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For the Pearl.

ALICE WARE.*

"After the first wild tumults of unlicensed love were over, a letter was written to my parents, stating that we were married—that we had taken this step in order to overcome my father's aversion to the match—praying forgiveness, and requesting that as little as possible might be said about the affair, as we were anxious, until after L. had obtained his promotion, that the report of his marriage should not reach the ears of his friends. This tale readily deceived my poor mother, who quite approved of the step, and being told to all her acquaintance with great glee, passed current; and, as we never returned to Halifax again, I presume from what you tell me, was generally adopted as the true version of the affair, until other topics excited deeper interest, and Alice Ware and her conquest were forgotten. But my poor father, I have reason to believe, was not so easily deceived—or, at least, was always haunted by doubts and suspicions. This I gathered from the last letter I ever received from him; and although he was too proud and too tender of my reputation to break his fears even to my mother, I have read that letter over a thousand times, to try in vain if its language would not bear some other construction, and have invariably found the conviction burnt still deeper into my heart and brain, that his daughter's folly had prematurely bowed that old man's head in sorrow to the grave."

Here her feelings again overpowered her—she fainted, and would have fallen off the seat; but I caught her in my arm, supported her against a tree, and stooping down, washed one end of my handkerchief in the salt water, and passing it over her face revived her: after a pause she resumed her story.

On quitting St. Andrews they passed some time in the United States, but before L.'s leave of absence expired, the Regiment was ordered to Jamaica, and he joined it there, taking with him his fair, confiding, but guilty companion. Hitherto, wherever they had travelled, she had passed for his wife, and the absence of the rite had been less missed, because, among strangers, all the courtesies due to her supposed rank and station had been freely accorded. The moment she joined the Regiment, however, mortifications of every kind were in store for her—not only did L. not present her to his brother officers as his wife, but she plainly perceived, by the unreserved familiarity and coarseness of their behaviour, that he was not at all anxious to have her so considered. The ladies of the Regiment of course would not associate with her, and consequently she was shut out of the society of Kingston; and while every body else was enjoying the voluptuous dissipation and revelry of that gay station, she was compelled to live the life of a recluse. An incident occurred here, which I must give in her own words.

"We had not been very long in Jamaica," said she, "when I began to perceive that L. had no intention of marrying me. On the contrary, whether it was, as I now believe, that he never really loved me—or, as I used sometimes then to suspect, that the continued contemplation of the ruin he had made, or the jeers of his gay companions, drove him more into company, often when off duty he spent many hours, and at last long wearisome days, and even nights, from my side. What avails it to tell of the gradual decay of affection, or the progress of indifference, where affection did not exist, and passion and vanity were gratified to satiety—the unavailing remonstrances—tears—reproaches, answered by mean excuses, recrimination, insult, scorn, defiance. Had my seducer ever really filled my entire heart, it would have broken at his coldness—but the pride and vanity which his first attentions had gratified, were morbidly wounded at his subsequent treatment, and gave me strength for the time to bear what was still in store for me. I soon discovered that I had a rival, and although at first I hated her with all a woman's hate, I afterwards almost loved her for the entire retribution which she brought upon my seducer.

"You are perhaps aware that many of the young Creole girls, the offspring of wealthy merchants or planters by their slaves, are sent home at considerable expense to be educated in Europe. In this country, where a slight difference of complexion makes no difference in the free intercourse of society, many of these young ladies acquire all the modern accomplishments, and embellish their own graceful persons, and cultivate their vivacious and fertile in-

tellects with all the advantages to be derived from thorough training and close observation, in the improving circles of European society. When these girls return, the truth for the first time, perhaps, flashes upon them, that the tinge upon their skin, which, in the old world where slavery does not exist, was no bar to their progress, in the feverishly sensitive society of the West Indies is recognised as a stain that all the waters of the Gulf Stream cannot wipe away; and which shuts them out more rigidly than could the highest moral offence from all the society which they feel they are best calculated to mix with and to adorn. But two courses are open to them—to marry into a class beneath them in every quality of mind, and that promises but a life of loathsome degradation which it is painful to contemplate; or to become the mistresses—often more loved and better obeyed than wives would be—of merchants, public officers, and military men, whose sojourn in the island is not intended to be for life—or who, if they contemplate permanent residence, are afraid to assume the cares and responsibilities of marriage. L.'s estrangement from me was completed by his falling in love with one of these Syrens. Yes, the experienced deceiver—for I was not his only victim—he who could counterfeit, but vainly flattered himself that he could not feel, a real passion—who had fluttered around the gay circles of Europe and America, and resisted the fascinations of the most lovely by which they were adorned, until he had learned to scoff at love as a creation of the poets and novelists, and mocked me for believing in a false doctrine, and bowing at the altar of a false god—yes, even he, in one short hour, felt all his fine theories and affected coldness melt beneath the liquid lustre of that young Creole's dark and restless eye, whose every glance seemed to search into his very soul, and laugh to scorn the flimsy defences by which that weak man—for all cold bad men are weak—fancied he had guarded his heart. Her figure was remarkably fine—her complexion, though sufficiently indicative of her origin, was of that transparent kind, that, like a calm lake, reflects the lightest cloud that passes over, and gives back every ray of sunshine that rests upon it. Her talents were of a high order—her passions mercurial and fierce as the storms that sweep through the tropical latitudes in which she was born. The bird does not more surely yield to the fascination of the serpent, than was L. snared, bowed down in spirit, and led whithersoever she pleased, by that remarkable woman. Whether it was that anything that he had done or said tempted her to triumph over and despise even while she used him for other objects—whether it was that she had heard my story, and felt a pride in making my seducer feel much that he had made me suffer—or, as was the general belief, that she took this mode of resenting upon the white men the injustice, the disappointment and the social degradation which their arbitrary and capricious laws had inflicted upon her, it is certain that no slave in all that region ever trembled more obsequiously beneath the lash, than did that villain before the eye of his enchantress. Her influence over him became a bye word in Kingston, until I—aye, even I—had learned to laugh at and despise him who had taught my steps to err, and my lips to become familiar with falsehood."

At this point a hysteric laugh, in which a spirit of very natural vindictiveness seemed to mingle with a sense of the ludicrous, excited by the strength of these recollections, at times interrupted her narrative, which, as it has already swelled under the pen far beyond the limits that I at first intended, I must greatly abridge, and draw if possible to a close. L. crouching to the slightest caprice of the young Creole, who whistled him off and on as the fowler shakes a falcon into the air, and fires him down from his proudest flight, became a bankrupt in fortune, character, and rank—caught the fever and died. Alice Ware—without friends or resources—accepted the proffered protection of the bachelor Colonel, and soon after left with the Regiment for Europe, many parts of which she had seen and scanned, in a spirit that proved her mind would have been a fine one if properly trained, and that an appreciation of the charms of the good and the beautiful was often present with her even in the darkest scenes of moral degradation. Her adventures, though varied, and often exciting, need not be recounted here,—my object has been to record only so much of her story as will convey instruction. Her trials—perils—and unreal pleasures, were those common to her unfortunate class—the outward show of unreflecting enjoyment, with the restless and undying worm within, were hers—to act the daily lie of feigning what she did not feel—to pay back the unreasoning scorn with which the virtuous of her own sex looked upon her, with suspicious hate and brazen defiance—and to regard the other sex as her prey—all this had become the business of her life; her descent in the scale of affluence and comfort and influence being measured by the decay of her charms, and

every step of her downward progress being marked by a corresponding paralysis of the moral principle—until, as the poor girl confessed to me, in the lucid intervals of virtue, such as I had enabled her that evening to enjoy, she shuddered at the acts that but an hour before she had committed without a thought.

"Thank Heaven," said she, with a sigh, as she concluded her narrative, "my course is nearly run—and a broken spirit will soon be released from a world of which it has long been weary."

"Keep up your heart," said I, "you are still young—I will not lose sight of you until I see you on board a vessel bound for Halifax—with me your secret will be safe—you will pass for a widow, and being removed from the pressure of necessity, and the contagion of evil example, and among kind friends, you will soon learn to forget the past, and atone for youthful follies by a life of usefulness and peace."

"You are very kind—but it is too late, even if it were possible that I could consent to pollute the soil of my happy country with the touch of a thing so vile. How could I tread the paths with which, artless and spotless, my childish feet were so familiar—look hopefully into the faces of old friends, who would shun me as a pestilence if they knew my story—and stand a living lie above my father's grave? No—no—that would be impossible, even if we had met earlier, but now my days are numbered. Consumption is doing its work surely and not slow—if it runs its course, my head will probably be cold before you reach your home, but something tells me, now that the only object of life has been accomplished by this interview, I shall not live so long."

"You do not look unhealthy," said I.

She said nothing—but took the wet handkerchief and wiped the rouge from her cheeks, and throwing the scarf from her shoulders, exhibited her bones nearly working through the wasted flesh that hung upon but hardly could be said to cover them.

I shuddered, and was confounded at the extent of the deception, and drawing out my purse placed it in her hand. "If you will not return," said I, "at least take this, it will perhaps be of service—and I will leave my London address at the hotel; and should your fears as to the state of your health be realized, I will have great pleasure in smoothing your passage to the grave."

She rose from her seat, and while the moonlight, (for it was near ten o'clock,) streamed over her features and wasted limbs, returned the purse with a solemnity of gesture which I could not resist—and then kneeling down, took my hand, kissing it passionately and bathing it in a flood of tears. "God bless you—God bless you, Mr. B. The last prayer of the poor wretch with whom you have sympathized as if you were her own brother, shall be breathed for the happiness of you and yours. Think not I refuse your bounty from any waywardness, or distrust of your generosity—to partake of it would be to waste it, I have enough to bear me to the grave. And, on the contrary, I wish you to take something from me."

Seeing me start, she added, "It is no gift of which you need be ashamed—it was not, like every other rag about my person, purchased by the sacrifice of health and the peril of my own soul;—and taking a ring from her finger, she kissed it and placed it upon one of mine. "It was my father's gift," said she, "and I have never felt it on my hand, or looked upon it, but I have thought of the smile that played upon his features when he called it mine—and, like an amulet, it has charmed me back to comparative rectitude of thought and action a thousand times. It must not, when I die, fall again into evil hands,—with you it will once more revisit scenes that—wretched as I am, are still dear to me—and find a home among the virtuous and the good, whose society, if the past could be forever blotted out, even now I feel that I could enjoy."

