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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4, 1839.

NUMBER ONE.

VOLUME THREE.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

NEW VERSION.

God bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Ere be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

Through every changing scene,
O Lord preserve the Queen,
Long may she reign—
Her heart inspire and move,
With wisdom from above;
And in a Nation's love,
Her throne maintain.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty!
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

Hickson's Singing Master.

From Friendship's Offering for 1839.

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

It was a dark dreary morning in the December of 178.—The ground was covered with snow, and the bleak wind was howling in terrific gusts through the streets. Yet despite the inclemency of the weather, crowds of persons of all classes, and, amongst them, many of the weaker sex, might be seen hurrying towards the *Place de Greve*. It was the morning appointed for the execution of Victor d'Aubigny.

The circumstance which had called for this expiation of life at the altar of justice, are briefly as follows,—and, blended with the strong love of excitement, so universal amongst the French, account, in some degree, for the eager curiosity discernible in the multitude, now hastening to the awful spectacle of a fellow-creature, in the full flush of youth and health, being plunged into the gulf of an unknown eternity. The crime for which Victor d'Aubigny was doomed to suffer was forgery. Remonstrance, petitions, interest, all had been tried to avert the fatal penalty. The offence was one of frequent occurrence, and must be checked, even at the costly sacrifice of a human life. Fortunately in our days the law is satisfied with less than the blood of its victim. In every country apologists are to be found for guilt, and sympathy is more readily excited when the perpetrator is endowed with great personal or mental advantages, or fills a position above the ordinary level in society:—all these Victor d'Aubigny possessed; he had also the higher distinction of having, up to the period of his crime, borne a blameless character. From their earliest youth a close intimacy had subsisted between himself and Auguste de Biron. Similarity of age and pursuit—both being intended for the army,—united them more than congeniality of disposition; for the warm generosity of Victor bore little resemblance to the cold, suspicious, vindictive nature of Auguste. They were alike only in their pursuit of pleasure, though even in the prosecution of this, the taste of each took a different bias. The strong and feverish excitement of the gambling table too well suited the eager temperament of Victor. He who, in the midst of the most profligate capital of the world, had strength to resist all other allurements, fell a ready prey to that vice, whose fatal indulgence has often paved the way for the commission of almost every crime.

Auguste, on the other hand, shunning the dazzling salons of play, was a nightly visitant of the metropolitan theatres—not to enjoy the wit of Moliere, or the genius of Racine, but to watch the airy movements of some *figurante* in the ballet. As they advanced to manhood, the success of D'Aubigny in society called perpetually into play the evil passions of his companion, whose feelings gradually changed from friendship to dislike, and deepened into hatred implacable and bitter, on the refusal of his hand by a lady, who assigned, as the reason, a mad, though unreturned

passion, for his friend. Auguste controlled his resentment outwardly, and left Paris.

Victor at this period was betrothed to a lovely but portionless girl, and the day for the nuptials was fixed. A few evenings previous, he entered one of the gambling establishments with which Paris abounds. Enough; he was tempted to play, and in a short time found himself a loser to double the amount of all the ready money he could command. He rushed from the house in a state of phrenzy. The money must be paid on the following day. To whom could he apply? Auguste, who might have assisted him, was in England, whither he had gone to be present at the *debut* of a celebrated *danseuse*. He suddenly recollected that his friend had left a large sum at his banker's. Forgetful in the desperation of the moment, of every thing but escape from present embarrassment, he forged a cheque for the sum required. It was duly honoured—but his doom was sealed. He instantly wrote to apprise De Biron of what he had done; pleading in mitigation that they had often shared the same purse, and binding himself to return the money at the earliest possible period. No reply was given to his letter. The time flew onward,—the day for his marriage arrived. The bridal solemnity was over, when, as the party were leaving the church, D'Aubigny was arrested on a charge of forgery!

The trial and condemnation rapidly succeeded, and the day of execution dawned too soon. Victor met his death calmly and resignedly. But is it not with him our tale has to do,—it is with her, the beautiful, the bereaved one,—with Isabelle d'Aubigny the convict's bride. From the period when the promulgation of his sentence rung in her ears, to that moment in which the fatal axe fell on the throat of its victim, nor sigh, nor tear, nor word, had escaped her. Every faculty seemed suspended by misery. The last, long embrace of her husband—the wild choking sob which burst from him, as she left his cell the night prior to his execution—the thousand frantic passionate kisses which he showered on her marble face, at the foot of the scaffold, all failed to dissolve the trance of grief into which she had fallen. But the moment of awakening agony came at last!—When the guillotine had done its office, and the body of her beloved Victor lay bleeding and dead before her—sorrow, asserting its omnipotent sway over humanity, shivered the feeble barriers of temporary unconsciousness, and let the imprisoned mind free to contemplate the ruin of its only earthly hope, the extinction of all youth's sweetest visions. Then came the groan of anguish, the shriek of despair—the straining of the eyeballs, to assure itself of that which stretched every fibre of the heart with agony, till it almost burst with the tension. Then came that piercing look into future years; which so often accompanies calamity in its freshness; when all that would have sustained us beneath the heavy load, has been wrenched from us, for ever and ever!

Vainly the friends who surrounded Isabelle strove to tear her from the body of Victor. There was fascination in the gaze, though horror was blended with it. Her own, her beautiful, lay a mutilated corse before her,—he whom she had loved with an absorbing intensity, which would have defied time to lessen, circumstance to change,—with whom she had hoped to journey through existence, partner of his pleasures, soother of his griefs. And now she was alone and desolate! Then indeed did she feel, that fate had levelled its deadliest weapon; and henceforth every hour was stamped with stern, unchanging, dreary despair. Great misfortunes either strengthen or enfeeble the mind. When the grave had closed over the body of Victor, Isabelle,—the weak, the gentle, the timid Isabelle, returned to her lonely hearth, a calm, stern determined woman.

All the *elite* of Milan were gathered together in the magnificent theatre of La Scala. Beauty lent its attraction, rank its patronage, and fashion its influence, to grace the farewell benefit of "La Florida," the unrivalled *danseuse*, the boast of Italy, the idol of the Milanese.

It is not an easy task to rouse an English audience into a *furor* of ecstasy: an Italian one is composed of *matériel* of a more inflammable nature;—and demonstrations which would seem to us extravagant and absurd, only appear to them a meet homage to genius. To-night their wonted enthusiasm received double impetus, from the consciousness that it was the last public testimony they could afford, of the appreciation of their consummate skill, from the loveliness of the fair creature before them. The ensuing week would see her united to a wealthy noble, and this night witness her parting obeisance to an audience, of whom all the men were her worshippers, and even the women her partisans and admirers. The curtain rose, and certainly the appearance of the heroine of the evening was warranty enough for the burst of rapturous applause which followed. Her form, itself of the most faultless symmetry, acquired additional captivation from the display, and costliness permitted by theatrical costume. Her face too was one of surpassing beauty. Large deep-blue eyes, waves of the glossiest hair, and a skin of that clear transparent whiteness, which shews with such dazzling effect at night—all these attractions were in themselves enough to fascinate the sight. But there was that about "La Florida" which interested the feelings fully as much. The dreamy melancholy of her profound and passionate eyes,—the entire repose of her features,—the extraordinary expression about the small cherub mouth, which seemed formed for love and smiles, yet which none had ever seen relax into a smile,—this it was which lent such witchery to her beauty, and threw around her a kind of mysterious charm, even amidst the glare and frivolity with which she was surrounded.

Though assailed by temptation in every shape, so rigid and unblemished had been her conduct that the noble family, to which she was about to be allied, vainly sought in it a pretext to dissolve the engagement between herself and their relative. Yet she lived in utter unprotectedness, with only the companionship of a young girl who officiated as her attendant. With society she never mixed, nor left her home, except to attend her professional duties.

On this her last evening of public existence, all was done that could render her exit triumphant. The stage was literally filled with bouquets flung at her feet, accompanied by many a valuable and less perishing testimony to her worth and talent. When she made her farewell acknowledgments, each felt a pang of regret at parting with one so lovely and gifted, and many a bright eye was filled with tears—yet she, the cause, alone remained unmoved. There was gratitude in the graceful bowing of the head, and the meek folding of her hands on her bosom,—but the face was calm and impassive as ever. The curtain fell amidst an outbreak of such feeling, as shook the very walls of La Scala to their foundation, and Florida was seen there no more.

* * * * *

"Now pray, Signora, on this your wedding-day, do look as if you were happy.—Heigho! if I were so beautiful, beloved too by the Marchese, I should be smiling all day long."

"My good Rosalia, I have long forgotten to smile or weep. In truth, poor child! you have had but a wearisome life, in attending on one in whose bosom the pulse of joy hath for ever stopped."

"O say not so, Signora; all the girls in Milan would be glad to wait on so kind, so gracious, so gentle a mistress,—ay, and so pretty a one too. For when I am braiding those long tresses, or fastening the sandals on your tiny feet, I feel quite proud in being permitted to serve La Florida, who, all Milan says, has borrowed the face and form of the famous Venus at Florence."

"Fie on thee, child! I would chide thee for this flattery, but that an unkind word ever sends foolish tears into thine eyes. But hasten, Rosalia; the time wears on. Give me my veil, and leave me."

The attendant did as she was bidden, Florida was alone. For awhile she sat in deep meditation, her small white hands clasped upon her brow, as if to still the tumult of feelings rushing through her brain. The day at length had come for which she had patiently waited for years; for which she had devoted herself to a profession she abhorred, and toiled in it laboriously and ceaselessly—and nourished a life, she would otherwise have allowed the mildew of grief to corrode and destroy. The hour was at hand, when the one purpose of her existence was to be realized,—the long recorded vow fulfilled. The near accomplishment of her wishes gave to the cheek of Florida a flush of crimson, deep as the sunset of summer, and lit up her lustrous eyes with almost unearthly brightness. As she contemplated herself in the mirror, arrayed in all the costly magnificence of bridal attire, vanity for a moment preponderated; but it was a transient weakness. An instant more—the brow resumed its look of calm, stern determination,—the beautiful mouth, its compressed rigidity. Having adjusted the orange wreath on her temples, and arranged the drape, of the long delicate veil, whose snowy folds enveloped her form from head to foot, she entered the conservatory adjoining her chamber, and taking from it a bouquet of choicest flowers, awaited the arrival of her bride's-maids and friends. In a few minutes the expected guests assembled, and leaning on the arm of the brother of her betrothed, she entered one of the carriages, and the party proceeded to the church of St. Ambrose. The nuptial rites were performed—and Florida was greeted as La Marchesa di Vivaldi.

The Marchese, gently passing his arm around her waist, would fain have folded her to his bosom. A quick shudder, which seemed to convulse every limb, passed over her.

"My beautiful love looks pale!"

"'Tis nothing,—a sudden faintness. I culled these flowers for you, your favourite heliotrope is there; take them, you will not surely refuse your bride's first gift?"

The Marchese took the bouquet presented, pressed them passionately to his lips, inhaled their fragrance, and fell at the feet of Florinda a lifeless corse.

A wild, unnatural burst of laughter from the Marchesa pealed through the church.—It is well,—it is well! Victor, my beloved, thou art avenged. Now I will join thee."

Uttering these words, she took from beneath the folds of her dress a small poniard, and buried it to the hilt in her breast.

The bride and the bridegroom lay dead together!"

