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For the Pearl.

## THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

The Sun in gorgeous splendour rolled  
Towards the western gates of gold,  
His last rays thrown on Carmel's hill  
When Baal's prophets lingered still—  
Long had they called but no reply  
Murmured or thundered through the sky.  
Long had they prayed but to their prayer  
No answer struck the listening ear;  
The Sacrifice upon the pyre  
Waited the touch of holy fire;  
But midday passed and evening came  
Without the heaven-approving flame,  
And doubt sat pictured in their eyes  
As light in heaven they saw the token—  
The star of evening Sacrifice  
And all their trust in Baal broken.

Then rose the Prophet of the Lord,  
And silence waited for his word.  
The people his commands obeyed  
And circled round with hearts dismayed.  
The altar of the Lord is reared,  
The victim slain—the wood prepared.  
He lifts his hands—his features glowing  
With hallowed zeal—with holy fire  
His thoughts by inspiration flowing  
Down to the advent of Messiah!  
Then rose the interceding prayer—  
"Thou God of our forefathers hear  
Let it be now to Israel shown  
That thou art God—and thou alone,  
Hear me oh Lord—that these may know  
Thy power—and to thy sceptre bow."  
Then darkness round the altar fell  
And rapture shook the prophets frame;  
He knew the signs infallible,  
And thrilled with gratitude divine.  
He bowed his head upon the ground,  
While Baal's prophets caught the sign  
And all were instant prostrate round,  
One shout of acclamation given  
Like incense fumes, ascends to heaven:  
"The Lord is God—his sign we own  
The Lord is God and God alone."

## WINNING THE GLOVES;

OR, THE WIZARD GUEST.

By W. H. Harrison.

"Who are you?—whence come you? and what seek you here at this hour?" was the gruff address of the porter of the castle of Urbino, to a mounted traveller, whose loud and quickly repeated knocks at the gate, argued no slight impatience at being kept on the outside of it.

"I marvel," was the answer, "that you, whom, from the important post you hold, I take to be a man of discretion, should propound to me three questions,—two of which, had I an object in deceiving you, I could as easily answer by a lie as by the truth; while, as to what I seek, methinks the pelting shower, which is drenching me to the skin, should sufficiently explain."

"Nevertheless," rejoined the other, "I must needs report your arrival to my superior, before I can open the gate. By what style shall I announce you?"

"Rolandi, a merchant of Firenze, if you must needs know," returned the traveller. Leaving the traveller to endure the delay as he best may, we will follow the trusty janitor to an apartment, which, by virtue of a few shelves of worm-eaten folios and mouldy manuscripts, was dignified by the appellation of the library. It was a lofty, although, in comparison with other chambers in the building, somewhat small room; in which, on opposite sides of a blazing hearth, were seated two young females, whose personal attractions, though their styles of beauty were different, were of a superior order. The name of the elder lady was Bianca,—that of the younger, Emilia.

"Well, Matteo," inquired the latter, "to what are we indebted for a sight of your iron visage, at this hour of the evening?"

"An' it please you, lady," said the porter, addressing himself to Bianca, "there is a traveller at the gate, who asks shelter from the storm."

"Is he young or old?" inquired Emilia, not giving her cousin time to reply; "handsome or ugly—dark or fair?"

"This is scarcely a night in which to tell the complexion of a

man's beard, lady," was the reply; "but the impatience with which he met my refusal to admit him without orders, savoured somewhat of the hot blood of youth."

"How provoking!" exclaimed the fair querist; "one might as well have an owl or a bat for a janitor, as this!"

"By thee, Emilia, cease," interrupted her cousin; "while you are trifling, this benighted traveller is exposed to the fury of the storm;—mercy! how it rages! Does he come alone, Matteo?"

"So he says," was the reply; "and I have no reason to doubt it, for I reconnoitred him from the keep, and could perceive no one near him."

"We have nothing to fear from a single traveller," rejoined Bianca; "so admit him without delay."

"Beware, cousin," exclaimed Emilia; "remember the injunctions of our worthy guardian, who strictly charged, you to admit no one in his absence; and I suspect that his prohibition was especially levelled at single travellers."

"I care not," responded the other; "for although my uncle has chosen to establish himself in the castle of my ancestors, under the pretext of taking better care of it and me, I am mistress here; and will render an account of my actions to no one."

"A most commendable resolution, my dear coz," rejoined the other; "if you can but hold to it; and, credit me, Bianca, I am the last person in the world to counsel submission to an usurping guardian; but what can we poor weak women oppose to the will of an unscrupulous tyrant?"

"I know him, Emilia, for what he is," was the response; "and I know, also, that he will stop at nothing to compel me into a marriage with his ruffian and dissolute son; while I—friendless orphan that I am!—have no present means of appealing from his oppression. He little knows me, however, if he supposes that I would not perish in the deepest dungeon of my own castle, rather than be subjected to his natural rapacity, in peril."

The dialogue was interrupted by the entrance of a youth, who officiated as a sort of page, followed by the newly arrived guest. The latter, who had availed himself of an opportunity of throwing aside his travelling cloak, and arranging his toilet as well as circumstances would permit, was a man apparently about five-and-twenty, with features remarkable rather for intellectual expression than beauty. He was somewhat above the middle stature, slenderly, but compactly made. His dress, although plain for the custom of the day, was of the finest materials, and newest fashion.

He advanced towards the ladies, and with graceful, though somewhat grave courtesy, thanked them for the shelter which they had so hospitably afforded to him. There was a slight degree of lameness in his gait, which he accounted for by stating, that, in riding through the forest, on the skirts of which the castle was built, he had struck his foot against the trunk of a tree.

Bianca immediately ordered refreshments to be placed before the stranger, who partook of them sparingly. He evidently felt the restraint naturally imposed on him by the youth and beauty of his fair entertainers; but, nevertheless, in the few remarks in which he indulged, he displayed a mind of no ordinary cultivation, as well as an acquaintance with the customs and manners of other nations, which could only have been acquired by travel. The stranger took his leave for the night, immediately on finishing his repast, and was attended to his chamber by the page Alberto.

The door had scarcely closed upon their guest, when Emilia exclaimed, "So, Bianca, you have frozen him out at last!"

"What mean you, Emilia?" inquired her cousin.

"Mean?" was the rejoinder, "why that you have spoiled us a delightful evening. Here have we two forlorn damsels been shut up together, for seven mortal weeks, like a brace of nuns, and when, as if dropped from the clouds, there comes a handsome cavalier to break the monotony of our solitude, you receive him as stately as an empress, and reply to every sentence he utters with a bow or a monosyllable, which doubtless he interpreted rightly, and therefore availed himself of the first reasonable pretext to depart."

"You do not consider, Emilia," replied Bianca, "that my position is one of extreme delicacy."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her volatile companion; "here have I, for the last half hour, been dying to hear the stranger's account of his travels in foreign lands—of dear heretic England, where the women have their own way; where, although every man's house, they say, is a castle, they do not shut up young

damsels because they will not marry griffins. Then, again, I was longing to ask our visitor about Egypt, and the pyramids, and Cleopatra's needle; the eye of which, they say, overlooks half the world; and to beg of him, when he goes there again, to bring me a pet ibis, or a tame crocodile."

"Thou art a silly girl," remarked her graver cousin, with a smile, however, which she could not forbear; "but to confess the truth, our guest has somewhat puzzled me. If there be aught in physiognomy, he is no ordinary man; I mean not in point of rank, for he may be what he professes himself—a merchant. Did you observe the expression of his eye? I marked him once when Alberto handed him the cup: the stripling, albeit of the boldest, and one whose modesty is not likely to stand in the way of his promotion, quailed beneath the glance of the stranger, and spilled the wine upon the slaver, before the other could take the goblet. I say it in no inhospitable spirit, but I wish we were well rid of him."

It is not easy to describe the feelings of the elder lady, when, on the following morning, the page entered the breakfast-room, with the intelligence that the accident which the stranger had met with in the forest, had proved more serious than was at first apprehended; and that his ankle had become so much swollen in the course of the night, that there was not the least chance of his being able to put his foot in the stirrup for some days.

Even Emilia, though she professed to be greatly rejoiced at an accident which promised her a better acquaintance with the agreeable stranger, could not shut her eyes to the inconvenience, and probable embarrassment which his prolonged sojourn threatened to entail upon them; especially in the event of the return of the marchese, their guardian; a more charitably disposed person than whom, might regard with some suspicion the presence of a young and well-favoured stranger at the castle, under existing circumstances.

On the following day, Emilia exclaimed, "Why do you not make a fuss about the man! He will not eat, and if his stay should be prolonged a few days, we can appoint your slip of a page to attend upon him; and if, on his being able to quit his chamber, the common decency of hospitality should compel us to any closer communication with him, we must summon old Teresa, the housekeeper, to play propriety on the occasion; and she is old and ugly enough in all conscience, for the duty."

Matters went on, for some days, without any occurrence to vary the monotony which usually prevailed at the castle: the lame guest kept, if not exactly to his chamber, at least to that angle of the building which had been assigned to him; while the ladies contented themselves by sending, every morning and evening, to inquire after his health.

They were, however, much struck with the altered demeanour of their page, on all occasions in which the stranger was concerned. Alberto was faithful and devotedly attached to his mistress; but he was high-spirited, somewhat overbearing, and moreover, disposed to hold exceedingly cheap all that bore not the stamp of nobility; and yet he never mentioned the merchant guest but in terms of respect, amounting almost to awe.

It was on the fourth day of the stranger's sojourn, that one of the female domestics rushed into the apartment in which Bianca and her cousin were conversing together, and proclaimed the unwelcome intelligence, that a band of free-booters, aware, probably, of the absence of the marchese and the majority of his followers, had presented themselves at the gate of the castle, and were demanding admittance. Their summons was backed by a threat, that, if they were driven to the alternative of forcing an entrance, they would put every inhabitant to the sword.

Bianca, although, as may easily be conceived, in no little alarm, did not altogether lose her presence of mind on the occasion. She sent for Alberto, who assured her that the robbers would have little difficulty in making a forcible entry, and still less in overcoming any resistance which could be opposed to them by the few male domestics whom the marchese had left in charge of the castle.

After a moment's deliberation, Bianca determined on requesting the presence of the stranger guest at their little council of war; reasonably enough arguing, that if he could not aid them by his advice, it was but right that he should be apprised of their common peril.

The merchant instantly obeyed the summons, though evidently still suffering from the effects of his accident. He presented himself before the ladies with the same calm, grave, but respectful bearing which had distinguished him in the first instance; nor, on

being informed that the castle was beset by a band of robbers, headed by a chief, who though recently added to their number, was the terror of the district, did his countenance betray any emotion except what might be gathered from a slight—very slight elevation of the eye-brow.

He replied, that he did not think the place would hold out for half an hour against the force by which it was beleaguered; and, therefore, although the character of the band was little security for their abstinence from violence, even should they be quietly admitted, yet as resistance would infallibly tend to bloodshed, he should counsel an immediate surrender.

Alberto, who, to do him justice, would gladly have struck a blow in defence of the old walls, shrugged his shoulders, and departed to give the requisite instructions. The windows of the apartment in which the interview we have described took place, opened upon a sort of small lawn, or grass-plot, over which the robbers must necessarily pass in their way to that part of the building which was occupied by the ladies and their affrighted household.

The merchant, after an ineffectual attempt to calm the fears of Bianca and Emilia, stepped out upon the lawn, as if with the intention of parleying with the assailants on their arrival. In a few minutes the castle gates were thrown open, and the band were not long in finding their way to the spot on which Rolandi was standing. They rushed forward, and, regardless of their pledge for the safety of the inhabitants of the castle, expressed great indignation at the delay, trifling as it was, which had preceded their admission. A shriek from one of the females within, for a moment caused the merchant to turn his head in the direction whence it proceeded. Meanwhile the chief of the robbers, who was a few yards in advance of his band, had approached, and was about to seize the merchant. The latter turned slowly round, and fixed his cold, stern eye upon his assailant.

