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HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Published every Saturday Morning, at Fifteen Shillings per Annum, in advance.

VOLUME TWO.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1893.

NUMBER FOUR.

REAL CONVERSATION;

OR, RECOLLECTION OF THE PAST.

By Mrs. Hofland.

"The circumstance of your being *detenu* in France so long, my dear Madam," said I to an elderly lady in 1815, "has made you half a Frenchwoman, or you would not have said so positively that our laws were unjust towards women. I really do not consider myself in any way aggrieved by them."

"They have not pressed upon you," she replied with a smile. "You judge wrong in the conclusion as to myself also; for I am really proud of being an Englishwoman, and thankful that my last days will be spent in my native country. Nevertheless, I must assert, that the Law here is hard, even to cruelty, upon a class of meritorious women. *Par exemple*, let a woman be ever so industrious, and successful in a business, or in the exercise of art—let her maintain and educate her children, support an unworthy husband, or give valuable employment to the poor: extend the commerce of her country, or do it honor by the talents she displays; and yet the laws of the land allow the creditors of a known profligate, and dishonest husband, to wrest from her the hard earnings and self-denying accumulations of her life. It takes, in fact the bread from her children's lips, (drawn from the heart-strings of a tender mother) to squander it upon an extravagant mistress, bestow it on a gambling companion, or in any way uphold the means of wickedness in a wretch who has already proved himself such—who, in the Apostle's language, "provided not for his own household and was worse than an Infidel."

"It is certainly a very hard law, but I do not believe it is ever acted upon—in fact we have few women in this country capable of the energies, or gifted with the courage requisite for business of any kind, distinct from that pursued by the husband, in which case there can be no division of property." To this the lady replied.

"Our conversation reminds me of a circumstance which happened many years ago, about the subject of which I must make enquiry, for she was a most interesting woman. I must tell you her history.

"Some five, or six, and twenty years since, two very fine girls, who had lately become orphans, came from my native town, Rutlandshire, to visit a friend in London. In a short time each made what is called a *conquest*, and in the course of the year one was married to an apothecary, who resided in a street leading into Smithfield, the other to a very eminent tea dealer at Ludgate Hill.

"The latter was, in person, delicate, almost to fragility, and so gentle, and modest in manner, yet with so much good sense and quiet observation, that I was sorry to lose sight of her. It so happened that a short time after her marriage I had the pleasure of seeing her, and I shall never forget the manner of her husband, he appeared so fawningly fond of her, so over-and-above civil to me as her friend. I said to myself, 'either this man is a great hypocrite, or my amiable countrywoman is a cold-hearted woman after all, for certainly his fondness, though not repulsed, was not affective.' I fear she is unhappy, flourishing as all around her appears."

"My visit was not returned, but this did not surprize me, for we lived then in the country, and my own large family, and subsequent trouble, might be said 'to engross me wholly.' Some years after, however, I found myself one day near Mr. Elliott's, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. On entering the warehouse I saw, with great surprise my former elegant acquaintance seated at a raised desk, with a pen in her hand, arrayed in plain and matronly clothing, and although surrounded by that press of business which indicated the power of wealth, apparently stripped of all those attributes of it which I had seen her formerly possessing. As my own appearance was altered, both by time and sorrow, I approached her slowly, and I remember asked her if she recollected me.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she exclaimed, exceedingly agitated, and taking my hand she led me with trembling haste out of the warehouse, first into an adjoining parlour, and afterwards up stairs, as if she desired to retire from every eye, to secure to herself the sad luxury of weeping freely over a tale of sorrow, to which she yet supposed I was no-stranger, for the causes of her misery were known to many.

It appeared that a very short time after her marriage, her husband had shewn himself tyrannical, mean, and full of dissimulation abhorrent to her nature, but which she hoped (for wives have

a knack at hoping) no one save herself had discovered. She had reason also to believe him unfaithful, but it was not until after the birth of her second child that she discovered what the world had long known, that an illicit connexion with an extravagant and profligate woman, at once estranged him from home, and rendered him when there, a miser to his dependants, a sycophant to his customers, and a drainer of the money produced by the exertions of the former, and the confidence of the latter.

At this period there became a great falling off in their hitherto extraordinary trade, in the management of which he had once shown great abilities. Distressed as she was by contemptuous neglect, and even studied cruelty, she found refuge from her own feelings, by occasionally seeing those whom it was his duty to see, and when she had by mere chance transacted some matter of business with an ability for which he had not given her credit, he positively insisted on her entering into the most arduous duties. And for the last two years she had been a slave and a most successful one. She said her children (young as they were) had been sometime at school, her husband lived almost wholly at the other end of the town, but his returns had been of late more frequent, in order to inspect the progress of some workmen who had been fitting up an adjoining room according to his order.

As she spoke she threw open the door of her bed-room, and I perceived a tolerable large room in which the windows were bricked up, allowing only small apertures at the top, guarded by iron stanchions, and that a stove was the substitute for a grate.

"I believe," said she, "it is to be a repository for choice teas, but he never condescends to mention any intention to me, though I have proved myself (strange as you may think it) a better judge than himself. I am treated as the most despicable menial—but my children (my innocent children) must never know the pangs I suffer, nor the exertions I make—I trust after all, that before they grow up he will be an altered man."

"Alas!" thought I, "their mother is an altered woman.—She was tall, and her frame was attenuated to very leanness, her fine features were sharpened, but their expression was full of meekness and sweetness. I left her with all the sympathy of an aching heart, and about three months afterwards I called again.

"Imagine my astonishment, when evidently unemployed, yet sitting on the same seat, I beheld in the warehouse a stout, handsome woman, about ten years older than Mrs. Elliott, dressed in the most expensive and flaunting manner, and bearing alike in mien and manners a character that could not be mistaken. I looked round—there was not a creature in mourning—the woman's eye pursued me, I hastily asked for a pound of tea, and as my recollection returned in paying for it, enquired what was become of Mrs. Elliott?

"The young man who served me, with a most intelligent look pointed to a direction which he had already written, at the same time took my money to the presiding lady. One other customer alone appeared—the place was changed from a fair to a desert."

"The direction was 'Mrs. Elliott, N—street,' and thither I sped—there were three carriages at the door, and to my astonishment I found their owners in a small store, behind the counter of which stood my poor friend, with a smiling countenance and a handsome cap. I bustled through into a little parlour, and in the course of a few minutes she joined me, and welcomed me with tears of joy. I intreated her to compose herself and tell me what had happened? "You remember that odd room I showed you the Saturday you were so good as to sit with me an hour?" "Perfectly well, it was for a tea store."

"I had a bad cold and intended to lie late in bed the next day, but was called by the maid who said a lady wanted to see me. I was not without hope that it was you, and hastened into the parlour, where I found an elderly woman, who of course I saluted with respect, and concluding she was come to ask the character of a servant who had recently left me, I began to speak on that subject.

"The woman replied not, and her eyes were fixed on me in a manner really distressing. I began to make my breakfast in order to relieve myself from her looks, which fell on me as a spell. After enduring this above an hour I ventured to enquire, by what right, and for what purpose she had paid me so unaccountable a visit, and fixed upon me regards so scrutinizing?"

"I am a nurse from St. Luke's, and am engaged by your husband to take care of you."

"Take care!—you do not think me mad?"

"I know you to be so, but it is better not to talk of this."

"Instantly the whole horrible scheme burst upon me—the

strange room up stairs, the looks and words, of my husband which had sometimes struck me as so incomprehensible,—my heart sunk in my bosom—I covered my face with my hands, and tried to pray—in my stillness required self-possession, remembered that I was very near the outer door, the numerous fastenings of which were familiar to me—hope sprang in my breast, by a strong effort I stilled the beating of my heart, and braced my trembling limbs. When I was capable of a plunge, I did not look towards that fearful eye, which was still bent on me—I sprang into the passage—reached the door before my pesty attendant could quit her chair, and had withdrawn five heavy bolts ere she reached me. As her hand seized my gown I sprang into the street, and her grasp, though strong, failed to detain me—we went forward together.

"The streets were nearly empty. I bent my steps towards my sister's house, and walked with such rapidity, the woman followed me with difficulty—on reaching Snow-hill, a stream of people from the different churches appeared—the sight of so many of my fellow creatures (coming, too, from the worship of God) seemed to ensure my safety, and I lift, as it were, a great weight from my heart. I burst into tears—I sobbed convulsively, but yet I pressed forward—it was happy that I did so, for had I dared to appeal to the pity of any one, the strangeness of my appearance, and the wildness of my looks, might have satisfied them in thinking me deranged, and in assisting the really respectable looking person who followed me, to regain that power over me she would naturally have asserted—once secured I should unquestionably have become a prisoner for life.

"The moment I beheld my sister's face I fainted, and whilst Mr. Holmes my brother-in-law applied the usual remedies, my attendant (ignorant of our relationship) explained to him our relative situations.

"Mr. Holmes had long observed Mrs. Elliott, and conceived him capable of many things bad—he retained the nurse as a witness, and after giving me some restoratives and putting on me my sister's bonnet, we proceeded in a coach to the Lord Mayor, who immediately received our depositions, and treated me with the kindness of a brother. The next day Elliott was summoned, and if shame and confusion of face, could have restored my tranquility, as clearly as it established his base intentions, I might have been happy. But I must not complain, for all except him have been kind to me. The first lawyer in the kingdom (even Lord T—himself) hearing of my situation, have consulted on my case, and procured me a separation, but I am still, I believe, a good deal in Elliott's power. However, the result of all this is, that Mr. Holmes has taken this shop of which I am sole mistress, but we are equal partners—two of my late servants are come to me, the merchants voluntarily have offered me credit to any amount. The money which could not be dispensed with was found by my partner, of course, my poverty being extreme, for I was really unable to gain even a portion of my worthless wardrobe from Elliott. No matter—I am blest by the possession of my children, for the wretch who has usurped my place would not receive the poor lambs at the holidays. As their bills followed them, I am for the present pressed a little, but that is a trifle, for my success is really unparalleled. The gentlemen of the long robe have taken up my case with a warmth of heart, for which I can never be grateful enough. In fact it is a fashion for their ladies, as you may perceive, to come here in their own carriages, to give me advice."

"Well, ma'am," continued my friend, "you will be aware how happy I felt to witness this relief, and that I did not intrude long on the time of one so valuably employed. It was perhaps a year and more, before circumstances enabled me to call again upon her in N—g—e Street—she was no longer visible. In answer to my enquiries I was told, 'no such person was known,' yet when I anxiously asked if my friend was dead, (seeing the words, late Elliott, was on the cheek of the door) no answer was obtained."

"A little girl (the only customer) observed the look of surprize and sorrow I naturally assumed on quitting the spot, and following me out, said 'the lady was gone to the end of the street she believed.' Thither I too went, pondering on the wayward destiny of one so little fitted apparently to meet it, but who endured it so wisely and so well. In a low, dark shop which I descended by a step, I again found her—pale, harassed, yet to a certain degree busy, but with persons of a far inferior description to the late ones."

