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THE REVIEWER.

LIFE OF ADMIRAL HOWE.

BY SIR JOHN BARROW.

Concluded.

The most splendid and important service of Lord Howe's life, was the victory of the first of June, 1794. It revived the ancient fame of the British navy, and led to the subsequent triumphs of Sir John Jervis and Nelson. Though less decisive in its immediate results than the engagements of Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, yet as occurring at the commencement of the war, it exerted a more powerful influence. It re-kindled the resolution, and gathered up the flagging spirits of British seamen, and emboldened them to those desperate, but triumphant displays of courage which followed. Lord Howe's temperament was vastly different from both of his illustrious contemporaries, yet it is not too much to assert that he prepared the way for their triumphs by the spirit he diffused through the navy. He put to sea on the 2nd of May, and after searching fruitlessly for the French fleet for some weeks, discovered it on the 28th very far distant in the south-east, the wind blowing fresh from the south by west, with a rough sea. This and the three following days were employed in a series of manœuvres, which led to no decisive result, but on the 1st June the fleets engaged in good earnest. The following brief account of the battle is quoted from Mr. James, the indefatigable and accurate historian of naval actions.

The enemy was discovered this morning about three or four miles to leeward in order of battle, under an easy sail, to the westward. The fleet being duly arranged in the same order on the larboard line of bearing, and notice given of the intention to pass through the enemy's line for engaging them to leeward, at about thirty minutes after eight, A.M., the signal (36) was made for each ship to steer for and engage her opponent in the enemy's line; whereupon the fleet bore up accordingly. The action commenced on the part of the British fleet soon after nine. The *Defence*, *Marlborough*, and *Royal George*, *Queen*, and *Brunswick*, being the only ships which pushed through the enemy's line, together with the *Charlotte*, for engaging them to leeward. The *Gibraltar* omitted to cross the French admiral for engaging his second ahead, as his station required. The *Cæsar's* main-top-sail was backed, and whilst distant from the enemy, though the signal for closer engagement was abroad.

Soon after ten A.M., the French admiral, engaged by the *Charlotte*, drawing ahead (as he had continued to do from the beginning of the action, though the main-sail, top-gallant-sails, etc., were set in the *Charlotte* for keeping him on the same bearing when standing down to fetch under his stern), he bore away to the northward. The fore-top-mast, and soon after the main-top-mast (of which the weather-leech of the sail had been some time before cut in two and the sail rendered useless), in the *Charlotte* going over the side, no hinderance of the movement, or pursuit of the French admiral could be made. But he hauled to the wind again on the larboard tack, about three miles to leeward, and formed with eleven or twelve more of his ships not disabled by the loss (at least) of any of their masts. Ten of the enemy's ships, almost all of them totally dismasted, were left to windward; but three of them with their sprit-sails, or sails raised on the stump of the fore-mast, joined the French admiral; the ships of the fleet being either so much dispersed, or disabled in their masts and rigging in the different actions, as to be prevented from opposing the escape of those French ships, or of assembling in force to renew the engagement. And when those three ships had joined the other, the enemy stood away large to the northward; leaving seven of their dismasted ships in our possession, one of which sunk while the prisoners were removing, and many of the crew perished with the ship.—pp. 232—234.

Sir John Barrow has interwoven in his narrative, the accounts furnished by several eye-witnesses of the engagement, and the daring heroism detailed is highly illustrative of the intrepidity of British seamen.

'The conduct of the *Marlborough*,' he remarks 'as described partly by Captain Berkeley and partly by her First Lieutenant, Monckton, after the former was carried off deck wounded, is so noble, and at the same time attended with such remarkable circumstances, that it ought not to be passed over:—

'The *Marlborough* engaged the *Impetueux* for about twenty minutes, when she payed round off and dropt with his bowsprit

over our quarter, where he lay exposed to a very heavy raking fire which we kept up. Every creature was driven from the decks, and some of my men boarded her, but were called back. I had now the satisfaction to see all his masts go over the side. At this moment a seventy-four, which was astern of the *Impetueux*, attempted to weather and rake us; but he met with so severe a reception that he dropt on board his consort's quarter, and then luffing up, boarded the *Marlborough* upon the bow; but the steadiness of our troops, and the good use made of our guns and carronades, prevented him from availing himself of his situation. In a few minutes I had the pleasure of seeing this ship's masts follow the example of the other, and they both lay without firing a gun or without any colours, which makes me suppose they had struck, as not a soul was upon deck to answer; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, afterwards, when we were dismasted and lay alongside the *Impetueux*, within half-pistol shot was, that no attempt was made against us, until our fleet came up and took possession of them.

'I now attempted to back off from the two wrecks, and unfortunately accomplished it just as the French admiral came under our stern, who backed his maintopsail and raked us, by which he did us considerable damage, and carried away our three masts. It was from this ship I received my wound, and therefore the remainder is the account of my first lieutenant.'

'Lieutenant Monckton thus proceeds:—'At the time Captain Berkeley was obliged to quit the deck, we were still on board, but backing clear of our opponents; our masts being then shot away by the three-decker under our stern, carried away the ensign staff, and deprived us of hoisting any colours for a few minutes. I ordered the wreck to be cleared away from the colour chest, and spread a Union Jack at the spritsail-yard and a St. George's ensign at the stump of the foremast; but perceiving that the latter was mistaken by some of our ships for the tri-coloured flag, I ordered the flag to be cut off. At this time we were laying along the *Impetueux*, within pistol-shot; and, finding that she did not return a gun, and perceiving she was on fire, I ordered our ship to cease firing at her, and suffered them quietly to extinguish the flames which I could have easily prevented with our musketry. While clearing away the wreck, the rear of the enemy's fleet was coming up, and perceiving that they must range close to us, and being determined never to see the British flag struck, I ordered the men to lie down at their quarters to receive their fire, and to return it afterwards if possible; but being dismasted, she rolled so deep that our lower-deck ports could not be opened. The event was as I expected; the enemy's rear passed us to leeward very close, and we fairly ran the gauntlet of every ship which could get a gun to bear, but luckily without giving us any shot between wind and water, or killing any men, except two, who imprudently disobeyed their officers and got up at their quarters. Two of their ships, which had tacked, now came to windward of us, and gave us their fire, upon which one of their hulks hoisted a national flag, but upon our firing some guns at her she hauled it down again; and a three-decker having tacked also, stood towards us, with a full intention, I believe, to sink us if possible: the *Royal George*, however, who I supposed had tacked after her, came up, and, engaging her very closely, carried away her main and mizen-masts, and saved the *Marlborough* from the intended close attack. I then made the signal for assistance on a boat's mast; but this was almost instantly shot away. At five the *Aquilon* took us in tow, and soon after we joined the fleet.'

'A curious incident is said to have occurred on board this ship. When she was entirely dismasted, and otherwise disabled, by the extreme severity of the conflict,—the captain (the Hon. C. Berkeley), and the second lieutenant (Sir Michael Seymour), severely wounded the latter having his arm shot off, and the ship so roughly treated, that a whisper of surrender was said to have been uttered, which Lieutenant Monckton overhearing, resolutely exclaimed, 'he would nail her colours to the stump of the mast.' At this moment a cock, having by the wreck been liberated from the broken coop, suddenly perched himself on the stump of the main-mast, clapped his wings, and crowded aloud; in an instant three hearty cheers rang throughout the ship's company, and no more talk of surrender. At the same time the *Aquilon* frigate, commanded by the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, seeing the helpless state the *Marlborough* was in, came to her assistance and towed her out of the line. The gallant admiral, in reply to a question about the cock says, 'it partakes of a cock-and-a-bull story, but there is no mistake in the cheers of the crew on my taking her in tow.' It is nevertheless a true story: through the kindness of Sir Thomas Hardy, an inquiry was made among the old pensioners of

the *Marlborough* in Greenwich hospital, and two of the most intelligent, Alexander Boswell and William Brett, fully corroborate the circumstance; and the latter states that, on the arrival of the ship at Plymouth, the cock was given to Lord George Lennox, the governor, by desire of Captain Berkeley. Lady Hardy has been good enough to ascertain from her aunt, Lady Mary Lennox, that the story is perfectly true, that the cock lived to a good old age, and that while the *Marlborough* remained at Plymouth it was daily visited by parties of her crew.—pp. 271—276.

The following anecdote of Captain Gambier will be read with pleasure, and is in happy accordance with his subsequent character.

'The *Defence*, Captain Gambier, behaved most gallantly, and was terribly cut up and totally dismasted; she was one of the few that passed through the enemy's line, got into the midst of the French ships, and lost her main and mizen-masts. Captain Gambier was an excellent officer, and a gentleman of strict principles of religion and morality. At the close of the action, Captain Pakenham, a rattling good-humoured Irishman, hailed him from the *Invincible*, 'Well Jimmy, I see you are pretty well mauled; but never mind Jimmy, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Another incident took place in the little *Defence*: the lieutenant of the after-part of the main-deck, seeing a three-decker, the *Republican*, (which shot away her remaining mast,) suddenly bearing down towards them, struck with a kind of momentary panic, ran up to the quarter-deck, and addressing the captain with great eagerness, exclaimed, 'D—my eyes, Sir, but here is a whole mountain coming upon us; what shall we do?' Captain Gambier, unmoved, and looking gravely at him, said in a solemn tone, 'How dare you, Sir, at this awful moment, come to me with an oath in your mouth? Go down, Sir, and encourage your men to stand to their guns, like brave British seamen.' On asking Captain (then Lord) Gambier, some years afterwards, if the story was true, he replied, he believed something of the kind occurred.—p. 277.

The whole nation was enraptured by the tidings of this victory, and the following letters which passed on the occasion between George the Third and Mrs. Howe, the sister of the Admiral, sufficiently bespeak the importance attached to it.

Windsor, 11th of June, 1794.

'Mrs. Howe's zeal for the great cause in which this country is engaged, added to her becoming ardour for the glory of her family, must make her feel with redoubled joy the glorious news brought by Sir Roger Curtis; she will, I hope, be satisfied now that *Earl Richard* has, with twenty-five sail of the line, attacked twenty-six of the enemy, taking six and sunk two: besides, it is not improbable that some of the disabled ships of the enemy may not be able to reach their own shore. I own I could not refrain from expressing my sentiments on the occasion, but will not detain her by adding more.

