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From the Friendship's Offering.

THE TWO LIGHT-HOUSES.

A TALE OF THE OCEAN.

By the old Sailor.

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough how them as we will."

It is now some five-and-twenty years ago that I sported my naval uniform on board that pretty little brig of his Majesty's, which was built by the shipwrights' apprentices of Deptford dock-yard, as a surveying vessel. She had a handsome bust of the great circumnavigator, Captain Cook, for a figure-head; and her stern was tastefully decorated with divers and sundry ornamental carved work, characteristic of the service on which she was to be engaged. There was only one fault in her construction—she was too narrow for her length. The surveyor was a master in the navy, who had undergone many vicissitudes in life, and his memoirs might rival those celebrated details of Robinson Crusoe, which every school-boy loves to peruse.

Our first survey was between Lowestoft and Harwich; but as it would be tedious to mention many little curious circumstances that occurred during our operations, I shall confine myself to one, the narration of which interested me very much at the time, and I trust will not be wholly unwelcome to the reader.

Upon a projecting point of flat shingle on the coast of Suffolk, running far into the ocean, and forming the extreme point of the northern boundary of the estuary into which the river Thames empties its polluted waters, stand two light-houses, nearly a mile apart from each other, for the double purpose of warning the mariner of his "whereabouts," and acting as correct guides to keep his vessel clear of shoals in this difficult and dangerous navigation. The one on the ever sea-beat point is termed the Low Light, and its overlooker more inland, is called the High Light. The former was an ancient erection with a small out-building attached; a few cart loads of mould had been carried thither, and attempts made to rear something like vegetation; but it was a fruitless effort, and except a cabbage or two which was at all times ready pickled by the spray of the sea, nothing would grow. All around, for a long distance, was loose shingle that yielded to the tread, and where the sea-fowl mingled their eggs with the pebbly stones, that formed a barrier against the inroads of the ocean, and protected the creek-like river which ran inside to a haven for small craft. Not a tree or a shrub of any kind appeared upon that stony bed, and the noise of the waves either whispering in calm, or raging in storm, was never, never ceasing. It was a wild, dreary spot on which the Low Light stood; and not unfrequently the tempestuous winds would raise the white frothy comb of the breakers, and scatter it nearly to the very summit of the building; then the saline particles, incrusting together, glistened brightly in the sun, and the old woman, who moved about on the beach, regardless of wind or sea, obtaining a due portion for her share, might have well been compared to Lot's wife, for externally she exhibited a mass of salt.

The Upper Light was of more modern construction (the old one having been pulled down to give place for it), and it held its aspiring head above its humble neighbour, displaying its gorgeous illumination with a sort of patronage towards the venerable pile that bore the brunt of the storm; but like the grades in society, one was useless without the other. During our operation in taking angles, we had to measure a base-line between the two light-houses, and this led to an intimacy with their inhabitants, who perfectly corresponded in appearance and manners with the buildings they tenanted.

The Low Light had its bold, hardy keeper, part fisherman, part pilot, part wrecker, and, (the truth must out), a dabbler in contraband; his wife in an old blue pea-jacket, and a mob-cap, rendered ample assistance to her husband in each and all of his professions and callings; besides which, she was taster to the spirit trade, and could, in an instant, tell the degree of proof so as to be enabled to increase the quantity by a reduction of its strength.

The High Light man was a small farmer, a little bit of a sailor, dressed like a gentleman on Sundays, and, with his lady and daughters, sat in a good seat at the church to show their finery. The girls were pretty, and, as a matter of course, I did a bit of the amiable towards the best looking; but one evening I detected her arm-in-arm with a rough smuggler-looking sort of a genius, in a frieze jacket; they parted hastily, and as the man passed me, I saw the countenance and large whiskers of the young Earl of— and from that time they had one gull less in the nest than usual,

and I betook myself for my accustomed walk to the light-house at the point.

"You have a strange amphibious sort of a life of it here, Martin," said I, addressing the old man. "You are like the petrel, always in the storm. Are you not afraid that some night the light-house will get under way and carry you out to sea?"

"No, master," replied he, "I've pretty good houjding ground, and though the old building does sometimes shake in the cold wind, yet it has weathered out many a gale—and I dare say will weather many more. Howsoever, it has made the fortune of some folks, though one of the former keepers was tried for murder."

"Indeed!" said I, ever hankering after the romantic; "how was that? Come, Martin, let me have the particulars, I see you know them; and I dearly love a good yarn."

"Well, well, sir, answered he, "I don't mind if I do overhau the consarn to you, seeing as I've got this net in piece, and hands and tongue can go at the same time. Sit down, sir; and dame bring us out a drop of the right sort, full proof—there's a darling old soul! Why, you must see, sir—but it's many years ago—the two light-houses were inhabited by two brothers. David Bligh had this here, and Jonas Bligh had the t'other; it's pulled down now, and a new one built."

But I shall take the liberty of departing from the idiom of the old man, and give the tale in language of my own.

The two Blighs were daring, intrepid men, wholly regardless of danger, and utterly fearless in emergency; both were married, and had families, but it was with difficulty that the parents could procure even a scanty subsistence for them. David was of a homely disposition, loved his wife and children, and, though the manner in which he added to the miserable pittance allowed him as keeper of the light, was not of the most reputable nature, yet he avoided evil company, and was never intoxicated, and endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to provide comforts for his home, Jonas, on the contrary, was the hardened villain, ill-using his wife, neglecting his offspring, drunken in his habits, and connected with a gang of smugglers, who as often perpetrated outrage and depredation as they carried on the contraband, till, at length, he was engaged in a desperate affray, which was very nearly proving of a murderous character, and, after hiding in various places, from time to time, he suddenly disappeared altogether, and no one knew what had become of him. The wife, or as it was more naturally supposed, the widow of Jonas, was permitted to remain in the light-house, and with the assistance of David, and the help of her eldest boy Richard, performed the necessary duties. David, however, had become a stricken man; first his wife, and then, one by one, his children died from him, till he had only a single child left, and she, a poor, delicate creature, seemed totally unfit to encounter, much more endure the hardships of life: nevertheless, she did so, and grew up to be the fountain of comfort to her declining father, weaning him from the illegal traffic in which he had been so many years engaged, and drawing his attention to the Christian's best hope, both in time and in eternity. Still there was ever a gloomy weight of oppression on the old man's mind—a groaning of the inward spirit, as if some deed of former iniquity preyed upon his conscience; but as the music of his great namesake dispelled the evil visions of Saul, so did the smiles or the song of Annie disperse the dark clouds which shaded her parent's countenance. The girl was not beautiful, but there was something in her look and manner that was engaging, and there was a mildness in her expression that interested the heart's best and dearest affections.

Years passed away, and Annie was beloved by rival suitors; the one, the eldest son of the widow of Jonas, the other, a handsome young seaman, belonging to a seventy-four that frequently anchored in the bay with the North Sea squadron, and as he was one of the crew of the captain's gig, he had occasional opportunities of visiting the light-house. Of excellent character, and possessed of a better education than usually falls to the lot of the foremost man, Bill Brantwell was respected and valued by both officers and men. He it was that had encouraged a desire for information in young Annie's breast, and his scanty pay had supplied the means of instruction. Annie had been taught to read by her father; she tried to write—practised it at every leisure moment, and the first epistle she ever penned was addressed to William, containing assurances of unalterable affection for the young seaman. Richard Bligh was kind and attentive to the object of his regard; he would have undergone any and every danger or privation to prove his attachment for her, but there was

no corresponding feeling on her part. Annie knew that, too many of the bad qualities of his father, lurked within his breast; his passions were violent, whenever his wishes were opposed; and he was bitter in his revenge, when he imagined himself injured. That he ardently loved the girl there could not be a doubt; but there was a degree of ferocious selfishness in his love which would have prompted him to any desperate deed that promised a hope of calling her his own.

William's ship was paid off, and he was drafted into a dashing frigate destined for the Mediterranean; he surprised Annie of the change, implored her to be firm and faithful to him, and declared that neither distance nor time should effect the smallest diminution in his honest affection. They might be separated for some time, but there were many chances of making prize money, and he spoke of the bright prospects of future happiness. Accompanying this was a letter to old David, with a post-office order for five pounds, and an exhortation for the father, "to watch with tenderness over the treasure of his heart." Richard had seen these letters at the village post-office; the sight of them had mingled gall and wormwood in his mind, and he tried to get them into his possession, but his scheme failed, and they were forwarded to their proper destination. Poor Annie's heart sunk at the view of a long separation from William, and for a time she refused to be comforted. Richard ascertained the cause, and his mad chagrin was converted into a delirium of joy when he found the object of his hatred would be so far removed, and the being whom he loved in a great measure within his power. The secretly cherished hope that time and absence would operate with Annie, elevated his spirits, and he renewed his suit with redoubled ardour; but both father and daughter, widely, yet firmly, discouraged his addresses, and, in the madness of disappointment, he swore to be revenged.

One evening, inflamed with liquor, Richard took advantage of old David's casual absence, and visited the Lower Light, Annie was alone; there was no creature within hearing; the gulls were screaming their farewell to the sun as they wheeled their flight round the venerable pile; the winds were hushed, the waves scarce chattered on the beach—all nature was tranquil. But unallayed passion, heightened by intoxication, revelled, unrestrained in the young man's breast. Annie saw the lawless flashing of his eye, and trembled; she would have shut herself in, but he came upon her before she could reach the building, and throwing his arms around her, he caught her to his bosom. Annie shrieked; but she was only answered by the wild noise of the sea-birds. She prayed, and her prayer ascended to the footstool of Omnipotence, for unusual strength was given her to escape, and rushing into the light-house, she ascended to the lantern gallery; thither, too, she was followed by her relentless persecutor, but the desperate girl mounting the railings, declared that she would precipitate herself to the bottom if he offered to approach her. Richard shuddered when he saw the danger she was in; it almost sobered him; the railing was shattered and frail, and as she stood it seemed as if the breath of an infant would destroy the balance, and hurl her to destruction. He implored her, he entreated her to come down; but she expressed herself more determined than ever to prefer a sudden death to a life of shame. He prayed her to forgive his base rashness, but the only answer he received was a peremptory order for him to quit the place. At this moment the voice of old David was heard, chiding the dilatoriness of his child for not hastening to meet him.

A laugh of excited delight rung upon the twilight sky, for Annie had caught the sound; her head grew dizzy, she balanced on her position for a moment, then preponderating outwards, she would have been dashed to pieces by the fall, but Richard darted forward with a sudden spring, caught her by her clothes, and she hung suspended in his grasp. Still he could not trust to the shattered barrier on which she had stood; he felt it giving away and both would there have probably perished together, but for the timely aid of a stranger, who, hearing the cry for help, had ascended to their assistance, and they were rescued. Richard immediately took his departure, for he would not meet the reproaches of the father, nor the anger of the child; he hurried from the scene, and with him went the stranger who had been instrumental in saving their lives. Annie was much bruised, and on the following day could scarcely move about; but her father did not leave the place, and with his presence she felt herself secure.

