmness of principle—their persecution—their exile—their cruel death—tend to make the name of Waldenses revered and cherished by all. And the valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny have furnished our artists with a number of rich and diversified subjects. “The Approach to Dormilleuse,” “Pass of the Guill,” “The Col De La Croix,” “The Balsille,” etc. etc. are of the most terrific interest. Some of the most frightful passes the human imagination can conceive are here introduced to notice, and so vividly depicted as to appal the mind by their horrors. But then we have some most sweet plates, forming by their loveliness a perfect contrast to the dismal features of the others. “La Tour, and Luzern,” “Turin, and the Plain of Piedmont,” “Pignerol from the East,” “Turin” “Approach to Briançon” “St. John and Linzern,” etc. etc. are among these beautiful illustrations, the most beautiful. In short, as including the scenery of the labours of the indefatigable FELIX NEFF, Pastor of the High Alps, and those of OBERLIN, Pastor of the Ban De La Roche, “THE WALDENSES” forms a remarkably elegant and interesting work.

Of the descriptive portion of these works we can also speak in terms of the highest praise. Dr. Beattie in the ten numbers before us of “Switzerland” and “The Waldenses,” has presented his readers with a great quantity of choice and valuable information. Thus for the small sum of two shillings and nine pence currency, we have four most superb steel plates to gratify the sight, and twelve quarto pages of most select matter with which to store the mind. What would our ancestors say to this? Truly in the present age, art rivals fiction.

CLAIM FOR INDEMNITY.—In the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, in a speech of the Attorney General, we find the following remarks—“The returns of the number of militia now employed on the frontier to repel the invaders from the State of New York will shew the vast expense to which the Government is made subject by this lawless aggression upon our territory, and enable us to submit that claim for indemnity from the United States, which the Imperial Government will assuredly demand, and if necessary, compel the payment of. There never was a case in which such a claim could be preferred with more perfect justice. It would be to submit tamely, and dishonorably to open insult, were the British Government to forego the enforcement of complete and ample indemnity; and that this will be done, no doubt whatever can be entertained.”

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE FRONTIER.—On January 15, General Scott of the United States Army wrote to Captain Drew, stating that he and the proper civil officers, were present, “to arrest, if practicable, the leaders of the expedition on foot against Upper Canada.

“Under these circumstances it gives me pain to see the armed vessels mentioned anchored in our waters, with the probable intention to fire upon that expedition moving within the same waters. Unless that expedition shall first attack, in which case we shall interfere, we shall be obliged to consider a discharge of shot or shells from or into our waters, from the armed Schooners of Her Majesty, as an act seriously compromising the neutrality of the two Nations. I hope therefore that no such unpleasant incident may occur.

To this Message Col. McNab replies thus:

“With regard to your views of the right of the expedition referred to, to pass up the Niagara River, near your shores, un molested by the Forces under my command, I beg to enter my most decided protest. The waters of the Niagara River, for the pur-

poses of Navigation, are, as Captain Drew has very properly said, common to the inhabitants of Great Britain and the United States, so long as these powers are at peace with each other; and that being the case, I cannot understand why the schooners under my command, and anchored in the river, have not the right to capture and destroy any expedition on foot against Upper Canada, and moving upon the waters of the river, on the one side or the other, or exactly in the centre of the stream. My own opinion is that they have that right, and had it not been for an unfortunate misapprehension of the orders given by Captain Drew, to the Officer in command of the schooners, that right would most assuredly have been exercised.

I cannot understand why it should give an officer of a neutral power "pain" to observe an intention on our part to punish the actors in an "expedition on foot" against this Province. It appears to me that such an intention should rather give pleasure than pain to an officer situated as you are, who really desire to see the rebellion against the constituted authorities of Upper Canada put down; more particularly as the majority of the persons concerned in the hostile expedition were citizens of your own country, and were in fact in the situation of mere banditti.

