

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 29, 1839.

NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

FRANCIS OF VALOIS;

OR, THE LADIES' PEACE.

By Agnes Strickland.

THE beams of the setting sun stole beneath the heavy velvet curtains, that partially shaded the barred and grated windows of the apartment occupied by Francis I. of France, during his long and weary imprisonment in the gloomy fortress of the Alcazar, at Madrid, and tinged with deceitful brightness the sunken temples and faded cheek of the illustrious tenant of this lugubrious abode, as he reclined in a state of listless languor on his embroidered couch.

Francis had pined away many months since his disastrous overthrow at Pavia, in that restless fever of hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick. One day excited by the deceitful professions of his imperial rival, Charles V., and another, plunged into utter despondency, by the vexatious delays and disappointments to which he was doomed, till the mental travail which he endured, produced bodily illness of an alarming character.

It was at this critical period that his accomplished and amiable sister, the celebrated Marguerite of Valois, the widowed Duchess of Alencon, with a degree of generous self-devotion, which, even in those days of chivalrous romance, was regarded by the princes of Europe with admiration and surprise, demanded and obtained from the Emperor Charles permission to visit her royal brother in prison.

An indefinite hint of the possibility of such an event as her arrival had been conveyed to Francis; but the more eagerly the presence of this beloved sister was desired by him, the more was he disposed to regard the idea of her coming as an improbable chimaera, which was held out to amuse and cheer his drooping spirits by his faithful attendants.

On the present evening he was roused from his feverish languor to a state of intense excitement, by hearing his inexorable jailor, Don Ferdinand Alarcon, summoned by the centinel who had been parleying with a lady, at the door of the anti-room.

"How now!" cried Don Ferdinand, stepping to the portal.

"It is a lady and her page, who are desirous of an interview with the King of France," was the reply.

"My duty to the emperor will not permit me to accede to their request," said Alarcon.

"We bring an order from the emperor," said the page, presenting a paper to Alarcon.

"This order," observed Alarcon, after he had carefully perused the pass, "empowers me to admit the Duchess of Alencon and her attendant, into the presence of my illustrious prisoner; but I must first be convinced of the identity of the persons specified. Will you condescend to let me see you without your veil, madam?" continued he, addressing the lady.

She removed the enveloping screen for a moment, with a look which caused Alarcon to recede three paces backward in surprise, as she significantly observed, "The emperor's order is not then sufficient warrant for my admittance?"

"Pardon me, madam; but you can scarcely expect one, who has the honour to be so well acquainted with your voice and features, to mistake you for the sister of the King of France."

"Have you then the audacity to dispute the written words of your imperial master?" inquired she.

"If there be any little underplot among the ladies," muttered Alarcon, "I trust the reckoning will be settled by the parties concerned."

"I will exonerate you from all blame," replied the lady, "except that of disputing the pass of which I am the bearer."

"Then, madam, I am to announce you, I suppose, as her grace the Duchess of Alencon," said the sullen official, flinging open the jealously guarded door of the inner room.

The sick monarch started from his couch, at the sound of that dearly loved name, and extending his arms with passionate emotion, as Alarcon ushered the lady into his chamber, exclaimed,

"I am not then wholly abandoned of Heaven! God only knoweth how I have panted to embrace thee, my sweet sister. What, not a single word, or look, or kiss to bestow on thy unfortunate brother, Marguerite?"

"I fear I am the cause of disappointment to your majesty," said the lady, seating herself beside the couch; "I am not the lady of Alencon, but I come to cheer you with the tidings of her approach. Your royal sister greeteth you lovingly by me, and will be with you this present evening, God and the emperor willing."

"Blessings on the sweet voice that whispers such joyful news in the sick ear of a woeful captive," said Francis; "but I must

be permitted to look on the face of my gentle visitor," pursued he, removing the mantilla in which the lady's face and figure had hitherto been enveloped. The features on which he gazed were unknown, and yet appeared familiar to the royal scrutinizer; they were noble, beautiful, and expressive both of dignity and goodness. Her age, which is a difficult point to ascertain in a fine woman, did not appear to exceed two-and-twenty; but the self-possession and easy grace of her manner might have belonged to a more advanced period of life.

"Your name, fair lady?" said the king.

"I am called Mademoiselle de Heilley," replied the lady, looking down, while a suffusing blush mantled her delicate cheek.

"You are then my subject, my charming friend," rejoined the king, with great animation, taking her hand.

"Is it your custom, sir, to make so free with the ladies of your court?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"I am always proud to offer my homage to beauty," replied Francis, gallantly raising the hand which he held to his lips.

"Are you quite sure," pursued he, looking into the lady's eyes "that my sister did not make you the bearer of some tender token of her love to me?"

"This ruby heart," replied the lady, taking the richly wrought gold chain to which the gem was suspended from her neck.

"I shall wear it for the sake of her from whose lovely hands I receive the precious pledge," exclaimed Francis, bending one knee before his fair visitor. "Come, invest me with the order of which I perceive you are the grand mistress."

"What order does your majesty mean?"

"That of St. Cupid," returned the king.

"Your majesty has, I fear, been long a practised votary of that mischief-loving little traitor," said the lady, throwing the chain about his neck.

"You hold me now your lawful captive," said the king, kissing the glittering links of the chain.

"For how long?" asked the lady.

"For ever."

"Or till you see a fairer face than mine."

"It is impossible."

"You are a perilous wooer, sire, and for my own peace, I have resolved never to see you again, till you are the husband of the Queen Dowager of Portugal."

"I will marry her to-morrow, then."

"Donna Eleanora will have cause to be flattered, when she understands the reason of your haste; but are you ready to perform the conditions on which your marriage with that lady depends?"

"My fair friend, we will not waste the sweet moments by discussing so painful a subject."

"Donna Eleanora has said that she would be prouder of being your wife, if you were only a landless knight, than of sharing any other crown in Christendom."

"And who empowered you to make this communication to me, sweet-heart?" inquired Francis, taking Mademoiselle de Heilley by both hands, and bending a searching scrutiny upon her face.

"Oh! my sister, the Duchess of Alencon was it? Mighty fine! I guessed as much when you began to talk of the Austrian; but I am not to be tricked by female diplomatists; I am of full age and understanding to judge for myself, and, therefore, when you next favour me with a visit, my fair plenipotentiary, I hope it will be to make love to me on your own account, in which case I will endeavour to make you a more grateful return than I at present feel disposed to do."

"It is said that your majesty's heart is in the possession of the beautiful Françoise de Foix, your own subject."

"I have had leisure to repent me of the guilt and folly of my conduct in that instance, during my weary hours of sorrowful captivity and sickness," returned Francis; "and this broken heart has now centered all its affections upon France, and my fair young sons, and that dear sister, who will, perhaps, only arrive to close these eyes in their last repose." He bowed his face upon his pillow as he spoke, and sobbed with deep and passionate emotion, unrestrained by the presence of a stranger. It was, however, no stranger's voice, but accents that had been sweetly associated with all the best and purest pleasures of his life, from childhood upwards, that now, with tenderest words of comfort, interrupted this pause of agony, while dear familiar arms enfolded his wasted form in the fond embrace of a sister's holy love.

Francis uttered an exclamation of surprise, for the mysterious *avant courier* of his royal sister had disappeared, and Marguerite

of Valois herself was hanging over his sick couch, mingling her tears with his. He tried to welcome her, but could only falter out,

"Marguerite, mine own true-hearted sister!"

"Rouse yourself, my prisoned eagle!" she replied; "your imperial jailor is at hand, and I would not for the honour of Valois, that the proud Spaniard should see that the victor-plumes that soared so triumphantly at Marignan, could droop in hopeless despondency under any reverse of fortune."

"It is the body, not the mind, that hath succumbed," said Francis, pressing his sister's hand to his throbbing temples.

"Let the ethereal and immortal principle, then, wrestle with the earthly load that cumbereth and oppreseth its energies," returned his sister. "Charles of Spain, alarmed by the account of your indisposition, comes this evening to visit you, and his foot is even now on the threshold."

"I will defy the cold-blooded fox to his teeth," exclaimed Francis, starting from his couch.

"Not so, my brother; fight him with his own weapons, diplomatic coolness and reserve."

It was not in the nature of Francis to follow this prudent counsel, and when his imperial rival, attended by his chancellor Gattinara, and his own physician, whom he had brought to visit his illustrious captive, entered, he reproachfully addressed him in these words:

"Your majesty has then come at last to see your unfortunate prisoner die!"

"Not so, my brother, and my friend," replied Charles, advancing to the foot of the couch; "but to speak of hope and speedy restoration to health and to liberty. I have also brought an old friend and faithful vassal to visit you, who will be only too happy to renew his homage."

"If your majesty means my traitor constable, Bourbon, I will not consent to be insulted with his presence. I trust there is none other subject or vassal peer of mine, over whom your majesty possesses the slightest influence," exclaimed Francis, passionately.

A smile of intelligence was exchanged between the emperor and the Duchess of Alencon at these words. "Be calm, my brother," whispered she, laying her hand on his arm; "no insult is intended." At the same moment, on a signal from the emperor, Pepin, the dauphin's foster-brother, advanced from the anti-room, leading by the collar his royal master's favourite dog Clovis. Instead of bounding joyfully to greet his captive lord, the sagacious animal, with that mysterious tact which is instinctive to his race, paused, and looking wistfully in the monarch's face, uttered a low piteous note of recognition and sympathy.

"No traitor in sooth, but the most faithful and devoted of friends art thou, my poor Clovis!" cried Francis; "but how came he at Madrid?"

"My sister, Donna Eleanora, understanding your majesty was suffering from indisposition, despatched an especial messenger to your royal sister the Duchess of Alencon, requesting her to make your favourite dog and his little attendant the companions of her journey, and I petitioned my fair and illustrious guest to permit me to have the pleasure of presenting Clovis to your majesty."

"You had a fairer companion on your journey than these, my sister," whispered Francis, to the Duchess of Alencon, as soon as the emperor and his followers had withdrawn.

"Whom does my royal brother mean?"

"Your charming attendant, Mademoiselle de Heilley. When shall I see her again?"

The countenance of Marguerite of Valois assumed an expression of uneasiness at these words. "If I had been aware that any previous acquaintance had existed between yourself and Mademoiselle de Heilley, I would have selected some other attendant," said she.

"My good sister," replied Francis, "I never saw your fair *sultane* till this evening, when you obligingly sent her to announce your kind visit."

"My brother, you are dreaming," said the duchess; "Mademoiselle de Heilley has never quitted me for a moment, till I left her in the anti-room just now."

"You did not then make her the bearer of this jewel?" demanded Francis, producing the ruby heart and chain.

"Certainly not. But it is plain that some fair lady has been your visitor, since the heart and chain are rather of too substantial a nature to be the creations of a feverish delusion. I will, however, summon my lady in waiting, that you may be convinced that you were mistaken with regard to its being Mademoiselle de Heilley."

When Mademoiselle de Heilley entered, Francis was compelled to acknowledge that she was not the lady who had used her name. He was evidently chagrined at the discovery, complained of fatigue, and permitted the ladies to withdraw.

When the Duchess of Alencon came to visit her royal brother the next day, she was pale and sad, and her countenance bore the traces of mortification.

"The object of my journey to Madrid has been frustrated," said she. "Donna Eleanora, your promised bride, has left Madrid, and undertaken a pilgrimage to Gaudaloupe, as an excuse to avoid seeing me, or it may be that she has taken umbrage at something you have said of her to your mysterious visitor, who was doubtless some practised syren whom that wily dissembler, Charles of Spain, sent hither to bewitch you, calculating on the great defect in your moral character."

"I will stake the fairest province in France, that she with whom I discoursed last night was not less chaste than beautiful," exclaimed Francis; "though with regard to my own conduct, I believe I was foolish enough to make love to her."

"Oh! doubtless you acted with your usual want of discretion; but upbraidings are unavailing. It is enough that you have mortally offended your affianced bride, and frustrated all my plans for your deliverance."

"Have you tried your influence with Bourbon, Marguerite?" asked Francis, eagerly.

A deadly paleness chased the lively bloom from the cheek and lip of the royal widow, as she replied mournfully:

"Even to that degradation have I stooped for the sake of my king and brother."