Evening returned again—a beautiful summer's evening—the sun was setting in gorgeous splendour, tinging every thing in nature with its golden life. David sat at the door of the light-house mending his net, and revolving in his mind the circumstances

which had so recently taken place; he mourned the depravity of the young man, and shrank with sickly dread from contemplating the peril in which his child was placed. He wondered who and what the stranger could be who had so mysteriously appeared at such an eventful crisis, and then disappeared as suddenly. Something darkened the old man's vision, and raising his head, the object of his thoughts stood before him; his arms were folded on his breast, his look was bent downward, and as his face was in the shade, his features could not be distinctly seen. A violent and unaccountable tremor shook old David's frame; he arose from his seat and was about to speak, but the stranger stepped on one side, and turned quickly round to face the west. The last red streaks of departing day glared upon his sallow countenance,—they gazed long and earnestly at each other, till sympathetic emotions arising from consanguinity prevailed, and "David!"—"Jonas!" was simultaneously uttered by the long separated brothers.

"Art from the dead?" exclaimed David, shuddering as he recollected he had worn a sable habit in remembrance of his deicide.

"No, brother, I am yet amongst the living," replied Jonas, with solemnity; "and though long estranged from my family, I am now determined to do them justice; it is not necessary for me to detail the causes of my absence, nor the manner of my return; I come to demand the hand of Annie for my son."

There was a something commanding and superior in the mode of this short address that staggered David; but he mildly replied, "It may not be, brother, except with her own consent. Oh Jonas, Jonas! is your reappearance here to be the signal for renewed contention and persecution?"

"It is for you to determine that," rejoined the imperious brother; "Richard must have the girl, and that, too, without loss of time. I have most powerful reasons for this union, and, if thwarted, can move the springs of vengeance to my purpose."

"That I am somewhat in your power Jonas, I am well aware," returned the placid David, "but surely you must be fully sensible that the blow which prostrates me must also strike you down. Have you no feelings, Jonas—no lingering kindness of brotherhood?"

"Think you," replied Jonas, with a lowering look of contempt, "that long lingering years of captivity and sorrow have not wrung the blood of affection from my heart, and dried up all those sources of sweet fellowship that soften existence. Chains and the brand, and dungeons and stripes, are but poor stimulants to fond remembrance. Brother, they steel the breast—they destroy the bonds of relationship—they madden the intellect;" and he glared wildly like a maniac, "they turn a heart of flesh into a heart of stone!"

"That you may have suffered wrong, Jonas, I can believe," argued David; "but that is no reason for your turning persecutor to your name and kindred. I have not brought injury or hurt upon you, but would rather relieve than do aught to distress you; why then should you seek the downfall of me and mine?"

"I do not seek your downfall, David," answered the determined brother; "I know that what I am about will prove a benefit to all. Richard must have the girl!"

"Then, Jonas, I defy you!" vociferated the old man, clenching his fist, and holding it erect: "though all the horrors which you may have suffered become my portion; though an ignominious end should seal my doom, I will not sacrifice the happiness of my child to purchase safety."

"Your child—ha, ha, ha!" and Jonas' laugh rung wildly in the void, "your child, indeed! now this is rank mockery. You know the girl is no more your's than she is mine, though you can best tell in what part of these shingles is the unballowed grave that contains one who was, probably, her father."

A faint shriek was heard within the light-house—it was from Annie, who had been an involuntary listener to their conversation, and the last words had forced from her an exclamation of horror. David entered the building, and the poor girl fell at his knees! her pale face turned upwards to the old man, and her glaring eyes looked intently into his.

"Is it true, father? is it true?" exclaimed she, imploringly. "Say, am I not your child? tell me what fearful tale is this?"

"Annie—my own Annie!" returned the old man, his voice tremulous with anguish, and the hot tears falling upon her pallid cheeks, "Annie, my own Annie, hear me. I am a woe-stricken, heart-broken, and guilty man. There is my accuser—you are not —"

"Peace, fool!" roared Jonas, standing at the door; "would you destroy your only hope of safety? the time is not yet come—leave her for the present: I have yet much to say to you;" and he walked away.

Old David moved to follow his mysterious relative, but Annie clung to him yet tighter. "Nay, father—dearest father, for the love of those that are gone, if not for mine, do not go with that dark, bad man: indeed, you must not quit me. Say that I am your child—no, no, your hand would never deprive a fellow-creature of existence."

Another wild laugh from Jonas was succeeded by heavy groans from the tortured breast of his brother. "Oh God!" said he, "depart not from thy servant in this hour of bitter trial." He

paused a moment; and covering his face with his hands, seemed to pray inwardly; then looking at the prostrate girl, he exclaimed—"Rest quiet, my love, I shall not leave you; I will just go out and speak to this cruel wretch—but I will soon, very soon return."

He left the building, and the brothers, walking to a spot on the point, out of hearing, (which Jonas seemed to have purposely selected) they held a secret communing together. Annie was too deeply interested in what had thus so strangely come to her knowledge, not to watch their proceedings. She saw the man called Jonas vehemently urging some strong inducement on his aged relative: he pointed broad away upon the sea, and then at the upper light—he stamped his foot upon the shingly shore; he took up some of the stones as if carefully to examine them, and then dashed them into the water. He paced to and fro, using gesticulations that betokened energy of manner, and though Annie could not catch one word that was uttered, she frequently heard his sonorous voice, and his wild, unnatural laugh broke the solemn stillness of approaching night. Old David's actions were those of remonstrance and entreaty; but, at times, there was a determined firmness in his manner that betokened a resolute resistance; and thus Annie watched till their figures became gigantic in the gloom.

Darkness had overspread both land and ocean when the brothers re-entered the light-house. "Annie, my love," said David, "this is the father of the young man, Richard, and he earnestly solicits your acceptance of his son," and the old man stopped.

"And what does my father say?" inquired Anne, approaching David, and taking both his hands within her own.

"You have been a dutiful and a good girl, Annie," replied the venerable man, "the solace of my old age, and now—" he stopped again.

"What, father, what?" uttered she, looking in his face imploringly; "only say that I am your child, and Annie will do any thing to purchase a parent's peace and safety."

"I told you so," said Jonas: "the girl is reasonable, and would not let her father perish, when a small sacrifice might rescue him!"

"May I not know what cause there is to fear?" inquired the shrinking girl; "tell me the danger, that I may judge for myself of the necessity of that which I would do."

"Your father's life is in jeopardy—one word from me and an ignominious end upon the gallows would be his fate. Take Richard for your husband, and all will be well," replied Jonas.

"It is false!" exclaimed the excited maiden. "I will not believe it. Father, why do you not deny it? and, if it is true, even the sacrifice you call upon me to make, would not protect us from a wretch who has no feelings of compassion."

"Your taunt is just, young woman," returned Jonas, harshly. "It is not alone the happiness of my son that I seek. I have deeper, stranger motives."

"They cannot be just or holy," pleaded the afflicted maiden, "or they would not urge me to break my pledge of fidelity to another."

"Whatever they are they must, for the present, rest with myself," rejoined he, haughtily. "Your father's existence will become forfeited to the laws of your country, and you—what will become of you when cast upon the world?"

"Oh! would that William were here to council me in this grievous strait," uttered Annie, mournfully; but suddenly her eye lighted up; she gave the brother of her father a fierce look of contempt. "Oh, had he—had William been here, you would not thus have dared to pollute even this humble dwelling with your presence."

"You do well to brave it thus," replied the obdurate Jonas, and taking her arm, he led her to the door, and pointed to the stars. "Look," said he, "see those bright, sparkling orbs that gem the Almighty's throne. By them I swear—that if, by tomorrow's dawn, my requests are not complied with, you shall find my threats are not mere idle breath. I go now; think well of the prospect before you." He turned to depart.

"Stay, stay," said she, detaining him, and drawing him within the entrance, so as to front the grey-headed David. "Father, you heard him," uttered she, calmly, but with firmness, "you heard him, and will you let him depart unanswered?" The old man shuddered. "What! not one word of denial? Father, dear father, it is Annie asks you what is this fearful thing which he threatens to reveal?"

Jonas had looked on with a smile of demoniac pleasure, and when he heard the poor girl's appeal, he slowly uttered, "Mur—" but he was not allowed to finish the word, for the strong grip of his brother was on his throat, as he vociferated, "Now, Jonas, thou liest."

But Annie neither saw nor heard what followed—vivid imagination had completed what Jonas had begun, and she sunk senseless upon the floor. Then was there the unnatural spectacle of kindred struggling with kindred—a deadly vengeance burning at either heart; but David's physical strength was not equal to that of Jonas: with the former, the feelings of revenge passed quickly away. When he saw his prostrate child, his hold relax-

ed—he was dashed violently on the ground, and his persecutor stood erect.

"We part in bitter enmity, then," said the latter, in a hissing voice, between his grinding teeth.

"No, no, not so," returned the fallen man; "even now," and he looked at Annie by his side, "aye, even now I can forgive you," but Jonas heard him not: he had hurried from the place.

David arose, and lifted up his unhappy child. "Are we alone, father?" said Annie, recovering; "has it been some horrible dream that tortured me? Marry Richard, and forsake William to save my father from a fearful end? I have been sleeping—it is—"

"Partly true, my Annie," continued her father, pressing his lips upon her fair forehead; "but calm yourself, my child—he shall not have you, Annie—not even death shall wring compliance from me."

"Oh, my father," exclaimed she, "tell me what was the import of those strange words; he said I was not your child, and you seemed to acquiesce; oh, relieve the agonized suspense of my wretched mind!"

"I cannot at this moment," answered he; "I am not yet myself; passion has gained the mastery; but you shall soon know all. Have I not ever been an indulgent parent to you? and will you doubt me now?"

"Oh, no, no," replied she, "I will not doubt: you have watched over my feeble infancy—you have—"

"Enough, enough, Annie," interrupted the old man, as he approached the staircase door; "I will ascend and kindle the lights, which have been too long neglected; place my chair, girl, as you have been wont to do, and reach down your Bible, that I may hear you read those psalms of David, in which he implores the mercy of the Lord."

Annie complied, and when her father descended, she read to him the 31st and other psalms, till his mind grew apparently tranquil. Then he related to the poor girl many of the incidents of her early life, promising to reveal the whole on the morrow, and she sought her humble chamber; but she heard the door of the light-house open, and from her little casement she saw her father go forth, and, as he walked to and fro upon the beach, raising his hands imploringly to heaven, she became sensible that he was pouring forth the agony of his heart in fervent prayer. Annie knelt by her lowly pallet, and in earnest whisperings she offered up her fervent petitions to the throne of Grace.

To be continued.

NOTES OF TRAVELLERS.