I regret to observe an evident intention on the part of the authorities of the United States, stationed on the Niagara frontier, to screen the guilty actors in this disgraceful outrage against the laws, as well of Great Britain as of the United States, otherwise we should not hear those authorities speak of the "practicability" of arresting the leaders of that expedition, when so completely in their power, as those men are who lately occupied Navy Island.

The verbal notice of this Despatch by Gen. Scott is given in the subjoined report.

Head Quarters, Chippewa,
Friday night, January 19th, 1838.

Sir,—I have the honor to report to you, that I proceeded to Buffalo with your Despatch to General Scott, of the United States Army, where I had the honor of an interview with that Officer this morning.

After General Scott had perused the Despatch, he desired me to inform Colonel MacNab, that at a convenient time he would answer his Despatch in writing—that at present he could only do so verbally. General Scott then remarked, that it was evident Colonel MacNab was desirous of drawing him into a correspondence, for which he had no leisure at present, as his time was wholly occupied in endeavouring to preserve the neutrality of the United States during the existing disturbances on our frontier;—that Colonel MacNab might have leisure for maintaining such correspondence, but he (General Scott) had not;—and that he had been so employed in maintaining the neutrality of the United States, two Officers of the British Army then in the house (American Hotel) could testify.

I beg leave to remark, that General Scott appeared very much agitated on perusing your Despatch, and while he made the above verbal communication.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedt. humble servt.
(Signed) D. BETHUNE.

To Col. the Hon. Allan N. MacNab.

The Legislature of Upper Canada has passed a resolution granting £100 per ann. to the widow and family of Col. Moodie, who was shot by the rebels; and £200 per ann. to Colonel Coffin, Adj. Gen of Militia, as a retired allowance for life. They have also Resolved to petition her Majesty for a grant of 100 acres of land each, to the officers and men of the militia who have served during the revolt; and have voted £40 per ann. to the widows and children of those who have lost their lives.

NIAGARA, Jan. 25.

American Neutrality again.—We have received intelligence, from unquestionable authority, that Captain Clark, of the Cobourg volunteers, went over to Buffalo the other day on business, and some ruffians having recognized him, made affidavit (the Buffalonians are capital hands at affidavits) that they heard him using threats to burn that city. He is now in gaol there to answer to this absurd charge. We would advise the "free citizens," for their own sakes, to let well alone, and give up such ridiculous pranks. There is a point beyond which it is not quite safe to tamper with the forbearance of John Bull. If Capt Clark, when demanded, is refused, there will be something more about it than such blustering tom-foolery as they are displaying in regard to the captors of the Caroline, against whom their sagacious Grand Jury have perpetrated the ludicrous farce of finding a "true bill" for murder and all that sort of thing.

We are happy to announce that Captain Warren has sufficiently recovered from his wounds to attend to duty, and that His Excellency has been pleased to honor him with a Majority in the 1st Lincoln Incorporate Militia.—Toronto Patriot.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the American papers stating that Mrs. Mackenzie previously to her departure from Toronto had suffered numerous insults. A gentleman of this town heard her express in strong terms her gratitude for the kindness and

courtesy with which she had been treated since the escape of her unworthy husband.—Niagara Reporter.

A bill has passed the Legislature of Upper Canada confiscating the lands of all those who have withdrawn themselves from their allegiance and the defence of the Province.

The assembly of Upper Canada have passed a bill to enable Magistrates to take arms from persons when dangerous to the public peace, upon the oath of an informer.

QUEBEC, 31st January.—The Montreal papers of Monday contain nothing of moment. The report that Papineau and Dr. Cote were at Keesville, some distance beyond Plattsburg on the West side of Lake Champlain, and the foolish stories circulating among the Canadians, seem to have excited some apprehension, at Montreal. There is certainly a degree of excitement throughout that District. The parties alarm each other by their reports, and then there is the re-action of those who were ill treated by the rebel party when they were the ascendant.

