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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The following OPENING ADDRESS was delivered before the Mechanics' Institute, by JOSEPH HOWE, Esqr. at the commencement of the Winter Course, and is published in compliance with a vote passed by the body :

[Concluded.]

In meeting each other again, there is much in the aspect of the Province, and the application of mechanical science to its affairs, to form a subject of congratulation, and to encourage us to pursue our course with renewed energy and hope. Before the lapse of another year, Halifax will be connected, not only with the mother country, but with every state and colony by which this Province is surrounded, by lines of steamers, carrying passengers and correspondence with wonderful rapidity, and maintained at the public expense. Among the great advantages that must be derived from these means of rapid and certain intercommunication with other countries, are the facilities that will be afforded to our population to study their social condition, and copy their improvements. No Novascotian can travel through Great Britain, without seeing something that he would like to copy—or catching from those vast stores of agricultural, mechanical and commercial experience, treasured up in that great country, some ideas to bear with advantage upon his own or his friends' occupations, or upon the public affairs of the Province. The same may be said of intercourse with the United States and the neighbouring colonies. The manufactures of the former are very much more advanced than our own—in that department we have much to learn; and, when a week will suffice to carry a Halifax Mechanic to Lowell, and bring him back—giving ample time to run through the workshops and factories, it is morally certain that many branches of business will be introduced into Nova Scotia, which are not in existence now. It has often occurred to me, that much advantage might be gained to the Province, if a couple of practical men were induced to make a tour through some of the New England towns that are the chief seats of manufactures, and, observing them narrowly, report and publish their observations on their return. Such a document would, no doubt, be worth much more than the fifty or hundred pounds that it would cost; and I have no doubt that, if this Institute were to select two men, in whose practical knowledge and general intelligence they had confidence, the Legislature would cheerfully bear a moiety, and perhaps the whole, of the expense.

As the soil of this country is locked up for so long a period of the year by frost, it is of the utmost consequence that some employment should be found for a large portion of our people, during those months when they cannot work with advantage upon the land. If there were indoor occupations to which the spare hands of many thousand families could be profitably turned, during the winter months, the whole produce of the land would not, as now, be almost entirely consumed, during that long and unproductive season in which little or nothing can be earned; and every year would be marked by an accumulation of capital, to be laid out in stock and permanent improvements, by which, in a few years, the face of the country would be changed. The New England States, to a much greater degree than ourselves, possess these resources, and know how to turn them to advantage—but they paid a very high price for their advancement in manufactures. The revolutionary war, and the non-consumption, and non-intercourse, by which it was preceded and followed, laid the foundation of them; the last American war, by which they were cut off from European supplies to a great extent, advanced them still farther; and, by leading to the investment of much capital, and to the general reception of the notion, that the true way to humble England was to undersell her in the general market of the world, prepared the way for that enormous tariff, by which, at the cost of countless millions, and the risk of a separation of the Union, the manufactures of the United States have been enabled to brave every difficulty, and are still sustained.

Most of the rude domestic manufactures of the old colonies our people understand and practice—we have learnt them without paying the penalty of warfare and rebellion; it is for us to see now to what extent we can avail ourselves still further of the experience of our neighbours, at as cheap a rate. To the protection of a heavy tariff we need not look;—first, because if we had the right to impose it, it would be impolitic and unwise; and next, because I trust we shall never have the inclination, or the power, to shut out British manufactures. Our object, then, should be, by a close inspection of the workshops and factories of Great Britain, and the United States, and by comparisons of the price of raw materials—the cost of production—the advantages derived either from legis-

lation, the rate of wages, the multiplication of resources, by steam or water power, and other mechanical contrivances; to ascertain what branches may, with safety, and the fairest prospects of advantage, be transferred to Nova Scotia—contenting ourselves with the gradual introduction of these, and leaving to a much later period of our progress those which depend upon the employment of enormous capitals, or which require the impolitic bounty of a monopoly against all the world to warm them into existence. To what extent these suggestions may be considered appropriate here—whether they point to matters which come legitimately within our province, or should be left to the action of the Legislature, it is for you to determine.

Before closing this Lecture, I cannot but allude to the gratifying appearances of prosperity which the town exhibits, and to the introduction of some branches of industry into Halifax, which formerly it was considered difficult if not impossible to establish. I have referred to the advantages which we must derive from the facilities about to be afforded for our inspection of the improvements of other countries—and to nearly an equal extent are we likely to be benefitted, by strangers and capitalists seeing the natural resources of our own. A wealthy Englishman, who has once been in Nova Scotia, and observed the peace and order which reigns throughout the Province, and the certainty with which a due administration of the law affords protection to life and property, will not hesitate to invest his money here at six per cent, if he can get but four or five at home: particularly as, if any thing goes wrong, he can get on board a steamer, and, in twelve days, be upon the spot to look after his own affairs. Some are averse to the introduction of capital from abroad, because, say they, the interest goes abroad also. But if what the Province never owned, by being brought into it, brings with it hundreds who would not have been here, or enables hundreds, already here, to earn a living and lay by a profit to themselves, surely to that extent the Province is benefitted, even though the interest and the capital be entirely withdrawn: which it is not always, being often invested in some other enterprise, by which the country is still further advanced. We have now an English Mining Association, by which steamboats and steam engines, foundries, railroads and locomotives, have been introduced into the country—while thousands have been employed, the cost of fuel diminished, and, as yet, not a farthing of interest withdrawn. We have an English Bank, extending, by the amount of its capital, the facilities for carrying on foreign and domestic trade, equally secure with our own, and introducing a better system. We have also English Insurance Companies, by which, I dare say, the premiums have not been raised; and I doubt not that, before ten years pass away, instead of four or five, we shall have fifty British associations extending their branches into Nova Scotia, and stimulating its industry by the employment of their capital. In addition to what has been, or may be, done by great companies, it is gratifying to glance at what individuals have accomplished. Mr. Johns, comparatively a poor man, has established an Iron Foundry, at which stoves, ovens, machinery, and almost every description of iron casting, are turned out in the neatest manner; and I have little doubt that, if a larger amount of capital were embarked in that business, he could undersell the foreigner in the domestic market, and put a stop to the importation of many bulky articles, which pay a heavy freight. Mr. Allan has established a wholesale Chair Manufactory, and a capital article he makes; to Mr. Robert Lawson we are indebted for the manufacture of cut nails, which are now made at a second establishment; Mr. Whitmore has introduced machinery for carrying on the Wool Card manufactory, which has, I believe, succeeded. By the enterprise of Mr. Black, the business of Milling, fruitless if not ruinous in former times, has been made, of late years, to yield such handsome returns, that six are kept in profitable employment in the neighbourhood of the capital alone, where formerly one could scarcely get any thing to do. Malt liquors are now extensively manufactured; and, stimulated by the example and the good fortunes of Mr. Keith, our brewers have of late made them quite an article of export. There are several other branches to which I might refer, as exhibiting signs of progress and improvement, but must bring this paper to a close. It is pleasant for us, however, to reflect that, as respects the Institute, we meet to-night under different auspices from those which marked our humble beginnings—and, as regards the town and Province generally, both of which are prospering, with very different hopes and prospects before us all, from those which we were compelled to contemplate, when we met in the Methodist School House, after thousands of our population had been driven into foreign lands by a general bankruptcy, or swept into the grave by disease. For the blessings which surround us, under these altered

circumstances, we cannot be too thankful; and the assurance that the return of many wanderers gives us—that Nova Scotia, "with all her faults," is not without varied resources and attractions—ought to stimulate us to love her with a more enduring fondness, and to elevate and advance her, by every means within our power.

LAST NO. OF "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

Continued from page 371.

True to his purpose, Nicholas took the earliest opportunity of explaining his position to one of the brothers, thus :

CONFESSION OF NICHOLAS.

"When you first took me into your confidence and despatched me on those missions to Miss Bray, I should have told you that I had seen her long before, that her beauty had made an impression upon me which I could not efface, and that I had fruitlessly endeavoured to trace her and become acquainted with her history. I did not tell you so, because I vainly thought I should conquer my weaker feelings, and render every consideration subservient to my duty to you."

'Mr. Nickleby,' said brother Charles, 'you did not violate the confidence I placed in you, or take an unworthy advantage of it. I am sure you did not.'

'I did not,' said Nicholas firmly. 'Although I found that the necessity for self-command and restraint became every day more imperious and the difficulty greater, I never for one instant looked or spoke but as I would have done had you been by. I never for one moment deserted my trust, nor have to this instant. But I find that constant association and companionship with this sweet girl is fatal to my peace of mind, and may prove destructive to the resolutions I made in the beginning and up to this time have faithfully kept. In short, Sir, I cannot trust myself, and I implore and beseech you to remove this young lady from under the charge of my mother and sister without delay. I know that to any one but myself—to you who consider the immeasurable distance between me and this young lady, who is now your ward and the object of your peculiar care—my loving her even in thought must appear the height of rashness and presumption. I know it is so. But who can see her as I have seen,—who can know what her life has been and not love her? I have no excuse but that, and as I cannot fly from this temptation, and cannot repress this passion with its object constantly before me, what can I do but pray and beseech you to remove it, and to leave me to forget her!'

'Mr. Nickleby,' said the old man, after a short silence, 'you can do no more. I was wrong to expose a young man like you to this trial. I might have foreseen what would happen. Thank you, Sir, thank you. Madeline shall be removed.'

'If you would grant me one favour, dear Sir, and suffer her to remember me with esteem by never revealing to her this confession—'

'I will take care,'—said Mr. Cheeryble. 'And now, is this all you have to tell me?'

'No!' returned Nicholas, meeting his eye, 'it is not.'

'I know the rest,' said Mr. Cheeryble, apparently much relieved by this prompt reply. 'When did it come to your knowledge?'

'When I reached home this morning.'

'You felt it your duty immediately to come to me, and tell me what your sister no doubt acquainted you with?'

'I did,' said Nicholas, 'though I could have wished to have spoken to Mr. Frank first.'

'Frank was with me last night,' replied the old gentleman. 'You have done well, Mr. Nickleby—very well, Sir—and I thank you again.'

Upon this head Nicholas requested permission to add a few words. He ventured to hope that nothing he had said would lead to the estrangement of Kate and Madeline, who had formed an attachment for each other, any interruption of which would, he knew, be attended with great pain to them, and, most of all, with remorse and pain to him, as its unhappy cause. When these things were all forgotten he hoped that Frank and he might still be warm friends, and that no word or thought of his humble home, or of her who was well contented to remain there and share his quiet fortunes, would ever again disturb the harmony between them. He recounted, as nearly as he could, what had passed between him and Kate that morning; speaking of her with such warmth and pride of affection, and dwelling so cheerfully upon the confidence they had of overcoming any selfish regrets and living contented and happy in each other's love, that few could have heard him unmoved.

More moved himself than he had been yet, he expressed in a few hurried words—as expressive perhaps as the most eloquent phrases—his devotion to the brothers, and his hope that he might live and die in their service.

To all this, brother Charles listened in profound silence, and with his chair so turned from Nicholas that his face could not be seen. He had not spoken either in his accustomed manner, but with a certain stiffness and embarrassment very foreign to it. Nicholas feared he had offended him. He said, "No—no—he had done quite right," but that was all.

'Frank is a heedless, foolish fellow,' he said, after Nicholas had paused for some time, 'a very heedless, foolish fellow. I will take care that this is brought to a close without delay. Let us say no more upon the subject; it's a very painful one to me. Come to me in half an hour, I have strange things to tell you, my dear Sir, and your uncle has appointed this afternoon for your waiting upon him with me.'

Ralph Nickleby slunk away from the interview, in which the dreadful tidings respecting his son were related, and he discovered that he had helped to hunt his only child to death; the following powerful passage describes his

DESPAIR AND SUICIDE.

"Creeping from the house and slinking off like a thief: groping with his hands when he first got into the street as if he were a blind man, and looking often over his shoulder while he hurried away, as though he were followed in imagination or reality by some one anxious to question or detain him, Ralph Nickleby left the city behind him and took the road to his own home.

