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PHRENOLOGY :

ITS OPPONENTS, ADVOCATES, PROGRESS, AND USES.

A Lecture delivered before the Members of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, on Wednesday evening, November 13th.

BY DR. WILLIAM GRIGOR.

When I first turned my attention to Phrenology it was under the late Dr. Spurzheim on his visit to Edinburgh. From that time to the present I have been convinced of its truth and importance as a science. In Nova Scotia, nineteen years ago, I met with no Phrenologist; but many were much surprised that I should earnestly believe such a visionary doctrine. Times, however, have greatly altered here as elsewhere. And in looking back on many great improvements, I have the gratification to observe among them the progress of Phrenology. Its history in this Province may be briefly stated. At a literary society, formed partly by the officers of the 8th and 52d Regiments, and partly by a few gentlemen of the town, about eight years ago, a lecture for the first time, was delivered on Phrenology. Since then several lectures have been read in this Institute; besides a course, on the same subject, by a Mr. Burke—who, though a very exceptionable teacher, in consequence of a remarkable propensity to theorize before his data arrived, and who had many more reasons than facts to present to his audience, yet achieved a good deal in recommending this science to the serious attention of persons either before ignorant of, or sceptical on, the subject.

Besides the lectures which are now annually delivered here, I am happy to find that others have been read at Pictou and Truro; and that a small portion of the medical gentlemen of the Province have the interests of this important science sincerely at heart. In rather a widely extended acquaintance, I do not now find many persons entertaining the prejudices formerly in vogue against Phrenology; and those who still adhere to this once fashionable sort of hostility are chiefly where education has been confined to the classics and literature, and where the more useful and substantial sections of physical science have been either neglected or entirely excluded. With this exception, it is nevertheless to the credit of Halifax that Phrenology has annually from two to three hundred attentive auditors listening to its moral and humanizing doctrines in this building, and that a knowledge of its principles is gradually disseminating itself around us.

In taking upon myself the charge of this portion of the course, I cannot but feel that I afford you a poor substitution for the ability of others who have preceded me: and I would have spared myself the present attempt, had I known that any other person, friendly to the interests of Phrenology, would have undertaken the occupation of it. An early pupil, however, of Spurzheim, and a sincere believer in the science which he then so ably illustrated,—I feel that I would be deserting my own convictions, confirmed by every day's experience, were I to allow the subject to pass in silence, or to suffer reproach, by even the semblance of indifference, or neglect, on the part of the least capable of its disciples. For these reasons I come to maintain the standing of Phrenology, as a portion of knowledge for several years identified with the lectures of this Institute. So far removed from the field where it has been most successfully cultivated, and with slender means to maintain our connection with its literature, it must soon fall into the hands of those who find it easier to be witty than wise, and suffer a local disparagement, if not extinction, if some one among us did not from time to time map out the advancement which it continues to make in the modern empire of science.

Misguided by the prejudices of education or the fashionable influence of the age, the most distinguished talents have been brought to oppose Phrenology. And of all the modern sciences that have suffered from this sort of ignorant and imperious hostility, it may be said to have made the most triumphant resistance;—to have not only established itself as an integral portion of the grand circle of science, but on several of the most important occasions carried the war into its enemies own country, and spread a degree of chagrin and confusion that was little anticipated, and certainly not prepared for, in that imposing quarter.

As there is no portion of the press of this province in which there is any regular advocacy or opposition of Phrenology, the public generally has no means of information as to the present state of this science. So little indeed is heard of it, that many fancy in consequence, that it has been completely overthrown, and passed away like some ephemeral creation of the age. Least this supposition should continue to prevail, I have in view in the pre-

sent paper to lay before the Institute an account of Phrenology as it now exists in Great Britain.

I am not aware of the history of any science that has required so much talent, discrimination, and ability, in its promulgators and disciples as this of Phrenology. It has met with no ordinary hostility; by each and all of the professions it has been held either as sacrilege, quackery, or imposition; from men of every grade of general information and science it has experienced opposition; it has afforded an ample field of jest and merriment to the wit and humourist;—its name has been tacitly the watch word of opposition in all the Universities; it has excluded men of the highest qualifications and merit from Professor's chairs; in Italy it was the means of driving one Professor from his situation;—from the days of Dr. Gordon to those of Dr. Pritchard, it has passed through an era every moment of which has been occupied in hostility with its enemies; and, in fact, it may be said that an annual conscription during all this time has been regularly levied against it in every part of Britain and the continent—whether the hostility was draughted from the professional members of Universities or the more ordinary classes of society.

The time has scarcely past since any one unmolested could entertain even a feeling of pity towards Phrenology; and it has been within my own experience that it was to be denounced as disaffected to the things that be, to harbour ideas favourable to this rebel against the established course of mental science. But throughout all this persecution, in which not only the men, but the manners and fashion, of the day were engaged, Phrenology maintained its course, and every where presented a bold front and rocky resistance to the stormy waves that assailed it—and now stands fast, amidst a conflict that would have annihilated any other foundation, than that which has been laid upon the immovable basis of truth.

We shall consider, then, the opposition which Phrenology has experienced and defeated;—the progress it now makes throughout Great Britain;—the applications of it as a science; and the advantages which mankind are likely to derive from it.

The literature of Phrenology affords us one of the most striking examples which the infancy of any of the sciences exhibits of the bias which education and society imprints not merely on the individual minds of great men, but on what may be spoken of as including the general range of national intellect. The novelty of any discovery that is really great, seem to be, knowingly, as it were, received by great numbers with suspicion and distrust, just in proportion to the accuracy and importance of the facts calling for investigation. Before the new proposition is fairly understood, hasty arguments are marshalled up to meet and refute it, and great men, like little men, being too often influenced by first impressions, and by accident, or mischance, having once expressed their opinions, are in many instances thus retained to a particular course in future, by considering it more in tact with their standing and reputation to be consistent with themselves, even, in a hasty declaration, than to suffer themselves to be influenced by persons for the moment less known and less reputed. Nothing else can account for the unjust, the unphilosophical course, pursued by some distinguished men against Phrenology. The conceit, the prejudice, the ignorance, which one and all of them have discovered in their blind hostility—the humiliating refutations they have repeatedly subjected themselves to, the sophistry and bitter sarcasms on which they have been obliged to retreat, the renewed attempts to annihilate the science by untenable arguments—again and again renewed, or, made worse than at first,—powerfully demonstrate the predominance of too much feeling over the reasoning faculties of the enemies of Gall. And, again, the increasing numbers, information, and talents, of Gall's proselytes, confirm the supposition that Philosophy and investigation is not with the opponents of Phrenology, nor truth—sheer disinterested truth—the object of their continual warfare.

When Dr. Spurzheim came to Edinburgh he was assailed by a talented young physician, Dr. Gordon. Language, through the medium of the Edinburgh Review, was scarcely sufficient to heap contempt enough upon the head of the continental innovator. He was denounced as a quack and impostor. His anatomical views were declared to be as absurd as his Craniology. Though a man of mild unassuming manners and possessed of some of the highest philosophical qualities he was treated as a mere itinerant or charlatan: some of the leading Professors would not receive him at their houses;—and as if truth was to be hid under a bushel and confined to the keeping of the city magi, it seemed to be resolved, that it should not enter Scotland at all events, in the formula of a poor German with an ordinary coat on his back.

Fortunately, however, for the sake of truth, even in the face of

these high pretensions, Spurzheim's anatomical demonstrations were not to be resisted,—his manner of dissecting the brain was new in Britain; and it was eulogized by Dr. Braclay, one of the most minute anatomists in Europe—who expressed himself thus, in my own hearing, that though he had been demonstrating the brain to his pupils for nearly forty years, yet he, in conjunction with all the teachers of anatomy in Great Britain, had been taught a lesson on cerebral anatomy by Dr. Spurzheim. Spurzheim's lectures on Craniology, now called Phrenology, made a deep and lasting impression on his pupils at Edinburgh; and the seeds that he sowed there, in the very midst of the briars and thorns that would have choked them, grew up in spite of every obstruction, to flourish to a degree, which not only commanded the approbation of Spurzheim himself, but the admiration of every land where a Phrenologist, or I may say, general reader, is to be found. And I was proud to read in the late splendid work of Vimont, the most elaborate one we possess on Human and Animal development, published at Paris, that he speaks of the Scotch Phrenologists in terms not often applied by Frenchmen to those of a foreign land.

Every where Gall and Spurzheim's demonstrations have been received and adopted as accurate, though leaving the field open for progress and improvement. Yet the enmity of the Edinburgh Review—for unhappily Dr. Gordon met an only fate—has ever since hung upon their career, and it has continued to yelp at the heels of Phrenology, till latterly its acrimonious voice is almost too weak to be heard. Dr. Gordon's cause, in the Review, was assumed by Lord Jeffery, than whom, perhaps, a more able, more influential, and more severe critic, does not exist in our day. He has twice personally assailed Phrenology. But his lordship has twice found that to be an authority upon the general polemical subjects of the Edinburgh Review, is not the same as being one of philosophic reference,—on the stubborn and well observed facts of science: he has twice found that he has been but a poor antagonist to the sure and disciplined observer of nature, who follows no royal way but that which truth like a pillar of fire illuminates;—he has twice found that with his own and the talents of the united contributors of the Review, he has not been able, in five and twenty years, to substantiate a single fact subversive of the principles which Phrenology still maintains. Whately, an impartial judge, and now the first logician of the day, has declared, that to the last attempt, the reply of Mr. Geo. Combe has been "triumphant." And surely no reader can peruse this document, in comparison with Lord Jeffery's, without regret that the author of it, in defending the cause of truth, should have been obliged to expose the remarkable inaccuracies of a man of such high reputation, but who had assumed the judge, in a matter concerning which he was deficient in knowledge.

The truth seems to be that Lord Jeffery, on this subject, in opposition to George Combe, became an ignorant, blundering, I was going to say, puerile critic; in every point respecting this science and the necessary knowledge connected with it—in every point where facts and inductive reasoning are to be met, the latter is immeasurably superior. His pamphlet, in reply to the former's last attack, demonstrates this to the satisfaction of every body. And nothing surprises the readers of Jeffery more, than that he should have ventured into the lists of this controversy, without the knowledge of the weapons with which he was to assail, or, be assailed. In fact, Combe, has rendered his lordship's science altogether contemptible,—nor does he appear inferior to him in lesser points of talent and composition. Indeed we have so long been in the habit of looking up to Jeffery as a planetary guide for the course of our opinions, that we are not prepared to find his orbit in this instance, as it were void, and altogether without illumination.

Dr. Pritchard's fate, in the hands of Dr. Andrew Combe, has been less conspicuous, because the assailant has been less formidable in name, but as a foe to Phrenology he has scarcely been left with the semblance of a weapon. To show you what kind of arguments, Phrenologists have to meet, even from professional quarters—which ought to be somewhat superior perhaps to those of laymen,—I shall here refer to a specimen or two, which may be fairly taken as a sample of almost all those made use of by the opponents of Phrenology.

Let me meantime premise that Dr. Pritchard is a practitioner of Medicine in Bristol, and in a late treatise on Insanity has written his third refutation of Phrenology. Three times, Dr. Combe says, the Doctor has killed his foe. This fight has not, however, been like the three days' combat of Prince Arthur and the Dragon; for the Prince at last succeeded, after darkening the sun with dust and drenching the earth with gore—Dr. Pritchard's foe, on the

contrary, is still alive ; and, if the Doctor is not fatigued, ready at any moment for a fourth encounter.

(To be continued.)

LAST NO. OF "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

(Continued from page 378.)

Turning from the dreadful fate of the usurer, we have this delightful sketch of a dinner party given by the Brothers Cheeryble, and

MATCH MAKING.

"The old butler received them with profound respect and many smiles, and ushered them into the drawing-room, where they were received by the Brothers with so much cordiality and kindness that Mrs. Nickleby was quite in a flutter, and had scarcely presence of mind enough even to patronise Miss La Creevy. Kate was still more affected by the reception, for knowing that the Brothers were acquainted with all that had passed between her and Frank, she felt her position a most delicate and trying one, and was trembling upon the arm of Nicholas when Mr. Charles took her in his, and led her to another part of the room.