On searching her desk, a paper was found explanatory of the catastrophe. It is scarcely necessary to say, that "La Florinda" was the name assumed by Isabelle d'Aubigny. In the record left of her motives and actions, she stated that after the execution of Victor, she made a solemn vow to become his avenger,—but with a refined revenge, when his destroyer, De Biron, was at the height of earthly bliss. For this purpose her first aim was to captivate his heart. As the widow of Victor, she might fail in this. She was aware that he was a passionate admirer of dancing. Through the agency of that accomplishment, superadded to her beauty of person, she hoped to ensnare his affections. Her first step was to become the pupil of the most celebrated master of the day, and by dint of unremitting toil, she soon qualified herself for public exhibition. She resolved to appear in Italy, to which country Augusto de Biron had retired, to escape the strong manifestations of dislike which, after the execution of Victor d'Aubigny, followed him whenever he entered society at Paris. He was also the heir to a title and considerable estates in the Abruzzi. The death of his relative, soon put him in possession of these, and he became the Marchese di Vivaldi. At this period, Florinda, who was cognizant of all that befel him, made her debut at Naples. All Italy soon rung with her fame—and she was offered an engagement at "La Scala." She accepted it—appeared—became the idol of the public—and soon the object of her revenge howled at her feet a suppliant for her love—a suitor for her hand. She accepted him. During the life of Victor, he had never seen her, and who, that looked on her fair unruffled brow, or listened to the music of her low soft voice, could imagine that in her breast every particle of womanly softness was extirpated,—that her thoughts were only of revenge and death. It was at the altar's foot, her adored Victor had been torn from her arms; it should be at the altar's foot the expiatory sacrifice should be made,—his murderer destroyed. She procured from the East a deadly poison, the simple inhalation of which produces abrupt and certain death. Every flower in the bouquet was steeped in the deadly essence: its effects have been narrated—and thus, by one of those frightful transitions, which circumstances accomplish in human destiny, where the restraining influence of fixed religious principle is absent, Isabelle, once loving and irresolute, became a murderess and a suicide!

[The above tale gives so horrid a view of the principles of revenge, that we have thought it not unfit to be inserted in our columns. The character of an avenger is so hideous that it is scarcely possible to distort any of its wretched features. Every sentence of our Lord's discourse on the Mount is an edict from heaven against all species of revenge.—ED. PEARL.]

For the Pearl.

ON PRIMARY PUNISHMENTS.

As a member of this community I accept with pleasure the polite offer which you made to the public in the PEARL of last week of allowing a column in your periodical for the discussion of *Primary and Secondary Punishments*.

It is my opinion at the present time, and has been so for several years past, after a long and minute inquiry into the subject, and giving to it all the deliberation which its importance demands, that primary punishments are not calculated to attain the object for which they were intended. It must be remembered that since those days of darkness and superstition in which our criminal code was first called into existence, a wonderful and mighty change has taken place throughout all ranks and classes of society. I do not blame our feudal ancestors who enacted these despotic records, for they might be, and no doubt were, well suited to the era which gave them birth, but I cannot hold the same lenient opinion with regard to those able and talented gentlemen, who have successively been at the head of the administration. One great hindrance to the repeal or modification of these laws, although since their original formation they have undergone many improvements, has been the pertinacity which our English lawyers invariably display when any change in the constitution of the country is required. So extremely anxious indeed have they been to maintain and defend that noble fabric, and so susceptible of any, the least interference with its foundation or superstructure, that in the excess of their zeal, they have worked its greatest injury by incurring the charge of an adherence to principles, without examining

into their truth. Be this as it may, however, and whether I have assigned the proper reason for it or not, the fact is uncontrovertible, that, whilst improvement in the arts and sciences, and in all the liberal accomplishments and acquirements of the age, has progressed with the growth of civilization—and whilst the spread of education among the lower and middling classes, has been diffusing its genial influence, and introducing a new spirit for the thirst of information and the possession of knowledge, the laws of the country have, in too many instances, been totally neglected, and present to us the anomaly, of a highly refined people being governed by regulations, which were instituted for the control of uncivilized and barbaric chiefs.

I think it is pretty generally admitted in the present day, from the deductions which are to be drawn from those countries where capital punishments do not obtain, that they are no longer a necessary feature of our criminal code. If this be not the case, how is it that in Prussia, Russia, Denmark, Norway, etc. the crime of murder is of such rare occurrence when placed in comparison with England or France? Surely the Emperor Nicholas does not pretend to assert that his subjects are more enlightened than the people of Britain? But independently of this, let us take our stand on higher ground; and consider the moral effect which the spectacle of a fellow being dangling in the air has upon the public mind. It is notorious that in all the densely populated cities and large towns, where the commission and punishment of capital crimes are so frequent, immense numbers of individuals congregate at the place of execution, to witness the last act of the law performed on the delinquent. And who are the persons that compose these mobs? Are they not the very dregs and outcasts of society, wretches destitute of all sense of shame and decency? Any person who has ever been present at such an exhibition can prove the truth of what I assert. The object of public executions, as I take it, is to deter offenders from the commission of crimes. If not, external corporeal punishment is only a species of revenge, a spirit which is far removed from the genius of the English Constitution.

A celebrated writer upon this subject says "that the public exhibitions of criminal punishment, have in all places, in all countries, and upon all classes who witness them, a demoralizing influence, is evident to every reflecting man, whose situation may have afforded him frequent opportunities of judging. Do we not find that in proportion as men are accustomed to witness the torments and sufferings of others, they gradually lose those feelings of dread and horror which they formerly felt at the exhibition of punishment, and at length are led to regard with admiration, the firmness with which it is borne, and to extol the contempt of death and suffering, manifested by the miserable victim of the laws. Such is the hardening and depraving tendency of public punishment, that I have known those very crowds who, around the place of execution would weep and lament on first beholding the culprit, yet, upon a reprieve arriving would return home dejected, that they had come so far to see a man suffer, and had been disappointed."

Assuming then that capital punishments do not accomplish their object, the difficulty presents itself of discovering and substituting another method, which will afford the desired effect. On the subject there will be many opinions, and perhaps an effective remedy will not be found, until numerous theories have been introduced and put in practice. It is the opinion of many learned men that the *Penitentiary* system is the *sine qua non* to be obtained; from these gentlemen, however, I most respectfully beg to differ, as I do also from those who would transport all the murderers and felons in the country to our foreign possessions. If we are tired of such characters at home, I cannot exactly perceive the equitable right which we have to chain them like scarecrows to our brother colonists.

The Penitentiary system may answer very well for juvenile delinquents in the first stages of crime, but it will not meet the almost numberless variety of cases of old and practised offenders. In place of giving a man opportunity of having his mind employed by any process of labour, I would substitute **SECRET AND SOLITARY CONFINEMENT**. I lay it down as a fact, that a man's conscience is his strongest accuser. It is a worm which gnaws upon his soul continually. Then, would it not be better instead of allowing criminals to mix and talk with ruffians whose only conversation is about the crimes they have committed and the nefarious plans by which they have respectively plundered the public, to place them in separate rooms where the light was either totally excluded, or, environed by high walls, for a period corresponding to the heinousness of the offence? This mode of punishment, as far as the criminal is concerned, I am certain would be preferred, for besides being compelled to think on his transgressions, the secrecy of his punishment would hold out an inducement of amendment for the future. He would here be able to repent of his former practices, if he chose to do so, and it is not impossible that at the end of his imprisonment, in the place of being turned out upon society a miserable wretch, shunned by all who are good and virtuous, having no fears to deter him from offending again, and no motives to respect either the lives or property of mankind, he might once more be received within the pale of society, and again become, what perhaps he may have been before, an honest citizen of the world.

R. R.

From the Oriental Annual for 1839.

THE FABLE OF THE MOUSE AND THE SANIAS.

"You have all of you heard of the celebrated town and temple of Saniaskotta, in Rungpoor. That sacred place derives its name from the hero of my story, who was a Sanias of high repute, a most holy man, and a powerful worker of miracles.

"Before I proceed with my tale, I shall inform you how it happened that the place was thus named after the Sanias, in order that you may be sensible of his exceeding sanctity. After a life of rigid devotion to his religion, and of the severest penance and pilgrimage, this holy Sanias suddenly withdrew from the world, and none were informed of the time or manner of his departure. Hundreds of years afterwards, however, when only the tradition of his holiness remained, it happened that a Raja of the place was building new works upon the fort; and, while digging the foundation, the workmen were suddenly surprised by a loud outcry from beneath the solid earth; and on looking narrowly at the spot whence they had withdrawn their tools, they found marks of blood; and seeing the earth move, and hearing the voice continue its complaint, they cleared the spot and found that they had wounded the head of a man who was lying in the earth. This proved to be the very Sanias who, hundreds of years before, had lived above ground at that place: all the intervening years he had spent in meditation; and still so much was he bent upon the mysteries of his own thoughts, that instead of desiring to see the daylight, he requested the workmen to cover him up again. He was immediately obeyed; and, instead of building the new fortifications, the Raja ordered the present temples to be erected over the spot, and also the House of Mendicants and other religious buildings, which to this day bear the name of Saniaskotta.

"Now it was during the lifetime of this extraordinary saint that the circumstances of my tale occurred. That reverend man was one morning, soon after sunrise, seated upon the earth under the broad-spreading shade of a superb tamarind tree, around the trunk of which he had built his hut; and while he was ruminating upon the fruits of his own wisdom, and preparing spiritual food for his daily disciples, a little mouse, mangled and almost dead, fell before him from the talons of a kite, who, having carried him into the tree, was about to devour him. 'Behold,' cried the good man, 'even the smallest and poorest of God's creatures are worthy of our sympathy and protection; what shall I do to comfort this poor mouse?' Then taking up the miserable little animal, he caressed it, and took so much care of it, that in a few minutes it began to revive; then he gave it rice to eat, and soon restored it to its full strength and sleekness. In gratitude for these fond services, the mouse became exceedingly well attached to the Sanias, and felt that, in return for so much kindness, he was ready at any time to lay down his life for his benefactor; and would on no account depart from him, but continued daily to partake of his rice, and to receive other marks of his favour.

"It happened that, upon one occasion, while the mouse was playing about his patron's cottage, a large and very ferocious black cat came prowling by, who, perceiving the mouse, was preparing to spring upon and devour that poor little animal. By good fortune, however, the Sanias was seated reading in front of his door, and quickly discovered the jeopardy of his favourite. His heart was immediately enlarged with compassion; and in order to rescue the mouse, he in a moment of time transformed him into a cat superior in size and strength to his enemy; so that the black cat becoming terribly alarmed, remained not to contemplate this wonderful transfiguration, but fled in the fear of annihilation.

"Exulting in his increased bulk and newly-acquired strength, and sensible of the great peril from which the Sanias had rescued him, the cat failed not to exhibit an increased degree of affection towards his protector; and the Sanias in return showed that he regarded the animal with fondness, as a signal mark of his power and skill. Thus, when he beheld the cat exposed to danger by the attack of a fierce dog, he hesitated not to repeat his spell, and at once changed him into a larger and more powerful dog than the assailant; and by this means was he a second time delivered by the Sanias from threatening destruction. Not very long after this new instance of the devout man's supernatural power and his benevolence of heart, the dog was attacked by a fierce buffalo; and the Sanias again befriended him, as he had done before, by converting him into a beast of the same genus, but of more formidable appearance, so that his antagonist again fled in fear of him. And again for the same reason, did the Sanias transform the buffalo into a rhinoceros, and the rhinoceros into an elephant.

"Then the elephant became over-elated at the extraordinary good fortune which had befallen him, in being changed from so weak and helpless a creature as a mouse into an elephant of incomparable strength; and thus rejoicing in his newly-acquired might, he wandered to and fro, displaying his terrible prowess in various acts of mischief and desolation, until the neighbours, becoming fearful as well as angry, exclaimed, 'Who is this elephant, that he should thus lay waste our gardens and vineyards, and destroy our cattle? Is he not the miserable mouse whose life the Sanias saved again and again? and now his usurp-

ed and unnatural strength is turned against his friends! What manner of elephant is he? Truly his ingratitude deserves a severe chastisement: let us destroy him.

"Then the elephant became greatly distressed. 'Is it thus?' said he within himself; 'then as long as that Sanias continues to breathe, he will relate the story of my former insignificance, and how I have been exalted to my present might from the pitiable condition of a dying mouse. This ignominy shall no longer cleave to me. The vile Sanias shall die, and with him will perish the history of my altered state.' Having come to this abominable determination, the ungrateful elephant rushed upon his benefactor, and would have torn him to pieces in an instant; but the holy man, knowing by virtue of his piety and by divine intuition, the evil machinations which had sprung up in the heart of the elephant, by one blighting glance of his eye paralyzed the limbs of that monstrous brute, and then, pronouncing a word or two of *jaloo*, and spitting a few drops of water in his face, he immediately transformed him into a mouse; being convinced that the degradation to his former insignificance would prove a much more severe punishment than annihilation could ever be."

