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# HALIFAX PEARL,

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## LEILA, OR THE SEIGE OF GRENADA.

We have pencilled the following passages from the last work of Bulwer, just published by Carey, Lea and Blanchard and by the Harpers. The leading fault of the work, which, as these extracts evince, has many beauties, is that the heroine is so little prominent in the story, whose other characters are sketched with great force and ability. The attention of the reader is diverted from the personage who, as she gives a name to the tale, should concentrate the chief interest, by the valiant Muza, the irresolute but well-intentioned Boabdil, the wily Almamen, and last, but not least, the queenly Isabel, with her politic royal consort, who successively draw our attention and sympathies. For the rest, the moral tone of the book is so much higher than that of some other works by the same author, that it is entitled to become a special favourite.—N. Y. Mir.

### THE MONARCH AND THE DANCING GIRLS.

"My soul wants the bath of musick," said the king; these journeys into a pathless realm have wearied it, and the streams of sound supple and relax the travailed pilgrim."

He clapped his hands, and from one of the arcades a boy, hitherto invisible, started into sight; at a slight and scarce perceptible sign from the king the boy again vanished, and, in a few moments afterward, glancing through the fairy pillars and by the glittering waterfalls, came the small and twinkling feet of the maids of Arby. As, with their transparent tunicks and white arms, they gleamed, without an echo, through that cool and voluptuous chamber, they might well have seemed the peris of the eastern magic, summoned to beguile the sated leisure of the youthful Solomon. With them came a maiden of more exquisite beauty, though smaller stature than the rest, bearing the Moorish lute; and a faint and languid smile broke over the beautiful face of Boabdil as his eyes rested upon her graceful form and the dark yet glowing lustre of her oriental countenance. She alone approached the king, timidly kissed his hand, and then, joining her comrades, commenced the following song, to the air and very words of which the feet of the dancing-girls kept time, while, with the chorus, rang the silver bells of the musical instrument with each of the dancers carried.

Softly, oh, softly glide,  
Gentle Music, thou silver tide,  
Bearing, the lull'd air along,  
This leaf from the Rose of Song!  
To its port in his soul let it float,  
The frail but the fragrant boat—  
Bear it, soft Air, along!

With the burden of Sound we are laden,  
Like the bells on the trees of Aden,  
When they thrill with a tinkling tone  
At the wind from the Holy throne.  
Hark! as we move around,  
We shake off the buds of Sound—  
Thy presence, beloved, is Aden!

Sweet chime that I hear and wake:  
I would, for my loved one's sake,  
That I were a sound like thee,  
To the depths of his heart to flee.  
If my breath had its senses bless'd,  
If my voice in his heart could rest,  
What pleasure to die like thee!

The music ceased; the dancers remained motionless in their graceful postures, as if arrested into statues of alabaster; and the young songstress cast herself on a cushion at the feet of the monarch, and looked up fondly but silently, into his yet melancholy eyes.

### THE LOVERS.

When Muza parted from Almamen, he bent his steps toward the hill that rises opposite the ascent crowned with the towers of the Alhambra, the sides and summit of which eminence were tenanted by the luxurious population of the city. He selected the more private and secluded paths; and, half way up the hill, arrived at last before a low wall of considerable extent, which girded the gardens of some wealthier inhabitant of the city. He looked long and anxiously round; all was solitary; nor was the stillness broken, save as an occasional breeze from the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada rustled the fragrant leaves of the citron and pomegranate, or as the silver tinkling of waterfalls chimed melodiously within the gardens. The Moor's heart beat high; a moment more, and he had scaled the wall, and found himself upon a green-sward, variegated by the rich colours of many a sleeping flower, and shaded by groves and alleys of luxuriant foliage and golden fruits.

\* The Mohammedans believe that musical bells hang on the trees of Paradise, and are put in motion by a wind from the throne of God.

It was not long before he stood beside a ho use that seemed of a construction anterior to the Moorish dynasty. It was built over low cloisters, formed by heavy and time-worn pillars, concealed, for the most part, by a profusion of roses and creeping shrubs; the lattices above the cloisters, opened upon large gilded balconies, the superaddition of Moriscan taste. In one only of the casements a lamp was visible; the rest of the mansion was dark, as if, save in that chamber, sleep kept watch over the inmates. It was to this window that the Moor stole, and, after a moment's pause, he murmured rather than sung, so low and whispered was his voice, the following simple verses, slightly varied from an old Arabian poet.

Light of my soul, arise, arise!  
Thy sister lights are in the skies!  
We want thine eyes,  
Thy joyous eyes;  
The night is morning for thine eyes!  
The sacred verse is on my sword,  
But on my heart thy name:  
The words on each alike adored;  
The truth of each the same.

The same!—alas! too well I feel  
The heart is truer than the steel!  
Light of my soul, upon me shine;  
Night wakes her stars to envy mine.  
Those eyes of thine,  
Wild eyes of thine,  
What stars are like those eyes of thine!

As he concluded the lattice softly opened, and a female form appeared on the balcony.

"Ah, Leila!" said the Moor, "I see thee, and I am blessed!"

"Hush!" answered Leila; "speak low nor tarry long; I fear that our interviews are suspected; and this," she added, in a trembling voice, "may, perhaps, be the last time we shall meet."

"Holy prophet!" exclaimed Muza, passionately, "what do I hear! Why this mystery? why cannot I learn thine origin, thy rank, thy parents? Think you, beautiful Leila, that Grenada holds a house lofty enough to disdain the alliance of Muza Ben Abi Gazan? and oh!" he added, sinking the haughty tones of his voice into accents of the softest tenderness, "if not too high to scorn me, what should war against our loves and our bridal? For worn equally on my heart were the flower of thy sweet self, whether the mountain-top or the valley gave birth to the odour and the bloom."

"Alas!" answered Leila, weeping, "the mystery thou complainest of is as dark to myself as thee. How often have I told thee that I know nothing of my birth or childish fortunes, save a dim memory of a more distant and burning clime, where, amid sands and wastes, springs the everlasting cedar, and the camel grazes on the stunted herbage withering in the fiery air? Then it seemed to me that I had a mother; fond eyes looked on me, and soft songs hushed me into sleep."

"Thy mother's soul has passed into mine," said the Moor, tenderly.

Leila continued: "Borne hither, I passed from childhood into youth within these walls. Slaves minister to my slightest wish; and those who have seen both state and poverty, which I have not, tell me that treasures and splendour that might glad a monarch are prodigalized around me: but of ties and kindred know I little. My father, a stern and silent man, visited me but rarely; sometimes months pass, and I see him not; but I feel he loves me; and, till I knew thee, Muza, my brightest hours were in listening to the footsteps and flying to the arms of that solitary friend."

"Know you not his name?"

"No, I, nor any one of the household, save, perhaps, Ximen, the chief of the slaves, an old and withered man, whose very eye chills me into fear and silence."

"Strange!" said the Moor, musingly; "yet why think you our love is discovered or can be thwarted?"

"Hush! Ximen sought me this day: 'Maiden,' said he, 'men's footsteps have been tracked within the gardens; if your sire know this, you will have looked your last upon Grenada. Learn,' he added, in a softer voice, as he saw me tremble, 'that permission were easier given to thee to wed the wild tiger than to mate with the loftiest noble of Morisca!' Beware!" He spoke and left me.

"Oh, Muza!" she continued, passionately wringing her hands, "my heart sinks within me, omen and doom rise dark before my sight!"

"By my father's head, these obstacles but fire my love; and I would scale to thy possession though every step in the ladder were the corpses of a hundred foes!"

Scarcely had the fiery and high-souled Moor uttered his boast, than, from some unseen hand amid the groves, a javelin whirred past him, and, as the air it raised came sharp upon his cheek, half buried its quivering shaft in the trunk of a tree behind him.

"Fly, fly, and save thyself! Oh heaven, protect him!" cried Leila, and she vanished within the chamber.

The Moor did not wait the result of a deadlier aim; he turned, yet, in the instinct of his fierce nature, not from, but against his foe; the drawn cimeter in his hand, the half-suppressed cry of wrath trembling on his lips, he sprang forward in the direction whence the javelin had sped. With eyes accustomed to the ambuscades of Moorish warfare, he searched eagerly, yet warily, through the dark and sighing foliage. No sign of life met his gaze; and at length, grimly and reluctantly, he retraced his steps and left the demense; but, just, as he had cleared the wall, a voice, low, but sharp and shrill, came from the gardens.

"Thou art spared," it said, "but, happily, for a more miserable doom!"

### THE NOVICE.

It was in one of the cells of a convent renowned for the piety of its inmates, and the wholesome austerity of its laws, that a young novice sat alone. The narrow casement was placed so high in the cold gray wall as to forbid to the tenant of the cell the solace of sad or the distraction of pious thoughts, which a view of the world without might afford. Lovely, indeed, was the landscape that spread below; but it was barred from those youthful and melancholy eyes: for Nature might tempt to a thousand thoughts not of a tenour calculated to reconcile the heart to an eternal sacrifice of the sweet human ties. But a faint and partial gleam of sunshine broke through the aperture, and made yet more cheerless the dreary aspect and gloomy appearances of the cell. And the young novice seemed to carry on within herself that struggle of emotions without which there is no victory in the resolves of virtue: sometimes she wept bitterly, but with a low subdued sorrow, which spoke rather of despondency than passion; sometimes she raised her head from her breast, and smiled as she looked upward, or, as her eyes rested on the crucifix and the death's head that were placed on the rude table by the pallet on which she sat, they were emblematic of death here and life hereafter, which, perhaps, afforded to her the sources of a twofold consolation.

She was yet musing, when a slight tap at the door was heard, and the abbess of the convent appeared.

"Daughter," said she, "I have brought thee the comfort of a sacred visitor. The queen of Spain, whose pious tenderness is materially anxious for thy full contentment with thy lot, has sent hither a holy friar, whom she deems more soothing in his counsels than our brother Thomas, whose ardent zeal often terrifies those whom his honest spirit only desires to purify and guide. I will leave him with thee. May the saints bless his ministry!" So saying, the abbess retired from the threshold, making way for a form in the garb of a monk, with the hood drawn over the face. The monk bowed his head meekly, advanced into the cell, closed the door, and seated himself on a stool, which, save the table and the pallet, seemed the sole furniture of the dismal chamber.

"Daughter," said he, after a pause, "it is a rugged and a mournful lot, this renunciation of earth and all its fair destinies and soft affections, to one not wholly prepared and armed for the sacrifice. Confide in me, my child; I am no dire inquisitor, seeking to distort the words to thine own peril. I am no bitter and morose ascetic. Beneath these robes still beats a human heart that can sympathise with human sorrow. Confide in me without fear. Dost thou not dread the fate they would force upon thee? Dost thou not shrink back? Wouldst thou not be free?"

"No," said the poor novice; but the denial came faint and irresolute from her lips.

"Pause," said the friar, growing more earnest in his tone; "pause, there is yet time."

"Nay," said the novice, looking up with some surprise in her countenance, "nay, even were I so weak, escape now is impossible. What hand could unbar the gates of the convent?"

"Mine!" cried the monk, with impetuosity. "Yes, I have that power. In all Spain but one man can save thee, and I am he."

"You!" faltered the novice, gazing at her strange visitor with mingled astonishment and alarm. "And who are you, that could resist the fiat of that Thomas de Torquemada, before whom, they tell me, even the crowned heads of Castile and Arragon vail low?"