'Have you seen Madeline, my dear,' he said, 'since she left your house?'

'No, Sir,' replied Kate. 'Not once.'

'And not heard from her, eh? Not heard from her?'

'I have only had one letter,' replied Kate, gently. 'I thought she would not have forgotten me quite so soon.'

'Ah!' said the old man, patting her on the head and speaking as affectionately as if she had been his favourite child. 'Poor dear! what do you think of this, brother Ned? Madeline has only written to her once—only once, Ned, and she didn't think she would have forgotten her quite so soon, Ned.'

'Oh! sad, sad—very sad!' said Ned.

The brothers interchanged a glance, and looking at Kate for a little time without speaking, shook hands, and nodded as if they were congratulating each other upon something very delightful.

'Well, well,' said brother Charles, 'go into that room, my dear, that door yonder, and see if there's not a letter to you from her. I think there's one upon the table. You needn't hurry back, my love, if there is, for we don't dine just yet, and there's plenty of time—plenty of time.'

Kate retired as she was directed, and brother Charles having followed her graceful figure with his eyes, turned to Mrs. Nickleby and said—

'We took the liberty of naming one hour before the real dinner time, ma'am, because we had a little business to speak about, which would occupy the interval. Ned, my dear fellow, will you mention what we agreed upon? Mr. Nickleby, Sir, have the goodness to follow me.'

Without any further explanation, Mrs. Nickleby, Miss La Creevy, and brother Ned, were left alone together, and Nicholas followed Charles into his private room, where to his great astonishment he encountered Frank whom he supposed to be abroad.

'Young men,' said Mr. Cheeryble, 'shake hands.'

'I need no bidding to do that,' said Nicholas, extending his.

'Nor I,' rejoined Frank, as he clasped it heartily.

The old gentleman thought that two handsomer or finer young fellows could scarcely stand by side than those on whom he looked with so much pleasure. Suffering his eyes to rest upon them for a short time in silence, he said, while he seated himself at his desk,

'I wish to see you friends—close and firm friends—and if I thought you otherwise, I should hesitate in what I am about to say. Frank, look here. Mr. Nickleby, will you come on the other side?'

The young men stepped up on either side of brother Charles, who produced a paper from his desk and unfolded it.

'This,' he said, 'is a copy of the will of Madeline's maternal grandfather, bequeathing her the sum of twelve thousand pounds, payable either upon her coming of age or marrying. It would appear that this gentleman, angry with her (his only relation) because she would not put herself under his protection, and detach herself from the society of her father, in compliance with his repeated overtures, made a will leaving this property, which was all he possessed, to a charitable institution. He would seem to have repented this determination, however, for three weeks afterwards, and in the same month, he executed this. By some fraud it was abstracted immediately after his decease, and the other—the only will found—was proved and administered. Friendly negotiations, which have only just now terminated, have been proceeding since this instrument came into our hands, and as there is no doubt of its authenticity, and the witnesses have been discovered (after some trouble), the money has been refunded. Madeline has therefore obtained her right, and is, or will be, when either of the contingencies which I have mentioned has arisen, mistress of this fortune. You understand me?'

Frank replied in the affirmative. Nicholas, who could not trust himself to speak lest his voice should be heard to falter, bowed his head.

'Now, Frank,' said the old gentleman, 'you were the immediate means of recovering this deed. The fortune is but a small

one, but we love Madeline, and such as it is, we would rather see you allied to her with that, than to any other girl we know who has three times the money. Will you become a suitor to her for her hand?'

'No, Sir: I interested myself in the recovery of that instrument, believing that her hand was already pledged to one who has a thousand times the claims upon her gratitude, and, if I mistake not, upon her heart, than I or any other man can ever urge. In this it seems I judged hastily.'

'As you always do, Sir,' cried brother Charles, utterly forgetting his assumed dignity, 'as you always do. How dare you think, Frank, that we would have you marry for money, when youth, beauty, and every amiable virtue and excellence, were to be had for love? How dared you, Frank, go and make love to Mr. Nickleby's sister without telling us first what you meant to do, and letting us speak for you?'

'I hardly dared to hope.'

'You hardly dared to hope! Then, so much the greater reason for having our assistance. Mr. Nickleby, Sir, Frank, although he judged hastily, judged for once correctly. Madeline's heart is occupied—give me your hand, Sir; it is occupied by you, and worthily and naturally. This fortune is destined to be yours, but you have a greater fortune in her, Sir, than you would have in money were it forty times told. She chooses you, Mr. Nickleby. She chooses as we, her dearest friends, would have her choose. Frank chooses as we would have him choose. He should have your sister's little hand, Sir, if she had refused it a score of times,—aye, he should, and he shall! You acted nobly not knowing our sentiments, but now you know them, Sir, and must do as you are bid. What! You are the children of a worthy gentleman! The time was, Sir, when my brother Ned and I were two simple hearted boys, wandering almost barefoot to seek our fortunes; are we changed in anything but years and worldly circumstances since that time? No, God forbid! Oh, Ned, Ned, Ned, what a happy day this is for you and me; if our poor mother had only lived to see us now, Ned, how proud it would have made her dear heart at last!'

Thus apostrophised, brother Ned, who had entered with Mrs. Nickleby, and who had before been unobserved by the young men, darted forward, and fairly hugged brother Charles in his arms.

'Bring in my little Kate,' said the latter, after a short silence.

'Bring her in, Ned. Let me see Kate, let me kiss her. I have a right to do so now; I was very near it when she first came; I have often been very near it. Ah! Did you find the letter, my bird? Did you find Madeline herself, waiting for you and expecting you? Did you find that she had not quite forgotten her friend and nurse and sweet companion? Why, this is almost the best of all!'

'Come, come,' said Ned, 'Frank will be jealous, and we shall have some cutting of throats before dinner.'

'Then let him take her away, Ned, let him take her away. Madeline's in the next room. Let all the lovers get out of the way, and talk among themselves, if they've anything to say. Turn 'em out, Ned, every one.'

Brother Charles began the clearance by leading the blushing girl himself to the door, and dismissing her with a kiss. Frank was not very slow to follow, and Nicholas had disappeared first of all. So there only remained Mrs. Nickleby and Miss La Creevy, who were both sobbing heartily; the two brothers, and Tim Linkinwater, who now came in to shake hands with every body, his face all radiant and beaming with smiles.

'Well, Tim Linkinwater, Sir,' said brother Charles, who was always spokesman, 'now the young folks are happy, Sir.'

'You didn't keep 'em in suspense as long as long as you said you would, though,' returned Tim, archly. 'Why, Mr. Nickleby and Mr. Frank were to have been in your room for I don't know how long; and I don't know what you weren't to have told them before you came out with the truth.'

'Now, did you ever know such a villain as this, Ned?' said the old gentleman, 'did you ever know such a villain as Tim Linkinwater? He accusing me of being impatient, and he the very man who has been wearying us morning, noon, and night, and torturing us for leave to go and tell 'em what was in store, before our plans were half complete, or we had arranged a single thing—a treacherous dog!'

'So he is, brother Charles,' returned Ned, 'Tim is a treacherous dog. Tim is not to be trusted. Tim is a wild young fellow—he wants gravity and steadiness; he must sow his wild oats, and then perhaps he'll become in time a respectable member of society!'

This being one of the standing jokes between the old fellows and Tim, they all three laughed very heartily, and might have laughed longer, but that the brothers seeing that Mrs. Nickleby was labouring to express her feelings, and was really overwhelmed by the happiness of the time, took her between them, and led her from the room under pretence of having to consult her on some most important arrangements.'

Tim Linkinwater and Miss La Creevy, the amiable portrait painter, give the following rich scene:

COURTSHIP.

'Now Tim and Miss La Creevy had met very often, and had always been very chatty and pleasant together—had always been great friends—and consequently it was the most natural thing in the world that Tim, finding that she still sobbed, should endeavour to console her. As Miss La Creevy sat on a large old-fashioned window-seat, where there was ample room for two, it was also natural that Tim should sit down beside her; and as to Tim's being unusually spruce and particular in his attire that day, why it was a high festival and a great occasion, and that was the most natural thing of all.

Tim sat down beside Miss La Creevy, and crossing one leg over the other so that his foot—he had very comely feet, and happened to be wearing the neatest shoes and black silk stockings possible—should come easily within the range of her eye, said in a soothing way:

'Don't cry.'

'I must,' rejoined Miss La Creevy.

'No don't,' said Tim. 'Please don't; pray don't.'

'I am so happy!' sobbed the little woman.

'Then laugh,' said Tim, 'do laugh.'

What in the world Tim was doing with his arm it is impossible to conjecture, but he knocked his elbow against that part of the window which was quite on the other side of Miss La Creevy; and it is clear that it could have no business there.

'Do laugh,' said Tim, 'or I'll cry.'

'Why should you cry?' asked Miss La Creevy, smiling.

'Because I'm happy too,' said Tim. 'We are both happy, and I should like to do as you do.'

Surely there never was a man who fidgetted as Tim must have done then, for he knocked the window again—almost in the same place—and Miss La Creevy said she was sure he'd break it.

'I knew,' said Tim, 'that you would be pleased with this scene.'

'It was very thoughtful and kind to remember me,' returned Miss La Creevy. 'Nothing could have delighted me half so much.'

Why on earth should Miss La Creevy and Tim Linkinwater have said all this in a whisper? It was no secret. And why should Tim Linkinwater have looked so hard at Miss La Creevy, and why should Miss La Creevy have looked so hard at the ground?

'It's a pleasant thing,' said Tim, 'to people like us, who have passed all our lives in the world alone, to see young folks that we are fond of brought together with so many years of happiness before them.'

'Ah!' cried the little woman with all her heart, 'that it is!'

'Although,' pursued Tim—'although it makes one feel quite solitary and cast away—now don't it?'

Miss La Creevy said she didn't know. And why should she say she didn't know? Because she must have known whether it did or not.

'It's almost enough to make us get married after all, isn't it?' said Tim.

'Oh nonsense!' replied Miss La Creevy, laughing, 'we are too old.'

'Not a bit,' said Tim, 'we are too old to be single—why shouldn't we both be married instead of sitting through the long winter evenings by our solitary firesides? Why shouldn't we make one fireside of it, and marry each other?'

'Oh Mr. Linkinwater, you're joking!'

'No, no, I'm not. I'm not indeed,' said Tim. 'I will if you will. Do, my dear.'

'It would make people laugh so.'

'Let 'em laugh,' cried Tim, stoutly, 'we have good tempers I know, and we'll laugh too. Why what hearty laughs we have had since we've known each other.'

'So we have,' cried Miss La Creevy—giving way a little, as Tim thought.

'It has been the happiest time in all my life—at least, away from the counting-house and Cheeryble Brothers,' said Tim.

'Do, my dear. Now say you will.'

'No, no, we mustn't think of it,' returned Miss La Creevy.

'What would the Brothers say?'

'Why, Heaven bless your soul!' cried Tim, innocently, 'you don't suppose I should think of such a thing without their knowing it! Why they left us here on purpose.'

'I can never look 'em in the face again!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy, faintly.

'Come,' said Tim, 'let's be a comfortable couple. We shall live in the old house here, where I have been for four-and-forty year; we shall go to the old church, where I've been every Sunday morning all through that time; we shall have all my old friends about us—Dick, the archway, the pump, the flower-pots, and Mr. Frank's children, and Mr. Nickleby's children, that we shall seem like grandfather and grandmother to. Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other, and if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bed-ridden, how glad we shall be that we have somebody that we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now do, my dear.'

Five minutes after this honest and straight-forward speech, little Miss La Creevy and Tim were talking as pleasantly as if they had been married for a score of years, and had never once quarrelled all the time; and five minutes after that, when Miss La Creevy had bustled out to see if her eyes were red and put her hair to rights, Tim moved with a stately step towards the drawing-room exclaiming as he went, 'There an't such another woman in al. London—I know there an't.'"

THE DINNER.