THE ROSE BEDS OF BENGAL.—Ghazipore stands upon the North bank of the Ganges, about seventy miles by water, below Benares, is not a very extensive town, but is justly celebrated as the Gul-istan, the rosebed, of Bengal. In the spring of the year an extent of miles around the town presents to the eye a continued garden of roses, than which nothing can be more beautiful and fragrant. The sight is perfectly dazzling; the plain, as far as the eye can reach, extending in the same be-spangled carpet of red and green. The breezes, too, are loaded with the sweet odour which is wafted far across the river Ganges. The flower is cultivated thus extensively for the manufacture of rose-water; that of Ghazipore being justly esteemed as surpassing in excellence every production of the sort. Whether or not this may be attributable to the superiority of the flowers, or the process of distillation, I cannot say; but as the roses did not appear to me to possess greater fragrance than others of their class, I should rather refer it to the latter cause; unless, indeed, it be that the wonderful abundance of the material enables them to be more lavish in its decoction than is elsewhere possible. It is no less cheap than excellent: a gullon of the most delicious may be purchased for seven or eight shillings. They do not, however, understand at Ghazipore, the art of distilling the *atr* of roses in the same perfection as the Persians. The spurious compound which they endeavour to palm upon the traveller is weak, and possesses a sickly, disagreeable odour foreign to the rose; but the purchaser is often deceived by a little of the true *atr* being rubbed about the stopper and neck of the bottle. The prices demanded for this miserable imitation are exorbitant; the explanation of which I received from one of the vendors—he assured me that long experience had taught him that it was part of the character of the English to despise every thing cheap, and to consider any thing choice and excellent which was extravagantly priced.—*Oriental Annual*.

GENTLENESS.—Whoever understands his own interest, and is pleased with the beautiful, rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature to convince us that much of happiness in life must depend upon the cultivation of this virtue. It will assist its possessor in all his undertakings; it will often render him successful when nothing else could; it is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance; it wins the heart of all; it is even stronger than argument, and will often prevail when that would be powerless and ineffectual; it shows that a man can put a bridle upon his passions, that he is above the ignoble vulgar, whose characteristic is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity or disappointment that crosses their paths; it shows that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continual sunshine, when around him are enveloped in clouds and darkness, and driven about like maniacs, the sport of their own passions. The most favourable situations in life, the most lovely objects in nature, wealth, and all that is calculated to increase the happiness of man, lose their charm upon a heart destitute of this virtue.

LIBERALITY.—The peculiar character of the present age is sometimes denoted, perhaps not unaptly, by the term *liberality*; a term of ambiguous import, and therefore, denoting a quality of questionable price; for if by liberality be intended a generous freedom from irrational prejudices in the forming of our opinions, or a courteous and benignant manner in maintaining them, it is a quality highly to be prized, and diligently to be cultivated. But if by liberality be intended a licentiousness of sentiment, careless about the grounds of the opinions which it adopts, and indifferent to the essential distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, it is a quality worthless in itself, and noxious in its consequences. In the former sense, liberality is strictly agreeable to the spirit and the dictates of the Christian religion. In the latter sense it is no less manifestly at variance with them.—*Bishop Mant*.

THE PAST AND COMING YEAR.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Wave of an awful torrent, thronging down,
With all the wealth of centuries, to the cold
Embraces of Eternity, o'erstrown
With the great wrecks of empire, and the old
Magnificence of nations, who are gone,—
Thy last, faint murmur—thy departing sigh,
Along the shore of being, like a tone
Thrilling on broken harp-strings, or the swell
Of the chained wind's last whisper—hath gone by,
And thou hast floated from the world of breath
To the still guidance of o'ermastering Death—
Thy pilot to eternity.—Farewell!

Go, swell the throngful past—Go, blend with all
The garnered things of Death; and bear with thee
The treasures of thy pilgrimage—the tall
And beautiful dreams of Hope—the ministry
Of Love and high Ambition. Man remains
To dream again as idly: and the stains
Of passion will be visible once more.
The winged Spirit will not be confined
By the experience of thy journey. Mind
Will struggle in its prison house, and still,
With Earth's strong fetters binding it to ill,
Unfurl the pinions fitted but to soar
In that pure atmosphere, where spirits range—
The home of high existence—where change
And blighting may not enter. Love again
Will bloom—a sickle flower—upon the grave
Of old affections; and Ambition wave
His eagle-plume most proudly, for the rein
Of Conscience will be loosened from the soul
To give his purpose freedom. The control
Of reason will be changeful, and the ties
Which gather hearts together, and make up
The romance of existence, will be rent:
Yea, poison will be poured in Friendship's cup;
And for Earth's low familiar element,
Even Love itself forsake its kindred skies.

But not alone dark visions!—happier things
Will float above existence, like the wings
Of the starred bird of paradise; and Love
Will not be all a dream, or rather prove
A dream—a sweet forgetfulness—that hath
No wakeful changes—ending but in Death.
Yea, pure hearts shall be pledged beneath the eyes
Of the beholding heaven, and in the light
Of the love-hallowed moon. The quiet Night
Shall hear the language underneath the skies
Which whispereth above them, as the prayer
And the deep vow is spoken. Passing fair
And gifted creatures, with the light of truth
And unobscured affection, as a crown,
Resting upon the beautiful brow of youth,
Shall smile on stately manhood, kneeling down
Before them, as to Idols. Friendship's hand
Shall clasp its brother's; and Affection's tear
Be sanctified with sympathy. The bier
Of stricken love shall lose the fears, which Death
Giveth his fearful work, and earnest Faith
Shall look beyond the shadow and the clay—
The pulseless sepulchre—the cold decay;
And to the quiet of the spirit-land
Follow the mournful and lovely. Gifted ones,
Lighting the Heaven of Intellect, like suns,
Shall wrestle well with circumstance, and bear
The agony of scorn—the preying care,
Wedded to burning bosoms; and go down
In sorrow to the noteless sepulchre,
With one lone hope embracing like a crown
The cold and death-like forehead of Despair,
That after times shall treasure up their fame
Even as a proud inheritance and high;
And beautiful beings love to breathe their name
With the recorded things that never die.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion—speed thou on:
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee
Fresh from the hand of God; for thou hast done
The errand of thy Destiny; and none
May dream of thy returning. Go—and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,
Eternal prison-house; the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts—the miser's dream of gold—
Ambition's grasp at greatness—the quenched light
Of broken spirits—the forgiven wrong
And the abiding curse—ay, bear along
These wrecks of thy own making. Lo—thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
Its last and faintest echo. Fare thee well!

DR. BEATHE'S OPINION OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—“The Christian Religion, according to my creed, is a very simple thing, intelligent to the meanest capacity; and what, if we are at pains to join practice to knowledge, we may make ourselves acquainted with, without turning over many books. It is the distinguished excellence of this religion that it is entirely popular, and fitted, both in its doctrines and in its evidences, to all conditions and capacities of reasonable creatures—a character which does not belong to any other religious or philosophical system that ever appeared in the world. I wonder to see so many men, eminent both for their piety and for their capacity, labouring to make a mystery of

this divine institution. If God vouchsafe to reveal himself to mankind, can we suppose that he chooses to do it in such a manner that none but the learned and contemplative can understand him? The generality of mankind can never in any possible circumstances, have leisure or capacity for learning or profound contemplation. If therefore we make christianity a mystery, we exclude the greater part of mankind from the knowledge of it; which is directly contrary to the intention of its author, as is plain from his explicit reiterated declarations. In a word, I am perfectly convinced that an intimate acquaintance with the SCRIPTURE, particularly the Gospels, is all that is necessary to our accomplishment in true Christian knowledge. I have looked into some systems of theology, but I never read one of them to an end, because I found I could never reap any instruction from them. To darken what is clear, by wrapping it up in a veil of system and science, was all the purpose that the best of them seems to me to answer.”

SPECULATION ON THE PLANETS.

I. Of the Sun's train of eleven planets, all regularly revolve around him, and so far as ascertained, also rotate on their own axes; the former motion constituting the year of each orb, and the latter its succession of day and night. But how various are the absolute durations of these important periods in the different bodies! The following table compares them with those of the Earth:

Planets.	Period of Rotation, or nearly the Length of a day and Night.		Period of Revolution in Length of Years.		
	Hours.	Minutes.	Years.	Months.	Days.
Mercury	24*	6	0	9	28*
Venus	23	21	0	7	15
Earth	23	56	1*	0	4
Mars	24	39	1	10	21
Vesta			3	7	21
Juno		unknown	4	4	13
Ceres			4	7	11
Pallas			4	7	17
Jupiter	9	56	11	10	17
Saturn	10	29	29	5	24
Uranus	unknown		84	0	27

In judging of the probable effect of this signal variety upon the internal economy of the several planets, we must either abandon speculation as vain and impossible, or be content with a few guesses drawn from a supposed analogy with the Earth. The latter course, indeed, is almost equivalent to the former; for it conducts us among circumstances where we are only bewildered, seeing that imagination fails in the effort to combine and embody them. How, for instance, can that contrast be pictured, which subsists between the two extreme bodies of our system—Uranus and Mercury; the one hurrying through its restless cycle of seasons in three months, and the other spending on the same relative change eighty-four terrestrial years! A tree in Mercury—if such there is—would gather around its pitch or axis three hundred and thirty-six of those well-known circular layers, in a time during which the sluggish vegetation of Uranus would only have deposited one: and a full and burning lifetime, made up of rapid sparkling joys and acute sorrows, would, in so close neighbourhood of the Sun, be compressed within a space hardly adequate on Earth to lead youth to its meridian; while at that outer confine a slow pulse and drowsy blood might sustain for centuries a slumbering and emotionless existence! The question is further complicated, if we refer to the rapid succession of day and night in the remote planets; perhaps modifying, by the activity it excites, the comparative torpidity due to the length of the year. We can form no notion of the physiological consequences due to a recurrence of day and night within the brief period of nine or ten hours.

II. The very different distances of the planets from the Sun is a second obvious source of remarkable contrast. Those proportionate distances may be guessed from the illustration at the commencement of this chapter; but Figure 2, Plate XI., will further aid the imagination. It shows the comparative size of the Sun when seen from the different bodies in our system; dwindling gradually from the mighty globe visible at Mercury, to that comparatively small orb which enlightens the landscapes of Uranus. It is computed that at Mercury the Sun shines with seven times the intensity experienced on Earth, and that at Uranus his radiation is at least 330 times weaker than with us. Between Mercury and Uranus, therefore, besides the difference occasioned by the rapid and slow alternation of seasons, there is an actual disproportion in the quantity of solar light shed upon them of upwards of 2,000 to 1. And yet Uranus is not obscure, nor its plain benighted. The light of our full moon has been computed as about 300,000 times weaker than that of the meridian sun; so that the light-giver can bestow, even on the remotest attendant, as much light and noon-day as if nearly 1,000 of our moons were shining in its sky. In these remote regions we likewise find, as if in some compensation, a singular extension of that provision which so much adorns our Earth—the provision for throwing part of the solar light on the dark hemisphere of the planet, by reflection from moons. In Mercury, Venus, and Mars, the midnight vault is bespangled only with stars; but Jupiter has four moons, each larger than ours, constantly circling around him, varying his skies by their beautiful and ever-changing phases; Saturn has seven; and, according to Sir William Herschel, Uranus has six.—*Nichol's Phenomena of the Solar System*.

MEMORY.—Memory and Hope are the two poems of the heart—its Paradise lost and Paradise regained.