As soon as this last burst of feeling had subsided, she reminded me of the lateness of the hour, and walked with me across the promenade ground which was now quite deserted—thanking me again and again for the interest I had manifested, and respectfully but firmly declining all offers of assistance, she pointed up the street I was to follow; and then, with one long steady glance of gratitude strongly blent with mental agony, as the moonlight fell upon our faces, she squeezed my hand and suddenly glided away among the trees.

I sauntered up the main street to my hotel, musing upon the strange adventure which had befallen me, and my mind filled with speculations as to the probable fate of the gifted but unfortunate being who had so much interested me. I went directly to bed, but was for many hours restless and thoughtful—at last I fell asleep, and did not awake until about an hour before the last coach was to leave for London. I breakfasted—paid my bill, and was sitting by myself on the back seat of the coach, waiting until some

* Concluded from p. 249.

baggage was stowed away, when four men bearing something on a shutter that appeared to be a dead body, came through the antique gateway, followed by a crowd of spectators and idle boys, and a few street strollers, who appeared to have an interest in the scene. I asked the Porter what the men had on their shoulders—he said he believed it was the woman that had been found drowned in the dock, and who it was supposed had committed suicide, to avoid the worst evils to which decaying health and the chances of her profession invariably led. The whole affair of the previous evening rushed upon my mind—I turned to catch a glance at the corpse, which was just beside me—and stretched upon that shutter, was the wasted form and pallid but still handsome features of ALICE WARE. I thought I should have dropped from my seat—but the Porter's "all right," and the crack of the Coachman's whip forced me to exertion in order to hold on, and we were whirled away before any person could perceive my emotion, or before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to decide whether I ought to interfere with the deliberations of the Coroner's Jury, or not. That long melancholy ride I shall never forget—we only stopped to change horses, and it was not until I reached my lodgings in London, that my feelings—so powerfully excited and so long and painfully pent up, obtained vent in a flood of tears. Indeed for a day or two I was good for nothing. A short notice in the morning papers, copied from those printed in Southampton, told me just what I had anticipated, that no evidence was obtained as to the place of birth or parentage of the deceased, and that the verdict of the Jury had been Suicide. PERGRINE.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE EAST INDIES.

A party of officers belonging to the 36th regiment of (native) Heavy Dragoons, being out on a shooting expedition, encamped on the night of the 31st of September last in a small compound on the banks of the Humbujee, having received information from their sicarras that a large tiger, which had for some months devastated the neighboring country, had been traced to an extensive jungle on the banks of the river, about two miles from the village of Cuttalong, where the party was quartered. Having made all the preliminary arrangements that were necessary, by posting coolies and chimrowzees in extended order at the exterior of the jungle, so as to form a perfect line of communication, and command the most likely avenues, the sportsmen broke up their camp about an hour before daylight, and eagerly repaired to the intended scene of action. The party consisted of four persons—Captain Drummage, Lieut. Pinkwell, Lieutenant Maggles, and Assistant Surgeon Cutbush, all of the 36th; they were mounted on hardy and active Pickarow ponies, and each man was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, a hunting-spear, and a cuttyjack or native dagger, very similar in form and temper to the Malay crecco.

On arriving at the edge of the jungle the subadar-chimrowzee, whose duty it had been to effect the reconnoissance, informed Captain Drummage, that about 6 o'clock on the previous evening, the tiger, which he described as of enormous size, had made a sortie, and fallen upon a herd of cattle in an adjoining choultry, and carried off a fine cow. Various ineffectual shots had been fired by the herdsmen in charge of the pen, but the fierce animal had regained the jungle, and from the trail which was left, it was conjectured that he was now lying in the south-western angle of the thicket not very far from the river. Captain Drummage immediately formed his plan of attack. Selecting four couple of chittawarry dogs, he entered them at a narrow part of the jungle, which forms a kind of neck or isthmus between its northern and southern divisions, and directed Lieut. Maggles and Assistant Surgeon Cutbush to proceed warily in a southern direction. Condensing the chain of posts towards the opposite extremity, where the rocky character of the soil afforded the least opportunity for the tiger's escape, while from its height it gave the videttes a better command over the whole, Captain Drummage, accompanied by Lieut. Pinkwell, resolved to follow upon the monster's trail, and penetrate that part of the thicket which appeared to lead more directly to the tiger's retreat. Captain Drummage and his companion were attended by the subadar-chimrowzee, and two brace of chittawarrys—an admirable description of dog-for jungle-hunting. With less difficulty than might have been expected, they threaded the masses of the dense underwood, which, usually so stocked with game, was now completely deserted—a circumstance evidently to be ascribed to the presence of the tyrant of the plains. Not a single chowprassie rose upon the wing—not a solitary muzzal rushed from the covert. After proceeding for about a quarter of an hour, Captain Drummage observed that his favorite chittawarry—a fine brindled animal—began to show strong signs of impatience and anxiety by dashing hastily into the thicket and speedily returning, as if to induce a more rapid approach to where the tiger lay hid. Captain Drummage now gave the signal, and the dogs, hitherto mute, at once gave tongue, and plunged through the long prickly muskas grass, and tangled underwood, while their cry was echoed by the pack belonging to Lieut. Maggles, apparently about 150 yards distant. In a few seconds the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the voice of Assistant Surgeon Cutbush cheering on the dogs. Captain Drummage and Lieutenant Pinkwell rushed forward,

and, dashing aside the boughs which obstructed their path, beheld the enemy of whom they were in search. A small ravine, or rather a gully communicating with the Humbujee, lay between them and the tiger, whose appearance was truly terrific.

On the opposite bank, in a pool of blood which had weltered from its neck and side, with dislocation in every limb, and life long since extinct, lay the body of the cow, the hinder part nearly hid in the thick reeds that grew about the recess into which the tiger had dragged it. Glaring above his victim, with his feet firmly planted on its prostrate form—his head erect, and jaws distended, his body drawn up, his hind legs doubled under him, and his tail waving to and fro with a quick and tremulous motion—stood the formidable beast himself, apparently doubtful whether to commence or await the attack. But little time was given him for deliberation; hallooing the dogs forward, who boldly dashed across the ravine, the officers levelled their rifles and fired almost simultaneously. Lieutenant Pinkwell's ball grazed the animal's ribs, while that of Captain Drummage wounded him slightly in the neck; no effect appeared to have been produced by the other shots. The chittawarrys rushed on, and the tiger, irritated at the wounds he had received, with one sweep of his enormous paw crushed three of them in the dust, and, seizing a fourth, the brave brindled dog, in his jaws, crushed him between his teeth, and hurled him dead into the ravine. As quick as thought the second barrels were poured in, and this time with better effect; two balls pierced the tiger's breast, and another cut away the upper part of his left ear. Uttering a tremendous howl, he sprang forward, and wide as the ravine appeared, measuring full thirty feet, he cleared it at a bound, before the rifles could be reloaded for execution. His first spring was made at Lieut. Maggles, whom he felled to the earth with his powerful paw, tearing away his clothes, and severely lacerating the whole of his left side. He then turned on Assistant Surgeon Cutbush, who, having no fire-arms ready, thrust his spear at the monster's eye, but his hand being unsteady he missed his aim, and his spear flying from his grasp, the tiger seized him by the right arm, and, wheeling round made off down the ravine in the direction of the river. At this moment Captain Drummage fired again, and having a favorable side view, sent a ball through the tiger's jaw, and made him drop his prey. But it was only for an instant; he turned as it were in defiance, shook his head wildly, and then with desperate energy once more seized his unfortunate victim, and bounded towards the river. The party followed, trusting to arrest his course before he reached the stream, and a ball from the rifle of Lieut. Pinkwell told on his side, marked by a long track of blood along his striped coat. But his course was not checked, and before Captain Drummage could follow up his shot the tiger had plunged into the Humbujee with the wounded gentleman fixed between his jaws.

Mr. Cutbush, though dreadfully hurt, still retained his presence of mind, while the certainty of death in one shape or other appeared inevitable. His left arm was disengaged, and while the tiger dragged him through the river he felt in his belt for his cuttyjack: it was fortunately by his side, and with determined resolution he drew it from its sheath, and plunged it deep in the tiger's breast immediately beneath the insertion of the left fore arm. A violent spasm, occasioned by the clutch of the tiger, the report of the fire arms, and all recollections passed away from Cutbush, until he awoke again to consciousness, extended on the sandy shore of the Humbujee, with his friends round him, Capt. Drummage and Lieut. Pinkwell leaning on their rifles, Lieut. Maggles resting on a buddekhur with his left arm in a sling, and the body of the tiger pierced with innumerable wounds, stretched in death at their feet.

It appears that, on being stabbed by Mr. Cutbush, the tiger dropped his victim, and raised himself for a moment, a better mark for the rifles of the hunters, who with admirable precision sent an ounce ball clean through his head. To save Mr. Cutbush from drowning was but the work of a moment; one of the chimrowzees swam off, and brought him to the shore, while, with a lasso, the remainder of the party dragged the dead tiger on the beach. This enormous animal was found to measure—feet in length. We are glad to find that although much hurt, there is nothing dangerous in the wounds received by either Mr. Cutbush or Lieut. Maggles.

THE LONDON STAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO.

CONWAY.—MISS O'NEILL.

Conway was a good actor but not a great one. He had the advantage of an excellent education, a tall person, handsome and expressive features, together with a well-modulated voice and graceful deportment. He appeared at Covent Garden nearly simultaneous with Miss O'Neill, and shared the Lover parts with Charles Kemble, occasionally playing Coriolanus and Henry the Fifth. Miss O'Neill seemed to act with more ease with him than with Charles Kemble, and did all she could to bring her countryman before the public. His Romeo and Jaffier were extremely elegant performances, nor was he deficient in fire when representing Marc Antony. On the same board with Young and Macready he could not make much progress, and the production of the *Shield* tragedies, placed him upon the shelf.

Conway was a man of deep sensibility; a two-fold passion curdled in his veins—Ambition and Love. To attain the highest pinnacle of histrionic fame was, with him, a constant and unremitting aspiration, but the great barriers of talent erected and supported by public favor interposed, and kept him idle in the arena. He retired from Covent Garden, carrying with him a heart saturated with all the bitterness of disappointed expectation and unrequited passion. He loved Miss O'Neill, deeply, fondly, extravagantly loved her, and unhappily for him, in the confidence of his person and manners, he mistook compatriot esteem for a response to the wild and agonising emotions which shook his mind to the very centre. He visited the Provinces and performed there for some time, but London contained the loadstone of his affections, and rather than remain absent from it he accepted the situation of prompter at one of the Minor theatres, with a starving salary. At length, wearied by care, attenuated by grief, emaciated, wan, and heart-crushed, a withered creature, desolate and despairing, he wrenched himself from the white cliffs of Albion and sought these shores—a solitary stranger. In that inherent hospitality which is the recorded characteristic of America, he found a handsome home, a refuge for his sorrows, a spot to pause and draw breath after the persecutions of misfortune. He made his debut at the Park theatre, and was received with honorable and gratifying applause, promising a valuable harvest of fame and fortune. This revived poor Conway's spirits; it was not the dollars that came showering upon him at the conclusion of his first engagement, it was not the protracted cheers that nightly greeted his efforts, it was something less substantial, a phantasmal, unreal vision, that he might return to England, and with a laurel'd brow and well lined purse, prostrate himself at the feet of her he loved. His health improved, his energies increased, the gloom of the past was fading.