The night was dark, and a cold wind blew, driving the clouds furiously and fast before it. There was one black, gloomy mass that seemed to follow him; not hurrying in the wild chase with the others, but lingering sullenly behind, and gliding darkly and stealthily on. He often looked back at this, and more than once stopped to let it pass over; but somehow, when he went forward again it was still behind him, coming mournfully and slowly up like a shadowy funeral train.

He had to pass a poor, mean burial ground—a dismal place raised a few feet above the level of the street, and parted from it by a low parapet wall and iron railing; a rank, unwholesome, rotten spot, where the very grass and weeds seemed, in their frowsy growth, to tell that they had sprung from paupers' bodies, and struck their roots in the graves of men, sodden in steaming courts and drunken hungry dens. And here in truth they lay, parted from the living by a little earth and a board or two—lay thick and close—corrupting in body as they had in mind; a dense and squalid crowd. Here they lay cheek by jowl with life: no deeper than the feet of the throng that passed there every day, and piled high as their throats. Here they lay, a grisly family, all those dear departed brothers and sisters of the ruddy clergyman who did his task so speedily when they were hidden in the ground!

As he passed here, Ralph called to mind that he had been one of a jury long before, on the body of a man who had cut his throat, and that he was buried in this place. He could not tell how he came to recollect it now, when he had so often passed and never thought about him, or how it was that he felt an interest in the circumstance, but he did both, and stopping, and clasping the iron railing with his hands, looked eagerly in, wondering which might be his grave.

While he was thus engaged, there came towards him, with noise of shouts and singing, some fellows full of drink, followed by others, who were remonstrating with them and urging them to go home in quiet. They were in high good humour, and one of them, a little, weazen, humpbacked man, began to dance. He was a grotesque, fantastic figure, and the few by-standers laughed. Ralph himself was moved to mirth, and echoed the laugh of one who stood near and who looked round in his face. When they had passed on and he was left alone again, he resumed his speculation with a new kind of interest, for he recollected that the last person who had seen the suicide alive had left him very merry, and he remembered how strange he and the other jurors had thought that at the time.

He could not fix upon the spot among such a heap of graves, but he conjured up a strong and vivid idea of the man himself, and how he looked, and what had led him to do it, all of which he recalled with ease. By dint of dwelling upon this theme, he carried the impression with him when he went away, as he remembered when a child to have had frequently before him the figure of some goblin he had once seen chalked upon a door. But as he drew nearer and nearer home he forgot it again, and began to think how very dull and solitary the house would be inside.

This feeling became so strong at last, that when he reached his own door, he could hardly make up his mind to turn the key and open it—when he had done that and gone into the passage, he felt as though to shut it again would be to shut out the world. But he let it go, and it closed with a loud noise. There was no light. How very dreary, cold, and still it was!

Shivering from head to foot he made his way up stairs into the room where he had been last disturbed. He had made a kind of compact with himself that he would not think of what had hap-

pened until he got home. He was at home now, and suffered himself for the first time to consider it.

His own child—his own child! He never doubted the tale; he felt it was true, knew it as well now as if he had been privy to it all along. His own child! And dead too. Dying beside Nicholas—loving him, and looking upon him as something like an angel! That was the worst.

They had all turned from him and deserted him in his very first need, even money could not buy them now; everything must come out, and everybody must know all. Here was the young lord dead, his companion abroad and beyond his reach, ten thousand pounds gone at one blow, his plot with Gride overset at the moment of triumph, his after schemes discovered, himself in danger, the object of his persecution and Nicholas's love, his own wretched boy; everything crumbled and fallen upon him, and he beaten down beneath the ruins and grovelling in the dust.

If he had known his child to be alive, if no deceit had been ever practised and he had grown up beneath his eye, he might have been a careless, indifferent, rough, harsh father—like enough—he felt that; but the thought would come that he might have been otherwise, and that his son might have been a comfort to him and they too happy together. He began to think now, that his supposed death and his wife's flight had had some share in making him the morose, hard man he was. He seemed to remember a time when he was not quite so rough and obdurate, and almost thought he had at first hated Nicholas because he was so young and gallant, and perhaps like the stripling who had brought dishonour and loss of fortune on his head.

But one tender thought, or one of natural regret in that whirlwind of passion and remorse, was as a drop of calm water in a stormy maddened sea. His hatred of Nicholas had been fed upon his own defeat, nourished on his interference with his schemes, fattened upon his old defiance and success. There were reasons for its increase; it had grown and strengthened gradually. Now it attained a height which was sheer wild lunacy. That his of all others should have been the hands to rescue his miserable child, that he should have been his protector and faithful friend, that he should have shown him that love and tenderness which from the wretched moment of his birth he had never known, that he should have taught him to hate his own parent and execrate his very name, that he should know and feel all this and triumph in the recollection, was gall and madness to the usurer's heart. The dead boy's love for Nicholas, and the attachment of Nicholas to him, was insupportable agony. The picture of his death-bed, with Nicholas at his side tending and supporting him, and he breathing out his thanks, and expiring in his arms, when he would have had them mortal enemies and hating each other to the last, drove him frantic. He gnashed his teeth and smote the air, and looking wildly round with eyes which gleamed through the darkness, cried aloud: 'I am trampled down and ruined. The wretch told me true. The night has come. Is there no way to rob them of further triumph, and spurn their mercy and compassion? Is there no devil to help me?'

Swiftly there glided into his brain the figure he had raised that night. It seemed to lie before him. The head was covered now. So it was when he first saw it. The rigid, upturned, marble feet too, he remembered well. Then came before him the pale and trembling relatives who had told their tale upon the inquest—the shrieks of women—the silent dread of men—the consternation and disquiet—the victory achieved by that heap of clay which with one motion of its hand had let out the life and made this stir among them—

He spoke no more, but after a pause softly groped his way out of the room, and up the echoing stairs—up to the top—to the front garret—where he closed the door behind him, and remained—

It was a mere lumber-room now, but it yet contained an old dismantled bedstead: the one on which his son had slept, for no other had ever been there. He avoided it hastily, and sat down as far from it as he could.

The weakened glare of the lights in the street below, shining through the window which had no blind or curtain to intercept it, was enough to show the character of the room, though not sufficient fully to reveal the various articles of lumber, old cased trunks and broken furniture, which were scattered about. It had a shelving roof; high in one part, and at another almost descending to the floor. It was towards the highest part that Ralph directed his eyes, and upon it he kept them fixed steadily for some minutes, when he rose, and dragging thither an old chest upon which he had been seated, mounted upon it, and felt along the wall above his head with both hands. At length they touched a large iron hook firmly driven into one of the beams.

At that moment he was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door below. After a little hesitation he opened the window, and demanded who it was.

'I want Mr. Nickleby,' replied a voice.

'What with him?'

'That's not Mr. Nickleby's voice surely,' was the rejoinder.

It was not like it; but it was Ralph who spoke, and so he said. The voice made answer that the twin brothers wished to know whether the man whom he had seen that night was to be detained,

and that although it was now past midnight they had sent in their anxiety to do right.

'Yes,' cried Ralph, 'detain him till to-morrow; then let them bring him here—him and my nephew—and come themselves, and be sure that I will be ready to receive them.'

'At what hour?' asked the voice.

'At any hour,' replied Ralph fiercely. 'In the afternoon, tell them. At any hour—at any minute—all times will be alike to me.'

He listened to the man's retreating footsteps until the sound had passed, and then gazing up into the sky saw, or thought he saw, the same black cloud that had seemed to follow him home, and which now appeared to hover directly over the house.

'I know its meaning now,' he muttered, 'and the restless nights, the dreams, and why I have quailed of late;—all pointed to this. Oh! if men by selling their own souls could ride rampant for a term, for how short a term would I barter mine to-night!'

The sound of a deep bell came along the wind. One.

'Lie on!' cried the usurer, 'with your iron tongue; ring merrily for births that make expectants writhe, and marriages that are made in hell, and toll ruefully for the dead whose shoes are worn already. Call men to prayers who are godly because not found out, and ring chimes for the coming in of every year that brings this cursed world nearer to its end. No book or bell for me; throw me on a dunghill, and let me rot there to infect the air!'

With a wild look around, in which frenzy, hatred, and despair, were horribly mingled, he shook his clenched fist at the sky above him, which was still dark and threatening, and closed the window.

The rain and hail pattered against the glass, the chimneys quaked and rocked; the crazy casement rattled with the wind as tho' an impatient hand inside were striving to burst it open. But no hand was there, and it opened no more.

* * * * *

'How's this?' cried one, 'the gentlemen say they can't make anybody hear, and have been trying these two hours?'

'And yet he came home last night,' said another, 'for he spoke to somebody out of that window up stairs.'

They were a little knot of men, and the window being mentioned, went out in the road to look up at it. This occasioned their observing that the house was still close shut, as the housekeeper had said she had left it on the previous night, and led to a great many suggestions, which ended in two or three of the boldest getting round to the back and so entering by a window, while the others remained outside in impatient expectation.

They looked into all the rooms below, opening the shutters as they went to admit the fading light; and still finding nobody, and everything quiet and in its place, doubted whether they should go farther. One man, however, remarking that they had not yet been in the garret, and that it was there he had been last seen, they agreed to look there too, and went up softly, for the mystery and silence made them timid.

After they had stopped for an instant on the landing eyeing each other, he who had proposed their carrying the search so far turned the handle of the door, and pushing it open looked through the chink, and fell back directly.

'It's very odd,' he whispered, 'he's hiding behind the door! Look!'

They pressed forward to see, but one among them thrusting the others aside with a loud exclamation, drew a clasp knife from his pocket and dashing into the room cut down the body.

He had torn a rope from one of the old trunks and hung himself on an iron hook immediately below the trap door in the ceiling—in the very place to which the eyes of his son, a lonely, desolate, little creature, had so often been directed in childish terror four or five years before.'

(To be concluded in next number.)

"HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Continued from page 371.

Dolly Cowcabbage.—It is not to be inferred, however, that all farmers' daughters are like Anne Field. Plentifully as Providence has scattered beauty and good sense through our farms and granges, both these and other good things are given with a difference. There are such things amongst farmers' daughters as ranks, fortunes, educations, dispositions, abilities, and taste, in as much variety as any lover of variety can desire. There are farmers of all sorts, from the duke to the man of twenty acres; and, of course, there are farmers' daughters of as many degrees. There is a large class of gentlemen-farmers—men of estates and capitals, who farm their two or three thousand acres, like some of the great corn-farmers of Northumberland; live in noble large houses, and keep their carriage and livery servants. Of course, the daughters of these, and such as these, are educated just the same, and have all the same habits and manners as any other young ladies. It is neither Cobbett, nor any other contemner of boarding-schools, and such "scimmy-dish things," that will persuade these damsels to leave the carriage for the tax-cart, the piano for the spinning-wheel, nor the fashionable novel for the

cook's oracle. They will "stand by their order" as stoutly as Lord Grey himself.

Yet, if any body wishes to see the buxom, but housewifely, Farmer's Daughter, that is not afraid "to do a hand's-char," that can scour a pail, make a cheese, churn you butter—fresh as the day and golden as the crow-flower on the lea; can make the house look so clean and cheery that the very cat purr on the hearth, and the goldfinch sings at the door-cheek the more blithely for it; throw up a hay-cock, or go to market, as well as her grandmother did; why, there are plenty of such lasses yet, spite of all crinkum-crankums and fine-figuredness of modern fashion. Have't you seen such, north and south? Haven't you met them on single horses, or on pillions, on market-days, in Devon and in Cornwall? Haven't you danced with them on Christmas-eves in Derbyshire or Durham?