From the *Forget me not* for 1839.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

When whirling flames round Moscow rose,
And fetters bowed the pride of Spain;
When Austria, chased by Gallic foes,
Fled from Marengo's fatal plain;
When Italy and Egypt knew
The woes their dread invader hurled;
Then high the flag of England flew
And carried freedom to the world!

Then honoured be the flag that bore
The light of triumph o'er the sea,
That burst the bonds which Europe wore,
And made the homes of millions free!
May Peace her laurelled reign prolong,
Whilst beauty crowns each valiant name;
And be the poet's noblest song
The Union Flag of England's fame!

ORIGIN OF THE POT-HEADS.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"What a shocking bad hat!"—*Modern Impertinence.*

The world has improved essentially in many particulars: we do amuse ourselves with roasting each other alive for differences of opinion, and we use forks instead of fingers. But there are declensions.

Now a hat!

Was there ever such a shapeless, makeless, idealess, clumsy, ungainly, uncomfortable utensil manufactured by man as a modern hat? Short-brimmed or broad-brimmed, high-crowned or low-crowned; silk, felt or beaver; black, brown or white, 'tis all the same. Of a verity it is the most unmeaning covering that ever son of Adam put his head under, since Noah's sons began to replenish the earth and hats became generally requisite.

We have no trace of fashions antecedent to those times, but the profligate through grateful oriental antediluvians would never wear such things as we carry about the streets. It is not to be supposed for a moment.

There never was such a race of hats. Even the sugar-loafs of the puritans, ugly as they were, had some sort of character about them. They put you in mind of a church-steeple or the Peak of Teneriffe, on a small scale. They had resemblances in nature or art. A modern hat is like nothing but itself.

Who first invented it?

His name, fortunately for him, is shielded by oblivion from the execrations of posterity.

How came it to be adopted?

It must have been in times of intense political excitement, when people knew not what they did, that these excrescences first crept upon their heads. In their calmer moments they could never have given themselves up to such a delusion.

And now, behold, the things are almost universally worn! Europe, America, great portions of Asia—strange! Calcutta is the great depot from whence hats will be disseminated over the East: the English have much to answer for. The French are carrying them into Africa on the north; the John Bulls are moving them from the Cape into the interior of that continent. The Ashantees will get them in time!

They are the great counterbalance to the blessings of civilization. However, there is no help for it; if the heathens get civilization, they must take hats along with it. There is no such thing as unmixed good in this world. But why wear them? The question is easily asked.

Yet what can a helpless individual do? Nothing else is to be had for love or money.

Were you to go without a hat, people would think you affected singularity, and stare. It is unpleasant to be stared at.

A Highland bonnet accords not with a forked swallow-tailed coat, neither would the dashing looped beaver of the time of Charles harmonize with the unromantic surtout.

Should you cover your head with the graceful and convenient turban, your officious friends and neighbours would directly infer from the covering, that there was something the matter with the head itself. They would lay hold of you, remove the turban, shave off your hair, and put you in a receptacle for the insane; and, should you happen to have property, ten to one your nearest of kin would never think your senses sufficiently recovered to be let out again.

This deters the discriminating from setting a good example. No! The prejudices of the times must be complied with.

But there is no occasion to submit in silence. We will utter a few indignant truths.

Almost everything used by man has something to recommend it—some good property. A hat is most ingeniously and perversely adapted for discomfort at all times and seasons. In warm weather, it is hot, hard, and makes not even a pretension to shading your face from the sun's rays; in cold weather it is equally comfortless, altogether lacking warmth; in windy weather it manifests a constant disposition to take itself off without permission, leaving you exposed to general admiration; and in rainy weather, the two spouts with which, by the turning up of the rim it is furnished,

act as conduits to convey the water to the small of your back, down which, should the shower be heavy and long continued, it runs with great velocity. Hence the prevalence of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica.

But it is most afflictive to the eye. Never was there a more disgraceful object. Ask an artist. The very boldest of them are afraid of an hat. Step into an exhibition-room: look at the innumerable "portraits of gentlemen" which adorn (or cover) the walls in all directions, engaged in all sorts of occupations—in-door and out-door—and how many have their hats on? No—the artist is a better judge. He knows right well that all the component portions of modern male dress are meagre, shabby, ill-adapted for effect, but that the hat is more especially execrable. If he wants to paint anything graceful or striking, he goes to the ancients or the orientals—to the Celt or the savage, for the sake of the costume. Modern fashions afford but poor "drapery" studies. Coats and small clothes are bad enough, but the hat is the crowning-piece of hideousness; and there cannot be the slightest doubt that three hats placed on the heads of as many figures, and "located" any way prominently in a romantic picture, would utterly ruin the best reputation ever established by man.

When a hat has become old, bruised, weather-stained, torn at the rim, the crown partially knocked out, the sides squeezed together, in short, as much altered from its original shape as it well can be, it then becomes of some value for the purposes of art, and placed on the head of an interesting-looking vagabond, it has then something of character about it. But a good hat is good for nothing; it is simply the most unpicturesque of manufactured or created things; an artist would sooner paint a pancake.

What is the reason that the scene of so many of our romantic plays and melo-dramas are laid a couple of centuries back? Why, on account of the dress, to be sure. The troublous state of the times enters not materially into the composition of one play out of five, but the advantages of becoming costume is calculated upon in all. How gracefully does the looped beaver and drooping feather set off a love scene! What chivalrous effect does it impart to a rescue! and when pulled darkly and desperately over the brows, what a fine shadowy gloom does it give to an assassination! What possible pleasure would there be in seeing a murder committed by a fellow in a narrow-brimmed hat? What a mean, despicable, pick-pocket, petty-larceny appearance would he have. He would not look like a murderer! No wonder assassination is on the decline.

And yet, to the scandal of the taste of the earth: be it spoken, these shapelessly-shaped things have nearly displaced all other sorts of head-covering. Peasants, priests, knights, lords, kings and princes, all wear the everlasting, monotonous hat. Had this been so in the olden time how much would we have lost. Suppose Richard the Third treading the stage with a white "tile on his head!" or the prince of Denmark—"the glass of fashion"—in a modern water-proof! It would be the ghost's turn to exclaim—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

And when we shall have become the past, and yet unborn playwrights begin to ransack our records for dramatic materials, what will be the principal obstacle to our great men being resuscitated, and again "strutting their hour upon the stage" for the amusement and edification of posterity? The hat, to be sure—the hat.

Napoleon had an eye to futurity—he wore a cocked hat.

Invidious reflections upon particular bodies or classes of men are, doubtless, to be despised and avoided, but really—hatters! An amiable feeling may be carried too far, yet we refrain further than to ask—"Was there ever a hatter that evinced a taste for poetry, a love of nature, or, indeed, showed any signs of possessing a perception of the beautiful in any of its varied forms and manifestations?" If so, that man was not born to be a hatter; circumstances have thrown him into a wrong sphere of action; he will probably fail in business. But as for a genuine hatter possessing any of those capabilities, "we hold the thing to be impossible." Look where he spends his days—surrounded by hats! Must not his taste of necessity become perverted, his eye gradually lose all correct notions of harmony and proportion? And if this be not so, so much the worse, for how does he pass his time? In endeavouring to persuade people that the things among which he is stationed are "handsome," "becoming," etc. In this case it must be prejudicial to his morals; his mind must get a twist.

We said that a hat was unlike anything else in nature or art. An anecdote we have lately read shows the assertion to be incorrect—art has produced its parallel.

An English gentleman, who lately travelled in the East, entered one beautiful summer's evening a remote Persian village. The sensation his appearance created was immense: troops of boys ran shouting after him, men stared upon him with intense curiosity, and veils were partially withdrawn with such precipitation and indiscretion, that the Englishman saw more Persian female eyes than generally falls to the lot of travellers. The gentleman accounted for the extraordinary fervor of his reception by supposing that, as the village, though of some extent, was far removed from the common track, it had not, probably, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, been before visited by a European; and this was in reality the case. On he went, but the crowd continued to increase to such a degree as he advanced up the main street, that he was

obliged to take refuge in a coffee-shop in order to relieve himself from the noise and pressure. Ascending to the roof of the house, which, after the Eastern fashion, was flat and covered with fragrant shrubs, he sat himself quietly down to contemplate the rich sunset and enjoy the cool breeze of evening. His attention, however, was speedily called to other matters. As soon as he again became visible to the mob below, a tremendous yell rent the sky, and sent alarm to the traveller's bosom. The concourse of people was now very large, and one and all of them seemed to be labouring under the greatest excitement. Sticks, spears, guns, or whatever they happened to have in their hand, were pointed in the direction of the traveller's head, and this proceeding was accompanied by the most violent gesticulation and uproar. Though a brave man, the traveller became somewhat tremulous. He began to doubt his good taste in leaving his native country—thought of his wife and children, his home comforts and his sins—and of the horror of perishing in a far, foreign land by the hands of semi-barbarians, with no one to bear a token to those he held dear, or give a hint of his untimely fate. In fact, he was getting decidedly pathetic, when a violent knocking was heard at the street-door, which the mob seemed very much disposed to beat in. At last the landlord appeared, expressed a fervent hope that the traveller's "shadow might never be less;" but at the same time earnestly implored him to descend and satisfy the people, or they would pull his (the landlord's) house down about his ears. The poor traveller gave up all for lost, but not wishing to be the cause of mischief to others in his last moments,

"He looked to sun and stream and plain,
As things he ne'er might see again,"

and then descended to meet his fate like a man.

As soon as he crossed the threshold about a dozen eager individuals attempted to lay hold of him by the head. Not relishing such unceremonious behaviour, he set his back against the door, drew two pocket pistols, and straightway the eager individuals fell back with some precipitation. Upon this, a venerable man (the sage of the village) stepped forward, and by signs and words gave the traveller to understand no harm was intended toward him—that it was not his head they wanted, but what he had on it. Much relieved in mind, the gentleman wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and courteously handed them his hat. Exclamations of surprise and wonder immediately burst from every lip as they passed it hurriedly one to another. "It is a pot!" cried they—"a soft pot! God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!—a soft pot!"

Here lay the mystery. It appeared that the traveller's hat, both in form and colour, strikingly resembled a pot or cooking utensil in common use among those people, and therefore when he appeared in their streets, wearing what they considered a pot as an article of clothing, it naturally struck them as a curious proceeding, and created a prodigious sensation. The village gathered together on the instant, and warm disputes immediately arose as to whether it was a pot or not. The minority, or sceptical party, scouted the bare idea of a man's wearing a pot upon his head, particularly in a hot climate, as altogether preposterous; but the great majority contended that this sort of reasoning was all very well if applied to true believers, but that in this instance the man was a Giaour—a Frank, and therefore "less than a dog"—that "Mahomet was not his prophet," and Allah only knew what he might choose to wear! Hence the mighty hubbub.

When, however, they had all carefully inspected the hat, the sceptical minority reluctantly gave in! They allowed that it was really and truly a pot, only formed of very inferior materials to their own pots, whereupon the popular party gave a great shout and became more convinced than ever of the infallibility of a majority; and in that lone village, to this hour, "earth's proudest isle"—the land of Shakspeare and Milton, Locke, Bacon, and Newton, is only known as "THE COUNTRY OF THE POT-HEADS!"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF ERROR.—It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a black sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her foot steps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

BATTLE DURING AN ECLIPSE.—It is mentioned by Herodotus, that in the time of Cyaxares, king of the Medes, an engagement between his army and the Lydian forces was broken off by the sudden indications of an eclipse of the solar planet. Its coming had been foretold by Thales, the Milesian, but the contending armies, not aware of the fact, suddenly found themselves involved in utter darkness, so that foe could not recognise foe. Awed by the solemnity of the event, the parties rested from the fight, and listened to mutual negotiations for peace. A treaty ensued, and fierce war, which had continued six years, was terminated.

From the Musical Review.

