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# HALIFAX PEARL,

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From Tait's Magazine.  
**WEDDING SLIPPERS.**  
BY MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the shortest and dreariest days in January was drawing to a close. Snow had fallen some days previously, and glared upon the roofs of the houses in the picturesque and irregular old town of Belford Regis, and lay mixed with ice, and trodden into a sort of wintry dust upon the highway; snow, too, was visibly hanging in the grey and gloomy sky, waiting only for milder weather—for the hour when the soft south-west should steal upon the bleak north-east—to come down in a world of white feathery flakes, and cover the earth with its bright, level, uniform beauty. The streets, although not yet lighted, were almost deserted of carriages and passengers—except, indeed, the well-wrapped little boys and girls, tripping rapidly home from school, with cheeks almost as red as their red comforters; and the noisier and merrier troop of happy, ill clad urchins, who came frisking and shouting from the pond at the top of the hill, the great pond opposite the Queen's head, where they had been keeping the cold at bay, by sliding and tumbling upon the ice, and pelting each other with snowballs; making, as it were, a playmate of the frost; and, excepting also careful servant-maids, wending, with cautious speed, over the slippery pavement, laden with smoking dishes from the bake-houses; or hurrying pot-boys, slower milkmen, rattling their jingling commodities against the icy steps of the doors, or the iron railing of the areas.

In a word, it was at the close of a winter's day that, the morning influx of customers having intermitted, the shopmen and apprentices of Mr. Morris, the greatest haberdasher of Belford, had retired to warm their fingers in their own apartment—preferring the bright fire of the open grate to the smoky heat of the stove—after returning to their shelves, nicely folded up, the numerous articles taken down to gratify the fastidiousness or the caprice of lady-purchasers, (for men, to do them justice, seldom do give this sort of trouble,) leaving in the dusky range of show-rooms, rendered tenfold more gloomy by the waving draperies which darkened the windows, and swayed to and fro in the dim twilight, only two individuals—a respectable-looking elderly man, who, mounted upon a high stool, was seated at a very business-looking railed-in desk, employed in writing, by the light of a single taper, in an equally business-like, tall, thick book, bound in calfskin; and a young man, particularly well-looking and gentlemanly, whose likeness to the former sufficiently marked their relationship, and who stood at his side, pretending to be occupied in arranging a drawer of rich satin ribbons, which he was rolling and unrolling, and doing unconsciously his very best to spoil, in the eagerness of his appeal to his father's feelings.

"Yes, sir, it is but too true—and a thousand times has she urged the fact upon me—that poor Elizabeth is only a servant maid in the family of our good rector, Mr. Sumner. A servant she certainly is, but a most honoured and trusted one. Mrs. Sumner was so struck by her intelligence and sweetness, above a dozen years ago, amongst the girls at the Green School, that she took her home to her own house, partly to attend and partly to play with her elder children. She shared their advantages of education—not indeed the accomplishments which were unfitted for her station, but those better and rarer advantages which regard the cultivation of the mind and the formation of the character; and Mr. Sumner's opinion of her has been sufficiently proved, by his having, since the death of his excellent wife, and the marriage of his eldest daughter, committed the direction of his house and of his two young children unreservedly to her charge. A servant she is, but one accustomed to the management of a large family, to the keeping of the most exact and elaborate accounts, to the prudent and careful expenditure of money—to everything, in short, that is most desirable in a tradesman's wife. I speak now merely in a worldly point of view, and say nothing of the beauty, the sweetness, the grace, and the modesty which make her an object of admiration wherever she appears."

"She has no money," replied Mr. Morris, suspending for a moment his pen over the book in which he had been apparently most sedulously engaged in making various entries during his son's harangue. "She has no money."

"Then her taste and skill in female apparel. You know, sir, how often you have said that, if my poor sisters had lived, you would have added millinery and dress-making to your business, and converted some part of our large premises up stairs into show-rooms. How often I have heard you say, that one branch of trade helped the other; and that our opposite neighbour, Mr.

Welsh, would not be able to keep his shop open against us if it were not for his wife's caps and bonnets. Now, Elizabeth's taste, and Mr. Sumner's connexion"—

"She has no money, Edward—she has no money."  
"Neither had she, sir, two years ago, when, in consequence of Master Arthur's rashly venturing upon ice too weak to bear his weight, I had first the happiness of being of use to her and her young charge. Mine is no love of yesterday; no concealed or clandestine attachment. We have met openly at the institution lectures; have walked together on summer evenings. Mr. Sumner, without any verbal recognition of our engagement, has yet often, after church on a Sunday, virtually sanctioned it, by smiling and significant invitations to accompany Elizabeth and the children to his house; nay, even you yourself, by your manner of speaking to her and of her, have led me to believe that you considered her as a daughter. You are too keen an observer, too kind and careful a father, not to have seen the state of my affections; and I had thought you too wise and too liberal, to set a little paltry money in competition with the happiness of a whole life, or to wish me to break my plighted troth to one whom I dearly love—to one who loves me—and marry I know not whom, for the sake of adding needless pelf to our already flourishing fortunes. I had thought your only son was dearer to you than money. But I was mistaken—you hold my honour and my happiness at no higher price than this gaud." And he threw from him in bitterness of spirit the roll of ribbon which he had been so busily folding and unfolding.

The pen dropped from the father's hand.  
"You are mistaken, Edward," said he, in a low voice, which was interrupted for a moment by a sound well known to the inhabitants of Belford—the deep hoarse cry of "Shoes! old shoes!—shoes! old shoes!" from beneath the window.

"You are mistaken, my dear son, not in my feelings, but in my circumstances. The fortunes of the poor half-starved wretch who is calling 'shoes' though the wintry snow, are more flourishing than mine. Without your aid I am a bankrupt."  
Another hoarse deep cry of "Shoes! old shoes!—shoes to buy! shoes to sell!—shoes! old shoes!" gave to the agitated father the pause which his feelings required. His son was too much absorbed in astonishment and horror for speech; he could only listen in silent agony to a story which seemed to him rather like a frightful dream than a stern and waking reality. Mr. Morris continued:—

"You were too young when your blessed mother died, to remember her distinctly; and your poor sisters, gentle and amiable as they were, inherited rather her delicacy of constitution than her vigour of mind. Far above me in birth, in education, and in cultivation, she was yet left destitute at the age of seventeen, by the improvidence and the sudden death of her father, a dignified clergyman; and I owed the blessing of her hand chiefly to her desire to procure for her twin brother a home and a protector. Before our marriage, she made me promise to treat William Arnot as my own younger brother, as my own eldest son; to be to him as a friend, a guardian, a father; and of this most solemn promise she requested the renewal upon her death-bed. Heaven and you, my son, pardon me if I have kept it but too faithfully! Let me make short work of this wretched matter. I placed him as clerk in a banking house in the city, where, as you know, he rose to be cashier. I and another friend of my family were his securities, and all seemed fair and prosperous. Three months ago, he came to me in an agony of guilt and despair. He had been speculating in the share-market. He had embezzled a large sum belonging to the firm, and, unless it were replaced by a certain day, his liberty, his character, his life—for never, he swore, would he survive the loss of reputation—were destroyed. Could I hesitate? Even had I abandoned him to his fate, I was equally ruined, since the house would have come upon me and upon the friend who, at my pressing instance, had joined me as his bondsman, to indemnify them for their loss. The sum was, to a man in my station, enormous, exceeding, by some thousands, the earnings and savings of the five-and-twenty years that I have passed in business. The deficiency was, however, raised for me, within the stipulated time, by our friendly solicitor, Mr. Byrne, who happened to have, at the moment, a client, willing to lend the money upon my personal security, and this house, with the stock and furniture. I gave him a bill of sale on all my effects; and was considering whether or not to break the matter to you, or to go on upon credit, and leave the result to time, when Mr. Byrne made me two days ago, a most unexpected overture, from the

friends of a young person with a portion of £5,000, who, although informed of my difficulties, was yet willing to marry her to you—willing to pay off the debt—requiring nothing but a settlement of the rest of the money, and such an arrangement as to partnership, as I should have been, under any circumstances, but too happy to enter into. I have not seen her—I do not even know her name; but she is, they tell me, young, well-educated, and amiable—a thoroughly good and exemplary girl."

"Oh, my father, do with me as you like! But, yet, Elizabeth!—dear, dear Elizabeth!"

"You would rather, then, be poor and happy with her whom you love. So be it, my dear son. Go to your Elizabeth. See if she be willing to share your poverty; willing to wait until some prospect may arise, that should, in some sort, authorize your union. The unhappy man whose imprudence has been our ruin, spoke of one whose defalcation had ruined him, and who might, who probably would hereafter make good the sums for which he was engaged. He has repeated this expectation in a letter which I received from him last week. But that hope is too vague to build upon. See Elizabeth. Disclose to her, unreservedly, the position of affairs—I feel that, with her, the confidence will be sacred—and then act as you see good. Put me out of the question. I am still strong and healthy, and capable of earning my bread as a shopman."

"O father! never! never!" interrupted Edward, with a sharp and sudden revulsion of feeling. "Even if I were so ungrateful, so unnatural, she would not consent; I know she would not. Often and often has she said that she felt that our marriage would never take place; that it never ought to take place; that your son, the son of the most respectable tradesman in Belford, ought not to be united to a poor girl from a charity school. And, now that that union can only be accomplished by depriving you of your home, by sending you in your old age to serve as a hireling—oh, she would never hear of it—would never bear the thought!"

"Go to Elizabeth," repeated Mr. Morris, in a smothered voice, pressing his son's hands between his, with an energy that betokened the struggle of his feelings—"Go and consult with your Elizabeth." And, as the shopmen and apprentices came flocking in, and the lighted gas gave a glittering brilliancy to the rich and gaily decorated shop, radiant with shawls, and silks, and ribbons, of a hundred varied hues—and a group of customers, gay country ladies, who wished to choose an evening dress by candlelight, appeared at the door—he escaped into the street, with an instinctive desire for solitude, and, almost unconsciously, took the road to St. Michael's Rectory.

The lamps in the streets and shops were now burning, and shewed, with a most striking effect of light and shadow, the fantastic outline of the picturesque old town—the tops of the houses covered with snow, the icicles hanging from the eaves, and the windows already covered with icy frost-work. The pavement was again alive with passengers—men and women hurrying to the Post-Office; flies and carriages gliding, with a sort of dull, rumbling sound, along the snowy road; a stage-coach emptying itself of its freezing passengers at the Red Lion; a man with periwinkles, and a woman with hot chestnuts, each so muffled, the man in a frieze cloak, and the woman in a dreadnaught coat, that it would have puzzled an *Ædipus* to decide betwixt the he and the she; one little girl lingering longingly in the wake of the periwinkles; two great boys burning their fingers in a bold attempt to flick the burning chestnuts; other children rushing aimlessly along, shouting and bellowing as if to scare the cold. Men were thumping their feet upon the ground, and buffeting their chest with their arms to restore the circulation; women were chattering, dogs barking, beggars begging, fiddles scraping, bells ringing, knockers tat-tat-tat-ing—in short, all the noises of a wintry evening, in a country town, were in full activity.

From the High Bridge, where the broad, bright river, with its double line of wharves and houses, crowded with people, its boats and its barges, forms so gay and pretty a moving picture, so full of bustle, and colour of light and of life—from the High Bridge, the Kennett now showed, like a mirror, reflecting on its icy surface, with a peculiarly broad and bluish shine, the arch of lamps surmounting the graceful airy bridge, and the twinkling lights that glanced, here and there, from boat, or barge, or wharf, or from some uncurtained window that overhung the river. The snow lay in drifts upon either shore, marking the long perspective, and glanced upon the suburban cottages and the distant country, edging into the gentle uplands, hardly deserving the name of hills.

that closed the prospect, strongly relieved, at the present moment, by the dark and dusky sky. In spite of his distress and pre-occupied mind, poor Edward, who had, probably without knowing it, much of those two rare gifts, the poet's feeling and the painter's eye, could not help stopping a moment, on the centre of the bridge, to contemplate so fine an effect of *chiar'oscuro*, so striking and beautiful a picture, composed almost without colour, by the nice contrast of light and shade.

*Concluded next week.*

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—No. 3.

A COUNTRY LOVE SCENE.