There are some specimens of human nature, that not all the fashions or follies of any age can alter or make new-fashioned. They are born old-fashioned. They have an old head on young shoulders, and they can't help it if they would. You might as soon turn a wheel-barrow into a chariot, or an ass into an Arabian steed. There is Dolly Cowcabbage now, what can you make of her? Her father farms eighty acres, and milks half-a-dozen cows. He has nobody but her, and he has saved a pretty bit of money. Dolly knows of it, too. Her mother died when she was only about fourteen, and Dolly from that day began to be her father's little maid; left her play on the village-green, and village play-fellows, and began to look full of care. She began to reap, and wash, and cook, and milk, and make cheese. It is many a year since she has done all these things entire for the house. Those who know her, say "she has not thriven an inch in height" since that day, but she has grown in bulk. She is like a young oak that got a shock from a thunder-bolt in its youth, or had its leading branch switched off by some Jerry Diddle or other as he went past to plough, and has ever since been stunted, and has run all into stem. She is "a little runting thing" the farmers say; a little stout-built plodding woman, with a small round rosy face. She is generally to be seen in a linsey-wolsey petticoat, a short striped bed-gown or kirtle, and a greenish-brownish kerchief carefully placed on her bosom. She is scouring pails with a whisp of straw and wet sand, and rearing them on a stone bench by the door, to dry and sweeten; or she is calling her cows up, by blowing on a long horn; or calling her father and the men to their meals, out of the distant fields, by knocking with a pebble on a pail bottom. She is coming out of the fold-yard with the milk-pail on her head, or she is seated by the clean hearth, busy with her needle, making a pillow-case to hold the feathers she has saved.

Such is Dolly Cowcabbage. She has had offers: men know what's what, though it be in a homely guise; but she only gives a quiet smile, and always says "No! I shall never marry while father lives." Those who don't like "sour grapes" begin now to say, "Marry! no! Dolly 'ull never marry. There always was an old look about her; there's the old-maid written all over her—any body may see that with half an eye: why, and she's thirty now, at least." But Dolly knows what she knows. There is a homely, close, plodding sort of a chap, that lives not far off—Tim Whetstone. He farms his fifty acres of his own. He has nobody in the house with him but an old woman, his housekeeper, who is as deaf as a bolt, and has a hundred and thirty guineas, of old gold, wrapped in an old stocking, and put into a dusty bee-hive that stands on her bed's-head. Tim knows of that, too, though the old woman thinks nobody knows of it. She has neither kith nor kin, and when the lumbago twinges her as they sit by the fire, she often says, "Tim, lad, I shall not trouble thee long, and then what two or three old traps I have 'ull be thine." Tim is certain before long, to find honey in the old hive; and he has been seen, sly as he is, more than once, coming over the fields in the dusk of the evening, in a very direct line towards old Farmer Cowcabbage's house. He says, that it was only to seek a lamb that he had missed. But when somebody asked him if it was the same lamb that he was looking after so earnestly in church last Sunday, Tim blushed, and said, "All fools think other people like themselves," and so went away. If the old woman should drop off, I should not be very much surprised to see these two farms thrown into one, and old Samuel Cowcabbage having a bed set up in the parlour at Tim's. In the meantime, Dolly goes to market with her maund* of butter, as regularly as Saturday comes. She makes eighteen ounces to the pound, and will have the topmost price. Beautiful cream cheeses, too, Dolly manufactures; and if any one attempts to banter her down in her price, Dolly is just as quiet, as firm, as smiling, and as ready with her—"No," as she was to her sweethearts. If I were to prophesy it would be, that Dolly will marry and have half-a-dozen children yet, as sturdy and as plodding as Tim and herself; but there is no knowing. She tells Tim they are very well as they are—she can wait; and the truth of the matter is, they have kept company these ten years already.

Nancy Farley.—"A very different damsel is Miss Nancy Farley. She is the Farmer's Daughter in quite another style. Nancy's father is a farmer of the rough old school. He has none

* A basket with two lids.

of the picturesque or the old-fashioned sentimental about him. He is a big, boorish, loud-talking, work-driving fellow, that is neither noted for his neatness in house, nor farm, nor person; for his knowledge, nor his management.

Nancy's father farms his two hundred acres, and yet there's a slovenly look about his premises; and Nancy has grown up pretty much as she pleased. As a girl, she romped and climbed, and played with the lads of the village. She swung on gates, and rode on donkies. When ten or twelve years old, she would ride bare-back, and astride, with a horse to water, or to the blacksmith's shop. She thrashed the dogs, fetched in the eggs, suckled the calves, and then mounted on the wall of the garden, with her long chestnut hair hanging wild on her shoulders, and a raw carrot in her hand, which she was ready either to devour or to throw at any urchin that came in sight.

Such was Miss Nancy Farley in those days, but her only appellations then were Nan and Nance. Nance Farley was the true name of the wild and fearless creature. But Nance was sent for by an aunt to a distance; she was away five years; she was at length almost forgotten, and only remembered when it was necessary to call any girls as "wild as Nan Farley;" when lo! she made her appearance again, and great was the wonder. Could this be the gipsyish, unkempt, and graceless Nance Farley? This bright and buxom young lady in the black hat, and blue riding-habit? This fine young creature, with a shape like a queen, and eyes like diamonds? Yes, sure enough it was her—now Miss Nancy Farley indeed.

Miss Nancy's aunt had determined that she should have what is called "a bringing up." She had sent her to a boarding-school; and whatever were Miss Nancy's accomplishments, it was clear enough that she was one of the very handsomest women that ever set foot in the parish. The store of health and vigour that she had laid up in her Tom-boy days, might be seen in her elastic step, and cheek—fresh as the cheek of morning itself. She was something above the middle size, of a beautiful figure, and a liveliness of motion that turned all eyes upon her. Her features were extremely fine; and her face had such a mixture of life, arcliness, freedom, and fun, in it, that she was especially attractive, and especially dangerous to look upon. Her eyes were of half-a-dozen different colours, if half-a-dozen different people might be believed; but, in truth, they were of some dark colour that was neither black nor brown, nor grey, nor hazle; but one thing was certain, they were most speaking, and laughing, and beautiful eyes, and those long flying locks were now, by some gracious metamorphosis, converted into a head of hair that was of the richest auburn, and was full enough of a sunny light to dazzle a troop of beholders.

Miss Nancy had enough of the old leaven in her to distinguish her from the general run of ladies, with their staid and quiet demeanour. She was altogether a dashing woman. She rode a beautiful light chestnut mare, with a switch tale, and her brother Ben, who was now grown up, with the ambition of cutting a figure as a gay blade of a farmer, was generally her cavalier. She hunted, and cleared gates and ditches to universal amazement. Everybody was asking, "Who is that handsome girl, that rides like an Arab?" Miss Nancy danced, and played, and sung; she had a wit as ready as her looks were sweet, and all the hearts of the young farmers round were giddy with surprise and delight. Miss Nancy was not of a temper to hide herself in the shade, or to shun admiration. She was at the race, at the fair, at the ball; and everywhere she had about her a crowd of admirers, that were ready to eat one another with envy and jealousy. The young squire cast his eyes upon her, and lost no time in commencing a warm flirtation; but Nancy knew that she could not catch him for a husband,—he was too much a man of the world for that, and she took care that he should not catch her. Yet she was politic enough to parade his attentions whenever he came in the way, and might be seen at the market-inn window, or occasionally on the road from church, laughing and chatting with him in a fashion that stirred the very gall of her humbler wooers. The gay young gentleman farmer, the rich miller, the smart grazier, the popular lawyer of the country town, were all ready to fight for her; nay, the old steward, who was nearly as rich as the squire himself, and was old enough to be her father, offered to make a settlement upon her, that filled her father with delight. "Take him, Nance lass, take him," he cried, "thy beauty has made thy fortune, that it has. Never a woman of our family were ever worth a hundredth part of that money."

But Miss Nancy had a younger and handsomer husband in view; and Miss Nancy is Miss Nancy no longer: she has married the colonel of a marching regiment, and is at this moment the most dashing and admired lady of a great military circle, and the garrison town of—

The next extract gives us some insight into the Apothecary's art, as it is practised in the "Old Country."

THE APOTHECARY.

"Well!" said Mr. Label one day, as he stood in his shop with his back to the fire, "a pretty good morning's work, certainly—yes certainly. Twenty patients at three draughts a day—that's five shillings. Five times twenty, a hundred—very good. They'll take them for a week at least; seven times one, seven—thirty-five pounds—capital! Confound those people in St. James's Street; they will take pills; let me see—three at night and one in the morning,—four. Why, it will be a week before they take two boxes—we can't send more,—and that will be only two shillings. They might as well have washed them down with a little *hustus effervesens*: stop!—I know!—we'll leave out the *aromatic*, and then they'll get tired of them. Mr. Jackson." The address to the apprentice was spoken aloud—the soliloquy was *sotto voce* "Yes, sir."

"Leave out the *oleum cinnamomi* in Mrs. Tenderly's pills." "I did that the other day, sir, with Miss Diggram's, and she said they pained her."

"You're a foolish fellow, sir! Do as I tell you. Is Miss Diggram Mrs. Tenderly?"

"No, sir."

"No, sir? To be sure not. Don't constitutions differ, sir; and don't I know when they do and do not?"

"I should think so, sir—that is—of course. I suppose, though, they were pretty much the same in the twenty patients that you have ordered those draughts for."

"Why, sir? what makes you say that?"

"Because they are all alike: *magnesie sulph*: two drachms, *compound tincture of lavender*, drachms three; and the rest water."

"The rest what, sir?"

"Water, sir."

"Mr. Jackson, I beg you'll mind what you're talking about. Water! Suppose any of the patients heard you; call it *agua destillata* another time, sir. It's a very bad habit to get into an unprofessional way of talking. What do you think that Lady Mary Croakham would say if she knew that *pil: panis* meant bread pills?"

"This was a question not meant to be answered; it obviously admitted but of one reply, which might have savoured somewhat of disrespect, if it had been uttered aloud. So Mr. Jackson, pausing before he spoke just long enough to shew that he had taken his master's hint, merely said, as he invested the last of the twenty draughts with the customary red paper head-gear, and packthread cravat, 'We're out of corks, sir.'"

"Are we? I'll send for some more, directly. What are you about, Mr. Jackson?"

"Capping, sir."

"Capping!—do you call that capping? Look here, sir; this is the way—there—and don't go about complaining that I give you no professional instruction. Isn't this instruction? Unless you cap your draughts properly, who will ever take them but a pauper! Young men are getting above their business; they don't pay half enough attention to these kinds of things. Why, before I had been apprenticed two months, I had learned the whole art of dispensing in all its branches."

"This was quite true. Mr. Label had become, very early in his novitiate, a proficient in the art of pharmacy. His skill extended to every kind of manipulation, from the simplest pounding to the most elaborate pill-grinding; he could guess at all doses with exactness, from a grain to a pound, and in making up a pretty-looking draught for a fashionable invalid, would display more taste than the most imaginative confectioner. "No, Mr. Jackson," resumed the Apothecary, softened a little, as he reflected on his own capabilities; "depend upon it, that to succeed in practice you must please the eye."

"It's a rather difficult thing, though, sir, for a young man to get into practice in these times," sighed Mr. Jackson.

"Eh!—why—not so very, if you go the right way to work. The first thing that you should do when you've passed, is to take a small business, with retail annexed."

"Ah! I suppose so, sir. Draw it mild at first, and come it strong by-and-by."

"Don't learn to talk in that kind of way, Mr. Jackson. I observe it's very much the rage with you young men just at present. It will do you harm. People will think you dissipated if they hear you talk slang; besides it's vulgar, sir; your bye-words ought always to have something medical about them."

"I beg pardon, sir I forgot."

"Well, don't forget again. As I was saying, you buy a small practice; and I should advise you to start in the City. People eat and drink a good deal there, and you will always have patients dropping in who want something for indigestion."

"Ah! exactly, sir."

"Well, you give them a little *mistura stomachica*, or you make up a bit of a draught, one-half infusion of *gentian*, the other of *calumba*, with a drachm or two of *compound tincture of cardamoms*, and a few grains of *soda carb*. This relieves them directly. They are sure to come again, and you get talked of. At last they get fever, and then you are sent for. You know my practice—the pills at night, and the draughts three times a day. You can't do better."

"No, sir, I know that. And what sort of a house?"