(Signed)

GEORGE R.

To which gracious communication Mrs. Howe returned the following admirable reply:—

'When Mrs. Howe heard last night of the victory obtained by your Majesty's fleet, she did not feel a possibility of any addition to her felicity, but the approbation expressed by your Majesty of what has been performed, and the honour done her by so precious and so gracious a notice of it, under the hand of her adored Sovereign, has proved the contrary: and she has only to regret that a woman cannot throw herself at your Majesty's feet this morning at the levee, and there to have endeavoured to express her heartfelt gratitude.—pp. 263, 264.

Having already indulged so copiously in extracts from this volume, we must pass over several which we had marked, and restrict ourselves to the following comparison of Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson, three of the most distinguished names occurring in the naval history of our country:

'Howe unquestionably led the way. He was his own sole instructor in naval matters—not brought up in any particular school—hardly indeed can it be said there was any school in the early part of his career. Whatever he gained, from the various commanders under whom he served, must have been by comparison, observation, and reflection. At that time, there was very little system observed in the navy, and still less of science. Naval tactics, evolutions, and signals, were then but feebly creeping into use, in humble imitation of the French, and had made but slow progress—rarely attempted indeed to be carried into practice except by

one individual—the talented and unfortunate Kempenselt, who perished in the *Royal George*. After him, Howe seriously took them up, and never lost sight of these important objects until he had completed a system which long bore the name of 'Howe's Signals.' In the perfecting of this system he was indefatigable—whether on shore or afloat, theoretically or practically this favorite and most useful object was uppermost in his mind. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that Howe was professionally and characteristically bold, cool, and decisive—a thorough seaman in theory and practice—and his knowledge was conveyed to others mostly by mildness, persuasion, and the force of example.

In tactics and in discipline, St. Vincent was a disciple of Howe. In giving his opinion on the expediency of a night action with a superior enemy, the former decided against it, on the ground of being in such a case deprived of the great advantage of Howe's signals. In discipline the scholar may be said to have carried his mode of instruction beyond the master. Where Howe was patient, gentle, indulgent, and kind, by which he won the attachment of both officers and seamen, St. Vincent was rigorous, peremptory, and resolute, rigidly maintaining that the life and soul of naval discipline was obedience—his favourite word was *obediencia*. The one obtained his object by pursuing the *suaviter in modo*—the other by the *fortiter in re*. The mutinous seamen at Portsmouth, but half subdued, were at once completely reduced to order by the kind and gentle treatment of, and the confidence they placed in, Lord Howe. The mutiny in the fleet off Cadiz no sooner sprung up, than it was crushed by the prompt and vigorous measures of Lord St. Vincent, whose determined and resolute conduct, on that occasion, was absolutely necessary to prevent that spirit of insubordination from spreading which had manifested itself in many of the ships employed in blockading a distant and an enemy's port.

The character and conduct of Nelson were widely different from both of the above-mentioned officers. Without being a thorough seaman, he knew well how to stimulate exertions and to animate zeal. He had the peculiar tact to make every officer, from the highest to the lowest, believe that his individual share in any enterprise contributed mainly to its success—thus giving encouragement and inspiring confidence to each in his own exertions. In the result he was singularly fortunate: where he led all were anxious to follow. Nelson was indeed a being *sui generis*—'none but himself could be his parallel'—and it may be feared he has left few of the same breed behind him. That he had his weak points cannot be denied, but what human being is exempt from them? He has been unjustly compared with an Anthony, ready to sacrifice the world to another Cleopatra—than which nothing can be more incorrect; with one unfortunate exception, which in a moment of infatuation, has cast an indelible stain on his memory, he never suffered the deplorable influence alluded to in any way to interfere with his professional duties. Whenever such demanded his presence, all pleasures and indulgences gave way; neither these nor the least care of life occupied for a moment a share in his thoughts. A passionate and insatiable love of fame was the 'spur' to Nelson's noble mind. To be 'Crowned with Laurel or covered with Cypress'—a Peerage or Westminster Abbey—Victory or Westminster Abbey—these were the words, the signal for each terrible conflict. He never anticipated defeat, but went into battle with the full conviction he was to conquer or to die. The words were the ebullition of that feeling, which carried his feeble frame through exertions and energies, that nothing short of his ardent and spiritual nature could have supported. The strength and elasticity of his mind got complete control over bodily pain and infirmity. These in the scale of human affliction were to him as nothing, when in sight or pursuit of an enemy. An ambitious love of distinction, a thirst for the acquisition of honours, or a glorious death, was the ruling passion, and his destiny led him to experience them all. Conqueror of 'a hundred fights,' he died at last, as all true heroes would wish to do, in the arms of victory!—pp. 426—431.

Sir John Barrow's volume is a valuable addition to this department of biography. Though wanting the charm which so eminently characterises Southey's *Life of Nelson*, it will be read without weariness by all classes, and must certainly leave an impression highly favourable to the private character, as well as to the professional services of its subject. It is not free from the false morality which unhappily pervades the higher classes of society. We refer especially to some remarks occurring at page 421, respecting duelling, the most absurd and palpably unchristian of modern fashions. When will men bearing the form and claiming the attributes of a rational nature, cease to dishonor themselves, and throw contempt on their Maker?

GREAT MEN.—The greatest men are not those who do most good to the fellow-mortals. The cataract falls and breaks to pieces fruitlessly, while the quiet stream fertilizes.

GREAT MINDS.—Common men, like stagnant pools, take the hue of the earth that bounds them; great ones, like the sea, reflect only the pure blue of the heaven above.

ENNUY.—To no one is life so long and burdensome as to him who tries to shorten it by living too fast.

For the Pearl.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR EARLY YEARS.

When round the house top moans the wind,
In cold December's blast;
When on the cold and lifeless earth
The snow falls thick and fast,
How pleasant 'tis to call to mind
The scenes of years gone by;
To bring them forth from memory's cells
Where they embedded lie;
And trace in them the hopes and fears
That swayed our minds in early years.

Behold some one that then we knew,
But long since dead and gone;
Comes back, as 'twere, and takes his place,
And acts his part anew;
Or she to whom we first did vow
An everlasting love;
Whom kindred spirits bore away
To brighter realms above,
Appears again full in our view,
And we our vows of love renew.

Our Father's well known voice we hear,
As in our childhoods days;
That well known voice in time of yore
Directed all our ways;
Perhaps our mother's softer call
May strike upon our ear;
As in our youth she gently chid,
Her darling child, so dear;
Or taught us how to walk the road,
Which leads us from this world to God.

These recollections of the past,
When going through the mind;
Oh make us heave a deep drawn sigh,
And leave regret behind;
But we must onward keep our course
Till death our eyelids close,
Oh, then we'll leave this world of care
And dwell above with those;
Among whom we spent our early years,
Whom memory to the heart endears.

St. John, N. B.
Feb. 5th, 1859.

G. M. R.

THE VICTIM.

A RUSSIAN ADVENTURE.

Some years ago, business of importance called me to St. Petersburg. Being unwilling to go alone, I succeeded in inducing my friend Saville to accompany me. I mention him, poor fellow, as he formed a very prominent feature in the little adventure I am about to relate. I will pass over the incidents of our journey until we arrived at St. Petersburg, when, having transacted my business, I, to favour Saville's wish, determined to proceed to Jaroslav, where he had relations. Instead, however, of going the direct route, we visited Kerilov, a small town on the Schekma, a branch of the Volga, for the purpose of seeing a renowned hermit who, we were told, was an Englishman. This was inducement enough for us, circuitous as was the route we went.

Arriving late at night, we with considerable difficulty succeeded in getting lodgings, which, though very mean and wretched, we at last entered.

The landlord, a talkative man, told us, during our repast, all the news and scandal which in a small town generally abounds. Among other things, he told us that the next morning the punishment of the knout was to be performed—for there this horrid barbarity is considered quite a spectacle, to see which people flock in from all parts. The culprit was a young Jewess, remarkable for her beauty, and her crime was the murder of her father. If the punishment of the knout did not end her existence, the wheel was in readiness to complete the scene of blood.

From his account it appeared that the whole circumstance was veiled in no slight obscurity, inasmuch as the only evidence against the poor girl was, that when questioned as to where her missing father was, she shed floods of tears and was silent. This in Russia was enough to seal her fate. She was accordingly condemned, and was in prison when we arrived.

Being much interested for the poor girl, we (Saville and I) determined to see her. We went, and by means of a handful of silver, we succeeded in bribing the jailer to admit us. The prison was gloomy to a degree; and never did I see so lovely a creature as met our eyes. She seemed scarcely above twenty, if so much. She, like most of her race, was dark, with intensely bright eyes, which even her misery could not quench. She spoke to us in French, and in piteous accents protested her innocence. Her story was soon told. Beloved by a Russian and a protestant, her heart would not obey the stern commands of that father with whose murder she was charged. Her father reviled her—and here she stopped and burst into tears. More we could not elicit. Even the jailer, stern as he was, seemed touched with something like pity.

Saville, hasty in every thing, determined to attempt to save her. Hurrying off, he hastened to the head sbirri, or police, and in vain attempted to purchase her release. He was referred to a higher authority at St. Petersburg. Thither, then, regardless of the utter impossibility of being in time, he hurried that very even-

ing. Remained to try to console the victim. Never shall I forget the splendour of those dark, swimming eyes, when cast upwards in fervent prayer for the success of her anticipated deliverer. The night passed heavily enough. She could not be brought to comprehend the awfulness of her hopeless situation. Yet she shuddered as she drew her slight shawl over her exquisitely moulded shoulders, so soon to be lacerated by the un pitying stroke of the lash! The gray morn, chill and comfortless, came at last, and with it the fatal hour of the victim's punishment.

Though almost senseless when led out, a faint blush and one wild expression of terror flitted over her features as the rude hand of the executioner tore the upper covering from her neck and shoulders. She was tied to the scaffold, and—but why proceed—nay, I cannot proceed to describe the disgusting and horrid ceremonies. It is enough to say that, though no sound of agony escaped her, as the white and quivering flesh was torn from her beautiful back, yet when, after nearly fifty strokes of the lash, human nature gave way, she sighed forth, "*Mon père, mon père, vous êtes trop tard,*" and expired! My poor friend Saville, worn out by his fruitless exertions, fell a victim to a fever then prevalent, but not before he had brought to justice her inhuman father, who was alive, and had thus sacrificed his daughter, because she refused to marry a mercenary villain of her father's choice. He had first bound her by a most solemn oath not to reveal his place of concealment, and then left her, having taken care to fix suspicion on her, his only and beautiful child.—*London Court Journal*.