To account for the rapidity with which Miss Squeers had conceived a passion for Nicholas, it may be necessary to state that the friend from whom she had so recently returned was a miller's daughter of only eighteen, who had contracted herself unto the son of a small corn-factor resident in the nearest market town. Miss Squeers and the miller's daughter being fast friends, had covenanted together some two years before, according to a custom prevalent among young ladies, that whoever was first engaged to be married should straightway confide the mighty secret to the bosom of the other, before communicating it to any living soul, and bespeak her as bridesmaid without loss of time; in fulfilment of which pledge the miller's daughter, when her engagement was formed, came out express at eleven o'clock at night as the corn-factor's son made an offer of his hand and heart at twenty-five minutes past ten by the Dutch clock in the kitchen, and rushed into Miss Squeers's bed-room with the gratifying intelligence. Now, Miss Squeers being five years older, and out of her teens (which is also a great matter), had since been more than commonly anxious to return the compliment, and press her friend with a similar secret; but either in consequence of finding it hard to please herself, or harder still to please any body else, had never had an opportunity so to do, inasmuch as she had no such secret to disclose. The little interview with Nicholas had no sooner passed as above described, however, than Miss Squeers, putting on her bonnet, made her way with great precipitation to her friend's house, and upon a solemn renewal of divers old vows of secrecy, revealed how that she was—not exactly engaged, but going to be—to a gentleman's son—(none of your corn-factors, but a gentleman's son of high descent)—who had come down as teacher to Dotieboys Hall under most mysterious and remarkable circumstances—indeed, as Miss Squeers more than once hinted she had good reason to believe—induced by the fame of her many charms to seek her out, and woo and win her.

"Isn't it an extraordinary thing?" said Miss Squeers, emphasizing the adjective strongly.

"Most extraordinary," replied the friend. "But what has he said to you?"

"Don't ask me what he said, my dear," rejoined Miss Squeers. "If you had only seen his looks and smiles! I never was so overcome in all my life."

"Did he look in this way?" inquired the miller's daughter, counterfeiting as nearly as she could a favourite leer of the corn-factor.

"Very like that—only more genteel," replied Miss Squeers.

Ah!" said the friend, "then he means something depend on it."

Miss Squeers, having slight misgivings on the subject, was by no means ill pleased to be confirmed by a competent authority; and discovering, on further conversation and comparison of notes, a great many points of resemblance between the behaviour of Nicholas and that of the corn-factor, grew so exceedingly confidential, that she intrusted her friend with a vast number of things Nicholas had not said, which were all so very complimentary as to be quite conclusive. Then she dilated on the fearful hardship of having a father and mother strenuously opposed to her intended husband, on which unhappy circumstance she dwelt at great length; for the friend's father and mother were quite agreeable to her being married, and the whole courtship was in consequence as flat and common-place an affair as it was possible to imagine.

"How I should like to see him!" exclaimed the friend.

"So you shall," Tilda," replied Miss Squeers. "I should consider myself one of the most ungrateful creatures alive, if I denied you. I think mother's going away for two days to fetch some boys, and when she does, I'll ask you and John up to tea, and have him to meet you."

This was a charming idea, and having fully discussed it, the friends parted.

It so fell out that Mrs. Squeers's journey to some distance, to fetch three new boys, and dun the relations of two old ones for the balance of a small account, was fixed that very afternoon for the next day but one; and on the next day but one Mrs. Squeers got up outside the coach as it stopped to change at Greta Bridge, taking with her a small bundle containing something in a bottle and some sandwiches, and carrying besides a large white top-coat to wear in the night-time; with which baggage she went her way.

Whenever such opportunities as these occurred, it was Squeers's custom to drive over to the market town every evening on pretence of urgent business, and stop till ten or eleven o'clock

at a tavern he much affected. As the party was not in his way therefore, but rather afforded a means of compromise with Miss Squeers, he readily yielded his full assent thereunto, and willingly communicated to Nicholas that he was expected to take his tea in the parlour that evening at five o'clock.

To be sure Miss Squeers was in a desperate flutter as the time approached, and to be sure she was dressed out to the best advantage: with her hair—it had more than a tinge of red, and she wore it in a crop—curled in five distinct rows up to the very top of her head, and arranged dexterously over the doubtful eye; to say nothing of the blue sash which floated down her back, or the worked apron, or the long gloves, or the green gauze scarf worn over one shoulder and under the other, or any of the numerous devices which were to be as so many arrows to the heart of Nicholas. She had scarcely completed these arrangements to her entire satisfaction when the friend arrived with a whitey-brown parcel—flat and three-cornered—containing sundry small adornments which were to be put on up-stairs, and which the friend put on, talking incessantly. When Miss Squeers had "done" the friend's hair, the friend "did" Miss Squeers's hair, throwing in some striking improvements in the way of ringlets down the neck; and then, when they were both touched up to their entire satisfaction, they went down stairs in full state with the long gloves on, all ready for company.

"Where's John, Tilda?" said Miss Squeers.

"Only gone home to clean himself," replied the friend. "He will be here by the time the tea's drawn."

"I do so palpitate," observed Miss Squeers.

"Ah! I know what it is," replied the friend.

"I have not been used to it, you know, Tilda," said Miss Squeers, applying her hand to the left side of her sash.

"You'll soon get the better of it, dear," rejoined the friend.

While they were talking thus the hungry servant brought in the tea things, and soon afterwards somebody tapped at the room door.

"There he is!" cried Miss Squeers. "Oh Tilda!"

"Hush!" said Tilda. Hem! Say, come in."

"Come in," cried Miss Squeers faintly. And in walked Nicholas.

"Good evening," said that young gentleman, all unconscious of his conquest. "I understood from Mr. Squeers that"—

"Oh yes;" it's all right," interposed Miss Squeers. "Father don't tea with us, but you won't mind that I dare say." (This was said archly.)

Nicholas opened his eyes at this, but he turned the matter off very coolly—not caring, particularly about any thing just then—and went through the ceremony of introduction to the miller's daughter with so much grace, that that young lady was lost in admiration.

"We are only waiting for one more gentleman," said Miss Squeers, taking off the tea-pot lid, and looking in, to see how the tea was getting on.

It was matter of equal moment to Nicholas whether they were waiting for one gentleman or twenty, so he received the intelligence with perfect unconcern; and being out of spirits, and not seeing any especial reason why he should make himself agreeable, looked out of the window and sighed involuntarily.

As luck would have it, Miss Squeer's friend was of a playful turn, and hearing Nicholas sigh, she took it into her head to rally the lovers on their lowness of spirits.

"But if it's caused by my being here," said the young lady, "don't mind me a bit, for I'm quite as bad. You may go on just as you would if you were alone."

"Tilda," said Miss Squeers, colouring up to the top row of curls, "I am ashamed of you; and here the two friends burst into a variety of giggles, and glanced from time to time over the tops of their pocket-handkerchiefs at Nicholas, who, from a state of unmixed astonishment, gradually fell into one of irrepresible laughter—occasioned partly by the bare notion of his being in love with Miss Squeers, and partly by the preposterous appearance and behaviour of the two girls, the two causes of merriment taken together, struck him as being so keenly ridiculous, that despite his miserable condition, he laughed till he was thoroughly exhausted.

"Well," thought Nicholas, "as I am here, and seem expected for some reason or other to be amiable, it's of no use looking like a goose. I may as well accommodate myself to the company."

We blush to tell it, but his youthful spirits and vivacity getting for a time the better of his sad thoughts, he no sooner formed this resolution than he saluted Miss Squeers and the friend with great gallantry, and drawing a chair to the tea-table, began to make himself more at home than in all probability an usher has ever done in his employer's house since ushers were first invented.

The ladies were in the full delight of this altered behaviour on the part of Mr. Nickleby, when the expected swain arrived with his hair very damp from recent washing; and a clean shirt, whereof the collar might have belonged to some giant ancestor, forming, together with a white waistcoat of similar dimensions, the chief ornament of his person.

"Well, John," said Miss Matilda Price (which, by-the-by, was the name of the miller's daughter).

"Weel," said John, with a grin that even the collar could not conceal.

"I beg your pardon," interposed Miss Squeers, hastening to do the honours, "Mr. Nickleby—Mr. John Browdie."

"Servant, Sir," said John, who was something over six feet high, with a face and body rather above the due proportion than below it.

"Yours to command, Sir," replied Nicholas, making fearful ravages on the bread and butter.

Mr. Browdie was not a gentleman of great conversational powers, so he grinned twice more, and having now bestowed his customary mark of recognition on every person in company, grinned at nothing particular and helped himself to food.

"Old wooman awa', beant she?" said Mr. Browdie, with his mouth full.

Miss Squeers nodded assent.

Mr. Browdie gave a grin of special width, as if he thought that really was something to laugh at, and went to work at the bread and butter with increased vigour. It was quite a sight to behold how he and Nicholas emptied the plate between them.

"Ye weant get bread and butther ev'ry neight I expect, man," said Mr. Browdie, after he had sat staring at Nicholas a long time over the empty plate.

Nicholas bit his lip and coloured, but affected not to hear the remark.

"Ecod," said Mr. Browdie, laughing boisterously, "they deant put too much intiv' em. Ye'll be nowt but'skeen and boans if you stop here long enaef, Ho! ho! ho!"

"You are facetious, Sir," said Nicholas, scornfully.

"Na; I deant know," replied Mr. Browdie, "but t'other teacher, 'cod he were a lean 'un, he wur." The recollection of the last teacher's leanness seemed to afford Mr. Browdie the most exquisite delight, for he laughed until he found it necessary to apply his coat-cuffs to his eyes.

"I don't know whether your perceptions are quite keen enough, Mr. Browdie, to enable you to understand that your remarks are very offensive," said Nicholas in a towering passion, "but if they are, have the goodness to—"

"If you say another word, John," shrieked Miss Price, stopping her admirer's mouth as he was about to interrupt, "only half a word, I'll never forgive you, or speak to you again."

"Weel, my lass, I deant care about 'un," said the corn-factor, bestowing a hearty kiss on Miss Matilda; "let 'un gang on, let 'un gang on."

It now became Miss Squeers's turn to intercede with Nicholas, which she did with many symptoms of alarm and horror; the effect of the double intercession was that he and John Browdie shook hands across the table with much gravity, and such was the imposing nature of the ceremonial, that Miss Squeers was overcome and shed tears.

"What's the matter, Fanny?" said Miss Price.

"Nothing," Tilda," replied Miss Squeers, sobbing.

"There never was any danger," said Miss Price, "was there, Mr. Nickleby?"

"None at all," replied Nicholas. "Absurd."

"That's right," whispered Miss Price, "say something kind to her, and she'll soon come round. Here, shall John and I go into the little kitchen, and come back presently?"

"Not on any account," rejoined Nicholas, quite alarmed at the proposition. "What on earth should you do that for?"

"Well," said Miss Price, beckoning him aside, and speaking with some degree of contempt—"you are a one to keep company."

"What do you mean?" said Nicholas; "I am not one to keep company at all—here at all events. I can't make this out."

"No, nor I neither," rejoined Miss Price; "but men are always fickle, and always were, and always will be; that I can make out, very easily."

"Fickle!" cried Nicholas; what do you suppose? You don't mean to say that you think—"

"Oh no, I think nothing at all," retorted Miss Price pettishly. "Look at her, dressed so beautiful and looking so well—really almost handsome. I am ashamed at you."

"My dear girl, what have I got to do with her dressing beautifully or looking well?" inquired Nicholas.

"Come, don't call me a dear girl," said Miss Price—smiling a little though, for she was pretty, and a coquette too in her small way, and Nicholas was good-looking, and she supposed him the property of somebody else, which were all reasons why she should be gratified to think she had made an impression on him, "or Fanny will be saying it's my fault. Come; we're going to have a game at cards." Pronouncing these last words aloud, she tripped away and rejoined the big Yorkshireman.

This was wholly unintelligible to Nicholas, who had no other distinct impression on his mind at the moment, than that Miss Squeers was an ordinary-looking girl, and her friend Miss Price a pretty one; but he had not time to enlighten himself by reflection, for the hearth being by this time swept up, and the caudle snuffed, they sat down to play speculation.

"There are only four of us," Tilda," said Miss Squeers, look-

ing slyly at Nicholas; "so we had better go partners, two against two."

