

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

COLONIAL PEARL.

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

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

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1839.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

THE PIMENTO FAMILY:

OR, SPOILED CHILDREN.

By Theodore Hook.

Sir Peter Pimento is an eminent West India merchant, remarkable for coolness of temper both as merchant and husband; Lady P. (erewhile Miss Penelope Harpoon, and daughter of a Greenland trader) is, on the contrary, remarkable for a sort of pepperiness of temper, which acquired her the reputation of a vixen whilst yet a mere minx, a virago when a virgin, a Xantippe now she is a wife. Her absolute "shall" was a flat not to be contravened in Lothbury during her maidenage, nor in Finsbury-square, in her wifeage, at least by beings bearing as little gall about them as the humble and peace-loving Sir Peter. If clerk or cook, house-maid or nurse-maid, exhibited the slightest spice of opposition to the home-administration, the house was dissolved *sine die*, and the malcontents sent to find new constituents, if they could.

Sir Peter, in the three preparatory years of his wedded infelicity, was, on three several occasions, made happy, though exceedingly incommode, by the production of two sons and a daughter, to be the olive-branches of his table. A hundred humble names were, with all proper submission, suggested by Sir Peter, as cognomens for the crude Pimentos, but were all and severally overruled by the absolute "It shall not be" of his lady; and, accordingly, young Pimento, No. 1, was christened Alfred; No. 2, Augustus; and No. 3, Amarantha, because she had been pronounced by Mrs. Deputy Dogrose (who was cultivating Botany) to be the flower of the Pimentos. Sir Peter would have preferred the plain English triumvirate of John, George, and Betty; but when he muttered, rather than audibly expressed, his "three wishes" on that important head, a dilatation of the nostrils, and a frown, put down the ineffectual opposition; and the quiet loving merchant succumbed away from the pertinaciousness of his spouse to the price-current and the averages of rums, sugars, gingers, and arrow-roots.

Twelve years passed, and the young Pimentos really began to grow "very interesting" at the dinner-parties with which the hospitable merchant entertained his friends during school vacations, that the juveniles might see something of the world and the world see something of the juveniles. Master Alfred could rant the soliloquies in "Douglas," and to show the versatility of his genius, play "Little Pickle," with an additional scene (got up by Lady Pimento herself, who began to betray symptoms of *bleu-ism*), in which he set fire to a chintz curtain, broke some china chimney-ornaments, upset a dumb-waiter, and fired a cracker under the chair of his indulgent papa. The city parties who were made audiences of his pranks pronounced him to be a prodigy—in mischief: Lady P. was delighted, while the "judicious" Sir Peter grieved.

Master Augustus was also a prodigy, but in another line. He could hit the house-cat on the nose with a blunt arrow five times out of ten, and strike an egg out of a breakfast cup once out of twice, if he did not break both cup and egg at the first fire. It was, indeed, prophesied by the sporting part of the city that he must ultimately become one of the first shots of his day.

Miss Amarantha was the third prodigy—a musical and metrical prodigy. In her eleventh summer she could make verses; and in her twelfth marry metre to music, though, like most early marriages, they jangled most deplorably. Her master, Signor Soprano, pronounced her, as well as he could express his flattery, to be "A Malibran in the butt (bud;)" and her ladyship, as sugars were "looking up," raised the professor's salary half a guinea per quarter.

Under the instruction of the Signor, Miss Amarantha had already begun to scream out "sounds it was misery to hear," and thump the piano in such a manner as was barbarous to behold. *Dipiacer*, and *Una voce poco fa*, filled the town house in Finsbury with "discords dire," the superflux half filling the area forming the square, and frightening that merchant-congregating spot "from its propriety." Lady P., however, and her *coterie* were delighted to observe the devotion with which the young lady went through the rudimentary martyrdom of her musical education.

I have foredated a principal incident in my history; for it was at this time that Peter Pimento, Esquire, became Sir Peter Pimento, Knight. He had been elected Sheriff of London: an address of congratulation about something procured him the intoxicating honour of knighthood. Then it was that the Pimentos "looked up;" and Sir Peter, after much special pleading, for the sake of that peace, of which, as sheriff, he was a public conservator, reluctantly agreed that a more fashionable house, and a more fashionable neighborhood were necessary to the double

dignities of Sheriff and knight. Accordingly the Pimentos migrated to Portland Place. Sir Peter, however, soon discovered that such a residence was too far from the city for commerce, and too near the city for country air. One horn of this dilemma was soon gilt over: Lady P. insisted upon a second carriage. The merchant demurred, but in vain: it was ordered from Birch, the fashionable coach-builder; and Lady P. and Miss Amarantha kept it in activity,—first, by shopping expeditions about the West End, in the morning,—and, secondly, by putting in appearances at the Park two hours before dinner. Sir Peter complained, and was told he could well afford a third carriage, for gingers were brisk. "Anything for a quiet life," thought Sir P. and a third carriage was put on the stocks. Lady P. then discovered that her "dear Alfred" could not positively be seen with the young sprigs of nobility with whom he had bowed himself into acquaintanceship, if he was not allowed a cabriolet. Here Sir Peter did venture to rebel so far as to lift his eyebrows in astonishment; and a "Plague it, madam, this is too much!" and a positive "No!" had half-escaped his lips, when the lady informed him, in her peremptory way, that opposition was useless—it was necessary to the dignity of the family; she had ordered Birch to build a cabriolet for the "dear boy!" and, if Sir Peter refused the expense, she would sustain it out of her private purse, for she was determined that "the Pimentos should look up." Sir Peter gave an audible "hamp!" whistled a variation on a favourite air; and then, buttoning up his coat to the collar, walked as coolly as he could to Cornhill. Fortunately for his peace of mind, good tidings from Lloyd's met him there; and he began to think it not impossible that a merchant, whose profits were twenty thousand per annum, might sustain the rise in the demands of Lady P. and her "dear Alfred." But he had, for the hour, forgotten that he had also a "dear Augustus." The last-named young gentleman had lately made a match with the Hon. Mr. Wisgigeon, and, presuming on the reputation he had acquired in the precincts of Finsbury, had staked a cool thousand on the issue, which the noble destroyer of doves very shortly "brought down" in bills at six months.

"Very well," said Sir Peter, when he was made acquainted with his son's exploit: "I had fixed upon just that sum to finish his education at Oxford: I perceive that it is already finished. Here, Lady Pimento, is a cheque for the *trifle*, as you are pleased to call it: if I had many such sons, such trifles would soon make me a broken merchant." A lucky speculation the next day restored the worthy knight to his usual placid state; and he began philosophically to consider children as a sort of commercial venture, which might turn out fortunate, pay the outfit, and reward the under-writers for the risk—or the reverse—just as "the Fates and Sister's three, and such like destinies," decreed.

It was at this epoch that Lady Pimento was struck with the discovery that it was high time the interesting and accomplished Amarantha should be brought out. Her father listened, in his usual serene way, to the suggestions of her lady mother; and, as he dared not demur, the thing was set about with becoming spirit; and routs, balls, and, to complete all, a morning concert made Portland Place one universal chaos of carriages, company, and confusion. The young lady was, indeed, brought out to some purpose: for, at the close of the morning concert, she was discovered to be missing, and no one knew how; but a polite note left on her dressing-table, informed her expectant parents that she had gone the way of all runaway young ladies—*via* Gretna Green, the companion of her flight being the Signor Soprano who had conferrèd on the concert the honour of his voice. Sir Peter stared, and looked puzzled, as well he might, and Lady P., for once seemed baffled and confounded.

"This is one of the consequences of teaching a merchant's daughter the trills and tricks of an Opera singer!" said Sir Peter, with a groan:—"Lady Pimento, I hope you are satisfied with her choice, and gratified by this palpable result of your precepts?" Lady P. did not look as if she was; but there was no knowing, for Signor Soprano was one of Lady Pimento's "dear creatures."

"Surely every thing that could tend to deprive a father of pride and comfort of his children has happened to me!" sighed the merchant, as he stepped out of doors on his way to the city; but he had reckoned without his ledger, as will be seen. However, to throw a little sunshine over that hour of unhappiness to the father, the merchant received news of the safe arrival of "the good ship Amarantha," with a fine cargo, "all well."

"Ah!" sighed Sir Peter, "the winds and waves are more obedient to my wishes than my children!" With a lighter heart he transacted the business of the day, and returned home at five. A mob was about the door; a cabriolet broken, and a beautiful bay, bleeding at the knees, told partly what had happened. He rush-

ed in: Lady P. met him at the stair-foot—"Oh, Sir Peter! Sir Peter!" she exclaimed, and fainted.

"What new horror have I now to endure?" demanded the anxious father, as his usual healthy colour forsook his face. It was explained to him, as tenderly as possible, that whilst Mr. Alfred was "airing" Mademoiselle Pirouette, the Opera dancer—with whom, it then came out, he had "an affair of the heart"—the bay, being high-bred, had taken fright at the wooden legs of a Chelsea pensioner near Kensington Gardens, and plunging into the surrounding "Ha-ha!" had broken its knees, the cabriolet, Mr. Alfred's head, and Mademoiselle Pirouette's ankle. Here Lady P. recovered; and after listening, with more patience than usual, to the lecture which her worthy husband delivered on the fashionable follies which he could foresee were destined to ruin him and his children, Lady P. commenced a reply equally eloquent, in vindication of her "dear Alfred." His errors were the errors of a young man of fashion—indications of the *esprit de corps*—signs of a noble ambition to be one of the *haut ton*. "And pray, Sir Peter," inquired the lady, to clinch the matter, "were you never guilty of any fashionable follies, when you were a young man?" "None, madam," replied the husband, "save going once in the season, to Vauxhall, and twice or thrice to the theatres: these were follies sufficient to season a year. But now—"

Lady P. cut short the comparison by a second query; "And were you never guilty of a worse folly?" "Yes, madam," replied the husband. "And pray what might that be?" further inquired the lady. "I married you, madam!" answered Sir Peter. And here Lady P. who had become a Lady-patroness of *nerves*, fainted again, and was carried by her women to her bed-chamber. Sir Peter then took the road to his son's dressing-room.

On entering, he found the valet bathing the head of his heir-apparent with Eau-de-Cologne; and, truly, when the father looked in his face he might well seem, as he was, puzzled, and somewhat doubtful whether the good Samaritans who had brought him home had not brought some other unhappy father's "dear Alfred," for he could not recognize a single feature of his face.

"Good God!" groaned the afflicted father, "that young men should thus wantonly risk limb and life in the pursuit of fashion!" He then gave a multiplicity of tender directions that "he should be well looked to;" and, wiping the moisture of anxiety from his forehead, stepped softly out of the room, to visit his least-patient, my lady. He knocked gently at the door, and then entered; but what was his surprise to find "the" Pirouette in his lady's bed, and Lady P. on an ottoman, not quite recovered from the shock of her nerves, yet sufficiently so to command Sir Peter to leave the chamber "for a brute as he was;" which he, as a husband should, did; and in a minute more, the house.

He was met at the door by the stable keeper of whom the bay had been hired, who very doggedly desired to know what was to be done with the mare, for she was "ruined beyond condemnation?" "Shoot her at once out of her misery," said Sir Peter; "and, if you have a second bullet disengaged, do me the same favour, and put down another hundred to your bill!" "Perhaps, Sir Peter, you will oblige me with your cheque for one hundred now for the bay!" Sir Peter hesitated a moment; "I'll first see the damage done, if you please Mr.—Mr.—good morning sir!"—and he bowed the trickster from the door, and made his way to the city.

"I am an unhappy father!" sighed the worthy merchant, as he entered his counting-house. "How is the market, Transit? how goes sugars?" "Up, Sir Peter, up—brisk—the demand is immense!" answered Mr. Transit. "Come, this is well!" and he was beginning to rub his hands, to express the satisfaction of success; but thoughts of home recurred, and he dropped them pensively by his sides. The merchant made a good morning's work, and returned in a more pleasant mood than usual to Portland Place. The lion-headed monster of his door was by that time comfortably wrapped up in white kid; the blinds were down from top to bottom of his house; and the splendid carriages of three fashionable surgeons were before the door.

"What now?" exclaimed Sir Peter, as he knocked softly, and then rang loudly at the area bell. "What has happened now?" he inquired anxiously, as the door opened. "Mademoiselle is in a fever, and the surgeons are in consultation about her ankle."

Sir Peter had almost vented his impatience in an English way, by bestowing a few epithets of national prejudice on foreigners generally; but he restrained the Englishman, and ordering a fowl to be served up in the library, entered that abode of silence, glad to escape from his own thoughts to those of others.