FEBRUARY 2d.—We regret to find that there has not been the very best understanding between Col. Macnab, who still commands the Militia naval force, on the Niagara frontier, and Major Gen. Scott of the United States army, who commands on the American side.

The inhabitants of Upper Canada have been deeply injured from the American side of the River, and it is not wonderful that they should feel it. All the difficulties will, however, be settled under the pacific spirits of the British and American Governments.

The Tallahassee Floridian of Jan. 20, says:

On Friday last, about sun down, a party of Indians, supposed to be about 30 in number, attacked the houses of Mr. Faircloth and Mr. Thompson, on the St. Mark's river, about 15 miles from this place, drove the inmates from the dwellings, set fire to them, and carried off all the plunder they could obtain. After dark they attacked the dwelling of Mr. Sealy, about three miles from Col. R. Gamble's. Mr. Sealy was badly wounded, but made his escape with most of the family; one child was killed about a quarter of a mile from the house. Mr. Thompson received a ball in his leg. A woman residing at Mr. Faircloth's was so severely wounded that her life is despaired of. A small party was immediately organized, and followed the trail to the Oscilla, where the Indians had crossed and dispersed in small parties. The express to the Governor arrived in town early on Wednesday, who immediately sent orders to Capt. Brady's command at San Pedro, to go in pursuit of the Indians, and also to a small force stationed at Oscilla. The Jefferson county troops, we learn, had also orders to go in quest of the marauders."

COLLEGE DISTURBANCE.—There has been some trouble at the Harvard University. The students have been blowing up a portion of the Chapel, with gunpowder. The pulpit and some of the windows were destroyed.

A PHILANTHROPIC ACT.—On Monday evening last, the N. Y. Board of Assistant Aldermen voted \$1000 for the immediate relief of the houseless and penniless sufferers by the recent fire.

ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.—A bill which passed the lower House of the Tennessee Legislature, favorable to the annexation of Texas, has been unanimously concurred in, in the Senate.

CUMBERLAND SCRUTINY.—This protracted issue has at last come to a decision. The Petitioner's counsel having gone into a part of his case under the evidence given last year, and the opposition having assumed the shape of a protest against the proceedings of the committee,—a Report was made yesterday giving Mr. McKim his seat. Nov.

ELECTIONS.—Mr. McHefey has been returned for the Township of Windsor. At the close at New Glasgow, Mr. McKenzie was 49 ahead—the Election terminates at Merigomish. Messrs Creighton, Bolman and Zwicker, are canvassing the County of Lunenburg.

A new Steamer, built for the Steam Boat Company, was launched yesterday from Mr. Lyle's ship yard at Dartmouth. She has a superior Engine of 25 horse power, is well adapted to accommodate passengers, with carriages, cattle &c. and will be the means of keeping up a more regular and certain communication with Dartmouth. The Boat is called the Boxer, in remembrance of the gallant Officer of that name, now commanding H. M. S. Pique, to whom the Company are under lasting obligations for the kind and ready assistance he afforded them, when in command of H. M. S. Hussar on this station in 1830. Times.

THE TELEGRAPH DISCONTINUED.—By a notice in the last Novascotian we are informed of the discontinuance of THE TELEGRAPH and of the transference of the services generally of its talented editor, Mr. John S. Thompson to the Novascotian Newspaper establishment.

THE PEARL ON FRIDAYS. The Halifax Pearl will in future be published on Friday Evenings.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Mausel Atkins Newton, to Miss Elizabeth Mary Dolby. At the Wesleyan Chapel, at Guysborough, on Tuesday the 23d of January, by the Rev. Robert Cooney, Mr. George M. Cunningham, son of John Cunningham, Esq. Custos Rotulorum of the County of Sydney, to Miss Maria Hart, daughter of the late Mr. Tiras Hart, Merchant, of the former place. Also, on the same day, by the Rev. Robert Cooney, Mr. James Hart, Architect, to Miss Sarah Hadley, daughter of Joseph Hadley, Esq. of Manchester. At Londonderry, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. Robert D. McKim, to Miss Nancy Cook.

