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# COLONIAL PEARL.

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From the Friendship's Offering.  
THE MAID OF PADUA.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

It was on the occasion of the heir of Visconti attaining his majority, that the splendid palace of the count, his father, was the scene of feasting and rejoicing. All the world, that is to say the world of Padua, was there; and every thing which could please the eye or the ear of the man of taste, or administer to the less refined appetites of the lovers of good living, was provided with a liberality commensurate with the princely revenues of the hospitable entertainer.

The host, not confining his invitations to the rich and the high-born, had gathered round him those whose only wealth was their talents, and, among others, was a young student of the university, whose name was Leonardo; and who, by the liveliness of his conversation, and the brilliancy of his wit, contributed largely to the amusement of the evening. Wherever he moved, a circle gathered around him, and even a blind man might have traced his progress, through the crowded saloons, by the laughter which proclaimed his presence.

He was standing by an open window, when some quick reply, which he made to a rallying remark that was addressed to him, attracted the attention of a female who was sitting with her back to the company, and caused her to turn her face full upon the speaker. Leonardo paused, and the merry expression of his features changed, for a moment, to that of admiration, as the beautiful vision of that fair girl's face met his gaze. It will not be difficult to find excuses for the vanity which stimulated the young student to put forth all his powers of conversation, while he felt that the attention of so lovely an auditor was riveted upon him, nor did he tax his genius in vain; a smile from the sweetest lips in all Padua was the rich guerdon of his exertions, as with a sparkling yet good-natured repartee, he turned the jest of some assailant upon himself.

"Did Leonardo fall in love with the damsel?" it will be asked. He was infinitely too discreet a person to think seriously of the heiress of the wealthiest house in Italy. It is true, he thought her the fairest creature he had ever seen; and had he been the heir of Visconti, he would have been but too happy to share his honours and possessions with such a wife. But the case was far otherwise. Leonardo, though of respectable family, was dependent upon his talents for making his way in the world; and the path he had chosen to fame and fortune was that of medicine, in the science of which, he had young as he was, attained a degree of proficiency that had attracted the notice, and gained the applause of the heads of the college.

His means were limited, but, happily for him, his wants were more so, and thus, by abstinence from the gaieties, to use no harsher term, which characterized the generality of the young men of the university, he reaped the advantages of unimpaired health and freedom from the anxiety consequent on pecuniary embarrassments, as well as from the inroads which the pursuit of pleasure ever makes upon the time of the student.

Young ladies of eighteen are not remarkable—to their honour be it mentioned—for pecuniary calculations in affairs of the heart; and we will not disguise from the reader, who has a right to our confidence, that something like admiration of the student found its way into the bosom of Giulietta Montalto, as she listened to the conversation of Leonardo. That his face had anything to do with her admiration we cannot believe, for he was not one of these Werter-visaged men, with an expression which has been described as "half savage half sad," with whom young maidens are wont to fall in love at first sight, and take their morals upon trust.

Leonardo, on the contrary, was the merriest fellow alive; and his countenance said as much; and if a light conscience, and unvarying health, could make a man merry, he had good right to be so. It may be, however, that this was the very quality which had taken Giulietta's fancy. She had known, even in her short life, many very miserable wives, who she was informed had very "sad husbands," and therefore it is possible that she might prefer a merry one. This, however, is mere conjecture—we wish not to dive into the depths of a young lady's heart; though, perhaps, if we did, we should find some very sunny thoughts there. This, however, we do know; that on her arrival at home, she remarked to the Abigail who assisted her to unrobe, that she thought Leonardo worth all the tagged, tasselled, and tinsel-coxcombs at the entertainment.

Well; time passed on, as pass it will—whether we waste or value it; and our young collegian studied, and danced, and fiddled, and joked as usual, with but one apprehension in his mind, namely, that he was too merry for a doctor of physic, and that he should

assuredly laugh in the face of the most profitable half of his patients, that is, those whose diseases existed only in their own imaginations.

"But," says the word of inspiration, "there is a time to laugh and a time to weep;" and Leonardo could be sad, as all who have kind and generous hearts must often be, in this world of misery and tears. He was sad when, at the bedside of some humble patient, who could not bribe the attendance of the distinguished men of the profession, he saw that medicine could do no more, and he could no longer bid the weeping wife or the distracted parent be of good cheer. He was sad too—very sad—when he contemplated the ravages of the disease which kills the soul, and witnessed the agony of the heart which could not pray, save that the mountains and the rocks should fall and "hide him from the wrath of the Lamb."

Leonardo occasionally met Giulietta at public places and private entertainments; and as neither of them had the fashionable accomplishment of keeping the smile of the heart from mounting to the lips, it was discernible enough to a witness of their meeting that the pleasure of it was mutually felt. Doubtless our readers will take for granted that, on all practicable occasions, they squeezed themselves into the recesses of bay windows,—licensed to carry two only—and looked at the moon, and talked in whispers, with innumerable parentheses of sighs, and an occasional application of the gloved finger to the corner of the eye, and other fooleries which the sentimental are wont to enact, to the inconceivable diversion of the bystanders. No such thing: Leonardo never looked sentimental, for he felt that it did not fit his cast of countenance; and he never talked sentiment, because he knew it to be the most unendurable of all twaddle, except to milk-maids and milliners' misses.

But surely, it will be said, he must have been in love with her by this time. I do not think he was. It is true her bright eyes, and her clustering locks, and her fair brow, and her sweet smile, would sometimes float between his eye and the pages of Paracelsus, and he could not help thinking that the husband of such a girl would be a very lucky fellow; and that if the prize fell to himself he should certainly go mad with delight; but when he reflected that all his wealth lay in a futurity of phials and gallipots he would laugh aloud at the absurdity of the thought of such a union.

For several days Leonardo missed "his fair friend," as he sometimes ventured to style her, at "the accustomed place," where the fashion of Padua "most did congregate;" which at first did not particularly excite his surprise, until, not having seen her for a fortnight, he made some inquiries, and heard, with more anxiety than he thought the intelligence would have occasioned him, that she was confined to her room.

It happened one morning, as he was passing through an obscure street in Padua, he felt his garment plucked, and on turning round beheld a stripling, Vincentio by name, whom he recognised as the page of Giulietta. The youth cast a hasty glance around him to satisfy himself that no other eye than Leonardo's was upon him. "Your pardon, signor," he said in a subdued tone, "but I have that to say, which may not be breathed here, lest a bird should carry the matter; but where may I safely communicate with you at nightfall?"

"In no safer place," was the reply; "than my own room, where you will find me from eight until midnight. Know you the house?"

"Yes, signor, and will wait on you at nine."

"Be it so," said Leonardo; and ere the words died upon his lips, the page darted down a narrow avenue, leaving our student lost in a wilderness of conjecture as to the occasion of the promised visit.

The last stroke of the hour of nine was yet vibrating, when a gentle tap was given at the door of Leonardo's humble chamber, and the next moment, the page advanced with noiseless step into the room and stood before the student.

The boy's story was briefly to the effect, that, about three weeks previous, Giulietta had been persuaded to remain in the damp air of the evening longer than was warranted by prudence, and the consequence was a somewhat severe cold: that the sister of the marchese her father, who was frequently on a visit to his house, had professed the greatest alarm on the occasion, and insisted upon calling in medical aid, pointing out one Vivaldi, a physician who had settled in Padua some year or two before, and, by the almost miraculous cures he performed, had acquired a reputation which eclipsed that of every practitioner in the city. The page went on to state that this measure was adopted, if not against

the remonstrance of the marchese, certainly in opposition to his opinion, inasmuch as he was disposed to regard the indisposition of his daughter as a mere cold which the ordinary remedies, and a few hours' confinement to her chamber would remove,

Accordingly the physician came; looked remarkably grave upon the case, hinted at pulmonary disease, and concluded by stating that if prompt measures were not resorted to, he would not answer for the consequences. Of course he had *carte blanche*;—prescribed, and recommended that a nurse should forthwith be provided—some discreet person whom the young lady's family would doubtless be able to select. Her aunt, the marchese's sister, named one on the instant, and Giulietta, *volens volens*, was placed on the permanent sick list. The remedies, however, which were applied by the physician, appeared, in the judgment of the page, to be worse than the disease; for the effects of the first dose were giddiness and loss of sight, and a train of feelings altogether so unusual that if they did not create apprehensions in the breast of the young lady, thoroughly alarmed her faithful servant.

The page paused for a moment at this part of his narrative, when his auditor remarked, "Well, my young friend, in taking for granted that I feel an interest in a lady whose virtues must recommend her to all who have the honour of her acquaintance, you do me but justice; but to confess the truth, I am at a loss to guess to what your story tends. Vivaldi is a man of unquestionable ability—without a rival in Padua, and your mistress is in good hands."

"I doubt it," responded Vincentio.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the student with a smile; "then you differ from all the world in your estimate of his talents."

"Nay," rejoined the stripling, "I doubt not his talents, but I fear that they are sometimes applied to kill as well as to cure."

"In the name of all that is horrible," cried Leonardo, "what do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said the page, "because I can trust you with my secret."

"Your confidence is of rapid growth then," was the rejoinder, "for if I mistake not, we have never exchanged so many words before."

"Have you so soon forgotten," asked the other, "the widow's son whom you visited in his sickness and poverty, and rescued him from an early grave, to be the stay of his mother in her distress, which, thanks to my lord the marchese! it has been his good fortune to alleviate."

"And are you," exclaimed the student in surprise, "the little fellow whom I visited in the dark street by the convent?"

"The same," was the answer, "and he lives to thank you as his preserver."

"Nay," responded Leonardo, "thank God, whose humble instrument He was pleased to make me in your restoration. But to your story. Whence arise your horrible suspicions?"

"I will tell you," said the youth. "Giulietta is the marchese's only child, in the event of whose death the vast estates of the family will, at her father's decease, go to the Count Rinaldi his sister's husband, in the right of his wife. Now all the world knows that the count is in such pecuniary embarrassments that he has been driven to exile himself. His wife is an ambitious woman and I know her to be an unprincipled one, though she bears a fair name in the world, and is an especial favourite of her generous and too confiding brother."

"Well," rejoined Leonardo, "you have assigned a motive to the aunt of the young lady; whether she be actuated by it, 'tis not for me or you to determine; but whence arise your suspicions of Vivaldi?"

"I like not that same Vivaldi," exclaimed the page.

"Nor I either," was the reply, "because he never laughs, and that is a bad sign; but a man may be very disagreeable, and yet not harbour thoughts of murder."

"My mistrust of him," resumed the youth, "arises not so much from one or two somewhat singular deaths which have occurred in families where he has attended,—although they struck me forcibly at the time—as from a look which was exchanged between him and my lady's nurse, and which was not likely to have passed between two persons who professed to meet as entire strangers. They were evidently betrayed into the signal by a forgetfulness of my presence, of which they were no sooner conscious, than Vivaldi turned an eye of scrutinizing inquiry upon my countenance."

"And what read he there?" asked Leonardo.

"As much as he would have gathered from a deal plank of a

stone wall," was the dry rejoinder of the shrewd young stripling.

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed the other, "that your seats should have aught of truth for their foundation! But, tell me, of whom are the drugs purchased which Vivaldi prescribes?"

"Of Grasso, the little apothecary, by the church yonder," was the answer.

"An honest man and a true," remarked the student. "I know him for one who would not put his hand to so dark a deed as that you hint at. But, tell me, who is despatched for the medicines?"

"Myself," replied the page.

"Then, perhaps," resumed his companion, "you can name the ingredients?"

"Nay," said the boy, "it passes my humble knowledge to read the cramped scrawl of the learned physician; but there," he added, drawing a paper from his bosom; "read it yourself! I am even now on my way for another supply."

Leonardo eagerly snatched at the paper; but after a glance at its contents, he remarked, "Well! there is nothing here to kill or cure. One would think that Vivaldi, having been called in, deemed he must do something for his fee; and, therefore, has prescribed that which will do neither good nor harm, while he trusts to Nature to work the cure of an unimportant ailment in her own way."

