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# HALIFAX PEARL,

AVOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Published every Friday evening, at Fifteen Shillings per Annum, in advance.

VOLUME TWO.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 1838.

NUMBER TWENTY.

## THE RECONCILIATION:

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE,

By Old Nicholas.

"Will you give me a penny, sir?" said a ragged boy, as I passed the step of a door on which he was sitting.

There was something so unbeggarly in the tone and manner of the supplicant, that I stopped.

"Yes," said I, and took one from my pocket.

I looked the child in the face; there was a degree of intelligence that commanded attention; an expression, too, that for a moment I fancied I had seen before.

As I put the money into his hand I asked him where he lived.

"In a court over the bridge," he replied.

"With your mother?"

"Yes, sir; and father and sisters."

I beckoned him from the main street to learn more. In a few minutes I heard enough to determine me on accompanying him home. We crossed Blackfriars' Bridge, and, after winding through several courts and alleys, on the Surrey side, and close by the river, we stopped at a small hovel, which appeared fit only for the abode of wretchedness and misery.

The child pushed the door open, and we entered. In the centre of the floor, upon what appeared to be the remains of a piece of matting, sat a young woman of apparently five or six and twenty. In her arms was an infant of very tender age; two or three little ones were huddled together in a corner, whose crying my appearance partially hushed.

Their mother raised her head from the baby as I approached her. I apologised for the liberty I had taken in intruding upon her sorrows. She answered not, but burst into tears. I offered her my arm to raise her from the floor, and looked round, but in vain for a chair or a stool,—the walls were bare. She was too weak to stand. I stepped into the adjoining tenement, could not call it,—and putting down half a crown on the table, begged the loan of an old chair, that was the only furniture of one side of the apartment.

When the poor creature was seated, I asked in what way I could best serve her.

"Oh, sir!" she replied, "food—food for my poor little ones!"

I gave the little fellow who had been my conductor money, and bade him get some meat and bread. In an instant he was out of sight. I comforted as well as I was able the apparently dying woman; told her the accident that had brought me to her, and promised the little assistance that might be in my power. She would have spoken her thanks, but her strength was exhausted with the few words she had already uttered. The children, encouraged by the kind tone of voice in which I spoke, now one by one stole from their corner, and came round me. They would have been fine healthy creatures, if misery had not "marked them for her own;" but the cheek was hollow, the eye sunken, the lip thin and livid. Hunger was fast consuming them. As I looked upon them my heart sank within me, and I could not drive back the tears that forced themselves into my eyes. They fell upon the forehead of the tallest of the group; she looked up, and seeing me weep, asked most piteously,

"Are you hungry, sir, too?"

"Poor child! with her, hunger had ever been associated with tears; the sight of them put the question into her mouth."

"No," said I; "I am not hungry; but you are, and shall soon be fed."

"And me?"—"And me?"—"And me?" exclaimed the others; their eyes glistening as they spoke.

"Yes, all of you!" I answered.

Some time had now elapsed, and my little messenger did not make his appearance. I grew impatient; for they needed more substantial comfort than words. I moved to the door to look for him. Taking a few steps up the court, I found him leaning against the wall, and crying bitterly: on seeing me he hid his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said I; "and where is the money I gave you?"

"Father saw me, and took it away," sobbed he, "just as I was going into the baker's shop."

"Where is your father?" I asked.

"Over in the public-house," he continued, "tipsy; and, because I cried, he beat me;" and here the poor little fellow, putting down his hands, showed me his eye most frightfully cut.

My first impulse was to go over to the public-house; but, reflecting for an instant on the state of those I had just left, I im-

mediately went myself and purchased such ready-dressed food as I thought would suffice for a good meal; and then, having had the child's wound properly attended to, I returned to enjoy the luxury of seeing this starving family comparatively happy and comfortable. When I took my departure I left what money I had about me, and promised to renew my visit before it should be exhausted.

It was my intention to have gone in a day or two; but the following circumstance prevented my doing so for a whole week.

On the next morning early I was sent for by an old gentleman with whom I was on terms of great intimacy, although our acquaintance was not of long standing. He was extremely ill, and wished to make a disposition of his property. I took a pen, and waited for his instructions.

"I give and bequeath," said the invalid, "all monies, houses, lands, and whatsoever else I may die possessed of, to—" He paused, as if considering. Suddenly his countenance indicated a strong internal struggle, as if bitter recollections came upon him, which he was determined to discard. I put down my pen.

"Go on, sir! go on!" said he, hurriedly. "To—to Henry Masters—"

I started with astonishment. It was my own name.

"You cannot mean this, sir!" said I. "I have no claim upon you to such an extent. I—"

"To Henry Masters," he repeated slowly and distinctly.

I approached his pillow. "My dear friend, I have heard that you have a child. Ought not—"

He put his hand upon my arm. "Child! Oh yes! I know it; but I had forgotten it until this hour. For years I have forgotten it! Why think of it now? I will not think of it!" he exclaimed violently; then falling back, and exerting extraordinary self-control, he again repeated more decisively than before, "to Henry Masters."

I could not bear to write down words that would shut out a child for ever without an other effort: I commenced in a persuasive manner; but he instantly interrupted me; and his look and tone I shall not readily forget.

"Sir," said he, "I made up my mind on the most important part of this matter years ago, when I had health, and strength, and intellect about me. It is not honest to try and make me waver now that I am an imbecile old man."

I could say no more. He again repeated his instructions, and I reluctantly obeyed them.

For some days I was his constant attendant; indeed I scarcely ever left his bed-side. Occasionally his mind wandered, then his mutterings—for they were little better—had evidently connection with his last rational conversation—the disposition of his property. Bitter exclamations about his child—his daughter, plainly showed that, though disowned, she was not, and could not be forgotten. Once or twice he became calm and perfectly collected, and on each opportunity I endeavoured to bring him to a reconsideration of the step he had taken; but in vain. It was the only subject upon which he would not hear me. I learned from the physician in attendance that his recovery was perfectly hopeless; but that he might linger some little time. I longed to see my poor dependants again, and, one morning when my patient had fallen into a deep slumber, I took my hat, and, quietly stealing from the chamber, directed my footsteps to their abode. The family were in a state little better than when I first saw them. The woman's husband, a reckless and inveterate drunkard, judging from the food he found at home that from some quarter or other, assistance had been given, forced the fact from his trembling partner, and then nearly the whole of the little money I had left behind; since which violence he had not returned. Again I supplied the poor creatures with refreshment, and attempted to soothe the only one whom food could not alone satisfy—the heart-broken mother.

She briefly told me her story. It was indeed a piteous one.

She was well connected; and, at the time of her marriage, living with her parents in comfort and affluence in New York. They wished her to connect herself with a man with whom she felt she never could be happy, and she refused. She was secretly plighted to another,—secretly, for he was forbidden even her father's house. Her father commanded, her mother persuaded; but it was in vain. Her's was a passion that neither threat nor argument could weaken. She married, and was renounced, they told her, for ever! She turned to the chosen of her heart; and though the daughter wept, the wife triumphed! But, alas! she leant upon a broken reed. Her love had glossed over faults—nay, vices—which calmer judges had detected, and she had fancied

perfection where all was frail. Her husband cruelly neglected her; she was a married widow! Children came about her; they were fatherless! Her mother tenderly loved her, and this wretchedness broke her heart! Her father was of sterner stuff. In the loss of his own partner, he said, a murder had been committed, and he doubly steeled himself against its unnatural author. Then it was that in utter despair she left her country, long urged to the step by her husband, who said he could get employment here; and who solemnly promised that in a new land he would lead another life; and that, once removed from his haunts of ruin and dissipation, he would forswear them for ever, and strive to keep holy the sacred vow which bound him to "forsake all others, and cling only unto her."

On his arrival in England he succeeded in obtaining a lucrative situation, and for a brief period all was well; but soon the demon, Drunkenness, again laid hold upon him, and he was lost for ever.

Friendless, and alone, she struggled against the stream of adversity; her health and strength soon failed her, and she fell into utter destitution,—in utter destitution I had indeed found her!

This was a slight outline of her sad history. At its conclusion she burst into a violent paroxysm of tears. In such moments words of consolation are but caustics, keeping open wounds they cannot cure: I attempted them not. The violence of this fit had in some degree exhausted itself, and I was about to speak of doing something for her children, when a knocking at the door, accompanied by several voices talking in a suppressed tone, made me start from my seat. I undid the latch, and three men entered, bearing in their arms a fourth in a senseless state.

They laid the burthen on the floor with but little ceremony, and would have departed without a word.

"Stay," said I, seizing the arm of one of the party. "Who this, and what is the matter?"

"It is my husband," my poor, abandoned, wretched wife, springing forward.

"Yes; and drunk as usual!" added the man in a brutal manner as he slammed the door after him.

I cast but one look at the face of the lost being at my feet. It was enough: distortion was in every feature!

"For pity's sake!" said I, pursuing and coming up with the party who had just left us, "fetch me a medical man. Here is money; and I will pay you better by and by."

Money made them Samaritans—they hurried off to obey me. I returned. On the floor, and in a state of insensibility, lay stretched the long-neglected, degraded husband; and hanging over him in all the agony of doubt and fear, the neglected, long-enduring wife. It was a picture that touched me to the quick.

"Henry! Henry!" she shrieked. "Oh! speak to me! speak! but one word!" But he spoke not; his mouth was frightfully distorted; his lips livid and frothy.

"Look at me!" she continued, pressing his hand; "look at me!" and she spoke with a winning affection of tone and manner, that consciousness could not have withstood; but his ears were sealed, and his eyes full and fixed.

A surgeon now came in; he looked at him, and, having made some inquiries as to the length of time he had been in the state he saw, at once pronounced his fears for the very worst. He immediately bled him in the arm, and as quickly as possible cupped him freely in the neck. During the latter operation his patient showed for an instant some signs of returning feeling, and this, by the look with which he gazed upon his agonised wife. To attempt to describe that look would be attempting that to which no language is equal. I think no pencil could have ever done it, much less a pen. It was one which told that the vision of his past life, concentrated, flashed suddenly before him; a life during which she who was his ministering angel had been a victim to cruelty and neglect: there was an intensity of gaze, too, as if he felt that he was looking his last. It was a lingering spark of affection struggling into light through the dark horrors of remorse. Again and again she breathed comfort and reconciliation into his ear. I know not whether her words reached his heart. I fear that with the exception of that one momentary gleam of reality, there was a prostration of power and intellect which denied him such a blessing. I need not, will not go into fuller detail. He died the same afternoon, some few hours after he had been brought home.

I hired a person to perform the necessary duties of the departed, and to remain with the corpse until I could give orders for its interment. The widow and children I resolved to place with a relative of my own until the funeral should have taken place.

broken woman to tell me her family name, that I might write to her friends in America on her behalf.

"Friends," said she, "I have none. My mother was my only friend, and she is gone!"

"But you have a father?" said I.

"I know not," she continued; "I have not known for years. Most likely he is gone too!"

"At any rate I will write—"

"Not to America," she replied; "for when my poor mother died he left it, I know, never to return."

"And his name?" said I, leading her to the point upon which I wished information. "His name was—"

"Jackson," said the mourner.

Why did I start at this single word? Why did my words hurry rapidly on one another as I questioned her as to the Christian name? and why, when I learnt it was Adam—Adam Jackson—did my frame tremble, my countenance change its hue, my heart beat audibly? "Oh, God!" said I, inwardly, "if it should be so!"—

I sent for a coach; and, handing in my still weeping companion, and the little fellow whom I had first seen, desired the man to drive to Mortimer-street. It was the residence of my dying friend. Showing the mother and her child into a room below, I hurried up stairs to his bed-chamber. I had already been absent several hours longer than I had intended. When I drew aside the curtain, the old man turned his eyes towards me; they were deep, sunken, and glassy; his features, angular and emaciated as they had long been, were now perfectly ghastly. I was painfully struck with the advances which death had made towards his victim.

My friend looked steadfastly at me for some minutes without any token or sign of recognition. I spoke, and my voice aiding perhaps his fast-fading memory, called me to his recollection. He grasped my hand with a convulsive force, so great that his bony fingers actually gave me pain.