"And—and the traitor?"

"Is willing to renounce his treasons, to sue for pardon on his bended knee, to his captive liege lord, and to place his sword, his fortunes, his life, his honour even, at my disposal; but, Francis, he is powerless. Like yourself, he has been the dupe of Charles of Spain, and he has not the means of repairing the mischief he has wrought."

"Not if I reward him with my pardon, and your hand, Marguerite?"

"The terms on which you would purchase his good offices have been made known to him," replied she, mournfully; "had they been offered previously to the battle of Pavia, you had been now on the throne of France, and master of the Milanese."

"Impossible; you were not then a widow, Marguerite, and from the moment that our mother plighted your reluctant hand to Alencon, Bourbon became my deadliest foe."

"Such, indeed, has been the result of my mother's cruel policy, and your unkind acquiescence in the sacrifice of one who deserved better things at your hands, Francis of Valois. But I spare reproaches; you are reaping the bitter harvest of your own sowing."

"But, my sweet Marguerite, you are now released from your weary bondage to the poltroon Alencon, and are free to wed with the object of your earliest affections, Bourbon."

"No, Francis; Bourbon cannot now repair the wounds he has inflicted on his country. He has explained to me, in the bitterness of his vain repentance, the impossibility of his rendering you any assistance. He is neither trusted nor respected by his new allies the foes of France. Would that he had died on the blood-stained field of Pavia, when his rebellious sword severed the last link that bound him to the heart of Marguerite of Valois!"

"You have, then, told him this?"

"No: he told me that thus he read my feelings,—that he was unworthy of me, and being unable to repair his crimes, he dared not sue for reconciliation. We have parted to meet no more on this side the grave, and all I now live for is my country. I still hope to be the means of restoring to France her king, if he will be true to himself."

The Duchess of Alencon then unfolded to her royal brother a project for his escape from prison, into which Francis eagerly entered. The plan failed through the treachery of one of his attendants, who, having quarrelled with his colleague, La Rochepot, who was more fully trusted than himself, he, out of revenge, denounced the plot to the Spanish authorities. Francis was, in consequence, subjected to a more rigorous confinement than before, and the Emperor Charles, understanding the share which the Duchess of Alencon had taken in arranging the matter, took measures for arresting her person as soon as the date of her safe conduct had expired; and Marguerite, while bending all the energies of her ardent character to the great object for which she had entered Spain, the deliverance of her royal brother, had been so insensible to the lapse of time, as to have arrived within two days of the limits of this period.

She received a hasty warning of the emperor's design from Bourbon, and having taken a hurried farewell of Francis, and received from his hands an instrument whereby he abdicated the throne of France in favour of his son the dauphin, she left Madrid privately, and travelled with such expedition, that before Charles had received certain intelligence of her flight, she was beyond the reach of his power.

After her departure, Francis sunk once more into a state of listless melancholy. His appetite failed; he refused to take air

exercise, or recreation; sleep forsook his pillow, and a dangerous relapse of fever, brought on by agitation and anguish of mind, succeeded. Gattinara, the honest chancellor of the Emperor Charles, to whom the state of the royal captive was reported by the physicians, thought proper to announce it to his imperial majesty in the following blunt terms:—

"Will it please your majesty, that the last consolations of the church be administered to the King of France?"

"The last consolations of the church to Francis of Valois!" repeated the emperor, in surprise; "what next will he require?"

"Embalming and interment, if it be your imperial pleasure to grant him the favour of royal exequies," replied Gattinara.

"The fact is, my lord, you have delayed the fulfilment of your promises so long, that in all probability Francis of Valois will get his release to-night from a higher power than yours, and you will be regarded by Europe in the light of his murderer."

"Nay, then," cried the emperor, "he shall be espoused to our royal sister, Donna Eleanora, to-morrow."

"It is the opinion of six physicians, that Francis of Valois will be wedded to another spouse before morning."

"In that case no time is to be lost," cried the emperor, "or we shall not be able to claim any benefit from the treaty he has signed, not even a dowry for my sister. Lannoy," pursued he, turning to the viceroy of Naples, with whom he was engaged in a game of chess; "go to the Queen of Portugal, and tell her to repair, with her ladies, to the Alcazar."

"Your majesty forgets that Donna Eleanora is still absent on the pilgrimage which you compelled her to undertake."

"That is an unlucky circumstance, but not without remedy: the parties must be espoused by proxy."

"Where shall we find a lady who can prepare herself for so important a ceremony on so short a notice?" asked Gattinara, coolly: "Your majesty's imperial consort, and the ladies of her court, are not at Toledo, consequently you cannot select a noble maiden for the purpose of representing your illustrious sister, without great difficulty and loss of time, to say nothing of the pride and importance of the Spanish nobles in their family arrangements. And this is so extraordinary a business."

"What is to be done, Lannoy?" said the emperor.

"Something, or nothing, it is plain," replied the viceroy, with a sarcastic smile; "and if I did not fear giving offence to her Majesty Donna Eleanora, I would ride off to Madrid, and receive the nuptial ring from King Francis, in her name."

"And as her proxy?" asked Gattinara, drily.

"Why not? a proxy only means a representative who expresses the consent of an absent person, which, as we all know Donna Eleanora has no objection to this alliance, I will venture to do, with regard to her marriage with Francis of Valois."

"Ride, then, with all the speed you may, Lannoy, that we may claim a dowry for my sister as his widow," cried the emperor.

In an incredibly short period after this conversation, the feverish slumbers of the royal captive were interrupted by the entrance of a priest, who, approaching the bed, with his breviary in his hand, asked, "if his Majesty of France were disposed to enter into the holy state?"

"Not much, I confess," replied Francis; "however, God's will be done.—Are you about to administer the last sacrament, Father?"

"There are two others which, in your majesty's case, must precede that consoling ordinance, namely, matrimony, and penance; and for the first of these I am come to prepare your majesty."

"Matrimony!" cried Francis, in a feeble voice; "will you be pleased to produce the bride?"

"Don Ferdinand Alarcon," said the priest, "I charge you, in the name of the emperor, to introduce the proxy of that illustrious lady, Donna Eleanora, the Queen Dowager of Portugal, into this chamber, and to arrange every thing for the immediate celebration of her majesty's nuptials with the King of France."

"How now, Lannoy!" exclaimed Francis, as the viceroy, booted and spurred, defiled with dust, and breathless with hard riding, entered the chamber; "is it from your hands that I am to have the honour of receiving my Spanish bride?"

"No: it is Alarcon who is to act as the deputy of our imperial lord, on this occasion, and I am to have the honour of representing the illustrious bride," replied Lannoy; "your majesty will be graciously pleased to excuse my whisks and spurs, I hope."

"C'est egal," muttered the astonished bridegroom, with an expressive shrug. The bearded representative of the bride gave an authoritative nod to the priest to commence the spousal rite, and Francis, supported in his bed with pillows, allowed his trembling hand to be guided, by his page Pepin, to place the nuptial ring on the huge finger which Lannoy thrust forth to receive the symbol of union between the imprisoned monarch of France, and the sister of his imperial master. At the conclusion of this farcical solemnity, Francis sunk back on his pillow in a state of exhaustion, so nearly resembling death, that the proxy of his future queen rode back to Toledo, with fiery speed, to an-

nounce to Charles V. that the prediction of the physicians would assuredly be verified.

Contrary, however, to their opinions, the crisis of the fever terminated favourably, and Francis slowly, but surely, recovered from his perilous sickness. The Emperor Charles paid him friendly visits during his convalescence, and the arrangements for his restoration to liberty were soon after completed. Hostages were, however, demanded by the emperor, for the fulfilment of the hard conditions of his release, and the payment of his enormous ransom. These hostages were to be either the heirs of twelve of the noblest families in France, or his two sons, the dauphin, and his brother Prince Henri.

Tears rushed to the eyes of the royal victor of Marignan, when the bitter alternative was submitted to his consideration; but he replied, without hesitation, "Mine own fair sons must be the victims, then; I cannot ask any of my peers to resign a father's fondest hopes to break my chains." The young princes were accordingly conducted to the frontier town of Andaye by Marshal Lantre, and on the 18th of March, 1526, the memorable scene of the exchange of these royal children for their father, took place. Francis, guarded by Alarcon and Lannoy, and fifty horsemen, appeared on one bank at the moment that Marshal Lantre, with the dauphin and his brother, reached the other.

A barge had been moored in the mid-stream of the Bidassoa, which formed the bound of demarcation between the hostile realms of France and Spain. On the deck of this vessel, the long separated father, and his sons met, and exchanged a hasty embrace, as a prelude to a yet longer parting. "It is not meet that the foes of France should behold me in my hour of weakness!" exclaimed Francis, dashing the rebel moisture from his eyes; and straining his children once more passionately to his throbbing breast, he tore himself from their caresses, leaped into the boat which had brought them to the barge, and springing to the shore, mounted his royal charger, which was in waiting for him there, waved his hand, and shouting, "Once more a king!" rode off at head-long speed, not trusting himself to cast a backward glance towards the Bidassoa, where the boat, containing the precious pledges whom he had given for the fulfilment of the hard conditions of his release, was rapidly gliding towards the hated shores of Spain.

The first use which the enfranchised monarch made of his freedom, was to protest against the whole tenor of the treaty to which he had been induced to affix his signature, while labouring under an excess of feverish excitement; and regardless both of the matrimonial engagements into which he had entered with Donna Eleanora of Austria, and the perilous position in which his children were placed, he allied himself with his former enemy Henry VIII. of England, and took an early opportunity of declaring war against Charles. Three years of harassing campaigns, equally ruinous in their effects to the prosperity of France and Spain, succeeded; and during this period the sons of Francis were confined to the custody of Donna Eleanora, the affianced bride of their father, and by her they were cherished with not less than maternal tenderness. She superintended their education with the same care which she bestowed on that of her young daughter the infanta of Portugal, and fully succeeded in winning the affection of the youthful hostages; while she gently, but unweariedly, exerted the influence which her virtues and talents had acquired for her in her own family, in endeavouring to compose the differences between her imperial brother, and her affianced husband.

The destiny of Francis was, from the cradle to the tomb, peculiarly affected by the power of female influence. Left an orphan at the early age of three years, he was educated by his widowed mother, Louise of Savoy, whose ascendancy over his affections was at times perniciously enough exercised after he came to the throne; but, on the other hand, the bright genius and energetic spirit of his high-minded and accomplished sister, Marguerite of Valois, which were ever exerted for his good, were productive of the happiest effects, both on his fortunes and his character. It was from the clear head, and brilliant imagination of this amiable princess, that the felicitous idea first emanated, of referring the differences between those irreconcilable foes, Charles and Francis, to a female congress, composed of the emperor's aunt, that veteran states-woman, the Lady Marguerite, regent of the Low Countries, Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis, Eleanora of Austria, and herself. It was to the mildness, patience, and good feeling, exhibited by these royal *diplomates* extraordinary, that the exhausted realms of Austria, France, and Spain, were indebted for that happy termination of their hostilities which is emphatically styled, in history, "THE LADIES' PEACE."

It was on the 5th of August, 1529, nearly three years and a half from the day when Francis I. regained his liberty at the price of resigning his sons into the hands of his ungenerous rival, that a scene not less interesting than that which we have previously described, took place on the bosom of the watery boundary between France and Spain, where the constable Montmorenci gave the sealed cases containing the money stipulated for the ransom of Francis I. in exchange for the betrothed bride of Francis and his sons. The illustrious party landed at Bourdeaux, and Eleanora,

still wearing the dress of a royal widow, entered, with a fluttering heart, the presence of her long wedded, but as yet unknown lord, leading, in either hand, the princely heir of France and his brother, who, but for her gentle, but powerful mediation, would in all probability have been doomed to life-long captivity in a Spanish fortress.

Francis rose from his chair of state, and advanced to pay his first compliments to his Spanish bride rather with the formal courtesy of a royal act of ceremony, than the alacrity of a lover.

"I bring your majesty a dowry more precious than both the Indies," said Donna Eleonora, presenting his two sons to Francis; "and all I ask of you in return for the three years of maternal care which I have bestowed upon them, is, that you should regard me, not as the sister of your foe, but as the happy instrument of restoring your children to your arms."