TURKEY.—A Turk, infamous for many barbarous acts, presiding at the town of Tun'ta, in the Delta, went one night to the government granary of that town, and finding two peasants sleeping there, asked them who they were, and what was their business in that place. One of them said that he had brought one hundred and thirty ardeb's of corn from a village of that district; and the other, that he had brought sixty ardeb's from the land belonging to the town. "You rascal!" said the governor to the latter: "this man brings one hundred and thirty ardeb's from the lands of a small village; and you, but sixty from the lands of the town." "This man," answered the peasant of Tun'ta, "brings corn but once a week; and I am now bringing it every day." "Be silent!" said the governor; and, pointing to a neighbouring tree, ordered one of the servants of the granary to hang the peasant to one of its branches. The order was obeyed, and the governor returned to his house. The next morning he went again to the granary, and saw a man bringing in a large quantity of corn. He asked who he was, and what quantity he had brought; and was answered, by the hangman of the preceding night, "This is the man, sir, whom I hanged, by your orders, last night; and he has brought one hundred and sixty ardeb's." "What!" exclaimed the governor, "has he risen from the dead?" He was answered "No, sir: I hanged him so that his toes touched the ground: and when you were gone, I untied the rope; you did not order me to kill him." The Turk muttered, "Aha! hanging and killing are different things; Arabic is copious: next time I will say kill. Take care of Ab'oo Da'-'oo'd." This is his nickname.—*Lane's Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.*

REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF WINCHESTER.—During the minority of Edward III., a Parliament was held in the castle of this city, by appointment of the queen-dowager, before which Edward Plantagenet, third son of King Edward I., and Earl of Kent, was arraigned for high treason, and through the machinations of the dowager, and the Earl of March, condemned to lose his head, without being allowed the liberty of pleading, or of attesting his innocence. On the eve of St. Cuthbert's day, A.D. 1330, he was brought to the scaffold, erected in the middle of the market-place, where he stood till five in the afternoon, before any one could be prevailed on, either by threats, or the promise of reward, to undertake his execution. At length, a notorious condemned criminal, one who had laid a long time under sentence of death, in consideration of being rewarded with his liberty and life, undertook the cruel business, which was ac-

cordingly executed, but in a most barbarous and butcher-like manner, amidst a numerous multitude of weeping spectators.

WEARING STOCKINGS.—Two centuries ago, not one person in a thousand wore woollen stockings: one century ago, not one person in five hundred wore them; now, not one person in a thousand is without them; yet, William Lea, the inventor of the stocking-frame, could get no person to patronise his invention, and he died of a broken heart.

COINING.—We sometimes behold that singularity of character which joyfully steps out of the beaten track for the sake of being ridiculous; thus the barber, to excite attention, exhibited in his window, green, blue, and yellow wigs; and thus Noah Bullock, enraptured with his name, that of the first navigator, and the founder of the largest family upon record, having three sons, named them after those of his predecessor, *Shem, Ham, Japhet*; and to complete the farce, being a man of property, built an *Ark*, and launched it upon the Derwent, above St. Mary's Bridge: whether a *Bullock* graced the stern, history is silent. Here Noah and his sons enjoyed their abode, and the world their laugh. But nothing is more common than for people to deceive each other, under a mask. If they publicly ridiculed him, he privately laughed at them: for it afterwards appeared he had more sense than honesty, and more craft than either; for his disguise and retreat were to be a security to coin money. He knew justice could not easily overtake him; and if it should, the deep was ready to hide his crimes and his utensils. Sir Simon Degge, an active magistrate, who resided at Babington Hall, was informed of Noah's proceedings, whom he personally knew; the knight sent for him, and told him, he had taken up a new occupation, and desired to see a specimen of his work; Noah hesitated. The magistrate promised that no evil should ensue, provided he relinquished the trade. He then pulled out a sixpence, and told Sir Simon, he could make as good work as that. The knight smiled; Noah withdrew, broke up his ark, and escaped the halter.—*Hulton's History of Derby.*

WASHING.—Further on, where the brook fell into a deeper basin, we saw some women washing linen by stamping on it with their feet,—the universal method of washing here, where nearly every thing is done in a manner precisely the reverse of ours. For example, the Arabs mount their horses on the right side; write from right to left; wear the crooked sabre with the concave side in front: let the beard grow, and shave the head; sit on their own legs instead of a chair; eat their bread hot, and their meat cold; take their soup at the end of the meal, instead of the beginning; bare their feet instead of their heads on entering a room; and many other things in like manner. If our laundresses chose to adopt the Arabian fashion, they would have a double advantage; they could wash and knit at the same time. You see I profit by my travels. We afterwards saw a man pass on horseback who had put meat under his saddle, in the manner of the Tartars, to make it tender; by which means it really becomes more tender and better flavoured than it does by all the beating the cutlets get with us, to soften their dispositions.—*Semilasso in Africa.*

POISONOUS FLY.—Near this place (Babakala, on the Danube) we found a range of caverns, famous for producing the poisonous fly, too well known in Servia and Hungary under the name of the Golubacser fly. These singular and venomous insects, somewhat resembling mosquitoes, generally make their appearance during the first great heat of summer, in such numbers as to seem like vast volumes of smoke; their attacks are always directed against every description of quadruped, and so potent is the poison they communicate, that even an ox is unable to withstand its influence, for he always expires in less than two hours. This results, not so much from the virulence of the poison, as that every vulnerable part is simultaneously covered with these most destructive insects; when the wretched animals, frenzied with pain, rush wild through the fields till death puts a period to their sufferings, or they accelerate dissolution by plunging headlong into the rivers. The shepherds of these countries, taught by experience the time of their approach, anoint every part of their flocks and herds, unprotected by nature, with a strong decoction of wormwood; to which it appears, these flies have a great antipathy. In addition to this, the shepherds keep immense fires constantly blazing; around which the poor animals, aware of their danger, tremblingly and patiently congregate. Kind nature has, however, mercifully ordained that their existence shall be most ephemeral; for the slightest variation in the weather is sufficient to destroy the whole swarm; hence they seldom live beyond a few days. The probable supposition, however, is, that when the Danube rises, which it always does in the early part of summer, the caverns are flooded, and the water remaining in them becomes putrid, and produces, during the heat of summer, this most noxious fly.—*Spencer's Circassia.*

A LIVONIAN WEDDING.—The house of the bride is surmounted by a huge plume of feathers, ribbons, and rags, of every form and hue, and her door is arched round with branches and flowers. At two o'clock, on Sunday morning, she hears a knock at the door, and feels as if it had struck upon her heart. She does not answer—transmitted custom forbids; and the covers

are obliged to bribe the family to disclose her retreat. These are the friends selected to conduct the ceremony, and who are under the obligation to defray every expense preliminary to the moment of union. The hours are spent in drinking till it is time to go to church, when a relation of the bride gives the signal for starting, by taking down the plume from the roof, and mounting with it on horseback. In this state, he leads the procession, and the destined fair one follows, with her female friends, in a carriage borrowed for the occasion. The bride is usually dressed like a French lady, for her mistress would be austere indeed, if, on so interesting an occasion, she refused the loan of almost any part of the wardrobe. The cavalcade visits the lord of the land, and other rich neighbors, to all of whom the virgin offers a pair of gloves, stockings, or garters, receiving in return a present of money. When passing the bridge of the town or village in which the church is situated, she throws a pair of garters among the crowd; lucky is that individual, who, in the general scramble which ensues, obtains possession of the prize. After the marriage ceremony is performed in the usual way, the procession returns in the same order, celebrating the event by shouting and firing pistols. The whole party then repair to the bridegroom's house; and both sexes sit down to a feast, from which they rarely think of rising till midday on Monday.—[*Leigh Ritchie's Journal.*]

A NOTICE TO THIEVES.—A number of years ago, Captain Edgar, an eccentric old gentleman residing at a cottage near Laswade, was greatly annoyed by nocturnal depredations habitually breaking the fences of his garden, in order to get at the good things which the premises contained. As he did not care so much for the loss of his fruit as the damage done to the enclosures, and as he was rather fond of witticism, he had the following notice put up:—"All thieves are in future to enter at the gate, which will be left open every night for the purpose."

ON METALS.

CONSIDERED IN REGARD TO THEIR UTILITY,—DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

By W. F. Teulon.*

But what are we thinking about all this time; and what are the subjects of our enquiry? What are the metals spoken of? And what are we to understand by a metal? A metal is an elementary atom, disposed to crystallization, the calces of which are earths, or alkalies; and the solutions of which in other metals are alloys, in gases calces, and in acids salts;—having tenacity, and lustre, not friable but extensible under the hammer, and the burnisher; being sonorous, and opaque, when reduced to plates, and having a paramount capacity and conductivity for caloric, and electricity, [or magnetism]. Iron is the best specimen of a simple metal; and steel of a compound one or alloy.

There are probably many unknown metals, even in our own planet. An alphabetical catalogue of such as are known is as follows:—

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Antimony or Stibium. | 23 Manganese. |
| 2 Arsenium or Arsenic. | 24 Molybdenum. |
| 3 Aluminium. | 25 Magnesium. |
| 4 Barium. | 26 Nickel. |
| 5 Bismuth. | 27 Natronium or Sodium. |
| 6 Britannium or Tin. | 28 Osmium. |
| 7 Carbonium or Adamant. | 29 Platinum. |
| 8 Copper. | 30 Palladium. |
| 9 Chalcium or Potassium. | 31 Rhodium. |
| 10 Cadmium. | 32 Silver. |
| 11 Cobalt. | 33 Selenium. |
| 12 Ceromium. | 34 Strontium. |
| 13 Chalchibria or Iron. | 35 Sitticum. |
| 14 Columbium. | 36 Tellurium. |
| 15 Cerium. | 37 Tungsten. |
| 16 Calcium. | 38 Titanium. |
| 17 Crombarium or Quicksilver. | 39 Uranium. |
| 18 Gold. | 40 Vanadium. |
| 19 Glucium. | 41 Yttrium. |
| 20 Iridium. | 42 Zinc. |
| 21 Lythargyoun or Lead. | 43 Zirconium. |
| 22 Lithium. | |

None of these are devoid of interesting or utile characters, though many of them are rare, or but little recognized. I refer you to Mineralogical, and Chemical treatises for the description of their properties, uses, etc. and decline the interesting task of dwelling for a time upon the more prominent, only because that time is denied me.

Is not the utility of metals, then admitted to be, an interesting fact? It is also a fact that the ancients bore a frequent testimony in favor of it. Moses in the Pentateuch and Book of Job, makes early and repeated mention of metals, their sources, and their uses. "Surely there is a vein for the Silver, and a place for the gold where they find it, Iron is taken out of the clay, and Brass, is [Copper] molten out of the calamine stone;" and subsequent inspired, as well as secular writers, from Pythagoras to Pliny, have honoured the subject with their descriptions and allusions. The ancient Mythology also evidences that Metallurgists were even deified in obedience to the principle of their acknowledged utility. These concessions appertained to the more enlightened and polished nations of the earth: but nations deprived of the use of metals were either barbarous or enslaved, and such under these privations they are still found to be:—while from their ex-

tended use arises modern civilization, freedom, literature, improvement in the arts, (to say nothing of arms) and general refinement.

