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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Published every Friday evening, at 17s. 6d. per Annum.

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1899.

NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

For the Pearl.

No. I.

"I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward."

Taming of the Shrew.

MR. EDITOR—

As the appearance of an entirely original (I had almost written *newspaper*) periodical, is rather an uncommon event in the Provinces, I feel inclined to send you a few strictures,—trusting they may not be altogether unacceptable, seeing you have been kind enough to lend your columns to the legitimate critic.—And in the prosecution of the task I have set myself, I shall endeavour to avoid that vice in our nature, which makes us run riot in praise or censure, as one of your correspondents hath it: having no meaner object in view than that of joining my endeavours to yours, Mr. Editor, for raising the popular standard, which I am truly sorry to see so debased. And I take it, that the very best physic for a sucking genius, is a mild, close critique; with these few prefatory remarks I shall to work proceed. And first for "Alice Ware." The opening of this narrative is exceedingly well executed, a description of the town of Southampton, and many events connected with the surrounding scenery, are related in a few words, but withal so clearly related, that we stand upon the spot, the very scene is on the paper before us; this is quite a qualification in a story teller. The author then introduces to our notice his heroine; having already secured for her our sympathy, for on such an evening, and surrounded by such scenery as Southampton can boast of, who could fail to have all the better feelings of his nature aroused? But here duty compels me to notice a very common, but a very flagrant error, which is twice repeated in a short space; a very good sketch of Netley Abbey is completely spoiled by being "wrapt around with traditions"; and then the author blots himself out of the scene by "wrapping" himself up too in his own thoughts: the idea connected with the word "wrap" is concealment; how then do traditions hide the Abbey? this should be avoided, the word itself is both shop-like and inelegant. I have some doubts about the "drollery" of the author's *recontre*, neither can I justify his inclination to "have laughed outright"; but these little errors are only on the surface, the undercurrent is undoubtedly good. The dialogue too is very passable, though slightly prosy considering the circumstances. The primitive school is done to the life; but as the tale is to be continued I shall here leave it till finished; wishing however that the author had a better name than "Peregrine." The next article is a rhodomontade entitled "The Saint John River": but wherefore I am unable to divine, for the "River" is not so much as distinctly introduced throughout the whole affair: O that "Rambler" had eyes and draughtsmen pencils! I was one of a pic-nic party lately, where some baked eatable was handed about, composed of materials thrown promiscuously into the compound, and in great variety, and hence was called "Jumble"; now it will be easily seen that to analyse such an affair with the intent of discovering its constituents, so that a similar one might be made, would be quite useless: and it would no longer be a Jumble Cake if made secundum artem, and thus it is with Rambler's jumble. I dare to say he kept his ideas in his head instead of transferring them to his note-book, and on the way they jolted about in the unoccupied space; therefore as an analysis would be as useless in the one case as the other, I shall pass on to the next. It is "Steaming and Sailing," and the "Traveller" appears to be a go-ahead sort of a body, for "he glides along this calm lake-like frith," without telling where he is: "This calm lake-like frith," what frith? O what matters, I'm in a hurry; who then does Traveller expect to go along with him in such fashion, without even knowing in what quarter of the globe he steams? Methinks Traveller and Rambler sailed in the same craft, and one head served both, for they think vastly alike. You may go Messrs. Traveller, Jumbler and Co. Next we have "Notes by the way." "The Sky" "Wild Flowers" and "Lakes" are all pretty, nothing more: "one of those pieces of water," should it not be *these*? bye the bye the foregoing is a provincialism which is no less prevalent than improper: does the writer mean a "dwarf wilderness," or a wilderness of dwarf "elder and berry bushes"? Is not *an* elder bush a berry bush too? These inaccuracies should be amended, they are easily got over if the writer would trouble himself to read what he has written. The "ploughman" might have been more profitably employed than making his "parallels" along the "beach," unless indeed he intended to cultivate fishes.—"Going to the country" might as well have been left out, had not the printer wanted a paragraph of that exact size "to fill out the form." How very ridiculous it is for a writer to attempt a metaphor when he is unacquainted with the meaning of

the word: in the four lines denominated "Mill Horses," "the lash of stern circumstances" is depicted as "burying the paces" of said mill horses; now in the first place how can the "pace of a horse" be buried? and secondly how is the "lash" to do it?

In the "Chalk Sketch No. 1," there is very little either to blame or praise, except tameness be a fault; there are a few grammatical errors, such as "from which," instead of from *whence*; but as a sketch it is too far below mediocrity to excite any attention, for I opine very few will read more than the half of it: the writer has very evidently "knocked his knee against the wall."

"Sketch No. 2." Here I might write ditto, ditto, were it not that some might say I am too cavalier. I shall therefore quote a sentence here and there, "as most condemning proof." Take for instance the first, "one afternoon some couple of summers ago, a friend and I crossed the harbour for the purpose of getting a little free air, and a stroll at the Dartmouth side." Now even in a sketch some rule should be followed; it is a great error to suppose that a hurried, lazy style, will pass merely because it is hurried and lazy. Look again my friend Jeremy at this desultory sentence of yours, "some couple of summers," methinks the quondam Editor of the Nova Scotian, or the defunct Halifax Monthly, had a better taste than the admission of such composition would argue; observe the object of his visit too, "a little free air," as if that in town was sold by the gill;—and a stroll at the Dartmouth side; "at," for *on* I presume: these inaccuracies cannot be overlooked because Jeremy has been humble enough to call it a "Sketch." "The boy was a fine specimen of Indian child," one could hardly imagine a more faulty sentence, the little fellow could only be a specimen of an Indian child. We are told that the wigwags are placed by the "harbour edge"! It is past all endurance that such insufferable liberties should be taken,—why not make it in the possessive case? Depend upon it the habit of writing inaccurately is more easily fostered, than got rid of, and for this reason, I would advise Jeremy by all means to set about a reformation at once; and ere I pass him by I cannot help expressing surprise, that the critical Editor of the Pearl should have admitted such faulty sketches—they are out of all drawing: and what increases my surprise is, that in another part of the sheet some allusions are made to a "standard," and hence I have been more severe than inclination prompted, least the "Juveniles" should deem these "Sketches" worth copying, presuming that because they were admitted, they came up to the mark.—"Heaven save the mark!" if they do. "The Strawberries" are quite refreshing after toiling through one, two, three, four, five, yes five, very poor articles; in fact it reminds one of a long walk he is sometimes induced to take, climbing over stone walls, and wading through swamps, to get at some of the earliest of that same delicious fruit: in sooth I am so delighted with it by contrast, that I cannot persuade my pen to point out a mere verbal mistake or two, which have evidently crept in, while the writer has had all his wits employed in managing the spoon exercise of his little flock; and therefore I shall add my "blessing" too, and then walk into the "Chapter on Inns." Let me consider, I'm now half way through the paper.—aye here "I'll stop and take mine ease," 'till I hear your decision on this matter Master Editor: and then if agreeable I will progress.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

For the Pearl.

No. 2.

"Yet hear what an unskillful friend can say:
As if a blind man should direct your way;
So I myself though wanting to be taught,
May yet impart a hint that's worth your thought."

MR. EDITOR—

In the paper sent to you last week, I had reviewed your periodical as far as the "Chapter on Inns." I shall now therefore complete my remarks, beginning at that article—This "Chapter on Inns" I am compelled to like, for I have travelled in Nova Scotia, and have therefore breakfasted badly, dined worse, and been unable to sleep at all: but, notwithstanding, when I had read it, I could not imagine why it was published in a paper, purporting to be a selection of original literary matter: it is a good but a common place account, of what are called "Inns" in Nova Scotia: but I can observe none of that *spicery* about it which would entitle it to rank as a literary effort, and therefore I judge it to have been out of place in the "original Pearl." "The Mariner's Song," now comes under review; and, without doubt, it is by far the best thing in the whole sheet: it is exceedingly chaste, I am almost tempted to copy it out, that your readers may have the

pleasure of another perusal of it; how sweetly, how truly, the gradual approach of night is depicted, we can almost imagine ourselves once more pacing the deck on some glorious evening, watching the dusky night "steal softly" after the footsteps of the going day. 'Tis here that Poetry rivals her younger sister who holds the pencil; for thoughts may be described by the elder, although the younger sister may fail to put them on the canvass: true she may with all the truth of nature depict the setting sun, but can she add the glowing thought? No, this is beyond her province.

The Sailor's fidelity to the fair one at home, and the warmth of his affection, also his full assurance of her good faith, are simply, but withal truly related. The error in the last stanza is merely an oversight of the corrector I presume, O waft our gallant ships (ship). And I pass with reluctance to the letter of a "Father," of which little need be said, except that it is a very tolerable epistle upon a very good subject, and pays a just tribute to the gentleman who formerly wielded the editorial pen with such success. I would that I could continue in this vein whilst reviewing the "Junior Column", for I hate censure; but I love honesty, and as the passion of love is stronger than hate, I must obey it. And in the first place it compels me to say, that I wish the Editor of the Pearl had never penned the parenthetical paragraphs which head the column, or having penned them, that he had given them to "the devil" to burn, not to "set up." The paragraphs themselves, considered as paragraphs, are very passable, but when after having perused some of the articles, we find the Editor concerned for the "general standard", one cannot help thinking there is something at fault, some "screw loose". What is the inference? The Editor says there is a "standard," and least it should be contaminated by the near approach of the unpolished attempts of Tyros, he places all such apart by themselves; surely we are at liberty to infer, that all besides come up to the standard; and yet we have "The River Saint John"—a most foul and unnatural murder of all propriety: we have too "Steaming and Sailing," "Mill Horses" and "Chalk Sketches." Alas poor standard! how art thou fallen! We will now if you please look over this "Walk," and see what beauties it may have, for the Editor gives us hopes,—he "expects pleasure" in its continuation.—Eh! what's here! "whether the opinion be a tangible one", who ever heard of an opinion being tangible! Allow me here to give a little advice Master Ramblewood. Young men should hear, should see, and say but little: and when they cannot swim, never venture beyond their depth, for if they do, they are liable to drowning: but I suppose I must be lenient with you as you are young. "Just then lean yourself against the signal staff (it will support you)"; how exceedingly funny that notion of a "signal staff" supporting a man; O Ramblewood, you are a comical fellow. "The golden rays of noonday reflected from its surface", that is the surface of the harbour; if Ramblewood had ever walked out in the morning, or at cool eventide, he might have seen the rays reflected; but at noonday in summer, when the sun is nearly vertical, and he at a distance, a very well known and simple law in catoptricks might have warned him, that he was committing an error in describing what he had never seen. "Then stretch the optic nerve a little," rather a painful operation I opine. I am no physiologist, and yet I should say, that to "stretch" the nerve was the readiest way to prevent all sight: but why are we to stretch the nerve? O just to make it "meet" the scenery on the "opposite side": Bravo! Dollond, thy skill in assisting vision is useless, thy occupation's gone! A youth in the nineteenth century, hath by the simple process of stretching the optic nerve superseded thy far seeing telescope. This precocious genius (I wonder how long he has been weaned) "loves brooks", wot a very interesting passion! but then in the latter part of the sentence he has taken pains to prove that he knows not what a brook is, for he describes it as "singing in sweetly plaintive strains", "albeit," he says, "it is monotonous," and "in no wise inferior to that of the spheres", though he confesses he knows nothing about them. O Master Ramblewood, I fear me thou hast the eighteen year old fever, and art grievously afflicted with an incontinence of words; allow me to recommend a few draughts of common sense, ere thou art irrecoverably gone. "What do you read there my lord?!" "The lands on the opposite side just about there," how very explicit, who can miss the spot? "just about there"! We are told that "holy nectar" is "not salt water"! well what is it then? if it is good for the simples Ramblewood should drink oft, and drink freely. Now if one were to sit down, with the intention of stringing together a number of words, in such manner that there should be no meaning in the combination, he could not have succeeded more

admirably than has this Twaddle the younger, in the few sentences I have last quoted. I sincerely hope he will profit by the advice I have given; and above all never attempt to describe any thing which he has not seen,—a failure is inevitable if he will. "The Departure and Return," has been inserted in the Junior Column, which would lead one to suppose it the production of a youth, were it not that the article itself bears testimony to the contrary, for with the exception of a few very glaring absurdities, the stanzas are rather passable. Mourning is very inaccurately described in the following line,

"The dawn and the deep shade are momentarily blending," now the generally received opinion is, that they do not blend: we often hear it said that darkness fleeth the approach of light, but never before of their uniting to make day-light; perhaps it is intended to describe a foggy morning. "Too well does she listen, with eloquent glance," this is quite a novelty, eyes have oft been made to speak, but never gifted till now with the faculty of hearing. "On the wide spreading battle-plain banners are furling,"—this is a deplorably tame line, the most insignificant circumstance is selected in describing the din and confusion of the "tented field." "Banners are furling;" how unlikely, for sure am I, that the victors would not spare time from the pursuit to attend to the "furling of banners," and the unfortunate vanquished are far too busy with their flight, to heed their disgraced colours.