The effect upon the robber captain was perfectly electrical. His weapon, which he had raised with his right hand, as he prepared to grasp the merchant with his left, dropped to the earth, and he quailed beneath the glance of the other, like a lashed hound.

Rolandi spoke not a word, nor did he deign the bandit another look; but, waving his hand, as if to command his absence, turned away, and, without revisiting the apartment occupied by his hostess and her terrified companions, betook himself to his own.

The bandit captain watched the retreat of the mysterious being by whom he had been so unaccountably overawed, and it was not until Rolandi had disappeared that the other seemed able to draw his breath. The first use which he made of his partially recovered faculties, was to collect his followers, who had witnessed the scene with an astonishment scarcely inferior in degree to their leader's terror, and, in a few minutes, the castle was entirely clear of the unwelcome visitors, and the gate closed upon them. A few murmurs, of disappointment, indeed, escaped them in their retreat; but these were instantly silenced by their commander, who, submissive as was his demeanour before the man who had so unexpectedly confronted him, appeared to hold undisputed sovereignty over his band.

"Well, Bianca," said Emilia, on the following morning, while they were taking their accustomed stroll in the castle garden, "what think you of our guest now?"

"I scarcely know what to think of him," was the reply; "he is a most extraordinary person, and, independently of the gratitude which, in common with yourself, I entertain towards him for his well-timed and almost miraculous interposition in our favour, last evening, I do not hesitate to acknowledge that he has interested me greatly. That he is no common character is quite evident; but who he is that thus, by a glance of his eye, can overawe and disperse a band of the most desperate robbers that ever infested the country, passes my powers of conjecture. What think you he is?"

"I have thought much on the subject," answered the other, "and hitherto have hit upon but one solution of the riddle."

"And what may that be?" inquired Bianca.

"That he is the captain of the band of which the worthy, who headed the expedition of last night, was only the lieutenant; and that we owe our preservation to an interference prompted by gratitude for the shelter and succour which we have afforded to the self-styled merchant Rolandi."

"I should be sorry, very sorry," exclaimed Bianca, "if your explanation of the mystery be the true one; and yet appearances, I confess, are much in favour of your theory."

"Nay, cousin," was the rejoinder, "only think how romantic it would be to have a lover in the chief of a gallant band of freebooters!"

"Romance, Emilia," said the other, "can never consecrate crime; and were my interest for this stranger far deeper than it is, it would, were your conjectures correct, be absorbed in abhorrence of his guilt."

A turn in their walk suddenly disclosed to them the subject of their conversation, reclining on a step which formed part of the pedestal of an ancient urn.

"Here he is," cried the volatile Emilia; "and fast asleep, as I

live! Merchant or no merchant, I will win a pair of gloves!" and without giving a thought either to the hazard or the impropriety of the action, she touched his forehead lightly with her lips, and, the next instant, was flying down the avenue with the swiftness of a fawn.

"You are a sad girl," said Bianca; and if you make not a steadier wife than you are a mistress, I fear your hero, as you call him, will have a sorry bargain of you."

"Nevertheless," rejoined the other, "in a graver tone, "I would that that were all he has to apprehend." "What mean you?" inquired Bianca.

"I have more than once," resumed Emilia, "hinted to you my suspicions that the meetings which, within the last year, have been held under this roof, and at which our very respectable guardian has presided, are not altogether for objects which the state would approve. I have remarked, moreover, that the society of the worthies who compose the conclave, is exceedingly repugnant to Lorenzo; whose sole inducement in accepting of the marchese's hospitalities if such they can be termed, may be referred to a certain madcap, who shall be nameless. I have too much confidence in his loyalty and good sense to suppose that he would deliberately lend himself to any treasonable design; and therefore I hope that these assemblages are merely for the purposes of a faction, to which Lorenzo gives no other sanction than may be inferred from his being often found in their company."

"I observed," said Bianca, "that, on the last two or three occasions on which he has visited the castle, he has been more than ordinarily reserved, and that he has lost much of his wonted elasticity of spirits."

The ladies returned to their apartment, and saw nothing more of the stranger. Towards the evening, a messenger arrived with intelligence that the marchese, with his sons and a party of friends, would reach the castle on the afternoon of the following day. This news was little calculated for the consolation of the fair cousins: who, independently of the annoyance which the odious attentions of the marchese's eldest son occasioned to the one, and the uneasiness caused to the other by her lover's participation in such society, had every reason to apprehend the most disagreeable consequences from the presence of the stranger guest.

In proportion then to the intensity of their fears on this subject, was the delight with which they heard, at nightfall, that the merchant had decamped, without beat of drum. True it is, he had greatly overpaid the hospitality he had received, by his signal deliverance of them from the incursion of the freebooters, but the ladies were somewhat at a loss to account for his want of courtesy in not making, or at least leaving his adieus.

The cousins retired to their respective chambers, between which, however, there was a direct communication. The surprise, not altogether unmingled with alarm, with which Emilia beheld upon her toilette a pair of white gloves the reader will be at no loss to conceive. They were of silk, and of exquisitely curious workmanship. A note accompanied them, which was as follows:

"If thou hast a friend in whom thou takest more than a sister's interest, and there be a snare in his path, let him wear these gloves as a lady's favour, in his cap, and they will deliver him in the hour of danger."

"ROLANDI."

With a burning blush upon her cheek, and her heart bounding with agitation, Emilia rushed into the adjoining chamber, where she found her cousin under the influence of as much surprise and scarcely less confusion; for Bianca had also discovered upon her toilette a note. It enclosed a leaf of ivy and a sprig of myrtle, and ran thus:

"Farewell! Thanks for thy courtesy! If, among the expected arrivals, there be an individual whose presence is obnoxious to thee, cause the ivy leaf to be placed on his plate, in his goblet, or between the leaves of his missal; and, be he at meat or mass, at the banquet or the altar, full or fasting, he will put the Arno between you in half an hour, and never cross it again. Thou hast already witnessed my power; and if, in a recurring season of perplexity or peril, thou wouldst prove it again, place the myrtle on thy bosom in the morning, and, before the eastern turret of the castle hath spanned the moat with its shadow, I will be with thee."

"ROLANDI."

"What think you now?" inquired Bianca of her cousin, when they had sufficiently recovered from the surprise into which these singular and mysterious communications had thrown them.

"That the stranger might have found better pastime than playing upon the credulity of two simple maidens," was the reply.

"I do not believe that such was his purpose," remarked Bianca.

"Why, surely, my grave cousin does not suppose that these tokens possess the virtues ascribed to them by the stranger?" exclaimed the younger lady.

"Doubtless," said the other, "you will laugh at my credulity, when I tell you that I will put one of them to the test, on the first occasion on which the marchese compels our presence at his boisterous banquet, and that I conclude, will not be long after his return."

Agreeably to his previous announcement, the marchese made his appearance on the following afternoon, accompanied by a somewhat larger party than he usually brought with him; and in honour of whom he ordered a splendid banquet to be prepared, at which, as Bianca had anticipated, the ladies' presence was requested in terms equivalent to a command.

Repugnant as such a scene must necessarily have been to a delicate and high minded woman, it was rendered doubly disgusting by the fulsome attentions which Vinzentio, the marchese's eldest son thought proper to address to her whom he was pleased to consider as his betrothed bride. Nor did these attentions become more tolerable as the banquet proceeded. At last, the natural insolence of his disposition becoming excited by the deep potations with which he had qualified the viands, he called for another cup of wine, and challenged the company to pledge him to the health of his intended bride.

The cheek of Bianca blushed a deeper crimson at this new insult; and, but that she was anxiously waiting the issue of the experiment she was about to make of Rolandi's talisman, she would have instantly quitted the banqueting room.

Vinzentio rose, and calling upon his comrades to follow his example, he took the wine from the hand of Alberto, and lifted it to the level of his lip; when, at the instant that he was about to do honour to the toast, his eye became fixed upon the goblet, as though an asp had been coiled within it, and dashing it untasted upon the floor, he hurried from the hall with a precipitation which left no time for question. None having been aware of the presence of the ivy leaf in the cup, besides the two cousins, and Alberto, who had contrived, unperceived, to place it there, it was not recognised as the cause of Vinzentio's agitation; and thus the marchese and his guests were utterly at a loss to account for the freak of his hopeful heir on any other score than that of madness. The occurrence had the effect of abruptly terminating the banquet; and Bianca and her cousin gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to retire to their own apartment.

"What says my infidel cousin now?" was the triumphant exclamation of Bianca, as soon as she found herself alone with Emilia. "That your phoenix of merchants has proved himself to be an impostor," was the reply.

"As how?" inquired the other, with somewhat of asperity. "Why," rejoined Emilia, "that the merchant is no merchant at all."

"Nay," said Bianca, "there I agree with you; but I hope you have given up your bandit-chief theory."

"Yes," was the answer, "but in favour of one which you will scarcely prefer to it."

"And what may that be?" asked Bianca.

"That he is either a devil or an angel," responded Emilia.

"That is rather a wide guess, my cousin," resumed Bianca; "but let me ask you, has the result of this evening's experiment determined you on proving the virtue of the gloves?"

"Surely," replied Emilia, "if I can prevail upon Lorenzo to accept the gift."

"Which you will scarcely do by informing him of the mode in which they were won," remarked the other, as the cousins parted for the night.

On the following day, towards evening, Bianca, rather to her annoyance than her surprise, received a message from the marchese, requesting her to attend him in his closet. Well assured that if she did not go to him, the privacy of her own apartment would be invaded, she obeyed, and found him pacing the room, and with a troubled and perplexed expression of countenance. He motioned her to a seat, but remained standing while he spoke. "Bianca," said he, "I must be plain with you. Think not that the exultation which you vainly endeavoured to conceal last night, when Vinzentio so abruptly left us, escaped my observation. Whether you had any knowledge of, or participation in the cause of his departure, I know not, nor do I care; but your triumph will be short. His brother remains, and to-morrow's setting sun shall see you his bride."

"It shall rather gild my grave!" was the firm reply of the spirited girl.

"That grave shall be a living one then," was the rejoinder, "if I be not obeyed."

"My sainted parent," returned Bianca, "in an evil hour for his daughter's peace, made you the guardian of my wealth; but he gave you no power in the disposal of my hand."

"I did not send for you," responded the other, "to argue the matter, but to decide it. You go not forth from this place alive, but as the bride of your cousin Francesco. Choose you, therefore, between sitting as mistress of these halls, or becoming the sole tenant of the western turret, whence—it was once a tradition of your family—none who entered it against their will, ever came forth alive."

"You needed not to have told me that I am in your power," was the determined response of the damsel; "I know it, and with that knowledge declare to you that I would rather live the companion of the newt and the toad, than the bride of your ruffian son!"

The spirit of a long line of ancestors flashing in her indignant eyes as she thus spoke, she turned from him, and was in the act

of quitting the apartment, when the marchese, interposing between her and the door, said, "Stay but a moment, Bianca, and hear my resolve. I am a ruined and desperate man. Your wealth alone can save me, and I will halt at no means to make it mine. To-morrow night, I repeat, you are the bride of my son, or a prisoner for the rest of your days. Now go to your chamber, and make your election."

Bianca rushed from the room, and sought her own apartment, where, flinging herself upon the bosom of her cousin Emilia, she gave vent to the tears which pride had repressed in the presence of her tyrant guardian, and acquainted her with the doom which had been pronounced against her. Emilia was giddy and thoughtless, but she was wanting neither in feeling nor spirit; and thus her words of condolence with her cousin, were mingled with expressions of the deepest indignation against her unmanly persecutor.

That night was a sleepless night to the two cousins, who rose from their beds unrefreshed and sad.

"Emilia!" exclaimed Bianca, "you will think me weak and credulous; but we have twice proved the power of our mysterious guest. I will test it the third time;" and as she spoke she took the sprig of myrtle from a vase in which she had deposited it, and placed it on her bosom.

The day wore on; evening approached, and then, with every moment, fled a portion of the hope,—vague it is true,—which had sustained her. To add to her perplexity and grief, there came a message from the marchese, expressive of his expectation that she would attire herself in her bridal dress within half an hour of sunset.