The monk half rose, with an impatient and almost haughty start at this interrogatory; but, reseating himself, replied, in a deep and half-whispered voice, "Daughter, listen to me! It is true that Isabel of Spain, (whom the Mother of Mercy bless! for merciful to all is her secret heart, if not her outward policy,) it is true that Isabel of Spain, fearful that the path to heaven might be made rougher to thy feet than it well need be." (there was a slight accent of irony in the monk's voice as he thus spoke,) "selected a friar of supine eloquence and gentle manners to visit thee. He was charged with letters to yon abbess from the queen. Soft though the friar, he was yet a hypocrite. Nay, hear me out! he loved to worship the rising sun; and he did not wish always to remain a simple friar, while the church had higher dignities of this earth to bestow. In the Christian camp, daughter, there was one who burned for tidings of thee; whom thine image haunted; who, stern as thou wert to him, loved thee with a love he knew not of, till thou wert lost to him. Why dost thou tremble, daughter? listen yet! To that lover, for he was one of high rank, came the monk: to that lover the monk sold his mission. The monk will have a ready tale, that he was way-laid amid the mountains by armed men, and robbed of his letters to the abbess. The lover took his garb, and he took the letter and hastened hither. Leila! beloved Leila, behold him at thy feet!"

The monk raised his cowl; and dropping on his knee beside her, presented to her gaze the features of the prince of Spain.

"You!" said Leila, averting her countenance, and vainly endeavouring to extricate the hand which he had seized. "This is, indeed, cruel. You, the author of so many sufferings, such calumny, such reproach!"

"I will repair all," said Don Juan, fervently. "I alone, I repeat it, have the power to set you free. You are no longer a Jewess; you are one of our faith; there is now no bar upon our loves. Imperious though my father, all dark and dread as is this new power which he is rashly erecting in his dominions, the heir of two monarchies is not so poor in influence and in friends as to be unable to offer the woman of his love an inviolable shelter alike from priest and despot. Fly with me! leave this dreary sepulchre ere the last stone close over thee for ever! I have horses, I have guards at hand. This night it can be arranged. This night—oh, bliss! thou mayest be rendered up to earth and love!"

"Prince," said Leila, who had drawn herself from Juan's grasp during this address, and who now stood at a little distance, erect and proud, "you tempt me in vain; or rather, you offer me no temptation. I have made my choice; I abide by it."

"Oh! bethink thee," said the prince in a voice of real and imploring anguish; "bethink thee well of the consequences of thy refusal. Thou canst not see them yet; thine ardour blinds thee. But, when hour after hour, day after day, year after year, steals on in the appalling monotony of this sanctified prison; when thou shalt see thy youth withering without love, thine age without honour; when thy heart shall grow as stone within thee beneath the look of yon icy spectres; when nothing shall vary the aching dulness of wasted life, save a longer fast or severer penance; then, then will thy grief be rendered tenfold by the despairing and remorseful thought that thine own lips sealed thine own sentence. Thou mayest think," continued Juan, with rapid eagerness, "that my love to thee was at first light and dishonouring. Be it so. I own that my youth has passed in idle wooings and the mockeries of affection. But, for the first time in my life, I feel that I love. Thy dark eyes, thy noble beauty, even thy womanly scorn, have fascinated me. I, never yet disdained where I have been a suitor, acknowledge at last that there is a triumph in the conquest of a woman's heart. Oh, Leila! do not, do not reject me. You know not how rare and deep a love you cast away."

The novice was touched: the present language of Don Juan was different from what it had been before; the earnest love that breathed in his voice, that looked from his eyes, struck a chord in her breast; it reminded her of her own unconquerable love for the lost Muza; for there is that in a woman, that, when she loves one, the honest wooing of another she may reject, but cannot disdain; she feels, by her own heart, the agony his must endure; and, by a kind of egotism, pities the mirror of herself. She was touched then—touched to tears; but her resolves were not shaken.—"Oh Leila!" resumed the prince, fondly, mistaking the nature of her motion; and seeking to pursue the advantage he imagined he had gained; "look at yonder sunbeam struggling through the loop hole of thy cell. Is it not a messenger from the happy world? does it not plead for me? does it not whisper to thee of the green fields, and the laughing vineyards, and all the beautiful prodigality of that earth thou art about to renounce forever? Dost thou dread my love? Are the forms around thee, ascetic and lifeless, fairer to thine eyes than mine? Dost thou doubt my power to protect thee? I tell thee that

the proudest nobles of Spain would flock round my banner were it necessary to guard thee by force of arms. Yet, speak the word—be mine—and I will fly hence with thee to climes where the church has not cast out its deadly roots, and, forgetful of crowns and cares, live alone for thee. Ah, speak?"

"My lord," said Leila, calmly, and rousing herself to the necessary effort, "I am deeply and sincerely grateful for the interest you express, for the affection you avow. But you deceive yourself. I have pondered well over the alternative I have taken. I do not regret nor repent, much less would I retract it. The earth that you speak of, full of affections and of bliss to others, has no ties, no allurements for me. I desire only peace, repose, and an early death."

"Can it be possible!" said the prince, growing pale, "that thou lovest another! Then, indeed, and then only, would my wooing be in vain."

The cheek of the novice grew deeply flushed, but the colour soon subsided; she murmured to herself, "Why should I blush to own it now?" and then spoke aloud: "Prince, I trust I have done with the world; and bitter the pang I feel when you call me back to it. But you merit my candour: I have loved another; and, in that thought, as in an urn, lie the ashes of all affection. That other is of a different faith. We may never, never meet again below, but it is a solace to pray that we may meet above. That solace, and these cloisters are dearer to me than all the pomp, all the pleasures of the world."

The prince sunk down, and, covering his face with his hands, groaned aloud, but made no reply.

"Go, then, prince of Spain," continued the novice; "son of the noble Isabel, Leila is not unworthy of her cares. Go and pursue the great destinies that await you. And, if you forgive, if you still cherish a thought of the poor Jewish maiden, soften, alleviate, mitigate the wretched and desperate doom that awaits the fallen race she has abandoned for thy creed."

"Alas, alas!" said the prince, mournfully, "thee alone, perchance, of all thy race, I could have saved from the bigotry that is fast covering this knightly land like the rising of an irresistible sea, and thou rejected me! Take time, at least, to pause, to consider. Let me see thee again to-morrow?"

"No, prince, no—not again! I will keep thy secret only if I see thee no more. If thou persist in a suit that I feel to be that of sin and shame, then, indeed, mine honour—"

"Hold," interrupted Juan, with haughty impatience; "I torment, I harass you no more. I release you from my importunity. Perhaps already I have stooped too low. He drew the cowl over his features, and strode sullenly to the door; but turning for one last gaze on the form that had strangely fascinated a heart capable of generous emotions, the meek and despondent posture of the novice, her tender youth, her gloomy fate, melted his momentary pride and resentment. "God bless and reconcile thee, poor child!" he said, in a voice choked with contending passions, and the door closed upon his form.

"I thank thee, heaven, that it was not Muza!" muttered Leila, breaking from a reverie in which she seemed to be communing with her own soul; "I feel that I could not have resisted him."

#### THE SPANISH CAMP.

It was the eve of a great and general assault upon Grenada, deliberately planned by the chiefs of the christian army. The Spanish camp (the most gorgeous christendom had ever known) gradually grew calm and hushed. The shades deepened, the stars burned forth more serene and clear. Bright in that azure air streamed the silken tents of the court, blazoned with heraldic devices, and crowned with the gaudy banners, which, filled by a brisk and murmuring wind from the mountains, flaunted gayly on their gilded staves. In the centre of the camp rose the pavilion of the queen: a palace in itself. Lances made its columns; brocade and painted arras its walls; and the space covered by its numerous compartments would have contained the halls and outworks of an ordinary castle. The pomp of that camp realized the wildest dreams of gothick, coupled with Oriental splendour; something worthy of a Tasso to have imagined, or a Beckford to create. Nor was the exceeding costliness of the more courtly tents lessened in effect by those of the soldiery in the outskirts, many of which were built from boughs still retaining their leaves, savage and picturesque huts; as if, realizing old legends, wild men of the woods had taken up the cross, and followed the christian warriors against the swarthy followers of Termagant and Mahound. There, then, extended the mighty camp in profound repose, as the midnight drew deeper and longer shadows over the sward from the tented avenues and canvass streets. It was at that hour that Isabel in the most private recess of her pavilion, was employed in prayer for the safety and the issue of the sacred war. Kneeling before the altar of that warlike oratory, her spirit became rapt and absorbed from earth in the intensity of her devotions; and in the whole camp (save the sentries) the eyes of that pious queen were, perhaps, the only one unclosed. All was profoundly still; her guards, her attendants, were gone to rest; and the tread of the sentinel without that immense pavilion was not heard through the silken walls.

CHINA.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying their physicians so well in England for the time they were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians: I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed: a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

#### SELECT READING FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

MEDIATORIAL SCHEME.—One feature there is in the plan of revelation more prominent than the rest,—that mankind are to be saved not directly but through a mediator. Now, nothing can be more strictly analogous to the constitution of nature than such a provision as this. For is it not through the mediation of others, that we live, and move, and enjoy our being? Are we not thus brought into the world, and for many years sustained in it? Is there a blessing imparted to us, which others have not, in some measure contributed to procure? Nay, more, (for even the details of this dispensation are singularly coincident with our actual experience,) when punishment follows vice as a natural consequence, is not a way opened for escape very commonly by the instrumentality of others? Is not a shield thus mercifully interposed, more or less, between the transgression and the extreme course which would otherwise have alighted upon it? For instance, a drunkard is on the point of falling down a precipice and breaking his bones;—had he done so, it would have been a very natural consequence of his wilful folly, in 'putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.' But a sober man steps in and rescues him from his peril. Here, then, is the case of a mediator mitigating the just severity of the ordinary wages of intemperance. Or, nobody happens to be at hand to interpose for the protection of the delinquent, and, accordingly, down he goes and fractures a limb. But now, in his turn comes the surgeon, and once more snatches from the ulterior ill effects of the righteous accident. Here, again, is the case of a mediator, again lightening the curse. But the man is lame and incapable of earning his daily bread, and if abandoned, must, after all, perish of hunger. And now in comes his parish, or his benefactor, with present food and promise of more, and once again is a part of his heavy sentence remitted. The mediator is still upon the alert. Not, indeed, can the universal practice of vicarious sacrifice be easily explained, unless it be allowed, that (howsoever originating) there was something in the constitution of nature, which unobtrusively, perhaps, and in secret, cherished its continuance,—so that nations who retained little else of God in their thoughts, retained this.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE LAST SUPPER.—Let the imagination portray the "upper room" of the primitive sacrament, and see if it do not excel in glory all that the pomp of art could invent, by its beautiful accordance with the simplicity of that transaction which the evangelists record. There were no marble pillars supporting the gothic arch and the fretted roof; no altarpieces of elaborate workmanship with a sculptured or a pictured back ground, to allure the sight; no gaudy colored window to intercept and modify the light, to aid the effect of sombre shadows upon the senses; no deep-toned organ pealing its sacred melody along the aisles, and echoing along the lofty building, no costly vestments to impose upon the eye, and attract the reverential gaze of spectators. But there were feeling, solemnity, purity, peace. It was the "guest chamber," befitting the man of sorrows, with his few disciples, harmonizing with the moral greatness that chose for its birth-place the manger of Bethlehem, and held its hallowed festivity in an upper room in Jerusalem.

The time of this commemorative feast, enhances the interest of it. "In the evening he cometh with the twelve." From the course of nature, as well as from the constitution of the mind, it is common for all persons to be conscious of the tranquilizing influence of this closing portion of the day. It is favorable to meditation, and supplies it with ample materials. It is the hour for mental repose, and is peculiarly suited to concentrated and pious thought—to solemn and sacred purposes.—It is then that transactions which have the stamp of heaven and eternity upon them seem peculiarly appropriate; for as the approaching shadows spread their mistiness and obscurity around, the future seems to be absorbing the present, and time appears to be passing the boundary line of the visible and the temporary, and stepping into the invisible and eternal.