"If that sweet voice deceive not my ear, I have long regarded you with tenderer feelings still," exclaimed Francis, with sudden animation.

"Come, my fair sister, it is time to elucidate the mystery," said the Duchess of Alencon, removing the veil which had hitherto enveloped the person of the royal bride, and revealing to the eager gaze of her king and brother the well-remembered features of the lady who had visited him in the Alcazar; and Francis, bending his knee before his blushing consort, exclaimed: "My wife, and my queen, behold how faithfully I have worn thy chains!" He opened his embroidered pourpoint as he spoke, and pointed to the glittering links that she had thrown about his neck on the eventful evening when she availed herself of the Duchess of Alencon's pass to obtain an interview with the captive monarch, who had been a suitor to her brother for her hand.

The scheme had been devised between Donna Eleonora, and Marguerite of Valois, but the circumstance having been betrayed by Alarcon to the Emperor Charles, had exposed the fair Dowager of Portugal to a severe reproof, and to the sentence of a pilgrimage to Gaudaloupe, as a punishment for the bold step she had ventured, and also as a prevention to any future meetings between her and her affianced lord. On the following day, the marriage of Francis and Eleonora was celebrated at Bourdeaux with great pomp, and was hailed by the war-worn people of France as the last auspicious seal of "THE LADIES' PEACE."

THE PARTICULAR MAN.

Our esteemed acquaintance, Mr. B. is a worthy person; we have every reason to believe he is an honest and upright character, but alas for his friends and intimates, he is a *particular man*. There are, doubtless, many methodical persons in the world, and everybody knows that method is the soul of business, but there are some original dashes in my friend's character, which, in the limited intercourse, as a solitary fisherman, I have had with mankind, I have never seen equalled.

Mr. B. is scrupulously attentive to the attiring of the outward man; not that he is in the least foppish in his apparel, by no means, but a crease in his vest or a spot upon his pantaloons, would be the subject of serious annoyance to the particular man; and the same attention to minutiae is observable throughout all his actions.

There is one thing in which my worthy acquaintance is not at all particular; I believe it is the only point on which he can be accused of departing from his acting principle, and that is of making use of his friends. In this respect his foible is most inordinately conspicuous. I shall suppose, for example, that he has requested me to perform some little commission for him; and after repeating his instructions till I have every word, nay every syllable, as firmly fixed in my memory as my own christian and surname, I turn for relief to another topic—in the very midst of a sentence he will interrupt me with, "You'll have the goodness, Mr. Sniggle, not to forget that little matter for me—I shall feel extremely obliged to you if you will call," etc. etc. Of course, I assure him that I will attend to his wishes, and again take up the subject on which we were conversing, if I happen to remember it—but in less than five minutes he will exclaim—"I believe I mentioned Mr. Tenpenny's number, did I not? it is three hundred and seventy-nine and a half; and if you'll tell him to send me those articles at three minutes past nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall be very much obliged to you." "Oh dear," I inwardly ejaculate, in weariness of spirit, "I will remove myself from this nuisance as fast as possible," and accordingly take a hurried leave of my entertaining companion—"Good-by, my dear Sniggle, good-by, glad to see you well—I say, Tenpenny knows what I ordered, an extra large dust shovel, as ours is quite worn out—two pennyworth of beads, four curtain pins, and—" "Yes, yes, yes, you told me that five or six times over," I reply, out of all patience—"Well, my good friend, but you know I am such a *particular fellow*!"

The particular man is a great querist, and if you are relating any circumstance to him, will interrupt you every instant to ask some trifling question, that is either totally unimportant, or which perhaps if he would only allow you to proceed with your narrative, would appear in the right place. I was exceedingly amused on one occasion with a little scene which occurred between him and a legal friend—who, as well as most of that respectable body to which he belonged, was not sorry to have an opportunity of relating the particulars of a tough cause which he had gained, who thought he had

got an excellent listener in Mr. B.—as the latter, declaring his eagerness to hear the account, planted himself before the narrator, putting on a scrutinizing and sagacious look, that would have done credit to a Thurlow or an Eldon—thus ran the conversation:

"Well, sir, and how did you get over the opposite parties? do tell us all about it."

"Why, sir, my client the plaintiff brought this action to recover the amount."

"What court did you bring your action in, sir, King's Bench—Common Pleas—or Exchequer?"

"Common Pleas, to recover the amount."

"Where was the cause tried, sir—London or Westminster?"

"In London, I generally lay the venue in London; as I live in the city it saves the drag to Westminster."

"Very good, sir proceed if you please."

"Well, sir—I was observing that my client brought his action to recover the amount of—"

"I beg your pardon—but was it a special or common jury?"

"A common jury," replies the attorney, somewhat shortly, who began to get rather tired of the repeated interruptions of his cross-examiner—"a common jury," he repeated, endeavouring to bring to his recollection whereabouts he had left off.

"Yes a common jury," reiterates Mr. B.; "but you have not yet told me the cause of action."

"Oh, it was to recover seven hundred and forty-four pounds, five shillings, and—"

"Tried before the chief-justice, Sir Nicholas Conyngham Tindal, I suppose?"

"Yes—and in summing up he said—"

"Who were your counsel?"

I did not stop to hear the reply; unable to stand any longer I rushed out of the room, and whether the story was ever finished I am unable to say.

I very much fear Mr. B.'s malady, for such it appears to me, is incurable; reason him out of it you cannot, ridicule has little or no effect upon him. I have seen him laughed at repeatedly, without manifesting the least consciousness that he was the subject of the joke. How true is the oft-repeated maxim, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

From the Southern Rose.

PIETY AT HOME.

That home is, in every sense, the most *pious* home, where there is peace, good will, contentment, and innocent joy; where there are bright faces, and kind words, and where the house is not divided against itself! In that home circle, where there is no bitterness of feeling cherished; where no harsh words are uttered of recrimination, unjust anger, or intemperate reproof; where purity is cultivated in thought, word, and deed—where there is the sympathy which rejoices with them that do rejoice and weeps with them that weep; and where all in the true spirit of love exhort each other daily, no less by example than by kind speech—there may we behold the true and perfect **PIETY AT HOME**.

The benefit, arising from the observance of this duty, is of great and peculiar importance.

There is no foundation for religious feeling and action, more firm and sure than this. It is *at home* that the *heart* is formed; for the inward feelings depend most on thoughts and actions which are unrestrained; and is it not the heart which religion chiefly and always asks? It is *at home*, too, that we may best cultivate *consciousness*,—in performing duties, the neglect of which we have no reason to dread will be publicly exposed, but which if heeded, must be so at the simple dictates of one's conscience.

Here, also, may the *affections* be best cherished, for if they exist at all, here they will be disinterested. And Home is the place to form one's *principles*. It is easy to act on feigned motives, in the sight of others; but the difficult and necessary thing for a good man, is to act on *principle* invariably, and in private, as well as in public. It is something more than good nature, or kindness simply, to overcome the daily trials upon one's temper, to submit with willingness to the many little self-sacrifices, so needful to the comfort of social life, and to profit by the thousand opportunities there of being considerate and useful. This is no more the triumph of affection than it is of principle.

Piety at home is, indeed, then, the ground-work of all religious duty; for it is this which may plant deeply the seeds of wider feelings and more extended action. The love and gratitude we feel towards an earthly parent are helps to the great duty of love and gratitude to the Almighty Father of all. Our good will and kindness towards our kindred, is the best and sincerest beginning to a sympathy with the whole human race. And this is the true and just sense of the saying, that '*Charity*' (that is, *the true benevolent feeling*.) '*begins at home.*'

Again: When holy habits of heart and life have grown up in private, they have *moral associations* connected with them which almost ensure their preservation for the future. When we consider the images of purity, and love, and truth, and content, which cluster around the pious household, can it be wondered at that we should recur to duties which rendered it so happy! It is the want

of the calm happiness of a cheerful fireside which has left many hearts to be swallowed up in vain amusements and dangerous excitements. And when there is no thought of a sympathising and happy home to win one from temptations, his heart and principles are at the mercy of every vain show, and of every artful adviser and of every bad companion, and of every false friend. But it is not so with him, who has learned to show and has found piety at home. He may go into a strange city and meet with its allurements, but the love of his own hearth saves him from giving his affections elsewhere. The words of the profane and scornful and profligate sound upon his ears, but the voice of holy purity is heard by him the louder and sweeter from his own distant dwelling. He meets in the broad world with vice and deceit at every corner, and at first he may distrust and weep for human nature, and may be tempted to fall in with the evil of the mass. But he soon is taught that it is man's own doing which has so debased him, and so shrouded the brightness of his nature, when he reflects on the unperverted hearts he has left behind, and from the contrast, he loves purity and virtue all the more. His soul may sink within him at seeing the vain chases of mankind after happiness, and he would say, *all is vanity*, did not his memory picture forth the happy contentment of his own home. Elsewhere, he may be the victim of injury, and the dupe of insincerity, and the object of unjust suspicion—but there, at least, he is sure of willing kindness, of finding truth and of being beloved.

The remembrance, therefore, of a home of piety is a no slight defence for our virtue,—no surer a refuge in the season of darkness and the storm, than the shelter of affection, and the strong hold of principle. It will save one from that thirst for excitement, which so often takes the unreflecting from the common duties and innocent happiness of life, and leads them into temptation, and from that restless spirit which, wishing it knows not what, hurries so many into reckless courses—and it can give a peace, which as long as a worldly spirit is excluded from the heart, the broad world with all its attractions of pleasure can never take away.

LATE FASHIONABLE DINNER HOURS.—Even in fashionable life the superiority of Nature's arrangements, over those of man is so far acknowledged, that it is an almost universal rule for children to dine in the middle of the day; and there cannot be a doubt that the practice is attended with manifold advantages to the young, although, as regards their moral training, these would be greatly increased were they to associate at meals with their parents, instead of being left entirely to the company and management of servants.

Supposing it to be made an imperative condition of our social existence that we shall rise after mid-day, and not go to bed till a late hour in the morning, the present fashion of dining at seven or eight o'clock, becomes much more rational than is commonly imagined by those who declaim against it without regard to the concomitant circumstances. It is, no doubt, most absurd and hurtful for a man who rises at seven or eight o'clock, breakfasts at nine, and goes to bed at eleven, to delay dining till seven in the evening; but it by no means follows that seven is a *bad dinner-hour* for a person who rises at twelve or one o'clock, breakfasts at two, and goes to bed at three in the morning. The interval between the breakfast at one and dinner at seven o'clock, is the same as between breakfast at nine and dinner at three, namely, six hours—which is little more than enough. The error lies, not in the hours chosen for meals, but in the utter perversion of the whole system of living, by which night is converted into day, and the business of life is postponed five or six hours beyond the time appointed by the Creator for its performances. So far from the late dinner being hurtful in such circumstance, it is only the stimulus and support which it affords that enables the victims to withstand the fatigue even for a single week.—*Combe on Digestion.*

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Controversy.—A man who is fond of disputing, will, in time, have few friends to dispute with.

Speech.—This is clothed in white. But a lie comes forth with all the colours of the rainbow.

Adversity, a good Teacher.—Those bear disappointments the best, who have been most used to them.

Example.—When a misfortune happens to a friend, look forward and endeavour to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

Standard of Value.—The worth of everything is determined by the demand for it. In the deserts of Arabia, a pitcher of cold water is of more value than a mountain of gold.

Luck and Labour.—A guinea found in the street, will not do a poor man so much good as half a guinea earned by industry.

Earning the Least Getting.—Give a man work, and he will get money.

Early Hours.—Since the introduction of candles, luxury has increased. Our forefathers rose with the lark, and went to bed with the sun.

From the Persian.

MUTE COURTSHIP.

By Thomas More, Esq.

Love hath a language of his own,—
A voice that goes
From heart to heart,—whose mystic tone
Love only knows.

The lotus-flower, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words will tell me how
I worship thee.

The mirror which to thee I hold,—
Which, when impress'd
With thy bright looks, I turn and fold
To this fond breast,—

Doth it not speak, beyond all spells
Of poet's art,
How deep thy hidden image dwells
In this hush'd heart?