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

Mrs. HEMANS'S PRAISE OF MUSIC.—"Mrs. Hemans spoke with enthusiasm of the many admirable descriptions of its effects to be found in the works of our great writers, themselves not remarkable for any extraordinary attachment to the art; in particular, of one passage in Valerius, which I had long treasured—that which describes the Roman soldiers, at the door of the prison where the Christian captives are confined, listening to their evening hymn, and speaking of the music 'which they had heard played many a night, with hautboy and clarion, and dulcimer, upon the high walls of Jerusalem, while the whole city was beleagured.' She repeated the rest of that fine passage: 'I never heard any music like the music of the Jews. Why, when they came down to join the battle, their trumpets sounded so gloriously, that we wondered how it was possible for them ever to be driven back. And then, when their gates were closed, and they sent out to beg their dead, they would play such solemn, awful notes of lamentation, that the plunderers stood still to listen, and their warriors were delivered to them, with their mail, as they had fallen.' There is no free-masonry so intimate and immediate, I believe, as that which exists among the lovers of music; and though when we parted I could not tell the colour of her eyes and hair, I felt that a confidence and a good understanding had arisen between us, which the discussion of no subject less fascinating could have excited.—*Chorley's Life of Mrs. Hemans.*

THE CHOICE OF MUSIC.—In regard to the choice of proper music for a lady to sing, it need only be observed, how many most delightful airs are to be found in the compositions of the old masters, of so simple and exquisite construction, as to excite every degree of pleasure and delight the mind is capable of receiving. If we examine the music of the last century, or even farther back, we shall have good reason to believe that the ladies were better musicians than ours of the present, notwithstanding our boasted improvements and refined taste. It was then deemed a necessary part of education to be able to sing their part at sight, and from the beautiful simplicity of their compositions, I have no doubt but the effect was equal to what could be wished for, and that their manners also were as unaffected as the style of their music. Let our daughters then be taught music so as to understand what they perform, and perform no more than what falls within the compass of their execution:

NATIVE MUSIC.—The serenading campaign at Louisville, Kentucky, has opened with great spirit. The favourite air of the young innamorati who "fly by night," sighing beneath the casements of their lady-loves, is worthy Anacreon or Tom Moore. We publish it for the benefit of our own serenading amateurs.

"Who dat live in dat brick house yonder,
Jang malang go lay!
Past twelve o'clock, and a starlight morning,
Jang malang go lay!

Oh! I wish I was a jay bird sittin' on a bench tree,
Jang malang go lay!
I could den see de girl dat I love,
Jang malang go lay!"

"That strain again! It had a dying fall."

MODESTY OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.—John Sebastian Bach united with his distinguished talents and science as singular and praiseworthy a modesty. Being one day asked how he had contrived to make himself so great an organist, he answered, "I was industrious; whoever is equally sedulous, will be equally successful." And one of his pupils complaining that the exercise he had set him was too difficult, he smiled and said, "Only practise it diligently, and you will play it extremely well: you have five as good fingers on each hand as I have; and nature has given me no endowments that she has not as freely bestowed upon you. Judging by myself, application is every thing."

BETHOVEN'S SINFONIA EROICA.—It is not generally known that Bethoven intended to have dedicated his "Sinfonia Eroica" to Bonaparte, entitling it the "Sinfonia Napoleon." When the news, however, arrived, that the first consul was about to assume the title of emperor, the bluff musician exclaimed:—"Oh! he is making an emperor of himself, is he? then he is no better than the rest of them. He shall not have my sympathy!" Shocking old radical! No wonder he died poor.

A MUSICAL DOG.—An amateur flute-player had a terrier dog, that would sit listening to his master's performance for an hour together; but if he played "Drops of Brandy" rather rapidly, the animal would jump upon his knees, and push the flute from his mouth! The temperance society ought to have presented this sober dog with a silver collar.

TALEBEARING.—Keener than the assassin's dagger, deleterious as the poisoned bowl, are the baneful effects of an uncurbed disposition for talebearing. The noble few who conscientiously avoid "talebearing, backbiting, and spreading evil reports;" merit and obtain the approbation of the wise and good; and happy would it be for the community at large, if the number of these could be augmented. The ladies have it greatly in their power to

discourage or abet this propensity to detraction, either in their own or our sex; and as the helpless female is often a sufferer by the indulgence of this unprincipled conduct, it becomes an imperious duty in them to make common cause and with one accord discourage it. Never let the soft lip of beauteous woman uncloset to utter a tale of injurious tendency, or her affectionate bosom be the depository for the dark whisperings of evil report. Let her spurn with high-souled dignity the miscreant who would pollute her ear with the failings or follies of another, and thus do *her part* towards banishing from society this pest of social life.

From the Sheffield Iris.

THE QUEEN'S CLEMENCY.

We have been favoured by a correspondent with the following interesting anecdote, which we believe to be strictly authentic:—

During the first days after Queen Victoria's accession to the throne, some sentences of Courts Martial were presented for her signature. One was of *death for desertion*—a soldier to be shot. The young Sovereign read it—paused—look up at the official person who had laid it before her. "Have you *nothing* to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing,—he has deserted three times." "Think again, my lord," was her reply—a reply deserving gratitude and love from all posterity. "And," said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends, "I, seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, said, 'He is certainly a very bad soldier; but there was somebody spoke as to his character, and he may be a good man, for aught I know to the contrary.'" "O, thank you for that, a thousand times," exclaimed the Queen; and, hastily writing "Pardoned," in large letters, on the fatal paper, she put it across the table, with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

Englishmen, bear in mind the command of your youthful Queen, and "*think again*," before you sanction the avenging penalty of death. "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves; vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

The annexed lines were written soon after hearing, on what was considered indubitable authority, this account of one of Queen Victoria's first acts of sovereignty:—

THE WHITE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

O, plant the White Rose o'er my grave!
My sire, were of the White-rose stem,
When, on the wild war breeze to wave,
The wrath of man gave Nature's gem.
The garlands of her blushing foe
Ere long entwined around that tree;
But still I love the rose of snow,
And claim it for my ancestry.

For it was worn by him who gave
The gauntlet of the rightful heir,
When the last Marmion's broken glaive
Called Dymoke's sword to flash in air.
Champion of England! on thy helm
Long tossed the white rose, fair and free;
That stainless flower! though blood o'erwhelm.
The battle-plain, no spot on thee
To tell the madness of mankind,
That tore thee from thy thorny guard;
Like Peace from War—O, safely bind
The prize achieved in struggle hard!

The White Rose blooms on England's throne:
Sweet bud of beauty, flourish there!
Mercy and Peace be all thine own,
In maiden grace so young and fair!
No Salique Law will England know,
She glories in a female reign;
Long in her sea-girt empire glow
That guarded flower without a stain!

Sweet Lady, in whose cheeks' soft blush
The white rose and the red now blend,
Think of the tides of blood that gush,
Their voice of power when Sovereign lend:
To urge along the frantic joy
That nations take the murderous strife,
And still, as now, that hand employ
In granting, not in taking life!

NEWSPAPER WRITERS.—One of the earliest reporters of parliamentary speeches was Dr. Johnson, who made all think and speak in his own pompous and measured phraseology, and who made all, like the objects seen through a tinted glass, if not exactly alike in outline and dimensions, of the same colour and presentment. To him succeeded the elder Woodfall—a name which still has its worthy representatives in our literature. Among the reporters of the present century we may enumerate Sir John Campbell, Mr. Sergeant Spankie, Sir James Mackintosh, Sergeant Talfourd, Mr. C. Dickens, ("Boz,") and other not unhonoured names; while nearly every name of literary eminence for the last fifty years has here, as well as in France, "dabbled" in newspaper writing.

THE FEMALE CIRCLE.

From an excellent work entitled "Fireside Education."

CORPOREAL PUNISHMENT.

As connected with this question of motives, there have been also much doubt and discussion in regard to punishments. Corporal punishments have been altogether discarded by many as degrading to human nature, and injurious to the subjects of such discipline. But I am disposed to think that He who recommends to parents not to spare the rod, understood this subject better than these modern reformers. It may be that Vicessimus Knox, that prince of pedagogues, who laid an average of fifty lashes a day upon the backs of his scholars for some forty years, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was a great friend to flogging, and some others, have quoted Solomon in behalf of a severe system of youthful discipline. If so, it is not the first time that Holy Writ has been wrested from its true meaning, and made the instrument by which men have vindicated their own misdoings. But the truth here, as in many other cases, lies between the extremes. Corporal punishment is seldom necessary; but almost every parent, who has dealt faithfully with his children, has found some occasion when the injunction, "spare not the rod," came with the emphasis of inspiration to his breast. It may be that the actual necessity for this form of punishment never occurs in respect to some children; but almost every child, before he is thoroughly trained in obedience, has at least one sharp struggle with his parent, in which some decisive and humiliating mark of disapprobation is demanded.

HOME EDUCATION.

There are two mistakes current in society, both of which have been incidentally touched upon, but which deserve to be placed more directly before the reader. The first is, that the whole duty of a parent, so far as respects education, is discharged by sending children regularly to school; the second, that although parents must attend to the physical and moral culture of their offspring, that their minds, at least, may be left wholly to the schoolmaster. The reader may feel that the former of these propositions has been sufficiently noticed, and I therefore remark only that school instruction never can supersede the necessity of vigilant parental teaching at the fireside. If a comparison were to be made between the two, I should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education; for it is beneath the parental roof, where the heart is young and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions are made; it is at home, beneath parental influence and example, that the foundations of physical, moral and mental habits are laid; it is at home where abiding tastes are engendered; it is at home where lasting opinions are formed.

CORRECTING CHILDREN IN ANGER.

There is another common error, which may need to be noticed—that of correcting a child hastily, and harshly, and then, feeling that injustice has been done, to compensate him by some soothing sugarplum or larded apology. It is not easy to conceive of anything more likely to degrade the parent in the eyes of his offspring than such inconsiderate folly; nothing more sure to destroy his influence over the mind, to harden the young heart in rebellion, and make it grow bold in sin. In proportion as the parent sinks in his esteem, self-conceit grows up in the mind of the undutiful child. Young people as well as old, pay great respect to consistency, and on the contrary, despise those whose conduct is marked with caprice. The sacred relation of parent is no protection against this contempt. Those, therefore, who would preserve their influence over their children, who would keep hold of the reins that they may guide them in periods of danger, and save them from probable ruin, must take care not to exhibit themselves as governed by passion or whim, rather than fixed principles of justice and duty.

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

There is another fatal danger in family government, from which I would warn every parent, and that is partiality. It is too often the case that fathers and mothers have the favourite child. From this two evils result. In the first place, the pet usually becomes a spoiled child; and the "flower of the family" seldom yields any other than bitter fruit. In the second place, the neglected part of the household feel envy towards the parent that makes the odious distinction. Disunion is thus sown in what ought to be the Eden of life, a sense of wrong is planted by the parent's hand in the hearts of a part of his family, an example of injustice is written on the soul of the offspring by him who should instil into it, by every word and deed, the holy principles of equity. This is a subject of great importance, and I commend it to the particular notice of all parents.

MERIT.—Nothing but merit can call forth great love, and nothing but perfection perfect. The sun's image must be full and perfect, if we wish the spot it strikes on to take fire.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4, 1839.

The last number of the Edinburgh Quarterly contains a very copious review of the tales of Mr. Charles Dickens. Pickwick—Nicholas Nickleby—Oliver Twist, and the Sketches by Boz—are daily noticed by the Reviewer. The writer prefers the tale of 'Oliver Twist' to any of the others which have as yet been produced by Mr. Dickens. Of it he says "there is more interest in the story, a plot better arranged, characters more skillfully and carefully drawn, without any diminution of spirit, and without that tone of humorous exaggeration which, however amusing, sometimes detracts too much from the truthfulness of many portions of the 'Pickwick Papers.'" Of the adventures of Nicholas Nickleby the reviewer observes that "if the author will relieve the painful sombreness of his scenes with a sufficient portion of sunshine, it will deserve to exceed the popularity of Pickwick." Of his works in general, the writer says, "They seem, at first sight, to be among the most evanescent of the literary ephemera of their day—mere humorous specimens of the lightest kind of light reading, expressly calculated to be much sought and soon forgotten—fit companions for the portfolio of caricatures—'good nonsense,'—and nothing more. This is the view which many persons will take of Mr. Dickens's writings—but this is not our deliberate view of them. We think him a very original writer—well entitled to his popularity—and not likely to lose it—and the truest and most spirited delineator of English life, amongst the middle and lower classes, since the days of Smollett and Fielding. He has remarkable powers of observation, and great skill in communicating what he has observed—a keen sense of the ludicrous—exuberant humour—and that mastery in the pathetic which, though it seems opposed to the gift of humour, is often found in conjunction with it. Add to these qualities, an unaffected style, fluent, easy, spirited and terse—a good deal of dramatic power—and great truthfulness and ability in description.