The truth of these assertions, are demonstrated by a visit to the various manufacturing departments:—and there observing how they operate and co-operate, adopt and transmit, forces borrowed from the water, the atmosphere, and from steam, to the stamp, the chasing tool, and the hammer, the roller, the lathe, and the draw-bench, thus producing almost an infinitude of useful forms; conducive to the multiplied conveniences of business, and social and domestic life. As a simple instance, "in the nail manufacture as carried on in Birmingham, machinery is used by which well formed nails are cut out of sheet iron, with a rapidity which leaves far behind the swiftest motion of the muscles in clipping paper, with the scissors. Nails thus cut, receive by powerful pressure well formed heads, while a happy application of chemical science in annealing, gives them a tenacity which almost rivals the productions of the fire and the hammer." The power and precision thus ensured cannot fail to delight the beholder, and to sanction the remarks here offered. An observance of the convenience and advancements of society will add a further confirmation to the idea, shewing that the pen, the press, and all the various embellishments of life exact largely upon the utilities of metals for their maintenance and exaltation.

Having in the gross considered their utility as engaged in expending and regulating the motor powers of water, caloric, and steam, let us still further, to ascertain the amount of their usefulness, inspect the various products of modern art; and see how metals are at once the subject matter, and the agents of their diversified and advantageous principles. By imagining what would result upon the privation of these advantages, we may derive further assistance toward the conviction of their immense utilities; and the acknowledgement that these utilities are of a nature to influence and adorn every department of civilized existence.

The facts proposed for our examination are then of inestimable value, and their real extent may be supposed by reflecting on the utilities of metals in relation to the inorganic world, as forming the great bulk of its materials—the organic world as entering into the substances of all living structures;—the political and moral world as furnishing an ample fund of coercion and restraint, employment and direction; and further pecuniary reward, for the bad or good principles, and faculties of our nature. This enquiry, like most others, becomes increasingly valuable in proportion to the attention and energy we bestow upon it: its evidences, objects, design, and application.

The design I profess to have been—1st. To illustrate a subject, though interesting and important, is but seldom discussed;—2nd. To invite attention, and further enquiry into this topic of consideration;—3rd. To stimulate, especially in the young, the study of nature, and Natural Philosophy.—4th. To show how nature by very simple means, can produce diversified and magnificent results;—5th. To correct some popular errors connected with this enquiry. I trust these ends have not been entirely missed in the prosecution of the arrangement; and that from the opening to the close of these considerations, they are particulars, on which we may fix the attention, with some measure of delight and profit.

Proportioned to our acquaintance with a subject, is the interest it assumes in our understanding. If we then investigate the present, we shall find the employment fraught with interesting relations, and in the end shall find ourselves amply recompensed for our exertions. We may even perceive that a tract lies open to us in this field; and why should we expect to labour therein in vain.

Metals undoubtedly hold a distinguished, perhaps a principal place, among terrestrial substances;—they may be considered of an imperishable nature, constantly reappearing after all mutations, and decompositions have elapsed, and reasserting their original tenure.—They form the superstratum of our planet, and probably of all the planetary orbs—And I conceive that not our world only—but the visible heavens—the universe of matter, is pervaded and adorned by metals, and their useful productions; as well as by intelligent creatures to use and enjoy them.

Every department of Science is fraught with pleasure: and calculated to expand, and fertilize the understanding; which being thus improved, contributes to our usefulness and happiness. We thus advance in society, and philosophy; and hence the utility of Exercises, and Institutions such as the present. I believe the female mind is as well constituted for study as its opposite: as the conspicuous example of Ladies eminent for literature, philosophy, and art, sufficiently proves: hence the propriety of their attendance on such occasion, as this and of the female departments of society being instructed in Science. The limit of our studies in the field of physics is ample as the universe. This should warm and encourage, not dismay us. Scientific studies on this consideration lead us to a love of our immortality: as our existence is no otherwise bounded. And to conclude: as our study of nature, is but a contemplation of the Works of the Great Supreme; they should perpetually advance awe, admiration, humility, and gratitude, towards Him.

*Concluded from our last.

For the Pearl.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

Still, still was the battle field, and silence was there,
Save the last gasp of life, and the dying man's prayer;
And a lone wand'ring mourner, who groined in despair,
All else was the long sleep of death.

The hearts that were valiant, the eyes that were bright,
Had ceased now to beat, and were sealed up in night,
So silent they lay, in the moon's silvery light
That gleam'd o'er the blood-furrow'd heath.

Then, to pale quiv'ring lips, by the fond youth was press'd
The token of love, that he nam'd in his breast,
While wounded and weary he sank down to rest
And the life blood ran chill in each vein.

Then the eye of the father was dim, and dim,
As he thought of the lone ones who waited for him,
While the angel of Death breathed o'er each limb
And laid him a corpse on the plain.

But the brow of one only whose hopes were in heav'n,
As calm as the deep in the stillness of even,
Show'd the saint and the soldier whose sins were forgiv'n,
Who relinquish'd his spirit in peace.

I wept as I walk'd through the ranks of the dead,
When my friends and my comrades had fall'n and bled,
I wept as I lock'd on their last gory bed
Where our fondest affections must cease,

In the morning they shone like the host of the sky,
When marshall'd in glory they march forth on high;
But now like that host when the tempest sweeps by,
Their light and their glory are gone.

No more shall their bugles awaken the brave—
No more shall their banners of victory wave—
For the green sward's the hall, and the grass is the grave—
Of those heroes whose spirits have flow'n

DELTA.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL MAN.

AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

I labour under a species of distress which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear: but I will give you the history of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning but what he acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz., a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying me for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that I am tall and thin in my person, with a fair complexion and light, flaxen hair, but of such extreme susceptibility of shame that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect fall-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life, particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupi's, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess what I believe has often been experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorant and vulgar language has often made me blush to think I was his son, and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of one whom I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy. In short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the 'wealthy, learned clown.'

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighborhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families—especially those who have marriageable daughters. From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls and the most pressing invitations; and, though I wished to accept their proffered friend-

ship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolved to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago I accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to what I have purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas, at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches 'grown gentlemen to dance,' and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquisitions would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity. But alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by *practice*! As I approached the house a dinner bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my newly-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I tread upon the gony toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of his lordship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which, as I had never before heard of such a thing, greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me the more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and untaekily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an ink-bottle table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desirous to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning like a frebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having upset my plate in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fermentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trode upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to con-

ceal my agony. My eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and confusion, I was obliged to drop the cause of my torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil—another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire, and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, O, how shall I tell the sequel! Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief which was still wet with the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

There, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like 'a goblin damned.' The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth blistered, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

For the Pearl.

FORT MASSY.

In an autumn evening the hour of sunset is beautiful in every part of Nova Scotia. Whether the tints of the declining day rest on the tiny stream that placidly flows through the village of Truro—that scene of calm and quiet loveliness—or meadow the glowing landscape of Windsor, where the pale student with his tasselled cap saunters along for his twilight walk—whether the sombre front of Partridge Island is standing before you like a giant sentinel over the small hamlet of Parsborough, or from the bosom of the deep your eye rests with pleasure on the neat houses and trim gardens of Lunenburg—from whatever point of view you behold the burnished sky spreading its gorgeous and varied canopy of crimson over your head, until its reflected lustre lights up the distant hills and imprints its image on the sleeping waters, you gaze with delight on inexpressible beauty. Yet there is one spot on which I love to linger in such an hour more than all the rest. It is on the green mounds of Fort Mussy. Before me is the dark blue sea, fringed with its woodland borders, and dotted with the islands of war and peace; on one side are peaceful retired and highly cultivated villas which would not discredit a more ancient country—on the other the life, bustle, and activity of a town. But here where I stand is solitude, deep and unbroken solitude. That sloping hill with its rude fence is beneath my feet, and I think of the sunset no more. It is a place of graves. Hark! the bugle is sounding to arouse the loitering soldiers of yonder barrack to their evening duty. But it cannot disturb your rest ye tenants of the tomb. Your task is done. Your sleep cannot be broken. Although the tide of battle should flow over your heads, no arm would be lifted up, no echo would be heard from your still and powerless ranks.

And is this the end of glory? Has the eagle-eye that darted vengeance on the foe been quenched for ever? Have the lips that shouted the cheer of victory become entirely mute? Are the hands that cast the thunderbolt of war more helpless than an infant's. Yes: the dream is passed. In that half-acre of ground without a mark to tell where he lies, reposes many a hero, who only wanted the opportunity to win the laurels of a Marlborough or a Wellington. How unlike would be the history of the most of these men in life and death. Perhaps the sleeper in this grave was the beloved of some kind mother. He in some sullen mood of disappointment sought the battle field, but could not find death until the pestilence swept him from the earth, and he died in agony thinking of the gray hairs he had brought down in sorrow to the grave. Happily here may rest the body of some active, enterprising, energetic man, who being sick of the monotony of civil life sought the army, bore his part in sieges and battles—married—had a family, and quitted this life in hope of a better state of being. This may be the grave—But why indulge in fanciful meditations on their various fate. The gloom of night is now stealing over the works of nature, and a deeper gloom envelopes their history. Here too their wives and their children have been mould'ring side by side. How many links of affection have been broken! How the handful of earth that fell on the hollow coffin sounded like a knell of unutterable woe to many a widowed heart!

ALPHA.

For the Pearl.

A resplendent "Pearl" in the Coronet of the Genius of British America has just now attracted my attention through the politeness of an esteemed friend. I truly regret having so long neglected a Colonial Gem of such commanding interest; more especially since my literary character has brightened in its blaze.

Notwithstanding her own plenitude of maturer Bards, and ripper talent, Nova Scotia was wont to patronize my unstudied offerings even of boyhood. With many of her Literati I have no personal acquaintance; yet I hold their names in proud and pious commemoration:—they are an ornament to the Province in which they live, and an honor to us all.

Dusily employed in preparing two new volumes for the press, I have little leisure for present composition—but the following stanzas, originally written in a Lady's Album, are at your service. After the lapse of a few months, I shall esteem it no ordinary pleasure to become your constant contributor—meanwhile may the shrine you have raised for the pilgrims of song and science be weekly visited by others in the true spirit of devotion.

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Lady, when I was but a boy
In kindred halls beyond the billow,
Bright looks of love, and dreams of joy,
Or cross'd my path, or crown'd my pillow;

And I at times was wont to touch
My young wild harp in peace and gladness—
Alas, that music lov'd so much,
Should ever melt in tones of sadness!

But those were blest and sunny days—
So calm, so pure, and so unbroken,—
And my young heart beat high with praise
By lips of truth as warmly spoken.

Anxious to prove a world that seem'd
So full of promise, I had given
Full many a wish to distant lands,
Big with imaginary heaven;

And tho' much sorrow interven'd
At thought of kindred bosoms part'd,
As o'er the household group I lean'd,
Hope chased the tear affection start'd.

Suffice to say I had farewell,
And, issuing from the Cottage wildwood,
Before me was the wide wide world—
Behind, were all the loves of childhood.