But it is not so much the hour itself of this memorable evening, as its associate circumstances, that renders it so solemn and awful. It was a night of crime—"the same night in which he was betrayed"—and the treachery which opened the path to the Redeemer's crucifix was not perpetrated by a foe who had tracked his steps, and watched his privacy, but by an avowed friend—a disciple, an intimate, a confidential officer of his little household—by Judas Iscariot! Just at the moment when his countenance beamed with inexpressible benignity upon the circle of his chosen ones, and they were sharing the last supper, and participating the

tokens of his love, the dark eye of the traitor scowled upon the Son of man, as Satan "looked askance" into the paradise whose contents he planned to destroy; and his darker soul having "covenanted" with the chief priests for thirty pieces of silver, was carrying on the plot to its awful consummation. Thus were heaven's love and hell's malignity seen in surprising contrast, the "determined council and foreknowledge" of God counterworked mysteriously the efforts of the wicked hands that slew the holy one and just.—*Fisher's Drawing Room.*

**GETHSEMANE.**—This garden—the scene of the Saviour's agony, was in the valley of Jehoshaphat, on the east side of Jerusalem, at the foot of mount Olivet, in which valley God did then plead with the nations in Christ their Surety. It was called Gethsemane, which signifies a *very fat valley*, or the valley of oil, being, in all probability, the place in which the inhabitants pressed the olives that grew on the mount, and squeezed the oil out of them. Maundrell, in the account of his journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem, thus speaks of Gethsemane:—"It is an even plat of ground, not above fifty-seven yards square, lying between the foot of mount Olivet and the brook Cedron. It is well planted with olive trees, and at the upper corner of the garden is a flat naked ledge of rock, reputed to be the place on which the apostles, Peter, James, and John, fell asleep during the agony of our Lord. And a few paces from hence is a grotto, said to be the place in which Christ underwent that bitter part of his passion. About eight paces from the place where the apostles slept, is a small shred of ground, twelve yards long, and one broad, supposed to be the very path on which the traitor Judas walked up to Christ, saying 'Hail Master! and kissed him!' Here it was, in this garden, that the Father was pleased to bruise his own dearly beloved Son, our true Olive; that from his richness, from his fullness, the sweet, the fresh oil of his graces, and of his merits, might flow out abundantly for the beautifying of our souls and the refreshing of our spirits. But never was there such an olive pressed on this spot before, since the foundation of that amount was laid! never did there flow out oil so rich—so inestimable—as the blood of God's spotless Lamb! How happy they who partake of the root, and of the fatness of that invaluable Olive, that was here pressed and bruised for man's salvation; and of that oil, which will make our graces to grow, and our faces to shine pleasantly in the eyes of purity itself!

Man, after his creation, was first placed in a garden. There he offended his God, and fell; and there sin and misery commenced. And it was in a garden also, where Christ, his Surety, began to expiate his agony and bloody sweat. The garden of Eden was the productive source of all our wretchedness and wo, and was the cause of all our pains and sorrows. The garden of Gethsemane, on the other hand, produced a powerful remedy, a healing balm, and a sovereign medicine for every malady we experience, for every wound we receive, and for every disease to which our souls are subjected, from the old serpent of iniquity and sin. Where the poison grew; there also grew the antidote! And this is a pleasing reflection to every contemplative mind: and the idea of pleasure, as it has been beautifully remarked by a good man, is inseparable from that of a garden, where man still seeks after lost happiness, and where, perhaps, a good man finds the nearest resemblance of it which this world affords. "What is requisite," exclaims a great and original genius, "to make a wise and a happy man, but reflection and peace? And both are the natural growth of a garden. A garden to the virtuous is a Paradise still extant; a Paradise unlost."—*Dr. Ridge.*

**THE HOUR OF ATONEMENT.**—"What period can ever merit a moment's comparison with this? Some may point to times, when valuable discoveries were made in the regions of science; some, to times when splendid victories were won on embattled plains; some, to times when plans, deciding the fate of empires, were arranged in imperial cabinets:—what are any, or all such times as these, but as less than nothing and vanity, when weighed against "this hour." An hour on which the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God had reposed its decisions from everlasting; an hour which the ceremonies and worship of preceding dispensations had prefigured, and all the prophecies of early inspiration had been dictated to portray; an hour to which every arrangement of providence was subservient, and which every event of succeeding centuries had conspired to introduce; an hour in which was concentrated the entire energy of mercy to be exercised in the redemption of the world; an hour in which was suspended the welfare of countless millions, carrying forward the infinity of its consequences through the abodes where retribution is fixed immutably and for ever!—What language can express, or what mind can conceive, the mighty superiority of a period like this?"—*James Parsons.*

"This was the hour of the deepest humiliation, and yet of transcendent glory. The Son of God was humbled by taking our nature upon him, by living in obscurity, and by the poverty and reproaches which he endured; but all these were nothing compared with the humiliations of this hour. He was prostrate in the garden, arrested by a rude mob, arraigned as a criminal, buffeted, crowned with thorns, spit upon, scourged, hung upon a cross. How deep a humiliation crucifixion would appear to a

Jew, will appear from this circumstance,—their own law had decided, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." How deep a humiliation it was in the estimation of a Roman may be learned from the fact, that Cicero in his oration against Verres, urges it as one of the most solemn charges against that governor, that unwaved by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, he had nailed a Roman citizen to the cross. Yet thus was Christ humbled in the presence of both Jews and Romans.

"Yet though in this hour we see his humiliation completed, it was nevertheless to him an hour of his glory. Sense saw nothing but clouds, the darkest clouds of shame, gathering around him; faith beholds those clouds gilded with heavenly splendor, and his glory rising with his deepening humiliation. The highest virtues were displayed in that hour: fortitude, meekness, forgiveness, filial tenderness, and above all, love. Nor were these the only glories which illuminated the dark humiliation of that hour; he was glorified by God. As there were miracles at his birth, at his baptism, in his ministry, so there were miracles at his death. As on Mount Tabor he received glory and honor, so on Mount Calvary. Why the darkness? The heavens were clothed in mourning for him. Why the earthquake? That even the centurion might confess, "Surely this man was the Son of God." Why the veil of the temple rent? To shew that he was opening the new and living way to God. Why do the dead burst their graves? To show that life springs from his death; life to the soul, life to the body, life to the world. O signal hour never to be forgotten!"—*Richard Watson.*

#### JESUS ON THE CROSS.

Mighty, changeless God above!  
Father of immensity!  
Righteous!  
Whose unutterable love  
Led thee on the cross to die,  
Even for us.

Thou who all our sins didst bear,  
All our sorrows suffering there,  
O *Agnus Dei!*  
Lead us where thy promise led,  
That poor dying thief, who said,  
*Memento Mei!*

BOWRING'S SPANISH POETRY.

**THE CROWN OF THORNS.**—"Thorns were the first produce of the earth after the fall of man, and they were worn by our Lord as a part of his punishment. They were the first fruits of the curse, and were appropriately placed on the head of the Sacred Victim. Bishop Pearce and Michaelis are of opinion that the crown of thorns was not intended to be an instrument of punishment or torture to his head, but rather to render our Lord an object of ridicule; for which cause they also put a reed in his hand, by way of sceptre, and bowed their knees, pretending to do him homage; and that the crown was not probably of thorns in our sense of the word. In Mark, xv. 17, and John, xix. 5, the Greek terms might be translated an "acanthine crown," or wreath formed out of the branches of the herb acanthus, or bears-foot. This is a prickly plant, though not like thorny ones, in the common meaning of the word. Others are of opinion that the plant was similar to that which we call holly: they say that it was selected on account of its resemblance to laurel, with which conquerors were crowned; and they think that the opinion has given rise to the name; holly, quasi *holy* in reference to the use made of it on this occasion.—*G. Townsend.*

**THE CROSS OF CHRIST.**—"Christ Jesus ascended the altar, and yielded himself to the knife and the fire of justice. Pouring out his blood, and scorched by its flames, which must otherwise have racked everlastingly the tribes of our race, he satisfied every claim which God had on man, and paid down that immense debt which human anguish and human torment could not have discharged. We are gathered now, as it were, before the cross of our Redeemer, and are summoned to give in our allegiance to him who is at once both the High Priest and the Victim. We mark the infidel Jews treating with scorn, and loading with execrations the Azazel on whom are rolled the iniquities of Adam and his race. He is despised and rejected of men, wounded for our transgression and bruised for our iniquities. We behold him lifted up an ignominious spectacle, reviled by men, and, for a small moment, forsaken by God. The inanimate creation sympathizes with the suffering Creator; the very sun puts on sackcloth, and the rocks tremble as though quickened by the awfulness of the scene. He dies; but in death destroys death; he falls; but it is the fall of the foundation stone, which grinds into powder, as it descends in its stupendousness, the sovereignty of Satan, the despotism of evil. Are you ready—man—woman—child—to transfer to this Redeemer your iniquity, that he may hurl it into the unfathomable abyss? Are we ready to transfer to him the countless misdoings of our lives, to lay our hands on his head, and to say, "Be thou my expiation?"—*H. Melville.*

**DIVINE LOVE.**—Amidst even this profusion of blessings, those which remain to be enumerated, far surpass, in richness, magnitude, and variety, all the rest. The redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, may well be specified as the re-

sult of the inestimable love of God. In the creation and preservation of man, nothing is seen to intercept the stream of the divine beneficence, or oppose the moral government of God. The introduction of sin presents us with the frightful reverse of this: "Sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The whole of the divine economy towards man was changed: Man, no longer to be considered but as a rebel and an outlaw, debased in his nature, and obnoxious to the penalty denounced against transgression; either a new order of things in the government of God must arise in rescue of him, whilst archangels ruined are left without resource, or he must perish under the irrevocable denunciation of the curse. Then sprang forth from the eternal councils of Jehovah his only begotten Son; a voluntary substitute, clothed in the nature of the offender, but exempt from all pollution derived from human generation, by a miraculous conception. The lamb which presignify him, must be without blemish. The brazen serpent, as his type, on which the dying Israelites look, must be innocuous. The priest who sheds the blood, must take it within the veil. His vicarious suffering supplies a fund of infinite merit in behalf of penitent believers, sufficiently vindicates the honour of the violated law of God, and secures the effectual means of an evangelical obedience. Here are dignity and glory the most transcendent; purity the most unsullied; obedience the most perfect and meritorious; a power which neither death nor the grave could detain in thralldom; before which hell trembles and the universe yields instant homage and obedience. In virtue of this wonderful process, our entire race is reclaimed from the malicious usurpation of our deadly foe. The yoke of our oppressor is broken. The trumpet of a spiritual jubilee proclaims, "Deliverance to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind, liberty to them that are bruised, and the acceptable year of the Lord!"—*Dr. Warren.*

"The affection of the Son of God, towards man, differs from that of human friendship in its degree. Tell us no more of the extent, to which, in various instances, conjugal, parental or fraternal love has been carried! Be silent ye historians of antiquity! Let the names of your Damon and Pythius stand eclipsed! The love of David and of Jonathan, let it no more be regarded as without a parallel! "Greater love hath no man, than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." If ever examples of this have occurred, they were in cases where something like equality existed between the parties; and where they knew each others attachment, excellency and worth. But that a Being so ineffably glorious, so beyond all conception great, should have undertaken to die for a creature so fallen, so vile, so guilty!—this is an instance of affection, which stands single, unparalleled, uncomparated. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!"

**EASTER SUNDAY—The Resurrection.**—Such were the respective situations of the rulers and the disciples, and such the state of things at Jerusalem, while the Captain of our salvation lay in the silence of the tomb. In this season the Roman soldiers were not the only guards of the sepulchre; the heavenly hosts were moved, the legions of God were arrayed, to protect the sacred deposit. The preparations were now fully formed in both worlds, and all things stood in readiness for the moment in which the arm of the Lord should be revealed. Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre: death held his sceptre over the Son of God: still and silent the hours passed on: the guards stood by their post: the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears. The enemies of Christ exult in their success, the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency, and in sorrow: the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when, on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow: he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength. It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christians, it is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine press alone: he hath stained his raiment with blood: but now, as the first-born in the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave: he returns with blessings from the world of spirits: he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun issue in a day so glorious—It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

*Dr. T. Hardy.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## ON CONTEMPLATING THE HEAVENS.

By Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Tell me, ye brightly-burning orbs of night,  
Now shining down on our terrestrial sphere,  
If to your realms the spirit takes its flight  
When it throws off its mortal covering here?—  
Does it take wing and to the skies aspire,  
And breathe forth songs in heaven to some melodious lyre?

Tell me, fair Moon, that sail'st in ether's space,  
Art thou some world, peopled with creatures free,  
Where sunder'd spirits shall meet face to face,  
Lifting the veil of immortality?—  
Shall we there know, ev'n as on earth we're known,  
And shall Affection clasp hearts made again its own?

Tell me, ye clouds, that o'er the azure heaven  
Float like the streamers of some bridal vest,  
When by the breeze of midnight ye are driven,—  
Say, do ye canopy some place of rest,  
Some peaceful bourn to which the spirit flies  
To join the lost of earth and re-unite its ties?

Ye cannot answer! and it is not meet  
Such mysteries should be sol'd us. Why should man,  
With blinded gaze and travel-wearied feet,  
Attempt to penetrate what angels scan  
With heavenly eyes but dimly?—let him bend,  
Adoring what nor sense nor sight can comprehend!

## AUCTIONEER ELOQUENCE.

There is still something like character left in this level world. The London auctioneers are characters. The celebrated Christie, who flourished about half a century ago, still figures in the records of auctioneer eloquence. The hammer in his hand was his thunderbolt; with it he knocked down more oaks, hills, palaces, and parks, than he of Olympus ever smote with his fires. His tongue was the cestus that embellished, graced and coloured all that it touched. It was he who rounded a description of a hut in view of Tyburn, by pronouncing that it had the advantage of a hanging wood in view, and talked of a running stream in the neighbourhood of a mansion—the mansion being a warehouse, and the stream Fleet Ditch. It was he who found the perfumes of Arabia in the neighbourhood of a coffee-shop, and promised the beauties of a tropical landscape in a field planted half with potatoes and half with tobacco. But if he was eloquent, descriptive, and Irish, he was, notwithstanding, an honest man. To expect him to be a man of his word was out of the question, yet he was faithful to his engagements, and though estates slipped through his fingers as fast as through those of Lord Barrymore or Hughes Ball, he made money. George Robins is now the successor to the fame of this celebrated personage. George Robins is now by far the most eloquent man of his own profession. The famous Maugraby, who now figures in Alexandria, to the astonishment of the Quarterly Review and of all the loungers of the Mediterranean, is a bungler compared with the dexterous touch, the quick prediction, and the unhesitating dexterity of George Robins's skill in the deal. His fame is, like Mr Green's, above the earth; like Mr. Ingilby, he is the prince of conjurors; and, like the late George Canning, for fancy, figure, and fiction is unsurpassable. As an evidence that our panegyric is not ill-founded, we shall give three examples of his eloquence which have met our eye in one column of a newspaper. The first is a cottage in Devon, which he "offers for public competition," the word sale being altogether below the subject. He declares that this cottage is situated "in a spot which even those accustomed to the varied loveliness of this beautiful county, universally admitted to be the garden of South Devon; that it is completely imbedded in its own wild, luxurious grounds; it stands," says George Robins, "in need of no auxiliary beauties, for nature hath most liberally gifted it; it is inaccessible to the sight, save only from the sea, upon which it peeps, and obtains a view of the limpid bay of Babbicombe, which has, with great truth and justice, been likened to the bay of Naples." This is pretty well for a cottage.

We now come to something of a higher order—an estate in the same county. "This property," says George, "needs not the artificial aid of ornament throughout the county, for it is too well known to require panegyric; but the following concise and imperfect statement is intended with a view to illumine only those at a distance:—It is seated in a luxuriant valley; protected during the inclement season by an amphitheatre of hills; surrounded by park scenery of surpassing beauty, with a never-ending combination of hill and dale; and adorned by majestic woods, the constant undulation of the grounds combining to form a perfect claude scene. The abundance of fish caught within sight of the drawing-room would render the vocation of a neighbouring fishmonger a work of supererogation. The winter appears a stranger to the estate, and the climate is so congenial to longevity, that even an East Indian valetudinarian, who in despair had resigned himself to a very limited period of years, may here find a solace, arising out of the salubrity of the air, that will awaken to him the cheering prospect of a renewed lease of health and vigour."

The pastures come in for a share of the panegyric, and are described as possessing the facility of fattening cattle with great

quickness; it being further declared "that Smithfield owes to them a heavy debt of gratitude." The estate has another treasure in "a magnificent rock of marble, which appears interminable; and if profit be in the mind's eye of a purchaser, he will find the rock capable of erecting a second city of Bath." This we look upon as a showy specimen of his grand style; the next and last exhibits his genius in the picturesque and poetic.

This is the delineation of a third estate, the mansion of which is described as being seated, or rather "nestling under the brow of a hill." We are told that "the majestic timber which ornaments the hanging woods includes the monarch of the forest, with pines of stately growth; the rising grounds afford shelter from the wintry wind, while the valley, teeming with wild fertility, refreshes and aids the delightful illusion. The mansion is of stone, a modern elevation, avoiding all the faults of the present school; within there is that which passeth show, for comfort in its most intelligible form prevails throughout."

All this is very clever, and must be very tempting, but George Robins has another bait for the purchaser, a bait for his ambition—and if any man, with a few thousands to throw away, has a desire to figure at a county election, the auctioneer has found out the spot for him. "It may not be amiss," says he, "to allude to the forthcoming contest for this district, when the possessor of this estate will put in very strong claims to be one of the representatives of the county."

We are glad to find that our orator is a conservative, for he insists on this as the qualification of the purchaser for parliamentary honours. "If," says he, "his principles be conservative, and the motto of hospitality be appended to the mansion, it is not impossible he may walk over the course." All this we think irresistible; and after this varied display of his talent, who shall venture to deny that George Robins is the prince of orators and auctioneers?

The question has been disputed whether a man of genius is, or is not, ignorant of his own powers. We contend that he is not, and quote our celebrated auctioneer as an example. The newspapers mention that, some time since, he met a professional brother of provincial fame, of the name of Watkins. "Sir," said the London luminary, "I am happy to recognize in you the George Robins of the West."—"Sir," said the man of the West, "I reciprocate the compliment, and am proud to see in you the Watkins of the metropolis."

There have been hints that he has made large collections for his history; and in an age when every man writes his memoirs, when no great man dies without being instantly pounced upon by a host, that, like the kites or vultures, blacken around his dying hours to pick up all that they can lay hold of, we hope that George Robins will act the great man; make his fame secure; write his own biography, for fear of accidents; and, let what will come of placards, harangues, and hammers, make himself the Shakspeare of all auctioneers to come—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

## MY LIFE.

By Hon. R. H. WILDER.

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky;  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die.  
But on that rose's numble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if it wept such waste to see,  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief—  
Restless, and soon to pass away:  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall or fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade—  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand.  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud mourns the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

From Miss Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travel.

## THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

The wonderfully successful friend of criminals, Captain Pillsbury, of the Weathersfield Prison, has worked on this principle, and owes his success to it. His moral power over the guilty is so remarkable, that prison-breakers who can be confined no where else, are sent to him to be charmed into staying their term out. I was told of his treatment of two such. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper in crime for seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. "It will be best," said he, "that you and I should treat each other as well

as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but we never use it; and I should be very sorry ever to have to turn the key upon anybody in it. You may range the place as freely as I do, if you will trust me as I shall trust you." The man was sulky; and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length information was given to the Captain of the man's intention to break prison. The Captain called him, and taxed him with it: the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary for him to be locked up in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the Captain, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand and the key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the Captain (who is a small, slight man,) turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done every thing I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? and yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me..." The man burst into tears, "Sir," said he, "I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man." "Come, let us go back," said the Captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour he began to open his heart to the Captain, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment; confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and all facilities for doing so which he imagined he saw.

The other case was of a criminal of the same character, who went so far as to make the actual attempt to escape. He fell, and hurt his ankle very much. The Captain had him brought in and laid in his bed, and the ankle attended to; every one being forbidden to speak a word of reproach to the sufferer. The man was sullen, and would not say whether the bandaging of his ankle gave him pain or not. This was in the night; and every one returned to bed when all was done. But the Captain could not sleep. He was distressed at the attempt, and thought he could not have fully done his duty to any man who would make it. He was afraid the man was in great pain. He rose, threw on his gown, and went with a lamp to the cell. The prisoner's face was turned to the wall, and his eyes were closed; but the traces of suffering were not to be mistaken. The Captain loosened and replaced the bandage, and went for his own pillow to rest the limb upon; the man neither speaking nor moving all the time. Just when he was shutting the door, the prisoner started up and called him back. "Stop, Sir. Was it all to see after my ankle that you have got up?"

"Yes it was. I could not sleep for thinking of you."

"And you have never said a word of the way I have used you."

"I do feel hurt with you; but I don't want to call you unkind while you are suffering, as I am sure you are now."

The man was in an agony of shame and grief. All he asked was to be trusted again, when he should have recovered. He was freely trusted, and gave his generous friend no more anxiety on his behalf.

Captain Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him speedily, sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled; but he went through it very well. When he had done, the Captain said, "I have been told you meant to murder me; but I thought I might trust you." "God bless you, Sir, you may," replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man!

EXAMPLES OF FORBEARANCE.—Cesar, having found a collection of letters, written by his enemies to Pompey, burnt them without reading: "For," said he, "though I am upon my guard against anger, yet it is safer to remove its cause."

ANTIGONUS, king of Syria, hearing two of his soldiers reviling him behind his tent, "Gentlemen," said he, opening the curtain, "remove to a greater distance, for your king hears you."

The wife of COWPER, bishop of Lincoln, burnt all the notes which he had been eight years collecting, lest he should kill himself from excess of study; so that he was again eight years in collecting the same materials. But though few greater vexations could overtake a scholar, he never uttered an unkind word to his wife on the subject.

SOCRATES having received a blow on the head, observed that it would be well if people knew when it were necessary to put on a helmet. Being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly remarked, that the man was not yet taught to speak respectfully. Alcibiades, his friend, talking to him one day about his wife, told him he wondered how he could bear such an everlasting scold in the same house with him. He replied, "I have so accustomed myself to expect it, that it now offends me no more than the noise of the carriages in the streets."

But the most perfect example of patience under suffering, and forbearance under injury, is that of our blessed Lord and Saviour, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously"; and who, although he was persecuted to the death, and expired in the midst of the most cruel insults and mocking, breathed out his last in praying for his enemies, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

### THE BROKEN MERCHANT, OR A FEW HINTS TO THE LADIES.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Will you take another cup of coffee?" said Mrs. M. to her husband, as he leaned, in an abstracted manner, over the breakfast table.

"No, I thank you," he answered, in a half peevish tone, and rising abruptly, took his hat and left the room.

To the eye of the careless observer that house was the abode of plenty, contentment and happiness. Mr. M. had been married about two years. His wife—one of a thousand—and one little, smiling cherub, who was beginning to exhibit those winning and playing ways, which parents, of all others, find so very attractive. And if their establishment was not splendid, according to the ideas of modern nabobs, there was something throughout that bespoke the refinement and elegance of the owners. They knew how to employ and enjoy rationally the wealth where-with Providence had blessed them. The time they had spent together had rather strengthened than diminished their attachment, formed, as it was, on mutual worth, and highly cultivated endowments.

But to return: Mrs. M. followed the retreating form of her husband with anxious and tearful eye, and then leaning her head upon her hand, gave vent to her agonized feelings in a flood of tears. She did not hope for her husband's return before the hour for dinner, and having for several days marked his altered demeanor, she had in vain striven to fathom the cause, and had hoped ere this to have some explanation; but it was plain that he shunned her society, and for the first time shut her out from his confidence. Yet he was certainly not at ease, and evidently anxious to evade any conversation on the subject. She had preserved her equanimity, may even appeared gay in his presence; but now that she was alone her suppressed anxiety broke forth in agony it took her long to subdue. Yet she had in some measure regained her tranquillity, when Mr. S. suddenly entered. His heart smote him for his conduct to his wife—yet he dreaded to tell her that he was a—bankrupt!