"But are you sure," said the page, "that it is not the mere vehicle—menstruum I think you doctors call it—of some pernicious drug, intended to work the mischief I apprehend?"

"Shrewdly put, my young sir," exclaimed the other; "but now, tell me, into whose hands do you deliver the mixture when it is obtained?"

"To the nurse," was his reply.

"Who, of course, administers it to the patient," resumed Leonardo.

"No," said the boy, "that office, by special arrangement—wherefore, I know not, except for the purpose of implicating me—is reserved for me; and as the portion is not taken until noon, when my lady has quitted her chamber, there would appear to be no reason why I should not perform it."

The student made no immediate rejoinder to this remark, but seemed lost for some moments in profound meditation upon the startling intelligence which had been communicated to him. At last he said, "Reluctant as I am to believe that there are three persons in Padua base and wicked enough to entertain so diabolical a project, I confess there is that in what you have told me which has given me cause for uneasiness, if not for suspicion. Yet what to do in the matter passes my poor judgment to decide. Do you, however, keep your own counsel, until this mystery be further developed, in order to which, do you procure two phials of the mixture this evening; delivering one to the nurse as usual, and secreting the other on your person; and you have much less dexterity than I give you credit for, if, when you are about to perform your office of Aesculapean cupbearer, you cannot exchange the bottles, and giving your lady the contents of the concealed bottle, secure for me that which had previously been in the custody of the nurse. Will you undertake to do this?"

"That will I," was the answer, "though the eyes of Argus were upon me the while."

The Council of Two adjourned their sitting until the following evening; and having arranged to meet at the same hour, the page proceeded on his errand to the apothecary, and thence returned to the palace of the marchese, whose anxiety at the situation of his only child it is impossible to describe, aggravated as were his apprehensions by the singular and distressing effects of the potion which had been given the day previous. It was accordingly with the utmost impatience that he waited for the arrival of Vivaldi on the following morning. The learned physician, however, listened to an account of the effects produced by the medicine with great complacency; assured the marchese that they were precisely those which he expected and desired, and that if the course adopted were persevered in, he should have not the slightest doubt of the result being every thing that he could wish.

During this conference, Vinzentio was waiting in the ante-room of Giulietta's chamber, out of which the nurse followed the physician on his taking leave, probably for the purpose of some communication on the subject of their patient, with which, however, the presence of the page appeared to interfere. The looks exchanged by the worthy pair tended to confirm him in his opinion as to the existence of a confederacy, whether for good or for evil, and he resolved to be more than ever on the alert.

As on the preceding day, Vinzentio was summoned to administer the unwelcome dose to his lovely mistress, in whom he was greatly shocked to perceive an alteration, which, prepared for it as he was in some manner, he could not have supposed would have occurred in so brief a space. A moment's thought, however, on the important part which he was conscious of playing in the drama—he hoped it would not prove to be a tragedy—restored his self-possession. The duplicate bottle was concealed in his sleeve, and with a nerve and hardihood scarcely to be looked for at his years, but which, nevertheless, was essential to the success of his manœuvre, he effected the exchange at the very mo-

ment that he was staring the nurse full in the face. This piece of audacity he subsequently justified by alleging that had he turned from her during the operation, he could not have been sure that it had not been watched, while the attempt at concealment would, in itself, have excited suspicion.

Giulietta turned from the nauseous mixture with a shudder, occasioned by a recollection of the effects of the first she had taken; but encouraged by her favourite page, who ventured to hint that the same consequences might not result, she swallowed the draught, observing, as she did so, that there was a slight difference in the taste, which she thought not quite so disagreeable as that of the former one. This remark was not heard by the nurse, who was engaged at the window of the apartment, and Vinzentio was not sorry that it had escaped her.

Punctually at the hour of nine was our trusty page at the door of Leonardo, to whom he delivered the phial, the contents of which had been intended for his mistress. The liquor in it was perfectly transparent, and to all appearance in the same state as he had received it from the apothecary. Our student, having extracted the cork, put the bottle to his lips, and then replaced it on the table before him. He then rose, and taking from a cupboard a small mahogany cabinet, of exquisite workmanship and curiously inlaid, he opened it with a key which, suspended round his neck by a ribbon, had been concealed beneath his vest.

"This," said he to the page, "was presented to me by a celebrated German chemist, to whom it lay in my way to render some slight service. It is a valuable collection of what we call technically *tests* and *re-agents*, and consists of some very rare and costly drugs."

As he spoke, he took from the cabinet a small bottle, from which he transferred a single drop into the phial already mentioned. He then, with fixed attention, and apparent anxiety, watched the effect for some minutes, but it was scarcely perceptible, the transparency of the liquid remaining undisturbed.

The student shook his head, and resorted again to his cabinet, whence he drew another small bottle containing a powder, of which he took a few grains on the point of his pen-knife, and dropped them into the medicine. The effect of this experiment was not immediately discernible; but after the lapse of perhaps two minutes, the liquor in the phial became slightly clouded—and in the course of another minute its transparency was utterly gone.

A slight ejaculation escaped Leonardo at this stage of the experiment, but he made no remark, continuing to watch the process with intense anxiety as before. Another minute elapsed—probably a shorter space, for time moves heavily while we are looking eagerly for a result—when the opacity of the liquid diminished, and shortly afterwards, its transparency was restored, with the exception of a whitish sediment, which extended about the sixteenth part of an inch from the bottom of the phial.

"You are right, boy," exclaimed the student at the close of his test; "there is foul play here!"

"And my poor mistress is murdered!" returned the page, with a cry of horror.

"Not yet, at any rate," replied Leonardo; "but if she be not murdered, the failure will not be at the door of Vivaldi."

"I will denounce him instantly to the marchese," said the youth, in an agony of indignation and grief, at the same time seizing his cap.

"You will do no such thing, Vinzentio," responded the student, "because you will bring yourself into the awkward predicament of making a charge which you have no means of substantiating even in *foro conscientiæ*, much less in a court of justice. I see—or I greatly wrong Vivaldi—the game he is playing—which is to destroy life by degrees; so that when death occurs it should seem to be the consequence of disease, and not the result of a conspiracy, which it is hard to conceive even the devils in hell could form against so fair and amiable a being. The powder which you perceive forms a sediment in that bottle is a deadly poison, and administered even in that minute quantity, would, in the end, as surely destroy life as the pistol or the dagger. Nevertheless, it is sometimes used medicinally; and were you to denounce Vivaldi at this early stage of his plot, he would justify himself upon that ground."

"But in the meantime," inquired Vinzentio somewhat indignantly, "is my poor young lady to be sacrificed to these fiends in the guise of humanity?"

"Not if I can prevent it," replied Leonardo, "as with God's blessing and your help, I yet trust to do. You say she had taken but one dose of this devil's elixir?" he continued.

"But one," was the answer.

"Then the evil ends with the temporary inconvenience to which it subjected her. Nature will soon regain her balance, and our care must be for the future."

Thus speaking he again resorted to his cabinet, and opening another division in it, drew forth a bottle nearly full of a powder, which he remarked, as he displaced the stopper, was as precious as gold; but he added, "Were it my heart's blood, the preservation of that dear girl would consecrate the sacrifice."

He then delivered the bottle to Vinzentio, and with it, taken from a small drawer of the cabinet, a series of very minute silver

cups one within another, forming, what is technically called, a nest of measures, of course of different capacity.

"This powder," continued the student, "is in itself perfectly innocent," of which, he added, filling the largest cup with a portion of it, and placing it on his tongue, "be this the proof. It has, however, the quality of counteracting many mineral poisons and especially that to which Vivaldi has had recourse. Now with the dexterity which enabled you to substitute one phial for another, you will be at no loss to drop a portion of this powder into the cup from which the fair Giulietta takes the draught. The potion will then be as innocuous as that which you administered to her this morning, and thus she will recover in spite of the physician—and that is saying something in most cases, and a great deal in this."

"But which," asked the page, "of all these measures, am I to use?"

"Begin," replied Leonardo, "with the smallest; then use the next, and so on—increasing the quantity every day; for I doubt not that when Vivaldi perceives that his medicine fails of its desired object, he will go on adding to the portion of the pernicious ingredient in each successive dose. Now," asked the student, "can I trust you to do all this?"

"As implicitly," responded the page, "as you would one whose own life depended on his fulfilling your instructions to the letter."

"Then to you work!" said Leonardo; "which may God prosper, and thus shall we foil the conspirators with their own weapons." The duumvirate council then separated.

On the following day the physician repeated his call at the palace, when he was met by the marchese, who, his eyes sparkling with joy the while, announced to him a material improvement in his daughter. Vivaldi, with an expression of satisfaction on his lip, which however was belied by the perplexity of his looks, proceeded to the apartment of Giulietta, whom greatly to his surprise if not to his delight, he found in much better spirits, and certainly bearing the appearance of improved bodily health.

The first question propounded by the doctor was whether the last draught had produced effects similar to those which followed the former one; and on being answered by the patient in the negative, a cloud passed over his countenance; and sinking his head, he expressed his disappointment, as well as his fears, that matters were not going on as he could wish.

He took his leave, followed by the nurse into the ante-chamber, where as usual, was the indefatigable page, looking as stolid and stupid as his naturally handsome and intelligent features would allow him to do. His quick eye, however, was upon them the instant that theirs were removed from him, and he perceived Vivaldi direct a look of inquiry at the nurse, which the latter answered by an affirmative gesture.

Thus matters went on for some time; the doctor becoming every day more and more mystified, and prognosticating the worst consequences from the disappearance of the symptoms which followed the first draught, and the patient declaring that she did not care a rush for what the doctor said, for she felt that she was everyday getting better, and referred to the returning roses on her fair cheeks as evidence of the fact.

Vivaldi said nothing to her, but by way of damping the marchese's exultation on the occasion, hinted at " hectic bloom," as indicative of that disease which he feared, since his remedies failed their effect, it was past the power of medicine to cure.

In the mean time, the Council of Two met at irregular intervals, when Vinzentio reported progress, and Leonardo analyzed Vivaldi's nostrums, of which the page, by way of caution, occasionally brought him a sample acquired by a repetition of his ruse. The investigation in each case bore out the student's prediction, that the proportion of poison would be gradually augmented. The stripling, to whom the sight of Vivaldi, and the harriidan his confederate, was an abomination, was impatient to play the game out as he termed it, and thus bring matters to a crisis, by denouncing the criminals. He was, however, continually restrained by his graver and more cautious companion, who counselled him to wait for an opportunity, which the chapter of accidents would at no distant day afford him, of striking a blow with effect.

Giulietta had borne what she rightly deemed her unnecessary confinement to her apartment for a reasonable, or as some would say unreasonable, period, without a murmur, as well as without any perceptible diminution of her cheerfulness or good humour. At last, however, she began to grow impatient, to sigh for a canter on her grey palfrey, and for her accustomed drives; and we will not pledge ourselves, that her impatience was not increased by a desire to know whether a certain student of Padua looked as merry—shall we add, as handsome?—as he was wont to be. That she had some curiosity on the subject is to be inferred from the fact of her occasionally putting a careless question on the subject to her page.

Vinzentio, however—it being no part of his policy in the present position of affairs to acknowledge any very close intimacy with the student—displayed a very remarkable, and to her extremely provoking, ignorance of the individual to whom her inquiry referred. "Was he a pale young man, with a snub nose and red hair?"—"No." "Then perhaps, it was a pock-marked



youth, with thick German lips, and skull to match, who squinted most feloniously, and had a halt in his gait?" "Pshaw! how very stupid."

After a few more such guesses, as wide of the mark as he could cast them, he on a sudden recollected the party alluded to. "Oh, ha!—he remembered now—yes,—he had seen him once or twice lately—thought him not looking quite so well as of yore—studied hard, no doubt,—poor devils! they were obliged to do so. For his part, he wondered the smell of the lamp did not poison them!"

The page spoke in jest; but, alas! how many are there, whom the necessities of life, not less than the ardour of genius, condemn to inspire from the midnight lamp that poison which hurries them to an early—and even in the case of the most gifted—to an unremembered grave!