ON PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT IN ANIMALS.

BY C. M. BURNETT, ESQ.

Among the many very remarkable phenomena which result from the living principle upon properly adapted organic structures, none seem more wonderful, none present to our mind more forcibly the fact of the Creator's divine power, and superintending care, than that of phosphorescent light. If we endeavour to trace its origin to physical causes alone, I may add, there is no physiological question more difficult of explanation, or less likely to receive a satisfactory answer. Phosphorescent light it is called; but how far it depends upon the presence of phosphorus in the composition of animal bodies, remains for future experiment to determine. Phosphorus, we know, enters into the composition of the brain, the bones, and the teeth; and it is not improbable that in those animals where this light is emitted, there are particular organs set apart for the purpose of separating it from the blood. This is the opinion of Macartney, Carradori, and others; although naturalists are much divided upon a point which is so difficult of investigation, from the very minute structure which characterises many of the lower animals and insects, which are chiefly concerned in this phenomenon. Todd thinks the phosphorence is itself granular and organised—that is to say, penetrated by blood-vessels and nerves; and that when it has lost its vital properties, it is incapable of affording light. Further, Macaire says that it is penetrated by nerves. However this may be, the circumstance of its being under the will of animals, is, I think, clear from the fact that any sudden fright will cause the animal to cease shining; and this is sufficient to prove that it is a vital phenomenon. It is true, also, the animal generally displays as much appearance of instinct in the regulation of this as in all other phenomena which are referrible to those organic parts which are under the influence of the will. It is not regulated with the same intelligence as if it were under the influence of reason, yet it is displayed according to that divine knowledge which placed it there; for, in the exercise of this function, we cannot fail to notice how wisely and accurately it has been made to serve the purpose of protection to the little animal in which it is placed; and He who can make the light to shine out of darkness has assured us, that in the little insect or worm, whose internal structures are too minute to be examined by the scrutiny of man, he has put forth the same fostering but almighty arm, and manifested the same superintending care, as in the most gigantic creature. If phosphorescent animals are confined in the dark some time before sunset, they begin to shine long before twilight, in which case they shine much less in the evening; so that a certain quantity of this extraordinary fluid seems to be provided in each of these little animals, which serves it through a period not exceeding our natural night. Must we not admire this watchful care in the all-wise providence of God, which fits up this little lamp with oil for the night, to contain just as much, and no more, than will guide them in safety till the sun again comes forth to direct their path? and still more, must we not adore that great Being who, out of the materials with which he has wrought such exquisite structures, lights up this living lamp with his own Almighty hand? If it is possible to conceive the accuracy with which this living light is furnished, and how wisely it is measured out to fulfil the purpose for which it was originally created, if we can contemplate the Being of Infinity condescending to bestow his heavenly light on a poor insignificant worm, whose life is indeed but a vapour,—we surely can have no doubt that this same God is ever with us to support us in all danger.

If it is a vital action in these little creatures which performs this wonderful phenomenon,—and we see there is some evidence to prove it,—it is probable it is the living principle which has thus

engaged the co-operation of electricity to accomplish it. Phosphorescent animals are often made serviceable to man, in directing his steps through wild and uncultivated countries where these animals abound. One of the most powerful evolutions of this light is seen to proceed from the lantern-carrier (*fulgora lateriaria*), as it is called, from the useful purposes to which this insect is applied in South America. "This fly is of a very considerable size, measuring nearly three inches and a half from the tip of the front to that of the tail, and about five inches and a half from wing's-end to wing's end when expanded: the body is of a lengthened, oval shape, and divided into several rings or segments; the head is nearly equal to the length of the rest of the animal, and is oval, inflated, and bent slightly upwards. The ground colour is an elegant yellow, with a strong tinge of green in some parts, and marked with numerous bright red-brown variegations, in the form of stripes and spots; the wings are very large, of a yellow colour, most elegantly varied with brown undulations and spots, and the lower pair is decorated by a very large eye-shaped spot on the middle of each, the iris or border of the spot being red, and the centre half-red and half-yellow, with longitudinal red stripes. This beautiful insect is a native of Surinam, and during the night diffuses so strong a phosphoric splendour from its head or lantern, that it may be employed for the purpose of a candle or torch; and it is said, that three or four of the insects tied to the top of a stick are frequently used by travellers for that purpose. The celebrated Madame Merian, in her work on the insects of Surinam, gives a very agreeable account of the surprise into which she was thrown by the first view of the flashes of light proceeding from these insects. 'The Indians once brought me,' says she, 'before I knew that they shone at night, a number of these lantern-flies, which I shut up in a large wooden box. In the night they made such a noise that I awoke in a fright, and ordered the light to be brought, not knowing whence the light proceeded. As we found it came from the box, we opened it, but were still much more alarmed, and let it fall to the ground in a fright, on seeing a flame of fire come out of it; and as many animals as came out, so many flames of fire appeared. When we found this to be the case, we recovered from our fright: and again collected the insects, highly admiring their splendid appearance.'"

The light is so brilliant in the *elater noctilucus*, or fire-fly, that with eight or ten of them a book may be read with the same facility as with the light of a candle. Cuvier says, by it the women of the country pursue their work, and ladies even use it as an ornament, placing it in their hair during the evening pasco. The Indians fix them to their feet, to light them in their nocturnal journeys.

And yet such a manifestation of the Almighty power and goodness, in causing the meanest of his creatures to minister to the use of man, forms only one of those innumerable tokens which every where present themselves, of his fostering care over the human family, and the ample provision made for the supply of its wants. How desirable is that frame of mind which induces us to behold in the works of nature the operations of a wise and gracious Being, whose omnipotence is clearly manifested in the construction of the meanest reptile, and which leads us to contemplate the Almighty as the God of grace no less than of nature, able and willing by the light of his Holy Spirit, to lead and to guide into all truth!

For the Pearl.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. III.

The present paper will be devoted to the consideration of organization and life. There is a class of Physiologists who contend that life is a consequence of organization; that is, that certain elements meet in a determinate way, constituting organization, and that then life is superinduced; but as they fail to explain the agency by which this disposition of parts is effected, (for every effect must have a cause) there is necessarily an error in the very outset, and consequently all the deductions are wrong. For although the principle of life cannot be demonstrated to the senses unconnected with matter, yet this is no evidence of its non-existence: and the objectors have uniformly failed to detect the existence of organised matter unconnected with the phenomena they impute to it: and without this first cause as a conductor, we soon wander astray, groundless conjectures taking the place of facts, and hypotheses of induction. To the doctrine of a vital principle then must we turn, as the only safe and sufficient explication of the interesting phenomena observable in living organized beings. In contrasting organic and inorganic bodies, it was shewn that the elements were the same,—the number and mode of combining constituting the difference; but this is only viewing organization in the abstract, for in connection with all living bodies is this principle of life: every action of which is in accordance with an undeviating design, and every organ which it creates is intended to further and complete that design. The famous Kant observes, that "The cause of the particular mode of existence of each part of a living body resides in the whole, while in dead masses each part contains this cause in itself." And in this observation of the philosopher is contained the answer to the question, why a part, when separated

from a living body, and therefore possessing organization, generally ceases to live? We say generally, because some animals which have a great many similar parts, may be reproduced like plants from slips, each segment of the animal possessing all that is requisite to support an independent existence; likewise a branch, separated from the parent plant, under favorable circumstances produces a new and independent individual, exactly like the parent:—but in these cases the parts are very similar, and easily changed one into the other; for instance, the branches of some trees when covered with earth soon become roots,—the stamens of the flower are easily convertible into petals, etc., and this is the case with the more simple animals above mentioned; but observe, in all these experiments one essential thing must be attended to:—the separated part must possess all the requisite organs for an independent life, or it cannot be sustained. If you strip the bark from the branch it soon dies, because in it are contained the vessels which were to have assisted in the formation and transmission of nourishment, etc. and in the animals above alluded to, unless the separated portion contain all the parts to be found in the perfect individual, such as intestine, nerves and blood-vessels, it cannot maintain a separate existence.

In the more complex animals there are certain parts performing peculiar offices, which cannot be dispensed with, as the brain, heart, stomach, the destruction of which are fatal to life—it ceases instantly; these organs are single, but many parts occur more frequently, and not being essential to the existence of the whole, may be removed without serious damage, but none of these parts when so separated can continue to live, for the reasons already stated. But the power of separate existence resides in the germ, although at the time of separation from the parent being, it may not possess all the parts requisite to the perfect individual: and this fact brings us to the position from which we started, namely, the existence of a first cause or principle of life, which pre-existing, governs the formation of the whole out of parts bearing no resemblance to the resulting being.

From the facts above stated, it will be seen that this principle of life—or formative principle, as it may be termed, is not, like the mind, connected to one organ; it resides as it were in each, directing its peculiar action, and rendering it subservient to the one great object—the preservation and reproduction of the individual. Thus the stomach receives and prepares the food which it transmits to the intestines, there the absorbents extract the principle which is to become blood when carried to the heart, from thence it goes to the lungs to be rendered fit for the brain, which is then enabled to animate all the other organs through the medium of the nerves; so that they may repeat their peculiar function; and from this combination of actions results the phenomenon which we term life, or rather, we should reverse it, and say—that this combination of action is the result of the formative and governing principle which we have been considering.

C***.

MAN ANSWERABLE FOR HIS KNOWLEDGE OF DIVINE TRUTH.—It must be obvious to every one who reflects upon the actual state and condition of man, that he is responsible to his Creator for the manner in which he exercises his intellectual faculties in examining the credentials of divine revelation; and when upon satisfactory evidence he is convinced of its truth, he is equally responsible for the manner in which he endeavours to decipher the genuine import and meaning of the inspired record. He will most unquestionably have to render a solemn account of the way in which he has improved the means placed within his reach of arriving at sound and accurate conclusions; while, therefore, he is morally accountable for the mode in which he exercises the right of private judgment, that right is neither abrogated nor suspended. So far is this from being the case, that the principle is recognised, and an appeal made to it in the sacred volume. What was the injunction given by our blessed Lord himself? "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."—*Archdeacon Broune's Charge*, 1838.