On the arrival of each packet from England, Conway procured the latest paper, his anxious eye darted at once on the Theatrical Intelligence, and when he read—the part of Bianca—or Belvidera—or Florinda, by Miss O'Neill, a flush of joy overspread his countenance, he was satisfied and happy. She was STILL Miss O'Neil—his hopes were not extinguished.

One fatal morning—fatal to him—he sought her name in the usual place, it was not there, perhaps she was playing in the Provinces—with lynx-eyed dexterity he examined every page, and came at length to the sickening announcement that she who possessed his heart—his soul—had become the wife of Mr. William Wrixon Beecher. Aghast, as if an ice-bolt had sped through his frame, he stood motionless, a frigid apathy gave way to feverish excitement, his brain was on fire, revulsion upon revulsion followed, gaunt, harrowing melancholy fastened upon his mind, and left him a living prey to the corroding element.

Conway staggered to his joyless home, destroyed all his theatrical books, and determined from that moment on the study of Theology. Would to Heaven that every one in whose breast rankle the shafts of anguish, or whose brow is encircled with the thorny wreath of disappointed hope, might follow his example! Then should we see less to pity, less to despise, and fewer of those spectral, crapulous beings, who crawl or totter through life's porch and reel into eternity. The man who has not the courage to breast calamity, and seeks oblivion in the ocean-surge of drunkenness is irredeemably lost; he may as well look for comfort and relief in the murky streams of Acheron or Cocytus.

Conway pursued steadily the bent of his resolve, and was rapidly acquiring a proficiency in the themes of sacred lore. He deemed it requisite to visit the Southern Colleges, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Charleston. Away from the common haunts of man, his thoughts soared loftily; he watched the golden glories of the rising sun—scanned the broad horizon where sky and water seemed to meet—gazed with proud ecstasy upon the star-studded firmament, and whilst he saw not the world of cities, camps, and cloisters, he moved along in calm serenity. But when the land-bird hovered around the bark, and shortly after, the shore became visible, his agitation revived with increased vigor; he paced the deck hurriedly—muttered exclamations of violence—rushed to the bows, and before restraint could interpose, he had plunged into the waves, and the briny death was gurgling in his throat.

Constituted a theme of admiration by all classes, Miss O'Neill stood aloof in dignity, in talent, in beauty, and in virtue—a magnet and a shrine. She surpassed every one that has appeared since Mrs. Siddons; she was exactly midway between her and Fanny Kemble; she had not the regal bearing and full-toned voice of the former, nor the unpleasant mannerism and the strained enunciation of the latter. She made her London debut in Juliet, and was immediately enthroned as the successor of the great Tragic Queen. She proceeded in the usual routine of characters, viz., Belvidera, Isabella, Mrs. Beverley, Mrs. Haller, in all of which she gained fresh honors. In the tragedies of "The Apostate," "Bellamira," and "Evadne," she followed the example of Macready, and not having the disadvantage of comparison with other actresses in those parts, she brought her own powerful imagination into play, and carried the public by storm.—*N. Y. Spirit of Times.*

A DUEL SCENE.

FROM NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

It was a profligate haunt of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awaken any sympathy for either party, or to call forth any further remonstrance or interposition. Elsewhere its further progress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection; but not there. Disturbed in their orgies, the party broke up; some reeled away with looks of tipsy gravity, others withdrew noisily discussing what had just occurred; the gentlemen of honour who lived upon their winnings remarked to each other as they went out that Hawk was a good shot; and those who had been most noisy fell fast asleep upon the sofas, and thought no more about it.

Meanwhile the two seconds, as they may be called now, after a long conference, each with his principal, met together in another room. Both utterly heartless, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of most unblemished honour themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honour of other people.

These two gentlemen were unusually cheerful just now, for the affair was pretty certain to make some noise, and could scarcely fail to enhance their reputations considerably.

"This is an awkward affair, Adams," said Mr. Westwood, drawing himself up.

"Very," returned the captain; "a blow has been struck, and there is but one course, of course."

"No apology, I suppose?" said Mr. Westwood.

"Not a syllable, sir, from my man, if we talk till doomsday," returned the captain. "The original cause of dispute, I understand, was some girl or other, to whom your principal applied certain terms, which Lord Frederick, defending the girl, repelled. But this led to a long recrimination upon a great many sore subjects, charges, and countercharges. Sir Mulberry was sarcastic; Lord Frederick was excited, and struck him in the heat of provocation, and under circumstances of great aggravation. That blow, unless there is a full retraction on the part of Sir Mulberry, Lord Frederick is ready to justify."

"There is no more to be said," returned the other, "but to settle the hour and the place of meeting. It's a responsibility; but there is a strong feeling to have it over: do you object to say at sunrise?"

"Sharp work," replied the captain, referring to his watch; "however, as this seems to have been a long time brooding, and negotiation is only a waste of words—no."

"Something may possibly be said out of doors after what passed in the other room, which renders it desirable that we should be off without delay, and quite clear of town," said Mr. Westwood. "What do you say to one of the meadows opposite Twickenham, by the river-side?"

The captain saw no objection.

"Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there?" said Mr. Westwood.

To this the captain also assented. After a few other preliminaries, equally brief, and having settled the road each party should take to avoid suspicion, they separated.

"We shall just have comfortable time, my lord," said the captain, when he had communicated the arrangements, "to call at my rooms for a case of pistols, and then jog coolly down. If you will allow me to dismiss your servant, we'll take my cab, for yours, perhaps, might be recognised."

What a contrast when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already day-break. For the glaring yellow light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glorious morning; for a hot, close atmosphere, tainted with the smell of expiring lamps, and reeking with the steams of riot and dissipation, the free, fresh, wholesome air. But to the fevered head on which that cool air blew, it seemed to come laden with remorse for time mis-spent and countless opportunities neglected. With throbbing veins and burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts hurried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day as if he were some foul and hideous thing.

"Shivering?" said the captain. "You are cold."

"Rather."

"It does strike cool, coming out of those hot rooms. Wrap that cloak about you. So, so; now we're off."

They rattled through the quiet streets, made their call at the captain's lodgings, cleared the town, and emerged upon the open road, without hindrance or molestation.

Fields, trees, gardens, hedges, every thing looked very beautiful; the young man scarcely seemed to have noticed them before, though he had passed the same objects a thousand times. There was a peace and serenity upon them all strangely at variance with the bewilderment and confusion of his own half-sobered thoughts, and yet impressive and welcome. He had no fear upon his mind; but as he looked about him he had less anger,

and though all old delusions, relative to his worthless late companion, were now cleared away, he rather wished he had never known him than thought of its having come to this.

The past night, the day before, and many other days and nights beside, all mingled themselves up in one unintelligible and senseless whirl; he could not separate the transactions of one time from those of another. Last night seemed a week ago, and months ago were as last night. Now the noise of the wheels resolved itself into some wild tune in which he could recognise scraps of airs he knew, and now there was nothing in his ears but a stinging and bewildering sound like rushing water. But his companion railed at him on being so silent, and they talked and laughed boisterously. When they stopped he was a little surprised to find himself in the act of smoking, but on reflection he remembered when and where he had taken the cigar.

They stopped at the avenue gate and alighted, leaving the carriage to the care of the servant, who was a smart fellow, and nearly as well accustomed to such proceedings as his master. Sir Mulberry and his friend were already there, and all four walked in profound silence up the aisle of stately elm-trees, which, meeting far above their heads, formed a long green perspective of gothic arches, terminating like some old ruin in the open sky.

After a pause, and a brief conference between the seconds, they at length turned to the right, and taking a tack across a little meadow, passed Ham House and came into some fields beyond. In one of these they stopped. The ground was measured, some usual forms gone through, the two principals were placed front to front at the distance agreed upon, and Sir Mulberry turned his face towards his young adversary for the first time. He was very pale—his eyes were bloodshot, his dress disordered, and his hair dishevelled,—all most probably the consequences of the previous day and night. For the face, it expressed nothing but violent and evil passions. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed at his opponent steadfastly for a few moments, and then taking the weapon which was tendered to him, bent his eyes upon that, and looked up no more until the word was given, when he instantly fired.

The two shots were fired as nearly as possible at the same instant. In that instant the young lord turned his head sharply round, fixed upon his adversary a ghastly stare, and, without a groan or stagger, fell down dead.

"He's gone," cried Westwood, who, with the other second, had run up to the body, and fallen on one knee beside it.

"His blood on his own head," said Sir Mulberry. "He brought this upon himself, and forced it upon me."

"Captain Adams," cried Westwood hastily, "I call you to witness that this was fairly done. Hawk, we have not a moment to lose. We must leave this place immediately, push for Brighton, and cross to France with all speed. This has been a bad business, and may be worse if we delay a moment. Adams, consult your own safety, and don't remain here; the living before the dead—good bye."

With these words, he seized Sir Mulberry by the arm, and hurried him away. Captain Adams, only pausing to convince himself beyond all question of the fatal result, sped off in the same direction to concert measures with his servant for removing the body, and securing his own safety likewise.

So died Lord Frederick Verisopht, by the hand which he had loaded with gifts and clasped a thousand times; by the act of him but for whom and others like him he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed.

The sun came proudly up in all his majesty, the noble river ran its winding course, the leaves quivered and rustled in the air, the birds poured their cheerful songs from every tree, the short-lived butterfly fluttered its little wings; all the light and life of day came on, and amidst it all, and pressing down the grass whose every blade bore twenty tiny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upwards to the sky.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

TRUTH BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.—The following passage, beautiful in its truth and in the expression of that truth, is by the editor of the Baltimore American.