"Never was such a dinner as that since the world began. There was the superannuated bank clerk Tim Linkinwater's friend, and there was the chubby old lady Tim Linkinwater's sister, and there was so much attention from Tim Linkinwater's sister to Miss La Creevy, and there were so many jokes from the superannuated bank clerk, and Tim Linkinwater himself was in such a tip-top spirits, and little Miss La Creevy was in such a comical state, that of themselves they would have composed the pleasantest party conceivable. Then there was Mrs. Nickleby so grand and complacent, Madeline and Kate so blushing and beautiful, Nicholas and Frank so devoted and proud, and all four so silently and tremblingly happy—there was Newman so subdued yet so overjoyed, and there were the twin Brothers so delighted and interchanging such looks, that the old servant stood transfixed behind his master's chair and felt his eyes grow dim as they wandered round the table.

When the first novelty of the meeting had worn off, and they began truly to feel how happy they were, the conversation became more general and the harmony and pleasure if possible increased. The Brothers were in a perfect ecstasy, and their insisting on saluting the ladies all round before they would permit them to retire, gave occasion to the superannuated bank clerk to say so many good things that he quite outshone himself, and was looked upon as a prodigy of humour."

Nicholas feels dissatisfied in the midst of his blessings, because he has not had an opportunity of communicating some of this pleasure to a friend whom we met in his worst days, John Browdie, a neighbour of Squeers the master of Dotheboy's Hall. Nicholas, therefore resolves to pay a visit to Yorkshire, and renew acquaintance with some places and faces which had been closely connected with his story.

AN HONEST YORKSHIREMAN.

"The next morning he began his journey. It was now cold, winter weather, forcibly recalling to his mind under what circumstances he had first travelled that road, and how many vicissitudes and changes he had since undergone. He was alone inside the greater part of the way, and sometimes, when he had fallen into a doze, and rousing himself, looked out of the window, and recognised some place which he well remembered of having passed either on his journey down, or in the long walk back with poor Smeke, he could hardly believe but that all which had since happened had been a dream, and that they were still plodding wearily on towards London, with the world before them.

To render these recollections the more vivid, it came on to snow as night set in, and passing through Stamford and Grantham, and by the little alehouse where he had heard the story of the bold Baron of Grogswig, everything looked as if he had seen it but yesterday, and not even a flake of the white crust upon the roofs had melted away. Encouraging the train of ideas which flocked upon him, he could almost persuade himself that he sat again outside the coach, with Squeers and the boys, that he heard their voices in the air, and that he felt again, but with a mingled sensation of pain and pleasure now, that old sinking of the heart and longing after home. While he was yet yielding himself up to these fancies he fell asleep, and, dreaming of Madeline, forgot them.

He slept at the inn at Greta Bridge on the night of his arrival, and, rising at a very early hour next morning, walked to the market town, and inquired for John Browdie's house. John lived in the outskirts, now he was a family man, and, as everybody knew him, Nicholas had no difficulty in finding a boy who undertook to guide him to his residence.

Dismissing his guide at the gate, and in his impatience not even stopping to admire the thriving look of cottage or garden either, Nicholas made his way to the kitchen door, and knocked lustily with his stick.

'Halloa!' cried a voice inside, 'waat be the matther noo? Be the toon a-fire? Ding, but thou mak'est noise enef!'

With these words John Browdie opened the door himself, and opening his eyes too to their utmost width, cried, as he clapped his hands together and burst into a hearty roar,

'Ecod, it be the godfeyther, it be the godfeyther! Tilly, here be Misher Nickleby. Gi, us thee hond, mun. Coom awa', coom awa'. In wi' un, doon beside the fire; tak' a soop o' thot. Dinnot say a word till thou'st droonk it a', oop wi' it, mun. Ding! but I'm reeght glod to see thee.'

Adapting his action to his text, John dragged Nicholas into the kitchen, forced him down upon a huge settle beside a blazing fire, poured out from an enormous bottle about a quarter of a pint of

liquor thrust it into his hand, opened his mouth and threw back his head as a sign to him to drink it instantly, and stood with a broad grin of welcome overspreading his great red face, like a jolly giant."

'I might ha' knowa'd,' said John, 'that nobody but thou would ha' coom wi' sike a knock as yon. Thot was the wa' thou knocked at schoolmeaster's door eh? Ha, ha, ha! But I say—waa't be a' this about schoolmeaster?'

'You know it then?' said Nicholas.

'They were talking about it doon toon last neeght,' replied John, 'but neane on 'em seemed quite to un'erstan' it loike.'

'After various shiftings and delays,' said Nicholas, 'he has been sentenced to be transported for seven years, for being in the unlawful possession of a stolen will; and after that, he was to suffer the consequence of a conspiracy.'

'Whew!' cried John, 'a conspiracy! Soomat in the pooder plot wa'—eh? Sooma't in the Guy Faurx line?'

'No, no, no, a conspiracy connected with his school; I'll explain it presently.'

'Thot's reeght!' said John, 'explain it arter breakfast, not noo, for thou bes't hoongry, and so am I; and Tilly she mun' be at the bottom o' a' explanations, for she says thot's the mutual confidence. Ha, ha, ha! Ecod it's a room start is the mutual confidence!'

The entrance of Mrs. Browdie with a smart cap on and very many apologies for their having been detected in the act of breakfasting in the kitchen, stopped John in his discussion of this grave subject, and hastened the breakfast, which being composed of vast mounds of toast, new-laid eggs, boiled ham, Yorkshire pie, and other cold substantial (of which heavy relays were constantly appearing from another kitchen under the direction of a very plump servant), was admirably adapted to the cold bleak morning, and received the utmost justice from all parties. At last it came to a close, and the fire which had been lighted in the best parlour having by this time burnt up, they adjourned thither to hear what Nicholas had to tell.

Nicholas told them all, and never was there a story which awakened so many emotions in the breasts of two eager listeners. At one time honest John groaned in sympathy, and at another roared with joy; at one time he vowed to go up to London on purpose to get a sight of the Brothers Cheeryble, and at another swore that Tim Linkinwater should receive such a him by coach, and carriage free, as mortal knife had never carved. When Nicholas began to describe Madeline, he sat with his mouth wide open nudging Mrs. Browdie from time to time, and exclaiming under his breath that she must be 'raa'ther a tidy sort,' and when he heard at last that his young friend had come down purposely to communicate his good fortune, and to convey to him all those assurances of friendship which he could not state with sufficient warmth in writing—that the only object of his journey was to share his happiness with them, and to tell them that when he was married they must come up to see him, and that Madeline insisted on it as well as he—John could hold out no longer, but after looking indignantly at his wife and demanding to know what she was whi'per'ng for, drew his coat-sleeve over his eyes and blubbered outright."

John apprehends that the boys at the hall will commit some frantic expressions of their joy, on hearing of their late tyrant being in jail on charges of a highly criminal nature, and he resolves on paying a visit to the school.

BREAKING UP OF DOTHEBOY'S HALL.

"Giving his wife a hearty kiss, and Nicholas a no less hearty shake of the hand, John mounted his horse and rode off: leaving Mrs. Browdie to apply herself to hospitable preparations, and his young friend to stroll about the neighbourhood, and revisit spots which were rendered familiar to him by many a miserable association.

John cantered away, and arriving at Dotheboys Hall tied his horse to a gate and made his way to the schoolroom door, which he found locked on the inside. A tremendous noise and riot arose from within, and applying his eye to a convenient crevice in the wall, he did not remain long in ignorance of its meaning.

The news of Mr. Squeers's downfall had reached Dotheboys; that was quiet clear. To all appearance it had very recently become known to the young gentlemen, for the rebellion had just broken out.

It was one of the brimstone-and-treacle mornings, and Mrs. Squeers had entered school according to custom with the large bowl and spoon, followed by Miss Squeers and the amiable Wackford, who during his father's absence had taken upon him such minor branches of the executive as kicking the pupils with his nailed boots, pulling the hair of some of the smaller boys, pinching the others in aggravating places, and rendering himself in various similar ways a great comfort and happiness to his mother. Their entrance, whether by premeditation or a simultaneous impulse, was the signal of revolt. While one detachment rushed to the door and locked it, and another mounted upon the desks and forms, the stoutest (and consequently the newest) boy seized the cane, and confronting Mrs. Squeers with a stern coun-

tenance, snatched off her cap and beaver-bonnet, put it on his own head, armed himself with the wooden spoon, and bade her on pain of death, go down upon her knees, and take a dose directly. Before that estimable lady could recover herself or offer the slightest retaliation, she was forced into a kneeling posture by a crowd of shouting tormentors, and compelled to swallow a spoonful of the odious mixture, rendered more than usually savoury by the immersion in the bowl of Master Wackford's head, whose ducking was entrusted to another rebel,

(To be concluded next week.)

"HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

Concluded.

No less a personage than the "Printer's Devil," is next brought on the carpet, and what follows treats humourously enough of the kind of wealth, and power, which is frequently committed to the safe keeping of this urchin, who is so mixed up with the literary world and yet is not of it, and who has so prominent a share in enlightening the human family, while he is one of the darkest of Adam's sons himself.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

His Honesty and Influence.—"That the riches of the mind outvalue, to an inconceivable degree, all tangible wealth, whether in gems or metals, is a truth preached from a thousand pulpits—a truth we emblazon in our copy-books—a truth that even men of ten, twenty, forty thousand a-year are in a condition to very placidly admit. How often, if we search the archives of the police, shall we find goldsmiths' porters—jewellers' shopmen—nay, the clerks of bankers—how often shall we find them wanting! Plate has been stolen—diamonds carried off—moneys embezzled; yes, men in trust have succumbed to the blandishments of the baser wealth, and become naught. But when—and we put the question with a thrill of triumph at our heart—when was a Printer's Devil ever known to embezzle his copy? When did he ever attempt to turn an article into money, and escape to France or America with the fruits of his wickedness? We answer for him—never. We call upon all the police magistrates, the Lord Mayor, all the aldermen, and with them of course Mr. Hobler—we call upon these gentlemen to confound us if they can. No: our Printer's Devil, intrusted as he hourly is with valuables to which the regalia of the Tower—whatever Mr. Swift, the keeper of the same, may assert to the contrary—are as paste and foil-stones; made the bearer of thoughts more brilliant and more durable than virgin gold; a carrier of little packets outvaluing the entrails of Golconda; nay, single sheets, to which the Mogul's dominions are, at least in the opinion of one man, as a few unprofitable mole-hills; the Devil, freighted with this inconceivable treasure, despatched trustingly by its producer with this immortal wealth, goes unerringly to his destination; and with the innocence of a dove, and the meekness of a lamb, gives up his precious burden. He never betrays his trust, not he. The Printer's Devil takes not the mental gold to unlawful crucible—offers not the precious paper to the felonious money-changer—seeks no loan upon the copy from the pawnbroker; but, with a fine rectitude, with a noble simplicity of purpose, gives up the treasure to the hand appointed to receive it, as though it were rags or dirt. The oyster that breeds an union for the crown of an emperor, is not more unpresuming on its wealth than is the Printer's Devil on his costlier copy.

And now, gentle reader, does not the Printer's Devil present himself to your admiring imagination, despite his ink-stained hands and face, in colours of the brightest radiance? Jostled in the street or, it may be, triflingly bespattered by mud from his mercurial heels, how little do you dream that the offending urchin, the hurrying Devil, has about him "something dangorous." You know it not; but, innocent, mirthful as he seems, he is loaded with copy. He may be rushing, gambolling, jumping like a young satyr, and is withal the Devil to a newspaper. His looks are the looks of merriment; yet the pockets of his corduroy trowsers may be charged with thunderbolts. He would not hurt a mouse; yet in his jacket slumbers lightning to destroy a ministry. Perhaps, for the whole Mint, he could not compass a sum in addition; and yet, it rests with his integrity whether to-morrow morning the nation shall be saved from bankruptcy; for, deposited in his cap, is an elaborate essay addressed to the ingenious traders in the Money Market; an essay setting forth principles which, if adopted, shall in a fortnight transform beggared England into El Dorado. If the Printers' Devils, as a body, knew their strength, what darkness might they for a time bring upon the world! A conspiracy amongst the gas-men would be matter for a jest, compared to the Cimmerian gloom produced by Printers' Devils, sworn to a simultaneous destruction of copy! We own, this is a dangerous suggestion; hut, had we not a great faith in the natural goodness of our Devils, we might assure ourselves in their want of combination. Besides, it is just possible that the Devil may bear copy as a bishop's horse may bear his master; without for one moment suspecting the wisdom, the learning, the piety, the charity and loving-kindness to all men, that he carries. We say, this is possible."