MR. PERCEVAL.—O wonderful power of Christianity! Never can it have been seen, since our Saviour prayed for his murderers, in a more lovely form than in the conduct and emotions it has produced in several on the occasion of poor, dear Perceval's death. Stephen, who had at first been so much overcome by the stroke, had been this morning, I found, praying for the wretched murderer; and thinking that his being known to be a friend of Perceval's might affect him, he went and devoted himself to trying to bring him to repentance. He found honest Butterworth trying to get admittance, and obtained it for him; and Mr. Daniel Wilson, whom, at my recommendation, he had brought with him. The poor creature was much affected, and very humble and thankful; but spoke of himself as unfortunate, rather than guilty, and said it was a necessary thing—strange perversion!—no malice against Perceval. Poor Mrs. Perceval, after the first, grew very moderate and resigned; and, with all her children, knelt down by the body, and prayed for them, and for the murderer's forgiveness. O wonderful power of Christianity! Is this the same person who could not bear to have him opposed by any one?—*Wilberforce's Journal*.

LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

The life of Christ presents in itself a succession of sublime pictures, every one blending in tint and harmony with the other, till a perfect character is formed. Nothing is wanting, nothing is overdone; we must believe in its truth, because the most vivid imagination fails to pourtray any thing so perfect. The ideal of the most lofty mind stands rebuked by the calm, gentle, unobtrusive majesty of the real. Search for a character of similar consistency any where among the haunts of men, and is it to be found? Shakspeare, with his vast conception and almost super-human knowledge of the heart; he who could pourtray a Hamlet and create an Ariel, has he ever conceived of a being so consistent, so human, and yet so Godlike? Milton, whose mind seemed to comprehend Heaven and exalt earth, with all his sublimity and depth of thought, has conceived of nothing that can approach to a character like that of Christ. If the imagination of master minds like these has failed to pourtray perfection like his, where else in the realms of thought shall we seek? Where shall we look for it among the ideal?—where among the real? Turn to the records of the past. Let the great men of by-gone ages appear in review before the mind. Men, who have wrenched diadems from anointed brows, and have lavished them abroad as if they had been garlands of withered flowers—whose footsteps have shaken the foundation of empires, and whose power has been felt to the remotest corners of civilized life, sweep by with the iron seal of war upon their foreheads, and garments died deep in the blood of nations. Statesmen, who have wielded the destiny of empires by the might of mind alone—pilgrims, who have made life a penance and a toil—martyrs, who have sealed their faith in fire and death, and who have gone into eternity shrouded in the glory of their own self-sacrifice—holy men and holy women—the great and the good of all nations and of all ages, glide by, purified and exalted by the shadowy glory of the past; yet the mind turns away from the solemn procession unsatisfied with a greatness which is merely human, and dwells with a love which is of the faith and of the reason, upon that being who stands among the history of the world alone, unapproached and unapproachable.—The Great and the Good.

The great men whom history or life presents, we feel to be so only in a series of acts called forth by circumstances, or in the concentration of strong energies on a given object. The prominent traits of character which place them before the world are blazoned in a glowing outline, but the filling up, is wanting, or if shadowed forth, we find great acts arising from unworthy motives, strength combined with weakness, and in every instance, some one fault to mar the harmony of the whole. We can find men perfect in some one quality, but not one faultless in all things. In the character of our Saviour, the mind and the heart rest satisfied; the more it is studied the more holy and beautiful it becomes. Does the mind ask for submission, seek it in his childhood, while he was subject to his parents—for youthful dignity—see him standing in the midst of the temple, sublime in youth and power, reasoning with the doctors and lawyers with a wisdom which astonished even those who questioned him on subjects which had been to them the study of a life time. Does it ask for humility and christian forbearance, find him washing his disciples' feet, and sitting at the same board with publicans and sinners—for true and gentle charity—listen to his voice when he says to the sinful woman, "Woman, where are thy accusers? Go in peace and sin no more." Does it ask a heart full of gentle and domestic sympathy, follow him to the grave of Lazarus, or to the bier of the widow's son—for benevolence, let the mind dwell for a moment on the cleansed leper, on the blind restored to sight, and on that heart-stirring scene where he stood in the midst of a multitude while the sick were let down through the roof that he might heal them—for firmness, go to the wilderness where the Son of God fasted and was sorely tempted forty days and forty nights—for energy, witness it in the overthrowing of the money-tables, while those who had desecrated the temple were cast forth from the place they had polluted—for wisdom, read it in every act of his life, and in every line of his sermon on the mount—for prudence, see it in his answer given to the chief priests when they brought him the tribute-money—for patience, forgiveness, and all the gentle attributes which form the Christian character in its perfection, follow him to the garden; witness his prayer and his agony of spirit; dwell on his patient and gentle speech when he returned from that scene of pain, and found even his disciples asleep. Reflect on his meekness and forbearance when the traitor's kiss was on his cheek—on the hand so readily extended to heal the ear of the maimed soldier. Go with him to the place of trial, and to that last fearful scene which caused the grave to give up its dead, and the solid earth to tremble beneath the footsteps of his persecutors. Dwell upon his life and upon every separate act of his life, and the soul must become imbued with a sense of its truth, beauty and holiness. It will be made better by the study; for it is sweet to reflect upon perfect goodness—sweeter to feel that the heart can be turned to pure and useful thoughts by the musical combination of three words, "Cana of Galilee."

* See Drs. Hunter and Lane's translation of "Tiedemann's Physiology of Man," in note, p. 269.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

It was the land of poetry and song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odour, was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balminess over the worn brow of an invalid, giving to the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbrous binding and massive clasps, which the Roxburgh Club would now consider an invaluable black-letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

"The saints have you in their keeping!" said his elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

"The dear Madonna bless you!" ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

"And now," said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, "that your wounds are healing, and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?"

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, "I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank."

"Of England!" hastily responded the merchant, "of England! of heroic England!" He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.

"I may not deny home and country," replied the soldier, mildly.

But I shall incur the church's censure for harbouring thee!" exclaimed the merchant; thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service?"

"Then let me forth," replied the soldier; you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not requite you evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need!"

"Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and, besides, England was once the brightest jewel in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear me she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee?"

"Even so," replied the soldier; but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by."

"The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold," replied the merchant, hastily; "but you are the king's soldier; you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him, and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but, now I bethink me, thou wert reading; what were thy studies?"

The brow of the soldier clouded—he hesitated a moment; but then gathering up his resolution, replied, "In the din of the battle this book was my breastplate, in the hour of sickness my best balm," and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

"Holy Saint!" exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the layman. "Thou then art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon thy land! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home! But thou shalt forth. I will not harbour thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! away from him!"

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun, as he passed majestically on to shine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

"You are thinking of your own far off home," said the Italian girl; "how I wish that all I love had but one home—it is a grief to have so many homes!"

"There is such a home," replied the soldier.

"Ah!" replied Emilia; "but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer."

The soldier smiled, and sighed.

"You guess why I am here to-night," resumed the Italian girl. "I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and, therefore, you smiled, and you just breathe one little sigh because you leave this bright sun—and me."

"Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to the power of your implacable church?"

Emilia crossed herself. "No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and tears. Go and be happy, and forget us."

"Never," exclaimed the soldier, earnestly—"never! and you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of flood and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived you smiled at my flower, and, when you had voice to speak, thanked me."

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs; and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingle with them?

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then, with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sight, listening to them till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

"Thou art sad, dear daughter," said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countrified expanse through which we now jostle our way from the City to Westminster, "Thou art sad, dear daughter."

"Nay, my father," replied the maiden, "I would not be so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when—"

"The heart is sad, thou wouldst say—"

"Nay, I meant it not."

"I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretic England."

"Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude!"

"They are running madly to some revelry."

"Let us leave the path then," said the girl; it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonoured faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry."

"Well, and if it be so, replied the father, "happily the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and the lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one care-worn brow!—thou mayest catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream."

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver and gold, and merchandise.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, "The King! the king! long live the king!" He came—Henry the VIII. came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendour, in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and the foreign aspect of the girl had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course the English colours triumphed over the papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his

lips, "Oh monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!" sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough; the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh, sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavoured to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—that month that should have been the grave of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners awaited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he had made Lord Cromwell vicar-general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called into question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favour with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar-general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage, and love, to papal Rome. Strangers as they were, poor, unknowing and unknown, what had they not to fear and what was left for hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places: a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be the refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passion in the judges as well as in the judged. On one hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another, heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake, with even passionate desire; and the pile and the stake were given with stern and unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age; the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the pope as a true son of the church, denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush, fresh attendants thronged the court. "Room for Lord Cromwell! room for Lord Cromwell!" and the vicar-general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insignia of office, to assume his place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet, when the vicar-general gave his token of assent, the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the very accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feelings that divide men from monsters. That sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear, his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—"From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles's knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtedment."

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. "Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birth-place?"

"We are Tuscans," replied the merchant, "of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it now to this unhappy girl."

"To both, or to neither!" exclaimed the girl; "we will live, or we will die, together!"

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly: at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned: the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others, whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink of the prison-walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched, to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, and agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visiter advanced with a quiet tread; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be? that his judge—Lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciations on his lip, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

"Awake, gentle girl, awake," said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia. "Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ear in other days."

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings and confusion formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of "Emilia! Emilia! awake and behold our judge!"

"Nay, nay, not thus roughly," said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

"Look on me, Emilia!" said Lord Cromwell. And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance, and finally in a voice of passionate amazement she exclaimed: "It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest!"

"Even so," said Lord Cromwell, "even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death, as your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be, Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I be-think me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou usedst to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbb'd with agony of pain upon it; fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm: and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home! Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed?—to a prison, and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father, and share it."

An hour! who dare prophesy its events? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison: at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.—*Friendship's Offering for 1839.*

MANAGING A HUSBAND!