UTILITY OF THE EARTH-WORM.

The worm-casts, which so much annoy the gardener by deforming his smooth-shaven lawns, are of no small importance to the agriculturist; and this despised creature is not only of great service in loosening the earth and rendering it permeable by air and water, but is also a most active and powerful agent in adding to the depth of the soil, and in covering comparatively barren tracts with a superficial layer of wholesome mould. In a paper 'On the Formation of Mould,' read before the Geological Society of London, by Charles Darwin, Esq., F. G. S., now one of the secretaries, the author commenced by remarking on two of the most striking characters by which the superficial layer of earth, or, as it is commonly called, vegetable mould, is distinguished. These are, its nearly homogenous nature, although overlying different kinds of subsoil, and the uniform fineness of its particles. The latter fact may be well observed in any gravelly country, where, although in a ploughed field, a large proportion of the soil consists of small stones, yet in old pasture-land not a single pebble will be found within some inches of the surface. The author's attention was called to this subject by Mr. Wedgwood, of Maer Hall in Staffordshire, who showed him several fields, some of which, a few years before, had been covered with lime, and others with burnt marl and cinders. These substances, in every case, are now buried to the depth of some inches beneath the turf. Three fields were examined with care: the first consisted of good pasture-land, which had been limed, without having been ploughed, about twelve years and a half before; the turf was about half an inch thick; and two inches and a half beneath it was a layer or row of small aggregated lumps of the lime, forming, at an equal depth, a well-marked white line. The soil beneath this was of a gravelly nature, and differed very considerably from the mould nearer the surface. About three years since cinders likewise were spread on this field: these are now buried at the depth of one inch, forming a line of black spots parallel to and above the white layer of lime. Some other cinders, which had been scattered in another part of the same field, were either still lying on the surface or entangled in the roots of the grass. The second field examined was remarkable only from the cinders being now buried in a layer, nearly an inch thick, three inches beneath the surface. This layer was in parts so continuous, that the superficial mould was only attached to the subsoil of red clay by the longer roots of the grass.

The history of the third field is more complete. Previously to fifteen years since it was waste land; but at that time it was drained, harrowed, ploughed, and well covered with burnt marl and cinders. It has not since been disturbed, and now supports a tolerably good pasture. The section here was—turf half an inch, mould two inches and a half; a layer one and a half inch thick, composed of fragments of burnt marl (conspicuous from their bright red colour, and some of considerable size, namely, one inch by half an inch broad, and a quarter thick), of cinders, and a few quartz pebbles mingled with earth; lastly, about four inches and a half beneath the surface was the original black peaty soil. Thus beneath a layer (nearly four inches thick) of fine particles of earth, mixed with some vegetable matter, those substances now occurred, which, fifteen years before, had been spread on the surface. Mr. Darwin stated that the appearance in all cases was as if the fragments had, as the farmers believe, worked themselves down. It does not however appear at all possible that either the powdered lime or the fragments of burnt marl and the pebbles could sink through compact earth to some inches beneath the surface, and still remain in a continuous layer; nor is it probable that the decay of the grass, although adding to the surface some of the constituent parts of the mould, should separate in so short a time the fine from the coarse earth, and accumulate the former on those objects which so lately were strewed on the surface. Mr. Darwin also remarked that near towns, in fields which did not

appear to have been ploughed, he had often been surprised by finding pieces of pottery and bones some inches below the turf. On the mountains of Chile he had been perplexed by noticing elevated marine shells, covered by earth, in situations where rain could not have washed it on them.

The explanation of these circumstances, which occurred to Mr. Wedgwood, although at first it may appear trivial, the author does not doubt is the correct one, namely, that the whole is due to the digestive process by which the common Earth-worm is supported. On carefully examining between the blades of grass in the fields above described, the author found that there was scarcely a space of two inches square without a little heap of the cylindrical castings of worms. It is well known that worms swallow earthy matter, and that, having separated the serviceable portion, they eject at the mouth of their burrows the remainder in little intestine shaped heaps. The worm is unable to swallow coarse particles; and as it would naturally avoid pure lime, the fine earth lying beneath either the cinders and burnt marl, or the powdered lime, would, by a slow process, be removed and thrown up to the surface. This supposition is not imaginary, for in the field in which cinders had been spread out only half a year before, Mr. Darwin actually saw the castings of the worms heaped on the smaller fragments. Nor is the agency so trivial as it at first might be thought, the great number of Earth-worms (as every one must be aware who has ever dug in a grass-field) making up for the insignificant quantity of work which each performs.

On the above hypothesis, the great advantage of old pasture land, which farmers are always particularly averse from breaking up, is explained; for the worms must require a considerable length of time to prepare a thick stratum of mould, by thoroughly mingling the original constituent parts of the soil, as well as the manures added by man. In the peaty field, in fifteen years, about three inches and a half had been well digested. It is probable, however, that the process is continued, though at a slow rate, to a much greater depth; for as often as a worm is compelled by dry weather or any other cause to descend deep, it must bring to the surface, when it empties the contents of its body, a few particles of earth. The author concluded by remarking, that it is probable that every particle of earth in old pasture land has passed through the intestines of worms, and hence that in some senses the term "animal mould" would be more appropriate than "vegetable mould." The agriculturist, in ploughing the ground, follows a method strictly natural; and he only imitates in a rude manner, without being able either to bury the pebbles or to sift the fine from the coarse soil, the work which nature is daily performing by the agency of the earth-worm.

Since this paper was read Mr. Darwin has received from Staffordshire the two following statements:—1. In the spring of 1835 a boggy field was so thickly covered with sand that the surface appeared of a red colour, but the sand is now overlaid with three-quarters of an inch of soil. 2. About eighty years ago a field was manured with marl, and it has been since ploughed, but it is not known at what exact period. An imperfect layer of the marl now exists at a depth, very carefully measured from the surface, of twelve inches in some places and fourteen in others, the difference corresponding to the top and hollows of the ridges or butts. It is certain that the marl was buried before the field was ploughed, because the fragments are not scattered through the soil, but constitute a layer which is horizontal, and therefore not parallel to the undulations of the ploughed surface. No plough, moreover, could reach the marl in its present position, as the furrows in this neighbourhood are never more than eight inches in depth. In the above paper it is shown that three inches and a half of mould had been accumulated in fifteen years; and in this case, within eighty years (that is, on the supposition, rendered probable from the agricultural state of this part of the country, that the field had never before been marled) the Earth-worms have covered the marl with a bed of earth averaging thirteen inches in thickness.

From "Heads of the People."

THE MONTHLY NURSE.

"The Monthly Nurse—taking the class in the lump, without such exceptions as will be noticed before we conclude—is a middle-aged, motherly sort of a gossiping, hushing, flattering, dictatorial, knowing, ignorant, not very delicate, comfortable, uneasy, slip-slop kind of a blinking individual, between asleep and awake, whose business it is—under Providence and the doctor—to see that a child be not ushered with too little officiousness in the world, nor brought up with too much good sense during the first month of its existence. All grown people, with her, (excepting her own family,) consist of wives who are brought to bed, and husbands who are bound to be extremely sensible of the supremacy of that event; and all the rising generation are infants in laced caps, not five weeks old, with incessant thirst, screaming faces, thumpable backs, and red little minnikin hands tipped with hints of nails. She is the only maker of caudle in the world. She takes snuff ostentatiously, drinks advisedly, tea incessantly, advice indignantly, a nap when she can get it, cold whenever there is a crick in the door, and the remainder of whatsoever her mistress leaves to eat or drink, provided it is what somebody else would like to have. But she drinks rather than eats. She has not the relish for a 'bit o'

dinner' that the servant-maid has; though nobody but the washer-woman beats her at a 'dish 'o' tea,' or at that which 'keeps cold out of the stomach,' and puts weakness into it. If she is thin, she is generally straight as a stick, being of a condition of body that not even drams will tumefy. If she is fat, she is one of the fubsiest of the cosy; though rheumatic withal, and requiring a complexional good-nature to settle the irritabilities of her position, and turn the balance in favour of comfort or hope. She is the victim of watching; the arbitress of her superiors; the servant, yet rival, of doctors; the opposer of innovations; the regretter of all household religions as to pap-boats, cradles, and swathes; the inhabitant of a hundred bed-rooms; the Juno Lucina of the ancients, or goddess of child-birth, in the likeness of a cook-maid. Her greatest consolation under a death (next to the corner-cup-board, and the not having had her advice taken about a piece of flannel,) is the handsomeness of the corpse; and her greatest pleasure in life, is when lady and baby are both gone to sleep, the fire bright, the kettle boiling, and her corns quiescent. She then first takes a pinch of snuff, by way of pungent anticipation of bliss, or as a sort of concentrated essence of satisfaction; then a glass of spirits—then puts the water in the tea-pot—then takes another glass of spirits (the last having been a small one, and the coming tea affording a 'counteraction')—then smoothes down her apron, adjusts herself in her arm-chair, pours out the first cup of tea, and sits for a minute or two staring at the fire, with the solid complacency of an owl,—perhaps not without something of his snore, between wheeze and snuff-box.

"Good and ill nature, as is the case of every one else, make the great difference between the endurance, or otherwise, of this personage in your house; and the same qualities, in the master and mistress, together with the amount of their good sense, or the want of it, have a like reaction. The good or ill, therefore, that is here said of the class in general, becomes applicable to the individual accordingly. But as all people will get what power they can, the pleasant by pleasant means, and the unpleasant by the reverse, so the office of the Monthly Nurse, be her temper and nature what it will, is one that emphatically exposes her to temptation that way; and her first endeavour, when she comes into a house, is to see how far she can establish an undisputed authority on all points. In proportion to her success or otherwise in this subject, she looks upon the lady as a charming, reasonable, fine, weak, cheatable creature, whose husband (as she tells him) 'can never be too grateful for her bearing such troubles on his account;' or as a Frenchified conceited madam, who will turn out a deplorable match for the poor gentleman, and assuredly be the death of the baby with her tantrums about 'natural living,' and her blasphemies against rum, pieces of fat, and Daffy's Elixir. The gentleman in like manner—or 'master,' as the humbler ones call him—is, according as he behaves himself, and receives her revelations for gospel, a 'sweet good man'—quite a gentleman—'just the very model of a husband for mistress,' etc. etc.; or, on the other hand, he is a 'very strange gentleman'—'quite an oddity—one that is 'not to be taught his own good'—that will 'neither be led nor driven'—that will be the death of mistress with his constant *judge-fudge* in and out of the room—and his making her 'laugh in that dreadful manner,' and so forth;—and, as to his 'pretending to hold the baby, it is like a cow with a candlestick.' 'Holding the baby,' indeed, is a science, which she reckons to belong exclusively to herself; she makes it the greatest favour to visitor or servant to let them venture upon a trial of it; and affable intimations are given to the oldest mothers of families, who come to see her mistress, how they will do well to receive a little instruction on that head, and not venture to substitute their fine-spun theories for her solid practice; for your Monthly Nurse (next to a positive grandson) is the greatest teacher of your grandmother how to suck eggs in the world, and you may have been forty years in the habit of sticking a pin, and find your competency come to nothing before the explanatory pity of her information.

"Respecting the 'doctor,' her thoughts cannot be so bold or even so patronising. She is confessedly second to him, while he is present; and when he has left the room, a spell remains upon her from his superior knowledge. Yet she has her hearty likes or dislikes of him too, and on the same grounds of self-reference. If she likes him, there 'never was such a beautiful doctor'—except perhaps Sir William, or Doctor Butternouth, (both dead,) and always excepting the one that recommended herself. He is a 'fine man'—so patient—so without pride—and yet 'so firm, like;'—nobody comes near him for a difficult case—for a fever case—for the management of a 'violent lady.' If she dislikes him, he is 'queer'—'odd'—'stubborn'—has the 'new ways,'—very proper, she has no doubt, but not what she has been used to, or seen practised by the doctors about court. And whether she likes him or not, she has always a saving grace for herself, of superiority to all other nurses, in point of experience and good luck. She has always seen a case of more difficulty than the one in hand, and knows what was done for it; and Doctor Gripps, who is 'always' called in to such cases, and who is a very pleasant though rough sort of gentleman, calls her his 'other right hand,' and 'the jewel that rhymes to *gruel*.'"