"If children could only be made aware of the heartfelt delight with which parents behold the development of talent and noble sentiment in their offspring, with what avidity would they seek the means of expanding the sphere of their intelligence, and cherishing the moral sentiments that impart dignity to the human character. From infancy to manhood the welfare and happiness of the child is the sole object of the parent's solicitude. Under all circumstances, through good or evil fortune, the present and future condition of those whom they have rocked in the cradle, or dandled on the knee, is the polar star to which their affections point with undeviating constancy. Should their path through life be prosperous, the possession of wealth and distinction is only precious in their eyes, as affording the means of conferring on those who are, in future years, to be their representatives, the honors that attend riches and exalted character; and should adversity be their lot, and difficulties beset them, they are forgotten in the hope that circumstances may ensure a better fate to

their children. The child may be affectionate and tender, but the filial relation is not susceptible of the intensity of affection which belongs to the parental tie. It is this depth of love that enables the old to pass the stage of life without regret. They feel that in their children they will continue to live, and that, however this world and its concerns may be lost to them, succeeding generations will recognise in their offspring portions of themselves. With what unspeakable delight does a father behold the first manifestations of exalted intelligence in a son, and how does he dwell upon actions that bespeak nobleness of purpose and soundness of integrity. If these feelings of gratification are inexpressibly delightful, so on the other hand the emotions with which he views indications of an opposite character, are unutterably painful. To see the object of his paternal solicitude, over whom he has watched day after day, and year after year, fall off from the path of virtue, and deaf to the appeals of honorable motives, is to have a source of bitterness of regret, to which no temporal blessing can furnish an antidote. Honors may await, and the confidence and love of his fellow beings may, for a moment, cheer his path through life, but when he reflects that his honor and his love are to be changed into contempt and dislike in the person of his own child, he feels as if it were better to be deprived of all, than to witness so heart-rending a contrast. If there be reserved for human life a joy more exalted than all others, it is that of beholding its last moments cheered by the fondness and affection of a worthy and virtuous progeny, and if there be a pang more agonizing than any other, it is that of a dying parent, whose last thoughts rest upon the crimes of a depraved but fondly loved child."

DEDICATION OF GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY, NEAR BALTIMORE.—This solemn and impressive ceremony took place recently in a beautiful grove near the centre of the grounds, in presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, not less, probably, than four thousand. The weather during the afternoon and evening was exceedingly pleasant; and the refreshing breeze that played through the foliage, and over the grounds, with the moral calm, and the stillness that reigned around the secluded spot chosen for the ceremonial, served well to predispose the mind of the auditor, and fit it at once to enjoy and to profit by the allotted exercises. A more impressive ceremonial, or one which more thoroughly and earnestly engaged the attention of the assemblage present, is of rare occurrence.

A temporary rostrum had been fitted up, and a stage erected, with seats placed thereon, sufficient to accommodate the reverend clergy, the orator of the day, the Musical Association, the Mayor and City Council, and a few others present by special invitation. In front of the rostrum, on the right and left, there were placed long lines of benches for the accommodation of the auditory.

The exercises of the dedication commenced shortly after five o'clock, with the performance by the Musical Association, of a chorale, from the oratorio of St. Paul, beginning, "Sleepers, awake, a voice is calling!" The composition thus chosen, was "beautiful and appropriate;" and it is not too much to add, and yet "sufficient for praise," that the performance by the association, was such as to do justice to the subject and the occasion. So soon as the sound of the music died away, the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, arose, and whilst the attendant multitude stood uncovered, offered up to the throne of the Most High a Prayer, in which deep devotional feeling was happily blended with great beauty of language and perfect appropriateness of thought to the occasion. In his appeal he adverted to the usage of the patriarchs of old in setting apart "a field for the burial of the dead," and dwelt with touching eloquence upon the moral and religious influences that arose from manifestations of due respect to the remains of departed worth. He spoke of the grave as the vestibule to another world, where the loves and friendships of this transitory life may be renewed, never again to be marred by care and suffering, but to become purer and brighter throughout eternity.

The prayer was succeeded by a hymn, composed for the occasion by J. H. B. Latrobe, Esq.

At the conclusion of the hymn, which was sung with touching effect, to the time-honored and excellent tune of Old Hundred, Mr. Kennedy followed with his Oration. This was, in all those qualities that constitute an eloquent and finished composition, a masterly performance. An address more able and suitable to the interesting occasion—more likely to take both judgment and feeling captive—and in its subjects and illustrations, more true to the heart and "faithful to its fires," we venture to assert, has seldom fallen on the ear of any one of that numerous auditory. When the oration was concluded, the choir sang (to the tune of Pleyel's German Hymn) another hymn, composed for the occasion, by F. H. Davidge, Esq.

A benediction, pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Hamner, closed the interesting and impressive ceremonies.

Remember, though God promises forgiveness to repentant sinners, he does not promise they shall have to-morrow to repent in.—Make much of time, especially in the mighty matter of salvation.—Thomas Aquinas.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls,
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure that the world holds no treasure so rare.
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him,
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

ELIZA COOK.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.*

With all these advantages, what is the state of sculpture now, and where are we to look for the result of so much and such excellent instruction? Our squares and public places are not without their monuments of kings, and warriors, and statesmen. But do the modern instances excel the old? Mr. Wyatt's literal George III., on his ideal horse, in Cockspur Street, and the plaster figure of George IV., over the station-house, at King's Cross, are the last metropolitan erections in honour of royalty. The Dukes of Kent and York are remembered as generals; and the latter is, by way of triumph, perched in bronze at the top of a tall, severe, and naked column of granite, as if to suffer punishment rather than receive honour. The portrait-statue of Pitt and Canning, in Hanover Square and Palace Yard, on their pyramidal pedestals, are harsh, heavy, and terminal; and to Nelson and Wellington no monument is yet erected, except the Achilles in the park which includes the latter among the brave men to whom their country-women dedicate that unmeaning and inappropriate colossus. These certainly are no proofs of the advance of art. Our monumental sculptures are better, and our busts are best. But this is not the legitimate effect of the Elgin Marbles. The imaginative and the ideal are wanting, and no one devotes himself to art in the abstract. The Duke of Northumberland, Earl Gray, and other noblemen and gentlemen, have lately ordered works of a higher class; but the instances are few where sculpture is loved for its own sake. Private patronage is chiefly turned to busts and monuments, and the country does nothing. Even Mr. Barry's design for the new houses of parliament is denuded of its enrichments and all its intended sculptures. But there are means to reconcile vanity and art, and to confer a favour at once on history and sculpture in that design. Let the tracery of the interior of both houses spring from heads in relief, and let these heads be portraits of the members of each house at the time of erection. Some 800 recollections of our day would thus be handed down to posterity. Busts of the distinguished men who already belong to history might be thus given at the expense of the country; and every peer or M. P., who wished to be immortalised without establishing a claim on the country, might add his own mite, with his own bust, to the adornment of the chambers of legislation, and to the illustration of his period. If neither our squares, nor churches, nor palaces, nor mansions, show the progress of sculpture, shall we find it in the exhibition of the Royal Academy? There are 113 subjects, which, if any man were asked to accept as a whole, he would probably refuse to find room for. Sir Francis Chantrey is an academician and trustee, yet he sends nothing from his overloaded studio to support the exhibition, and show to stranger visitors that in the mechanical part of his art the country possesses one unrivalled sculptor. Sir R. Westmacott, an academician, an auditor, and professor, can afford nothing to the exhibition but the pedestal to his statue of Lord William Bentinck, on which is represented, in basso-relievo, an interrupted sattee, and the recumbent statue of a sleeping child in marble—the Lady Susan Murray—a little thing in all respects. Do these men love the art they live by? or, now that it has raised them to fortune, do they scorn to do any thing towards the instruction and encouragement of those who have yet to run their course,—any thing for the enlightenment of the public mind, and the training of the public eye, and the improvement of the public taste, to the ultimate advancement of the art itself? How different was the conduct of Canova! Honoured with a title, and endowed with little more than a competence, he devoted all his superfluity of means, and all his treasured skill, in his last days, to the noblest purposes. He dedicated a church to God, in gratitude for those talents which had been given him and determined to adorn it with all the powers for the possession of which he felt grateful. Such a work would have been in every sense his monument;—a homage to religion, an ornament

to his country, and an ever-living testimony of his own genius, while it preserved to posterity his purity and humility, and held out a lamp to the path of the student. Every body knows that it was grief at the failure of his project, vexation at the delay of the work, and trouble at the discovery that his means would not reach the end proposed, that brought to a rapid close the life of the warm-hearted old Marquis of Ischia. Courteous and courageous, pious and patriotic, Canova, it is but just that thy genius and talent should embalm for all futurity thy unright walk and warmth of heart.

The other academicians who are sculptors, Bailey and Gibson, have sent, the former two and the latter three works to this year's exhibition. Bailey's statue of Thomas Telford, the engineer, is a noble work. The figure massive and composed, the head finely moulded, the features like, and with the happiest expression; the drapery easy, and procured without effort from the loose coat; the form well understood and distinctly expressed, and then slightly but naturally draped in the ordinary costume. His second work is a group (between the statue and the bust in size) of the son and daughter of Sir F. Shuckburgh, which is well imagined and executed with neatness. This has the "prettiness" of manner which is too characteristic of the artist, while his Telford is broad and forcible, and exhibits a power of which his previous works convey a faint idea. In the flutter of his ornament, in the statue of Earl Grey, &c., he had nearly frittered away his reputation. In the present instance, he is still but the portrait sculptor. The bust and the monument are but the objects of a low ambition; but it is otherwise with Gibson, whose first production is Love cherishing the Soul while preparing to torment it,—perfectly classic and imaginative. The Psyche is a butterfly, the Love a boy, not Cupido but Amor, or both combined in Eros,—personified youth, and freshness, and love. The figure is, on the antique model, perfect and with a grace and truth in all the forms which promise well for modern sculpture. His Venus and Cupid, a basso-relievo, in marble, is fine but less ideal—a mere mother and son of any period, with well expressed forms and faces. The Venus Verticordia is a clever study of the antique, and serves with the others to show that Gibson is certainly in the right path. He has feeling, taste, and skill; his wants are power and originality. He will follow with success, but is not able to lead. He does honour to the existing school, but will never found a new one. Grace and classic feeling are hardly less conspicuous in Wolff's Girl with a Goat and Tambourine: the unformed limbs of youth are, however, too truly given; the ideal of a habit of exercise would have allowed even to the girlish form a better model. There is something so sweet, however, in this group, and so chaste and classic in the conception, that slight faults cannot betray us into censure. We must not omit to notice the boldly relieved head in Carew's Good Samaritan, a bas-relief of great spirit. After these we might mention several admirable busts, and although not in an exalted walk of art, yet as clever specimens in their style, the Dorothea of J. Bell, a very pleasing cast; the Statue of Henry VII., in Caen Stone, by C. Smith, one of a series for Mamhead Park—a design honourable to the patron as to the artist; and several instances of more than moderate ability and some promise: but originality and genius are absolutely wanting in the exhibition. Where is Lough? The sculptor of Milton's Satan has more in him of the spirit of Flaxman than any one of his contemporaries, but he has no subject in this exhibition. Why? Is it that the academy are careless of those who do not court them, or is the sculptor more concerned for himself than his art, and resents, with an ignoble anger, the misplacing of his last year's group? In petty differences, concerning matters of no moment, how much of the soul and spirit is wasted that should, by individual energy and the cordial co-operation of all, be powerfully applied to the advance of the art itself! Public indifference, and the false taste of the modern Mæcenas, are less dangerous to art than the captious jealousy and excessive self-esteem of the artists themselves. Lough's Captive, modelled at Rome, is a figure of matronly beauty, simple without severity, full without voluptuousness, delicate without feebleness, graceful without affectation. The attitude is one of deep and absorbing grief, not excited by personal suffering, but the anguish of mind for the misery of others occasioned by that suffering. The face is eloquent with this expression: the well understood form of the figure, the flowing outline, and the feeling, the flesh-like living feeling, of all the parts, are proofs of freedom and power in execution which, added to the genius of the conception, place Lough almost alone among the original and poetical of our sculptors; yet, except by his immediate patrons, and the few who will take the trouble to look for unobtrusive merit, Lough is not duly appreciated. It appears, then, that, setting aside busts, and portraits, and mere statuary, the real works in this exhibition worthy of the name of sculpture are few indeed, and the hands so employed still fewer. But does the exhibition of the Royal Academy afford a fair test of the state of sculpture? The architect, the professor, the editor of Vitruvius, the erudite and classic Wilkie, when his National Gallery was completed, is said to have exclaimed, "Bless me! I forgot sculpture," and immediately to have stuck behind the building that concealed little after-thought, the semicircular saloon. Forgot sculpture! Had the professor forgotten architecture, too, the public would have gained the loss of that piece of