This article closes the first volume of the Heads.—As we before mentioned, the hands of the Printer's Devil are not done with the work, if the proprietor's are done with his head, and we hope to renew our acquaintance, next month, with the faithful draughtsmen who are so busily employed on the cranial of John Bull's family.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH TRADE WITH CHINA.

The conquest of the country by the Tartars subjected it to the rules of princes who had lived in an inland and central portion of a mighty continent, the habits of the people of which were such as to be entirely independent of all commerce, foreign or domestic, and who, roaming from place to place with their tents, and living entirely upon their flocks and herds, had no need for intercourse with any other nation or tribe. At a very early period, its silks, raw and manufactured, found their way to Europe, and, notwithstanding the high price, produced by a long land carriage and the small stock of the article, it was much in request, and we are told, that the Roman matrons paid a sum equal to £4. 4s. per lb. for it, and used it to a considerable extent. The chief product of the country, tea, was not then known in Europe, nor, indeed, until a long time after. The Arabs were the first traders, and carried on a regular trade, at more than on a point, for a considerable period. The first Europeans who visited China, by sea, were the Portuguese, who appeared off the coast, in 1516, soon after rounding the Cape of Good Hope. They resorted to the islands at the mouth of the Canton river, and obtained permission to trade. Their voyage being a successful one, they repeated it in the following year with eight vessels. They were upon their arrival, surrounded by war junks, and watched with considerable suspicion, and only two ships were allowed to proceed to Canton, which, after some delay, procured cargoes. The remainder of the fleet proceeded to Ningpo, and carried on a lucrative trade with other parts of China, and also with Japan. Having however, in the year 1545, incurred the ill-will of the local government by their bad conduct, they were driven out, and thus, for ever, lost the finest commercial site in the empire. In another quarter, Macao, they were more successful; and, having obtained permission to build sheds for the protection of their goods from the weather, they strengthened their grounds, erecting substantial ware-houses and dwelling-houses, paying a regular ground-rent to the Government for the space so occupied. It was not until the year 1596, that any attempts were made by the British towards opening a commercial intercourse with China. Three ships were fitted out from the port of London, under the command of Benjamin Wood, and conveying letters from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor, but they were unfortunately lost upon the voyage out, and the attempt was not for a long time afterwards renewed. In 1637, five vessels, under the command of Captain Waddell, were dispatched, and reached Macao on the 28th May. Here they were thwarted in their endeavours to open up a trade by the misrepresentations of the Portuguese, and, after fruitless efforts to negotiate, they determined to proceed up the Canton river. Having reached the Bogue, or Bocca Syris, they sent messages to the mandarins stating their wishes, which the former promised to further as much as possible. While waiting for an answer, a period of six days, the Portuguese again poisoned the minds of the Government, who, without waiting, treacherously fired upon the ships from the forts. They returned the fire very spiritedly, and, a party having landed, took the fort. At the same time, a boat was sent to the chief mandarin, demanding an explanation of the outrage, which was finally laid to the account of the slanders of the Portuguese, and the ships received their cargoes. For many years no further intercourse took place. In 1670 a trade was established at the island of Formosa, from which the Dutch had recently been expelled: but the regulations were so vexatious that it was given up in 1684, and strong efforts were made, which were partially successful, to open a communication with Canton, Ningpo, and the other ports on the east coast, were also visited, but in vain, for the country was now under the dominion of the Tartars, whose aversion to foreign commerce was so great as to confine the commerce to Canton and Macao. Very soon after the Canton trade was opened, troubles seem to have commenced. In 1689, the Hoppo, or chief commissioner of customs, made an extravagant charge for the measurement of the ship *Defence*; but, upon finding he could not obtain this, he took the correct amount. During the delay consequent upon the attempted exaction, an affray took place between the crew and the Chinese, when he refused to let the vessel sail until a sum, greater than even his first demand, was paid. This affair was ended by the ship sailing, without leave, and passing the batteries uninjured. In the mean time, though the trade laboured under heavy exactions and grievances, it still continued. The exactions had become so great, in 1734, that but one ship, the *Harrison*, visited Canton. Little change took place in this respect for the next twenty years, when the complaints of the merchants having in 1754, reached the ears of the viceroy, he ordered the ships to be detained outside until he investigated them. The trade was stopped, too, for a short time in the same year, in consequence of the affray between the English French sailors, which ended fatally, and the Chinese insisted upon the offender being delivered up to them. After some delay a sailor confessed himself guilty, under the assurance of the mandarins that he should not be hurt, and was liberated after a short confinement. In 1765, another stoppage took place, in consequence of his Majesty's ship *Argo* refusing the right of search; and, in 1772, the Lord Camden was detained for several weeks, through an affray between the Chinese and Europeans, in which both parties were badly hurt, but in which all eventually recover-

ed. Several stoppages of the trade have resulted from the Chinese rulers, in case of the death of any of the natives, though it should be only an accident, demanding the delivery of the offender, who, without trial, was generally executed. Nor is this according to their national law which, in this respect resembles our own, when applied to the natives of the country. The embassy of Lord Macartney, in 1793, was decidedly productive of benefit, the trade having been upon a better footing than for a long time previously for several years afterwards. However, in 1800, another dispute took place respecting the death of a native while trying to cut the cable of her Majesty's schooner *Providence*; but in which case the demand for the delivery of the man who killed him was resolutely and successfully refused. Another case of homicide, in 1807, between some drunken sailors and a party of Chinese, was adjusted by the mandarins, finding they could not get the culprits into their power, inventing a story of the man having been killed by the accidental fall of a piece of wood from a window. A serious stoppage of the trade took place in 1808, in consequence of the English, in anticipation of an attack on Macao by the French landing troops there for the defence of the Portuguese, their allies. The viceroy refused to open it until every soldier had been embarked, which took place soon after. Some troubles, in the year 1814, having taken place between the English and Americans, in consequence of the capture of one of the ships of the latter, and her subsequent recapture, the chief commissioner commenced a series of insults and indignities against the vessels and factories which became unendurable. The committee of English residents upon this occasion, determined to stop the trade themselves, and thus turn against their opposers a weapon they had so often used against others. Accordingly, the ships dropped down the river with the superintendent and most of the English gentlemen; and the Hoppo, startled at this step, was completely subdued, and more important privileges were obtained than had ever yet been conceded. The events connected with the embassy of Lord Amherst, its unsuccessful results, and his refusal to perform the ceremony of prostration, are well known. After its departure, in the years 1816 to 1829, the trade was but once stopped. Another case of homicide occurred in 1820, but the Chinese, who had now felt the decisive character of the English, soon adjusted it. Another cessation of trade occurred in 1822. In consequence of a homicide, by the Parsees, of an Englishman named M'Kenzie, in the year 1834, the Chinese, pleading the conduct of the committee in 1780, demanded, that the prisoners should be given up for execution. They, however, had been sent to Bombay for trial; and the mandarins, finding they could not be had, issued an edict, demanding the removal of the President's lady, and threatening force if it were not complied with. Upon this a guard of one hundred men and two eighteen pounders were ordered up, and, upon seeing these preparations, the Chinese were intimidated. Upon an assurance being given that no violence was intended, the guns and men were sent back again. It was about this time, the period when the charter of the East India Company was about to expire, that a final experiment was made to open up a trade with the eastern coast of China. The vessel employed, the Lord Amherst, was away more than six months, and touched at most of the ports. The natives evinced the utmost desire to trade; but, such was the jealousy of the mandarins and local governors, that scarcely a single article of a well-assorted cargo was disposed of, and the bulk was brought back exactly as it went. The Canton trade was now put under different management than hitherto, the new bill providing three commissioners to superintend the affairs of the trade. They arrived out in April, 1834, with Lord Napier at their head, and the Chinese instantly commenced a series of insults and injuries which ended in the death of his Lordship and the exclusion of the others from the port. Upon that occasion, the utter weakness of the Government was developed in their being unable, with one hundred and thirteen guns, to hinder his Majesty's ships from entering the river, or to inflict upon them any great amount of injury. The trade was stopped for a considerable period, and when it was opened, no improvement whatever took place in the situation of the residents. To the present suspension of trade it is impossible to name a limit.—*Glasgow Courier*.

THE LADY OF THE HAY-STACK.

History affords many very striking instances of the effects of mental agitation in disturbing the powers of the understanding.

A German lady of great beauty and accomplishments having married a Hessian officer, who was ordered to America, not being able to acquire any tidings of him in her own country came over to England. Here she could only learn the destiny of her husband from those ships which had either transported troops to the continent, or were bringing back the wounded. Day after day she wandered on the beach of Portsmouth, and hour after hour she wearied her eyes bedewed with tears in the vain expectation of seeing him. She was observed at the same spot, ere it was light, and watching each motion of the waves until setting sun. Then her haunted imagination presented him mangled with wounds, and the smallest gust of wind seemed to threaten her with eternal separation. Did a ship enter into port, her eager steps led her to the spot, and many an enquiry was repaid with an insolent rebuff. Af-

ter eight months spent in this anxious manner, a ship arrived bringing her melancholy pleasure "that some Hessian officers who were wounded, were on their passage." Her impatience increased daily. A vessel at length arrived reported to have Hessian troops on board. She kept at some distance for fear of giving too great a shock to her husband's feelings should he be among them. He was landed with others. She fainted, and he was conveyed she knew not where. Having recovered and going to the different inns, she found at last her husband. The master of the inn informed her "he was very bad," and she begged that her being in England might be gradually broken to him. When she entered the room he burst into a flood of tears. A lady was supporting him in her arms. What words or painting could represent the tragedy that followed! He had married in America, and this person was also his wife. He entreated pardon, but was past reproach, for in a few minutes after he sunk into the arms of death.

The lady, whose melancholy history we are recording, rushed from the room, and leaving her money and clothes at her lodging, she wandered she knew not whither, vowing that she would never enter house more or trust to man. She stopped at last near Bristol and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her whole appearance as soon produced her whatever she requested. She was young and extremely beautiful; her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance interesting to the last degree. She was alone, a stranger, and in deep distress; she only asked for a little milk, but uttered no complaint, and used no art to excite compassion. Her dress and accents bore visible marks that she was a foreigner of superior birth. All the day she was seen wandering in search of a place to lay her wretched head; she scooped, towards night, a lodging for herself in an old hay stack. Multitudes soon flocked around her in this new habitation, attracted by the novelty of the circumstance, her singular beauty, but above all by the suddenness of her arrival. French and Italian were spoken to her, but she appeared not to understand those languages; however, when she was accosted in German, she evidently appeared confused—the emotion was too great to be suppressed—she uttered some faint exclamation in our tongue, and then, as if hurried into an imprudence, she pretended to be also without knowledge of this language. Various conjectures were instantly formed; but what seemed passing strange was her acceptance of no food except bread and milk. The neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation, but in vain, for neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to sleep in a house.

As she discovered evident marks of insanity, she was at length confined in a mad house, under the care of Dr. Renaudet, physician at the Hot Wells. On the first opportunity she escaped, and repaired to her beloved hay-stack. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty, and once more safe beneath this miserable refuge.

It was nearly four years that this forlorn creature devoted herself to this desolate life, since she knew the comfort of a bed or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, had gradually impaired her beauty, but she still was a most interesting figure, and there remained uncommon sweetness and delicacy in her air and manner; her answers were always pertinent enough, except when she suspected the question was meant either to affront or ensnare her, when she seemed sullen and angry. Some Quaker ladies at this time interposed, and Louisa, as she was called, was conveyed to Guy's hospital, where she remained and still maintained her indignation against the men.

The person with whom she lodged, on her death bed divulged the secret of the flight of this stranger from Portsmouth, which corresponds nearly with her arrival near Bristol, and further inquiries have discovered that she was the natural daughter of Francis Emperor of Germany.—*Philosophy of Medicine*.

THE LITTLE BIRD-KEEPER.