"O, Emilia!" cried the girl, her spirit giving way under the weight of her sorrow. "I am lost, lost!—abandoned by Heaven and by man!"

"Heaven abandons not the innocent!" exclaimed a voice, as the door opened and disclosed to them the welcome sight of Rolandi. "Did the ivy fail thee, that thou shouldst distrust the myrtle?" he continued. "Behold!—I am here!"

The gravity that was wont to mark his countenance, relaxed into a benevolent expression as he spoke; and, Bianca, reassured by his presence, explained to him the strait in which she was placed.

"Trust me," responded the stranger, "yet a little while, and all may still be well. Do as thou art bidden;—array thyself as a bride, and obey the summons to the altar, inasmuch as resistance will only provoke insult and outrage from those who will not hesitate to drag thee thither;—but when there,—be firm. And now, for a brief season, farewell. Matters of import require my presence elsewhere; but trust one whose tongue knows not the pollution of a lie, I will be with thee in the hour of trial."

The hour appointed for the bridal ceremony arrived, and Francesco, with the grin of a satyr, presented himself to conduct Bianca to the altar of the castle chapel. The fair girl shrank from the pollution of his touch, and sought the more welcome support of her cousin, Emilia; while the self-elected bridegroom, having no alternative but to walk by their side, looked as amiable as an alighting before breakfast.

On entering the chapel, they found the priest at the altar, by the side of which were the marchese and the whole of his guests. Bianca suffered herself to be conducted by her uncle to the altar; but when there, she protested firmly and solemnly against the violence which had been offered to her inclination, and appealed to the assembly for protection.

Alas! of those to whom that appeal was made, the majority had long since been deaf to the voice of honour; while those who were not utterly lost to a sense of shame, felt that they were too few to venture on remonstrance with any chance of success. There was one, however, who wanted neither the heart to feel nor the courage to denounce the atrocity of the proceeding.

"Marchese!" exclaimed Lorenzo, rushing between Bianca and her uncle, "think not that I will tamely witness the profanation you would perpetrate." As he spoke he laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword; but the marchese had been prepared for the interruption, and before Lorenzo could draw his weapon, he was seized from behind by two of the other's myrmidons, who dragged him from the chapel.

Bianca again implored the protection of the bystanders; but the marchese, as with a look of triumph he marked on their countenances the effect of her appeal, exclaimed, "Infatuated girl! you might as well call for succour upon the bones of your dead ancestors which lie crumbling beneath you. You are beyond the reach of human aid. Listen then to me for the last time. There is the altar, and there the portal which, once closed upon you, you will never pass again."

As he spoke the last words, he pointed to an arched door, closing the entrance to a passage leading to the western turret, which had been used in former years as a place of confinement, and, according to tradition, had been the scene of many foul and murderous deeds.

"Lady," resumed the marchese, "we wait your election,—the altar or the dungeon?"

"The dungeon!—nay, death itself would be bliss compared

with the fate to which such a marriage would consign me!" replied, or rather shrieked the wretched girl.

"The dungeon be it then," was the rejoinder of the marchese. "Away with her!"

In obedience to his mandate, two of his satellites advanced towards Bianca for the purpose of removing her, when Emilia rushed forward, and flinging herself upon the neck of her cousin, exclaimed, "Bianca, they shall not part us! As we have lived, so will we die—together."

Her feeble resistance, however, availed little against the strength of those who knew no law but their tyrant's will, and the cousins were soon parted. Bianca was dragged towards the fatal portal; the door was flung open, and though it was yet day-light, disclosed a cavern as dark as Erebus. "A torch there!" exclaimed the marchese, who stepped forward to receive one at the hands of an attendant, and then led the way to the mouth of the passage; into which, however, he had scarcely set his foot, when, to the consternation of himself and his followers, the glare of the torch was reflected by the weapons of a large body of men armed to the teeth.

"Treason!" exclaimed the marchese, as he dropped the torch and fell back upon his party.

"Thou hast well said," was the rejoinder of one who emerged suddenly from the gloom, and in whom Bianca instantly recognised Rolandi.

"The duke! the duke!" was the simultaneous exclamation of the marchese and his adherents; while the individual whom they thus rightly designated, advanced and caught the sinking girl in his arms, whispering, "Said I not sooth? Bianca?" Then turning towards the dark portal, he added, "Advance, guards, and do your duty."

The marchese and his party, however, stopped not to try conclusions with a body of men infinitely superior in number and arms to themselves, and therefore rushed precipitately from the chapel. "Fools!" exclaimed the duke, as he watched the retreat of the traitorous band, "ye but rush from Charybdis upon Scylla."

Leaving the duke to conduct his charge to her apartment, whither Emilia had already been conveyed, in a state almost of insensibility, by some of the female domestics, we will return to Lorenzo. The tumult consequent upon the sudden appearance of the ducal troops had reached his ears in his chamber, to which he had been forced; and having soon ascertained the position of affairs, and fearing that, innocent though he was, he should share the fate of his guilty associates, he rushed off with the view of securing a steed for his flight; but finding that he could not accomplish his object without the hazard of being cut to pieces, he retraced his steps in the hope of concealing himself until the fury of the melee had somewhat abated. Unluckily, in the hurry of his retreat he stumbled over the body of one of the slain, and before he could regain his legs, the sword of one of the duke's troopers was raised above his head. At the very instant, however, that death appeared inevitable, the soldier dropped his weapon, exclaiming, "Thank the gloves in your cap, fair sir, that you are not cloven to the chine; the duke spares your life, but if you would remain safe, you must follow me to his presence."

Lorenzo had the wisdom to take the hint, and, after a few minutes' delay, he was admitted to an audience of the duke; who had but ill succeeded in calming Emilia's apprehension for the safety of her lover, by assuring her that the gloves, which she had prevailed on him to wear in the manner described, would protect him. "There," exclaimed his highness, as Lorenzo entered, with somewhat of the air of a culprit, "said I not that he was safe?" Then, turning to Lorenzo, he added, in a somewhat graver tone, "As for you, young gentleman, I acquit you of any participation in this plot; but you appear to have read to marvellously little profit the fable of the bird that had its neck wrung for being found in suspicious company."

The duke's explanation of the circumstances which had enabled him so successfully to enact the wizard guest, was a very simple one. He owed much to the connivance of Alberto, who had formerly held a humble post about the ducal court, and through whom he had been kept informed of the state of affairs at the castle before his visit, which, though having the appearance of accident, was part of the duke's plan. The apparently mysterious influence exercised by him over the bandit chief was referable to the fact of the latter having been, ere he fell from his "high estate," a friend and companion of the duke; and his highness, well knowing the other's disposition, had rightly calculated on his being overawed when confronted by his sovereign. The conveyance of the two letters and their accompaniments to the toilettes of the ladies, was effected through the instrumentality of Alberto; and it is unnecessary to add that the duke was only feigning sleep when the gloves were won.

The mystery of the ivy leaf was explained by the circumstance of the duke having had, through Alberto and other sources, cognizance of the marchese's plot in all its details and ramifications, and it having come to the knowledge of his highness, that a friend of Vincentio about the court had promised, in the event of his participation in his father's plot being discovered, to warn him of his

danger by sending him an ivy leaf,—the emblem of ruin. With regard to the sprig of myrtle, the duke had arranged with Alberto, that when he perceived it in Bianca's bosom, he should instantly communicate the circumstance to his highness, who had provided the means of constant and rapid intercourse between them. The subsequent admission of the duke to the castle, and finally of the ducal troops, was also contrived by Alberto, who was intimately acquainted with the subterranean outlets of the place.

The duke's stay at the castle after the events which we have narrated, was short; but in the course of it, and one or two subsequent visits, he succeeded in convincing Bianca of the superiority of the ducal palace as a residence, to the castle; where she therefore shortly afterwards took up her abode, as the partner of his honours and his love.

Emilia and Lorenzo followed the matrimonial example. The gloves were highly prized, laid up in lavender, and transmitted to their posterity as a heirloom; although history does not inform us whether Emilia ever explained to her liege lord the manner of their acquisition. It is said, however, that the duke was wont to look very significantly at her, whenever the gloves were alluded to.

THE CHRISTIAN BATTLE CALL.—"Every thing calls upon you my christian brethren to take up arms in the cause of Him who died for you: and now he who stands amongst you as the bearer of the standard, unfurls it in the midst of the sacramental host of God's elect; and he tells you to come forth and rank yourselves to the full extent of your power, and go into the fields of conflict, to the battle of the mighty powers of the universe. My christian friends, we are anxious, transcendently anxious, that you should perform your commission, feeling as we do, in the powerful language of a departed minister, "that the Spirit of God must evangelize the church before the church can evangelize the world." I address you, young and old, as the disciples of the cross; and I would use the words of poesy, to which the music of many a drawing-room has sounded, which the lips of many a beauty have uttered, and at which, moreover, the heart of many a listener has thrilled—"Go where glory awaits you!" Not the glory of the warrior's battle, which is a scene of confused noise, and of garments rolled in blood;—not the glory of seeking to trample on the rights of nations, and cementing your monuments of fame with the blood of the slaughtered, and with the tears of the widow and the orphan;—not the glory of ruling in the empire of depravity, and sealing the doom and eternal perdition of your fellow-men. "Go where glory awaits you!" The glory of ransoming enthralled and enslaved spirits;—the glory of planting trees of righteousness in place of the poison-trees of sin;—the glory of striking off the fetters of the enslaved, bringing forth the captives into the glorious liberty of the children of God, producing the joy of the angels over multitudes of sinners brought to repentance, and hastening the coming of the period when the children of the earth, with one acclaim, shall celebrate the arrival of the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free. "Go where glory awaits you!"—And if you die, you will fall—to use the phrase employed by modern warriors—alas, how desecrated and abused!—you will die "covered with glory." A glory beyond the reach of mortality will await you; for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." —James Parsons.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised, as they must be, in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are, perhaps, as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

#### THE ANGEL'S BIDDING.

Brother, come up—oh leave the earth  
And all its sordid cares awhile,  
And reassert thy heavenly birth,  
Where all creation's glories smile—  
O hither come!

Brother, come up—our skies are fair,  
No clouds come o'er the face of day,  
No storms deform the balmy air  
That loves around our hills to play—  
O hither come!

Brother, come up!—the flowers bloom  
In earth's fair garden, fade and die,  
But here they wait their soft perfume,  
Thro' heaven's sweet vales and sky,  
O hither come!

Brother, come up—! earth still lures  
The heart that loves a changing scene—  
Be thine the realms that still endure,  
In beauty perfect and serene.  
O hither come!

## BREVITY OF LIFE.

Behold

How short a span  
Was long enough of old,  
To measure out the life of man!  
In those well-temper'd days his time was then  
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

Alas!

And what is that!  
They come, and slide and pass,  
Before my pen can tell thee what.  
The posts of time are swift, which having run  
Their sev'n short stages o'er, their short liv'd task is done.

Our days

Began we lend  
To sleep and antic plays  
And toys, until the first stage end:  
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give  
To unrecover'd loss—we rather breathe than live.

How vain

How wretched is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this!  
His days are short, at longest; few, at most;  
They are but bad, at best; yet lavish'd out or lost.

They be

The secret springs,  
That make our minutes flee  
On wheels more swift than eagles wings;  
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a death.

How soon

Our new-born light  
Attains to full-aged noon!  
And this, how soon to grey-haired night!  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,  
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end

When scarce begun,  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done.  
Man! count thy days; and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

Francis Quarles: 1664.

## GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

By Edward Jasse.

From the cottage, with its dog on the threshold and blackbird in a wicker cage by the porch, to the royal menagerie, where all kinds of strange animals are congregated, there is a taste for natural history. We delight in that inferior world of which we are lords and masters. How popular are the various works that have appeared in the various branches of this indeed "knowledge of the people." Mr. Jasse has produced a delightful work on a delightful subject. These pages are full of amusing anecdotes; and now let our readers choose for themselves.