"What do you say, Mr. Nickleby?" inquired Miss Price.

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Nicholas. And so saying, quite unconscious of his heinous offence, he amalgamated into one common heap those portions of a Dotheboys Hall card of terms, which represented his own counters, and those allotted to Miss Price, respectively.

"Mr. Browdie," said Miss Squeers hysterically, "shall we make a bank against them?"

The Yorkshireman assented—apparently quite overwhelmed by the new usher's impudence—and Miss Squeers darted a spiteful look at her friend, and giggled convulsively.

The deal fell to Nicholas, and the hand prospered.

"We intend to win every thing," said he.

"Tilda has won something she didn't expect I think, haven't you, dear?" said Miss Squeers, maliciously.

"Only a dozen and eight, love," replied Miss Price, affecting to take the question in a literal sense.

"How dull you are to night!" sneered Miss Squeers.

"No, indeed," replied Miss Price, "I am in excellent spirits. I was thinking you seemed out of sorts."

"Me!" cried Miss Squeers, biting her lips, and trembling with very jealousy; "Oh no!"

"That's well," remarked Miss Price. "Your hair's coming out of curl, dear."

"Never mind me," tittered Miss Squeers; "you had better attend to your partner."

"Thank you for reminding her," said Nicholas. "So she had."

The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with his clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in, till he had an opportunity of exercising it upon the features of some other gentleman; and Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation, that the gust of wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion, nearly blew the candle out.

"I never had such luck, really," exclaimed coquettish Miss Price, after another hand or two. "It's all along of you, Mr. Nickleby, I think. I should like to have you for a partner always."

"I wish you had."

"You'll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at cards," said Miss Price.

"Not if your wish is gratified," replied Nicholas. "I am sure I shall have a good one in that case."

To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head, and the corn-factor flattened his nose, while this conversation was carrying on! It would have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that; let alone Miss Price's evident joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas Nickleby's happy unconsciousness of making anybody uncomfortable.

"We have all the talking to ourselves, it seems," said Nicholas, looking good-humouredly round the table as he took up the cards for a fresh deal.

"You do it so well," tittered Miss Squeers, "that it would be a pity to interrupt, wouldn't it, Mr. Browdie? He! he! he!"

"Nay," said Nicholas, "we do it in default of having anybody else to talk to."

"We'll talk to you, you know, if you'll say anything," said Miss Price.

"Thank you, Tilda, dear," retorted Miss Squeers, majestically.

"Or you can talk to each other, if you don't choose to talk to us," said Miss Price, rallying her dear friend. "John, why don't you say something?"

"Say summat?" repeated the Yorkshireman.

"Ay, and not sit there so silent and glum."

"Weel then!" said the Yorkshireman, striking the table heavily with his fist, "what I say's this—Dang my boans and boddy, if I stan' this any longer. Do you gang whoam wi' me; and do you loight and toight young whipster, look sharp out for a broken head next time he cums under my hond."

"Mercy on us, what's all this?" cried Miss Price, in affected astonishment.

"Cum whoam, tell'e, cum whoam," replied the Yorkshireman, sternly. And as he delivered the reply Miss Squeers burst into a shower of tears; arising in part from desperate vexation, and in part from an impotent desire to lacerate somebody's countenance with her fair finger-nails.

This state of things had been brought about divers means and workings. Miss Squeers had brought it about by aspiring to the high state and condition of being matrimonially engaged without good grounds for so doing; Miss Price had brought it about by indulging in three motives of action; first, a desire to punish her friend for laying claim to a rivalry in dignity, having no good title; secondly, the gratification of her own vanity in receiving the compliments of a smart young man; and thirdly, a wish to convince the corn-factor of the great danger he ran, in deferring the celebration of their expected nuptials: while Nicholas had brought it about by half an hour's gaiety and thoughtlessness, and a very sin-

cerous desire to avoid the imputation of inclining at all to Miss Squeers. So, that the means employed, and the end produced, were alike the most natural in the world: for young ladies will look forward to being married; and will jostle each other in the race to the altar, and will avail themselves of all opportunities of displaying their own attractions to the best advantage down to the very end of time as they have done from its beginning.

"Why, and here's Fanny in tears now!" exclaimed Miss Price, as if in fresh amazement. "What can be the matter?"

"Oh! you don't know, Miss, of course you don't know. Pray don't trouble yourself to inquire," said Miss Squeers, producing that change of countenance which children call making a face.

"Well, I'm sure," exclaimed Miss Price.

"And who cares whether you are sure or not, ma'am?" retorted Miss Squeers, making another face.

"You are monstrous polite, ma'am," said Miss Price.

"I shall not come to you to take lessons in the art, ma'am," retorted Miss Squeers.

"You needn't take the trouble to make yourself plainer than you are, ma'am, however," rejoined Miss Price, "because that's quite unnecessary."

Miss Squeers in reply turned very red, and thanked God that she hadn't got the bold faces of some people, and Miss Price in rejoinder congratulated herself upon not being possessed of the envious feeling of other people; whereupon Miss Squeers made some general remark touching the danger of associating with low persons, in which Miss Price entirely coincided, observing that it was very true indeed, and she had thought so a long time.

"Tilda," exclaimed Miss Squeers with dignity, "I hate you."

"Ah! There's no love lost between us I assure you," said Miss Price, tying her bonnet strings with a jerk. "You'll cry your eyes out when I'm gone, you know you will."

"I scorn your words. Minx," said Miss Squeers.

"You pay me a great compliment when you say so," answered the miller's daughter, curtsying very low. "Wish you a very good night, ma'am, and pleasant dreams attend your sleep."

With this parting benediction Miss Price swept from the room, followed by the huge Yorkshireman, who exchanged with Nicholas at parting, that peculiarly expressive scowl with which the cut-and-thrust counts in melo-dramatic performances inform each other they will meet again.

They were no sooner gone than Miss Squeers fulfilled the prediction of her quondam friend by giving vent to a most copious burst of tears, and uttering various dismal lamentations and incoherent words. Nicholas stood looking on for a few seconds, rather doubtful what to do, but feeling uncertain whether the fit would end in his being embraced or scratched, and considering that either infliction would be equally agreeable, he walked off very quietly while Miss Squeers was moaning in her pocket-handkerchief.

#### MRS. FRY.

About twenty years ago, Mrs. Fry was induced to visit Newgate, by the representations of its state made by some persons of the Society of Friends. She found the female side in a situation which no language can describe. Nearly three hundred women, sent there for every gradation of crime, some untried, and some under sentence of death, were crowded together in the two wards and two cells which are now appropriated to the untried alone, and are found quite inadequate to contain even the diminished number. Every one, even the governor, was reluctant to go amongst them. He persuaded Mrs. Fry to leave her watch in the office, telling her that even his presence would not prevent its being torn from her. She saw enough to convince her that every thing bad was going on. "In short," said she to her friend, Mr. Buxton, in giving him this account, "all I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which every thing bespoke, are quite indescribable." One act of which, Mr. Buxton was informed from another quarter, marks the degree of wretchedness to which they were reduced. Two women were seen in the act of stripping a dead child, for the purpose of clothing a living one.

Circumstances rendered any effort on the part of Mrs. Fry to reform this den of iniquity impossible at this time; but about Christmas, 1819, she resumed her visits, and succeeded in forming a Ladies' committee, consisting of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the Society of Friends; to whom the sheriffs and governor delegated every necessary authority for carrying into effect the benevolent plan which they had conceived, of restoring the degraded portion of their sex confined within the walls of Newgate, to the paths of knowledge and virtue.

After a year of unceasing labor on the part of Mrs. Fry, and the other members of the committee, they had the noble satisfaction of exhibiting one of the most amazing transformations, which was perhaps ever effected in the condition of a number of human beings. "Riot, licentiousness, and filth," says Mr. Buxton, "were

exchanged for order, sobriety and comparative neatness, in the chamber, the apparel, and the persons of the prisoners. There was no more to be seen an assemblage of abandoned creatures, half-naked and half-drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity. The prison no longer resounded with obscenity, and imprecations, and licentious songs. To use the strong but just expression of one who knew this prison well, 'This hell upon earth,' exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory, or a well regulated family.

"It will naturally be asked," says Mr. Buxton, "how and by what vital principles was the reformation at Newgate accomplished? How were a few ladies of no extraordinary influences, unknown even by name to the magistrates of the metropolis, enabled with so much facility to guide those who had baffled all authority, and defied all law—how was it that they

'Wielded at will this fierce democracy?'

How did they divest habit of its influence? By what charm did they transform vice into virtue, riot into order? A visit to Newgate explained all. I found that the ladies ruled by the law of kindness, written in their hearts and displayed in their actions, they spoke to the prisoners with affection mixed with prudence. These had long been rejected by all reputable society. It was long since they had heard the voice of real compassion or seen the example of real virtue. They had steered their minds against the terrors of punishment; but they were melted at the warning voice of those who felt for their sorrows, while they gently reproved their misdeeds; and that virtue which discovered itself in such amiable exertions for them, recommended itself to their imitation with double attractions."

OPPOSITE VIEWS OF A WELL-KNOWN QUESTION.—*Miseries of a Bachelor's Life.*—Poor fellow! he returns to his lodging—I will not say to his "home." There may be every thing he can possibly desire, in the shape of mere external comforts, provided for him by the officious zeal of Mrs.—, his house-keeper; but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy; the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set round with provoking neatness, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied; and the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no loving hands meet his—no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment. He sits down to a book—alone, there is no one sitting by his side, to enjoy with him that quiet passage—the apt remark—the just criticism—no eyes, in which to read his own feelings; his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected; he has no resource but himself; all his happiness must emanate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair; hides his face in his hands, and sighs aloud, *O! me miserum!*—*Book of Courtship.*

BACHELOR'S PRIVILEGES.—These gentlemen accept all the pleasures of society, and support none of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fetes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners', stay-makers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights; for them, *La Belle Mere* is destitute of point, and they yawn at *La Femme Jalouse*. They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and invest money in the funds.—*Quarterly Review.*

HINDOO PAPER.—At Behar the paper most commonly made is that called Dufuri, which is nineteen by seventeen and a half inches a sheet; other kinds of a larger size, and rather superior quality are made, when commissioned. The material is old bags of the *Crotalaria juncea*. These are cut into small pieces, and, having been soaked in water, are beaten with the instrument called a Dhengki. The pulp is then put on a cloth strainer, washed with water, and dried on a rock. This substance is then put into a cistern with some ley of soda, and is trodden with the feet for some hours, after which it is in the same manner washed and dried, and these operations with the soda are in all performed six times. The bleached pulp is then put into a cistern with a large quantity of water, and is diligently stirred with a stick for about three quarters of an hour, when it is wrought off into sheets as usual. The moist sheets are stuck on a smooth wall and dried. Having been rubbed with a paste made of flour and water, they are then smoothed by placing them on a plank, and rubbing them with a stone.—*From Montgomery Martin's Eastern India.*

CHANCE FOR BACHELORS.—A young lady in Paris, with a fortune of fifty thousand francs, offers her hand (by advertisement) to any young gentleman who sings well, takes no snuff, is addicted to the domestic virtues, and has a fortune equal to her own! All these desiderata being present, she is not particular as to his personal beauty!

## EXPECTATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Heard I not the harsh bolt rattling?  
Hark the jarring of the door!  
No,—'tis playful Zephyr prattling  
Mid these reeds and willows hoar.

O! green-leaved arch, prepare for festal hour,  
Thou shalt her beauty-beaming form receive;  
Ye trellised branches of this fragrant bower!  
A veil of pleasing gloom around her weave;  
More freshly breathe, and fond caresses shower  
On her fair cheeks, ye airs of balmy eve!  
When to this secret arbour, formed for love,  
With eager haste her fairy footsteps move.

Hush! who through the copewood rushes,  
Hurrying on with rustling flight?  
Ah! the scared bird from the bushes  
Flies away in trembling fright.

O! quench thy torch, fierce Day, and thou come forth  
Dim, spectral Night! in grateful stillness reign;  
Thy purple mantle spread around the earth,  
And mid these mystic fougths to hide us deign.  
Far from the prying ear Love's joys have birth,  
Far from the light's rude gaze he rears his fan;  
Alone he trusteth silent Hesperus' eye  
That, mildly beaming, keepeth watch on high.