Every morning during the passing spring—and dark, hazy, chilly mornings they were—possessing the one character of "uncomfortable" to its utmost extent of English signification; every morning, long, long before what servants who are obliged to be up early call day-break, did the shrill, thin chaunt of a child's voice rise from yonder field, upon the mist, the fog, or the breeze. Sometimes hard to distinguish, though I knew it was on the wind; at other moments painfully distinct. I have heard it when half awake, when the rain pattered against my window, and dropped audibly, from the naked stems of the rose boughs, on the flag beneath—then it sounded, as well it might, like a wail and a sorrow; at other times it has come sharply with the sharp sleet, and echoed, amid the rattling hail. Again, I have heard it, singing through the clear air of a frosty twilight, when all else without, and within, was so still that I could hear the cricket chirp, and the clock tick from the kitchen below. Sometimes the two old crows, who lived in yonder tall ash tree, have croaked their displeasure at the disturbance, though, goodness knows, they are early risers—as the grubs and caterpillars on our little lawn have known to their cost. The first fine, bright, warm morning, the voice sounded gleesomely—the chaunt was frequently repeated—the voice was prodigal of its simple music, c, a, c, a, g, the last being a semi-quaver. Those

who are familiar with country sounds, know the particular one to which I allude ; it comes with the earliest spring—it is the voice of him whom, in this neighbourhood, by a strange perversion of words, they call the "bird-keeper," for his duty is to frighten the birds from the seed, and prevent their destroying the young shoots. Some widow's son, perhaps, who would rather her child should be exposed to the sharp winds and frosts of nature, than that he should, in the peopled dungeon of the parish workhouse, be exiled from the sunlight of that mother's smile, and doomed to find, what ought to be the honourable refuge for distress, converted into the loathsome cells of degradation ; or, our bird-keeper may be one of a large family, too little to work hard—too old to be altogether idle. Be that as it may, I love to hear his chaunt, and resolved to find him out—not so easy a task as may be supposed, for this neighbourhood is cut into innumerable fields and gardens, intersected with high-ways and by-ways—footpaths and bridle roads—cherry and apple orchards—acres of lettuce and asparagus—positive groves of peas and beans, and gooseberry and currant gardens of immense extent ; these are divided and subdivided by hedges, now green, and budding with the promise of sweet hawthorn, the fresh white garland, which May casts as her voice offering into the lap of summer ; these are pleasant to the eye and refreshing to the smell, and the sweet country sounds abound amongst them—the sharp chirrup of the sparrow—the whistle of the blackbird—the rich song of the thrush echos amongst the thickening leaves of the tall trees ; and if the sound and its association are rudely disturbed by the town cry of "lobsters," or by "had-dock and live sole," passings along the neighbouring road, why it is but a line in the index to human life, where things common, if not vulgar, intrude into our holiest of holies. Here, however, is our little acquaintance ; his voice I have long known. Let me look again ; I have seen him before, and frequently. All this past summer he cried "water-cresses—fresh green water-cresses," along our roads, and I rather think that in the winter he trafficked in muffins and crumpets ! He was better clothed then than he is now ; his little red legs were cased in stockings, and his shoes looked neat and jetty. Though the day is fine, his features have a thin and pinched expression—the pinch of poverty ; his eyes are small and twinkling, and there is a determined cutting about his mouth—an almost defined firmness of purpose, which will one day make him remarkable either for good or bad ; if he has not been instructed, why he will slave and endure to the end of his days—or slave and rebel ; and yet some of the most distinguished in our land have been born to no better estate than Peter Finch, the little bird-keeper. Peter's cap on this particular morning was decked with a long stem of hawthorn, that waved in the breeze, and the sally bough, which he whirled in measure to his chaunt, was garnished with shreds and patches of all colours and all lengths. He stood at the corner of the field, watching with one eye the apparently organized movements of a flock of sparrows, which were chirping and fluttering in an old cherry tree, ready to make a descent on a plot of ground lately sown with radishes, the moment his attention was withdrawn. In his right hand he held his standard, and in his left fluttered a long strip of those ballads which the itinerant venders of song offer at the rate of three yards for one penny. His jacket was ragged ; but childhood must be miserable indeed, to be uncheerful in the sunshine, and my little acquaintance had plenty of leisure to "be good and glad" a privilege not always accorded to our poor children. I thought how much better the cold and chill of the morning was, with the heavens above and the teeming earth beneath, than the hot and crowded factory where can be no childhood. First conversation with nature, no matter how silent, nor how frequently repeated, are profitable to both soul and body, and a word or two of little Peter's natural poetry convinced me that he had learnt something besides shouting his war chaunt to the birds of the air.

"I think I saw you crying water-cresses last summer?"

"Yes, lady," in a strong Irish brogue.

"Oh, you are a Paddy, I perceive."

"No, yer honor ; my father was, but I'm Pether. The boys about call me Paddy Pether."

"And your mother?"

"She's not in it, my lady ; she's in heaven along with my father. The world was too troublesome entirely for them, yer honor, and they took sorrow greatly to heart, and died young."

Here was a history eloquent in events, and told, with the pathos of true poetry, the troubles of the world ; hearts too tender to endure them—an early marriage—an early death !

"And who has taken care of you, my little fellow?"

"The Almighty God, and my aunt Nelly !"

The reply was delivered with careless simplicity. The child was young, and yet I fancied that I could discern something of the subdued carefulness of the wiser country mixed with the warm free bearing of his father land. His small eye laughed, and he seemed rather fond of shouldering the trunk of a tree—that was Irish. But, notwithstanding the brogue, he was not so communicative as Irish children are—an Englishman always wonders why you should ask questions that do not concern you ; an Irishman at once understands that you ask them "out of curiosity."

"Is your aunt kind to you?"

"Sure she and my father war own sisters," he answered, ra-

ther astonished at a question which happily he believed unnatural. "My mother was English, they say," he added.

"You must have been very cold these dark mornings."

"Ah, ma'am ; but they're gone, thank Heaven ; and if it wasn't for the sparrows, I'd be mighty pleasant now ; but the devil's in them entirely for cuteness : as long as I'm on the tramp they keep away, like those yonder, but the minute I sit down—yarra ! it's down they are like a shower of hail ; I've no pace at all with them, my lady."

We have no right to probe either poverty or sorrow, unless we intend to relieve. Peter's aunt Nelly was easily discovered in a neighbouring lane ; and it was pleasant to think that the "little bird-keeper" deserved his relation.

"I'm nothing but a widow now," said Nelly, folding her arms, and looking as the Irish women of her class generally look—very much out of place in England—"and I have three of my own childer, that its my pride to keep out of the work-house ; which I do, by the help of heaven's blessing, my four bones and the clear-starching. But Peter is better to me than my own : in the chill of the night he'd steal from his bed, and after lighting my fire, off with him to the fields, and if one of my own didn't take him share of the bit and the sup, when we have it, he'd come home at night with the father's smile in his eyes, and the mother's steadiness on his tongue, and sit down to read (for in all my misery I gave him a turn at the book), and then, after a few hours' sleep on a lock of straw, away again to the fields. He turns his hand to any thing in season, but likes the birds best, because he has time for the reading. I often ax him what he gets out of the books, and he only turns his eyes on me and laughs." A. M. H.—*Britannia*.

SLEEP.

I've mourn'd the dark long night away,
With bitter tears and vain regret,
Till, grief-sick, at the breaking day
I've left a pillow cold and wet.

I've risen from a restless bed,
Sad, trembling, spiritless and weak,
With all my brow's young freshness fled,
With pallid lips and bloodless cheek.

Hard was the task for aching eyes
So long to wake, so long to weep ;
But well it taught me how to prize
That precious, matchless blessing, sleep.

I've counted every chiming hour
While languishing 'neath ceaseless pain,
While fever raged with demon power,
To drink my breath and scorch my brain.

And oh ! what earnest words were given !
What wild imploring prayers arose !
How eagerly I asked of Heaven
A few brief moments of repose !

Oh ! ye who drown each passing night
In peaceful slumber, calm and deep,
Fail not to kneel at morning's light,
And thank thy God for health and sleep.

ELIZA COOK.

GREAT STORM ON THE SIMPLON.

DOSSOLA, SEPT. 19.—We had no sooner passed the village of Simplon than we found ourselves overtaken by a most violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which it appears had been raging on the Italian side of the mountain for the whole day, without any appearance of it on the Swiss side, excepting a few heavy clouds and now and then a little drizzling rain. On reaching the pass of Gondo the appearance was most awful : rain such as I had never yet seen in England, and cascades from the tops of the perpendicular mountains, some thousands feet high, falling in all directions, crossing the road in various places with the force and volume of a mill-stream. In addition to which stones, some of them as large as a bushel basket, were continually falling near us from the tops of the mountains, and frequently we were obliged to get out of the carriage in the midst of this pelting rain to remove the obstructions. One of the galleries was broken through in two places, and our carriage was nearly overturned in passing through. To return was as dangerous as to proceed, and on we went expecting every moment to be our last. When we were passing the little village of Gondo a man came running out from a cottage imploring us not to proceed, for that a carriage (a German family) about half an hour before, in endeavouring to pass, was upset by the cascade which fell from above, and the carriages, horses and postillion carried into the torrent. The party were saved with a good ducking and a few bruises, but they lost nearly all their luggage. We now came to a stand-still, and took refuge in a miserable public house, where we spent three days. The landlord of the public house, with six or seven other persons, who assisted the Germans out of the river, were ultimately cut off by the falling of immense portions of the rocks on each side of them, so that they

could not move an hundred yards on either side, and were obliged to remain there (where we saw them) exposed to the pelting storm, till early the next morning, when the rain abating, the neighbours were enabled to draw them to the other side of the river by ropes, etc.

After remaining at Gondo for three days we resolved to try and get out of the miserable hole on foot, for as to move a carriage it could not be thought of. Having therefore taken five men as guides and to carry as much luggage as we could, we started off and arrived safely at Domo Dossola after a great deal of fatigue and a walk over mountains, where I think the foot of man never yet trod, of about sixteen miles.

This was nothing to the awful scene of destruction which we saw for miles below Isella. Here the road in many places for half a mile together was completely annihilated—not a vestige remained. The river had formed for itself a new bed, and a deep and mighty torrent swept by the naked base of the mountain where but a few hours before existed one of Napoleon's greatest monuments. Bridges also were carried away without leaving a single stone to record where they once stood. A beautiful one of five arches in stone, newly erected, shared the same fate.

The melancholy intelligence has just come down here that a French Baron and his lady followed us over the mountains, the latter riding on a mule, when the mule slipped and went over the precipice with the lady on his back, and both were dashed to atoms with the guide. I have just spoken to a man who saw the bodies. Two diligences, which were about half an hour behind us, could get no further than the last refuge, which had been abandoned some years, so that they were obliged to break open the doors, and about twenty persons, wet through to the skin, passed the night without either fire or meat or drink.

HUMAN LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life ! We rise up in a glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames are buoyant with health. We see no cloud ; we fear no storm ; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely ; hour after hour our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervour of the noonday sun ; the friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged ; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest, but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckoning us on. Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection are behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirit fails not. Onward and onward we go ; the horizon of fame and happiness recedes as we advance to it ; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the fervour of the noon day. Still we press onward : the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The bright orb of hope that has cheered us on, is sinking in the west ; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad : we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of twilight have interposed their veil between us ; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them ; we have outstripped them all in our race after pleasure, and the phantom yet uncaught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night time overtakes us, the dark and terrible night time of death, and weary and heavy laden we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave ! Happy, thrice happy is he, who hath laid up treasures in himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow !—*Charlton*.

A POSER.—A little lad who had just reached home for the holidays, was to the great delight of his mama and papa, reciting various magnificent passages from the poets, for the special wonderment of certain congregated guests. At length he essayed,—“My name is Norval ; on the Grampian Hills, etc.” taking no thoughts of such minor things as commas or semi-colons. “Ah my little boy, said a venerable man, it's a very bad thing to have an alias. I never heard of a person yet who had, that was not eventually transported. If your name is John Smith, when you're at home, don't be called Norval when you're on the Grampian Hills, or anywhere else.”

POPULATION OF PARIS AND LONDON.—The population of Paris amounts 1,200,000 souls, and that of London to 1,700,000. Thus the two capitals of the civilized world contain a population of 2,000,000 inhabitants, a number exceeding the united population of all the other capitals of Europe. In 1814 the population of London was only 826,000 souls, and that of Paris 865,000.