DIED.

On the 7th inst, Miss Lucilla Harris, fifth daughter of the late Mr. Alpheus Harris, of Cornwallis, aged 19 years. On Thursday afternoon, Hester, second daughter of Mr. Bernard Byrnes, aged 8 years.

RUM, MOLASSES, & PORK.

EDWARD LAWSON,

AUCTIONEER & BROKER.

Has for sale at his Store, head of Commercial Wharf, 100 BBLs Prime PORK, 25 puns strong Demerary RUM, 29 do choice Demerary MOLASSES. Also, 4 bales Shoe Thread, 30 bbls Blacking, liquid and paste; 40 firkins Butter, 10 casks Epsom Salts, 25 casks WINE, 200 reams wrap'g Paper, A small assortment of Blank Books—consisting of Ledgers, Journals, Letter and Waste Books, which will be sold low. Feb. 24.

SALE OF TEAS.

A Public sale of TEAS, will take place at the Warehouse of the Agents of the Hon. East India Company, on Friday, the 16th day of March, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the sale. S. CUNARD & CO. Agents to the Hon. E. I. C. Halifax, 14th Feb. 1838.

FOR SALE.

THAT desirable HOUSE in Hollis street, occupied by the Subscriber; there is a well of excellent well of water in the cellar, a tank for rain water, with a pump to each, metal ovens, stoves, &c. No expense has been spared to render it a comfortable and convenient residence for a family. Further information may be obtained on application to EDWARD ALLISON, February 12.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

To be sold at Private Sale the following highly valuable Real Estate. ALL the DWELLING HOUSE, Lot of Land and appurtenances formerly owned and occupied by the late Hon. James Fraser, deceased, consisting of the dwelling house and Lot fronting in Water street, measuring forty six feet six inches in front by one hundred and thirty six feet in depth—also the lot of land in rear thereof, fronting westwardly on Argyle street, and measuring in front sixty three feet by sixty four in depth. These premises will be sold either together or in separate Lots, at the desire of purchasers. Also, The Warehouse and buildings formerly occupied by Messrs. Fraser and Co. as a store and counting house, situate in the middle range of buildings on Marchington's Wharf, adjoining the property of the late John Barron. Also, a lot of ground in the south range of Marchington's wharf, adjoining the Ordnance property, measuring twenty two feet in front by twenty six feet in depth. The terms and particulars may be known on application at the office of the Subscriber, who is authorized to treat for the sale of the above premises. JAMES F. GRAY. February 2.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale 150 M. Pine spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichi Shingles; 100 M. Pine Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves. ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS. Halifax, Dec. 23. 1837.—6w.

COOKING AND FRANKLIN STOVES.

EX. SCHR. NEPTUNE, FROM BOSTON.

THE Subscriber has received by the above Vessel, a consignment of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, which he can confidently recommend as superior to any thing of the kind lately imported. Wm. M. ALLAN. He has also on hand—Punchons Demerara Rum, bbls Prime Sugar, Cognac Brandy in qr. casks, Marsala Wine in do.; cheap fine congo and Bohea Tea, 160 M. prime Havana Cigars. Black's Wharf. January 6th, 1838.

A SUITABLE NEW YEAR'S-GIFT.

JUST PUBLISHED

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

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

REV. SAMUEL ALLCORN.

Western Christian Advocate.

