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I AM NEVER ALONE.

LINES BY LADY J—S.

I am never alone at early dawn,
When the lark pours her gushing notes on high;
When the diamond dew-drop gems the lawn,
And the daisy opens her tearful eye:
I am never alone!—with fragrant hair,
The spirit of the first sweet hour is there!

In one glad prelude our songs arise—
“Thanks be to God for the earth and skies;
For the early dawn, the glittering dews,
The heaven of song, the glow of hues;
The life, the light, the love we share;—
Thanks for the thoughts of praise and prayer!”

I am never alone at warm noon-day,
When the breeze is drunk by the scorching heat;
When the lark hath hushed her thrilling lay,
And the flower shut up her odours sweet:
I am never alone!—for near me lies
The spirit of woods, with deep dark eyes;
And my heart is stilled as flower and bird,
For my soul that spirit of woods hath heard.

In low soft murmurs the sounds arise—
“Thanks be to God for the earth and skies;
For the glowing noon, the cooling glade,
For the sweets of rest, the calm of shade;
For the life, the love, the peace we share;—
Thanks for the thoughts of praise and prayer!”

I am never alone at evening's close,
When the twittering birds bid earth good-night;
When the insect hums round the laurel-rose,
And the bat flits low in the gray twilight:
I am never alone!—on bended knee,
The spirit of night doth pray with me.

THE WILL.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

No two persons were ever more unlike each other than were old Richard Symmons and his brother James. Richard was the pattern of what we are accustomed to call a “true English heart,” and his looks bore out the character well. A ruddy countenance, open as day, with locks almost entirely white, hanging around it like snow around a Christmas rose, and an erect, firmly-knit frame, formed the material case in which was enclosed as kind and generous a spirit as ever existed. Very different from the hale, hearty appearance of his brother, was that of James Symmons, and as different were his mind and character. James was a hunk, a curmudgeon, a miser; so, at least, said the whole village of Springwell, and the village had known him long, and formed its judgment from deeds as well as looks. Shrivelled, shrunken, squalid in aspect, James might be compared to a bottle of thin beer that time had soured into vinegar, whereas Richard, like more generous liquor, had only been mellowed and improved by age. James's pinching parsimony, it was said, had broken his wife's heart, and had driven his son, his only child, to the door—to wander over the earth, it may be a homeless outcast.

But these latter matters were partially forgotten at the time we write of, having passed a good many years before. As time had run on, the peculiarities of James Symmons had not become softened, but, on the contrary, increased in strength as he grew older. Though he had amassed considerable property, he lived in the meanest and most wretched way, keeping house, or rather hovel, alone, and denying himself even the necessaries of life. Most unlike this was Richard's way of living. He had been in business, had earned for himself a comfortable competency, and he enjoyed it in comfort. Richard had never been married, but he was not, therefore, without a family; for he had taken to his home and heart a widowed sister, who had been suddenly thrown destitute upon the world by her husband's death. And this sister had a daughter, who became the apple of old Richard's eye. She had come to his care a child, and each succeeding year, as she shot up into comely womanhood, had bound her more firmly to the good man's love. As she tripped up and down his dwelling, his affectionate eye followed her light and graceful motion with delight, and it was his chiefest pleasure to select for her with his own hands all those little adornments which he thought would become and gratify her. Then would he say, as her pretty rosy lips thanked him with a kiss on such occasions, “Ah, Luce! I am just giving thee a staff to break my own head. Thou look'st so handsome now with that bonnet and those ribbons, that all the young sparks must fall in love with thee. And what would thy poor old uncle Dick do without thee, girl?”

At other times he would aver, in the fulness of his heart, to his special crony the schoolmaster, as they sat with a mug of ale and the backgammon board before them, that his “Luce was fit to be a duchess, and that she had repaid what he had done for her a thousand times over and over; though he had done nothing but his duty, by his poor sister and her child, neither.”

But the worthy old man fell ill—became sick almost unto death. Illness was a thing Richard had scarcely known in his lifetime, and the attack reminded him forcibly of what health too often makes men forget, namely, the necessity of arranging his affairs so that things might go as he wished after his death. His property lay chiefly in houses, and he wished to give his sister a life-tenure of part of that property, and to constitute his niece ultimate heir to all. Without a will, this disposition of the property could not be made, as Richard's brother, who was heir-at-law, would otherwise be entitled to all. Richard had no enmity at his “poor miserable” brother, as he called the parsimonious James, but he knew that the latter had much more wealth of his own, than he ever could, or would use. Accordingly to provide for his dear Lucy and her mother, was Richard's object, and in order to accomplish this, the schoolmaster's talents were put in requisition: for the schoolmaster, as is the case with his class in almost every parish in England, was a will-maker—at least he had acted in that capacity frequently, and the honest man thought himself very perfect in the calling. To attain perfection in it, indeed, after this fashion of going to work, was no very difficult matter. He had one form for all cases; and, accordingly, when Richard Symmons communicated his wishes to him, the schoolmaster drew up a will agreeably to this form. According to his friend's wish, the schoolmaster himself was nominated executor—a post which he held in nine out of ten of all the will-cases with which he had to do.

When the schoolmaster came to old Richard's bed-room with the will, to have it signed and witnessed, Lucy sat by her kind uncle's bed-side, and, to use the beautiful language of Shakespeare,

—like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, “What luck you?” and, “Where lies your grief?”
Or, “What good love may I perform for you?”

Her mother also was in the room, engaged in knitting what she hoped her brother would yet live to wear. Neither she nor Lucy knew of the commission which Richard had given to the schoolmaster; and when it was communicated to them, they were moved to tears, partly of gratitude and partly of affectionate anxiety. “Oh! dear uncle,” sobbed Lucy, “you will be spared to us yet!” “A little while, perhaps, Luce darling,” said the old man calmly, “but not long—not long now. The blow has been given, and the first high wind will bring down the tree. But come, let us have this matter settled, and I will be easy in mind.” The invalid signed the will, and, under the directions of the schoolmaster, Lucy and her mother put their names to it, along with his own, as witnesses.

After the completion of this deed, Richard lived several weeks in the enjoyment of tolerable health. But a second attack, of the same nature as the first, terminated his days. The schoolmaster, as executor, spared Lucy and her mother the painful task of directing the funeral ceremonies. For the first time for many years, James Symmons entered his brother's house, on the occasion of the burial. He had become more squalid and haggard than ever, and though evidently verging rapidly to the grave, still grasped at wealth with as keen a hand as ever. Some thought they observed on his countenance gleams of wild eagerness breaking at times, as if unconsciously, through the show of gravity which he wore, as he followed his brother to the tomb. Certain it is, that his disappointment was obvious to every one present when the will of the deceased was read, though all the village anticipated the destination of the property. The countenance of the miser fell when he heard the deed gone over, his knees shook, and he glared with his dark cunning eyes on the innocent inheritors, as if they had robbed him of his treasure. He had so much self-restraint as not to break out into abuse, but he would partake of nothing with the other friends of the family, and left the house with a drooping head, and with mutterings upon his lips. His character and peculiarities were too well known to his widowed sister and his niece for them to feel surprise at his behaviour.

About a week after the funeral, the schoolmaster, in his capacity of executor, waited on Lucy's mother, and informed her that it would be necessary to prove the will in the Prerogative Court, and proposed that she and Lucy should go with him to a friend of his, an attorney, in order to get the matter completed.

Of course this proposal was immediately acceded to. On reaching the attorney's chambers, the special will of Richard Symmons, drawn up and signed as already mentioned, was shown to the legal practitioner. He had not looked at it a few minutes, when he discovered it to be totally useless and invalid! By the established law of England, every devise, in such a will, to an attesting witness, is void, and of no avail. Lucy and her mother were placed in this position through the consummate ignorance of the person who had undertaken to be their guide in the matter. When the attorney, with a grave face and kindly tone, intimated this sad error, the heart of the poor widow sank within her, as she looked at her daughter, and as the recollection of the heir-at-law's character came across her mind. And, for the schoolmaster, who was really a worthy, kind-hearted man, his self-accusations were bitter exceedingly. But he tried to re-assure himself and his friends with the hope that the flaw would never be known, and that, if it were known, James Symmons could not be so cruel and unjust as to take away what undeniably was his deceased brother's wish to give to those who now had it. The attorney shook his head at the latter observation of the schoolmaster, and said, that “secrecy, to say the least of it, was much the stronger hope of the two.” To the preservation of silence on the subject, he at once pledged himself, and trusted that the flaw might not be heard of. The schoolmaster then departed with Lucy and her mother, all three, it must be confessed, somewhat depressed in spirits by the unexpected intelligence which had been conveyed to them. Lucy's heart, already sad for the loss of her kind uncle, was now still more saddened by the fear of her mother's having to encounter hardships in her declining years. The mother, again, was grieved at the thought of the effect which the discovery would have upon the prosperity of her daughter's whole life. And self-reproach was busy in the breast of the schoolmaster.

Alas! evil news spread fast. Whether James Symmons had himself observed the circumstance of the signatures at the reading of the will, and had afterwards discovered the legal consequences, or whether some other person had detected the error, and promulgated it, we are unable to say. But the flaw did come to the knowledge of James Symmons, and the cold-hearted miser, regardless of his brother's undeniable wishes, lost not a moment in taking advantage of it. The widow, within a few days after her own discovery of the fact, received a letter from an agent employed by her mean and cruel brother, which informed her that Mr. Symmons having learned that the will of the late Richard Symmons was improperly executed, was resolved to claim restitution of his just and legal rights as heir-at-law. The letter concluded with a base hint that the will had been extorted from Richard by improper influence. This was the only colour which the miser could invent for his unnatural proceedings.

On receipt of this communication, the widow again visited the attorney alluded to, and consulted him respecting the probable issue of a legal attempt to oppose the claims of James Symmons. The attorney candidly told her that he believed all men would allow the intentions of the testator to be correctly represented by the will, but that these intentions most certainly had not been made good in such a way as to stand a contest in court. Lucy's mother returned to her home, with the intention of giving all up to the greedy claimant, as soon as the few moveables which were her own could be taken away, and some arrangements made for providing herself and her child with another home. This resolution once taken, and notified to James Symmons, her mind became more easy, and the cheerful Lucy soon lightened her mother's heart still more, by detailing all her little plans for their mutual sustenance and comfort in future.

A few days passed over, and the widow and her daughter were seated in a humble dwelling in a retired corner of Springwell, and Lucy had taken in needle-work. They had removed in the morning from the late Richard's house. But let us leave them, cheerful and resigned, and turn to the miser. This day he has added another half, at least, to his wealth, and still he is in his old wretched hovel. Though the night is one of winter, he has no fire, but he lies in bed with his clothes on, and all the rags in his possession heaped above him to keep him warm. Yet this night all will not do, for he shivers incessantly. Ever and anon, however, the thought of his newly acquired wealth sends something like a glow through him. Lying in bed saves candles; this is also a part of his creed. Has he no remorse for turning a sister and her child to the door? It is hard to say what are his thoughts; but of late days he has seemed excited, though apparently more with joy than with any other feeling. But, hark! there is a tap

at his door. It is unheeded, and, in consequence, is repeated again and again. At last the miser cries, "Who is there?" "It is I—I am seeking shelter—do you not know me?" "You can get no shelter here, whoever you are!" returns James Symmons. "Father, do you not know me? It is I, Charles Symmons—your son!" There was silence for a time, within, until the same words were repeated, when the miser growled, "Go away—I do not know you—I do not believe you!" "Father," cried the voice without, "the night is very cold, and I am in want of shelter. You surely know my voice. Open the door, and you will see that I am Charles!" "Whoever you are, go away," cried the inmate in still huskier tones; "you can get nothing here." After a few more words, the colloquy ended, and all was again silent.