Did a voice, in whispers stealing,  
Call on me from yonder brake?  
No—the swan, majestic wheeling,  
Murmurs on the silver lake.

A flood of harmony floats through the air,  
The fountain falls with a soft murmuring noise;  
Kissed by fond Zephyr bends the floweret fair,  
And all things breathe the sweet interchange of joys;  
The beckoning grapes invite, their bliss to share,  
The peach that mid its leaves luxuriant toys;  
The gales, steeped in a sea of odours, blow,  
And from my flushed cheek drink the fiery glow.

Heard I not light footsteps sounding?  
Hark the rustling in the walk!  
No—the mellow fruit fell bounding,  
Grown too heavy for its stalk.

The dazzling eye of Day is quenched, at last,  
In placid death; his hues of glory fade;  
The flowers that hate his beams now boldly haste  
To opo their cups in twilight's dewy shade.  
Night's radiant Queen now climbs the azure vast;  
Dissolved in chequered gloom the world is laid;  
The zone is now from every charm unbound,  
And all that's fair in unveiled beauty found.

Saw I not something white streaming,  
Like silken robes in the breeze?  
No—the pillars bright are gleaming  
Mid these dark funeral trees.

O! cease, my longing heart, thy fruitless chase  
Of gay illusions, raised by Fancy's spell,  
Whose shadowy forms but mock my fond embrace:  
Can bliss ideal passion's ardour quell?  
Let me, entranced, her living features trace—  
O! let her gentle touch her presence tell:  
Let me her garment's border only feel,  
And the bright dream is stamped with being's seal.

Softly, as from heaven descending,  
Came the long-wished hour of bliss:  
Light she tripped, and o'er me bending,  
Scared my dreams with stealthy kiss.

Fraser's Magazine.

For the Pearl.

## THE SERGEANT'S WIFE.

If you were ever at — Bay, you might observe a long, low, miserable Log-house, without a shrub or tree about it, bleakly situated on the barren sand. But you perhaps have never heard the story connected with it, and therefore with your permission I will tell it to you.

A recruiting regiment passed through a small village in England, to which belonged Sergeant B., perhaps the handsomest man in the British dominions. At least so thought Mary Thorne; for although she was the belle of her neighbourhood, and possessed of a small inheritance, she refused many eligible offers of marriage, and at length united her lot to that of the good-looking soldier, purchased his discharge with her money, emigrated to North America, and there, after having lived with him for about six years in comparative affluence in several different towns, found herself at last reduced to poverty, and compelled to accompany her husband to the small fishing station I have mentioned above. Their log-house was soon erected. Their furniture consisted of a wooden box, painted red, which served the double purpose of a trunk and a seat, one chair, a deal table, and a few bowls and plates of delf. There were two children to share their scanty fare, a little sickly boy who had been paralytic for more than two years, and a healthy, fine, black-eyed girl of about five years of age.

Many were the surmises and sage conjectures of the twenty or thirty families who were inhabitants of — Bay, as to the previous occupation of this new intruder on their fishing grounds. "He

did not handle a net as if he had been accustomed to it, and his wife was too precise, and had too white hands to have been always a fisherman's wife." Great was their curiosity and greatly was it baffled. If the Sergeant himself was questioned on the subject, stern, brief, unsatisfactory were his answers, and if in his absence, the female gossips of the place endeavoured to worm out the secret from his wife, she only answered them by her tears. At length all efforts for the purpose gradually ceased, and as William Winter, the wit of this little world observed, "It was impossible to say what they had been, but every body knew what they soon would be, unless the wife was more active and her husband more industrious." Indeed want seemed to be evidently fast coming upon them. Thinner and paler every day became the cheek of the once beautiful Mary Thorne. It is true she had complained to no one and there was an expression of meekness about her face, which to a superficial observer might have passed for contentment, but to a person versed in the human heart would have appeared more like the calm resignation of a deep sufferer. As to the Sergeant himself, it was now universally known that any profits derived from his occupation were mostly spent to purchase "liquid fire," as some one has forcibly called the poisonous draught of intemperance. He was drunk one half of his time. The children were kept very neat and clean, although it was observed that they had but one change of clothing; and the house was always a pattern of cleanliness.

It was at this time I became acquainted with the family. The little sickly boy had departed from this troublesome world, and as I was at — Bay on some business for my employers, I thought I would call upon the apparently destitute inmates of the log-house, and if I could not materially assist them, I might speak some words of comfort to the mourning mother. I found her alone, sitting over a low fire made of some dry pea-sticks, which her little girl was at the time busy in gathering. All was dreary and desolate. It had a chilling effect on my spirits. I believe I shed tears. At least my sympathy was fully felt, for slowly and reluctantly in return for my pity, was I made acquainted with a story of girlhood cheerful and respectable, an ill-sorted marriage, various attempts to reform her husband, his ill conduct, his drunkenness, his brutality to her, who had forsaken respectable connexions, to link her fate with this worthless man. But strange as it may seem she still loved him; she told me after the new year he had faithfully promised her to give up liquor, and "then she would be so happy, and they would be so comfortable, etc." The melancholy smile that lit up her wan countenance as she drew her imaginary picture of future comfort reminded me of the expression of the great English moralist, "the triumph of hope over experience."

The new year came, and with it a great change in the Sergeant. He became strictly sober. And now I expected that all the sanguine expectations of his poor wife would be realised. An energy of character that quite surprised the neighbouring fishermen was the result of her husband's sobriety. In a few months he had the command of a small shallop, and two or three of the young men around him assisted him in navigating it. It was soon whispered in the neighbourhood that they were carrying on a contraband trade. And what gave probability to the report was that his wife and child were now not only well dressed, but that his house was filled with good furniture and even the luxuries of life. His absence from home was necessarily very frequent, and when he did return, there was a mystery in his conduct. He seldom spoke, was imperious and overbearing in his manners, and if the tattle of the place was to be credited was as harsh as ever to his unassuming partner.

It was a cold night in the latter part of November, when the little vessel was seen making her way, through the Bay to her usual place of mooring, opposite to the Log-house. After the anchor was cast, a small boat came to the shore, having on board the Sergeant and a passenger. Mary had been watching its progress with all the anxiety with which a mariner's wife ever hails the arrival of her husband after a voyage. She was surprised to see that the person accompanying him was not only a remarkably genteel looking man, but was attired in a manner very far above that to which she had been accustomed, and was still more astonished when she was told she must prepare a room for this gentleman, as he was to remain that night in their house. Accustomed to obey without asking questions, she made the necessary preparations, and then set before her guest and his companion a plentiful meal. The fire sparkled merrily on the hearth, the old soldier seemed to lay aside all his usual asperity, and with respectful gayety urged the gentleman to partake of the festive glass while he would pledge his health in cold water. He spoke of his old habit of drinking, the necessity he found for abstinence, and gave as a reason, his affection to his wife and daughter, whom by his intemperate habits, he at one time was fast hurrying to ruin. While the stranger commended his good resolutions, he was not himself at all abstemious. His glass was frequently replenished, and when he retired to bed, he carried his liquor about as discreetly as the Baron of Bradwardine. It was determined that they should sail at day light the next morning. Nothing more extraordinary happened that night, except Mary being awakened by a convulsive dream of her husband's, as with

clenched teeth he exclaimed, "It must be. He is rich and we are poor. It must be."

The breakfast was got ready and dispatched by candle light. And as the early streaks of light ushered in the morning, the little shallop bounded on her way and was soon hid behind the point of land, that jutted out at the entrance of the Bay, carrying with it her gloomy master and his more mirthful guest. Mary and her little daughter were now left alone. The vessel would be absent a week, perhaps a fortnight, as that was the usual time occupied in the voyage. It was a long and gloomy day to Mary. A depression of spirits she could not account for, hung heavy at her heart. She attended to her domestic concerns, played with her little girl, looked wistfully on the unvaried scene before her as wave followed wave in rapid succession, "like the troubles of life," she thought "but they leave no mark behind them; whereas the traces of our cares are written on our brow." "Mother," said the child, as such thoughts were passing through the mind of her she addressed, when my father comes back will he bring that gentleman here again, who gave me this dollar." "No, my dear, we will not see him again, your father is taking him home." "O I am sorry for that, for father was not cross when he was here, I wish he would come here again to keep him good-natured." "My dear, your father has much to trouble him; let us be kind to him, and perhaps by and bye, when he has less to worry him, he will be able to smile and speak as he did last night. In the mean time pray to your Heavenly Father for him, and me, and yourself, as I often have taught you." The little prattler was quiet, if not satisfied, and went in the evening to the couch of childhood, the only place of real happiness in this miserable world.

Light after light had disappeared from the neighbouring cottages, while with her Bible before her, Mary was still a watcher. Midnight was passed, and she was thinking of her mother, and of her sisters, and her native cottage half hid with honeysuckle, and how long it had been since she had heard the words of kindness, and how dreary was her abode by the sea shore, and how sullen and dark had become the husband of her choice, and how much need had she for fortitude and patience, and as she thought thereon she fell on her knees to pray. She had just uttered the words, "whatever else befalls me thy will be done," when she was alarmed by one loud knock at the door. She opened it. Her husband stood before her—"Mary," he said "haste, haste, and bar the door." "Now listen; I have not one minute to spare. O woman, I have murdered him, he was rich and we are poor, so I have murdered him. Here is the gold." And he drew from under his coat a small portmanteau. "What can you mean?" said his terrified wife, "whom have you murdered?" "The youth that I brought here last night; he is now in the depths of the sea; I threw him over the side of the vessel; and he sunk to rise no more." "O say thou mockest me, thou couldst not have the heart to do it, thou couldst not be so cruel, O say is it not so?" "Woman the deed is done; here is the reward, but I must away; the shallop is waiting—hide this gold, and if no suspicion is attached to me, in about a month I shall return." He withdrew the fastening from the door and disappeared.

"My cup of bitterness is now full," said the heart-broken wife. "I could say with Cain, my punishment is greater than I can bear. I nearly broke my mother's heart by marrying him. He was intemperate and worthless; he has been cruel to me, unkind to his infant; he has made my hair gray and I am not yet thirty five—he has done all this and more, and I forgave him, and could love him, and did love him, and would have died for him—but to murder—and to murder that gentle unoffending lad—and all for a worthless sum of money—O my heart break at once, let me die, let me die, ere I see him on a gibbet!" Had our heroine been in the upper ranks of life, she would have probably swooned away, and forgot for a time her sorrows. But the veracity of an historian compels me to say that in her utter misery she never forgot for one moment her presence of mind. She passed a night of horror; but in the morning attended to the wants of her child, and then sat down coolly to reason on the dreadful circumstances in which she was placed. Her determination was soon made: "I will not betray him. I will not cut short his days and the possibility of his future repentance. But I will not hide his secret. The gold shall remain in the very spot he left it. If it is enquired after it must bear evidence against him. In the mean time I must leave him; for the sake of my daughter and my own soul I must leave him—but I will first see him and tell him my reasons for so acting, and urge him to fly before the pursuers of blood are after him."

Whether in all this resolution she acted in strict conformity with rigid morality I never could exactly determine, but the God whom she humbly endeavoured to serve in all her trials, spared her the painful interview which she expected to have with her husband. A violent storm arose that night and continued for fourteen hours. Much damage was done to the vessels on the coast, and her husband being a murderer "the sea did not suffer him to escape." His shallop was wrecked off the Bay, and his body, dreadfully mangled, was found sometime afterwards not far from his own house, and could only be recognised by his dress.

My employers interested themselves in the fate of the widow and her child, and they were both sent to their friends in Eng-

land, where they have lived ever since, the mother an example of patient endurance and meek humility, and the daughter inheriting much of her disposition. It may be necessary to state for the information of my young and romantic readers, that the young gentleman whom the Sergeant attempted to murder, being an expert swimmer, kept himself floating on his back according to Dr. Franklin's approved method, until he was picked up by a fishing craft, to receive from the Sergeant's wife his portmanteau of gold, and to make her a present of one half for a marriage dower for her daughter.

And this, reader, is the story connected with the long, low, miserable Log-house in — Bay, which I dare say you never heard before. The house of course is haunted, so I would not advise you to sleep there.

A CORRESPONDENT.

## TO MOTHERS.

ON HEALTH.