This is a branch of female education too much neglected; it ought to be taught with "French, Italian, and the use of the globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensibly observes, "first catch your hare," and you must also first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught—and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed, or jugged. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fiery temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the jugged husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way; still the finest talents, like "the finest pisantry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L— was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and blonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilac silk travelling dress, the lady's-maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favourite French valet had put out all the bandboxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage. Of course, on the happiest day of his life, Sir William could not "hint a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting exiles to be replaced. "Ver vell, Sara William," said the prophetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be bandboxed now, you'll be bandboxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cassandra of the curling-irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of his guests, a gentleman whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool-gathering, confounded the bridal with one of those annual festivals when people cruelly give you joy of having made one step more to your grave—this said guest, at his wedding, literally wished him many happy returns of the day! The polite admirer of the bandboxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient, without any returns.

Now, we do consider it somewhat hard "to drag at each remove" such a very perceptible chain; it might as well have been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinchbecked. A friend of mine, Mrs. Francis Seymour, does the thing much better. We shall give a domestic dialogue in Curzon-street, by way of example to the rising generation.

"I have been at Doubiggin's this morning, my love," said Mrs. Seymour, while helping the soup; "he has two such lovely Savre tables, portraits of Louis the Fourteenth's beauties; you must let me have them for the drawing-room, they are such loves."

"I really do wonder," exclaimed Mr. Seymour, in his most decided tone, "what can you want with anything more in the drawing-room. I am sure that it is as much as any one can do to get across the room as it is. I will have no more money spent on such trash."

"This fish is capital, the sauce is a *chef-d'œuvre*," exclaimed the lady, hastening to change the discourse; "do let me recommend it."

Dinner proceeds, enlivened by a little series of delicate attentions on the part of the wife. One thing is advised; another, which she is well aware is her husband's aversion, playfully forbidden, with a "my dear Francis, you are so careless of yourself—consider *les horreurs de la digestion*."

Dinner declines into dessert, and Mr. Seymour eats his walnuts, peeled.

"By no hand, as you may guess,
But that of Pairey Fair,"

alias Mrs. Seymour's very pretty fingers. Towards the middle of his second glass of port, he perceives that there are tears in his wife's soft blue eyes—which become actual sobs as he progresses in the third glass.

"I see how it is, Laura; well, you shall have the tables."

"The tables!" cried the lady, with an air, as the school-boy said of ancient Gaul, quartered into three halves, of disdain, wounded feelings, and tenderness; "I have really lost all wish for them. It was of you, Francis that I was thinking. Good heavens! can you weigh a few paltry pounds against the pleasure of gratifying your wife. I see I have lost my hold on your affections. What have I done? I, whose whole life has but one happiness, that of pleasing you!"

We will not pursue the subject to its last conjugal close of tears and kisses; suffice it to say, that the next day the tables were sent home; not given—but only accepted as a favour!

Now this is a beautiful way of doing business. We seriously recommend its consideration as a study to our lady readers. Scolding does much, for, as the old riddle says, "anything," is what

"Many a man, who has a wife,
Submits to for a quiet life."

But, fair half of the world, out of whose very remains the rose, as the eastern proverb has it, was formed at the creation—flattery, that honey of the heart, is the true art of sway. Instead of divide, our new state secret is, "flatter to reign."

COQUETRY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following account, which is given in Sir James Melvil's *Memoirs of his Embassy from Mary, Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth*, conveys an amusing description of female vanity and court artifice, and illustrates how far a rivalry of personal charms and accomplishments entered into the spirit with which Elizabeth persecuted the Scottish princess:—"The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise I should be wearied, she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women were not forgot, and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another French, and another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well,

for she delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet, as they do Italy. Her hair was more reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and whether my queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I answered the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said she was the fairest queen in England, and mine the fairest queen in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest in their countries; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of highest stature? I said, my queen. Then, said she, she is too high; for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what kind of exercise she used? I answered, that when I received my despatch, the queen was lately come from the high-land hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well? I said reasonably for a queen. That same day, after dinner, my lord Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might have some music, but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately, as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdean, as we passed by the chamber door I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed: declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sate down now upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lap under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford, out of the next chamber; for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my queen or her played best? In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language perfectly, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spoke to me in Dutch, which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in—whether theology, history, or love-matters? I said I liked well all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my despatch: She said I was weary sooner of her company than she was of mine."

COMFORTS OF THE SEASON.

Chillblains sore on all your toes,
Icicles hang from your nose;
Rhuematis' in all your limbs;
Noddle full of aches and whims;
Chaps upon your hands and lips,
And lumbago in your hips.
To your bed you shiv'ring creep,
There to freeze, but not to sleep;
For the sheets, that look so nice,
Are to you two sheets of ice;
Wearied out, at length you doze,
And snatch, at last, a brief repose;
Dream all night that you're a dab,
Lying on fishmonger's slab.
While indulging in a snore,
There comes a rap at chamber door;
Screaming voice of Betty cries:
"If you please, it's time to rise."
Up you start, and, on the sheet,
Find your breath is chang'd to sleet;
Tow'rd's the glass you turn your view,
Find your nose of purple hue,
Looking very like, I trow,
Beet-root in a field of snow.
You would longer lie, but nay,
Time is come—you must away,
Out you turn, with courage brave,
Slip on drawers—and then to shave!
Seize the jug, and in a trice,
Find the water chang'd to ice:
Break the ice, and have to rue
That you've broke the pitcher too.
Water would not run before;
Now, it streams upon the floor,
Threat'ning with a fearful doom,
Ceiling of the drawing-room.
In the frenzy of despair,
You seize you don't know what, nor care,
Mop up all the wet and dirt,
And find you've done it with your shirt,
Your only shirt all silt and slosh,
For all the rest are in the wash.
Into bed you turn again,
Ring the bell with might and main,
Stammer out to Betty, why
"Twixt the sheets you're forc'd to lie,
Till, pitying your feelings hurt,
She daps you out another shirt.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF AUTHORS.

Who is that brisk, dapper little man, that is flitting about the room from one table to another, his eyes sparkling, and his intellectual countenance radiant with good humour? He seems a general favourite, especially with the ladies."—"That," said my friend, "is Thomas Moore. Hark! he is going to sing—one of his own inimitable melodies. Listen." The poet of *Lalla Rookh* sat at the piano (looking no more a little man, for he sits high, and no one would suppose him short, when seated,) and enchanted us with *Nora Creina*. It was a treat of no slight order to hear the poet sing his own beautiful song; when he concluded, a burst of applause broke from every lip—and, during its continuance the bard left the instrument, and was again employed in smiling and bowing to all who came in his way. I saw an individual standing, with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, and deeply engaged in reading a volume of the *Fairy Queen*; his hair, which had been of a jet black, was parted in the middle of his forehead, and, along the crown of his head; now gray hairs were plenty, or rather, it was the sort of hair called "grizzled." His eye was one of the finest I had ever seen—black and piercing, and as he spoke, it almost glowed. There was much of a kind and sweet expression about the mouth: the countenance, altogether, plainly told of much care and some sorrow. There was a slight stoop in the shoulders; he wore his shirt-collar loosely, and without a neck-cloth, but not in the manner of a coxcomb. This was Leigh Hunt, the most delightful essayist of the day. While I was looking at Mr. Hunt, a gentleman of very diminutive stature, with a good-humoured face, accosted my friend. He had a very slight hare lip, large gray eye, with a good deal of humour lurking about the corners of his mouth. His hair was thin, and the crown of his head was bald. When his conversation was lively, there was a little of the blarney in his accent. When he was gone, I found it was Crofton Crocker the author of *Fairy Legends*. "Who is that good humoured looking personage, with whom every one talks in turn, who speaks with a strong Irish accent, and takes snuff 'immensely,' as Mr. Butler would say?"—"Oh! that is Dr. Taylor, the best Hebrew scholar of the day, and author of several standard works. He is well versed in oriental literature, and is a principal contributor to that capital journal, *The Athenaeum*. That very slovenly farmer-looking personage, with the top-boots, rather tall and elderly, is the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, who beat Lord Byron in the 'Pope' controversy. His sonnets are very beautiful, and he has almost equalled Dr. Watts in his verses for children."—"Yonder is a strange-looking being," said I; "that half-man, half-woman, around whom so many persons are crowding. Who is she? I heard her talking just now, of matters which women seldom converse on with gentlemen, and she seemed to understand her subject too."—"The political economist in petticoats—Miss Harriet Martineau. The enemy of over-population, and the writer thereon. It is a strange subject for a lady to keep up, but it is in vain to deny that she has handled her subject well. That young lady nearer, with the very intellectual countenance, and plain dress, is a person of quite a different order of mind to Miss Martineau. She is one of the most delightful poetesses and novelists in our country. It is Miss Landon."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1839.

MISS LANDON.—We have too little reason, from the statement being universal, to entertain a doubt of the decease of this truly gifted and accomplished authoress in Africa, from the effects of the climate, where she accompanied her husband. Miss Landon, or rather Mrs. Maclean, has long been a deserved favourite with the admirers of literature, and the loss of her inimitable productions will, we fear, be unrepaid. For beauty and elegance of composition, pathos and exquisite simplicity, her poetry is almost unprecedented among the lady-writers of the day. In private life, we believe Miss Landon to have been an affectionate, kind-hearted, and exemplary woman. No doubt we shall shortly be favoured with this lady's memoirs, from her earliest infancy to the close of her too early existence. We leave to her biographer that task, and content ourselves with briefly alluding to her, in the only character in which we have known her, that of an authoress. For many years the works of L. E. L. have continued to refresh the lovers of literature with their unceasing beauty. Each publication, with those initials, could only be perused with renewed delight, and we conscientiously believe nothing ever came from her magic pen, but possessed a proportionate share of excellence. To mention all her productions would be useless here; to criticise one, unnecessary. In concluding our remarks we will say, with equal truth and sorrow, that no one's career ever ended, with whom we had no private friendship, which produced sincerer regret. May L. E. L. live as green in the memories of all; as she will in ours. Peace be with her.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

VICTORIA AND THE FASHION OF HOOPS.—The Liverpool correspondent of the *N. Y. Star* says:—There is a prevalent idea that, at the Victoria fall dress parties, hoops and trains will be re-

vived. This has long been talked of. If this revival should take place, (and it appears probable,) they will be very different from what they were.

'In our hot youth, when George the Third was king.'