"After some preliminary and mournful observations, she now told me, 'that at the end of her first year's exertions, in her new

situation, Mr. Holmes had, to her utter astonishment and horror, declared, that he had hitherto considered her only as his servant, and instead of sharing his profits with her, had presented her with a pitiful salary, unequal to providing for herself and children. That she found herself unequal to form a partnership, or in fact to *possess properly*, and that as her husband was going down in the world, it was probable that even if her unjust brother-in-law had conceded that share, to which by agreement she was entitled, and which she *alone* had earned, the husband would have seized it.

"Thus," said she, "it is evident that for my exertions there is no reward, for the property I gain no security—my feelings as a mother, of course, prevent me from sending my children to the house rendered infamous by my husband's conduct, and I have had no alternative but that of continuing a servant to the man who deceived me, or to those friends who originally trusted him for my sake, and have supported me through all my troubles; you cannot be surprised that I prefer them, though my heart aches at the loss of my sister this division has occasioned."

"'Foolish man,' said I, 'his shop is deserted.'

"'True,' said she, 'yet I am not, therefore, the gainer; my friends finding that the law forbids my personal benefit, no longer, as heretofore, come from afar to countenance and help me, but I must now gain anew the aid which by knowledge and unremitting diligence may ensure success, even in these narrow premises and unpromising circumstances. Do not cry for me my dear friend. With all my sorrows, I have some comforts; my servants are those who lived with me on Ludgate Hill, and have followed me from the kindest motives,—my children love me, and if I can save them from bad example, even poverty is better (ah! how much better) than vice!'

"This was the last time I saw her, for it was soon afterwards my lot to go to France, and you know how many sorrows and how long a captivity followed. By an extraordinary chance I was, about eight or nine years since, in company with some English persons who knew something of this Elliott, and told me that he gave, in some fit of fondness, a bond to his mistress for a large sum—that for this she sued him, hung him into Newgate, where he became sick, and was nourished by his wife to the utmost of her ability, but that *there* he died—whether she still lives, still suffers, I know not, but my first visit to London shall be to enquire; since of all whom I left, and lost, this excellent and unfortunate woman dwells most strongly on my memory."

The reader will, perhaps, unite with the writer of this recollected conversation in desiring to know whether the *old lady* visited town, which, at this period she intended, having only arrived at Twickenham when the reminiscences in question were given.

She set out with a proviso that her stay was not to be limited to a day, for she had much to see and much to say; three days had passed when I was informed by her daughter (my friend and neighbour) that she had returned, and was desirous of seeing me.

A thousand questions naturally present themselves to a person of sense and sensibility so situated; the "what did you think? and who did you see?" arise in all directions, but my questions were confined to—"did you reach Newgate street? did you find that long tried and excellent Mrs. Elliott?"

"So soon as it was possible to despatch my west end friends, I took a coach to the top of the street where I had left her. I then walked slowly forward, to the right and left, but on the spot where I had last seen her in the low, dark shop, I first found the name—the place now was totally different, for it was light, large, and handsome—my hopes expanded as I beheld it.

"Well, ma'am, I entered the shop—a middle aged man stepped forward, (for the young ones were all busy)—to my enquiry 'for Mrs. Elliott,' he replied—'Mr. and Mrs. Elliott are out returning their bride's visits, ma'am.'

"Never had the flight of time struck me so forcibly—the son married! yet he was the youngest child. I now asked in an anxious tone 'if his mother were living?' observing, that I had been abroad many years, and was ignorant of her situation?"

"Mrs. Elliott gave up the business two years ago to her son, as her daughter, who was well married down at Hackney, greatly desired her company, and there was a house then on sale which would suit her, and with this wish she complied. She had been a widow many years, and worked very hard, it was time she should retire—this is her card."

"I took it gladly, but not without assuring the giver that I recollected him a boy, and honoured the attachment to his mistress, which was evinced by his long residence. I then hurried to the Bank, entered a coach, and in a short time found myself in the handsome, well-appointed house of my countrywoman.

"I was received as one risen from the dead, and treated with kindness far beyond my claims: such, indeed, was her warm welcome, and so deeply was I interested by her details of the past, her sweet daughter, her lovely grand-children, and their excellent father, that I could scarcely tear myself from them, and I have promised to return next week."

"But how does your poor friend look," said I, "after the blight of spring, and the toils of summer, how fares the autumn of her days?"

"She is a little fuller in form, and a little fuller in the face, of course; has a rheumatic affection from standing so much in the cold, but otherwise seems well, and her countenance still exhibits the goodness of her heart, the simple rectitude of her mind; the unremitting submission once so strongly depicted there, is exchanged for quiet happiness and gratitude to heaven."

"I rejoice to hear this—you see she has done well at last, notwithstanding the law."

"True: but no thanks to the law, which, by its refusal of assistance to such a wife, mother, and citizen, as this virtuous and industrious subject, proves that there are cases in which we may say with almost forgotten Sterne, 'they manage these things better in France, nay, they manage them better even in Turkey.'" London, 1837.

CRYSTALS FROM A CAVERN.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

As one who at broad noonday should close the windows and doors of his house, and stop every crevice to keep out the light, that it may dim the shining of his candles, and should then strike a spark in this corner and that, and rejoice in seeing here a match and there a taper, and think how much nobler it is to enjoy this illumination of his own than to owe aught to the sun—so is he who shuts himself in the chambers of his self-will, and darkens himself against the radiance of truth.—Poor man! he knows not in the pride of independence that even his weak and meagre glimmer is a witness to some higher source of light than himself, whose affluence he did not create, but only appropriate and obscure.

The moral satirist declaims against the cruelty and covetousness, the madnesses and follies of men, and thinks how wise he is to see through the aimlessness and vanity of these; too apt to believe that because he sees through others, he himself is exempt from their frailties. Yet there are few human follies worse than the merely striving to see through those of all around us.

The unflinching and unlimited self-will of Bonaparte, together with his sense of numerical order and combination, acted on and revolutionized revolutionary France as an arctic winter on the storm-tossed waters. By the freezing of the waves the worn-out and perishing crew of a crazy vessel may be preserved from drowning. But they can never hope to return to port, or be finally rescued, except by the passing away of the tyrannous congealation which has enclosed the ship and all the world around it in a cake of smooth ice.

A man with knowledge, but without energy, is a house furnished, but not inhabited; a man with energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in, but unfurnished.

Self-consciousness in most men flashes across the field of life as lightning over a benighted plain. The sage has the art to compel it into his lamp and detain it there, and is thus enabled to explore the region that we are born into and dwell in, and which is nevertheless, so unknown to most of us.

The greatest intellectual difference among men, is not that of having thought on any given subject, or any number of subjects; but of having or not having thought at all. He who has known the dignity, the strength, the sense of liberation, in the attainment of an independent personal conviction, has taken probably the greatest leap possible for the mere intellect. But such convictions are less common than they may seem. Bank notes are not forged or stolen once for ten thousand times, that the same felonies are committed as to thoughts.

Will is the root; knowledge the stem and leaves; feeling the flower.

The man who can only scoff in his heart, at the recollection of his first love, however extravagant and ill-directed it may have been, is not to be trusted with another's life. He seems his own.

If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it whose business it is. If you want to understand the man, hear him speak of something else.

A beautiful plant is to a solitary man a sort of vegetable mistress.

THE MIND BEYOND THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

We cannot but feel that we are beings of a two-fold nature—that our journey to the tomb is short and the existence beyond it immortal. Is there any entertainment that we may reserve when we lay down the body? We know that of the gold that perisheth we may take none with us when dust returneth to dust. Of the treasures which the mind accumulates may we carry aught with us to that bourne whence no traveller returns?

We may have been delighted with the studies of Nature, and penetrated into those caverns where she perfects her chemistry in secret. Composing and decomposing—changing matter into nameless forms—pursuing the subtlest essences through the air, and resolving even that air into its original elements—what will be the gain when we pass from material to the immaterial, and this great museum and laboratory, the time worn earth, shall dissolve in its own central fires?

We may have become adepts in the physiology of man, scanning the mechanism of the eye, till light itself unfolded its invisible laws—of the ear, till its most hidden reticulations confessed their mysterious agency with some sound of the heart, till the citadel of life revealed its hermitage policy—but will these researches be available in a state of being which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived?"

Will he who fathoms the water and computes its pressure and power, have need of his skill "where there is no more sea?" Will the mathematician exercise the lore by which he measured the heavens—or the astronomer the science by which he discovered the stars, when called to go beyond their light?

Those who have penetrated most deeply into the intellectual structure of man, lifted the curtain from the birth-place of thought; traced the springs of action to their fountain, and throwing the vain shrinking motive into the crucible, perceive the object of their study taking a new form, entering disembodied an unknown state of existence, and receiving powers adapted to its laws and modes of intercourse.

We have no proof that the sciences, to which years of labor have been devoted, will survive the tomb. But the impressions they have made—the dispositions they have nurtured—the good or evil they have helped to stamp upon the soul—will go with it into eternity. The adoring awe, the deep humility, inspired by the study of the planets and their laws—the love of truth which he cherished who pursued the science that demonstrates, will find a response among archangels. The praise that was learned amid the melodies of nature—or from the lyre of consecrated genius—may pour its perfected tones from a seraph's harp. The goodness taught in the whole frame of creation, by the flower lifting its honey cup to the insect, and the leaf drawing its green curtain around the nursing chamber of the smallest bird—by the pure stream refreshing both the grass and the flocks that feed on it—the tree and the master of its fruits—the tender charity caught from the happiness of the humblest creature—will be at home in his presence who hath pronounced himself the "God of Love."

The studies, therefore, which we pursue as the means of intellectual delight, or the instruments of acquiring wealth and honor among men, are valuable at the close of life only as they have prompted those dispositions which constitute the bliss of an unending existence. Tested by its tendencies beyond the grave, Religion, in its bearings and results, transcends all other sciences. The knowledge which it imparts does not perish with the stroke which disunites the body from its ethereal companion. Whilst its precepts lead to the highest improvement of this state of probation, the spirit is congenial with that ineffable reward to which we aspire. It is the preparation for immortality, which should be daily and hourly wrought out, amid all the mutations of time.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Deep is the fountain of a mother's love. Its purity is like the purity of the "sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets." The tear-drop speaks not half its tenderness. There is language in a mother's smile, but it betrays not all her nature. I have sometimes thought, while gazing on her countenance—its dignity slightly changed by the inelegant accents of her young child, as it repeated in obedience, some endearing word—that the sanctuary of a mother's heart is fraught with untold virtues. So fondly—so devotedly she listens to its accents, it would seem she catches from them a spirit that strengthens the bonds of her affection. I have seen the mother in almost every condition of life. But her love seems every where the same. I have heard her bid, from her bed of straw, her darling child come and receive the impress of her lips, and her mingled strains mingled in the air, I have thought there was loneliness in them not unlike the loneliness of an angel's melody. And I have seen the mother at her fireside deal out her last morsel to her little ones so pleasantly, that her own cravings seemed appeased by the pleasure she enjoyed. But who that is not a mother can feel as she feels? We may gaze upon her as she sings the lullaby to her infant, and in her eye read the index of her heart's affections—we may study the demure cast of her countenance, and mark the tenderness with which she presses her darling to her bosom, but we cannot feel the many influences that operate upon her nature. Did you ever mark the care with which she watches the cradle where sleeps her infant? How quick she catches the low sound of an approaching footstep!—With fearful earnestness she gazes at her little charge as the sound intrudes! Does it move? Does it slumber break? How sweet the voice that quiets it! Surely, it seems that the blood of but one heart sustains the existence of both mother and child. And did you ever behold the mother as she watched the receding light of her young babe's existence? It is a scene for the pencil. Words cannot portray the tenderness that lingers upon her countenance. When the last spark has gone out, what emotions agitate her! When hope has expired, what unspeakable grief overwhelms her!