Mr Wesley, in the days of early Methodism, was in the practice of sending preachers from England to Ireland, as the wants of Ireland demanded, and as the supply from England could be spared. Among those sent was Samuel Allcorn, a sweet singer in Israel, with a fine, melodious voice; young, of excellent talents, deep piety, a prepossessing appearance, and withal, profoundly skilled both in instrumental and vocal music. He took passage in the packet that sailed from Liverpool to Dublin, not in the great cabin, but in a humbler part of the ship. The cabin was filled with the gentry and nobility of the highest rank. They soon ascertained that a Methodist preacher was on board. The spontaneous and general inference was, that he must be a singer of hymns and psalms. One said "let us send for him and hear him sing." This was responded to at once by the whole company. A message was communicated to Mr. Allcorn, that the gentlemen and ladies in the cabin desired to see him. When he entered the cabin in the herald of the company announced to him the reason why they had sent for him, and employed language something like the following: "Sir, we learned that you are a Methodist preacher. We have been informed that the Methodists are great singers, and this report was confirmed by all that heard them. But we desire to hear for ourselves. And it is our respectful request to you that you would gratify us so far as to sing for us just as the Methodists sing." To this the pious and polite Allcorn immediately responded, that he would sing for them precisely as the Methodists sing. Then with his well tuned and sweet voice he sang one of the best songs of Zion, whether "Wrestling Jacob," or "No room for mirth and trifling here," or the song that ends, "Turn, and look upon me Lord, and break this heart of stone," we are not now prepared to say, as the twenty-four years now past, tinging our head with grey, have dimmed a few of the incidents of the narrative; but the leading facts are indented in our mind, and will be while memory lasts. Allcorn, however, sang, and the Holy Spirit helped him to sing. The spirit was in the song, and followed the words to the hearts of the charmed, and the already convinced audience. The preacher saw and felt that God was in the singing, and before he had half finished his delightful performance, he saw the victory was won, and he calculated in his mind that the door was open and the path plain to proceed; he therefore ventured to enter and occupy the field.

When he had finished his hymn all stood amazed, delighted, yet thunderstruck. He then proposed as follows: "Gentlemen and ladies, I have now sung for you just as the Methodists are accustomed to sing; and as you have been so kind as to listen attentively, with your leave I will pray as the Methodists pray, for they always, when they can, join singing with prayer." To this all assented without hesitancy, and the preacher sent up his petitions to Heaven most devoutly in behalf of his audience.

When he had done praying, he next proposed that with their consent he would preach for them as the Methodists preach. To this they also readily assented. Our preacher improved the opportunity, preached to them the gospel, sang again, and prayed, and concluded his religious exercises in duo form. At the earnest solicitations of the whole company, he continued the exercises of singing, prayer and preaching, during the voyage at such intervals as could be spared from meals and a little sleep. The result was that deep and serious impressions were made on the minds of all present, the consequences of which can be known only in the day of judgment. It was with great regret the distinguished passengers parted with their sweet singer when the packet arrived at Dublin.

But our preacher, like Philip, who after the baptism of the eunuch was caught away to Azotus, proceeded on his errand as Heaven gave him direction. He hastened to the market places, and preached Christ, and repentance, and remission, and holiness, and a present, full, and free salvation to Protestant and Catholic. He would first, standing on a block-stone, chair, or other elevation, sing, and by this means a great crowd would immediately assemble. He would then shut his eyes and pray, regardless of the unseemly missiles which some of the baser sort would throw at him. Then he would preach, and those whom the preaching did not interest enough to stay, would be induced to remain in order to hear the last hymn. Thus he proceeded, sometimes mobbed, but mostly protected by the royal artillery, who voluntarily defended him and his associates in their ministrations.

Shortly after he had landed, he commenced his religious exercises in the market-place in a certain town, the precise one where, memory refuses to tell. The young, dashing Mathew Stuart, of the royal artillery, just enlisted, lately from college, where he had graduated was then quartered in town. He heard one market-day sweet singing, such as he never had heard, at some distance. Attracted by its melody, he pressed through the thick crowds, the voice conducting him as by a thread through the labyrinths formed by stalls and venables. When he came near to the performer, the novel sight struck him forcibly. It was Allcorn, singing his introductory hymn. The crowds were collecting; the friendly dra-