Instead of being unwieldy, heavy articles of whalebone and buckram, such as our great grand aunts wore, they will be flexible, light and moderate sized hoops, and so arranged, that by touching a spring on each side, a lady may depress or raise her hoop at will. In a word, they will be manageable. It requires some practice and skill to manage the trains, but they are graceful, if properly managed.

The papers brought by her Majesty's Ship *Inconstant*, from London to the 12th. and Cork to the 15th. of January, are chiefly occupied with accounts of a most terrific storm which visited the coasts of Great Britain on the 6th and 7th ultimo,—and with details of the brutal assassination of Lord Norbury. It is not enough that human beings should be exposed to the fury of the elements, but also to the deadly blow of the murderer! Most certainly, the greatest enemy to man is man. Every batch of papers from the old country sickens our heart with the multiplied notices they contain of the murder of fathers, and husbands, and wives, etc. Sometimes we have felt disposed for once to insert in the Pearl all the murders which a single file of English papers reveals—but in every instance our feelings have revolted at the collection of so many cases of blood. Christian nations, no less than the dark places of the earth, are full of the habitations of cruelty.

THE STORM.

The most remarkable object of public attention since our last has been the effects of a furious hurricane, which seems to have spread with awful devastation along the whole western coasts of England, Ireland and Scotland, and throughout the interior of all the northern and western counties. At Liverpool, in particular, the results both by sea and land were terrific.—Buildings in all directions were blown down, and no less than twenty-six individuals are said to have perished in this manner alone. The New York packets-ships *Pennsylvania* and *St. Andrew* are total wrecks, as is the *Lockwoods*, a large British ship, with passengers for the city. The *Lockwoods* was cast upon the North Bank, and was much damaged, her mizen-mast being alone left standing. All the survivors on board this ill fated vessel have been brought away except one man. The wife of this person was on board in a dying state, and he refused to quit her. The sight on board was most heart-rending. Men, women, and children were lying dead over the sides, or hanging lifeless in the rigging, having perished from the severity of the weather. The vessel will, it is apprehended, be a total wreck. Amongst those preserved was an infant only eighteen months old, whose father and mother were left on board.

Unfortunately the night was dreadfully severe, a boisterous and piercing wind, with a keen frost, snow, thunder and lightning; combined to augment the sufferings of the poor creatures who were so entirely exposed to the wrath of the elements. It was evident that if the vessels kept together till morning many of the sufferers must perish from cold. The *St. Andrew* left on Sunday at two p. m.; at five a smart breeze sprung up; at twelve a severe gale, which increased to a perfect hurricane by two o'clock. At that time the sails were quite new, and never before bent. One of the hands was dashed from the yard arm on the deck, and severely injured. At that moment Captain Thompson ordered the men aloft, but they seeing death staring them in the face, refused. After the loss of her sails the ship became unmanageable, and in this condition she remained until the forenoon of Monday, when an attempt was made to relieve her by cutting away the upper parts of her masts. She was then rigged with a mizen-sail and a fore-sail: early on Tuesday morning, in this crippled state, she was steering for Liverpool. About half past ten a. m. she struck on the Barbo Sands, with both anchors down, the sea beating heavily. The life-boats were sent off to extricate the passengers, who were conveyed on board the steam-vessel *Victoria*, and thus provisionally saved.

The loss of life sustained by the late hurricane in Liverpool, the river, and on the coast, has been enormous, but with respect to the two latter, the positive information we have probably falls short of the truth. In the town and neighbourhood nine persons were killed or died of suffocation; in the river 17 are known to have been drowned, and on the banks 89; making a total of at least 114.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

The tempest of the 5th seems to have inflicted more awful injury, particularly in the Irish Sea and on its British shore, than any of which there is a record. The cities and towns, too, on each side of St. George's Channel, appear to have suffered a degree of damage, without example, from a similar visitation.

DUBLIN, January 6.

The most awful hurricane that ever occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitant visited this city (Monday) morning. Scarcely a house in the whole metropolis but suffered more or less from the gale. It blew at first from the west, accompanied by violent rain, and then got round a point or two to the south.

On no previous occasion have the devastating effects of a storm been so general as that of Sunday night, and Monday last. The accounts from every quarter of the kingdom are really appalling.

In Athlone, from forty to fifty houses were blown down. Major General Sir Parker Carrell, commanding the district, narrowly escaped being crushed by the fall of a stack of chimneys in the General's house. Entire ricks of hay and corn were carried across the Shannon. I lament to add that Lord Castlemaine, when standing at one of his windows in Moydrum Castle, dropped suddenly dead, in a fit of apoplexy. He is succeeded in his title and estates by the next heir, Mr. Handcock, of Athlone.

The town of Loughrea is nearly all consumed by fire,—seventy houses burned and 100 levelled to the ground. In the town of Moate 70 houses were consumed. In the country round Slane, Dunlar, Belfast Newery, and a number of other parts of Ireland, the destruction of property has been very great, and numbers of the poor farmers have been reduced to poverty.

Scotland does not appear to have suffered so severely. At Dumfries considerable damage was done.

LONDON, January 8.

ASSASSINATION OF LORD NORBURY.

With feelings of the deepest horror we convey to our readers the terrible intelligence which this heading announces. Another victim has been added to the list of the sanguinary code of Ribbonism, in the person of a man of exalted rank, a most amiable gentleman, and a kind and indulgent landlord.

On the evening of New Year's day Lord Norbury was fired at in his own demesne, within a few perches of his own hall door, and the bullet of the assassin unfortunately took effect. The noble victim lingered on in intense suffering until Thursday at noon, when he expired.

The hour is stated to have been four o'clock, but from the employment of his lordship at the time—he was engaged in marking out trees to be felled—it is evident that it must have been before dusk. He was in company with his steward; the assassin concealed himself in a shrubbery, from which he took the fatal aim. The melancholy event took place at his lordship's castle of Durrow, between Tullamore and Kibbegan, a distance of about 40 miles from the metropolis. The shot passed through the lungs. An express was instantly dispatched to town for the Surgeon General, but the highest surgical skill was exerted in vain, and after 48 hours' suffering the crime of the assassin was consummated by the death of his victim.

The day after this foul assassination 150 persons, to whom his lordship's residence gave constant employment, were discharged; of course all this employment has been put a stop to.

Lord Charleville was in immediate attendance and was indefatigable in his exertions to search out the matter. It is said that his lordship has succeeded in obtaining a clue to the detection of the criminal.

The general belief appears to be that the assassin came from the county of Tipperary, where his lordship had some property, on which his agent had latterly ejected some tenants. He was, however, one of the best and most indulgent of landlords.

We cannot speak of the effects of such occurrences on the prosperity of the country. Confidence is shaken—capital and wealth frightened away—and absenteeism enforced by a practical law with penalties of the most terrible import. The murder of one such a man as Lord Norbury will do more to blight the improvement of Ireland than years of exertion will remedy.

CORK, January 8.

MURDER OF LORD NORBURY.—The Lords Justices issued on Saturday a Proclamation for the discovery of the murderer, viz. :—

£500 for prosecuting to conviction the person who fired the shot. £300 for such information as would lead to conviction. £200 for private information.

FALMOUTH, January 8.

Her Majesty's packet *Shekrake*, Lieut. Passingham, has arrived here to-day from Mexico, having sailed from Vera Cruz on the 10th of November, Tampico 26th, and the Havannah on the 11th of December, with mails, and on freight 100,000 dollars. This small remittance is on this occasion attributable to the state of the country, which may now be said to be bordering on a state of civil war, independent of its trouble with a foreign power. On Lieut. Passingham's landing with the mail, a General Pedras ordered its being given up to him, when the lieutenant, with the bold spirit of a British officer, instantly informed him he had never surrendered to one man, nor would he then. This frankness produced the desired effect, and the mail was safely handed over to Mr. Crawford, our Consul, without further molestation.

ARRIVAL OF THE CANADIAN REBELS IN LONDON.—About 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon a good deal of curiosity was excited by the arrival of two omnibuses at Newgate, each filled with men, some of whom were armed. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that six of the persons in each of the omnibuses were some of the Canadian rebels, who had been transported from our North American colony. The prisoners were brought up to London by

The train of the London and Birmingham Railroad; and in consequence of previous arrangements, they were immediately conveyed to Newgate, where they will be brought up before the Court of Queen's Bench, on the *habeas corpus* obtained by Mr. Roebuck, for the purpose of being discharged. The remainder of the prisoners, consisting of 23 persons, were previously shipped from the Liverpool gaol for Falmouth, to be placed on board of a transport, and they are by this time on their way to Van Dieman's Land.

THE ARMY.—A correspondent writes from Chatham, that the number of recruits who have latterly entered the garrison in that town amounts to 1140. In the month of December last no less than 400 were enlisted, being a greater number than was ever known in one month before, not even excepting war time.—The recruits continue to pour in daily from all parts of the country. At the present time there are, exclusive of recruits, 1700 men, including marines, sappers and miners, and artillery.—Another cause for the increase is said to be the reduction of the standard by half an inch.—*Kent Herald.*

CALCUTTA CONTINGENT OF THE INDIAN ARMY. An Extract from a private letter of a friend at "Meerut," an officer in one of her Majesty's regiments, informs us that by their route they were to be at Kurnaul, on the 1st Nov. 1838; there to halt for five days, to enable the different brigades to be formed; they then march to Ferozpoor, on the banks of the Sutledge, about 300 miles march, where they expected to arrive about the 25th of the same month; at this place, it is announced, they are to meet the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, when the whole of the army (including the divisions from Bengal) will be reviewed by the latter before Runjeet Singh, which is anticipated will be a splendid sight from the great diversity of costumes. From Ferozpoor the route is to Shikarpore, 800 miles on the banks of the Indus, where they will be joined by the troops from Bombay, and proceed to Candahar *en masse*, ultimately arriving at Herat in April.

Lord Brougham has published a note in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, complaining bitterly of being taxed with the authorship of the "Letter to the Queen" in *Tait's Magazine*.

The Marchioness of Breadaldane is to succeed the Countess of Durham as lady of the Bedchamber to her Majesty.

A line of steam packets is about to be established from the Clyde to New York.