## TASTE FOR TRAVELLING IN A DOG.

We had started from Geneva, on our way to Basle, when we discovered that a dog was following us. We found, on inquiry that it did not belong to the Veiturier, and we then concluded, that it would not be our companion for any considerable distance, but would take to the right or left at some turning, and so go to his home. This, however was not the case, for he continued with our carriage through the whole of the days journey. When we stopped for the night, by close attendance on us as we alighted and sundry wags of the tail, looking up into our faces, he installed himself into our good graces, and claimed to be enrolled a regular member of the crotege. 'Give that poor dog a good supper, for he has followed us all day,' was the direction to the people of the inn; and I took care to see it obeyed. This affair of the dog furnished conversation for our dinner. We were confident in the conviction that we had done nothing to entice the animal, and washed our hands of any intention to steal him. We concluded he had lost his master, and as well educated and discriminating dogs will do in such a dilemma, that he had adopted other protectors, and had shown his good sense and taste in the selection. It was clear, therefore, that we were bound to take care of him.

He was a stout dog, with a cross of the mastiff in him; an able-bodied trudge, well formed for scuffling in a market-place. He was a dog also of much self-possession. In our transits through the villages he paid but little attention to the curs which now and then attacked him. He followed us to Basle; we assigned to him the name of Carlo, which he had already learned to answer readily; we became quite attached to him, the affection appeared to be mutual. At Basle, we told the innkeeper the story, and added that we had now nothing to do but to take the dog to England with us, as we could not shake him off. The landlord smiled. 'Why,' said I, 'is it your dog?' 'No,' said he. 'Does he belong to any one that you know?' 'No,' replied the host. 'Why do you smile then?' 'Vous verrez,' 'Well but explain.' 'Well then,' said the landlord, 'this dog which belongs to no one, is in the habit of attaching himself to travellers passing between this place and Geneva. He has often been at my house before. I know the dog well. Be assured he will not go further with you.' We smiled in our turn: the dog's affection was so very marked, 'Il'y trouve son compte,' said the landlord—'c'est son

gagne pain!' We smiled again. 'Encore,' resumed the landlord, 'vous verrez.'

The next morning the dog was about us as usual. He came to us and received a double portion of caresses for past services, also some food in consideration of the long trot before him. The horses were put to—we sprang into the carriage, and off we started. 'Hie, Carlo! Carlo!—hie Carlo!' Not a leg did he wag but only his tail. 'Carlo—Carlo—Carlo!' The deuce a bit did he stir. He stood watching us with his eyes for a few seconds, as we rolled along, and then turning around, walked leisurely up the inn yard; The confounded landlord was standing at his door laughing. 'The devil take the dog,' said I—'Carlo, Carlo!'

## LADY COTTON'S DOG.

Lord Combermere's mother, (Lady Cotton,) had a terrier named Viper, whose memory was so retentive that it was only necessary to repeat to him once the name of any of the numerous visitors at Combermere, and he never afterwards forgot it. Mrs. H. came on a visit there on Saturday. Lady Combermere took the dog up in her arms, and going up to Mrs. H. said 'Viper, this is Mrs. H.' She then took him to another newly arrived lady, and said, 'Viper, this is Mrs. B.' and no further notice was taken. Next morning when they went to church, Viper was of the party. Lady Cotton put a prayer book in his mouth, and told him to take it to Mrs. H. which he did, and then carried one to Mrs. B. at his mistress's order.

## LADY PENRHYN.

The passion of the late Lady Penrhyn for pugs was well known. Two of these, a mother and a daughter, were in the eating-room of Penrhyn castle at the morning call of a lady who partook of a luncheon. On bonnets and shawls being ordered for the purpose of taking a walk in the grounds, the eldest dog jumped in a chair, and looked first at a cold fowl, and then at her daughter. The lady remarked to Lady Penrhyn that he certainly had a design on the tray. The bell was therefore rung, and a servant ordered to take it away. The instant the tray disappeared, the older pug, who had previously played the agreeable with all her might to the visitor, snarled and flew at her, and, during the whole walk, followed her, growling and snapping at her heels whenever opportunity served. The dog certainly went through two or three links of inference, from the disappearance of the coveted spoil, to Lady Penrhyn's order, and from Lady Penrhyn's order to the remark made by her visitor.

## RECONCILIATION BROUGHT ABOUT A DOG.

There were two friends, one living at London and the other at Guilford. These friends were on terms of great intimacy; and for many years it had been the custom of the London family to pass the Christmas at Guilford, and their uniform practice was to arrive at dinner the day before Christmas day, and to be accompanied by a large spaniel, who was a great favorite with the *visited*, as with the visitors. At the end of about seven years after this plan had been adhered to, the two families had an unfortunate misunderstanding, which occasioned an omission of the usual Christmas invitation. About an hour before dinner on the day before Christmas day, the Guilford gentleman standing at his window, exclaimed to his wife, 'Well, my dear the W—'s have thought better of it, for I declare they are coming as usual, though we did not invite them; here comes Cæsar to announce them;' and the dog came trotting up to the door and was admitted as usual to the parlor. The lady of the house gave orders to prepare beds, dinner waited an hour but no guests arrived. Cæsar after staying the exact number of days he had been accustomed to, set off for home and arrived there in safety. The correspondence, which of necessity occurred had the effect of renewing the intercourse of the estranged friends, and as long as Cæsar lived he paid the annual visit, in company with his master and mistress.

## JACKDAW.

Swinesherd Abbey, in Lincolnshire, is famous in history as the scene of poisoning King John. An old elm tree, in the avenue leading up to the house, was blown down by a high wind; several young jackdaws were killed in the nests in the hollow of the tree when it fell; one, however, escaped, and was reared by the children. This bird evinced great sagacity, but there was one circumstance attending it which excited particular observation. When the owner of the house was riding out, the bird appeared to be always watching his return; and the moment he saw him coming up the avenue, he would fly off in search of the groom, and by his extraordinary noise, apprise him of his masters's approach. If the man did not attend to him, he would peck at his legs, lay hold of his stocking, and pull with all his might; and the man said he was always made sensible of his master's return, by the peculiar note of the bird. It used to take its stand upon the gate of the stable yard, which commanded a view down the avenue. Like most pets, it came to an untimely end. The poor bird alighted amongst some hot ashes, and was burnt to death.

## INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

Speaking of the instinct of birds, he observes: "that it would appear from the following instance, that birds have an extraordinary faculty in avoiding danger, although it be not apparent at the time. Some years ago a large and beautiful ash tree was blown down in the vicarage of Newcastle upon Tyne. About 140 dis-

inct rings marked the growth of this tree, and those circles which remained became too minute to be counted; the tree was thus of great age, but was found decayed near the root. A colony of rooks had been accustomed to build their annual nests upon this tree; but on a sudden, and before the tempest which had uprooted it, they deserted and for no apparent reason, and took up their abode in an ash tree growing near, the situation of which was between the chimnies of the adjoining houses."

## DOGS.

A gentleman now residing in London, whilst travelling outside of one of the north mails, tells the fact I am about to relate. It was a dark night, and as the mail was travelling at the usual rate, a dog barked incessantly before the leaders, and continued to do so for some time, jumping up to the heads of the horses. The coachman, fearful of some accident, pulled up, and the guard got down to drive the animal away. The dog ran before the guard, and then returned to him, making use of such peculiar gestures that he was induced to take out one of the lamps and follow the dog. After doing so for one hundred yards, he found a farmer lying drunk across the road and his horses grazing by the side of it. But for this extraordinary sagacity and affection of the dog for his master, the coach would most probably have driven over the body of the sleeping man.

## MIGRATORY INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

A British officer on board a ship which touched at the Island of Ascension, on her way to England, informed me that they took in several large turtles, and amongst others, one, which from some accident had only three fins. The sailors on board called it the "Lord Nelson," and it was marked in a certain way by having certain initials, and numbers burnt upon its under shell with a hot iron, which marks are never to be obliterated. Owing to various causes the ship was delayed on her voyage; many of the turtles died, and others became sickly. This was the case of the "Lord Nelson;" and it was so nearly dead when the ship arrived in the channel, that the sailors, with whom it was a favorite, threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it a chance. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for two years afterwards the *very same* turtle was found at its old haunts in the Island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statement place the fact beyond doubt, and afford a wonderful instance of the instinct of this fish. When we consider the vast tract of water which this turtle had to pass, and that the Island of Ascension is only a little speck in the mighty ocean it is impossible not to reflect on that unexplained instinct with wonder, which enabled so unwieldy, and apparently so stupid an animal to find its way back to a rock in the desert of waters.

## THE FORCE OF LIGHTNING.

A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place at the distance of twenty miles, by what is called the back-stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud, highly charged with electricity, hang down towards the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface, if it be of the same kind with their own, and will attract the other kind; and if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though the back-stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible, in its effects as the direct shot, which is frequently of inconceivable intensity. Instances have occurred in which large masses of iron and stone, and even many feet of a stone wall, have been conveyed to a considerable distance by a stroke of lightning. Rocks and the tops of mountains often bear the marks of fusion from its action, and occasionally virtuous tubes, descending many feet into banks of sand, mark the path of the electric fluid. Some years ago, Dr. Fielder exhibited several of these fulgurites, in London, of considerable length, which had been dug out of some sandy plains of Silesia and Eastern Prussia. One found at Paderborn was forty feet long. Their ramifications generally terminate in pools or springs of water below the sand, which are supposed to determine the course of the electric fluid. No doubt the soil and substrata must influence its direction, since it is found by experience, that places which have been struck by lightning are often struck again. A school-house in Lammer-Muir, in East Lothian has been struck three different times.—Mrs. Somerville.

ECONOMY, is one thing, and parsimony another. Economy, as the general acceptance of the word goes, means a frugal disposition and outlay of one's income, and the management of property, so that it may be most useful and productive. Parsimony is the nasty spirit which leads a man to deny himself all enjoyment, except that of the mere acquisition of pelf. Economy, by teaching a person the exact extent of his resources, enables him to be charitable upon proper occasions. Parsimony tempts him to steal a bone from a beggar. Economy, by the improvement of its advantages, elevates the standard of its possessor. Parsimony renders those who fall into it, objects of disgust and loathing to their fellows.—Economy flies away a newspaper for future reference—Parsimony stops it!—N. York Sun.

For the Pearl.  
ON METALS,CONSIDERED IN REGARD TO THEIR UTILITY,—DELIVERED  
BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

By W. F. Teulon.

Throughout nature metals exist: they appear as the basis of the bones and shells of animals, and the ligneous trunks of vegetables:—but they nearly pervade the geological or mineralogical world; and although our humility is bespoken by a remark of Sir John Herschell "that our deepest mines have but scratched the earth's surface," yet even these indentations are to us important, and we owe them to the laudable ambition of our ancestors, to be acquainted with the mystic treasures of metals, which they rightly surmised were hidden there. Even the loved name *Britannia*, of our Mother Land, which ever vibrates on the vital chords of him who loves liberty, religion, the arts, and merited fame, is ascribable to such a passion, to such a source: and further, our own aboriginal population,—the early attention of the Roman Eagle,—our universal commerce, antitypical of that of ancient Tyre,—our many apices of national distinction,—and our present amiable position in the society of nations; are all traceable to the same primitive regard for the metals which the green sod of Britain, and her heaven-blest periphery of waters, environed.

A handful of gross dust is perhaps to the untaught observer the most contemptible of possessions. But to the chemist whose science "instructs him in the relations that affinity establishes between bodies,—to ascertain with precision the nature and constitution of the compounds it produces,—and to determine the laws by which its action is regulated," it appears an interesting microcosm,—a little world.

From this handful of dust subjected to the refining influence of fire, there will arise in succession, Hydrogen, Hydrazote, Iodine, Water, and Carbonic Acid; in the retained mass there lies concealed without lustre, apparently without worth, a series of metallic particles, which further urged, will surrender two metals Arsenium and Zinc, in fugacious forms, and a fulgent button of two others, Iron and Adamant, commonly known as Steel, which by the hand of the artizan may be further developed in the form of a spring for a Gold Repeater, to admonish some fair virgin of the rapid speed, and worth, of passing time; and be brought to realize more than its counterpoise of gold.