"I thought," said he, striving, but ineffectually, to raise himself in bed, "that you had neglected—left me, left me in my last trial. Sit down, and come close to me. I have had a sleep—a long, long sleep, and a dream so horrible, so real, that waking, though it be to die, is happiness! Come closer," he continued, "and I will tell you all. I thought that I saw my long-departed wife; she came to me in sorrow, for our lost, discarded daughter was on her arm. She strove to speak, but could not: again and again she strove, but bitter grief choked her utterance. She took our child by the hand, and led her towards me; but I turned from them. The paritont fell at my feet, I spurned her away. I steeled my heart; but could not close my ears to her supplications. They were the outpourings of a contrite heart; but they touched me not. She spoke in anguish of her little ones—her helpless little ones! and I laughed—laughed at her misery. Still she prayed on; she bathed my feet with tears; she lifted her hands, and would have touched me, but I shrunk from her advances, and heartlessly commanded her to be gone! Her voice was suddenly stilled: I heard no sob, no sigh! I listened; but could not even detect the heavy breathings of sorrow. For an instant I remained wrapped in gloomy and unrelenting anger. I turned to gratify once more the devil that was in me; but she was gone! I sought for and called aloud upon my wife; but she too had departed!"

Here the old man paused; then placing his hand upon my shoulder, so as to bring my half-averted face towards him. "You tremble!" said he, "you tremble, and turn pale!"

It was so; in spite of every effort to appear composed, I could not command my feelings. I was about to speak. He put his finger on his lips as enjoining silence, and continued.

"You are already affected; you will shudder when you have heard me out. I thought that immediately on being left alone I was seized with an icy chillness, which I knew was the touch of death. I looked around for help; but could find none. I prayed for some hand to assist, some voice to comfort me in my dying hour; but I prayed in vain. I heard but the echo of my own lamentations; and was left to go down to the grave unheeded and alone."

Again he paused; and so great were his excitement and agitation, that I little expected he had strength to resume; but, after some minutes he did so, and in these words:—

"I awoke; but in another world, or rather, when this world had passed away. As I rose from the tomb, but one thought, one feeling possessed me; I was going to be judged! Every thought, word, and action of my life had shared my resurrection, and stood palpably embodied before me—a living picture. My last interview with my child was the darkest spot there. I shuddered as I beheld it. I strove, but oh! how vainly, to blot it out! An all-consuming fire was already lighted up within me, in the horrible conviction that this, even in its naked self, would endanger my salvation for ever! Suddenly a sound such as mortal ear had never heard before, burst on the trembling myriads around. It was a sound that filled all creation, calling all those who had ever been to be again, and to wait the word that should bless, or sweep them into endless perdition. Millions upon millions

had passed on in judgment; and I thought that tremblingly I approached the throne of grace! Mercy smiled upon me! and I looked with straining eyes after those forgiven spirits who had gone before. I was about to follow, when a witness came against me, at whose presence, conscience-stricken, I fell prostrate in despair! My daughter! my spurned and persecuted daughter! No voice of accusation was heard! No look of reproach from her! Yet silent and motionless, dejected and wan, as when I had last beheld her, she told of the early orphanage into which she was stricken by my unnatural desertion! the destitution which my savage vengeance had entailed! I trembled under the weight of these awful charges. I tried to lift my eyes to my child to win her intercession; but I had no power to move them from myself. I tried to speak; my tongue clove to my mouth. How—how could I plead for mercy who had yielded none? Pressed on by thronging crowds yet behind, I advanced as if to enter that blessed path which the happy trod; but suddenly it was barred against me! An angel with frowning aspect waved me aside, among a countless herd as wretched as myself. A cloud passed over us; our souls sank within us: it shut us out for ever from even the glimmerings of hope. I thought that we fell, and fell deeper, and yet deeper, gathering in numbers as we fell! Groans and blasphemies were in my ear; impenetrable darkness above, and hell below! I shrieked madly! I was answered but by shrieks! A thousand times I grasped at objects to stay my fall: I clutched them, but they yielded, and helped me not! Hopeless and eternal perdition was before me! One plunge more, and a lake whose waves were of fire—fire inextinguishable, would engulf me for ever! Myriads beheld it too; and now one universal scream of horror, enough to rend twenty worlds, burst upon me!"

Here the old man was so excited with the recital of these imaginary horrors, that I could with difficulty hold him in my arms. His frame quivered, his eye glared with unnatural power and brightness. I spoke and soothed him.

"The sound is now in my ears!" he exclaimed wildly. Almost instantly after, he added, as calmly. "I awoke; I am awake!" and clasping his withered hands together, and raising his eyes to heaven, he said fervently, "I thank thee, God! it was a dream!"

Almost immediately afterwards he fell back on his pillow, perfectly exhausted. Anxious as I was to speak to him once more, to ask him but one question—to satisfy my more than surmises, I could not—dared not do it, as he then was. I watched, oh! how eagerly, to see his eyes open, his lips move, that I might address myself to him, but he lay in a state of complete stupor. I trembled as I gazed, lest he might never move again. After some little time passed in this state of painful suspense, and still no sign of returning consciousness, I grew more alarmed, less when he did recover, it might be but for a moment, as I knew to be a not unfrequent case, and that I might have no time to inquire into the striking coincidence, to say the least of it, that had so extraordinarily presented itself to me. With this fear upon my mind, I determined at once upon hurrying down stairs, and satisfying myself in a more direct way than I had at first intended.

When I entered the room in which I had left the widow and her child, I found the former sitting on the sofa, her face buried in her hands—the boy was at her feet. As I approached she looked up: immediately on perceiving me she exclaimed, and her voice trembled with grief and agitation, "For God's sake, sir! where am I? Whose house is this?" then seizing a book from the table, she continued, "this book—this old book was my father's; it was his own bible! Here is his name, written years past by my own hand." And turning to the first page, on which was inscribed "Adam Jackson, New York," she held it to my eyes, standing motionless as a statue.

Confirmed thus suddenly in the suspicion that had crossed my mind on first hearing her history and name, I was so bewildered that I knew not what reply to make. I feared to tell her at once that she was under her father's roof, that the same walls inclosed them, lest, in her debilitated state, it might prove too much; I could not be evasive, for her whole being seemed to hang on the explanation she waited for.

Tortured by my silence, she seized my wrist violently, and repeated in a loud and menacing tone, while her wild and haggard look betokened incipient madness. "Whose house is this?"

"It is the house," said I mildly, "of Adam Jackson."

"My father!" she shrieked hysterically, and fell senseless at my feet. After considerable difficulty I restored her to comparative calmness; I was then compelled to explain to her the situation of her parent without disguise, for, at first, she imperatively insisted on seeing him. After this she assured me she would be governed by my wishes. I led her to the sick chamber. As we entered I pointed to a chair, by the bed-side, and she tottered towards it. The slight noise we made disturbed the old man, and in a faint voice he called me by my name. I carefully placed myself between him and his child.

"My dear, dear friend!" he began, "I have been some time dying, but I feel the struggle is nearly over."

At the sound of her father's voice, the trembling creature by my side sprang from her seat,—she would have rushed into his arms,—the curtain was between them, and he was slightly turned from her, so that the movement was unseen; with one hand I forcibly restrained her.

She sank down, but a half-suppressed and choking sob, that might have broken her heart, escaped her.

"Do not grieve," said he, affectionately pressing my hand, "rather join me in thankful prayer to the Almighty that I have lived thus long—long enough to renounce as I now do, the deadly sin of unrelenting anger against a fellow creature; a sin which I madly hugged even on the brink of the grave!"

"Do you understand me?" he continued, speaking with difficulty. "My child! my daughter! God—God bless! as I forgive her!"

Had I wished to have delayed longer the meeting between father and child, I could not have done it. With the greatest difficulty I had, up to this moment, restrained the racking impatience of the latter, until I could discover whether or not the old man's dream had effected what I had failed in. Now that it was obvious that it had done so, I drew aside the curtain. On beholding the emaciated form of him from whom she had been so long parted, and who, but a few hours before, she had never thought to behold again, she stood horror-stricken, paralysed by the conflicting feelings that rushed upon her. Her eyes were tearless, all sounds of sorrow hushed; with hands clasped, her head bent forward, her features fixed, her form rigid and apparently breathless, she seemed a statue of despair rather than a thing of life. I trembled for the consequences when she should speak, or he direct his looks towards her. Never, never shall I forget the agony of that moment!

He moved! He turned as if again to address me. She, whom with his dying breath he had just blessed, and who was probably at that awful moment the sole object of his thoughts, stood in life, if such indeed it might be called, beside him! His half-closed eye rested upon her! the pupil dilated,—he gazed fixedly but wildly; he struggled to raise himself; I supported him in the attempt. Once or twice I heard a rattling in his throat, as if he strove to speak, but could not; then in a piercing voice, which seemed to have struggled with and for an instant escaped the power that was about to silence it for ever, he exclaimed, "This is no dream! it is my own Ruth!—my daughter!" and flinging open his arms, she, thus startled from her trance, sprang forward and fell upon his bosom.

Within a few minutes after this touching scene, I was called to the door of the chamber; I found it was the physician: I took him aside and hurriedly explained to him the events of the last few hours. We then approached the bed: the old man was dead! his arms were extended across his child, whose face was buried in the pillow. On raising her up, a stream of blood rushed from her mouth; a vessel had been ruptured! In less than half an hour her spirit, too, had departed.

#### THE FEATHER OF A PEACOCK.

In its embryo the feather of a peacock is little more than a bladder containing a fluid, while every one knows the general structure of those long ones which form the train. The star is painted on a great number of small feathers, associated in a regular plane; as those have found their way from the root, through this long space of three feet, without error of arrangement or pattern, in more millions of feathers than imagination can conceive, if this sufficiently wonderful, the examination of each fibre of this canvas (to adopt this phrase,) will much increase the wonder. Taking one-half of the star, the places and proportions of the several colours differ in each of those, as do their lengths and obliquities, yet a single picture is produced, including ten outlines, which form also many irregular yet unvarying curves. And, further, the opposed half corresponds in every thing; while this complicated picture is not painted after the texture is formed, but each fibre takes its place ready painted, yet never failing to produce the pattern. If this is chance, the coloured threads of a tapestry might as well unite by chance to produce a picture; while every annual renewal is equally accurate, as it has been in every such animal since the creation. And whatever the other chances may be, enormous as they are against the hypothesis, this further number cannot be evaded, because it would be to abandon the very principle of chance, to say that renewal, or perpetuation, were governed by laws. If the system is to mean what it pretends to do, every feather that ever existed must have been the result of fortunate chances. This would be enough, had this object not demanded the arithmetical calculation; for omitting all else, who would even hope to reproduce the star from the same separated materials, under any number of chances?

But the entire analysis I need not make in words; it can be done by any one on the subject itself, and with a more satisfactory effect. Let him take each fibre separately, note the number of the colours, their gradations, the very different nodes of those on the different fibres, and the very different places of those colours on them, with the still more remarkable differences in those fragments of the many outlines included in the star. The painter,

who best knows the difficulty of producing gradations on even a fixed plane, will best also conceive the impossibility of producing, under any number of chances, such a coloured plane, from a hundred separated fibres previously painted, or even of thus producing the much easier outlines.

But who will compute this unwieldy sum? The result alone, the figures expressing the chances against one, that this little object was not the produce of chance, would fill a page; it is equivalent to infinitude against one. Suffice it here, that I inquire of the probability of simply replacing, by chance, the disarranged and intermixed fibres of the star in their original places or order; while, even then, I need not take more than the half, as the result of the total is equally unnecessary and unwieldy. It would be a purposeless parade of arithmetic to detail those figures; if the reader will place a unit before sixty-four zeros, he will have a sufficient conception of these chances for the present purpose. And chances far short of this have ever been held competent to any proof.—MACCULLOCH on the Attributes of God.