It happened that the scene of the parting conference between the physician and the nurse, had been changed of late from the ante-room of the lady's chamber, to the armoury of the palace, a large apartment, hung round with ancient suits of mail, in which the ancestors of the marchese were wont to earn their laurels. The motive of this removal is of course to be found in a desire to avoid the presence of the page, who was accustomed to take his station in the said ante-room.

"Ursula," said Vivaldi one day as he closed the door of the armoury on their conference—"I cannot account for this; there is a mystery which it passeth my art to fathom. This girl should have been on the verge of the grave by this time; and behold! she is as well as you or I."

"I am sure it is no fault of mine," replied the worthy confederate; "that she is not dead and buried, which that she may soon be I devoutly hope, for mine is a dull office, and albeit none of the safest."

"Pshaw!" remonstrated the other, "who can betray us, except those who are as deep in the matter as ourselves? Are you sure that the powder I gave you was duly administered?"

"I dropped it into every bottle with my own hands," was the reply.

"And saw the girl take it?" pursued the other.

"Every day with my own eyes," said Ursula, "because I would not trust that imp of a page who would have flung it out of the window perhaps to please his mistress—who, I can tell you, by the way, is growing as impatient as a wild bird in a cage."

"There are others who are as impatient as she is, I trow," remarked Vivaldi drily. "I have just had a pressing letter of inquiry from the marchese's sister, who has thought it better to join her husband during the progress of our experiment, in which she urges me to despatch, but to which I can give no other reply than bidding her feed on hope, an aliment that has well nigh failed myself, for this girl has a constitution of iron. However, I must dally no longer—we must make short work of it.—I will to-night provide you with a powder which will relieve you of your tender anxieties in a fortnight. In the mean time you had better peruse this letter, as it contains some instructions for your future guidance."

Having thus spoken, he quitted the apartment, leaving Ursula with the letter in her hand, which she forthwith proceeded to peruse, but was suddenly arrested by hearing her name pronounced solemnly by a voice proceeding from some invisible person in the room. She looked in the direction whence she supposed it to issue, when suddenly a somewhat diminutive figure, armed *cap-a-pie*, stepped down from a pedestal and moved towards her with a stately step. Ursula remained fixed by terror to the spot. The figure continued to advance; but when within a few yards of the nurse, the lance, by some accident, got between the legs of the warrior, and he came to the ground with a tremendous crash; while his helmet, being loosened by the shock, rolled across the room to the feet of Ursula.

"I thought I should make a mess of it!" exclaimed Vincentio, for it was he who had thus attempted a touch of the supernatural; "but no matter," he added, picking up his casque, and at the same time the letter which Ursula had dropped in her fright, "it is as well as it is."

"I'll teach you to play off your tricks upon me, mischievous imp," exclaimed the virago recovering her senses, and with them her tongue; give me back that letter instantly!"

"Nay, I may not do that, for I have a use for it," said the boy, who having divested himself of his iron incumbrances, turned the key in the door, and confronting the nurse, said sternly and solemnly, "Ursula, the designs of you and your confederate have long been no secret to me, as you will perhaps believe when I tell you that it is to my interference you owe their defeat. I wanted, however, the evidence which your conference with Vivaldi has this day afforded me to denounce you to the marchese; and were additional proof of your guilt wanting, I doubt not this letter will supply it. Guilty as you all are, it may be that you are more of a tool in the matter than the rest. There is the door of the marchese's study; if you think that by an immediate and full confession you can make better terms with him than by awaiting the fiat of a court of justice, the chance is yours. There is but one other path before you, and that leads to the dungeon."

Ursula followed the stripling's advice, and made a full confession of her guilt, accusing the instigator, the marchese's sister, and

her accomplice Vivaldi, who was instantly arrested, tried, condemned, and some successful attempts at a similar atrocity having been proved against him, was executed. The marchese's sister was, happily for her, and for his peace of mind, beyond the reach of the law; and Ursula, spared the capital part of the punishment due to her offence, inasmuch as her evidence had been essential to the conviction of Vivaldi, was banished for life.

"And now, my father," said Giulietta when the first bustle of the discovery was over, and they had devoutly given thanks to Heaven for their deliverance, "will you not send for the noble student who has been the instrument of our preservation?"

"No, my daughter," said the marchese, "certainly not—it is our duty to go to him."

Accordingly the student, unconscious of the explosion of the plot, was sitting quietly in his humble chamber, when he heard a tap at the door, which, before he could rise, was thrown open, and he found himself almost smothered in the embrace of two individuals, whom the suddenness of their entrance and the imperfect light prevented him from immediately recognising. Nor when he did recognise them, was his confusion in any way diminished.

In reply to the thanks with which he was literally overwhelmed, he blushed, stammered out a disclaimer of any merit in the whole affair, and, in short, as he afterwards confessed to Vincentio, "made a very particular ass of himself."

"Sir," said the marchese, when the ebullition had in some degree subsided, and the two visitors having appropriated the only chairs in the room, Leonardo had deposited himself on a deal-box, "you have been the instrument of preserving to me a treasure for which I would have gladly sacrificed rank, wealth—all that the world prizes—therefore all that I have is yours."

Leonardo wished it was, because he would have taken his daughter and thrown him back the rest; but he could not say so, and therefore remained silent.

The marchese could not, as the phrase is, fling his daughter at him; but lest the student should suspect him of any reservation in his offer, he continued, "I hear you are of good family, but were yours the lineage of a beggar, you should share alike my fortune and my affections," and turned at the same time an appealing look to his daughter for a confirmation of his sentiments. The young lady, of course, looked extremely bewitching, and acknowledged that "they could never do enough for their benefactor, their more than friend."

Leonardo protested in his turn that he had done nothing whatever to entitle him to their gratitude—that to spend a life in the service of one so amiable, and so forth, would be a privilege to which the highest noble in the land might aspire.

"Really," said the marchese, who knew the state of his daughter's feelings, and more than guessed at Leonardo's, "we shall spend half the night in beating about the bush in this fashion: You have met Giulietta before—high feelings of honour prevented you from availing yourself of opportunities which a less delicate mind would have eagerly seized—I will save you the trouble of a confession.—You made a confidant of a friend who has betrayed you to me; so now, if you will have my daughter, take her—if not, we must find a husband for her of as nearly the same pattern as may be."

Leonardo was as a man in a dream; and was about to pinch himself by way of ascertaining if he was awake. At last he exclaimed, "Nay, my good lord, now you are jesting with me."

"I never was more in earnest in my life!" exclaimed the marchese; "and as we shall henceforth have but one roof over our heads, we will e'en home at once to supper."

Reader! need I tell the rest? I think not.

## W O M A N.

### SECTION II.—WOMAN AS AN EXAMPLE.

At the conclusion of our former article, in relation to woman, we spoke of her as destined to be the exemplification of love. Before, however, her destiny can be fulfilled, she herself must be surrendered to that which she is designed to represent, and be perfected by the universal spirit, before that ideal can be realized in her to which we have previously alluded. So long as woman continues to seek for happiness in the gratification of selfishness, either in ambitious aspirations, or even of selfish attachments, the higher nature in her must be imperfectly developed. To seek to appropriate to herself the regard or love of a particular circle, and to make herself the idol of the sphere in which she moves, is a line of conduct which ensures to her that which she pursues, but which, being attained, is found worthless.

To manifest love that we may be loved; is but a barter of selfishness, though a refined one. Woman submitting herself to love, will not require sympathy to conditionate the activities of the divine nature within herself; but having the source of her being in that which is permanently eternal, will not require external influences, which must, of necessity, be transient and temporal. All she will love, not because of that which is performed for her, but in spite of that which would oppose and obstruct a nature less deeply based.

Woman submitted to the universal spirit, must universally manifest love; and the influence of her kindness, like the dew of her Creator, will fall impartially on the "just and the unjust."

To act lovingly is the very necessity of her being, and wherever she is, then must what she is be developed. Her activities, proceeding from a source itself invariable and immutable, are beyond the modification of a changing moral atmosphere, and affected by no change of its temperature; but above the sphere of circumstances and contingency, she herself becomes an elevating condition to all who are beneath her. In the world of depravity and selfishness, her influence over man has been so powerful, as to fascinate him in despite of its unamiability, and to enslave him by the spell of a mere human enchantment; and if woman herself, surrendered to divinity, exhibit in her physical frame a loveliness refined and elevated by purity and disinterestedness; if the dweller in the heavens, who makes heavenly his own abiding place, shall have come in the world of woman's being, and transferred it from a terrestrial into a celestial sphere, into the shining light which she before dimly shadowed forth, the potency of her enchantment shall increase in proportion to the infinitude of that power, by whom she is herself possessed.

Fallen woman still retains so much, still exhibits her relationship to the Creator, as to subject man to her power, but being fallen woman, this subjection nought avails; the man is himself enthralled by the beauty of her who is herself in chains, and who will be more likely to win him to remain with her, in the dungeon of her captivity, rather than assist him in any attempt at emancipation. But woman being united with love, at the same time that the force of her agency is rendered irresistible, is capacitated to employ it for the liberation of man, and to use the voice which has before wooed him to selfish apathy, for the purpose of inviting him to the blessedness whereunto she has been exalted; and it seems the purpose of the Creator to conditionate man, through the medium of woman, for resuscitation and salvation.

Man, thus conditioned by woman, feels himself elevated from intellect to genius. Genius is essentially feminine, essentially poetic. The capacity to general plausible theories, to engage in abstruse speculations, to guide the whole artillery of argument, does not substantiate, for a moment, the claim of man to the possession of genius. Before man can affirm himself to be greater, he must learn to feel as well as to argue; bare arguments are generated entirely on the side of self, but genius is the first-born of Love.

It is in vain that man asserts a right to the distinction of poet, orator, or philosopher, while he remains a mere intellectualist; it is not ingenuity, tact, penetration, or talent, which invest a man with the most glorious of all titles; it is love which teaches the intellect to enunciate words that thrill to the heart of the people. It is love which instructs imagination in the science of loveliness, and which enables it to illustrate the affirmations of its divine teacher with the grace of expressive imagery. Woman, therefore, we re-assert, to be the condition for man's regeneration; man, himself, thus conditioned, becomes himself a condition of the regeneration of the lower world. We are indulging in no vain and enthusiastic vision, when we predict, that as man becomes elevated, that which is beneath him will become conscious of proportionate elevation. Instances have occurred, if we must condescend to use facts, in support of our affirmations, which show how great is the power of man to civilise and tame the most ferocious inhabitants of the woods. It seems as though deity, in the renewal of the universe, intended to proceed by conditioning its rise through the same media which conditioned its fall, and that, as woman was the first tempter to disobedience, she should be the first to win back the universe to reconciliation with its Maker. Man, being thus conditioned for purity, may unite himself to woman in her divine and physical natures, so that the offspring of a union so consecrated, might go forth into the world as the realization of the divine idea—humanity, and not as a deformed misrepresentation of his Creator's excellence. This we do know, that whilst man continues to unite with woman, either for the gratification of impure desire or for mercenary and ambitious interests, a product of such union must be cursed in its begetting—an affirmation, which though unqualified, is borne out fully; the fact being that the whole population of the globe is under the thralldom of moral, intellectual, physical, in one word; selfish, tyranny. When shall woman be truly united to man, when shall marriage be considered as a divine, instead of a human ordinance, and earthly nuptials become the symbols of espousals, which have been ratified in heaven?

I was much amused the other day by the following literary (? illiterary) blunder of a friend of mine. Happening to have a copy of "Boccaccio's Decameron" in my hand, one of the company recommended me, in a jocular way, to publish an English translation of it. "But," added he, afterwards, "I believe there is one already." "Yes, yes," chimed in my friend, shaking his head with that peculiar look of gravity which is supposed to denote superior wisdom, "Cameron's—Cameron's Boccaccio."

A FATHER'S WISH.—May you continue long with me, my children, in all godliness and virtue, and be as innocent in your lives, as the flowers which shall blow over you when dead.

For the Pearl.

## ON THE CHURCHBELL TOLLING AT A FUNERAL.

The Churchbell's solemn peal I hear,  
It fills my soul with awe.  
Some one now drops a sacred tear  
For his dear friend, but ah  
What can such tears avail the dead,  
Who has his final exit made.