By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

Have we not all of us seen, with pity and regret, some sickly mother, burdened with the cares of her household? Feeling that there were employments which none could discharge as well as herself—modifications of duty, in which the interest of her husband, the welfare of her children, the comfort of her family, were involved—duties which she could not depute to another, without loss—she continued to exert herself, above and beyond her strength.

Still her step is languid and her eye joyless. The "spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak." Her little ones observe her dejected manner, and become sad; or, they take advantage of her want of energy, and grow lawless. She, herself, cannot long persist in a course of labour that involves expense of health, without some mental sympathy. A temper the most amiable, will sometimes become irritable or complaining, when the shrinking nerves require rest, and the demands of toil, and the claims upon painful thought, are perpetual. Efforts, which to one in health, are like dew-drops shaken from the eagle's wing, seem to the invalid like the ascent of the Alps, or like heaping Pelion upon Ossa.

Admitting that a sickly woman has sufficient self-control to repel the intrusion of fretfulness, and preserve a subdued equanimity, this, though certainly deserving of praise, is falling short of what she should wish to attain. The meek look of resignation, though it may cost her much to maintain, is not all that a husband wishes, who, coming from the vexed atmosphere of business or ambition, would fain find in his home the smile of cheerfulness, the playful charm of a mind at ease.

Men, prize more than our sex are always aware, the health-beaming countenance, the elastic step, and all those demonstrations of domestic order, in which unbroken activity delights. They love to see a woman equal to her own duties, and performing them with pleasure. They do not like to have the principal theme of domestic conversation a detail of physical ills, or to be expected to question, like a physician, into the variety of symptoms which have supervened since their departure. Or if this may be occasionally done with a good grace, where ill-health is supposed to be temporary, yet the saddening effects of an enfeebled constitution, cannot always be resisted by him who expected to find in a wife a "yoke-fellow," able to endure the rough roads and sharp ascents of life. A nature possessing great capacities of sympathy and tenderness, may doubtless be softened by the exercise of those capacities. Still, the good gained, is only from the patient, perhaps the christian endurance of a disappointment. But where those capacities do not exist, and where religious principle is absent, the perpetual influence of a sickly and mournful wife, is as a blight on those prospects which allure to matrimony. Folly, moroseness, and lapses into vice, may be often traced to those causes which robe home in gloom.

If to a father the influence of continual ill-health to the partner of his joys, is so dispiriting, how much more oppressive is it to those little ones who are by nature allied to gladness. Childhood, whose richest heritage is its innocent joy, must hush its sportive laugh, and repress its merry footsteps, as if its plays were sins. Or if the diseased nerves of the mother do not habitually impose such sacrifices, it learns, from nature's promptings, to fashion its manners, or its voice, or its countenance, after the melancholy model of the sufferers whom it loves, and so forfeits its beautiful heritage of young delight.

Those sicknesses to which the most robust are subject, by giving exercise to self-denial and offices of sympathy, from all the members of a household, are doubtless often blessed as means of improvement, and the messengers which draw more closely the bonds of true affection. But it must be sufficiently obvious, that I allude to that want of constitutional vigor, or of that confirmed feebleness of habit, which either create inability for those duties which in most parts of our country devolve upon a wife, a mother, and the mistress of a family, or else cause them to be discharged in languor and wretchedness. And I speak of them, that the attention of those who conduct the earliest physical education of females, may be quickened to search how an evil of such magnitude may be obviated.

Mothers, is there any thing we can do to acquire for our daughters, a good constitution? Is there truth in the sentiment sometimes expressed, that our sex are becoming more and more effeminated? Are we as capable of enduring fatigue as were our grandmothers? Are we as well versed in the details of house-keeping, as able to bear them without inconvenience, as our mothers?—Have our daughters as much stamina of constitution, as much aptitude for domestic duty, as we ourselves possess? These questions are not interesting to us simply as individuals. They effect the welfare of the community. For the ability or inability of woman to discharge what the Almighty has committed to her, touches the equilibrium of society, and the hidden springs of existence. Tenderly interested as we are for the health of our offsprings, let us devote peculiar attention to that of our daughters. Their delicate frames require more care in order to become vigorous, and are in more danger from the prevalence of fashion.

I plead for the little girl, that she may have air and exercise, as well as her brother, and that she may not be too much blamed, if in her earnest play she happen to tear or soil her apparel. I plead that she be not punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoy those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished, do not chain her to the piano, till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed:—nor bow her over her book; till the vital energy which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain, and kindles the death-fever.

Surely we ought to acquaint ourselves with the outlines of the mechanism of this our clay-temple, that we interfere not, through ignorance, with those laws on which its organization depends. Rendered precious, by being the shrine of an undying spirit, our ministrations for its well-being assumes an almost fearful importance. Appointed, as the mother is, to guard the harmony of its architecture, to study the arts on which its symmetry depends, she is forced to perceive how much the mind is affected by the circumstances of its lodgment, and is incited to cherish the mortal for the sake of the immortal.

Does she attach value to the germs of intellect? Let her see that the casket which contains them, be not lightly endangered or carelessly broken. Does she pray for the welfare of the soul? Let her seek the good of its companion, who walks with it to the gates of the grave, and rushes again to its embrace on the morning of the resurrection.

Those who educate the young, should be ever awake to the evils of compression in the region of the heart and lungs. A slight ligature there; in the earliest stages of life, is fraught with danger. To disturb or impede the laborers who turn the wheels of life, both night and day, is absurd and ungrateful.—Sampson was bound in fetters, and ground in the prison-house, for a while, but at length he crushed the pillars of the temple, and the lords of the Philistines perished with him. Nature, though she may be long in resenting an injury, does not forget it. Against those who violate her laws, she often rises as a giant in his might, and when they least expect it, inflicts a fearful punishment. Fashion seems long enough to have oppressed and insulted health in its strong holds. She cannot even prove that she had rendered the form more grateful, as some equivalent for her ravages. In ancient Greece, to whom our painters and sculptors still look for the purest models, was not the form left untortured? the volume of the lungs allowed free play? the heart permitted, without manacles, to do the great work that the Creator assigned it?

The injuries inflicted by compression of the vital parts, are too numerous to be readily recounted. Impaired digestion, obstructed circulation, pulmonary disease, and nervous wretchedness, are in their train. A physician, distinguished by practical knowledge of the Protean forms of insanity, asserts that he gains many patients from this cause. Another medical gentleman of eminence, led by philanthropy to investigate the subject of tight-lacing, has assured the public that multitudes annually die by the severe discipline of busk and corset. This theory is sustained by collateral proof, and illustrated by dissections.

It is not sufficient that we, mothers, protect our younger daughters, while immediately under our authority, from such hurtful practices. We should follow them until a principle is formed by which they can protect themselves from the tyranny of fashion. It is true, that no young lady acknowledges herself to be laced too tight. Habits that shun the light, and shelter themselves under the subterfuge, are ever the most difficult to eradicate. A part of the energy which is essential to their reformation, must be expended in hunting them from their hiding-places. Though the sufferer from tight-lacing, may not own herself to be uncomfortable, the laborious respiration, the constrained movements, perhaps the curved spine, bring different testimony.

But in these days of diffused knowledge, of heightened education, is it possible that any female can put in jeopardy the enjoyments of health, even the duration of existence, for a circumstance of dress? Will she throw an illusion over those who try to save her? and like the Spartan culprit, conceal the destroyer that feeds upon her vitals? We know that it is so. Who, that has tested the omnipotence of fashion, will doubt it? This is by no means the only sacrifice of health that she imposes. But it is a

prominent one. Let us, who are mothers, look to it. Fully aware, as we must be, of the danger of stricture on the lungs and heart, during their seasons of development, why should we not bring up our daughters without any article of dress which could disorder the seat of vitality? Our sons hold themselves erect, without busk, or corset, or framework of whale-bone. Why should not our daughters also? Did not God make them equally upright? Yes. But they have "sought out many inventions."

Let us educate a race who shall have room to breathe. Let us promise, even in their cradle, that their hearts shall not be pinioned as in a vice, nor their spines bent like a bow, nor their ribs forced into the liver.—Doubtless, the husbands and fathers of the next generation will give us thanks.

Let us leave no place in the minds of those whom we educate, for the lunatic sentiment, that the mind's healthful action, and the integrity of the organs on which it operates, are secondary to the vanities of external decoration. If they have received from their Creator a sound mind in a sound body, teach them that they are accountable to Him for both. If they deliberately permit injury to either, how shall they answer for it before the High Judge.

But how shall the mother answer it, in whose hand the soul of her child was laid, as a waxen tablet, if she suffer fashion to cover it with fantastic images, and folly to puff out her feverish breath, melting the lines that wisdom pencilled there, till what heaven would fain have polished for itself, loses the fair impression, and becomes like common earth.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath the endearing smile and love-beaming eye has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt, even in manhood's riper years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilly contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn purposes which are warped, and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influence which moved him in his earlier years.

GREAT QUARRELS FROM TRIFLING INCIDENTS.—Dr. King in his anecdotes of his own times, mentions a fatal duel which happened "between two gentlemen, who had been constant companions." The quarrel arose at a Coffee-house from a dispute "about the accent of a Greek word." They became so enraged that they agreed to decide the question with their swords. One of them "was run through the body and died immediately."

The same writer mentions two other gentlemen, who agreed to travel together four years on the continent of Europe. "About six days after they set out, they arrived at Brussels, where they had for supper a woodcock and a partridge. They disputed long which of the birds should be cut up first, and with such animosity as to destroy their friendship. The next morning they parted and returned to England; one by the way of Ostend, and the other through Holland!"

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES WHIGS AND TORIES.—Goldsmith, in speaking of the reign of Charles II., says—"Whig and Tory were first used as terms of mutual reproach at this time. The Whig were so denominated from a cant name given to the four Scotch conventicles.—*whig being milk turned sour.* The Tories were denominated from the Irish banditti, so called, whose usual manner of bidding people deliver, was by the Irish word *toree*, or *give me.*" This account exemplifies the nature of party spirit, as the spirit of "reproach" and reviling. It not only bears some resemblance to "milk turned sour," but to the spirit of "banditti" or robbers. It *sours* the dispositions of men, and inclines them to *rob* others of their reputation, if not of their property.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—An Italian in Paris, who is a connoisseur in sauces, pies and pastries, has just built, for the convenience of the public, *une cuisine ambulante.* This kitchen is about the size of an omnibus, and pretty much on the same construction; and all those who wish to associate exercise and eating, may accomplish their desire for the moderate sum of fifteen sous.

REBUKE.—A garrulous barber happening to be called to shave Archelaus, asked him, "how shall I shave you sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE PARTING.

I press'd not a kiss on her cheek;  
I dared not to whisper farewell;  
But a tear, as I struggled to speak,  
Told all that I dreaded to tell.

She brush'd the bright drop from my eye,  
And smiled as in lightness of heart;  
But her tremulous hand and her sigh  
Confess'd that she knew we must part.

I mark'd the wild look of distress  
That in silence implored me to stay;  
But, oh! 'twere a fatal caress—  
And I tore myself madly away.

I rode from the threshold in haste,  
Though the thunder was loud on the sea;  
For the world was one desolate waste,  
And the future one tempest to me.

I reck'd not the start of my steed,  
As he shrunk from the element's din;  
But I hurried him on to his speed,  
For the rage of the storm was within.

One moment I linger'd to gaze  
On the lattice that glimmer'd afar;  
And I sigh'd as I turn'd from its rays,—  
'Twas the beam of my destiny's star.

## THE LIMITED POWER OF MAN.

Man can construct exquisite machines, can call in vast powers, can form extensive combinations, in order bring about results which he has in view. But in all this he is only taking advantage of laws of nature which already exist; he is applying to his use qualities which matter already possesses. Nor can he by any effort do more. He can establish no new law of nature which is not a result of the existing ones. He can invest matter with no new properties which are not modifications of its present attributes. His greatest advances in skill and power are made when he calls to his aid forces which before existed unemployed, or when he discovers so much of the habits of some of the elements as to be able to bend them to his purpose. He navigates the ocean by the assistance of the winds, which he cannot raise or still: and even if we suppose him able to control the force of these, his yet unsubjected ministers, this could only be done by studying their characters, by learning more thoroughly the laws of air, and heat, and moisture. He cannot give the minutest portion of the atmosphere new relations, a new course of expansion, new laws of motion. But the Divine operations, on the other hand, include something much higher. They take in the establishment of the laws of the elements, as well as the combinations of these laws, and the determination of the distribution and quantity of the materials on which they shall produce their effect. We must conceive that the Supreme Power has ordained that air shall be rarefied, and water turned into vapour by heat; no less than that he has combined air and water, so as to sprinkle the earth with showers, and determined the quantity of heat, and air, and water, so that the showers shall be as beneficial as they are.