I remember to have seen a sweet boy borne to his mother with an eye closed for ever. He had strayed silently away at noon-day, and ere night-fall death had clasped him in his embrace,

The lifeless tenement of that dear boy, as it burst upon the mother's vision, seemed to convey an arrow to her heart. When the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, she laid her ear to his lips, as if unwilling to credit the tale his pale countenance bore. She put her hand upon his breast, but she felt no beating there. She placed the ends of her soft fingers upon his brow, but it was cold. She uttered aloud his name—she listened—but the echo of that name elicited no responding voice. "Then came the misgiving that her child was dead." She imprinted many a kiss upon his cheek, and her tears mingled with the cold moisture upon his brow. Her actions betrayed a fear that she could not express half the anguish of her bosom. The silence that followed that scene, was like the silence of the sepulchre. It seemed of too holy a nature to disturb. There was a charm in it—it was a charm hallowed by the unrestrained gushes of a mother's love.

Did you ever awaken, while on a bed of sickness, and find a mother's hand pressed closely upon your forehead? It is pleasant then to break thus from a dream, even when affliction is on you. You are assured that you have at least one friend, that *that* friend is a true one. You are assured that if you never again go forth in the world, you will die lamented, and when pain and distress are on you, an assurance is consoling. At such a time, you can read more fully a mother's feelings than her tongue can express them. The anxiety with which she gazes upon you—the tenderness with which she sympathises with you—the willingness with which she supplies your want—all serve to represent the secret workings of her heart. But a mother's love is unceasing. Her children, as they advance in years, go out one by one into the world, and are soon scattered in the directions of the four winds of heaven. But though rivers may separate them from her, they separate not the bonds of her affection. Time and distance rather increase her anxieties. She knows not the strength of her own attachments, until she becomes separated from her offspring. Until she bids a chill farewell, her nature remains untried. But at the dread moment of separation, she feels the influences of her love—she feels the full weight of the many treasures of affection she has unconsciously imbibed.

Who can look coldly upon a mother? Who, after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy—guided him through childhood, and deliberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to his affections are founded in nature, and cold must be the heart that can deny them. Over the grave of a friend—of a brother or sister, I would plant the primrose, for it is emblematical of youth, but over that of a mother, I would let the green grass shoot up unmolested, for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age.

WALKING AND STATIONARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

A very pleasant way of spending life in London, is for a man to become an "advertisement," either peripatetic or stationary. If the former, he still retains the privilege of a snail-like power of locomotion, and moves along from one end of a street to the other, encased in painted, or printed and pasted wood, announcing to the public the discovery of some certain preventive against death in every shape—the superior polish of a certain blacking—when and where such and such a line of coaches or steamboats leave town and return. If stationary, he takes his place where two streets form an angle; and there, concealed between two boards, from morn till night, amid the giddy whirl and tumult around, he passively exhibits his invaluable statements to the public. "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!—how infinite in faculties!" etc. etc. The truth is, there is a scarcity of blank walls in the business parts of the metropolis, and the house-ends contain notices of "no bills to be stuck here," under penalty of prosecution; trades-people, therefore, who depend on glaring announcements, have hit upon the ingenious device of substituting a man for a house-end; they get him, like *Snug*, the joiner, in the famous tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe," to "present a wall!" And he does "present" one from sunrise until darkness relieves and reanimates him and then, in the language of honest *Snug*, he exclaims, (or might exclaim)—

"Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, this Wall away doth go!"

You sometimes lose sight of the semi-vital properties of those wooden cases. We were perusing one of them the other morning, when we perceived something oscillating at the top of the boards in a very singular manner—first visible and then invisible. Looking closer, in order to solve the mystery, we perceived a small, meagre old woman standing beside the announcement, with a piece of bread and a pot of something hot in her hand, doubtless a substitute for coffee, which she ever and anon handed in between the boards. It was the advertisement taking its breakfast! and every time it put the bread or coffee to its mouth, the head disappeared between the boards, and then emerged again. The sight was not altogether ludicrous—there was a touch of humanity about it.

The advertisement, it was evident, was not wholly without sympathy—it had its ties and relationships. Amid the thousands and thousands that passed it through the long day, without a thought, there was still that small meagre figure coming creeping through interminable streets, to administer to its necessities; still some one to stir the fire for it, (if coals were not too dear,) when it went home at evening. It was yet a few degrees superior to actual wood, or brick and mortar.

But it were an endless, and, in many respects, irksome task to attempt to sketch the unheard-of shifts, and strange means resorted to for a livelihood in London. Really some of them are almost sufficient to stagger the faith in the virtue of our existing social laws and covenants. True is the proverb that "one half the world knows not how the other lives." *W. Cox.*

FLOWERS.—Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty if they were to perish forever? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence—the living type of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet, and the sweet voice is like a bee kissing its way through flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with fragrant bells when she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the narrow coffin, and they become symbols of our affections—pleasures remembered and hopes faded, wishes flown and scenes cherished the more that they can never return. Still, we look to the far-off spring in other valleys; to the eternal summer beyond the grave, when the flowers which have faded shall again bloom in starry fields, where no rude winter can intrude. They come upon us in spring like the recollections of a dream, which hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and purple delights, fancy-broidered. Sweet flowers! that bring before our eyes the scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth, when Love was a stranger to himself! The mossy bank by the way side, where we so often sat for hours drinking in the beauty of the primroses with our eyes; the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets that shone in their intense blue, like another sky spread upon the earth; the laughter of merry voices; the sweet song of the maiden—the downcast eye, the spreading blush, the kiss ashamed at its own sound—are all brought back to the memory by a flower.

Miller's Beauties.

PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—In the year 700, the Lord's Prayer began thus:

"Tren fader thie art in heofnas, sic gekalgud thin noma, to cymeth thin rich: sic thin willa suc in heofnas and in earthe."

Two hundred years after, thus:

"Thee ure fader the ert on heofnum si thin namagahal god. Com thin ric. Si thin willa on eorþan swa, on heofnum."

About two hundred years after this, in the reign of Henry II., it was rendered thus, and sent over by Pope Adrian, an Englishman:

"Ure fader in Heaven rich,
Thy name be hailed eber rich,
Thou bring us ty michell blisse;
Als hit in heavenly doe,
That in yearthe been it also," etc.

About two hundred years after, in the reign of Henry III., it runs thus:

"Fader thou art in heaven blisse,
Thine Helye name it wert the blisse
Cunen and mot thy kingdom,
Thine holy will it be all day,
In heaven and in earth also,
So it shall be in full well ic tro—" etc.

In the reign of Henry VI. it began thus:

"Our fader that art in heavens, hallowed be thi name; the kingdom come to thee; be thee will done in earth as in heaven," etc.

In 1537, it began thus:

"O, our father who art in heaven! hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heaven," etc.—*Visitant.*

THE RESTING PLACE.—"So man lieth down, and riseth not—till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake or be raised out of their sleep."

However dark and disconsolate the path of life may have been to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, where the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled if this resting place, instead of a bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more—the tears are dried up in their fountains—the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosoms of the pale na-

tions of the dead, not one of the sleepers shall heed the spirit-stirring trump or respond to the rending shout of victory.

How quietly these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awake them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall rise and fall; the bright millennium shall come and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice, at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.

Rev. J. N. Maffei.

GEMS.

DIVINE GOODNESS.—As the power and goodness of Heaven are infinite in their extent, and infinite in their minuteness, to the mind cultivated as nature meant it to be, there is not only delight in contemplating the sublimity of the endless sea, or everlasting mountains, or the beauty of wide-extended landscapes, but there is a pleasure in looking at every little flower, and every little shell that God has made. Nature has scattered around us, on every side, and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but perceive it. The pleasures we derive from flowers, from musical sounds, from forms, are surely not given us in vain, and if we are constantly alive to these, we can never be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, and must be habitually cheerful.—*Captain Basil Hall.*

BIBLICAL THEOLOGY.—As to your present studies, for such portions of your time as you can prudently appropriate to reading, without wrong to the claims of health and social relaxation, there is one department of knowledge, which, like an ample palace, contains within itself mansions for every other knowledge; which deepens and extends the interest of every other, gives it new charms, and additional purpose; the study of which, rightly and liberally pursued, is beyond any other entertaining, beyond all others tends at once to tranquilise and enliven, to keep the mind elevated and steadfast, the heart humble and tender: it is biblical theology—the philosophy of religion, the religion of philosophy. I would that I could refer you to any book in which such a plan of reading had been sketched out in detail, or even but generally.—*Coleridge.*

FALSE HAPPINESS.—False happiness is like false money: it passes for the time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we feel the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—*Pope.*

ARGUMENT.—Let the end of the argument be rather to discover a doubtful truth, than a commanding wit; in the one thou shalt gain substance, in the other froth; that flint strikes the steel in vain that propagates no sparkles; covet, to be truth's champion, at least to hold her colours: he that pleads against the truth, takes pains to be overthrown; or, if a conqueror, gains but vain-glory by the conquest.—*Quarles.*

NATURE.—Surely there is nothing in the world, short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, that has such power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild sweetness of nature. The most ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will subside into a calm at the sight of an extended landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then that the spirit of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts, and elevates the soul to the Creator. It is then that we behold the Parent of the universe in his works; we see his grandeur in earth, sea, sky; we feel his affection in the emotions which they raise; and half-mortal, half-etherialised, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world must be, of which this lovely earth is merely the shadow.—*Miss Porter.*

FRIENDSHIP.—It is not the least advantage of friendship, that by communicating our thoughts to another, we render them distinct to themselves, and reduce the subjects of our sorrows and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own contemplation.

Coleridge.

AN EXTRACT.—Virtue has resources buried in itself, which we know not till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature itself, turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and superhuman power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed, whatever be its sect, from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, virtue is God's empire, and from his throne he will defend it. Though cast into a distant earth, and straggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of archangels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumphs are hymned by harps which are strung to the glories of its Creator.—*Bulwer.*

A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a rainbow, set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture a lost spirit.

MEDICINE OF NATURE.

BY DR. PARIS.