"Ah! why I can give you a hint or two about that. It should be in a court, if possible, leading out of a thoroughfare. Then you know people needn't be seen when they come to you. Another thing: you should have something to attract attention. I saw a capital idea of this kind the other day. A man has just started (in one of the streets near where I sent you about that bill) with a transparency over his door. It represents a Galen's head and shoulders, with the skin off—an excellent notion; it looks as if the man knew anatomy well; and the figure is holding that—what do you call it?—rod, with a couple of serpents turning round it."

"A clever contrivance, sir! Splendid!"

"Yes, but it won't do westward, you know. I'll tell you what, too, you should do. Get your diploma put into a nice gilt frame, and hang it up in the ante-room to your shop, beneath the portrait of Dr. Cullen."

"Yes, sir, that I knew was a good thing; I should have done that, certainly."

"Well, then you should get married as soon as you can; it shews you to be steady, and women will never employ an unmarried medical man. And, by the way, always contrive to get into their good graces. They are capital advertisements."

"Advertisements, sir?"

"Yes, they will talk about you, and praise you up. I'll tell you one way of pleasing them—the married ones, at least. Now, if you were asked about diet, what should you say?"

"Enquire what the patient liked best, and let him have it."

"Nay, that's not exactly the thing. Find out what his wife or his mother would wish to give him, and take care to agree with them. If he has neither the one nor the other, make a point of forbidding what he asks for, and recommend some other article of food instead. Take care, however, that it isn't disagreeable. And as to your manner: treat every complaint made to you seriously; never laugh at hypochondriacal affections; indeed the less you laugh at all, the better. Keep up your dignity, sir; but be always patient, kind and conciliatory in your behaviour, especially to women." [To be Concluded in next Number.]

FINE ARTS.

A DIALOGUE ON DRAWING.

"Any one who can write can draw," says Frank Howard, in his little book *The Science of Drawing*: this should be an axiom of education.

"Delightful it may be, but I have not found it easy"—poutingly interrupts a pretty listener, just returned from school with a portfolio of laboured copies of her drawing-master's mannerisms, and who is vainly trying to sketch a tree from the window—"I have been learning these three or four years, and I can't sketch the commonest object from nature."

The fault is not yours, my dear young lady, but your drawing-master's—or rather, his wrong method of teaching.

"It's very provoking to find out that one has been wasting one's time and pains for nothing with a bad master—stupid man!"

Do not blame him, but the system.

"What, then, everybody has been wrong taught to draw? It is some consolation not to be the only one."

And it is more consolatory to know that you may turn your present knowledge to account, and soon get into the right way.

(*Young Lady clears her brow and brightens up.*) "I'm glad I've not been learning for nothing, after all. But how am I to get into the right way?—and who is this Mr. Howard, who is to set all the world right on this point?—How is one to know that his is the proper method?"

Mr. Frank Howard is the son of the Royal Academician, and has published a set of Designs from Shakspeare, in the manner of Retsch Outlines; and all that knowledge and skill which outline requires he has acquired by the method of learning he inculcates.

"They are very clever, certainly; but there are a great many clever artists besides Mr. Howard, and they have not all learnt in that way, I suppose. But what is his plan?"

To draw from objects at first, instead of copying the pictures of others.

"Why that is just what I cannot do, though I have learnt—"

Because you have learnt—hear me out. "The power of drawing resides in the head—in the intellect—not in the hand," is the axiom on which Mr. Howard's method is based. The first process of drawing is the perception of form—in the thorough understanding of the proportions of the different parts of an object, and of its general characters as shown by them. To perceive these correctly is the chief difficulty; to indicate the leading characteristics, when they are perceived, is comparatively easy—

"I must interrupt you: but do you really mean to say that it is so difficult to see what is before one?"

Even so.

"And that it is easy to draw what one sees?"

Exactly.

"Then why cannot I draw that tree? I can see that is an oak, but I cannot imitate the foliage."

Do you know the character of the tufts of leaves—the masses of foliage—the ramifications of the branches?

"I confess I do not; but if I did, I could not define them on so small a scale: besides, I have only learnt to imitate a general idea of a tree, and that is all I wish to do now."

But your general idea is too vague; it is not formed from a knowledge of particular characteristics: you are trying to imitate more than you understand; and when you get beyond what you know, your skill fails you, and the more you do the farther you are from the reality. You can sketch the outline, and indicate the forms of the masses, but more than this you should not attempt; and that is enough for ordinary purposes.

"But it did not require three or four years' instruction to teach me that."

Assuredly not: yet you cannot do more.

"I can copy pencil-drawings of my master's, which are highly finished: why can I not finish a drawing from nature?"

Because you have only learned a few conventional phrases, not the whole language of the pencil: so that you cannot express your own ideas or perceptions. To copy drawings, where all that you want to know how to do is done for you, is not the way to learn.

"How then is drawing to be acquired?"

By studying first the objects themselves: and next the principles on which solid forms and space are imitated on a flat surface.

"And those principles are?"

Perspective, or the laws that govern the proportions and distances of objects; light and shadow, by which their forms and surface are shown, and atmospheric effects are imitated; and colouring—whose uses I need not define.

"But perspective is so difficult—it is quite a science of itself."

Its leading rules are few and simple, however complicated their application. Few artists even possess more than a slight knowledge of it: and to amateurs that is quite sufficient. The same with light and shadow, and colour.

"But I cannot learn these without a master; and all masters, according to you—teach wrong."

They begin at the wrong end, and teach you to use a pencil and brush dextrously, instead of showing you how to define objects.

"How can one define objects properly, without using the pencil and brush properly?"

The practice of imitating objects will give the requisite facility, just as well as copying their pictures; and you will be learning the properties of light and shade and the rules of perspective gradually as you proceed from simple to more complex forms, and groups of objects.

"This appears plain enough: but if it is so difficult for a beginner to copy a few touches in a drawing-book, how much more must it be to draw a real object, however simple?"

It is not so much so; for the lines of the object have meaning when the form is understood; but the touches of the master's hand have none to the pupil. The first step to imitation is to understand the thing to be represented. A clever draughtsman will not satisfy the architect in drawing a building, unless he understands the character of the "order" and of its ornaments; nor will a painter satisfy the surgeon in depicting the human form, or the naturalist or sportsman in delineating animals, who does not know their anatomy.

"Yet you said, that to see aright was the grand difficulty; and draughtsmen must by practised in that part of their art?"

But in order to see rightly, understanding of what is before you is necessary.

"Then the surgeon, the naturalist, and the architect should be able to draw men, animals, and buildings, better than the draughtsman?"

Not so: they know the forms, but they have not been used to regard them with a view to their pictorial characteristics. The art of making pictures is distinct from the power of delineating objects: the two combined make the complete artist. All the world need not be artists; but everybody ought to be able to draw so as to express those ideas that cannot be conveyed in words—and there are many such. For instance, how can you describe the shape of a mountain, the character of a face, the style of a building, the fashion of an implement or piece of furniture, the form of a vase, and so on, without drawing? Nay more, it sharpens the perception itself, and enables you to detect nice differences and recondite beauties unseen by others. How many picturesque combinations of form and colour are perceived by the artist that escape the uncultivated perception! Even the study of pictures quickens the eye to the observance of the charms of nature. Thousands go through life in a state of half-sightedness: "seeing they see and do not perceive."

"You really consider then the faculty of perceiving form all that is requisite to be able to draw?"

Undoubtedly. It is in the eye that the power resides, as Mr. Howard says: the hand obeys the eye insensitively, as you may see by the juggler balancing the sword and catching the balls that he throws up—his hand mechanically adapts its position to the direction of his eye.

"That, then, accounts for the wonderful talent that a young lady of my acquaintance possesses of cutting out paper profiles of persons with her hands under the table, and her eyes fixed on the individual all the while."

A happy instance: it completely proves the assertion.

"Yet this same young lady cannot match the colour of a silk accurately."

This shows the distinctness of the two faculties whose combination is necessary to make a painter.

The object of Mr. Howard is "to afford those who desire the power of delineating objects, without attempting to convert the representation into a picture, a sound and simple method of instruction in the art of drawing, upon the only solid basis of science."

"The science of drawing," he goes on to say, "consists in the knowledge of the forms, in representing which consists the art. Hitherto, in the education of the draughtsman, whether as an amateur or as a professional man, it has been the custom to devote attention solely to the art, and to leave the science to intuition or to chance."

After observing that this mode of teaching has caused drawing to be regarded as an art attainable only by a few gifted geniuses, he remarks on the absurdity of the course of study adopted for learners: "they are required to begin with details—with heads, hands, and feet, which are considered the test of the skill of the master."

Mr. Howard lays great stress on the character of objects. "It is the first indispensable qualification of drawing as a means of communicating ideas, that it should convey a distinct and intelligible impression: for this purpose, it must possess character"—not the character of the artist's manner, or style, observe, but of the object itself. He defines character to be "that quality by which one object differs permanently from another, whether the distinction be in size, form, colour, or any other property;" and thus illustrates its importance—"A pupil shall make a drawing almost a hair's-breadth of perfect accuracy; the lines shall be firm, and the form most carefully defined; nevertheless, it shall be pronounced ill drawn; while the master shall make the rudest sketch, without one single line correct, and yet it shall appear and be approved well drawn. * * In caricature, the skilful are able to take the greatest liberties with the human form, and yet the drawing is good; whilst the bungler shall avoid all defect and yet be pronounced deficient. The cause of this will be, that the

student's work shows a want of intention, and a want of knowledge, in what parts defects are admissible and in what parts correctness is indispensable; in other words, what is absolutely requisite to preserve character. Correctness consists in conveying the impression intended; bad drawing is the deficiency of the characteristic."

The roughest, rudest general characteristics, should at first be attempted, drawn with decision and without correction. The details should be added as the hand acquires facility, and the head knowledge to direct it.

To exemplify his meaning, Mr. Howard gives a number of plates with little outlines and shaded figures of trees, each showing directly the characteristic form of the tree; and he has added some little sketches of the details of each—as the trunks, forms of branches, and leaves.—*Spectator*.

From the Mother's Magazine.

THE ONLY SON.

Frank Wilson was an only son, and his parents were among the most respectable inhabitants of the town where they resided. They were very indulgent to him, but as he was an affectionate, well-disposed boy, he did not abuse their kindness. He had an unmarried uncle, who was very fond of him. He was quite rich, and had said something about making Frank his heir. So, the parents frequently consulted him about their son, and he was pleased to give advice respecting his education. Once the uncle said, "I think you had better send Frank from home." The father replied, "I do not see the necessity of it. Our schools here, are considered among the best of the country; and boys are sent to them from other States." "That may be," the uncle answered, "and yet he ought to go from home. He is not as manly as other boys; I see him sometimes putting his arm around his mother's neck, or sitting with her hand in his, which is very childish, you know." So Frank felt constrained when his uncle visited them. He was afraid to show fondness for his parents or to express his affectionate feelings on other occasions, lest it should not be manly. At length, the uncle prevailed on the parents of Frank to have him sent from home, for two years before he entered college, engaging to pay the expenses of his board and tuition, at a celebrated academy, in a distant State. But the mother had many misgivings. She said; "I now know, at least, that my boy is not in bad company. This I cannot know, when he is away from me. While he studies his lessons by our fireside in the evening, I feel that he is not exposed to evil example; and he is always contented with me." "That is the misfortune sister. He is altogether too contented with you. Your husband is a good deal occupied with his business, and boys brought up by women, are good for nothing. He must be sent from home, or he never will be a man." It was in vain the mother argued that when the home was a good one, and the school a good one, and the boy making good progress, and in good habits, that a change might be for the worse. Her objections were supposed by the uncle to spring from unwillingness to part with her son; and as the father had consented, she at length consented also. Frank was pleased at the thought of seeing new places, and making new acquaintances. The preparations for his wardrobe, and supply of books, being on a more liberal scale than he had been accustomed to, flattered his vanity and kept him in good spirits. But when the last trunk was locked, and he sat between his father and mother, expecting every moment the arrival of the stage-coach, tears came so fast to his eyes, and he felt such a pain at his heart, that he could scarcely heed their parting counsel. The sound of the wheels was heard at the door, and he wished to throw himself on his mother's neck and weep. But his uncle, who was to accompany him, jumped out of the coach, and came in. So, he said in a hurried voice, "Good-by, dear father, dear mother. You shall hear from me as soon as I get there." He dared not look back, until the roof of his home, and the elm-trees that over-shadowed it, were entirely out of sight. For he felt such a choking sensation, that he feared he should burst into tears, and he dreaded above all things, lest his uncle should call him "Miss Frances," in the presence of strangers. In a large school, he found more to try his temper than he had expected. He wished to be distinguished for scholarship, but there were many older and more advanced than himself, and when he had been once or twice disappointed, he did not put forth that energy and perseverance, which are necessary to secure success. He suffered from that loneliness of heart, which a stranger at school, and especially an only child, feels, when first exiled from the sympathies of home. In the turns of headache to which he had been subject from childhood, he painfully missed maternal nursing and tenderness. But to these trials he gradually became accustomed, and having a good temper, was rather a favorite among his associates. At length, his room-mate was changed, and a bad scholar and bad boy was placed in this intimate connexion with him. It was found that he had not moral courage enough to say, No, when he was tempted to do wrong, and a sad change in his behaviour soon became evident. Frank had not firmness enough to reprove his companion, for what he knew was improper or wicked; and he who is constantly expos-