He knew her worth and her confiding tenderness, but he wished her dream of happiness to last as long as possible, and he in vain essayed to tell her unshrinkingly that an unfortunate speculation had reduced them from affluence to poverty. Yet the traces of anxiety and suffering which lingered on the countenance of Mrs. M., determined him, and seating himself beside her he made a candid and full disclosure of his altered fortunes.

"And is that all," said Mrs. M. in a gay tone—"is it the loss of a few thousands—the probable sacrifice of a few superfluities, that you have feared to tell me?"

"But consider, Helen," said Mr. M. "you as yet know nothing of poverty from actual comforts of life we feel that there is more of bitterness than of poverty in his actual presence."

"We shall see," she said gaily, and seating herself by the piano poured forth such a glad strain of harmony that Mr. M. himself yielded to its influence, and confessed that they might even yet be very happy.

"But," said he, "should you be compelled to relinquish even this?"

"Then my voice is left—see how I can sing."—And she did sing so sweetly that she convinced even her skeptic husband that something there was that poverty could not rob them of. He felt relieved already of half his misfortunes, now that his wife knew his circumstances, and bore his altered fortunes so calmly. He ate his supper with composure, and returning to his store set himself to a thorough investigation of his affairs. He found them not so bad as he at first feared; and though his business must be suspended, and his style of living contracted, yet he hoped to pay all his debts, and trusted to the future to retrieve the present.

Such were his communications to Mrs. M. "And yet," he said, "when I think of the advantages that you must relinquish—the privations you may yet have to encounter, I confess my spirit sometimes misgives me at the prospect."

"We will see," said Mrs. M. "First here is a large house for three of us; I have often thought, in passing a neat, snug house, how comfortable it looked."

"Well."

"Then here's a quantity of useless furniture which I can seldom trust a servant to keep in order. Some are careless, and some do not know how. Then, the house and furniture disposed of, we shall not want the servants—another perplexity gone, we shall not be expected to give parties and dinners—another material

item in the vexations of life. Again, in our snug little house, none but our *real* friends will ever take the trouble to find us out—more time saved. So you perceive, on every hand we must be gainers."

But, though Mrs. M.'s affections for her husband and her own excellent understanding, prompted her to treat her present posture of affairs so lightly, and though she held herself ready to make any sacrifice with cheerfulness which circumstances might require, yet she knew and felt keenly that the draught which adversity compels us to swallow is indeed bitter. She knew enough of society to be well aware that in the circle which prosperity draws around us there are always some who look with envious eyes upon our condition, and would exult at our fallen fortunes; but, whatever she felt, she saw that her husband felt more, and resolved that no repinings on her part should add one atom to his perplexities.

#### CHAPTER II.

Ring, ding! went the bell, at an early hour, at the house of Miss Deborah Greenwood; and the servants ushered in Mrs. Marshall.

"Have you heard the news?" said she after a few preliminaries.

"What news?"

"Oh, only that Mr. M. has failed—positively lost every thing!—a great speculator, they say. But, do you know that it is hinted that his habits, in secret, are quite dissipated, and that he has lost heavy sums at the gaming table?"

"But," chimed in Miss Greenwood, "what will become of poor Mrs. M.? she will have to lower her pretensions, I'm thinking."

"After all, it is no such great pity," observed Mrs. Marshall; "I never could see what there was in her, more than in any other folks, that every one should go mad about Mrs. M.'s good taste, and Mrs. M.'s good temper, and Mrs. M.'s surpassing abilities. Trust me, that when it is known that Mrs. M. is poor, she will be no more courted than any of us."

This very charitable tete-a-tete was interrupted by the arrival of another visitor;—Mrs. Bell. She had more genuine kindness in her nature, and heard of Mr. M.'s misfortunes with unfeigned regret, not excepting his habits of dissipation and the suggestions of wanton extravagance on the part of Mrs. M. "I have been a frequent visitor at their house," said Mrs. Bell, "at all hours, and have thought their domestic arrangements among the best I have ever seen; and I have looked upon them as a pattern of conjugal happiness."

After a few minutes spent in miscellaneous conversation, Mrs. Bell apologized for her short stay, saying that "as she had but just heard of Mrs. M.'s misfortunes, she felt inexcusable in appearing to neglect her—at a time, too, when her mind must be exceedingly sensitive on the subject."

"Just like yourself," said Mrs. Marshall, "and by your leave I will bear you company—for really I am quite curious to see how she carries herself at present."

"And I too," said Miss Greenwood, "as the morning is fine, will be of your party."

We will not scan more minutely the motives which severally prompted the trio as they started together for a call on Mrs. M. They found her at home, dressed neatly but plainly, and were received with so much politeness and cheerfulness, and she conversed with so much affability and even vivacity, that Mrs. Marshall and Miss Greenwood often exchanged glances, as much as to say, Poor thing! she either does not know her husband's condition, or hopes to conceal it. Not so Mrs. Bell: as the others rose to depart, she excused herself for remaining, by the remark, that as Mrs. M. was fortunately alone, and not having any particular engagement she would spend the day with her.

This was a most welcome communication to Helen; for she felt that the judgment and experience of Mrs. Bell would materially aid her in maturing her private plans for the future.—To her, therefore, she made a plain and candid statement of their circumstances; adding that though Mr. M. hoped, by giving up all his effects, to satisfy all just demands, yet there would be but a slender pittance left and that considerable time must elapse before he could be again engaged in any profitable business.

"And now my dear friend," continued Mrs. M., "I am going to communicate a little plan of my own, which, in Mr. M.'s present goaded state of feeling, I have deemed best not to communicate to him; for he is not yet sufficiently reconciled to his condition to think calmly of my submitting to any exertion for a livelihood. But, why not? I know of no laws of equity which fixes a stigma on any effort a wife can make, however severely the husband's ingenuity may be taxed. Briefly, then, I have thought of turning to some account those accomplishments which some have thought proper to compliment me on possessing. I think I could be content in a small house, in a less expensive part of the town, and that besides attending to our little domestic duties, I could find leisure to instruct a few young ladies in music and drawing. And I must throw myself upon the generosity of my friends for patronage."

Mrs. Bell warmly seconded the views of her friend, and promised to use the utmost of her influence in her behalf.

#### CHAPTER III.

It was a pleasant morning in the month of June when Mrs. Bell's carriage drove up to a small but genteel looking house in the upper part of the city, and having alighted, gave orders to the coachman not to call for her until evening.

She was shown into a neat parlor, where a genteel and happy-looking woman was engaged with a group of young ladies, whom she was instructing in some elegant fancy work; but as the lesson seemed nearly concluding, she begged she might not be any interruption; and gently seating herself on the sofa, took a leisurely survey of the scene around her. The apartment to some would have seemed plainly furnished, but yet there was such an air of elegance and refinement throughout, that it puzzled her to think of any thing lacking. Then there was such a display of neatness and order in the arrangement, that at once suggested to the mind the idea of comfort and contentment.

Mrs. M.—for she was the lady of the mansion—soon dismissed her little company, and prepared to entertain her guest with the same cheerfulness and urbanity which had distinguished her most prosperous days. I will not say she felt more happy, but it was evident the pleasing consciousness of performing her duty and lessening the cares of a husband deservedly dear to her, more than counterbalanced the trouble of performing it. She was one who did not place her dignity in the mere equipage of wealth; and it would not have been less conspicuous even in the most abject poverty.

As the dinner hour approached, Mrs. M. apologized for a short absence, merely observing in a playful manner that her domestic establishment was not extensive. But little did her friend imagine, when the well ordered and well dressed dinner appeared, together with the neatly attired and elegant hostess, that a single servant constituted her whole establishment. At dinner Mr. M. appeared—not the dejected, broken spirited man, but the happy husband and father, whose home was of all places on earth the one happy place for him. It was true their house was no longer the resort of promiscuous visitors; for they lived so far, so very far up town, that it was not possible for their fashionable friends to visit them very often; but then the little circle who knew and appreciated that worth which could survive the decay of fortune, made up enough of society to a couple mutually happy in each other and contented with their lot.

Months and even years passed away; children grew up around; friends were multiplied, and wealth increased; and Mr. M. is now one of the wealthiest of our citizens; but he has often declared that but for the praiseworthy magnanimity of his wife, he should never probably have risen; that had he been met with impatience or repining when his spirit was already goaded to madness, it had probably destroyed its elasticity for ever; or if, in the commencement of his second career, he had been subjected to what might have been deemed the justifiable demands of his wife, instead of the careful husbanding of their slender resources, the road to his ascent had been rendered difficult—perhaps for ever inaccessible.

#### THE STARS.

"The stars that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given."

Look at the distant star that twinkles in the firmament. There it has shone with undiminished lustre for centuries.—The eyes that gazed upon it thousands of years ago, saw it the same as we behold it now. It has held its place through successive empires. If we look back through the vista of distant ages, we find it there. It beheld Rome in her might and majesty. It looked upon Babylon in the days of her glory. It saw Egypt in her rising greatness.—Yet it still shines on without change or diminution. Perpetuity, constancy is stamped upon it. Yet this is but a feeble type of the constancy and endurance of heavenly friendship.—Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and stars for a light by night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar; the Lord of Hosts is his name; if those ordinances depart from before me, saith the Lord, then the seed of Israel also shall cease to be a nation before me forever. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, that hath mercy on thee." If we attach so much value to the constancy that can abide but for a few years at most, how can we estimate aright that which endureth forever! Think of a friendship, the measure of whose duration is eternity itself—the tenure of it without limit or end. O, what a basis for everlasting confidence is this!

The following passage is from a new novel by Sarah Stickney, author of the "Poetry of Life."

FALSEHOOD.—There are many sins, even of commission, which elude our own detection from the indefinite or plausible aspect they assume. But a direct falsehood admits of no palliation. It stamps the page of conscience with a stain no human hand can wipe away; it stands in daring opposition to the nature and will of God; and as it rises to the vault of heaven seems to echo back the thunders of the rebel army, who even there defied the majesty of eternal truth.

**PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.**—The sea has sometimes a luminous appearance, a phenomenon that has been observed by all sailors, who consider it the forerunner of windy weather. It is said to occur most frequently in the summer and autumn months, and varies so much in its characters as to induce a doubt whether it can be always attributed to the same cause. Sometimes the luminous appearance is seen over the whole surface of the water, and the vessel seems as though floating upon an ocean of light; at other times the phosphorescence only encircles the ship. A portion of water taken from the sea does not necessarily retain its luminous appearance, but its brilliance will generally continue as long as the water is kept in a state of agitation. Some philosophers imagine the phosphorescence of the sea to arise from the diffusion of an immense number of animalculæ through the medium, and others attribute it to electricity. Dr. Buchanan has given an account of a very remarkable appearance of the sea, observed by him during a voyage from Johanna to Bombay. About eight o'clock in the evening of the 31st July, 1785, the sea had a milk-white colour, and was illuminated by a multitude of luminous bodies, greatly resembling the combination of stars known as the milky way, the luminous substances representing the brighter stars of a constellation. The whiteness, he says, was such as to prevent those on board from seeing either the break or swell of the sea, although, from the motion of the ship and the noise, they knew them to be violent, and the light was sufficiently intense to illuminate the ropes and rigging. This singular phenomenon continued until daylight appeared. Several buckets of water were drawn, and in them were found a great number of luminous bodies, from a quarter of an inch to an inch and a half in length, and these were seen to move about as worms in the water. There might be, says Dr. Buchanan, four hundred of these animals in a gallon of water. A similar appearance had been observed before in the same sea by several of the officers, and the gunner had seen it off Java Head in a voyage to China.—*M. Higgins.*

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 13, 1838.