Mr. Stephens, the *Chartist* agitator, has been committed for trial upon a charge of sedition and conspiracy; and it is expected that Messrs Oastler, O'Connor, and Richardson, will be associated with him in the prosecution.—*London Standard.*

THE RUSSIAN AGENTS.—These gentlemen having purchased at Newcastle three ships, completely fitted for the transport service, came to Sunderland during the week, and succeeded in buying two vessels here for the same purpose. They are going to Manchester in order to purchase muskets, bayonets, etc.—*Sunderland Beacon.*

LORD DURHAM, in a letter to the Mayor of Hull, has the following observations on his duties as Governor General of the North American Provinces:—

"It will be impossible for me to absent myself from London before the meeting of Parliament, for the following reasons, the weight of which I feel certain you will duly appreciate:—

"One of the most important of my duties in Canada was to prepare, as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, a report on the state of our North American Colonies. This task, although nearly performed, remains to be entirely completed, and admits of no delay. The report will comprise a great mass of evidence relating to those colonies, with a very full representation of what I believe to have been the causes, past and present, of the unhappy condition of some of them. It will also contain the suggestion of a plan of government for the future, based on information acquired on the spot, and embodied in the report as to the complaints, wants, and interests of the several races and communities, subjects of the British crown in that quarter of the empire.

"You will readily understand that the completion of this arduous task, together with the necessary preparations for bringing the subject of Canadian affairs before the House of Lords, engages, for the present, the whole of my time, and will not, in fact, leave me an hour to spare before the meeting of parliament."

WEST INDIES.—A report from the British Medical Officer attached to the army, has been lately published in England, and has elicited some startling facts relative to the mortality of the troops stationed in the West India Islands.—By this report it appears that in 30 years, more than 30,000 soldiers have perished by the yellow fever, and other epidemics peculiar to these islands. Consequently, in this space of time more than four times the whole force has been cut off by disease alone, and the average duration of every soldier has been only seven years and a half.

On Monday morning the 5th inst. between the hours of 8 and 9, Hiram Benj. Linn, who had acted as Adjutant among the brigands, was placed upon the gallows erected from a window of the gaol.

In consequence of mortification from his wound he was very weak. The death warrant having been read, and the service performed by the Rev. Mr. Cronyn, the drop fell which was to launch him into eternity.

On the Friday following, at the same time and place, and after the same ceremony, Captain Daniel Davis Benford, was also executed, when he died without a struggle.

Albert Clark was hanged on Monday the 14th. The rope slipped to the back of the neck, and he struggled for some time.—*London Gazette.*

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.—A meeting of this society was held on Thursday last at the Exchange Reading Room. Hon. J. Allison in the chair. Several rules framed by a committee appointed at the formation of the society, were submitted, and passed unanimously. The meeting was then addressed by the chairman, and the Hon. M. Tobin, relative to the usefulness of such an association, and by D. Allison, G. R. Young, S. Binney, and G. P. Lawson, Esqrs. upon proposing several subjects relative to the Trade and Fisheries of the Province, for the consideration of the Committee of the Society. A vote of thanks to the Chairman was passed, to which he returned a very graceful acknowledgement. A ballot for the Committee was then sent round and the following gentlemen were elected:—

George P. Lawson,	Thomas Lydiard,
W. A. Black,	Michael Tobin, Jun.,
S. Binney,	J. H. Tidmarsh,
Hugh Bell,	Thomas Williamson,
J. C. Allison,	M. B. Almon,
D. Allison,	J. E. Starr,
Joseph Howe,	J. H. Reynolds, Esquires.
G. R. Young,	

The Committee have subsequently chosen—The Hon. M. Tobin, President; M. B. Almon, and Hugh Bell, Esqrs. Vice Presidents; and David Allison, Esq. Sec'y & Treasurer.—Recorder.

A few of the friends of the Family burnt out at Birch Cove last week, wish to express their sympathy by an effort to relieve it. Those who wish to contribute, will please send to the residence of Mr. T. RIVETT, Artillery Park.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—George R. Young, Esq. lectured last evening on Steam Navigation, westward, from Halifax. The lecture was, as expected, very animated, and appeared to give much satisfaction to a large audience. Dr. Teulon will lecture on some branch of Physiology next Wednesday evening.—*Novascotian.*

FIRE.—About 11 o'clock on Thursday forenoon, the Dwelling House at Birch Cove, was unfortunately consumed by fire. It originated from a stove pipe, which passed through the upper part of the building, and must have been on fire some time before discovered; there unfortunately being no assistance at hand, but little was saved.—*Ibid.*

At Bristol and Liverpool, G. B. by order of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the old system of public penance has been revived! What with hangings, and effigees, and now with penances, truly this is an enlightened age!

By a resolution of the Assembly, Rev. Mr. Crawley on Wednesday was examined at the bar of the House, respecting the report that he was denied a Professorship in Dalhousie College in consequence of his theological opinions.

Messrs. Young and Huntingdon have been chosen delegates from the House of Assembly to the Home Government.

G. R. Young, Esq. in his Lecture on Wednesday evening intimated the probability of the speedy formation of a Company, to ply two Steam Boats between Halifax and the Western ports. We wish it may be so—we need something to be set afloat to awaken us from our commercial apathy.

A title-page and index for our second volume will shortly be presented to our subscribers. A few copies of some of the numbers for last year we have in our possession, and by application at the Pearl Office, they will be supplied to any of our subscribers who desire to bind the volume, but are deficient in some of the numbers.

The Poetry on Phrenologists, etc. will be published in our next number.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. John McKean, to Miss Eliza Smith.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. J. Scott, Mr. George L. O'Brien, jr. to Miss Susan Smith, both of this town.

DIED,

On Thursday morning last, Charlotte Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Robert Kerr, aged 5 years and 7 months.

On Saturday evening last, John, son of the late Mr. Thomas Fenerty, in the 30th year of his age.

On Monday last, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and pious resignation to the Divine will, Margaret McQueen, in the 96th year of her age.

On Friday last, at the residence of his mother, on Windsor Road, after a protracted and distressing illness, aged 34 years, Mr. Edward A. Fitzmaurice, formerly of this town, leaving three orphan children.

On Friday evening last, in the 43d year of her age, Jane Clark, leaving a family of four children.

REAL ESTATE.

SALE AT AUCTION, by order of the Governor and Council, the lot of LAND, belonging to the Estate of the late John Linnard, Esqr., situate in the Town of Windsor, measuring on King's Street 60 feet, from thence to the rear 125 feet, with the Dwelling HOUSE, BARN, &c. &c., thereon. Will be Sold on MONDAY 1st April next, at 11 o'clock, in front of the said Premises.

This PROPERTY will be sold subject to a Mortgage of £100; ten per cent of the purchase money must be paid at the time of Sale and the remainder on the delivery of the Deed.

Windsor, Feb. 8. THOMAS LINNARD, Sole Administrator.

SALE OF TEAS.

A PUBLIC SALE OF TEAS will take place at the Warehouse of the Agents to the Hon. East India Company, on FRIDAY the 8th day of MARCH, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the Sale.

Agents to the Hon. East India Company, S. CUNARD & CO.

February 15.

ASK YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT CHINA, OR EARTHENWARE.

THE Subscriber has removed his China and Earthenware establishment to the new store at the north corner of the Ordnance head of Marchington's Wharf, where in addition to his present stock, he has received per barque *Tory's Wife*, from Liverpool, a general Assortment of Earthenware, etc. consisting of,

CHINA TEA SETS, Dinner Services—of neatest shapes and patterns, Tea, Breakfast, and Toilet Sets, and a general assortment of Common ware, which will be sold wholesale and retail at low prices.

—A L S O—
40 Crates of assorted Common Ware, put up for Country Merchants.
February 1. BERNARD O'NEIL.

EDWARD LAWSON,

AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER, Commercial Wharf.

Has for sale,
50 hds Porto Rico SUGAR,
200 barrels TAR,
30 Tierces Carolina RICE,
50 bags Patna RICE,
200 firkins BUTTER,
10 puns Rum, 10 hds Gin,
10 hds BRANDY,
10 hds and 30 qr. casks Sherry WINE.
January 18, 1839.

UNION MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH STARR, ESQ. PRESIDENT.

AT the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company, the following Gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year—viz.

James A. Moran, Joseph Fairbanks, J. Strachan, Wm. Stairs, David Allison, John U. Ross, Daniel Starr, Hugh Lyle, John T. Wainwright, James H. Reynolds, S. B. Smith, and Wm. Roche, Esqrs.

The Committee of Directors meet every day at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the office of the Broker, directly opposite the Custom House.
Jan. 18. GEO. C. WHIDDEN, Broker.

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 22nd January, 1839.

THE Stockholders are hereby called upon for the balance remaining unpaid on the Shares held by them in the Capital Stock of the Bank of Nova-Scotia, in two several instalments, viz—

Twenty-five per cent, or Twelve Pounds Ten Shillings on each Share, to be paid on or before the Fifteenth March next; and Twelve and one half per cent, or Six Pounds Five Shillings on each share, to be paid on or before the 1st May next.

By order of the President and Directors.
J. FORMAN, Cashier.

HALIFAX PUBLIC LIBRARY AND LITERARY ROOMS.

THE advantage, likely to accrue from an establishment for the free and cheap circulation of Literature of every description, has induced the formation of the Halifax Public Library and Literary Rooms, which, having been in successful operation for the last six months, gives the greatest encouragement for its future prosperity and stability.

The difficulties to be overcome at the commencement were great, but being now in operation, the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, to support an Institution designed for the circulation of Literature and Science; which, by the accumulation of standard and approved works, gives the Mechanic, Manufacturer, and the Man of Science, an opportunity for research and improvements that cannot be obtained within the circumscribed limit of a Private Library. The following British Periodicals are received regularly, per Falmouth packet, and are circulated the same as other works:

Bentley's Miscellany, Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, The Monthly Chronicle, The Quarterly Review, the Foreign do. do. The Edinburgh do. The Literary Gazette, Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, Frazer's Magazine, The Metropolitan do. Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, Blackwood's do. do. United Service Journal, The Lady's Book, English, Colonial and American Newspapers, are also received at the Rooms.

Open in Cogswell's stone building, near Foster's Corner, Hollis Street, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. JAMES P. TROPEAU, January 25.

From the New York Mirror.

LOVE FILLS A BLISSFUL MEASURE.