On the following morning, a young man, genteely dressed, and with his handsome countenance deeply browned by sun and air, called at the dwelling of the widow and her daughter. As soon as the latter saw the stranger, a glow of surprise and pleasure rushed over her cheeks, and she sprang forward a step with extended arms—but checked herself. The stranger, however, made the rest of the advance, and caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Cousin Charles!" exclaimed Lucy. "Ay, ay, Luce," cried the young man, as he gave the same salutation to her mother; "you used to say you could know me a mile or two off when we were children, but I think you had some doubt just now." Warm was the welcome which the youth received from his aunt and Lucy, for, when a boy, he had always been a great favourite with them, and was wont to fly from his own unhappy home to theirs for peace. He told them his story; he had been in the West Indies, and had been prosperous. He himself was the first to enter upon the disagreeable subject of his father's conduct, which had been detailed to him by the landlord of the inn, where he had slept. His visit at night to his father was also described to them; "he had gone," he said, "to try if his father would permit him to be a son to him, but had found his heart as jealous, as cold, and as hard as ever," though the circumstances under which the appeal was made were purposely chosen as the likeliest to have moved his heart. "But fear not, cousin Luce," said he; "thou shalt have all I have, though it is not much after all—but thy mother and thou shall be comfortable. And who knows, but, when he sees me in the light of day, the old man may relent after all?"

He did not relent. Things were so ordered that it could not be. When the old woman who had brought him a light every morning for more than ten years, entered his abode on the morning after the occurrence related, the miserable man was dead—cold as ice. An inquest, which sat upon his body, declared him to have died with cold, though it is probable that sickness of some kind or other had a share in the production of the event. However this may be, it excited a mighty sensation among the villagers of Springwell, who, as usual, preferred to give a supernatural rather than a natural solution of the occurrence, and connected it with the legalised outrage of feeling which he had on the preceding day committed.

His death turned the fortune of his kind old brother once more into the right channel, for Charles Symmons, was not a moment at ease until he had seen Lucy and her mother reinstated in Richard's comfortable mansion. As to the other points—Charles married his sweet cousin Lucy, and the junction of the two properties put them, as the saying is, "above the world." We are happy to have it in our power, also, to record one other fact of importance. The worthy schoolmaster suffered so much in mind from his share in the misfortune that befell Richard Symmons's last testament, that he resolutely declined will-making in future, and advised all parties who made application to him on the subject to betake themselves to men who had fitted themselves by their study of the law to be advisers in such matters. We strongly recommend a similar forbearance to all his brethren who wield parochial ferules, and we also counsel all who wish to leave wills behind them, drawn up in unimpeachable correctness, to remember this true story. It is not always that the mischiefs incident upon such mistakes are thus happily obviated.

[From Leitch Ritchie's Journey to Russia.]

TERRIBLE ACHIEVEMENT.

The church of St. Peter and St. Paul is remarkable for its spire, the loftiest in St. Petersburg.

An anecdote connected with this church, and not known, I believe, out of Russia, is too remarkable to be omitted. The spire, which rises

—"lofty, and light, and small,"

is terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which an angel stands, supporting a large cross. This angel, less respected by the weather than perhaps its holy character deserved, fell into disrepair, and some suspicions were entertained that he designed to revisit, uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and at length the government became seriously perplexed.—To raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost more money than all the angels out of heaven were worth—and a meditating fruitlessly on these circumstances, without being

able to resolve how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.

Among the crowd of gazers below, who daily turned their eyes and their thoughts towards the angel, was a mijick called Telouchkine. This man was a roofer of houses, and his speculations by degrees, assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented a surface to the eye as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouchkine knew that the sheets of copper were not uniformly closed upon each other; and above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which protected from the sides of the spire.

Having meditated upon these circumstances until his mind was made up, the mijick went to the government, offered to repair the angel without scaffolding, and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labour. The offer was accepted, for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouchkine provided with nothing but a coil of ropes, ascended the spire in the interior, to the window. Here he looked at the multitude of people below, and at the glittering "needle," as it is called, tapering far above his head. But his heart did not fail him, and stepping gravely out on the window, he set about his task.

He cut a portion of the cord in the form of two large stirrups, with a loop at each end—the upper loops to be fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head, and placed his feet in the others. Then digging the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the sheets of copper, he raised up on his stirrups on the other hand, so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on the part of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, and stirrup by stirrup, until his starting post was scarcely distinguishable from the burnished surface, and the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled in his embrace until he could clasp it round.

So far, so well. But he now reached the ball, a globe of between nine and ten feet in circumference. The angel, the object of the visit, was above the ball, and concealed from his view by the smooth, round and glittering expanse. Only fancy the man at that moment turning up his grave eyes and grave beard to an object that seemed to defy the daring and ingenuity of man.

But Telouchkine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty; and the means by which he essayed to surmount it, exhibited the same prodigious simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, and girding the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his waist, and, so supported, he leaned gradually back, until the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of cord over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial it fell in the required direction, and he saw the end hanging down on the opposite side.

To draw himself up in his original position, to fasten the cord firmly around the globe, and with the assistance of this auxiliary, to climb to the summit, were now an easy part of his task; and in a few minutes more Telouchkine stood by the side of the angel, and listened to the sudden shout that burst like thunder from the crowd below, yet came to his ear like a faint yet hollow murmur.

LOVE OF MONEY.

By Capt. Marryatt.

'Gold!—gold! for thee, what will not man attempt?—for thee, to what degradation will he not submit?—for thee, what will he not risk in this world, or prospectively in the next?—Industry is rewarded by thee; enterprise is supported by thee; crime is cherished, and heaven itself is bartered for thee, thou powerful auxiliary of the devil! one temper was sufficient for the fall of man; but thou wert added that he ne'er might rise again.

Survey the empire of India; calculate the millions of acres, the billions with which it is peopled, and then pause while you ask yourself the question—how is it that a company of merchants claim it as their own? by what means did it come into their possession?

Honestly, they will reply. Honestly! you went there as supplicants; you were received with kindness and hospitality, and your request was granted, by which you obtained a footing on the soil. Now you are lords of countless acres, masters of millions, who live or perish as you will; receivers of enormous tribute.—Why, how is this?

Honestly, again you say; by treaty, by surrender, by taking from those who would have destroyed us, the means of doing injury. Honestly! say it again, that heaven may register, and hell may chuckle at your barefaced, impudent assertion.

No! by every breach of faith which could disgrace an infidel; by every act of cruelty which could disgrace our nature; by extortion, by rapine, by injustice, by mockery of all laws, human or divine. The thirst for gold, and a golden country, led you on; and in these scorching regions you have raised the devil on his throne, and worshipped him in his proud pre-eminence as Mammon.

Let us think. Is not the thirst for gold a temptation to which our natures are doomed to be subjected—part of the ordeal which we have to pass? or why is it that there never is sufficient?

It appears to be ordained by Providence that this metal, obtained from the earth to feed the avarice of man, should again return to it. If all the precious ore which for a series of ages has been raised from the dark mine were now in tangible existence, how trifling would be its value! how inadequate as a medium of exchange for the other productions of nature, or of art! if all the diamonds and other precious stones which have been collected from the decomposed rocks, (for hard as they once were like all sublunary matter, they too yield to time,) why, if all were remaining on the earth, the frolic gambols of the May-Day sweep would shake about those gems, which now are to be found in profusion only where rank and beauty pay homage to the thrones of kings. Arts and manufactures consume a large proportion of the treasures of the mine, and as the objects fall into decay, so does the metal return to the earth again. But it is in eastern climes, where it is collected that it soonest disappears. Where the despot reigns, and the knowledge of an individual's wealth is sufficient warranty to seal his doom, it is to the care of the silent earth alone that the possessor will commit his treasures; he trusts not to relation or to friend, for gold is too powerful for human ties. It is but on his death-bed that he imparts the secret of his deposit to those he leaves behind him; often called away before he has time to make it known, reserving the fond secret till too late; still clinging to life, and all that makes life dear to him. Often does the communication made from the couch of death, in half-articulated words, prove so imperfect, that the knowledge of its existence is of no avail unto his intended heirs; and thus it is, that millions return again to the earth from which they have been gathered with such toil. What avarice has dug up, avarice buries again; perhaps in future ages to be regained by labor, when, from the chemical powers of eternal and mysterious nature, they have again been filtered through the indurated earth, and re-assumed the form and the appearance of the metal which has lain in darkness since the creation of the world.

Is not this part of the grand principle of the universe? the eternal cycle of reproduction and decay, pervading all and every thing, blindly contributed to by the folly and the wickedness of man? 'So far shalt thou go, but no farther,' was the fiat; and, arrived at the prescribed limit, we must commence again. At this moment intellect has seized upon the seven-league boots of the fable, which fitted every body that drew them on; and strides over the universe. How soon, as on the decay of the Roman empire, may all the piles of learning which human endeavors would rear as a tower of Babel to scale the heavens, disappear, leaving but fragments to future generations, as proofs of pre-existent knowledge! Whether we refer to nature or to art, to knowledge or to power, to accumulation or destruction, bounds have been prescribed which man can never pass, guarded as they are by the same unerring and unseen Power, which threw the planets from his hand, to roll in their appointed orbits. All appeals are confused below, but all is clear in heaven.—*Newton Forster.*

THE ANNUALS.—We honestly acknowledge that we sat down to the examination of these volumes with no favourable feelings. There has been so much trash vended under the name of Annuals, that we were disposed to condemn the whole tribe as worthless. Our gravity has frequently been disturbed by the inane pretensions and sickly sentimentalism of these publications, and we have resolved again and again to put them under our ban. We have regretted their popularity as indicative of a vitiated state of the public mind, and hoped that the time would speedily come, when works of a more substantial character would be substituted in their place. Yet we critics, grave and solemn as we love to be thought, are constituted like most other people. Our sternness relaxes, and our resolutions are forgotten, as we gaze on the beautiful embellishments of these volumes. The fascinations of art are thrown around us, and we begin to think that there is something extravagant and absurd in the wish we had entertained, that these light, bewitching publications, shall be discountenanced. Men cannot always be grave—much less is it to be expected that juvenile readers should confine themselves to profound treatises, scientific dissertations, or the sober narrative of history. It would be vain to attempt so to restrict them, nor would any good be effected were the effort successful. We will, therefore, lay aside our prejudices, in order faithfully to report on the works before us.—*Eclectic Review.*

BIRTH, PARENTAGE AND EDUCATION OF A BOOK.—The following twenty-five occupations are engaged in the production of a single book—"The author, the rag-merchant, the paper-maker, the stationer, the quill-dresser, the ink-maker, the type-founder, the press-maker, the roller-maker, the chase-maker, the pressman, the compositor, the reader, the folder, the gatherer, the sticher, the twine-maker: the thread-merchant, the leather-seller, the binder, the coppersmith, the designer, the engraver, the copper-plate printer, and the bookseller."