Bright hopes of future fame once may  
Have dwelt within his breast;  
When he was young, when he was gay,  
And fortune him cared,  
He knew not then of this world's cares;  
His many dangerous paths and snares.

His heart which now has ceased to beat,  
Perhaps has loved like thine,  
May oft have offer'd incense sweet,  
And knelt at Beauty's shrine—  
That lifeless clay may have contain'd,  
A throne where virtue always reign'd.

Life's chequered scene with him is past,  
He in the tomb will lie,  
Until the last great trumpet's blast  
Shall echo through the sky;  
When lightning's glare and thunder's roar,  
Proclaim that time shall be no more.

St. John N. B. }  
Feb. 12, 1839. }

G. M. R.

## DIALOGUE OF THE UNBORN.

SCENE—The air over Japan, half-a-mile above the earth.  
Myrto and Erpius in their respective balloons.

*Myrto.* Good morning, Erpius! What a delightful surprise it is to meet you here! It was but yesterday I heard you were hunting eagles among the Ural mountains.

*Erpius.* That was quite true. I have travelled here overnight, having satisfied myself with the sport. I came here merely because there is to be dry weather in this quarter for several weeks; and, having a slight sore throat, I am desirous to avoid damp until I am quite well again. Had I thought of meeting you here, it would have proved an additional inducement. May I ask what cause has brought you here?

*Myrto.* I had no intention of being here; but my wife, Paulina, has a friend, a Japanese lady, and being very desirous of seeing her, she prevailed on me to accompany her. I left her with her friend only five minutes ago, and they are not ten miles off. I am merely sailing about here, enjoying the delicious air and sunshine, and amusing myself with my wife's pet pair of tame condors. There they are, over the top of that hill towards the north.

*Erpius.* Are you accompanied by any of your family?

*Myrto.* One little boy. The rest are all either at home or otherwise occupied; and on leaving we did not propose making any long stay. At first I thought my great-great-grandfather would have accompanied us; but he is beginning to get a little staid, and preferred remaining at home cultivating his flowers. Indeed, I do not wonder he likes quiet; for he is upwards of 150 years old.

*Erpius.* Oh, that is a trifle! One of my ancestors is 180 years old, and is to be married a second time, in a month, to a very nice person of 150. I think you must have met him at my table. His name is Pylas.

*Myrto.* What! old Pylas! I remember him perfectly. His sprightly conversation amused us all very much at a pic-nic party, conducted by your lovely Paulina, on the banks of one of the thousand branches of the Amazon. His contribution to the feast consisted of a splendid roasted rhinoceros, and a huge fragment of an iceberg for cooling the wine. But there was need for abundance; for I think the party consisted of 3000 at least. That was only three years ago; and I think Pylas had then a wife alive, and a fresh and fair wife, too.

*Erpius.* His wife died soon afterwards, at the age of 140. It was surmised that she had shortened her life by excessive indulgence in stimulating gasses. In fact, she was always helping herself to a gulp of exhilarating gas, or cephalic gas, or melancholic gas, or imaginative gas, or tranquilizing gas, or some such article. She made two gasmakers' fortunes, and never travelled without an assortment of gasses, in the most condensed form. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a maxim we must not forget.

*Myrto.* You may forget it when you will for me; it seems to inculcate that charity should be most displayed where it can be of least use. I would say *de mortuis nil nisi verum*. But, pray, tell me how you mean to spend your time in this region? I presume that, being in rather delicate health, you will not pass your nights, nor even the whole of your days, in the air. Your apparatus, too, seems scarcely calculated for that.

*Erpius.* Oh, this is a mere hunting apparatus, of small size, and wants, as you see, the self-acting plummet-works for keeping its place in the air during all changes of wind. But I have frequently passed the night in this little bark; and, in the present steady weather, I can easily adjust it before going to sleep, so as to find myself within ten miles at farthest when I awake. It is a London-made article, and acts admirably.

*Myrto.* The London ones are still the best; those made in Cen-

tral Asia are cheaper; but, if you happen to get into the middle of a thunder storm with one of them, it is very apt to give out a bad smell.

*Erpius.* As to passing the night in the air, I have not thought of that one way or other. I am fond of the air, and am well provided with the means of securing a uniform temperature.

*Myrto.* Let me urge you, my dear friend, on no account to sleep in the air. Damp or electrical clouds, passing across, frequently produce mischief, independently altogether of change of temperature. Had you consulted our friend Dr. Abercrombie on the point, I feel assured he would have agreed with me.

*Erpius.* To him then let us leave it. It so happens that this is just the hour when he is to be consulted at his own house at Edinburgh. Let us adjourn to the next electrical telegraph, and we shall have his answer in two minutes.

*Myrto.* I am delighted to have the opportunity of getting the Doctor's opinion. There is the telegraph, not two miles off, and we shall be there as soon as you can frame your question. Now, then, get ready; for I see the telegraph keeper at the door of his bureau.

*Erpius.*—(Addressing the officer of the Telegraph.)—Will you have the goodness to dispatch this message, and say when I may expect an answer?—(giving him a scrap of writing.)

*Officer.* The time required will consist of that occupied in sending the message from the telegraph-bureau in Edinburgh to the house of your friend; and in receiving his answer, and carrying it back at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with the addition of half a minute for the operation of the telegraph. I now despatch it.

*Myrto.* Can you tell us what changes are now in contemplation on the telegraphs?

*Officer.* I do not hear of much. It is said that the Telegraphic Council have now under consideration the best means of extending one to the North Pole, for the use of the population there, which is now pretty numerous, as in summer many people go there who dislike night; and, in winter, astronomers resort there, that they may be constantly making observations; besides numerous young men, for the purpose of fishing and hunting. It is also a great resort for pleasure parties at all times of the year. But numerous complaints have been made of the defective state of the communications. The nearest telegraph is at Spitzbergen, which is several hours distant.

*Myrto.* I have myself experienced the inconvenience, having a year ago made one of a pleasure party to the North Pole. Nothing could be more strange, amounting almost to pain, than the consciousness that you were cut off from the great mass of humanity by so dreary an interval. An ingenious attempt was made to communicate by the aurora borealis, but without success.

*Officer.* Here is your answer:—"Dr. Abercrombie advises Erpius not to sleep in the air; at all events, not unless he has got the protective nictitating nightcap."

*Erpius.* As I have not got the nightcap, I shall Myrto, follow your and the Doctor's advice.

*Myrto.* You do well; and I can ensure you a comfortable sleeping-place. But we have still time, if you are so inclined, to enjoy the beautiful twilight, by making a run across the island.

*Erpius.* With all my heart. (They proceed together in their balloons.) And now, Myrto, tell me what you of the Great Council of Europe are about?

*Myrto.* That is a wide question; and it is almost needless to go into detail at present, as the whole will be stated in our report to the Annual Universal Meeting, which will take place within three weeks.

*Erpius.* At least, tell me, was your last calendar of offences a heavy one?

*Myrto.* I lament to say it was. The state of Ireland has given the Council considerable anxiety. Offences, under the head of culpable ignorance, still prevail to an extent unknown in any other part of the globe. In one case, in particular, a schoolmaster in the south of Ireland was convicted of having his pupils in such a state that boys of eight years committed several errors in the differential calculus; while, in the higher branches, particularly in the doctrine of encyclopedic ratios, a gross degree of ignorance and misconception prevailed. This aggravated case was certified by the European council to the next Universal Meeting; and it is thought the teacher will be sentenced to suffer three consecutive sarcasms from the president.

*Erpius.* A dreadful sentence! to be sneered at before the whole world!

*Myrto.* Then we had much about the usual number of cases of selfishness from Scotland, insincerity from France, and so on. One Russian magnate was convicted of omitting the proper mark of respect to a peasant's wife.

*Erpius.* Has the Council as yet done anything regarding the great educational question of teaching ancient history to the children?

*Myrto.* Nothing has been done, farther than much copious discussion. The idea, however, seems to gain ground, that ancient history should either be wholly excluded, or, at least, restricted to the more advanced classes. There is, in fact, a large party who seem as much ashamed of being descended of our ancestors of the nineteenth and preceding centuries, as it is related these

ancestors themselves were scandalized with a theory, propounded at that time, that mankind were merely improved orang outangs, and had originally tails. It has actually been proposed, that the whole records of ancient history, from the end of the nineteenth century backwards, should be utterly destroyed, with the exception of the sacred writings; and excepting also a complete library in each of the four quarters of the globe, under the control of the respective General Councils.

*Erpius.* The facts of history are, unquestionably, of a sort not to be readily introduced into the youthful mind. The existence, nay, the universal prevalence of so dreadful a practice as war, the shedding of human blood, the every-day perpetration of fraud and violence in a thousand shapes—tyranny, slavery, democratical violence, vulgarity, and brutality: all these things having now been so completely banished from the face of the globe, it is not necessary that the youth of the world should be too early familiarized with the ideas of them; and I incline to the opinion that, by prematurely accustoming them to such objects of contemplation, there may be danger of rousing the dormant mischief within their bosoms; for human nature is still essentially the same as it was three hundred years ago.

*Myrto.* I go along with you to a considerable extent; but I doubt the policy of excluding from the education of youth anything with which it is necessary or proper they should be acquainted in mature age; and I cannot but differ from those who would banish, as much as possible, the records of history from the contemplation of mankind. If these records shew, in fearful perspective, ages of blood, and tears, and toil; yet by these sufferings were laid the solid basis on which the present beautiful fabric of human society is built.

*Erpius.* It would, undoubtedly, argue a weakness of mind, to avert one's eyes from any part of human history. We must embrace the whole subject from the acorn to the oak, before it can be truly useful or even interesting. How can we fully relish the calm, unless we know the evils of the storm?

*Myrto.* We owe an infinite debt of gratitude to our predecessors, for struggling through the evils of life in a world which offered them little but discomfort, and which we can compare only to a house without doors or windows, and totally unfurnished. Only conceive the greater portion of the human race spending one-half of every year, shivering from a too low temperature, and groping about in comparative darkness, while, to the opulent few, uncomfortable means of light and warmth were supplied, by the dreary and dangerous toil of multitudes in subterraneous mines, and on oceans whose dangers they knew not how to overcome. It is by such considerations only, that we can appreciate those discoveries now so familiar to us, by which we can extract light and heat directly from the elements themselves, by merely evolving and calling into activity that which is at all times and everywhere present.

*Erpius.* Perhaps the earth, at that time, more resembled what was called a haunted house, two-thirds of its best apartments being locked up and rendered useless, on account of some goblin which the inmates had not skill to exorcise. Those glorious countries upon the equator, which now supply the world with food, and luxuries, and products of every kind, were then haunted by yellow fevers, agues, plagues, or other mischiefs, worse than the wild beasts, snakes, or mosquitoes; and thus our impotent ancestors fell the victims of that exuberant nature which is to us so tractable and invaluable a handmaid. They even knew no easy mode of purifying the air intended for respiration. From their miserable means of locomotion, the labourers' hours of recreation and repose were passed in the less salubrious atmosphere which brooded over the scene of his toil; instead of his being lightly wafted twenty, fifty, or a hundred miles, to a smiling cottage, on some sunny hill-side, where the purest breath of heaven might expand his lungs, and fill his heart with cheerfulness.

*Myrto.* Much also of that, as of many other evils, arose from the necessity of the population being so stationary. It was not enough, as now, that the people should be in those regions during the seasons of cultivation and of harvest; they were necessarily kept there during all the year round, to brave the trying vicissitudes of the rainy season, and of the scorching summer suns. Indeed, there is scarcely any region of the earth where it is salutary to remain the whole year round, even for the strongest constitution; to say nothing of the unpleasantness of a long, cold, cheerless winter, such as that of Russia, or even of Scotland.

*Erpius.* How wretched to be imprisoned in a country during the whole of a winter, a rainy season, or a hot season, instead of following the gracious sun into those climates where, for the time, his happiest influence dispenses beauty and salubrity, as all who are so inclined can now do. Indeed the human race could not then be said to possess the world so much as to subsist upon it. Each individual was nailed to a little locality, like a limpet to his native rock, and to roam was to incur danger and distress.