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued.)

The first spirit we have account of in Europe was made from the grape, and sold as a medicine in Spain and Italy under the Arabian term alcohol.* The Genoese were the first who prepared it from grain, and are said to have made, in the thirteenth century, a gainful traffic by selling it in small bottles at a high price, under the name of aqua vitæ or water of life. Distillation was known in France in 1313, and to this day the common distilled spirit of that country bears the ancient name.

In the 14th century medicated spirits were manufactured and sold in Hungary. A queen of that country is said to have become famous by making a preparation of aqua vitæ with rosemary, which was thought to possess extraordinary medicinal virtues. The medicated spirit called gin, which is distilled with juniper-berries, is said to have been first prepared in Holland in the 17th century.† It is still in vogue among those who labour under certain local obstructions, occasioned by irregular and intemperate habits.

The only regions where no kind of intoxicating liquor is manufactured, are New-Zealand, New-South Wales, and Van Dieman's Land.‡

CHAPTER II.

Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the animal economy.

The first effect of ardent spirit upon the living fibre is stimulating. This has been observed on its application to the web of the foot of a frog. By the aid of the microscope, it appeared that the blood in the small vessels circulated, for a short time, more rapidly than before. Rubbed upon the human skin, or snuffed into the nostrils in the form of liquid or of vapour, it augments the sensibility and quickens the circulation upon the surfaces with which it is brought in contact. Taken into the stomach in a concentrated state, it instantly occasions a burning pain.

When swallowed in a state sufficiently diluted, it throws through the stomach a glow or warmth, which in many cases is transmitted to the remote organs of the body. The brain and the nerves of the senses partake in the exhilaration, and the expressions of the countenance are vivid and emphatic, changing in quick succession, in conformity with the rapidly shifting topics of conversation, denoting that the movements of the mind are led by the influence of its more remote and capricious associations.

As the alcoholic excitation increases, the passions are easily unfolded, as pity, hatred, generosity, revenge, while the reasoning powers and the moral sense are weakened and perverted, and the degradation of these noblest attributes of human nature is manifested by indecent, profane, idiotic, or pugnacious garrulity.

Under the still deeper and more protracted influence of this poison, the functions of the senses and the operations of the mind are slower and less coherent; the voluntary muscles at the same time indicating their enfeebled condition, by the falling eye-lid, the open mouth, the driveling lip, and the hanging head; and the exhausted brain and nerves at length leave the whole system to sink into a state of unconsciousness or profound insensibility, which sometimes terminates in death.

The free and habitual use of ardent spirit, is followed by habitual languor in the functions of the organs of the senses, and in fact of every organ of the body. The physiognomy tells us what has been done. All the exquisite delineations of benevolence, of delicacy, and of high moral and religious feeling, are effaced from the countenance, as their prototypes are from the mind, and stupidity and selfishness occupy their places. Even strong passion is but faintly portrayed by the half palsied muscles of the face, and sluggishness dwells in the mind which was once impelled by a spirit of activity and enterprise. The powers of digestion and nutrition having been effectually invaded, the stomach admits less food than before, and the whole system is but imperfectly supplied with nourishment. Numerous chronic diseases, with melancholy and madness in their train, put in their claim for a residence in the decaying organs of the body; and when acute forms of disease, as thoracic inflammation and pestilential fever, make an attack, the work of ruin, thus begun and prosecuted by alcohol, is completed by death.

In deep drunkenness there is lethargy and stupor, the face is often pale, sometimes flushed, very rarely livid and swollen, and still more rarely natural. The breathing is generally slow, sometimes stertorous or laborious, seldom rapid or calm. The respiratory movements are chiefly or wholly abdominal; the separate acts of inspiration and expiration, particularly the former, occupying but a short time. The puffing of the cheeks as in apoplexy exceedingly rare. The extremities are almost invariably cold; the pulse feeble and slow, and not unfrequently imperceptible; the pupil generally dilated, though sometimes contracted.

In the bodies of persons dead from a fit of drunkenness, the following appearances have been observed, viz.

The Brain. Its peripheral or exterior parts, commonly firm; its blood vessels engorged; turbid serum beneath the arachnoid membrane; and turbid or slightly bloody serum, often several ounces, in the ventricles.

The Heart and great vessels filled with fluid blood; the right

side of the heart more distended than the left; sometimes bloody serum in the pericardium.

The Lungs. Frothy mucus in the air tubes and cells; lower portion of the lungs charged with fluid blood;—sometimes hepaticized.

The Stomach contracted and small; its walls sometimes three or four times their natural thickness and indurated; the folds of its lining membrane sometimes of a deep red colour; the whole membrane soft and easily torn.

The Intestines. Inflammation, thickening and softening of the lining membrane; ulcerations of this membrane in the terminal portion of the small intestine; occasionally preternatural adhesions of them to the other viscera as the duodenum and the pancreas.

The Liver large and firm; its surface frequently uneven, pale, mottled, or orange colored, its interior orange colored, exhibiting fatty degenerations.

The Kidneys paler than natural, large, and flabby; their cut surfaces sometimes bloody.

[To be continued.]

*The original signification of the word 'alcohol,' is a substance which is odorous, and easily evaporates.

†Morewood.

‡Dr. Thompson.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, 1839.

EQUIVOCAL LANGUAGE.—Logicians treat of the importance of discriminating between univocal and equivocal language,—between words which admit of but one meaning, and words which admit of more than one. The equivocal property is sometimes occasioned by a word being applied in different senses,—and sometimes by the arrangement of words or the omission of connecting particles in sentences. Instances of both may be adduced. The word *chase* is of the first class. If a person were to say to one individual, "that was a splendid chase," he would understand that the dogs had followed the game over an extent of country,—and would imagine the flight of fox, hounds, and hunters, over hedge and ditch and stream and field and furrow. The same remark to another would bring to his imagination something of a different kind, he would understand by the term, splendid chase, merely a well made iron frame, for confining printing office type, preparatory to "going to press." Other instances, which are very numerous, need not be adduced, of the various values of words as regards their directness of application, and the unity of idea which is attached to them.

Of the other class, that in which different meanings may be expressed by different arrangement, emphasis, &c., many instances might also be advanced, but one may suffice as in the former class.

An aged and eccentric preacher in an inland County of the United States, is said to have taken the following mode of arousing the attention of his audience. Finding them drowsy, and inattentive, he broke off suddenly, in his sermon, and commenced informing them of some wonderful things which he had seen in York State.

"Among other wonders he said he had seen monstrous great moschetos—so large that many of them would weigh a pound! 'Yes,' continued parson M., 'and moreover they are often known to climb up on the trees, and bark.'"

The people roused up quickly to hear, and grin at, such traveler's stories; but the next day one of the Deacons remonstrated with the minister, on the Maunchausen relation in which he had indulged. 'What do you mean?' enquired the parson,—'why' replied the deacon 'you said that the moschetos in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound!' 'Well,' rejoined the minister, 'I do really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound.' 'But,' continues the Deacon, 'you also said they would climb up on the trees, and bark!' 'Well sir,' says parson M., 'as to their climbing up on the trees, I have seen them do that—haven't you Deacon?' 'O yes.'—'Well, how could they climb up on the trees and not climb on the bark?'

The Deacon was nonplussed, of course, yet the reverend gentleman rather trenched on the art of ingenious lying,—he told a story in a manner calculated to deceive, and he did deceive although his words could not have a direct charge of falsehood fastened on them. Such matters, perhaps, may be classed under the denomination "white lies" which some lax moralists consider of but little moment. But, as to the equivocal nature of the language,—the double meaning, in the first part of the story, would be at once renewed by the addition of the words "taken together,"—thus, "many of them, taken together, would weigh a pound." Again, as to the bark part, the repetition of the particle *on* or the word *would* make all definite. Thus, "they are often known to climb up on the trees, and on the bark."

A desire to prevent this kind of equivocation, perhaps, has occasioned the verbosity of law documents, in which, to avoid all chance of being misunderstood, the care seems to be to ensure that nothing shall be understood, as if an invalid, to be kept from exposure, should be actually buried alive.

TEMPERANCE.—We again give a column on this interesting subject. Last week we mentioned the influence of a Rev. Mr. Matthew in Ireland in the cause of Temperance, a scrap giving further information on this point, since met with, is now subjoined; it is from the Waterford Chronicle.

"The Rev. Mr. Matthew has proved himself to be the most powerful and successful agent of the advocates who have yet appeared in the arena of the Temperance Societies. After due reflection and prayer, he has taken up the subject, and grace and blessing appear to attend him in all his acts and footsteps. Though but a short time engaged in the salutary work, he had up to last Sunday evening 42,219 visitors, and, singular to say, not one who joined the society under him has violated his pledge. The people are flocking to the reverend gentleman, and we have heard of several instances of the most extraordinary reformation, on the part of his followers. At Clonmel, on Wednesday, we saw six persons take their seats for Cork, at Mr. Bianconi's office, on their way to the reverend gentleman. The friends in Clonmel are recommending their servants to visit him—and, in some instances, those who join the society are preferred in the employment of some of the merchants of that town. A poor man who attended the cars at Bianconi's office as a menial for adjusting packages, was scarcely ever sober; he visited Father Matthew; since his return his conduct has been more exemplary, so much so that Bianconi has promoted him to the care of the stables, and that gentleman has been heard to say, that if the man perseveres in his present good conduct, he will place him in a more beneficial and respectable situation in his establishment. On our way to the Clonmel, the driver, Owen Sullivan, stated that he had joined the society under Father Matthew; that he was in the habit of taking sometimes two glasses of whiskey, three pints of beer, and two tumblers of punch, daily, some days more and some days less, and that since his visits he would not for any price take a glass of whiskey. In the county of Cork a member died, 5000 other members attended his funeral, and, when interred, they raised a subscription for his widow."

This is a pleasing evidence of "how it works" in Ireland, where, from the social habits of the people, the cause was expected to make but slow progress. They have taken it up, however, it appears, with their usual warmth, as the journey of about forty miles, from Clonmel to Cork, by six persons, for the purpose of visiting the favourite advocate of Temperance, proves. The persons named "Friends" in the extract, are members of the society called Quakers, a most prosperous and influential body of people in that part of the world. Mr. Bianconi is an extensive horse and car proprietor. He runs most of the jaunting cars which traverse the roads of Ireland, and keep up the communication by a cheap, speedy, and pleasant mode. He owns some hundreds of good cattle, and excellent cars, and his name is familiar in every nook of the land.

LITERATURE.—A sort of literary warfare is going on between two "big-bugs," of the "periodical" world,—Bentley's London Miscellany, and the Knickerbocker, New York, Magazine. The latter has charged the former with appropriating, without due acknowledgement, articles published in the Knickerbocker, written by Washington Irving. Bentley attempts to explain, but the Knickerbocker reiterates the charge in round terms, and shows but little courtesy to the conduct or talent of its transatlantic contemporary.

A Mr. Goodrich has been lecturing in New York, on Ireland. The lectures are historical, containing delineations of manners and customs, and advocacy of the Irish character. Some of the most respectable of the newspapers speak highly of Mr. Goodrich's discourses. Mr. Espy has been lecturing in New York on his theory of storms,—his means of procuring rain, &c., and appears to have made a very favourable impression.

The proprietors of the Mammoth Sheet, called the Boston Notion, are about to publish the whole of Nicholas Nickleby on one sheet, and to sell it at 6½ cents! It is supposed that a million numbers will be sold. The work costs in England upwards of 20s sterling. At the price proposed, and the supposed sales, the proceeds would be upwards of £15,000. A profit of two cents on each would leave between £3000 and £4000 clear gain to the publisher. Raise the price to 8 cents, and give the author the surplus, he would thus get about £3000 for his labour. This is a proof that literary productions may be sold at an extremely low price, and yet remunerate all concerned. In such attempts however, there is a great risk of a vast quantity of waste paper, which will always act as a safety check on speculators. Publications according to the common mode pay the author, by means of a high price, and at a small comparative risk in publication. But suppose 100,000 copies, reckoning a very small profit on each, and then a dull sale; the result would be an awful debt to the printer, book-binder and paper-maker, which might prevent the blotting of any more foolscap for some time.