ed to evil example, and does not resist it in the fear of God, will be but too apt to follow it. The first wrong step was to neglect his lessons, and waste his time. His room-mate taught him to laugh at the censures that followed, and to ridicule in secret the teachers whom he should have loved. He induced him to read foolish books; and there they were making themselves merry, when their distant parents supposed they were diligently acquiring knowledge. When Frank came home at his vacations, his uncle exclaimed, "How improved! how manly!" He had indeed grown very tall, and bid fair to possess a fair, graceful form. But his parents scrutinized him more closely, and feared that every change was not an improvement. Simple pleasures no longer satisfied him. He desired in every thing for himself a lavish expenditure. He ceased to ask pleasantly for what he needed, but said through his shut teeth, with a face partly turned away, "I want such and such articles—all the other boys have them." The mother was alarmed at the habits of reserve and concealment, which had grown over him. She had accustomed him to speak freely of all his concerns to her. Now, she felt that she was shut out of his confidence, and that her influence over him for good, most of course decline. She endeavoured, by every means in her power, to reinstate herself in his affections. Still, he kept the veil close about him; and a son who shuns the confidence of kind parents, is either in a wrong course, or in danger of entering it. To any gentle remonstrance on his change of manners or conduct, he carelessly replied, "Why, other boys do so. My uncle says I shall never be a man, till I do like other boys." At his entrance into college, he was exposed to more temptations, and less and less inclined to repel them. Frank's letters to his anxious parents were but few, and far between. Those to his uncle were more frequent, because on him he depended for the supply of his purse. The uncle at first remarked, with a laugh, that "he spent money like a man." But in a year or two, it appeared that he became tired of the very free expenses of his nephew, as he ceased to boast of this proof of his manliness. Frank, who took no pains to devote himself to his studies, was still desirous to be distinguished for something. So he was fond of speaking of his "rich, old bachelor uncle," and of saying, "without doubt, I shall have all his money." Expectations of wealth and habits of extravagance hastened his ruin. In his third year at college, he came home, sick, and with no disposition to return to his studies. He spoke against the regulations of the institution, and ridiculed the faculty. He said it was impossible for any one to gain a good education there, if they applied themselves ever so closely. In short, he blamed every body but himself. He had left college, in debt, and in disgrace. His uncle, who had great reason to be offended, told him, that he need no longer expect support from him, for unless his whole course of life was changed, he should select some more worthy relative to receive his bounty, and be the heir of his estate. Frank's father took him to his own counting-house. But he disliked business, and had no habits of application. His red and bloated face told but too truly what other habits he had formed. And he was pointed at, as the ruined young man. Long did the poor mother try to hide the bitter truth from her own heart. Often was she ingenious in her palliations, to soften his offences to others, hoping he might yet retrieve his character. She watched for moments of reflection, for glimpses of good feeling, to give force to her remonstrances and appeals. We know how intemperance breaks down grace of form, and destroys beauty of countenance—how it debases man, who was made in the image of God, below the level of the brute creation, and sinks his aspiring and immortal soul into an abyss of misery.

Thus it was with Frank Wilson. The chamber where his happy infancy and childhood had dreamed away nights of innocence, and woke in the morning to health and joy, was now the scene of his frequent sicknesses, hoarse, senseless laughter, and fearful imprecations. It is too painful to follow him through the excesses that broke the hearts of his parents. But his career was short. The sins of his youth destroyed him.

His death-bed was horrible. None of those who loved him could remain by it. With eyeballs starting from their sockets, he shrieked of hideous monsters, and fiery shapes that surrounded him. His last cry, was in wild contention with those frightful images, which a disordered imagination created.

Thus died, in the agonies of delirium tremens, Frank Wilson, the only child, and idol of his parents. His first false step was not daring to say *Ad*, when he was tempted to evil. His next, was concealing from his parents and teachers the faults which he had committed, and the dangers from which they might have saved him. From these two seeds—want of moral courage, and want of confidence in his parents, what a sudden and terrible harvest sprang up,—indolence, extravagance, contempt of authority, intemperance, and early death. Let every young person shun the first advances of vice, for the descent is swift, like the swollen and headlong torrent, sweeping every landmark away.

L. H. S.

PRIORITY OF INTELLIGENCE.—A sergeant in the Guards, writing a letter to his wife, during the campaign in Flanders, said, "Pray send me a few newspapers, as I want sadly to see how we are getting on, and what we are doing."

GERMAN LYRICS.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed the restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, when'er I turn my eye,
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Uthland.

THE WEALTH OF ENGLAND.

It is a common error, to imagine that the riches of England are derived from, and dependent upon, her commerce. The truth is that the merchants of England, with all their great capital and vast extent of operations, hold but a very small portion of the riches existing in the country; and this truth can be made apparent by a few simple considerations. Look at the squirearchy, for instance, the thousands and thousands of country gentlemen, with their comfortable incomes of three or five or ten thousand pounds per annum, derived exclusively from the soil; and the enormous fortunes of the nobility. Estimate, if it can be estimated, the immense amount of treasure in the country, existing in the form of plate and jewels. Why, at a single dinner in London on the 18th of June, gold and silver plate to the value of a million and a half of dollars were exhibited at once; all the property of one individual, the Duke of Wellington. That celebrated personage could have relieved from their difficulties, houses which have been compelled to stop, simply by turning over to them his dishes and tureens, and vases and candelabra, without diminishing his income by a farthing; and there are fifty noble ladies in London, any one of whom might have put others in ample funds for all emergencies, merely by making them a present of her diamonds.

Without taking the crown jewels into the account, it is no doubt susceptible of proof that in London alone there are gold and silver plate and jewels to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; and it must be remembered that mighty as is London, the wealth of the Kingdom in wrought gold and silver is very far from being centred there. An immense quantity of it is scattered among the castles and country seats of the nobility, such as Alnwick Castle, Blenheim, Chatworth, Belvoir, Woburn Abbey, and a hundred others, and among the lovely mansions of the country gentleman, with which the whole surface of the island is dotted in thousands. Then think of the libraries, and galleries—the immense and almost priceless collections of pictures, and statues, and other costly works of art, in which no country in the world is richer. Why the whole mercantile wealth of England is but an item in her riches—a mere item, of comparatively trifling magnitude.—*New York Com. Ad.*

A PICTURE OF GLORY WHEN THE GLARE IS PAST.—INDIA.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the Commander-in-Chief to detach an officer and one hundred pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were laid up from the fatigue they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the head quarters were kindly sent to bring in the wounded, as none of the public dooly boys could be procured,—they having dispersed in search of plunder.

The scenes of wo and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory.

The groans and screams of the dying and wounded constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters,

fathers, or sons of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heart rending sounds were often mixed the wild execrations of the dying, who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine.

We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp.

Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and repassing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field-hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed.

The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr. A. and the rest of the staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations and amputations, and especially one on Lieut. H., whose knee was severely shattered. He sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gun-shot wounds survived, for the fractures they had received were generally so extensive as to bring on lock-jaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," would have their ardour sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Mahedpoore.

MR. DICKENS,

THE AUTHOR OF THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, the first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, his eye though not large is bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is in repose, extremely agreeable, and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens's manner and conversation, except perhaps in the perfect abandon among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humour. He is mild in the tone of his voice and quiet; evincing habitual attention to the etiquette and conventionalism of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and possibly it is to avoid the invitations pressed upon him, that he does not reside in London: but with a lovely wife and two charming children, he has a retreat in the vicinity. He is about twenty-nine years of age, but does not look more than twenty-three or twenty-four years. Mr. Dickens is entirely self made, and rose from an humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius and his industry.—*National Gazette.*

"HORRIBLE IMAGININGS."—Some time ago an officer of the coast blockade, much disliked for his activity, having fallen into an ambuscade of smugglers, they seized, blindfolded him, and tied his feet together, crying, "Throw him over the cliff! throw him over the cliff!" Disregarding his entreaties for mercy, they bore him to the edge, and pushed him gradually over, feet foremost, till his hands and chin only remained above the brink, to which he clung by digging his finger nails into the grass, and in this cruel position they left him. He remained thus for above an hour, in agonies of terror, screaming for help, and straining every sinew to maintain his hold, till at length the blood seemed to stagnate in his arms; his strength failed; his brain reeled at the thought of the depth beneath, and he was upon the point of letting go in despair, when, as a last effort, he released one hand, tore the bandage from his eyes, turned his head with horror, and beheld the bottom within a yard of his feet—the smugglers having selected a shallow chalk pit for their purpose, upon the brink of which he had been so tormentingly suspended.

READING, WRITING AND SPEAKING.—Habits of literary conversation, and still more, habits of extempore discussion in a popular assembly, are peculiarly useful in giving us a ready and practical command of our knowledge. There is much good sense in the following aphorism of Bacon: "Reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and speaking a ready man."

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

A Premium of Three Hundred Dollars was awarded to Professor Mussey, for this Essay, by the following Board of Adjudicators :

John C. Warren, M. D. Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, Harvard University, Boston.

Thomas Sewall, M. D. Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Columbian College, Washington, D. C.

Roberts Vaux, Esq. President of the Pennsylvania State Temperance Society, Philadelphia.

Parker Cleverland, M. D. Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College, Maine.

Vanbraugh Livingston, Westchester county, N. Y.

Benjamin Sillman, M. D. Professor of Chemistry, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

Francis Wayland, D. D. President of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.

William Goodell, Editor of the "Genius of Temperance," New York City.

Rev. R. W. Niles, Secretary of the Board.

PRIZE ESSAY, ETC.

Quest. I. What is the history of the origin of ardent spirit, and of its introduction into medical practice ?

Quest. II. What are its effects upon the animal economy ?

Quest. III. Is there any condition of the system in health or disease in which its use is indispensable, and for which there is not an adequate substitute ?

CHAPTER I.

History.

ARDENT SPIRIT OF ALCOHOL is a thin colorless fluid, lighter than water, somewhat volatile, of a pungent smell and taste, readily inflaming by the application of a lighted taper, and burning with a deep blue or purple flame. It is produced only by the decomposition of vegetable and animal substances,* in a state of fermentation. It is the intoxicating principle of all fermented liquors, as wine, cider, beer, etc. and may be separated from them by distillation and other processes.

Fermented liquors derived from the juices of fruits, and from the farinaceous grains, were used in periods of high antiquity. The first authentic record we have of wine, refers to a period scarcely less remote than that of the deluge. Noah planted a vineyard and drank of the fruit of it ; and the hypothesis that he was the inventor of wine, receives countenance from the assertion of Hecataeus, the Milesian historian, that the use of wines was first discovered in Aetolia by Orestes the son of Deucalion. This last personage, it is well known, was the hero of the deluge among those heathen nations whose records and traditions recognise that great event. The early history of alcohol in its uncombined state, or in the form of ardent spirit, is obscure. Had Mahometan fanaticism spared the Alexandrian library, the curiosity of our own times might perhaps have been gratified by a knowledge of the periods of its discovery, as well as with the name and residence of the individual whose researches gave to the world a poison, which, in countries where its use has become general, has caused more human suffering than any other invention of man.