CAUSES OF DISEASE.

BY PROFESSOR SMITH.

The following extracts from Professor Alban G. Smith's admirable lecture, before the "College of Physicians and Surgeons of the State of New-York," will be read with much interest.

VEGETABLE DIET.—"It has been maintained by some men, distinguished for learning and research, that vegetable diet is most conducive to health. It seems singular that such men should advocate a doctrine of this kind in these enlightened—these Christian days. That such principles should have been taught in the olden times by a Braminical priest, or a Pythagoras, is not so wonderful, considering that the first belonged to a superstitious priesthood, whose doctrines were founded in error; and that the latter, although wise in the wisdom of his day, was evidently a wild theorist, who thought, by perverting the laws of nature, he might change man from a bloodthirsty animal to a lover of peace. Hence he taught,

"That man should ever be the friend of man;
Should view with tenderness all living forms—
His brother emmets and his sister worms."

"That such a doctrine should gain proselytes at the present time, when experience is the basis on which philosophers build systems of Hygiene is strange indeed. Does not the experience of every physician prove that nothing would deteriorate the human constitution more than an exclusive adherence to vegetable diet? What physician is there that does not know the necessity of rich animal food for the feeble and cachectic patient? Examine our medical journals, and see the experience of those attached to orphan asylums, and institutions of charity. Do they not tell you that the prevalence of scrofulous diseases could only be checked by the introduction of a larger allowance of animal food and nourishing drinks? I have myself known numerous instances of large families of badly-fed negroes swept off by a prevailing epidemic, while their neighbours, who were well supplied with meat, would almost entirely escape; and it is well known to many intelligent planters in the south, that the best method of preventing that horrible malady, *Cachexia Africana*, is to feed the negroes with nutritious food. I have sent several consumptive patients to the Rocky Mountains, where they were compelled to live entirely on animal food, and they have returned well, notwithstanding the low temperature of the climate. Take from the Laplander or the Esquimaux his oil and his blubber, and feed him upon roots, and he is no longer able to endure the chilling blast of his native clime."

FRESH AIR, EXERCISE AND LIGHT.—"The want of fresh air, exercise, and light, are active agents in the production of scrofulous diathesis.

"This we have powerfully illustrated in the manufacturing districts of Europe. One of the most afflicting instances I have known of the injurious effects of bad air, is to be found in the account given of the silk-manufactories of the sultan, at Constantinople. These factories are very damp, under ground, where the light of the sun is excluded. The labour is mostly performed by the children; and it is stated that few arrive at the age of manhood, and nearly all of them become afflicted with some loathsome scrofulous affection.

"I could bring innumerable facts in illustration of this point, but every practitioner knows the difficulty of treating disease in the crowded, low, and filthy parts of the city.

"Examine our bills of mortality, and see how many deaths there are among children, whose diseases arise from a close, unhealthy atmosphere. Even those of us who inhabit comfortable and airy apartments in open and elevated parts of the city, can sensibly feel the invigorating influence of a ride to Harlem, or an excursion to Hoboken or Staten Island.

"How can you expect to enjoy a cheerful mind, and a body free from pain, when breathing air that has been robbed of its vitalizing properties by a thousand lungs! It cannot give health and vigour to a frame that has to perform so many complicated offices.

"A sedentary life is a promoter of this diathesis, the animal economy having been arranged by its Creator for a life of activity.

"Constant excitement lessens nutrition, and impairs the powers of the digestive functions. Hence females and literary persons, often induce debility and sickness, from too close application to their pursuits."

USE OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.—"Another source of this vitiation is the intemperate use of spirituous liquors; and although the lion-like eloquence of a Beecher has thundered its horrid consequences into the ears of our nation, in a language as loud and convincing as the roaring cannon; and many others of our luminaries and philanthropists have drawn pictures of its destructive and poisonous influence, that makes the heart bleed with compassion and sympathy; portraying in glowing colours the wretchedness which invariably follows the footsteps of this underminer of our nation's prosperity—this vitiator of human thought—yet I cannot forbear to call to your recollection some of those thousands of miserable scrofulous children, who people our orphan-asylums and poor-houses, and exhibit in our streets spectacles of beggary and decrepitude, from which we start with horror. I must needs

point you to the widowed mother, who added to her want and poverty, is obliged to toil day and night to obtain a scanty maintenance for a family of cachectic children, the progeny of a drunken father, or to a whole race of insane wretches, who are doomed to drag out a miserable existence, covered with the chains and manacles of a mad-house—the result of a father's love of liquor! If I could lead you through the various scenes of ghastly misery, suffering and deformity, that I have witnessed in my course of hospital practice, you would read a lesson of human depravity, from which you would instinctively recoil, and your blood would run cold at the sad effects of the intoxicating cup.

"If I were called upon to say what was the most fruitful source of sickness and pain in the world, I should answer, the intemperate indulgence in spirituous liquors!"

MAHOMMEDAN RELIGION.—"It is said that the souls of martyrs reside, until the judgment, in the crops of green birds, which eat of the fruits of Paradise. Women are not to be excluded from Paradise, according to the Mohammedan faith; though it has been asserted, by many Christians, that the Moos'ims believe women to have no souls. In several places in the Ckoor-a'n, Paradise is promised to all true believers, whether males or females. It is the doctrine of the Ckoor-a'n, that no person will be admitted into Paradise by his own merits; but that admission will be granted to the believers merely by the mercy of God; yet that the felicity of each person will be proportioned to his merits. The very meanest in Paradise is promised 'eighty thousand servants' (beautiful youths, called wele'e'de, or wild'a'n), 'seventy-two wives of the girls of Paradise' (hho'o'ree yehs, or hho'o'r-el-'oyoo'n), 'besides the wives he had in this world,' if he desire to have the latter (and the good will doubtless desire the good), and a tent erected for him of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds, of a very large extent; 'and will be waited on by three hundred attendants while he eats, and served in dishes of gold, whereof three hundred shall be set before him at once, each containing a different kind of food, the last morsel of which will be as grateful as the first;' wine also, though forbidden in this life, will yet be freely allowed to be drunk in the next, and without danger, since the wine of Paradise will not inebriate. We are further told, that all superfluities from the bodies of the inhabitants of Paradise will be carried off by perspiration, which will diffuse an odour like that of musk; and that they will be clothed in the richest silks, chiefly of green. They are also promised perpetual youth, and children as many as they may desire. These pleasures, together with the songs of the angel Isra'fe'l, and many other gratifications of the senses, will charm even the meanest inhabitant of Paradise. But all these enjoyments will be lightly esteemed by those more blessed persons who are to be admitted to the highest of all honours—that spiritual pleasure of beholding, morning and evening, the face of God. The Moos'lim must also believe in the examination of the dead in the sepulchre, by two angels, called Moon'kir and Nekee'r, of terrible aspect, who will cause the body (to which the soul shall, for the time, be re-united) to sit upright in the grave, and will question the deceased respecting his faith. The wicked they will severely torture; but the good they will not hurt. Lastly, he should believe in God's absolute decree of every event, both good and evil. This doctrine has given rise to as much controversy among the Moos'ims as among Christians; but the former, generally, believe in predestination as, in some respects, conditional."

Lanc's Egypt.

LATIMER AND HENRY VIII.—"In the midst of the passions and cruelty of that bloodstained tyrant, the upright prelate preached a sermon in his presence at the Chapel Royal, condemning, in the strongest terms, the very crimes to which every one knew the monarch was addicted—peculiarly addicted. Enraged beyond measure at the rebuke thus openly administered to his 'pleasant vices,' Henry sent for Latimer, and threatened him with instant death if he did not on the next occasion retract all his censures as openly as he had made them. The proof got wind, and on the next Sunday, the Royal Chapel was crowded with the courtiers, eager to hear the terms in which the inflexible prelate was to recant his censures on the voluptuous tyrant. But Latimer ascended the pulpit and after a long pause, fixing his eyes steadily on Henry, exclaimed in the quaint language of the time, to which its inherent dignity has communicated eloquence. 'Bethink thee, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of thy worldly sovereign, who hath power to terminate thy earthly life, and cast all thy worldly goods into the flames. But bethink thee, also, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of thy Heavenly Father, whose right hand is mighty to destroy us to save, and who can cast thy soul into hell fire;' and immediately began in terms even severer and more cutting than before, to castigate the favourite vices and crimes of his indignant sovereign. The issue of the tale was different from what the cruel character of the tyrant might have led us to expect.—Henry who, with all his atrocity, was not on some occasions destitute of generous sentiments, was penetrated by the heroic constancy of the venerable

prelate, and instead of loading him with chains, and sending him, as every one expected, to the scaffold, openly expressed his admiration of his courage, and took him more into favor than ever.

THE LAWS OF HONOUR.—A duel was some years since fought at Starbourg between two ladies, one French, and the other German, on a quarrel about a young miniature painter. The combatants met, pistol in hand, and each attended by a female second. The German was furious, and insisted on fighting muzzle to muzzle; but the Frenchwoman, regulating her conduct by the advice of her second, stood out for twenty-five paces. They fired together and missed. The German then insisted on their approaching, and firing until either fell. The seconds, however, now interposed, and declaring that the laws of honour were satisfied, took away the pistols, and the affair ended; but without any apology. The fair Frenchwoman, before leaving the ground, handsomely professed herself not actuated by any personal hostility; "she had thought it due to her honour to take a shot with the German, but now that the affair was at an end, the lady was welcome to the miniature-painter, whom she had forbidden her presence that very morning." The German was a baroness, and the Frenchwoman a lady of rank.—*Court Journal.*

VOLTAIRE AND LAMOTTE.—One day Voltaire, when a young man of about twenty four, read to La Motte, who had prodigious memory, a tragedy which he had written. La Motte listened with the greatest possible attention to the end. Your tragedy is excellent, said he, and I dare answer beforehand for its success. Only one thing vexes me; you have allowed yourself to borrow, as I can prove to you, from the second scene of the fourth act. Voltaire defended himself as well as he could against the charge. 'I say nothing,' answered La Motte, 'which I cannot support, and to prove it I shall recite this same scene which pleased me so much when I first read it that I got it by heart, and not a word of it has escaped me.' Accordingly he repeated the whole without hesitation, and with as much animation as if he had composed it himself. All present at the reading of the piece looked at each other and did not know what to think. The author was utterly confounded. After enjoying his embarrassment for a short time—"make yourself easy sir," said La Motte, "the scene is entirely your own, as much your own as all the rest, but it struck me as so beautiful and touching, that I could not resist the pleasure of committing it to memory."

CHANGING SEATS.—The following problem may be found in many of our elementary books of Arithmetic:—A club of eight men agreed to dine together as long as ever they could sit down to table differently arranged. How many dinners would be necessary to complete such an arrangement? Answer:—By the well known rule of permutation, it will be found that the whole party must live four hundred and ten years and one hundred and seventy days, and must eat three hundred and sixty-two thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine dinners. So rapidly does the sum roll up on this process, that if the party had consisted of one more person, they would have had four hundred and forty three thousand five hundred and twenty dinners to get through; and if ten persons were to enter into the compact, it would be necessary for them, in order to complete their task, to live long enough to devour three million six hundred and twenty-eight thousand eight hundred dinners.