"Armed with these potential notions in general, and the strongest possible sense of her vice-royalty over master and mistress for the time being, she takes possession of the new room and the new

faces; and the motto of her reign—the *Dieu et Mon Droit* of her escutcheon—is ‘During the month.’ This phrase she has always at hand, like a sceptre, wherewith to assert her privileges, and put down objection. ‘During the month,’ the lady is not to read a book. ‘During the month,’ nobody is to lay a finger on the bed for the purpose of making it, till her decree goes forth. ‘During the month,’ the muffle of the knocker is at her disposal. And ‘During the month,’ the husband is to be nobody, except as far as she thinks fit, nor even (for the first week or so) to his putting his head in at the door. You would take him to be the last man who had anything to do with the business. However, for her own sake, she generally condescends to condescend to become friends with him, and he is then received into high favour—is invited to tea with his wife, at some ‘unusually early period; and Nurse makes a bit of buttered toast for ‘master’ with her own hand, and not only repeats that ‘baby is as like him as two peas,’ (which it always is, the moment it is born, if the lady’s inclination is supposed to set that way,) but tells him that she fears he is ‘a sad charming gentleman,’ for that ‘mistress talks of him in her sleep.’ The phrases commonest in her mouth are mostly of an endearing or flattering sort, with an implication, in the tone, of her right to bestow them; and she is very aristocratic in her ideas. She tells the lady in her hour of trial, as the highest encouragement to fortitude she can think of, that ‘the Queen must suffer the same;’ and the babies are always kings and queens, loves, darlings, jewels, and poppets. Beauties also, be sure;—and as all babies are beautiful, and the last always more beautiful than the one before it, and ‘the child is father to the man,’ mankind according to Nurse, ought to be nothing but a multitude of Venuses and Adonises; aldermen should be mere Cupids full grown; and the passengers in Fleet Street, male and female, slay one another, as they go, with the unbearableness of their respective charms. But she has also modes of speech, simply pathetic or judicious. If the lady, when her health is inquired after, is in low spirits, she is described as ‘taking on so;’ if doing well, it must not be too well, for the honour of the importance of the case, and the general dignity of ailment; and hence the famous answer, ‘as well as can be expected.’ By the time the baby arrives at the robustness of a fortnight old, and appears to begin to smack its lips, it is manifestly the most ill-used of infant elegancies, if a series of random hits are not made at its mouth and cheeks with a piece of the fat of pig; and when it is sleepy, and yet will ‘not go to sleep,’ (which is a phenomenon usually developed about the time that Nurse wants her tea,) or when it is ‘fractious’ for not having had enough pig, or from something else which has been counteracted, or anything but the sly sup of gin lately given it, or the pin which is now running into its back, it is equally clear, that if Daffy, or Godfrey, or rocking the chair, will not do, a perpetual thumping of the back, and jolting of its very soul out, will; and, accordingly, there lies the future lord or lady of the creation, prostrate across the nurse’s knees, a lump in a laced cap and interminable clothes, getting redder and redder in the face, ejaculating such agonies between grunt and shout as each simultaneous thump will permit, and secretly saluted by its holder with ‘brats,’ and ‘drat it,’ and ‘was there ever such an ‘obstrepulous’ little devil!’ while her lips are loud in deprecation of the ‘naughty milk,’ or the ‘naughty cot,’ (which is to be beaten for its ill behaviour;) and ‘Dordie’ (Georgy) is told to ‘go’ to a mysterious place, called ‘Bye-bye;’ or the whole catechism of nursery interrogation is gone through, from the past tenses of the amenities of ‘Was it a poppet then?’ and ‘Did it break its pretty heart?’ up to the future glories of ‘Shall it be a King then?’ ‘Shall it be a King Pepin?’ ‘Shall it be a Princy-wincy?’ a ‘Countess!’ a ‘Duchess?’ ‘Shall it break the five gentlemen’s hearts with those beautiful blue eyes?’ In the midst of tragi-comic burlesque of this sort, have risen upon the world its future Marses and Apollos, its Napoleons, its Platons, and its Shakespeares.”

EXAMINATION OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

The following humorous account of the examination of a midshipman in the English naval service is extracted from an article in a late British Magazine:

I remember at Malta one unfortunate youth named Richards, the day of whose trial was fixed, and who from the known character of his judges, had good reason to be anxious about the result. On the morning previous to his examination, I found him in a dreadfully agitated state; and in order to encourage and reassure him as much as I could, I took him out with me, and endeavored during a long walk to explain to him any difficulties that occurred. After good deal of questioning and cross-questioning, finding himself *au fait*, he began to take courage, and to look forward with confidence to the result of the morrow.

We had been perambulating about in this manner for a couple of hours, and I was just about to accompany him on board, when whom should we meet, plump in the face, but one of the passing captains.

“Well, youngster!” said the skipper, addressing my companion; “so you are going to pass to-morrow, eh!—to try at least, eh! Very well, see you are prepared, for it shall be no child’s play. I’ll work boy; I promise you I will.”

“It will never do, Ned!” said the poor fellow to me, as soon as the captain was gone. “It will never do—I’m sure to be rejected!”

“Nonsense,” I replied. “Keep your spirits up, and never say die, every body knows that fellow does not always bite when he snarls.”

“Well,” said the desponding youth, “it may be, but you’ll see I’ll be rejected.”

The eventful hour at length arrived; and poor Richards approached his fate with palpitating heart. As there were six others for trial at the same time, they were apportioned among the different captains; each taking upon himself the examination of one.

“If you will allow me,” said our friend of the previous day to the senior officer; “if you will allow me, I should like to examine Mr. Richards?”

“Certainly,” replied the senior captain, and the poor fellow as white as a sheet, was immediately called forward.

“Now, sir,” said the captain, addressing him, and assuming a very grave and severe expression of countenance; now, sir, let us see what sort of an officer of the watch, sir, of the Dido frigate—don’t forget her name, sir—there’s a heavy gale of wind from the southward—do you hear, sir? Pay attention to what I’m saying to you, sir!—I’ll lay my life, you have forgotten what point the wind was in,—mark me, sir, for its important,—the gale is from the southwest, sir, remember, the southwest. Plenty of sea-room, sir: vessel made all snug for at night, lying to under trysails, do you mark that, sir, under trysails? Well, sir, the captain comes on deck, and says—to you—observe what the captain says, sir: he says to you, “Mr. Richards, how’s her head?” You of course make the proper response; after which, the captain, putting his hand in his pocket, takes out a small leathern case—mark, sir, a leathern case!—and presenting it to you in an easy sort of way, he offers you a segar. Now, sir, answer me immediately, sir—which end of the segar would you put in your mouth?”

The poor middy, who, as the captain was proceeding with this address, was looking forward to some awfully formidable question, was so thunderstruck by this unexpected termination of the harangue, that not knowing whether it was meant in joke or in earnest, he stood for a moment without opening his lips.

“Come, sir,” cried the captain—“quick—which end?”

“The twisted one,” replied the youngster, who was fortunately well practised in the use of segars.

“The twisted one, sir, if an Havana, and either end the same if a Cheroot!”

“Excellent!” cried the captain, throwing himself back in his seat in a roar of laughter. “Capital sir!—very well answered indeed, sir. Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Richards is extremely well qualified to make an excellent officer.”

The youth was accordingly duly passed, and all his evil forebodings ended. This was one of the lucky turns, and we all congratulated him heartily on having drawn a prize.

MODERN REFINEMENT.

The following amusing and sensible letter has been addressed to the editor of a clever and apparently well got-up publication, entitled *The Literary World*, the first number of which is now before us.

OAKGLADE, March 5.

It is with great alarm and sorrow that I received the other day a prospectus of your new periodical. I have written off to you directly, and trust my endeavor to turn you from such an undertaking will be successful.

We do not want any more literature—we are getting learned, sir—headlong, dangerously learned; and what is worse than all is, that my greatest favorites, they whom I had marked out for their wit, and cherished for their superiority of talent, have been the very first to adopt the *new lights*, and the most eager to undermine my theories, and annihilate my opinions. There is Miss Rose Myrtle, sister to a charming woman you have heard about, and the prettiest girl, too, in our village. She has turned botanist, forsooth, and if I present her with a “Forget me not,” a flower which I consider of all others the most proper to be presented to a lady, she begins to examine the pistil and stamens; and when I tell her, in a neat impromptu, that it is an emblem of love, and consecrated to the tenderest emotions of the heart, she produces a little kickshaw book, bound in green silk, with gilt edges, and after some searching she declares it is a *Pentandria Monogynia*; and immediately enters into a long dispute about the nectarium and the corolla, the receptaculum and the pericarpium.

Her cousin Mary is a confirmed mineralogist, and puzzles you by calling the most common things by the most uncommon names. If you admire her diamond ring, or her pearl necklace, she assures you that the one is nothing but a bit of crystallized charcoal, and the other neither more nor less than the wen of a certain kind of oyster! These things are too bad, Mr. Editor: they are subversive of our most pleasurable feelings, and inimical to all poeti-

cal conception; they are generally useless, frequently injurious, always impertinent, and often disgusting.

In my younger days, sir, there was not a more gallant man than me in the universe; and the verses I wrote, and the civil speeches I made, were copied by the beaux for miles round. But now, alas! the age of civility is past; and though I see beautiful forms rising around me, and feel beautiful thoughts glowing within me, I am obliged to admire the one in silence, and suppress the other in sorrow; for I cannot call a Rose an *Alexandria Monogynia*, nor assure the lovely Mary that her beautiful eyes are lumps of levigated charcoal. There are the languages, too. Formerly, it was deemed sufficient if a lady could speak good English grammar, interlarded with a few “*pardonnaz mois*,” and “*je vous remercies*,” but now, she must warble Italian and jabber German, or else she will be set down for an antediluvian. All our sweet ballads are quite forgotten in parties now, for every body tries to sing Italian; and the best of the joke is, that there are not two of twenty of these vocalists who know what they are singing about. Nay, their very mother-tongue has not escaped the contagion, and I have known the pronunciation of a plain word change as frequently as the fashion of a lady’s sleeve.

Then, there are albums, those rat-traps of the drawing-room, “full of wise saws and modern instances,” (and, in the instances that have come before my notice, I never saw any thing wise yet,) which no gentleman dares even peep into without being in danger of paying a visit to his eminence Mount Parnassus. Oh! these light pink, and light green, and light and blue, and buff, and tea-colored pages, and their embellishments; their blue butterflies and orientally-tinted birds; their eccentric shells, and more eccentric sea-weeds; their shilling Byron beauties, and their half-a-crown “Flowers of Loveliness.” Give me the good old-fashion scrap-book with a portrait of Lord Howe stuck on the top of the page, and all the most popular jests of the last half century, cut out of some hundreds comical corners lying around him; together with accounts of the murder of Mr. Steele, the accidents at the execution of Haggerty and Holloway, the jubilee and temple in the Park, and a thousand other diverting matters. You might read and reflect for hours there; but to seek reason or reflection in the crow-quill poetry of a gilt album is as sheer madness as to attempt to boil water without making steam.

Talking of steam, what is it now that is not done by steam? We shoot, and cook, and weave, and travel by a little hot water; nay, I hear there is about to be a railroad formed to our antipodes, and when I asked a scientific neighbor how the difficulty was to be obviated of going into it feet foremost, and of course coming out feet first, he said it was of no consequence, as we should travel so fast we should not know whether we were on our heads or feet.—And then the railways—why, it is dreadful to think of being whirled along upon them. How much better is the old-fashioned stage-coach and four horses, driving briskly along a good hard turnpike-road, than flying like a rocket along two pieces of iron. Imagine being in the carriage next the tender, and the engine bursting, and your finding yourself going up aloft instead of down to Birmingham. Ah! Mr. Editor, all these dangers will be found out in time, and then people will see I am right. The pitch of learning at which everybody is arriving is worse than—: but I won’t go on. People call me a querulous old man; but I do not care. All the age is the same; and to save it from total ruin and destruction is the wish of—Your’s very truly.

ROGER OLDCASTLE.