There is indeed some probability that China may claim the discovery of the process of distillation. 'In that country,' says Morewood, 'which has preserved its civil polity for so many thousand years, the art of distillation was known far beyond the date of its authentic records.' The same writer, referring to the authority of Du Halde, Martini, Grosier and others, says, that there is abundant proof of the Chinese having been well versed in that branch of alchemy which has for its object a panacea or universal medicine, long before this fancy engaged the attention of European practitioners.' The search after this elixir of life is said to have originated with the disciples of Lao Chiun, who flourished six hundred years before the Christian era. If this statement be authentic, there can remain scarcely a doubt that the Chinese were acquainted with distilled spirit more than two thousand years ago.

With a knowledge of the process of distillation, and impelled by a motive so strong as the hope of finding an elixir, a single draught of which would confer an immunity from disease, decay, and death, the alchemists could hardly have failed early to subject to this process every kind of beverage which was known to exert an exhilarating influence upon the actions of life. The infatuations of alchemy still existed in China in times comparative-modern, for three of her kings, two in the ninth, and one in the sixteenth century, perished from a draught of the elixir of life, prepared by the alchemists, and taken with a view to attain to immortality.

To Arabia, however, Europe appears to have been wholly indebted for the knowledge of the art of distillation. It has been suggested, that, as the Arabians at a very early period for commercial purposes penetrated into China, even as far as to Canton, there might have been an interchange in the scientific discoveries of the two nations.

As the result of their intercourse must probably always remain a matter of conjecture, it is not unreasonable to allow to the

Arabians, what has usually been accorded to them, the credit of having found out the process of distillation, whether they were the only inventor or not. A knowledge of chemistry came with the Saracens into Spain, and to this day, several terms purely Arabic are retained in the nomenclature of European chemistry, as, alcohol, alkali, &c.

Geber, whose period and country are questionable, but who is regarded by many as of Saracen origin, and who is generally supposed to have lived in the seventh century of the Christian era, is so particular in his descriptions as to show, that in his time not only the art of distillation, but the methods of conducting various pharmaceutical processes were well understood. Distillation was certainly known in Spain as early as the ninth century, and there is a high degree of probability that, along with other mechanical arts, it was brought there by the Saracens in the early part of the eighth century.

Rhazes, who was a most scientific and distinguished Arabian physician, born about the middle of the ninth century, and who resided at the court of Almanzor in Seville, gives minute directions for making a particular pharmaceutical preparation in a glass retort. At what precise period the chemists learned the art of extracting alcohol from fermented liquors it is impossible to determine ; but from the fact of their being constantly engaged in the pursuit of the elixir of life, and from other considerations already suggested, there can be but little doubt of its having been known at or before the time of Rhazes. The ardent thirst for discovery, and the guarded secrecy with which chemical processes were at that time conducted, the great facility of disguising alcohol by a multitude of odorous and colored substances, together with the hope that in some shape or combination it would turn out to be the long sought elixir, might prevent the mode of its preparation from becoming public for a long period of time, possibly for centuries.

We are not informed when it was first used as a medicine. Its pungent and exhilarating properties would easily give it a place amongst restorative remedies, more especially as it might easily be reinforced or modified by the addition of medicinal agents, from the vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

*The Tartars and Chinese make a kind of wine and ardent spirit from the flesh of sheep.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29, 1839.

In a late Pearl we noticed some proceedings in Boston, by the congregation to whom the Rev. Mr. Pierpont ministered. We have since met with further reported action on the subject, and as it is of some interest give the substance. The portion of the committee which investigated the case and were unfriendly to the continuance of Mr. Pierpont, published a report by which the charges against the Rev. gentleman were set forth. The other portion of the committee transmitted the report to the individual accused, with an intimation that he would be expected to answer it. He did so, and, as the report had been previously published, the answer also appeared in the newspapers, occupying about five closely printed long columns.

The charges were,—1st that he had not given his undivided attention to his congregation, according to the usual understanding in such matters,—but had employed himself making stoves, screws, and razor straps.—2d. That he entered into exciting topics, such as Imprisonment for Debt, the Militia Law,—Anti-masonry,—Phrenology,—Temperance, and Abolition of Slavery. To these Mr. Pierpont answers, 1st,—that he did not enter into any arrangement whereby he was to give his individual attention to his congregation. Such an arrangement he intimates would be absurd, as a minister's influence and efforts should extend much farther. 2d, Books ; he pleads guilty to this charge, warns others against so dangerous a practise, and informs the public where his books may be purchased. 3rd. Stoves. The plea is not guilty, but an admission is made that some ten years ago he perpetrated a fire place for burning anthracite, and, as he has no pecuniary interest in the invention, recommends its use, tells where it may be purchased, and refers to one of the accusing committee, as a person who could speak of its merits, having one in use. 3rd. Screws. Guilty, of having assisted his brother, some years before, to perfect a machine for the manufacture of wood screws. 4th, Razor-straps. Guilty in part,—having manufactured one razor strap, which was adopted by some artizans in the line. Having gone through the mechanical charges, he makes a clear conscience, and acknowledges some additions seemingly forgotten or unknown to his accusers,—these are 1st, the drawing of a meridian line for the use of a parishioner who was curious in regulating his watch,—2d, the acting as the head of a Committee appointed to devise means for warming the house of Worship, and 3rd, Medical advice to one who was sinking under the cares and confinement of business.

The Rev. defendant then proceeds to the moral charges. The Imprisonment for Debt,—plea guilty, and glorying in it. Next the

Militia law,—guilty also of having preached a discourse eleven years ago on the subject, which was published and is on sale. Next Anti-masonry,—guilty to a degree, but chiefly urged on in his views by one of his accusers.—Then Phrenology, guilty of being a disciple of Spurzheim and George Combe, to whom, the accused says, he feels more indebted for instruction in the philosophy of the mind than to all other men living and dead.—Next Temperance ; a triumphant plea of guilty, guilty on Sundays and week days, by daylight and candlelight, in sermon and song, in stage coach and steamer, and at every opportunity.—Last the Abolition of Slavery, guilty in sentiment, and in many expressions, but not in a professional way. After thus meeting his bill of charges, the Rev. gentleman proceeds to gore his opponents with the horns of wit and satire, and ends by leaving them in a sad dilemma.—The discussion has closed in his favour, the vote of a majority has sustained him and the liberty of the pulpit in which he has ministered.

SCIENCE.—It has been stated to the Academy of Sciences, by Mr. Pambour, that on the 3d of August last he travelled on the Great Western Railway at the rate of 54 and a half miles an hour, and that he believed a greater speed might have been obtained.

A steamer propelled by the Archimedes screw, has been exhibited on the Thames. The trial was favourable, she went at about seven or eight miles an hour against wind and tide, and twelve miles under more favourable circumstances. The moving power is at the stern. She makes no swell, and her working is not affected by the swell of the sea.

Commerce, assisted by science, is only said to be commencing some of its most important exertions, in Africa, tracts of the American continent, and the shores of East India.

Late writers have strongly urged the study of Agriculture scientifically. For this, Chemistry, Geology, and Mechanics, seem to form the natural basis. There is, no doubt, vast difference between mere practical acquaintance with a subject, and scientific knowledge of it ; as there is between the capabilities of the Stoker, who merely attends the engine, and knows how it works,—and the Engineer who could erect such a machine, and is thoroughly conversant with all its peculiarities, and the principles by which it is controlled.—Science gives pleasure, power, dignity of mind, and great capability in manipulating or directing manipulations.

Experiments have been made in Russia, on Electro Magnetic Navigation. The difficulty connected with the manipulation of the Battery, is said to exist no longer. M. H. Jacobi has made valuable improvements. He tested these in a ten oar shallop, propelled by an electro-magnetic machine, on the Neva, in 1838 and 1839, and has since overcome obstacles then met with. For one horse power, it is expected that ten square feet of platina will be sufficient. By next midsummer, M. Jacobi hopes to have in operation an electro-magnetic vessel of about 50 horse power.

Mr. Brunel, engineer of the Thames Tunnel, says he has discovered a means of obtaining railway speed, equal to 200 miles an hour. If matters progress this way, to start in a locomotive, and to be shot from a piece of ordnance, will be about one and the same thing.

LITERATURE.—The volume of Sermons, by Rev. Mr. Cogswell, some time ago announced as being ready for publication, has appeared from the London press. It is a large beautifully printed book, attesting the piety, zeal and industry of the Rev. gentleman whose name it bears, and who, at comparatively an early period of life, has given so strong an evidence of his usefulness.—The Christian Lady's Magazine has the following notice of this work :

"It has pleased God to place a faithful minister in that distant church, the cathedral we may call it, of our valuable Nova Scotian colony—a branch of our transatlantic empire, the value of which is now negatively known, as being wholly uninfluenced by the demon of rebellion : and of which the tried loyalty will become more conspicuously apparent as the crisis advances. We, of course, opened with great avidity this volume, and we again closed it after shedding tears of thankfulness over its many pages of sound doctrine, of warm, fervent, affectionate, heart-stirring expostulation, in which the author has been pleading with his beloved flock. Mr. Cogswell is ever mindful of what one of our elder divines has left on record—that Jesus Christ should always be the diamond breast-pin in the bosom of every sermon. He is truly so in these discourses ; not a page but Christ is there in the fulness of his redemption, in all the gracious and glorious offices wherein God has made him unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. The style is particularly animated and energetic ; the doctrines scripturally strong, and most carefully guarded from abuse. Under any circumstances, we should have placed this book among our treasures : coming, as it does, from a native Nova Scotian, holding the sacred office of Christ's ambassador to his own brethren after the flesh, it is doubly valuable. May it be made doubly useful, by assisting to nourish Christ's flock in this country, and by exciting a more affectionate interest for their brethren in that distant land."

A new poem, by Moore, named Alciphron, is announced.

The success of Dickens in his monthly publications, has, as a matter of course, induced imitation. Mrs. Trollope sends out her Factory Boy, in the same manner, Captain Marryat is to issue the

first of a sea tale next month, a monthly called Valentine Vox narrates the tricks of a Ventriloquist, another is announced founded on the tithe system, to be called the Rector's Progress, beside several others of less fame.

The sale of Nicholas Nickleby has been stated at above 50,000, which would leave, it appears, above £850 per month, as the profit to author and publisher. No wonder such a prize should cause dabblers in the lottery, yet what a vast number of blanks is sure to turn up, and how much misery is occasioned by such a game of chance.

A new play by Bulwer, entitled the Birth Right, is announced. Grattan, the author of High Ways and Bye Ways is residing at Boston as British Consul. He is said to be engaged on a new novel.

A novel by Major Richardson of Montreal, entitled The Brothers, is announced. It is founded in the history of Canada.

Mr. Hawkins, author of the Picture of Quebec, has issued a Prospectus of an engraved plan of the military and naval operations before Quebec, under General Wolfe. It is to be accompanied by a miniature of West's picture of the death of Wolfe, some emblematic devices, a compendium, key, and list of subscribers.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, &c.—Doctor Teulon lectured last evening on Saline substances, to a large audience. The Lecturer described the various salts, their peculiarities, importance &c. A very interesting discourse followed, in which much additional information was elicited. The Doctor exhibited his usual readiness and fulness of information in answering the questions proposed.

Doctor Teulon will continue, on General Knowledge, next Wednesday evening.

The Mechanic's Institute of St. John, N. B. have had the benefit of Doctor Gesner's services as lecturer, recently. The members of this infant establishment number 500.

The Pictou and Truro Societies are in useful operation, and we see that a Society for Literary and Scientific purposes at Tatmagouche, commenced a session on the 13th of this month.