It becomes us, before we decree the honours of a cure to a favourite medicine, carefully and candidly to ascertain the exact circumstances under which it is exhibited, or we shall rapidly accumulate examples of the fallacies to which our art is exposed. What has been more common than to attribute to the efficacy of a mineral water those fortunate changes of constitution that have entirely, or in great measure, arisen from salubrity of situation, hilarity of mind, exercise of body, and regularity of habits, which have incidentally accompanied its potation? Thus the celebrated John Wesley, while he commemorates the triumph of "sulphur and supplication" over his bodily infirmity, forgets to appreciate the resuscitating influence of four months' repose from his apostolic labours; and such is the disposition of the human mind to place confidence in the operation of mysterious agents, that we find him more disposed to attribute his cure to a brown paper plaster of egg and brimstone, than to Dr. Fothergill's salutary prescription of country air, rest, asses' milk, and horse exercise. The ancient physicians duly appreciated the influence of such agents; their temples, like our watering-places, were the resort of those whom medicine could not cure; and we are expressly told by Plutarch that these temples, especially that of Esculapius, were erected on elevated spots, with the most congenial aspects; a circumstance which, when aided by the invigorating effects of hope, by the diversions which the patient experienced in his journey, and perhaps by the exercise to which he had been unaccustomed, certainly performed many cures. It follows, then, that in the recommendation of a watering-place, something more than the composition of a mineral spring is to direct our choice. The chemist will tell us that the springs of Hampstead and Islington rival those of Tunbridge and Malvern; that the waters of Bagnigge Wells, as a chalybeate purgative, might supersede those of Cheltenham and Scarborough; and that an invalid would frequent the spring in the vicinity of the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields, with as much advantage as the celebrated spa at Leamington: but the physician is well aware that, by the adoption of such advice, he would deprive his patient of those most powerful auxiliaries to which I have alluded, and, above all, lose the advantage of the *medicina mentis*. On the other hand, the recommendation of change of air and habits will rarely inspire confidence, unless it be associated with some medicinal treatment—a truth which it is more easy and satisfactory to elucidate and enforce by examples than by precept. Let the following story by Voltaire serve as an illustration:—

"Ogul, a voluptuary, who could be managed but with difficulty by his physician, on finding himself extremely ill from indolence and intemperance, requested advice.

"Eat a basilisk stewed in rose-water," replied the physician. "In vain did the slaves search for a basilisk, until they met with Zadig, who, approaching Ogul, exclaimed, 'Behold that which thou desirest! But, my lord,' continued he, 'it is not to be eaten; all its virtues must enter through thy pores; I have therefore enclosed it in a little ball, blown up, and covered with a fine skin. Thou must strike this ball with all thy might and I must strike it back again, for a considerable time; and by observing this regimen, and taking no other drink than rose-water for a few days, thou wilt see and acknowledge the effect of my art.'

"The first day, Ogul was out of breath, and thought he should have died from fatigue; the second he was less fatigued, and slept better; in eight days he recovered all his strength, Zadig then said to him, 'There is no such thing in nature as a basilisk; but thou hast taken exercise and been temperate, and hast therefore recovered thy health.'"

But the medical practitioner may, perhaps, receive more satisfaction from a modern illustration; if so, the following anecdote, related by Sydenham, may not be unacceptable:—

"This great physician, having long attended a gentleman of fortune, with little or no advantage, frankly avowed his inability to render him any further service, adding, at the same time, that there was a physician of the name of Robinson, at Inverness, who had distinguished himself by the performance of many remarkable cures of the same complaint as that under which his patient laboured, and expressing a conviction, that if he applied to him he would come back cured. This was too encouraging a proposal to be rejected. The gentleman received from Sydenham a statement of his case, with the necessary letter of introduction, and proceeded without delay to the place in question. On arriving at Inverness, and anxiously inquiring for the residence of Dr. Robinson, he found, to his utter dismay and disappointment, that there was no physician of that name, nor ever had been, in the memory of any person there. The gentleman returned, vowing eternal hostility to the peace of Sydenham; and on his arrival at home, instantly expressed his indignation at having been sent on a journey of so many hundred miles for no purpose.

"Well," replies Sydenham, "are you better in health?"

"Yes, I am now quite well; but no thanks to you."

"No," says Sydenham; "but you may thank Dr. Robinson for curing you. I wished to send you a journey with some ob-

ject of interest in view; I knew it would be of service to you. In going, you had Dr. Robinson and his wonderful cures in contemplation; and in returning, you were equally engaged in thinking of scolding me."—*Paris's Pharmacologia*.

For the Pearl.

DEATH.

Oh Death thou art an universal king—
All to thy iron sceptre bow the knee;
'Tis true some fear thee as a shadowy thing,
But I have seen thy face and felt thy sting,
And thou art more than shadowy form to me.

I've seen thee pictured forth with crown and dart,
Outstarting from the sepulchre's deep shade;
Piercing—through bridal gear—the young wife's heart;
Leaving the living to sustain the smart,
The widower lonely sorrowing o'er the dead.

I trace thy trophies in the charnel heap,
I read thy conquests in the storied urn—
Plumes that are floating—banners that sweep
Above the tombs of those that silent sleep—
From these the triumphs of thy state we learn.

Sometimes we view thee on the horizon's verge
Of our own social circle—tall and grim,
Then at our very feet thou dost emerge,
And on our hearths and in our homes—the dirge
Of death is heard, the deep funeral hymn.

Thy spectral form now stalks where princes reign,
And gem-crowned heads to thee in homage bend,
Then stooping o'er the mother's knee—where pain
Her infant offspring binds—no tears restrain
Thy stroke—thou smitest and its sufferings end.

No velvet covering richly dight, to thee
Prevents a ruthless stroke where nobles lie.
The pallet—though of straw—where poverty
Lingers in wretchedness and misery,
Alike thou visitest—for all must die.

Alone thou art in equal combat met,
Where the good man—whose heart from earth is riven,
His firm repose on Christ "the rock" hath set:
He finds, with hopes matured and joys complete,
The vale of Death—the vestibule of Heaven.

Oh Death thou art an universal king—
All other earthly sceptres bow to thee,
Yet the time comes when mortal suffering
Shall in our bosoms leave no more its sting.
Heaven shall disclose joy's everlasting spring,
Even death shall die—and time shall cease to be.

SELF-COMMUNION.

WRITTEN FOR THE HULL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Young Men! Poets, it is said, know nothing. What, then, can they teach? Nothing, of course, if the saying is true; but, assuming to be teachers, they may choose subjects on which something may be said by people who know nothing; and in this way, I believe, much business is done. I may be wrong in my opinions on that something, or that nothing, which is called poetry; but I have endeavoured to be right; and what I shall say to you on this occasion is my own, or made such by reflection, for I take no man's opinions on trust. I come then to tell you what poetry is—not what that word is—for, not having learned Greek, I don't know; and, if I tell you anything about poetry but what you have already felt to be true, I am unfit to address you on the subject: for what is poetry—what can it be—but the heart speaking to itself? This principle of *earnest self-communion*—on which all composition purporting to be poetry must stand, or, wanting it, fall—I now purpose to elucidate and confirm by examples; because it has been asserted by a great philosopher,* that poetry has no fixed principles—as if any thing could exist without them; because a great living poet,† whose example refutes his theory, declares, if I understand him, that poetry is distinguished from prose by being written in verse, or, in other words, that verse is essential to poetry; and because the history of modern poets, as such, is the history of the revival of poetry in Britain, their distinguishing characteristic being poetry, or earnest common sense—whereas, some of their predecessors often wrote that dullest commonplace which common sense laughs to scorn. Now, this effect must have had a cause; for, as the earth could not move an inch, as a watch could not go at all, in opposition to the indisputable will of God, as declared in his mechanical laws—so *only on the axis of its principle* can move the universe of poetry, representing the Most High in the heart of man.

When a poet, ceasing to commune with himself, addresses others, he may be eloquent, but he is no longer poetical, unless he forget his audience; and, in that case, he is addressing himself, and not others. I never read a poet, from John Milton to Robert Nicol, who does not, negatively or positively, exemplify the principle that poetry is self-communion. Almost every page of Byron's "Don Juan" exemplifies it in both ways, and the writings of Moore too often in one way only. I think I shall be able to shew you why it is, that some ostentatious men of the

highest talent cannot write a word of genuine poetry, while honest, modest, unpretending men utter it to their hearts every day of their lives.

But I must now bespeak your merciful consideration. I am not an actor; I came to read, not to impersonate. Unluckily, too, or luckily perhaps, I am told, by my fireside critics, that I do not read poetry, but sing it to a bad tune. I can, however, give reasons for the faith that is in me. Why should hymns be written, if they are not to be made sensible to the ear? It is hard to deprive the poet of its music, often the only thing the poor fellow has of his own.

"Glory to God, and the Empress! Ismail is ours!" Thus wrote Suwarrow to his petticoated master. "Powers Eternal! such names mingled!" says Byron. "These are the most tremendous words, since Mene, Mene, Tekel, and Upharsin, that ever were written of swords." And who that remembers the impious dispatch, does not utter this sentiment in his soul? *It is true poetry*; but when Byron goes on to say, as he does immediately afterwards, "that what Daniel read is short-hand of the Lord's;" and "that Suwarrow wrote his dispatch as a polar melody, and set it," etc., he may be witty, but for a moment he ceases to be a poet, and becomes a mere vain man, seeking the applause of others, with a misgiving in his bosom that he does not deserve it. Not so, when he continues, "I will teach the stones to rise against earth's tyrants." He then is again a poet—he puts his head into his pocket, and lets his heart speak.

"When the dance gaed through the lighted ha'"—and, "though this lady was fair, and yon lady was braw, and that lady the toast of a' the town," poor Burns said in his heart, "Ye are na Mary Morrison," the words he uttered were of the very essence of poetry, because his heart spoke them to himself.

When a husband, already widowed in soul, bends over the bed of the dying mother of his children, and, without uttering a single audible syllable, addresses to her every mournful and endearing epithet, his heart is conversing with itself—that is to say, with God, in the depths of our nature; and his feelings are poetry, because there can be no insincerity, no reserve about them, no possible misgiving, no starting back from the open arms of Truth. They are poetical as the reply to them—the last wordless heart's look of the dying.

Orators sometimes unconsciously become poets. O'Connell was a great poet when Stanley said to him, "I love Ireland as well as you do," and the "man of men," pausing a moment, replied, "I check myself—I will not utter another burning word; he who loves Ireland, cannot hate me. Let our hearts shake lands."

There is a passage in one of Scott's novels, which finely exhibits the poetry of the heart, struggling with circumstance, and controlled by that feeling of deference which power and rank command: it is that passage in which Jeanie Deans implores the Queen of George II. to intercede with him for the life of her sister Effie.

"How did you travel up from Scotland, young woman?" said the Queen to Jeanie.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam."

"What! all that immense way on foot! How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five and twenty miles, and a bittock."

"I thought I was a good walker; but this shames me sadly."

"May your Ledyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible o' the weariness o' the limbs! I would have gone to the ends of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other man in his unhappy condition. He is dead, and gane to his place. But my sister—my poor sister Effie—still lives, though her days and hours are numbered. She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted old man, who never forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and that of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O Madam, if ye ever kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinful and suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can neither be called fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death. Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves—that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for fighting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes—and seldom may it visit your Ledyship!—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—and long and late may it be yours!—oh, my Ledy, then it is nae what we hae done for oursels but what we hae done for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thought that ye hae interfered to save the poor thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hup the whole Porteous mob at the tail of a tow."