goons, some of whom were truly pious, were drawing near the chair on which the preacher stood, and away at the outskirts the base ones were forming their plan of attack, and collecting their missiles. But the preacher proceeded. He finished his song, sent his prayer up to heaven, fully interceded, opened his Bible, took his text and was preaching in wondrous strains. The hymn, the prayer, and the partly finished sermon, had already cut the young collegian to the heart; he stood beside the preacher, holding his great helmet, with brazen peak in his left hand. His attention was for a moment drawn by the approach of the vile assailants, whose chief led the way, and was preparing to strike the unresisting preacher. But young Stuart, on turning round, perceived the meditated attack, and with the brazen peak of his massy helmet sorely wrecked the assailant's face. With his right hand he then drew his sword, and threatened excision to the ruffian, unless he immediately desisted, which he did without delay. The preacher paused only to say, "Young man, put thy sword into its sheath—our weapons are not carnal, but mighty." The sword was put in its place. The young soldier was thoroughly convinced of sin; within a short time he experienced the power of religion, and immediately commenced preaching Christ. After a few weeks he obtained a furlong, went on Enniskillen circuit, in military attire, horse and all; within a few months he obtained a dismissal from the army, and gave himself up entirely to the minister's work. For upwards of forty years he kept the itinerant field, and died at last in peace, with the harness on, being the instrument of salvation to many thousands of sinners. Allcorn continued his course, and employed his fine powers in singing, praying and preaching for the conversion of souls.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—It is good when the week is ended, to look back upon its toils, and mark wherein we have failed of our duties or come short of what we should have done.—The close of the week should be to each one of us like the close of our lives. Every thing should be adjusted with the world and with our God, as if we were about to leave the one and appear before the other. The week is indeed, one of the regular divisions of life, and when it closes, it should not be without its moral. From the end of one week to that of another, the mind can easily stretch forward to the close of existence. It can sweep down the stream of time to the distant period when it will be entirely beyond human power to regulate human affairs. Saturday is the time for moral reflections. When for the mercies of the week we are thankful, and when our past months and years come up in succession before us—we see the vanity of our youthful days, and the vexation of manhood, and tremble at the approaching winter of age,—it is then we should withdraw from the business and cares of the world, and give a thought to our end, and what we are to be hereafter.—[Anon.]

THE LOSS OF CHRISTIANITY.—With the removal of the Gospel of Christ must be the departure of whatever is most precious in the possession of a people. It is not merely that Christianity is taken away,—though who shall measure, who imagine the loss, if this were indeed all?—but it is, that God must frown on a land from which he hath been provoked to withdraw his Gospel; and that, if the frown of the Almighty rest on a country, the sun of that country's greatness goes rapidly down, and the dreariness of a moral midnight fast gathers above it and around it. Has it not been thus with countries, and with cities, from which, on account of their impieties and impurities, the candlestick has been removed? The seven churches of Asia—where are the cities whence they drew their names?—cities that teemed with inhabitants, that were renowned for arts, and which served as centres of civilisation to far-spreading districts? Did the unchurching these cities leave them their majesty and prosperity? did the removal of the candlestick leave undimmed their political lustre? Ask the traveller who gropes painfully his way over prostrate columns, and beneath crumbling arches, having no index but ruins to tell him that a kingdom's dust is under his feet; and endeavouring to assure himself, from the magnitude of the desolation, that he has found the site of a once-splendid metropolis. The cities, with scarce an exception, wasted, from the day when the candlestick was removed, and grew into monuments—monuments whose marble is decay, and whose inscription devastation—telling out to all succeeding ages, that the readiest mode in which a nation can destroy itself, is to despise the Gospel with which it has been entrusted; and that the most fearful vial which God can empty on a land, is that which extinguishes the blessed shinnings of Christianity.—Rev. H. Melville.

THE BEAUTY OF PRAYER.—O, the easy and happy recourse, the poor soul hath to the high throne of Heaven! We stay not for the holding out of a golden sceptre to crave our admission, before which our presence would be presumption and death. No hour is unseasonable, no person too base, no words too homely, no fact too hard, no opportunity too great. We speak familiarly; we are heard, answered, comforted. Another while, God interchangeably speaks unto us, by the secret voice of his Spirit, or by the audible sound of his Word; we hear, adore, answer him; by both which the mind so communicates itself to God, and bath God so plentifully communicated unto it,

that hereby it grows to such a habit of heavenliness, as that now it wants nothing, but dissolution, of full glory.—Joseph Hall.