*Myrto.* It was ever the belief of our species, that the world was made for their use; yet the greater part of its resources remained, for thousands of years, unproductive. Until the nineteenth century, little had been done towards establishing rapid communication on land; and, at the same era, the use of steam first, in reality, conferred a partial command of the seas. These imperfect contrivances have since been superseded by agents



infinitely more powerful and manageable. Nor was it until a still later period that man asserted his supremacy over that most delightful and congenial of all the elements—the atmosphere—which now bears our burdens and our bodies, from clime to clime, with such perfect safety, and with all the speed which our tremendous moving powers can bestow.

*Erpias.* To my mind, the tracing of these changes, and the revolutions consequent upon them, are the most interesting parts of human history. What vast changes, moral, political, and social, have, within the last two hundred years, metamorphosed the whole aspect of the world and its inhabitants!—and how contracted would be the policy that would limit our acquaintance with the elements of so mighty a revolution! How auspicious for the human race was the circumstance that from Britain—the land of liberty—emanated those inventions which, had they been disclosed in some of the many despotic states which then existed, especially in such a diabolically rapacious state as Russia, might have crushed a subjugated world, and banished liberty for ages. Even as it was, you may remember the struggles, vain and weak, of despotism aided by hireling ingenuity, against the might of science, liberty, and humanity.

*Myrto.* It is indeed a spirit-stirring tale how, by the spread of the electric telegraph, and of railroads and steam-navigation, and the consequently increased communication of ideas, the despots of the earth began to be troubled and dismayed and to double the chains of their thralldom. Other inventions followed. The navigation of the balloon was accomplished, and the crisis was precipitated. Then came that ever-memorable time, when, in one night, by a single flight of free war-balloons, the power of the Autocrat of Russia was paralyzed over all his vast domains—his Siberian captives freed—Poland, Circassia, and Persia, delivered from his galling chain—and the boon, then scarcely desired or understood by the degraded people, of personal and political liberty, conferred on the thralls and serfs of his realm—and all without the shedding of blood. It was speedily seen that all personal thralldom, and all those commercial restrictions, necessary under a different order of things, must be abandoned. The world speedily resolved itself into a vast community—the laws of justice and humanity were everywhere enforced—and thus has commenced the system which has ripened into our present state, so much transcending the golden age fabled by the poets of ancient times.

*Erpias.*—How it charms me to hear you speak with such enthusiasm! It has sometimes struck me that our present times are rather too unexciting—that there is too little left of that novelty and adventure which gave interest to the olden time. We have now no fond lovers or affectionate relations in ignorance of the fate of some long absent object of their attachment—the telegraph has destroyed all that source of interest since our antipodes can now communicate with us with the rapidity of speech. All the wonderful tales of miscreants fleeing from justice are now matters of mere history, since the arm of justice encompasses the globe.

*Myrto.* The interest of all these things lies in their history. They are most picturesque when viewed from a distance; but, could the story of our age have been told to our predecessors, what a marvel—what a miracle would it have appeared to them! The world all united in one community; harmony universally prevalent; and disputes decided not by the blind and ruthless arbiter War, but by a wise and just Council, whose authority extends over the whole world; the rights of all men respected; every human life valued and cared for; the glories and comforts of the earth, in all its regions, thrown open, as free as the light and air, to all the race of Adam; a universal language known and used by all, not in virtue of any despotic decree, but from a universal desire for it, produced by the most powerful of motives—universal convenience; and directed towards its end by the greatest wisdom and talent; the means of health and longevity understood and provided for all men; and human happiness incalculably increased.

*Erpias.* Yes, these, although familiar to us, are indeed are wonders, compared to which those of the ancients, such as the voyage of Jason in quest of the golden fleece, or of Columbus in search of what was called the New World, sink into child's play. Had such things been predicted to that conceited generation, the men of the nineteenth century, they would have treated the prophet as a silly dreamer. They, indeed, were so much occupied with the pursuits of money-making, or of personal enjoyment, that they would on no account, engage in any scheme, however excellent, unless, as the phrase was, it would pay. That age saw a large portion of the population of England degraded into the slaves of manufacturing capitalists, under a system infinitely more debasing than the avowed slavery of feudalism, or of Russian barbarism. In those days, many of the nobles of the earth expended vast sums in the course of a year, on objects of mere personal enjoyment or splendour, when one tithe devoted to the development of science, would have vastly accelerated the approach of such happy days as those we now possess, and been to themselves a source of intense gratification.

*Myrto.* Had the gentlemen of England devoted to scientific invention one hundredth part of the money annually expended on the single article fox-hunting, it would have told on the destinies of humanity. Yet we know there were some splendid exceptions, although too few for any general effect. Another cause of the tardiness of improvement, was the timorousness of scientific men. They fear-

ed to peril their reputation by joining in or encouraging any great scheme. And here let me make an honourable exception of a chemical professor of Edinburgh, Dr. Hope, a man of high reputation, who, at a dinner given in his honour by the most eminent citizens of Edinburgh, publicly avowed his belief that, in the course of time, the electrical telegraph would be established and adopted. I believe it was from this species of cowardice that the absurd idea of the impossibility of navigating the balloon through the atmosphere was so long allowed to prevail, and inventive ingenuity diverted from the attempt. But I fear it is time to turn, as Paulina and her friend will be expecting me soon—and you will accompany me.

*Erpias.* With infinite pleasure; yet, as we return, I trust you will continue the interesting conversation in which we have been engaged.

*Myrto.* Willingly. I may mention that the subject of the arrangements of the Universal Council itself will become matter of discussion at its next meeting. Last year it took place in the great plain at Texas, and was attended by four hundred millions of persons; but, although the arrangements were such as completely to prevent all confusion, it was found difficult for a single speaker, even with all our inventions for increasing the volume of sound, to make himself heard by so great a number. A proposal is to be submitted for remedying this evil.

*Erpias.* Look, my friend, is not that Paulina whom I see in the air, about twenty or thirty miles off?

*Myrto.* Lend me your glass. It is so; she is giving our little boy a practical lesson in the geography of Japan, by way of recreation; for at present he has the holidays. Poor little fellow! he takes to his studies with right good will. He and his sister, accompanied by their tutor, have already been four times over the globe, while engaged in successive courses of modern history, geology, botany, and geography. How delightful it is that instruction is now combined with exercise, fresh air, and happiness!—how much manly energy was formerly lost by the exclusively bookish system of education!

*Erpias.* I shall be truly happy to meet with my excellent friend Paulina. Where are you living at present?

*Myrto.* In the ancient city of Queatay. You may now see its towers and domes gilded by the setting sun. How different (excuse me for so often reverting to these historical discussions) from the same city, indeed from all cities, three hundred years ago, when every house poured into the polluted atmosphere its complement of smoke, destroying its healthfulness and defiling its architecture—when filth, fetid odours, narrow streets, and a low and vicious class of population, dishonoured and degraded every city, driving many refined minds into constant residence in the country! These evils our ancestors considered inseparable from large cities. The physical ones, however, have been remedied by science; and it has now been found, that, if vice and discord have a tendency to concentrate in cities, so also have their antagonist forces, wisdom and virtue; that the later influences, if fairly and vigorously brought into the field, are ever an overmatch for the former; and that, by the adoption of sound principles and systems, the just and virtuous regulation of a city is rendered easier than that of a rural district. The social appetency of human nature is good, and tends to good; negligence and ignorance alone have led to its producing evil. But I see Paulina has recognised you, and is hastening towards us. I shall leave you with her for a few minutes, until I have a short telegraphic communication with a mercantile friend at Cape Horn, regarding some commodities which he is desirous of purchasing.—*Au revoir.*

#### CUSTOMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

LETTERS OF LILIAN CHING, TO HIS BRETHERN IN THE ISLAND OF LOO-CHOO; WRITTEN DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES.

#### LETTER V.

Mount Discovery, 11th month, 1825.

While writing of the inconsistencies of Christians, I know not where to end. But as in the preceding letter I mentioned more than one inconsistency, I will now state another, which has occurred to my mind. *Religious liberty* is a privilege which the people of this country profess to regard as a natural and inalienable right; and they have so formed their constitutions as to allow every man to worship God in that manner which is most agreeable to his own mind. No man is exposed by their laws to any penalty for not attending meetings for religious worship. A law which would expose any man to pay a fine of two or three dollars every time he neglects the stated meetings for the worship of God, would be regarded by this people as unjust, tyrannical, and cruel. In like manner, they would regard a law which should expose the people of any sect to penalties for not conforming to a religious ceremony which they believe to be offensive to God. This you will say is right, and as it should be, and be ready to ask, where or what is the inconsistency?

To make you understand this, I must observe, that in each of the states, there are a few people who dissent from the majority in respect to war, and the propriety of learning the art of manslaughter. Their consciences forbid them to fight, and also forbid

them to cultivate a fighting spirit, or to attend the appointed meetings, for what are called trainings or reviews—that is, meetings for teaching men how to kill one another. Now observe the inconsistency.—In several of the states, the laws expose these peaceable men to fines or imprisonments for omitting to attend these trainings or reviews; or in other words, they are fined for being so peaceable a character that they cannot learn to imbue their hands in human blood! Thus, while this people allow free liberty of conscience in regard to the worship of God, they deny this liberty in respect to obeying their Maker's command—"Thou shalt do no murder"—at least, all must *learn to kill*, or be fined for their neglect. Thus they make it a greater offence to neglect learning to fight, than totally to neglect all appearance of worshipping their Maker; and while the people are allowed the rights of conscience in almost every other respect, they are exposed to penalties for conscientiously refusing to cultivate the spirit of war and violence!

A law which exposes men to penalties for being of peaceable opinions and dispositions must be both inhuman and impolitic. If all men were of such opinions and dispositions, war could never occur, and all the pretexts of necessary preparation for it would be entirely removed. Insurrections, civil wars, and wars between different states, would be alike impossible. If then peace be the object which rulers desire, they should do all they can by precept and example, to cultivate and render popular, peaceable principles and dispositions. This course would tend to their own security, and to the happiness of their subjects. But as if war were the chief end of man, there is no other thing for which Christian nations have been at so much expense, or to which they have made such enormous sacrifices. A hundredth part of this expense, if wisely applied, would long ago have rendered war the abhorrence of Christendom, if not of the whole world. L. C.

#### LETTER. VI.

Mount Discovery, 12th month, 1825.

I have had opportunity to read in this country what was published in England by Capt. Hall and Dr. McLeod, of the British ships of war, relating to our Island, and the character of its inhabitants. The following extracts will show that our people made a favorable impression on the minds of the British warriors.

"Many of these Islanders displayed a spirit of intelligence and genius—they all seemed to be gifted with a sort of politeness, which had the fairest claim to be termed natural, for there was nothing constrained, nothing stiff or studied in it."

"It was interesting to observe, indeed, how early the gentle and engaging manners of all classes here, won upon the sailors, no less than the officers. The natives from the first were treated with entire confidence; no watch was ever kept over them, nor were they excluded from any part of the ships; and not only was nothing stolen, but when any thing was lost, nobody even suspected for an instant that it had been taken by them."

"These islanders are represented as being remarkable for their honesty and adherence to truth, and to this character they appear to be justly entitled. That proud and haughty feeling of national superiority, so strongly existing among the common class of British seamen, which induces them to hold all foreigners cheap, and to treat them with contempt, often calling them *outlandish* lubbers in their own country, was at this Island, completely subdued and tamed by the gentle manners and kind behavior of the most pacific people in the world."

"Although completely intermixed, and often working together both on shore and on board, not a single quarrel or complaint took place on either side, during the whole of our stay. On the contrary, each succeeding day added to friendship and cordiality."

"The administration of the government seems to partake of the general mildness of the people; and yet it appears highly efficient from the very great order which is always maintained, and the general diffusion of happiness."