This is poetry and eloquence—the heart and the head—the soul's self-communion, and the mind addressing another.

Perhaps there is nothing in the world so poetical as the love

* Adam Smith.

† James Montgomery.

of a mother for her child; it is altogether unreserved. Honesty is always poetical, because it is in earnest—it means what it says—it does what it has to do with its whole heart—in word and deed, it is sincere. And whoever inspects human nature closely, will find that the least trust-worthy is the least poetical of his acquaintance; because to him the love of the true, the beautiful, the good, if it visit him at all, is a bird of passage—it is seldom hoined, never bosomed with him. Poetry, then, is sincerity in earnest—impassioned truth—the heart, not the head, speaking to itself. If you think I am wrong, read for yourselves the introductory lines of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which remarkably confirm my opinion; our second Shakspeare having entered in the feelings of his old bard, with all the heart's unreserve and self-forgetfulness.

But we will now ask the *dead who cannot die*, what two things differ more than the poetry of truth, and that of convention? "Here oft," says Burns—

"Here oft, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds and all their wealth,
As empty, idle care:
The flowers shall vie, in all their charms,
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms,
To screen the dear embrace.
Here, haply, too, at vernal morn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey."

Contrast, now, these simple lines with a far-famed passage from Moore:—

"Now over Syria's land of roses
Sattily the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal snow;
While Summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

This description must have great merit of some sort, for it has been praised as far as our language is known; but, with the exception of one word from Milton, and another from Homer, it is not poetry, for it is not truth. The light of evening is light in transition, not in repose, for repose is rest. The remaining lines (though three of them, if they stood alone, are good) do not convey to my mind any adequate idea of a mountain older than death, frowning over the stern wildness of arid and sun-smitten regions, spread in immensity beneath and around. Moore was not writing from the heart for it, when he compounded this description. It is precisely such a one as a man of extraordinary cleverness, without a single home-thought in his soul, or an atom of poetry in his nature, might have made to order, and per receipt and inventory. It is as pretty as if it had this moment been taken out of a French milliner's sample-box of artificial flowers, newly scented. But I do not like dead things, not even roses. If Moore's national melodies themselves are without vitality, and if the author of such things can conquer time, what writer need fear oblivion? I cannot help feeling, when I read his "Loves of the Angels," that, if it had been fashionable in his time for men to wear false hair and ribbons, he would have placed on the heads of his celestial dandies, periwigs of the most approved twizzle, and on each wing, a shoulder-knot of the best-bred pink and blue. I grant his inimitable instinct of versification, but the noblest poetry under heaven, in the prose of the Bible, laughs to scorn the rhymester's skill; and I contend that the versifying and the poetic power are frequently found in inverse ratios to each other. The pursuit of Moore's compositions, in prose and verse alike, is to me a humiliating task, like that of a full-grown man-child, listlessly seeking, in a box filled with moss, for pretty insects, not worth finding. How unlike him are earnest, conscientious Cowper, and fervid, intense, passion-souled, *all-hearted* Burns!

It is impossible, however, not to admire the elegance of the lines which, for two reasons, I have quoted from Moore. Many persons suppose that elegance is essential to the perfection of poetical composition; but, so far is this from being the case, that beauty itself is not essential to poetry, except inasmuch as beauty is truth. Poetry, like truth, is a common flower. God has sown it over the earth, like his daisies, sprinkled with tears or glowing in the sun, even as he places the crocus and the March frost together, "and beautifully mingles life and death." Wherever there are hearts that can feel, it is found—in the budding rose and the fading leaf, in the palace and the cottage, in the workshop and the jail. Harken, and I will recite to you a poem of God's making! But don't raise your expectations too high. It is only too true a tale of a young woman who became an inmate of a workhouse, after having known better days. She had saved from the wreck of her prosperity a silk gown, which she was allowed to keep locked in a box, and which she carefully examined every day. At the end of about three years, she was observed, with the gown in her hands, rushing from the place where it was usually deposited, and exclaiming, "O poor Jane! what wilt thou do?" She had discovered in the gown a failing thread. Nobody else could perceive it. Raising the gown in her trembling hands, she asked her companions in misfortune, if the thread would

break. From that fatal day, she put the same question to every person who entered the workhouse. She put it to me, not many days before she died; for, whenever she could get out of the house, she wandered in the neighbouring lanes, muttering, in a whisper, "O poor Jane! what wilt thou do?" and if a passenger approached, she would look up earnestly in his face, and, placing her finger under the failing thread, ask him if it would break. "Will it break? Oh, will it break?" Alas! it broke! And with it broke her heart. For the last link which bound her affections to the beautiful past in which alone she lived, was broken; her sole dependence was a thread—and it failed! But the grave did not refuse her an asylum: she died, I am sorry to say, by her own hand. Now, though any workhouse could furnish incidents as affecting as these, let me not be told that, if no man had condescended to speak or write a word about them, they would not still have been, in principle, genuine poetry. How could they have been otherwise, written as they were and are, by our Almighty Father himself, on his tablet of the universe? Think you the record would perish, if it did not bear man's sign manual? Think you that God turns in disgust from the memorial of his desolate daughters' sufferings, to look on the blood-stained trophies of a Wellington, or the tawdry splendours of a Heliogabalus? No, no. When He required of her the failing thread, she had nothing left but Him and the grave; and He makes no erring estimate of the widow's mite, when, willingly or unwillingly, she casts into the treasury *all she hath*.

We have heard much of the dependence of poetry on style. But poetry is independent of *language* itself. The heart which a thread broke proves this. Indeed, that style which is called poetical, is by no means peculiar to verse; and, in prose and verse alike, nine times in ten, it is disjoined from poetry. To shew you that the poetry which has found words, depends not on style but on sentiment, allow me to quote from the New Testament a few words known to you all:—

"And, as Paul spake for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, 'Paul thou art beside thyself: much learning doth make thee mad.'

"But he said, 'I am not mad, as noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for these things were not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.'

"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' And Paul said, 'I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear thee, were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*.'"

This, you will say, is prose; but I say it is dramatic poetry, the poetry of action. Now, it might be the *language* of action without being poetry, just as a prosaic lecture becomes dramatic without being poetical, if the audience loudly praise or loudly blame it; for, while they give the lecturer time to breathe by interrupting him, they dramatise his discourse, making it for the moment a part of themselves, and, though dead, a living thing. But, if the language of Paul might be that of action, without being poetry, what constitutes it poetry? The last three words—"except these bonds." Plain words were never used; but they were spoken from the heart, by a man who had suffered injustice, a man whose wisdom was not derived from books, but *written on his heart* by the finger of God.

A SEAMAN'S FUNERAL:

VERY shortly after poor Jack dies he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sailmaker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock; and having placed a couple of cannon shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding and clothes are always made up in the package, apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried off, and being placed across the after-hatchway, the union Jack is thrown over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns, under the half-deck, but generally, I think, he is laid where I have mentioned—just abaft the mainmast. I should have mentioned before, that as soon as the surgeon's ineffectual professional offices are at an end, he walks to the quarter-deck, and reports to the officer of the watch, that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immediately made acquainted with the circumstance.

Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half hours are struck is tolled for the funeral; and all who choose to be present assemble on the gangways, booms, and round the mainmast, while the forepart of the quarter deck is occupied by the officers. In some ships (and perhaps it ought to be so in all) it is made imperative on the officers and crew to attend the ceremony.

While the people are repairing to the quarter-deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the maindeck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest across the lee gangway. The stanchions for the man-ropes of the side are unshipped, and an

opening made at the after-end of the hammock-netting sufficiently large to allow a free passage. The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased range themselves on each side. A rope, which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be seen presently. When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or, if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck, and commences the beautiful service which, though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed never fails to rivet the attention even of the rudest and least reflecting. Of course, the bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. And there can be no more attentive or apparently reverent auditory than assemblies on the deck of a ship of war on the occasion of a shipmate's burial.

The laud service for the burial of the dead contains the following words:—"Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope," etc. Every one, I am sure, who has attended the funeral of a friend, (and whom will not this include?) must recollect the solemnity of this stage of the ceremony, where, as the above words are pronounced, there are cast into the grave three successive portions of earth, which, falling on the coffin, send up a hollow, mournful sound, resembling no other that I know. In the burial service at sea, the part quoted above is varied in the following very striking and impressive manner:—"Forasmuch," etc., "we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come," etc. At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen stoops down and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the words, "we commit his body to the deep," project the grating right into the sea. The body being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and

"In a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown."

This part of the ceremony is rather less solemn than the correspondent part on land; but still there is something impressive, as well as startling, in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating, as it is towed along under the main-chains.

Captain Basil Hall's Sketches.

SAILORS.—As yet little has been done for our sailors by the Christian public, compared to what has done for other classes. Surely this useful, and important, and numerous class, consisting of a quarter of a million of souls, should not be forgotten; and how necessary is it for our missions abroad that the religious and moral character of the sailor be improved? And here the attention of the public might well be called to the admirable Essay of Rev. John Harris, lately published, in which, as a means of improving the condition of the sailor, he has suggested that hospitals be erected for the sick, lodging-houses established for them immediately on landing, savings-banks opened, temperance societies formed, and a sailor's institution be provided, so that he may be kept from the public-houses, and profitably spend his leisure; that the Bible be distributed to every sailor on his departure, religious tracts be distributed, Sunday schools be opened, and the Gospel be preached to them by agents. Surely, while we so freely give for sending the Gospel abroad, we should remember that our sailors deserve much from us, as Mr. Harris observes, both from their numbers (250,000) as well as their services in time of peace and war; their peculiar perils, religious privations, temptations, and their debased condition, rendering them the means of immense evil to others both at home and abroad. The example of our Divine Master should operate as a powerful incentive to us to do for the sailors to the utmost of our ability; and the British and Foreign Sailors' Society is ready to our hands as an efficient agency.

R. S.

BOUNTY OF GOD TO HIS CREATURES.—The sluggish cow pastures in the cavity of the valley; the bounding sheep on the declivity of the hill; the scrambling goat browses among the shrubs of the rock; the duck feeds on the water-plants of the river; the hen, with attention, picks up every grain that is scattered and lost in the field; the pigeon, of rapid wing, collects a similar tribute from the refuge of the grove; and the frugal bee turns to account even the small dust on the flower. There is no corner of the earth where the whole vegetable crop may not be reaped. Those plants which are rejected by one are a delicacy to another; and, even among the finny tribes, contribute to their fatness. The hog devours the horse-tail and henbane; the goat, the thistle and hemlock. All return in the evening to the habitation of man, with murmurs, with bleating, with cries of joy, bringing back to him the delicious tributes of innumerable plants, transformed, by a process the most inconceivable, into honey, milk, cream, butter, and eggs.—*St. Pierre*.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE ON THE HUMAN EYE,

By Thomas Taylor.

CHAPTER III.

"He that formed the eye shall he not see?"