An American edition of the poetical works of Edmund Spencer, with notes, is announced. Nicholas Nickleby has been published in a volume, with illustrations, in Philadelphia. The new work by Dickens is to appear simultaneously in England and America.

The Press is an organ of great power at present,—it is to be

greatly desired, that, while knowledge is increasing, moral improvement should be held of first rate consequence.

FINE ARTS.—A novel exhibition is now in progress at Clinton Hall, New York. Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, is performing in that city. He is a great traveller, and has been much noticed by people of rank in the European capitals. In his travels he has made a rich collection of original drawings, paintings and sketches, done by the eminent artists and amateurs of the different countries in Europe. Among his sketches, are, it is said, some by the Emperor of Russia, Princess Gallitzer, the King of Portugal, Duke de Reichstadt, prime ministers, privy councillors, &c. These he has opened for exhibition, and with much liberality appropriates the proceeds to constituting a fund for premiums connected with the National Academy, New York.

Brother Jonathan has lighted on another new mode of raising the wind. This is by what are called "Combination lectures,"—two or three persons combining to give interest to an evening, at the lecture table, when perhaps any one would fail, or would not have confidence in his own powers. In this way, recently, at Boston, Mr. Howerth lectured on the Five Arts,—Mr. Rodgers followed on the Customs of India, and Mr. Hart brought up the rear with a musical entertainment. If knowledge is power, so is union also, as no doubt the gentlemen thought.

TEA AND COFFEE.—These articles have been generally considered harmless, except taken improperly. We made mention last week, of a medical work, recently published in the U. States, which condemns their use. It is by Dr. Alcott. Some who oppose the Doctor's extreme views on the subject, admit that the articles are injurious to some constitutions, and that persons having such should refrain accordingly. Might not a hint be taken in this Province, where, in many places, the practice exists of using tea or coffee more frequently than morning and evening. Opinions have been often expressed against the practice, these are now strengthened by the Doctor's book.—Another Doctor, writing to the author, says that he never met with the "sick head ache" except among tea-drinkers, and never knew it to continue where the use of these articles was abstained from.

BUTTER.—A correspondent of the Montreal Herald has entered the lists against Butter. He announces that he has given up Butter and finds himself the better for doing so. After enumerating many objections to its use, and arguments in favour of its relinquishment, the writer concludes thus:

"Finally and principally, the self control necessary to liberate oneself from the habit of using butter, is a good moral exercise, and the success which follows is a fine encouragement to further contests with, and victories over, one's injurious propensities,—the ultimate result and object of which contest is to present to its Great Creator the soul washed from those stains of sin contracted during its sojourn in this world.

Now, puppies laugh, and girls giggle!—but philosophers will smile benignantly on, and nod approvingly to me. They will tell you that great things proceed from small,—that the alphabet must be acquired in order to read,—that the girl, by playing with the doll, knows afterwards how to nurse the infant—and that Caesar probably got his first idea of conquest from a little victory in a boxing match. *Leaving off butter, may be the entrance to that moral road, the termination of which is in Heaven.*"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The arrival of the British Steamer furnishes London dates to Nov. 1. She sailed on the 3d, with 180 passengers, and experienced bad weather.

Little of importance appears. The money market continued as before. Parliament was prorogued to the 24th December. Rumours of the Queen's marriage were in circulation. The following appointments had taken place,—Sir E. Codrington to the governorship of Plymouth, Lord Ebrington to the Lord Lieutenantcy and Vice Admiralty of Devon, Earl of Charendon to the Privy Seal and a seat in the Cabinet. A shock of an Earthquake was felt in Scotland on Oct. 24. The Dukes of Argyll, and Bedford, Lords G. Beresford and Trimestown, Earl Kingston, and other persons of rank, had departed this life.—A stone thrown at Louis Philippe's carriage, seems the chief incident from France. Don Carlos was still in that kingdom, and it seemed probable that he would be detained there.—A change in the Spanish Ministry was rumoured.—A conspiracy was discovered in a Russian body of troops. Their design, it appears, was to revolutionize Poland, and make an attack on St. Petersburg. A General and 230 other officers had been arrested, several executions had taken place. 600 medical men have been invited to join the Russian forces at Odessa.—British Arms had been successful in India. Gluzner had been captured, Cabool occupied, and Shah Skooja seated on the throne. The Rajah of Suttara had been dethroned, and expeditions against Sandpore and Kurnaul were contemplated.

All seems quiet in Canada. Extensive preparations were making in the old country, for emigration during next summer. A missionary from Canada, Dr. Rolph, was causing much attention to the subject, in the British Islands. Good sleighing was enjoyed in parts of the United States and Canada. Suffering from

dry weather was experienced to the South West. As an instance, a person travelling from Mobile to Charleston had to pay \$23 for the watering of his horse on the road.

In Nova Scotia the weather continues, steadily, unusually temperate. This morning, Dec. 6th, the atmosphere is mild and sunny as a fine day in May. Efforts in furtherance of the establishment of a Steamer to run to the westward are in progress. A prospectus has been handed about and has obtained several signatures. The North British Society dined together at Mason Hall on Saturday last, St. Andrew's day. Alexander Primrose, Esq. in the chair, Mr. John McLean in the vice chair. The dinner was excellent; Toasts, Songs, and instrumental music, occupied the hours until near midnight.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Doctor Teulon delivered an excellent lecture, on General Knowledge, last Wednesday evening. P. Lynch junr. Esq. is to lecture next Wednesday evening on Ancient Art.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—On last Monday evening Mr. Robson lectured on Mental Improvement. The lecture was excellent in matter and manner.—Subject for discussion, next evening, which has the greatest influence upon the human mind, Philosophy or Poetry.

The Collector of Customs, Halifax, has informed the Sub-collector at Yarmouth, that his opinion respecting the Deck Load law is, that it refers solely to vessels engaged in the timber trade between the colonies and Great Britain.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, Nov. 25, by the Rev. Robinson Breare, Mr. Joseph Taylor, to Miss Susannah Jane Hill, both of this town.

At Crow Harbour, Guysborough, on the 10th Nov. by the Rev. A. W. McLeod, Mr. Jasper Grover, of Country Harbour, to Miss Susannah Hendersbury, of Cole Harbour.

At Fredericton on Thursday, the 21st ult. by the Rev. R. Sheppard, Mr. C. S. Lagrin, printer, to Martha Lavina, eldest daughter of John Stevens, all of Fredericton.

DIED.

Last evening, after a short and severe illness, resigned to the Divine will, in the 27th year of her age, Margaret Douglas, wife of Mr. A. B. Jennings, and eldest daughter of Mr. James Irvin; her kind disposition endeared her to a large circle of friends. She has left a husband and four helpless children to deplore the loss of an affectionate wife and tender mother. Funeral on Sunday next, at half-past one o'clock, from her late residence, near Foster's corner. The friends of the family are respectfully requested to attend.

On the 30th of July last, at Sierra Leone, Staff Assistant Surgeon William Winniett Twining, eldest son of the Rev. Doctor Twining, in the 24th year of his age.

At Upper Stewiacke, on the 22d ult. Dolly Putnam, relict of the late William Putnam, at the advanced age of 90 years.

At Yarmouth, on the 19th ult, after a lingering illness, which he bore with patience and resignation, Samuel Willett, Esq. in the 89th year of his age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, 30th—Schr. LaReine Blanche, Bridgport; Margaret, Antigonish; new Brig Isabella, Flohr, Country Harbour; Govt. schr Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 2 days.

Sunday, December, 1st—Barque Clio, Daley, Liverpool GB. 50 days—general cargo, to J. Fairbanks and others; schr Mariner, Gerard, Sydney—coal; Trial and Courier, do—do; George, Louisburg—fish; Endeavour and Nancy P. E. Island, produce; Otter, Ragged Islands; Elizabeth, Torbay; Catherine and Elizabeth, Arichat; Elizabeth Canso; Sarah Elizabeth, Margaret's Bay; Richard Smith, Mary, and Mary, Sydney; Mermad, Prospect; Billow, and Judeck, Torbay; Wave, Annapolis; Minerva, Pictou; Victoria, Canso, with fish, coal and produce; new brig Mary Ann. Canso, to Fairbanks & McNab; Schr Shannon, Boudrot, Quebec, 16 days, flour, beef, and pork, to T. C. Kinnear and Salus & Wainwright; Adelle, O'Brien, Placentia Bay, 6 days, dry fish, to W. B. Hamilton.

Monday, 2d, schr Defiance, Curry, Miramichi, 9 days, dry fish, &c. to S. Cunard & Co.; Alexander, Keating, Guysborough, 6 days, produce.

Tuesday, 3d, schr Providence, Boutin, Montreal, 15 days, flour &c. to S. Binney, schr Morning Star sailed 2 days previous.

Wednesday, 4th, schr Charlotte, Abbinet, St. Michaels, 44 days, wheat, &c. to the master; brig Fleta, Flockart, Deal, 46 days, general cargo to W. Pryor & Sons.

Thursday, 5th, schr Seaflower, Martell, Burin, dry fish, to Fairbanks & Allison; schrs New Messenger, Sydney, coal; J. Homer, Pictou, coal.

COGSWELL'S SERMONS.

A FEW Copies of the above Work are for sale at Mr. Deicher's and Messrs. MacKinlay's Book Stores.

Subscribers are respectfully requested to send the amount of their subscriptions to H. Ince, Esq. or the Cashier of Halifax Banking Company. Halifax, Dec. 6.

Stoves! Stoves!

CANADIAN heavy cast **STOVES** for Churches, Kitchens, and Halls—For sale by the Subscriber at his Auction Store, near the Ordnance, viz.

Largest size double close Canada Stoves, for Kitchens, Single Close ditto, 4x2, 3½x2½, 3x2 and 2½ by 1½ feet.

ALSO, on hand, from New York and Boston, an assortment of Franklin and Cooking Stoves; a further supply daily expected. Oct. 11.—2m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Saint Mary's Seminary.

Under the Special Patronage of

RIGHT REV. DR. FRASER, R. C. B. OF NOVA SCOTIA.

EARLY in January the above Institution will open for the reception of pupils. The object of the establishment is—to afford the Catholic youth, of this and the surrounding Provinces, an opportunity of acquiring a complete academical education; and every arrangement has been made, which was deemed necessary or useful, for the attainment of such an end. No pains shall be spared in the effort, to bestow upon the pupil, an intellectual and moral culture, proportionate to the advanced state of society—the profession, learned or commercial, for which he may be intended—and the GREAT END, to which all human improvement should be directed. Nothing shall be omitted, that is calculated to call into the most extended action his intellectual powers, but, the importance of cultivating his moral ones shall never be forgotten.

The course shall comprehend:

The English—Spanish—French—Latin—Greek and Hebrew Languages.

A course of Natural philosophy. Algebra—Geometry—Trigonometry—Mechanics—Astronomy—Hydrostatics—Pneumatics—Electricity and Galvanism—Arithmetic—Book-keeping—Geography—History etc. A class of moral philosophy will be formed shortly after the opening of the Seminary, the members of which, it is intended, shall proceed through the usual ecclesiastical course of two years Philosophy and three years Theology. The Holy Scriptures and Ecclesiastical History shall also occupy a due portion of their attention.

In order that the Pupil of every description, by a correct style of speaking and writing his native language, may be able to render his acquirements the more practically beneficial—particular attention shall be given to the department of ENGLISH EDUCATION.

Terms for Boarders 33 pounds currency per annum.—Quarterly in advance. RICHARD B. O'BRIEN.

Halifax, December, 1839.

Principal.

Sale of Teas.

A PUBLIC SALE OF TEAS will take place at the Warehouses of the Agents of the Honorable East India Company, on FRIDAY, the 13th day of December at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the sale. S. CUNARD & CO. Nov. 29. Agents to the Hon. E. I. Company.

Seasonable Goods.

Landing, Ex Prince George from London:

PILOT Cloths, Flushings, fine and Slop CLOTHING, Blankets, and a variety of other articles in

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Received as above, and for sale on reasonable terms by Nov. 1, 1839. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN

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BBBLS and TONS of SEAL OIL, of the very best quality, for sale at a low rate. Apply to ROBERT NOBLE. November 22.