By a similar process we are informed that the ashes of the funeral pyre may be transmuted: and thus a much-loved, oft-remembered friend, become a splendid medallion, reclining upon the sympathetic heart of the fond survivor.

The fields spread before us by the hand of nature, are all delightful fields of enquiry: and it is equally a mistake to suppose that scientific interest is to be reaped only from the vast and sublime; or that things are intrinsically precious, and deserving of our esteem, just in proportion as they are small in quantity, and rare in occurrence. Contrary to this, and as a proof of the wisdom of design of the ineffable architect, the most precious products, are invariably the most common; and many of the broadest and most astounding of his laws of nature, may be demonstrated from the basest of her subsistences and manifestations.

We have cause to perceive and admire that utility is an attribute of matter universally. This is indeed perceived and acknowledged by all intelligent persons; and it is a principal source of the delight and emolument of man, that all things bend to his use and advantage;—that there exists nothing, which may not be drawn into a profitable subserviency to our permanent advantage.

Here, for instance, is an uncultivated spot; accompanied there with a forest, and here, with a river, trees may be barked and felled for tanning and building, houses may be reared, and plantations may be realized,—further, mills may be erected by the streams, and mines excavated. Now it is evident how in all these operations, the success of our industry depends upon the plasticity of our materials;—in other words, upon a common attribute of *utility* which they possess.

Now in the working of a coal mine a vast deal of rubbish will accumulate at the mouth of the shaft; this is named Pyrites, and is synthetically an impure sulphuret of iron; descending rains moisten the heaps, a decomposition of the water ensues; oxygen is attracted by the metal, and hydrogen by the sulphur, until combustion is effected. Now, a new order of affinities is established; oxygen unites with sulphur in the proportion of three to one, while more oxygen in the proportion of eight to one unites with hydrogen. The sulphuric Acid and water, thus formed, unite with the Protoxide of Iron, already accounted for, and produce sulphate of Iron, or green Vitriol. Nature's art, has thus placed at our disposal a valuable product, from a worthless stock. This salt may be subjected to distillation in dry retorts, and an abundance of sulphurous Acid, and Peroxide of Iron, (an excellent paint) obtained. But, observe further, the neighbouring rocks having for their base the metal named Magnesium, oxidized and combined with a feeble acid, is soluble in vinegar, that is acetic acid. Let it then be effected, and let this solution be mingled at a certain temperature with a solution of the former salt, and a compound elective affinity will instantly result. By this I

mean that the acid of each base, will go over to the base of the discrepant acid; and thus from the same materials, two new metallic salts will be formed: viz, Acetate of Iron, in the room of the Sulphate; and Sulphate of Magnesium, in the room of the Acetate. The former is a saleable product of great value to dyers and hat-makers for the production of black, and the latter is of extensive value to the public, being the beautiful and sanative Epsom Salts; which emanating from the site of Magna Charta, have proved themselves of similar public benefit; being perhaps the most generally advisable and safe, yet effectual aperient. Observe then how an uncultivated spot comprises manifold advantages, which we may reap; and which we owe equally to the prowess of industry, and the utile properties of matter, principally metallic. Nor need we wonder provided we admit, what is undoubtedly true, *that matter was made for the perception, administration and use of mind.*

Utility is an attribute of Metals considered aggregationally, or particularly. A due mixture of soils is required by the Agriculturist as essential to his success, but every particular species of earth, appears to owe its original to a particular metal, and the just analysis of a soil, an ore or a substratum, must have constant reference to a knowledge of metals, their propensities and their results. But to enumerate in but a catalogical brevity, the utilities of the particular metals, even those anciently and commonly known, would be greatly to overpass the limits of a Lecture, and also of your convenience. Even to dwell at some length on the utilities of Iron and its invaluable binary alloy called Steel, though both important and legitimate, is, as it were, forbidden; because sufficiently such, to claim an entire lecture; but to invite your attention to the subject, and to induce you to traverse it at will, according as you enjoy leisure, and means, may for the present be considered the scope of this superficial performance.

Metal, is matter in perhaps its most discrete, tangible, extensible, and useful form. A sort of instinctive regard, in even the most savage mind, leads it to behold metal with a kind of veneration. And not without a reason of this kind it has been adopted, wherever to be had, as the pledge of commercial transaction, and the indicator of charitable affection. On money itself, and the reasons for its adoption, the state of a coinage, and its influence upon physical, political and moral society, much that would appear both scientific and interesting might be elicited, but this would be out of time and place at present. A mere glance at the department may, notwithstanding, be permitted as reminding us that the utilities of metals in the separate allotment are universally felt, and acknowledged.

A large number of our most attractive adjectives are applicable to metals:—and even to each particular metal, as a definition of its most useful characteristics. At every town we are met by appearances and forms all allied to usefulness arising from the extensive employment of metals in the various departments of life and business. In a number of instances we owe our safety to metal. That portion of society engaged in mines, has too often suffered a heart-rending catastrophe, through the firing of the combustible airs, which traversed their cavities. To prevent this dire consequence a scintillating light, gathered from a periphery of steel, and the collision of flints was employed; and much valuable life was thus saved. But the benevolent nature of the invention has been far transcended by the SAFETY LAMP of Sir Humphrey Davy's invention which owes its excellent properties to a wire gauze of Platinum which emits the light and sustains the heat while it confines the flame. The faithful magnetized Needle, the copper sheathing of our Men-of-War and Commerce, their anchors, and chain cables, frequently and admirably save, a multitude of the most interesting of our species from a briary grave; when the fury of contesting elements would render all hopeless without them. Our cannon and other arms have terminated long wars with triumph, and given liberty and peace to nations, as well as safety to the homes of our fathers. The rude assassin, and the daring robber, are sent away justly disappointed, and at the same time our wives and children are protected by the ingenious assemblage of springs, and bolts, and locks, and other ammunition of home and office; all which we could not enjoy but for the ample and efficient resource of metals.

In a conflagration we are awakened to activity by the Fire-Bell, ere the devouring element overtakes us; to restrain and repress it, through the effective power of engine; and at the worst, to find preserved amidst the ruins, our accounts, etc. deposited in the fire proof chest. The firing of a gun from the fort or the privateer, or the trumpet's call, prepares us to encounter the enemy,—and the metal conductor that surmounts the high tower, parries off harmlessly the descending lightning; preventing by one simple means, the demolition of our property and our persons. How many instances of a similar nature exist, proving that nearly all the advantages which we possess for safeguard and defence, beyond those of children, we are indebted for to metals, and the various operations of art, by which they are formed to our use.

Possibly it may be required that I should say something of the utilities of metals, in relation to our safety from disease; or rather its fatal issue; as dependent on the practice of medicine: but as metals cannot be introduced into the human system in their pristine state, but only as calces and salts (which I prefer to come under

consideration in a distinct Lecture,) it would exceed justice to expatiate here.

Nevertheless, as a proof of their utility in this department, I will venture the assertion. That if the physician was to eliminate all his materia derived from other sources, from the organic or inorganic world; all remedies drawn from animal and vegetable sources; he would yet, have in his possession an improvable fund; far from contemptible, because sufficient to answer most, and probably all his intentions;—to complete the various ends of the therapeutick art.

Besides, where this art manifestly fails as regards the efficiency of ingesta; what in the vast assemblage of immedicable cases shall we resort to if deprived of the utilities of metals!—of the galvanic trough, or electric catena?—of the bright and exact assemblage of chirurgical instruments, for the introduction, or removal of fluids, the excision of appendages that are abnormal or effete, and the exoneration of vital organs, of impacted volumes? By these and similar means, myriads of else incurables are rescued from prodacious diseases, and a precocious grave. In a number of instances we owe our elegance to metal. You have several proofs of this position before you; and you have but to enter the hall, the gilded saloon, the parour, or the drawing-room, to behold in innumerable attitudes, this dazzling form of matter, courting our admiration and applause. And elsewhere you may behold all the gorgeous, imposing, and chaste forms of architecture; ascending like the spirits of the deep, from the eternal fires of Carron and Colebrook-dale; from thousands of classic models ergiverstating to the eye, and claiming its approval; from the bronze pedestal of the sideboard Lamp, to the imperial column, the towering arch, and the magnificent bridge.

In a number of instances we owe our usefulness to metals. Every business, supposes tools, and of what are these formed? of what the rules, the squares, the callipers, the compasses, etc. of the artizan? of what the vessels of capacity, which washed by the lambent flame attract and communicate heat to the perfectionating fluid? Think of the punches and matrices of the type-founder, the variety of exact and impressive forms of the printer: the accurate gravers, and chisels, of the life emulant statuary and engraver, and say what could we do in this our day if deprived of the uses of metal. Consider in succession the various employments of men and insignia of office, from the scraper of the chimney-sweep, to the sceptre of the sovereign, and reflect how variously, how amply, how effectually, metals contribute to the common weal: the mean and the exalted utilities of society.

Now what is the use of this simple review, if not to show that we must understand this enquiry as deserving of our faculties; partly, because its domain is vast, partly, because it is interesting; and principally, because the fruit of the search may be the expansion of our faculties; the improvement of our resources; and the multiplication of our improvements.

To be continued.

DUCK SHOOTING.—*An Adventure.*—The scene of the adventure was on the low flat shores in Hampshire opposite the Isle of Wight; the hero of it a wild-fowl shooter:—"Mounted on his mud pattens, he was traversing one of these mud-land plains in quest of ducks; and being only intent on his game, he suddenly found the waters, which had been brought forward with uncommon rapidity by some peculiar circumstance of tide, had made an alarming progress around him. To whatever part he ran, he found himself completely invested by the tide; a thought struck him, as the only hope of safety; he retired to that part which was uncovered with water, and sticking the barrel of his gun, (which, for the purpose of shooting wild-fowl was very long), deep into the mud, he resolved to hold fast by it as a support against the waves, and to wait the ebbing of the tide. A common tide, he had reason to believe, would not in that place have reached above his middle, but this was a spring tide, and brought forward by a strong westerly wind. The water had reached him; it covered the ground on which he stood: it rippled over his feet; it gained his knees—his waist. Button after button was swallowed up, till at length it advanced over his very shoulders. With a palpitating heart he gave himself up for lost. Still, he held fast by his anchor: his eye was eagerly bent in search of some boat which might take its course that way, but none appeared. A solitary head, sometimes covered by a wave, was no object to be described from shore at the distance of half a league. Whilst he was making up his mind to the terrors of certain destruction, his attention was called to a new object! He thought he saw the uppermost button of his coat begin to appear. No mariner could behold a Cape at sea with greater transport than he did the uppermost button of his coat! But the fluctuation of the water was such, and the turn of the tide so slow, that it was yet some time before he durst venture to assure himself that the button was fairly above the level of the flood. At length, however, a second button appearing at intervals, his sensations may rather be conceived than described; and his joy gave him spirits and resolution to support his unobscured situation four or five hours longer, till the waters had fully retired."—*Gilpin's Forest Secrecy.*

## WITNESSES FOR GOD.

There is one important respect, in which all objects in the universe, from the atom to the archangel, unite—all are witnesses for God. He, who made all things for Himself has so made them that voluntarily or involuntarily, according to their respective natures, they distinctly attest the Divine existence and character. He has not left it contingent whether they give such testimony or not. The great name of THE MAKER is interwoven into the texture of every thing He has made! so that, even if the creature possess a will, and that will become depraved, and guiltily withhold its intelligent testimony to the Divine existence, an eloquent and incorruptible witness is still to be found in the physical constitution of that creature. If "the fool" should "say in his heart, there is no God," every pulse of that heart replies—there is; and every action of that vital organ adds—He is thy Maker.