P. S.—I cannot get a goose-quill or a sheet of common foolscap all over the village; so I write this epistle upon hydro-pneumatic paper, with anti-corrosive limpidum ink, and a poly-chronographic platino-zinoid pen, which seems to be a difficult name for steel.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Wherever, O man, God’s first sun beamed upon thee—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou mayest love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream—no barren imagination—but in her dwells thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live in the customs, and fashions, and laws, of thy fathers; where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoiced thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee according to his will, as cattle are driven at the will of their drivers.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good, (excepting religion; in which dwells a still higher freedom,) which a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.—*Arad.*

WOMAN.

Child of the erring heart's desire,
To man in blissful Eden given,
When you bright orbs of mystic fire
First hymn'd the circling hours of heaven.
Oh! hadst thou mock'd the tempter's powers,
The skies had been beneath thy bowers,
And man's immortal sire,
Of thee and Paradise possess'd,
Had been beyond the angels bless'd!

But this was not ordained to be,
Child of the soft and suffering mien!
And keenly has the stern decree
Been felt through ages lapsed between.
High-gifted man thy trespass shared,
And death with this bleak world preferred
To Eden's bowers unblest by thee.
Then waved the sword o'er Eden's gate,
And Paradise was desolate!

Frail, erring child, of birth divine!
Weak, wandering, yet beloved of heaven,
Repentant, low, at mercy's shrine
Thou'rt heard'st, and art forgiven.
O, who, with darkened mind shall trace
To thee the ruin of his race,
Nor own that faith is thine,
Which, still omnipotent to save,
Survives and triumphs o'er the grave!

A DEFENCE

Written by Sir Ador Cochayenne, about the year 1661.

I wonder why, by foul-mouthed men,
Women so slandered be,
Since it doth easily appear
They're better far than we?

Why are the Graces every one
Pictured as women be,
If not to show that they in grace
Do more excel than we?

Why are the liberal Sciences
Pictured as women be,
If not to show that they in them
Do more excel than we?

Since women are so full of worth,
Let them all praised be,
For commendation they deserve
In ampler wise than we!

THE AVARICIOUS FATHER.

The following anecdote of the meanness and ingenuity of a Russian father is almost too contemptible to allow us to laugh at it:—A marriage had been arranged between two families in the trading class at Moscow. The father of the young lady was rich, and it was agreed that he should provide her with a handsome trousseau, and that he should pay his son-in-law her fortune of two hundred thousand roubles, about eight thousand pounds, on the morning of the wedding. The happy day at length arrived, the trousseau or *prilannic* was, according to custom, packed in handsome chests, placed on cars, and paraded through the streets to the bridegroom's house, to display the wealth of the family; it having been already, with the same laudable object, exhibited as usual in the bride's apartments to all who chose to come, either to criticise or to admire. Before the wedding, the father of the lady presented her intended husband with the promised dowry of his daughter; as, however, it was now time to proceed to church, he remarked to the young man, "You can't carry such a sum of money as this about you, so you had better leave it with me, and you can take it home with you at night." To this proposal the other readily assented; the wedding was duly solemnized, and was, as usual, celebrated afterwards by a vast deal of eating and drinking; and when the happy couple went home at night, the bridegroom, unsuspecting from wine and love, was easily persuaded to leave his money in his father-in-law's care till the morning. The next day he was hardly dressed, when he was told that there were some men inquiring for him; he at first refused to see them, saying, "it was not a moment for business, and he would attend to none that day;" the people, however, persisted in their demand for admission, and were at length let in. On seeing the bridegroom, they immediately told him they were come for the chests. "What chests?" was the reply. "Why, the *prilannic*," to be sure. "Pooh!" said the young man, who supposed that the ornamented chests had been hired for the occasion. "You shall have your boxes, but you are in a great hurry; my wife has not had time yet to unpack her things, and

put them in their proper places." The lady, who was standing by, looked very foolish at this, while the men replied, that they must have not only the chests, but also their contents. Upon this the bridegroom got in a rage, and asked if they meant to carry off his wife's wardrobe. "Don't talk nonsense about your wife's wardrobe," said the intruders with a provoking laugh; "you don't really suppose all those things belong to her; the old gentleman only hired them for the occasion, to make a show, and we are now sent to fetch them back." The bride, on being appealed to, was obliged to admit that all the men had said was true; and accordingly, they carried off the handsome furs, silks, jewels, and other valuable articles of a Russian trousseau in that class of life; while the husband betook himself in no good humour to his father-in-law, to complain of his deceit, and to get the money which he had left in his charge. "What money?" said the old man, in pretended surprise. "Why," said the other, "the two hundred thousand roubles, which you paid me yesterday as your daughter's dowry, and which I left in your care last night." "Ah!" said the father-in-law, laughing, "you can't pretend to be serious. I gave you the money yesterday to make a show before the company, and you gave it me back afterwards, as it was always understood between us that you should." In vain the young man denied the assertion, and claimed the payment of the money, and the fulfilment of the contract; argument and entreaty proved alike useless, and he was obliged to go home, with the satisfaction of having been cheated out of his wife's fortune, as well as her wardrobe, by her own father.

DEATH OF MR. T. HAYNES BAYLY.—It is with deep regret we have to announce the death of Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq., which took place at Cheltenham, in April last, after a lingering illness. He was a man of great taste, of a lively and playful imagination. His poetical talents have been long known to the public, for whom his ever ready pen was continually supplying a fund of amusement. He has within the last few years produced a vast number of very clever dramatic pieces, in which style of composition he particularly excelled. His loss will be long and severely felt by his family and friends, to whom he was endeared by his amiable manners and private virtues. His sufferings for the last six months were very great, and he was removed from Bologne about two months since, in the hope that the Cheltenham waters might restore him to health, as he was then apparently improving; but the violence of the remedies he had previously used had shattered his constitution beyond all power of restoration. He expressed himself perfectly resigned to the Divine will, and bore with the calmness and tranquillity of a christian the approach of death. He was watched over with the most earnest solicitude during all this season of trial by her who now mourns the loss of a beloved husband. He has left two daughters.

CLARET.—The wine drank under this denomination has no more right to be called by that name than Madeira has to be called Sherry, or sparkling Perry to be called Champagne. It is neither more or less than a mixture of sundry Bordeaux wines, with hermitage, a wine that grows at Tain, a distance of upwards of 200 miles from Bordeaux, and of Benicarlo, a wine from Spain. How is it that the English (and they are the only nation) can show such want of taste as to drink a fabricated mixture instead of importing the genuine Chateau Lafite and Chateau Margaux Clarets, as they come from the vineyards? The wines of Chateau Margaux and Chateau Lafite are allowed by all true connoisseurs to be the modern nectar of the gods: they invigorate the system without heating it; and as for saying that they do not possess sufficient body to keep in our climate, it is really too absurd to merit even an answer. There is at present in this country some of the genuine Chateau Margaux wine of the vintage of 1811, which was imported into England in 1816. It is now as sound as the day it arrived, and considerably improved in quality by having been so long here in bottle. It possesses more real body and genuine high flavour than any of the made-up stuff sold in London; no mixture would keep and improve like it. This of itself is quite sufficient proof of the absurdity of buying made-up Clarets in London.

A QUERER CAUSE FOR MIRTH.—The Roman consuls were one day dining with the emperor Caligula, when that monster, or lunatic—for there are doubts as to which he should be termed—was graciously pleased to burst out into a loud laugh. Upon the consuls courteously inquiring what witty and admirable conceit had given rise to the imperial mirth, he said he could not but laugh—and here he laughed louder than ever—when he thought how easily he could have both their heads cut off, and how they would look if he were to have them decapitated! It is not to be supposed that this frank disclosure of the imperial thoughts had a tendency to increase the appetites of the guests.

A SHARP REPLY.—Some years ago, as the late Rev. Dr. Fringie, of Perth, was taking a walk one summer afternoon upon the Inch, two young beaux took it into their heads to break a jest upon the old parson. Walking briskly up to him, and making the *rebow* politely, they asked him if he could tell them the colour of the devil's wig? The worthy clergyman surveying them attentively a few seconds, made the following reply:—"Truly,

here is a most surprising case! Two men have served a master all the days of their lives, and don't know the colour of his wig!"

KEEPING THE FIELD.—A dispute once occurred between an English officer and a French one, as to which of the armies they respectively belonged to won a certain battle. "I think the victory remained with us," said the Englishman, "for a very large portion of our force kept the field." "A very large portion, indeed," replied the Frenchman, dilly—"the killed and wounded."

THEATRICAL PUFF.—It is stated in the Sunderland Herald, that at the benefit of the stage-manager of that town, "the house was so densely crowded, that the audience were compelled to laugh perpendicularly, there being no possible medium for a lateral cachinnation."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1839.

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—Two very ingenious machines have been constructed in England, which if we are to credit the accounts given of them by the English prints, bid fair to supersede the use of railways and locomotive engines. The first is named the Aellopodes—and the second, and very properly, the Accelerator. The description subjoined is from a London periodical—

THE AELLOPODES.

We have been permitted a close inspection of this very ingenious machine, which is being exhibited at the George Hall, Aldermanbury; and its simplicity of construction, power, and locomotive rapidity, will we think, tend to promote its general adoption. It is a carriage, light and elegant in form, which the traveller moves by *stepping*; first with one foot, and then with the other,—the treddles being immediately behind him.

The axle form a quadruple crank, so that the circumvolution is as complete as can be obtained; and the treddles connected therewith are four in number. Attached to the above axle are two large wheels, of the diameter of six feet; and, in front, the smaller guide-wheel is about half the size.

The extreme length of the machine is twelve feet: and the cost about thirty pounds.

On common roads this machine may be propelled at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles an hour; and we learn that many gentlemen of the University of Cambridge has adopted it as a means of exercise. Indeed, with reference to gymnastics, it can scarcely be too highly appreciated, as the retrograde action (very easily acquired) must be greatly conducive to muscular development and to physical improvement generally.

The inventor is Mr. Revis, of Cambridge, well-known as a talented mechanic, who has made offers to the heads of the post-office department, with a view to a speedier and more economical transmission of the cross-mails. It is to be hoped that on the present occasion there will be less of that official delay which so frequently mars the true interests of the public, when mechanical novelty is in question.

With four wheels, and upon rail-roads, the velocity would of course be augmented in a vast progressive ratio. Surmises having been thrown out with reference to the difficulty of moving up inclined planes, Mr. Revis has constructed a most ingenious piece of mechanism, wherein a lever, whether by elevation or depression, assures an onward progress without the possibility of the wheels turning back. Considered *per se*, this last machine is a very striking effort of mechanical skill—simple,—and occupying little space. By affixing paddles, it becomes admirably adapted for pleasure-boats, with a view to increase their notoriety at the very least expense of manual labour.

THE ACCELERATOR.

We this week present to our readers a newly-invented machine, of more gigantic proportions than the Aellopodes, given in our last number. It is called the Accelerator; and is intended for the transit of goods and passengers on common roads, at a speed equal to that attained by the railway engine, and at a less expense. The inventor intends to offer it to the notice of Government, for the conveyance of the royal mails. It started from the Bull-and-Mouth Inn, on Monday last, and from the speed and easy management of a machine which at first sight appears so gigantic, we are rather sanguine in our expectations of its ultimate success. The machine is about twenty-five feet in length, and six and a half in width. The fore-wheels are thirteen feet in diameter, and thirty-nine in circumference. They are divided into two circles, the outer one containing sixty spokes, the inner ninety. The hind-wheels are nine feet in diameter, and are also divided into two circles. A strong perch runs from the axle-tree of the front-wheels, and is also supported by the axle-tree of the hind-wheels: from this perch a carriage is suspended for the conveyance of passengers; that attached to the machine in its present state will contain three persons, and there is a place for the

Attaching of an omnibus, to contain twelve persons more, to be conveyed with the same power. Immediately beneath the axle-tree of the fore-wheels, are shafts for two horses. The animals are in some degree suspended by bands passing under their bodies to the axle-tree: these bands were of India rubber, but being not found to answer, are now changed for canvass. Their feet barely touch the ground, as the slightest movement of the horses will set the large wheels in motion. The conductor is seated between the fore-wheels, and by means of pulleys connected with two small wheels, which he can work with either hand, he can support or lower the horses at pleasure. The labour for the horses will be very trifling on a level road; their great use is to propel the machine in going up-hill: the reins pass through an aperture of the foot-board, for their guidance.