"Crimes are said to be very unfrequent among them, and they seem to go perfectly unarmed; for we observed no warlike instruments of any description! Not even a bow or an arrow was to be seen! And when they observed the effect of our fowling pieces in the hands of some of our gentlemen, they begged that they might not kill the birds, which they were always glad to see about their houses. An order was immediately issued to desist from this sort of sporting."

"We never saw any punishments inflicted at Loo Choo; a tap of a fan, or an angry look was the severest chastisement ever resorted to, as far as we could discover. In giving orders, the chiefs were mild, though firm; and the people, always obeyed with cheerfulness."

"There is not an act of these excellent and interesting people, which the mind has not pleasure in contemplating and recollecting." The clerk of one of the ships wrote a poetical "Farewell" on leaving our Island, which was published in Dr. McLeod's account of our people. This also is much in our favour. One of these stanzas I will transcribe:

"Farewell, dear isle! on you may breath  
Of civil discord never blow!  
Far from your shores be plague and death,  
And far—oh far—the hostile foe."

It was gratifying to me—and I presume it will be so to you, to know that the Britons gave so favorable an account of our country.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1839.

men. It would be no less gratifying to me if I could give an account as favorable of the Christians; but this I cannot do without violating the truth, nor without saying what they would know to be false. Many of them indeed are amiable, and, on my own account, I have little reason to complain of any of them; but still there are lamentable defects amongst this people.

Many of the Christians smile at the remarks on our tenderness towards the poor birds. To them, as to the Britons, it is sport to hunt and kill birds and other innocent animals; and I suspect that by indulging in cruelty to animals, they become cruel to their fellow men.

Crimes and punishments in this country are frequent and terrible. A multitude of prisons are filled with felons and convicts. Several thousands of these wretched and dangerous beings are now in a state of confinement, and some of them for crimes of the deepest dye—the names of which are scarcely known in Loo Choo. But you will wonder less at the frequency of crimes among Christians, when you shall have better understood what deeds are practised and praised in their wars. There is scarcely any thing which bears the name of *crime* in time of peace, but what is authorized, practised, and applauded in war. The main business of war is robbery and murder; yet these in time of peace, are deemed the most flagitious crimes. Habit is said to be a kind of second nature, and those who, by war, become habituated to crime, may be expected to follow their employment in time of peace. Piracy is a crime which Christian nations punish with death. Yet piracy, or robbing on the seas, is authorized in time of war, and practised to a dreadful extent. Why should not rulers, who authorize or encourage such atrocities, be hanged, as well as those who perpetrate such deeds without a license? Has the God of Christians given their rulers a right to authorize what would otherwise be the worst of crimes? If he has, what must be the character of this God?

In America, robbery is not punished with death unless it be perpetrated with intent to kill. In Britain, a man has been exposed to be hanged for stealing to the amount of five shillings. Yet how much barefaced robbery by land or sea has been committed by orders, from the governments of these two countries. Many hundred millions of dollars, are doubtless charged to the account of each government. In respect to Britain, she has not only taken her millions of moveable property by robbery and murder, but also a multitude of islands and provinces of large extent, with all their inhabitants. But these are crimes too great "for laws to whip." They are therefore applauded as deeds of glory! Even ministers of the Christian religion have been known to encourage war, robbery, and murder, not only by words, but by example! If the priests of our religion should do so, how horrible would their conduct appear to the inhabitants of Loo Choo! Would it not be immediately supposed that they had become insane, or that they were possessed by infernal spirits?

It is, I think, in a great degree owing to the benevolence of our priests, and their prudent instructions and examples, that our people have formed such a pacific and amiable character. Our religious teachers have uniformly taught that our God delights to see his children live in love and peace, that he hates all injustice, robbery, and homicide; and these instructions are impressed on the minds of children from their infancy to adult age, and even through life, by the amiable examples of their religious instructors.

Happy would it be for the American people if as much might be said in favour of their religious teachers. But the ministers of religion in this country are not united like those in ours. They are divided in opinion as to the meaning of some passages in the Sacred Books; on this ground, they divide into different sects or parties—become alienated, and often accuse each other as enemies to the Christian religion. This has a pernicious influence on their respective adherents, and they, in their turn, reproach and vilify one another. In reading some of their ecclesiastical controversies, it appeared to me, that the writers, in too many instances, evinced as bad passions as are necessary to kill in political wars. Whether the indulgence of hateful passions in theological disputes, has so bewildered the minds of the clergy in this country, that they cannot see much evil in national hostilities, I cannot positively decide; but it is a fact, that, until within a little time, very few of them ventured openly to censure public war as a moral evil. However, of late years, there has been less of the spirit of hostility than in former times, among the clergy of different sects, and a greater number of them have ventured to declare the spirit of political war to be repugnant to the spirit of their Messiah and his precepts.

The Christians of all sects profess to believe that their God is the Lord of the whole earth—that he reigns at Loo Choo as well as America. If it be so, is it not a pity that a sense of his goodness does no more to induce the Christians to love one another? Most certainly, the God of Loo Choo is a benignant being who delights in doing good, and in seeing his creatures do good to one another. Our priests have made us believe this; and hence we live free from wars and fightings. If our God is the God of the Americans, and if their Sacred Book has given a correct account of his character, the ministers of religion in this country have much to answer for. Their number is so great, that if they had been united, and well informed on the subject, they might long ago have rendered war the abhorrence of the people throughout the country.

L. C.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.—The information received during the week on this exciting subject is of the most satisfactory nature. "Thank heaven! the people of the United States and the British provinces are not yet agreed to follow the savage customs of Goths and Vandals. The olive-branch of peace shall yet wave over the two countries. The documents published during the week, we think, set the question at rest, and avert the danger which, for a time, appeared of so threatening a character. Gov. Fairfield's answer to the letter of Sir John Harvey is to the following effect, namely;—that the proceedings of the Land Agent of Maine were in execution of a Resolve of the Legislature adopted in secret session, and that no notice of their proceedings could have been given without an unqualified breach of faith and duty—that no agreement has been entered into between the two governments that Great Britain should have exclusive jurisdiction in the disputed territory until that claim shall be settled—that the territory bordering upon the Aroostook River has always been, in the possession and under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and Maine—that more than thirty years ago Massachusetts surveyed and granted large tracts of it, which have ever since been, in some way, possessed by the grantees and those claiming under them—that the rest of it was surveyed by, and some of it divided between Massachusetts and Maine, soon after the latter became an independent State—that both States have been in the habit of granting permits to cut timber there without being molested from any quarter—that many persons have purchased these lands of Maine and entered into their actual occupation—and that in various other ways Maine has exercised a jurisdiction over this territory, and that if His Excellency chooses to send an armed force to attempt the expulsion of the land agent's party, Maine will endeavour to meet the attempt as it deserves. The letter concludes by an expression of trust in God that Maine will do her duty! But what ideas must men entertain of the Deity who can suppose that He will sanction the proceedings of men-killers. The appeal of Maine to Massachusetts is thus met by Gov. Everett:—

"I had the honor in my address to the Legislature at the beginning of the session, as on more than one former occasion of the same kind, to call the attention of the two Houses to the ruinous extent of the depredations committed on the public lands in that region. The rightful sovereignty and government of the Territory belong exclusively to Maine. Massachusetts has no jurisdiction over it, and possesses only an interest in a moiety of the soil. For this reason, no further steps on our part, have been deemed within the competence of Massachusetts, to maintain her right in the territory which forms the subject of controversy between the governments of the United States and Great Britain. Should a state of things unhappily arise in which the government of the United States shall call upon Massachusetts for her assistance in asserting the rights so long and so injuriously withheld, I am persuaded that the call will receive a prompt response from the Legislature and the people."

By this it will be seen that the Governor of Massachusetts is not willing to co-operate with Maine, except by order of the General Government, and to the same effect are the resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts. The Message from the President to the Senate of the United States, etc. will have its due influence in the peaceful settlement of the question. After denying that an agreement exists between the two nations, conceding to Great Britain, until the final settlement of the boundary question, exclusive possession of, and jurisdiction over, the territory in dispute, we meet with the following passages—

"The State of Maine had a right to arrest the depredations complained of; it belonged to her to judge of the exigency of the occasion calling for her interference; and it is presumed that had the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick been correctly advised of the nature of the proceedings of the State of Maine, he would not have regarded the transaction as requiring, on his part, any resort to force. Each party claiming a right to the territory, and hence to the exclusive jurisdiction over it, it is manifest that, to prevent the destruction of the timber by trespassers, acting against the authority of both, and at the same time avoid forcible collision between the contiguous Governments during the pendency of negotiations concerning the title, resort must be had to the mutual exercise of jurisdiction in such extreme cases, or to an amicable and temporary arrangement as to the limits within which it should be exercised by each party. The understanding supposed to exist between the United States and Great Britain has been found heretofore sufficient for that purpose, and I believe it will prove so hereafter, if the parties on the frontier, directly interested in the question, are respectively governed by a just spirit of reconciliation and forbearance."

But between an effort on the part of Maine to preserve the property in dispute from destruction by intruders, and a military occupation by that State of the territory, with a view to hold it by force, while the settlement is a subject of negotiation between the two Governments, there is an essential difference, as well in re-

spect to the position of the State, as to the duties of the general Government.

On the other hand, if the authorities of New Brunswick should attempt to enforce the claim of exclusive jurisdiction set up by them, by means of a military occupation on their part of the disputed territory, I shall feel myself bound to consider the contingency provided by the Constitution as having occurred, on the happening of which a State has the right to call for the aid of the Federal Government to repel invasion.

I cannot allow myself to doubt that the results anticipated from these representations will be seasonably realised. The parties more immediately interested cannot but perceive that an appeal to arms, under existing circumstances, will not only prove fatal to their present interests, but would postpone, if not defeat, the attainment of the main objects which they have in view. The very incidents which have recently occurred will necessarily awaken the Government to the importance of promptly adjusting a dispute, by which it is now made manifest that the peace of the two nations is daily and imminently endangered. This expectation is further warranted by the general forbearance which has hitherto characterized the conduct of the Government and people on both sides of the line. In the uniform patriotism of Maine, her attachment to the Union, her respect for the wishes of the people of the sister States, of whose interest in her welfare she cannot be unconscious, and in the solicitude felt by our neighbours, we have a strong guarantee that she will not disregard the request that has been made of her."

One statement of the President's Message is worth all the rest. Until the failure of negotiation, etc. he says, "I cannot think it proper to invoke the attention of Congress to other than amicable means for the settlement of the controversy, or to cause the military power of the Federal Government to be brought in aid of the State of Maine, in any attempt to effect that object by a resort to force." One other document we give to our readers entire.

## MEMORANDUM.

Her Majesty's authorities consider it to have been understood and agreed upon by the two Governments that the territory in dispute between Great Britain and the United States, on the North-eastern frontier, should remain exclusively under British jurisdiction until the final settlement of the boundary question.

The United States Government have not understood the above agreement in the same sense, but consider, on the contrary, that there has been no agreement whatever for the exercise, by Great Britain, of exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed territory, or any portion thereof, but a mutual understanding that, pending the negotiation, the jurisdiction then exercised by either party, over small portions of the territory in dispute, should not be enlarged, but be continued merely for the preservation of local tranquillity and the public property, both forbearing as far as practicable to exert any authority, and, when any should be exercised by either, placing upon the conduct of each other the most favorable construction.

A complete understanding upon the question, thus placed at issue, of present jurisdiction, can only be arrived at by friendly discussion between the governments of the United States and Great Britain; and, as it is confidently hoped that there will be an early settlement of the question, this subordinate point of distinction can be of but little moment.

In the mean time the Governor of the Province of New-Brunswick and the Government of the State of Maine will act as follows:—Her Majesty's officers will not seek to expel by military force the armed party which has been sent by Maine, into the district bordering on the Aroostook river; but the Government of Maine will voluntarily, and without needless delay, withdraw beyond the bounds of the disputed territory any armed force now within them; and, if future necessity should arise for dispersing notorious trespassers, or protecting public property from depredation by armed force, the operation shall be conducted by concert, jointly or separately, according to agreements between the Governments of Maine and New-Brunswick.

The civil officers in the service, respectively, of New-Brunswick and Maine, who have been taken into custody by the opposite parties, shall be released.