ARGUMENTS.—The Thermopylae were defended by only three hundred men; but they were all Spartans; and in advocating our own cause, we ought to trust rather to the force than to the number of our arguments, and to care not how few they be, should those few be incontrovertible. When we hear one argument refuted, we are apt to suspect that the others are weak; and a cause that is well supported, may be compared to an arch that is well built—nothing can be taken away without endangering the whole.—*Lacon.*

Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally ensure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest article of expense and profit.—*Barbould.*

IDEAS.—Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; and we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; and good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

A SOUL IN ALL THINGS.

There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make sojny the solitary place
Where no eye see them. And the fairer forms
That cultivation glories in are His.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He makes the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed bay; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with imitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. One Spirit—His
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows—
Rules universal Nature! Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.—
—Happy who walks with him! whom, what he finds,
Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God!—COWPER.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE THREE DIVINES.

ROBERT HALL—CHALMERS—EDWARD IRVING.

That we may not be suspected of any partiality, especially by our dissenting brother, I would suggest that we lead off with that great ornament of Dissenters, Robert Hall.

His *Sermon on Infidelity* is, in its way, a masterpiece. The force and finish of that composition have no parallels in the English tongue. His style is thoroughly English. He never uses a latinised word where a Saxon one will do. Dr. Gregory presents us with an interesting anecdote, illustrative of this peculiarity: 'In one of my early interviews with Mr. Hall,' says the doctor, 'I used the word *felicity* three or four times in succession. He asked, 'Why do you say *felicity*, sir? Happiness is a better word, more musical, and genuine English, coming from the Saxon. Words derived from the Saxon are generally more musical, as 'My heart is smitten and withered like grass.' There's plaintive music. 'Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling.' I could think of the word *tear* till I wept. Then, for another noble specimen, and almost all good Saxon English, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' With these preferences, he ordered the word '*perforated*' to be expunged in one of his published sermons, and the Saxon and more expressive word '*pierced*' to be substituted.' The taste of Hall, in this respect, I exceedingly admire. The humbler classes in England rarely use a latinised expression; and our own countrymen, owing to their early initiation in the rich and expressive Saxon of the Scottish dialect, are quite at sea when they hear the sesquipedalia of Johnson.

I have always felt, that there is a force and a *vis penetrandi* in Saxon English, which we look for to no purpose in the cumbrous latinity of the great lexicographer, or the historian of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Milton is always most mighty when he clothes his thoughts in pure Saxon. His *L'Allegro* is almost pure Saxon. The following sonnet on his blindness is an instance of my meaning:

"When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve there with my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide:
'Both God exact day-labour, light denied.'
I humbly ask. But patience, to prevent
That mummy, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's works, or his own gifts: who best
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly—thousands at his bidding speed,
And pass o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

But, to return to Hall. His is the almost peculiar merit of employing Saxon words, and imparting, at the same time, great smoothness and elegance of structure. An instance of this we have in the following extract from his *Sermon on Infidelity*:

"Is the idea of an almighty and perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it is not shameful to avow? Eternal God! can what are thine enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not pierce! Miserable men! proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs;

and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world.'"

Where Hall introduces more copiously words of classic origin, the Saxon and the Latin blend so beautifully together, that his sentences rise to a pitch of magnificence and power seldom equalled. Thus, in the same sermon:

"The idea of the Supreme Being has this peculiar property, that as it admits of no substitute, so, from the first moment it is formed, it is capable of continual growth and enlargement. God himself is immutable; but our conception of his character is continually growing more extended and refulgent, by having transferred to it new elements of beauty and goodness; by attracting to itself, as a centre, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. *It borrows splendour from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.*"

I must set before you one other extract from Hall, and it is quite a gem. It is from his exquisite and impressive funeral sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte:

"The nation has not been certainly wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret at the sudden removal of this most lamented princess, nor of their sympathy with the royal family, deprived by this visitation of its brightest ornament. Sorrow is painted in every countenance, the pursuits of pleasure and of business have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with signals of distress. But what, my brethren, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? Or could we realise the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness—to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? Or were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?"

The last sentence is perfect harmony, and the whole passage impregnated with rich and melting eloquence. Dr. Parr declared of Robert Hall, that 'he has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint.' This is the character of the preacher himself: that of his style is no less unique. Sometimes he is terse and Saxon, every inch like Cobbett or Swift. At other times, his language rolls forth with the pomposity of Johnson. But, in all respects, his English is pure and thoroughly indigenous. I must leave him in the enjoyment of an immortality beyond the reach of rivalry or decay.

"Chalmers," is, even after our admiration of the chaste eloquence of Hall, the mightiest of the mighty.

"His mind scatters from its pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!"

"I agree with you fully in your admiration of the reverend doctor. Whether I contemplate Dr. Chalmers as a philosopher, a theologian, an orator, or a Tory, he is in each and all *facile princeps*,—the acutest philosopher, the profoundest theologian, the most eloquent orator, and the soundest of Tories. He has impressed much of his own character on the divines of our church, and continues to gain upon those of every other communion in Christendom. His oratory, style, and even phraseology, are peculiar to himself; his own mind originates and colours the whole texture of his discourses. There can be no mistaking a sermon of Chalmers; the internal evidences are so palpable, that were the external utterly wanting, the adjustment of all question about its parentage would be easy. It is remarkable, however, that the composition of the sermons of the reverend doctor is any thing but according to the best usages of our celebrated writers. He distorts and mutilates our English without compunction. Lindley Murray, Johnson, or any other stickler for correctness, find no quarters from the professor of divinity in Edinburgh. He wants words expressive of his meaning, and he makes them. His sentences not unfrequently extend over a page or two; and his sermons do not so much demonstrate a proposition as expound it. He imitates in many of them the spinning dervish, performing very attractive gyrations around one thought, snatching a particle of it at intervals, and turning it over and over in his evolutions, and making it fling off flashes of purest splendour. He does not advance from step to step in argument,—he keeps within a circle: but that circle he fills with coruscations the most impressive and brilliant. Expansion, not procession, is his forte. The cruise of oil and the barrel of meal he spreads out, and makes a hundred-fold. The effect of this amplification is that, whilst it produces strong impressions in the pulpit, it wears beyond endurance when presented from the press."

There is, I see, a new edition of the works of Chalmers coming out in monthly volumes; a goodly design, no doubt, to benefit the living orator, as Gregory's edition of Hall was meant to benefit the relatives of the dead. But it is rather somewhat derogatory to its merits, that the doctor has so applied the *labor limæ*, that the luxuriance of earlier achievements has been entirely pruned. Let any one compare the sermons, for instance, in the last three volumes with the reports of them that appeared in the *Pulpit*, and the meagreness of the former is most conspicuous in the company

of the latter. The short-hand writer, notwithstanding defects and mistakes, took down the *interlardel* extemporaneous bursts of the preacher, as well as the more studied portions; and, independently of this, excision has been too liberally applied.

I suspect Chalmers's writings are not destined to endure amid the splendour which has surrounded his popular eloquence in his lifetime. The style is *outré*, and corrupt; his repetitions endless; and what adds to the effect of his personal and living oratory detracts from his excellence in the form of print and well-bound duodecimos. The sentiments and the impressive master-thoughts that his prolific mind has given birth to, will be familiarised to us by the labours of less gifted minds, and the master-architect will be more remembered than read,—the subject of its panegyric rather than the subject of the next century's studies.

Let us turn to another illustrious orator, who has fallen asleep, and side by side with the martyrs, and covenanters, and holy worthies, that repose their ashes in the churchyard of St. Mungo at Glasgow. I feel somewhat reluctant to repeat the eulogies pronounced at the manse on the now departed Edward Irving, as I find in your own pages you have sketched his character with a master's pen, both on the occasion of his decease, and more recently in latter numbers. In person and in mental power, in nobleness of nature and Christian attainment, our minister admitted that he was "*instar omnium*." "He was," said our minister, "the stern covenanter grafted on the meek apostle."

"The saint," said Mr. Philipson, "on the eloquent and profound metaphysician—Coleridge and Jeremy Taylor consolidated. Beset by wasps; worshipped as an angel by some whose pure was their only virtue the one day, and libelled and maligned by the same party the next, as Mammon's barometer gave indication; his errors exaggerated; his noble nature stung to madness by dwarfs he could have extinguished by the wing of his doublet, when the softness and charity from only one brother, experienced in his trials, would have wooed him from his errors and won him to orthodoxy."

"Irving," said our minister, "was an original. One never detects him borrowing: right or wrong, he thought for himself. But his ashes sleep sweetly in the bosom of his mother earth, and his spirit safely in the bosom of his Father and his God."

"In his orations are found gems, if there be also imbedding them, clay and common earth. Hooker and the giants of that age and school were the models of his style; and if he cramped himself, by restricting his thoughts to the forms of phraseology current in the earlier age, he made up for this by developing massive and glowing thoughts, that were struck into the hearts of his audience too deeply ever to be erased or forgotten. With this there was a complete action, a graceful and impressive personal eloquence, that breathed from face, and eye, and fingers, and acted as a pioneer to his arguments. To every rhetorical and intellectual accomplishment there was added that deep-toned and fervid spirituality which imparted its electric stimulus to all he did and said. His gifts and graces were melted into one rich harmony, that none could attend to without feeling. On ordinary matters Edward was as playful as a child, simple, unaffected, humorous. On the truths of the Gospel he ever spoke in solemn and awful tones. In his own house he was a hospitable and generous man, combining the entertainment of gentle chivalry with the piety of the old Puritan. But I should occupy your ears for months in dilating on the traits of that noble but erratic mind. He has now fallen, like a meteor, from the bosom of splendour into the grave of thick night; like an eagle, smitten down in consequence of too near an approach to the burning orb of mid-day. Hand me that volume of discourses by Irving.—*Favete linguis*:"

"What makes God hide our sins from His sight, or from the sight of the world?—'Tis mercy. What showereth the rain and sheddeth the beams of the sun on the world?—'Tis mercy. What openeth the gates of heaven to the penitent?—'Tis mercy. What sacrificed God's dearly beloved son for the chief of sinners? 'Twas mercy. No government can be held of God that does not make a containing vessel for mercy, which would otherwise deluge all things. Therefore God hath constructed, for the containing of his mercy, the everlasting Gospel, by which he can be just and the justifier of every sinner. This, though it contains, does not limit his mercy. The Gospel is a chart for the great ocean of God's mercy, without which misery would be all-prevailing over the earth. Had the soul of man not fallen into strife with itself—had it continued entire and pure, then there would have been no display, save of the holiness and mercy of God in one harmonious union. It is because the character of man has become divisible into good and evil, that the character of God has become divisible into mercy and justice."