honeycomb, the National Gallery. Indeed it is not surprising that the artist is undesirous of decorating this "hole in the wall" with his productions. The exhibition of the first and second years at the new Academy averaged 130 subjects, while the present year (the third) the number is 113, and the paucity of merit is more marked than that of number. The academy should have two large saloons of sculpture—one in which the antique casts, &c., should be seen to advantage, and the other for the exhibition of modern works. What is a statue without space and light? and who should know how much sculpture depends on both if the Royal Academicians do not?

To be continued.

For the Pearl.

THE JEWISH NATION.

MR. EDITOR—

As the following extract appears to me to be both interesting and instructive, I solicit for its insertion in your useful paper.

Yours, &c.

H.

The Jewish nation presents a most interesting subject for the meditation of a serious mind; a helpless race of men whom all nations have endeavoured to exterminate, subsisting during ages of unrelenting persecution: and though dispersed over the surface of the world, preserving every where their own customs and religious rites, connected with each other by the community of sentiments, of antipathies and pursuits, yet separated by a wonderful destiny from the general mass of mankind. It is well understood that we except from this general rule the Jews, whom we have described as having lost their separate nationality by the general progress of civilization: the number of such Jews is, however, very small, when compared to their total population scattered over all the world. Their preservation as a distinct people is indeed an event unparalleled in the annals of the world. What is become of those celebrated empires whose very name still excites our admiration by the idea of greatness attached to them, and whose power embraced the then known world? They are only remembered as monuments of the vanity of human greatness.

The Jews still preserve laws which were given them in the first days of the world, in the infancy of mankind. The history of this wonderful people connects the present time with the earliest ages of the world, and we have no reason to believe that it will end before the dissolution of our globe. The Jews are a living and continual miracle, and their exemption from the common fate of nations affords the strongest evidence to the truth of the sacred scriptures. They are, as it was foretold, dispersed over the habitable globe, being the depositories of those oracles, in which their own unbelief and consequent sufferings are clearly predicted. "Had the Jews," (says Pascal) "been all converted, we should have had none but suspected witnesses. Had they all been destroyed, we should have had no witnesses at all." The exact accomplishment of our Saviour's prediction respecting the destruction of their city and temple, and the calamities they have endured during their dispersion, have furnished every age with the strongest arguments for the truth of the Christian religion. One of the great designs of their being preserved and continued a distinct people appears to be, that their singular destiny might confirm the divine authority of the Gospel which they reject, and that they might strengthen the faith of others in those sacred truths to which they refused to yield their own assent.

EMPLOYMENT.

The unhappy are indisposed to employment. All active occupations are wearisome and disgusting in prospect, at a time when every thing, life itself, is full of weariness and disgust. Yet the unhappy must be employed, or they will go mad. Comparatively blessed are they, if they are set in families, where claims and duties abound, and cannot be escaped. In the pressure of business there is present safety and ultimate relief. Harder is the lot of those who have few necessary occupations, enforced by other claims than their own harmlessness and profitableness. Reading often fails. Now and then it may beguile; but much oftener the attention is languid, the thoughts wander, and associations with the subject of grief are awakened. Women who find that reading will not do, will obtain no relief from sewing. Sewing is pleasant enough in moderation to those whose minds are at ease the-while: but it is an employment which is trying to the nerves when long continued, at the best; and nothing can be worse for the harassed, and for those who want to escape from themselves. Writing is bad. The pen hangs idly suspended over the paper, or the sad thoughts that are alive within, write themselves down. The safest and best of all occupations for such sufferers as are fit for it, is intercourse with young children.

Next to this comes honest, genuine acquaintanceship among the poor; not mere charity-visiting, grounded on soup tickets and blankets, but intercourse of mind, with real mutual interest between the parties. Gardening is excellent, because it unites bodily exertion with a sufficient engagement of the faculties, while sweet compassionate Nature is administering cure in every sprouting leaf and scented blossom, and beckoning sleep to draw nigh, and be ready to follow up her benignant work. Walking is good—

*Continued from page 253.

not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbour to neighbour, but stretching out far into the country, to the freshest fields, and the highest ridges, and the quiet lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers up and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in Paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind in the face in the commonest highway, is rest and comfort which must be felt at such times to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between its seasons of enjoyment, and every time the sufferer has resolution to go forth to meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise. The fields are better still; for there is the lark to fill up the hours with mirthful music; or, the robin and the flocks of the field-fares, to show that the hardest day has its life and hilarity. But the calmest region is the upland, where human life is spread out beneath the bodily eye, where the mind roves from the peasant's nest to the spire town, from the school-rooms to the church-yard, from the diminished team to the patch of fallow, or the fisherman's boat in the cove, to the viaduct that spans the valley, or the fleet that glides ghost-like on the horizon. This is the perch where the spirit plumes its ruffled and spreading wings, and makes ready to let itself down any wind that Heaven may send.

A WEDDING AT SEA.

A Paris correspondent of the *New England Review*, gives the following sketch of an interesting scene which occurred on board the ship in which he sailed from this country:

A novel circumstance took place, while on our passage, which I must relate. There was a Mr. H. on board, who was formerly a merchant in Massachusetts, since in Connecticut, and late of New York. He was a kind, open-hearted fellow, full of fun, and withal very intelligent as well as handsome. His age about twenty-seven. He came on board an entire stranger to us all, but as we made it a point to have but one family on board, and as we soon discovered his amiable qualities, he was very soon made a welcome member. On our sixth day up he came to me and enquired the name and circumstances of an elderly gentleman passenger who was accompanied by his daughter, with whom Mr. H. seemed deeply smitten. For my own part I could see nothing exceedingly attractive about Miss J., save that she was very agreeable in her manners and highly intelligent. I informed him, and at this request, gave him a formal introduction, which terminated in the following manner.

Soon after the introduction it became evident that a mutual liking and affection existed between Mr. H. and Miss J., which, from the open expressions of fondness, began to attract the attention of all, and the admiration of many of the passengers. They were frequently observed in their close conversations, and a game of whist was scarcely every played in which they were not partners. On the second Sunday of our passage we solicited the Rev. Mr. G. who was on his way to Italy, to preach a sermon.—By the politeness of Captain N. a large awning was spread above us, seats were prepared, and a congregation of seventy-six persons, including the steerage passengers and sailors, was collected to participate in the religious exercises. A small desk was formed into a pulpit, and a choir was formed by "going into a committee of the whole." The text was read and the sermon delivered, of which I need not speak. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card which lay on the desk:

"WM. BENTLEY H——, Esq. of New York, intends marriage with Miss MARIA LOUISA J——."

We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing than at the fact itself, and indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement made, that we all forgot the serious impression made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair. But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them, to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly things were arranged to order, the best state room was to be given up to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of their nuptial vows. The evening was calm and beautiful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze; not a voice was heard; not the least stir or bustle about the decks, and the moon looked down in loveliness on that tranquil scene. As at noon, every soul on board gathered to the temple, which had been erected for religious worship, and in less than fifteen minutes the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks and closed with prayer.

The scene was as truly sublime as romantic. The fair bride came out, dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover, bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where, only an hour or two before, she had uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheek of those

who looked on, and not a care cast the shadow of its wings across that scene of triumphant love and bliss.

The novelty of this affair had thrown us all into an excitement, and nothing was to be talked of but weddings, wedding parties, marriages at sea, love, honey-moon, &c., and I was one time half tempted to make a similar proposition myself to the queen-like Miss C. if for nothing else but the purpose of having the joke pass round."

LONDON GAMBLERS.

THE BROTHERS BOND,—ST. JAMES'S STREET.

I believe that Bond and his brothers belong to the Jewish persuasion. About nine years ago they used to get their living by selling sealing-wax, penknives, walking-sticks, pocket-books, sponge, etc., in the streets—chiefly in Leicester-square, a great thoroughfare. By dint of sheer industry they scraped together two or three hundred pounds, and got into partnership with the capital with the owner of a gambling booth at Epsom race-course. They spread their connexion, enlarged their capital by husbanding their profits, and soon became sole proprietors of a distinct establishment of their own. This they conducted in a very stylish manner, and as fairly, as such an affair is generally conducted. There were reports, that, more than once when a player who had won, was walking off with his gains, they forced a quarrel upon him, and the elder Bond (Ephraim) used then to beat him. That Bond is a match in a boxing fray with the general run of men is very true, but, as all the beating in the world was not the way to bring the lost money from the pockets of the winners, I doubt that they ever did "try it on" in this manner. In fact, it was the excellent and stylish manner in which they carried on matters that made them friends. On the race-course they had a few speculations on horses, and—having the ear of the jockeys—made money by it. They soon gave the cut direct to the gaming booth on the race-course, and having amassed ten thousand pounds, took a house of play in St. James's Street. Hither crowds of people who would not or could not go to Crockford's, were glad to resort, and here the Bonds made and are making a princely fortune. It is not pretended that there is any unfair play at Bond's. There is none at Crockford's, and the chief difference between the two houses is, that Crockford's costs its proprietor a great sum every year for wines, feasts, etc., while Bond's is much less costly.