Nothing in this memorandum shall be construed to fortify or to weaken in any respect whatever, the claim of either party to the ultimate possession of the disputed territory.

The Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Britannic Majesty having no specific authority to make any arrangements on the subject, the undersigned can only recommend, as they now earnestly do to the Governments of New-Brunswick and Maine, to regulate their future proceedings according to the terms herein-before set forth, until the final settlement of the territorial dispute, or until the Governments of the United States and Great Britain shall come to some definite conclusion on the subordinate point upon which they are now at issue.

JOHN FORSTH,

Secretary of State of the United States of North America.

H. S. FOX.

H. B. M. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.



NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1839.

The steam packet-ship Liverpool, Capt. Fayer, arrived at 7 o'clock this morning, from Liverpool. Captain F. left Liverpool at half-past 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th; consequently she has made her passage in eighteen and a half days.—We have our regular files of London papers to the evening of the 5th of February, and Liverpool to the 6th, both inclusive. We are also indebted to Captain Fayer for files of the latest date.

From the London Standard of the Evening of February 5. The business of the second session of Parliament during the reign of her present Majesty was opened to-day by a speech from the throne.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Queen arrived at the House of Lords about two o'clock, which was announced by a discharge of Cannon. Shortly afterward Her Majesty, attended by the great officers of State, entered the house, and took her seat on the throne. The foreign ambassadors were in the full costumes of the countries they represented.

In a few minutes the Commons appeared at the Bar, headed by the Speaker. The space below the bar was crowded with members. After silence had been obtained, Her Majesty in a clear and audible voice read the following most gracious speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I rejoice to meet you again in Parliament. I am particularly desirous of recurring to your advice and assistance at a period when many matters of great importance demand your serious and deliberate attention.

"I continue to receive from foreign powers gratifying assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most friendly relations.

"I have been engaged, in concert with Austria, France, Prussia and Russia, in negotiations, with a view to a final settlement of the differences between Holland and Belgium.

"A definitive treaty of peace, founded upon anterior arrangements which have been acceded to by both parties, has in consequence been proposed to the Dutch and Belgian governments. I have the satisfaction to inform you that the Dutch government has already signified to the Conference its acceptance of that treaty, and I trust that a similar announcement from the Belgian government will put an end to that inquietude which the present unsettled state of these affairs has necessarily produced. The unanimity of the five allied powers affords a satisfactory security for the preservation of peace.

"Differences which have arisen have occasioned the retirement of my minister from the Court of Teheran. I indulge, however, the hope of learning that a satisfactory adjustment of these differences will allow of the re-establishment of my relations with Persia upon their former footing of friendship.

"Events connected with the same differences have induced the Governor General of India to take measures for protecting British interests in that quarter of the world, and to enter into engagements, the fulfilment of which may render military operations necessary. For this purpose such preparations have been made as may be sufficient to resist aggression from any quarter, and to maintain the integrity of my eastern dominions.

"The reform and amendment of the municipal corporations of Ireland are essential to the interests of that part of our dominions.

"It is also urgent that you should apply yourselves to the prosecution and completion of those maxims which have been recommended by the ecclesiastical commissioners of England, for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the established church, and of confirming its hold upon the affections of the people.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"It is with great satisfaction that I am enabled to inform you that throughout the whole of my West-Indian possessions the period fixed by law for the final and complete emancipation of the negroes has been anticipated by acts of the Colonial Legislature, and that the transition from the temporary system of apprenticeship to entire freedom has taken place without any disturbance of public order and tranquility. Any measures which may be necessary in order to give full effect to this great and beneficial change will, I have no doubt, receive your careful attention.

"I have to acquaint you, with deep concern, that the province of Lower Canada has again been disturbed by insurrection, and that hostile incursions have been made into Upper Canada by certain lawless inhabitants of the United States of North America. Those violations of the public peace have been promptly suppressed by the valor of my forces and the loyalty of my Canadian Subjects. The President of the United States has called upon the citizens of the Union to abstain from proceedings incompatible with the friendly relations which subsist between Great Britain and the United States.

"I have directed full information upon these matters to be laid before you, and I recommend the present state of these Provinces to your serious consideration. I rely upon you to support my firm determination to maintain the authority of my

Crown, and I trust that your wisdom will adopt such measures as will secure to those parts of my Empire the benefit of internal tranquility, and the full advantages of their own great national resources.

"I have observed with pain the persevering efforts which have been made in some parts of the country to excite my subjects to disobedience and resistance to the law, and to recommend dangerous and illegal practices. For the counteraction of all such designs I depend upon the efficacy of the law, which it will be my duty to enforce, upon the good sense and right disposition of my people, upon their attachment to the principles of justice, and their abhorrence of violence and disorder.

"I confidently commit all these great interests to your wisdom, and I implore Almighty God to assist and prosper your counsels."

LOWER CANADA.—We have the Montreal papers of Friday, the 22d.

Despatches had reached Sir John Colborne, brought by the Great Western, confirming his suspension of Judges Bedard, Panet, and St. Real, and declaring their issue of *habeas corpus* illegal.

The power of the Special Council to alter the criminal law of the province, is asserted by the law officers of the Crown, the Special Council being held to possess the same authority as the superseded Legislature.

The proceedings of Sir John Colborne, in constituting the court martial, and of that court in trying the prisoners, are sanctioned and approved.

PEACEFUL OVERMUCH.—So averse are men to the principles of non-resistance of injuries—so much do they love a resort to brute force in the sentiment of their quarrels—so much do they admire an appeal to the sword and bloodshed, rather than to reason and persuasion, that it is deemed a grievous offence to uphold the divine benevolence of the Christian institutes, and to urge upon men to follow the Prince of Peace, "who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." A staunch abolitionist paper of Boston, entitled the LIBERATOR, because of its noble advocacy of peace-principles is now struggling for its existence. The Liberator believes that it would be exceedingly sinful for the slaves in the Southern States or elsewhere to conspire against their wicked masters, and take their freedom at the point of the bayonet. Not that the Liberator denies or attempts to vindicate the horrible sin of holding human beings as property, depriving them of their liberty, and making use of them as brute beasts—the Liberator would be the last of all papers to palliate the crying sin of slavery. But believing it would be contrary to the gospel mode of overcoming evil, for the slaves to obtain freedom at the expense of human blood and the loss of immortal souls, to preserve a course of consistency, it is constrained to declare that no war under heaven can be justified on christian principles. And for this plain reason: no defensive war that was ever undertaken has been in so just and righteous a cause, as would be the war of slaves against their masters, to avenge the wrongs and insults of ages.—And yet see how our contemporary is treated for being peaceful overmuch.—"For what is the Liberator now deemed worthy of abandonment? Why is it pronounced to be on the whole, a pernicious publication? Why is this hue and cry raised against it at the present time? It is solely because we tolerate the free discussion of the peace question in all its length and breadth, in one department of our paper, and because we espouse the side of non-resistance, in imitation of the Prince of Peace, that War is declared against the Liberator! O, the folly, the cowardice, the littleness of soul, of those who are engaged in this crusade on such grounds! They want us to haul down the white banner of peace, and then they will not quarrel with us! Never! If that flag must be struck, or the Liberator sink, our mind is calmly and determinately resolved—this cherished bark shall go down.

"Full many a fathom deep,"

with that flag nailed to the mast-head, 'conquered not, though slain.' And this we say not in a contumacious or perverse spirit. We feel that it is no longer a matter of choice with us, whether to recede or to go forward." We wish our brother of the Liberator God speed. The war-men and war-christians, and war-preachers have had their hearing long enough—it is time that men of peace—men who will not make void the law of God by glosses, to make it agree with what is esteemed right and honourable in any country—should lift up their voice against the monstrous custom of War, which has occasioned more slaughter and misery, than all the other abominable customs of the heathen world.

The last number of the *New York Mirror* contains a beautiful and highly elaborated engraving. It is a view of the celebrated Soaking Mountain near the head waters of the Upper Mississippi. This singular elevation received its name from the peculiar absorbent and spongy nature of its soil. Its original Indian title, which, being interpreted, is "the thunder-mount," or rather, "the hill that withstands the thunder," would, we think, be more poetical, if not more euphonious.

We have read with much satisfaction and pleasure Dr. Gesner's "first report on the Geological Survey of the Province of New Brunswick." This able report, as manifesting a ripe acquaintance with the science of geology, and an extended examination of the rocky formations with the minerals, and an analysis of the different soils, etc. of New Brunswick wild, we are persuaded, add much to Dr. Gesner's well-merited fame.

Dr. Creed read before the Institute at its last meeting a very interesting paper, replete with instruction, on Insects. The subject is to be continued on next Wednesday evening.

The Canada papers speak of the grant of £1000 of our House of Assembly for the relief of the sufferers of Canada, as if intended only for loyal sufferers. The grant was not one of a political nature—it was simply a charitable offering to the distressed; of course pure charity knows nothing of politics, but looks entirely to the misery of its objects.

AN EXPRESS arrived this morning from Canada. We learn that Sir John Colborne, at the earnest solicitation of Sir John Harvey, has ordered the 11th regiment to the Madawaska Territory.—Nov.

One wing of the 23d Regt. are under orders for New Brunswick.

Physiology No. 5. will appear next week.

## MARRIED,

At Gore, Douglas, on Tuesday, 19th ult, by the Rev. Wm. Wilson, Wesleyan Missionary, Mr. George E. Blois, to Miss Frances Amelia Dill, both of that place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Martin, Mr. David Calder, of Kaitness, Scotland, to Miss Maria, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Caldwell, of this town.

## DIED,

On Sunday evening last, Joanna, wife of Mr. William Brown, and daughter of the late Mr. John Stairs, aged 59 years.

At Chester, 10th Feb. of Dropsy, in extreme suffering, after five weeks illness, which she bore with patient resignation to the Divine Will, widow Mary Merritt, aged 80 years.

## SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

## ARRIVED.

Saturday, March 2nd—brig William, Jost, Lunenburg, 8 hours.

Monday, 4th—schr Eight Sons, Eaton, Wilmington, 15 days, naval stores, etc. to J. Fairbanks.

Tuesday, 5th—Packet schr Industry, Simpson, Boston, 3½ days, coffee, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others; Am. packet brig Acadian, Jones, 60 hours, beef, flour, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others.

Wednesday, 6th—Brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, Ponce, 21 days sugar, etc. to J. Fairbanks; brig Dec, Rees, Barbadoes, 18 days; schr Frederick, Port Medway, lumber.

Friday, 8th—brig Paragon, Lovett, Yarmouth, 2 days.

## REAL ESTATE.

SALE AT AUCTION, by order of the Governor and Council, the lot of LAND, belonging to the Estate of the late John Linnard, Esqr., situate in the Town of Windsor, measuring on King's Street 60 feet, from thence to the rear 125 feet, with the Dwelling HOUSE, BARN, &c. &c., thereon. Will be Sold on MONDAY 1st April next, at 11 o'clock, in front of the said Premises.

This PROPERTY will be sold subject to a Mortgage of £100; ten per cent of the purchase money must be paid at the time of Sale and the remainder on the delivery of the Deed.

THOMAS LINNARD,

Windsor, Feb. 8.

Sole Administrator.

## ANNUALS FOR 1839.

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per the CLIO, from Liverpool, the following ANNUALS, viz.

Friendship's Offering,  
Forget Me Not,  
The Keepsake,  
The Book of Beauty,  
The Oriental Annual.

LIKEWISE.—The third number of Petley's Illustrations of Nova-Scotia, containing the following views:

View of the Cobequid Mountains,  
" Fredericton, N. B.  
" Windsor from the Barracks,  
" Stream, near the Grand Lake,  
" Indian of the Mic Mac Tribe,

With an additional view to be given gratis to all those who subscribed for the first two numbers. 4w March 8.

## JUST PUBLISHED,

THE DEBATES ON THE DESPATCHES.—In a Pamphlet form.

THE above is for sale at the Novascotian Office, at the Stationers' Stores in Town, and at the Agents' for the Novascotian throughout the country. Price, 1s 3d.