We may and must, therefore, in our conceptions of the Divine purpose and agency, go beyond the analogy of human contrivances. We must conceive the Deity, not only as constructing the most refined and vast machinery with which the universe is filled; but we must also imagine him as establishing those properties by which such machinery is possible: as giving to the materials of his structure the qualities by which the material is fitted to its use. There is much to be found, in natural objects, of the same kind of contrivance which is common to these and to human inventions: there are mechanical devices, operations of the atmospheric elements, chemical processes. Many such have been pointed out; many more exist. But besides these cases of the combination of means, which we seem able to understand without much difficulty, we are led to consider the Divine Being, as the author of the laws of chemical, of physical, and of mechanical action, and of such other laws as make matter what it is; and this is a view which no analogy of human inventions, no knowledge of human powers, at all assist us to embody or understand. Science, therefore, while it discloses to us the mode of instrumentality employed by the Deity, convinces us, more effectually than ever, of the impossibility of conceiving God's actions by assimilating them to our own.—WHEWELL.

MUSIC.—Music, though now a very complex and difficult art, is, in truth, a gift of the Author of Nature to the whole human race. Its existence and influence are to be traced in the records of every people from the earliest ages, and are perceptible, at the present time, in every quarter of the globe. It is a part of the benevolent order of Providence, that we are capable of receiving from the objects around us, pleasures independent of the immediate purposes for which they have been created. Our eyes do not merely enable us to see external things, so as to avail ourselves of their useful properties; they enable us also to enjoy the delight produced by the sensation of beauty, a perception which (upon whatever principle it may be explained), is something

distinct from any consideration of the mere utility of an object. We could have had the most accurate perceptions of the form and position of every thing that constitutes the most beautiful landscape, without any idea of its beauty. We could have beheld the sun setting amid the glowing tints of a summer evening, without thinking of anything beyond the advantage of serene weather; we might have contemplated the glassy expanse of the ocean, reflecting the tranquil beams of the moon, without any other feeling than the comfort of a safe and easy navigation; and the varieties of hill and dale, of shady woods and luxuriant verdure might have been pleasant only in the eyes of farmers and graziers. We could, too, have listened to sounds with equal indifference to everything beyond the mere information they conveyed to us; and the sighing of the breeze, or the murmuring of the ocean, while we learned nothing from them of which we could avail ourselves, might have been heard without pleasure. It is evident that the perception of external things, for the mere purpose of making use of them, has no connexion with the feeling of their beauty; and that our Creator, therefore, has bestowed on us this additional feeling, for the purpose of augmenting our happiness. Had he not had this design, he might have left us without the sense of beauty or deformity. "If God," says Paley, "had wished our misery, He might have made sure of his purpose, by forming our senses to be as many sores and pains to us, as they are now instruments of our gratification and enjoyment; or by placing us among objects so ill-suited to our perceptions, as to have continually offended us, instead of ministering to our refreshment and delight. He might have made, for instance, everything we saw loathsome, every thing we touched a sting, and every sound a discord."

In place of every sound being a discord, the greatest part of the sounds which we hear are more or less agreeable to us. The infinite variety of sounds produced by the wind and waters, the cries of animals, the notes of birds, and above all, the tones of the human voice, all affect us with various kinds and degrees of pleasure; and, in general, it may be said, that it is such sounds as indicate something to be feared and avoided, such as the howling of wild beasts, or the hissing of serpents, that are positively painful to our ears. In this sense all nature may be said to be full of music, the disagreeable and discordant sounds being (as in artificial music), in such proportion only as to heighten the pleasure derived from those which are agreeable. The human voice is that which pleases us chiefly, and affects us most powerfully. Its natural tones and accents are calculated to penetrate the heart of the listener, and the union of these to articulate speech, in every language, not only produces a melody which pleases the ear, but an effect on the feelings, of which the mere words would be incapable. These natural tones of the voice, either by themselves, or joined to articulate language, constitute music in its simplest state; and the pleasures and feelings derived from such music must necessarily have existed in every form of society.—Hogarth's Musical History.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 27, 1838.

TO MOTHERS.—We earnestly beg to call the attention of all our female readers, to an article on the fifth page of this number of the Pearl, addressed to Mothers, on the health of their daughters. It is from the elegant pen of Mrs. Sigourney. An Essay upon almost any subject from this popular writer would command public attention; and we are glad that, in the present piece, she has invited it to a topic of the first importance, and treated it, as it ought to be treated, not rhetorically, but practically. The subject deeply concerns every parent, and makes a commanding appeal to the heart of every mother. And yet it is one which is universally disregarded; or regarded only to raise a laugh or call forth a sneer. Of the 200,000 females or more, in England and America, who will read the affecting appeal of Mrs. Sigourney, we doubt whether as many as six, will be found, who will pay the least practical attention to it. Many will pronounce it very excellent advice, and eulogize the writer for its presentation, and there the matter will end. Much pity will be excited for the poor creatures who immolate themselves at the shrine of fashion, and yet the yearly sacrifices to this insatiable goddess will receive no diminution. To ask from brainless merciless Fashion the rescue of one single life, is of as much service as to request the miser to part with his coffers of gold. Nor are we alone in this feeling. It is not long since that Messrs. Chambers' headed an article with this singular inscription—

## A SUBJECT UPON WHICH IT IS OF NO USE TO SPEAK.

Of course with such a title we might have imagined it to be a piece adapted to the lovers of silly stuff; instead of nonsense however, we found it treated on a subject of high importance. But those gentlemen shall speak for themselves in the following extract:—

"A treatise "on the deformities of the Chest and Spine,

illustrated by plates, by William Coulson" (Harst, London,) has just come under our notice. The chief object of the author seems to be to point out the injuries arising from the practice of tight-lacing among females; and this he does in a masterly manner. He shows how the practice is undermining the health of the bulk of the young women at the present moment; how it is distorting their spines, giving them a high and low shoulder, causing an unnatural projection of the sternum or breast-bone; rendering them unfit to fulfil properly the functions of mothers; and, lastly, leading to the production of a weak, consumptive, and puny race of people. But it is obvious that any thing, which he has said, will not be of the smallest use in abolishing the practice of tight-lacing. We consider this book as utterly thrown away. The press has for years been reprobating tight-lacing, and yet not the smallest change has been effected. Women squeeze their bodies; distort their spines, and ruin their health as much as ever. All things improve but this. Tight lacing remains a fixed practice, a practice fraught with the most melancholy consequences; yet one which is fixed with more than fetters of iron by the fashions of the times. We might give an extract from Mr. Coulson's book, to show how dreadfully injurious tight lacing is; but where would be the use of it? The matter would be perused no doubt by our young female-readers, but it would have no impression on their understandings; or, to speak more correctly, its truth would be theoretically acknowledged, but practically denied. We have written about tight lacing until we are tired. The conviction now forces itself upon our mind, that if anything like a substantial reform in the practice is to be brought about, it must be by some more potent means than the press. It is now proved beyond the possibility of doubt, that the practice is hurrying thousands of accomplished young females to their graves. Within our own limited sphere, we know several who are dying from no other cause. The mania has descended from high to low life. In Edinburgh, at this instant, there are hundreds of women in the class of domestic servants, who are as much the victims of this execrable fashion as the daughters of the aristocracy.—In short, the crime is universal. But no warning will suffice to assuage it. Must then a whole nation sit down in despair, and see tight lacing go on forever? We suspect it must, unless some reform may be hoped from those mighty ladies who sit at the helm of fashion, and capriciously order the women of Great Britain to wear whatever cut of cloth they think fit. These are the mighty personages who alone, out of a nation of some twenty or thirty millions of souls, have the power to redress this monstrous abuse. To them the nation must pray to be relieved from the thralldom of tight lacing. If the petition be refused then our case is hopeless. But if granted—how instantaneous the delivery.—Quick!—Presto!—Begone! And tight lacing is forever banished from the earth. Ladies, one and all—all women are ladies—instantaneously relax the strings of their corsets.—The wasp figure is abandoned. Health, good shape, and good looks resume their legitimate sway. And our women are themselves again.—Chambers' Journal.

## NEW YORK.

ONE DAY LATER FROM ENGLAND.—By the packet ship Westminster, from London, arrived yesterday, we have London files to the evening of June 9th inclusive. They add little however, to the intelligence brought by the Virginian.

Captain Roberts, of the Sirius, was presented to the Queen at her levee on the 8th.

Lord Brougham, on the same day in the House of Lords, called attention to the proclamation of martial law in Canada, which he said was illegal.—He announced his intention to bring up the subject again at a future day.

Chief Baron Joy, of the Irish Bench, is dead. The papers talk of Mr. O'Connell as his successor.

At a Privy Council held on the 8th June by Her Majesty, the Earl of Gosford was again sworn as a member of the Council, having been a member during the reign of William IV. So it seems that his Lordship is not in disgrace at home.

Green peas were abundant in the London markets, June 9th—at \$2 the quart. Asparagus \$1.25 the bundle. New potatoes 37½ cents the pound. Strawberries 25 cents the ounce.

There was a formidable tithe affray near Waterford in Ireland, on the 1st of June, between a large body of peasantry and 30 policemen backed by the same number of the 68th light Infantry. Four of the policemen were dreadfully injured, and the others, with the soldiers, were put to flight. The countrymen succeeded in carrying off the cattle that had been seized for tithe.

CHURCH AND STATE CONTROVERSY.—At the request of the Christian Influence Society, Dr. Chalmers lately delivered in London, a series of Lectures on National Religious Establishments at the rate, it is reported, of £50 per lecture. This effort on the part of the friends of the state church, has called forth the zeal of their antagonists, and hence the accompanying advertisement:—

The Committee of "The Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty," perceiving the recent efforts made by "The Christian Influence Society," and other bodies, through the Lectures of Dr. Chalmers and various means, to eulogize,

perpetuate, and extend National Religious Establishments—and being convinced that expanded honest inquiry and impartial discussion will lead to other conclusions—and to results more favourable to truth—public morals—Christian piety—the vindication of the rights of conscience—the general welfare—and the improvement and salvation of the people—have resolved to present Prizes of One Hundred Guineas and of Twenty-Five Guineas to the Author of the best and second-best Essays on the subject, supporting the opinion they have expressed. Of the arrangements proposed, Information will be supplied by printed particulars, to be obtained on and after June 1st, of Messrs. Ward and Co., Mr. Dennis, and Mr. Wightman, Paternoster Row—Mr. Ridgway, Piccadilly—Messrs. Knight and Co. Ludgate Street—Messrs. Fisher and Co. Newgate Street—and Messrs. Jackson and Walford, St. Paul's Church Yard, London; and of Messrs. A. and C. Black, and of Messrs. Oliphant and Son, Edinburgh; and Mr. Gallie, and Mr. McLeod, Glasgow.

J. B. BROWN, LLD., Chairman.  
May 14th, 1838. JOHN WILKS, Hon. Secretary.

**THE RESIGNATION OF SIR GEORGE ARTHUR.**—We learn that the agent of Governor Arthur, in this city, has received instructions from Toronto, to suspend certain arrangements, which he had been directed to make, respecting the journey of lady Arthur, who is expected by one of the Liverpool packets, from this City to Canada. This, if true, goes to confirm the rumour from Buffalo we mentioned a day or two since.—*N. Y. American.*

**UPPER CANADA FALSEHOODS.**—All the late reports about invasions into Canada from Michigan and elsewhere, disturbances in the London District, with other alarming accounts, are said to be totally destitute of foundation. We may now substitute *The glorious uncertainty of the News*, for the "glorious uncertainty of the law."

**UPPER CANADA.**—We told our readers, last Thursday, not to believe the formidable rumors from the Western districts—that they were nothing better than moonshine. How correct was our information may be seen by the following paragraph from the Toronto Guardian of Wednesday.