"I think," said the episcopal minister, "I can furnish you with one of the finest pieces in the English tongue, from the page of Irving:

"Take up a handful of dust and ashes, and there behold the materials out of which the Lord God Almighty fashioned man—this living form of man, so quick and pregnant with all sensual and spiritual feeling. And if you would know the kindness which your father hath put forth in the work of his hands, look to the tribes, from the worm to the lion, all made of us good materials; in size, strength, fleetness, and durability, surpassing man. But,

where is their counsel? where is their government? where is their knowledge? where is their religion? which of them has any fellowship with God, or reasonable intercourse with one another? The other creatures are but the outward endowments of man's senses, to clothe, to feed, to lay the lusty shoulder to his burden, to carry him about, to watch over him in sleep, and to minister in other ways to his entertainment.

“ ‘And what is the earth whereon you tread, and which spreads its flowery carpet beneath your feet? And what are its various fruits, with their varieties to sustain, to refresh, and to cherish human life—the corn, the wine, and the oil? And what the recurring season of divided time—the budding spring, the flowery summer, the joyful vintage, and the lusty harvest; and now the homely, well-provided winter? And what the cheerful outgoings of morn, and dewy eye, and balmy sleep, and blessed action? What are they all, I ask, but the sweet cradle and the blessed condition into which our Father hath brought us, his children? Is there nothing fatherly in all this—in the costly preparation and glad some welcome of our coming—and in the motherly bosom of plentiful affection and food stored for us—and in the fruitful dwelling-places, to the inheritance of which we are born? Is it nothing that the range of our mansion is to the starry heaven, and not cooped within the encumbrance of a narrow shell? Is it nothing that the heavens drop down fatness upon us, and that the river of God's bounty watereth all the garden where we dwell; rather than that we should have gripped the rock for our bed, or found our birthplace in the oozy channels of the deep?’

“ ‘Let us praise our heavenly Father, that he hath made us with more understanding than the beasts of the field, with more wisdom than the fowls of heaven; that he hath made us a little lower than the angels, and crowned us with glory and honour, and made us to have dominion over the works of his hands, and hath put all things under our feet—all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea. ‘Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?’ And further, my brethren; from looking on the honour and blessing of our birth-place and inheritance, look upon the treatment you have received at the hand of your Creator, and say if it doth not speak him more than fatherly in his love and carefulness? Our bread hath been provided, our water hath been sure; we have been protected from the summer's smiting heat, and from the winter's blasting cold. The damps of the night have not settled chill upon our raiment, nor hath the pestilence which wasteth at noonday blown its deadly blast across our path. The Lord had been the length of our days and the strength of our life, from our youth up to this day. And hath he not surrounded us with kinsmen and friends? Or, if we be alone, hath he not preferred to us his own fatherhood, and the brotherhood of the Creator of all things? He hath surrounded us with lovely children, to stand in our room when we are gone; and he hath given us a house and habitation among men; and he hath found us in the sight of men more favours than we have deserved. Hath he not hidden your faults from the knowledge of men? Hath he not been very tender to your reputation, which, by a turn of his providence, he could have blasted? Hath he not restrained the wrath of our enemies? No sword hath come up against us; no famine hath pinched our borders; no plague, nor pestilence, nor blasting winds, have bitten us; no weapons formed against our liberty have ever prospered. Another year hath told out its months and seasons, but each day hath brought our necessary meals and luxurious entertainment, and each night hath brought its refreshment of dewy sleep; each sabbath its rest and blessed ministry of salvation. The heavens have dropped down fatness on our tabernacles. Very pleasant are our dwelling-places, and the places where our lines have fallen be very good. Yea, the slave doth touch our shores, in order that he may be free. The land is good, and floweth with milk and honey; yea, the land is a good land which the Lord hath given us, where justice and judgment, where right and equity, where piety and religion, have taken up their abode at the command of God. And every man of us doth sit under his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. And God is our father, and the Holy One of Israel is our preserver.’ ”

MEMORY.—We all know what a power there is in memory, when made to array, before the guilty, days and scenes of comparative innocence. It is with an absolutely crushing might that the remembrance of the years and home of boyhood will come upon the criminal, when brought to a pause in his career of mis-doing, and perhaps about to suffer its penalties. If we knew his early history, and it would bear us out in the attempt, we should make it our business to set before him the scenery of his native village, the cottage where he was born, the school to which he was sent, the church where he first heard the Gospel preached; and we should call to his recollection the father and the mother, long since gathered to their rest, who made him kneel down night and morning, and who instructed him out of the Bible, and who warned him, even with tears, against evil ways and evil companions. We should remind him how peacefully his days then glided away; with how much of happiness he was blessed in posses-

sion, how much of hope in prospect. And he may be now a hardened and desperate man: but he will never believe that, as his young days were thus passing before him, and the reverend forms of his parents come back from the grave, and the trees that grew round his birth place waved over him their foliage, and he saw himself once more as he was in early life, when he knew crime but by name, and knew it only to abhor—we will never believe that he could be proof against this mustering of the past: he might be proof against invective, proof against reproach, proof against remonstrance: but when we brought memory to bear upon him, and bade it people itself with all the imagery of youth, we believe that for the moment at least, the obdurate being would be subdued, and a sudden gush of tears prove that we had opened a long sealed-up fountain.—*Rev. H. Melvill.*

MAKING THE MOST OF A CRITICISM.—It is common in the advertisement of books to add a line or two of eulogy from some of the newspaper reviews of it; the ingenuity displayed in this way is extraordinary. In one instance of late occurrence, a daily paper cut up a certain book most mercilessly, concluding thus:—‘He (the writer) concludes by saying his books will probably pass quietly down to oblivion—the author is decidedly in the right.’ The last seven words alone were extracted, and prefixed to an advertisement which appeared in the very journal that had published the criticism.

The preceding is from an English paper, and relates a mode of making puffs available in advertisements, with which we have often been amused in this country. We recollect a particular instance which ‘caused a great laugh at the time’ among those in the secret. A notice of a work commenced in a Boston paper something in this way, ‘Aware of the pains taken in the production of this volume, and feeling nothing but sincere friendship for the amiable author, we should be happy to say it is an ornament to American literature. But—and here followed a long string of damatory criticisms and exceptions. The publishers selected the phrase ‘It is an ornament to American literature,’ and inserted it in their advertisement, credited to the paper in which the blow up notice appeared.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE MARVELLOUS.—The love of the marvellous is an inherent portion of our common nature, and credulity, in the order of human development, takes precedence of judgment; but these propensities are by no means dealt out to all in an equal manner: in some, the imaginative preponderate over the rational faculties, in others they are wholly inert. The imaginative faculties, moreover, require no culture, and are independent of external circumstances; while the reason requires to be worked into perfection by a long series of stimulation from without. Thus, the ignorant are ever credulous, and whole ages roll over the heads of nations before they learn to think with any approach to justice and precision. The perfection of humanity, in this case, lies in a due balance between these respective faculties. Some ardour of imagination, some disposition to believe what we desire with less than sufficient proof, are necessary to give a purpose to existence; but if these propensities be not held in check, by a habit of weighing and appreciating probabilities, and of testing the doubtful by the demonstrated, forecast degenerates into idle speculation, and the mind is swayed by every wind of doctrine and of assertion.

EGYPTIAN HUMANITY.—‘An animal that is killed for the food of man must be slaughtered in a particular manner: the person who is about to perform the operation must say, ‘In the name of God! God is most great!’ and then cut its throat, taking care to divide the windpipe, gullet, and carotid arteries. It is forbidden to employ, in this case, the phrase which is so often made use of on other occasions, ‘In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful!’ because the mention of the most benevolent epithets of the Deity on such an occasion would seem like a mockery of the sufferings which the animal is about to endure. Some persons in Egypt, but mostly women, when about to kill an animal for food, say, ‘In the name of God! God is most great! God give thee patience to endure the affliction which he hath allotted thee!’ If the sentiment which first dictated this prayer were always felt, it would present a beautiful trait in the character of the people who use it. In cases of necessity, when in danger of starving, the Moos'lim is allowed to eat any food which is prohibited under other circumstances. The mode of slaughter above described is, of course, only required to be practised in the cases of domestic animals. Most kinds of fish are lawful food; so also are many birds, the tame kinds of which must be killed in the same manner as cattle; but the wild may be shot. The hare, rabbit, gazelle, etc. are lawful, and may be either shot or killed by a dog, provided the name of God was uttered at the time of slipping the dog, and he have not eaten any part of the prey. This animal, however, is considered very unclean: the Sha'fe'es hold themselves to be polluted by the touch of its nose if it be wet, and if any part of their clothes be so touched, they must wash that part with seven waters, and once with clean earth: some others are only careful not to let the animal lick, or defile in a worse manner, their persons or their dress, &c. Gam-

bling and usury are also prohibited, and all games of chance; and likewise the making of images or pictures of any thing that has life. The prophet declared that every representation of this kind would be placed before its author on the day of judgment, and that he would be commanded to put life into it; which not being able to do, he would be cast, for a time, into Hell.—*Lane's Modern Egypt.*

SUPPLY OF FURS.—An idea is entertained by some persons that the races of wild animals whose skins are an article of commerce will some day be extinct, owing to the rivalry of traders; and it may follow that furs will be so scarce as to be handed down from one generation to another by will, as was the case a few centuries ago. This however is an anticipation not likely to be realized. The textile materials of dress, especially wool, are much superior in their quality, and, when in a manufactured state, form a better protection from the weather than at any previous period; and we are consequently past the age of wearing skins, which, in the history of custom, precedes the improvement of manufactured fabrics. But if the extermination of wild animals should nearly ensue, the supply of furs would not on that account cease, as a sufficient number of animals would be domesticated solely for their sake of their skins. This is already done to some extent in the north of Europe. Mr. Laing, in his interesting ‘Notes on Norway,’ says—‘The fur of skin used for their winter pelisses by the ‘Fjelde’ people is really handsomer, although much cheaper, than that of the wolf or bear. It belongs to a particular kind of dog, with a remarkably fine, soft, and glossy fur. These dogs are bred for the sake of their skins; and it appears to me that many of the best of the dark brown or black muffs and tippets of our English ladies are merely well-selected skins of these Fjelde dogs. A pelisse of such fur costs about 3*l.* 9*s.*, while that of wolf-skin costs from 7*l.* 10*s.* to 9*l.* 10*s.*’

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—Sir J. was subject to certain Parson-Adams-like habits of forgetfulness of common things and lesser proprieties, and this brought down upon him no slight share of taunt and ridicule. It happened on his arrival at Bombay, that there was no house ready for his reception, and it would be a fortnight before a residence in the Fort could be prepared for him. Mr. Jonathan Duncan, the governor of the presidency, therefore with great kindness, offered his garden-house, called Sans Pareil, for the temporary accommodation of Sir James and his family. But months and months elapsed; till a twelvemonth had actually revolved: Mackintosh and his wife during all this time found themselves so comfortable in their quarters, that they forgot completely the limited tenure on which they held them; appearing, by a singular illusion, not to have the slightest suspicion of Mr. Duncan's proprietorship, notwithstanding some pretty intelligible hints on the subject from that gentleman, but communicated with his usual delicacy and politeness. At last politeness and delicacy were out of the question, and the poor governor was driven to the necessity of taking forcible possession of his own property. This was partly indolence, partly absence of mind, on the part of Sir James. He was constitutionally averse to every sort of exertion, and especially that of quitting any place where he found himself comfortable. Before he went out to India, he made a trip into Scotland with his lady; and having taken up his abode for the night at an inn in Perthshire, not far from the beautiful park of the late Lord Melville, then Mr. Dundas, sent a request to Lady Jane Dundas (Mr. Dundas being absent) for permission to see the house and grounds, which was most civilly granted. Mr. Dundas being expected in the evening, her ladyship politely pressed them to stay to dinner, and pass the night, their accommodations at the inn not being of the first description. Mr. Dundas returned the same day; and though their politics were adverse as possible, was so charmed with the variety of Mackintosh's conversation, that he requested his guests to prolong their visit for two or three days. So liberal, however, was the interpretation they put upon the invitation, that the two or three days were protracted into as many months; during which every species of hints was most ineffectually given, till their hosts told them, with many polite apologies, that they expected visitors and a numerous retinue, and could therefore no longer accommodate Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh.—*Anglo-India, Social and Political, 1838.*

DUELLING.—Duelling, as a punishment, is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment fall upon the offender, or the person offended. Nor is it much better as a reparation; it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists, or how it tends to undo the injury, or to afford a compensation for the damage already sustained. The truth is, it is not considered as either. A law of honour having annexed the imputation of cowardice to patience under an affront, challenges are given and accepted with no other design than to prevent, or wipe off this suspicion; without malice to the adversary, generally without a wish to destroy him, or any other concern than to preserve the duellist's own reputation and reception in the world. The unreasonableness of this rule of manners is one consideration; the duty and conduct of individuals, while such a rule exists, is another.

BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

BY JAMES BIRD.

Gate of all gates, sweet Billingsgate, I sing!
That soft retreat of the reluctant fishes,
Which carts, and smacks, and boats, and steamers bring
To trim the dainty Cockney's smoking dishes,
Tickle the tastes of citizen and king,
And consummate their gastronomic wishes:
Mart of the scaly, shelly, finny tribes,
I sing of thee, in spite of scoffs and gibes!

Ye little sprats, that swim the salt, salt sea;
Ye shrimps and prawns, that at the bottom creep;
Ye salmon, sporting in the river Dee,
Ye turbot, wallowing in the briny deep!
Ye luscious fish of high and low degree,
Rouse! rouse ye all from your aquatic sleep!
Haste from our shores! in rocky hollows lie;
Hide, hide from man, or ye must boil or fry!

Strange is the appetite of man! to seek
His food in water, on the earth, in air!
Flies a poor bird above the loftiest peak,
It cannot e'en escape his artful snare;
Swims a poor sinner in the loneliest creek,
Dangerous, deep—he quickly finds it there!
Fish, flesh, and fowl, green herb, root, fruit, and grain,
Man eager seeks, devours, and seeks again!

I wander from thee, Billingsgate! thou scene
Of many a strange and 'delicate' affray,
Where sweet-mouthed lassies, elegant of mien,
Throw the true English dull reserve away,
And, open-hearted, free from silent spleen,
Give, unabashed, the dulcet words they say:
To prove these words are choice ones, hear, and mind them,
You'll wonder where the chattering jades can find them!
Ye nymphs, who tread the purlieus of this mart,
Ye dames, who bear the fish in tray or basket,
Grant me one favour! from mine inmost heart,
There, from its deep and fervent pulse I ask it,
Let 'evil speaking' from your tongues depart!
Keep your sweet words, like jewels, in a casket!
Oh! woman's tongue (I humbly ask her pardon)
Is the wild scarlet runner of life's garden!

INDIAN WITCHCRAFT.—"The greater part of the cross accidents in life which befall the people are supposed to be caused by the secret machinations of some enemy who has had recourse to this black art for the purpose of circumventing them. If they lose a wife or child by premature death, when their corn is blighted, or a murrian breaks out among their cattle, none of these calamities are attributed to a natural cause, but are all ascribed to preternatural devices, employed by some secret enemy. Diseases, particularly such as are of long continuance, are attributed to the same cause; and, if these occurrences should happen during any quarrel or law-suit, the whole is attributed to the opponent, who is considered to have accomplished it by magical devices. For the first twelve months a Hindu mother carefully secludes her child, lest the evil eye should fall on it. These mischievous magicians are very much dreaded and hated, and never fail to be punished when it is believed that by their spells they have been instrumental in promoting any calamity. Taking further advantage of the credulity of their countrymen, these vagabonds give out that, in the utterance of their mantras, the utmost nicety is required; since in the correctness of their pronunciation depends the pleasure of their god or demon: while any imperfection or defect that occurs, infallibly brings on the head of the utterer all the mischief he was essaying to procure for others. The punishment assigned to them, generally, is to draw their two front teeth, as their loss will for ever afterwards render them incapable of correct utterance. As an instance of the hold which these men sometimes obtain over the minds of their countrymen, the following anecdote, which fell within my own knowledge, will serve to show. A highly respectable Hindu landholder at Saugor, named Baboo Bight, refused one of these men a plot of ground for a garden. Of the motive for the denial of this request I am ignorant, nor is it a matter of any importance. It is sufficient to state, that the fellow received a refusal. Undismayed, he renewed the application, which was again rejected. He became more importunate than ever, and a third time solicited the grant, but met with no better success. He vowed, in consequence, to conjure the life of the landholder away within a year, and made the Baboo acquainted with his intention. From this moment he commenced the diabolical undertaking; but the Baboo, being in good health at the time, took no notice of the threat. The fellow established himself on a plain close to the military cantonments of Saugor, on the confines of Baboo Bight's land. Every evening the incantations would be resumed, and fire be seen blazing about the mystical earthen pot. Days and weeks passed on with, apparently, no effect. At length, it was given out that Baboo Bight was ill. His sleep had deserted him, his appetite was gone, and he became restless and feverish. He affected to treat the threatened machinations with contempt; but it would not do: they were evidently uppermost in his mind, and making a deep impression. Six months or more had elapsed, and the fellow continued unremitting in his acts of conjuration. Baboo Bight's health was gone; a low destructive fever had insinuated itself into

his system, and it was evident that he was fast approaching the grave. The fellow, more vigorously than ever, stirred his fire and invoked his deity; till, at last, the poor man died. Thus, by the operation of fear, in less than twelve months, a mind active and strong became disturbed and anxious, then diseased, till, at last, by the influence of this wretch's slow but sure mystical incantations, life was juggled away, and lost."—*Dr. Spry's Modern India.*

CURIOUS BOOKBINDING.—"A curious specimen of binding is mentioned by Scaliger, as being on a printed Psalter his mother possessed. He says the cover was two inches thick, and in the inside was a kind of cupboard, wherein was a small silver crucifix, and behind it the name of 'Berencia Codronia de la Scala.' This kind of binding was not unusual on small books of devotion, containing, like the above, some small subject of adoration, or relic of a saint. Mr. Hansard speaks of a book he had seen with a recess for a relic, and the relic a human toe. The larger volumes of this period are further protected by the addition of metal clasps, bosses, and bands. The clasps are sometimes attached to strips of strong leather, fastened to the boards with rivets, in which way the catch is also secured. Others are of a more elaborate workmanship and finish, being jointed a piece of the same material, firmly rivetted to the sides. The boards are further protected by corners of brass, frequently much ornamented, and extending a considerable way on the cover. On others, a plain piece of brass, wrapping only a small space over, and others simply protected by brass bands rivetted to the edges of the boards. The centres of boards often present a large plate or boss of brass, similar in character to the clasps and corners. Notices of the earlier use of bosses, clasps, and corners, have before been given. Wood's MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, was once very superbly bound and embossed. Much of its beauty is now defaced; but on the bosses at each corner is still discernible, 'Ave Maria gratia plena.' The colophon states it to have been finished in 1558. A folio Bible, printed by Barker, in Archbishop Whitgift's Hospital, at Croydon, Surrey, given by Abraham Hartwell, secretary to the Archbishop, in 1559, presents a very good specimen of the bindings of the period. It has a very curiously ornamented cover, protected by large brass bosses and clasps. In the library at Lambeth Palace, is a characteristic binding of the period, richly covered with gilt ornament, on a copy of Archbishop Parker's edition of the Psalms, 4to. 1570. To prevent the books being abstracted from their libraries, the worthies of this period were accustomed to chain them to the shelves. Of this peculiarity, an early notice occurs relative to the books left by Richard de Bury, to (Durham) Trinity College, Oxford, in 1345. After the college became possessed of them, they were for many years kept in chests, under the custody of several scholars deputed for that purpose; and a library being built in the reign of King Henry IV., these books were put into pews or studies, and chained to them. They continued in this manner till the college was dissolved by Henry VIII., when they were conveyed away, some to Duke Humphrey's library. Leland (1538,) speaking of Wressil Castle, Yorkshire, says, 'One thing I likid exceedingly yn one of the towers, that was a Study, caullid Paradise; wher was a closet in the middle, of 8 Squares latised aboute, and at the Toppe of every Square was a Desk ledgid to set Bookes on Cofers with yn them, and these semid as yoined hard to the Toppe of the Closet; and yet by pulling, one or al wold cum downe briste highe in rabettes, and serve for Desks to lay Bookes on.'"
J. A. Arnett.

GOOD BREEDING.—The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker in his amusing and instructive publication "The Original," as affording a fine instance of good-breeding or politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:—

"An Englishman making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water-courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling, for a proof of that true charity 'which never faileth.' On the regiment being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at head-quarters. In the evening he was carried

to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course during his stay at Turin he was invited every where; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different states of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

THE FATE OF MEN OF GENIUS.—Plautus turned a mill. Terence was a slave. Boethius died in a jail. Paulo Borgese had fifteen different trades, and starved with them all. Tasso was often distressed for five shillings. Servin, one of the most learned and accomplished men of the age, died drunk in a brothel. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into the very hospital he founded; and Edmund Allen, cotemporary with Shakspeare, died in his own alms-house. Corneille was poor to a proverb. Racine left his family to be supported by his friends. Crichton lost his life in a midnight brawl. Butler was never master of fifty pounds. Otway is said to have died with hunger. Camoen died in an hospital. Vaughan left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts. Cervantes died for want. Churchill died a beggar. Lloyd died in the Fleet. Bickerstaff ran away for debt. Goldsmith, when he died, owed two thousand pounds more than he possessed. Hugh Kelly was in similar circumstances. Paul Hiffernon was supported by a friendly subscription. Purden Jones, author of the *Earl of Essex*; and Boyce, the poet, died in great distress; the former in a hospital, the latter in a garret. Sterne left his family in penury; and Mrs. Manley, author of *The New Atlantides*, subsisted on charity; as did the widow of Smollett; and Foote died penniless.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—Fragments of time, like pieces of money, individually of trifling value, long saved, and well improved, at length amount to great and useful increase. Let the thrifty of time, and desirous of improvement, be persuaded to lose no hour, any more than the covetous of money can be prevailed on to lose any opportunity of saving or accumulating. Let small and select reading be employed, where leisure admits not of larger. Let close and cogent reflection supply the place of deep thought, where that is inadmissible. Let every hour, and every occurrence, add to the stock of knowledge already acquired. From every lapse of time, however small, and every accident, however uninteresting, let something be learnt—some store laid up for the future use.