As the nature of the material witnesses differs, it follows of course, that the manner in which they render their evidence will vary accordingly. In regard to some of them, the marks of design and beneficence are so obvious, that they may be said to be even speaking for God without solicitation; the Divine signature is visibly imprinted on their surface. In regard to others, the evidence lies deeper, and must be sought for patiently. In each case, while the witnesses are under examination—while the investigation is proceeding from link to link in the chain of evidence the ungodly sometimes unseasonably exult, and the timid and uninformed believer in revelation trembles for the issue. But he need not; let him only wait confidently, as God does, till the examination be complete—till the enquiry has reached the last link of the chain—and that link will invariably be found in the hand of God. CHEMISTRY—once the strong hold of the sceptic—has long since discovered that no substance in nature is simple and unmixed; in other words, that every thing is in a made state, that even the atom is an artificial, manufactured thing; so that an argument for God lies in every particle of which the globe is composed, and a witness is in reserve in every pebble we possess, and a final appeal is lodged for God in the elements or first principles of all things—thus demolishing the altar which scepticism had erected to the eternity of the world, and replacing it by an altar dedicated and inscribed to the Divine Creator; so that "if we hold our peace" or withhold our homage, in a literal sense, the very "stones will cry out." GEOLOGY—the voice of the earth, the Pompeii of natural religion, the witness now under examination, a witness raised from the grave of a former world—is producing her "primitive formations," to show that even they are in a made state, and her fossil skeletons to show, that they bear indubitable marks of having come from the hand of the great Designer—leading us to infer, that, could we reach the foundation of the earth, we should find it inscribed with the name of the Divine Architect; that, could we penetrate to the very centre of the globe, it would speak for God—and thus impelling us to erect, out of the wreck of a former world, a temple to Him, that created all things. ASTRONOMY leads us forth into the vast amphitheatre of nature, to gaze on ten thousand times ten thousand burning worlds; and are they not all witnesses for God? For are they not in motion? this is not nature, but miracle; the first miracle was the production of matter, the second to make that matter move; its natural state is rest, but here are unnumbered myriads of material worlds in motion—not in their natural state, but in an artificial, constrained, preternatural state, these are all God's witnesses; "the stars in their courses fight against" irreligion; each of them, obediently followed, is a star of Bethlehem, to guide into the Divine presence; each of them rushes through immensity, as a miracle and a messenger from God to the universe, proclaiming, There is a God, and the hand of that God is upon me; and all of them unite—yes, this is the real "music of the spheres," the chorus of creation—all of them unite in proclaiming "His eternal power and Godhead." In the estimation of the psalmist, the creation is a vast temple; and often did he summon the creatures, and join them in an universal song of praise. John heard the chorus; the noise and din of a distracting world may drown their voices here, but, saith he, "Every creature, which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever." Thus nature, with all her myriad voices, is ever making affirmation and oath of the Divine existence, and filling the universe with the echo of His praise. Rev. John Harris.

A TURKISH SUPPER.—"A small carpet was spread between two guns on the main deck, outside his cabin. It was not screened off. On it we sat down cross-legged, opposite to each other. Two agas—they were gentlemen of no less rank—kneelt to us with ewers to wash our hands; then tied napkins round our necks, and placed between us a circular metal tray upon a low stool, provided with four saucers, containing as many kind of conserves, slices of bread and of cake, salt, and a bowl of salad sauce, to be eaten at discretion. Our fingers were the operating instruments. The first dish was a pile of red mullet. The pasha of course had the first help; being a bit of an epicure, he pawed every one in-

dividually before choosing. I took one whose tail only had come in contact with his forceps. The next dish was a fowl. The pasha steadied it with the thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand pulled off a wing. I tried the same manoeuvre on a leg; but, owing to delicacy in not making free use of both hands, failed in dislocating it. The pasha, perceiving my awkwardness, motioned to an officer to assist me. I would fain have declined his services, but it was too late. The fellow took it up in his brawny hands, ripped off the joints with surprising dexterity, peeled the breast with his thumb-nail, tore it in thin slices, and, thus dissected, laid the bird before me with an air of superiority saying, 'Eat, I was very hungry or I should not have been able.' The third dish was lamb stewed with olives. On this I showed that I had fully profited by my late lesson, and dreading the intrusion of another person's fingers on so slippery a subject, dug my own into it with unblushing effrontery. I followed precisely the pasha's motions, scooping the olives out of the dish, with a piece of bread and my thumb, as adroitly as though I had never seen a fork. The attendants winked at each other, and my host's unmeaning eyes faintly radiated at the rapidity with which I adapted myself to existing circumstances. I never fully understood before the point of the saying, 'Do at Rome as Rome does.' Various other meats followed, which I will not enumerate, they were all diminished by a similar process; suffice to say they were excellent, the Turkish kitchen being in many points equal to the French kitchen, and in one article superior—the exquisiteness of lamb dressed in Turkey far surpasses my feeble praise." —Stade's Turkey.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 10, 1838.

## THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS IN RESPECT TO SCIENCE, AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

NO. 1.

We are not of the number of those who believe that christianity takes the key of knowledge from man, leaving him profoundly ignorant of every thing but the science of salvation. To us it appears matter of unmingled astonishment that any religious persons should ever have concluded that the christian religion was opposed to the study of science and to the universal diffusion of general knowledge. And yet unhappily in this age of light and intelligence many such persons are to be found—persons who strenuously contend that the knowledge of salvation is incompatible with a knowledge of the physical sciences. What God says is every thing to them—what he does is passed by as unworthy of their notice. The book of revelation they will diligently search, but they refuse to read a single page of the book of nature. To the evidences of the wisdom, power and goodness of the Deity as spread before them in the Scriptures, they are all eye, all ear, all attention—but to the manifestation of these glorious attributes in creation they are utterly deaf and sightless. Day unto day uttereth no speech to them—night after night sheweth no knowledge. The scientific researches and experiments of the philosophical are viewed as evils, while Mechanics' Institutes and all other societies formed for the diffusion of general knowledge are their abhorrence. To peruse a scientific treatise is to waste time, and to attend a Mechanics' Institute is to furnish sad evidence of our want of piety and love to God. In their view, to be a bad philosopher is the surest way to become a good christian, and to expand the views of the human mind, is to endanger christianity, and to render the design of religion abortive. 'They seem to consider it as a most noble triumph to the christian cause, to degrade the material world, and to trample under foot not only the earth, but the visible heavens, as an old, shattered, and corrupt fabric, which no longer demands our study or admiration. Their expressions in a variety of instances, would lead us almost to conclude, that they considered the economy of Nature as set in opposition to the economy of Redemption, and that it is not the same God that continued the system of nature, who is also the "Author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him." In short with these strange individuals you must attend but to one thing—all other subjects must be discarded as beneath our notice and regard. Far be it from us to insinuate that religion should not be the object of our supreme regard, or that it ought not to have the first place in our attention. But while we admit this in all its force we must as pointedly deny that it is any mark of neglect or indifference to piety, to employ a portion of our time in the study of the sciences. That the greater should not be sacrificed to the less, we know and believe. So while religion claims the first place in the attention, it leaves every other kind of knowledge to be sought in its proper order; that is, in due subordination to the higher interests of immortality. But the creed of those individuals against whose principles we contend is, that the study of nature is a disparagement of Gospel truth—and that it is inimical to evangelical piety to seek to coalesce with philosophy and science.

Such a creed we do consider a libel on christianity—de-

rogatory to the high character of our holy religion—and subversive of all the great interests of godliness. What! shall the christian represent his great master as the foe of knowledge and the advocate of ignorance—or his religion as reprobating human learning and sanctioning sterility of mind? Shall he promulge the repelling view that christianity 'demon-like, presents the material world as a temple into which mortals are forbidden to look; through the doors of which it would be profanity to enter, and the treasures of which it would be sacrilege to appropriate?' Shall he anathematize us for examining the works of our Heavenly Father, or for teaching others the wonders of his power? Shall he desire to envelope the human mind in the mists of ignorance excluding it from all intellectual culture and extended knowledge? Shall he propound the revolting position, that in proportion as the ministers and members of christian churches are ignorant of literature and science, christianity will flourish, and faith, humility, holiness and love abound? Or in a word, that religion and science are hostile to each other? Now if this position be true, we hesitate not to aver, that the religion of the Bible is unworthy of man, because unsuitable to him as an intelligent creature. And we have no doubt that more harm has been done to christianity by the pernicious sentiments of those religionists, than by all the combined malignity and craft of infidels. Let all christians openly avow and maintain such principles, and christianity will be doomed irretrievably, to reprobation and rejection. Who will embrace a system that condemns man to the gloomy dungeons of ignorance? Who desire to be linked to darkness and stupidity? Who wish to have his name connected with the author of a religion which sets its broad stamp of disapprobation on the pursuits of literature and science? None: and the profession of the christian religion will be known only as the badge of barrenness of mind and scantiness of information. But whence have these persons derived their preposterous views? From the Bible? No; for light can never recommend darkness. Indeed, to rescue the inspired volume from such dangerous hands, and, to defend it against such impious notions, is the object of the present article: and we feel impelled to the task not as lovers of science only, but as lovers of mankind also. And it is our purpose as well as our duty to act upon the offensive more than the defensive in this question. We think it would be debasing christianity to attempt to prove that she grants the right of sufferance only, in respect to the study of the natural sciences. We shall, therefore, stand on higher ground, and contend that "CHRISTIANITY NOT ONLY ALLOWS BUT REQUIRES THE ACQUISITION OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE"—that we cannot pass through the world, blind to its beauties, and deaf to its harmonies, without blame—and that the man fulfils not the design of his Creator, who does not cultivate his mind in all useful knowledge to the utmost of his circumstances, and of his power. In this way we shall wipe off the blot which has been cast on the characters of those who have pondered on the works of their Creator, while by implication, we shall fasten folly, if not guilt, on all who shut themselves in the murky dens of ignorance, and refuse to consider the wondrous works of God.

In the prosecution of our enquiry we must not overlook the fact that man is placed by his Maker, in a world where he is surrounded by an endless multiplicity of objects, calculated to excite his intense interest, and to call forth the expressions of wonder and admiration. Looking at the earth on which he lives, the vegetable kingdom presents itself to view with its countless species of plants and flowers, of various forms and diversified hues:—of all sizes from the sturdy and majestic oak, and the tall cedar of Lebanon down to the mossy turf and the delicate windflower:—of all colours from the gaudy tulip or fine carnation down to the humble violet peeping from the bank, or modest lily of the valley. Some dazzling us by the brilliancy of their dyes, and others teaching us humility by the simplicity of their dress, and in all the varied combination of tints, shade melting into shade infinitely before any production of art.

"The gay rejoicing creatures, they neither toil nor spin.  
Yet see what bright attire they're all apparel'd in."

Looking at the animal creation we are no less astonished at the scene of wonders presented to our view. By the ingenuity of their construction, variety of their shapes, delicacy of their colouring and loveliness of their fragrance, those interesting children of the ground, the various families of plants, arrest with peculiar energy the attention of man. And in the animal world we find similar properties to those possessed by vegetable nature. In the feathered race what a diversity of colours in their plumage! How various their shape and size, and how different their instincts and modes of existence! Then there is the warbling of birds, a subject no less curious than pleasing to contemplate. The note of alarm, of joy, of anger, or of love is very different in each species. There is the twittering of the swallow and the quickly vibrating lay of the linnet—the solemn note of the owl and the lively 'air of the goldfinch—or the song of the early lark, soaring till the unrisen sun gleams on his speckled breast, and the sweet music of that bird to whom the immortal bard refers, 'who all night long her amorous descant sang.'

In the insect tribes which so thickly people the earth, the waters and the air, we find an endless diversity. In these 'little woa-

ders' we behold the profusion of skill in the great Creator. The glittering wing-cases of some of the beetles emulate the lustre of burnished metals and polished gems; while many of the butterflies in their gorgeous dress appear like gaily attired sylphs or animated flowers sporting in the air. Some are remarkable for their untiring industry—others for their skill and cunning—and more for the celerity of their movements. Conformed to one general plan of construction, they nevertheless exhibit endless modifications of shape.