An apparatus is now being fitted, by which the driver will turn the fore-axle at the same time he guides the horses.

American papers furnish us with an account of the vengeance inflicted on some Malay pirates and others. An American ship, it appears, was attacked by the Malay pirates, the cargo plundered, and some of the crew killed. Some of the property so wickedly taken was carried to Muk kee. The American frigate Columbia, demanded the surrender of the pirates, but the authorities of the place stated, that they were unable to comply with the request, as the pirates had escaped. In consequence of this answer the American squadron cannonaded the town. The boasted maxim of English law that 'it is better that ten guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer,' does not seem to have influenced the commanders of the American squadron, in this instance. A Boston paper thus speaks of the transaction—"A whole town is laid in ashes and vast numbers of innocent persons probably deprived of all their living, in revenge for the acts of a few pirates. Such is the policy of a nation boasting of its christianity! These are the arguments by which we recommend the Gospel of peace to Heathendom! And no doubt there was a reverend Chaplain on board each of the ships, invoking the Divine blessing upon these disgraceful and cowardly acts." The annexed account is from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

"The first gun of the Columbia was the signal for the John Adams to let fly her shot; and the loud roar of her cannon reverberated from the mountain sides that nearly inwalled the little ship.

The ships were within a musket shot of the beach, and the town reached near to its edge. The cannonading from both ships continued for near half an hour.

The firing ceased, and the boats, already along-side, and concealed from the view of the shore, were manned, as a note upon the bugle called the men to their places. Soon the little fleet joined by the boats from the Adams, reached the shore, and the men formed on the shore in full view of the ships, and advanced to enter the town at the nearest point. Soon the port fire and the torch were applied to the buildings, and the flames ascended from different parts of the town, until the spreading volumes sent up their spiral sheets, involving every dwelling save the sacred mosque, in the general conflagration.

The force returned to the beach, and a moment more, as the flames were rapidly melting to a common ruin the whole mass of the buildings of the town, involving whatever of treasure and property had been left, they contemplated the wild rage of the irresistible element. In about two hours after the boat had left the ships the men were again in their places on their decks, having accomplished their purpose without accident or the firing of a gun.

The whole of the inhabitants had retired from the town, and looked from the mountains upon the ruin of their homes."

MONTREAL, June 15.

ANOTHER BURNING.

On Wednesday night a fire broke out in the village of Chambly, and which raged with unsubsided fury until it had effected a lamentable extent of mischief. It first appeared on the premises of John Wise, a carpenter, who had upon his premises a very large stock of dry unwrought material, the whole of which it consumed; together with the dwelling house, and furniture, workshop, etc. The flames were quickly communicated to the stores of Mr. Macdonald, who was carrying on a considerable business at the place—consuming the stores, the dwelling house, and the whole of his large stock. The fire also spread to the house of one Draper, a blacksmith, and a very industrious man, which it entirely consumed, as also the smithy.—This man had been looking round us late as half-past nine o'clock, and retired to his bed with the assurance that all was safe. Soon after ten the fire broke out, and before eleven his all was consumed. The late political convulsions in the province, and the general, confident expectation that we are on the eve of another rebellion, are probably calculated to render people suspicious; and this fire at Chambly is unhesitatingly attributed to some incendiary. We regret to state that the whole amount of property destroyed is large; and that no one of the three individuals had effected any insurance.

SHIPWRECK.—The Aid de Camp from Londonderry, bound to St. John, N. B. having 305 emigrants on board, ran ashore on Friar's Island, on the morning of Tuesday week, and became a total wreck. Sixteen persons were drowned, of whom, we understand, three were men, and the remainder women and children. The survivors arrived at Halifax on Saturday last, in a destitute condition. Measures for their relief were most humanely and promptly taken. They were lodged in the "Sugar House" and their most pressing wants supplied. Many of them, we understand, have already obtained employment.—Nov.

The Yarmouth *Herald* notices the arrival of the United States Revenue Cutter Hamilton at that port, to enquire into the cause of the recent seizure of American Fishing vessels, and to report the names of American Shipmasters who have violated the Treaty. The good folks of Yarmouth returned her salute from Moody's Wharf, and those who visited the vessel were politely received and entertained by the Captain, who left on Tuesday, bound up the Bay on the objects of his mission.—*Ibid.*

A Regatta, for the 1st of August, has been announced in the St. John papers.

The St. John Courier details a melancholy occurrence which took place on Saturday week:—

"A dispute took place between one or two labouring men, employed with others in finishing St. James's street, and two men of the name of Morrow. The labouring men were spreading gravel in front of the Morrrows' house, who ordered them to desist and go away; on the latter refusing to discontinue their work, we learn one of the men was struck on the head with a stone thrown by one of the Morrrows. The altercation continuing, one of the labourers named Currall, struck John Morrow a severe blow on the head with the shovel he had in his hand. Currall was arrested. Morrow lingered until yesterday morning, when death put a period to his sufferings. A Coroner's Inquest was held on view of the body and a verdict of *Wilful Murder* returned."

The French Frigate "Erwine" arrived at Rio on the 8th May, from the Fire Islands, South Seas, reports the ship John Barr, (Whaler,) of Havre, lying there quite destitute of hands—the Captain, Officers and Crew, having been killed and eaten by the Savages. The Frigate brought two of the Chiefs to Rio, on her way to France.

The Inhabitants of Maranham have risen and surrounded the Soldiers, who were forced to surrender, and all the officers were put to death.

The Brazilian Frigate L'Emperor was to sail from Bahia on the 26th, for Maranham, with Troops.—*Keefler's Reading Room.*

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Sunday, June 23d—Schrs Olive Branch, Bouchier, Montreal, 19 days—flour, to J. & M. Tubin; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. 14, and Yarmouth 3 days—gin and limestone, to S. Binney; Armide, Smith, Quebec, 13 days—flour and pork, to Frith, Smith & Co; True Friends, Godien, St. John, N. B. 9 days—salt, to J. A. Moren; Barbet, Richards, Montreal, 24 days—flour and glass, to J. Fairbanks; reports an English brig of 300 tons, 7 days from New York, bound to Miranichi, went ashore on Black Ledge, near Torbay, on Friday morning last, and became a total wreck, cargo—100 lbs flour, 100 do meal, 100 do tar, all lost; brig Pearl, West, Ponce, 15 days—sugar, to C. West & Son; passenger, Mr. N. West.

Monday, 24th—Brigs Nancy, Bichan, Trinidad de Cuba, 23 days—molasses, to J. Strachan; passenger, Captain Rees, late of Brig Dee; Planet, Crockett, Kingston, 19 days—rum, to Creighton & Grassie; 57 days on the voyage; left brig Lady Chapman and Heron, and schr Admiral Colpoys, hence; schr Mary & Margaret, Hoffman, St. John, N. B. 9 days—salt, to J. A. Moren.

Tuesday, 25th—Brig Shannon, Taggart, Liverpool, G. B. 38 days—salt; Betsy, Graham, St. John, N. B. 5 days—lumber and alowives; Sally, Innis, P. E. Island; Eagle, Wilson, Quebec—flour, pork, etc. to Fairbanks & Allison; brig Louisa, Wahnsley, Bahia 28, and Pernambuco 23 days—hides, to ditto; schr Experience, Gagnion, Montreal, 21 days—flour, to S. Binney.

Wednesday, 26th—Schrs Albion, Belfontaine, do 20 days—do to do; Canso Trader, Cook, Antigua and Nevis, 25 days—ballast, to J. Whitman; left at Antigua, brig Reward, Forrester, of this port.

Thursday, 27th—Brigt. Eclipse, Acrestroup, Ponce, 13 days; sugar, etc., to Saltus & Wainwright; Schrs Nancy & Loon, Sydney, coal. Friday, 28th—Brigt Otter, Dill, Mayaguez, 14, & Bermuda, 6 days; sugar, & molasses to Saltus & Wainwright; Schrs Fame, St. John, N. B. 5 days; Concord, 5; Lark, 6; Temperance, 8—molasses, all to G. P. Lawson.

CLEARED.

Saturday, June 22nd—Brig Hugh Johnson, Clarke, B. W. Indies—assorted cargo, by Saltus & Wainwright; schrs Emily, Hilton, St. John, do. by S. Binney and others; Unity, Smith, Chaleur Bay—do. by Creighton & Grassie. 24th—brigt Evelina, Brier, B. W. Indies—lumber, by J. Strachan. 25th—Brig Mariner, Freeman, Liverpool, N. S.—part of inward cargo; schr Lazy, Fletcher, Quebec—sugar and molasses by E. Lawson and others. 26th—Brig Paragon, Lovett, Kingston—fish, lumber, &c. by Creighton & Grassie; brig Woodbine, Homer, B. W. Indies—do. by J. Fairbanks & others; Bee, Adams, do—do. by Frith, Smith & Co.

AUCTION.

Extensive Evening Book Sale.

BY W. M. ALLAN,

At his Auction Room, Corner of Bedford Row, on the evenings of

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, 5th and 6th July:

For the Rev. Thomas Taylor.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY OF 1200 VOLUMES, Comprising, A large variety of the best Literary, Historical, Medical, Scientific, Biblical, and Theological Works. Catalogues of which are preparing. The Sale to commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock. June 28.

Auctioneers and General Agents.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

BEG to make known to the Public, that they have entered into Co Partnership and intend conducting a General Auction and Commission Business, under the Firm of

P. A. W. & T. D. MARSH.

They have taken the store at the head of Clark's wharf, formerly occupied by Messrs. D. & E. Starr & Co. where any description of Business entrusted to their management, shall be strictly attended to.

GEORGE A. V. PAW. THOMAS U. TIDMARSII.

June 14, 1839.

J. R. CLEVERDON, WATCH MAKER,

HAVING commenced Business in the shop lately occupied by the late Mr. La Baume, begs leave to inform his friends, and the public in general, that he hopes by unremitting attention and long experience in the above business, (both in England and Halifax) to obtain a share of their patronage.

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, etc. for sale. May 31.

THE PEPTIC PILLS IN HALIFAX.

SOLD only at the Book Store of Mr. John Munro, fronting the south-east gate of the Province Building. Frederick W. Morris, sole inventor and proprietor.

All letters for advice left at Mr. Munro's Store, and enclosing a fee of not less than 20s. will be immediately attended to. May 31.

SPICES, DRUGS, &c.

RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—Bags of E. I. Ginger, Cloves, Pimento, Caraway Seed, black and white Pepper, cases Cinnamon, Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Raze Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Saleratus, Soda, blue Vitriol, Alum and Copperas, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Windsor Soap, Black Lead, Starch, and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass, Trusses, Lancets, etc. (6m) GEO. E. MORTON. Halifax, May, 1839.

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.

The TRANSCRIPT was the first Penny Paper ever attempted in Canada, and has become the best paper of that class on the Continent of America. Having by much the LARGEST CIRCULATION of any paper in Canada, it has attracted a considerable advertising patronage; its Politics are independent, fearless alike of the frowns of Office, and of popular prejudice; and it contains a considerable portion of Literary and Miscellaneous matter, selected with judgment.

The TRANSCRIPT has, from its early infancy, been remarkable for providing a quantity of matter which Ladies may read with pleasure and safety, and it has thriven upon their generous support.

The TRANSCRIPT, in addition to giving the British, Domestic and Foreign News, will contain during the year a quantity of Literary matter equal to the contents of Two Thousand five Hundred ordinary pages.

During the business season it will be found to contain all requisite commercial information for country merchants.

As the subscription is to be paid in advance, Country Subscribers are requested to remit even money; say 10s. for half a year, or 20s. for a full year, the surplus will be found at their credit at the expiration of the period.

TERMS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

In Montreal, — 15s. per annum.

In the Country, 18s per do. postage included.

Published every Tuesday—Thursday—and Saturday, at the office of the Transcript—next door to the General Post Office—Montreal.

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

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mill-gany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshead, ditto ditto.

Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin.

The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation.

The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed. The Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers.

N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogsheads, do. do.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blakslee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. Halifax, April 6th, 1839.