**BELIEF IN THE DEITY.**—There is nothing more awful than to attempt to cast a glance among the clouds and mists which hide the broken extremity of the celebrated bridge of Mirza. Yet, when every day brings us nigher that termination, one would almost think our views should become clearer. Alas! it is not so; there is a curtain to be withdrawn, a veil to be rent, before we shall see things, as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God; nay, I doubt if, at all times and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that hideous creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul and of the state of future rewards and punishments, is indissolubly linked. More we are not to know of; but neither are we prohibited from all attempts, however vain, to pierce the solemn, sacred gloom. The expressions used in Scripture are, doubtless, metaphorical, for penal fires and heavenly melody are only applicable to beings endowed with corporeal senses; and, at least till the period of the resurrection, the spirits of men, whether entering into the perfection of the just, or committed to the regions of punishment, are not connected with bodies. Neither is it to be supposed that the glorified bodies which shall arise in the last day, will be capable of the same gross indulgences with which ours are now solaced. That the idea of Mahomet's paradise is inconsistent with the purity of our heavenly religion, will be readily granted; and see Mark xii. 35. Harmony is obviously chosen as the least corporeal of all gratifications of the sense, and as the type of love, unity, and a state of peace and perfect happiness. But they have a poor idea of the Deity, and the rewards which are destined for the just made perfect, who can only adopt the literal sense of an eternal concert—a never-ending birth-day ode. I rather suppose this should be understood of some commission from the Highest, some duty to discharge with the applause of a satisfied conscience. That the Deity, who himself must be supposed to feel love and affection for the beings he has called into existence, should delegate a portion of those powers, I, for one, cannot conceive altogether so wrong a conjecture. We would then find reality in Milton's sublime machinery of the guardian saints, or genii of kingdoms. Nay, we would approach to the Catholic idea of the employment of saints, though without approaching the absurdity of saint-worship, which degrades their religion. There would be, we must suppose, in these employments, difficulties to overcome and exertions to be made, for all which the celestial beings employed would have certain appropriate powers. I cannot help owning, that a life of active benevolence is more consistent with my ideas, than an eternity of music. But it is all speculation, and it is impossible to guess what we should do, unless we could ascertain the equally difficult previous question, what we are to be. But there is a God, and a just God—a judgment and a future life—and all who own so much, let them act according to the faith that is in them. I would not, of course, limit the range of my genii to this confined earth. There is the universe, with all its endless extent of worlds.—*Diary of Sir Walter Scott.*

**A SCHOOL-ROW.**—At school young Quaver was the ringleader in every kind of mischief, and his exploits are traditional in the respectable academy of Messrs. Birch and Ferule. An anecdote is related of young Quaver, which seems to me, as a faithful biographer, to merit repetition. Mr. Birch, for some reason or other with which I am unacquainted, was furnished with the soubriquet of Muffle. His knowledge of the fact excited his indignation to the highest pitch. One day young Quaver, in construing his Latin lesson, stumbled over the word *ludimagister*, which our erudite readers need not be informed means *school-master*, literally *master of sports*. "Come, sir," said Mr. Birch, "tell us what *ludimagister* means." "Don't know," answered Quaver. "Instantly, sir?" "Tell you I don't know." "Then you have been idle, and neglected your lesson." "No, sir, I studied diligently; but I forget what this word means." "I insist on your telling me." "How can I when I don't know?" "Out with it, sir!" "Well, if I must say something," answered

the undaunted Quaver, fixing an eagle eye upon the master, "If I must say something, it means—it means—*muffle!*" A deafening roar of applause from the upper benches of the room followed this audacious sally. The master stamped his feet and vociferated in an agony of wrath. Quaver was dragged from his post, and made to endure a severe flagellation. "Now," said Mr. Birch, when tired of the exercise, he laid aside his rod; "now, what does *ludimagister* mean rascal?" "Muffle!" screamed the gallant boy. And now the bigger boys yelled in an agony of delight. Discipline was set at defiance, and in the mad delirium of their pleasure, they rushed at once into rebellion. As the contumacy of William Tell kindled the revolt against Geeler, so did the hardness of Quaver bring on the dreadful scene of an academical row. A painter would have been forcibly reminded of Hogarth's *Battle of the Books*; for Messrs Birch and Ferule were buried beneath an avalanche of volumes. The air was darkened with dictionaries, and swarming with classics. Authors jostled each other worse than ever, and Walker and Johnson fell foul immediately. Stationary became suddenly locomotive, and benches remarkably restive. In the midst of the *melee*, the daring Quaver perceived his tormentor prostrate beneath a pile of books. Quick as thought he seized an inkstand, and overturned it on the master's head. Having thus anointed the deposed monarch, he proceeded to sand his sable locks, and then ran home to avoid the consequences. The next morning there was a grand meeting of trustees; the mass of scholars was pardoned, but Master Quaver was expelled.—*From a Story in the New-York Mirror.*

From the Agricultural Commissioner's Report.

#### THE PRODUCT OF A GARDEN.

The products of an acre and a half in a garden the present season, are worthy of notice.

The land was manured with eight cords of manure to the acre, and there have been grown on it for sale, and to be sold, as follows;

3,500 bunches of Onions, at 5 cents,	\$ 175,00
45 barrels of Beets, at \$ 1,50 per barrel,	67,50
Cabbages sold,	100,00
24 bushels of Parsnips,	10,50
2 " Beans,	4,00
10 " Potatoes,	6,67
	\$ 363,67

Besides a supply of vegetables for family use from the same garden.

The establishment with which the last account is connected presents one of the most beautiful examples of persevering industry, and admirable economy and management, to be met with in our industrious and frugal community. The individual began his married life with only \$500, which was the dower of his wife. He has never been the owner of more than 10 1-2 acres of land, but has often hired land for improvement. His whole and exclusive business has been farming. He has been blest with ten children, of whom seven are sons, and all of whom have been brought up in habits of useful industry and had the advantages of a useful education. His house is handsome enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition; and his out-door and in-door establishments patterns of neatness and order. He has all the needed comforts and luxuries of life; and in property may be pronounced independent. The habits of such a family are in themselves a fortune. He and his two sons have this year cut and cured 75 tons of hay; and better hay is not to be found.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF A BOOK.**—Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dulness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the alehouse, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene, and while he enjoys himself there he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family,—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class. What a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it—all contribute to the gratification

of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more, it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect—that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

Enter the sacred temple of his breast  
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest;  
Wander through all the glories of his mind,  
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate sources of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Sir John Herschel.*

**FORTITUDE.**—With the exception of naval and military men, no class of the community witness more examples of fortitude and personal courage than the practitioners of surgery. What greater proofs can be given of confidence and courage, than that with which a person surrenders himself, blindfolded, and bound hand and foot to the knife of the operator? Every day in the week this great metropolis produces, in silence and in secret, acts of heroism, of strength of mind, and firmness of purpose, that would do honour to an ancient Roman. I have witnessed many in both sexes; and although the first amputation I ever saw had nothing of the "sublime or the beautiful" to recommend it, yet it affords an illustration of the observation, from low life, of how much the mind may be under control even during great bodily pain, and the bitter anguish of the sudden loss of a limb. "How do you find yourself, Mrs. Judy?" said a St. Bartholomew's surgeon, after taking off the arm of an Irish basket-woman. "How do I find myself? why, without my arm—how else should I find myself!" was Mrs. Judy's reply. In another operation, shortly afterwards, of much more importance, the force of female character was evinced in a different manner. A lady, of some consequence—of the highest order as to intellectual endowments—had occasion to submit to one of the most serious, painful, and protracted operations that the sex can be subject to. Her case was a source of deep interest to all her friends, of the most bitter anguish to her near and dear relatives. When the necessity of an operation became decided, she determined on the speedy and secret execution of it, and arrangements were made of her own planning, by which her physician, three surgeons, and myself, then a surgical aide-de-camp, were introduced into the house, and the operation successfully performed, without the knowledge of any one of her own family, or the cognizance of any of a large establishment, excepting her own maid.—*London Lancet.*

**JEWS IN TURKEY.**—Jews and Armenians compose an important portion of the population of Constantinople. The stain of obloquy which still clings to the obdurate Israelites is not imperceptible in Turkey. They are indeed not only exposed to the contempt and ill treatment of the Turks, but also to that of the Christians residing here. Opprobrious names are used even by the boys towards the Hebrews, any of whom are ill advised in shewing themselves in the Christian quarters of the city, especially during Easter. The hatred against them has, if possible, increased since the time of the Christian insurrection, when the Greek patriarch and other priests were murdered—in which terrific scenes the Jews distinguished themselves, both by their treachery, and by the revolting pleasure they appeared to take in the bloodshed thence accruing. No Jew is permitted to pass directly to the Mahomedan faith; it being insisted on, that he first embraces Christianity by baptism, which is held to wash away, as it were, the unpardonable stain of Judaism.—*Von Tietz.*

**THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.**—On the outside of the market-house at Devizes, in Wiltshire, is put up a large handsome stone, on which are these words:—"The following authentic relation is to deter all persons from calling down the vengeance of God, or taking his holy name in vain. Thursday Jan. 25, 1753, Ruth Pierce, of Pottern, agreed with three other women to buy a sack of wheat. One of the three collecting the money, and discovering some wanting, demanded it of Ruth Pierce, who said she had paid her share, and rashly wished she might drop down dead if she had not; which she instantly did, on repeating her wish, with some money concealed in her hand, to the amazement and terror of the crowded market"—*Plain Englishman*

**MENTAL EXCITEMENT.**—So long as excessive mental excitement is kept up, but little relief can be obtained from the strictest attention to dietics. Abstinence from mental toil, cheerful company, a country excursion, and relaxation of mind, will soon accomplish a cure, where all the dietetic precepts and medicines in the world would prove inefficacious.—*Curtis on Health.*

**AGRICULTURE.**—The sum of 500,000 francs has been placed at the disposal of the French Minister of Public Works for the encouragement of agriculture during the year 1838. There have been also several gentlemen travelling in Scotland at the expense of the Society of Agriculture, in order to examine the system of farming in that country.

For the Pearl.

## SCOTTISH SCENERY.

No. 2.

## CORRA CASTLE.

The sun is setting in a sea of gold,  
Castle of Corra, its declining ray  
Shines on thy moss-grown turrets, to unfold  
A tale of mournful splendour from thy old  
And broken battlements and ruins grey.

'Twas from those walls upon a milk-white steed;  
The ill-fated "Maid of Corra" sought her grave;  
And from a father's mischiefs to be freed,  
From this steep rock with undiminished speed,  
Dashed headlong, and was buried in the wave.

'Twas sunset then! one wild, wild shriek alone  
Burst from her lips, as her mad courser sprung  
Over the ridge, and at that hour 'tis known  
The traveller passing hears a dismal moan,  
As from one sinking, in wild anguish wrong!

Oh! how my mind runs back to ancient time,  
When from those lofty halls the minstrel's song  
Rude in the roughness of unmeasured rhyme,  
Mighty and spirit-stirring in its chime,  
And full of interest to the mail-clad throng,

Rose and re-echoed from the hearts, of those  
Who, roused to brave exertion by its fire,  
Burst boldly, like a flood, upon their foes,  
Drank the warm life of all that dared oppose,  
Which blood alone could quench their murderous ire!

Perchance 't would change at intervals the theme,  
And turn from wars' alarms to maiden grace,  
Embodying in its song the fiery dream—  
The heart's warm glow—the blue eye's softer beam,  
Fired by the native genius of the place.

But those light fingers sleep upon the lyre;  
The ripened sweetness of its thrilling tones  
Is lost—save when the night-wind sweeps the wire,  
Waking a sound well-fitted to inspire  
A reminiscence of earth's best-loved ones.

The halls are changed now, the courts are drear,  
The mantling ivy only seems to bloom;  
No merry footfall tells of tenant near;  
Time's heavy hand has wrought his changes here,  
And all around is darkness—desolation—gloom!

From Colburn's New Monthly for April.

## THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Spirit! who over this our mortal Earth,  
Where nought hath birth  
Which imperfection doth not some way dim,  
Since Earth offended Him—  
Thou who unseen, from out thy radiant wings  
Dost shower down light o'er mean and common things!  
And, wandering to and fro;  
Through the condemn'd and sinful world dost go,  
Haunting that wilderness, the human heart,  
With gleams of glory that too soon depart—  
Gilding both weed and flower;—  
What is thy birth divine? and whence thy mighty power?

The Sculptor owns thee! On his high pale brow  
Bewild'ring images are pressing now;  
Groups whose immortal grace  
His chisel ne'er shall trace,  
Though in his mind the fresh creation glows;  
High forms of godlike strength,  
Or limbs whose languid length  
The marble fixes in a sweet repose!  
At thy command,  
His fond and patient hand  
Moulds the dull clay to Beauty's richest line,  
Or with more tedious skill,  
Obedient to thy will,  
By touches imperceptible and fine,  
Works slowly day by day  
The rough-hewn block away,  
Till the soft shadow of the bust's pale smile  
Wakes into statue-life and pays the assiduous toil!

Thee, the young Painter knows,—whose fervent eyes,  
O'er the blank waste of canvas fondly bending,  
See fast within its magic circle rise  
Some pictured scene, with colours softly blending,—  
Green bowers and leafy glades,  
The old Arcadian shades,  
Where thwarting glimpses of the sun are thrown,  
And dancing nymphs and shepherds one by one  
Appear to bless his sight  
In Fancy's glowing light,  
Peeping that spot of green Earth's flowery breast  
With every attitude of joy and rest,  
Lo! at his pencil's touch steals faintly forth  
(Like an uprising star in the cold north)  
Some face which soon shall glow with Beauty's fire:  
Dim seems the sketch to those who stand around,  
Dim and uncertain as an echoed sound,  
But, oh! how bright to him, whose hand thou dost inspire!