The interest excited by these Debates, and the many important subjects discussed in them, have caused this mode of presenting them to the Public. March 8.

## APPRENTICES WANTED.

WANTED immediately, two apprentices for the Coach and Wheelwright business. They must be of good family connections. One from the Country would be preferred. Apply to the subscriber at his Coach and Wheelwright establishment, Gottingen Street. March 1, 1839. DONALD SUTHERLAND.



From the Religions Souvenir for 1839.

## I AM FOR PEACE.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Oh, why should nations, lifted up  
By Christian privilege, prepare  
For sister realms the bitter cup  
Whose dregs are sorrow and despair!  
At empty Honor's larum wake  
Force that for Right could never fail,  
For fancied insult, vengeance take,  
And *duel* on a larger scale!

Just God! this is not in thy plan;  
The monstrous dogma's not from Thee,  
That what is wrong from man to man,  
In governments may venial be.  
Thou ever dost transgression hate  
In highest, as in humblest place,—  
Nor will its penalty abate  
From parliament or populace.

I loathe it all! and when I see  
Gay, gladsome warriors trooping by,  
With glancing steel, and bravery  
Of trump and drum, I can but sigh  
That men, like children, ever seem  
Still pleased and flattered with a straw,  
And for fame's splendid, empty dream  
Will court the crimes and curse of War!

## ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN AUTHORS.

**HAYDN.**—Frederick II.'s first music-master was Haydn, organist of the cathedral. He had taught him to play on the piano, and Frederick was sincerely attached to him. Haydn had a son whom Frederick, on his accession, installed in the office of receiver of the excises at Rapia. This scion of the great emperor contracted debts, and even went so far as to appropriate to his own use the public money he, in virtue of his office, was in the habit of receiving. The king, on hearing this, sent for the father; the poor man trembled with anxiety and fear, and expected to be greeted with reproaches and angry remarks. The monarch, however, received him most graciously, inquiring after his health, whether he had composed any new opera, etc. At length, he said: "By-the-bye, I understand your son does not behave himself as he should. I see, the lad is not fit for the post; I will give him another directly; but tell him to be more on his guard." Haydn was so astonished at this act of generosity, that, on reaching his apartment, he pulled off his wig, threw it to the other end of the room, and, running after it, cried: "Never was there such a king!—Long live the king!"

**RAPHAEL.**—Raphael had sense enough not to be offended at any remarks made on his works, but he liked them to be rational and in place. Two cardinals one day found fault with the complexions given to Peter and Paul in a picture, saying they were too red. "Gentlemen," answered the painter, with an air of extreme wonder, "and does that excite your surprise? don't you see that this redness you complain of proceeds from the unspeakable joy they experience at seeing the church so admirably governed? I have painted them such as they are in heaven!"

**FREDERICK II.**—A page who had not been long in his majesty's service, one morning early made his appearance in the king's chamber, he had been ordered to wake him at that hour. "Your majesty," said he, "it is time to get up."—"Oh! I am so tired," replied the king, "wait a little longer."—"Your majesty ordered me to wake you early."—"Only quarter of an hour more, and then I will rise," said the sleepy monarch. "No, sire, not a minute! and you must get up."—"Well done!" cried Frederick, leaping off the bed, "you are a fine fellow! That's the way to do your duty!" At the close of the seven years' war, Frederick, in company with his brother Henry, made a progress through Silesia. They visited, amongst other places, a convent for men. The prior, as a particular favour, begged permission to take young novices. The king graciously granted it, but, turning to his brother, he said in French, a language he did not suppose the prior to be conversant with, "We will send him a pair of donkeys; I have a couple of very fine ones."—"I am exceedingly obliged to you," observed the prior, with inimitable coolness, "and my first duty will be to christen them Frederick and Henry."

**BUFFON.**—Buffon never had any of his works sent to the press without first submitting the manuscript to Montbelliard. This gentleman, on returning him his "Epoques de la Nature," wrote on the paper which enclosed them, "I have discovered another epoch, my illustrious friend!"—"That is their way," cried Buffon, with disappointment, "they have no feeling, no sympathy—each one more ill-natured than the other—never speak, but when it is too late—that's not kindness—" and angrily tearing off the envelope, he discovered a slip of paper, on which was written four lines of poetry, to the purport, that to all admirers of Nature, the day that brought Buffon into the world, must be a new epoch.

**HENRY IV.**—A Spanish ambassador once asked this monarch,

which of his ministers he considered the best, that he might treat with him. The King immediately sent for his Chancellor, Mr. Villeroy, and Sully, saying he would let him judge for himself. Then questioning them severally, he said to the Chancellor; pointing at the same time to some cracks in the floor, "Do you not think, Monsieur le Chancelier, that this house is not safe? I mean to move directly, and repair to Fontainebleau."—"Sire," answered the Chancellor, "you cannot do better; this building is in a tottering state, and your Majesty is in danger." Mr. de Villeroy came next, and the king having made the same observation to him: "Sire," said he, "were it not best to consult the architects first?" And then came Sully's turn; he carefully inspected the cracks, stamped on the floor, and made several other experiments, after which, he said: "I see nothing here to alarm your Majesty—this building will outlive us all." Having then dismissed them, he said to the ambassador: "You now know my three ministers; the Chancellor says anything I please; Mr. de Villeroy says nothing at all; and Sully tells me what he thinks, and he always thinks rightly."

**HENRY IV.** had made a written promise to the Marchioness of Verneuil to espouse her. Before, however, placing it in her hands, he submitted it to Sully, asking him his opinion. Sully at once tore the paper to pieces, and appeared incapable of expressing his feelings on the subject. "Are you mad?" said Henry.—"I wish," replied his faithful minister, "I were the only fool in France."

**MESMER.**—This celebrated magnetizer once boasted of having it in his power to render a whole herd of cattle immoveable. "I really believe you," observed a certain Abbe L—, "I don't in the least doubt but that you have all power over the stupid and irrational part of the creation."

**LOUIS XVI.**—"And what do you think of the three last reigns?—you have lived in all three of them," said the king to the Duke of Richelieu.—"Sire, under Louis XIV., no one durst speak; in Louis XV.'s reign people spoke in an under tone, and under your Majesty every one speaks as loud as he pleases."

**VOLTAIRE.**—Voltaire used frequently to say to his publishers: "I beg you will not print more of my works than you can help—the greater the load, the more difficulty I shall have in reaching posterity." The philosopher was incessantly troubled with authors, who submitted their works to his examination. On one occasion, his opinion having been rather haughtily required, he returned the book, passing his pen over the three last letters of the word "Finis."

**MARSHAL SAXE.**—"Here's peace concluded," said the marshal; "we shall now be laid aside and forgotten—---we are like cloaks—only wanted in rough weather."

**CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.**—The death of this infamous queen, was adverted to in the following manner, by a country preacher:—"Catherine is dead—it is now a question whether the Catholic church ought to pray for her. You may, however, risk a Pater and an Ave, it can do no harm, however little the chance may be that it stands of doing her any good."

**LOUIS XIV.**—The Grand Monarch once said to one of his courtiers, whose simplicity he was well aware of:—"Do you know Spanish?"—"No, sire."—"I am very sorry for it."—"I will learn it," replied the courtier, whose imagination was immediately fired with the thought of the possibility, that he might be appointed ambassador to the Spanish court. He accordingly applied himself with the utmost assiduity to his task, and in a short time again presented himself to the king; "Sire," said he, "I now know Spanish well, and can talk and read it with ease."—"Indeed," answered Louis, "I am very glad of that—you can now read Don Quixote in the original." H. N.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

**PERNICIOUS MODE OF CORRECTION.**—His only form of control was irony—of all coercions the most hardening to the mind of youth.—*Heir of Selwood.*

**REAL DEGRADATION,** distinguished from conventional equivocation, is a lower and meaner thing than the lowest of callings. A falsehood returns sooner or later to the bosom of him who utters it, like a viper flung into his face.—*Ibid.*

**THE TABLE ON WHICH BONAPARTE SIGNED HIS ABDICATION.**—The Palace of Fontainebleau is not without interest in recent times. It was the prison of Charles IV., and of Pope Pius VII., who was confined here from June, 1812, to January, 1814. It was here the sovereign Pontiff was insulted by Bonaparte, and here Bonaparte himself resigned his sovereignty. His abdication was written on a small round table; and to commemorate the event, the Duc d'Angouleme caused an oval brass plate to be engraved, and inlaid on the top of the pillar of the table, with this inscription:—"Le cinq d'Avril dixhuit cent quatorze, Napoleon Bonaparte, signe son abdication sur cette table dans le Cabinet de travail du Roi, le 2ème apres la chambre a coucher, a Fontainebleau." That the top of the table might not be changed by separating it from the stand, or its identity rendered

doubtful, the Prince at the same time affixed a seal of the royal arms, to the underneath part of the table itself.

**THE MAMMOTH.**—The mighty mammoth of antediluvian world once roamed in the vicinity of the great cataract of Niagara. A correspondent of the *Boston Mercantile Journal* writes that the workmen employed in making an excavation at the termination of the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Railroad, found imbedded in the earth, at the depth of thirteen feet from the surface, a large tooth, 4 5/8 inches from front to rear, 3 3/8 inches across from side to side, and about 5 inches in depth from the point of insertion into the gum to the crown. It is in beautiful preservation, and is one of the grinders of the mastodon. The same flood which broke up the bed of the river and made the falls, was that, probably, in which this quadruped perished.

**A COURTLY HINT.**—One day at the levee of Louis the Fourteenth, that monarch asked a nobleman present, "How many children have you?"—"Four, sire." Shortly afterward, the king asked the same question. "Four, sire," replied the nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the king, in course of conversation, and the same answer given. At length, the king asked once more, "How many children have you?" the nobleman replied, "Six, sire."—"What!" cried the king, with surprise, "six! you told me four just now!"—"Sire," replied the courtier, "I thought your majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

**PIN MONEY.**—Pins were in early times, acceptable new year's gifts to the ladies, instead of the wooden skewers which they used until the end of the fifteenth century. Sometimes they received a compensation in money, and hence allowances for their separate use is still denominated "pin-money."

Money is an article not very plentiful in Spain, (observes a modern traveller,) but, happily for the country, the necessaries of life are cheap and abundant, while the spirits of the people have not lost any of their former gaiety. There are, in every part of Spain, companies of strolling players; and, as the means of the inhabitants of many of the towns and villages are not very abundant, the admittance is paid for in provisions, and taken at the door like checks from the ticket office. The boxes are paid for in bread or in meat, and the other parts of the house are free for an adequate consideration in vegetables. A box for the evening is let at the rate of two pounds of fresh meat, and the orchestra at half a pound; while the pit is passed by turnips, lettuce, and cabbage; and the rest of the house at a more qualified ratio. By this means the players and musicians are fed and supported.

The following anecdote appeared a short time since in an American paper:—Clem and Dinah went to a magistrate in Virginia to be married. Clem asked the magistrate his price. "It is," said he, "two dollars for marrying coloured people." Clem asked how much he had to marry white people; "Five dollars," replied the magistrate. "Well," said Clem, "you marry Dinah and I as you do, white people, and I will give you five dollars." After the ceremony, the magistrate demanded his fee; but Clem objected to the payment, saying, "Oh no, massa, you no come up to de agreement—you no kiss de bride;" at which the magistrate said in a rage, "get out of my office, you rascal;" so Clem got married for nothing.

The effigy of King John in Worcester Cathedral, which, by the examination of the body of the monarch, was proved to present a facsimile of the royal robes in which he was interred, affords us a fine specimen of the royal costume of the period. A full robe, or super tunic of crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and descended to the mid-leg, is girdled round the waist with a golden belt studded with jewels, having a long end pendent in front. An under tunic of cloth of gold descends to the ankles, and a mantle of the same magnificent stuff, lined with green silk, depends from the shoulders; the hose are red, the shoes black, over which are fastened gilt spurs, by straps of silk, or cloth, of a light blue colour, striped with green or yellow, or gold. The collar and sleeves of the super tunic have borders of gold studded with jewels.—*Pictorial Shakespeare.*

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