Thus far we have seen the eminent services of the lids, in assisting the sight and defending the organ of vision, by their constant ablutions on the surface of the ball. But they afford protection to the eye in another way. In sleep when there is no occasion to exercise the sense of sight, these curtains spontaneously close, while in the day, by a partial closure, they are of great use in moderating the force of a too brilliant light, and when necessity requires, in wholly excluding the glare by an entire closure. Every person must have remarked the large size of the upper compared with the lower lid. This peculiar conformation is not without its advantages. "In a climate where the sky is so constantly clouded we are less sensible of the advantage of this arrangement; but those who have been in more southern climates know how great is the distress which arises from the direct light of the sun; such climates could scarcely be inhabited by man, were it not for the superior size and drooping of the upper lid." This wise and merciful provision is seen on a still more extended scale in the camel. That useful animal is destined to travel over oceans of arid sand, exposed to all the heat of a burning sky:—the eye in consequence is well fortified for its important office, for as the camel always carries its head in a horizontal position, the large brow and lid completely overhang the orb, and in this manner shields it from the direct glare of the sun. The apparent size of the eye is determined by the separation of the eyelids. A person capable of opening the lids widely, is supposed to have a large eye, while another who can part them but in a small degree is concluded to have a small eye. In this estimate we may however, be mistaken, for the real size of the eye cannot be accurately known by the division of the lids, as the distance of their opening has no necessary relation to the true dimensions of the globe of the eye.

It would betray an inattention to our mercies were we to pass by the beautiful fringes of the curtain of the eye, or neglect to dwell with thankfulness, on the graceful rows of fine hairs with which the lids are adorned. It deserves our particular notice too, that while the eyelashes grow only to a convenient length they are so formed that they do not mat or entangle each other when the lids close. This inconvenience is avoided by those of the upper lid being bent upwards, and those on the lower downwards. In a very high degree the lashes impart beauty to the eye, and give to the countenance, a mild and pleasant aspect. Forming a perfect screen they are of signal service in more distinct vision, when a perfect representation of any object is required, in excluding the extraneous light. In addition, they form a powerful miniature fan; continually in motion and yet unwearied, they winnow away the dust, and by their comparatively hard flapping, destroy many noxious insects which might otherwise sadly inconvenience us. To man and the ape species, eyelashes on both lids are peculiar—other animals have them on the upper lid only; and even in man, the lashes of the under lid are somewhat less than those of the upper.

The eyebrows afford the most external defence of the eye. It is singular that whilst the hairs of the head and the lids grow in different directions, those of the brows should differ again from both. The hair of the brow does not grow out straight like that of the head—nor upwards and downwards as that of the lids, but it is all turned outwards to the outer angle of the eye. How abundantly the forehead is sometimes suffused with perspiration we all know—nay we have all witnessed the literal fulfillment of the curse pronounced on man. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." By the powerful action of the muscles, the blood is strongly propelled to the brain—the consequence is, the blood-vessels about the head become tinged, the fibres are relaxed, the pores enlarged, and the sweat, or serum is poured out. The saline properties of the sweat, if introduced, would corrode and injure the eye; but by virtue of the direction of the hairs of the brow towards the temple, and by the oily secretions of the part, the perspiration is prevented from flowing into the eye, and turned towards the temple or the root of the nose. Buffon, in his flowing style observes, that "the parts which give most character to the countenance, are the eyebrows. Being totally different from every other feature, their effect is augmented by the contrast—they form a deep canvass, and give relief to the other colours and features." And every one knows that much of the beauty of the face, depends on the size, form and colour, of the brow. As a mark of comeliness the Romans thought the brows should meet, and paint was employed by the ladies to form the graceful union. The fair Greeks, however, thought otherwise, for they were careful to keep the brows separate, forming them into beautiful arches, gently terminating into—nothing. The separation of the brows with an unfurrowed front, gives a calm and intelligent expression to the countenance. The storms of passion and the writhings of pain are first seen by a second person in the knitting of the brow.

Here, let us pause, and with wonder, mingled with gratitude, consider the abundant protection and beauty which God has afforded to so minute a piece of mechanism, as the eye. The Architect, for the preservation of his building, takes care that the eaves of the roof shall overhang the building. Answering to the eaves of a house are the brows of the eye, which to employ the language of Paley, "like a thatched penthouse, prevent the sweat and moisture from running down into the eye." To adorn her apartments and to moderate the excessive light of the sun, the lady tastefully arranges her hangings, allowing them gracefully to droop over the windows, while also, additional blinds and shutters sometimes wholly exclude the light—precisely in accordance with this disposition of furniture, are the eyelids, the shutters to the windows of the human soul. In an instant they can darken the whole apartment of the eye. Again, beautifully drooping over the ball, they admit a sufficiency of light, and also give expression and cheerfulness to the countenance. Once more—for the full admission of the rays of light through our windows, we find it requisite to wash the glass and preserve it clear. And to preserve the transparency of the eye, a fountain with a number of minute tubes is provided, and these tubes constantly pour out their torrents of liquid, and thus keep the corner of the eye, inimitably bright and moist. Yet again, if any extraneous matter lights upon the globe, the graceful eyelash may be converted into an admirable brush to sweep the eye, and that merely by raising the upper lid and drawing it over the lower one, the convex hairs of which immediately remove the offending substance. All these are marks of contrivance in the appendages of the eye, which it would be ungrateful in us not to admire and regard.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, JANUARY 27, 1838.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor came down to the Council Chamber at 2 o'clock on Thursday last, and opened the Session with the following

SPEECH

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,
Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

My first duty, and a painful one I find it, is to condole with you on the loss which, since our last meeting, we have sustained, by the demise of his late most gracious Majesty William the Fourth, of blessed memory, whose paternal attachment to this Province, which he visited at an early period of his life, will be remembered with gratitude and respect.

The Throne of the British Empire is now filled by his august niece Queen Victoria, the daughter of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, who for many years resided among you, when Commander in Chief in British America. Her Majesty's accession has been hailed, in every part of her extensive dominions, with the most enthusiastic loyalty: her youth and sex claim from her subjects their dutiful affection and support.

It is with deep regret I have to notice the late unfortunate events in the Canadas; but I have the satisfaction of informing you that the insurrection has been put down in Lower Canada, and that the traitorous attempt made to separate the Upper Province from British rule, has been signally defeated by the gallant conduct of the Militia alone; it is true that a small and desperate band still retain possession of Navy Island; but there is every reason to believe as measures have been adopted at the recommendation of the President of the United States for the enforcement of the neutrality on the frontier, that these deluded men, deprived of all foreign assistance, will be speedily dispersed.

These rebellious proceedings have called forth in this Province the strongest expressions of indignation and abhorrence, and the addresses from various quarters which have been presented to me, declare the unshaken attachment of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia to her Majesty's Person and Government.

I have great pleasure in congratulating you upon the abundant harvest with which it has pleased Divine Providence to reward the labours of the husbandman, and which has diffused the blessings of plenty throughout the country.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

The Provisional Establishment of two Distinct Councils, which has recently taken place, and the dispatches which I am instructed to lay before you, afford ample evidence of the gracious attention that has been paid to the representations which you addressed to the Throne in the last session.

I earnestly hope that this important alteration of the ancient constitution of the Province, will be attended with all the advantages which when you advised the measure, you expected it would be accompanied.

I have directed the Public accounts to be laid before you, and I trust you will find that the supplies granted to her Majesty in the last Session have been faithfully expended. The usual estimates of the Civil Establishment for the present year will be submitted to you, and I have no doubt of your providing for the sup-

port of her Majesty's Government, and for all other necessary services, with your usual liberality.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,
Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

I have great satisfaction in acquainting you that the Revenue last year has increased considerably; the receipts have been more than sufficient to meet all the demands of the Treasury. I feel it my duty to recommend an economical application of our means, by keeping our expenditure within our income.

I most earnestly desire to draw your particular attention to the inefficient state of the Militia; it is not at present what I wish to see it; there is all the feeling and loyalty I could desire. As it is the Constitutional defence and security of the Province, I am persuaded you will see the necessity of amending the Law now in existence; and the zeal and discipline of twenty-five thousand young and willing sons of your own families ought not to be neglected by Government and the Legislature.

It is the earnest desire and recommendation of her Majesty's Government that you will enter upon the discharge of your Public Duties, with that spirit of harmony in your proceedings, for which the Legislature of this Province has so long been conspicuous, and which has proved so conducive to the best interests of the Country.

My anxious wish is to see peace, content, and prosperity prevail throughout the Province; and you may rely upon my cordial co-operation in any measure which can tend to secure and increase these blessings.

CHAPLAINS TO CONGRESS.—It is rather singular that both the Chaplains, this Session, are Methodists. The Rev. Levi R. Reese of the Methodist Protestant Church was elected by the House of Representatives; the Rev. Henry Slicer of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Senate. The Rev. Thomas H. Stockton of the former church, for his simple piety and commanding eloquence, was a short time since, elected as Chaplain for two successive sessions.

LOSS OF TWO STEAMERS.—The steamer Blackhawk, Capt. Taylor, on her passage from Natchez to Natchitoches, burst her boilers on Wednesday night the 27th inst., a short distance above the mouth of Red River. She had a full freight, a large number of passengers and horses, together with \$90,000 in specie, belonging to the United States. The pilot and engineer were instantly killed; several more were supposed to be lost—number not known. Four or five were severely and several mortally wounded. Most of the passengers were saved by the timely arrival of a flat boat, which conveyed them to shore. The principal part of the cargo was saved in the same way. Seven horses were lost—\$75,000 of the specie saved. The hull, partly under water, remains near where the accident occurred.

THE VICKSBURG.—On Friday morning, Dec. 29, the steamboat Vicksburg Capt. Auler, was burnt, while on her way from Vicksburg to this port. The accident took place at half past 4 o'clock, twelve miles above Baton Rouge. The fire commenced among some cotton bales, near the boilers, and in six or seven hours the boat was burnt down to the water's edge. Fortunately all the passengers escaped with the trifling loss of some of their property, the boat lying at the shore at the time, having stopped only ten minutes before, on account of the fog, otherwise there would have been an immense destruction of life.—*The New Orleans Picayune*, Dec. 31.

THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.—In the Senate, Jan. 4.—Mr. Young of Illinois said he was surprised to hear Senators from the South say "hands off." He thought that the strength of the abolitionists was so great, so extensive, so much upon the increase, that the South blinded itself by refusing to listen to the evidences before her. In his opinion the South could not protect itself without the protection of the General Government.

Mr. Preston replied. He thanked the gentleman for his sympathy for the South. He wanted none of it—if he thought the South was not able to take care of itself. The South was abundantly able to protect itself. She wanted no interference—nothing but constitutional protection. She still cried, "hands off, hands off," to all—to the States, to the General Government beyond her defined constitutional powers of protection. She complained of interference and wanted none of it. The laws upon this subject were many and highly penal, and Mr. Preston would say that in spite of the United States' laws, if any man interfered with slavery in South Carolina, South Carolina would hang him upon the strength of her laws.