"And the death stricken rest in their blood-moistened hair." Here common sense has been sacrificed to rhyme, how absurd the "hair" of "the death stricken," know you not my Page that "hair" means the hiding place of a wild beast? Buy a Dictionary my gentle Page.

I suppose I may be forgiven the News, and the shipping list, also the advertisements, if so, it only remains to mention the "Penitent," and the "Miscellaneous." "The Penitent" is one of those affairs that one hardly knows whether to praise or condemn, for the beauties and deformities are so blended, that it is difficult to separate them, I shall therefore just slightly review it, and leave my readers to judge. 7th line, "wrapt in himself," I suppose this means done up in his own clothes.

12th line "His heart became a lone sepulchral cave,
Whose dews of thought, congealing as they fell,
Hardened to stone around their death-lit cell."

Here we have a mass of words, let us try to pick out their meaning, or at least see if there be any. "The dews of thought, (what are they?) of "a lone sepulchral cave," congealing as they fall, into hardened stone, and this Edwin calls poetry! but the world call it nonsense: "Death-lit cell!" too, what "light" is there in death? what are "rapid touches?" "wrapt in intensity," Curse that "wrapt," it meets us at every turn:

"—Every music chord of feeling woke
Responsive—the dark space, which bound him, broke
That demon spell,——"

The "music chord of feeling," and a man "haunt" with "dark space," are to me things inexplicable. "And for love's sceptre change the avenging rod," this is meant to be reversed I imagine, and we are to understand that the "avenging rod" is changed for love's sceptre, and not the sceptre for the rod; never mind, better luck next time. But ere that next time comes, Edwin should learn to prune. There are passages which indicate genius, but so deeply are they buried in words, that it requires some time and tact to dig them out. And now for the "Miscellaneous" infliction. O Mr. Editor, it was an unlucky hour for you, when this old joke repository encountered and poked his fun at you; know you not that he has retailed to you some of the most venerable Joe Millerisms in existence? and that the only thing original about them is, the notion of foisting them upon you? As to the stratagem of fathering them on Doyle, Crane, &c. that is what every retailer of fusty old stories resorts to; and I should have deemed you too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and such chaff too! But "no one is wise at all hours" and the Editor of the Pearl has been trapped in an unguarded moment; this is the only excuse I can offer for his having recooked, "warmed up," four very stale witticisms, two of which are of such doubtful character, one indeed so downright bawdy, that I should have thought no one in the possession of reason, would have admitted them into "a Volume of Polite Literature." As YOU LIKE IT.

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING "CRITIQUE."

"We are not among the number of those who, willing to conceal an incompetency to the task of criticism, pick out level passages in order to obtrude with a sinner some rhythmical deformity. How easy would it be to degrade Shakspeare, (were he an aspirant,) by holding up as ample characteristics of his style, the common life passages of the Tempest, Romeo and Juliet, Troilus, Anthony, &c."—Review of a Translation of Goethe's works.

The passage just quoted, is not placed at the head of the remarks which follow, as being particularly applicable to the subject under consideration, but as auxiliary to an opinion which we would support,—that, to pick a few expressions from any literary

attempt, as the foundation of a general condemnation, is a departure from genuine, and fair, and useful criticism, and is a mode which might be successfully practised for the disparagement of the works of the greatest masters of the pen: ("were they aspirants,") for disparagement, particularly, among those who care not to examine for themselves, and who are too ready to take bold assertions in place of proofs,—or proofs on some minor points, as evidence against a whole work.

The critique which precedes these remarks, cannot be altogether pleasant to the "Conductor of the Pearl," but he is sincere in saying, that it is not considered purely of an unpleasant character; and that, as an evidence of interest taken in Provincial literature, and as an aid to correct literary taste, it has caused considerable satisfaction. We would not deny free expression to critical remarks, within reasonable bounds, however condemnatory, and whatever interest we might feel in the productions reviewed,—provided however, we be allowed the liberty, in return, of making such explanations as should be deemed requisite. Thus, each party would obtain a fair hearing, and good would be the result, whatever slips might occur connected with the transaction, or which ever side might be occasionally put in the wrong. The attainment of perfection is seldom the lot of mortals,—and but few human works so approach to perfection, that numerous objections might not be made to them;—particularly if the censor wish to be severe, and feel inclined to strain at gnats as well as at camels.

In the present case we will venture a few remarks on the objections of our Correspondent, and then a few on some particulars in his own composition. This latter part of our task is not undertaken invidiously, but to demonstrate that critics are sometimes liable to the very errors which they denounce in others, and that, therefore, they should not be overwhelmingly severe without good cause.

As we have no desire to deduct from the praise which our correspondent vouchsafes,—as we admit some of his assertions in a contrary vein, and as we are not afraid to trust our readers with some other of his unsupported assertions, the validity of which we deny,—we pass most of his first paragraph without remark, in this place.

The phrase "dwarf wilderness" appears, on consideration, allowable—or, at least, more appropriate than the correction volunteered, "dwarf Elder and berry bushes." The intent, evidently, was, to designate an uncultivated place, or wilderness, covered with bushes, which, in the aggregate, might be called a dwarf assemblage, as compared to the trees of the wilderness generally,—but not dwarf considered in reference to their own standard; so that, although they might be said to form a dwarf wilderness, they could not be called correctly, dwarf elder and berry bushes: they were Elder and berry bushes of the common size. A small community, and a community of small men and women, mean very different things, although our critic seems to confound the difference, in a parallel case! Further, on this part of our subject,—though an Elder bush yields berries,—in articles which aim at no more than a colloquial style, colloquial terms may be allowed; and none, except such generalizers as our correspondent, would, in Nova Scotia parlance, call Elder bushes, berry bushes. "As-you-like-it" seems one of those critics who, apparently, claim all the severity of technical language, in cases where technical language would be ridiculous; others rush into the other extreme, and would make pure science obscure and puerile by the use of rhetorical phraseology. Both aim at great things in their own way,—and, perhaps, err, not by being careless, but over fainal.

The objection to "parallels" "along the beach," also seems a catching at words, and a denial of the license which is usually allowed in such matters. Along, by, or near, the beach, is the evident meaning,—but our exact correspondent is one of those who will no more admit an ellipsis in literary, than in arithmetical composition.

The intimation, that the writer of the scrap denominated "Mill Horses" was unacquainted with the meaning of the word Metaphor, is a gratuitous assumption. Some writers who understand the term as perfectly as our correspondent, have fallen into improper applications of the figure, from the hurry of composition, no doubt,—but, in the paragraph in question, the word burying, on which all the error turns, is a misprint. It was corrected in the proof, but neglected in "the form." The word in manuscript was burying;—so that this reiterated charge, about which such infatigation is exhibited, amounts to nothing, against either writer or Editor.

The assertions respecting Chalk Sketches, No. 1 and 2, our correspondent knows, must go for mere assertions, and they might be met with counter declarations equally valueless: "bad names," or honorary epithets, of themselves, and coming from unknown sources, should have no effect on character.

The only debatable objections are those made to particular phrases. For instance,—we are told, that "from which" should be "from whence." On this we might well exclaim "Critic heal thyself." The phrase of the sketcher is correct, of the critic incorrect. And we have the amusing exhibition of a most

complacent gentleman, volunteering, in sheer charity and ignorance, to set a supposed novice right, by directing him in the wrong road. Whence might be substituted, according to common usage, for the words objected to, and then it would just mean as much,—but the phrase, from whence, is quite inadmissible. Whence includes from, and the latter will not be used with the former, by any person "acquainted with the meaning of the word," except as a specimen of bad expression. From which, as used, is, to all intents and purposes, right, notwithstanding the assertion of the reviewer. When more than assertion is given, more may be stated in reply. As our correspondent refers, patronizingly, to Dictionary assistance, it may not be amiss to inform him what "Walker" says of his elegant phrase, from whence. This authority calls it a "vicious mode of speech," and, of whence, "another barbarism." So much for the only objection advanced against one of the articles of the "Original Pearl."

The next examples given, as "most condemning proof" against another article, are some phrases, not classical indeed, but such as would be generally deemed allowable in a light sketch, as the article under consideration professes to be. "Some couple of summers ago," is a careless mode of expressing about two summers ago, but do not this and similar objections, to such a piece, argue as much of pedantry as of useful criticism? "At, the Dartmouth side," instead of on, is a form of expression, that, we doubt not, would be used by our correspondent himself, in his less critical moments. The phrase, "a little free air," gives rise to the witty intimation, that air in town is not "sold by the gill;" yet the air at the Dartmouth side might be called free in reference to the air in town,—which, sometimes, is, comparatively, "cabbined, cribbed, confined." The term free is not applied only to articles which may be had without money, although our correspondent would, apparently, so limit the signification of the word! Byron, in his Manfred, uses the phrase, "pipes in the liberal air," which, if the noble bard "were now an aspirant," would doubtless subject him to the liberal use of the literal lash of our correspondent.

"As-you-like-it" further says, that one can hardly imagine a more faulty sentence than the following: "The boy was a fine specimen of Indian children;" and he remarks, that "the little fellow could only be a specimen of an Indian child." Here again we would say, but not offensively, that—so much dogmatism, and complacency, and error, appear—one is doubtful that the writer can be serious, in his attempt at correcting, by making right, wrong. The boy was an Indian child, not a specimen of one. Specimen, signifies, sample;—a part of a quantity, or one of a number;—and the boy was a specimen, or sample, of Indian children generally. Suppose one apple, taken from a barrel-full of the fruit, be exhibited,—would that be a specimen of an apple, or of the parcel from which it was taken? The answer is apparent, and disposes of another of our correspondent's objections.

The next great error is, the omission of the mark of the "possessive case," or the liberty taken of dropping that mark, and of using a word as a qualifying particle, or adjective, not denoting possession. This liberty is not unusual, and in many instances the mode is not inelegant, although, in many others that insisted on by our correspondent would be the better.

We will not spend time by any attempt to controvert the assertion, apparently founded on the "mare's nests" enumerated, that the "Sketches" are "out of all drawing," but we admit that they may not come up to the "standard" which appears to have been alluded to, and which gives our correspondent so much cause of glorying. An explanation respecting that standard, need not here be given,—it is not of sufficient consequence,—an unprejudiced reader can easily understand all we meant by it, and some explanation has appeared in the Pearl since our correspondent's letter came to hand.

No. 2 of the critique commences with remarks on "the Chapter on Inns." But would our correspondent condemn an interspersion of "good," matter-of-fact, articles, because they had not, what they did not aim at, the "spicery" of fanciful embellishment?

Our correspondent gives praise to the lines entitled the "Mariner's Song," and then runs full tilt again at the "standard," as if he were delighted to have such windmills for objects of attack. This may be all very well, but surely he need not be so excruciating on poor "Ramblewood." If he could have made much of what he considered older and better game, he would scarcely press the juvenile so hard, with his eloquent, and very critical, ejaculations:—his "Eh's" and "Oh's" and "Master Ramblewood," and other truly humorous interjections! He reminds of "ocean into tempest test, to waft a feather, or to drown a fly," and not only so, but pluming itself vastly on the feat. If the "parenthetical paragraphs" did nothing else, they might be expected to turn aside the keen sword, of so redoubtable a knight, from such a non-resistant victim.