From "Count Cagliostro."

SUCCESS.—The sentiment of triumph is the most exquisite of all terrestrial feelings: no matter how wide or narrow the sphere of action—no matter how rich or how vile the prize—the boards of a theatre or the floor of the senate—a game at cards or speculation for millions—a harlot or an angel—a scuffle in the street or an empire-deciding battle—success is still success—the nectar of life; and a few drops of this immortal liquor poured into our cup enables us to endure its bitterness—wins us in spite of reason to live on, and consoles us for the long, long years of wasted labour and ulcerating disappointment.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.—Solitude is a fearful thing to thoughtful minds. By solitude is not meant the mere absence of human beings. The solitude of the library, the laboratory, and the studio, is peopled by the most delightful of companions—ideas of knowledge, of power, and beauty, which throng upon us thicker than the notes that sparkle in the sunbeam. By solitude is meant that state of loneliness in which, from some cause or other, we are compelled to look within our own bosoms, and reflect. In society there is an artificial stimulus arising, perhaps, from the close contact of mind to mind. A mob, no matter of what class it is composed, is always excitable. The gaiety and petulance of one encourages and inflames the others. Our spirits act and are reacted upon by each other, until they are wound up to a pitch of exhilaration and excitement which they cannot for an instant maintain when alone. The combined joyousness of all is discharged, like the electric spark, though each. We are inspired, we gracefully jest away our heaviest cares; and moralize over our worst misfortunes, with scornful and philosophic mirth.

Without effort or fatigue all our energies are arrayed, and on the alert. Every faculty spontaneously exerts itself to dazzle and delight. The overflowing fulness of our hearts is vented in a thousand obliging speeches. We scatter compliments on every side; we flatter all around, and are repaid with an abundant shower of adulation; until, cheered, elated, and encouraged by the delicious commerce, we almost persuade ourselves that we really are what we appear, and what others believe us to be.

It is in the hour of darkness and solitude that the demon of unquiet thoughts arises, and, overshadowing our souls with his gloomy pinions, whispers despair.

PAIN.—Pain is the animating principle of the creation. We are born in pain. We die in pain. From the cradle to the

grave, pain is our constant companion, our primary impelling principle, our overruling governor. It dallies with us, as a wild beast sports with its prey. For a moment we seem to have escaped, to have eluded its power; but the least indiscretion, and its talons are again plunged into our side; until at last, having tortured us for the allotted term of threescore years and ten, it strikes the mercy-blow, (the coup de grace) and we become a heap of carrion, that the nearest and dearest of our friends cannot survey without feeling their gorge rise.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 1, 1838.

PHILADELPHIAN RIOT.

DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS OF THE FRIENDS OF SLAVERY.—*Were will these things end?* The accounts which have reached us during the week, of the shameful conduct of the abettors of slavery, have not surprised us. To such a fearful pitch of excitement have these lovers of slavery and all its attendant abominations been brought, that they are prepared for any deeds of darkness. So blinded have even religious persons become on the question of slavery that at the south it is almost an every day occurrence for bodies of clergymen of all denominations to meet, and pass resolutions in favour of the chains and hardships of negro bondage. According to these deluded partisans it is quite right—perfectly scriptural—completely republican to hold slaves. Not only do they impiously assert that it is not wrong to withhold personal liberty from a human being, but that it is very good, and useful and proper to do so. The slaveholders are the righteous persons—the abolitionists, the ungodly men. And to a certain extent these republican Slaveholders of the south, are upheld by many religious persons in the north. Many of their church papers are silent with regard to the iniquitous slaveholders of America—but loud in their denunciations against all abolitionists. But things hasten to their termination. The blood-thirsty plans and riotous outbreaks of the anti-abolitionists will infallibly work the downfall of slavery, a “consummation most devoutly to be wished.” They may threaten, and vociferate, and violate all law and order as formerly in Boston—they may murder as in the late case at Alton—and they may burn and destroy as in the recent instance at Philadelphia, but all will avail nothing. Abolitionism will but increase the more, and truth go forth with its weapons of power conquering and to conquer. Slavery already totters to its fall—it will not listen to reason—it dreads discussion—it hates the light with a perfect hatred. But we must make room for the deeds of the great and mighty, and behold them settling a moral question by brute force:—

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

In another part of this paper will be found an account from the National Gazette, of violence done to the Pennsylvania Hall on Wednesday evening. During most of the day yesterday, large numbers of persons were standing around the hall, and it was evident that there was a purpose of injury.

In the afternoon the mayor went to some of the leading members of the society owning the building, and represented to them the great danger of continuing to hold their meetings, and he especially urged upon them the propriety of not assembling that evening, as he had every reason to believe there was an organized band prepared to break up the meeting, and perhaps do injury to the building—and crowded as the walk must be by company, this could not be done without personal injury and loss of life.

It was agreed to forego the evening meeting, and the mayor took the keys, and went out and addressed the persons in the street, stating that there would be no meeting, and requested them as good citizens to retire. The people cheered the mayor, who returned to his office, placing persons to bring information of any attempt at injury, calling around him all his disposable force, and having some volunteers.

Early in the evening, notice was given that a crowd had come down the street and was attacking the North side of the Hall; the mayor hastened up Fifth street to Cherry street, with his force, and when he met the crowd, which was dense and numerous, he sprung his rattle, and his police called upon the people to sustain the mayor, but no person appeared to give aid. It was then seen that those who had assailed the building, had broken open the doors and lower windows—obtained entrance and were beating out the upper windows.

By this time the Mayor and his police had attempted to arrest the course of destruction—but they were assailed with clubs, and almost every one severely wounded. Colonel Watmough, the sheriff, also made an attempt to restore peace, and save the building, but he was attacked, severely bruised, and narrowly escaped.

We learn that the persons inside then gathered the benches, chairs and books in a heap, set fire to them, and then left the Hall. The engines hastened to the conflagration, but the fire-men were not allowed to play on those houses endangered by the flame, so that before ten o'clock the whole wood work of the Hall was

entirely destroyed—and shortly afterward the crowd, which consisted of many thousands, began to disperse.

We gave the above statement as we gathered it at a late hour. We have no time to indulge in any remarks upon the outrage against the laws and the city's character.

The Philadelphia Inquirer states that the Hall had just been built, and the ceremonies of dedication had been in progress since Monday last. About 3000 persons had assembled within its walls on Wednesday evening to listen to Mr. Garrison and others, a large portion of the audience being females. At the close of Mr. Garrison's address, as we learn from the National Gazette, the crowd became very noisy. It is added, “Mrs Maria Chapman of Boston then addressed the meeting for several minutes. She was followed by Miss Angelica E. Grimke Weld, Lucretia Mott, of this city; and Abby Kelly. Immediately the crowd increased and became more unruly, and threw various missiles at the windows; no further injury was done than breaking the glass, as the blinds inside protected the audience. At a quarter before ten, the company retired amid the cries and groans of the mob, who blocked up the street on every side. One black man was knocked down with a club.”

Thursday last, being the anniversary of the Queen's Birth Day, was observed by the Garrison with the customary celebration. His Excellency reviewed the troops on the Common, at 12 o'clock, at which hour a salute was fired from George's Island, and from the ships of war in harbour at 1 p. m. and a levee was held at Government House, at 2 p. m. In the evening His Excellency, assisted by Miss Campbell, entertained a large party at Government House, over the entrance door of which, the Queen's name “VICTORIA,” appeared in large illuminated letters, surmounted by an illuminated Royal Crown—the whole having a very brilliant and effective appearance; and we think an excellent hint with the other persuasives, to all who partook of His Excellency's hospitality, of what they ought to do on that more important occasion which is rapidly approaching.—*Times*.

The Liverpool merchants, fearful of their Bristol friends in the American trade, have formed a company with a capital of £500,000, of 20,000 shares of £25 each. Four steam ships are to be built, of 1000 tons each, which are to keep up the communication between the two countries every fortnight. The association goes under the title of “Liverpool and New York Steam Navigation Company.”

Exchange Reading Room, 2 o'clock,

Thursday, May 31, 1838.

By the schooner Maria Dolphin, Hamil, 18 days from Quebec, we learn that a 74 gun ship, supposed to be the Hastings, was seen on the 15th inst, 90 leagues from Quebec. H. M. S., Pique was also seen two days afterwards, and took a pilot from the Maria Dolphin.

From our Correspondent.

WESTCHESTER, MAY 27th, 1838.

A very large BEAR was killed here last night. For a long time this huge animal had been very troublesome, having devoured a number of sheep. So old and cunning was this monster, that notwithstanding great efforts had been made to entrap him, he always escaped. Bruin has been known to remove the trap from its place, and then at his ease devour the bait. Two of Mr. Fountain's boys having discovered part of the carcass of a dead sheep, immediately gave information of the fact to their father, who called in the neighbours and held a consultation of war. As all other methods had failed, it was resolved as a last resort to set guns. One of these shortly went off in consequence of the tightening of the cord by the rain. Another was fired which did execution, for in the morning Bruin was discovered sorely mangled by the lodgment of two balls in his body. Thus the neighbourhood is relieved of a very troublesome customer.

J. G. PURDY.

MARRIED,

On Friday last by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. John Pierson, to Miss Mary Ryan, both of Bedford Basin.
At Aylesford by the Rev. H. L. Owens, Henry Pitcher, Esq. to Mrs. Phelina Creamer, widow of late John Creamer, all of that parish.
At Miramichi, on Saturday May 5, by the Rev. James Hudson, Mr. Caleb McCully, to Susannah McGregor, both of that place.

DIED,

On Saturday morning at 8 o'clock, after a short but severe illness, which he endured with pious resignation to the will of God, Samuel Adamson, Carpenter, a native of N. B. aged 41 years, leaving a wife and two children to deplore his loss.
On Thursday morning, after a long and tedious illness, Mrs. Mary Robinson, in the 69th year of her age.
At Trinidad, James Slade, Esq. Deputy Asst. Comy. General. Mr Slade was for several years resident in this town.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Saturday, Schr. Eliza, Downey, Demerara, 28 days, rum and molasses, to T. C. Kinnear.
Sunday, Schr. Unity, Smith, Bay Chaleur, 14 days, dry fish, to Creighton and Grassie; brig. Victory, Ernst, Montego, Bay, 30 days, rum and ginger, bound to Quebec, left brig Billow of Yarmouth to

sail in 3 days for Quebec; Otter, Dill, Grenada, 16; and Bermuda 7 days, rum, to Salsus & Wainwright.

Monday, Schr. Queen Adelaide, P. E. Island, produce; Mailboat, schr. Lady Ogle, Stairs, Boston 3½ days, brig Kedy Castle, Flotheringham, Hamburg, 39 days, wheat, flour, &c. to W. Pryor & Sons; Reward, Lyle, Grenada, 21 days, rum & molasses, to J. A. Moren; schrs. Sovereign, Emily and Hugh, P. E. Island—produce; schr. Rifleman, Hancock, Ship Harbour; Lady, Bond, Burin, N. F. 10 days—fish, wine, &c. to J. and T. Williamson and others, left schr. Margaret, Furlong, hence at Placentia Bay; Trial, Williams, Demerara, 25 days—rum and molasses to J. U. Ross, J. T. Williamson and others; left brig Sarah, Donne, to sail in 4 days, Ambassador in 10, Sylph in 7, Herald in 2 for Bermuda and Halifax, Grand Turk, Trinidad from Yarmouth; Boburst, McCallum, Miramichi, 11 days, lumber to J. & M. Tobin.