The alarming reports from the Western parts of the province have proved to be little more than hoaxes. The fifteen hundred pirates and rebels who were reported to have landed at Bear Creek, and to have proceeded on a direct march to London, have proved to be a few piratical robbers who landed from a schooner, robbed a house, and made their escape. The reported liberation of the state prisoners in the London District, has turned out to be the rescuing of a person on his apprehension by constables somewhere in that district. We believe the country is tranquil and the government is as safe as it ever was, and fully alive and competent to the public security. Little dependance can be placed upon any news of war or "rumours of war," except official despatches themselves. We have not heard of the apprehension of any more pirates or rebels in the Niagra District.

The same paper, however, contains the following, by which it would seem that the magistrates of Sandwich have a mind to get up an alarm, if the "patriots" will not do it for them.

The magistrates of Sandwich have prohibited (until the pleasure of the Lt. Governor is known) all communication to and from the United States on the Detroit and St. Clair rivers, except at the regular ferries; each individual crossing to give a satisfactory account of himself, and procure a pass, to be signed by a magistrate, commissioned militia officer, or peace officer. They have also ordered water crafts of all kinds, except licensed ferry-boats, on the coast of the Western District, to be seized and brought to Amherstburg or Sandwich. This extraordinary order is dated the 2nd July.

The Montreal Morning Courier states that all the State prisoners except five have been admitted to bail.

The Governor General held a levee at Montreal on the 9th inst. and on the following day set out with his suite for the Upper Province. He was expected to return from his tour in about ten days.

**NOVA-SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.**—It has often been to us a matter of regret that the travelling between the provinces should be so tardy and unsafe. Many times we should have taken a trip to St. John but for the serious obstacles which intervene. What with stony roads, and the consequent chances of having your head pummelled against the coach,—and the dangerous navigation to be encountered after having been shaken almost to pieces on land—render it a matter of no small moment to undertake a tour to St. John. The Chamber of Commerce at St. John, N. B. have been considering the necessity of a more speedy and frequent communication between that City and Halifax. To mercantile men and all others interested in the welfare of these colonies the subject is of vast importance. We want such a communication between the two places, as will attract visitors to each, and render the line of travelling an object of at-

traction. We hope so desirable an object will speedily be accomplished.

**COMMERCIAL BANK.**—On Wednesday, (according to notice,) the Masonic Fraternity made a formal procession, with the fine band of the gallant 11th regiment at their head, to lay the Corner Stone of the *New Commercial Bank*. To witness the customary ceremonies, a large concourse of people assembled, and all passed off without accident. The beautiful pieces of music performed by the Band on the occasion, was the theme of general praise, and gave great delight to the surrounding multitudes.—*St. John Chronicle.*

**NEW WESLEYAN CHAPEL.**—On Sunday afternoon last, Divine Service was performed by the Rev. E. Wood, on the floor of the new chapel, now erecting in St. George's Street; the Rev. Messrs. Busby and McNutt also give their assistance. On Monday a large concourse of people assembled at the same place to witness the ceremony of laying the Foundation stone. The Rev. Messrs. Shepherd, Busby and Wood, officiated on the occasion.—*Ibid.*

**GREAT BOAT RACE.**—The notice which appeared in our columns of the 29th ult. containing a challenge for *one thousand dollars*, has been spiritedly accepted by two distinct parties, one at Halifax, and the other at New-York.—Two communications have been received by us declaring the acceptance of the challenge, copies of which have been furnished to the gentlemen authorising the publication of the notice. Our gallant native Crew, are cheerfully preparing themselves for the contest, and we expect, that in a few days hence, a Committee will be appointed, and the necessary arrangements entered into for the forthcoming race.—*Ibid.*

The examination of the **ROYAL ACADIAN SCHOOL**, which took place on Thursday, afforded much gratification to its numerous Patrons, and many others friendly to Education.—Among the company present were His Excellency Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, several Members of Her Majesty's Executive and Legislative Councils, the Solicitor-General, the Ministers of the Presbyterian Churches in Halifax, and a large number of Ladies.

There were about 200 Children in the School, who went through their examinations in a highly creditable manner, and gave good evidence of the attention devoted by the Reverend Teacher and his able Assistant to their instruction.

His Excellency and the other visitors expressed themselves much pleased with the progress made by the Children in their studies, and particularly so with their neat appearance and excellent behaviour. Rewards were distributed to very many of the Scholars for their meritorious conduct.—*Gazette.*

In the Court of Vice Admiralty,  
At Halifax, 17th July, 1838.

Judge Whidden having considered the motion made by Mr. Murdoch on the second instant, to restore Mr. Sutherland to practice in this Honorable Court, now order that the restraints and suspension against Mr. Sutherland be removed, and that he be allowed to practice as formerly in the Court of Vice Admiralty.

HALIFAX, SS.

In the Supreme Court, Trinity Term, 1838.

Lemuel Allan Wilmot, Q. C. Barrister and Attorney at Law of the Supreme Court, New Brunswick, Thomas Maynard, A. B. and Daniel Dickson, Esquires, were this day duly admitted, sworn and enrolled, Barristers and Attorneys of this Honorable Court; and Edward Allan Pyke, and William Black Black, Students at Law, were also duly admitted, sworn and enrolled, Attornies of this Honorable Court.

24th July, 1838.

**PASSENGERS.**—In the Gypsey from West Indies, J. T. Wainwright, Esq. Miss Wainwright, Miss Godfrey, Miss Stowe, and Mr. DeBanasta. In the Neptune from London, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Medley, and 8 in the steerage. In the packet for Falmouth, Mrs. Rudyerd and Capt Grant, late of the 93d Regt.

#### MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Churchill, Mr. John Weeks, to Elizabeth Slayter, both of this town.

On Saturday last, at Sackville Church, by the Rev. Archibald Gray, Septimus Ellis Scaife, Esq. of Liverpool, England, to Ann, daughter of the late John Henry, Esq.

At St. John's Church, Sackville, by the Rev. H. Gray, on the 12th inst. Mr. John Peters, to Miss Agnes Maria Roukes, both of that parish.

At New York, 30th June, Mr. William Bolton, formerly of this town, to Miss Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Stephen King, Esq. of that city.

Last evening, by the Rev. W. Cogswell, Mr. Christopher Bolton, to Miss Elizabeth Granville, daughter of Mr. Henry Wright, of this town.

#### DIED,

On Saturday afternoon, in the 73rd year of her age, Mrs. Francis Whiston.

At Windsor, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Susannah M. consort of Mr. David Reid, merchant of that place, after a lingering illness which she bore with resignation to the Divine will, and departed this life in full assurance of faith.

At Wolfville, Horton, on Saturday evening last, Henry Best, Esq. Purser in the Royal Navy, in the 62d year of his age.

At Dartmouth, on Friday evening, in the 62d year of her age, Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of the late Christian Bartlin, after five years long and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation to the Divine will.

At Emmetsburg, Illinois, the 7th June, Mr. Jeffrey Power, formerly of Halifax, N. S.

#### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

##### ARRIVED,

Friday, July 20th—schr Mary, Annapolis, lumber; Gipsey, Stowe, Trinidad, 27, and Bermuda, 7 days—the brig. Abigail, Bingay, sailed 4 days previous from Bermuda, for Halifax.

Saturday, 21st—schr Mary, Cann, Sydney; Lady, Bond, Burin, N. F. and Sydney—225 barrels herrings, and coals, to J. & F. Williamson; Sisters, Brothers, and Dolphin, Bridgeport—coal; W. & J. Murdoch, Guysborough—fish, etc.; Abeona, P. E. I.—produce; barque Jean Hastie, Dickson, Trinidad, 20 days—rum and molasses, to J. Leishman & Co—left brig. Tamer, ready to sail; brig Henrietta, sailed a few days previous for Yarmouth; schr Swan, P. E. Island; 5 days—oysters; Star, Arichat—dry fish; Salle, Whitehead—fish; Hugh Denoon, and Elizabeth, Sydney—coal; schrs William and Nancy, Sydney—coal; Star, Barrington—dry fish; Am. schr. Oscar, Lane, Cape Ann, 4 days—bound fishing; schrs. New Commerce, and Six Sisters, Arichat—dry fish and coal; Mermaid, do. do. and mackerel; brig Neptune, Clark, London, 54 days—general cargo, to McNab, Cochran & Co—saw 3d inst. lat. 44 33, long. 38, 22 a steamer bound home; spoke, 4th inst. lat. 44, 59, long. 39 2, ship Talma from New Orleans.

Sunday, 22nd—New schr Joseph Howe, Beaton, Pugwash, 3 days—timber,—saw 20th inst. a 74 gun ship standing in for Chedabucto Bay; schrs. Harriet, Arichat—dry fish and alewives; Seaflower, do,—do. and coals; Queen Angelique, Sydney—do. do.; Trial, do—old iron, and do; schrs Elizabeth and Emily do.—coal.

Monday, 23rd—schrs Sarah & Elizabeth, Margarets Bay—fish; Sisters, Bridgeport, coal; Glasgow, Guysborough, dry and pickled fish; Dove, McNeil, Newfd, 8 days, dry fish to W. & J. McNeil; Amethyst, Hilton, St. Andrew's via Yarmouth, 10 days, lumber and shingles to A. Murison; Am. brig Attention, Plummer, Boston, 5 days, corn, corn meal, etc. to J. Clark and others; brig James, Seymour, St. Thomas 23, and St. Kitts, 22 days; mahogany, cigars, etc. to Deblois & Merkel.

Tuesday, 24th—brig. London Packet, Harvey, Demerara and Mayaguez, 19 days, rum and sugar to Frith, Smith & Co.; brig. B. K. Reece sailed same day for St. John's, N. F.; spoke lat. 27, long. 66; barque Mary, of Baltimore, from Boston. Schr Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. 7 days, salt and salmon to W. J. Starr; brig John, Young, Falmouth, Jam. and New York, 8 days—rum, molasses, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co; Triton, Reap, Quebec, 18 days, bound to St. Kitts—leaky on the 29th ult, experienced a gale off the Magdalen Isles and was obliged to throw over deck load and 12 horses;—brig. Adventure, Jersey, 42 days, to Creighton & Grassie; schr. True Friends, Godin, Quebec, 12 days, flour, etc. to Frith, Smith & Co.; Esperance, Gagnion, Montreal, to S. Binney.

Friday, 27th—brig. James, Hatchard, Trinidad, 19 days, sugar and molasses to Saltus & Wainwright; schr Isabella, from St. Andrews, 13 days.

##### CLEARED,

July 20th—Meridian, Crowell, Newfd—do by S. Binney; Ion, Hammond, St. John, N. B.—flour and sugar by W. M. Allan and S. Binney; brig Sophia, Johnson, W. Indies—dry and pickled fish by C. West & Son; Dove, McEwing, Quebec—sugar and molasses, by M. B. Almon and G. Handley; Pearl, West, Falmouth, Jam. fish, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co; Hilgrove, Bell, B. W. Indies, do. do. Saltus & Wainwright. 24th, Redbreast, Lovett, Berbice, do. do. by D. & E. Starr & Co; brig Granville, Lyle, Kingston, do. do. by H. Lyle; schr. Richmond, Gerroir, Quebec, sugar, etc. by A. Murison, and S. Cuard & Co; Mary, Cann, Sydney, and Mary Ann, Harding, do. 25th—brig Tarejo Segunda, De Silva, St. Michaels, lumber, etc. by McNab, Cochran & Co.; schr Gipsey, Stowe, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. by Saltus & Wainwright. 26th—Ranger, Feran, St. John, N. F. rum, etc. by S. Binney; Two Brothers, Mercier, Quebec, rum, etc. by J. L. Starr; Shannon, Boudroit, and Mary, Petitpas, anchors; Am. brig. Attention, Plummer, Sydney.

Sailed, 20th—barque Ospray, Burrows, London; schr. Victoria, Savage, St. John, N. B. 22nd—H. M. Packet barque Lord Melville, Lieut. Webbe, Falmouth.

##### MEMORANDA.

Quebec, July 14—Arrived schr Waterloo, Halifax. Cl'd, 12th—schr True Friend, Rodier, Halifax; Gaspe Packet, Brulotte, do.