THE PERVERSENESS OF WOMEN.

There is an old story, of a man, who had married a young lady, and who had a friend somewhat sceptical as to the obedient tendency of the wife's disposition, much to the dissatisfaction of the Benedick, who strongly asserted and warmly asseverated that his will was law, and that she never by any chance disobeyed any wish or injunction of his.

"Have you ever tried her temper in that respect?" said the friend: "have you ever desired her positively not to do any particular thing? for that is my point, since you tell me she never refuses to do whatever you desire her to do."

"No!" said the affectionate husband, "I never have found occasion to desire her not to do anything, but—"

"That's it! as the old women say," cried the friend, "female obedience is proved by negatives; tell her not to do any particular thing, give her no particular reason why, and see if she does not do it."

"Ridiculous!" says the husband.

"Try!" said the friend.

"Well," replied the husband, "agreed! we are both going away for the day; what proof shall I put her too? what shall I tell her not to do? may she not play her harp? must she not sing, or draw? or, in fact, tell me what you want me to prohibit her doing, and I stake my life she does it not."

"Oh, no!" said the friend, "drawing and singing, and playing the harp, are things which she might abstain from without a murmur, or, what is more essential to the affair, a wonder; because she has sung, and played, and drawn a thousand times; it is an injunction not to do something she has never done before—for instance, tell her when we go, not to climb some particular hill, for particular reasons which you do not choose to give her; or, by way of carrying the principle out to its fullest extent, warn her not to attempt to ride on the dog's back."

"Neptune's back!" said the husband. "Yes," replied the friend, "on the back of this most valued Newfoundland dog, the bravest and faithfulest of his breed."

"Ride on a dog's back!" exclaimed Benedick, "how can you be so absurd?—as if—"

"Ah! there it is," said the friend, "as if—now, take my word for it, if you issue the injunction, without giving her any reason, Harriet will break it."

The most incredulous of men rejoiced at the idea, which he felicitously ridiculed, and resolved upon trying the experiment in order to establish his Harriet's superiority of mind, and his friend's exceeding silliness.

He parted from his Harriet, and with tender fondness she clung round his shoulder, as he said in quitting her,

"Harriet, dearest, we have seldom been separated since our marriage—I shall be back soon—take care of yourself, love—but, just attend to one thing I am going to say, dear; don't try to ride upon Neptune's back while we are away."

"What!" said the laughing Harriet, "ride upon Neptune—ha, ha, ha! what an odd idea!—is that all you warn me against?—why, what a ridiculous notion! why should you tell me that? What nonsense!"

"That, my dear," said the husband, "is a secret; all I beg of you is, not to ride upon Neptune."

"Ride upon Neptune!" repeated the lady, and she laughed again, and they parted.

When Benedick and his friend returned to dinner, the laughing Harriet did not as usual present herself to receive them; there was a sort of gloom pervading the house; the footman who opened the door looked dull; the butler who came into the hall looked as white as his waistcoat; the lady's own maid rushed down stairs, evidently to prevent a scene.

"Where is your mistress?" said Benedick.

"Up stairs, sir," said the maid, "there is nothing the matter, sir—nothing in the world, sir—only my mistress has had a fall—quite a little fall on the walk in the flower garden—and has cut her face the least bit in the world, sir; all will be well to-morrow."

"A fall!" said Benedick.

"Humph!" said the friend.

And up-stairs ran the anxious husband.

"What has happened?" exclaimed he, catching her to his heart, and seeing her beautiful countenance a little marred—"how did this happen?"

Harriet cried and hid her face.

The explanation never came altogether clearly before the friend of the family; but the accident was generally thought to have arisen from Harriet's having endeavoured to take a ride on Neptune's back.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND THE MERCHANT.—During the reign of an emperor of China, who was celebrated for the vigour and strictness of his justice, a viceroy of one of the provinces of that vast empire, that lay most remote from the imperial city, having wrongfully confiscated the estate of an honest merchant, and reduced his family to poverty, the poor man found means to travel as far as the emperor's court, where he ob-

tained a letter to the viceroy, commanding him to restore the goods which he had taken so illegally. Far from obeying this command, the viceroy put the merchant into prison; but having the good fortune to escape, he went again to the capital, and threw himself at the emperor's feet, who treated him with great humanity, and gave orders that he should have another letter. The merchant wept at this resolution, and represented how ineffectual the first had proved; and the reasons he had to fear that the second would be as little regarded. The emperor, who had been stopped by this complaint, as he was going in great haste to dine in the apartment of one of his favourites, became a little discomposed and answered with some emotion, that he could do no more than send his commands, and that if the viceroy refused to obey them, he told the merchant to put his foot upon the viceroy's neck. "I implore your majesty's compassion," replied the merchant, at the same time holding fast the emperor's robe, "his power is too mighty for my weakness; and your justice prescribes a remedy, which your wisdom has never examined." The emperor had, by this time, recollected himself; and raising the merchant from the ground, said, "you are in the right: to complain of him was your part, but it is mine to see him punished. I will appoint commissioners to go back with you, and make search into the grounds of his proceeding; with power, if they find him guilty, to deliver him into your hands, and leave you viceroy in his stead; for since you have taught me how to govern, you must be able to govern for me."—W. G. C.

OWEN MACARTHY.

Among the many rich and pathetic narrations of Irish humour and pathos, which bespangle the pages of Mr. Carlton's *Trails and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, is one of "Tubber Derg; or, the Red Well," the principal character in which is Owen Macarthy, a loving-hearted peasant, who, in order to alleviate his distress, travels to Dublin, when after a fruitless appeal to his landlord for assistance, he returns to the abode of all he loves on this earth; and on knocking at his cottage-door, his demand for entrance is unheeded:—

"Mother of glory! what's this? But wait, let me rap again. Kathleen, Kathleen! are you widin, avourneen? Owen!—Alley!—arn't yees widin, childre? Alley! sure I'm come back to yees all!"—and he rapped more loudly than before. A dark breeze swept through the bushes as he spoke, but no voice nor sound proceeded from the house; all was still as death within. "Alley!" he called once more, to his little favourite; "I'm come home wid something for you, asthore; I didn't forget you, alanna; I brought it from Dublin all the way! Alley!"—but the gloomy murmur of the blast was the only reply.

Perhaps the most intense of all that he knew of misery was that which he then felt; but this state of suspense was soon terminated, by the appearance of a neighbour who was passing.

"Why thin, Owen, but yer welcome home again, my poor fellow; and I'm sorry that I hav'nt better news for you, and so are all of us."

He whom he addressed had almost lost the power of speech.

"Frank," said he, and he wrung his hand "What—what! was death among them? For the sake of heaven spake!"

The severe pressure which he received in return ran like a shock of paralysis to his heart.

"Owen, you must be a man; every one pities yees; and may the Almighty pity and support yees! She is, indeed, Owen, gone; the weeny fair-haired child, your favourite Alley, is gone. Yesterday she was berrid; and decently the nabours attended the place, and sent in, as far as they had it, both mate and dhrank to Kathleen and the other ones. Now, Owen, you've heard it; trust in God, an' be a man."

A deep and convulsive throo shook him to the heart—"Gone!—the fair-haired one!—Alley!—Alley!—the pride of both our hearts!—the sweet, the quiet and the sorrowful child, that seldom played wid the rest, but kept wid mys—! Oh, my darlin', my darlin'!—gone from my eyes for ever! God of glory! won't you support me this night of sorrow and misery!" With a sudden yet profound sense of humility he dropped on his knees at the threshold, and as the tears rolled down his convulsed cheeks, exclaimed, in a burst of sublime piety, not at all uncommon among our peasantry, "I thank you, O my God!—I thank you, an' I put myself an' my weeny ones, my *pastchee boght*, into your hands.—Keep me up and support me—oh, I want it! You loved the weeny one, and you took her: she was the *light of my eyes*, and the *pulse of my broken heart*; but you took her, blessed Father of heaven; an' we can't be angry wid you for so doin'! Still if you had spared her—*if—if—oh, blessed Father! My heart was in the very one you took!* But I thank you, O God! May she rest in peace, now and for ever! Amen!"

Necessity obliging Owen and his wife to leave their abode, they gain a precarious living by begging; at length, fortune smiles on him, and he returns to the resting-place of his "fair-haired one," and thus apostrophises over her grave:—

"Alley!" he exclaimed, in Irish, "Alleey, nhien machree! your father that loved you more than he loved any other human cratur brings a message to you from the mother of your heart,

avourneen! She bid me call to see the spot where you're lyin', my buried flower, and to tell you that we're not now, thanks be to God, as we wor whin you lived wid us. We are well to do now, *acushla oga machree*, an' not in hunger, an' sickness, an' misery, as we wor whin you suffered them all. You will love to hear this, pulse of our hearts, an' to know that, through all we suffered—an' bitterly did we suffer since you departed—we never let you out of our memory. No, *asthore villish*, we thought of you, and cried afther our poor dead flower many and many's the time. An' she bid be tell you darlin' of my heart, that we feel nothin' now so much as that you are not wid us to share our comfort an' our happiness. Oh, what wouldn't the mother give to have you back wid her: but it can't be. An' what wouldn't I give to have you before my eyes agin in health an' life? But it can't be. The lovin' mother sent this message to you, Alley. Take it from her. She bid me tell you that we are well an' happy; our name is pure, and, like yourself, widout spot or stain. Won't you pray for us before God, an' get Him an' his blessed Mother to look on us wid favour an' compassion! Farewell, Alley, asthore! May you sleep in peace, an' rest on the breast of your great Father in heaven, until we all meet in happiness together. It's your father that's spakin' to you, our lost flower; an' the hand that often smoothed your golden head is now upon your grave.

Another Brute Tamer is about visiting England to illuminate and amuse the novelty-seeking public. We learn by a Marseilles paper, *Le Semaphore*, of the arrival there from Columbia of the American vessel, *Bustard*, bringing Senor Martin Oataya, his son, and a racer of a new description, which bids fair to be a formidable rival to our aeronauts; it consists of a Condor of the Cordilleras of enormous size, the two extremities of his extended wings is thirty-two feet, who has been rendered so gentle and tractable, that Martin Oataya's son uses him like a horse, gets upon his back, and to the astonishment of all, flies with him to an immense height, managing him by means of a little stick with a steel point. The boy and bird reached Florence in twelve minutes, and returned in the evening.

Nature is an Eolian harp, a musical instrument; whose tones again are keys to higher strings in us.

Every beloved object is the centre of a paradise.

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations; the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.

The Public Garden at Gibraltar.—The alameda, or public walk, one of the lungs of Gibraltar, is ornamented with statues and geranium trees, which, indeed, they are. General Elliot is surrounded with more bombs than he was during the siege; while Nelson forms his companion, emerging, like Jonah, from two huge jaw-bones of a whale. At one end is a shadowy, silent spot, where the bones are laid of those who die in this distant land. This alameda was kept up by a small tax laid on the tickets of the Spanish lottery, which were sold in the garrison.

We understand Mrs. Rothschild has purchased Wilkie's picture of the "Pinch of Snuff," for 800 guineas; and that the same artist's "Village Card-players," for which the late Duke of Gloucester paid £50, has been disposed of to G. Bredel, Esq. for 500 guineas.

The Sebastiani del Piombo, was sold at Foster's rooms in Oxford-street, on Friday, the 20th, for 550 guineas.

We learn by the Nottingham Review, that Millhouse, the poet, died on the 13th inst. We shall give a memoir of this gifted but unfortunate man in a future number.

Punishment of a Tom and Jerry Boy, of the olden School.—Yesterday, one Daintry, alias Wilson, a carpenter, was whipt from the watch-house in Great Marlborough Street to the Blue Posts in Poland Street, for stealing knockers from gentlemen's doors. He had two brass knockers tied round his neck."—*Post Boy*, Dec. 14, 1747.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All letters and communications post paid, addressed to John S. Thompson, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

AGENTS.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewell, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Barton, Chas. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N. B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe.	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchisson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	Fredericton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, jr. Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
Parrshoro', C. E. Ratchford, Esq.	Carlton, Jos. Mengher, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree & Chipman.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	
Antigonish, R. N. Henry, Esq.	