BIRDS IN WAR. The heaven was dark and the earth cloudy; grief, and pain, and death were on its surface, whence clouds of fire and smoke went up unto the clear sky; man was contending with man, and both perishing in the struggle. But around them was a realm of peace, the lark soared up into the skies, the nightingale sung in the flowers, and the other songsters of the woods fed their young and practised their melodies; poets, ye too are songsters—like these be pure and peaceful and tuneful, even when storms rage around you.

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION ESTABLISHMENT.

THE necessity which has for some time existed in Halifax, of having an AUCTIONEERING ESTABLISHMENT, where Goods sent could be promptly sold and settled for, has induced the Subscriber to come forward, in the hope that the concern which he is about to establish, will meet with that public patronage which he believes on trial it will fully merit. The Business will be conducted on the following system.—All Goods sent for public Sale, will positively be sold—no articles being put up, which are either limited or allowed to be withdrawn—all purchases to be paid for on delivery, and the proceeds to be handed over to the owner on the day succeeding the Sale; and as these regulations will be rigidly adhered to in all instances, the Subscriber trusts that they will be found advantageous for both Buyer and Seller, as the former may rely that the Sale will be positive, and the articles themselves will always command a fair price from the competition which such a system must produce; and the fact that the money will be forthcoming on the day succeeding, will recommend itself to the favorable notice of those who may be inclined to patronize it. Business will be commenced on Thursday next, the First day of February, and parties wishing to send Articles will please leave a Note of them previous to that time, in order that they may be properly advertised, and they may rely that confidence will at all times be strictly preserved. Articles will also be received for Private Sale; and as the premises occupied by the Subscriber are in a central part, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Town, quick Sales may be reasonably expected. The smallest favor will be carefully attended to.

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Street

The usual assortment of Groceries and Liquors kept constantly to hand. Jan 26.

PROSPECTUS,

Of a New Work from the pen of WILLIAM M. LEGGETT, Wesleyan Missionary, to be entitled

THE MEMENTO,

This Publication, which is to form a Duodecimo volume of about 200 pages, will include a selection of original sermons, strictures, poems, and sacred melodies; and as the author has used every effort to render it acceptable even to the eye of criticism, his patrons may anticipate an adequate return for the small expense of three shillings and nine pence per copy.

The Memento will be neatly executed, as to the mechanical part, done up in cloth, and delivered to Subscribers through the politeness of Agents appointed for that purpose. Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

ALSO TO BE PUBLISHED, THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR

Condensed and Simplified by the same Author.

This brief analysis is designed to facilitate the progress of the Student in the science of our native language, and will, doubtless, prove a valuable acquisition to Provincial schools and the Public generally. Several gentlemen of critical acumen have seen the work in MS., and honoured the same with the most unqualified approbation.

Price 2s. per copy. 25 per cent discount allowed where one dozen, or upwards, are ordered by any one person.

P. S. Subscriptions for either of the above works received at the Pearl Office Halifax, or at the book-store of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay, Feb. 16th.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 140 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscribers.

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

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY. OF HARTFORD CON.

THIS COMPANY having determined to renew its business in Halifax, has appointed the Subscriber its Agent, by Power of Attorney, duly executed for that purpose.

From the well known liberality and punctuality which the Company has invariably displayed in the settlement and payment of all losses submitted to it, and from the present moderate rates of premium, the Subscriber is induced to hope it will receive that fair share of the business of this Community which it before enjoyed.

By application to the Subscriber, at his office, the rates of premium can be ascertained, and any further information that may be required will cheerfully be given. CHARLES YOUNG. Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

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

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

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