Perhaps Ramblewood supposed that opinions which could be discussed, and demonstrated—handled, to use a common expression—might be said to be tangible,—and perhaps, if he erred in this, he erred with many writers and speakers, as acute in some matters as his reviewer.—Ramblewood might also be extorted for

deficiency in Catoptricks. Why should an acquaintance with exact science be expected from one who only professes to describe impressions and appearances? *The Surgeon*, even, is not required to be an adept in the *Physician's* department, why then should our correspondent require sketch-writers to be encyclopædists? But *Ramblewood* does not say that he saw the rays;—and, query, is the sun exactly vertical at Halifax, about noon, in August? If not, might not the reflection be visible at a place so near the harbour, as Citadel Hill? So that, for all "As-you-like-it" knows to the contrary, the juvenile may have some acquaintance with Catoptricks, and the error so triumphantly, but needlessly, urged, may exist in the imagination of our correspondent only.—The exultation respecting the "optic nerve" and other slips, is scarcely becoming, in a grave critic; but, no doubt, it will teach "Ramblewood" that he must be more guarded in future,—and that he may expect, occasionally, the mortification of finding, that some persons fasten on blemishes with a death grasp,—magnifying, and asserting, and echoing themselves all the time,—blind, involuntarily, or wilfully, to all the better traits of the article under consideration.

The "Departure and Return" should have been divided from the Juvenile Column:—Critically speaking, the light of the dawn, and the shades of night, may not blend,—but do they not appear to do so, when the density of the latter is broken, and the horizon becomes, by slow degrees, and by fine gradations, marked by the approach of day? The line, "Too well does she listen, with eloquent glances," gives opportunity for some wit, as if it only bore the forced explanation of our correspondent, or as if the exactness of science should govern ballads. Suppose A to say, "I walked out with B," he could not be understood to mean that B acted as his legs,—but merely, that B accompanied him. So the lady's attentive listening, might be accompanied by her eloquent glances, and no harm done, either to physiology or common sense. The fastening on small defects only, reminds of the fly which attacks the galled spots of the steed,—rather than of the judge of "horse flesh," who takes in at a glance all the serious defects and good points of his object.—The word *lair* is frequently used, in poetical articles, to designate many situations beside the hiding places of wild beasts,—although, we admit, such licenses should be avoided. Other verbal objections, on this subject, may be left to the mercy of more merciful, and not less critical, readers.

Our correspondent next takes up "the Penitent," and points out some obscurity which he calls nonsense. Might not the first passage objected to—divested of its rhyme, and some of its rhetorical figures—be thus rendered? "His heart became lone and gloomy, as a sepulchral cave; its sympathies and affections, chilled, as they appeared, and were confined to that cell, which was illuminated, as it were, by funeral, or death-lights, only."—Other passages might be similarly explained, if explanation were the thing sought for. But how confused our critic's own ideas must have become, when he imagined that a transposition was required in a line that contrasts "love's sceptre" with the "avenging rod." Suppose a person to say, "For 20s in silver, I change a pound note," would any boy doubt the meaning of the expression? Edwin's line, to which "As-you-like-it" objects, is as plain.—"Toucats" is a misprint for *torrents*, as the line itself suggests. About this part of our correspondent's critique, he hurls an anathema at the word *wrap*, which had previously excited his ire: Let not any reader suppose that this term—which means to enclose, to encompass, to exclude outward objects—is so bad in itself, and so little used by good writers, that it should be signalled out as a great blemish in our little periodical. As one instance out of a number which might be given,—we quote the following lines:

"The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath *wrapt*, and *wrap*
All round us: we but feel our way to err:
The ocean bath his chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert."

What nuts these specimens of the use of the word, would be to our correspondent, if the author of *Childe Harold* "were an unknown aspirant;"—as it is, no doubt, even he would not seize on them, as "most condemning proof" that the poem should not have been put in type.

A notice of the column headed *Miscellaneous*, closes our correspondent's "close critique for sucking geniuses." We still doubt, that the "jokes" are "venerable Joe Millerisms," and would be sorry indeed, if any except the extremely fastidious, and those who would sound charges on shadows, could justify the epithet applied [by our correspondent. To make the Pearl unexceptionable, in this respect particularly, has been, and will be, considered a sacred duty. On this, as on other matters, we must appeal, from our (sometimes) captious correspondent, to unprejudiced readers generally.

A hasty glance may now be taken at our correspondent's own composition, for the purpose of exhibiting that even such as he may commit inaccuracies similar to those which he treats so harshly in others.

There are about twenty errors, in capitalising, and punctuation, in our correspondent's manuscript; but supposing that these

might have been caused by the copyist, we make the usual correction and pass on. Other errors may be considered trifling, but some of them are of as much consequence as several of those which so excited our correspondent's literary ire. If it should be said in excuse, that the style was intentionally loose, to suit the article in hand,—it may be answered, that the same excuse will apply with much more force, to some of the pieces criticised, than to the critique. Where are enquirers to look for purity of diction, if not to the composition of him who stands forth as a public corrector,—and a conservator, or builder up, of literary taste?

To commence then, the expression "joining my endeavours to yours, for raising the popular standard" can scarcely be called grammatical. If the participle *raising* is intended to be the object of the preposition *for*, should it not have its distinguishing article, and be followed by another preposition, thus,—*the raising of*? The omissions of our correspondent are not allowable, except in a professedly "hurried and lazy style."—Again the word *endeavour* occurs twice, in three lines, once as a verb, and again as a noun. This is displeasing to the ear, and is an offence against strength and perspicuity, which may be set down as another specimen of literary laziness. The phrases, "I take it," "sucking genius," &c. are of a more slip siop character.—A few lines farther on, the conjunction *neither*, commences a clause, without having any corresponding particle from which to continue the negation. We would suggest two alterations, either of which, we suppose, will be acknowledged, on consideration, to be a correction of our correspondent's mode of expression: "I do not approve of the drollery, neither can I" &c. or, "I have some doubts about the drollery, and must condemn his inclination" &c.—Respecting the school scene, in *Alice Ware*, our correspondent says, "it is done to the life." How done,—cooked, finished, painted, or what?—Is not our query here, as well founded as many of our correspondent's objections?—"Till finished" is of the same "lazy" character, and then we get a tit bit of logic, to the following effect: A baked catable, composed of materials, which composing materials, are thrown into the compound that consisted of themselves! Oh that critics had critical eyes for their own productions, or fellow feelings for brother transgressors! The jumble just quoted reminds of the extravaganza of throwing the house out of the window.—A little farther on, we have the logical department continued, by ideas kept and jolted about in an unoccupied space.—Then occurs such elegant phraseology, as "O what matters, I'm in a hurry" &c.—In the clause, "no less prevalent than improper," what part of speech is the particle *no*?—In a following passage we have this example of critical acumen, in grammar and rhetoric, "they are easily got over, if the writer would trouble himself." Here, beside the fine expression "got over," we have present and future tense, and indicative and subjunctive mood, nicely jumbled in one short sentence.—We pass on, merely alluding to the corrections respecting *specimen*, from whence, &c. before mentioned, and come, to the important and classical declaration, that, an insufferable liberty is past endurance,—to the judicious substitution of the adverb *worth* for the adjective *worthy*,—to the grammatical licence of *has had* for *had*,—to the expressive idiom, *I fear me*,—and to the elegant abbreviation *I'm*, for *I am*,—all of which, our correspondent may, possibly, think very becoming in a lecture on style.

Notwithstanding time and space press, we must continue with a few words on the composition of No. 2. In the very first line, what we venture to call another blunder in tense, occurs: "In the paper sent I had reviewed."—Near the opening of the second paragraph, *and* is made to commence a sentence which has no connection with the preceding sentence, requiring that conjunction. Farther on, an example of diction is set, by the use of six *its* in one sentence; see Cobbett on this pronoun: "When I had read it,"—"could not imagine why it was published,"—"it is a good but common place article,"—"none of that spicery about it which would entitle it,"—"and therefore I judge it to be out of place."—Again, is not the expression of our author's vivid fancies rather injured by the epithet "going day"?—The next sentence seems to afford another instance of critical logic. One sister is said to accomplish a certain operation, *although* another is inadequate for the performance of something else, or for the performance of the same with quite a different material. Why *although*? The failure of the younger sister, in one attempt, does not admit an inference that the elder should fail in another department. How would it sound, to say, gravely, Anne can play a waltz on her harpsichord, *although* Ellen cannot on her easel?—As we would wish to get our critic's advice respecting the art of painting, as well as that of poetry, we may enquire, whether it is the fact, as he asserts—that painters may, "with all the truth of nature, depict the setting sun"?—Respecting *Ramblewood's* walk, our correspondent says that he looks over it, to see all the beauties it may have. Did he indeed look in it for all the possible beauties, or for all that it actually had, or rather for the defects which he expected?—Some lines farther on we are told, that when young men who cannot swim, venture beyond their depth, they are liable to drowning. A plain man, and no castigator, would suppose all men liable, and the venturesome young men in particular danger.—Here we might pause, and say, as our correspondent does on another subject,—The remainder is too far below

mediocrity; as a critique, to deserve any attention: we will not act so discourteously, however, but passing over a page which might well be attributed to "Twaddle the elder," rest on a better sustained part, nearer the close. Respecting the battle field, we are told, that "the victors would not spare time," and "the vanquished are too busy," more murder among the tenses; let it be, either "will not spare" or, "were too busy."—In the next paragraph, the expression, "The Penitent is one of those affairs, that one hardly knows, &c." might be altered for the better by substituting *critic* for the latter *one*. Farther on we have the following specimen of clairvoyance,—"there are passages" &c. "but so deeply are they buried in words that it requires some time and tact to dig them out." If passages are composed of words, the complaint, that words are buried in words, does seem most awkwardly worded,—and it would require "some time and tact" to tell the result, if passages were dug from, i. e. removed from or out of, words.

Here we must part company with our correspondent, premising, that we point out the defects in his communication, as a fair set off to similar defects which he treats rather harshly, and not as entirely marking his letters with deformity,—although he has drawn such an inference in other matters; we must say, however, that if we were to take the standard which he would set up, we should reject much of his own critique. In conclusion, we sincerely assure our correspondent, that we are pleased to find so critical an eye watchful of the public interests, and deeming the Pearl worthy of its notice;—that we mean to profit by his strictures, as, we trust, the next "original" number will prove,—and that we hope to reckon "As-you-like-it" among our contributors, then, or previously, feeling confident that he would be a valuable auxiliary, and that he will take any appearance of our returning "a Roland for an Oliver," in good part.

ED. PEARL.

(Perhaps we should apologize for the length of the preceding articles;—it is not often, however, that such can appear; occasionally, they may be of some interest, and utility, by directing attention to many matters frequently overlooked, and by presenting both sides of an argument, for the decision of our judges, the readers of the Pearl.)

RECIPES, &c.

(A correspondent, who has tried the following, and who readily endorses it, sends it for the benefit of other housekeepers.)—PEARL-LABOR SAVING SOAP.—The receipts for making this have been sold for from five to ten dollars—and the soap seven cents per pound; but can be manufactured for about two cents. Take two pounds of Sal Soda—two pounds yellow bar soap—and ten quarts of water—cut the soap in thin slices and boil all together two hours—then strain it through a cloth, let it cool, and it is fit for use. Directions for using the Soap: Put the clothes in soak the night before you wash, and to every pail of water in which you boil them add one pound of soap. They will need no rubbing: merely rinse them out, and they will be perfectly clean and white.

A method of kneading bread, by which will be obtained from the same quantity of flour a loaf better made weighing twenty-five per cent more:—This result is obtained by boiling for an hour a pound of bran in about twenty pints of water, taking care constantly to stir it with a stick, to prevent the bran from burning at the side or bottom of the vessel. After having strained this liquid through a linen bag or cloth, let it be employed hot to knead with, in the common manner, instead of simple water.

The advantage of this bread is, that it weighs more, and is easier of digestion.

ERYSIPELAS.—Dr. F. M. Robertson, of Augusta, Geo., reports, in the July number of the Southern Medical and Surgical Journal, two cases of erysipelas, successfully treated by the external application of raw cotton.

TEETH.—Brush your teeth with cold water and a little Peruvian bark in the morning, again with water only, directly you leave the dinner table, and let this also be the last thing you do on going to bed. More depends on the state of your teeth while sleeping, than during any other portion of the twenty-four hours. Never pick your teeth with a pin, nor suffer any metal to come near them; crack no almonds or other shelled fruit between them, and when you are sewing, never on any consideration bite off a thread.

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE.—For six gallons of water, take six pounds of clarified sugar, three ounces of ginger in powder, and two ounces of cream of Tartar; then give the whole a good boiling; take it off the fire, let it cool to blood heat, and add to it the peel of six lemons, and five ounces of yeast (which can be had of the bakers,) mix it well, settle for twelve hours, draw it off clear—bottle it, cork it tight, keep it until next day, and then drink American Champagne.