### ON CLOTHING.

If the rude verse that now detains your ear,  
Should to one female heart conviction bear;  
Recall one gentler mind from Fashion's crew,  
To give to Nature what is Nature's due;  
Whilst others mount the arduous heights of fame,  
To wake your feelings be my nobler aim:  
Nor you unbless'd, if, whilst I fail to move,  
The fond attempt my kind intention prove.—*Roscoe.*

**PLINY**, one of the most celebrated naturalists of antiquity, pathetically laments, that, "whilst Nature has given various clothing to the brute creation, and even fenced plants and trees with bark against the injuries of the cold and heat, she should have cast man into this world naked, unprovided against the inclemency of different climates and seasons." But, instead of agreeing with that philosopher, that Nature has, in this particular, acted more like a cruel step-mother, than a kind and indulgent parent to man, we cannot sufficiently extol her providence and wisdom. It was no more than consistent with equity to provide the irrational part of her works with clothing suitable to their circumstances; but man whom she endowed with the transcendent faculty of reason, she hath very wisely left to accommodate himself to the difference of climate and season, and to clothe himself, accordingly, with the fleece, and skins of animals, and the products of various plants and trees.

Nature knows no other use of clothes but to keep the body warm. The shape God has given, is too often attempted to be mended by dress; and those who know no better, believe that mankind would be frights without its assistance. Though we cannot hope entirely to escape the unpleasant sensations, or altogether to ward off the fatal effects, occasioned by the sudden changes of our climate; yet considering properly the nature of clothing, we may avoid much of the danger. If ladies be more subject to catch cold frequently than men, it is not alone their delicacy of constitution, or their being more confined within doors; but the frequent changes they make in the quality and quantity of their garments, and sometimes, however fearful of a partial current of air, because they expose those parts of the body that a little before had been warmly clad. "If," says Dr. Beddoes, "a greater proportion of females fall victims to consumption, is it not because, losing sight more than men of its primary purpose, they regulate their dress solely by fantastic ideas of elegance?"

The human body, in our climate, and indeed we may say in every climate—a few days in the summer excepted—is exhaling caloric. During the winter season the expenditure is of course great, and hence clothing is required, partly for the purpose of preserving our own heat in proximity with the body, and partly to prevent the impressions of extraneous heat or cold—particularly of the latter. The best clothing to protect us from external heat or cold is one that does not permit the matter of heat to pass readily through it. Substances, whose temperature is below that of the human body, and which conduct heat rapidly, appear to us

colder than such as transmit it more imperfectly. Thus a piece of iron, and a woollen cap, may be at the same temperature, as indicated by the thermometer, and yet the iron feels much the colder of the two, and for this plain reason—the iron conducts the heat it receives from the human body rapidly into its interior, and then abstracts more from us, but the woollen cap, although it receives its charge of caloric from us, conducts it so slowly into the interior of its texture, that less is abstracted, and accordingly the cap feels to us the warmer article of the two. From this it is manifest, that the kind of clothing which is the worst conductor of heat, or which refuses most to receive, and to transmit the matter of heat, is the warmest; because the caloric, given off by our bodies, is in this way retained at the surface of the skin. This is the case with woollen articles. For the same reasons, it can be readily conceived, that if the external temperature be greater than that of the human body, these same articles of clothing will be adapted for preventing the intrusion of heat. Accordingly, a woollen cap would protect us better from the scorching rays of the sun, than an iron helmet of equal thickness, especially if blackened. If painted black, the caloric would pass through in such quantity as to burn the head, whilst the interior of the woollen cap might be scarcely hotter than the body. We can hence understand, why the Spaniard and the Oriental should throw their mantles over them, when they have to expose themselves to the rays of a vertical sun.

By most medical authorities, it has been strongly advised to case the frame in flannel. It has even been attempted to shew, that the ancient Romans suffered less from malarious disease, chiefly because they were enveloped in under woollen dresses. Brochi describes the immunity of the sheep and cattle, which feed night and day in the Campagna di Roma, to the protection afforded them by their wool; and Patassier affirms that warm woollen clothing has been found effectual in preserving the health of laborers, digging and excavating drains and canals in marshy grounds, where previous to the employment of these precautions, the mortality was considerable. Dr. Combe observes that "in the army and navy, the utmost attention is now paid to enforcing the use of flannel. In the prevention of cholera, flannel was decidedly useful. Many are in the custom of waiting till winter has fairly set in before beginning to wear flannel. This is a great error in a variable climate like ours." A celebrated author's favourite recipe for health was, "to leave off flannel on midsummer day, to resume it the day following." It has been objected, that flannel worn next the skin is debilitating, because it too much increases perspiration; but this is not founded on truth, since perspiration, as long as the skin remains dry, can never be hurtful. In answer to another objection against the wearing of flannel, it is certain that flannel may preserve the body as clean, and much cleaner than linen, if as frequently changed.

But all this circumlocution is but introductory to the solid and useful article subjoined. Will every father—mother—male—female, read it, and not only once, but twice and thrice? Will all learn, mark, and inwardly digest it? And what is of more importance, will all be governed by the wisdom of its directions? We verily believe that hereby many of our fair readers will save themselves from all the wretchedness of a premature grave!!

"A very striking fact, exhibited by the Bills of Mortality, is the very large proportion of persons who die of consumption. It is not our intention to enter into any general remarks upon the nature of that fatal disease. In very many cases, the origin of a consumption is an ordinary cold; and that cold is frequently taken through the want of a proper attention to clothing, particularly in females. We shall, therefore, offer a few general remarks upon this subject so important to the health of all classes of persons.

Nothing is more necessary to a comfortable state of existence than that the body should be kept in nearly a uniform temperature. The Almighty wisdom, which made the senses serve as instruments of pleasure for our gratification, and of pain for our protection, has rendered the feelings arising from excess or deficiency of heat so acute, that we instinctively seek shelter from the scorching heat and freezing cold. We bathe our limbs in the cold stream, or clothe our bodies with the warm fleece. We court the breeze, or very carefully avoid it. But no efforts to mitigate the injurious effects of heat or cold would avail us, if nature had not furnished us, in common with other animals, (in the peculiar functions of the skin and lungs,) with a power of preserving the heat of the body uniform, under almost every variety of temperature to which the atmosphere is liable. The skin, by increase of perspiration, carries off the excess of heat; the lungs, by decomposing the atmosphere, supply the loss;—so that the internal parts of the body are preserved at a temperature of about ninety-eight degrees, under all circumstances. In addition to the important share which the function of perspiration has in regulating the heat of the body, it serves the further purpose of an outlet to the constitution, by which it gets rid of matters that are no longer useful in its economy.

The excretory function of the skin is of such paramount importance to health that we ought at all times to direct our attention to the means of securing its being duly performed; for if the mat-

ters that ought to be thrown out of the body by the pores of the skin are retained, they invariably prove injurious. When speaking of the excrementitious matter of the skin, we do not mean the sensible moisture which is poured out in hot weather, or when the body is heated by exercise; but a matter which is too subtle for the senses to take cognizance of—which is continually passing off from every part of the body, and which has been called the insensible perspiration. This insensible perspiration is the true excretion of the skin.

A suppression of the insensible perspiration is a prevailing symptom in almost all diseases. It is the sole cause of many fevers. Very many chronic diseases have no other cause. In warm weather, and particularly in hot climates, the functions of the skin being prodigiously increased, all the consequences of interrupting them are proportionably dangerous.

Besides the function of perspiration, the skin has, in common with every other surface of the body, a process, by means of appropriate vessels, of absorbing or taking up, and conveying into the blood-vessels, any thing that may be in contact with it; it is also the part on which the organ of feeling or touch is distributed.

The skin is supplied with glands, which provide an oily matter that renders it impervious to water, and thus secures the evaporation of the sensible perspiration. Were this oily matter deficient, the skin would become sodden, as is the case when it has been removed—a fact to be observed in the hands of washerwomen, when it is destroyed by the solvent powers of the soap. The hair serves as so many capillary tubes to conduct the perspired fluid from the skin.

The three powers of the skin—perspiration, absorption, and feeling—are so dependent on each other, that it is impossible for one to be deranged without the other two being also disordered. For if a man be exposed to a frosty atmosphere, in a state of inactivity, or without sufficient clothing, till his limbs become stiff, and his skin insensible, the vessels that excite the perspiration, and the absorbent vessels, partake of the torpor that has seized on the nerves of feeling, nor will they regain their lost activity till the sensibility be completely restored. The danger of suddenly attempting to restore sensibility to frozen parts is well known. If the addition of warmth be not very gradual, the vitality of the part will be destroyed.

This consideration of the functions of the skin will at once point out the necessity of an especial attention, in a fickle climate, to the subject of clothing. Every one's experience must have shown him how extremely capricious the weather is in this country. Our experience of this great inconstancy in the temperature of the air ought to have instructed us how to secure ourselves from its effects.

The chief end proposed by clothing ought to be protection from the cold; and it never can be too deeply impressed on the mind, (especially of those who have the care of children,) that a degree of cold that amounts to shivering cannot be felt, under any circumstances, without injury to the health; and that the strongest constitution cannot resist the benumbing influence of a sensation of cold constantly present, even though it be so moderate as not to occasion immediate complaint, or to induce the sufferer to seek protection from it. This degree of cold often lays the foundation of the whole host of chronic diseases, foremost among which are found scrofula and consumption.

Persons engaged in sedentary employments must be almost constantly under the influence of this degree of cold, unless the apartment in which they work is heated to a degree that subjects them, on leaving it, to all the dangers of a sudden transition, as it were, from summer to winter. The inactivity to which such persons are condemned, by weakening the body, renders it incapable of maintaining the degree of warmth necessary to comfort, without additional clothing or fire. Under such circumstances, a sufficient quantity of clothing of a proper quality, with the apartment moderately warmed and well ventilated, ought to be preferred, for keeping up the requisite degree of warmth, to any means of heating the air of the room so much as to render any increase of clothing unnecessary. To heat the air of an apartment much above the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, we must shut out the external air;—the air also becomes extremely rarefied and dry, which circumstances make it doubly dangerous to pass from it to the cold, raw, external air. But in leaving a moderately well-warmed room, if properly clothed, the change is not felt; and the full advantage of exercise is derived from any opportunity of taking it that may occur.

The only kind of dress that can afford the protection required by the changes of temperature to which high northern climates are liable, is woollen. Nor will it be of much avail that woollen be worn, unless so much of it be worn, and it be so worn, as effectually to keep out the cold. Those who would receive the advantage which the wearing woollen is capable of affording, must wear it next the skin; for it is in this situation only that its health-preserving power can be felt. The great advantages of woollen cloth are briefly these; the readiness with which it allows the escape of the matter of perspiration through its texture—its power of preserving the sensation of warmth to the skin under all circumstances—the difficulty there is in making it thoroughly wet—the slowness with which it conducts heat—the softness, lightness, and pliancy of its texture.

*Cotton cloth*, though it differs but little from linen, approaches nearer to the nature of woollen, and on that account must be esteemed as the next best substance of which clothing may be made.

*Silk* is the next in point of excellence; but it is very inferior to cotton in every respect.

*Linen* possesses the contrary of most of the properties enumerated as excellences in woollen. It retains the matter of perspiration in its texture, and speedily becomes imbued with it; it gives an unpleasant sensation of cold to the skin; it is very readily saturated with moisture, and it conducts heat too rapidly. It is, indeed, the worst of all the substances in use, being the least qualified to answer the purpose of clothing.

There are several prevailing errors in the mode of adapting clothes to the figure of the body, particularly amongst females. Clothes should be so made as to allow the body the full exercise of all its motions. The neglect of this precaution is productive of more mischief than is generally believed. The misery and suffering arising from it begin while we are yet in the cradle. When they have escaped from the nurse's hands, boys are left to nature. Girls have for a while the same chance as boys in a freedom from bandages of all kinds; but as they approach to womanhood, they are again put into trammels in the forms of stays. The bad consequences of the pressure of stays are not immediately obvious, but they are not the less certain on that account: the girl writhes and twists to avoid the pinching, which must necessarily attend the commencement of wearing stays tightly laced; the posture in which she finds ease is the one in which she will constantly be until at last she will not be comfortable in any other, even when she is freed from the pressure that originally obliged her to adopt it. In this way most of the deformities to which young people are subject originate; and, unfortunately, it is not often that they are perceived until they have become considerable, and have existed too long to admit of remedy.—From the Companion to the British Almanac.