"One of the qualities we most admire in him is his comprehensive spirit of humanity. The tendency of his writings is to make us practically benevolent—to excite our sympathy in behalf of the aggrieved and suffering in all classes; and especially in those who are most removed from observation. He especially directs our attention to the helpless victims of untoward circumstances, or a vicious system—to the imprisoned debtor—the orphan pauper—the parish apprentice—the juvenile criminal, and to the tyranny, which, under the combination of parental neglect, with the mercenary brutality of a pedagogue, may be exercised with impunity in schools. His humanity is plain, practical, and manly. He never endeavours to mislead our sympathies—to pervert plain notions of right and wrong—to make vice interesting in our eyes—and shake our confidence in those whose conduct is irreproachable, by dwelling on the hollowness of seeming virtue. Good feeling and sound sense are shown in his application of ridicule. It is never levelled at poverty or misfortune; or at circumstances which can be rendered ludicrous only by their deviation from artificial forms; or by regarding them through the medium of a conventional standard. Residence in the regions of Bloomsbury, ill-dressed dinners, and ill-made liveries are crimes which he suffers to go unlashd; but follies or abuses, such as would be admitted alike in every sphere of society to be fit objects of his satire, are hit with remarkable vigour and precision. Nor does he confine himself to such as are obvious; but elicits and illustrates absurdities, which, though at once acknowledged when displayed, are plausible and comparatively unobserved." The reviewer seems to doubt whether Mr. Dickens could produce a good novel, but admits him to be a most brilliant sketcher of detached scenes.

The improved version of the national anthem on our first page we have copied from Chambers's Journal. The editors of that excellent periodical remark that "the national anthem was composed as an expression of indignant feeling temporarily entertained respecting the accidental and temporary policy of some neighbouring states. That policy being long amongst the things that were, the anthem has no longer any command over the national sympathies: on the contrary, as an outburst of resentful and destructive sentiment, it is positively unsuitable and opposite to the present state of the public mind, and only holds its place through the power of custom. We have much pleasure in lending publicity to the following improved version of the anthem, which appears in a musical collection entitled the *Singing Master*." In these sentiments we most heartily concur.

For the able paper on Primary punishments, R. R., though unknown to us, will please accept our thanks. We are indeed rejoiced to have a colleague, so well informed, on our side of the question. On the treatment of felons, we consider it our imperative duty to offer every practicable means to our fallen brethren for their reformation,—and that it is no less our duty not to inflict any wanton, or excessive, or vindictive punishment upon them. They are men like ourselves,—creatures of the same God who has expressly declared that 'Vengeance' is his prerogative, with

which it is His will that no human beings should interfere. The Judaical system of punishment, founded on the principle of retaliation, 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' was expressly abrogated by our Lord, when he laid down those principles of charity and kindness which should regulate our conduct towards each other, and which give even the abandoned criminal a claim upon our exertions in his behalf. The true and only justifiable objects of the punishment of an offender, are the security of society as effected in the deterring of others from following his vicious example, and the reformation of that offender himself, if possible. In the early stages of society, men have acted in imposing punishment upon a feeling of revenge, and have adopted sanguinary and cruel modes of inflicting it. This feeling has gradually given way before the softening influences of civilization,—but late indeed has the idea arisen of endeavouring to benefit and heal the criminal himself.

Amongst enlightened philanthropists the great question is, What is the best mode of discipline to be adopted in our prisons for the reformation of criminals? The solution of this question has led to an examination of the comparative merits of the 'Silent' and 'Separate' systems. All philosophic inquirers into the subject agree, that some degree of separation among prisoners should take place. The great evils of promiscuous communication between prisoners convicted of every variety of crime, are admitted on all hands to be such that no remedy can be effected but by an utter abolition of the practice. The mind of the inquirer is then brought to a consideration of the best means of separation. According to the silent system, prisoners are allowed to mingle together and to labour in companies, but are forbidden to speak to each other. So far as they can gain solace by the use of their eyes in beholding each of their fellow prisoners, they have free permission, but they must not contaminate each other by the use of their tongues. Vision is allowed them, but not speech. Such is the 'Silent' system. On this plan the celebrated Auburn Prison in the State of New York is founded. The principle of the Auburn system is that of separation during night, and of common labour by the prisoners during the day; but with total prevention (as far at least as is practicable) of any intercourse between them. By the 'Separate' system each prisoner has his own cell, and is not allowed on any occasion either to see or to converse with his fellow prisoners—he is not permitted to keep company with his guilty associates. Mistaken notions of the latter system have induced many persons to condemn it as equally cruel and mischievous—solitary confinement they have considered not as reformatory punishment, but absolute torture. The misapprehension under which such persons labour arises from their confounding the separate system with solitary confinement. Now although by the principle of separation the prisoner is secluded from the society of felons, yet he enjoys the privilege of seeing his friends,—he has every facility afforded him for consulting with his legal adviser,—he may send and receive letters,—he is permitted to have unobjectionable books,—he receives the daily and stated visits of the governor, chaplain, surgeon, and other prison officers,—and he has the option of any employment that can be conveniently furnished to him." This is in part the principle which obtains in the well known Pennsylvania prison, and it has acquired the name of the 'Separate System.' The silent system is most popular at present in the United States. On the other hand it appears that intelligent Europeans are favorable to the principle of separation. Dr. Julius, who was sent out by the Prussian government in 1834, to examine the merits of the different plans of Prison discipline in America, returned, a strong advocate for that system, although averse to it at his departure; and the Inspector General of the prisons in Belgium, has made a similar report in its favour to the Belgian government. Of five inspectors of prisons appointed by the Parliament of Great Britain, three are strong advocates of the 'Separate System.' In their reports they endeavour to show that the silent system fails in its great object, for that it is impossible to prevent communication—and that prisoners thrown together will, somehow or other, correspond. By dexterity in fraud and artifice the prisoners contrive to baffle the most vigilant monitors, and wardsmen. The last London Quarterly, in an article on the transportation of criminals, makes the following remark—"We are satisfied, as far as satisfaction is attainable on a subject on which experience is yet but imperfect, that the basis of punishment, for those grave offences which in modern time have been visited with transportation, should be the imprisonment of the offender at home with hard labour, wholly apart from his vicious companions, on the plan pursued in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia—which appears in the highest attainable degree to combine the advantages and exclude the defects of all the plans elsewhere essayed." Indeed, the separate system receives the united testimony of the most enlightened minds in Europe. We have thrown together these remarks for the benefit of such of our readers as might have failed to understand our correspondent on the subject of secret and solitary confinement. It is cheering to know that such praiseworthy efforts are being made in the civilized world for the benefit of criminals—'vindictiveness in punishments is going out, and Christlike views of human guilt and infirmity are beginning to prevail.' Some time hence, and 'the spectacle of a man dangling in the air,' will be thought of as one of the mistakes and absurdities of the past, and men will no lon-

ger dare to usurp the prerogative of the Supreme Being. "The philanthropy which has pulled down the pillory, will yet supersede the hangman, and convert every prison in the civilized world into an hospital for the cure of moral disease. The reform has begun; the spirit of Howard is on its pilgrimage; and barbarous as is still our treatment of the guilty, better days are in prospect."

NEWS BY PACKET.

The English Packet which arrived yesterday in 23 days from Falmouth, has furnished us with our file of London papers to Wednesday the 5th of December. A brief summary of the principal news we give below:—

An affray had taken place at Chatham between some marines and soldiers, in which two of the former had received wounds which caused their death. A serious accident occurred on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway—one of the engines of the Manchester baggage train exploded, and the engineer and fireman were blown into the fields on either side of the road full forty yards distant. A deputation of gentlemen in Suffolk have presented an address to the venerable Thomas Clarkson, congratulating him on the final overthrow of Negro Slavery in the West Indies. A meeting of the working classes had been held at Trowbridge by torch-light. A large number of persons, it is stated, were present—the procession a mile in length. The Chamber of Commerce of Manchester has required its president to call a general meeting of that body to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament for the repeal of the Corn Laws. A company has been formed to construct a railway between Birmingham and Shrewsbury. A recruiting party have spent a month in Wakefield in unwearied exertions to enlist young men into the ranks of the army, but not a single young man could be found with a military inclination. Mr. Beaumont, late M. P. for Northumberland, has subscribed £10,000 towards the building of a new bridge across the Tyne, near Hexham. Mr. Wyse, M. P. is actively engaged in promoting the establishment of Provincial colleges in the South of Ireland. Recruiting for the Marines is proceeding with spirit and success. Notice has been given that Government will receive tenders for the supply of 100,000 32lb. balls. The walls of the City of London and its environs are covered with placards, advertising for able-bodied seamen, petty officers, and stout boys, to join her Majesty's naval service. A great number of inducements are held out to enter the service, but we do not find this one amongst the number, 'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own life?' A Privy council was held on the 29th of November at which it was resolved to prorogue Parliament to the 5th of February; many of the papers incline to believe that ministers are afraid of meeting Parliament, and that they hope to profit by the delay to gain some additional strength. Lord Durham reached Plymouth Sound, in the Inconstant frigate, on the night of the 26th of November. Redschid Pacha, Ambassador from the Porte, was presented to the Queen, and delivered his credentials—he was the bearer of a "magnificent brilliant necklace" from the Sultan to her Majesty. The Common Council of the city of London have presented the freedom of the city in a gold box, value one hundred guineas, to the excellent Thomas Clarkson. A bust of Mr. Clarkson is also to be placed in the City Hall. The subscribers of Lloyd's have presented £20 to Grace Horsley Darling, for her heroic conduct at the wreck of the Forfarshire. Serious disturbances have occurred at Todmorden—a mob of 1000 men, armed with bludgeons, assembled, with the avowed design of destroying the property of persons favorable to the Poor Law—they sacked eleven houses, including the inn where the guardians assembled, and set fire to one of the houses. Military assistance was afterwards sent for, when the mob dispersed—the next day the military with special constables surrounded one of the mills where some of the rioters were, and arrested forty men and boys. There have been incendiary fires of farming stock and buildings in Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire. The effigy of the Bishop of Durham had been publicly burnt at Newcastle—the inscription on this piece of foolery was 'Unitarian Bishop.' A collision between two trains on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, occasioned serious injury to some passengers, and damage to the railway carriages. At a meeting of the Royal Society the Marquis of Northampton was unanimously elected President, in the room of the Duke of Sussex. The Hull Town Council have invited Lord Durham to a public dinner. In several parts of India, it has lately been ascertained, the tea-plant will thrive—the Morning Chronicle says of it that "one of the most important discoveries connected with our commerce in the East has recently been made; it may end in the entire liberation of this country from dependence upon China for tea." In the Russian army 600 arrests of officers have been made by order of the Emperor. Some of the papers state that Lord Durham will reside at Brussels until the opening of the Parliament. The commanding officer of a cavalry regiment has refused to receive into his corps any married officers. Lord Durham at his landing was received in the most enthusiastic manner by the inhabitants of Devonport and Stonehouse.

Important intelligence has been received from Constantinople. The Shah of Persia has actually retired from Herat; Mr. McNeil has returned to Teheran; and the Russian influence in

Persia has met with a serious check. In the management of the affair, there is but one opinion as to the vigour, firmness, and knowledge of the men he had to deal with, displayed by Mr. McNeil.