Thee, also, doth the dreaming Poet hail  
Fond comforter of many a dreary day—  
When through the clouds his Fancy's car can sail  
To worlds of radiance far, how far, away!

Lo! at thy touch, as at the burst of light  
Which Morning shoots along the purple hills,  
Chasing the shadows of the vanish'd night,  
And silencing all the darkly gushing rills,  
Giving each blossom, gemm'd with sparkling dew,  
Its bright and proper hue;—  
So darts thy glow across the Poet's soul  
So from his world the mists of darkness roll,  
And shows it as it should be—as it was  
E'er the dim night of Death came down to mar  
The Holy and the Beautiful, and cause  
A struggling and interminable war  
Amidst Creation. He beholds the face  
Of the old world with a young Eden grace!  
Disease, and want, and sin, and pain, are not—  
Nor homely and familiar things:—man's lot  
Is like his aspirations—bright and high;  
And even the haunting thought that man must die,  
His dream so changes from its fearful strife,  
Death seems but fainting into purer life!

Nor only these thy presence woo,  
The less inspired own thee too!  
Thou hast thy tranquil source  
In the deep well-springs of the human heart,  
And gushest with sweet force  
When most imprison'd; causing tears to start  
In the worn citizen's o'erworn eye,  
As, with a sigh,  
At the bright close of some rare holiday,  
He sees the branches wave, the waters play—  
And hears the clock's far distant mellow chime  
Warn him a busier world reclaims his time!

Thee, Childhood's heart confesses,—when he sees  
The heavy rose-bud crimson in the breeze,  
When the red coral wins his eager gaze,  
Or the warm sunbeam dazzles with its rays.  
Thee, through his varied hours of rapid joy,  
The eager Boy,  
Who wild across the grassy meadow springs,  
And still with sparkling eyes  
Pursues the uncertain prize,  
Lured by the velvet glory of its wings!

And so from youth to age—yea till the end—  
An unforsaken, unforgetting friend,  
Thou hoverest round us! and when all is o'er,  
And earth's most loved illusions please no more,  
Thou stealest gently to the couch of Death,  
There, while the lagging breath  
Comes faint and fitfully, to usher nigh  
Consoling visions from thy native sky,  
Making it sweet to die!  
The sick man's ears are faint—his eyes are dim—  
But his heart listens to the Heavenward hymn,  
And his soul sees—not, not the weeping band,  
Who come with mournful tread  
To kneel about the bed,—  
But white-robed angels, who around him stand,  
And waive his Spirit to the "Better Land!"

So living,—dying,—still our hearts pursue  
That loveliness which never met our view;  
Still to the last the ruling thought will reign,  
Nor deem the feeling given—was giv'n in rain!  
For it may be our banish'd souls recall,  
In this, their earthly thrall,  
(With the sick dreams of exiles,) that far world  
Whence angels once were hurl'd;  
Or it may be a faint and trembling sense,  
Vague, as permitted by Omnipotence,  
Foreshows the immortal radiance round us shed,  
When the Imperfect shall be perfected!  
Like the chain'd eagle in his fetter'd might,  
Straining upon the Heavens his wistful sight,  
Who toward the upward glory fondly springs  
With all the vain strength of his shivering wings,—  
So chain'd to earth, and balled—yet so fond  
Of the pure sky which lies so far beyond,  
We make the attempt to soar in many a thought  
Of Beauty born, and into Beauty wrought;  
Dimly we struggle onwards:—who shall say  
Which glimmering light leads nearest to the Day?

THE DEPARTED.—It is wretchedness to kneel by the grave of the departed, who have taken with them the verdure from the earth, and the glory from the sky; who have left home and heart alike desolate: but then the soul asserts its diviner portion, looks afar off through the valley of the shadow of tears, and is intensely conscious that here is but its trial, and beyond is its triumph. The love that dwells with the dead has a sanctity in its sorrow; for love, above all things, asserts that we are immortal. But wretchedness takes no form, varied as are its many modes in this, our weary existence, like that where the hand is given, and the heart is far away—where the love, vowed at the altar, is not that which lies crushed, yet not quenched, within the hidden soul. Hope brings no comfort; for there were cruelty and crime in its promises; memory has no solace; it can, at best, only crave oblivion—and oblivion of what? Of all life's sweet dreams and deepest feelings! Yet, what slight thing must, with a sting like that of the adder, bring back the past—too dear, and yet too bitter!—a word, a look, a tone, may be enough to wring every pulse with the agony of a vain and forbidding regret.—Churchill.

## THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

## THE MARRIAGE.

Some fruits of the Revolution now and then exhibit themselves in France. In those days the guillotine was the great master of society, and to escape from it became the business of life, as to die by it became little less than a law of nature. In the period of this confusion, one evening, as Citizen Jacques Tissot, a *Federe* in one of the hovels of Paris, was buckling on his cartouche-box, and getting his musket ready for the night's guard, he heard a tap at the door of his attic in the Marais. He opened the door, and saw the figure wrapt in a large cloak, and with a man's hat, standing outside.

"I want your assistance for a moment," said the stranger.

"Then you cannot have it," was the answer of Jacques, "for in five minutes more I must be on guard at the Hotel de Ville."

"I know that," said the stranger, "and I can tell you further, that you will be sent with a party in a covered waggon at twelve to-night on the St. Denis road to bring back a prisoner."

"Well, what of that?" said Jacques, "if it is my duty I must do it, that's all."

"Of course," said the stranger, "but as the night is cold, a handful of francs will do no harm either to you or your comrades; I have brought them to you." So saying, the stranger took out a purse and shook it dazzlingly before the eye of the *Federe*. Jacques was about to be indignant, but in the act he discovered that the purse vibrated in the fingers of a small and very pretty hand. Jacques's sagacity was awakened whilst his fidelity was relaxed, and the result of the negotiation was, that the fair Ambassador, the *femme-de-chambre* of the *Comtesse de*—, should have the advantage of his services in obtaining ingress and egress to the house where Madame La Comtesse was confined by order of Robespierre.

To pass further explanation, all turned out as had been expected. Jacques was drafted off with a party to bring the lady to the Conciergerie, from which her next trip would inevitably have been to the scaffold. The night was tempestuous and as dark as pitch. The half dozen rabble warriors who had formed the guard, were found carousing in the kitchen of the mansion, and very much disinclined to be relieved. The new reinforcement were equally disinclined to return while the prospect of such excellent fare, and a prodigious wood-fire, was before them. There was even a difficulty in finding any one of the party disposed to keep guard at the gate, until Jacques volunteered, and gained great applause for his heroism in deserting the *cotelettes* and *vin de Bourgogne* which was at once so new and so tempting to the appetites of the sovereign people. He had not been long on guard when, in the midst of a new rush of rain, he heard the voice of the *femme-de-chambre* behind him; was informed of what he had to do; and began to do it, by gently depositing his musket on the ground, holding fast the line of a rope ladder, which was thrown out of an upper window, and receiving a descending form in his arms. The form was the Countess, disguised in the dress of one of her women, and taking advantage of the moment to effect her escape from the grasp of Robespierre. Unluckily, the vehicle in which she was to have been conveyed across the frontier had waited so long under the shelter of some neighbouring trees, that its driver, growing weary of the time, and sufficiently pelted by the tempest, had slipped into the kitchen, and being so hospitably received by his brother *sansculottes*, he was by this time dead drunk. The horses, like their master, tired of waiting, had also marched off, and when the *femme-de-chambre*, who had been sent to reconnoitre, returned with this disastrous intelligence, all seemed lost. In the mean-time a flash of light from the kitchen window had shown Jacques that his present *protege* was a handsome brunette. His heart had been a little touched by the bright eyes of the *femme-de-chambre*, but the air noble touched at once his taste and his vanity, and he fell in love at the moment, according to the manner of Frenchmen. But what was to be done? In five minutes more the corporal who commanded the guard would march the whole party to Paris, and the fate of the handsome *Comtesse* would be decided for life. The thought struck him that as the cart which brought him there remained, it would be much better employed conveying the lady and himself across the frontier, than carrying a party of ragamuffins, who were perfectly well accustomed to walk back to their hovels. The idea was excellent, but the difficulty of such matters generally lies in the execution. The *Comtesse*, the *femme-de-chambre*, and Jacques, got into the covered cart. A burst of the whirlwind and a roar of thunder seemed to favour the project, and Jacques took up the reins with all the consciousness of a hero; but he was a bad charioteer, and after two or three rearing and plungings of the horse, the brute dashed in one of the windows with his head, and brought out the whole party. Jacques was caught with his companions. At other times this would have been a matter of drumhead court-martial, and Jacques would have died in front of a dozen of the best shots of the corps. But he lived in the days when the life of a *sansculotte* was not to be taken for trifles, and the corporal only commanded him and his companions to be brought into the house, and there interrogated as to the purpose of their escapade. The

*femme-de-chambre* was nearly dead with fright, but she was pretty, and the corporal's heart melted towards her.

The *Comtesse* was all but dead, and between fainting and fright could by no means rival her attendant; the disguise, too, was of the humblest kind, and the party of connoisseurs voted that the "old woman" was no very striking evidence of the taste of their comrade. Jacques acknowledged the fact, but demanded loftily "whether it became a son of the Republic to desert his wife?" The circular gathered round, and Jacques by degrees made them comprehend "that Madame his wife, having heard of his being ordered on service, and not altogether approving of his spirit of adventure, had come from Paris with a female friend to ascertain the nature of the campaign. All this was understood *selon*; his comrades laughed, jokes were cut by the unmarried at the shackled condition of the Benedicks; the married, if they did not hang down their heads, at least acknowledged that too vigilant wives were by no means uncommon affairs; and as the finish, it being reported that the rebel *Comtesse* had swallowed opium, taken prussic acid, or drowned herself, or, at all events, not being discoverable, the party, with the corporal at their head, and followed by Jacques his wife, and her female friend, mounted the cart and made their way back to Paris.

The embarrassment of two of the three was now considerable. But Jacques offered to set the matter right with the happiest facility. He had but one room, 'tis true, and the debate ended by his giving up the apartment to the lady and her attendant, and finding a retreat somewhere else. But those were not times when men might sleep where they pleased; and Robespierre's vigilance was the last thing which one of the "free" would be safe in craving. A hint from a friend in the police informed Jacques that his sleeping out of his own chamber the night before was known, and that a repetition of the attempt would be regarded as *suspicious*; for, why should men sleep from home except for the purpose of conspiracy? A council of war was held accordingly in the attic. That Jacques must resume his chamber was clear but where the *comtesse* was to look for another was the very reverse of clear. To stir out of Paris was impossible; to remain in the attic was impossible; and to go any where else was impossible. Tossed on the horns of three impossibilities at once, the genius of Napoleon himself might be perplexed. But when was woman ever puzzled, on domestic questions? The *femme-de-chambre* cut the Gordian knot as if it were a silken thread; placing two very slight fingers on the curl that prettily drooped down her forehead,

"Voici," said she, "mi Ladi is a widow; disengaged therefore; not so rich as she was, but still rich; and if she is denounced to the Government she will be hurried to the Conciergerie, and from that, *ma foi*, to the horrid guillotine without mercy, *Horreur!*"

The word was echoed by the *Comtesse* and Jacques. "Mais, quoi faire?" was the question of both at once. The *femme-de-chambre*, with the air of a privy counsellor, gave her opinion, "Madame is high-born, young, and charming. But that will not save heads in these horrible times. Monsieur Jacques is young, tolerably well looking;" Jacques gave an approving glance at a cracked mirror on the wall; and, the *femme-de-chambre* pursued, "if not high-born, at least lives high in the world, *au sixieme*, Madame." The party smiled. The counsellor concluded by recommending that Madame should become in reality, what she already was in name, and be the wife of Citizen Jacques Tossot, portrait and scene-painter to the Theatre de la Nation. All this would be extravagant in any other country under the moon; but all extraordinary things are common in France. The *Comtesse* finally thought, that it was better to marry a showy young fellow than to deposit her title and handsome head at the foot of the national instrument for lopping aristocrats. Marriages in those days were simple affairs; there were no time for courtship, where, between levies for the army, imprisonings, and executions, a man could not call himself his own for four and twenty hours together. The marriage took place within the next twenty-four hours. The corporal found out the *femme-de-chambre*, and Madeleine became the gay spouse of a *maître charbonnier*.