Beside the Mechanics' Institute of Halifax, a society somewhat similar in character exists—it is called the Literary and Scientific Society, and meets once a week in a room in Dalhousie College for the discussion of subjects of History, Literature, &c. Another advance in the Literary line, is, Mr. Barratt's rooms, which he advertises this week, and which he is well calculated for superintending.

In this place, connected with Literary and Scientific efforts, may be mentioned a matter which was omitted last week. The Rev. Mr. O'Brien is making preparations for an Acadamical institution in connection with the Roman Catholic Church, in Halifax. In furtherance of this work, the Hon. Michael Tobin has set an excellent example; he presented the Rev. Gentleman with £150 towards the purchase of a philosophical apparatus. Mr. O'Brien, we understand intends, beside the other scholastic labours of his establishment, to deliver a course of lectures to his classes, on Natural Philosophy.

TEMPERANCE.—We have commenced making extracts from a Prize Essay, on Temperance—in accordance with the wishes of some of our friends. This little work contains much interesting information, as will appear by the extract in this number.

The Rev. T. Matthew, R. Catholic Clergyman, is a most successful apostle of Temperance in Ireland. Vast numbers flock to hear his orations on the subject. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Catholic Bishop of Kildare, is President of a Temperance Society.—The cause prospers in Ireland much more than was generally anticipated. A Catholic society in Liverpool has a large number of members.

A Temperance Tea party was recently held at Pugwash, N. S., at which 103 persons sat down. The company resolved to erect a Temperance hall.

This is a subject in which all are interested, and which should be wished abundant success by every lover of propriety.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The intelligence this week, in addition to that already before our readers, is but trilling. Under the head news, however, may be comprised some matters of general interest, not previously noticed, although not exactly new.

The only additional light on China affairs, is that a fast sailing vessel, with orders to the British superintendent, had been despatched by the British Government. It is understood, as might be expected, that no improper interference will be made with the Chinese government, and that the British in the Celestial empire will be left to submit to political regulations there, as Chinese should in Britain.

The East India Company are about employing Steamers for the protection of their Commerce against pirates in the Chinese seas.

Some Slave trade factories at Onin, Coast of Africa, had been destroyed by the natives. A great traffic, chiefly under the American flag, it is said, had been carried on from these nests of iniquity.

Papers from the United States inform us that the yellow fever had spread southwardly to St. Augustine, East Florida. The

Indian war was still a matter of deep interest in that direction. An overwhelming force, it is said, is still wanted to conquer the remnant of the red men.

An Anti-slavery Fair, or Bazar, held recently at Boston, yielded above \$1500.

A volume, on medical matters, which strongly opposes the common use of tea and coffee, has excited much attention in the United States. 15,000,000 lbs. of tea are used annually in the Republic.

The Philadelphia Banks are expected to resume specie payments on the 1st of January next.

An unexpected rise in western flour had occurred.

A fire in Chicago on Oct. 27, destroyed property to the amount of \$100,000.

From Canada we hear, that the House of Assembly of Upper Canada will not be dissolved before the stated time of expiration. It is called to meet for despatch of business on Dec. 3.—A Special Council was called at Quebec, by the Governor General. They passed ordinances relating to seizure of gunpowder, &c.—persons charged with treason,—Seignories, &c.; and recommended, by resolution, the union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

No outbreak seems anticipated in Lower Canada, during the winter. Brigand incursions in the upper Province were supposed probable. General Scott, of the United States Army, had gone to the frontier, and troops about to be removed, had been ordered to continue. A company of the 11th, amounting to 100 men, have marched from Quebec, to occupy some barracks on the Madawaska, in the disputed territory.

The inhabitants of Crapaud, P. E. Island, presented an Address to the Countess of Westmoreland on the 6th of Nov. They prayed a reduction of rents and assistance in School exertions. The inhabitants of the back settlement of Crapaud, also addressed her Ladyship, praying for assistance in erecting a place of Worship. Her Ladyship answered the addresses graciously, appropriating 300 for the Schools and Chapel,—and informing her tenants that, as a married woman, she was not empowered to act respecting the reduction of rents, &c.

A coloured woman entered the dwelling of Mr. J. L. Wilson, Barrington N. S. some nights ago, and stole about £175 in cash, besides some articles of dress. £163 were subsequently recovered.

Mr. Bazalgette was in Yarmouth procuring subscriptions towards the establishment of a Western Steamer.

The Yarmouth Packet from St. John, N. B. was lost on Saturday night last. Crew and passengers saved. No insurance on the packet.

During a recent storm, a vessel on the stocks, near Yarmouth, was struck by lightning and riven to fragments. A house was also struck and injured, but no lives lost.

The Legislative Session of Jamaica was opened on Oct. 22, by a speech from the Governor, in which the House of Assembly are strongly appealed to, in behalf of wise, temperate measures, in accordance with the views of the British Parliament and the spirit of the age.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Edward Goudge, to Mary Ann Baker, youngest daughter of the late Richard Stayer, junr.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, John G. Muligh, to Hannah, daughter of George Hashman.

At Yarmouth, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. William T. Wishart, the Rev. John Ross, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Chebogue, to Miss Mary R. fourth daughter of Robert Kelly, Esq.

At Miramichi, by the Rev. J. Souter, A. M. on the 22d October, Mr. Peter Carlyle, to Miss Ann, fourth daughter of Mr. Charles Campbell, of the Parish of Blackville. Mr. Stephen Mitchell, to Miss Margaret Urquhart, both of the Parish of Blissville. Mr. Arthur McLean, to Miss Elizabeth Scott, both of the Parish of Northesk.

DIED.

On Saturday last, Mrs. Mary Ann Ashton, aged 52 years.

On Sunday, the 24th inst. Mr. William Eager, Artist, in the 44th year of his age, leaving a wife and nine children, to lament their sad bereavement.

Sunday morning, in the 46th year of her age, Mrs. Catherine Powell, a native of Ireland, she has left 7 children to lament her loss.

Suddenly on Tuesday evening, of Apoplexy, Mr. John Hague, aged 32 years.

In the Poor's Asylum, Walter Bill, aged 49 years, a native of England.

At Spring Vale, East River, Pictou, of consumption, on the 31st of October, John Holmes, eldest son of John Holmes, Esq. M. P.

At Big Brook, Upper Settlement of West Branch, Pictou, on Monday the 11th inst. William Fraser. His death was occasioned by contusions on the head, from the breaking of a scaffold at a Saw Mill belonging to the deceased. He survived the melancholy event 48 hours.

At Wilmot, on 12th inst. after a tedious illness, which she bore with patience and resignation, to the Divine will, Hannah, widow of the late John Ruggles, Esq. in the 76th year of her age.

At Boston, on 15th Sept. aged 12 weeks, Charlotte Weils, daughter of Mr. J. S. Cunnabell, of Halifax.

At Lynn, Mass. on 14th September last. Ewd. Dyer, aged 5 months, only child of Mr. Wm. H. P. Smith, late of Halifax.

This morning, George, son of Qr. Master Serjeant Shean, of the Royal Sappers and Miners, aged one month.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Nov. 23d—Schr. Mary, Boudroit, Montreal, 17 days—830 bbls flour to A. Murison; Irene and Lord Lovat, Sydney—coal; Re-

form, Howard, P. E. Island—produce; Dartford, Wooden, Pictou—coal; Mary, Two Brothers, and Swallow, Arichat, dry and pickled fish, etc.; Ruth, Maubou, beef, pork, etc.; Margaret Ann, and Reward, Pictou, coal; Susan, Sydney, coal.

Sunday, 24th—Schr. Dove, Marmad; Nancy, Fougere; Richmond, Gerroir; Mary Ann, Nancy, Ann, Agnee, Great Britain, Sarah Wier, Milly, Angelique, Mary, Eliza, William, Trial, Cruiser, Espérance, Ellen, Nancy, Margaret, Sydney and Bridgeport, coal fish and butter; Malony and Susan Ann, Pictou, coal; Sable, Kennedy, La-Poile, and Dove, Butler, do, fish, oil, etc. to W. & J. McNeil; Queen Charlotte, Leblanc, and Elizabeth, Harding, P. E. Island, 7 days, produce; Sarah, Larkin, Cocaigne, 8 days, lumber; Ruth, Cahoon, Whitehead, bound to Liverpool; Eliza Bunting, Lucens, St. John's N. F. 12 days, fish, to W. Lawson, junr. and J. Allen & Co., Velocity sailed 8 days previous for Jamaica; Eliza, Morrison, New York, via Guysborough, 9 days, flour, to Fairbanks and Allison; Active Kendrick, Montreal, 25 days, and Quebec 15 days, flour, beef, and seeds, to do; Nine Sons, Drew, St. John's, N. F. 10 days, fish oil, and tea to S. Binney; Am-brig Grecian, LaBere, Baltimore, 20 days, wheat, to W. A. Black & Son, Rambler, P. E. Island, 3 days; Nightingale, do. 9 days.

Monday, 25th—Schr. Arctic, More, Liverpool, N. S. 1 day lumber, bound to St. John's, N. F. Mailboat Velocity, Barss, put back to Liverpool 21st inst. and sailed same evening for Boston.

Wednesday, 27th—Schr. Murdoch, Guysborough, dry & pickled fish, beef, pork, etc.

Thursday, 28th. brig Star, Cocken, Montego, Bay, 22 days, ballast to D & E Starr & Co; brig Laura, Hoyle, St. Vincent, 19 days, to D & E Starr & Co; schr Nile, Vaughan, St. John, NB. 8 days, fish.

AUCTION.

Glassware, Nets, Lines, Twines, Paints, &c. Per Thalia from London.

BY DEBLOIS & MERREL,

At their Rooms, on Monday next, at 12 o'clock.

30 PACKAGES GLASSWARE, among which are, Tumblers and Wines, in small casks, Tumblers, Wines, and Decanters, in do Cylinder and best Tumblers, ground, Best Tumblers and Wines, fluted and ground, Best Exmouth Wines, do do Ditto Champagnes and Barrel W I N E S, do. Quart and Pint Decanters, broad flutes and splits, Cut Cartiffs and Tumblers. Cut dishes, Cut Sugar Basons, Cream Jugs, and Butter Boxes, Cruet and Spirit Frames, Custards, Jellies Finger Bowls, Cut Salts, French Chimney and Lamp Shades; $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 4, 6, and 8 oz. V I A L S.—

ALSO, Some Plated and Silver edged

Tea and Coffee Sets, &c.

Nov 29

Sale of Teas.

A PUBLIC SALE OF TEAS will take place at the Warehouses of the Agents of the Honorable East India Company, on FRIDAY, the 13th day of December at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the sale. S. CUNARD & CO. Nov. 29. Agents to the Hon. E. I. Company.

HALIFAX PUBLIC LIBRARY, AND LITERARY ROOMS.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has undertaken the management of the above establishment, and trusts, by careful and unremitting attention, to render it worthy of a liberal share of public patronage.

The Library comprises a selection of nearly 2,000 volumes; among which are to be found some of the most approved standard works, recent publications, and periodical literature.

The Reading Room now contains a variety of European, American, and Colonial papers; and the proprietor is making arrangements to obtain the ablest English papers by the latest arrivals.

The terms are extremely moderate, viz.—for the Library and Reading Room, 20s. per annum; and for either separately, 12s. 6d. per annum; or for a shorter period, in proportion.

Particulars can be obtained, on application at the Library, (near the Bank of British North America) which the public are respectfully invited to visit and inspect for themselves.

In appealing to the public of Halifax, in behalf of this undertaking, the subscriber begs to state his determination to add to his Library, the principal popular works as they appear; and otherwise to increase the variety in the Reading and News department to the fullest extent that the amount of subscriptions will warrant. He also adds the assurance, that while he presumes to hope for a liberal support, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to deserve it.

While Halifax is rapidly advancing in prosperity and enterprise, while a taste for Literature is diffusing itself among all classes, and when an extensive system of Steam Navigation is about to be established, which will connect Halifax, by a constant and rapid communication, with the principal ports of the Old and New World, it is hoped that a comfortable Reading Room, connected with a carefully assorted Library, and enriched with the latest intelligence from all quarters, will not be deemed unworthy of support by the members of an enlightened commercial community. R. M. BARRATT.