LIGHTNING.—The Providence Courier, in support of the recent discovery that lamp black resists the course of the fluid, says that in the schooner *Ida*, struck a few days since at that port, the portions of the masts and spars painted green entirely escaped, while bare parts were shivered.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.*

The government have bought pictures for the public, and the public are grateful: we have never heard a complaint against the expense of the Museum, or the National Gallery, or any other means of improvement which the public are called on to pay for and enjoy. But the government raises no statue. A vast number of individuals, however, have united to raise, by subscription, statues to Nelson and Wellington. The history of these transactions has thrown some light on the state of sculpture in England, the power to appreciate it, and the will to encourage it. The city statue was subscribed for and entrusted to Sir Francis Chantrey—with great propriety, as it appears to us. Not that we so estimate Sir Francis as to conceive him capable of producing a truly great work; but because his position and his fame, native and European, demand of his countrymen a fair opportunity for the exercise of his talent in almost the highest line of his profession. The share taken by government in this work was the supplying of some old cannon for the bronze of which the statue will be cast. It is to be completed in four years, and the artist will not probably be restricted to a thousand pounds or so in the ultimate expense. The site of this intended statue is the corner of Cornhill, opposite Cheapside, and near the Mansion House: its character is equestrian, and the size heroic. Neither the style nor site entirely satisfies our views of the subject; but we will not digress into objections: we shall content ourselves with rejoicing that English valour and sagacity are to be commemorated by English talent, and the city to be adorned with a work of art at the expense of the citizens.

No sooner was the statue decidedly entrusted to Sir F. Chantrey than the friends of Mr. Wyatt got up another subscription for the erection of a Wellington testimonial at the west end of the town. That the real object of this undertaking was the employment of the sculptor has been made clear in the course of the proceedings; and, if such a purpose had been avowed instead of disclaimed, who could have blamed the patrons of art? But patriotism, and taste, and all the virtues were assumed as the motive, and a large sum of money was subscribed, a committee formed, who met, discussed, arranged, and at length settled that the statue should be mounted first on a horse, and then horse and all on the archway opposite to Apsley House, and leading into the Green Park, and that Mr. Wyatt should be employed to execute it. Now, as on all such occasions, a great number of noblemen and gentlemen who had consented to be of the committee had carefully abstained from taking any share in its labours, or encountering any part of its responsibilities; and these honourable men, who ought to have guarded the public against what looked not unlike a job, although we are far from accusing the committee of any such intention, and what would certainly have given us, as the Wellington at the west end, something not unlike the King of Cockspur Street, now came forward, and accused the committee of partiality, and a hurry, and holding meetings without notice, and of various high crimes and misdemeanors, which were all resolvable into their own neglect of a duty which they ought either to have declined or discharged. Whether we are to have a Wyatt Wellington, or whether the malcontents of the committee will have spirit enough to reverse its decrees, remains to be seen; but we believe, however painful, and perhaps unfair, to the selected artists, the monument will be transferred to other hands, but not, we hope, into those of Sir F. Chantrey. If one George III. is enough for Mr. Wyatt, let one Wellington satisfy Sir Francis: there are able men behind.

Warned, however, by this alleged intrigue, and shocked, at least, by the reproaches hurled at the Wellington committee, the gentlemen selected by the subscribers to the Nelson memorial resolved on a public competition, which took place last March. The gallery of Mr. Rainy, in Regent Street, was accepted by the committee for the exhibition of models and drawings, and many artists and amateurs competed for the prize. Architects and sculptors were alike encouraged to try their talent; and the exhibition was expected to afford a fair view of the amount of ability in these arts as they existed in this country. And it was fair to suppose so. That Nelson never was a hero so heartily beloved, never was a country more proud of a son, never were actions more capable of artistic illustration, nor a character more inspiring of lofty sentiment and high feeling than his. He was himself a genius with whom genius was likely to sympathise, in the astonishing boldness of conception, and in the rapidity and dash of execution. He scorned all pettiness of detail, all trifling quibbles of the schools; he was content to trust to the dictates of his own original mind, and won his battles, not according to rule, but by the force of genius; and it might be expected that the artist who would commemorate his actions would catch a spark of his fire; and scorning the pedantry of precedent, unfettered by rule, and excited to greatness, by the contemplation of greatness, would have produced something at once surprising and appropriate, something new yet recognised, daring but allowed, grand yet intelligible, bold, significant, expressive, and commanding admiration rather than soliciting approval. Was any thing of this kind exhibited? Nothing approaching to it. But in its place every variety of eccentric device, every extravagance of bewildered

imagination on the one side, and on the other every form of the cold and tame. Among the multitude of designs, few indeed were fitted to be the monument of any thing but the dulness of him who had conceived it. We will not waste words on the rocks from which flowed fountains, and on which sat tritons in the most amiable confusion, with the most inexplicable purpose; nor with the confectionary or pastry models of mock Egyptian and ungenial Greek temples; nor with the monstrous light-houses, nor the more absurd fountains, which decorated the rooms. The committee divided the designs into the column, the obelisk, and the pile, in which architecture and sculpture were combined, and selected from each class a specimen for the first, second, and third prize,—but not one for execution. The column was of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a statue: it was the design of Mr. Railton, and, although no way remarkable, was correct and pleasing as a column—a column *apropos* to what? certainly not to Nelson. The obelisk was the design of Mr. Bailey, and, had the competition proceeded, would have probably carried away the majority of suffrages. It was an Egyptian obelisk of granite, surrounded at the base with allegorical figures in bronze,—among them a lion, a Britannia, a Nelson, and a number of sea-gods and goddesses “swimming,” as somebody said, “round the world for sport,” but meant, according to the artist, to signify that Nelson’s victories were as extensive as the element on which they were gained, which, if they did express, their significance was as simply complex as Lord Burleigh’s nod. The architectural composition was the design of Messrs. Fowler, and Sevier, and was finished with remarkable beauty for a model, but was distinctly wanting in all the characteristic features of a monument to naval glory. Mr. Rennie, Mr. Coffee, Mr. Westmacott, and some others, appear to have approached more nearly the simple and severe standard which might be expected to guide this work: they all agree in a sculptured pedestal, columnar or pyramidal, surmounted by a statue. The pervading thought in these designs was certainly the true one; and he who succeeds best in embodying it will probably be the selected artist. But to accomplish this design great power and judgment are required; and perhaps the public would be unwilling to receive the grave and true for the frivolous and showy. But to return to the history. The committee had announced this selection, and the day was fixed for their final determination. In the meanwhile the press had spoken, the committee had consulted all who were likely to know any thing of the matter, and they resolved to re-open the competition, a resolution which does them the greatest credit, and which, we believe, the public owes to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Ridley (now Lord) Colborne. Sir Hussey Vivyan had taken under his patronage Lieut Siborn, and had resolved to move the committee to decide on a temple which should contain the model of Waterloo, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, and a model of the battle of Trafalgar on a similar scale. From what we have seen and heard of the models in preparation, we have no doubt that the approaching competition will do more honour to English art; but we have no very high hopes of seeing such a tribute to Nelson as will at once satisfy the critic and the public—the true test of fitness in the design and of ability in the artist; but when we look abroad at the monuments of the Continent, ancient and modern, we do not see the design which we should desire to see naturalised for the Nelson monument. Here is a difficulty not carefully considered by the critics. The monument should be one to the glory of England’s navy; it should record by intelligible figures the localities of those victories, and the means by which they were gained, and the ideal of the men who won them; and Nelson should be the climax,—the point to which all should tend,—the grand feature, the aim, object, the soul of the composition.

We have endeavoured to show that at one period English sculpture had attained an eminence from which all but the summit of perfection was in sight. We have attempted to explain the causes that interrupted its progress. If we are right, the greatest evil of the interruption is over, and the stream of art again flows easily on. The advantages we possess in the splendid relics of ancient art, to direct its progress, cannot be calculated. As yet they have not produced their natural effect; but the advance of art is slow, and more especially is this true of sculpture. The country must acquire a taste for the beautiful, and a knowledge of its own treasures, before the artist can be stimulated to the necessary exertion. Money is no due reward, nor ordinary fame a sufficient stimulant to greatness. To be praised by those who know is the artist’s aim; and, until a whole people are educated to an understanding of art, the applause of that people will fail in its effect. We have all to do, but we have the means of accomplishing all; and we hope the Nelson monument will mark the commencement of a new era in English art—the era of the great and the original; and the final period of the tame, the feeble, and the imitative, which, from the time of William Austin to that of John Flaxman, have been the characteristics of sculpture in England.

The destinies of a nation depend less on the greatness of the few, than the virtues or vices of the many. Eminent individuals cast farther the features of her glory or shame; but the realities of her weal or woe lie deep in the great mass.

MY MOTHER.

BY D. ROSS LIETCH, M.D.

Dark is the night and wild the sea,
The tempest round me gathers,
And I must wander far from thee,
Sweet island of my fathers!
But soft dreams in my soul arise,
Nor storm nor fear can smother:
And clothed in love, before mine eyes,
Thy image glides, my Mother!

The sable garb—the widow’s cap
Thy sweet cheek simply shading;
And, oh! that pensive look of love,
Unspeaking—unfading!
Bright thoughts lie brooding on that brow,
Where Grief hath left his furrow;
For Faith and Love have brightened now,
The lines engraved by Sorrow.

Oh, Mother! thou art blent with all
That to my heart is nearest;
Even Heaven to me is doubly dear,
Because to thee ’tis dearest.
If virtue burns within my breast,
To thee that bliss is owing!
’Twas thou that lit the sacred flame,
’Tis thou that keep’st it glowing.

When the wild waves of passion roll,
Like starbeams o’er the ocean;
Thine image glides athwart my soul,
And calms each fierce emotion.
An angel atmosphere of peace,
Breathes from thy spirit o’er me:
The gloom retires,—the tempests cease,
And all is bright before me.

The bounding heart of youth is gone,
The flowers have left the wildwood;
And dim, dim now the dreams have grown
I cherish’d in my childhood.
But mother, oh! whilst thou art left,
The true, the angel-hearted,
Not all of boyhood bliss is left,
Not all of youth departed!

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Saussure, the celebrated French philosopher, reached the top of this mountain; and others went up soon afterwards. They tied themselves together with ropes; so that if any happened to fall into a chasm, they might be saved. Some of these chasms were so deep, that when ice was thrown into them, the sound produced by its reaching the bottom was not heard. One chasm was found so wide, that the ladder which they laid across it, reached only one inch over each side; and that only in one place. They learned that this chasm had opened only a few days; so that if they passed over, there was a danger of their not being able to get back, from its opening wider before their return. They ventured over, however, and got safely back. Their thirst was very great. When near the top, they became very weak, felt dispirited, and were troubled with vomiting, &c.; owing to the air being very thin (the rarity of the atmosphere, as it is called). At last they reached the summit. In 1827, Mr. Ferrars, an English gentleman, ascended to the top. He also experienced great effects from the rarity of the air. His guides had bleeding from the nose, great difficulty of breathing, and intense thirst. Their eyes were bloodshot, and their faces blistered. Some had vomiting of blood. Mr. Auldjo likewise reached the top; and gives an interesting account of his journey. One of his guides sunk up to his arm-pits in a chasm; but saved himself by stretching out his arms, and by his pole falling across the chasm like a bridge. As they got towards the highest point, they were obliged to rest every three or four steps, and to turn their faces towards the north wind; which assisted respiration. Mr. Auldjo was partly dragged, and partly carried to the summit. The sun was shining brightly on the snow-topped peaks around; but it was very cold; and he soon fell asleep. He had with him a bottle of champagne; of which the cork flew out to a great distance, but with little noise. Owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, a pistol fired there makes no more noise than a cracker in a room;—noise being occasioned by percussions of the air. The champagne frothed to the last drop; and our traveller partook of it; but the fixed air (carbonic acid) being given out very abundantly after being drunk, gave him much uneasiness. There have been about fifteen successful ascents of this mountain; and about twenty persons (of whom about twelve were English), besides guides, have reached the top. Among the successful travellers was a female. One of the latest to ascend, was Dr. Martin Barry, a highly intelligent and accomplished member of the Society of Friends. He gave a very interesting account of his journey, in two

*Concluded from page 266.

lectures, illustrated by drawings; and also in a little work on the subject. Napoleon caused the guides to fix a cross on the top; but it was blown down in a day or two.—*London Mirror*.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF JERUSALEM.