An extensive revolt against the Russians has broken out in Georgia. Shira, one of the principal cities, had been sacked by the rebels, and 6,000 Russians with two general officers massacred. The Georgians were advancing on Tiflis, when the last accounts were despatched from Eizeroom to Constantinople. The Russian Government, anticipating trouble, had dispatched a reinforcement of 15,000 men to the troops in Georgia before the insurrection broke out.

The Russians have taken from the Circassians the fortress of Scotcha. The troops mounted five times to the assault, and were each time repulsed with severe loss, having no less than 3,000 men killed and wounded. Another attack was ordered, but the men refused to advance. Five battalions of sailors afterwards took the place—but the Circassians had previously fled and spiked 30 cannon. So flourishes the work of murder.

There is little news from Spain. The progress of CABRERA occasioned alarm at Madrid. An insurrection has broken out in Seville. The Queen's Commandant narrowly escaped with his life; and a "Janta of Reprisals" was established.

The news from Spain is deplorable. There is no doubt of the massacre of the prisoners by CABRERA, which the correspondent of the *Morning Herald* denied. This is the monster's own account—

"I have ordered all the cavalry prisoners to be shot, because they refused to give quarter to 15 volunteers who fell into their hands at the beginning of the action. The number thus shot was 161; of whom 2 were captains, 3 lieutenants, 4 sub-lieutenants, 8 first sergeants, 5 second sergeants, 12 corporals, and 132 soldiers."

TREATMENT OF LORD DURHAM.—Ministerial difficulties, and the reception prepared for Lord DURHAM at Court, have supplied topics of newspaper discussion and gossip. A late assertion of the *Standard*, that Ministers intended to convene Parliament on the 4th or 5th of December, had been contradicted by the *Chronicle*, but not until several days after it appeared; and the *Standard* of last night affirms that it had "ascertained that the statement was strictly correct" at the time—that such was the intention "until it was understood that Lord DURHAM would come to England without delay." The Ministerial newspapers have not denied this, and have scarcely noticed the long prorogation. Their silence confirms the impression that Lord DURHAM's sudden return disconcerts the Ministers: it would have been more convenient to have commenced the session in his absence.

The *Globe* on Thursday put forth a report that Lord Durham would reside at Brussels till the opening of Parliament. Connecting this with the proximity to King Leopold, the *Standard* descants on the mischief of foreign influence in the affairs of England, and the danger to the Crown of attempting to govern this country virtually by France, through the medium of Leopold. If the *Standard* apprehended an intrigue at the English Court to bring Lord Durham prominently forward in a new Liberal Ministry, our astute contemporary fell into an error. The *Post* was nearer the mark yesterday morning, in stating that Lord Durham is "not to be a cherished guest at Windsor or Brighton," and that he "will not be specially received by her Majesty—that what strict etiquette demands, and no more, of admission to the presence of the Sovereign, will be allowed him. The *Post* has evidently an inkling of a certain despatch, written on the receipt of the last Proclamation of the Governor-General, for the purpose of being produced to the Tories in Parliament—conveying the expression of *her Majesty's* high displeasure; as also, of the tutoring the Queen has received to greet her High Commissioner with the haughty coldness amounting to insult. Lord Durham is likely to have ample proof of what the *Spectator* told him a twelvemonth ago, that the wily favourite had "turned the key of the closet" upon him.

Ministers have been reproached, by the Tory newspapers, with supineness in not appointing Lord DURHAM's successor. The last *on dit* on this subject is, that they intend to make Sir JOHN COLBORNE Lord High Commissioner and Governor General.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—Messrs. Papineau and Dr. Wolfred Nelson, with several other gentlemen connected with the Canada, paid their respects to Mr. President Van Buren to-day, accompanied by the Hon. Silas Wright, U. S. Senator, for your State.

MONTREAL, Dec. 22. Despatches were received at Head Quarters yesterday afternoon, announcing another invasion of the British Territory by a body of Americans. They landed as we have learnt, not far from the late scene of action, at Sandwich, and were quickly called to a British reckoning for their intrusion. We are unable to give the particulars of the relative force, or of the action, but we can state that nine of the 34th Regt. had been killed, and thirteen wounded when that account came away.

Von Scholtz died as he lived—a brave man. He made his will, and left about £4000. One quarter he bequeathed to the

girl he was to have married, £100 to the Catholic College at Kingston, and £400 to the widows and orphans of the British Militia, who fell at Johnston. This last is an act of contrition which exhibits an uncommon mind, and causes one to regret that such a man should have engaged in such a cause.—*Belleville Intelligencer*.

EXECUTION DEFERRED.—We learn from a gentleman just from Watertown, that five of the Patriot Prisoners who were to have been hung on Wednesday last, had been temporarily respited. Only three (Shultz, George and Abbey) had yet been executed.

The most authentic report now is, that in the skirmish at Windsor, 12 Patriots and 8 British soldiers were killed. The British had captured 11 prisoners, some of them American citizens.

Accounts have reached us of the execution of four individuals in Canada. At the execution of Abbey and George at Kingston, it is said that some of the attendants "were diverting themselves as if at a play-house." At the Montreal execution the following dreadful incident occurred—"At nine o'clock, the warrant for the execution having been read, the fated signal was given, and the drop instantly fell. The fate of Cardinal was soon accomplished; he could have suffered but little. Duquette, on the contrary, had, by some sudden movement, so displaced the rope, that no pressure could affect the jugular vein. It therefore became necessary to apply a second rope to his neck, in order to obviate his otherwise protracted misery; and this rope having been made fast to the beam, the first rope was cut. The effect of this second descent, for his body fell four feet from its previous elevation, quickly ended his sufferings; although a convulsive motion, particularly of his hands, continued for some time." O my country! when shall such disgusting scenes become thy loathing and abhorrence!

Yesterday being New Years Day, His Excellency the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, held a Levee at Government House, which was numerously attended.—*Gazette*.

Lieut. Colonel Ross and the Officers of the Welsh Fusileers, entertained a large Party in their Mess Room on Monday Evening, with an elegant Ball and Supper. Strong fears are entertained that this fine Corps will shortly be called away from this Garrison to serve in the Canadas.—*Ibid*.

The remainder of the 36th Regt. under the command of Lieut. Col. Maxwell, embarked to-day on board of Her Majesty's Steamer, which vessel, soon afterwards, proceeded to St. John, N. B.—*Ibid*.

Subscription Lists in aid of the loyal sufferers in Canada, agreeably to the Resolutions passed at a General Meeting on Friday last, are left at the Exchange and Keefer's Reading Rooms. Persons intending to subscribe to this praiseworthy object, are requested to come forward with as little delay as possible, as it is necessary to forward the amount subscribed immediately.

The Gentlemen appointed to collect subscriptions will also attend in the different Rooms—those chosen for that purpose at the meeting were

George R. Young, Henry Pryor, Edward Kenny, Gasper Roast, Thos. E. Kinnear, John Halliburton, Edw. Wallace, Daniel Starr, William Lawson, jun. Thomas Williamson, Esquires.

A notice of the late public meeting, at which was formed the 'Society for the Encouragement of Trade and Manufactures,' and other matters, we have been compelled to omit in our present number.

During the present session of the Halifax Mechanics Institute we have had so many lectures on subjects of general literature that we were not surprised to find at the last meeting of the Institute, a very crowded assembly convened to hear a purely scientific lecture. The subject so fully illustrated by Mr. McKinlay, the able President of the Institute, was the modern science of Electricity. A few of the leading facts of the science were introduced by the lecturer, after which the most important principles relating to the phenomena of attraction and repulsion were illustrated by a number of experiments. Thus, the pith balls employed were first attracted by the electrified body, and afterwards repelled—under other circumstances, a constant vibratory motion was kept up till all the electricity of the excited body was affixed away. The figure of a man's head with a quantity of hair affixed to it was placed on the conductor of a Cylindrical Electrical machine—which upon the conductor being charged, the hairs exchined, which upon the conductor being charged, the hairs exchined, some stood nearly erect, and altogether a most frightful object was presented. A number of pith balls in glass, with an electrical plate covering it, were made to jump from the bottom of the vessel to the plate—and again were alternately attracted and repelled. Other experiments connected with the transference, etc. of electricity we have not time to notice. The Leyden Jars in connexion with the discharging rod furnished much amusement to the meeting. The experiment with the electrical light tube was however the most brilliant and popular. When a number of these are combined in the form of a temple or any other

splendid object, a very beautiful effect is produced by the simultaneous illumination of the whole arrangement. The revolution of the wire up an inclined plain failed.—with this exception, the audience had no reason to complain of the whole series of experiments. We feel much indebted to Mr. McKinlay for such a scientific exhibition—and we are certain that the labour and anxiety of mind which are inseparable from the performance of experiments before a public assembly, were duly estimated by the intelligent of the members of the Institute.

* * * The second lecture on the Divine Origin and Authority of Christianity will be delivered on next Lord's Day evening, by Thomas Taylor, service to commence at 7 o'clock.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday, December 28th.—Schns Margaret, Guysborough—fish, beef, etc. etc.; Hawk, Mabou—do. do. do.; Lady, Bridgeport—coal; Rambler, Port Medway—Lumber; Elizabeth, Hamilton, Canso—fish, Happy Return, Arichat—do.

Saturday, 29th.—Schns Billow, Canso—fish; Gracious, do—fish; Superior, Beaver Harbour—dry fish; Eliza, do—do; Magdalen, Torbay—fish and oil; Brothers, O'Brien, Picton, 14 days—pork, butter, etc. etc.; Eagle, Wilson, St. Andrews, 15 days—lumber, to Fairbanks & Allison; Adventure, Munn, Philadelphia, 6 days—flour and meal, to John H. Braine, Deblois & Merkel, and Win. M. Allan; brig James, Abell, Kingston, 35 days—to W. B. Hamilton; Schns Mary, McFarlen, P. E. Island, 10 days—dry fish and produce.

Sunday 30th.—Schr Adelle, O'Brien, Boston, 4 days—rye flour, etc. to the Master and others.

Monday 31st.—Returned, packet schr Industry, Simpson, hence, bound to Boston, lost anchors and chains, on the 29th ult, while at anchor off Cape Sable; brig Emily, Barron, Bermuda, 13 days, to J. L. Starr.

Tuesday, January 1st.—New Messenger, Canso—fish; brig Elizabeth, Billingsby, London, 47 days from the Downs, dry goods, hemp, etc. to E. Lawson, and others.

Wednesday 2nd.—Schr President, Bridgeport—coal; Sable, Clarke, Boston, 4 days—general cargo, to J. A. Bauer, and T. S. Allen; passengers, H. Scott, T. S. Allen, and N. Simpson.

Thursday, 3d.—Schr Jane, Port Medway, lumber; Brig John Lawson, Raymond, Hamburg, 45 days, bread, gin, etc. to W. Pryor & Sons; H. M. Packet Brig Star, Lieut. Smith, Falmouth, 23 days; Passenger, C. R. Fairbanks, Esq.

CLEARED,

Saturday 29th.—Barque Louisa, Marshall, Cork, Timber, Deals, etc. by H. Mignowitz; Brig Persa, Pengilly, Leghorn, Codfish, Lumber, etc. by S. Binney; Schns Louisa, Lorway, Boston, Coals, by the Master; Lark, Day, Fortune's Bay, Salt, etc. by Fairbanks & Allison. 31st.—Amaranth, Coffin, St. Domingo, Fish, etc. by Fairbanks & Allison; Brig Star, Cocken, Kingston, Fish, etc. by D. & E. Starr and Co. 2nd.—Brigt. Falcon, Dixon, Brazil, Codfish, etc. by J. V. N. Bazelgette; Spanish Ketch Toma, Negrete, Malaga, Codfish, etc. by Creighton & Grassie.

Sailed, H. M. Steamer, Medea, Capt. Nott, St. John, N. B.

NOTICE.