Halifax, Nov. 27, 1839.

Canvas and Cordage.

A FRESH SUPPLY of CANVAS and CORDAGE received per Acadian direct from the Rope Walk of the Gourcock Company, ALSO, Per Brenda,

Pilot Cloths, Flushings, Flannels, Blankets,

Brown Cloth, Prints, Springfield and Manchester Warp, Mackerel, and Herring Nets, Salmon Twine, Nails, Spikes, Paints, Oils, Shot Gunpowder, and many other articles suitable for the season, all of which the Subscriber offers for sale on moderate terms.

Oct. 18.—2w

ROBERT NOBLE.

Seasonable Goods.

Landing, Ex Prince George from London: PILOT Cloths, Flushings, fine and Slop CLOTHING, Blankets, and a variety of other articles in

50 Packages,

Received as above, and for sale on reasonable terms by Nov. 1, 1839. 3m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

ODE.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. MR. PIERPONT, AND SUNG AT THE
BOSTON FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

JONATHAN'S INDEPENDENCE.

Tune—'Yankee Doodle.'

Says Jonathan, says he, 'To-day
I will be independent,
And so my grog I'll throw away,
And that shall be the end on't.
Clear the house! the tarnaal stuff
Shan't be here so handy;
Wife has given the winds her snuff,
So now here goes my brandy?
Chorus—Clear the house, &c.

The tyrant that our fathers smoked
Lay skulkin' in a tea pot;
There's now 'a worsen' to be choked,
In bottle, jug or wee pot;
Often in a glass he shows
What he calls his 'body';
And often wades up to his nose,
In a bowl of toddy.
Chorus—Often in a glass, &c.

And when he gets the upper hand—
This tyrant, base and scurvy—
He strips a man of house and land,
And turns him topsy turvy.
Neck and heels he binds him fast,
And says that he is his'n;
But lets him have, rent free, at last,
A poor-house or a prison.
Chorus—Neck and heels, &c.

'And now,' says Jonathan, 'tow'rds Rum
I'm desp'rate unforgivin';
The tyrant, never more, shall come
Into 'the house I live in.'
Kindred spirits, too, shall in
to outer darkness go forth;
Whiskey, Toddy, Julep, Gin,
Brandy, Beer, and so forth.
Chorus—Kindred spirits, &c.

While this cold water fills my cup,
Duns dare not assail me;
Sheriff's shall not lock me up,
Nor my neighbors bail me;
Lawyers will I never let
'Choose me as defendant';
Till to Death I pay my debt.
I WILL BE INDEPENDENT.
Chorus—Lawyers will I, &c.

"TIPPO SULTAN" IN THE WEST INDIES.

Mr. Curtis, who went out to St. Domingo with this extraordinary elephant, relates some interesting incidents connected with the elephant Tippo Sultan—which took place soon after their arrival at Port au Prince. This animal was imported into this country eighteen years since, and is believed to be the largest ever exhibited in the United States. He is ten feet high, and weighs over 12,000 pounds. His tusks four feet long. Since he was brought to this country, he has travelled more than seventy-five thousand miles. His usual gait is three miles per hour; but he can travel ten with ease, and has been known to walk sixty miles in 24 hours—While exhibited in the Zoological Institute, and other places, he evinced a remarkably docile and affectionate disposition. His erratic character seems to have developed itself for the first time in December last, while at Port au Prince. In December 1826, he exhibited in the Managerie in the Bowery. A tiger and tigress broke through the flooring of the cage, and breaking into the apartment, sprung upon a beautiful lama, which with the elephant and some small animals, were permitted to go loose. It was killed and devoured in a short time. The roaring and noise of the other animals was terrific—all their native wildness seemed to have returned. The keeper hearing the noise, and supposing that they were impatient for food, went into the room, where the first object that met his view was the tigers preying upon the lama. He seized a stick to drive them into their cage, at this the tiger left his victim, and in the act of springing upon the keeper was arrested by the lion, near whose den he was crouching, and who held him fast in his claws. In the mean time, our hero, Tippo Sultan, hurried to his friend the keeper, wound his trunk around his waist, and lifted him in the air, out of the reach of harm, and kept him there safely until assistance came, and the tutes were secured.

Soon after his arrival at Port au Prince, he became quite wild and unmanageable, attempting several times to strike his keeper and while the caravan was journeying to another part of the island, he fell upon a horse which was following on in the train

ran his tusks through him and destroyed the poor animal on the spot. The keeper was knocked down, in attempting to rescue the horse, and would probably have shared the same fate, had not Curtis rode up and fired a ball through his trunk, which made the elephant fall back. The keeper took to his heels, and the elephant reared up and prepared to attack Curtis, but he succeeded in getting out of his way. At this time the eyes of the elephant seemed to project out of his head, and amid the darkness of the night, to emit wild unearthly gleams of light, resembling balls of fire. He then rushed into the woods with great fury, tearing up every thing that came in his way, stripping himself of his saddles, and the canvas covering. After the party had succeeded in getting him back into the road, he set out and chased one of the men, mounted on a fleet horse, for four or five miles, the men behind following in order not to lose sight, and if possible to seize him. Towards morning he broke into a plantation, and commenced the work of destruction. The planter, an old black man, heard the noise of the elephant, and supposing that cattle were making havoc with his crops, took his musket and went out for the purpose of driving them out. The first glimpse of old Tippo, never having seen so high a creature before, frightened him half out of his senses, and made him drop his gun and scamper for his domicile, with the elephant at his heels. During the day, he made repeated attacks on his keeper and the company. He then took to the mountains, and was pursued in a circuitous route in his ascent about three miles, the party constantly firing upon him, till he at length came to a ledge of rocks and was so cornered that he must either turn back and receive the fire of his pursuers, or tumble down an almost perpendicular precipice. He however, chose the latter alternative, and descended more than a mile tearing trees and rocks, and every thing that impeded his progress. He ran into a small river at the bottom of the mountain, where he remained more than an hour throwing water over his body. Until then, he had been perfectly unmanageable, but his wrath was somewhat subdued by the cooling influence of the water. His keeper, still fearing to approach, directed Tippo to lay down, which he did. He then went up to him and succeeded in hobbling him, by fastening a chain about his legs. He continued wild and unmanageable for several days after this, but by severe discipline, he gradually yielded to the will of his keeper, and at length became so tame and docile that he would obey any of the party. Heretofore he has never submitted to yield obedience to but one master.

AFFECTING STORY.

The following story is from a young female in humble life—an emigrant from Ireland. During the recital, the expression of her fine intellectual face—her fast flowing tears, attested a truth we all admit—that warm hearts and gentle sympathies may exist when the refinements of polished life are wanting. The narrative is in all its incidents correct, but we fear that in our hands it has lost, along with the strong accent of her country, the touching simplicity of the original narrator.

"The steerage of our ship was crowded with passengers of all ages—and before we had been long at sea, a malignant disease broke out among the children on board. One after another sickened and died, and each was in its turn wrapped in its narrow shroud and committed to the deep with no requiem but the bursting sigh of a fond mother, and no obsequies but the tears of fathers and brothers, and pitying spectators. As they sullenly plunged into the sea, and the blue waves closed over them, I clasped my own babe more strongly to my bosom, and prayed Heaven would spare my first, my only child. But this was not to be. It sickened, and day by day I saw that its life was ebbing and the work of death begun. On Friday night it died, and to avoid the necessity of seeing what was once so beautiful and still so dear, given to gorge the monsters of the deep, I concealed its death from all around me. To lull suspicion, I gave evasive answers to those who enquired after it, and folded it in my arms, and sang to it, as if my babe was only sleeping, for an hour, when the cold long sleep of death was on it.

A weary day and night had passed away, and the Sabbath came. Like others, I wore my neatest dress, and put on a smiling face—but oh! it was a heavy task, for I felt that my heart was breaking. On Monday, the death of my child could no longer be concealed—but from regard to my feelings, the Captain had it enclosed in a rude coffin, and promised to keep it two days for burial, if by that time we should make land. The coffin was placed in the boat which floated at the ship's stern, and through the long hours of night, I watched it—a dark speck on the waves, which might shut it from my sight forever. It was then I thought on my dear cottage home, and my native land, and of the kind friends I had left behind me, and longed to mingle my tears with theirs. By night I watched the coffin of my babe, and by day looked for the land—raising my heart in prayer to Him who holds the winds in his hand, that they might waft us swiftly onward. On the third morning, just after the sun had risen, the fog lifted and showed us the green shores of New Brunswick. The ship was laid to, and the captain with a few men left it, taking the coffin with them. I was not permitted to go, but from the deck

of the vessel I could see them as they dug the grave under the thick shade of the forest trees, on the edge of a sweet glade, which sloped down to the water—and in my own heart I blessed them, and prayed that God would reward their kindness to the living and the dead. When they returned on board, the Captain came to me and said—'My good woman, the place where your son is buried is Greenvale, upon the coast of Brunswick—I will write it upon paper, that you may know where his remains lie.' I thanked him for his care, but told him the record was already written on my heart, and would remain there till my best boy and I should meet in a brighter and happier world.'—*Am. paper.*

LITERARY REWARDS.

It appears by a communication lately made by Mr. Tegg, bookseller, to the Times newspaper, that the editorial payment is not less than a thousand a-year to Mr. Lockhart, for his contributions to the Quarterly Review; Professor Wilson to Blackwood's Magazine; Professor Napier to the Edinburgh Review; and Theodore Hook to the New Monthly. Mr. Macaulay, Dr. Southey, Mr. Barrow, and other eminent writers, receive one hundred guineas for a single article in the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews. Hannah Moore derived £3000 per annum for her copyrights during many of the later years of her life. Mr. Dickens is to have £3000 for his Nicholas Nickleby. Mr. Murphy for his Almanac £3000. Sir R. Inglis obtained for the widow of the Bishop by the sale of Heber's Journal, £5000. Fragments of English History, by Charles James Fox, was sold by Lord Holland for 5000 guineas. Sir Walter Scott's Buonaparte was sold with the printed books for £18,000, and the net receipt of the copyright on the two first editions only was above £10,000. Mr. Tegg computes that Sir Walter Scott had gained by his writings, now comprised in eighty volumes, more than a quarter of a million sterling; and the sale of Byron's Works has produced £20,000. Lalla Rookh, by Moore, £3000. The republication of Crabbe's Works £3500. Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, 4000 guineas. Life of Byron, by Thomas Moore, £4000. Life of Sheridan, by Moore, £3000. Mr. Bulwer has received from £1,200 to £1,500 for each of his novels. Captain Marryat from £1000 to £1,200 for each novel. Mrs. Trollope £1000 for her Factory Boy. In the Augustan age of British Literature, Pope got £15 for his Essay on Criticism, and £32 5s 5d. for his Windsor Forest. Johnson sold his London to Dodsley for 10 guineas, and his Vanity of Human Wishes for 15 guineas, and had only two guineas per paper for his Rambler and Adventurer. Goldsmith sold his Vicar of Wakefield for £60, and the Deserted Village for 100 guineas.

A Physician of Utica, N. Y. states, that in twelve years he had travelled about twelve thousand miles chiefly on horseback, and had learned from experience, that should a horse be in the most violent perspiration, or in a foam of sweat, by immoderate exercise, giving him a handful of common salt, he may be fed with grain, hay or the like, without the least danger of being foundered. In like manner, let a person whose stomach is overheated from the effects of unusual exercise, or extremely warm weather, take half a tea-spoonful of table salt, which will immediately cool the coats of the stomach, he may in one minute time drink cold water; although it would not be advisable to drink largely the first draught.

The remarkable exemption of Persia from the plague has been noticed by a great number of writers; remarkable, inasmuch as contiguous countries have been the greatest sufferers from the pestilential visitations. For this exemption the Persians are obviously, in part at least, indebted to their peculiar habits. "They are the most cleanly people in the world; many of them making it a great part of their religion to remove filthiness and nuisances of every kind from all places about their cities and dwelling."

A humble man is like a good tree; the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

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.

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