If boots not now what lands remote
Have borne the imprint of the stranger;
Nor shall I in these stanzas quote
My pilgrimage thro' storm and danger:—

Much I have seen of earth's romance;
Oh mingled with its maze of folly,
And smiled—but oftener wept perchance
With less mysterious melancholy:—

For I have read the mournful tale
Of blasted hopes and friendships riven,
Too long for promise to prevail,
Unless that promise be from heaven:—

Yet there is light within my mind;
Within my soul a nobler treasure
Than growling worms of earth can find
In mad pursuit of pomp or pleasure.

What tho' before me lies the grave
Whose epitaph shall end my story,
Beyond its gloom I hope to wave
The Banner of my Master's glory.

Then let these pilgrim feet of mine
Awhile their wasted strength recover—
I rest me, Lady, by the shrine
Of Friendship.—Now my song is o'er.

N. B.

W. K. LECHETT.

For the Pearl.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Since the first day that your engaging little miscellany appeared a candidate for the public favour, I have earnestly observed its character and manner, nor did I permit the graces of form, or the hues of beauty that recommended its infancy to captivate my fancy and delude my judgment. I was anxious to scrutinize its purpose and disposition that I might surely discover what portion of imperfection was imbedded in so much apparent delicacy and refinement. This I consider was my right to do, because only upon its intellectual merits would you desire its success in the world; and only upon that testimony should we, your readers, be justified in accepting it. The very existence of our moral freedom and purity depends upon the virtue of our public Journals, now that so great a measure of our education in this Province is received through the medium of periodicals. My experience however has happily dissipated my suspicions, and is now followed by a full approbation of your editorial conduct, and I now eagerly render to your paper this light tribute to its character.

This, our Nova Scotia, you must with pride and joy remember, now holds a high seat in the Halls of Literature throughout the world; and her venerable Mother, England, with all her noble progeny of philosophers, poets, and heroes, gives her the flattering nod of recognition looking from her throne of Empires. This idea is almost enough to make us pray for an earthly immor-

ality almost enough to draw our hopes from the promises of eternity, to find their rest in the enjoyment of political grandeur.—Britain! her monarch! her freedom, her glory, her temples and her piety! who among mankind would not sigh for the freedom, the honour of sitting at her feet! The man in Nova Scotia that would not, cannot love his country. But we are loyal and it is the surest test of our general intelligence. The loyalty of Nova Scotians is now signalised, and England has affectionately received it. These glories we must be sure to guard, and we can best enlarge them by a watchful attention to our public literature.

Ridicule and disgrace have at times been drawn upon us by the vile character of some of our public prints, and the national reputation has scarcely saved itself behind the shelter of its former good deeds: we have been barely able to escape the denouncement of our best friends abroad. Obscurity, infidelity, and sedition have strongly marked the inward corruption of some of our journalists. This has had the bad effect of imposing upon the minds of many foreigners the conviction that we are a disaffected and barbarous people.

These facts must teach us the necessity of a change in the taste and temper of our periodicals. Devoted as they are almost exclusively to politics and party, nothing stands more conspicuous than the pique, pride, or rancour, that swell the bosoms of their respective leaders. So much indeed is the public sentiment discoloured and distorted from these causes, that civil and religious discord have been most actively promoted. There is an advantage possessed by an editor, if he is artful and ambitious, that the public does not seem to consider. He stands forth a general courtier addressing himself at one time to the fancy, next to the pride, at spare times to the judgment, and always to the prejudice of the reader. This offering is so grateful to the thirsting vanity of our nature as to be swallowed in the lump; and the operation is the more certain as the author always addresses a silent multitude. There is no one mounted on the wings of this messenger as it comes fresh from the Press, who can by his talent and integrity, bursting with the eloquent indignation that slandered virtue feels, refute and neutralize such worthless sophistry before it has conveyed its insinuating poison into the veins and marrow.

How much then must we be interested in the blessing that an Editor of christian faith and veracity bestows upon the country? and how much should we oppose the terrible evil that a scoffer and libertine may inflict upon the country. The Editor who could make his paper an engine to delude and destroy, becomes the most unpardonable being alive.

A paper like yours seems most especially fitted to fill up a blank in our literature: one that may divert and instruct the public mind, without fostering disorder and discontent. It should be chaste, elegant, sparkling and pure. A gem worthy of the virgin's casket or the parson's desk.

As variety is the soul of all useful and judicious entertainment, thereby awakening to life and motion the many hidden associations of time and hope that cluster round our hearts, it will be your province to favour your patrons belines, with enigmas, riddles, conundrums, songs, legends, descriptive pieces, etc. sufficient to reach the most eccentric taste. Knowing this I intend to trouble you occasionally with some productions of those sorts, with the purpose to put your readers to the stretch of their ingenuity, and with the wish that a more capable correspondent may be tempted to surpass me.

Your most obedient servant.

COMUS.

For the Pearl.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROPHECY.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

NO. 4.

"From this red coloured mass, (the remains of the lesser Palace) the Mujellibah bears N. 26° W; Hillah, S. 16° W., and the Eirs Nimrod, S. 30° W. This mound rises to the west of an unequal and inferior range of hillocks, and joins another ridge branching off to the southward for the distance of a mile, and something less than half that breadth. This centre of hills is of the same height as another range extending along the eastern front of the Kasr, and running due north for one mile; at the same time occupying nearly the whole of the ground from the north face of the Kasr to the river's bank.

Adjoining these heaps, a little to the south, stands an enormous pile, which the natives call Al Kasr, or "the Palace," and which, next to the Mujellibah, is the highest and most attractive object on this side of the river, rearing its rugged head seventy feet above the level of the plain; I fell confident that here lie the Debris of the great Western palace, for the ground on the eastern face of this ruin is low, soft, and indented, as if the river had wandered from its original course. Its form is very irregular; its length is 820 yards, and its breadth 610. It is deeply furrowed throughout by ravines of great length, depth, and width; and crossing each other in every direction. Some are full sixty feet deep, which may be attributed to the Arabs, who were constantly at work to obtain the valuable bricks, which, from the vicinity of the

river, are with little trouble and expense conveyed to Hillah, or any towns north or south. In some of these ravines, fragments of detached walls are still standing, composed of burnt bricks, with their faces, or inscribed parts, placed downwards. The freshness of the inscriptions was amazing. In the fragments of building on the summit of the mound, neither bitumen nor reeds can be traced, there being but a simple layer of mortar to bind the materials together. The very heart of this pile appears to be entirely of the finest furnace-baked brick. On the top of this ruin, which is all that is left us of the greater Palace, are the remains of square piers or buttresses, defying the generally destructive power of time. These columns measured from sixteen to eighteen feet in height, and nine in thickness. I found it impossible to detach any of the bricks, so firmly did they adhere together. Hence their fresh appearance and excellent preservation. Their colour is a pale yellow, and several of these masses appear to lean from their centre, perhaps from some convulsion of nature.

The cuneiform, or Babylonian inscriptions, are plainly discernible on those bricks that project beyond the line of their original position. The observer must kneel down and look upwards; for the inscribed parts are placed downwards; evidently showing that the inscriptions were never intended to be seen or read; which is an extraordinary circumstance, and difficult to account for. It is astonishing that the thinnest layer of cement imaginable should hold the courses of brickwork so firmly and securely together. The natives appear to have entirely discontinued their work of havoc here, from the total impossibility of extracting a perfect brick. There are very conspicuous fragments of detached wall along the western and the northern face of the Kasr, which (as this part is the reputed site of the Pensile Gardens ascribed to Nebuchadnezzar,) perhaps supported the terraces attached thereto. Indeed it is easier to trace several long passages among the deep and innumerable ravines, than might be supposed, after the lapse of so many ages; but these fragments of building are daily becoming more hidden from view, and the avenues closed up with broken bricks, rubbish, glazed pottery, and huge masses of stone. I will however particularize a single specimen, in order to give some idea of their gigantic dimensions.

In one of the subterranean passages of a deeply furrowed ravine, I discovered a granite slab fifteen feet long, and five and a half wide; its surface exhibited bitumen with an impression of woven matting or straw, apparently laid on, in a perfect unbroken state. This circumstance may in some degree identify the site of the Pensile Hill, which we learn from ancient authors, were raised on pillars by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, to gratify his wife Amyctis the daughter of Astyages, King of Media. Quintus Curtius makes them equal in height to the walls of the city, viz. fifty feet. They are said to have contained a square of four hundred feet on each side, and were carried up into the air in several terraces, laid above one another, and the ascent from terrace to terrace was by stairs ten feet wide. The pilasters (no trace of the arch being found in the ruins) sustaining the whole pile were raised one above the other, and the fabric was strengthened by a wall, surrounding it on all sides, of twenty two feet in thickness.

The floors of each of the terraces, were laid in the following manner: on the top of the pillars were placed large flat stones, sixteen feet long and four broad; and over them was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen, over which were two rows of bricks closely cemented together by plaster, and over all were thick sheets of lead; and lastly, upon the lead was laid the mould of the garden. The mould, or earth, was of such a depth, as to admit the largest trees to take root and grow; and it was covered with various kinds of trees, plants, and flowers. In the upper terrace there was an aqueduct or engine, whereby water was drawn up out of the river for watering the garden."

Captain Mignan here describes a beautiful tree which the natives call Athleh—it is very ancient and is a superb tree 23 feet high. The wind fluttering through its delicate branches, has a mournful effect, and "seems entreating the traveller to remain, and unite in mourning over fallen grandeur." Captain Mignan notices the figure of the lion over a prostrate man, mentioned by Keppell. "The head of the lion has been broken off, and the sculpture is in a very barbarous style. Beauchamp, in speaking of this ruin, says, "On this side of the river are those immense ruins which have served, and still serve, for the building of Hillah, an Arabian city, containing ten or twelve thousand souls. Here are found those large and thick bricks, imprinted with unknown characters. This heap, and the mount of Babel, are commonly called by the Arabs, *Mitcheh Jah*, that is to say, *turned topsy-turvy*. I was informed by the master-mason employed to dig for brick, that the places from which he procured them were large thick walls, and sometimes chambers. He has frequently found earthen vessels, engraved marbles, and, about eight years ago, a statue as large as life, which he threw among the rubbish. On one wall of a chamber he found the figures of a cow, and of the sun and moon, formed of varnished bricks. Sometimes idols of clay are found, representing human figures." Vide Beauchamp's authority quoted by Major Rennell.

On a high spot, about fifty-five feet above the level of the plain, I traced a large square pilaster rising out of a conical mound.

bricks which composed it measured thirteen inches square, by three thick, and were joined together with an almost imperceptible layer of cement.

I employed thirty men to clear away the rubbish, and we dug down along its western face to a depth of twenty feet, when we arrived at the bricks, where bitumen alone was found to be the binding material. The arrow-headed writing was stamped on all, but differed as to the number of lines. They varied from three to ten lines; the first number was the most abundant, and the latter the most rare. The writing was more deeply engraven on these bricks than on any others I had met with. I found one with the Babylonian writing both on its face and edge, but unfortunately it was broken. I regard it as a unique specimen; never having seen or heard of another like it. I discovered also an ornamental flat fragment of calcaceous sand-stone, glazed with brown enamel on the superior surfaces. This proves that the Babylonians had perfectly acquired the art of enamelling. Diodorus Siculus informs us, that amongst the various paintings on the walls of the palace, Semiramis was seen on horseback, piercing with her dart a panther; and her husband Ninus, killing with his spear a savage lion. M. Beauchamp found several varnished bricks, on one of which was the figure of a lion, on another the sun and moon.