November 20.—An hour before sunrise I left the poor and almost deserted village of Bir, and, accompanied by the Greek Pappas, the Damascus merchant, the Moslem woman, and the humble pilgrims, I struck into the narrow, rocky, bridle-path leading to Jerusalem. It was a dark and gloomy morning; and the surrounding country, dimly seen by the faint twilight, presented a wild and solitary aspect. When the sun rose, we were in the midst of a bare, arid, treeless landscape. There was no water, and no vegetation; and the whole country, far and near, presented a desolate surface of rock, or a succession of undulating hills covered with loose, jagged, dark stones. The prophecies and predictions of the olden time appear, indeed, to have been wonderfully and fearfully brought to pass; all things are "utterly consumed from off the land, man and beast, and the fowls of heaven." The desert between Damascus and Palmyra was cheerful by comparison, for there the little borrowing d'jerboas, or an occasional herd of gazelles, enlivened the solitude of the wilderness; but here, within a short distance of Jerusalem, no animated object was anywhere to be seen over the wide-extended landscape; and truly in the prophetic language of Jeremiah, "I beheld and lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heaven were fled."

We toiled a long and slowly moving cavalcade, over a rough road, amid jagged masses of rock, against which the horses and mules were constantly tumbling. A few olive trees, scattered along the sides of some distant hills, were the only symptoms of vegetation, except the few dried-up herbs and scattered clumps of camel thorn, which here and there found a scanty subsistence upon the rocky sterile soil. We ascended a lofty hill, and saw in the distance the long ridge of mountains bounding the great desert, and skirting the edge of the plain of Jericho. Through an opening in the barren eminences over which we rode, we caught, for a short time, a glimpse of a distant plain, which, from the blue mists that were hovering over it, presented an exact resemblance to a large lake.

The bright sunny weather we had so long enjoyed had now left us; dark, driving clouds flitted across the heavens, the wind blew cold, and howled fearfully among the rocks, and we approached Jerusalem through one of the wildest, gloomiest scenes of desolation I ever witnessed.

After riding for nearly three hours through the same dreary and solitary country, throughout which the dwelling of man was nowhere visible, we ascended a slight eminence, and the landscape then began to unbind and relax a little of its stern and barren aspect. Olive woods were seen in front, and above a short screen of refreshing foliage appeared a white cupola, which was immediately hailed as *El Khobbs! Jerusalem!* Pushing our horses onwards to the summit of the neighbouring hill, behind which, in our advance, the small portion of the city had disappeared, we suddenly came upon a scene, imposing from its contrast with the country we had lately traversed, and certainly one of the most interesting in the whole world. Above the olive woods in front, seated on the eminence, appeared a line of houses, domes, and minarets, conspicuous among which, and high above all, were the white cupola of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the dark dome of the mosque of Omar. To the left of these rose the Mount of Olives, a lofty and picturesque hill, scattered over with olive trees, and crowned with a mosque and a christian church.

We descended to the olive groves, and, after passing several sepulchral excavations in the adjoining rocks, we came to a long range of stone battlemented Saracenic walls, and entered the city of Jerusalem by a lofty Saracenic gateway, called the *Bab el Scham*, or "the Damascus gate." We then traversed a narrow street, between dark gloomy buildings of stone, which were furnished with a few narrow windows, with pointed arches stuck here and there without any order or arrangement. The dulness of the day, and the gloomy silence and desertion of the streets, presented a most saddening and melancholy spectacle. The rain began to patter upon the stones, and the clouds, chased along by the wind, threw a mournful obscurity over every object. A few Arab women, shrouding themselves under the porch of a mosque, and here and there a solitary Turk gathering his scanty garments tight about his meagre person, and seeking shelter from the blast, were the only objects visible in the silent and deserted city.

"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people? how is she become as a widow; she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary?"

"How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven to earth the beauty of Israel?"

"The Lord hath caused the solemn fasts and the sabbaths to

be forgotten in Zion, and hath despised in the indignation of his anger, the king and the priest."

"All that pass by clap their hands at thee, saying, Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?"

Truly we may now reply—"The Lord hath done that which he devised; he hath fulfilled his word that he commanded in the days of old; he hath thrown down, and hath not pitied; and he hath caused thine enemy to rejoice over thee."—*C. G. Addison*.

THE FOUND TREASURE.

A certain athlete had no provision for his daily wants, neither wherewithal to procure his evening or morning meal.

To appease the tyranny of hunger, he carried mortar on his back—for a subsistence is not to be earned by violence.

At the desolation of his fortunes, his heart was continually fraught with sighs, and his head aching with sorrow.

At one time he was waging war with the world, that oppresses the helpless; at another knitting his brows at his desperate fortunes.

Now, bitter tears would choke him at the sight of others reveling in pleasure;

And, anon, he would weep at the frustration of his plans, and say, "Did ever wight endure life of greater hardship than mine?"

"Others feast on honey—and fowl—and lamb; I have not eaten herbs to my bread!"

"If you talk of justice, surely this is not right, that I should go unclad while the cat has its warm coat of fur."

"Ah! would heaven but deal more kindly with me, and throw a treasure in my way;

"Haply I might yet for a while gratify my desires, and shake off the dust of sorrow!"

I have heard that, on a time, he was digging in the field, and found—a decayed jaw-bone;

The clasps loosened in the earth—the pearls of the teeth scattered.

The mouth—albeit tongueless—imparted a counsel and a mystery, saying, "Resign thyself, O mortal, to disappointment!"

"Reflect! is not this the plight of the mouth under ground, whether it hath fed on sugar or the wild herb?"

"Murmur not at the vicissitudes of fortune, for her mutations are perpetual, and beyond our control!"

The moment that this truth dawned upon his mind, care ceased to be the tenant of his bosom;

And he said, "Oh, unreflecting, erring, senseless appetite, bear the fardel of thy sufferings, and destroy not thine own self!"

"Whether man, the vassal of his Maker, hath his head bowed beneath the burden, or exalted to the cope of heaven;

"The instant that his condition is changed by death, both states fade alike from his remembrance.

"Grief and gladness then remain not; but the recompense of virtuous deeds, and the memorial of a good name—they remain!"

—*Asiatic Jour.*

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Leaving the "Garden of Gethsemane," we traversed a steep path which ascends from the bed of the brook Cedron to the summit of the Mount of Olives. Numerous olive trees were scattered along the sides of the declivity, and around a mosque and convent, which crown the lofty eminence. We hurried impatiently to the highest point, and then turning to the westward, a magnificent panoramic view of the whole of Jerusalem and of the surrounding country suddenly burst upon our sight.

The present city, with its churches, mosques, houses, gardens, and fortifications, lay extended immediately below, and the eye took in, at a bird's-eye view, every house and street, and almost every yard of ground. The scene was certainly very imposing, and the appearance of the city, with its domes and cupolas, and the minarets of the mosques, is from the point of view quite magnificent. The first objects which strike the eye are the two magnificent mosques occupying the site of Solomon's Temple. The one on the north is the celebrated mosque of Omar; that on the south is the Mount El Aksa. They are close to that portion of the city walls which immediately borders on the Mount of Olives, and with the courts, porticos, and gardens attached to them, they occupy a fourth part of the whole place, and present a most imposing appearance. The town rises gradually above these, and the most prominent object beyond is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its two domes of striking aspect; the one being white, and the other almost black. Here and there a lofty tower or a tapering minaret rises above the gloomy stone houses of the natives. Of these the lofty tower or minaret said to be built on the site of the house of Pilate, with its galleries and Saracenic decorations, appears most prominently to the eye, and the minarets of Ben Israel of the Seraglio, and the one said to be placed on the site of Herod's palace. Most of the private dwellings were covered with low domes, and my intelligent cicerone pointed out to me the different churches and convents, and a long range of stone buildings surmounted by small cupolas, which he said was a college of dervishes.

Altogether the city, as seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives, may be ranked as one of the finest of Oriental cities in its external aspect. A long line of battlemented walls, with their towers and gates, extends the whole way round the town, and a few cypresses and other trees throw up their leafy branches amid the porticos and gates of the mosques.

After the surprise and admiration which this prospect at first naturally excites has subsided, the bare, rocky, and desolate aspect of the surrounding country, and the solitude and silence of the city itself, most forcibly attract the attention. Neither in the streets, at the gateways, nor along the rocky mule-tracks leading therefrom, is there aught of life or animation. Some solitary woman, with her water-pitcher, climbing the craggy eminence, or some slowly moving pilgrims, are alone seen. The eye, on a closer scrutiny, discovers large tracts of open and waste ground within the walls, and many a ruined house and dilapidated building. There is none of the bustle and animation ordinarily perceptible about a large town. No moving crowds traverse the public thoroughfares; the ear strives in vain to catch the noise and hum of a large city, for such it appears to be;—all is strangely and sadly silent. "The noise of the whip, and the noise of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots," are no longer heard in Jerusalem.

If we search for some carriage-road or great public thoroughfare leading from the provinces into the city, we shall discover nothing beyond a narrow rocky mule-path winding along the valley, and among the opposite precipitous elevations. We see no luxuriant foliage and verdant gardens watered by running streams, as at Nablous, and at Damascus, and at many other places to the northward; but on all sides bare rocks rear their sharp and craggy points, and a few wandering zig-zag paths lead between them. Everywhere around the city is extended a wild and solitary country, and to the eastward the eye ranges over the summits of bare arid elevations, and at last rests on the lofty and majestic ridge of blue mountains bordering the Dead Sea.

"For here of herbage is the country round,
Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground.
No tender flower exalts its cheerful head;
No stately trees at noon their shelter spread."—*Tasso*.

Here, on the summit of the Mount of Olives, we may legitimately indulge in the varied associations and recollections which the surrounding landscape is so eminently calculated to draw forth. Here, undisturbed by the doubts which must invade every mind with regard to the identity of the different sacred places pointed out below, we can leisurely survey the whole prospect, and take in at glance the theatre of the great events in Jewish history, and of all the interesting circumstances attending the close of our Saviour's life. On that consecrated enclosure immediately beneath our feet once stood the gorgeous temple of "the wisest of kings," and in place of the clear deep chant of the muezzin, which is the only sacred music now heard proceeding from the spot, once issued the sublime sounds of praises and thanksgivings to the one true God, which accompanied the solemnities of the Jewish worship, when "the Levites, which were the singers, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, and with them an hundred and twenty priests, sounding with trumpets, were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

Although the frail structures of man soon pass away, yet these rocks, and the neighbouring eminences upon which stood the ancient Jerusalem, "the city of David," still remain. Here, or shortly distant, must be the spot where "Jesus sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the temple," and all this ground he must oft have traversed, "for he was wont to go to the Mount of Olives, and his disciples with him."—*C. G. Addison*.

ACCIDENT AT THE CIRQUE OLYMPIQUE.—M. Jules Janin, the celebrated Feuilletoniste, thus pathetically describes an accident which took place some evenings ago, at the Cirque Olympique:—"The inauguration of the summer circus was last night most cruelly disturbed. Eight horses were galloping under one man (Paul Cuzent); the horse inside thrust his fore leg between the legs of the horse outside, the poor animal fell, got up again, his leg broken, and Paul Cuzent continuing his leaps. Then took place the most mournful drama I have witnessed at any theatre—and many have I witnessed. The poor limping horse, mortally wounded, alas! him self broke loose, leaving the other horses to run! He came upon his remaining three legs to the middle of the circus, close to Franconi, his skilful master; and as Franconi, who was wholly occupied in restoring order, paid but little attention to the wounded horse; the latter softly dropped his head upon his master's shoulder, looking at him with a moist eye, and showing his broken leg! At this sight Franconi wept, and so did many others. The poor horse was killed to prevent his suffering. Believe me, I have seen all the Kings, all the Queens, all the heroes of the world die upon the stage—from Oedipus down to Napoleon Bonaparte—never was my heart moved so much as by the death of this horse."

(As some original articles of more than usual length occupy our first, second, and third pages this week, we give a column of odds and ends, by way of variety, in this place.)

A VIEW IN HOLLAND.

The tide comes up the black and gusty river,
Slowly against it makes a boat its way,
In the rough gale the bending sedges shiver,
The dripping piles fling back the shattered spray;
There is a church, but none who come to pray;
For 'tis a week-day, and made fast the door,
But onward, by a willow-sheltered bay,
Hangs forth a sign, more tempting to the boor;
Wild sing the breezes from the northern sea,
Flustering the top-sails on the coasts' low line;
Wildly sings Hans within the lattice, he
Is flustered too, but 'tis with *brantwein*;
See on the sand a wandering group appear,
Mynheer Verkoop, the pedlar, and his gear.