The James left at St. Kitts, schr Thomas and Jane of Yarmouth, vessel and cargo sold; spoke 3d inst. lat. 24, long. 67, brig Maria from St. John, N. B. for Jamaica, 21st inst, off Seal Islands, brig John, Lloyd, from do. for B. W. Indies. The brig President, Crumb, hence, was to sail same day for Jamaica, had been to Antigua and St. Vincent, could not sell.

Trinidad, June 6,—Arrived, brig Glide, Liverpool, N. S. and sailed for a market.



INTEMPERANCE.

EXTRACT FROM MY MSS.

About three years ago, while sitting alone in a room in the city of Baltimore, a rapping at the door arrested my attention. I called out "come in," when one of the most wretched looking beings that my eyes ever rested upon stood before me. I desired him to be seated. His clothes were old and tattered, but gave evidence of having been of the finest material—yet from the grotesque appearance they gave him, it was evident they were not intended for his person, but were the cast-off of some benevolent individuals. I entered into conversation with him, and soon found, that wreck as he was, there were still visible the glimmerings of what he had once been. He was a man of extensive information—of the finest mould of intellect. I learned from his conversation that he had once been at the head of a respectable literary institution in Washington city—had been tutor to the children of the celebrated William Wirt; and had given promising indication of one day being an honour to his country, and the delight of the circle with which he should associate—all of which I afterwards had reason to believe was generally correct. But, alas! how fallen—alas! how degraded! The sin of intemperance had blighted his fairest prospects—had quenched his liveliest hopes. Yet he seemed repentant—truly repentant. Said that he was sensible of his moral abandonment, and censured not the world, that they stood aloof from him, and cast him from them as a serpent. That he designed to retract his wanderings, and once more share in comforts he had so unwisely sacrificed. His condition touched me deeply, and I could scarce refrain from shedding tears. Upon his statement that he was houseless and penniless I gave him what charity I was able, with the entreaty that he would not spend it for rum! He promised—departed, and I silently breathed a prayer that he might return to the bosom of his friends, a reformed man.

A few days afterwards—not five hundred yards from the very place where he had plighted his vow to drink no more—I saw the same individual in a state of beastly intoxication—extended upon a cellar door—his coat torn from the waist to the collar—his person covered with mud, and exposed to the wanton insults of the thoughtless and mischievous boys. Oh, how my heart shrank within at the spectacle! I approached where he lay, and calling him by name, said, "is this you?" He raised his bloated countenance a moment, and fixing his dull eye upon me, with a glance of recognition, he muttered, "sic transit gloria mundi," and then relapsed into all the moody indifference and stupefaction of a sot! Oh, is there any thing so entirely subversive of the best interests of man as intemperance? Here was an individual, who, but for this vice, might have lived in the approval and confidence of his friends—the approbation of God—and finally have received admission into those pearly gates that encompass the New Jerusalem—but what deep pollution—what intellectual abasement—what utter insensibility to his own well-being was here manifested. Poor man, if any thing ever served to warn me of the rock upon which he split, it was his own case. For weeks did he haunt my waking and dreaming hours, and the memory of poor B— will, with me, never—never cease to have existence. E. Y. R.

Methodist Protestant.

HEAT AND MOSQUITOES.

Mr. Tyrone Power, in his excursion in America a few years ago, returned to New York from Canada by way of the Utica canal. The heat he endured in the course of his passage is described by him (Impressions of America, vol. i.) as having been truly dreadful, the thermometer at Lockport being as high as 110 degrees of Fahrenheit. His account of the heat and mosquitoes is most graphic. "Towards the second night (says he) our progress became tediously slow, for it appeared to grow hot in proportion as the evening advanced—every consideration became absorbed in our sufferings. This night I found it impossible to look in upon the cabin; I therefore made a request to the captain that I might be permitted to have a mattress on deck; but this, he told me, could not be; there was an existing regulation which positively forbade sleeping upon the deck of a canal packet; indeed, he assured me that this could only be done at the peril of life, with the certainty of catching fever and ague. I appeared to submit to his well-meant arguments, but inwardly resolved not to sleep within the den below, which exhibited a scene of suffocation and its consequences that defies description.

I got my cloak up, filled my hat with cigars, and, planting myself about the centre of the deck, here resolved, in spite of dews and mosquitoes, to weather it through the night.

"What is the name of the country we are now passing?" I inquired of one of the boatmen who joined me about the first hour of morning.

"Why, sir, this is called the Cedar Swamp," answered the man, to whom I handed a cigar, in order to retain his society and create more smoke, weak as was the defence against the hungry swarms surrounding us on all sides.

"We have not much more of this Cedar Swamp to get through, I hope," inquired I, seeking for some consolatory information.

"About fifty miles more, I guess," was the reply of my companion, accompanying each word with a sharp slap on the back of his hand, or on his cheek or forehead.

"Thank heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, drawing my cloak closer about me, although the heat was killing: "we shall after that escape in some sort, I hope, from these legions of mosquitoes?"

"I guess not quite," replied the man; "they are as thick, if not thicker, in the Long Swamp."

"The long Swamp!" I repeated; "what a horrible name for a country! Does the canal run far through it?"

"No, not so very far! only about eighty miles."

"We've then done with swamps, I hope, my friend?" I inquired, as he kept puffing and slapping on with unwearied constancy.

"Why, yes, there's not a heap more swamp, that is to say, not close to the line, till we come to within about forty miles of Utica."

"And is that one as much infested with these infernal insects as are the Cedar and Long Swamps?"

"I guess that is the place above all for the mosquitoes," replied the man grinning. "thim's the real gallinippers, emigrating north for the summer all the way from the Balize and Red River. Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast-iron kettle among thim chaps, and if their bills don't make a watering-pot of it before morning, I'm blown. They're strong enough to lift the boat out of the canal, if they could only get underneath her."

I found these swamps endless as Banquo's line: would they had been shadows only; but alas! they were yet to be encountered, horrible realities not to be evaded. I closed my eyes in absolute fear, and forbore further inquiry."

ASSIZE PROCESSION.—The following description of the reception of the judges of assize at Kerry, in 1732, by the high sheriff, the Hon. J. Fitzmaurice, afterwards Earl of Shelburne, is given by Mr. Smith, in his History of Kerry:—When Lord Shelburne was high sheriff of this county, in 1732, he received the judges of assize, at the bounds of the county, in a most magnificent and splendid manner, the particulars of which are as follows: two running footmen led the way, being clothed in white, with their black caps dressed with red ribbons, and red sashes with deep fringes; four grooms leading four stately horses, with their caparisons, their manes and tails dressed with roses of red ribbons; a page in scarlet, laced with silver, bearing the sheriff's white rod; the high sheriff in scarlet, his sword hanging in a broad shoulder belt of crimson velvet, covered with silver lace, mounted on a beautiful horse, having a Turkish bridle, with reins of green silk intermixed with gold, the caps and housings of green velvet, that was almost covered with gold lace, and bordered with a deep gold fringe; two trumpets in green, profusely laced with silver; twelve livery men in the colours of the family, mounted on black horses, of the value of from twenty to forty pounds, with long tails, which, as well as their manes, were decked with roses of red ribbons, the caps and housings being a centaur in brass, which is the crest of the Fitzmaurices; they had short horseman's wigs of one cut, with gold-laced hats; their back swords hung in broad buff belts, their cravats, or stocks, were black, fastened with two large gilt buttons behind; each had a brace of pistols and a bright carbine hanging in a basket on his right side, with a stopper in the muzzle, of red mixed with white, that looked not unlike a tulip; his riding coat, with a scarlet cape and gilt buttons, was rolled up behind him; the Earl of Kerry's gentleman of the horse, single, mounted on a fine black horse; the steward, waiting gentleman, and other domestics of Lord Kerry. The cavalcade were all of the earl's own family, and mounted out of his stable to the number of thirty-five. After these followed the gentlemen of the county, who were very numerous, with about twenty led horses, with field-clothes, attending them.

THE SPARTANS.—If some Spartans were noble, every Spartan boasted himself gentle. His birth forbade him to work, and his only profession was the sword. To be born a Spartan was to be born to power. The sense of superiority and the habit of command impart a certain elevation to the manner and to the bearing. There was, probably, more of dignity in the poorest Spartan citizen than in the wealthiest noble of Corinth—the most voluptuous courtier of Syracuse. \* \* By her valour, Sparta was long the most eminent state of the most intellectual of all countries; and, when we ask what she has bequeathed to mankind; what she has left us in rivalry to that of Athens, whose poetry yet animates, whose philosophy yet guides, whose arts yet inspire the world—we find only the names of two or three minor poets, whose works have perished, and some half-a-dozen pages of pithy aphorisms, and pointed repartees!—Bulwer.

INDIAN GIPSIERS.—The Kangjars are a kind of vagrant gipsy-like tribe, and prey upon all kinds of birds, which they can catch with a spike fastened to a long jointed rod. They reject beef, but eat crocodiles, or whatever else comes in their way. The men gather peacock feathers for sale, and make ropes of the grass called Sabe, which seem to be the principal exertions that they make for procuring grain; but in the hot season they make a good deal by collecting for Europeans the roots of the grass called Khaskhas. Their women are in this district the only

persons who tattoo the female Hindus, but many Nat from other places share in this gain. They worship a goddess called Bibi, (a Persian word meaning lady), and a male called Porandhami. They offer sacrifices, and the priest, whose office is hereditary, is called Phuldhariya. They pretend that they will admit into their society any person of high caste, and that such converts have been made; but they reject low connexions. They usually live in small portable sheds, but in Patua they have two or three shops, where they sell ropes and the grass roots, and the owners have some little capital, and employ their brethren to collect.—From Montgomery Martin's "Eastern India."

FEMALE RESOLUTION.—Dumout, whose "Narrative of a Thirty-four years Slavery and Travels in Africa, has recently been published, relates the following anecdote of a female during the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782:—"The Count d'Artois came to St. Roach, to visit the place and the works. I well remember that his highness, while inspecting the lines in company with the Duke de Crillon, both of them with their suite alighted, and all lay flat on the ground, to shun the effects of a bomb that fell near a part of the barracks where a French woman had a canteen. This woman, with two children on her arm, rushes forth, sits with the utmost sang froid on the bomb shell, puts out the match, and thus extricates from danger all that were around her. Numbers were witnesses of this incident; and his highness granted her a pension of three francs a day, and promised to promote her husband after the siege. The Duke de Crillon imitated the prince's generosity, and insured to her likewise a payment of five francs a day.

HATS AND CAPS.—When Lieutenant Wilsted and his companions were travelling in Arabia, their dresses were much criticised by the simple Arabs. Their hats they styled "jidders," or cooking-pots; but the eye shade of the dress caps afforded the widest scope for conjecture. "What can it be for?" was echoed from all sides. "Wonderful!" at length exclaimed an old seer, with uplifted hands, who had not before spoken; "wonderful! These Infidels are doomed to eternal perdition, and with becoming modesty, they shroud their eyes from the looks of the Almighty, nor will they lift them upwards, lest they should profanely encounter his gaze."

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to a dower, asserts that if "land abide in the husband for a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof;" and he adds, that "this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart, but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle the longest, whereby he became seized of an estate by survivorship, in consequence of which his widow obtained a verdict for her dower."

DUTIFUL WIDOW.—The clerk of a large parish, not five miles from Bridgenorth, Salop, perceiving a female crossing the churchyard in a widow's garb, with a watering can and bundle, had the curiosity to follow her, and he discovered her to be Mrs. —, whose husband had not long been interred. The following conversation took place:—"Ah! Mrs.—, what are you going to do with your watering can?" "Why, Mr. P.—, I have begged a few hayseeds, which I have in my bundle, and am going to sow them upon my poor husband's grave, and have brought a little water with me, to make them spring." The clerk replied: "You have no occasion to do so, as grass will soon grow upon it." "Ah! Mr. P.—, that may be; but do you know my poor husband, who now lies here, made me promise him on his death bed I would never marry again till the grass had grown over his grave; and having had a good offer made me, I dunna wish to break my word, or be kept as I am."

DUELS.—With respect to duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the Unfathomable, and to dissolve therein, at any rate very soon,—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and simultaneously, by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution; and off-hand, become air and non-existent! Deuce on it—the little spit-fires! Nay, I think, with old Hugo von Trimberg—"God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous manikins here below."—Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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

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