Mr. Young was desirous of introducing an amendment which proposed to allow the right of interference by the Government of the United States on certain occasions, as in this instance.—Suppose a man residing in Pennsylvania, active in the cause of the abolitionists, and committing what the southern people consider a crime against their institutions. Suppose that same man subsequently reaches South Carolina, and is conducting himself as a peaceable citizen, but is identified as the Pennsylvania abolitionist. He is seized by the authorities of the State, and under the slave

law is tried, condemned, and hurried away to execution. In that case, Mr. Young thought, that the Federal Government should have power to interfere.

Mr. Preston replied that the propositions of Mr. Young were put into such an abstract form that he scarcely knew how to answer them; but this much he would say, let an abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina; if we can catch him we will try him, and notwithstanding all the interference of all the governments of the earth, including this Federal government, we will hang him.

LATER FROM CANADA.

From the Boston Evening Gazette Jan. 13.

From Niagara, by a letter dated January 6, we learn that the bombardment of the day before was tremendous and heavy. It proceeded from the main land, from 16 pieces of artillery and several mortars, all of which were kept in the most active operation; but as far as can be ascertained, the bombardment had done no essential mischief to the Navy Islanders. It was expected the British would follow up the attack that or the next night, and attempt a landing on the Island, under cover of their cannon; which, should they do so, must cause a great loss of life. The Patriots are pretty well prepared, and the island itself almost impregnable.

The letter adds;—The Patriot force is from 1000 to 1200, and a more determined set of men, were probably never congregated; they have also more than 20 pieces of artillery, and are well supplied.

A letter from Niagara of the 5th, to the Albany Argus, states that an attempt at mediation had been made, that General Whitney had visited Canada, and had an interview with the Governor, who expressed his willingness that the persons on Navy Island should be suffered to remove unmolested.

The most important intelligence received yesterday, however, is the official report of Col. McNab, of the capture and destruction of the Caroline, avowing that the boat was captured by his orders.

HEAD QUARTERS,
CHIPPewa, Dec. 30, 1837.

Saturday morning, 8 o'clock.—Sir—I have the honour to report for the information of his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, that having received positive information that the Pirates and Rebels at Navy Island had purchase a steamboat called the Caroline, to facilitate their intended invasion of this country, and being confirmed in my information yesterday by the boat (which sailed under British colours,) appearing at the Island, I determined upon cutting her off: and having sent Captain Drew of the Royal Navy, he, in a most gallant manner, with a crew of volunteers whose names I shall hereafter mention, performed this dangerous service, which was handsomely effected.

In consequence of the swift current, it was found to be impossible to get the vessel over to this place, and it was therefore necessary to set her on fire. Her colours are in my possession.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your ob't humble servant,
A. N. McNAB, Col. commanding.

P. S.—We have two or three wounded—and the pirates about the same number killed.

A. N. McNAB.

CONGRESS.

In the House of Representatives on Monday, the 8th January, a Message was received from the President, communicating several official documents relating to the disturbances on the Niagara frontier, and particularly to the destruction, by the British, of the steamer Caroline.

Some members condemned the letters of Mr. Secretary Forsyth to the British minister at Washington as too tame for the occasion.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5th.

The House was occupied all day in debating two resolutions, one afforded by J. Q. Adams, and the other by Fillmore of New York, calling upon the President, for information relative to breaches of neutrality on our Southwestern and Northern frontier, whether upon the part of our own citizens, or the inhabitants of the adjoining foreign countries.

Mr Adams said the state of things on the Northern frontier made the danger of war imminent, and that the House ought to be furnished with all the information on the subject, in the possession of the executive.

Mr Fillmore read letters from the Western part of N. York, giving an account of the seizure of the Steamboat Caroline, the murder of persons on board of her, and the extreme excitement which this occurrence had produced throughout all the Western part of New York.

Mr Howard opposed both the resolutions. He expressed his hope that advantage would not be taken, of the present contingences to urge upon Great Britain the question of the Northeast boundary.

The opposition to the resolutions were finally withdrawn and they passed almost unanimously.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION

Whereas, information having been received, that a dangerous excitement on the Northern Frontier of the United States, in consequence of the civil war begun in Canada, and instructions having been given to the U. States officers on that frontier, and application having been made to the Governors of the adjoining States to prevent any unlawful interference on the part of our Citizens in the contest unfortunately commenced in the British Provinces: additional information has just been received, that, notwithstanding the proclamations of the Governors of the States of New York and Vermont, exhorting their citizens to refrain from any unlawful acts within the territory of the United States; and notwithstanding the presence of the civil officers of the U. States, who, by my directions, have visited the scenes of commotion with the view of impressing the citizens with a proper sense of their duty, the excitement, instead of being appeased, is every day increasing in degree—that arms and munitions of war, and other supplies, have been procured by the insurgents in the United States—that a military force consisting, in part at least, of citizens of the United States, had been actually organized, and congregated at Navy Island, and are still in arms under the command of a citizen of the United States, and that they were constantly receiving accessions and aid:

Now therefore, to the end that the authority of the laws may be maintained, and the faith of Treaties observed, I, MARTIN VAN BUREN, do most earnestly exhort all citizens of the United States who have thus violated their duties to return peaceably to their respective homes; and I do hereby warn them, that any persons who shall compromise the neutrality of this Government by interfering in an unlawful manner with the affairs of the neighbouring British Provinces, will render themselves liable to arrest and punishment under the laws of the United States, which will be rigidly enforced; and, also, that they will receive no aid or countenance from their Government, in whatever difficulties they may be thrown by the violation of the laws of their country, and of the territory of a neighboring and friendly nation.

Given under my hand at the city of Washington, the fifth day of January, A. D. 1838, and the sixty-second year of the Independence of the United States.

By the President: M. VAN BUREN.
JOHN FORSYTH, Secretary of State.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Jan. 16.

Her Majesty's Ship Cornwallis, 74 guns, Captain Sir Richard Grant, arrived at Patridge Island at the entrance of this harbour, between 11 and 12 o'clock on Saturday night, from Halifax. She has brought the remainder of the 34th Regiment, and three companies of the 65th Regiment, under command of Major Walker. The 34th were brought up to the city on Sunday by the Steamer Nova Scotia; and this morning the same Boat went down to the ship and brought up the 65th.—The 34th commence their march by Companies To-morrow morning, from this Garrison, for Quebec.—The 65th will remain here until next Monday, when two companies will proceed to Fredericton, there to be stationed for the present; about 50 men with a Captain and two Subalterns, will remain in this Garrison.—The 93d Highlanders, we learn, may be daily expected here, on their route to Canada.

The Militia still continue to do duty, and no men could attend to their duties better, or be more alert than they are; they deserve every credit.—*Observer.*

NEW-BRUNSWICK TEAMSTERS.—The following highly complimentary testimony, is contained in a letter from Col. Booth to his Excellency Sir John Harvey:—"And for the gallant New-Brunswick Teamsters, I cannot speak too highly. I never saw such active, hardy, enterprising fellows, and they deserve every thing that can be done for them."—*Fredericton Sentinel.*

A Queen's Messenger, Mr. Krause, arrived yesterday in one of the Packets, and without delay proceeded to Washington. It is understood that he is the bearer of despatches to Mr. Fox, on the subject of the N. E. Boundary.—*N. Y. Albion, January 6.*

LATEST.

A letter from Buffalo, dated Jan. 6, says that bills of indictment had been found in that city, against several persons charged with the attack on the Steamer Caroline, and that their surrender will be demanded from Sir F. Head.

The four principal persons charged are, Capt. Mosheir, D. Sheriff M'Leod, Lawyer M'Donald, and J. M'Cormick.

It was reported that M'Leod was driven over the Falls by a shot from the Island.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.—Our profound humility obliges us to transfer to our columns the following approbatory testimony to the value of our labours. It is all correct, without doubt, is it not reader? A few more such notices from the Provincial Press

might bring us a few additional subscribers, and would do no harm to any one. Come, brethren, the sooner we have them the better.

The HALIFAX PEARL came to us last week, considerably altered and improved in size and appearance. We have taken no small interest in this periodical during the few months it has existed, and have been much amused and instructed by its excellent selections. Now that it is enlarged, we have no hesitation in saying that it is the best and cheapest literary paper in the Province, and as such, we have no hesitation in recommending it to the patronage of the public.—*Pictou Bee.*

We send the Halifax Pearl to several persons who are not subscribers—those of them who do not wish to subscribe for the same will please return this number by mail.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday 17th inst by the Rev. Mr. Laughlan, Mr. Charles Lamont, a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, to Miss Mary Frances Grant, of this place.

At Coleby, near Sydney, C. B. by the Rev. Mr. Inglis, Douglas G. Rigby, Esq. of the Bridgeport Mines, to Miss Caroline Mary, fourth daughter of the late J. W. Clarke, M. D. Esq. Medical Staff of that place.

At Athol House, Restigouche, on Thursday the 28th Dec. by the Rev. John Stevens, John Fraser, Esq. of Bathurst, to Miss Elizabeth, eldest daughter of R. Ferguson, Esq. of the former place, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Gloucester.

At Canning, Cornwallis, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. J. S. Clarke, Mr. John Wells Borden, to Miss Melyna Pince.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. James Quinn, to Joanna Maloney.

Also, by the same, Mr. Charles Eaton, to Letitia Hydes.

DIED.

Friday Morning, William Thomas, son of Mr. William Adams, aged 1 year and ten months.

At Folley Village, Londonderry, after a short sickness of thirteen days, Charles Noble, the third son of Mr. Joseph Crowe, aged sixteen months.

On the 2d Jan. at the house of Mrs. R. Simonds, near Black Rock, Shubenacadie, Truro side, John McKenzie, after an illness of five weeks and four days, aged 28 years. He was a travelling man; said his people were inhabitants of Liverpool N. S. Should this meet their eye, they can receive information more correctly of him, if they write to Mrs. S. giving directions where they live, that she can write to them.

On Monday evening last, of Measles, Sarah Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. John Power, aged five years and 19 days.

At Demerara, on the 18th December, Captain Pernette, of the barque John Porter.

On Wednesday morning, 24th January, in the 80th year of her age, Mary, consort of Mr. John Messer, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Frances Maria Jones, aged 50 years. At the Poors' Asylum John Smith, aged 50, a native of Norway, and Michael Bride, a native of Ireland.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday—Schr. Four Sisters, St. Mary's, lumber, Reform, Pride, St. George's Bay, N. F., 13 days—herring, of Fairbanks & Allison—Left Myrtle to sail same day.

Wednesday—Brig Fanny, Brown, Demerara, 30 days—ballast, to A. A. Black.

CLEARED.

Jan. 20th—Schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston—ballast, by H. Fay; brig. Sir Peregrine, Rogers, Berbice—dry and pickled fish, staves, &c. by D. & F. Starr & Co. 22nd—Brig Sir J. T. Duckworth, Spencer, B W Indies, fish, spars, &c. by J. & M. Tobin; 23d, John Lawson, Raymond, Kingston, Jam.—do. by W. Pryor and Son; 24th, brig. Margaret, Douie, B W Indies—do. by G. P. Lawson; Dove, Mc Donald do.—do. by M. B. Almon.

INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has just Received 150 pairs Indian Rubbers assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order. Jan. 27. (3m.) WILHELM WISSWELL.

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION ESTABLISHMENT.

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

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Streets.

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

GATHERINGS.

ODD NAMES.—Among the crew on board Her Majesty's ship Howe, now lying off Sheerness, there are four men of colour with the following singular names, viz.:—*Spruce Beer, Bottle of Beer, Black Jim, and Abraham Virgin.* On these names being called over before the Port Admiral, he, at first, thought they were nicknames; but he was assured that the men were not known by any other. D. H.

JUAN FERNANDEZ.—This celebrated island, (which the *West Indian* newspaper cruelly sunk a few months since,) "has been taken by an American citizen, on a long lease from the Chilean government. The island formerly served as a place of exile for criminals condemned to transportation; but the expenses of the establishment, and the increasing number of prisoners, determined the government to abandon it. The present possessor is about to emigrate thither himself, carrying with him 100 or 200 families from the Sandwich Islands, with the intention of cultivating it, and rearing cattle on it."—*Times.*

INSCRIPTION on a stone, ornamented with a neatly-embossed cabbage, in Comb Raleigh churchyard, Devonshire.

"List! list! O list!

"Beneath this stone, at the depth of three yards, lies the worn-out surlout of Robert Miller, tailor. It was his earnest and dying request, that measures might be taken for the remnants of eight tailors more to be deposited in his hell, that at the awful sound of the last trumpet he might rise a perfect man. His favourite dish was roasted goose, on which he subsisted till he arrived at a good old age, when Death, that grim, relentless master tailor, with his fatal shears cut the thread of his existence. Requiescat in pace!"

The extraordinary demand for the *Times* newspaper, describing the Queen's visit, was so great as to give rise to several curious calculations, which may be interesting to our readers. Most persons are by this time acquainted with the system of printing by steam, and are aware that the paper is conveyed round the cylinder by means of tapes: of these, in the machines used in printing the *Times*, there are about 300, and each of them has been calculated, on an average, to have run, on the occasion alluded to, forty miles, making a sum total of "tape-travelling," for one publication, of 12,000 miles! The papers issued from the *Times* Office on the Friday morning, if joined together length-ways, would extend to twenty-one miles and a-half; or, spread in a square, would cover eight acres of ground. The weight of the paper used was nearly two tons and a-half. The whole of this immense mass of printed paper (within a trifle, though filled almost entirely with accounts of what had transpired on the preceding day and night, had been all delivered from the office for distribution to the public on the succeeding morning, between the hours of six and twelve.—*Times.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE.—The house of this celebrated man is still standing at Youghal, as built and occupied by himself, in a state of perfect preservation. It is like the town, built close to the sea, and is remarkable for the beautiful carvings on its oak panel wainscoting, particularly a carved chimney-piece—a favourite household decoration in that age, of which there were until within some few years past, similar specimens in one or two of the houses of Long Island, near New York. It was at Youghal that Sir Walter first planted the potato, and made the blunder of boiling the potato apples instead of the roots.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—A highly useful discovery has been made in Paris by a French gentleman, named Durios; namely, of a process by which linens, woollens, and even the finest muslins, may be rendered fire-proof. It appears that he has exhibited the wonders of his discovery to a number of the scientific gentlemen, who witnessed gannets and muslins pass through the ordeal of a fierce fire without being in the slightest degree burned or injured. It does not appear that he has divulged the secret of the process to which they had been submitted.

A BENEVOLENT SINGER.—The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons, one day, lately, observed a poor woman begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind-hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the Place Bellcour, where, placing himself in a corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favourite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd round him; the idea of some mystery stimulated the generosity of the by-standers, and five-franc pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus in the goodness of his heart transformed himself into a street-singer, thought he had got enough, he took the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman, who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and the next evening, when he appeared on the stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house, proved (says the French Journalist) that a good action is never thrown away.—*Musical World.*

NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE.—Never was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones, than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play, from the rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804, down to his eventful exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Whitworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men. (Here follows a detail of the different levies made from 1804 till 1814. Total of men, 2,965,965.) This detail, which is derived from Napoleon's official Journal, the *Moniteur*, under the several dates, is deficient in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be much under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles; and, at a moderate computation, these cannot fall short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume, that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here then are our data for asserting that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less an expense than six million human lives. This horrible inroad on the fairest portion of the population of Europe resulted in the abandonment of every conquered territory; the bringing of foreign enemies, twice within four and twenty months, under the walls of Paris; and the erasure of his name from the records of demerit.—*Paris Paper.*

THE QUEEN.—The following is authentic, and exhibits a most gratifying feature in the character of our young Queen:—A man named Hillman, who served in the capacity of porter to the late Duke of Kent, and who was accustomed to assist our present Queen (then a child) into the carriage, has long since been pensioned by the Duchess of Kent, and is not a little gratified by receiving a bow of recognition from her Majesty whenever he chances to pass her carriage. The aged man has a daughter much afflicted, she having been confined to her bed the last eight years; on the evening of the late King's funeral this young woman received from Queen Victoria a present of the Psalm of David, with a marker, worked by herself, (having a dove, the emblem of peace, in the centre,) placed at the 41st Psalm, with a request that she would read it, and expressing a hope that its perusal might give peace to her mind.—*Globe.*

At a broker's shop in Drury-lane, there is for sale "A green child's phaeton, admirably adapted for a brief country excursion." On an auctioneer's placard was lately affixed "A splendid nobleman's mansion to be disposed of unfurnished with every convenience." An advertisement in a daily morning paper recommends mothers to send their progeny to a commodious boarding school, where there is "no entrance required;" and at last Bartholomew fair, which was rife with orthographical curiosities, a showman invited you to view "an animated likeness of Greenacre, taken after he was hung."

GRATITUDE.—In consequence of the humane attentions of Queen Victoria and her mother, to the poor people of the Shetland Isles of Scotland, during their distress, the females of that part of the kingdom have sent down to the ladies in question, a beautiful piece of hosiery and gloves of lambswool, woven by hand, and so fine that they may be passed through a finger ring.

WOMAN.—The best and purest feelings of our human nature are excited by woman; and to maintain the supremacy of her influence to contrast with, and in opposition to, the more grovelling passions of mankind, has employed the pens of the brightest geniuses in every age—a most fruitful and eloquent theme.

"Not she, with trait'rous kiss, her Saviour stung—
Not she denied him with unholy tongue:
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave—
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave!"

Another writer, (Barret,) in his "*Triumph of Woman*," very justly and forcibly says—

Ask the gray pilgrim, by the surges cast
On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast:
Ask who relieved him? who the hearth began
To kindle? who with spilling goblet ran?
Oh! he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his wither'd hands, and woman name!"

Join to these, the testimonials of Ledyard and Mungo Park, and our bouquet for our fair readers is complete. We must not forget however, the fine eulogium on beauty and the ladies in the first of Esdras, which has been very beautifully rendered by Southey, in his minor poems.

DARK EVIDENCE.—The following is the next best thing to the evidence concerning the stone, "as big as a piece of chalk."—"Were you travelling on the night this affair took place?"—"I should say I was sir."—"What kind of weather was it? was it raining at the time?"—"It was so dark that I could not see it raining; but I felt it dropping, though."—"How dark was it?"

"I had no way of telling; but it was not light, by a jug-full."—"Can't you compare it to something?"—"Why, if I was going to compare it to anything, I should say, it was about as dark as a stack of black cats."

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HALIFAX CON.

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

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

By application to the Subscriber, at his office, the rates of premium can be ascertained, and any further information that may be required will cheerfully be given. CHARLES YOUNG.
Halifax, Jan. 20, 1833.

CHEAP AND ELEGANT PERIODICAL.

THE HALIFAX PEARL is published every Saturday Morning on superior paper and type, at the very low price of 15s. per annum if paid in advance. Each number contains eight large quarto pages. The first number of the new series of this work, beautifully printed on an enlarged sheet, has just been issued, and may be seen at the different book-stores in town.

The Pearl has been published for the public, not a section of it; and while endeavouring to amuse and improve all readers in turn: it has been very solicitous to give offence to none. It has sought to be entertaining, without violating morality and decorum; grave, without ediousness; and moral, without austerity:—to impart useful knowledge, unincumbered by erudite technicalities; to inculcate great principles, irrespective of party bias; and to diffuse the all-important truths of revelation, divested of controverted tenets. It will ever eschew all political warfare and all polemical strife. The Pearl is confidently recommended, as a periodical unequalled in cheapness, respectable in general appearance, and in a literary point of view, not unworthy of an enlarged patronage. Persons who are desirous of subscribing to the Pearl from the commencement of the present year, are respectfully requested to forward their names as early as possible to either of the Halifax Booksellers, or to the Printing Office of Mr. W. Cunnabell, as but a limited number of copies have been struck off.

Postmasters and other Agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names.
Pearl Office.
January 12;

COOKING AND FRANKLIN STOVES.

EX. SCHR. NEPTUNE, FROM BOSTON.

THE Subscriber has received by the above Vessel, a consignment of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, which he can confidently recommend as superior to any thing of the kind lately imported.
Wm. M. ALLAN.

He has also on hand—Punchons Demerara Rum, bbls. Prime Sugar, Cognac Brandy inqr. casks, Marsala Wine in do. chests, fine congo and Bohem Tea, 160 M. prime Havana Cigars, Black's Wharf.
January 6th, 1833.

COMMISSION AND AUCTION BUSINESS.

THE subscribers beg to intimate to the Public, that they have commenced Business under the Firm of
RIGBY & JENNINGS.

At their Auction Room & Commission Office, head of Bauer's Wharf, where they will be glad to receive Property for Private or Public Sale. All articles put up at Auction will be sold without restriction, as those which may be limited will be disposed of at private Sale. The Subscribers further beg to state, that proceeds of Sales of property committed to their charge will be paid over to the Consigners immediately after the Sale thereof. As they intend to conduct their business solely in the Commission Line, they will adopt the principle of Cash payments, on all transactions.
C H RIGBY,
January 9, 1833. A B JENNINGS.

SUPERIOR HAVANA CIGARS, &c.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

20,000 first quality Havana CIGARS,
Boxes first quality Eau de Cologne.

Boxes second quality Eau de Cologne,
Lavender Water,
Transparent, Rose, and Almond Soap,
Military shaving Soap,
A few handsome bird Cages, &c. &c.

LOWES & CREIGHTON.
January 6th, 1833. 4w

SEED, ETC.

THE Subscribers have received from the Boston Agricultural Ware House, Ex Industry, Clover and Timothy Seed, and boxes Garden Seeds. Also, Ploughs sent as a pattern, of a new construction.

As Mr. J. intends visiting Boston immediately, persons wishing any description of implements, Trees or Seeds, can depend upon receiving them in good order, and with dispatch, by leaving directions at their Warehouse, head of Bauer's Wharf.
Halifax, January 12, 1833. RIGBY & JENNINGS.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

THE Subscriber offers for Sales 150 M. Pine spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichi Shingles; 100 M. Pine Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.
Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.—6w.

THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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

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

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