SPEECH.—Our power over other lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than common intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cypher without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.—*Dr. Channing.*

READING ALOUD.—It is a most healthy employment when used discreetly, since exercise is as advantageous to the lungs as to all other parts of the human frame. The ability to read loud agreeably is also a truly domestic acquirement; it will be another link in the chain which binds men to their hearths; it will amuse the young, cheer the old, and instruct the ignorant.

SILENT LANGUAGE.—Throughout life we are constantly holding long conversations without saying a word, for the expression of the countenance is just as much a language as that which hangs upon our tongue; and though the one and the other are often equally deceitful, yet we are constantly endeavouring to correct the falsehoods and mistakes of either by the commentary of the other.

One of the most remarkable instances of a vegetable being supported without roots, is in the Air Flower of Cujo. It is a plant without roots, and consists of a single root, resembling the stalk of a Gilliflower, but with thicker and larger leaves, which feel like wood. Its native situation is an arid rock or dry tree, on which it entwines itself. Each stock or shoot has two or three white and transparent flowers, resembling the lily, in size, shape and odour. It may be transported many hundred miles, and suspended on a nail or peg where it will bloom annually.

At a provincial fair, a short time ago, a fellow was conducted before the Mayor of the town, charged with practising the art of legerdemain. On being placed at the bar, the delinquent boldly demanded why he was brought there? "You hear," said his Worship, "the officers accuse you of being a conjurer." "Oh! don't mind what these fellows say," rejoined the conjurer, "they say much worse things of you." "Why, what can they say of me?" asked the Mayor—"They say," said the prisoner, "your Worship is no conjurer."

What a picture of forest scenery is given us by Miss Mitford, in these few simple lines:

"How the indented leaves
Of brightest green cut clearly the blue sky
And the small clouds! And how this tiny spring
Bubbles and sparkles round the moss-grown roots,
Winding its silver thread along the short
Elastic turf, so thickly set with flowers,
And mixed with fragrant herbs, till it is lost
Amongst the bowery thickets! Not a spot
In all the forest can compare with this,
Nature's own temple!"

Praise no man too liberally before his face, nor censure him too lavishly behind his back. The one savors of flattery, the other of malice; and both are reprehensible. The true way to advance another's virtue, is to follow it; and the best way to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

From the first time Rice jumped Jim Crow in old Kentucky to the present date, he has sung 37,000 verses in the United States, England, and Ireland. During the great run of "Oh Hush" at the Bowery Theatre, he sang 100 verses each night, always upon some new subject. His encores are generally seven or eight times a-night, and frequently he has been made to return ten

times of a night. He "turns about" three times to each verse, so, by multiplying 37,000 by three, we find that he has "wheeled about and turned about" 111,000 times.

TURKISH PROVERBS.—A foolish friend is, at times, a greater annoyance than a wise enemy.—You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "honey."—If a man would live in peace he should be blind, deaf, and dumb.—Do good and throw it into the sea, if the fish know it not the Lord will.—Who fears God need not fear man. If thy foe be as small as a gnat fancy him as large as an elephant.—They who know most are the oftenest cheated.—A man who weeps for every one will soon have lost his eyesight.—More is learned from conversation than from books.—A friend is of more worth than a kinsman.—He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse.—Trust not to the whiteness of his turban, he bought the soap on credit.—Death is a black camel, that kneels before every man's door.

PALESTINE.—The following masterly view of the impression made on the mind of a Christian visiting the Holy Land is from the pen of Chateaubriand. Extraordinary appearances (says he,) everywhere proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery—every grotto announces a prediction—every hill echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the Eternal.

In the Saxon times each borough sent but one Deputy; yet the number was considerable—for any town or village that chose to send one was at liberty; but the King's purpose was better served by having two Deputies only from places under his influence. The Barons also took care those dependent on them should send Deputies also; whilst the independent boroughs sent none, although their right to do so was not then disputed. Such was the origin of that partiality in the representation so much complained of.

At an anniversary of the London Charity Schools, 6000 children, pupils of the various schools, were present, and 8000 visitors. The entire multitude united in singing the 100th Psalm, producing a tremendous effect.

A BUSINESS MATTER.—Call on a business man in business hours, only on business; transact your business, and go about your business, in order to give him time to finish his business.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1839.

ITEMS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

BRITISH.—(A late arrival at Boston has furnished English dates three days later than those on hand. Liverpool dates are now down to July 13. The only information of any interest which appears, is subjoined.)

The Chartist agitation had so far subsided in Birmingham, that the extraordinary arrangements of the Police and Military force, had been suspended. The Town was comparatively quiet.

The Crops, it is said, never promised better.

Two females were killed on the Birmingham Railway: their attention was directed to a train approaching in one direction, when they came in contact with a train moving in an opposite direction, and were immediately deprived of life.

On one day in June last, there were shipped from Derry, Ireland, for Liverpool, 123 tons of Eggs, calculated at 738,100 in number; value, at a half-penny each, £1,537.

The King of Hanover, completed his 68th year, in June last.

A prize of 100 guineas was recently awarded and presented to Mr. Lalor for the best essay on the means of elevating the condition of Instructors (Schoolmasters.) The prize was delivered by Mr. Wyse, M. P.

U. STATES.

The U. States periodicals announce the appearance of a "delightful poem" by Halleck, one of the best American writers: it is entitled Fanny.

A locomotive engine, built at Lowell, was lately tried on the Lowell railroad. It drew a train of 63 loaded cars, weighing 333 tons, over an ascent of 10 feet in a mile, at the rate of 9 miles an hour.

The Engineer of the Troy and Ballston Railroad discovered a man on the track, and motioned him to leave: He did so, but, as the locomotive passed he came in contact with it, and was so injured that he died in a few moments.

Trinity Church, New York, is in course of demolition, being found too much delapidated for repairs. A new Church is to be erected on the site. The New York Gazette urges the Trinity Corporation to arrange for a building, the minimum price of which should be a million of dollars. This body is said to be the richest

religious corporation in America, or, perhaps in the christian world.

STEAM NAVIGATION.—A meeting was held at Boston, on July 9, the Mayor of the City in the chair, to devise means of accommodation for the line of Steam Packets projected by Hon. S. Cunard. Much zeal on the subject appeared, and a Committee was appointed to act definitely. It was finally arranged that a wharf should be built, and placed at Mr. Cunard's disposal, at East Boston, and that merchandize brought by the steamers should be transported across the ferry, toll-free.

A fire occurred at Cincinnati, on the morning of July 13. Property to the amount of about \$45,000 was consumed, and a young man perished in the flames.

Audubon has completed his splendid work on Ornithology. On March 14, the whale ship, Gideon Barstow, of Rochester, went ashore in a gale, and sunk, on Dymock Reef, Coco Island. She had 2200 barrels of oil on board, about 1000 were saved, and sold, at \$1 a barrel.

The Indian war in Florida is renewed. The Indians surprised a party of the U. S. troops, and killed 13 out of 28, on the morning of the 23d July.

FOREIGN.

The only Foreign information of consequence, brought by latest dates, is compressed in the following paragraphs:

The recovery of the Sultan of the Turkish Empire, is said to be hopeless. The Monarch has not been rendered more charitably disposed towards the refractory Egyptians, by the approach of that universal conqueror, death,—he only desires, it is said, that his life should be spared to see Mehemet Ali and his son brought in chains before him. The recovery of Egypt and Syria would reconcile him to the loss of Greece,—and yet while he pants for useless possessions, and for revenge, the sceptre is altogether falling from his hands, and he himself is about to be consigned to the narrow and dark house.

The removal of some taxes is a more pleasing evidence of this monarch's disposition, and it caused much joy among his subjects.

The heir to the Ottoman throne is a lad, aged 10 years, and of whose notions of government nothing is known beyond the walls of the Harem and the Palace.

The French Court of Peers had not pronounced sentence on the insurgents, whose trials had caused so much attention. Exertions were making to induce the government to forego the execution of any of the prisoners.

Some official changes and some skirmishes are reported from Spain.

There is no doubt, it is said, that Russia was at the foundation of the late attempts at revolution in Servia.

COLONIAL.

INDIA.—It is asserted that very extensive conversions to Christianity have recently occurred in India, about 70 miles north of Calcutta. More than 3000 Hindoos, it is said, had thrown away their idols within a few months.

CANADA.—It was reported in Montreal, that the State prisoners in Lower Canada, were to be released on condition of leaving the Province for ever.

The New York Commercial, on this subject, intimates, that it is bad policy to drive hundreds of impoverished and angry men within the United States border,—and unfair to rail at the Republic if these turn marauders and do mischief. The Canadian Government, it says, should either grant a free pardon, keep the prisoners in custody, or send them to Botany Bay,—and not baugh them over an imaginary line.

The return of Sir John Colbourne to England is expected in Canada.

The Responsibility agitation was making progress in Upper Canada.

The Boundary Commissioners had arrived at Fredericton. They are to be accompanied in their investigation, by John Wilkinson Esq. and Mr. Wightman.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—A seaman belonging to the brig Susan Maria Brookes, while assisting in carrying out a kedge anchor was carried over board by a turn of the hawser, and brought down with the anchor. It was nearly 20 minutes before the man was found, when all signs of life had disappeared. He was attended by E. A. Smith, and S. G. Hamilton, Surgeons, and was enabled to return to duty on the following morning. The treatment was similar to that practised by the Humane Society of London.

Persons charged with murder were lately tried. One, named Noble, was a watchman, and during an alarm of fire some months ago, had an altercation with a man whom he found ringing the bell, and who would not desist. The deceased rushed on Noble, who struck him with a stick; the blow caused death. Verdict Manslaughter. Sentence, 3 months imprisonment and a fine of £10.

John Carroll was tried for the murder of a man named John

Morrow. Carroll was employed in street repairs, and was desired to desist by Morrow and his brother, who, after some words, attacked him. Carroll defended himself, and struck Morrow with a shovel which he held in his hand. Verdict, Manslaughter. Sentence, six months imprisonment.

On Thursday week, the following Rev. Gentlemen arrived at St. John, from Nova Scotia: Messrs. Alder, Bennet, R. Knight, W. Croscombe, and Mr. Richey. The chief object of their visit, no doubt was, the celebration of the Methodist Centenary. The lamentable fire which occurred on the following Saturday night, caused a sudden postponement of the Centenary meeting, £1452 had been subscribed.

A Demerara paper, of 21st July, states, that great mortality prevailed among the Troops in Georgetown Garrison. 45 men and 5 officers, including the Lieutenant Colonel, of the 76th Regt. died of fever, in the four weeks preceding latest dates. It is asserted that the situation of the barracks at Georgetown is the most unfavourable for health that could be found in the Colony.

Abbreviated from the St. John Observer, August 21, 1839.

DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION!

Above one Hundred Buildings, and a vast amount of other Property in Ruins.

But little more than two years have elapsed since the inhabitants of St. John were afflicted (on the night of Saturday, January 14, 1837,) with a tremendous conflagration, which laid in ruins one third of the most flourishing mercantile part of the city, and caused enormous loss and misery, from the vast destruction of valuable property. At this moment another extensive tract of streets and wharves, which a few hours since were loaded with immense quantities of valuable Merchandise, are nothing more than heaps of smouldering ruins. On Saturday evening last, about 9 o'clock, (the same hour and day of the week as the great fire of 1837,) our citizens were alarmed by the dismal tones of the pealing fire-bells. It was immediately ascertained, that the fire had commenced in a building in Nelson Street, occupied by Messrs. Hugh Irvine & Co., shipbuilders, as a store and warehouse; and originated, as is reported, from the carelessness of a boy, who was drawing *ardent spirit* from a cask, and who suffered his candle to come in contact either with the spirit, or with a pile of *oakum*, which was very improperly placed on the top of the cask. In a very few minutes the whole building was in a mass of flame, and instantly communicated to the large and lofty store occupied by Mr. Thos. E. Millidge, General Merchant; and from the extremely awkward situation of the premises, in a sharp angle of a very narrow and crowded street, the dense mass of surrounding buildings and lumber yards, filled with dry and combustible materials, it soon became apparent, that no human power could confine the ravages of the devouring element to the immediate scene of commencement. It was low water at the time, and consequently no sufficient supply of water could for a long time be procured in the neighbourhood of the fire. In an incredibly short time Nelson Street with its alleys and courts, and the North Market wharf were enveloped in flames, the proprietors and residents having time to remove but a small portion of their property, ere the devouring element drove them from the scene of their labours. The spectacle, as viewed from the upper parts of the city, was sublime and terrific in the extreme; and the hearts of the gazers sank within them, as they contemplated the fearfully rapid progress of destruction, the comparative futility of the strenuous exertions which were everywhere making to arrest it, and the alarming probability of its extending over the whole city. The conflagration continued extending with unabated fury till nearly daylight on Sunday morning, sweeping away in its course every building in Nelson and Dock-streets, on the Hon. Wm. Black's, Crookshank & Walker's, Lawton's, Waterbery's, Donaldson's, and the North Market Wharves, the whole north side of the Market Square, including the houses of Thomas Merritt, Esq. in Prince William Street, Dock street down the south side of Union street, to Adams' slip. The arrest of the calamity was as singular and unexpected as its career had been rapid and fearful: when the destruction was at its very height, and its widely-spread extent had so divided the exertions of the people, as to render their efforts almost hopeless, a merciful Providence gave success to their labours, and enabled them to limit the scene of desolation.