HALIFAX PUBLIC LIBRARY, AND LITERARY ROOMS.

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Particulars can be obtained, on application at the Library, (near the Bank of British North America,) which the public are respectfully invited to visit and inspect for themselves.

In appealing to the public of Halifax, in behalf of this undertaking, the subscriber begs to state his determination to add to his Library, the principal popular works as they appear; and otherwise to increase the variety in the Reading and News department to the fullest extent that the amount of subscriptions will warrant. He also adds the assurance, that while he presumes to hope for a liberal support, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to deserve it.

While Halifax is rapidly advancing in prosperity and enterprise, while a taste for Literature is diffusing itself among all classes, and when an extensive system of Steam Navigation is about to be established, which will connect Halifax, by a constant and rapid communication, with the principal ports of the Old and New World, it is hoped that a comfortable Reading Room, connected with a carefully assorted Library, and enriched with the latest intelligence from all quarters, will not be deemed unworthy of support by the members of an enlightened commercial community. R. M. BARRATT.

Halifax, Nov. 27, 1839.

Keefler's Reading Room

ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1836.

THE Subscribers to the above are respectfully notified, that their Subscriptions for the next year (1840) are now due. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe, will please hand in their Names to the Proprietor. CHARLES KEEFER. Oct. 4.

Just Published,

And for sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacKinlay, Mr. John Munro, and at the Printing Office of W. Cunabell, Marchington's wharf,

Cunabell's Nova Scotia Almanack for 1840.

Containing lists of the Executive and Legislative Councils, House of Assembly, Sittings of the Supreme Court, Justices of the Peace, Barristers and Attorneys, Officers of the Provincial Revenue, Officers of H. M. Customs, Land Surveyors, Banking companies, Insurance companies; Mails, Stage Coaches, Steamers, Clergy, Academies, Merchants Private Signals, EQUATION TABLE OF TIME, the Navy, Army, Staff of Provincial Militia, &c. &c. with a variety of miscellaneous matter, and INDEX. Nov. 1.

THE JACOBITE'S LAST SONG.

"There is an old tradition that a Jacobite Chevalier, when a price was set upon his head, and he was out on the hills, received a memento from his betrothed. A few hours after he was set upon and slain."

Remember thee Mary !
Remember thee yet !
Thy star is above me,
And can I forget ?
Its watchers at even
We vowed we would be—
I gaze, 'till from Heaven
Thou whisp'rst to me.

Remember thee, Mary !
The spoiler hath come,
I once had broad manors,
I now have no home ;
I'm on the hills, lady,
The storm rages free—
But wropped in my plaidie,
I dream love, of thee !

Remember thee, Mary !
My benchmen have fled,
My king is an exile,
My kindred are dead,
They've sent out their rangers
To hunt me and slay—
But what are life's dangers
Since thou art away !

Remember thee, Mary !
The hound has my track—
I hear from each hill side
His yell echo back—
I ask them no parley,
Though death bows my knee—
Huzza for Prince Charlie ?—
One sigh, love, for thee !

EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

Below are some comments of a Scotch Gazette on the Eglinton Tournament. Curious and splendid as was the sight, can any one read the announcement, that, with one half the sum spent by a young nobleman on the "gorgeous folly," village schools might have been endowed in every parish in Ayrshire, without mournfulness. There never was a period when it was more necessary for the nobles of England, to devote a portion of their enormous revenues, to the instruction of the poor, than the present. Chartism is but another name for the necessities of the poor ; these necessities are preparing their minds for violence.—Violence can be neutralized by intelligence, but by no other means. The horrors of the French Revolution would not be matter of history, had the people been instructed.—*Montreal Courier.*

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.—"Fools and their money are soon parted," saith the proverb, and so this Eglinton Tournament, about which there has been such a quantity of writing, and puffing, and gossiping, and what not, has ended in the most miserable manner. The very elements seem to have conspired, and to have poured down the phials of their wrath against it, so soon as the Grand Knights came forth on their splendid chargers to try their tilts with one another. What tomfoolery ! What a caricature on rational beings—to break wooden lances, and to tumble down in six inches of saw-dust provided for them ! No wonder that the Heavens laughed at such things in derision, and drouched the on-lookers to the very skin.

But the young Earl of Eglinton will pay for his whistle. This tilt or Tournament, or whatever it is called, will cost him, we hear, one way and another, £20,000 or £30,000 sterling. With half of that sum he might have endowed village schools in every parish in Ayrshire, and his name and his fame would thence have descended in grateful recollection to posterity, long after this Tournament, with all its tinsel and gaudy array, will have ceased to be spoken of even with ordinary regard. We are far from denying that it has done some good to many classes. The shopkeepers and the inn-keepers, and last, though not least, the toll-keepers of Ayrshire have much reason to be thankful for it, since it has been the means of making "the circulating medium" to pass through their hands pretty well for one week. But it will leave no beneficial permanent impression behind—quite the reverse. We should be sorry, but not at all surpris'd, to hear that the next Tournament at Eglinton Castle will be a real one—that some of the rich London Jews will have come down to take possession, by staff and baton, of the unentailed lands not far from that splendid seat, in virtue of some Trust Deed, or Heritable Bond and Disposition in Security. But Lord Eglinton may say, as the Duke of Newcastle did, in an opposite direction, "Have I not a right to do what like I with my own ?" To be sure he has.—*Scotch Gazette*

SOUTHEY'S RESIDENCE.

You may like to know how and where the Poet Laureate of England lives. Imagine the Vale of Keswick then, almost a level tract, some six or eight miles long by four or five wide, and making, to the eye which surveys it from a neighbouring hill, nearly a complete oval ; for though it connects with the vallies above and below, it is by passages too narrow to be noticed in the distance. South of the centre lies Derwentwater :—a fine clear sheet, with rich islands covered with woods that wear just now, like all the neighbouring forests on the hill-sides, and among the parks, the gorgeous, but melancholy hues of the autumn. A quarter of a mile east of the head of the water is Keswick village, which is one of the neatest and most rural in England, though it is small, and there are no fine buildings in or about it. At the southern end a neat road, lined with hedges and shaded by trees, forks off towards the lake, and follows its borders for some miles. A few other rural roads, more resembling paths, branch away in other directions—leading to water-falls, views, and so on—for Keswick is the favourite resort of the tourists. The whole valley is well planted with trees. The village itself is so nestled among them that, from the hills, one only gets a glimpse of its Church-tower and here and there a white-washed wall glimmering through green leaves. This is the valley. Add an uninterrupted rim of rich fine hills and mountains, ranged closely round the edge of the whole oval, over 3000 feet high in places, but every where affording a new variety of foliage, verdure, and form. This is far the completest frame of a picture in all this region, studded with gems as it is. Southey's house is at the northern end of the village, on the top of the only eminence in it, a long smooth slope stretching away to the head of the lake before it for a quarter of a mile ; and behind, winding about the head of this slope, close by, comes round a rapid mill-stream, (which here they call a river,) dashing down the hills in the rear over a rocky channel, and making all the noise it can in its short space, for it soon loses itself, after a vain turn or two, in the calm motionless sheet of the lake. Standing at the Poet's door the view is exquisite indeed and exquisitely English too. The height is just enough to show you the whole valley up and down—the lake village in front—on the left the grey towers of the churches on either hand—the white walls of many a cottage here and there—the green slopes at the edge of the mountain's base, and the long lawns at the shore of the water, both spotted with flocks and herds—the little rounding river, with its antique moss-grown bridge, and humble mill—open the red-rimmed grain-wains of the farmers rumbering to and fro along the narrow road between me and the lake, and rising in still plainer sight over the high round arch of the bridge. Nay, I can see the old-fashioned, cumbrous, clumsy harness, with the high leathern housing over the horse's shoulders, flaring and flapping as he jogs on. How quiet the scene is ! How clear the air ! How serene this fine October sky !—*The American in England.*

THE ESSEX RING.

This ring, to which an historical and romantic record is attached as the token (the sight of which, recalling her tenderest feelings was to act with talismanic power on the Queen, and ensure her assent to any request accompanied), is an heir-loom in the "Warner" family, and is in the possession of Colonel Edward Warner, the representative of the elder branch. The ring is formed of a single diamond, cut in the shape of a heart, and bears an additional interest as having been the gift of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotland to Queen Elizabeth at the period of her marriage with Lord Darnley, in 1564, when she sent it to her royal rival, together with the following lines, written by Buchanan :—

"This gem behold, the emblem of my heart,
From which my cousin's image ne'er shall part,
Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine,
As clear, as spotless, as this heart of mine ;
What though the stone a greater hardness wears,
Superior firmness still the figure bears."

The fact of Lady Nottingham's treacherous concealing of the ring, confided to her by the condemned Essex, with his pleading for life from his offended sovereign is too well known to require repetition, as well as that the Queen's anguish at Lady Nottingham's death-bed confession led to her own immediate dissolution. The ring then fell into the possession of King James I., who gave it to Captain Warner, together with other marks of distinction, in remuneration of his extensive discoveries in the West Indies, by which three of our most valuable colonies were added to the British dominions. In 1629, Captain Warner was knighted by King Charles I.—*Court Gazette.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The following anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, not generally known, exhibits in a strong light the indefatigable perseverance and foresight of the duke, and especially exonerates his grace from the charge raised against him by many writers, of allowing himself to be surprised by Bonaparte while amusing himself at a ball at Brussels at the time referred to :—At a dinner, a short time since, the duke was asked, "Has your grace seen the pamphlet published in Ame-

rica, by Gen. Grouchy, in answer to Gen. Foy's attack on him respecting the manœuvres on the day previous to Waterloo ?" "I have," answered the duke, "and Grouchy has the best of it. He could not move without orders, and orders he certainly did not receive. As to his manœuvres, I know all about them. I was a witness to them." "You," exclaimed one of the party ; "every one thought your grace was in Brussels." "I know they did ; but they were wrong, for on the evening in question I and Gordon (who was killed at Waterloo) left Brussels, took a squadron of horse as escort, no one knowing us, and joined the Prussian head-quarters. I passed the whole of that night in conference with Blucher, Bulow, D'York, and Klest. In the morning I observed to Bulow, 'If I had an English army in the position in which yours now is, I should expect to be most confoundedly thrashed.' The attack of Grouchy soon after commenced, and the Prussians were defeated. I waited long enough to see that event, and I then thought it time to be off, and on the 17th Bonaparte made that monstrous movement on my flank which was the commencement of the battle of Waterloo."—*Dover Chronicle.*

DEATH PREFERRED TO DISHONOR.—During the Irish reign of terror, in 1798, a circumstance occurred, which, in the days of Sparta would have immortalized the heroine ; it is almost unknown, no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into the principles that influenced her ; suffice it that in common with most of her stamp, she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law to death ; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution, and besought him to spare the widow's stay ; she knelt in the agony of her soul and clasped his knees, while her eyes with the glare of a maniac, fell on the child beside him. The judge was inexorable, the transgressor must die. But, taking advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with which he was connected. The son wavered ; the mother rose from her position of humiliation, and exclaimed, "My child, my child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall fall upon you, and the milk of her bosom shall be poisoned in your veins." He was executed ; the pride of her soul enabled her to behold it without a tear ; she returned home ; the support of her declining years had fallen, the tie that bound her to life had given way, and the evening of the day that saw her lonely and forsaken, left her at rest for ever. Her heart had broken in the struggle.

THE DREAM.

Two lovers thro' the garden
Walk'd hand in hand alone,
Two pale and slender creatures,
They sat the flowers among.

They kiss'd each other's cheek so warm,
They kissed each other's mouth ;
They held each other arm in arm,
They dreamt of health and youth.

Two bells they sounded suddenly,
They started from their sleep,
And in the convent cell lay she,
And he in dungeon deep.

Umland.

There is one noble trait observable in mankind all over the world. The man who has been unjustly injured excites the sympathy of his fellows, and nothing advances a cause so much as the persecution of its supporters. The world cannot become wholly depraved while such is the disposition of mankind.

KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE.—A profound knowledge of life can only be acquired by trials that make us regret the loss of our ignorance.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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

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