When the Reign of Terror ceased, Jacques left Paris and the brush to examine the state of his wife's dower. It was in Auvergne, and not altogether ruined by liberty. On the Restoration of the Bourbons he recovered the larger part, and narrowly escaped being made a peer, such as peers were under the title-giving king. But he had the good sense to enjoy life without the trouble of being libelled in the Parisian journals for his votes, or plagued by every body for places for their sons, cousins, and sons-in-law. He died lately, leaving large sums to the charitable foundations of his province, and expressly forbidding that any memorial, bust, slab, or cenotaph, should be erected to him in that museum of mummery, the *Pere la Chaise*.

#### ACTIONS IN LAW.

Actions by young ladies for breach of promise, we had thought to be one of the perfections of British civilisation. But what spot in the world is not now civilized, or about to be civilized? In

half-a dozen years more the manners of mankind, from Chili to Constantinople, will be as smooth as a bowling-green.

In the Illinois, lately, a young Indian fair or brown one, of some distinction in the woods, made her complaint to an old chief of the faithlessness of her betrothed. The squaw asserted that she had no sooner made up her mind to the marriage than the young chief turned on his heel, and chose to marry somebody else. The case was brought before the heads of the tribe. The matter was regarded as touching the public honour, and the old warriors held a grand council on the subject. As amongst the Indians there are yet no professed lawyers, justice is not quite so tardy as in more accomplished countries, and the case was pleaded by the squaw herself. It consisted of statements of the frequent visits of the young warrior to the wigwam; of his smoking a considerable quantity of her father's tobacco; and eating their venison, whenever he could get it; those attentions to himself being connected with frequent attentions to the lady, the statements being corroborated by several bunches of feathers, yards of Welsh flannel, three fox-tails, and a scalp. The lover was then called on. He denied the charge of the affections altogether. With an air which could not be exceeded by the air of a man of fashion, he said, that though it was true he had visited her father's wigwam, he had done it only when he had nothing else to do; when the heavers were not to be found, or the buffaloes were gone. As to "the feathers and flannels," he acknowledged that he had given them, but had given them merely as matters of common civility. As he concluded his speech the squaw gave a loud scream, and fainted in the arms of her mother. The old chiefs proceeded to judgment, and whether guided by the justice of the case, or touched with the sufferings of the squaw, brought in a verdict of damages, sentencing the offender to give the broken-hearted fair one—a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen heaver skins. The sentence was no sooner pronounced than the squaw, recovered from her swoon, sprang on her feet, clapping her hands with joy, and crying out, "now I am ready to court again."

#### PRESENCE OF MIND.

Secretary King, who wrote the clever "Memoir of his own Time," says that among all the remarkable men in his recollection he never saw above one or two who possessed "presence of mind," which he defines to be the faculty of knowing what is exactly the thing to be done in the emergency. In common parlance this is termed "having one's wits about one." We should wish to know in what class of the quick-witted he would have placed the subject of the following recent adventure.

As the diligence which daily sets out from Vienna for Hungary stopped to breakfast at one of the villages, a Colonel of the Hungarian Guard, who happened to ride into the inn-yard, was struck by the attractions of a young respectable female who had just alighted from the carriage. He came into the breakfast-room, and exhibited the peculiarly aristocratic airs of that peculiarly aristocratic corps, paid the young lady marked attentions, and annoyed her and a female friend who travelled with her in no ordinary degree. At length the carriage set out again, and the lady hoped that she was free from her sudden and very troublesome admirer. She was mistaken. In a few minutes the Colonel was seen in full gallop after the diligence, which, of course, he soon overtook. Riding up to the window, he again addressed the lady, told her that he had delayed merely for the purpose of mounting a fresh horse, and that he intended to follow and ascertain where she resided. This impertinence greatly chagrined her, but there was no remedy, and she sat in silence. The Colonel, however, persisted, and attempted to hold a conversation with her, which the liveliness of his charger, a handsome Styrian horse, made every moment a more difficult affair. At length, the horse and the rider being equally obstinate, the matter came to a quarrel, and the gallant Colonel narrowly escaped being dismounted. Still persisting in keeping his place at the window, a passenger in the coach, a remarkably simple-looking and silent person, observed, that if M. le Colonel wished to come into the coach he would give up his seat to him and ride the horse for a while. The Colonel was delighted at the proposal, and the seats were instantly exchanged; the gallant hussar recommending it to the traveller to ride carefully, as his horse was remarkably high-spirited; the traveller shrunk at the news, but the Colonel was already in the diligence, and he had obviously no alternative. The diligence now rolled on, the traveller rode timidly after it; but the charger seemed to have him entirely at his mercy, for he galloped sometimes past the carriage and sometimes back again, the rider in such a state of alarm as attracted all eyes and greatly amused the gallant Colonel. At length the road emerged into one of the vast heaths which are kept open for the Austrian cavalry manœuvres. Here the charger appeared to know his own ground, for, after a few snarlings and boundings beside the diligence, he was seen suddenly to turn, and shoot away at full speed far across the plain and in a different direction from the road. The Colonel and the passengers continued to gaze, and expected to see the unlucky rider unhorsed by this furious speed. Quite the contrary, the rider kept his seat; nay, evidently had a thorough command of the horse, and on reaching an eminence

half a league off, was soon to pull up, take off his cap, wave it and making a low bow to the diligence, dash down the opposite side of the hill.

The conclusion was now plain; the gallant Colonel had intrusted his valuable charger to some of the gipsy horse-dealers who rove through Austria, and traffic and steal horses throughout all Germany. The simple traveller had seen his opportunity, and showed the rare faculty of "presence of mind." The Colonel was outrageous; his talent for conversation was now turned in to wrath at his own folly, and promises to have the gipsy hanged, drawn, and quartered, when he could catch him. The travellers in the diligence felt no sympathy with the Colonel; his impertinence had already made him unpopular. The diligence now stopped to change horses. At the inn a note was found, addressed to him, mentioning that his charger was found to be an excellent galloper; that it was in excellent hands; that its present possessor had long wanted a horse of this style for his personal use; and that if the gallant Colonel had one of the same kind in his possession, they were worth taking better care of. The note was signed Herman Sarmansky. The signature was that of one of the most famous heads of a banditti, which extended its ravages from the Ukraine to Buda. The Colonel's taste for conversation was wholly quieted by this billet-doux; he mounted one of the tired horses of the diligence, and slowly returned to his quarters: to meditate on the folly of falling in love at first sight, and trusting, on too hasty an acquaintance, a simple gentleman who offered to take trouble off his hands.

#### CARICATURE.

The indefatigable H. B. is proceeding in his course, with a pencil as prolific as it is unwearied. "The Royal Cossack, or her Majesty's Pet Lamb," is a clever affair. But there are subjects too disgusting even for caricature, and Lord Melbourne's daily feedings are among them. In H. B.'s print, her Majesty is represented as feeding Lord Melbourne, and it will excite the regret of all who wish well to her Majesty, that any pencil should venture to place her in so degrading a point of light. The rest of the ministry are grouped round as sheep, licking their lips as they look upon the performance. Lord Glenelg is lying on the ground, of course fast asleep, while Lord Brougham is walking away with an angry visage fixed upon the lady and the pet, and over his head the words, "I cannot gloze," etc.

Another, and methinks, a better effort of his pencil is "a scene in a Canadian winter." Lord Glenelg has tumbled into the water through the ice. Lord Melbourne, with Lord John Russell holding his hand, is venturing to pluck him out; but the effort is evidently hopeless, and the luckless Colonial Secretary is evidently going down; his eyes, too, are closing, and he is falling asleep; in another moment he will be gone; but Wellington, in the dress of one of the Humane Society's men, with rope and pole, runs up to draw him out.

This service certainly was done by the noble Duke to the surprise of every body, and he will henceforth unhappily have to regard himself as responsible for the performances of the knaves and fools whom he saved.

A third is "Una and her Lamb. The Queen is seated on an ass, and leading in a string a pet lamb with Lord Melbourne's visage on it. Lord John Russell follows as the dwarf. Thus the young Queen, who began her reign with universal popularity, has become the subject, and almost the only one, of caricature. The popular eye fixes on those representations with avidity; and she has to thank her Court Circular for this most unenviable of all possible distinctions.

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An Essay on Caricature might be made an amusing thing, an angry thing, or even a learned thing. Caricatures are to the natural figure and physiognomy what the ridiculous is to the real; of course, caricature is as old as the sense of the absurd, the fantastic, and the exaggerated; all as old as human society. There are caricatures among the little bronzes found in the Thebaid, among the marbles, games, and clays of Herculaneum, and among the frescoes of Pompeii. The scratches on the soldiers' barracks in the Roman ruins are caricatures of their centurions and comrades. Every nation of Europe has had its caricaturist, and even Rome, though under the vigilant eye of the Papacy, always sore on the side of burlesque, has exhibited the keenness of the satiric pencil. France under Napoleon had the bitterness and the will, but not the daring. Yet where the caricaturist could take aim at a public personage without being sent to the galleys for his dexterity, he sometimes struck happily enough. One of the best caricatures of the Napoleon era was levelled at Prince Borghese, who had married one of Napoleon's sisters; but who was no favourite with either his wife or his formidable brother-in-law. The Prince was a good-humoured, quiet creature, with a great fortune, and a great stomach. The caricaturist placed him in the centre of a group of jackasses, the Prince exclaiming, with a look of peculiar self-complacency, the burden of the popular French song, "Ou peut on etre mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" (Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his own family?)

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 1838.

The Halifax Packet Company's ship Halifax, arrived on Saturday last, in the short passage from Liverpool, of 20 days. She brings Liverpool dates of the 21st and London of the 20th April, from which we make the following extracts:—

**DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE.**—The question which has been a geographical problem for upwards of two centuries, the North-West Passage around the continent of America, is at length determined. The fact of the continent of America being circumnavigated—the determination of the latitude of its northern extremity, in the attempts to ascertain which so many expeditions of different nations have been unsuccessful—the knowledge that the great mountain ridge extending from Magellan Straits to the most northern part of the Asian continent, previously known, actually reaches the shores of the Arctic Sea; all these are highly interesting discoveries, and we owe them, as we do so many other valuable geographical discoveries, to commercial enterprise. The result appears to prove that even in boats, the northwest passage is impracticable, since with all the credit due and that can be given to Mr. Simpson and his brave companions, if they had not found the Esquimaux, and got their skin canoe, it is evident they never could have reached Cape Barrow; and many other similar expeditions might set out without one of them obtaining the same success. The discoverers of the North West Passage, are Messrs. Dease and Simpson, two gentlemen employed by the Hudson's Bay Company.—*Morning Chronicle, April 19.*

**NEW PEERS.**—We have received from we believe to be very good authority the following sketch of the projected coronation peerages:—Peers to be raised to dukedoms—Marquis of Lansdowne, Marquis of Westminster, Marquis of Anglesey. Several other promotions in the peerage. Commoners to be raised to the peerage—Sir John Wrottesley, Sir Jacob Astley, Sir J. Hobhouse, Mr. Paul Methuen, Mr. Hanbury Tracey, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir F. Lawley, Sir C. Lemon, and about eight others. The whole number of British and Irish expected is about 26, exclusive of promotion from one rank to another within the peerage. The daughter of the Earl of Liverpool is to be created a peeress in her own right. The Irish peerages are all to be given to Mr. O'Connell's chief supporters. One Irish Dukedom is to be created in favour of Lord Sligo. The constituencies of Cambridge and Nottingham ought to lose no time in providing conservative successors for Mr. S. Rice and Sir J. Hobhouse.—*Standard.*

It is stated, and on excellent authority, that the Earl of Fitzwilliam has refused from the present cabinet a dukedom for himself and a seat in the upper house for his son—both tendered as part of the elevations contemplated on the approaching coronation. We understand that the noble earl accompanied his refusal by a statement to the effect—that although he in general supported the present administration, yet that there were many points upon which he differed materially from them, and that he knew not the moment when the course of proceedings might render it imperative upon him to withdraw himself altogether from them; and that under such circumstances he felt that he ought not to accept political favour at their hands.—*Evening Mail.*

A banquet upon the most magnificent scale is to be given to Sir R. Peel on the 12th May, by the conservative members of the House of Commons. It is a very few days since the design was first mentioned, and already the list of hosts exceeds the number of 230. The place at which the entertainment will be given is not yet positively fixed. It will probably be Merchant Tailor's Hall.

**THE ARMY.**—So soon as the Cavalry and Infantry in Ireland destined for Canada are embarked, a general move of its troops in that country is expected to take place. The two cavalry regiments to be transferred from the English settlement, the 6th Dragoons and 17th Lancers, will move earlier than was supposed; namely in about 10 days.