It is calculated that nearly 3000 persons have been rendered houseless; nearly all of them being of the labouring class. Mercantile men also generally agree in estimating, that a much greater quantity of valuable merchandize has been destroyed than in 1837. (The services of the military and people are warmly eulogized.)

It was providential that the night of the fire was peculiarly calm; as, had there been any wind, with such extremely dry weather, but little hope could have been entertained of saving any considerable portion of the city.

It is gratifying to state, that we have heard of no loss of human life during the awful catastrophe; nor of any accident beyond severe bruises. So rapid was the career of destruction, that the removal of goods was often arrested by the sudden arrival of the flames; several gangs of rigging, blocks, &c. for large new ships,

were at one time thrown into scows for safety, but before they could be removed, the falling and flaming ruins of buildings covered and entirely destroyed them.

PRIZES.—The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec offers 10 first prize Silver Medals, and 3 second prize, for the following articles: first prize,

On any department of Natural History, the subject having relation to British North America. On any part of the History of Canada, its Antiquities or the Language and Manners of the Aborigines. The best Poem on any subject relating to British North America. For any good Historical Essay, tending to fill up the chasm in the History of Canada, between the close of Charlevoix's work and the year 1749. For the best Paper on any subject connected with Science. On any subject relating to the useful Arts, particularly those that may be applicable in British North America. The best Essay on useful and ornamental Architecture, applicable to public and private buildings in Canada, and which may tend to improve the taste in this branch of the fine Arts. The Society reserves to itself the right of withholding the Prizes, if, in its judgment, no papers worthy of them should be presented. Also for the best oil painting, Historical, or Landscape, on any subject relating to North America. For the second best do.—A second Prize Silver Medal. And to Amateurs,—For the best Oil Painting on an original subject,—A first Prize Silver Medal. For the second best ditto—A second Prize Silver Medal. For the best original Landscape in water colour—A first Prize Silver Medal. For the second best ditto—A second Prize Silver Medal. The Paintings will remain the property of the Artists who sent them.

CONDITIONS.—The Prize productions to be in the English, French or Latin language, and open to all persons residing on the continent or islands of North America. Every Prize production is required to be accompanied by a sealed note, bearing as a superscription the title of the production, and containing the author's name and place of residence, and to be transmitted, post paid, addressed to the Council Secretary, and received by him before the 20th February next. The Prizes will be awarded on the last Thursday of April next, at eleven o'clock, A. M. Quebec, 16th July, 1839.

The Montreal *Natural History Society*, also offer, for Prize Medals, for the four best Essays, on any of the following subjects: On cultivating Maple for the purpose of producing Sugar on a large scale, &c. On the existence of Coal Fields in the district of Montreal or Three Rivers, &c. On the destruction of Forest Trees for timber and fuel, and the necessity of planting for a future supply, &c. On the practicability of cultivating in the Canadas the Weld, Wood, Safflower, and Madder; on Native Plants suitable for Drugs or Dyes and Blood-root or other Lichens; on the cultivation of Poppies and Sunflowers, for the expression of Oil from their Seeds; and, also, on the cultivation of Plants for Medicinal purposes. On the Pigments discovered in the Canadas, with statements of their abundance, and their application to the purposes of Paint. On the Ottawa River, the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral productions of its shores, &c. On the Mineralogy of the district of Montreal. On the Botany of the Island of Montreal. On the manner in which Hemp and Flax may be profitably cultivated in the Canadas. On the effects of Frost on Building Materials, and on the Pavements of the Streets.

The Conditions attached are— The Essays shall be presented on or before the 20th February, 1840. The Essays may be in either French or English. Each Essay to have a motto, and accompanied with a sealed note, superscribed with the same motto, containing the name and residence of the author. The successful Essays to remain the property of the Society. The Society reserves to itself the right of withholding the Prize, should no one of the Essays on any particular subject appear deserving of it. The Essays to be addressed to J. S. M'CORD, Esq. Corresponding Secretary of the Society. The Medals will be Gold, Silver, or Bronze.

A Public Meeting will be held to-morrow, for the purpose of rendering assistance to the sufferers by the St. John fire.

The Hon. S. Cunard arrived in Town, unexpectedly, on Wednesday evening, his letters having been delayed on the road. The committee appointed to celebrate Mr. Cunard's success in establishing a Steam Packet line, met on Thursday, and the general committee on the subject waited on Mr. Cunard at two o'clock this day, with the address which had been agreed on.

MARRIED.

At Londonderry on the 13th, by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. William Corbet, to Miss Mary Spencer. On the 17th, by the Rev. Mr. Baxter, Mr Jacob Corbet, to Miss Elizabeth McGinney, all of that place.

DIED,

Yesterday evening, after a long sickness, which she endured with exemplary fortitude and resignation, Mary, wife of Mr. Hugh W. Blackadar, printer, in the 30th year of her age; funeral on Sunday next at 2 o'clock, from Grafton Street, the friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

On Friday morning last, Peter, son of Mr. James Bruce, of Musquodoboit, after a short but severe illness, aged 22 years.

In this town, on the 20th inst. Mr Michael Holehan, an old and respectable inhabitant of this place.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, August 17th.—Schr Lucy, Bolk, Magdalene Islands, 8 days—dry fish to D. & E. Starr & Co.
Sunday 18th.—Schr Endeavour, and Saucy Jack, LaHave, fish; Queen, Angelique, Sydney, fish; new sloop Lady Hunter, McLeod, Liverpool, N. S. 3 days—dry fish and molasses; Am. schr New Union, Chase, Philadelphia, 14 days—flour and cornmeal, to R. Noble; brig Fanny, Hore, Guyanilla, P. R. 27 days—sugar, to A. A. Black—spoke, 6th inst. lat. 29 43, long. 67 29, brig Kentville, 4 1-2 days from St. Kitts bound to St. John, N. R.
Monday, 19th Schr Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 16 hours; Mary, Forest, Arichat, 4 days—fish; Mary, Indian Harbour—do; Lively,

Margaret's Bay—fish; transport barque Valleyfield, Boyle, Cork, 39 days—ordnance stores; exchanged signals, on the 7th inst, at 12 o'clock a. m. lat. 43, 33, lon. 47, 44, with a British frigate bound east; probably the Pique or Inconstant hence.

Tuesday, 20th—Brig Ann, Crick, St. Jago de Cuba, 23 days—rum, sugar, etc. to J. Allison & Co. schr. Caroline, McPhee, P. E. Islans, 5 days—schr Minerva, Ross, St. John, N. B. 6 days—True Brothers, Slocomb, Port Medway, lumber; Otter, Ragged Islands, dry fish; H. M. brig. Charybdis, Lieut. Tining, Port Royal Jam. 17 days—schr. Hope, Patch, Campobello, 10 days, via, Yarmouth, 5 days—herrings and shingles to J. Allison & Co. and Fairbanks & Allison; schr Hazard, Crowell St. Andrews, 11 days—lumber and shingles to J. Allison & Co. brig Thomas & William, Reid, Liverpool, G. B. 45 days, dry goods and salt to Fairbanks & Allison; schr Brothers, Sydney, coal; Angelique, coal and dry goods.

Wednesday, 21st—Abigail, Donne, St. Croix, 17 days—rum, to D. & E. Starr & Co; brig Condor, Lanigan, Kingston, 22 days—to J. & T. Williamson.

Thursday, 22d—Am brig Maryland, Smith, St. John's, N.F. 10 days—salmon &c. bound to Boston; schr. Seaflower, Cape Negro, fish; Duck, Arichat, fish; Two Friends, Prospect, fish; Paragon, Annapolis, do.

Sailed this morning, Am brig Maryland, Smith, Boston.

AUCTION.

Pine Apples, Turtle and Salt.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

To-morrow, SATURDAY, at 12 o'clock, at M. G. Black's wharf:

200 DOZ. PINE APPLES,
25 TURTLE,

Just arrived per brig Sophia, from Nassau. Also,

200 Hogsheds Liverpool
fine Fishery SALT,

Balance cargo of brig Thomas and William.

August 23.

Unexampled Mammoth Scheme!

THE following details of a Scheme of a Lottery to be drawn in December next, warrants us in declaring it to be unparalleled in the history of Lotteries. Prizes to the amount have never before been offered to the public. It is true, there are many blanks, but on the other hand, the extremely low Charge of \$20 per Ticket—the value and Number of the Capitals, and the revival of the good old custom of warranting that every Prize shall be drawn and sold, will we are sure, give universal satisfaction, and especially to the Six Hundred Prize Holders.

To those disposed to adventure, we recommend early application being made to us for tickets—when the Prizes are all sold, blanks only remain—the first buyers have the best chance. We, therefore, emphatically say—delay not! but at once remit and transmit to us your orders which shall always receive our immediate attention. Letters to be addressed, and application made to

SYLVESTER & Co.
156 Broadway, New York.

Observe the Number, 156.

\$700,000 !! \$500,000 !! \$25,000!!!
Six prizes of \$20,000 !! 2 prizes of \$15,000 !! 3 prizes of \$10,000 !!

GRAND REAL ESTATE AND BANK STOCK LOTTERY.
Of Property situated in New Orleans.

The Richest and most Magnificent Scheme ever presented to the public, in this or any other country. TICKETS only \$20. Authorised by an Act of the Legislative Assembly of Florida, and under the directions of the commissioners, acting under the same.

To be drawn at Jacksonville, Florida, December 1st, 1839.—Schmidt & Hamilton, Managers.—Sylvester & Co. 156 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Agents. No Combination numbers !!! 100,000 Tickets, from No. 1 upwards, in Succession.

The deeds of the Property and the Stock transferred in trust to the Commissioners appointed by the said Act of the Legislature of Florida, for the security of the Prize Holders.

SPLENDID SCHEME!!!

1 PRIZE—THE ARCADE,
236 feet, 5 inches, 4 lines on Magazine street; 101 feet, 11 inches, on Natches street; 126 feet, 6 inches, on Gravier street—Rented at about \$37,000 per annum valued at \$700,000

1 PRIZE—CITY HOTEL,
162 feet on Common street; 145 feet, 6 inches, on Camp street—Rented at \$35,000—Valued at \$500,000

1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,
(adjoining the Arcade) No. 16, 24 feet, 7 inches front on Natches street—Rented at \$1200—Valued at \$20,000

1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,
(adjoining the Arcade) No. 18, 23 feet front on Natches street—Rented at \$12,00—Valued at \$20,000

1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,
(adjoining the Arcade) No. 20, 23 feet front on Natches street—Rented at \$1200—Valued at \$20,000

1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,
No. 23, North east corner of Basin and Custom house street; 40 feet front on Basin, and 40 feet on Franklin street, by 127 feet deep in Custom house street, rented at \$1500, valued at \$20,000

1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,
No. 24, South west corner of Basin and Custom house street; 32 feet, 7 inches on Basin, 32 feet, 7 inches on Franklin, 127 feet, 10 1/2 inches deep in front of Custom house street; rented at \$1500 Valued at \$20,000

1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,
No. 339, 24 feet, 8 inches on Royal street, by 127 feet 11 inches deep—Rented at \$1000; valued at \$15,000

1 Prize 250 shares Canal Bank Stock \$100 each 25,000

1 Do 2000 do Commercial do do 20,000

1 Do 150 do Mech's & Traders' do do 15,000

1 Do 100 do City Bank do do 10,000

1 Do 100 do do do do 10,000

1 Do 100 do do do do 10,000

1 Do 50 do Exchange Bank do do 5,000

1 Do 50 do do do do 5,000

1 Do 25 do Gas light do do 2,500

1 Do 25 do do do do 2,500

1 Do 15 do Mech's & Traders' do do 1,500

1 Do 15 do do do do 1,500

20 Do each 10 shares of the Louisiana State bank \$100 each 20,000

10 Do each 2 shares of \$1000 each, each prize \$200 of the Gas Light Bank 2,000

200 Do each 1 share of \$100 of the Bank of Louisiana 20,000

200 Do each 1 share of \$100, of the New Orleans Bank 20,000

150 Do each 1 share of \$100 of the Union Bank of Florida 15,000

600 PRIZES \$1,500,000

TICKETS \$20—No Shares.