What profusion of being is displayed in the wide expanse of the ocean, through which are scattered such various and such unknown multitudes of animals! Of Fishes alone, the varieties, as to conformation and endowments are endless. Still more curious and anomalous, both in their external form and their internal economy, are the numerous orders of living beings that occupy the lower divisions of the animal scale; some swimming in countless myriads near the surface; some dwelling in the inaccessible depths of the ocean; some attached to shells or other solid structures, the productions of their own bodies, and which in process of time, form, by their accumulation, enormous submarine mountains, rising often from unfathomable depths to the surface. Of the comparatively large animals which live on land, how splendid is the field of observation that lies open to the naturalist? What variety is conspicuous in the tribes of Quadrupeds and of Reptiles; and what endless diversity exists in their habits, pursuits, and characters!"

Were we to take a survey of *inanimate nature* a scene of infinite variety would be presented to our notice. The mineral kingdom would offer its classes of earthy, saline, inflammable, and metallic substances for our consideration. These exhibit every variety of colour, and differ from one another as to figure, lustre, texture, ductility and a number of other properties. Looking abroad upon the earth we see mountains, valleys, plains, forests, rivers, cataracts, lakes, seas, oceans, islands, continents, etc. etc. forming a spectacle of varied sublimity and grandeur. Rising above the earth we observe the clouds assuming all forms, and tinged with a diversity of hues. The beautiful arch of the rainbow sometimes invites our attention; at other times we admire the ever-changing, coruscations of the Aurora Borealis. And the innumerable hosts of stars which gem the skies—the moon walking in her brightness—and the proud regent of the day, fill us with amazement and awe. In short, whether we direct our view to the vegetable or the animal tribes, the atmosphere, the ocean, the mountains, the plains or the subterranean recesses of the globe, we behold a scene of beauty, order, and variety, which astonishes and enraptures the contemplative mind. On such a theatre of wonders God has located man, and all these are the works of the Almighty Architect. If any have beauty his pencil has painted them—if any have brilliancy of attire his hand has adorned them—if any have fragrance he has breathed into them their perfume—if any have strength he has endowed them with power—or if any manifest skill in their mechanism, he has constructed them. All are the products of his wisdom, love, and power.

#### NEW YORK, January 31.

We have the Montreal papers of the 25th inst. The members of the Executive Council were expected at Montreal from Quebec, to attend upon Sir John Colborne and organise the Government anew under his administration.

The following extracts are from the Transcript—

The rumors which had been for some days current, and which, from obvious reasons we refrained from noticing, have not only continued to circulate, but have produced their effect; and the French Canadian population have been leaving the city and island of Montreal, for several days past. We are far from wishing unnecessarily to denounce them, or wantonly to wound their feelings; but certainly there is in this something very remarkable, something which seems to demand explanation. While the British population are, one and all, in a state of the utmost tranquillity and confidence, this sudden bustle and confusion of French departure bespeaks on their part a remarkable timidity, or it indicates a knowledge and expectation of some intended outbreak, which induces them to separate themselves from their British fellow colonists, and to retire from what they suppose to be the approaching scene of contest. Some satisfactory explanation is due to their own character—and we look for it accordingly.

We have the Montreal papers of the 23th. They contain nothing of importance. The water continued very high, and there was much distress, which the benevolent had done all in their power to alleviate, providing a temporary house of refuge, and serving out provisions, clothing and fuel.

The advices from Toronto are of the 26th, and from Kingston of the 23rd. From neither do we hear of the new risings in the London District, reported by the Rochester Democrat.

The following are the names of the principal sufferers by the rising of the River;—Messrs. Tobin and Murison, Mittleburgen, Mackintosh & Co. Carter and Cowan, Cringal & Co., C. & S. Macdonald, and W. S. Phillips.

Mr. Speaker Papineau, it is said, is at Washington.

Letters of a late date from Sorel, mention the arrival there of the 85th Regiment on Friday last, in good order and high spirits. It is expected that they will have to move again very soon; two companies of the 66th, were ordered to St. Hyacinthe and St. Cesaire, to observe the movements of Jean Baptiste, and his allies, who are said to be mustering on the other side of the line 45 degrees.

#### FROM DETROIT.

The Cleveland Herald of the 22nd says:—"Our latest intelligence from the seat of war, is brought by Captain Kline of the schooner White Pigeon, which sailed from Detroit on Tuesday night. He informs us that the patriots were assembled at Gibraltar about 500 strong, and were drilling under the command of General Hanby. Bois Blanc and Sugar Island had been abandoned by the patriots. Sutherland was under a second arrest at Detroit. The Royalists had a force of about 600 at Malden. Two persons only were killed on board the Anne. One was the Captain of the schooner, the other a man by the name of Davis from this place. A deputation has been sent from Monroe to Malden, to ask a restoration of the citizens from the former place, taken prisoners in the capture of the Anne. The arms belonging to the state in the hands of the patriots had been recovered by Gov. Mason. Every thing was quiet in Detroit; reinforcements were gathering silently.

FROM THE WEST—The Canada war appears to be at an end. There are no insurgents in arms in Canada, nor Patriots in this country. The remnant of Brigadier General Sutherland's force on Bois Blanc, retreated to an American island where they were visited by Gov. Mason, of Michigan, who came in a steamboat from Detroit with a hundred volunteers, and prevailed on them to pass over in his boat to the main land, and there to disperse. Sutherland was arrested at Detroit, and carried before the District Judge, for examination, and was by him discharged.—There will probably be no further attempt to invade Canada in that quarter. The Navy Islanders are probably scattered along the American shore of the Lake, without any definite plan of future operations.

We learn from the Seat of Government that a bill has passed both Houses to try all foreigners found in arms within the Province, and to sentence them to suffer death. That, with the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, which is also passed, waits only the signature of His Excellency, who was expected in Toronto this day, to become law.—*Kingston Chronicle.*

The whole of the 24th and 32nd Regiments, with the exception of the light company of the latter, are on the Niagara frontier. Col. Foster has assumed the command of the troops, in Upper Canada. Captain Markham, wounded at St. Dennis, had almost entirely recovered.

From the Hamilton (U. C.) Herald.

Lieut. Wright arrived by express, bringing the satisfactory intelligence of the capture of a rebel schooner, without the loss of a man, on our side, with three pieces of cannon and twenty prisoners; among the number, a Dr. Theller, of notorious memory.

The number of rebels killed not ascertained. At three o'clock this morning, precisely, our little church bell sounded an alarm. Every man was at his post in five minutes.

The old, the young, the strong, the weak, every man who could raise a gun or pistol, joined the ranks along the shore, and coolly awaited the attack of a steamboat, which lay on the opposite side of the river, filled with armed men.

But it seemed such was not their intention, for after giving three vociferous cheers, the steamer's bow was turned down stream, and was soon out of sight.

From the peculiar run of the boat, we are almost certain it was the Erie, which has thus far proved herself an ally of the rebels.

Dr. Theller, the great agitator; Robert Davis; D. Anderson; W. Chase; Wm. H. Dodge; S. Thayer; N. Smith; S. B. Brothy.

Killed, 1; wounded, 8; prisoners, 12.

Yours, & JAMES HAMILTON.

To J. B. Aekiu, Esq.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—We have received Detroit papers to the 12th, inclusive.

They confirm the intelligence that the schooner Anne was captured, as stated in our private despatches. The patriots had stolen arms to a large amount, and also a steamboat, (the Erie.) They were upon Whitewood or Bois Blanc Island. Great consternation prevailed among the loyalists. The patriots were rapidly augmenting in number. Those who fled to the United States on the breaking out of the insurrection in Canada, are now returning, fierce for battle, and joining the forces on the island.

There had been a slight engagement, in which two patriots and several loyalists were killed.

Capture.—Col. L. H. Ensworth, with a detachment of the 8th brigade, accompanied by one of the deputy Marshals, succeeded in regaining two pieces of cannon and several stands of arms, with powder, balls, &c. belonging to the State. They were found at Godrich's, some fifteen miles up the lake.

Since the above was put in type, we have learned that the cannon were part of those which were obtained from Col. Ransom by means of a forged order.

We learn verbally from Buffalo, as late as Saturday evening, that the steamboat United States was about to leave that port for Detroit, with more or less of the Navy Island force, (and probably their arms, &c. also;) but that Gen. Scott had given the parties notice that he should fire upon the boat if the enterprise was started.

YARMOUTH.—The Committee for collecting subscriptions for the relief of the wives and children of the soldiers who have gone to Canada, have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the handsome sum of £78 16s 6d from R. Clements, Esq. M. P. P.—being amount of contributions raised at Yarmouth, for the above mentioned purpose.

Editors of Newspapers throughout the Province will please publish the above.

A resolution has passed the New Brunswick Assembly, for a survey for the Bay of Fundy, and providing correct charts of the rocks and shoals, and dangerous obstructions therein.—*Yar Her.*

A dreadful battle took place on the 25th December, between the United States troops and a party of Indians. The troops were in pursuit of the Indians, and arriving at the spot where the Indians were concealed in ambush, were received by a volley from the savages, each shot killing or wounding its man. The Indians fought desperately, but were at length forced to retreat. Of the troops, 8 officers, and 140 rank and file, were killed and wounded. The Indian loss was not known—only eight dead bodies having been found on the field.—*Id.*

A tremendous fire was raging at New York yesterday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. It commenced in D street between Fifth and Sixth—fifteen or twenty houses were on fire, and the wind N. W. a tempest. It was near Corlear's hook, where there are many wooden buildings.

On the 20th December, London was visited by a gale of wind, much more severe than any that had taken place during the season; in many of the streets almost all the gas lamps were extinguished.

By subsequent papers we learn that this storm was productive of disastrous results in many of the provincial towns. The Mersey and several other streams overflowed their banks, houses were blown down, bridges were carried away, and several lives lost. In Bradford the water was six feet deep in the streets.

Letters from Hanover state that the discontents are increasing, and hint at the probability of a revolution. Blood had already been shed. On the 11th of December, the King issued a decree dismissing the seven protesting professors of Göttingen, and banishing three of them from the kingdom. This led to meetings and commotions among the students, who were charged by a troop of dragoons; three students were killed, and eight severely wounded.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE SHUBENACADIE CANAL.—A very interesting public meeting was held at the Exchange Coffee House on Tuesday, with reference to this great Provincial undertaking. The Chair was taken about half past eleven by the Hon. Joseph Allison Charles R. Fairbanks, Esq. having been called on by the Chairman, gave an elaborate and frank exposition of the various steps which had been taken towards completing the work in which so large an amount of private and Provincial funds had been embarked; after which a series of Resolutions were passed, expressive of the undiminished feeling of the community in favor of the practicability and importance of the Canal, concluding with a strong recommendation of the enterprise to the favorable consideration of her Majesty's Government. The proceedings closed with a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Fairbanks, for the zeal and perseverance displayed in promoting this great work, which was feelingly and suitably acknowledged.—*N. S.*

An abstract of the proceedings of the House of Assembly will be given in our next.

To our Correspondents.—Communications have been received from 'Comus' 'Delta' 'Aleph,' and 'S. E.' Bridgetown. They will receive due attention.

#### MARRIED.

At Old Barns, Truro, on the 30th January, by the Rev. Daniel McCurdy, Mr. William P. Archibald, to Miss Mary Jane Gunley, both of Truro.

At Truro, on the 1st February, by the same, Mr. James Newell, of Wallace, to Miss Mary Jane Nicoles, of Truro.

On the 28th of January, at Little River, by the Rev. Thomas C. Leaver, Mr. Michael Myers, to Miss Margaret Talbot, eldest daughter of Mr. John Talbot.

#### DIED.

On Tuesday night, in the 78th year of his age, Rev. John Burton. At Brookfield, on the 20th January, Mr. William Hamilton, aged 80 years, the last of the first settlers of that place, leaving a widow and a numerous family to lament his loss. In the Pools' Asylum, David Heffy, aged 10 years, a native of Ireland.

#### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

##### ARRIVED.

Sunday, schr. Breeze, Palmeter, St. John's N. F. 6 days, ballast to D. & E. Starr, & Co. Passengers, Capt. Clark late of the brig. Ann, Capt. King, late of the schr. Emerald, sold at Fortumb Bay, and 17 in the steerage: Eliza Downey, St. John's, N. F. via, Arichat, 10 days; fish, bread, wine, &c. to H. Bazalgette and Creighton & Grassie.