The building of Crockford's cost sixty thousand pounds, and the furniture and wines came to nearly forty thousand pounds more. It is one of the best built and handsomest houses in London; but its interior is more like a palace than is Buckingham House, where the Queen resides. Carving, gilding, sculpture, make the rooms quite a show to visit. There are not less than eight hundred subscribers, paying ten guineas a year and twenty guineas entrance, and this eight thousand pounds or ten thousand pounds a year, would never pay half the cost of the wine actually given to the members. There is in fact, little deep play until "the wine is in" and "wit is out." Then the play is sure to commence in earnest. Such suppers! Ude is the cook, or rather the director, for he rarely operates himself. The actual value of the wines in Crockford's cellar, which runs under and across St. James's-street, is now eighty thousand pounds! This cellar is nearly three hundred feet long, and contains nearly half a million bottles of wine. I do believe that at Crockford's and Bond's there is no unfair play. What is called the "turn of the table" yields the profit. This must be large, as the expences at Crockford's are a thousand pounds a week, and about five hundred pounds at Bond's. The "points" in favour of the bank (*i. e.* of the owner of the corner) are one hundred per cent per stake each hour, on French hazard. If one thousand pound stakes were risked each time, one thousand pounds per hour would be lost by the players, without their having a shadow of chance against it. Say that the play was thirty hours per week, the bank would, on this ground alone, win thirty thousand pounds a week.

The Bonds could scarcely read or write—even after they had amassed a fortune. They then took lessons in both branches, and are able to read a bill and sign a check. Ephraim Bond is the best informed of the three. It was he who in 1834, became lessee of the Queen's theatre, and then of the Adelphi. The management of the first was very curious. All the pretty (vicious and pretty I should say) actresses in London were engaged at heavy salary. They were engaged to draw all the loose "young men upon town," and then the transition from the green-room to supper at the gaming-house, with play (by way of *devil*) was very easy. The Adelphi, at the same time, was managed in the same way. The leader of the female corps was the notorious Mrs. Honey.

The hell kept by the Bonds in St. James's-street was called the Athenæum. The expences are said to be from five hundred to a thousand a week; the profits average from five thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds a week. It is said that Crockford is worth half a million sterling, and that the Bonds are worth half that. At their private tables are peers and commoners

NATURAL HISTORY.

DOMESTICATION OF A WOLF.—M. F. Cuvier has recorded an instance of a wolf that was brought up and treated like a young dog; he became familiar with every body whom he saw frequently, but he distinguished his master, was restless in his absence, acting almost precisely as a favorite dog would act. But his master was under the necessity of being absent for a time, and the unfortunate wolf was presented to the Menagerie du Roi—where he was incarcerated in a den—he who had "affections, passions." Most disconsolate of wolves was he, poor fellow! he pined—he refused his food—but the persevering kindness of his keepers had its effect upon his broken spirit, he became fond of them, and every body thought that his ancient attachment was obliterated. Eighteen long months had elapsed since his imprisonment, when his old master came to see him. The first word uttered by the man, who was mingled in the crowd, had a magical effect. The poor wolf instantly recognized him with the most joyous demonstrations, and being set at liberty fawned upon his old friend and caressed him in the most affecting manner. We wish we could end the story here; but our wolf was again shut up, and another separation brought with it sadness and sorrow. A dog was given to him as a companion, three years had elapsed since he last lost sight of the object of his early adoration, time had done much to soothe him, and his chum, and he lived happily together—when the old master came again.

The "once familiar word" was uttered—the impatient cries of the faithful creature, and his eagerness to get to his master, went to the hearts of all, and when he was let out of his cage, and rushed to him, and with his feet on his shoulders, licked his face, redoubling his cries of joy, because he who had been lost was found, the eyes of bearded men, who stood by, were moistened. His keeper, to whom a moment before he had been all fondness, now endeavoured to remove him, but all the wolf was then aroused within him, and he turned upon them with furious menaces. Again the time came when the feelings of this unhappy animal were to be sharply tried. A third separation was effected. The gloom and sullenness of the wolf were of a more deep complexion, and refusal of food more stubborn, so that his life appeared to be in danger. His health, indeed, if health it could be called, slowly returned, but he was morose and misanthropic, and though the fond wretch endured the caresses of his keepers, he became savage and dangerous to all others who approached him. Here was a noble temper ruined.

Nor are these the only instances of the disposition which is latent in these animals.

When, therefore, we find this strong disposition for associating with man, we are no longer startled at the views of those who regard the domestic dog, with all its varieties, as the descendant of the wolf. Upon the whole evidence, we incline to the opinion of those who would derive the domestic dog from the wolf.

JOHN GALT.

JOHN GALT, the author of the *Ayrshire Legatees*, *Lawrie Todd*, and a number of other popular works, was borne at Irvine, in Ayrshire, May 22, 1779; in which town he received the rudiments of his education; but in his eleventh year, the family removing to Greenock, he pursued his studies there, in the public school, under Mr. Colin Lamont: while here, he manifested a turn for mechanics, which, joined to a taste for music, prompted him to attempt the construction of a small piano-forte or hurdy-gurdy, and likewise an *Æolian* harp. In those early years, he also composed some pieces of music, one or two of which have become popular. In 1802, he contributed to a newspaper, which was then started at Greenock; and from this period, Galt's was purely a literary life. We have not space to enumerate all the works which this talented but unfortunate man published: suffice it to say, they bear evidence of resplendent and pure pathos and character, and a thorough knowledge of the world.

At one period of his life he was possessed of vast territory in Upper Canada; and, in consequence of disappointment he experienced in that quarter, his health became affected, being frequently attacked by paralysis; and it is to be feared his latter days were clouded. Mr. Galt was agreeable and frank in his manners; and an agreeable companion. He died at Greenock on Thursday, April 11, 1839.

A PARENT AND CHILD.

MELANCHOLY SCENE.—The *New York Gazette* tells the following affecting story of the fatal effects of an indulgence in the worst of all vices—habitual drunkenness:

A crowd had gathered near the gate at the southern extremity of the Battery, and several voices rose at the same moment upon the air, crying for vengeance upon a tattered form, that reeled into the enclosure, in a beastly state of intoxication. He was apparently about fifty years of age, and was followed by a young, beautiful, and interesting girl not out of her teens. A moment before he had raised his arm, and struck this lovely being to the earth. For this the crowd was pursuing him, and would doubtless have

committed some summary act upon the inebriated wretch had not the same delicate form interposed to prevent the consummation of the deed. She approached timidly, and fondly begged the monster to go home. He swore by the living Maker that he would never return. Little did he think as he uttered the oath, that the vengeance of that God his sacrilegious lips profaned, was at that moment hanging over him, and that the angel of Death was waiting upon the waters to bear him, with all his sins upon his head, into the presence of the Creator he had mocked. He shook his fair girl from him with a curse, and staggered to the railing. A cluster of boats was at some distance from the shore and a few voices singing one of Russel's songs. The drunkard contrived to clamber on the uppermost rail, and having seated himself, called to the singers to perform something lively, or d— his eyes he would come out there and sing for himself. These were the last words he uttered. In endeavouring to change his position, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water, to rise no more. Great exertions were made by the boats to render him assistance, and more than one daring fellow plunged into the sea; but all in vain.—The tide was running strong at the time, and we may hear of his body being washed upon the opposite shore in a few days.

The poor girl was almost frantic—she rushed to the water's edge, crying 'Father! dear, dear Father! For Heaven's sake, save my father!' It was indeed her father. He had once enjoyed a handsome property, but liquor ruined him. He sold his house for it, and at last his garments. His wife had died from want, and his daughter had supported him and three brothers by the labor of her hands. He swore he would never again enter her house, because she would not give him liquor—he cursed her and died while a curse against himself yet hung upon his lips. The daughter did not leave the spot before midnight, and her cries appalled the stoutest hearts around her. Twenty dollars were raised among the spectators, but when handed to her, she exclaimed, 'No! no! give me my father.'

Poor girl, she called in vain. That father was in other presence. She was borne from the place by some friends, and when I left the spot, the lightness of heart which had drawn me to the scene, had departed, and I felt it almost a sin to be happy amid the wretchedness man makes for himself.

For the Pearl.

TREES.

I have often thought that a very pretty chapter might be written about Trees. A sermon might be composed on them, if their organization, and the analogy subsisting between them and the animal kingdom were made the subject of discourse. But away with such dry considerations. In my opinion, there is a good deal of poetry connected with trees, and it is this about which I wish to say a few words. A tree is a beautiful sight: its branches, filled with green leaves, spreading abroad, shielding from the sun's rays and heat. There are a host of associations about trees which throw around them no common interest.

How enchanting is a walk, shaded by trees, and covered with short grass, like a meadow. It seems to invite our walk; and when we are boys and girls it is a favourite place of resort, after the sun has gone to rest, and the moon keeps watch above our heads and throws her silver beams lavishly about our path, mellowed by their passage through the thick branches and leaves. The thought of it is fascinating. And then this is the place and this the time when we vow our love's constancy; when we tell how it has grown like yon poplar, as fresh as its leaves, and sweet as the fragrance of the foliage, and withal as firm and as lasting as the oak, and as burning as the just-retired sun. A little love nonsense follows,—such as hearts being such queer things, and how ours were meant for each other,—and then you see the pretty head hang down, and you may guess something is about being settled,—so they walk away. A few nights after you may see them walking the same place: not as before, they being now married.

Quick work this! But would you believe? it's all through the trees. If those trees had not been there, they might never have seen each other's face as man and wife. In a few years, you may observe a couple walking beneath the same trees, with a little girl between them. It is the same. By and bye they go away to some other country, and stay a long time, and forget all about the trees. But at last they come back to their old town again. So after the bustle is over, they go out to walk; and how curious it is,—without ever thinking of them, they come across the old trees; and then what a burst of recollections! Both begin to speak at the same time, and interrupt each other, and in the end find out that neither can say a word. The sight of the staunch old oaks and poplars, where they had so often waited for and walked with each other, and talked, and laughed and cried, and quarrelled and made up,—all come so suddenly and unexpectedly, that it is really some time before they remember they are standing before the fine old trees again.