**News.**—The week has been exceedingly barren of news. Without later arrivals from Great Britain we can but speculate on the feelings of the British nation now that most of the accounts of the shameless transactions of the unprincipled men on the American frontier, have been circulated in England. We hope, however, that the storm is allayed and that the Canadian troubles are at an end. Deeply should we deprecate any quarrel arising between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States from the late squabbles in Canada. That such a paltry affair may end in the destruction of millions of property, and the death of thousands of human beings endowed with immortal souls, we cannot believe. We have more faith in the wisdom of the present day than to believe that such can be the results of the wicked conduct of a minute portion of the inhabitants of a large empire. *Blackwood* has said "that the world are beginning to discover that fifty years of victory are not worth one year of peace." Ardently do we hope that mankind will increase in the knowledge of so simple, but forgotten, a truth, and they will no longer employ their talents and energies in the work of slaughter and destruction. "They shall learn war no more."

**MONTREAL, March 19.**—The weather continues astonishingly mild. There is now little snow, and no sleighing left in town. We are told that the ice on the river is already beginning to fail, and that two horses were lost last week, in crossing to La Prairie.

**MONTREAL, March 22.**—Two Prisoners were brought to town yesterday afternoon, by Sergeant Harris, and a detachment of the St. John Volunteers. One of them named Sancerre, is said to have been very active since the troubles commenced in conveying intelligence across the Line 45, both ways.

**Arrivals since our last.**—Lieutenant Col. Loring, Major Head, and Captain Sir James Hamilton. Lt. Col. Loring brought Dispatches for His Excellency Sir John Colborne.

**MONTREAL, March 24.**—C. S. Cherrier, M.P. P., who has for some time been confined to prison, on a charge of High Treason, was liberated on Thursday in consequence of a certificate of the physician attending the gaol, that a longer confinement would endanger his life. Mr. Cherrier is under bail, that he will not go beyond the bounds of his house and garden, and appear before any Court when called upon—himself in £2000, and two securities in the like sum.

**SIR JOHN COLBORNE**, has received a letter from the Queen under her own hand, expressive of her Majesty's approbation of his conduct since the commencement of the insurrection.

All was quiet on the Frontiers. Sutherland had not, at the latest dates from Toronto, sufficiently recovered, to enable the Court to proceed with his trial.

The trial of the prisoners taken on Hickory Island, opposite Kingston, was to commence on the 26th of March.

The destruction of property by the late fire at the Emperor's palace at St. Petersburg, is estimated at four millions and a half of dollars. Several paintings of the divine Raphael were consumed. A commission appointed by the Emperor to investigate the causes

of the conflagration, has reported that they are satisfied that the cause was a defect in a tube for the conveyance of heat from one part of the palace to another, by which fire was communicated to the wood work and thence in a short time to the roof.

**FRIDAY, March 6.**—The House waited on his Excellency the Lieut. Governor, at 3 o'clock to-day, with their address in an answer to the opening speech of his Excellency.

A short conversation occurred in the House relative to the late despatches and the commission of Lord Durham, by which it appeared the crown land system was about to be altered; and that Nova Scotia was a single exception from the operation of certain extraordinary powers vested in Lord Durham, as Governor General of British North America.

A message from his excellency the Lieutenant Governor, commanded the attendance of the House in the Council Chamber, where his Excellency was pleased to assent to the bill which passed through the House yesterday, and was agreed to by the Council, for confirming the proceedings of last session.

**SATURDAY, March 7.**—The details of the bills, for the accommodation of Her Majesty's troops and the Militia passing from one part of the province to the other—to amend the act relating to passengers from Great Britain and Ireland—respecting the culling of fish in the town of Halifax—and to establish the standard weight of grain, and to repeal the enactments now in force, relating to it, were discussed in committee and agreed to.

*Journal.*

**MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.**—Persons to whom the Institute are indebted are requested to furnish the Accounts, on or before the 20th of the present month.

**MAILS** will in future be made up for Truro, Cumberland, Dorchester, Fredericton and Canada, on Saturdays, at 5 o'clock.

**MARRIED,**

On Sunday morning, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. William Cogswell, Mr. Frederick Sturmy, Senior, to Miss Maria Matilda, second daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Mullig, of H. M. Dock-yard.

At the Government House, Toronto, by the Hon. and Ven. Archdeacon of York, Captain Frederick Halket, of the Coldstream Guards, to Elizabeth M. Moodie, second daughter of the late Colonel Moodie, of Richmond Hill, Yonge Street, Upper Canada.

**DIED,**

On Thursday the 5th inst. John Shaw, eldest son of Sergeant Shaw of the 34th Regt. aged 2 years.

On Friday morning last, Capt. Robert King, in the 27th year of his age.

On the 9th February, at Chicago, Illinois, in the 55th year of his age, Richard Harney, formerly of this place, and a native of Clonmel, Ireland.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**ARRIVED.**

Sunday—Rambler, Port Medway, lumber; Beauty, German, Fortune Bay, and Burin, 11 days—herring, to the master; left at Fortune Bay, schr. Thorne, hence; Mary to sail in 8 days; schrs Argus, Emily, Enterprise and Maloney, Sydney and Arichat—coal.

Monday, Schr. Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth, 2 days—fish; saw on Saturday afternoon, off Cape Negro, a brig supposed the Pictou; schr Ion, hence, St. John, N. B. two brigs and a schr, from Halifax.

Tuesday, brig Fanny, Brown, Demerara, 21 days, and Dominica 17 days—ballast to A A Black.

Wednesday, Schr Watchman, Whitney, Bermuda 13 days ballast, to Frith, Smith & Co.

**CLEARED.**

Monday, 9th. Schr. Active, Kendrick, B. W. I.—dry and pickled fish, flour &c. by Fairbanks & Allison. Schr Eagle, Wilson, B. W. I.—assorted cargo by Fairbanks and Allison.

Brig Resolution, Moser from Demerara, bound to Lunenburg, got into Shag Bay on Monday night last—Tuesday at 4 o'clock p.m. dragged her anchors and went on shore, the vessel & Cargo (70) Puns. Rum, molasses,—and one man lost.

**FOR SALE,**

At the different Book-Stores in Town, and by the Author, in Windsor,

**A TREATISE** against Universalism; In which Universalism in its Ancient Form, as embodied in the Restoration-scheme,—and in its Modern Form, as employing no future punishment, is shown to be Anti-Scriptural. By the REV. ALEXANDER W. McLEOD. April 9.

"To convince of his error a thorough Universalist, so as to cause him to abandon it, is almost a hopeless task. In not a few instances, it is to be feared, persons of this faith, are given over to 'strong delusion that they should believe a lie.' By such Truth, tho' supported by the whole weight of scripture-testimony, is despised: on their willfully perverted understanding and obdurate hearts it makes no deep, no permanent impression:—the consequences of such perversity and obduration, fearful and dismaying as they are, must be borne by themselves under circumstances of hopeless remedy. Sufficient, however, it is thought, is contained in the following pages, to satisfy the enquiries of every sincere seeker after truth and to assure him of the falsity of Universalism. To all such, and the community generally, the present publication is now committed, with an earnest desire, that it may be rendered instrumental, under the Divine blessing, of reclaiming, if possible, such as have wandered in the labyrinths of this destructive error, setting the doubts of those who are about to overstep the Rubicon of scepticism—and confirming others in the all important verities of the Gospel, which they have already embraced."—Extract from the Preface.

**PRICES CURRENT.**

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1838.

COFFEE, Jamaica good, 1s. 3d.	STAVES, W O Am. 250s.
Cuba, - - - - - 10d.	Canadian, - - - 250s.
SUGAR, Muscat, bright, 42s. 6d.	American, R. O. 150s.
Ordinary a fair, 37s. 6d.	Canada, - - - 150s.
MOLASSES, fair quality, 2s. 6d.	Nova Scotia - - - 80s.
RUM, Leeward Islands, } 4s.	ASH, Canada, - - - 150s.
Demerara, 24 4s. 6d.	Nova Scotia, - - - 70s.
Jamaica, 21 5s. 6d.	SHINGLES, long cedar. 15s.
FISH, COD, mer. prime. 20s.	Pine, - - - 12s.
Madeira, - - - 17s.	Laying do, - - - 12s. 6d.
HERRINGS, No. 1, 25s. bbl.	OILS, Olive, - - - 5s. 6d.
" 2, 15s.	Sperm, best, - - - 6s. 6d.
Bay Chaleur, 15s.	Whale, - - - 3s.
Digby, - - - 5s.	Seal, Pale, - - - 4s. 6d.
MACKAREL, No. 1, - - -	Cod, - - - 2s. 6d.
" 2, 37s. 6d.	Dog Fish, - - - 2s. 3d.
" 3, 22s. 6d.	BEEF, Nova Scotia, 60s.
ALEWIVES, " 1, 27s. 6d.	Canada prime, 60s.
SALMON, " 1, 70s.	PORK, do do 100s.
" 2, 65s.	Nova Scotia, 90s.
WHEAT, Canada white - - -	HAMS, - - - 9d. per lb.
German, - - - 7s. 6d.	LARD, in kegs, 9d.
BARLEY, - - - 3s. 6d.	BUTTER, Salt, 10d. a lb.
INDIAN CORN, - - - 5s. 3d.	COALS, Sydney, chald. 50s.
OATS, - - - 2s.	Pictou, - - - 28s.
PEAS, - - - 5s.	Lingan, - - - 30s.
FLOUR, U. S. sup. new, 60s.	GYPSUM, per ton, 10s.
do old, 45s.	EXCHANGES,
Canada Superfine, 52s. 6d.	On London, - - -
do fine, 50s.	60 days, private, 15 per ct.
do middlings, 45s.	20 " government, 16
Hamburg superfine, 45s. 6d.	On New York, - - -
Rye, - - - 35s.	30 days, Sight, - - - par.
CORN MEAL, - - - 31s. 3d.	Sovereigns, - - - 25s.
BISCUIT, Pilot, - - - 35s.	Dabbloons, Mexican,
Ship, - - - 25s.	Dollars, - - - 5s. 3d.
RYE Grain, (bushel) 5s.	
BOARDS, W. P. 65s. M.	
Spruce, - - - 60s.	

**NOTICE**

IS hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the firm of LOWES & CREIGHTON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts due to and owing by the said Copartnership will be received and paid by P. W. CREIGHTON.

GEORGE LOWES,  
PHILIP W. CREIGHTON.

Halifax, 9th April, 1838.

P. W. CREIGHTON begs to inform his friends and the public that he has entered into Copartnership with Mr. M. A. NEWTON, under the firm of

NEWTON & CREIGHTON,

And they purpose continuing the above business as heretofore carried on under the firm of Lowes and Creighton, and beg to solicit a continuance of their support. April 9th, 1838.

**NOVA SCOTIA BIBLE SOCIETY.**

THE annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Auxiliary Bible Society will take place on Monday evening, the 9th inst. at 7 o'clock, in the Room of the Mechanics' Institute, at Dalhousie College. A collection will be taken. April 6.

Postponed until Tuesday Evening, 17th inst. 13th April.

**MISSIONARY BAZAAR:**

ON EASTER TUESDAY, April 17, 1838. at 12 o'clock, A BAZAAR for the sale of Useful and Ornamental Articles, will be held in the Mason Hall, in this Town, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the funds of the Wesleyan Missionary Society,

ADMITTANCE 7 1-2d.

The friends of Missions of all denominations are respectfully requested to attend. Donations of useful Articles. Ornamental Work, etc. will be thankfully received at the Mission House, and by the Ladies of the Committee. It is requested that all such may be forwarded as early as possible.

Halifax, April 6, 1838.