Within the last few days it has been confidently stated that the Duke of Cambridge will very shortly succeed Lord Hill in the command of the army, and no less a personage than Lord Brougham has been given as the authority for the announcement. Should his royal highness accept the post, we believe it would be only on the condition that Lord Fitzroy Somerset retained his situation as military secretary, the duties of which his lordship so unceasingly devotes himself to.

The depots of all the Regiments in North America have received orders to send out further draughts to the service companies.

**PORTSMOUTH, April 16.**—The transport Burossa fitting at Plymouth, is to go to Cork, to embark detachments of the 53d, 66th, 34th, 16th and 85th Regts. for conveyance to Quebec. The 71st have embarked on board the Malabar, 74, for the same destination. The Edinburgh, 74, Capt. Henderson, has been refitted at Spithead, and her lower deck guns have been landed for the better accommodation of the 2d battalion Coldstream Guards, which has embarked on board her for conveyance to Quebec.

The troop ship Athol commanded by Mr. Bellamy, master, having embarked another portion of the Coldstream, sailed from Spithead on Saturday. There has been much bustle and animation here in consequence of the embarkation of the Guards for Canada, such as remind us of former times.

**THE WEATHER.**—This is as severe a day as has occurred throughout the whole winter. Yesterday it blew almost a hurricane, and during this morning, and the whole of the forenoon, we have had heavy and frequent showers of sleet and hail. The London mail of Saturday morning, due last evening, did not reach Kingston until to day, and that of Saturday evening had not arrived when we were going to press.—*Dublin Evening Mail, April 18.*

It is the Earl of Durham's intention to pay a short visit to the north before his departure for Canada; and it is stated that his lordship is expected at Lambton Castle this day. It is considered that a voyage across the Atlantic will be more agreeable in May than in April, and therefore the departure of his lordship is again deferred to some unknown days.

**GRAND ENTERTAINMENT TO HER MAJESTY.**—The most extensive preparations, on a scale of surpassing grandeur have commenced at Goldsmith's Hall in this city, for the entertainment of the Queen, who has most graciously consented to accept the invitation of this, the richest company in the world. The festival is arranged to take place on the 24th of May, when a magnificent dress ball will be presented. It is proposed that afterwards there shall be a banquet in the superb hall, or dining room of the company, the grand painted window of which is to be illuminated from without by jets of gas light, and within the noble suit of rooms are to be lighted with gas in glass, so as to produce the effect of moonlight. The rarest flowers and exotics will add to the decorations, and it is said a miniature lake, containing gold and silver fishes, will be a prominent and novel part of the spectacle. Vocal and instrumental performers of first-rate talent are to be engaged. It is not generally known that the carpet in the banquetting room is valued at 1,600 guineas, and that the chairs cost 40 guineas each.

**THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.**—We have it on excellent authority, that her Majesty will visit Ireland early in August next.—*Dublin Freeman.*

**CINCINNATI, April 25, 8 o'clock, P. M. MOST AWFUL STEAM BOAT ACCIDENT. LOSS OF 125 LIVES.**—It becomes again our painful duty to record one of the most awful and destructive occurrences known in the terrible and fatal catalogue of steam boat accidents.

This afternoon about six o'clock, the new and elegant steam boat Moselle, Captain Perin, left the wharf of this city (full of passengers) for Louisville and St. Louis, and with a view of taking a family on board at Fulton, about a mile and a half above the quay, proceeded up the river, and made fast to a lumber raft for that purpose. Here the family were taken on board, and during the whole time of the detention the Captain was holding on to all the Steam he could create, with an intention of showing off to the best advantage the great speed of the boat as she passed down the whole length of the city. The Moselle was a new drag boat, and had recently made several exceedingly quick trips to and from this place.

Soon as the family were taken on board from the raft, the boat shoved off; and at the very moment her wheels made the first evolution, her boilers burst with a most awful and astounding noise, equal to the most violent clap of thunder. The explosion was destructive and heart-rending in the extreme, as we are assured by a gentleman who was sitting on his horse on the shore, waiting to see the boat start. Heads, limbs, bodies and blood, were seen flying through the air in every direction, attended by the most horrible shrieks and groans from the wounded and the dying. The boat, at the moment of the accident, was about thirty feet from the shore, and was rendered a perfect wreck. She seemed to be torn all to splinters as far back as the gentlemen's cabin, and her hurricane deck (the whole length) was entirely swept away. The boat immediately began to sink rapidly, and float with a strong current, down the river, at the same time getting farther from the shore.

The Captain was thrown by the explosion entirely into the street, and was picked up dead and dreadfully mangled. Another man thrown entirely through the roof of one of the neighboring houses, and limbs and fragments of bodies scattered about the river and shore in heart-rending profusion. Soon as the boat was discovered to be rapidly sinking, the passengers who remained unhurt in the gentlemen's and ladies' cabins, became panic struck, and with a fatuity unaccountable, jumped into the river. Being above the ordinary business parts of the city, there were no boats at hand except a few large and unmanageable wood flats which were carried to the relief of the sufferers as soon as possible, by the few persons on the shore. Many were drowned, however, before they could be rescued from a watery grave, and many sunk who were not seen afterwards.

We are told that one little boy on shore was seen wringing his hands in agony, imploring those present to save his father, mother and three sisters, all of whom were struggling in the water to gain

the shore, but whom the poor little fellow had the awful misfortune to see perish, one by one, almost within his reach. An infant child, belonging to this family, was picked up alive, floating down the river, on one of the fragments of the hurricane deck.

It was supposed that there was about two hundred persons on board, of which number only fifty to seventy-five are believed to have escaped, making the estimated loss of lives about one hundred and twenty-five. Oh! tale of woe.

The accident unquestionably occurred through sheer imprudence. The Captain of the boat was desirous of showing off her great speed as she passed the city, and to overtake and pass another boat which had left the wharf for Louisville a short time before him. Dearly has he paid for his silly ambition. The clerk of the boat, we understand, escaped unhurt.

**FIRE IN S. C.**—A slip from the office of the Charleston Mercury, of the 30th, gives the following information concerning the late dreadful fire in that city:

"Total number of dwellings and stores destroyed, including Norton's old rice mills, Kerr's wharf set on fire by flakes falling on a pile of light wood, and burnt to the ground—569. The number of out buildings destroyed, estimated at about 598—total number buildings destroyed, 1158. Such is the mere arithmetic of this frightful calamity, who shall count the mental suffering—the loss of hope, of security, of comfort? Upon the best estimates which have been made to us, up to the latest hour, we set down the loss of property at over \$3,000,000. The whole amount covered by insurance is not far from \$1,500,000. Of this, \$75,000 falls upon the Georgia offices, at Augusta. The new Hotel was insured, in this city for \$60,000, and \$40,000 in Augusta. It is believed now, that the offices here will pay all or very nearly all of their liabilities."

**FRENCH BLOCKADE OF MEXICO.**—The French Minister, Baron Deffandis, on board the French squadron at Vera Cruz, on the 21st of March, sent to the Mexican government his ultimatum for the settlement of the differences with that country. This ultimatum not having been accepted, the Minister, together with Capt. Barche, commander of the squadron, declared all the ports of Mexico in a state of blockade, and gave notice thereof by a circular addressed to the French Consuls in Mexico. He also notified Capt. Breeze, of the sloop of war Ontario, communicating to him a copy of the circular. All vessels are to be prevented from entering or departing from the Mexican ports, with the exception of Mexican fishing vessels, but no vessel is to be detained, which shall not have previously received a special notification of the blockade from one of the French vessels, which notification is endorsed on the muster roll. Neutral vessels already within the ports of the republic will be permitted to depart with or without cargo, within fifteen days. The French force at Vera Cruz consists of a frigate and five brigs, and another frigate is expected.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

The Toronto Patriot says, that the delivery up of Dawson, who was seized at Lewiston, has been formally demanded of the Governor of the State of New York. The Patriot expects no compliance.

**LOUNT AND MATTHEWS.**—The last Lewiston Telegraph was arrayed in mourning in consequence of the execution of Lount and Matthews. It contradicts the report of the death of Mrs. Lount. The Hamilton (U. C.) Express of the 14th, says, that after the execution of Lount and Matthews, at Toronto, on the 12th, their bodies were given up to their friends for interment—instead of being refused them, as was reported.

**ST. JOHN'S N. F. April 10.**—Several vessels belonging to the Northern Ports have arrived here from the Ice within the last day or two with pretty good trips of seals. Only one St. John's vessel (the Kingarloch, with about 2200) has yet reached port.

We are happy to learn that the "Nova-Scotia Whaling Company," of Halifax, with a capital of thirty-two thousand pounds, incorporated during the last session, is about going into immediate operation. A Board of Directors has been elected, consisting of Messrs. William Stairs, George P. Lawson, Edward Allison, John Leander Starr, W. A. Black, Stephen Binney, and James G. A. Creighton.—*Recorder.*

The brig Albion, which had been lying at quarantine, in consequence of several cases of small pox which had occurred on board, and one passenger being ill of that disease when the vessel entered the harbour, came to the wharf yesterday. Capt Leslie proceeded voluntarily to quarantine, and deserves credit for his endeavor to prevent the introduction of a loathsome disease.—*Times.*

*Provincial Secretary's Office, Halifax, 8th May, 1838*

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, in Council, has been pleased to appoint Mr. John Forshner, Senr., George Wells, and Charles Oxley, to be Commissioners of Sewers for the Township of Wallace, and John Nathaniel Angus, to be a Commissioner of Sewers at Gore River, in the County of Cumberland.

**GREATER ATTRACTIONS.**

**THE PEARL.—Additional Improvements.**—Our respectable patrons will be not more pleased with reading, than we are with writing these words. Determined from the commencement of our periodical to render it worthy of the patronage that might be afforded, we have steadily advanced in the improvement of the Pearl, as the enlargement of our subscription list has justified the additional outlay of means. No expense has been avoided, and no labour withheld, to make our sheet yet more useful and more attractive. Our great object has been to establish a COLONIAL print which, in point of superiority of paper, beauty of typography, select literary matter, and neat general appearance, might compete successfully with those of older countries, nor look shabby and meagre even beside a journal from the "Great Metropolis." We aspired to furnish our brother colonists and the people of these Provinces generally with a weekly paper in all respects creditable to them—one which they might present to a friend in any part of the civilized world with a degree of pride and pleasure—a periodical also, in which politicians of every class, and religionists of every denomination might meet on common ground. Without so much as a solitary voice of disapprobation from any of our subscribers, and possessed of numerous testimonials in favour of our efforts, we feel satisfied that our labours and good intentions have been duly appreciated. Our journalistic career was commenced with little more than three hundred subscribers, good men and true, and those nearly all resident in Halifax—that number has been doubled long since—more than two hundred additional names have been received since the month of March, and almost every week we have others swelling the amount. But all this is nothing to the point. Retrogression we abhor—to pause, to stand still in these rail-road and steam-ship times is out of the question—besides, our ocean steamer is built and equipped, and with the "Great Western," and the "British Queen," we go forward. Rough or smooth—calm or storm—sunshine or cloud, onwards we go. Not one of our fellow-voyagers has complained of our fare or accommodations—not one has turned our foe or mutinied on board—and, therefore, we have no reason to doubt their willingness to continue to travel with us. We propose in consequence to hoist a new sail, and to make a few elegant improvements in our cabin. Gentle reader, you will not object, it is presumed, to an additional quantity of readable matter every week—you may read it or not as you please—no compulsion here;—nor will it be an insurmountable difficulty to have the Pearl enclosed in a neat-printed wrapper, thus guarding it against all danger of tear and wear. Well then, we have made arrangements with our publisher to print a coloured cover for the Pearl, and on this all advertisements will be inserted. By the exclusion of advertisements from the inside of the Pearl, we shall be able to improve it in neatness as well as give an extra quantity of reading.

From the present extended circulation of the paper, it offers itself as a desirable mode of advertising all notices, sales, auctions, etc. Favors in this way are earnestly requested—indeed we can be the more urgent in our appeal on this head as we have made a transference of the advertising department to our publisher, and hence the portion of the cover allotted to this purpose will be designated "Cunnabell's Advertiser." For terms of advertisement which will be exceedingly moderate, apply to Mr. Cunnabell at the Pearl Office. These arrangements will go into operation, as soon as the necessary materials come to hand. For the present, courteous reader, we bid you, good evening.