And then again, under the trees is such a lovely place to enjoy a Pic Nic. The boys and girls have a set of games beneath the old forest trees, and you may hear the hearty laugh and its echo resounding through the forest, so joyful and melodious. And

then they tie a rope to a couple of trees, and make what is commonly called a Swing; and the boys swing their sweethearts, and they laugh and scream, which is all the better fun for the rascals, who seem to delight in frightening the poor girls; and when they tell them they want to "come down," make believe they said they wanted to be swung harder, and pull away until, poor girl, she is taken down half dead with laughter and fright. And then the broad branches afford such nice shelter from the sun, while they have a three-handed reel, or a regular set of quadrilles, and some old joker is scraping the fiddle to keep time. Then they set out a table beneath three or four sturdy old oaks, filled with branches and covered with leaves,—eat and drink heartily and laughingly, and drink toasts to all their sweethearts, who, in exchange, sing a song about "The Troubadour," or "The Sailor's Grave," or "Poor Bessy was a Sailor's wife, and he was off at sea," or some other "affectin' ditty": and then they separate and stroll about in parties of two and two, and look for black or huckle berries, talking something about love all the time. So, as evening approaches, they all pack up and start, well satisfied with their day's fun.

Now all this, as I said before, comes of the trees. If those trees had not been there, assuredly there would have been no Pick Nick.

O! ye beautiful trees! beautiful in summer—and not bereft of beauty, as some would say, in winter, when the icicles hang about your branches,—how many vows of love have ye witnessed! Ye bear no forbidden fruit here; and the best concerning ye is, the associations of childhood, and youth, and love, are connected with ye: when we used to play beneath your branches, or climb your sturdy and rugged limbs, or walk beneath ye in the lovely moonlight with our sweethearts. And now we remember all. Blessings on ye, ye trees,—may ye never wither; may many more children gambol beneath your branches, and may many more vows of love be breathed under your shade.

Your obedient servant,

HALIFAX, AUGUST.

RED LEAF.

For the Pearl.

HISTORY.—INTRODUCTION.

If man, as an intelligent being, compare himself with non-intelligent animals, he at once is made sensible of the great superiority of the former; convincing him of his possession of something of which they are deprived,—that he is a participator of their nature only so far as bodily circumstances are concerned,—that he possesses powers of mind more than sufficient to counteract their physical strength,—and that the exercise of this intellectual energy is ever-during, while all the sagacity of the latter perishes with the decease of the body. The advance of years, in childhood, establishes our assent to the truth of these facts; we are brought up in the very light which they diffuse, with evidences of their validity continually passing before us, and the progress of time does not decrease our belief of them. What a noble power is the mind!—Noble, considered as to what it can accomplish;—noble, because it is eternal;—noble, because of its Author;—noble, because that Author is himself all mind! Man walks the earth,—and though he had wings, he could rise only a little higher,—the mind traverses the boundless extent of space,—and only awaits entire release from its earthly tenement to ascend to the throne of the Most High.

It was the mind of Newton that penetrated where sight availed him nought;—and it was its different degree of energy and character in men that are now no more, that suggested inventions and made discoveries,—accounts of which and of whom give such lustre to the biographic and historic page.

The mind is not meant to exist upon its own resources,—it is supported by nourishment as the body: but the food of which it partakes is purely of a character adapted to its own nature. As matter exists by matter,—so is the energy of one mind kept alive by the vigour of another. This I take to be the rule; and whether, like most rules, it has exceptions, I am doubtful; but shall be thankful for correction if wrong. I am not sure whether the generality of minds would be worthy their name, were it not for the "geniuses"—but their intercourse with the works of men, mighty in intellect, raises them as much higher in the scale of "mental-illumination," as the source whence they derived their knowledge is still above them. The results of the efforts of human genius and industry are,—the various subjects which make up the broad circle of KNOWLEDGE. Which of those subjects claim most our attention, I am incapable of judging; or whether their claims be equal, I know not. As regards interest, History appears to be a favourite branch of study, and in particular, that of England. And this branch would seem to possess a claim upon our attention, which all can not advance. The history of a country is the history of its inhabitants,—and when we study History, we are contemplating the conduct and actions of our own species; whether, therefore, they be good or bad, they present us with an example to follow on the one hand,—or, on the other, with a warning, by the evil which ill conduct produced.

I propose, with your approval, to write pieces occasionally, on some incident or character connected with History, for insertion in the Pearl. My historical acquirements are not extensive, but

while productive of personal improvement, my endeavours may tend to familiarize some historical incidents to others.

I have sometimes enquired whether Modern or Ancient History possessed most interest. Considered as of nations which exist in our own day, that of Europe and America engages most our attention; but setting this aside, how may the question be answered? I must confess my own want of sufficient information to solve it. Was ancient Greece famous for her genius, her learning, and her civilization?—and yet there are operations at present going on, of which it knew nothing, and as splendid conquests made as ever it achieved. If a modern Pythagoras, or Epicurus, or Lucretius, or Plato, or Aristotle, or Archimedes, be demanded,—point we to Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Ferguson, Franklin, and a host of others,—with, at the same time, a correct Philosophy, of which the former could not boast. And then if the struggle of Thermopylae be enquired for,—the plains of Agincourt are our monument; if the law of Sparta, which prevented a warrior fleeing the battle-field, be advanced, as a specimen of unexampled devotedness and love of country,—our boast is, that we need no such law. Some great man said, that the Athenians would ever be young and vigorous in knowledge, meaning that the discoveries of future generations would never surpass theirs;—but, while some of their inventions exceed the ingenuity and genius of modern times, more can be said of the "age in which we live."

While the history of England fastens our attention, as being that of a country with which we are closely connected,—the history of the ancient kingdoms and republics, and states and provinces, fascinates, as being an improving and pleasing employment to trace the actions and policy of those unconnected with us, and who lived in a comparatively early age of the world. The history of the Jews claims a perusal, because this people were the especial favourites of Heaven; the Greeks solicit our attention for their learning and genius and bravery; and the Romans excite our wonder, by the spread of their conquests, the eminence in civilization which they attained, and their ultimate decline and fall, from a source which they intended for their further aggrandizement; and as regards some other nations, a tolerable knowledge of them is derivable from their connection with those just mentioned.

More information, it appears, may be gleaned from the study of History than many other subjects.—I mean that description of information which is most necessary. History has reference to every science, and bears record of every invention. What subject better calculated to give us that knowledge of human nature, an acquaintance with which is so necessary and valuable? From this I might argue,—that History should be an early study, and that as Chronology and Geography are the eyes of History,—so History should be the forerunner of all other improvement. This is one opinion; and he that holds it will be thankful for correction, if his opinion be without sufficient foundation. TIME.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16, 1839.

ITEMS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

No later European dates than those in our last, have been received. The great steamers, the British Queen and the Great Western, left N. York, on the 1st inst. People flocked from all quarters to witness the departure of these triumphs of science, and it was estimated that 100,000 spectators lined the banks of the river, and covered the decks of other steamers. The Western left about one o'clock, the Queen, about an hour after, amid the cheers of the multitude, the sounds of bands of music, and the roar of ordnance. The Queen had 103 passengers, the Western 59. Much interest is felt in the return voyage of these noble vessels, and many wagers, it appears, have been laid respecting the first arrival. Nothing like racing will be allowed to take place between them, but, with the usual power, care and skill will afford scope enough for the trial of their respective capabilities. On the day after departure, both vessels were reported to have been seen by the Halcyon, which arrived in Halifax harbour the beginning of this week: the Queen was then, it was said, three miles ahead, all sails set on both vessels. This, however, it appears, cannot be correct, for the N. York Gazette, of August 6th, has the following paragraph:

"The ship Europe arrived last evening from Liverpool, reports that on Friday at 9. A. M. Sandy Hook distant 150 miles, exchanged signals with the Great Western; at 10, saw the British Queen 20 miles astern. The Roscoe also arrived last evening from Liverpool, saw at 1, P. M. on the same day, lat. 40 16, the Great Western, 108 miles from the Hook, and at 2, P. M. saw the British Queen, 193 miles from the Hook, the Great Western 13 miles ahead and about 15 miles farther south."

The Colonial intelligence is not of much consequence this week. Meetings, in favour of Lord Durham's Report, had been held at Dundas and Hamilton, U. Canada, and several other indications appear of the existence of considerable political excitement in that province. An alarm of an attack on Cobourg was given on the 29th of July, and the suspected party, to the number of seven in-

dividuals, was arrested in the vicinity of that town. Two escaped; one of these, it is asserted, was the murderer of Capt. Usher.

A late Christian Guardian, printed at Toronto, asserts that the Indians are capable of and willing to receive, the blessings of civilization, that nearly all of the Indians in Upper Canada are settled, and that many of the United States tribes would have been civilized only for the treatment which they had experienced.

The Fredericton Sentinel informs us, that arrangements are making to light the establishments of Messrs. Cunard, at Miramichi, with gas, and that probably the convenience will be extended to all the houses of the town of Chatham. This is another evidence of public spirit, and of what individuals may do. The little town of Chatham will be, it appears, the first spot of the Lower Provinces, if not the first in British America, lighted with gas.

The enterprize of the citizens of St. John N. B., still appears in further demonstrations of public spirit and energy. Contracts, it is said, have been arranged for the erection of a building for the Mechanics' Institute, on a lot of ground near St. John's Church. Some fitting ceremony will be observed, in laying the corner stone:—may the building be eminently serviceable in fostering science and general improvement, in our sister city, and may those who so nobly rear praiseworthy institutions reap, for themselves and their children, appropriate reward.

The Quebec Gazette, of July 31st, gives the following account of some children who were lost in the woods near that city.

“Two sons of Mr. Davis, a settler at the Pine River, 24 miles north-west of Quebec, were found missing in the beginning of the week before last; a fruitless search was made in the evening, and the next day the neighbouring settlers were alarmed, and upwards of fifty turned out and searched that day and the following; they were finally discovered about three miles from the house, after being out three days and two nights, on the other side of the river, which, it appears they had crossed, with the intention of visiting a settler on the other side. One of them was ten years old and the other seven, both boys. When they found they were lost they clambered up a high rock and there determined to remain for fear of wandering further off. Here they passed the two nights and three days without anything to eat but the leaves of sorrel which is found in the woods. They were discovered by occasionally hollowing; the oldest was quite exhausted, but the youngest, who was more resigned to his fate, was able to walk home. The settlement is on the margin of the interminable northern forests, and as bears frequently come out in the settlement, after three days search it was supposed the children had been devoured, when their distant, but enfeebled cries, were fortunately heard by a few of the party in search.”