He had not long enjoyed himself in the refreshing solitude of that sanctuary, when a loud noise was heard in the hall. He rushed out to see what new domestic convulsion had occurred: it was the "dear Augustus," brought home from the Red House at Battersea, drunk with a double charge of champagne, swallowed to console him for his losses in a match at pigeon-shooting, played and payed that day. Mr. Augustus, moreover, was brought home minus two thousand guineas, besides an annuity of twenty pounds for life settled upon the wife of a trapman, whom, in his anxiety to make sure of the last bird, he had sent, with a double charge of No. 2-s in and about him, to his last account.

"Take the brute to bed!" said Sir Peter, sternly;—"and, John, countermand the fowl, and light me to my chamber. I shall breakfast at six to-morrow, John—remember at six." Sir Peter then retired to his chamber, which was on the same floor with his lady's; for Lady P. was already fashionable enough to insist upon the propriety of the disunion of bed, if not of board.

Sir Peter waked at six, and his chocolate was punctual. He threw up the window, and as he glanced out, observed a post-chaise and pair driving with fashionable—that is, furious—speed, up Portland Place. It stopped at his door; the steps were let down, and, wrapped in a loose travelling dress, out stepped Miss Amarantha, alone. Sir Peter rang the bell hastily, and was about to give orders that she should not be admitted; but the father overcame him, and he relented. "Attend to the door, and admit your young lady, but deny me," said Sir Peter, with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger."

In justice to the young lady it must be recorded that no marriageable karru had been done: for when the lovers had arrived half way on their route to Gretna Green, Miss Amarantha discovered that, in the hurry of her flight, she had brought away her cotton-box in mistake for the case which contained her jewels—a discovery which, by some mysterious psychological process, not thoroughly understood even by the learned in love matters, acted so suddenly on the passion of Signor Soprano, that, two hours after, he stole out of the hotel where they had put up, and left the fair runaway to "gang her gait" back again.

"Take away the chocolate—I shall breakfast this morning with your mistress," said Sir Peter. He then descended by the back stairs to his library; there shutting himself from interruption, he read Bishop Horne's beautiful sermon on 'Patience' twice through; and, having stored his mind with its precepts, he heard the summons to breakfast with a proper degree of composure, considering the serious domestic duties he had that morning to perform.

The meeting between the belligerents was what in military phraseology, has been termed "imposing." Lady P. brought into the field a powerful force of frowns, glances like Parthian darts, a masked battery of words, and a well-placed ambush of alices; the whole being backed by an irresistible *corps de reserve* of tears, upbraiding threats of separation, spasms, shrieks, and sals. Sir Peter, on his part, took his ground armed at all points, from a thorough consciousness that "thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." The disputed and despised authority of the husband, the "proud wife's contumely," had stirred all his soul to the war; and whether domestic peace should smile on him in future, and dominion be allowed him over his own little kingdom and rebellious subjects, or whether anarchy and riot were to rule, was now at issue. Sir Peter advanced to the attack with a bold front, affecting, however, no more courage than he felt—whilst it was easy to observe that Lady P. exhibited a certain flutter of preparation, which betrayed to the wary eye of the general the ill-disguised apprehensions of the enemy.

"Betty, leave your mistress alone with me," said the knight. Betty did as she was bid, and retired. And now there was a clear field for the contest, and no quarters expected! An awful pause ensued—to fill up which, or rather to inspirit himself to the war, Sir Peter, in the absence of Spartan life and drum, whistled a sort of battle symphony. As the last war-note died on the gale, Lady P. made demonstrations of a wish to parley.

"Sir Peter," said the lady, "do you take chocolate or coffee this morning?"

Not a word in reply. The silence of a settled purpose sat on the soul of Sir Peter, as he half turned away from the table. This was perhaps an indiscreet movement, for he thereby left his right wing exposed to the light artillery of Lady P., which instantly, as might have been expected, commenced a galling fire.

"Really, Sir Peter," said the Lady, "your contempt of me—your conduct towards me—your opposition to my most moderate wishes—your indifference to my comforts—I can only impute to your having grown weary of so virtuous, so conciliating, so patient, so careful a wife."

"Madam!" said Sir Peter, facing to the front.

"What am I to understand from your behaviour?" demanded the lady.

"You are to understand, madam," returned the knight, "that I have come to the determination of being the master of my own house, and director of my own children, of whom I am, by the law of nature, the first protector, and by the law of society, the legal and proper guardian; and whom I am from this day, determined to guard in future from the errors into which they have fallen."

"Well, Sir Peter," returned the lady, with an air of infinite astonishment, "and who has for a moment disputed it?"

"I will do you the justice to say that you have not—"

"Your candour, Sir Peter, does you honour," said Lady Pimento, interrupting him rather too hastily.

"Hear me out, madam!—For a moment you have not, but for twenty years you disputed it, inch by inch, instance by instance, day by day, night by night."

"You surprise me!" said the lady.

"I meant to do so, madam," returned the knight; "and I shall surprise you more. Know then, madam, that from this day the firm of Lady Pimento and Sir Peter Pimento, in which I have hitherto appeared to be little more than the sleeping partner, ceases, or rather is remodelled—the oldest partner in the house resuming his right and prerogative to govern and direct its affairs."

"Never!" said Lady P., who could no longer restrain her rising spirit: "I will be mistress in my own family!"

"You shall be, madam, but nothing more!" said Sir Peter.

"But I will," said Lady P.; "I will be mistress and master too—or—"

Sir Peter sternly interrupted her, and firmly and quietly remarked. "Well, then, madam, the partners not agreeing as to who is, or who is to be the head of the firm, the partnership must be dissolved."

This he said with such a cool air of settled determination as stunned his good lady into wondering silence. Lady P. bit her lips, bit the initials out of the corner of her handkerchief, and then, bouncing from her chair, would have fled the field, and left the resolved husband to enjoy in peace the honours of war; but Sir Peter, expecting this manœuvre, had cut off her retreat, by previously locking the door, and putting the key into his pocket.

"Resume your chair, Lady Pimento."

And in this one instance the lady was obedient. Sir Peter then proceeded to deliver himself as follows, but to no very attentive audience:—

"You are my wife;—'wife' is a sacred title, and imports a sacred obligation. It is not a mere empty distinction among women, but one conferring an office, of most solemn duties. A wife should be a crown to her husband—her children its jewels. Her virtue should be his pride and pleasure, not his pain and punishment: but virtue in a wife is not the only thing necessary to make a husband happy:—there are other qualities—temper, cheerfulness, patience, forbearance—all essential. Her nature should soften the sternness of his, where it is stern—not stubbornly resist it where it is gentle. Her hand should gently retain him when he would take the wrong path—not rudely pull him back, or stand in his way, when he has made choice of the right. Her children should be as the apples of his eyes, the wine and honey of his heart, the grace and ornament of his house. They should be to him as the second spring of his own youth—the pride of his summer—the fruitfulness of his autumn—and the light and warmth of the winter of his manhood. Such should be the virtues of a wife:—I am not prepared to say, madam, that I am the possessor of such a woman. Such should be the virtues of the children—"

Here Sir Peter hid his face in his hands: Lady Pimento was silent, and apparently ashamed. He resumed, after a moment.

"—No, madam! I have a wife who would endanger the fortunes of her husband for the poor ambition of moving in a circle to which the industry and success of that husband may have lifted her, but to which her birth and habits cannot entitle her. And I have sons, who, imbibing her precepts and influenced by her example, plunge headlong into fashionable pleasures, that they may be named among the fools of Fortune to-day, only to be pitied by the wise, and laughed at by the fools they court as their companions, to-morrow. But the reign of folly, I am resolved, shall cease in my family, at least. My wife shall be a real ornament to me or nothing? my children shall serve and enrich their country, and themselves, by their industry as merchants; and be an example of prudence, not profligacy—or they are no children of mine. These, madam, are my solemn resolutions. Having acquainted you with thus much of my determination, I leave you, Lady Pimento, to your own reflections; and I trust they will be such as will bring conviction home to your bosom, and lead you to agree with me that amendment—aye, even a thorough reformation of my family is necessary to their reputation in this world, and their happiness in the next."

So saying, he rose to leave the room. He paused a moment at the door, and looked back upon his lady with more of pity than anger in his eyes: Lady P. glanced once at him, and turning herself and chair, averted her flushed and angry face. He gazed on her in silence, and almost relented from his sternness, but his just resentment and becoming pride as a husband and a man struggled with the mischievous weakness and false tenderness that fluttered in his heart; and, recovering himself, he firmly and silently quitted the chamber.

Lady P. held out to the last, but finding her supplies cut off, and her hopes of maintaining the contest single-handed becoming weaker and weaker, she at last sent out a flag of truce; and from that day domestic tyranny ceased in the Pimento kingdom.

Sir Peter followed up his lectures on family government with Spartan rigour of resolution and vigour of action; and he succeeded as he deserved. The results were, that Mr. Augustus

merged the glory of being a first-rate shot in the glory of being a good man upon 'Change; Mr. Alfred ceased to air the exotic beauties of the Opera, and made a fortune by speculation in tobacco; and Miss Amarantha, putting off the "prima donna," and forgetting her soft Signor, nursed her own five children, and now looks to see the promotion of the excellent citizen her husband to the honours of the next year's mayoralty.

DEDICATIONS.

Some authors excelled in this species of literary artifice. The Italian Don dedicated each of his letters, in a book called *LA LIBRARIARIA*, to persons whose names began with the first letter of the epistle; and dedicated the whole collection in another epistle; so that the book, which only consisted of forty-five pages, was dedicated to above twenty persons. This is carrying literary mendicity pretty high. Politi, the editor of the *MARTYROLOGIUM ROMANUM*, published at Rome in 1751, has improved on the idea of Doni; for to the 365 days of the year of this Martyrology he has prefixed to each an epistle dedicatory. It is fortunate to have a large circle of acquaintance, though not worthy of being saints. Galland, the translator of the *Arabian Nights*, prefixed a dedication to each tale which he gave; had he finished the "one thousand and one," he would have surpassed even the Martyrologist.

Mademoiselle Scudery tells a remarkable expedient of an ingenious trader in this line—One Rangouze made a collection of Letters, which he printed without numbering them. By this means the book-binder put that letter which the author ordered him first; so that all the persons to whom he presented this book, seeing their names at the head, considered themselves under a particular obligation. There was likewise an Italian physician, who having wrote on Hippocrates' Aphorisms, dedicated each book of his Commentaries to one of his friends, and the index to another!

More than one of our own authors have dedications in the same spirit. It was an expedient to procure dedicatory fees; for publishing books by subscription was an art then undiscovered. One prefixed a different dedication to a certain number of printed copies, and addressed them to every great man he knew, who he thought relished a morsel of flattery, and would pay handsomely for a coarse luxury. Sir Balthazar Gerbier, in his "Counsel to Builders," has made up half the work with forty-two Dedications, which he excuses by the example of Antonio Perez; yet in these dedications he scatters a heap of curious things, for he was a very universal genius. Perez, once secretary of state to Philip II of Spain, dedicates his "Obras," first to "Nuestro sanctissimo Padre," and "Al Sacro Collegio," then follows one to "Henry IV," and then one still more, embracing, "A Todos." Fuller, in his "Church History," has with admirable contrivance introduced twelve title-pages, besides the general one, and as many particular dedications, and no less than fifty or sixty of those by inscriptions, and which are addressed to his benefactors; a circumstance which Heylin in his severity did not overlook: for "making his work bigger by forty sheets at the least; and he was so ambitious of the number of his patrons that having but four leaves at the end of his History, he discovers a particular benefactress to inscribe them to!" This unlucky lady, the patroness of four leaves, Heylin compares to Roscius Regulus, who accepted the consular dignity for that part of the day on which Cecina by a decree of the senate was degraded from it, which occasioned Regulus to be ridiculed by the people all his life after, as the consul of half a day.

The price for the dedication of a play was at length fixed, from five to ten guineas from the Revolution to the time of George I; when it rose to twenty, but sometimes a bargain was to be struck when the author and the play were alike indifferent. Sometimes the party higgled about the price, or the statue while stepping into his niche could turn round on the author to assist his invention. A patron of Peter Motteux, dissatisfied with Peter's colder temperament, actually composed the superlative dedication to himself, and completed the misery of the apparent author by subscribing it with his name. This circumstance was so notorious at the time, that it occasioned a satirical dialogue between Motteux and his patron Heveningham. The patron, in his zeal to omit no possible distinction that might attach to him, had given one circumstance which no one but himself could have known.

PATRON.

I must confess I was to blame
That one particular to name;
The rest could never have been known,
I made the style so like thy own.

POET.

I beg your pardon sir for that.

PATRON.

Why what would you be at?
I writ below myself you sot!
Avoiding figures, tropes, what not,
For fear I should my fancy raise
Above the level of thy plays!