Monday, Brig Pearl, West, Kingston, Jamaica.

Tuesday, brig Acadian, Lane, Boston, 3 days, flour, &c. to John Clark; brig. Pictou, Williams, do. 5 days, rice, tar, &c. to W. Donaldson.

Wednesday, Schr. Mary, Power, Fortune Bay, N. F. 6 days, bringing to G. Handley.



## KITCHEN COUNSEL.

**COFFEE.**—Coffee was first brought to England in 1652. It was only prepared and sold for a long time, at first, at taverns; from which circumstance they acquired the name of "Coffee Houses." These soon became the resort of literary men and politicians; and on this account, more than from any hostility to the berry itself, it was that these houses were all shut up by royal edict in 1675. Previously to the introduction of tea and coffee into England, the people were accustomed to drink beer and wine; but their use had long been known in the East. The Chinese were the first who prepared tea, and the following anecdote will show that they are at least as whimsical as we, while it proves that the virtues attributed to tea are either imaginary, or may be found in many plants in our own country, whose cheapness has prevented them from being noticed. When the Dutch first visited China, they could not obtain their tea without disbursing money; but on their second voyage, they carried a great quantity of dried sage, and bartered it with the Chinese, at the rate of one pound of sage for three or four pounds of tea; but at length the Dutch could not procure a sufficient quantity of sage to supply the demand.

The following are some of the rules laid down for preparing this agreeable beverage:—

1. The best coffee is imported from Mocha. It is said to owe much of its superior quality to being kept long.

Coffee of all kinds should be carefully roasted by a gradual application of heat—scorching, but not burning it. Grinding coffee has been found preferable to pounding it: by the latter process some of the oily substances are lost. A filtering tin or silver pot, with double sides, between which hot water must be poured, to prevent the coffee from cooling, as practised in Germany, is the best machine to be used. Simple infusion in this implement, with boiling water, is all that is required to make a cup of good coffee and the use of isinglass, the white of eggs, or fish-skin, to fine the liquor, is quite unnecessary. By this means coffee is made quicker than tea.

It requires about one small cup of coffee-powder to make four cups of tincture. This is at the rate of an ounce of good powder to four common coffee cups. When the powder is put in the bag, as many cups of boiling water are poured over it as may be wanted; and if the quantity wanted is very small, so that, after it is filtrated, it does not reach the lower end of the bag, the liquor must be poured back three or four times, till it has acquired the necessary strength.

2. Let it be burnt in a close vessel, at a moderate heat, till it becomes quite black.

Let the coffee be ground or pulverized very fine, and pour hot water upon that portion which is designed for the morning or evening, and let it stand twelve hours before it is used. During the process of steeping, be careful not to raise the degree of heat to the point of boiling. Coffee prepared in this manner has a much richer and more agreeable taste than when it is cooked in the usual way; and for this reason:—Nearly all the aromatic, volatile principle, which resides in it in its natural state, and which adds very much to its pleasant flavor, is retained; whereas, if it is subjected to a high boiling heat a few moments, this ingredient is thrown off with the steam or vapor, and nothing remains but the grounds and more inferior qualities of the coffee.

Coffee has been repeatedly examined by chemists, both in its raw and roasted state. Several ingredients enter into its composition, such as resin, gum, a bitter extractive matter, gallic acid, etc. When it is roasted, a peculiar change takes place in its constituent parts, and if great care be not taken in the burning and steeping, the volatile particles will be dissipated and lost.

3. In making coffee, much care is requisite to extract the whole strength and flavor of the berry; and moreover it is very erroneous and most expensive to sweeten it with raw or moist sugar. Many persons imagine that the moist sugar tends more to sweeten; but if experiment be made, it will be found that one half the quantity in weight of refined sugar will add more sweetness, and the flavor of the coffee will be much more pure and delicate. In Holland, where coffee is the universal beverage of the lower classes, the sugar cannot be too refined; and the boatmen on the canals may be seen mixing the most beautiful white refined sugar with their coffee, while on such their custom and taste they pride themselves highly.

The seeds of grapes are generally used, in Germany, as a substitute for coffee, and they make a very excellent substitute. When pressed, they yield a quantity of oil, and afterwards, when boiled furnish a liquid very similar to that produced by coffee. Its flavor is delicious.

**RICE BREAD.**—Take one pound of rice, and boil it gently to a thick paste, which, when mixed with the usual quantity of yeast, will be sufficient to make 5 lbs of wheat or barley meal into a dough. When risen, bake it in the usual way. The London Chronicle says that this mixture with wheat or barley will produce a very great increase of food.

**APPLE BREAD.**—A Frenchman has invented, and practised with great success, a method of making bread with common apples, very far superior to potato bread.

After having boiled one third of peeled apples, he bruised them while quite warm into two thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of yeast, and kneaded the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being quite sufficient. When the mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to rise for twelve hours. By this process he obtained a very excellent bread, full of eyes, and extremely palatable and light.

**SWEET APPLE PUDDING.**—Take one pint of scalding milk, half a pint of Indian meal, a tea-spoonful of salt, and six sweet apples cut into small pieces, and bake not less than three hours: the apples will afford an excellent rich jelly. This is truly one of the most luxurious yet simple Yankee puddings made.

**CREAM CAKES.**—A quart of cream; four eggs; sifted flour sufficient for a thick batter; a small teaspoonful of pearlash or saleratus; a spoonful of salt. Beat four eggs very light, and stir them by degrees (a little at a time) into a quart of cream; add gradually enough of sifted flour to make a thick batter: put in the salt; dissolve the pearlash in as much vinegar as will cover it, and stir it into the mixture. Bake it in muffin-rings. Send the cakes to the table quite hot; pull them open, and butter them.

For these cakes, sour cream is better than sweet. The pearlash will remove the acidity, and the batter will be improved in lightness.

**GINGER SIRUP.**—Take one pound of race ginger; beat it into small pieces in a mortar. Lay them in a pan, cover them with water, and let them soak all night. Next day, take the ginger, with the water in which it has soaked, put it into a preserving-kettle, with two-gallons of water, and boil it down to seven pints. Let it settle, and then strain it through muslin. Put one pound of loaf sugar to each pint of the liquor. After the sugar has melted in the liquor, return it to the kettle, and boil it one hour more, skimming it well. When cold, bottle it for use.

**POTATOES A LA MAITRE D'HOTEL.**—Every Englishman who goes to the continent eats potatoes *a la maitre d'hotel*. On his return, he is desirous of having them at his own table; a thing that can seldom be accomplished, though the process of preparing them is very simple. It is as follows:—Boil the potatoes, and let them become cold. Then cut them into rather thick slices. Put a lump of fresh butter in a stew-pan, and add a little flour, about a teaspoonful for a middling sized dish.—When the flour has boiled a little while in the butter, add by degrees a cupful of broth or water.—When this has boiled up, put in the potatoes with chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Let the potatoes stew a few minutes, then take them from the fire, and, when quite off the boil, add the yolk of an egg beat up with lemon juice, and a tablespoonful of cold water. As soon as the sauce has set, the potatoes may be dished up, and sent to table.—*Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

**WATERY POTATOES.**—We every day hear complaints about watery potatoes. Put into the pot a piece of lime as large as a hen's egg; and how watery soever the potatoes may have been, when the water is poured off, the potatoes will be perfectly dry and mealy.

**WINTER BUTTER.**—An idea prevails very extensively, that good butter cannot be made in the winter. This is a great mistake. Where the process is well understood, as fine butter is made in the depths of winter, as at any season of the year. By pursuing the following course, the matter will be accomplished:—Let the cows be kept under cover in a warm stable, well fed with the best hay and provender, and milked regularly morning and evening. Place the milk in pans, in as cold a place as may be found about the dairy house; the sooner it freezes, the better. As soon as it is frozen thoroughly, take the cream from the top—the frost will force the cream to the surface—and churn it with no other warmth than the air of the kitchen at the distance of eight or ten feet from the fire-place. It requires more time to fetch the butter than in summer; but when brought, it will be of the finest flavor and quality.—*N. Y. Adv.*

**BAD BUTTER.**—It may be useful to grocers, as well as to private families, to know that had butter, so bad as to be scarcely eatable or salable, may be restored to its original quality, by washing it in water sufficiently warm to make it dissolve freely in the hand, until the old salt is washed out, and by then adding the proper quantity of new salt, and about one ounce of fine moist sugar to the pound. Beat it up till it is free from water, and it will be perfectly good.

**CHIMNEYS.**—Instead of plastering the inside of chimneys in the usual way, take mortar made with one peck of suit to each bushel of lime, adding as much sand and loam as will render it fit to work, and then lay on a thick coat. If the chimney has no offsets for the soot to lodge on, it will continue perfectly clean and free from all danger of taking fire. The writer of this has tried the experiment, and after three years' constant use of a chimney plastered as above directed, he could never obtain a quart of soot though he several times employed a sweep to scrape it from top to bottom. To persons living in the country, this will be found valuable.

**RICE COOKING.**—1st. The rice must be thoroughly scrubbed and rinsed in several waters, until the floury particles, which are often sour or rusty, are entirely removed.

2d. A handful of salt should be thrown into a pot of water, which must boil before the rice is sprinkled in.

3d. The rice should be boiled steadily twelve minutes by the watch; the water should then be poured off, and the pot covered and set close to the fire to steam for ten minutes.

Thus prepared, and eaten with gravy, milk, butter, etc., rice is one of the most digestible articles of food in nature; but if, on the contrary, it be badly cooked, few substances are more apt to disorder the alimentary system.

**LEATHER WATER-PROOF.**—Mix together a quarter of a pound of mutton tallow, three ounces of common turpentine, one ounce of shellac, and an ounce of beeswax. Make the leather perfectly dry and warm, and rub in this mixture as warm as possible, and repeat the operation every other day for three or four times successively.

## A SUITABLE NEW YEAR'S-GIFT.

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PRICE 2s: neatly bound in silk. A New Companion to the Altar: or Sacramental Exercises, chiefly in the language of the Holy Scriptures: Intended to furnish the Christian Communicant with a profitable spiritual exercise, during the period of the dispensation of the Divine ordinance, by W. F. Teulon. To be had at the respective Book-stores in Town.

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To be sold at Private Sale the following highly valuable Real Estate,

**ALL** the DWELLING HOUSE, Lot of Land and appurtenances formerly owned and occupied by the late Hon. James Fraser, deceased, consisting of the dwelling house and Lot fronting in Water street, measuring forty six feet six inches in front by one hundred and thirty six feet in depth—also the lot of land in rear thereof, fronting westwardly on Argyle street, and measuring in front sixty three feet by sixty four in depth. These premises will be sold either together or in separate Lots, at the desire of purchasers.

Also, The Warehouse and buildings formerly occupied by Messrs Fraser and Co. as a store and counting house, situate in the middle range of buildings on Marchington's Wharf, adjoining the property of the late John Barron.

Also, a lot of ground in the south range of Marchington's wharf, adjoining the Ordnance property, measuring twenty two feet in front by twenty six feet in depth.

The terms and particulars may be known on application at the office of the Subscriber, who is authorized to treat for the sale of the above premises.

February 2.

JAMES F. GRAY.

## COOKING AND FRANKLIN STOVES.

EX. SCHR. NEPTUNE, FROM BOSTON.

THE Subscriber has received by the above Vessel, a consignment of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, which he can confidently recommend as superior to any thing of the kind lately imported.

Wm. M. ALLAN.

He has also on hand—Punchons Demerara Rum, lbs Prime Sugar, Cognac Brandy in qr. casks, Marsala Wine in do.; chests, fine Congo and Bohea Tea, 160 M. prime Havana Cigars.

Black's Wharf.

January 6th, 1838.

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ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 25. 1837.—Cw.

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Boxes first quality Eau de Cologne,  
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A few handsome bird Cages, &c. &c.

LOWES & CREIGHTON.

January 6th, 1838.

4w

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