Upon clearing away a space of twelve feet square at the base of the pilaster, I laid open a bricked platform beautifully fastened with bitumen, each brick measuring nineteen inches and three quarters square, by three and a half thick, with the written characters along the edge, instead of being in an upright column on the face. These are the largest bricks hitherto found. I have removed two of these immense bricks to Bussorah, one of which has since been presented to Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay.

The platform, I have no doubt, extended for a considerable space; and it is not improbable that it was the flooring of some chamber; perhaps a terrace attached to the Pensile Gardens. In making a careful search, my labours were amply compensated by the discovery of four cylinders, three engraved gems, and several silver and copper coins. On cleansing one of the copper coins, I found it to be of Alexander the Great. The others were of the Syrian, Parthian, Roman, and Kufic dynasties, in the best state of preservation."

Your obedient servant,

H. H.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 17, 1838.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS IN RESPECT TO SCIENCE, AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

NO. 2.

On every leaf of the book of nature, we are taught these amazing views of the countless variety of the works of God. On this subject exaggeration is impossible, and the objects themselves are above all hyperbole. Not even the luxuriance of an oriental imagination can present us with a picture more highly coloured, than the truth itself exhibits to every beholder. The reality infinitely surpasses our most extended conceptions, and lost in admiration, we are constrained to adopt the devout exclamation of the Psalmist, "How manifold are thy works, O Lord!"

To the lower animals God has not bestowed the high privilege of ranging through the fields of nature, or of interpreting those characters which in the things of creation reveal his power, and wisdom, and goodness. To man, however, this exalted gift has been intrusted, and the faculty of acquiring a knowledge of the natural perfections of the Deity from his operations in nature, forms the most obvious distinction of our species. "The most splendid scenes of nature are thrown around the inferior creatures without arousing attention, or awakening taste, and the power of comparison. Amidst all the beings which surround man in this visible universe, he alone is capable of surveying the whole with thought and reflection; of tracing the Author of the whole work, and marking the display of his perfections; of yielding to him adoration and homage; or of sanctifying the varied scene to moral uses." As a specimen of the pristine power of the intellectual nature of man, a very remarkable fact is recorded in the second chapter of the book of Genesis—"And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field." This concise record certainly conveys the idea that this act tested Adam's power of discrimination and observation, as well as his skill in the use of language. For it would seem that he gave to all animals of every tribe and order, appropriate names—names, therefore, we may presume, arising out of something which he discerned in their form and figure, or in their instincts, or in their peculiarities of habit, or in the purposes which they were adapted to answer. While, therefore, man was capable of thought and reflection, the Almighty did not consider it an unfit employment for Adam

in Paradise, to contemplate his wonderful works. As a striking proof of the knowledge and wisdom of Solomon it is said in the fourth chapter of the first book of Kings, that he "spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

These cases, however, by the captious, may be regarded as exceptions to the general rule, and hence the necessity of adducing additional proof of the ability of man to apprehend all the great facts of christian philosophy. And the inspired testimony is at hand. In the words of Elihu we are furnished with the proof required.

Job. xxxii. 8. "There is a spirit in man,
And the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

xxxv. 10, 11. "But none saith, Where is God my maker,
Who giveth us songs in the night;
Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth,
And maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven."

For his vast understanding, astonishing powers of ratiocination, and extent of his inventive faculties, man is indebted to the inspiration of the Almighty. And a multitude of facts confirm the declarations now cited. See what man has done, and judge of his ample qualifications to attain an extensive fund of knowledge. Of the immortal Newton the poet has truly said—

—"He took his ardent sight
Through the blue infinite; and every star
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blazed into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system; all combined;
And ruled unerring by that single power
Which draws the stone projected to the ground."

And what has the Astronomer not accomplished? "He has numbered the stars of heaven; he has demonstrated the planetary revolutions, and the laws by which they are governed; he has accounted for every apparent anomaly in the various affections in the heavenly bodies; he has measured their distances, determined their solid contents and weighed the sun." Nor have the labours of the naturalist been less satisfactory than those of the astronomer:—"his researches into the three kingdoms of nature, the animal, vegetable, and mineral, are, for their variety, correctness, and importance, of the highest consideration. The laws of matter, of organized and unorganized beings, and those chemical principles by which all the operations of nature are conducted, have been investigated by him with the utmost success. He has shewn the father of the rain, and who has begotten the drops of dew; he has accounted for the formation of the snow, the hailstones, and the ice; and demonstrated the laws by which the tempest and tornado are governed; he has taken the thunder from the clouds; and he plays with the lightnings of heaven." Further, the mechanic has performed his part—"he has invented those grand subsidiaries of life, the lever, the screw, the wedge, the inclined plane, and the pulley; and by these means multiplied his power beyond conception: he has invented the telescope, and by this instrument has brought the hosts of heaven almost into contact with the earth. By his engines he has acquired a sort of omnipotency over inert matter; and produced effects, which, to the uninstructed mind, presents all the appearances of supernatural agency. By his mental energy he has sprung up into illimitable space; and he has seen and described those worlds which an infinite skill has planned, and an infinite benevolence sustains." In short, in the invention and progress of the arts and sciences, we have a volume of proof that God has endowed man with all those high qualifications necessary to enable him to derive instruction and pleasure from a contemplation of his works.

Having as we hope demonstrated that variety is the order of nature, and sameness her aversion; having also satisfactorily proved that man is competent to note that diversity, gauge every substance in nature from the most stupendous down to the most minute object, and further, that he may be instructed and profited by the inspection, it only remains for us in this part of our argument to shew that God requires at our hands such an exertion of our intellectual energies—such a pious meditation of his works as may induce gratitude and love to our beneficent Creator. On the supposition that the scriptures were perfectly silent on this topic, yet would not the simple fact that we possess a faculty of acquiring knowledge in general, point out our duty in respect to such an endowment? Is it the will of heaven that we should bury our talents in the dust? Is it right that our faculties should remain torpid and inactive? Or is that man guiltless who does not rightly improve and cultivate all his powers, and direct them to their proper objects? But the scriptures are not silent on this point, and they speak in terms not to be misunderstood. From a mass of inspired declarations we select the following:—

Job xxxvii. 14. Hearken unto this, O Job:
Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God.
Psalm xcii. 4. For thou Lord hast made me glad through thy work:
I will triumph in the works of thy hands.
5. O Lord, how great are thy works!
And thy thoughts are very deep.

6. A brutish man knoweth not,
Neither doth a fool understand this.
iii. 2. The works of the Lord are great,
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
Isaiah v. 11. Woe unto them that rise up early, that they may follow
strong drink,
That continue until night, till wine inflame them!
12. And the harp, and the viol, the tabret
And pipe, and wine, are in their feasts:
But they regard not the work of the Lord,
Neither consider the operations of his hand.

Not to multiply proof, let us duly ponder on these now produced:—"a brutish man" it is, that "knoweth not the works of God, and a fool that is wanting in understanding with respect to them. A learned commentator has given the explanation of these terms. "A brutish man from the Hebrew words *ish baar*, is the human hog—the stupid bear—the boor; the man who is all flesh; in whom spirit or intellect neither seems to work nor exist. The brutish man who never attempts to see God in his works: *kesil* the fool, is different from *baar* the brutish man: the latter has mind but it is buried in flesh; the former has no mind, and his stupidity is unavoidable." Admitting the propriety of this exposition, how strongly is ignorance of the things of creation condemned. In what way will the religionist who objects to the study of the physical sciences, escape the force of this cutting reproof? Lest however he should suppose that a meaning has been given to the passage merely to suit our purpose, we shall introduce an extract from Dr. Dwight's System of Theology. "The works of God were by him intended to be, and are in fact, manifestations of himself; proofs of his character, presence, and agency. In this light he requires men continually to regard them; and to refuse this regard is considered by him as grossly wicked, and highly deserving of punishment, Ps. 28. 5. Isa. 6. 12—14. I am apprehensive, that even good men are prone to pay less attention to the works of creation and providence than piety demands, and the scripture requires. We say and hear so much concerning the insufficiency of these works to unfold the character of God, and the nature of genuine religion, that we are prone to consider them as almost uninteresting in moral things, and in a great measure useless to the promotion of piety. This, however, is a palpable and dangerous error. The works alone, without the aid of the scriptures, would, I acknowledge, be far less instructive than they now are, and utterly insufficient to guide us in the way of righteousness. The scriptures were designed to be a comment on these works; to explain their nature, and to show us the agency, purposes, wisdom and goodness of God in their formation. Thus explained, thus illuminated, they become means of knowledge, very extensive and eminently useful. He who does not find in the various, beautiful, sublime, awful, and astonishing objects, presented to us in Creation and Providence, irresistible and glorious reasons, for admiring, adoring, loving and praising his Creator, has not a claim to evangelical piety." Here we pause, leaving the further discussion of the subject for a future number.

The N. Brunswick Courier speaks of the frequency of robberies in the City of St. John: Lately the store of Messrs. J. & R. Reed was robbed of a considerable quantity of goods.

The House of Assembly of N. B. have resolved to grant a sum of £300 for the relief of the wives and children of soldiers, who have gone to Canada, in addition to the Government allowance.

BOUNDARY QUESTION.—It is understood the American government will not accept the proposition to abide by the award of the King of the Netherlands.

The tribute which our esteemed Correspondent *Comus* pays to the value and usefulness of our humble labours would have afforded us unmingled pleasure, if it had been unaccompanied with any severe reflections on our cotemporaries. As far as our limited knowledge extends we certainly cannot subscribe to the statement that "infidelity and sedition have strongly marked the inward corruption of some of our journalists." In giving publicity to the opinion of *Comus*, we have thought it our duty plainly to declare that such is not our belief. We do not say that our respected Correspondent is wrong, but merely that we think he is in respect to the character of some of our public prints. The future pieces of *Comus* will be very acceptable.

MISS MARTINEAU.—This distinguished English lady, encouraged by the success of her "Society in America," has been induced to try her pen again; and will shortly appear before the public with a new work, entitled, "Recollections of Western Travel."

P. E. ISLAND.—The Legislature was opened on Tuesday, the 23d January. The three Members of Assembly, J. W. LeLacheur, W. Cooper, and John Mackintosh, who were placed in custody of the Serjeant at Arms in the last Session of that Assembly, and refused to apologise in the terms dictated by the House, have in the present Session, again been handed over to the above named functionary.