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

FROM GERMAN WORKS.

Louis XIV.—The grand monarch was noted for his imposing look. On one occasion, however, as he was reviewing some of his troops, he was unable to put a soldier out of countenance, so stern and unbending was the man's gaze. "How is it," said the king, "that you dare thus look at me?" "Sire," replied the undaunted son of Mars, "none but the eagle can fix his eyes on the sun." This man, from the fixed nature of his gaze, was surnamed "the Eagle."

Fontenelle.—This celebrated man lived to be a hundred years of age. A few months before his death he was at the theatre, when being accosted by an English nobleman, who professed to have come all the way from England on purpose to see him, he replied: "My lord, I have left you plenty of time."

Frederick II.—His majesty, looking out of the window one day, saw a number of people reading a paper stuck against a wall. "Go and see," said the king to a page in waiting, "what those people are reading." "Sire," said the page, on his return, trembling with fear, "It is a satire on your person." "Indeed," replied his majesty, coolly; "just step down again, and put the paper more on a level with their visual organs, I am afraid it is rather too high."

This monarch was of an exceedingly familiar turn of mind: "Come," said he, one day to the Abbe Raynal, who was presented to him, whilst surrounded by his generals, "Come my good fellow, we are both old, let us sit down and have a chat."

Reuchlin.—The celebrated author of "De Arte Cabalistica," having reached a village where he was obliged to wait for his carriage at an inn, filled with drunken obstreperous peasants, hit upon one of the strangest plans for silencing such an assemblage, as was ever heard of. He called for a glass of water and a piece of chalk. With the latter he described on the table a circle surmounted by a small cross; on the right of this circle he placed the glass, on the left a knife, and in the very middle his book, and so began to read, at times uttering strange sounds. The peasants taking him for nothing less than a sorcerer, held their tongues in amazement, and Reuchlin was thus enabled to read for a good half hour in peace, when at length his carriage came.

Montesquieu.—On leaving Rome, Montesquieu waited on the Pope, Benedict XIV., with the intention of taking leave. His holiness, desirous of conferring on the Savan some signal marks of his favour, said to him, "We grant you the permission to eat flesh on all fast days, and of our goodness extend this favour to your posterity for ever." Montesquieu tendered his thanks to his holiness, and took his leave. The bishop who acted the part of chamberlain, conducted the author to an adjoining apartment, where the Pope's bull of dispensation was handed over to him, accompanied with the demand of a pretty considerable fee. Montesquieu having cast his eyes on the document, returned it to the donor, observing, that as the Pope was so righteous a man, he would not think of doubting his word, which he certainly would do, in taking the bull of dispensation.

Frederick II. was, on the occasion of his passage through a small town, accosted by several of the dignitaries of the place. One of these, stepping forward to deliver his speech, was most unceremoniously interrupted by a donkey a few feet off, which began to bray in a most unmusical strain. The king was unable to restrain his merriment, and laughing outright, exclaimed, "Do, I beg of you, each speak in your turn; it is impossible for me to understand you, if you will both talk together."

Philip the Good.—As Philip, Duke of Burgundy, was walking through the streets of Bruges, he found on his path a drunken man, sound asleep. He had him removed and carried to the ducal palace, where having caused him to be stripped of his rags, he was placed in one of the richest beds, with a costly night-shirt on his body, and a perfumed night-cap on his head. As may be supposed, the poor drunkard was not a little amazed when he awoke, to find himself in such strange circumstances—he was much more so when he saw several fine gentlemen approach him with low bows, inquiring what dress his highness would be graciously pleased to wear on that day. This question, of course, completed the poor fellow's astonishment; he was, he said, nothing more than a wretched cobbler—but it was all to no purpose, the attentions paid to him were redoubled, and he at length found himself compelled to submit to all their officiousness. When he was dressed, the transformed cobbler was conducted in state to the chapel, to hear mass; at the end of which ceremony, he good-naturedly allowed his hand to be kissed, which, however, as may be supposed, was not one of the fairest. After this pantomime, he was sumptuously fared, then taken for an airing in a superb chariot, then to the opera, and to wind up all, to a magnificent ball, where the most lovely creatures he ever beheld vied with each other to please and to amuse him. A substantial supper followed the dance; bottle after bottle passed before the eyes of the enraptured cobbler, glassfuls after glassfuls followed each other in rapid succession down his throat; till at length, completely overwhelmed by liquor and excitement, he dropped off into a sound sleep, during which he was once more reinvigorated in

his old clothes, and carried to the spot whence he was conveyed to the Duke's palace. The next morning he could not find words enough to relate to his wife with sufficient effect, the delightful dream he had had. H. M.

WAR AS IT IS.—The United Service Journal for April contains an account of the capture of Constantine in 1837 by the French Army. The sketch is written by Sir Grenville Temple, Bart. and, we presume, may be relied upon for the correctness of its statements. Two or three specimens of the diabolical fury, and the deathless hate which modern christians sanction, we present to our readers—"The Turks, Moors, and Arabs defended themselves most obstinately, and they did not commence to bend till they found the French surrounding them. This had been effected by the sapeurs having cleared on the left, in the direction of Bah Jedid, away through the houses and ruins. The same system had also been commenced on the right. The contest however continued to rage with the greatest fury: the garrison generally, but especially the Turkish soldiers, behaved nobly, fighting as lions (!) defending their young. It required the full development of the well-proved French courage to maintain the strife with these gallant warriors, who, even when lying on the ground in the agonies of death, continued cutting with their yataghans and sabres. Many men were cut down in this manner, and, it became prudent to cast an examining glance on the bodies on which you were to place your foot. Under an ancient gateway, the struggle was the greatest and most bloody, for, independently of the fire of musketry, man was opposed to man in close contest, and the yataghan and the bayonet reaped the harvest of each other's lives. The fray was, however, not confined to this spot, it raged with equal spirit in all the adjoining streets, and in every house. At last, covered with blood and foaming with rage, the Moslem soldiers retired, still fighting, to the Kasbah, though this former fortress was unable to afford them protection, from the French entering it with them. A few were taken, but the greater part descending the steep and precipitous face of the rock, gained the valley, not however without losing many of their numbers, who were dashed to pieces by falling headlong into the ravine below. When the inhabitants found that their town was lost, many mounted their horses, and issuing from Bah Jedid, dashed at a gallop down the steep declivity along the road which leads to Milah; but the great mass of the population, especially the women, the aged, and the children, endeavoured to escape from the fate they supposed to await them, by climbing down the rocks and lowering themselves by ropes, thus gaining the gardens and the rivers below the town. A great number perished by the ropes breaking, the feet slipping, or by the wearied hands being no longer able to maintain their hold. The ravines at the foot of the rock were filled with the bodies of those which rolled from above; heaps were seen of the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the mutilated. Men, women, and children, lay in masses, perishing miserably and in agonies, for all others were too much occupied to assist them. The sight of men who have been killed fighting is one which does not inspire any sensibilities (!) for it is nothing more than you are prepared to see; but when women and children are included among the killed such is not the case, and few can gaze upon them in this state unmoved. In the town, I was witness to a little scene which considerably affected me. Entering a house whose passage was paved with the numerous bodies of the valiant defenders, we found a door which was locked; the soldiers burst it open, and found that it had been still further secured by the inmates with boxes and trunks placed against it. A woman had locked herself in with two children, one of these at the breast: she thought herself secure, but we found them all three killed, a shell having entered by the ceiling and burst in the room. The mother and the little boy appeared to have been, when struck, at different extremities of the room. We found them in the centre embracing each other with the grasp of death, and the train of blood showed that they had drugged themselves there from opposite corners. The floor was strewn with little toys and playthings, many dabbled in blood. Although these are events which unfortunately often occur in besieged towns, still you cannot avoid starting with horror and pain when they present themselves to view." That Mahometans should believe in the lawfulness of war, does not excite surprise; but that the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus should be as ready to fight for their country, etc. as the votaries of the false prophet, does almost surpass belief. And yet such alas! is the fact.

A New Member of Parliament.—Lord North, one day, in the House of Commons, was interrupted in the most important part of his speech by a dog who had taken shelter and concealed himself under the table of the house, and then making his escape, ran directly across the floor, barking with a violent howl. A burst of laughter ensued, which would have disconcerted any ordinary speaker. But North, who knew how to turn any occurrence, however ludicrous, to his own advantage, having waited with all gravity until the roar was subsided, then addressed the chair, saying, "Sir, I have been interrupted by a new member, but as he has concluded his argument, I will resume mine."

Warton notices the common practice, about the reign of Elizabeth, of our authors dedicating a work at once to a number of the nobility. Chapman's Translation of Homer has sixteen sonnets addressed to lords and ladies. Henry Lock, in a collection of two hundred religious sonnets, mingles with such heavenly works the terrestrial composition of a number of sonnets to his noble patrons; and not to multiply more instances, our great poet Spenser, in compliance with this disgraceful custom, or rather in obedience to the established tyranny of patronage, has prefixed to the Fairy Queen fifteen of these adulatory pieces, which in every respect, are the meanest of his compositions. At this period all men, as well as writers, looked up to peers, as on beings on whose smiles or frowns all sublunary good and evil depended. At a much later period, Alkanah Settle sent copies round to the chief party, for he wrote for both parties, accompanied by addresses, to extort pecuniary presents in return. He had latterly one standard ELEGY, and one EPITHALAMIUM, printed off with blanks, which by ingeniously filling up with the printed names of any great person who died or was married, no one who was going out of life or was entering into it, could pass scot free.

One of the most singular anecdotes respecting Dedications in English bibliography, is that of the Polyglot bible of Dr. Castell. Cromwell, much to his honor, patronised that great labor, and allowed the paper to be imported free of all duties, both of excise and custom. It was published under the protectorate, but many copies had not been disposed of ere Charles II. ascended the throne. Dr. Castell had dedicated the work gratefully to Oliver, by mentioning him with peculiar respect in the preface, but he wavered with Richard Cromwell. At the restoration, he cancelled the two last leaves, and supplied their places with three others, which softened down the republican strains and blotted Oliver's name out of the book of life! The differences in what are now called the REPUBLICAN and the LOYAL copies have amused the curious collectors; and the former being very scarce are most sought after. I have seen the republican. In the LOYAL copies the patrons of the work are mentioned, but their TITLES are essentially changed; SERENISSIMUS ILLUSTRISSIMUS, and HONORATISSIMUS, were epithets that dared not show themselves under the LEVELLING influence of the great fanatic republican.

It is a curious literary folly, not of an individual, but of the Spanish nation, who, when the laws of Castile were reduced into a code under the reign of Alfonso X, surnamed the Wise, divided the work into SEVEN VOLUMES; that they might be dedicated to the SEVEN LETTERS which formed the name of his majesty!

Never was a gigantic baby of adulation so crammed with the soft pap of DEDICATIONS as Cardinal Richelieu. French flattery even exceeded itself.—Among the vast number of very extraordinary dedications to this man, in which the divinity itself is disrobed of its attributes to bestow them on this miserable creature of vanity, I suspect that even the following one is not the most blasphemous he received. "Who has seen your face without being seized by those softened terrors which made the prophets shudder when God showed the beams of his glory? But as he whom they dared not to approach in the burning bush, and in the noise of thunders, appeared to them sometimes in the freshness of the zephyrs, so the softness of your august countenance dissipates at the same time, and changes into dew, the small vapors which cover its majesty." One of these herd of dedicators, after the death of Richelieu, suppressed in a second edition his hyperbolic panegyric, and as a punishment he inflicted on himself, dedicated the work to Jesus Christ!

The same taste characterises our own dedications in the reign of Charles II and James II. The great Dryden has carried it to an excessive height; and nothing is more usual than to compare the PATRON with the DIVINITY—and at times a fair inference may be drawn that the former was more in the author's mind than God himself! A Welsh bishop made an APOLOGY to James I, for PREFERRING the Deity—to his Majesty! Burke has admirably observed on Dryden's extravagant dedications, that they were the vices of the time more than of the man; they were loaded with flattery, and no disgrace was annexed to such an exercise of men's talents; the contest being who should go farthest in the most graceful way, and with the best turns of expression.

An ingenious dedication was contrived by Sir Simon Degge, who dedicated "the Parson's Counsellor" to Woods, Bishop of Lichfield, with this intention. Degge highly complimented the Bishop on having most nobly restored the church, which had been demolished in the civil wars, and was rebuilt but left unfinished by Bishop Hacket. At the time he wrote the dedication, Woods had not turned a single stone, and it is said, that much against his will he did something from having been so publicly reminded of it by this ironical dedication—*Curiosities of Literature.*

T. Majer, in his "History of Trials by Ordeal," 1795, asserts, that on weighing some witches and magicians in Hungary in 1728, a tall jolly dame weighed only a drachm and a half—her husband, not by any means a diminutive man, five drachms—the others, three or four drachms, or less!