ALLIANCE LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.—The undersigned having had many applications and issued several Policies for the Insurance of Merchandise in Warehouses and Shops, and finding that a misapprehension prevails as to the principle on which losses thereon are adjusted, beg leave to explain, that there is a material distinction between the Marine and Fire Policies, as the party insuring against Fire is entitled to recover to the full extent of his loss, though he may not have covered his whole stock. If he have a thousand pounds worth of merchandise, and, having insured but five hundred pounds, sustain a loss to that extent, having saved the one half, he has a right to claim payment of his Policy in full, on exhibiting the usual proof.

The undersigned understand this to be the rule, and being authorised to settle here all bona fide losses, of which satisfactory evidence is exhibited to them, they are prepared to act on it wherever a specific sum is insured on goods in any one warehouse or store. The average clause used in England, applies only to those cases where a party desires one general sum to be insured on goods in DETACHED WAREHOUSES, and therefore it is not inserted in policies usually issued by the Alliance Company at home and here.

The undersigned take this opportunity also of explaining, that although the Company is established by Act of Parliament, and has a very large Capital paid in, it has no corporate privileges restraining the liability of the Stockholders, such as our local Companies are protected by. On the contrary, all the Stockholders, comprising men of the largest fortune and engaged in the most extensive transactions, are personally liable as Partners to the full extent of their means, so that it is difficult to conceive a more ample security than the Alliance Company offers to the public.

This Company hold out a further inducement in their engaging, at the close of each successive period of five years, to distribute their PROFITS of the Fire Department in the form of a per centage on the premiums paid, in which all persons who have made five successive annual payments on their policy, previous to each division of the profits, are entitled to participate. Persons insuring with the company for the above period will find this liberal provision operate greatly to their advantage.

WM. & GEO. R. YOUNG, Agents for Nova-Scotia.

January 4, 1839.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for Sale by the Author, and the respective Booksellers. Price 7½d. UNIVERSALISM explained and defended, or the Death of Christ the only and sufficient basis for the World's Salvation. A discourse on John, x: 17, 18. Preached at Halifax, on Sunday, November 18th, 1838; and published by request. By W. F. TROLOX, Author of Sacramental Exercises. January 1.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Let Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while night and larks are dying—
For my part, getting up seems not as easy
By half as lying.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore art thou to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout!

Talk not of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of time.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy mends appear,
Rosprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl—
What then,—if I prefer my pillow beer
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs,
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid the eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start,
To see faint flashes in the east awaken,—
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon!

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—
Well—he died young!

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their lute and sup,
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
All up—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon,—
A man that's fond preceeciously of stirring,
Must be a spoon!

Amaranth for 1839.

From Urquhart's Spirit of the East.

EUROPEAN AND TURKISH HABITS CONTRASTED.

Europeans commemorate the laying of the foundation stone ;
Turks celebrate the covering in of the roof.

Amongst the Turks, a beard is a mark of dignity ; with us of
negligence.

Shaving the head is, with them, a custom ; with us a punish-
ment.

We take off our gloves before our sovereign ; they cover their
hands with their sleeves.

We enter an apartment with our heads uncovered ; they enter
an apartment with the feet uncovered.

With them, the men have their necks and their arms naked ;
with us women have their arms and necks naked.

With us, the women parade in gay colours, and the men in
sombre ; with them, in both cases, it is the reverse.

With us, the men ogle the women ; in Turkey, the women
ogle the men.

With us, the lady looks shy and bashful ; in Turkey, it is the
gentleman.

In Europe, a lady cannot visit a gentleman ; in Turkey, she
can. In Turkey, a gentleman cannot visit a lady ; in Europe,
he can.

There the ladies always wear trousers, and the gentlemen
sometimes petticoats.

With us, the red cap is the symbol of licence ; with them, it is
the hat.

In our rooms the roof is white and the wall is coloured ; with
them the wall is white, and the roof is coloured.

In Turkey there are gradations of social rank without privileges ;
in England there are privileges without corresponding social dis-
tinctions.

With us, social forms and etiquette supersede domestic ties ;
with them the etiquette of relationship supersedes that of society.

With us the schoolmaster appeals to the authority of the par-
ent ; with them the parent has to appeal to the superior
authority and responsibility of the schoolmaster.

With us a student is punished by being " confined to chapel ;"
with them the scholar is punished by being excluded from the
mosque.

Amongst us masters require characters with their servants ; in
Turkey servants inquire into the character of masters.

We consider dancing a polite recreation ; they consider it a
disgraceful avocation.

An Englishman will be astonished at what he calls the absence
of public credit in Turkey ; the Turk will be amazed at our na-
tional debt.

The first will despise the Turks for having no organization to

facilitate exchange ; the Turk will be astounded to perceive in
England laws to impede the circulation of commerce.

The Turks will wonder how government can be carried on
with divided opinions : the Englishman will not believe that,
without opposition, independence can exist.

In Turkey, commotion may exist without disaffection ; in Eng-
land, disaffection exists without commotion.

A European, in Turkey, will consider the administration of
justice defective ; a Turk, in Europe, will consider the principles
of law unjust.

The first would esteem property, in Turkey, insecure against
violence ; the second would consider property, in England, in-
secure against law.

The first would marvel how, without lawyers, law can be ad-
ministered ; the second would marvel how, with lawyers, justice
can be obtained.

The first would be startled at the want of a check upon the
central government ; the second would be amazed at the absence
of control over the local administration.

We cannot conceive immutability in the principles of the state
compatible with well-being ; they cannot conceive that which is
good and just capable of change.

The Englishman will esteem the Turk unhappy because he has
no public amusements ; the Turk will reckon the man miserable
who lacks amusements from home.

The Englishman will look on the Turk as destitute of taste,
because he has no pictures ; the Turk will consider the English-
man destitute of feeling, from his disregard of nature.

The Turk will be disgusted at our haughty treatment of our
inferiors ; the Englishman will revolt at the purchase of slaves.

They will reciprocally call each other fanatic in religion—dis-
solute in morals—uncleanly in habits—unhappy in the develop-
ment of their sympathies and their tastes—destitute severally of
their political freedom—each will consider the other unfit for
good society.

The European will term the Turk pompous and sullen ; the
Turk will call the European flippant and vulgar.

It may therefore be imagined how interesting, friendly, and
harmonious, must be the intercourse between the two.

A Scene in Court.—"I call upon you," said the counsellor,
"to state distinctly upon what authority are you prepared to
swear to the mare's age?" "Under what authority?" said the
hostler interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not to repeat
the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound
to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind."

"Nothing can be more simple, Sir, than the question put. I again
repeat it. Under what authority do you swear to the animal's
age?" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffly.
"Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well,
then, if you must have it—" "Must I will have it," vociferated
the counsellor, interrupting the witness. "Well, then, if you
must and will have it," rejoined the hostler with imperturbable
gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own
mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the
court. The judge on his bench could with difficulty confine his
risible muscles to judicial decorum.—*Captain Glascock's*
"*Land Sharks and Sea Gulls.*"

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man who stole a watch,
desired the jury to value it at tenpence ; upon which the prose-
cutor cried out, "Tenpence, my Lord! why, the very fashion
of it cost me five pounds."—"Oh," said his lordship, "we
must not hang a man for fashion's sake."

An Expensive Toy.—The *Nouveliste* observes, that the con-
veyance of the luxor obelisk to France, cost nearly a million.
The law of the 27th of June, 1833, granted 300,000 francs for
the embellishments of the Place de la Concord, and the laying
down of the obelisk, in addition to the 40,000 francs voted in the
budget of 1832. In 1835, M. Thiers demanded 140,000 francs
for conveying the monument from the river-bank to the centre of
the place. This conveyance, the laying down, and the acces-
sories, cost 560,000 francs ; the granite base cost upwards of
190,000 francs, so that altogether the monolith has stood the
country in an expense of more than 1,700,000 francs.

Wholesale Destruction of Reptiles.—A husbandman, at Hol-
well, discovered two adders basking in the sun. He called to a
companion, who instantly disabled them by an application of the
stick. Immediately a slow-worm made its appearance, which
met a similar fate. On putting them on a stick to convey them
home, four young adders escaped from the mouth of one of them
which were destroyed. The vipers were then ripped up, and,
from the first, six more adders were destroyed ; from the second
10, and from the interior of the slow-worm eight were taken,
making in the whole 28 young and three old ones. The old ad-
ders measured two feet eight inches in length ; and another, sup-
posed to be the male, has been often seen in the same locality.
A valuable cow, which had been grazing in the same field, some
time since lost its life from the bite of one of these reptiles.—*Sher-
bourne Journal, Sept. 25.*

A Blind Whist Player.—A blind gentleman, with whom I am
very intimate, has frequently played a rubber at whist in my
house, with more quickness and accuracy than either of his com-
petitors. His cards, which he carries with him, are so very
minutely marked by the point of a needle, that though I have
often sat by him, I have never observed the marks ; yet with the
utmost quickness he sorts and plays his cards, the other parties of
course announcing what card they have put down.—*Correspon-
dent of the Medical Gazette.*

A Churchwarden.—A medical gentleman was lately called in
to attend the dying functionary, who was not conversant with
expressions out of the vulgar tongue. "I have a great soreness
in my breast," said the warden. "That arises," said the doctor,
"from a febrile affection in the thorax. But, pray let me ask
you, do you expectorate?"—"Expect a rate!" said the church-
warden, "No, sir, thank God, that parish business is settled—
I made a rate last week."

Newspapers.—The largest collection known belonged to the
late Dr. Burney, comprising a numerous and rare series of these
periodicals from the year 1603 to 1818, amounting in the whole
to 700 volumes, and valued at 1,000 guineas. These important
documents for the illustration of history were purchased by the
Government for the British Museum, and, together with complete
sets of all the newspapers, published from 1818 to the present
time, consisting of more than 3,000 volumes, form a record of
public events not to be paralleled in any other library in the
world.

Nimrod says,—"The greatest stake on record, depending on a
single heat, was 5,200 guineas. This was won by Dorimont, a
horse, four years old, the property of the Earl of Upper Ossory,
at Newmarket, in 1776. This fortunate animal, the Bay Mid-
dleton of that day, also won for his noble owner, the same sea-
son, in matches and sweepstakes, eight other races, making the
sum, in hard cash, 7,899 guineas, and the Grosvenor stakes and
Clermont cup. The grand stakes already made to be run at
Goodwood, in 1839, has 23 subscribers at 300 sovereigns, half
forfeit ; £6,900, if all run, but £4,000 at least.

Spel House at Hamburg.—The spel houses (says a recent
traveller) are the usual resort of young men, who go there after
the performances at the theatre are over, which is closed at half-
past nine. The house called the *Gas-lights*, the best known in
Hamburg, consists of a long low room, with an orchestra at one
end, and rooms for refreshment at the other; the charge for admittance
is about a franc, which is paid at the door. The company
consists of parties quadrilling or waltzing; the women are
generally well-dressed, but the men have a strange appearance,
dancing in surtouts, with boots on, and long hair hanging over
their ears. On certain days, the artisans take their wives and
daughters to the different spel houses, to waltz.

Curious Tradition.—In the memoir of Miss Jennings there is
one of the most singular anecdotes to be found in the chronicles
of romance :—"There is a curious tradition respecting her (Vis-
countess Dillon) still preserved among the peasantry of the country
in which she resided. It is related that, on the death of Lord
Dillon, she inhabited Laughlin castle, then only one of the num-
erous castles and palaces possessed by the Irish Dillons. This
princely feudal edifice covered two acres of land ; and, with
the estate around it, was assigned to her as her jointure, but with
the proviso, that she should reside during her life in the castle.
The lady, in her widowhood, was seized with a passion for a
young Englishman ; and being unable to detain him with her, or
to follow him to England as long as her castle existed, she deter-
mined on the wildest and boldest project that ever entered the
head of an impetuous woman borne away by the violence of pas-
sion : she ordered a banquet to be spread in her garden, then
fired the castle, and feasted by the light of the blazing pile. After
supper, and while the towers were yet burning, she set off for
England with her lover."

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