**JAMES VENABLES,**

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

Begs leave to intimate to his Friends and the Public generally, that he has commenced the above Business in all its branches, in the shop in Barrington Street,

Three doors south of Mr. Thomas Forrester's Stone Building, where he hopes by punctuality, moderate charges and his endeavours to please, to merit a share of public patronage. Halifax, April 5, 1838.

**EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.**

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor.

AN Exhibition of PAINTINGS is now open, at Cochran's Buildings, entrance south, next door to Mr. W. H. Milward's.

The object of this Exhibition is to revive a taste and encourage native talent. Artists and Amateurs are invited to contribute, and send such Pictures as they wish to exhibit, to the Exhibition Rooms. Lovers of the Arts will be gratified to learn, that several valuable old Pictures, never before exhibited, will be shown on this occasion. Daily Tickets 1s. 3d.; season Tickets 5s. to be had at Mr. Eagar's Bazaar. Catalogues to be had at the Exhibition Rooms. March 16.



## THE MISER AND THE ELM.

BY JOHN M. WILSON.

There lived, during the reign of James I., in a small cottage at a little distance from the public road leading from Melrose, an old man, called Gilbert Perkins. At the back of the cottage, there was a small piece of ground in which grew an elm, which had attained, in a long course of years, to a great size. The house and plot of ground were held in feu from a neighbouring proprietor, who, in consideration of the poverty of the occupant, generally remitted him the few shillings of feu-duty. No person knew anything of the old man. His only mode of passing his time seemed to consist in sitting, for many hours together, at the foot of the old elm which shaded his cottage, apparently listening to the music of the rookery over his head, for the members of which fraternity he seemed to have a great affection.

His next neighbour was a feuar of the name of Andrew Garland, a wright, who, for a long time, had eyed the spacious elm in Gilbert's back yard with the eye of a Dædalus, measuring, no doubt, in his mind, how many brides' drawers or coffins might have been produced out of its stately trunk. He had often endeavoured to purchase it from Gilbert; and was surprised that a man accounted a miser should have rejected an offer of money for what was apparently of no use to him.

"I dinna want to disturb the craws, the only freends I hae on earth," was the only answer that was vouchsafed to the offer.

Andrew's attention was drawn more narrowly to this subject in consequence of a circumstance which took place some time afterwards. One morning, when up early at work, he was surprised to see Gibbie sprawling down from the elm by means of a ladder which he had brought from the cottage. As he descended, he looked suspiciously around him, as if afraid he should be discovered; and having satisfied himself that no person saw him, hobbled away into his house, dragging, with great difficulty, the ladder after him. Having watched him several mornings afterwards, Andrew discovered that he ascended the tree once every day at the same early hour—going through the same operation, without a change in any respect, even in the motion of his limbs, or the putting of one leg before another.

"Ye rise early, Gibbie," said Andrew to him one day.

"Do I?" answered Gibbie cautiously, eyeing his interrogator with intense curiosity and fear.

"There's nae apples on oor Scotch elms, Gibbie, are there—eh?"

"No; but there's sometimes craws," answered Gibbie, with increased terror, mixed with some satisfaction at his prompt reply.

"Do ye breakfast on the young rooks, or, as we ca' them, branchers, Gibbie?"

"No; but I gie them their breakfast sometimes," replied Gibbie; who saw that it was better to give a reason for his ascending the tree, than to deny what was clearly known.

"Ye had better tak care o' Jamie's act o' parliament," replied Andrew, with reference to a curious statute which had recently been passed in regard to rookeries.

"There's nae act o' Parliament can prevent me frae feedin' my ain birds," replied Gibbie, who knew nothing of the statute.

"The shirra may tell ye anither tale," said Andrew, as he went to resume the work he had left for the purpose of his interrogation.

The reference made by Andrew to an act of Parliament was strictly applicable to the subject of the conversation. In the first Parliament held by James, it was enacted, for the preservation of the corn, that "the proprietors of trees in kirkyards, orchards, and other places, shall, by every method in their power, prevent rooks or crows from bigging their nests thereon; and, if this cannot be accomplished, they shall at least take special care that the young rooks or branchers shall not be suffered to take wing, under the penalty that all trees upon which the nests are found at Baltane, and from which it can be established by good evidence that the young birds have escaped, shall be forfeited to the crown, and forthwith cut down and sold by warrant of the sheriff."

This strange statute was acted upon, soon after it was passed, with the greatest vigour; so much so that even the solitary elm of Gibbie, which had been proved "habit and repute" an old offender, in harbouring the outlawed birds, came under its sweeping range. It was distinctly proved that the nests had been allowed to be built, and that the young branchers had been allowed to take wing—the two tests of the contravention of the statute. Unknown to the proprietor, the stately elm was condemned by the sheriff, after being sat upon by an inquest; and, at an early hour one morning, Gibbie heard the axes of the men of the law resounding from the trunk of his favourite tree. Alarmed by the noise, he ran out half naked, and observed with consternation a crowd of people standing round the condemned elm, while two or three officers, with red necks on their coats, were superintending the work of its destruction.

"What are ye about, ye men o' the law?" ejaculated the miser, as he rushed forwards to seize the arm of one of the men engaged in using the axe. "What richt hae ye to meddle wi' my property?"

"It is forfeited to the crown, old man," said the sheriff-clerk, who stood aside.

"I'll redeem it, I'll redeem it, wi' three times its value," cried Gibbie, holding out money to the clerk.

"The time of redemption is past," answered the clerk. "It must now be sold, but not till it is cut down. You can bid for it along with the rest."

This answer in some degree pacified Gibbie, who sat down on a stone alongside of the tree, shivering with cold, and eyeing, with intense agony, the operations of the men.

The tree was cut down and exposed to public roup. The auctioneer entered it at half a merk. The sum was immediately offered by Gibbie, who looked wistfully round, as if imploring his neighbours not to bid against him.

"A shillin mair," cried Andrew Garland, with a voice which shook Gibbie to the soul.

"An' a saxpence abune that," cried Gibbie, with an expression of grief.

"Anither saxpence," rejoined Andrew.

"An' ane mair to that," cried Gibbie, with great perturbation. "Shame! shame! to bid against a man wantin his ain." And he groaned deeply, lowering his head to his knees, and lifting it again, apparently in great agony.

Andrew, however, continued to bid; and Gibbie, after waiting till the hammer was about to fall, bade against him, until, by their alternate additions, the sum bid was twice the value of the elm. At this stage, Andrew went round to the clerk and whispered something in his ear, which produced a look of great curiosity at Gibbie, whose state of mental agitation was now such that he had rolled off his seat, and lay on the ground clutching the grass and groaning bitterly. The bidding went on; Andrew kept up his bodes, and Gibbie followed him with groans and imprecations. Five merks had now been bid, and Andrew's spirit was not in any degree subdued. The crowd were filled with amazement—the scene was in the last degree strange—the attitude of Gibbie, and the serious countenance of Andrew, the looks of the clerk, and the whispers of the people, all conspired to lend it an extraordinary interest.

The scene continued. The bidding, which had now lasted for an hour, was in no degree abated. Ten merks—fifteen merks—twenty merks—thirty merks, were successively attained. The affair had now assumed a most serious aspect. Some people thought Andrew mad; others attributed his conduct to spite against Gibbie; and some thought it was a scheme between Andrew and the clerk to rouse the feelings of the old miser for the purpose of producing amusement. But everything bore so serious an aspect that the interest still continued to increase. The sufferings, in the meantime, of Gibbie, were indescribable. Convulsive shakings took possession of him, and every successive bode produced a paroxysm; nature became exhausted; and having called out with an unnatural voice "Fifty-one merks!" he uttered a scream and expired.

The crowd collected round the old man, as he lay dead on the ground. Andrew Garland felt he had proceeded too far. He had rendered himself guilty of the death of a fellow creature; and an explanation was demanded on the spot. He told them honestly the whole state of the case: that he suspected the tree to contain a sum of money—that the clerk had humoured the excessive bidding to see what effect it would produce on the miser—and that he had had no object to gratify beyond mere amusement. The people were satisfied, and the tree was searched. In a hole in the side of the trunk was found a leather bag, containing £300 Scots. The last bode having been given by Gibbie, the tree and its pose belonged to his heir; who afterwards came forward and claimed the prize.

**THE PLEASURES OF TRUE RELIGION.**—The pleasures that accrues to a man from religion is such that it is in nobody's power, but only in his that has it; so that he that has the property may be also sure of the perpetuity. And tell me so of any outward enjoyment that man is capable of. We are generally at the mercy of men's rapine, avarice, and violence, whether we shall be happy or no; for if I build my felicity upon my estate or reputation, I am happy as long as the tyrant or the railer will give me leave to be so. But when my concernment takes up no more room or compass than myself, then, so long as I know where to exist, I know also where to be happy; for I know I may be so in my own breast, in the court of my own conscience; where, if I can but prevail with myself to be innocent, I need bribe neither judge nor officer to be pronounced so. The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and a portable pleasure; such an one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world. A man putting all his pleasures into this one is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel—the value is the same, and the convenience greater. —*Dr. South.*

**SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.**—In an old magazine, printed about the year 1789, the writer, speaking of persons whose constant habit it was to resort to the various tea-gardens near London, on Sunday, calculates them to amount to two hundred thousand. Of these, he considers, not one would go away without having spent half a crown; and, consequently, the sum of twenty-five

thousand pounds would have been spent, during the day, by this number of persons. Twenty-five thousand pounds, multiplied by the number of Sundays in a year, gives, as the annual consumption of that day of rest, the immense sum of one million three hundred thousand pounds. The writer also takes upon himself to calculate the returning situation of these persons, as follows—Sober, sixty thousand; in high glee, ninety thousand; drunkish, thirty thousand; staggering tipsy, ten thousand; muzzy, fifteen thousand; dead-drunk, five thousand; total, two hundred thousand.

## NEW PERIODICAL,

Just Issued,—

THE FIRST NUMBER OF A PAPER ENTITLED  
THE WESLEYAN:

WHICH is designed to advocate the doctrines etc. of Wesleyan Methodism and diffuse interesting and profitable information on various subjects. The Wesleyan (each number containing 16 pages imperial octavo) is published every other MONDAY (evening) by William Cannabell, at his Office, south end of Bedford Row; Terms—seven shillings and six pence per annum; one half always in advance. Subscribers' names will be received, in Town, by the Wesleyan Ministers, Mr. J. H. Anderson, and by the Printer; also, in all parts of the Provinces, by the Wesleyan Ministers and the properly authorized Agents.

The general heads under which articles will be arranged, are, Biography, Divinity, Biblical Illustrations, Biblical Criticism, Poetry, Literature, History, Science, Missionary Intelligence, General Intelligence, Local Intelligence. The Christian Cabinet, the Wesleyan, The Expositor, Ladies' Department, The Youth's Department, The Child's Department, &c. No effort will be spared to render the WESLEYAN worthy of Public Patronage; persons intending to subscribe will please send their names with as little delay as possible.

Halifax, Feb. 28, 1838.

## REMOVAL.

LONGARD &amp; HERBERT'S HALIFAX BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is removed to the Market Square, next door to Mr. David Hare's and opposite Messrs. Black's Hard Ware Store.

The Subscribers return thanks for the liberal patronage which they have experienced, in their attempt at furnishing a good home manufactured article;—they now solicit a continuance of public support at their New Stand, where they will endeavour to produce a cash article at the lowest rate and of superior quality.

LONGARD &amp; HERBERT.

N. B. The Subscribers are unconnected with the Shoe Making business now conducted in their old stand.

L. &amp; H.

HERBERT'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY

Is also removed as above: and to induce patronage in opposition to importation, the cost will be lowered about 20 per cent on former prices.—  
March 2. 3m.

## PRIVATE SALE.

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

## LAND FOR SALE.

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

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

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

## A SERMON.

In the Press, and to be published, in the course of next month;

A SERMON, entitled "THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST" Preached in The Wesleyan Chapel at Guysboro, on Sunday, January 7 1838. BY ROBERT COONEY.

## ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD CON.

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

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

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

CHARLES YOUNG.

Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

## THE HALIFAX PEARL,

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

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

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