For the Pearl.

HELEN O' CALDERSHEE.

TUNE "JOHN ANDERSON MY JO."

Oh lovely Helen, it was thee,
Wha first enchained my heart
In the sweet Glen o' Caldershee,
Whar we twa last did part.
The saft fu' moon did witness there,
Our vows o' mutual love,
Whan tears bedimm'd thine eyes sae fair,
An' a' my heart did move.

Oh lovely Helen I've seen thee,
On sunny simmer days;
The bonniest flower in Caldershee,
That bloomed beneath the rays
O' the bright sun, wha never shone,
On face sae fair as thine;
An' aft as we twa sat alone,
Thou said, thou would'st be mine.

Oh lovely Helen, alas! from thee
I'm far, far parted now;—
But still the Glen o' Caldershee,
Does in my memory glow;
As on that night whan we did meet,
To part an' meet no more,
All in the calm moonlight sae sweet
I kiss'd thee o'er an' o'er.

St. John, N. B.,
April, 13th, 1839.

G. M. R.

EXCERPTS.

FROM STANLEY,
A new Novel by an Anonymous Author.

AUTHORSHIP.

"Authorship is the most hapless trade that has yet been invented. Doubtless it is a noble thing when the poet's soul, expanding through futurity, is conscious of immortality, and can exclaim 'Nomen erit indelibile nostrum.' (Ovid.) But there is no sort of venture in which the unavoidable risk is so great and the possible gain is so little; even in the highest success the loss is greater than the acquisition, and in ordinary cases the contest is against fearful odds. To write for one's livelihood,—to stimulate the weary and overtaxed mind at the harsh call of necessity,—to execute from dull compulsion the treasured dreams and hoarded schemes of a literary youth; to be obliged to think, and necessitated to imagine,—is a misery which, perhaps more strongly than any other, deserves the name of agony. And when we look at the career of the most fortunate writer, and consider the dark trials and the painful doubts and the ceaseless strivings which harassed his existence, and then remember how little of the final admiration reached him personally, as in a triumph the hero who rode in the van saw but a small part of the crowd which followed, we may well conclude with the reflection of *La Beaumelle* in a letter to *Voltaire*. '*La plus brillante reputation ne vaut jamais ce qu'elle coûte.*' In the case of a great poet, the sensibility which he pictures excites and wears his own; and while physically he is surrounded with enjoyments, his consciousness is with his imagination, and that is in the scenes of suffering. When Byron threw himself into the situation of his *Ginour*, he created in himself all the miserable passions which he described. As a writer his success was great;

'And yet he nothing reaped for all his pain,
But care and sorrow was his only gain.'

That man's sacrifice to fame was the most awful that ever was made—his own heart."

BYRON AND SHELLEY.

"Byron and Shelley were friends in life, and have often been classed together in literature; but they were in truth intellectual antipodes. The feeling on Byron's pages is all personal feeling; it is actual emotion, elevated and refined into the ideal. His sufferings suggested all his sentiments; and Experience was the parent of all his thoughts. Shelley's feelings were in his imagination, and he had no personality. It is the business of poetry to present to us the generalizations of ideal passions, and these are usually attained by forgetting or merging the individual and the real, and sending the mind to wander through the fabrics of fancy; in this sense, it is justly affirmed, that Byron succeeded by the magnitude of his failure. He wrote true poetry without being a poet, he shaped into poetry its antagonism. The other was born a bard. Hence, if in respect of the mental qualities of the two men as geniuses, the question of greatness be made, we give the palm to Shelley; if in reference to their moral abilities as performers, we name Byron. In the first view, Shelley possessed more of the poetical faculty; in the second, it is Byron's praise, that in despite of the defect of those qualities, he wrote yet more splendid verses than the other. The first was an intellectual superiority, the last was a personal triumph; in the one you praise the mind, in the other, you applaud the man; in that you extol the gorgeous fancy, in this you reward the victorious will."

"Shelley's mind seemed to be no portion of himself; his consciousness was apart from his conceptions. It is this which makes him often difficult to be understood, for usually it is through sympathy of temper that men attain to unity of thought. A flash of

mutual feeling brightens a chain of notions otherwise dark and perplexing. The poet, lifted by passion to some airy seat, bubbles of the golden forms pictured on the glassy bubbles which his fancy floats before him, and his words will be Pindaric to our sense unless we are placed in the same position by similarity of mood. Notions are but the expanded flower and foliage from the germ of feeling, and we must plant the latter in our heart, ere the atmosphere of our intelligence will be gladdened by the former. In truth, we never fully comprehend a poet's lines, unless we are beforehand in possession of the poet's meaning, and his words but remember us of our own images; in that case, he is explaining our affections to us, and giving us in ideas what we previously possessed in impressions. It is the business, therefore, of the judicious poet, by addressing the heart to fling his feelings upon us before he expands his meaning, and thus to aqueduct the chasm between our consciousness and his thoughts. There is no trace of personal feeling from one end of Shelley's writings to the other. Compare, for illustration, his ode to the sky-lark with Wordsworth's on the same subject; the one is a record of individual emotions and a retrospect of spiritual experience, and breathes, throughout, the sadness of a pensive soul; the other displays an artificial and mechanical ingenuity, and, as exquisite as a Greek chorus, is as cold as a Greek statue. It is this same absence of conscience and want of moral impressibility which makes the atheism of Shelley so thorough and undoubting. Byron suffered so intensely from the stings of mental remorse, and laboured with such agony of effort to brighten the blackness of vice into that image of light and beauty for which his spirit was self-stung to struggle, that when he most earnestly chants the glories of sin, he is unwittingly offering his tribute to virtue. The convulsion of passion under which he laboured was wrought by his striving to maintain the erectness of his spirit amid the tyrannizing encroachments of the devastations of wickedness."

THE MOON.

"The moon, whom I had last seen lofty and alone, like the high-hearted, solitary confessor of principle, who looks out upon a passionate and erring world from the castle of his strong but pensive thoughts, serene in the stillness of eternal sympathy with Truth and Duty, was now girt and garlanded by a thousand thin and pearly clouds, like the state of progressive girlhood whose baser being as it nears to womanhood, like a sea-bird sailing through a mist, seems gradually winged with a most soft and delicate accompaniment of feelings, fancies, hopes and dreams, which are now a portion of her loveliness. Night after night, the queen of the sky spreads forth her calm magnificence of glory to show to men that the joys of celestial quiet, though they may seem to be insecure and interrupted, yet are abiding, and unchanged; and to give us a glimpse of that deep and undying peace which lies beyond the clouds and tempest of the earth, in whose region alone dwell instability and variability; and we may bless the benignant power which thus bids the elements minister unto the improvement of our moral life, and the phases of nature be the support of our spirits in the darkling struggles of our life's endurance."

THE INFLUENCE OF RESIDENCE ON CHARACTER.

"The place of one's nativity, or at least the residence of one's early childhood, exerts a greater sway upon one's character and history than the world commonly imagines; and I have always considered it important in studying the life and exploring the mental qualities of distinguished men to possess myself of some knowledge of the natural influences under which their infancy and youth were passed. Alike in the statesman, who amid the storms of popular rage, and upon the morasses of personal intrigue, stands in the gloom of his passionate thoughts, and dark severity of his stern emotions, and pours the electric ardors of his spirit over the wrongs of his country and the sufferings of principle, and in the deep souled bard, whose impetuous rush of passion, shocking the bar of custom, foams into poetry, you detect the generous swelling of a heart whose sighs have been timed by the lashings of the deep, and whose breast is ever haunted by the vastness of the sea. The epistles of Pope tells us distinctly of the lawns of Windsor, as the odes of Wordsworth proclaim the majesty and barrenness of hills that surround him; and the disparity between the characters of Lamb and Scott was not greater than the difference between the homes of their boyhood."

HONOUR AND HUMANITY.—In the year 1746, when England was at war with Spain, the Elizabeth of London, Captain William Edwards, coming through the Gulf from Jamaica, richly laden, met with a most violent storm, in which the ship sprang a leak, that obliged him, to save the lives of his crew, to run into the Havannah, a Spanish port.

The captain went on shore, and directly waited on the governor, told the occasion of his putting in, and that he surrendered the ship as a prize, and himself and his men as prisoners of war, only requesting a good quarter.

"No, sir," replied the Spanish governor, "if we had taken you in fair war at sea, or approaching our coast with hostile intentions, your ship would then have been a prize, and your people prisoners; but when, distressed by a tempest, you come into our ports for the safety of your lives, we, the enemies, being men, are bound, as such, by the laws of humanity, to afford relief to dis-

tressed men who ask it of us. We cannot, even against our enemies, take advantage of an act of God. You have leave, therefore, to unload your ship, if that be necessary to stop the leak; you may refit her here, and traffic so far as shall be necessary to pay the charges; you may then depart, and I will give you a pass, to be in force till you are beyond Bermuda: if after that you are taken, you will then be a lawful prize; but now you are only a stranger, and have a stranger's right to safety and protection." The ship accordingly departed, and arrived safe in London.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

JUVENILE TALES.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

A SIMPLE STORY.

THE only youthful inmate of a large old-fashioned house in an ancient town in the very centre of Old England, was Maria Walker. She lived with her grandmamma and two maiden aunts, whom she would have called very old indeed, though they by no means were of the same opinion. Indeed, the little girl most strenuously maintained, on all suitable, and many very unsuitable occasions, that they never could have been so young as they seemed in their pictures, which represented them as two tall awkward girls, just struggling into womanhood; one with a parrot on her hand, the other with an ominous kitten in her arms, and both with the blackest of hair, the reddest of cheeks, the whitest of frocks, and the pinkest of sashes.

Most people would have expected to find little Maria a very dull, unhappy child, it seemed such an uncongenial atmosphere for the buoyant spirits of a merry little girl; for the stillness of death reigned through the house, whose echoes were seldom awakened by any sound, save that of Lily's tail patting against the drawing-room door, when, finding it shut, she took that method of gaining admittance of the fireside circle, where her beautiful white fur contrasted very well with the rich folds of grandmamma's silks and satins. Lily was the descendant of the kitten in Aunt Maria's pictured embrace, and this was a circumstance which sadly perplexed the youthful mind of Maria, who could not reconcile the idea of so old a creature being the grandchild of so young a one; her grandmamma and herself, she justly observed, were the very reverse.

Maria, however, was a very happy child, though she durst not make a noise any where except in her own playroom at the top of the house. Of course she had her troubles like all other little girls, even those whose voices are never checked; and she used to get into sad scrapes sometimes; but then she used soon get out of them, and she was neither perplexed by regrets for the past nor fears for the future.

The very first serious difficulty Maria could recollect finding herself in, occurred one day when grandmamma and both aunts were gone out to dinner; an event of very rare occurrence, and of momentous interest in the family. Both aunts had had some scruples about the propriety of leaving Maria so very long alone, for company dinners at Oldtown were celebrated at two o'clock; but as neither of them seemed for a moment to contemplate the possibility of staying at home to take care of her, their anxieties assumed the form of strict injunctions to Mrs. Martha, the house-keeper, on no account to let her out of her sight.

Now, Mrs. Martha had not the slightest intention of being guilty of a breach of trust. But she had bought some fine green tea, and baked a very superior cake, and had asked two ladies' maids to drink tea with her; and it did not at all comport with her ideas of comfort, that Miss Maria should be beside them all the afternoon, and have it in her power to retail in the drawing-room next day, all the news which she hoped to hear.

Anxious to avoid equally the frying-pan and the fire, as she said afterwards to Hannah the house-maid, she determined to give Miss Maria the materials whereof to make a little feast, with her Tunbridge ware dinner service, and conveyed the little girl's little table and little chair to a spot on the grass plot opposite the large window that opened to the ground from her own room. There she placed them, with a large basket of toys, in the shade which the spreading wings of a monstrous eagle cut in box afforded, believing that the child would be constantly within sight, and, if she strayed, that she should miss her directly, and would quickly follow. Why the ladies were so very anxious on this particular day that she should be watched, she did not know, as Miss Maria was accustomed to play by herself in the garden for hours every day; "but I dare say it's but natural," she soliloquised, "when they so seldom go a-pleasuring, that they should be frightened about her."