**MARRIED,**

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Churchill, Mr. George Room, to Miss Rebecca, eldest daughter of Mr. John Cleverdon.  
At Rawdon, on Tuesday, 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Morris, Mr. William F. Bugge, to Jessie, youngest daughter of David Clough, Esqr. Royal Navy.  
On the 19th April, at St. James', Piccadilly, by the Rev. Arthur Brooking, M. A. George R. Young, Esq. to Jane Francis, eldest daughter of Thomas H. Brooking, Esq.  
Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Mr. James Roberts, of Beech Hill, to Catharine, daughter of the late Isaac Leeds, of this town.  
At Aylesford, by the Rev. H. L. Owens, Henry Pitcher, Esq. to Mrs. Phelina Creamer, widow of the late John Creamer, all of that Parish.  
At Aylesford on the 3d inst. by the Rev. H. L. Owens, Mr. Lawrence Creamer, to Miss Maria Palmer, all of that parish.

**DIED,**

On Sunday morning last, Montague Irving, youngest son of Mr. John F. Muncey.  
At Harriett's Fields, yesterday morning, in the 46th year of his age, Mr. Hugh W. Dugwell, son of the late Mr. John Dugwell, of this town.  
At Mills Village, in the 28th year of her age, Mrs. Abigail N. Mack, Consort of Mr. James Mack.  
At Liverpool, N. S. on the 9th March, Mrs. Lucy Morton, wife of Mr. James Morton. Senr. aged 76 years, for many years a consistent member of Mr. Payzant's church—she died in the full hope of a blessed immortality.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**ARRIVED,**

Saturday May 12th.—Ship Halifax, Cleary, Liverpool, G. B. 20 days, wheat, dry goods, etc. to Halifax Packet Company, and others; brig Echo, Stevens, Philadelphia, 10 days, assorted cargo, to John Clark; Schrs. Broke, Cann, Yarmouth; New Harbor, Bracket, Boston, 10 and Provincetown 5 days, flour and meal, to H. Fay.

Sunday 13th.—Barque Louisa, Milgrove, Liverpool, 21 days, general cargo, to H. Curzon, brig Rover, Dunscomb, Bermuda, 13 days, rum, sugar and molasses, to Frith, Smith, & Co; Mailboats Margaret, Roole, Boston, 6 days, left Lady Ogle, Stairs, in 60 hours; Velocity, Healy Bermuda, 9 days; Am. brig Roxana, Jones, Boston, 5 days, meal, flour, tar, etc., to J. Clark, D. & E. Starr, & Co. and others; brig Diamond, Yarmouth, salt; Abigail, do., lumber; Daphne, Young, Alexandria, 15 days, flour and meal, to Salties & Wainwright; Am. schr. Columbia, Baker, Baltimore, 19 days, flour, meal and naval stores, to R. Noble; Albion, Forrest, St John's, N. F., 9 days, cordage, to Stephen Binney.  
Monday 15.—Schr. Irene, Joice, New York, 6 days—flour, beef, bread, &c. to J. Brain & others—23 passengers. Brig Reindeer, Morrison, Havana, 12 days; sugar & molasses, to W. B. Hamilton; Passenger Mr. E. Hamilton; brig Emerald, Toye, Xagua, Cuba, 26 days; sugar & coffee, bound to Quebec; brig. Lady Chapman, Ponce, 19 days; sugar & molasses, to J. & M. Tobin.  
Tuesday 16; schr. Jane, Brier Island, 120 qnts. dry fish, & lumber; Robert Noble, ballast to J. L. Starr; Barque Norman, Bermuda, Kenny, 10 days, cotton to master.  
Wednesday, Brig William, Boudroit, New York, bound to Quebec, brig William IV, Cocks, Grenada, 27 days, rum and sugar to D and E Starr and Co; schr. Stranger, M'EWing, Antigua, 30 days, ballast to W. H. Roach; spoke 13th inst lat 43. 40 long. 65 ship Ward from Liverpool 18 days, bound to St. John, N. B. Am. schr. Evelina, Gould, Baltimore, 16 days, flour to S Binney, spoke 12th inst off Cape Sable, ship Pallas from Cork bound to St. Andrews, schr. Ion, Hammond, Yarmouth, 2 days; her majesty's brig Charybdis, Hon Lieut Gore, Portsmouth, 22 days; her majesty's steamer Dee, sailed in company for Halifax; the steamer endeavoured to get into Sydney for coal, having but one day supply on board—could not get in in consequence of the ice; schr. Ann, Reynolds, Barrington, bound on a fishing voyage; brig Elizabeth, Minnet, Hamburg, 37 days, wheat, flour, etc. to P. Furlong.  
Thursday—brig Jane, Walker, Barbice, 31 days—rum and molasses to D and E Starr and Co; schr. Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, St John, N. B. and Yarmouth, salt to R. Noble; Thisle, Port midway, lumber, Irene, Crowell, St. Andrews, 4 days, lumber to master; Hazard and Favorite sailed in company; left schr. Thomas Myer, hence, Amethyst, Hilton, St. Andrews, via Yarmouth 60 hours, lumber to master.  
Friday—Brig Jane Smith, Swainson, Leith, 27 days, wheat, barley, wine, etc. to Deblois and Merkel, M'Nab Cochran & Co. and others; Am. Packet brig Acadian, Lane, Boston 60 hours, naval stores, flour, apples, etc. to J. Clarke, D & E Starr & Co. and others. Passengers—Mr. Lippincott and lady, Mrs. Shofenburg and child—Miss Throckmorton, Dr. Dewolf, consul for Sydney—Messrs W. Metzler, Findlay and 11 in the steerage. Schr. Hazard, Crowell, St. Andrews; Am. schr. Laurel, Jenkins, Portsmouth, bound fishing.

**CLEARED,**

Friday, May 11th, Brig Condor, Lannigan, Kingston, Jam. fish, &c. by J. & T. Williamson, schrs Gipsey, Stowe, B W Indies, fish by Salties & Wainwright, Queen Victoria, Bahia, Quebec assorted cargo, by Salties & Wainwright; Eliza Ann, Verge, Bay Chaleur; Eight Sons, Jacobs, Liverpool N. S. 12th. Bright Hypolite, Flockhart, Montego Bay, assorted cargo by M. B. Almon; schr. Ruth Hannah, Liverpool N. S. 14th Barque Royal Tar, Rendall, Quebec, stores by the Master; schr. Sable, Prude, Labrador, assorted cargo, by J. A. Bane; Elizabeth, Hall, Sydney, Brandy & gin, by Edward Lawson; 15th, schr. New Harbour, Brackett, Pictou, Lime, by the master; St. Peter Dugas, Gaspe, Assorted cargo by Creighton & Grassie, Brig George McLeod, Miller, Havana, lumber etc. by J. Leishman and Co; Brig President, Crum, B. W. Indies, assorted cargo, by M. Richardson; 16th schrs Meridian Crowell, St John, N B Sugar by W J Starr, J L Starr S Binney; Victory, Banks, Bay Chaleur. rum, molasses, sugar etc. by W M Allan, S Binney, S Cunard and Co and others; Albion, Forrest, Boston, inward Cargo from St John N B

**MEMORANDA.**

The Acadian left mail boat Lady Ogle, Stairs, to sail in 3 or 4 days—Packet Industry, sailed 4 hours previous—Am. brig. Attention sailed 3 days previous for Miramichi.  
Boston, 9th inst. ar'd Sarah Ripley, Howes, hence.  
At Boston, 23d ult. Am. schr. Warning, Bangs, hence 29th ult. schr. Mary Liverpool, N. S. and Elizabeth, Yarmouth.  
Baltimore, 26th ult. cl'd Am. schr. Eveline, Gauld, Halifax.  
At Charleston, 21st ult. Br. schr. William Nelmes, Turk's Island.  
At Nassau, previous to 40th April. schr. Alert, Scott, hence.  
Schrs. Reliance and Major, hence bound to Quebec, in the Gut of Causo, 30th ult.  
The Schr. Mary Drummond fr m Fortune Bay, was 6 days in the ice—left schrs, Thorn, and Polly for Halifax.

**R. D. CLARKE & CO.**

(Macara's Stone Building, Granville-Street.)

SOLICIT the attention of the Public to their recent IMPORTATION of SEASONABLE DRY GOODS. May 15.

**INDIA RUBBERS.**

THE Subscriber has just received 150 pairs India Rubbers, assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low, for Cash.  
Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order. Opposite Cunard's Wharf.  
Jan. 27. 3m. WILLIAM WISSWELL.

**ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.**

OF HARTFORD CON.

THIS COMPANY having determined to renew its business in Halifax, has appointed the Subscriber its Agent, by Power of Attorney, duly executed for that purpose.  
From the well known liberality and punctuality which the Company has invariably displayed in the settlement and payment of all losses submitted to it, and from the present moderate rates of premium, the Subscriber is induced to hope it will receive that fair share of the business of this Community which it before enjoyed.  
By application to the Subscriber, at his office, the rates of premium can be ascertained, and any further information that may be required will cheerfully be given. CHARLES YOUNG.  
Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

**PRICES CURRENT.**

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1838.

COFFEE, Jamaica good, 1s. 3d. Cuba, 10d.	STAVES, V O Am. 250s. Canadian, 250s. American, R. O. 150s. Canada, 150s. Nova Scotia 150s. ASH, Canada, 150s. Nova Scotia, 70s.
SUGAR, Muscet, bright, 40s. Ordinary a fair, 40s.	SHINGLES, long cedar, 15s. Pine, 12s. Laying do., 12s. 6d.
MOLASSES, fair quality, 2s. 6d. RUM, Leeward Islands, } proof 25 } 4s.	OILS, Olive, 6s. Sperm, best, 6s. 6d. Whale, 3s. Seal, Pale, 4s. 6d. Cod, 2s. 6d. Dog Fish, 2s. 3d.
Demerara, 24 4s. 6d. Jamaica, 21 5s. 6d.	BEEF, Nova Scotia, 60s. Canada prime, 60s. PORK, do do 100s. Nova Scotia, 90s.
FISH, COD, mer. prime, 20s. Madeira, 17s.	HAMS, 1s. per lb. LARD, in kegs, 9d. BUTYER, Salt, 10d. a lb.
HERRINGS, No. 1, 25s. bbl. " 2, 15s. Bay Chaleur, 15s. Digby, 5s.	COALS, Sydney, chald. 30s. Pictou, 28s. Lingan, 30s.
MACKAREL, No. 1, 2, none. " 3, 22s. 6d.	GYPSEUM, per ton, 10s.
ALEWIVES, " 1, 27s. 6d. SALMON, " 1, 70s. " 2, 65s.	EXCHANGES, On London, 60 days, private, 13 per ct. 30 " government, 14 On New York, 30 days, Sight, par. Sovereigns, 25s. Dubbloons, Mexican, \$16. Dollars, 5s. 1 1/2d.
WHEAT, Canada white German, 7s. 6d. BARLEY, 3s. 6d. INDIAN CORN, 5s. 3d. OATS, 2s. PEAS, 6s. 6d. FLOUR, U. S. sup. new, 60s. do old, 45s. Canada Superfine, 52s. 6d. do fine, 50s. do middlings, 45s. Hamburg superfine, 42s. 6d. Rye, 32s.	CORN MEAL, 27s. 6d. BISCUIT, Pilot, scarce, 45s. Ship, 25s. RYE Grain, (bushel) 5s.
BOARDS, W. P. 65s. M. Spruce, 60s.	

**SALE AT AUCTION,  
BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL.**

To-morrow Saturday, between 1 and 2 o'clock.

THIS well furnished HOUSE and GARDEN, occupied by the subscriber, situated in the north Suburbs adjoining the property of the late Duncan McQueen, Esq. and nearly opposite the residence of Commissary Green, its situation is pleasant and healthy and completely surpassed. The House is now and well finished and embraces the conveniences generally attached to buildings. Terms will be liberal, apply to Deblois & Merkel, Mr. T. Bolton, or to the Proprietor, W. J. LONG.

**J. & D. STARR**

HAVE received by the late arrivals from England, the following articles, which they offer for sale.—Bar and bolt IRON, Nails, Spikes, Shave Moulds, sheet Lead, Linsced Oil, best London Paints, double shear, cast, blistered, and spring Steel; chain cables, Anchors, carpenters' and smiths Tools; Seythes Cutlery, Shovels, Boxes Tin Hollow-ware and various other articles. 6w May 18.

**GARDEN PLANTS FOR SALE.**

THE subscriber has fine, healthy CAULIFLOWER, and EARLY York Cabbage plants &c. fit to be immediately transplanted, for sale at his residence in Brunswick street a few doors to the North of the Round Church.  
May 11th, 1838. THOMAS WILSON.

**JUST PUBLISHED,**

A SERMON, entitled "THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST" Preached in The Wesleyan Chapel at Guysboro', on Sunday, January 7 1838. BY ROBERT COONEY.