DR. GESNER'S GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY OF NOVA SCOTIA.—This Work has been re-published in London—it has

been very favourably noticed in the Edinburgh Journal and reviewed in the London Monthly Review. We understand that the Dr. has some idea of attempting a second and improved edition. There can be but one opinion of the importance of such publications, bearing as they do upon the best resources of the country. They arouse public attention to our capabilities, and beget a desire for an acquaintance with them, which will direct capital and enterprise to our shores, where they are much wanted, and would find ample and lucrative employment. In encouraging publications which have this end in view, a great deal is done to subserve a patriotic purpose; and we hope the Dr's labours in this department of science will at length meet with their merited reward.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

ANOTHER BRITISH OUTRAGE.—The Detroit Morning Post of the 16th states that the sloop George Strong, Capt. Grimes, loaded with wood, &c. and bound to Swan Creek from Detroit, was repeatedly fired into by the British forces, while lying at Bois Blanc Island, opposite the village of Malden, and ordered into the latter port, on penalty of being immediately sunk. Upon landing, Capt. G. with his crew of three men, all peaceable citizens of the United States, were violently seized and marched to a Prison, and confined 3 days, most of the time destitute of food. During their confinement, their vessel was plundered of every thing valuable.

A letter dated Cleveland (Ohio) on the 24th inst. gives an account of the arrival of the steamboat R. Fulton, at the port of Dunkirk, with U. S. troops, for the preservation of neutrality. They proceeded immediately to Fredonia, a village four miles in the interior, where three or four hundred men, of the force lately at Navy Island, were concentrated. Col. Worth, commander of the U. S. troops, succeeded in seizing 300 stand of arms, with a large amount of ammunition, &c. which were transported on board the boat. The troops on their return to Dunkirk, were followed by the disarmed "patriots," by whom they were denounced and insulted in a most ungracious fashion. Col. Worth permitted no retaliation.

UPPER CANADA.—The Legislative Council have solicited His Excellency for copies of the correspondence which induced Sir FRANCIS to tender his resignation.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S ANSWER.

GENTLEMEN,—Nothing at this moment would be so gratifying to my feelings, as to lay before the House of Assembly the correspondence between Her Majesty's Government and myself, which induced me to tender my resignation of the Government of this Province; but, after deliberate consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the publication of these documents might, under existing circumstances, embarrass my successor, and might be considered as a violation of official confidence.

So long as I remain in the service of Her Majesty's Government, I do not consider myself justified in defending my own conduct, by any vindication that may embarrass their policy.

Government House, }
Jan. 23, 1838. }

[Extracts of Letters from Upper Canada.]

Toronto, 20th January.

"The Experiment steamboat has just come in from Niagara, bringing with her 2 companies of the 24th for our Garrison here. All quiet on the frontier. A person direct from Buffalo, reports that McKenzie is there, going about the streets, a forlorn and deserted being; his dupes are asking for their promised pay, and he has none to give them. Van Ransselaer and he have quarrelled about finance matters, and the former is off.

"From the West, all is quiet, with messengers to say that no more men need be sent there."

Duncombe seems quite intangible. His whereabouts cannot be learned with any sort of certainty. He is not however in arms. Little is said about him at Detroit.

MONTREAL, Jan. 27. On Wednesday night a quantity of arms were seized by that active Officer, Captain Macdonnell, which were on their way to this city, from the States. They consist of a large number of pistols, some few small carbines, a great many Bowie knives and daggers. We have understood the seizure was made in the neighbourhood of St. Philippe. The arms have been deposited in the Government Stores.

Transcript.

Extract of a letter from Toronto, dated 13th January:—General Lount is captured and now an inmate in Toronto gaol. He was caught by two men (who suspected the cause of his evident anxiety to escape,) somewhere about Fort Erie, where he had embarked in a schooner which was embarrassed by the ice. He says that his days are numbered, but that Mackenzie will yet revolutionize the Province.—*Nous verrons!*

General Van Egmont, who had been an officer under Napoleon in 1812, during the disastrous Campaign in Russia, died last Friday in the Hospital of this city, through chagrin and fatigue,

in his 73d year. He was taken at Montgomery's Tavern, where he had arrived on the very morning of the battle, to take command of the rebels.—*Toronto Palladium, Jan. 10.*

COLLEGES.—The Southern Literary Messenger thus enumerates the colleges in the United States. Their numbers in the states respectively are as follows. It will be seen that Ohio is first on the list, and Pennsylvania second.

Maine,	2	North Carolina,	2
New Hampshire,	1	South Carolina,	1
Vermont,	2	Georgia,	1
Massachusetts,	2	Alabama,	3
Rhode Island,	1	Mississippi,	3
Connecticut,	3	Louisiana,	3
New York,	6	Tennessee,	5
New Jersey,	2	Kentucky,	7
Pennsylvania,	10	Ohio,	11
Delaware,	1	Indiana,	2
District Columbia,	2	Missouri,	5
Virginia,	1	Michigan,	2
Maryland,	4	Illinois,	5

MOST IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE. The universal agreement of critics in their estimate of literary productions is so notorious, that we lose no time in laying before our readers a marvellous exception to this very general rule. 'N of Annapolis' a writer in the Novascotian of Thursday last, thinks our remarks on the reprint of T. Oliver's Elegy in our third number, "uncalled for, unnecessary, and invidious." In respect to the Elegy we differ in toto from our good friend of Annapolis, but are exactly of the opinion that his own depreciating notices of the Forest Wreath were uncalled for, unnecessary and invidious. Our commendation of a beautiful melody of Mr. Leggett's, recently published in N. B., our dear brother pronounces to be "lavish and bombastic." We think however that our eulogy was remarkably frugal, neat and chaste. Editors of papers will, doubtless, pass along this wonderful piece of news. Its importance demands an extensive circulation.

THE HALIFAX PEARL. We cannot withhold any such good things as the following from our readers, and more especially when there is a perfect agreement on the subject between ourselves and the Gleaner. We are precisely of the same opinion.

"This paper, which is principally devoted to Literature, at the commencement of the present year was considerably enlarged, and the execution of its mechanical department underwent considerable improvement. It is conducted with much taste, and considerable ability. H. B. Allison, Esq. at Newcastle, is the Agent, where a file of the papers may be seen, and persons wishing to subscribe can leave their names."—*Maritime Gleaner.*

ERRATUM. In our last No. page 47, concerning the Shubenacadie Canal Meeting, for "the chair was taken by Hon. Joseph Allison," read "the chair was taken by the Hon. T. N. Jeffery, supported by the Hon. J. Allison."

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. W. Cogswell, Mr Thomas Proud, to Miss Elizabeth Harvey, both of this town.

DIED.

On Sunday evening, after a short illness, Louisa, fourth Daughter of James McNab, Esq. in the 14th year of her age.
On Sunday last, Mr. Plummer, Armourer in her Majesty's Ordnance Department, at this place, aged 51 years.
On Thursday the 5th February, Thiza Harris, aged 7 years and 11 months, daughter of Mr. George Harris.
In the Poor's Asylum, John McEvoy, aged 61 years, a native of Ireland—he has been 23 years in the Asylum.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Sunday, 11th Schr. Mary Anderson, Liverpool N. S. 11 hours, flour, to Fairbanks & Allison; H. M. S. Satellite, Com. Robb, Kingston Jan. 23 days, Bermuda, 11 days, with \$270,000; Brig Victory, Ernst, Tobago, 39 days, Grenada 30, St. Thomas 22, via Lunenburg, Sugar, to D. & E. Starr & Co.
Monday, Brig. Reindeer, Montega Bay, 25 days, rum, hides, and limeuce, W. B. Hamilton.
Thursday, Schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston, 11 days, Yarmouth, 2 days, ballast to J. Long,—5 passengers.
Friday, Schr. Woodland, Johnston, New York, 9 day, flour, beef, meal &c, to D. and E. Starr and Co. and S. Binney.

PASSENGERS.

In the Acadian for Boston, Messrs. H. Lawson, W. Foster, and 4 in the Steerage.

TURNBULL & FOUND.

TAILORS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the Public, that they have commenced business in the above line, in the house adjoining Mr. Nordbeck, in Grayville Street, where all orders in their line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Feb 17.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA,

Halifax, Thursday 1st February, 1838.

A DIVIDEND of Four and one half per cent on the Capital Stock paid in has been declared, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, for the half year ending the 31st January, and will be paid at the Bank on or after the 3rd March next.
By order of the President and Directors,
JAMES FORMAN, Cashier.

PROSPECTUS,

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

THE MEMENTO,

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

The Memento will be neatly executed, as to the mechanical part, done up in cloth, and delivered to Subscribers through the politeness of Agents appointed for that purpose.
Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

**ALSO TO BE PUBLISHED,
THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR**

Condensed and Simplified by the same Author.

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

Price 2s. per copy. 25 per cent discount allowed where one dozen, or upwards, are ordered by any one person.
P. S. Subscriptions for either of the above works received at the Pearl Office Halifax, or at the book-store of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay. Feb. 16th.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

THE Anniversary Meeting of the Halifax Branch of the above Society, will be held in the ensuing week.

On Sunday, Feb. 18th, in the Brunswick Street Chapel, at 11 A. M. the Rev. W. Wilson, of Newport, is expected to preach; and in the evening at 7, the Rev. C. Churchill.

In the Lower Chapel, Argyle Street, in the forenoon, the Rev. Mr. McLend, of Windsor, and in the evening, the Rev. W. Wilson, may be expected to preach.

On Tuesday Evening, February 20th, the Public Meeting will be held when some interesting information will be given on the subject of Foreign Missions. In addition to the above, the Rev. J. Marshall is expected to attend the meeting.

The Chair will be taken at half past six o'clock. Collections will be made at the close of each of the above services.

The Members of the Ladies' Branch Association in connection with the above, have commenced a Bazaar (for the sale of useful and ornamental articles for the support of Wesleyan Missions to the Heathen,) which is expected to take place in April next, and respectfully solicit the assistance of Philanthropic individuals of all denominations.

Further particulars respecting the Bazaar in a future advertisement. Feb. 17.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 40 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscribers.

He also cautions any person or persons from cutting Wood, or otherwise trespassing on the above mentioned Premises, as he will prosecute any such to the utmost rigour of the Law.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

PRIVATE SALE

THE Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgy, in Barrington Street, next door to Mr. A. Reid's Store near St. Paul's Church. Possession may be had 1st May, 1838. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to the Proprietor, D. D. Stewart, Esq. Newport, or to B. Murdoch, Esq. at his Office, next door to the premises. February 2.

WESLEYAN INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD CON.

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

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

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

CHARLES YOUNG.

Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has Just Received 150 pairs Indian Rubbers assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order. Opposite Cunard's Wharf.

Jan. 27.

(3m.)

WILLIAM WISSWELL.

TO BE SOLD

On the Premises, at Public Auction, in the Town of Halifax, on Monday, the Second day of April next, at twelve o'clock, pursuant to an order of His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor and Her Majesty's Council.

ALL the Estate, right, title, and Interest of the late John Linnard, deceased, at the time of his death in, to, and upon, all that messuage and tenement, and all that Lot of ground, situate, lying and being in the Town of Halifax aforesaid, fronting Westery on Hallis Street and there measuring Thirty Eight feet and extending in depth Sixty two feet more or less known and described as Lots No. 5. letter C—in Gulland's Division with all the houses, buildings and Hereditaments thereunto belonging.