The whole of the Tickets, with their Numbers as also those containing the Prizes, will be examined and sealed by the Commissioners appointed under the Act, previously to their being put into the wheels. One wheel will contain the whole of the Numbers, the other will contain the Six Hundred Prizes, and the first 600 Numbers that shall be drawn out, will be entitled to each Prize as may be drawn to its number, and the fortunate holders of each Prize will have such property transferred to them immediately after the drawing, unincumbered, and without any deduction!

SYLVESTER & CO.

New York, May 7, 1839. 156 Broadway, N. Y.

BISHOP HEBER.

The following exquisitely beautiful lines were addressed by the late Bishop Heber to his wife, while he was on a visit to Upper Hindostan:—

If thou wert by my side, my love!
How fast would evening fall,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
My children at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide,
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream,
My twilight steps I guide;
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

STORMY PETREL.

This ominous harbinger of the deep is seen nearly throughout the whole expanse of the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to the tropical parts of America, whence it wanders even to Africa and the coasts of Spain. From the ignorance and superstition of mariners, an unfavourable prejudice has long been entertained against these adventurers and harmless wanderers, and as sinister messengers of the storm, in which they are often involved with the vessel they follow, they have been unjustly stigmatized by the name of Stormy Petrels, Devil's Birds, and Mother Carey's Chickens. At nearly all seasons of the year these Swallow Petrels in small flocks, are seen wandering almost alone, over the wide waste of the ocean.

On the edge of soundings, as she loses sight of the distant headland, and launches into the depths of the unbounded and fearful abyss of waters, flocks of these dark, swift flying, and ominous birds begin to shoot around the vessel, and finally take their station in her foaming wake. In this situation, as humble dependants, they follow for their pittance of fare, constantly and keenly watching the agitated surge for any floating mollusca, and are extremely gratified with any kind of fat animal matter thrown overboard, which they invariably discover, however small the morsel, or mountainous and foaming the raging wave on which it may happen to float. On making such discovery they suddenly stop in their airy and swallow-like flight, and whirl instantly down to the water. Sometimes nine or ten thus crowd together like a flock of chickens scrambling for the same morsel; at the same time pattering on the water with their feet, as if walking on the surface, they balance themselves with gently fluttering and outspread wings, and often dip down their heads to collect the sinking object in pursuit. On other occasions, as if seeking relief from their almost perpetual exercise of flight, they jerk and hop widely over the water, rebounding as their feet touches the surface, with great agility and alertness.

There is something cheerful and amusing in the sight of these little flocks, steadily following after the vessel, so light and unincumbered across the dreary ocean. During a gale it is truly interesting to witness their intrepidity and address. Unappalled by the storm that strikes terror into the breast of the mariner, they are seen coursing wildly and rapidly over the waves, descending their sides, then mounting with the breaking surge which threatens to burst over their heads; sweeping through the hollow waves as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, it trips and jerks sportively and securely on the surface of the roughest sea, defying the horrors of the storm, and like some magic being seems to take delight in braving overwhelming dangers. At other times we see these aerial messengers playfully coursing from side to side in the wake of the ship, making excursions far and wide on every side, now in advance, then far behind, returning again to the vessel, as if she were stationary, though moving at the most rapid rate. A little after dark they generally cease their arduous course, and take their uninterrupted rest upon the water, arriving in the wake of the vessel they had left, as I have observed, by about nine or ten o'clock of the following morning. In this way we were followed by the same flock of birds to the soundings of the Azores, and until we came in sight of the Isle of Flores.

According to Buffon, the Petrel acquires its name from the Apostle Peter, who is also said to have walked upon the water. At times we hear from these otherwise silent birds by day, a low *weet, weet*, and in the evening apparently to obtain something from us, they utter a low twittering *pe up*, or chirp. In the night, when disturbed by the passage of the vessel, they rise in a low, vague and hurried flight from the water, and utter a singular guttural chattering, like *kuk kuk k' k' k' k' k' k'* or something similar, ending in a low twitter like that of the swallow.

These Petrels are said to breed in great numbers on the rocky shores of the Bahama Islands, and the Bermuda, and along some parts of the coast of East Florida and Cuba. Mr. Audubon in-

forms me that they also breed in large flocks on the mud and sand islands, off Cape Sable, in Nova Scotia, burrowing downwards from the surface to the depth of a foot or more. They also commonly employ the holes and cavities of rocks near the sea for this purpose. After the period of incubation they return to feed their young only during the night, with oily food which they raise from their stomachs. At these times they are heard through most parts of the night, making a continual clattering sound like frogs. In June and July, or about the time that they breed, they are still seen out at sea for scores of leagues from the land, the swiftness of their flight allowing them daily to make these vast excursions in quest of their ordinary prey; and hence, besides their suspicious appearance in braving storms, as if aided by the dark ruler of the air, they breed, according to the vulgar opinion of sailors, like no other honest bird, for taking no time for the purpose on land, they merely hatch their egg, it is said, under their wings, as they sit on the water!

The food of this species according to Wilson, appears to consist, as he says, of gelatinous spora of the Gulf weed, as well as small fish, barnacles, and probably many small mollusca. Their flesh is rank, oily, and unpleasant to the taste.

The Petrel is about six and three-fourths inches in length: the alar extent being about thirteen and a half. The bill black. Head black, and lower parts brownish black:—Greater wing coverts, pale brown, minutely tipped with white. Wings and tail black. Legs and naked parts of the thighs black: slight rudiment of a hind toe. The membrane of the foot is marked with a spot of straw yellow, and finally serrated along the edges. Iris dark brown.

CEDAR QUARRIES.—Much of the cedar which comes from Lake Ontario is absolutely dug out of the soil. On some of the islands in that lake, which furnish great quantities of that valuable timber, there has not been growing a single tree for many years. Generation has apparently succeeded generation of this timber, and fallen, and been successively covered with earth, and is dug out for rail roads, fence posts, etc. in a perfectly sound state.

We believe, however, the quarries are getting exhausted of their most valuable mineral—the red cedar—or that it is so deeply imbedded, that the labor of excavation is not sufficient rewarded. During this season, nearly all the cedar importations have been of a white species. We have heard it stated that on some of the islands—there are subterranean passages pervading their whole area. That the roof or exterior surface, seems to be composed of agglomerated earth matted and held together by roots of trees which rest upon it, and have covered it with a thick growth of timber. The vaulted passages or dens below are filled with cedar logs lying in every variety of position, and which no doubt formerly, like the rafters of a house, gave support to the superincumbent mass. From the accounts we have had, there are more wonderful labyrinths constructed by nature on Lake Ontario, than that of old upon the banks of Lake Mœris.

Similar quarries exist or did exist, in the Jersey marshes, between this city and Newark. We have seen people engaged in excavations, for fencing-timber. Thus cedar posts and rails were dug from the earth on one side of Newark, and blocks of free stone on the other.—*N. York Com. Adv.*

LAKE ONTARIO.—The navigation of this Lake is as pleasing a sight to one who is familiar only with the ocean, and who has never seen one of the great inland seas. After travelling four hundred miles by land, through forests, you come to this beautiful Lake, where you find all the comforts, facilities, and conveniences of travelling that are to be found on the North River. On entering the Lake, the eye looks in vain for land on the Western side. The Lake, which is generally over forty miles wide, affords no opportunity to see the coast on the Canada side. All has the appearance of the broad ocean. Thus you run in a steamboat, upwards of two hundred miles,—the coast generally on our side presents the appearance of a deep forest, being heavily timbered, with here and there a creek or inlet. The Lake is said to be five hundred feet deep—of this I have my doubts. It, however, is sufficiently deep to give all the appearance of the ocean, the water being apparently blue. In the whole distance we were constantly in sight of some distant sail, which appeared but a speck; or of some steamboat, whose smoke could be seen curling in the clouds. The entrance of the Niagara river is full of inlets—on the one side is the Canada shore, with Newark and Queenston on the right—the surrounding country of which appears to be well cultivated—on the left is the American shore, with the fortress of Fort Niagara towering on the bank, and the pleasant villages of Kingston and Lewiston, the latter being at the head of navigation. The whole face of the country at this particular time is most interesting. The rich fields of wheat turned to the golden color that denotes that it is nearly ripe for the sickle, waves beautifully with the breeze.

NIAGARA FALLS, 22d July, 1839.

EMIGRATION.—The facilities of travelling are such that a person may travel from the city of New York to this place, in comfortable steam boats and rail road cars, in a little more than

two days. To one who has never travelled this way before, the change cannot be realised. But to those who visited this enchanting spot twenty years ago,—about that period of time I first visited the Falls,—the change is astonishing. It was then a most arduous undertaking, and seven and eight days was as short a time as the journey could then be performed, even in the fine weather. From Albany to Buffalo there was no other conveyance than stage coaches, and about twenty miles of the distance was over a corduroy road,—that is, over round logs placed side by side. The fatigue and pounding to be endured was quite severe enough for strong constitutions, and too severe for the feeble and infirm. Then the road was lined with every description of vehicles, loaded with families emigrating to the great west,—the extreme point of which was the Connecticut Reservation on the lake borders of the state of Ohio. The emigrant, as he travelled in his rickety vehicle, incumbered with a few humble but necessary articles of furniture, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day, with a flock of little children, suffered beyond all calculation. Many and oft as I have passed a New England emigrant, encamped in the woods, my heart ached to witness his sufferings of toil and privation. I once saw a family of emigrants from New England, consisting of a man, his wife, and six children, wading knee deep in water through the four mile wood, as it is called,—the mother with an infant in her arms. Often have I stopped at a tavern, and have been compelled to sleep in a room with twenty emigrants, all spread out on the floor, so circumstanced as never to be able to undress.

Now this vast exposure to famine, sickness, and even death, is at an end. The emigrant is wafted from New York to the shores of the Ohio, Michigan, and even the distant territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, with a facility that is truly astonishing. The emigration from the New England States, of the poorer classes, has ceased. The flourishing manufactories of that section of the country afford abundant employment for all her inhabitants. The emigrants, or that portion of them you fall in with East of Buffalo, are all from the "Old Country." They start from New York in comfortable tow boats, reach Albany for a dollar, take the canal boats, and proceed on at less than a cent a mile, reach Buffalo in three or four days, take passage on board the beautiful steamboats on the lake, and in less than a week are landed in Michigan, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, in about a week, and at an expense of less than ten dollars, or a cent a mile.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?
Halcyon-daughter of the skies!
Far on fearful wings she flies
From the tyrant's scepter'd state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottag'd vale she dwells,
Listening to the sabbath bells,
While all around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, mindful of the past employ,
Memory, bosom spring of joy!—COLLIERIDGE.

IRON SHIP.—The largest iron sailing ship in the world is now building at Messrs. J. Ronald and Co.'s yard, Footdee, Aberdeen. This stupendous vessel is of the following dimensions:—Length of keel, 130 feet, breadth of frame, 30 feet; depth of hold, 20 feet; length over all, 137 feet; tons register, 537. Judging from her appearance she is a beautiful model, and will carry an immense cargo on a small draft of water. She is intended for a company in Liverpool.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

The Danish watchmen, as they go their rounds at bed-time address a prayer to the Almighty to preserve the city from fire, and warn the inhabitants to be careful in extinguishing their candles and fires.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All letters and communications post paid, addressed to John S. Thompson, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

AGENTS.

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Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. De Wolfe,	Sussex Falls, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, { Joseph Allison, and
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HALIFAX: Printed by W. Cunnabell, at his Office, near head of Marchington's wharf. August 23, 1839.