Maria was in general a very good little girl, and if she had been allowed to have her childish curiosity reasonably gratified, the desire that now filled her whole mind would have had no place there. But aunt Charlotte so invariably insisted that little girls were never allowed to ask questions, for that, when they grew up they would know every thing that was good for them to know; and she had very recently smarted so severely under the laughter of her aunts, when she had asked if rivers had teeth as well as mouths, that she resolved she would ask no questions, but try to find out for her-

self what at present she so much wished to know; and the day when grandmamma and aunts were to dine out, appeared so suitable for the attempt, that with unqualified pleasure she heard

Mrs. Martha was to exercise the rights of hospitality on the same evening. Maria's education had been far from neglected. She could read very well, had begun to learn to write, and had received lessons in geography and history, though, from the dry tedious manner in which they were administered, her ideas of time and space were very confused. She had formed a theory of her own, that all celebrated persons of different countries whose names began with the same kind of sound, were cotemporaries; that, for instance, Queen Anne and Hannibal, Queen Mary and Marius, Brutus and Bruce the traveller, might have known each other if they had but lived near enough. Her ideas of geography were not much less vague, as may be inferred from the fact, that she believed certain mounds in the churchyard to be really what Mrs. Martha asserted them to be, the graves of the infants slaughtered by Herod. Her grandmamma told all her friends what very great pains she took to give Maria good principles. Her lectures on these points might all be reduced to five heads; namely, to put every thing in its proper place, to do every thing in its proper time, to keep every thing to its proper use, to be genteel, and to hate the French. It will not be surprising that, with such training, the Pilgrim's Progress, a copy of which had recently been presented to her, gave an entirely new bias to her thoughts. So sorely puzzled was she to guess how much of it might be true, when, one day as they were driving out in the carriage, she saw at a little distance from the road a very handsome house. On some one asking the name of it, she did not hear the answer distinctly, but was quite sure she heard the word Beautiful; and as they immediately began to descend a hill, she immediately concluded that it was the palace Beautiful, and that the hill was the hill Difficulty. One great point was now ascertained, that there were really such places; but she began to be sadly distressed when it occurred to her that they were travelling in the wrong direction from what they ought to be doing.

Oldtown was a town where fewer changes occurred than in more populous and modern places, and Maria scarcely recollected ever to have heard of any one's leaving it. Certainly she had never heard of any one going on a pilgrimage, and she wondered very much how her aunts, who had told her the Pilgrim's Progress was so very good a book, should have read it without thinking it necessary to take the advice it conveyed.

The rector of the parish happened to call the very next day at Mrs. Walker's, and as he was going away, inquired so kindly after the little girl, that she was called in from the garden to see him. He asked what book it was she was reading, and when she said it was the Pilgrim's Progress, he stroked her head, and said he hoped she would not delay setting out on her pilgrimage till she was the age of Christian, adding that a youthful pilgrim was the most interesting object he knew. This last observation was addressed to her aunts, who assented to it, as they did to every thing Mr. Roberts said, and it confirmed the resolution which Maria had already taken of setting out alone. I need hardly add, that the day she fixed upon was the one to which we have already so often alluded.

The party assembled in the housekeeper's room had just reversed their cups in their saucers, as a signal that they did not wish them replenished, when one of the party requested Mrs. Martha's permission to bestow a piece of bread, thickly buttered, and covered with sugar, upon Miss Maria—we presume, as a token of gratitude for keeping out of their way. Consent was obtained, but as Miss Maria was not to be seen, the whole party issued forth into the garden in search of her. Every walk was explored, but in vain; and at last a little gate leading into a wood being found open, the wood was searched but with no better success. What anguish did Mrs. Martha suffer when she thought how faithfully she had promised not to let the child out of her sight! They retraced their steps to the house, some one suggesting that she might be there. But no!—all their search was in vain. Hannah thought she might have gone to buy some barley sugar, but she had not been at the shop, nor on the road to it, for Hannah stopped to ask every one she met if they had seen the child. Hour after hour was spent in an unavailing search, and at last the ladies arrived at home, when a scene of confusion ensued that baffles description. In the midst of it a boy arrived with a little shoe, which he said he thought must belong to young madam: of its being her's there could be no doubt; and many were the tears shed, over what, Mrs. Martha said, was all that now remained of Miss Maria. The boy could give no information as to where this relic was found, for a woman whom he did not know had given it to him to bring to Mrs. Walker, saying only that she had got it from a man, whom she did not know, who said he had found it, but she did not ask where; but she had heard that a little lady had been lost at Oldtown, and she thought, if it was her's, it might be a comfort to her friends to have something that had belonged to her.

But it is time that we should return to Maria. When she had made up her mind to set out, it was a distressing thought to her that she knew not the direction in which to turn for the purpose of finding the path she was to pursue, and she was determined to ask no one by the way, for fear of encountering Mr. Worldly

Wiseman. The road by which they came in the carriage, she knew, did not bring them through the Wicket Gate. She concluded, therefore, that there must be some different route through the fields to the foot of the hill Difficulty, which she could distinctly see from the garden; so she resolved to make her way through the fields for the chance of finding it; but should she not succeed in getting there by the right path, she would at any rate get there; and when she reached the porter's lodge, at the gate of the palace, she would there ask them to take her back to the beginning of the path, which she was sure some of them would do. She set out, then, expecting every moment to hear her name called from behind her; for she remembered that Christian's friends were clamorous that he should return, and she naturally supposed her's might be so too; but she was firmly resolved to pursue the same course that he did, and put her fingers in her ears, that she might not hear. She had her misgivings certainly, as to the propriety of leaving home; but then she thought Mr. Roberts had so distinctly recommended her journey, that her aunts could not blame her very much, particularly as it had not escaped her observation how cordially they had agreed with him as to the necessity of it; and they had so often on a Sunday evening exhorted her to do during the week all that Mr. Roberts had enforced in his sermons, that she thought, or tried to think, that for once they would have no cause to complain. She scrambled over or through several hedges, without seeing any thing at all like a path through the fields; still she fancied she was gaining upon the hill, and she thought if she reached the Palace, they would allow her to sleep there, although she had not come in by the Wicket Gate, since she really wished to go through it; and she amused herself by wondering whether she should sleep in the same room where Christian had slept, and whether they would give her any armor, or whether it was only worn by men pilgrims. She was interrupted in her reverie by seeing a number of cows running, as she feared, towards her; so she began to run too, and it was not till she had climbed a gate into the next field, that she missed one of her shoes, which had fallen off in her rapid flight—that same shoe which caused so much lamentation at home. She durst not go back to look for it, as a dog was still chasing the cows; but she thought she could manage to walk without it, as the grass was so very soft, and she was sure either Prudence, Piety, or Charity, would give her a new one. At last she reached the high road, and began to ascend the hill. By this time she was very tired, very sleepy, and very hungry, but she remembered Christian had felt sleepy here also; and she resolved, however tired, not to sleep in the arbor for which, however, she looked in vain, and concluded it had been pulled down: she could not help feeling very glad of it, as with her tired little limbs it certainly would have been very difficult to resist the temptation. She was very much shocked to see how many people were coming down the hill, and that no one but herself was ascending it. At length she saw two tall big men apparently running a race down, and her little heart beat more rapidly as she thought how very awful the lions must look: for if these were not Timorous and Mistrust themselves, she did not for a moment doubt that they were terrified in the same manner. She had not seen any lions the day they passed in the carriage, and she had sometimes almost ventured to hope that they no longer existed; but how the poor little thing trembled, when, on reaching the bend of the road, where it swept off to the lodge she had before seen, there appeared, reposing under the shade of two beech-trees, two enormous lions! Maria was no great naturalist, or she would have perceived at once that they were made of stone; but she never for a moment doubted that they were really the lions! She stood gazing and trembling for some time, continually repeating, "The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains;" and then, summoning up all her courage, she ran swiftly between them, passed through the gate, and knocked with all her little might at the door of the lodge. It was opened by a tall, good-humoured-looking man; and Maria, awe-struck at beholding at length one of the individuals of whom she had thought so much, dropped a curtsy, and said, "If you please, sir, are you Watchful?" "Why, Miss, as to that," said the man, smiling good-humouredly, "I hopes I be; what did you please to want?" "I want Discretion, if you please, sir," replied Maria. "I say, Missis," said the man, looking over his shoulder at his wife, "didst ever hear the like of that?—here's a little maiden says as how she wants discretion." "Well, I've seed many a one as wanted it afore, but never one as owned to it." A sharp featured, vinegar-looking woman now appeared, looking very unlike any thing Maria expected to see so near the house Beautiful. "So you want discretion, Miss, do you? Well, I wonder if there's any thing else you want?" "I thought," said Maria, trying to feel brave, "I might perhaps be allowed to sleep either here or at the palace."

A private confabulation now took place between the husband and wife, in which it was agreed he should take Maria to the quality at the great house, as may be they would make something of her: Maria felt very proud when she found herself with her hand in that of Mr. Watchful, and actually on the way to the palace. Her guide left her outside, while he asked to speak to Mrs. Adams, to whom he said that the little lady's intellects seemed

all of a heap together; it was such a queer thing to hear a child like her talk of want of discretion, though no doubt it was all very true. Mrs. Adams told him to get a horse ready that she might send him off to the friends of the little girl, as soon as she had ascertained who they were; and she came and led Maria by the hand into the drawing-room so tenderly, and looked so very kindly, that Maria began to feel quite reassured. She was delighted to see three young ladies in the room, who, of course, were Piety, Prudence, and Charity. Mrs. Adams, as soon as she had given her a large slice of bread and butter and some new milk, said, "Now, my dear, you'll tell us what your name is, and who your papa and mamma are." "My name is Maria Walker, but I never had either a papa or mamma," replied Maria, with the utmost simplicity. "And where do you live, dear?" "At Oldtown, with my grandmamma." "And where were you going, my love?" "I did not want to go farther than this house to-night. I always intended to sleep here." "And does any one know you were coming here?" "No, Ma'am. No one knew exactly that I meant to come to-day; but our clergyman, Mr. Roberts, strongly advised me to come, and he said I could not set out too soon." "And what was your object in coming, Maria?" "I wished to set an example to all the people in Oldtown," was the answer, and both Mrs. Adams and her daughters were quite at a loss what to think of their little visitor.

Maria, however, had gained so much courage, that she thought she might now venture to ask a few questions, and began with "Do many children come here, ma'am?" "Yes, sometimes, we have children here. We're all very fond of them when they are good." "And have you got any armor for little girls, ma'am?" "This was almost too much for the gravity of Mrs. Adams, but she determined not to let her see how very much amused she was, but rather to encourage her in asking any questions she pleased, hoping by that means to obtain a clue to the very extraordinary state in which her mind seemed to be. "Oh no!" she said; "but why do you want to know?" "I was afraid you had not," said Maria, and then looking very serious, "Please, ma'am, tell me is this house very near the Valley of the Shadow of Death?" "My poor little child," said Mrs. Adams, drawing her close to her and kissing her, "that, none of us can tell; it may be nearer than we think." "But you won't send me there to-night, will you?" and the child half cried as she asked the question, "You'll let me stay and sleep here?" "Yes, that you shall, dear little wanderer, and I think you must need sleep very much, for you look tired, and your little hand is very hot." "I suppose nobody ever comes back here that's been through the valley," continued the child, almost as if thinking aloud. This touched a chord in every bosom present, that thrilled through them, for their mourning was yet new for one very dear to them, who had been suddenly hurried through that valley of which Maria spoke. "I've been thinking, ma'am, it would be a terrible thing for a little girl like me to go there alone without any armor; oh! please do let Piety go with me—oh, pray do!" said the child, wondering what she could possibly have said to make them all cry so. At this moment the porter arrived to say he was ready, and Mrs. Adams desired him to tell Mrs. Walker her little Maria was safe, but very tired, and she would either take her home in the morning, or would be very happy to see the ladies if they liked to come and fetch her. "I don't want to go home," said Maria; "I only want to go back as far as the Wicket Gate, that I may begin at the beginning." "Oh, now I see it all!" exclaimed she whom Maria was sure must be Charity; "you dear, delightful little creature, you've been reading the Pilgrim's Progress till your little head is turned, as I'm sure mine would have been at your age, if I had not had a good mamma to explain it all to me; and as you never had a mamma, how could you know any thing about it?"

A few judicious questions now drew forth from Maria the whole story of her pilgrimage, and when her aunts arrived before breakfast next morning, they were quite surprised to find her looking so well and happy and rational, as they had been very much frightened by Mr. Watchful's account of what he called her lightmindedness and want of discretion.

Mrs. Adams begged she might be allowed to stay a few days with them; and before the time came for her departure, the beautiful allegory which had so much perplexed her, was made so very plain, that she thought she must have been extremely stupid not to have found out the meaning for herself.

My young readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Maria, who has now little girls of her own, has long since found the true Wicket Gate, and is anxious to show to others the privilege of being permitted to enter it. Few in the present day have not greater advantages than she had; and if any are induced to ask themselves the question, whether, with superior instruction, they are equally in earnest to obtain in the days of health Piety for their companion through that dark valley, which sooner or later all must tread, my story will not have been written in vain.