**REMOVAL.**

LONGARD & HERBERT'S HALIFAX BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is removed to the Market Square, next door to Mr. David Hare's and opposite Messrs. Black's Hard Ware Store.  
The Subscribers return thanks for the liberal patronage which they have experienced, in their attempt at furnishing a good home manufactured article;—they now solicit a continuance of public support at their New Stand, where they will endeavour to produce a cash article at the lowest rate and of superior quality.

**LONGARD & HERBERT.**

N. B. The Subscribers are unconnected with the Shoe Making business now conducted in their old stand.

L. & H.

**HERBERT'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY**

Is also removed as above: and to induce patronage in opposition to importation, the cost will be lowered about 20 per cent on former prices. March 10. 3m.

**LAND FOR SALE.**

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 1 1/2 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspeau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscriber's.  
He also cautions any person or persons from cutting Wood or otherwise trespassing on the above mentioned Premises, as he will prosecute any such to the utmost rigour of the Law.  
ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.  
Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.



## MISCELLANEA.

**INTREPID CONDUCT OF A FEMALE.**—At the Wandsworth Petty Sessions on Tuesday, John Wood, who described himself as a plumber and glazier, and who appeared in a very wretched state, was placed at the bar, charged with a highway robbery upon the person of Mrs. Chevalier, the wife of a respectable tradesman, living in Yardley-street, Wilmington-square, Clerkenwell. It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutrix that on Monday last she left home by a stage-coach, on a visit to an intimate friend in the neighbourhood of Wimbledon. On her return, being too late for the coach, she was compelled to proceed on foot to Fulham, across the common, and it was then about six o'clock. After she had proceeded a short distance, the prisoner sprang upon her and demanded her money; at the same moment he presented a pistol to her head, and threatened that he would at once blow her brains out if she did not deliver up to him what money she had about her; adding, that he was reduced to the last extremity, that he had a wife and family at home in a starving state, and that he did not care what became of him. She then, under the fear of his threat, gave him what money she had, which amounted to about £3, and consisted of nine half-crowns, a half-sovereign, and the remainder in silver and copper. After the prisoner had robbed her he put the pistol in his pocket. She then remarked to him that as she had to go London, and as he had taken from her all the money she had, perhaps he would let her have 2s. to pay for the omnibus to London, and a halfpenny to go over the bridge. He gave her what she required. She then remarked to him that she would be obliged to him if he would accompany her to within a short distance of Fulham, to protect her, as, being alone, she might be again stopped, and, if she was stopped, the person would not believe but that she had money about her. The prisoner agreed, and they walked together some distance. They passed two or three men, who were walking singly. The prosecutrix, however, did not think it prudent to alarm them; but, on coming up to a policeman, she instantly acquainted him, and at the same time seized the prisoner, who, having used great exertions, extricated himself from her grasp, and ran away. He was pursued by the policeman, who speedily apprehended him. Policeman Rice, V. 90, stated that on the evening in question he was on duty on Wimbledon-common. Upon the prosecutrix stating to him that she had been robbed, he was about to lay hold of the prisoner, when he made off. Witness speedily overtook him. Upon apprehending him he was about to take the pistol out of his pocket. He was instantly conveyed to the station-house at Wandsworth, where he was searched, when the property stolen from the prosecutrix was found. The pistol was loaded nearly to the muzzle. The prisoner did not deny the charge, but stated that he had a wife and five children at home, who were in a state of the most deplorable destitution. He was fully committed for trial. The Bench highly praised the conduct of the prosecutrix, who had displayed such coolness and intrepidity upon the trying occasion in which she was placed.—*Late English Paper.*

**COMPARISON OF SPEED.**—A French scientific journal states that the ordinary rate is per second:—Of a man walking, 4 feet. Of a good horse in harness, 12. Of a rein-deer in a sledge, on the ice, 26. Of an English race-horse, 43. Of a hare, 88. Of a good sailing-ship, 19. Of the wind, 82. Of sound, 1,038. Of a twenty-four pounder cannon-ball, 1,300. Of the air, which, so divided, returns into space, 1,300.

**MATRIMONIAL PROMOTION.**—A marriage has taken place at Barrow, Leicestershire, which has afforded considerable amusement to the inhabitants of that county. An only daughter of the late deceased clergyman in that neighbourhood, possessed of 700l. or 800l. a year, has married her late father's (and until now her own) footman. It is remarkable that the present clergyman of Barrow had himself but a few days before married a poor girl of the same village.

**ENGRAVING.**—A new mode of engraving has just been discovered by a gentleman named Woone, which bids fair wholly to supersede the art of engraving on wood. The following is the mode in which the new operation is performed: prepared plaster of Paris, laid on the smooth surface of metal, is the material on which the artist etches the subject he proposes to have engraved, with a steel point as it were—and this drawing or etching is at once cast in metal. It must be obvious that the time occupied for producing a design by this method, hardly exceeds that required by the artist to sketch with his pencil on the block of wood previous to its being put into the hands of the engraver, so that the whole expense of engraving the design on the block is saved.

**NATURE'S CHORISTERS.**—A Dunkirk journal asserts that a cloth-merchant, of Abbeville, has taught a drake to sing several airs; and, encouraged by success, is now proceeding to teach a turkey to take part in a duet with a quack musician!

**TWENTY MINUTES.**—"When I was about leaving Liverpool for America," said Mathews, to a professional friend, "I asked the Yankee Captain, as we were lying in the stream, what detained us, that we were not off? He answered 'The mail, Sir.'

I inquired when it was expected? 'In about twenty minutes,' was the reply. In an hour or two the mail came on board; and when we had moved but a little distance, then there was another stop. 'What is this for?' said I. 'We are waiting for a pilot,' quoth the master. 'How long before he will be on board?' was my next question. 'In about twenty minutes,' was the answer again; and so it was all the way over. If there was a gale, it never was calculated to last more than twenty minutes, that space of time was likewise the estimated duration of a calm; and one poor fellow, blue and white with active sea sickness, was told to keep good heart, for it might not last more than twenty minutes! When I arrived at New York, after numerous provoking delays, and had become fairly established at my lodgings, there comes up a waiter, in hot haste, with 'Mr. Mathews! Mr. Mathews; you can't stay here no longer, sa!' 'What is the matter?—the reason?—why can't I?' 'Cause, sa, the Sheriff has issued his *shash a-rarrar*, and the red flag is out o' the winder, and they're gwyin' to sell out, sir!' 'Well, when must I go?' 'Why, sa, I s'pect you'd better be gettin' away in about twenty minutes!' And thus," continued Mathews in his fretful, querulous manner, "was it, from the moment I set my foot in America. You'd hardly believe it, yet I had just returned from calling to see an old friend, who was very kind to me on my former visit. 'Where is Mr. B.?' said I, to the servant. 'He is dead, Sir!' 'Dead! dead! How long since did his decease?' 'I should think about twenty minutes, Sir!' was the answer. In short," concluded the inimitable mimic, "there is nothing that cannot be, and is not done, in the United States, in twenty minutes!"

**THE POETICAL YOUNG GENTLEMAN.**—The favourite attitude of the poetical young gentleman is lounging on a sofa with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, or sitting bolt upright in a high-backed chair, staring with very round eyes at the opposite wall. When he is in one of these positions, his mother, who is a worthy affectionate old soul, will give you a nudge to bespeak your attention without disturbing the abstracted one, and whisper with the shake of the head, that John's imagination is at some extraordinary work or other, you may take her word for it. Hereupon John looks more fiercely intent upon vacancy than before, and suddenly snatching a pencil from his pocket, puts down three words, and the cross on the back of a card, sighs deeply, paces once or twice across the room, inflicts a most unmerciful slap on his head, and walks moodily up to his dormitory.

**A BARREN CIRCUIT.**—A jocular sergeant, who went a barren round, when asked if he expected much business on the circuit, replied off hand, "Very little as far as I recollect. We read of three or four murders in the calendar; but I understand the parties have met and have made it up; they are all compromised."—*Law Magazine for February.*

**FLOWERS.**—We have seen an estimate of the profusion of flowers which decorated the rooms in the Hotel de Ville, at the fete given there in honour of the marriage of the Duke d'Orleans. 11,793 plants, in pots, boxes, and vases, besides 2,500 nosegays presented to ladies, were furnished by one individual, and that individual a female, Madame Augustine Copin, who is at the head of an establishment on the boulevard St. Jacques, where her gardens are situated.

**A VALIANT HUSBAND.**—An unfortunate married man was very ill-used by his Kantippe; he was even treated with an occasional thrashing. His friends rallied him upon this, and at last spurred him on to declare that he would make an effort to be master. One day, not long after, his better half was so furious that he found himself compelled to seek shelter under the table. Just at this moment the voices of his friends were heard in the passage. "Come out, come out," cried the wife, fearful of an exposure. "No, no," cried the husband in triumph; "come out, indeed, not I, I'll show for once that I am master!"

**FORCE OF AFFECTION.**—While the convicts were proceeding a few days ago from Clonmel to the depot in Cove, they had to pass through the village of Clogheen, where one of them had formerly resided. His family gathered round the car to bid him farewell. He grasped his little son in his arms, and it required actual violence to separate them. When the child was taken from him, he called out to young Mr. Vowel, who had the convicts in his charge, "Oh, Mr. Harry, my heart is broken!" Then fell back on the car and expired before the party had reached the next town.—*Irish paper.*

**FEMALE INFANTICIDE IN CHINA.**—A man came for medicine to-day, with whom I conversed a while privately. I asked him how long he had left China, and whether he ever thought upon his family there? He said he frequently thought on them, and intended next year to return and visit them, for he had three sons and one daughter, who was married. "I had another daughter," he added, "but I did not bring her up." "Not bring her up?" said I; "what did you then do with her?" "I smothered her," said he: "this year also I heard by letter that another daughter was born; I sent word to have that smothered also; but the mother has preserved it alive." I was shocked at this speech, and still more at the horrid indifference with which

he uttered it. "What!" said I, "murder your own children? Do you not shudder at such an act?" "Oh, no," said he, "it is a very common thing in China; we put the female children out of the way to save the trouble of bringing them up; some people have smothered five or six daughters." My horror was increased by his continued indifference, and the lightness with which such crimes are perpetrated in China with impunity, which must be the case when they are related without fear of detection as the common occurrences of life. I felt I had a murderer by my side, who must, without repentance, inevitably perish. I told him plainly, that he had committed a most dreadful sin, and that he was in danger of eternal wrath. Though I said this with the greatest seriousness and earnestness, at first he only laughed, and it was some time before he would acknowledge that he had done wrong; however, afterwards he seemed to feel a little concerned, and, I hope, affected. What an awful view does this present of the "celestial empire," loaded with crime, deluged with blood, and ripe for destruction!—*Medhurst's Journal.*

## PROSPECTUS,

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

## THE MEMENTO,

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

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

Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

ALSO TO BE PUBLISHED,  
THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR

Condensed and Simplified by the same Author.

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

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

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

## NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the firm of LOWES & CREIGHTON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts due to and owing by the said Copartnership will be received and paid by P. W. CREIGHTON.

GEORGE LOWES,  
PHILIP W. CREIGHTON.

Halifax, 9th April, 1838.

P. W. CREIGHTON begs to inform his friends and the public that he has entered into Copartnership with Mr. M. A. NEWTON, under the firm of

NEWTON & CREIGHTON,

And they purpose continuing the above business as heretofore carried on under the firm of Lowes and Creighton, and beg to solicit a continuance of their support.

April 9th, 1838.

## SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &amp;c.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture Silver plate, of all descriptions, of the purest quality, on very low terms. He has now on hand, a good supply of Silver table, dessert, and tea spoons, Forks, Sugar Tongs, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Soup and Gravy Ladles. Jewelry neatly repaired. The highest price given for old Gold and Silver.

EDWIN STERNS,  
April 20. 3m. Corner Buckingham & Barrington Streets.

JAMES VENABLES,  
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

BEGS leave to intimate to his Friends and the Public generally, that he has commenced the above Business in all its branches, in the shop in

Barrington Street,

Three doors south of Mr. Thomas Forrester's Stone Building, where he hopes by punctuality, moderate charges, and his endeavours to please, to merit a share of public patronage.

Halifax, April 5, 1838.

TURNBULL & FOUND,  
TAILORS,

BEG leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have now on hand a general assortment of BROAD CLOTHS, BUCKSKINS, CASSIMERE and VESTINGS, which they are prepared to make up on the most reasonable terms. Every article can be depended upon as to fitting, quality, and workmanship.

Granville Street, (adjoining Mr. Nordbeck's Store) May 10.

## THE HALIFAX PEARL,

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

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

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