Terms, Cash on the delivery of the Deed—
THOMAS LINNARD,
Administrator of
JOHN LINNARD.

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. AEDY,

"Festivities are fit for what is happily concluded; at the commencement they but waste the force and zeal which should inspire us. Of all festivities the marriage festival appears the most unsuitable; calmness, humility and silent hope, best no ceremony more than this."—Goethe.

Lady, thy merry marriage bells are ringing,
And all around thee speaks of festal mirth.
The loss of one so good and fair is bringing
Methinks strange gladness for her father's hearth;
Yet thou amid the throng art pensive sitting,
And well I know these revels cloud thy bliss,
And that thou deemest such triumph unbefitting
A solemn and important rite like this.

These flowery wreaths, these sounds of excitation,
Some victor's glorious deeds might celebrate,
But thou canst claim no proud congratulation,
Untried, uncertain is thy future fate;
Nor would true friends a brilliant spell cast o'er thee,
Giving to giddy dreams delusive scope,
But rather bid thee view the scene before thee,
With calm humility and silent hope.

Thine is a path by snares and tolls attended,
Yet, lady, in thy prudence I confide,
Thou art not by mere mortal aid befriended,
Prayer is thy stay, and Providence thy guide:
And should thy coming years with ills be laden,
Thou safely may'st abide the storms of life,
If the meek virtues of the Christian maiden
Shine forth as brightly in the Christian wife.

STRANGE STORY.—It is 18 years ago since the commune of Landu, in the department of Gard, was the scene of a most bloody deed. A woman, the mother of several children, was murdered in the night, and her body was found buried in a field close to the house of her brother-in-law, upon whom many other circumstances conspired to fix the guilt of this crime. He was tried, found guilty and condemned to perpetual hard labor. This man was then in his 56th year.—The letters "T. P."—(travaux a perpetuite) were branded on his shoulder, but his last words to that society which cast him from it were "I am innocent."

For twelve years the unfortunate Bertrand continued an inmate of that scene of horrors, a French bagnio, and during the whole of that time his conduct was calculated to gain for him the esteem of his superiors. He never ceased to proclaim his innocence, and his confidence that one day the truth of his declaration would be acknowledged. At the end of the 12th year of his confinement, when he had entered his 68th year, as a reward for his good conduct, the term of his imprisonment was reduced to 12 years, thus affording him the prospect that in the 80th year of his age he might be allowed to turn his back on the gates of his prison.

Bertrand was not, however, satisfied; it was the vindication of his character for which alone he wished to live, and to which he never ceased to look forward with confident hope. On attaining his 70th year, Bertrand was excused from further labor, and confined to the Central House of confinement in Rennes. About three weeks ago a letter addressed to Bertrand arrived from his native village. It was written by an officer of rank, who had been his neighbor, and had frequently befriended him before the fearful stain had been thrown upon his character. This letter informed the prisoner that his innocence would in a short time be openly acknowledged; that by order of the Procureur General a fresh inquiry had been instituted; and that there was no doubt that in a few days his (Bertrand's) innocence would be fully established. "My poor Bertrand," said his correspondent, "you will be restored to society, where I am sure you will conduct yourself as in your happier days. Courage, Bertrand! you will behold again the mountain of Plazzeilles, that of St. Pierre, and my old Chateau de Be."

It had been ascertained that the murder had been committed by the husband of the victim, and that he had buried the body near Bertrand's house, to divert suspicion from himself. The children of the murderer were aware of the truth, but during their father's life they had kept the secret inviolate. On his death, however, they became less reserved; some hints were at first dropped, and public attention having been recalled to the almost forgotten affair of Bertrand, an inquiry was set on foot, the result of which was a complete vindication of his character from the horrid charge that had so long weighed upon it.

Poor Bertrand, however, was not destined to behold again his native mountains, nor his aged wife, nor his friend the officer, to whose zeal he had been mainly indebted for the recognition of his innocence. The formalities required by the French system of centralization before the order for the prisoner's discharge could be made out, occupied several days, and when it reached Rennes poor Bertrand had already been emancipated from captivity. He died on the second day after that on which he received the letter from his friend, and his last words were, "I knew the day would come at length when my innocence would be recognized."—[French paper.]

A GROWING STORY.—Our readers are all unquestionably aware that stories sometimes increase with astonishing rapidity, and that a mighty growth of the marvellous, in a short time, arise from an exceedingly small beginning. But as all may not

be acquainted with the precise mode of culture, which will bring them forward with more than the rapidity of cucumbers in a hot-house, we hope they will feel themselves highly obliged to us for endeavoring to enlighten them in this matter; and to show our disposition to serve them in so important a particular, we subjoin the following specimen.

"Have you heard," said Mrs. Wiggins, "that Mathew McMixon and his wife have fallen out?" "No, I have not," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Well, it's as true as you're alive," said Mrs. Wiggins, laying her finger beside her nose in token of silence.

Mrs. Spriggins lost no time in calling upon her neighbor Higgins. "Have you heard, said she, "that Mathew McMixon and his wife have fallen out of bed?" "No, I have not," replied Mrs. Higgins. "Well, it's as true as I'm here," returned Mrs. Spriggins, "for I just had it from Mrs. Wiggins." She likewise put her finger beside her nose, in token that it was not a matter for every body to know.

Mrs. Higgins went directly to her neighbor Figgins, and before she had fairly recovered breath, began: "Have you heard how that Mathew McMixon and his wife have fallen out of the window?" "No; is it possible?" said Mrs. Figgins. "It's as true as I draw the breath of life," said Mrs. Higgins, still panting with exertion, "for Mrs. Spriggins told me not two minutes ago, that she had just heard it from Mrs. Wiggins."

Mrs. Figgins went forthwith to see her neighbor Twiggins. She had scarcely seated herself when she said, "Have you heard how that Mathew McMixon and his wife have fallen out of the chamber window?" "No, you don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Twiggins.—"Yes, it's as true as the book of Genesis," said Mrs. Figgins, "for I just heard it from Mrs. Higgins, who got it not two minutes ago from Mrs. Spriggins, who had it a minute before from Mrs. Wiggins."

Mrs. Twiggins now took her turn, and with the advantage of a glib tongue and a pair of active feet, soon reported all over the town, that "Mathew McMixon and his wife had both broken their necks by falling out of a three story window." And she gave for her authority, her neighbor Mrs. Figgins, who had quoted Mrs. Higgins, who had referred to Mrs. Spriggins, who had had the authority of Mrs. Wiggins, who was said to have been an eyewitness of the fact.

ETERNITY.—That the conception of eternity may be more distinct and affecting, it is useful to represent it under some temporal resemblances that sensibly, though not fully represent it. Suppose that the vast ocean were distilled drop by drop, but so slowly that a thousand years should pass between every drop, how many millions of years were required to empty it? Suppose this great world in its full compass from one pole to another, and from the top of the firmament to the bottom, were to be filled with the smallest sand, but so slowly that every thousand years only a single grain should be added, how many millions would pass away before it were filled? If the immense superficies of Heaven, wherein are innumerable stars, the least of which equals the magnitude of the earth, were filled with figures of numbers without the least vacant space, and every figure signified a million, what created mind could tell their numbers, much less their value? Having these thoughts I reply—the sea will be emptied drop by drop, the universe filled grain by grain, the numbers written in the heavens will come to an end, and how much of eternity is thus spent? Nothing, for still infinitely more remains.—*Fuller's Sermon.*

OF RICHES.—I cannot call riches better than the "baggage" of virtue; the Roman word is better, "impedimenta." For as the baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. So saith Solomon; "Where much is, are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight off with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches; there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them; but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prizes are set upon little stones and rarities? And what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say they may be of use to buy men out of dangers and troubles. As Solomon saith, "Riches are as a strong hold in the imagination of the rich man." But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out.—*Lord Bacon.*

JOHN KNOX.—"The house of Knox," says the well known G. Thornburn, "is now occupied by two barbers—one below, the other up stairs. I got shaved on the ground floor, and paid one penny. Next day, as I was curious to see as much as possible of this notable house, I got shaved up stairs, and they charged me two pence. 'How is this,' said I, 'your neighbor below charged me only a penny yesterday.' 'O ho!' said he, 'but this is the very room that John Knox used to study his sermons in, and that is the very winnock that he used to preach on to the folks on the streets.' 'Well,' said I, 'this being the case, I think, myself, it is worth a penny.'

He said Queen Mary told her courtiers she was more afraid of the prayers of John Knox than an army of 10,000 men! She was a deep, dissembling, politic woman. On one occasion, having a difficult matter to manage with John, she treated him in a most gracious manner, seating him by her on the sofa, holding his hand in her's, etc. She rather got the best of the bargain—for John afterwards remarked to one of his friends, "What a pity the devil should have his abode in sic a piece o' bonny painted clay."

A SIGN.—A teacher who hired a house in which to instruct pupils in the languages, procured a brick from the Tower of Babe which he placed over his door for a sign, in the same manner that apothecaries hang out a pestle and mortar.

Among the old Puritan books were the following: 'A Back Door for the Christian to escape through when pursued by the Roaring Lion'; 'A Bull Dog to guard the Ark of Salvation'; 'A pint of Spiritual Brandy to comfort the Believer's Stomach'; 'A Tit Bit from the Lord's Table, dressed by that Cunning Cook of Jesus, Redeemed Fish.'

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

To be sold at Private Sale the following highly valuable Real Estate,

ALL THE DWELLING HOUSE, Lot of Land and appurtenances formerly owned and occupied by the late Hon. James Fraser, deceased, consisting of the dwelling house and Lot fronting in Water street, measuring forty six feet six inches in front by one hundred and thirty six feet in depth—also the lot of land in rear thereof, fronting westwardly on Argyle street, and measuring in front sixty three feet by sixty four in depth. These premises will be sold either together or in separate Lots, at the desire of purchasers.

Also, The Warehouse and buildings formerly occupied by Messrs. Fraser and Co. as a store and counting house, situate in the middle range of buildings on Marchington's Wharf, adjoining the property of the late John Barron.

Also, a lot of ground in the south range of Marchington's wharf, adjoining the Ordnance property, measuring twenty two feet in front by twenty six feet in depth.

The terms and particulars may be known on application at the office of the Subscriber, who is authorized to treat for the sale of the above premises.

JAMES F. GRAY.

February 2.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

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

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23. 1837.—6w.

SUPERIOR HAVANA CIGARS, &c.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

20,000 first quality Havana CIGARS,
Boxes first quality Eau de Cologne,
Boxes second quality Eau de Cologne,
Lavender Water,
Transparent, Rose, and Almond Soap,
Military shaving Soap,
A few handsome bird Cages, &c. &c.

LOWES & CREIGHTON.

January 6th, 1838.

4w

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION ESTABLISHMENT.

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

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Street

The usual assortment of Groceries and Liquors kept constantly to hand.

Jan 26.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

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

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

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