The man who is principled in good, does well by virtue of a good will, and thinks well by virtue of a right understanding, not only before the world, but also when he is left to himself in private; but it is otherwise with the man who is principled in evil.

For the Pearl.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.

Sweet early opening blossoms of the spring,
Pledge of his power, I hail each flow'r,
And nature's all-reviving beauties sing,
From winter's dreary waste where tempests fling
Their ridgy columns o'er the wide champaign,
I turn my eyes,—new prospects rise,
While youthful verdure reassumes its reign.

The bashful violet, foremost on the green,—
Its loveliness, in modest dress,
Alone to some admiring eye is seen;
Whose searching glance can wisely judge between
Retiring merit, and the gaudy show
That courts awhile the wanton smile,
Then withering, lays its fragile beauties low.

Wild woodland flowers! the chaste Acadian dew
Has giv'n you bloom, and mild perfume
Delights to linger in the shade with you,
Enamour'd of your beauties as they grew.
Young zephyr oft on flagging wing would stay,
And put to flight, the tears of night,
And drive each rude intruding wind away.

As guardian angels watch the charge they love,
When fiend or man would mar the plan
Mark'd out by him who forms the fates above,
Or as the mate forewarns the timid dove
To fly the dangers of the fowler's snare,
So zephyr tries, as round he flies,
To guard his favourites with peculiar care.

Ah! would that he could ever keep that bloom
Fresh from decay, in beauty gay,
Emblems of virtue's meed beyond the tomb;
Where Heaven's own sun has risen to illumine
Flowers that shall feel the everlasting beam,
Whose smile shall bring, eternal spring
When time's long winter shall appear a dream.

Views of Moscow.—In approaching the city from the north west, by the Petersburg-road, or from the east, by the Kolonna road, Moscow appears to be placed on an immense plain, gently rising towards the Kremlin. I have remarked from the Kolonna road, (says a modern traveller,) that in the twilight, or in gloomy weather, the ancient metropolis resembled a capacious harbour, the innumerable towers and spires of different heights, having the appearance of the masts of a great assemblage of ships. When approached from the north, through the Dmetrovskaya, or the Trotskaya barrier, Moscow also appears as on a plain, or rather a gentle declivity, stretching from the north to the south and east: on arriving near the capital from the south-east, the south, and the west, the city appears low, and occupying a portion of an immense level surface.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1839.

Her Majesty's Packet Tyrian arrived on Monday night, in 23 days passage from Falmouth. The news received by her is important, from the fact that it shows an absence of excitement in Great Britain upon the boundary question, and other matters at issue between Great Britain and the United States. The morning Chronicle of April 3rd states that a proposition will be forwarded to the United States Government by the next Packet on the subject of the boundary line. The corn laws and the affairs of India occupy much more of the attention of the public mind in England than any apprehended difficulty with America. The French elections have proved adverse to the ministry in France—and the deferred resignation has therefore taken place. After some consultation and difficulty, a new ministry has been formed, at the head of which is Marshal Soult. One of the stipulations under which they go in, is, that the cause of the Queen of Spain shall be defended and assisted by France. The Belgian Legislature have adopted their own plans of settling the difficulty with Holland. What terms they would not accept as the dictate of the four Powers, they impose upon themselves by a law, qualified with the proper preamble, etc. Annexed we give some of the leading items of news.

LONDON, March 31.—Her Majesty's ship Winchester 52 guns. Capt. John Parker, was commissioned last week at Chatham for the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey, K. C. B. destined for Halifax and the West Indies.

A letter from Magdeburg of the 7th inst. states that 500 persons of the Lutheran persuasion in that province, and other parts of the Prussian dominions intend to emigrate to North America in the month of May next.

WOOLWICH DOCK YARD.—In consequence of the paucity of steam vessels, government has issued orders for two of the largest class to be immediately laid down, and to be forwarded with all possible dispatch: also an eighteen gun sloop of war; which has caused some spirit in the yard.

The combined armies of Austria, Prussia, and the Germanic confederation, amount, according to the calculations of a Frankfurt paper, to 1,400,000 men—700,000 furnished by Austria, 400,000 by Prussia, and 300,000 by the other states of the Confederation.

THE CITY STATUE OF WELLINGTON.—The final arrangements for this statue—which promises to be honourable to the metropolis, the country and the age—have been made with Sir Francis Chantrey. Government has presented to the committee, gun metal, fruits of his Grace's victories, to the value of £1,520 this, added to the sum already subscribed, makes £10,520.

LONDON APRIL 1.

The probabilities of a collision with the United States respecting the boundary question, are much canvassed in the City. The solution of the problem rests entirely with the British government. The leading American merchants of the City feel confident that their government will not give way, and should our ministry not withdraw the claim made to the territory in dispute, that war is inevitable.—*Bells Weekly Messenger.*

It was mentioned in the City yesterday, that our government and the American ministers have so far arranged the dispute with respect to the boundary question, as to diminish very considerably the expectation that any unfriendly feeling will arise between the two countries on this subject.—*Id.*

The great preparations making by the United States, and by the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, to assert their right on the boundary question, has not produced a fall of more than 5 per cent. on the extreme value of stock realised at the commencement of the present account.—*Id.*

REPORTED RESIGNATION OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—It has been currently reported in Exeter to-day, that information has been received from an authentic source, that Lord John Russell has not only tendered his resignation, but that he has positively declared he will not continue in office a week after Easter.—*Woolmer's Exeter Gazette.*

HOUSE OF LORDS, March 26.—Lord BROUGHAM called the attention of the government to the state of the Canadian prisoners, who, he understood, were imprisoned with common felons, and treated with every indignity. He hoped we should escape a rupture with America, and more especially as we were in the wrong.

The *Morning Herald* says, that the gentry of Longford and Tipperary, are attending the assizes with arms.

NEW POST-OFFICE REGULATION.—The following notice was issued by the Post Office authorities yesterday:—"General Post Office, March, 1839.—The postage on letters to and from North America, conveyed by her Majesty's packet, having been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. single, and 2s. double, and so on in proportion, you will in future charge that rate upon such letters without adding any charge for inland postage. Letters from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Canadas, may be forwarded as heretofore, with the previous payment of the postage.—By command, W. L. Maberly, Secretary.

PORTSMOUTH, March 30.—The *Cleopatra*, 26. Captain Lushington, arrived on Wednesday from Sheerness, to receive on board Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey, and convey him to his command on the West India Station, as the successor of the late Sir Charles Paget.

THE NORTH AMERICAN "BOUNDARY QUESTION."—Sir Stratford Canning, on Wednesday, put the following questions to Lord Palmerston—

First, whether the Government had received any official intelligence of the appointment of an American plenipotentiary, to open fresh negotiations in London as to the adjustment of the Boundary question. Secondly, whether the Government had any reason to believe that Sir John Harvey had acquiesced in the line of conduct recommended to him by her Majesty's Minister and the American Minister at Washington. And thirdly, whether the Government had any objection to lay upon the table a copy of the instructions to which Sir John Harvey, in his letter of the 18th of February addressed to the Governor of Maine, had referred; making it imperative upon him to maintain by military force, if necessary, exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed territory.

Lord Palmerston replied, that a despatch from Mr. Fox informed him that the appointment of a minister from the United States to this country was under the consideration of the Government at Washington; that when Sir John Harvey's last despatch was written, he could not have received intelligence of the arrangements between Mr. Fox and Mr. Forsyth; and that it was not expedient to produce the instructions given to Sir John Harvey, in the present state of the dispute. He felt convinced that the American Government was as desirous as the British Government that pending differences should be amicably adjusted.

Mr. Charles Buller said, that, in his opinion the claims of both the British and the American Government were untenable, and that this country would gain most by abandoning her untenable line, and accepting one more consonant with justice.

Some conversation followed respecting the production of an old map of the disputed territory, (Mitchell's map, executed in 1757),

which might be seen at the British Museum, and which Lord Palmerston promised to lay on the table.

A strong body of London Police are stationed at Mansfield, in order to protect the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Union, an active magistrate, from attacks, which they apprehend from evil disposed persons.

It was mentioned last week in some of the London newspapers, that, in consequence of the disturbed state of the manufacturing districts in the North of England, a considerable body of troops had been marched from Woolwich to the North. Several of the provincial journals received this week, express surprise that such a precaution should be deemed necessary, as the working classes are not by any means disposed to be riotous: and it turns out that no additional military force has been or is to be dispatched northward. The *Globe* of Monday said—"It is utterly untrue that any troops have been ordered into the manufacturing districts: the only movement has been of the usual routine description at this season of the year."

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.—The following is the copy of a paper now widely circulating in Ireland on the subject of capital punishments:—"Christians Strangling Christians.—Public executions may be regarded as the most solemn of murders. Without the gratification of revenge, the impulse of passion, or the madness of drunkenness, one man is employed to strangle in cool blood another man, or boy, woman, or girl: thousands are invited to witness this murder. The clergy are brought forward in the solemn tragedy. In general, either from repentance, or from some other signs received as tests by the spiritual attendants, the criminal is believed to be one for whom there is hope in eternity. So then, one Christian (for the hangman is also acknowledged as a Christian) is employed for a few shillings to strangle a Christian brother or sister, in the presence of many thousands of Christian brethren and sisters; a guard of Christian soldiers is arrayed to prevent any possibility of aid from without; and sometimes the Christian crowds shout with savage delight when the body of the dying Christian is convulsed with the pangs of expiring nature. If the wretched felon be not acknowledged as a Christian, then he is hurried by Christians into the presence of God with all his sins upon his head. Truly the bloody records of British criminal jurisprudence, tend but little to exalt our country in the eyes of other nations, either for refinement, humanity, or enlightened policy."

[We copy the above article from a London paper, as we conceive it to be calculated to induce reflection on a subject so immeasurably awful as the deliberate putting to death of a human being. We do not approve of the manner in which the piece speaks of a legal execution by the term murder—because it conveys an improper idea to the minds of most persons. Christian governments strangle christians from good motives—they believe it to be right and proper, and conducive to the general welfare. These were the reasons which induced them to hang the Perreau's, Dr. Dodd, Fauntleroy, and a host of other victims for forgery. With the same views, numbers of persons were put to death for stealing in dwelling houses to the amount of five shillings, and for other petty offences, the bare thought of which executions, now causes us to shudder. But with regard to such punishments for minor offences, the principle of the law has been acknowledged on all hands to have been bad—the error has been confessed, and the wrong terminated for ever. And it will not be long before the remaining remnants of barbarism shall be swept away, and a bloodless code of laws instituted in their place.]

Mr Labouchere gave notice in the House of Commons that he should move, on the 26th of March, for leave to bring in a bill for the temporary government of Jamaica.

This is the Queen's reply to the address of the Corporation of London against the Metropolitan Police Bill—

"The peace and security of the inhabitants of my capital require my care and the attention of my Government. With these objects in view, I have directed measures to be submitted to Parliament, which will, I have no doubt, receive their deliberate consideration. I fully rely on their zeal for the welfare of my people, and their regard for the rights and privileges of all my subjects."

Much dissatisfaction is occasioned in the City by the cold and almost uncivil terms in which her Majesty's reply is couched. Of course, Ministers, not the Queen, are blamed.

There are rumours of the disastrous retreat of Sir John Keene's army, which marched against Affghanistan, in consequence of intelligence that all the defiles were strongly fortified by Dost Mohammed.

SPRING FASHIONS.—In London and Paris, bonnets are worn very small and wide at the cheeks, with a half circle of blond, either black or white. Small hats of velvet, with *feuillage* of silver and *polits bords a la Concini*, with turbans of gold lama; there is also great variety in hats of *velours epingle*, plain velvet *chine*, and *gros d'Afrique*, and satin ornamented with bouquets of flowers in velvet, ostrich feathers, marabouts, or feathers of the same color as the hats; feathers have rather eclipsed flowers; they are not, however, abandoned, and are placed under the brim,

to the great detriment of plaits and curls. The *Catalan* hat is much admired; it is of the form of a *petit bord* of black velvet placed very backward on the head, the crown being made of a *ressila*. Shot silks are almost entirely abandoned for clouded colors, particularly with black, which is much worn now. Mantillas are very fashionable; they are flat and go all round the corsage, forming a point on the shoulder and in front. A new plan of placing the frounces of lace has been introduced; they are put on plain, forming no other fold than that of the dress; the extreme width of some very splendid antique lace has been brought in this plan. The *quipure* lace being very thick, is more seen, for the remainder the quantity may be lessened.