Love fills a blissful measure,
But ah! before we sip,
The urchin, for his pleasure,
May snatch it from the lip:
Not smiles alone have power
On buds that passion rears;
They seek both sun and shower,
And love sends smiles and tears.

Though love's a tyrant ever,
His reign is in the heart;
Whose strings we'd sooner sever
Than lose the pleasing smart:
We love through life's commotion,
And oft, 'mid doubts and fears,
(Like beauty from the ocean)
Our bliss is born of tears.

When fortune's storms are sweeping,
And moon-like friendship's light
Shines coldly on our weeping,
Nor lasts through sorrow's night:
When dove-like peace flies from us,
Till o'er our cloudy fears,
Love builds his bow of promise
Above the flood of tears!

GRAVITIES AND GAETIES.

TOPICS FOR THOUGHT.

The books in circulating libraries are so liable to abuse that I am not much surprised, however I am grieved and incensed at these scribbling liberties; but I am astonished to find that the crime is known in higher quarters. In the library of the Literary Society of Newcastle, and in some of the first libraries in other parts of the kingdom, I have seen evidence of its existence. The most slanderous personal reflections are not spared, any more than the most silly and unnecessary comments. Alterations are made in celebrated writers with the most sacrilegious audacity—dates are changed—the lie is given, and every species of remark that malice or stupidity, or both combined, can invent, are fearlessly written. It has been observed that the reason why England had so few institutions open to the public, as in France and in other foreign countries, was, that Englishmen would either steal their contents, or commit on them irreparable injuries; and certainly if foreigners had our base system of abusing books fully exposed to them, they would think this reason amply borne out by facts.—*The Library.*

But if the winter be dark and gloomy, it is amply compensated by the continued light of the summer months. The nights begin to be very short early in May, and from the middle of that month to the end of July, in Shetland, darkness is absolutely unknown. The sun scarcely quits the horizon, and his short absence is supplied by a bright twilight. Nothing can surpass the calm serenity of a fine summer night in the Shetland Islands. The atmosphere is clear and unclouded, and the eye has an uncontrolled and extensive range: the hills and the headlands then look more majestic, and they have a solemnity superadded to their grandeur: the water in the bay appears dark, and as smooth as glass; no living object interrupts the tranquillity of the scene, but a solitary gull skimming the surface of the sea; and there is nothing to be heard but the distant murmuring of the waves among the rocks.—*Huffman.*

In the reign of Richard the second, the barons petitioned that no Villein (as the persons of labouring condition were then called) should be permitted to send his son to school. In our times the princes and nobles of the land, most distinguished for rank and fortune, for intelligence and virtue, are the patrons of schools for the education of the children of the poor, and among the foremost to assist in the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions.—*Higginson.*

Swedenborg teaches as soon as death has seized upon the mortal part, that in general a state of insensibility for a time, shorter or longer, according to the general character of the dying person, and the disease of which he died, takes place. When all things are prepared for the entire separation of the spirit from its frail tenement, it is awakened as from sleep, and by the operation of divine power, raised up in a spiritual body, a living human being, being immediately surrounded with objects of sense and human spiritual beings, who converse with it respecting the new state of life into which it has entered.—*Essay on Swedenborgianism.*

The philosophic spirit is a talent acquired by labour, art, and long habit, and enables us to judge correctly of everything in the world. It is an understanding that overlooks nothing, a union of just reasonings that nothing can overturn, a sure and judicious taste of whatever is excellent or vicious in nature. It is the rule of the true and the beautiful. Nothing, then, is perfect in the different productions of genius, but what is animated by the spirit; upon it particularly depends the glory of the Belles Lettres.—*Af. Nanze.*

A phenomenon in the political world now took place, for a stripling, just of age, upborne on the wings of royal and popular

favour, succeeded to the post of Premier, and kept it upwards of twenty years. William Pitt, the younger son of that William Pitt, earl of Chatham, who had been the rival of Henry Fox, Lord Holland, to a greater portion of eloquence than his father added all his ambition. He was the first minister, since the accession of the house of Hanover, who dared to remain in place in defiance to the declared sense of the House of Commons; and such was the gullibility of the nation, that merely by using the magic sounds of peace and economy, he contrived to involve it in more wars and debts than any other statesman since the Conquest. On great occasions he displayed an extraordinary portion of talent, but yet he, at the same time, did not stoop to cunning and chicanery, for his sole aim was success, and he was determined either to obtain or to preserve it at all hazards.—*Fox and Pitt.*

Dress is a religious duty. But young ladies may be religious over-much. They ought to be at their toilette at least one hour every day—at serious needle-work two—and their thoughts chiefly occupied by dress there—that is to say, mentally devising various pretty fancies wherewithal to beautify their persons, and now and then introducing a pattern into practice. Plenty of time left in the twenty-four hours for reading and writing, and also for thinking about the next world. Whatever you do with the next world, never forget this: you were placed here to be pleasant and pretty, neat and tidy, to dance and sing, paint and embroider. Also, "still the house affairs will call you hence, which, ever as you can, with speed perform. You'll come again, and, with a greedy ear, devour up my discourse; in which, heaven forbid that any maiden should ever let fall her eye on one single syllable that may awake a painful blush: on many, heaven grant that they may bring around the dear little cozey corners of her lips the mantling of her inexpressible smile."—*Art of Dress.*

I viewed Jupiter, and compared its figure with that of Saturn. An evident difference in the formation of the two planets is visible. To distinguish the figure of Jupiter properly, it may be called an ellipsoid, and that of Saturn a spheroid.—*Herschel.*

Harrowing a thing as it is to behold a fellow-creature walking to his own grave in the full enjoyment of health and faculty, plunging with full consciousness into a state of existence the nature of which is to us a mystery, there was something scarcely less painful in considering the motives of many of whom this mournful exhibition of man in his worst point of view was attended. We allude to the numbers of respectably dressed females, who seemed collected there for the purpose of beholding some pleasurable sight. Reflecting that in the old country no families attend such spectacles except those of totally depraved and vicious habits, that the delicacy and sensibility of the sex can neither delight in such scenes, nor be thereby improved, we feel bound to call upon their fathers, brothers, or husbands, as the case may be, to prevent their appearance in a place which ought not to yield them either delight or profit, and where they can expect no other feeling than those of bitter disgust at their want of moral decency.—*Niagara Chronicle.*

The barbarities and desperate outrages of the so-called Christian race, throughout every region of the world, and upon every people that they have been able to subdue, are not to be paralleled by those of any other race, however fierce, and however taught, and however reckless of mercy and of shame in any age of the earth.—*Howitt's Colonization and Christianity.*

The glowworm possesses the curious property of causing its light to cease at will. Dr. Burmeister mentions the curious fact, that while catching some of the flying species in his hat, they have so suddenly and entirely ceased to shine, that he has fancied that they must have escaped. When disturbed, these insects emit a bright but frequently interrupted light; and when laid upon their backs they shine without intermission, in consequence of the continual motion in the endeavours of the insect to regain its position.—*Westwood's Classification of Insects.*

Reserve is generally the consequence of ill health, or grief of some kind, which makes people low-spirited, timid, and suspicious. Travelling or free locomotion has generally the effect of setting the blood in healthy flow, and dissipating mental as well as bodily impurities.

The torrent and the blast can mar the loveliest scenes in nature. War, with his ruthless hand, may rival the elements in their work of destruction; but it is passion alone that can lay waste the human heart; the whirlwind and the flood have duration in their existence, and have bounds for their fury, the earth recovers from the devastation of the conflict, with a fertility that seems enriched by the blood of its victims; but there are feelings that no human agency can limit, and mental wounds which are beyond the art of man to heal.—*Cooper.*

It is the unfortunate tendency of literary habits to enamour the studious of the seclusion of the closet, and to render them more conversant with the philosophy and erudition of bygone times, than with the sentiments and feelings of their fellow-men.—*Mad-den.*

Friendship, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar, be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think that al-

though we can seldom add what will equal the generous first growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant, warmth will no doubt make a very considerable difference; men of affectionate temper and bright fancy, will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.—*Boswell.*

Lady-Day, or Day of the Blessed Virgin, of the Roman Catholics, was heretofore dedicated to Cybele. "It was called: Hilaria," says Macrobius, "on account of the joy occasioned by the arrival of the equinox, when the light was about to exceed the darkness in duration;" and from the same author, as well as from Lampridius, it appears that it was a festival of the Mater Deum. Moreover, in a Greek Commentary upon Dionysius, cited by Dempster, in his Roman Antiquities, it is asserted, "that the Hilaria was a festival in honour of the mother of the gods, which was proper to the Romans."

Never to hear patiently of evil, nor speak that which is mischievous and wicked; to utter no lies, prevarications, or hypocrisy; to use no deceit nor over-reaching in trade or dealing; never oppress the weak and humble, nor offer violence to your neighbour; to keep your hands from pilfering and theft; and in no way to injure a fellow-creature.—*Brahminical Books.*

Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms, but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these, is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the educating her children, for an affection for her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Epictetus.*

The Abbe Maury, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the democrats, during the French revolution, was one night seized by the mob, who looked around for a lamp-post to suspend him on. "Pray, my good friends," said the abbe, "were you to hang me to that lamp-post, do you think that you would see any the clearer for it?" This well-timed wit softened the rabble and saved his life.

I am sent to the ant, to learn industry; to the dove, to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin-redbreast, who chants it as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience.—*Warwick.*

Inquietudes of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all your inclinations and passions, the winds and tide that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation.

It is one of God's blessings that we cannot foreknow the hour of our death: for a time fixed, even beyond the possibility of living, would trouble us more than doth this uncertainty.—*King James.*

Conversation augments pleasure, and diminishes pain, by our having shares in either: for silent woes are greatest, as silent satisfaction least; since sometimes our pleasure would be none but for telling of it, and our grief insupportable but for participation.—*Wycherly.*

The way to cure our prejudices is this, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.—*Locke.*

We can behold with coldness the stupendous displays of omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.—*Grove.*

Among the writers of all ages, some deserve fame, and have it; others neither have, nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving, others though deserving, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts.—*Milton.*

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax but no paper will be sent to a distance without payment being made in advance. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at the regular period of six months from the date of subscription. All letters and communications must be post paid to insure attendance and addressed to Thomas Taylor, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

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