Several prisoners, had been pardoned, and were released from Fort Henry on July 29. They were sent to the U. States, the British authorities offering to pay their passage, which was declined by the captain of the steam boat.

UNITED STATES.—A very extraordinary hurricane was recently experienced in New Haven County. It demolished almost every thing in its course, gardens, houses, and bridges, causing much loss and suffering to the inhabitants. The New Haven Herald says, that the tempest rooted up trees of an hundred years standing, as if they had been wisps, and so scattered parts of buildings, and articles of furniture, that some of them had not been heard of since. No lives appear to have been lost, but some dangerous wounds were received. Many poor persons lost all their property by this visitation, and have been left without shelter of any kind.

The following affords an interesting evidence, of the good which results from the improvement of lines of intercourse, of the enterprise of commerce, and of the toils which merchants sometimes undergo, in the prosecution of their profession,—it is abridged from the New Orleans Louisianian:

TRADE WITH MEXICO VIA. RED RIVER.—One of the most interesting occurrences for the commerce of New Orleans, was the arrival here of a number of Mexicans of distinction, in company with some American traders, from Chihuahua, by way of Red River. The district in which Chihuahua is situate, contains the richest gold mines in all Mexico, which circumstance exhibits at once the importance of a direct commerce with the inhabitants. The party first mentioned brought with them a large amount of gold bullion, and their caravan consisted of five hundred mules, ten waggons and a guard of one hundred men. The chiefs of the party left the main body at Pecan Point, the first place on Red River. They met with no molestation or interference whatever, in their route of eight hundred miles, over a beautiful rolling prairie, interspersed with clusters of large trees, an abundance of fine springs and pellucid water courses, having passed above the heads of rivers flowing into the Gulf of Mexico.

They arrived on Red River in forty-five days, without incurring the slightest indisposition among their men, and without losing a single mule. Had they not been compelled to wait for a steamboat, they would have been here sixty days from the time of their leaving Chihuahua.

These gentlemen have come to New Orleans for the purpose of buying an assortment of goods.

Some of these gentlemen have assured us, that if this trade

were fostered by our government, and drawback allowed on foreign merchandize imported by steamboats to Pecan Point, which is in Texas, the whole trade of Chihuahua, and as far west as the Pacific Ocean would flow in this direction, and all the bullion, although its exportation is prohibited by the Mexican laws, would find its way hither.

They state that the distance from St. Louis to Santa Fe is 1350 miles due west, thence to Chihuahua more than 650 miles due south, the route thus forming a right angle; whereas the distance from Chihuahua to Pecan Point is only eight hundred miles, the road lying west by south; the difference of land carriage, consequently, is 1200 miles. Besides this saving in the cost of transportation, they are not interrupted on the whole route by the interference of a single Mexican customhouse, except a trifling duty at Chihuahua. The distance from Matamoras to that place is near 1200 miles, and yet traders found it a profitable business to bring goods from that port, notwithstanding the enormous duties, which amount to 200 per cent on some articles.

The arrival of the caravan is the first good effect that has been experienced from the removal of the great raft. Without that it is plain the enterprise would never have occurred to the minds of the traders. The measure next to be adopted is the granting of drawbacks on foreign merchandize exported in that direction, which, as the individuals of the caravan justly observe, will turn the whole of that trade into the channel of Red River.

A captain of a steamer, bound down lake Erie, had a young woman, aged 15, committed to his care, as a steerage passenger. Pretending to be interested in her welfare, he gave her the use of his own state room, which was on deck. He entered the room, at night, and, with brutal violence twice violated the person of his unfortunate victim. He was arrested at Buffalo. Justice Barton who examined the girl, was supposed to do so with too much harshness or “cruelty,” and became an object of public excitement to such a degree, that he resigned his office.

FOREIGN.—An account of a horrible transaction is given as follows, in an American paper:

On the 6th of July the steward of a Spanish schooner, on a coasting voyage from Havana port to Trinidad de Cuba, with a cargo of negroes, and twenty-six white passengers, men, women and children, managed to excite the blacks against the whites; the latter were all murdered, together with the officers and crew of the schooner. As soon as this news reached Havana, the Government despatched a vessel of war in search of the coaster.

PICTOU.—A sailor named John Colborne was drowned in Pictou harbour on Sunday morning last; the Coroner's jury found, that he fell overboard while in a state of intoxication.—A melancholy accident occurred near New Glasgow. Mr. and Mrs. Michel were proceeding on horseback from Little Harbour to that place. Mrs. Michel's horse ran off, she lost her seat, her foot became entangled in the stirrup, and she was so injured that she died the next morning.—On Monday evening a man was “run over by a waggon” on the rail road, and killed.

The men-of-war boats, manned by sailors and mariners, exhibited the very interesting evolutions of a sham fight on Tuesday last. The rattle of small arms, and roar of ordnance, and cheers of the men, made the exciting music of the scene. An attack on George's Island formed part of the movements.

A Regatta is advertised to take place on the 5th of September.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The only reason that the communications No. 1 and 2, signed “As you like it,” do not appear today, is, that No. 2 did not come to hand until about noon on Wednesday. At that time we could not make room for the articles, without causing serious delay in publication. The whole shall appear next week.

We have, in this number, devoted some space, usually given to “news” items, to two communications. They were headed, “for the Junior Column,” but as they appeared sufficiently fair to pass without that qualification, and as we have some doubt respecting the effect of that department, the heading is not attached.

MARRIED.

At Yarmouth, on Sunday 4th inst. by the Rev. A. Gilpin, Capt. Samuel Gowen, to Miss Henrietta Sherlock, formerly of Halifax.

At Montreal on the 27th ult. by the Rev. R. L. Lusher, Mr. Allan Robinson, to Esther Ann, eldest daughter of the above Wesleyan Minister, both of that city.

At Ouelletown on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hetherington, Mr. T. Rattray, junr. of that place, to Emily Ann, third daughter of the late Mr. George Thompson, of Halifax, N. S.

DIED,

Yesterday, in the 32d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Bartlett, son of Mr. Edward Bartlett of this town. Funeral will take place on Sunday next, at 1 o'clock from his afflicted Father's house, in Gottington Street, friends of the family are respectfully requested to attend.

At Liverpool, N. S. on the 3d inst. in the 25th year of his age, John Roberts, Esq. a worthy member of society, highly esteemed by all who knew him.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, August 10th—Brigt. Haleyon, Robbins, Ponce, 24 days—sugar, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co. Welcome Return, Pinkham, Trinidad de Cuba, 32 days—molasses, to J. Allison & Co. Margaret, Guysborough; Neptune, Darrel, St. Jago de Cuba 14 days—sugar, to J. & M. Tobin; Regulator, Hayley, P. E. Island, 5 days—produce; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg; Am. schr. Palestine, Macy, 4 days—flour and wheat, to G. P. Lawson; Rival, McLearn, Liverpool.

Sunday, 11th—Brigt Star, Cocken, Falmouth, Jam. rum to D. & E. Starr & Co. Venus, Argyle—fish; Nelson and Orthodox, Barrington—fish Sally Evans, Whitney, Bermuda, 8 days—ballast to Saltus & Wainwright; Lady Chapman, Gilbert, Bermuda, 5 days—sugar and molasses, to J. & M. Tobin; brigt. Horon, Wingood, Bermuda, 5 days—sugar, rum and molasses, to Frith, Smith & Co. brigt. Pictou, Fern, St. Thomas, 21, Bermuda, 7 days—ballast to W. Donaldson; brigt. Margaret, Jones, Trinidad de Cuba, 24 days,—rum and molasses, to G. P. Lawson—spoke 4th inst. lat. 48, long. 71 brigt. Columbus from Calais bound to Charleston; schr. Snowbird, Pierce, Shelburne.

Monday, 12th—Schr. Coral, Perry, St. Croix, 14 days—rum, to J. Allison & Co; Isabella, St. John, N. B. 6 days—deals, to Chairman, & Co. schrs. Lady, New Harbour—dry fish; Thomas, Port Matoon—dry fish.

Tuesday, 13th—Schr. Barbara, Girroir, New York, 15 days—pork beef, flour, etc. to J. Allison & Co. and others.

Wednesday, 14th—Schr. Shannon, Cann, Gabarus, and St. Pauls, 8 days.

Thursday, 15th—Schr Providence, Deagle, East Point, P. E. Island, 5 days—dry fish, etc. to the master; schr Ann, Canso, dry fish etc.

Friday, 16th—Brigt Victoria, Smart, Liverpool, G. B. 58 days—general cargo, to McNab, Cochran & Co.

Her Majesty's Packet brig ——— reported; brig from Cadiz and a Barque East.

CLEARED,

Monday 12th—brig Henrietta, Clements, Demerara, lumber and shingles by S. Binney; brigt. Emily, Barron, Savannah-la-mar, fish and flower by G. P. Lawson; President, Crum, B. W. Indies, fish, oil, etc. by J. L. Starr. 13th—Brigts. Redbreast, Lovet, B. W. Indies—fish etc. by J. & M. Tobin; Transit, Newbold, do.—do. by do; Griffin, Young, do.—do. by Saltus & Wainwright. 14th—Schr. De-fiance, Curry Miramichi—rum, etc. by S. Cunard & Co. and others; Ann, Reynolds, Burin, N. F.—flour, bread, etc. by B. Story; Isabella, Quebec—ballast. 15th schr Eliza, Kennedy, Sydney; brig Ambassador, Clarke, Jamaica.

AUCTION.

Raisins, &c.

BY RIGBY & JENNINGS,

At their Rooms, To-morrow, Saturday, at 11 o'clock.

71 BOXES RAISINS, } SUPERIOR,
15 half boxes do }
3 qr do do }
2 Bbls RICE, }
2 Tierces do }
6 kegs GREEN PAINT,
20 Cannisters Paint, different colours, 7 lbs each,
200 barrels ONIONS,
1 Pun RUM, high proof,
1 do Molasses,
4 qr Casks White Wine,
20 Boxes Smoked Herring,
Tea Kettles, Sauce Pans.

ALSO, a quantity of DRY GOODS.

August 16.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS.

THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrivals completed his extensive SPRING SUPPLY of the above, together with Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, (Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc PAINTS and OILS, etc.

The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his Drug Store, near the Market. JAMES F. AVERY.

May 10 6w

MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT.

THIS TRI-WEEKLY PAPER has been enlarged by one third of its original size, and continues to be issued at the old price of ONE PENNY per number—Country Subscribers being charged one dollar extra, to cover the year's postage.

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