STEAM.—A meeting has been held in the city of Boston to consider what steps should be pursued to encourage the proposed communication by Steam Packets between Liverpool, G. B. and Boston, via Halifax. Three of the resolutions we present to our readers with a letter read at the meeting from Hon. Samuel Cunard of this town. We trust that the Hon. S. Cunard will meet with abundant success in his praiseworthy efforts to benefit the British North American provinces. It must be highly gratifying to find the meed of praise tendered to him from all quarters.

Resolved, That while we rely upon the justice of the British nation; and the intelligence of our own, for a speedy adjustment of the questions which have recently disturbed our frontiers, we regard this enterprise as a harbinger of future peace, both with the mother country and the Provinces, being persuaded that frequent communication is the most effectual mode to wear away all jealousies and prejudices which are not yet extinguished.

Resolved, That it is the sense of the meeting that a suitable pier and dock should be provided for a term of years for the reception of the Liverpool Steam Packets in this port, where they may receive and discharge their lading free of expense to their owners, and that such further facilities be afforded as the importance of the subject may require.

Resolved, That the Hon. Samuel Cunard of Nova Scotia, the spirited projector and conductor of this enterprise, is entitled to the warmest acknowledgments of the inhabitants of this city and state, for the vast benefit which must accrue to them from the measures he has originated, and that he be assured of our sincere and ardent wishes for his success.

The following letter from Mr. Cunard was read at the meeting: LONDON, 22d March, 1839.

DEAR SIRS,—
“You will be pleased to learn that Steamboats are to proceed from this country twice in each month for Boston, calling at Halifax. The government have given the contract to me for eight years certain, and it may continue much longer—a year’s notice is to be given on either side. I am building powerful boats; they will be equal to any ever built in this country. They are 1100 tons and 420 horse power, and as the government have been very liberal to me, I am determined to have the best boats that can be procured. I am bound only to carry the mail on account of government, and am to get Fifty-Five Thousand Pounds, Sterling, paid quarterly—which is no small sum to assist me in paying the way; and I think when the boats are seen, that I shall have all the passengers from Boston and to the eastward of Boston. I hope to make the passage to Boston, calling in at Halifax in twelve days. I have no doubt a steam packet will leave each port before long, three times in a month. It will be a great advantage to Boston, and I think you should all encourage me, and I have no doubt but you will do so.

“I hope to find that you have established peace on your borders. It is not the interest of either country to go to war, and it is to be regretted that the acts of indiscreet people, should lead to results injurious to the welfare of two great nations.”

HOW TO JUSTIFY ANY ENORMITY.—Our budget of periodicals received during the week, has put us in possession of a clever essay, designed to teach the doctrine that peculiar circumstances may justify a falsehood. And in what way, christian reader, do you suppose the able essayist attempts to prove that lying is sometimes commendable and innocent? In no other way than our war-friends adopt when endeavouring to demonstrate that killing a fellow creature is frequently lawful and proper. Extreme cases are sought out to make it manifest that the principle of truth is not to remain inviolable. We challenge all the advocates for homicide to produce a more plausible war-case than the following *lie-case*, which we extract from the essay alluded to.—“There is one golden rule, which we have from divine authority, which comprehends within itself the whole circle of morality, and which will completely bear us out: ‘Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.’ Now, I will only ask what we should expect others to do for us, and I would be content to abide the decision of the question on the answer. If a man who intended to murder us, were to inquire of another, which road we had gone, and the person so inquired of suspected the evil intention, what would we expect or require that that individual would do in regard to us, at that time? Should we think that he ought to send the assassin on the sure road to destroy us, or should we think he ought to deceive him, and thereby save us? I put this question

to any candid mind, and let them answer as they themselves were to be the victims. I say nothing of what I would do, or what they would do, but what they would think ought to be done towards them. I scarcely think it possible that they would say, that the truth ought to be spoken at that time; and if they did say so, I am sure that their hearts would rise up in opposition to the words of their lips. If such be the case, then, it is mere words by which the opposition is supported, hollow, sounding brass, and tinkling cymbals, and the justice and the necessity remain with us.” As this case is so plausible, and at the same time founded on the perversion of a passage of Scripture, we may as well present the antidote with the poison. The interpretation given to the words of Jesus Christ makes our duty to depend on our thoughts, and not on the commandments of heaven which are intended to regulate our conduct. What we think ought to be done in a certain case is made the standard of right and wrong, without any reference to the authority of divine revelation. No matter what God says ought to be done, provided we think the contrary. We may utter falsehoods on the behalf of others, if we think that they should do the same kindness for us in similar circumstances. And so with regard to killing. Indeed we do not know of any arguments which the war-apologists have used, but have been employed by Chesterfield, Coleridge, and other advocates for falsehood.

POSTAGE.—English Packet Postage from the Mother Country to the Colonies has been reduced to 1s. Sterling, no charge for inland postage to be added—this is a reduction of one half on an English letter coming to Halifax, and of more than two thirds on one addressed to Quebec.—Nov.

‘Marmion,’ will be attended to in our next number.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. James Roussele, of Ireland, to Miss Sarah Letitia McDonald, of this place.
On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. John Bigby, to Mrs. Sarah Donovan, both of this town.
On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Willis, Mr. Andrew Downs, to Miss Elizabeth Matthews, both of this town.
At Truro, on the 9th ult, by the Rev. W. McCulloch, Mr. Miles Gildert, to Miss Alice, daughter of the late Mr. J. D. Nash.
On Wednesday last, by the Rev. John Scott, James Dewolf Fraser, Esq. of Windsor, to Catharine, daughter of the Hon. Charles R. Prescott, of Cornwallis.

DIED.

On Friday morning last, Mr. Marshall Story, in the 79th year of his age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, April 27th—Am. Brig Lodi, Loveland, Philadelphia, 9 days—corn meal, etc. to D. & E. Starr, & Co., and R. Noble; brig Greyhound, Tucker, Montego Bay, 23 days—rum, sugar, pimento, etc. to J. Allison, & Co.
Sunday, 28th—Govt. Schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island 2 days;—New Commerce, Arichat—fish; Dove, Marmaid, Boston, 2½ days—hemp, seeds, etc. to T. & L. Piers and others; brig. Heron, Wingood, Mayaguez, 20 days—sugar and molasses, to Frith, Smith & Co; Lottery, Hinson, Mayaguez, 21 days—sugar and molasses, to J. & M. Tobin, called off Bermuda, 20th inst. barque Osprey was to leave Bermuda in a few days; brig. Neptune, Darrel, do. (had been dismantled) Mailboat Lady Ogle, signalised.
Monday, 29th—Schr. Joseph Smith, and Mary, Arichat, fish; Elizabeth, Torbay, do. Riffenan, Clarke, St. John’s N. F. 14 days—dry fish, and wine, to J. & M. Tobin, A. & J. McNab, and others—passenger, Mr. J. McNab,—left schr. Irene, to sail in 3 days; Am. brig Olinda, loading; brig. Margaret, Doane, Maracaibo, 41 days—corn, molasses, to J. W. Young, passenger.
Tuesday, 30th—H.M. Packet Tyrian, Lt. Crocker, Falmouth, 23 days; barque Georgian, Marshall, Liverpool, G. B. 34 days—dry goods etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others; brig Albion, Leslie, Aberdeen, 30 days—general cargo, to Deblois & Merkel and others—29 passengers; brig. Bermudiana, Newbold, St. Thomas, 26 days—rum and molasses, to J. & M. Tobin; brig. Fame, Figgat, Alexandria, 11 days—wheat, flour, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co. schr. Irene, Rayne, St. John N. F.—dry fish to S. Binney; Barque Prince George, Foster, London, 35 days—general cargo & Government stores, to S. Cunard, & Co; Schrs. William, Swan, & Morning Star, Bridgeport, coals.
Wednesday, 1st May—Am. schr. Olivia Bricknell, Hopkins, Boston, 4 days—flour and tobacco to S. Binney.
Thursday, 2d—Brig Fanny, Hore, Ponce, 22 days—sugar and molasses to J. A. Moren; brig William Ash, Morish, London, 44 days general cargo to D. & E. Starr & Co; Mail Boat Lady Ogle, Stairs, Bermuda, 7 days; Am. schr. Wilnot, London, Alexandria, 15 days, flour, etc. to S. Cunard; Snow Bird, Pierce, Liverpool, NS. lumber.
Friday, 3d—Barque, Amanda, Davis, Liverpool, G.B. salt, to P. Furlong; brig London Packet, Vasey, Mayaguez, 20 days, sugar, to Frith, Smith & Co.

CLEARED.

Saturday, 27th—Esperance, Gerior, Montreal—sugar, by S. Binney; sloop Prickle, Campbell, St. John’s, N. F. assorted cargo, by A. Campbell and W. N. Silver; schr Welcome Return, Pinkham, Falmouth, Jamaica—do. By J. Allison & Co; Enterprize, LeBlanc, Rich-

bucto—do. by S. Binney and others; brig Susan Crane, Coffin, Montego Bay, Jam—fish, etc. by M. B. Almon; Am. brig Acadian, Jones, Boston—sugar, etc. by J. J. Jones, and others; 30th—Brig. Griffin, Young, Bermuda—fish, flour, etc. by Saltus & Wainright; Am. brig Emeline, Stute, Pictou; 1st May, Hypolite, Morrison, B. W. Indies—fish, etc. by C. West & Son; schr Ion, Hammond, St. John, N. B. cordage, sugar, etc. by S. Binney, J. Allison and others. 2d—schr Isabella, Martin, Miramichi, molasses, by J. & M. Tobin and others; schr Defiance, do. do. do. by S. Cunard & Co. and others; brig. Falcon, Abel, Berbice, by D. & E. Starr.

SPICES, DRUGS, &c.

RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—bags of E. I. Ginger, Cloves, Pimento, Caraway Seed, black and white Pepper, cases Cinnamon, Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Raze Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Saleratus, Soda, blue Vitriol, Alum and Copperas, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Windsor Soap, Black Lead, Starch, and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries’ Glass, Trusses, Lancets, etc. (6in) GEO. E. MORTON.
Halifax, May, 1839.

A NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has commenced Business in the shop at the corner of JACOB’S and WATER STREETS, where he intend keeping a General Assortment of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND OTHER GOODS, suitable for Town and Country use, which he intends selling at a small advance for cash, and solicits a share of public patronage.

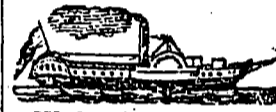
—He has on hand,—
Wheat and Rye Flour, Corn Meal and Indian Corn, Rice, Navy and Ship Bread, Crackers, Beans, Oatmeal, Molasses, Sugar, Teas, Coffee, Chocolate, Butter, Pepper, Allspice, Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Starch, Soap, Candles, Tobacco, Slop Clothing, Broad Cloths, Flannels, Cotton Warp, Corn Broans, Tobacco Pipes, boxes Raisins, Almonds, Walnuts, a small quantity of excellent Pork for family use, together with a variety of other articles.

WINTHROP SARGENT.

Halifax, May 3—5w.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

WEEKLY TRIP TO WINDSOR.



THE Steamer NOVA-SCOTIA, Capt. Reed; will leave on Monday,—for Eastport and St. Andrews, returning on Tuesday.

Wednesday—for Digby and Annapolis, returning the same evening. Time of leaving St. John, 7 o’clock, a. m.
Thursday Evening—for Windsor returning on Friday—leaving Windsor the same tide she arrives.
For further particulars enquire of the Master on board, or at the Counting Room of E. BARLOW & SONS, St. John, April 20, 1839.

DISCONTINUATION.

W. & J. MURDOCH,

AFTER the 1st of May ensuing discontinue their RETAIL business. They cannot withdraw without thanking the community or the liberal support they have received.

WHOLESALE.

W. & J. MURDOCH, after the 1st of May ensuing, will re-open their Warehouses ENTIRELY for WHOLESALE, and solicit a continuance of that Business, which will still be conducted on their usual liberal terms. SPRING IMPORTATIONS expected to be received in a fortnight. April 19th.

SCOTT’S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshead, ditto ditto. Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin.

The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation. The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers. N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogsheads, do. do.
All orders thank fully received and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blakslee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having entered into Co-Partnership under the firm of VIETS and LONGLEY. They beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public, that they will in future conduct business under the above Firm; and respectfully invite their attention to their selection of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc. etc. which they will dispose of Cheap for prompt Payment.

B. VIETS, N. F. LONGLEY.

Digby, April 1, 1839.

ANNUALS FOR 1839.

A. & W. MACKINLAY have received per the CLIO, from Liverpool, the following ANNUALS, viz.
Friendship’s Offering,
Forget Me Not,
The Keepsake,
The Book of Beauty,
The Oriental Annual.

LIKEWISE. The third number of Peley’s Illustrations of Nova Scotia, containing the following views:
View of the Cobequid Mountains,
“ Fredericton, N. B.
“ Windsor from the Barracks,
“ Stream, near the Grand Lake,
“ Indian of the Mic Mac Tribe.
With an additional view to be given gratis to all those who subscribed for the first two numbers. 4w
March 8.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE VIOLET.—Although this favorite little flower has given its name to one of the primitive colors, we must not imagine that the violet is always of a violet hue; it is often blue, purple, lilac, or white. The *viola tricolor* indeed is partly yellow, but then in common life this is called a heart's-ease; botanically speaking, however, it is a violet. The flowers were formerly considered peccatorial; *i. e.* useful in diseases of the chest; but the supposed virtues of the whole class of pectoral medicines have vanished before the severe medical criticism of the last fifty years; and at the present day the petals of the violet are never prescribed by educated practitioners. The root of the violet, however, is an emetic, and may be useful as a domestic remedy in country practice. The dose is forty grains. The infusion of violets is one of the most delicate tests of the presence of acids and alkalis: the former changes its color to red, the latter to green. According to Lightfoot, the Highland ladies of former times used the violet as a cosmetic, the old Gaelic receipt being, "Anoint thy face with goats' milk in which violets have been infused, and there is not a young prince upon earth who will not be charmed with thy beauty."

Dr. Boehman of Wittenberg, mentions having seen a man at one meal eat a raw sheep, and a sucking pig; and by way of dessert swallowed sixty pounds of prunes, stones and all. On another festive occasion, he ate two bushels of cherries, with several earthen vases and chips of a furnace. This meal was followed by sundry pieces of glass and pebbles, a shepherd's bag pipe, rats, various birds with their feathers, and an incredible number of caterpillars. To conclude his exploit he swallowed a pewter inkstand, with its pens, a pen-knife and a sand box. His form was athletic, and he could carry four heavy men on his shoulders for a league. He lived to the age of seventy-nine, but died in a most emaciated state, and, as might be imagined, toothless.

Buffon and others have considered the difference in climate as the cause of the different colors in the human species. That the cause lies deeper than this is evident, when we take the simple fact, that of the people of Africa, natives of Darfour, Kordofan, Bourneau, and in N. latitude from 15 to 25°, nearly all, with the exception of the Egyptians and Arabians, are quite black with woolly hair; while the Persians natives of Deccan, in India, the Barmese, Siamese, and Chinese, are all either brown or copper-colored. Mr. Shaw the missionary relates that in South Africa he had observed a marked distinction of complexion among the various tribes; that the Kaffres, Zoulas, and Buckwanas, on the eastern side of the Peninsula were black with woolly hair, whilst the Namaquas, Bushmen, and Hottentots, were copper-colored, with lank strait hair.

Age to a certain extent seems to influence insanity, and most individuals are alienated between their twentieth and fiftieth year. Harlow states, that out of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four patients admitted into Bedlam, nine hundred and ten came within this period of life. In France it appears that most cases of insanity are noticed between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five.

When Cæsar had conquered Rome, the servile senate, put him to dine with the gods! Fatigued by and ashamed of these honors, he desired the senate to erase from his statue in the capitol, the title they had given him of a *demi-god!*

In the southern states the number of persons over one hundred years of age bear a proportion of twelve to one in favor of the blacks over the whites.

CURIOUS CLOCK.—The most curious thing in the cathedral of Lubeck is a clock of singular construction, and very high antiquity. It is calculated to answer astronomical purposes, representing the places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, a perpetual almanac, and many other contrivances. The clock, as an inscription sets forth, was placed in the church on Candlemas day in 1405. Over the face of it appears an image of our Saviour, and on either side of the image are folding doors, so constructed as to fly open every day when the clock strikes twelve. At this hour, a set of figures representing the twelve apostles come out from the door on the left hand of the image, and pass by in review before it, each figure making its obedience by bowing as it passes that of our Saviour, and afterwards entering the door on the right hand. When the procession terminates the doors close.—*Clark's Travels in Scandinavia.*

It is a remarkable fact, that the astounding events which took place in France, but more especially in Paris, from the year 1789, the breaking out of the Revolution, to 1793, the reign of terror, did not increase the number of insane persons above the usual average. The number of insane persons in the Bicetre in 1788, was 132, and in 1794, 113.

Some naturalists have affirmed that the female viper, in cases of sudden alarm, possesses the faculty of securing the safety of her young by swallowing them and keeping them concealed in her stomach. This assertion, although fabulous, was credited by Sir Thomas Brown, and since by Dr. Shaw.

Among the various and capricious experiments of Peter the Great, an edict is recorded ordering his sailors to give salt water

to their male children, with a view of accustoming them to a beverage which might preclude the necessity of laying in large stocks of fresh water on board of his ships! The result was obvious: this nursery of seamen perished in the experiment.

A Dutch girl of the name of Eve Hergen is reported to have lived from the year 1597 to 1611, with no other support than the scent of flowers. The magistrates of the town, suspecting imposition, had her closely watched for thirteen successive days without being able to detect any fraud.

During the height of the great plague in London, a mountebank realized a fortune by announcing that he gave advice to the poor for nothing: crowds flocked to consult him; but he took half a crown for his remedy, on the plea that though his advice was given gratis, he was obliged to sell his physic.

It is a little remarkable, as stated by Mr. Baldwin, that among upwards of a million of inhabitants carried off by the plague in Upper and Lower Egypt during the space of four years, not a single oil-man, or dealer in oil suffered. The same fact was noticed during the plague in London.

Among the names cited by Baron Dupotet of distinguished men who have acknowledged the facts of animal magnetism, are Cuvier and Laplace, who rather admit, that the thing is not impossible than actually affirm its truth and philosophy.

Very few insane persons are to be found in China, according to Scott, who accompanied Lord Macartney's embassy; and Humboldt states that madness is rare among the natives of South America.

In the year 738, before Christ, a pestilence raged at Rome which is said to have destroyed the trees with its deadly influence.

PHENOMENA IN DREAMING.—*Identity and Diversity.*—O'Brien related the following dream, and described it as having resulted from our conversation on the above subjects, and from his engagement in the study of optics.

"I dreamed," said he, "that I was walking on the shore, near Bray, and looking towards the Welsh mountains, which appeared distinctly visible. As I was endeavouring to make my fancy act as a magnifier, and show me the plains and valleys they enclosed, I found myself amongst them, but now, strange to say, they seemed less lofty than when I saw them at so considerable a distance. Also I had ceased to be alone, and to my companion, who, though unknown to me, seemed yet familiar, and in some sort connected with my former life, I spoke of the wonder with which I regarded the very strange phenomenon presented to me. He endeavored to explain why the mountains diminished as I approached them, spoke of the effects of mist and distance; but I was not satisfied.—'No,' said I, 'the laws of optics are violated, and either these laws are unsound, or some strange deception is practised upon us. Oh,' said I, delighted at my discovery, 'all is delusion—these are not vales or mountains—it is a dream.'—'No,' replied my companion, 'that cannot be; you may be dreaming, but I am waking.'—What absurdity can be imagined greater, than that two persons shall become involved in the same dream, and shall converse in it. I was perplexed, but at length extricated myself. 'There are no two persons—I am the only person concerned—you are the mere creature of my dream.'—'That,' said my pertinacious opponent, 'that I deny. If either be ideal, I insist you are the shadow, I feel my existence too strong in me to imagine that I am the shade of a dream, or the dream of a shade, in any other sense than that in which the old philosopher applies that figure to the life of all mankind. I certainly will not resign my claim to my own separate identity.'—How was this question to be decided? We had both become satisfied that one of us was the shadow of a dream, but neither would acquiesce in the notion that he was to have his portion only in so fleeting an existence. How was the matter to be decided? My tormentor proposed a contrivance. We should each give the other a cuff on the ear, and ascertain thus the shadow and the substance. I was to strike first, and I delivered my buffet with hearty good-will; my hand fell noiselessly upon his cheek, but to my mortification, there he stood still, with a malicious grin upon his countenance, and ready to repay my blow with interest. Now came my trial and alarm. I dreaded what the effects of the blow might be; sure I was that I had real life; but not sure, that the issue of the trial might not adjudicate me a shadow, and banish me forever to the land of dreams. My persecutor seemed to enjoy my distress, and to dally with delight of the vengeance he was to indulge in. He raised his arm, and strained his muscles for the blow by which I was to be proved nothing; but my dread of annihilation became too severe, and before the blow descended, I awoke in ecstasies that I had not been pronounced a vision."

THE LOVER'S HEART.—The following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bouquier. It has been a favorite narrative with the old romance writers; and the principal incident, however objectionable, has been displayed in several modern poems. It is probable, that the true history will be acceptable for its tender and amorous incident, to the fair reader. I find it in some shape related by Howel, in his "Familiar Let-

ters;" in one addressed to Ben. Jonson. He recommends it to him as a subject "which peradventure you may make use of in your way;" and concludes by saying, "In my opinion, which avails to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom and make a curious web of."

The Lord De-Coucy, vassal to the Count De-Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved, with an excess of passion, the lady of the Lord Du Fayel, who felt a reciprocal affection. With the most poignant grief this lady parted from her lover, that he had resolved to accompany the King and the Count De Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land: but she would not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dissipate the jealousy of her husband. The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrows of the most lively tenderness. The lady, in quitting her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and with a string that she had woven herself of his own hair, intermixed with silk and buttons of large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. This he gratefully accepted.

In Palestine, at the siege of Acre, in 1191, in gloriously ascending the ramparts, he received a wound, which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live in writing to the Lady Du Fayel; and he poured forth the fervor of his soul. He ordered his squire to embalm his heart after death, and to convey it to his beloved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands in quitting her.

The squire, faithful to the dying injunction of his master, returned to France, to present the heart and the presents to the lady of Du Fayel. But when he approached the castle of this lady, he concealed himself in the neighbouring wood, till he could find some favorable moment to complete his promise. He had the misfortune to be observed by the husband of this lady, who recognized him, and who immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with some message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life, if he did not divulge the occasion of his return. The squire assured him that his master was dead; but Du Fayel not believing it, drew his sword on him. This man, frightened at the peril in which he found himself, confessed every thing; and put into his hands the heart and letter of his master. Du Fayel, prompted by the fellest revenge, ordered his cook to mix the heart; and having mixed it with meat, he caused a ragout to be made, which he knew pleased the taste of his wife, and had it served to her. The lady ate heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Fayel inquired of his wife if she had found the ragout according to her taste: she answered him that she had found it excellent. "It is for this reason, that I caused it to be served to you, for it is a kind of meat which you very much liked. You have, Madam," the savage Du Fayel continued, "eaten the heart of the Lord De Coucy." "But this she would not believe, till he showed her the letter of her lover, with the string of his hair, and the diamonds she had given him. Then shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged, by the darkest despair, she told him—"It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited to be loved; for never could it find its superior; and since I have eaten of so noble a meat, and that my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it." Grief and passion choked her utterance. She retired to her chamber, she closed the door for ever; and refusing to accept of consolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

Whoever does not shun evils as sins, has not faith, because he is in evil, and evil has an inward hatred against truth: outwardly, indeed, it can put on a friendly appearance, and endure, yea, love, that truth should be in the understanding; but when the outward is put off, as is the case after death, then truth, which was thus for worldly reasons received in a friendly manner, is first cast off, afterwards is denied to be truth, and finally is held in aversion.

In proportion as man shuns evils as sins, in the same proportion he has faith, because in the same proportion he is principled in good.

They who are in evils, have no faith, howsoever they may fancy that they have.

THE COLONIAL PEARL, AGENTS.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| Haltax, A. & W. McKinlay. | River John, William Blair, Esq. |
| Windsor, James I. Dewolf, Esq. | Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq. |
| Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq. | St. John, N. B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq. |
| Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. De Wolfe. | Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq. |
| Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq. | Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq. |
| Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq. | Annopolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq. |
| Annopolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq. | Sackville, { Joseph Allison, and |
| Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq. | { J. C. Black, Esqrs. |
| Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq. | Frederickton, Wm. Grigor, Esq. |
| Amherst, John Smith, Esq. | Woodstock, John Bedell, jr. Esq. |
| Parrsboro', C. E. Ratchford, Esq. | New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq. |
| Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq. | Chatham, James Caie, Esq. |
| Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq. | Carlton, &c., Jos. Mengher, Esq. |
| Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson. | Bathurst, William End, Esq. |
| Truro, John Ross, Esq. | St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq. |
| Antigonish R. N. Henry, Esq. | St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree & Chipman. |

Printed by W. Cannabell, head of Marchington's wharf,—where Pamphlets, Bank Checks, Cards, Circulars, Shop and Posting Bills, etc. will be neatly printed.