Wednesday—Schr. Mary, Power, Fortune Bay, 5 days—herrings & seals to G. Handley; Priscilla, Sutherland, P. E. Island, 7 days—spoke this morning off Jodore a frigate, supposed her to be the Crocodile, from P. E. Island for Halifax.

Thursday—Schr. Collector, Phelan, St. John's N. F. 6 days—dry fish, to J. Fairbanks. Saw this morning a Frigate off Cape Sambre.

Friday 1st June, Schr. Brothers, Callbeck, P. E. Island, 13 days—produce—was on shore on Thur Cape Shoni, but received no damage; Mary, P. E. Island, 10 days—produce; Four Brothers, etc. 8 days—produce; Susan, Le Blanc, Magdalen Isles via Arichat, 9 days—herrings to Deblois and Merkle.

CLEARED,

May 25th, schr. Jane, Wilson, St. John, N. B. cotton, by G P Lawson, 26th, brig Abigail, Bingay, Bermuda, lumber, etc. by N. Le Cain & Son, schr. Carleton Packet, Landry, Bay Chaleur, assorted cargo by J. & M. Tobin.

26th. Packet Barque Lady Paget, Luckett, Liverpool, G. B. seals, mahogany, etc. by S. Cunard and Co; 30th. schr. Eight Sons, Jacob, B. W. Indies lumber, etc. to Jos. Fairbanks. 31st. Brig. Diamond, Ellenwood, B. W. Indies, assorted cargo by J. Strachan, schr. Loon, Cann, Sydney, Brandy and Gin, by D. and E. Starr and Co.

MEMORANDA.

Saint John N. B. May 19th. arrd. Ship Quebec, Hull, 27 days; schr. Mary Jane, Halifax, 20th.—ship Sarah, Liverpool, 37 days; Brig Leslie, Gault, Londonderry, 26 days; schr. Kingston, Bantry, (Ireland,) 37 days; 21st.—schr. Meridian, Halifax, 4 days; 23d ship Mansfield, Hull, 40 days; schr. Woodland, Demerara, old. ship Wakefield, Liverpool; America, Cork; brig William, Ulverston; Emerald, London; schrs. Emperor, Philadelphia; Dolphin, Halifax; Emerald Isle, Glasgow, Royal Victoria Demerara; William Henry, Brint, Meridian, Crowell; Thomas Lowden, Best; Mary Jane, Spence, all for Halifax, cargo, salt, Miramichi; May 15.—arrd. schr. Le Blany, Halifax; brig Albion and Harmony, London; ship North Briton, Liverpool, 19th, brig Queen, London, 24 days; Carron, Newcastle; 22nd—barque St. Mary, Hull, Orestes, London; brig Wm. IV., Liverpool; Curlew, and West Hendon, London. Rainbow, Sunderland; Rocket, Southampton; schr. Marie Julie, Quebec. A schr. supposed to be the Alicia, from Halifax, has just passed up.

The Queen, Robinson, reports the arrival of the Halifax Packet at Falmouth, in the 23d April.

Richibucto, May 14th.—arrd. ship Hercules, Liverpool, brigs Ann, and Nancy, Workington, barque Salsus, London; brig Stamper, Dublin, Loyal Briton, London; barque Queen Victoria, Hull; brig Allendale, Exeter, 15th. barque Zephyr, Hull, brig Cambrian, Whitehaven Azax, Hull; Lord of the Isles, Brest; 16th, schrs. Richard, Smith, Babin, Halifax, Uniacke, Lanery, Pictou, barque Saint Andrew, Aberdeen; Suffolk, London, brigs Amanda, and Dahlia, Newcastle.

At Shippegan, May 12th, brig Symmetry, London; barque Edward Liverpool.

At Bathurst, May 15th, brigs Maria, Drogheda, Fairboctin, Irvine; Henderson, Whitehaven. 16th. Sylvanus, Whitehaven, Broun, and Zyger, Sunderland; Ocean, Bride and Cadmus, London; Leander, Newcastle. 17th. Swift, Sunderland; 18th.—Ocean, Whitehaven, Chatham, Portsmouth. 22d. Pemona, Plymouth, Duck, Quebec.

Shediac, May 10.—Arrived ship Hercules, Raisbeck, Liverpool, 30 days,—goods, &c. to John Jardine. Passed through a field of ice off St. Paul's Island, on Sunday, 6th inst. in company with two of Her Majesty's ships having Troops on board, bound for Quebec. Spoke off Scatterie Island, the New Eagle, of Plymouth, bound to Quebec, who reported having been 5 days in the ice, and had seen upwards of 30 vessels entirely beset, with all sails furled.—Passengers in the Hercules, John Jardine, Esq. of Richibucto, Captains Orton and Affleck, of Hull.—A number of vessels bound to Quebec have been lost in the St. Lawrence this spring, by coming in contact with the ice. Among them the Lord Wellington, from London; Royal George, from Liverpool; Syllerie, from London, the General Graham, the Brilliant Caroline, from London; Rebecca, from Greenock; several others reported ashore.

BALTIMORE, May 4.—Arrived brigantine Linnet, of Yarmouth, from St. John. On the 13th ult. lat. 38, long. 67, encountered a violent gale—lost fore and main topmast, head of mainmast, sprung fore mast, lost camboose, galley, and a boat—rigging and sails much damaged—three men considerably injured.

Arrived at Quebec, May 15th.—ship Isabella, Cork; Robertson, Liverpool, Montreal; barque Albion, Cork; Cato and Eleanor, Plymouth; Ocean, Waterford; Dorchester, Bristol; brigs Sally, Whitehaven; Haughton Le Skerne, Ploud, London; Eagle and Maria Elizabeth, Sunderland; Victoria, Dundee; Christian, Newcastle. 16th, brig Eliza Ann, Cork; Earl Dalhousie, Glasgow; Montreal; 17th, ship Sir Edward Hamilton, Hull; barques Resolution, Didden and Fanny, Liverpool; Hampton, Grangemonth; Amazon, London; Calypso, Newfoundland; brigs Earl of Dalhousie, Glasgow; Princess Mary, London; Argo, Lynn; Breeze, Limerick; Charlotte, Lancaster; Catherine McDonald, Workington; Robert McWilliam, Aberdeen; Mrs. Montrose; schr. Maria, Gerroir, Halifax; 18th and 19th, ships Thomas Gleestone Belfast; Reward, Hull; barques Andrew Marvel, Venerable, and Ellergill Hull; brigs Gem, Pembroke Castle, Perseverance, Indus and Emerald, London; Annandale, Sister and Amity, Aberdeen; barques Romulus, Greenock; Robert Ritchie, Bridgewater; Waterhen and Robert Ann, London; Augusta, Aberdeen; Abercorn, Londonderry; brigs Ann, Eliza and Jane, and Stephen Wright, New Castle; St. George, Maryport; George William Sunderland.

Cleared May 11th. schr. Maria, Rustigouche; 12th schr. Duck, Bathurst and Miramichi; St. Ann, Bathurst; Sarah, Miramichi; 15th schr. Maria La Pique, Arichat; 16th, schr. Charlotte, Halifax; 17th, schr. Martha, St. John, N. B.

Arrived at Montreal, between the 12th and 15th May, ship Toronto, London; Canada, Greenock; barque Magnet, Liverpool; Arabian, Glasgow.

Arrived at Philadelphia, 12th inst brig Napolean, St. John, N. B. Ar'd at Boston, May 18, schr. Rover, Scott, Cumberland, N. S.

New York, May 19, arrived schr. Active, Liverpool, N. S.

INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has just received 150 pairs India Rubbers, assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low, for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order. Opposite Cunard's Wharf.

Jan. 27. 3m. WILLIAM WISSWELL.

From the Metropolitan for April.

O! ROSY TWILIGHT STAR.

O! rosy twilight star,
I behold thee shine afar,
Now clouds near the sun are crimson and yellow;
And the golden autumn light,
With the shadows of the night,
Is blent, and with the sounds of eve soft and mellow.

O! bliss-diffusing star,
O! memory-hallowed bar,
"Twixt the night and the day sweet division:
Thou art purpling all about,
Thou art wooing lovers out;
And the world, in thy smile, grows elysian.

Now quiet with spread wings,
Is descending on all things,
And dews, blent with sleep, are wept from the willow,
And the sun has bade "good night,"
With a trail of glorious light,
As he sank from the sight to sleep in the billow.

RICHARD HOWITT.

ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.—Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Bonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with some young authors at that time in vogue, for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you! I suppose that you know I have been created King of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to"—"Eh! what! you are ceremonious, methinks: that night pass were I surrounded by my court; but at present, away with form, and let us be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best restaurateurs in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends," said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C., shall be my secretary; as for you, P., who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the King of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could only master about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning where could resources be found? It was at last deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the King of Westphalia," and "I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharpers; "and that *noùlle* yonder is, no doubt, the King of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome; "I am the King of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise; since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill," at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter, recognising the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect. The prefect flew to the minister of the interior. The minister to the emperor, who was at St. Cloud. The result of the whole was, that, on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordonnance, in which the King of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government *forthwith*, and prohibited from conferring any appointments till his arrival in his capital.—*Translated from a recent French Publication.*

RUSE DIPLOMATIQUE.—The Cochinchinese are a polite people, and punctilious observers of etiquette. At Yunglam, the chief mandarin questioned the propriety of one of his rank and numerous titles holding intercourse with Mr. Roberts, who came from a country where he understood there were no titles, and all men were equal. Mr. Roberts, perceiving that unless this objection were removed, all negotiation would be at an end, replied that the mandarin had been in some measure misinformed. He told him, if his Chinese secretary would take a piece of paper, he would enumerate his own titles and convince him of his error. The secretary selected half a sheet of paper, but

Mr. Roberts requested him to take a whole one, as that even would be scarcely large enough. The American officers present were of course at a loss to imagine how Mr. Roberts would extricate himself from this seeming difficulty. But not so Mr. Roberts. He dictated as follows: Edmund Roberts, Esquire, Special Envoy from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Cochinchina, Citizen of the United States, Citizen of Maine, Citizen of New-Hampshire, and continued enumerating himself Citizen of each of the twenty-four states; for being citizen of all, he was so of them severally. Before the sheet was half full, the mandarin exclaimed, it was unnecessary to go farther, as his titles already exceeded his own. Had he not been satisfied, Mr. Roberts intended to enumerate as many of the cities, towns and villages as he could remember, not doubting the success of his *ruse diplomatique*.—*Dr. Ruschenberg's Voyage round the World.*

AN AMPHIBIOUS CHILD.—Not long ago the city of Bangkok, in Siam, presented the singular phenomenon of an amphibious infant, that forsook its mother's breast, and betook itself to the water on all occasions. Luck-loi-nam, literally the child of the waters, swam when she was but one year old, and in 1832, when she had attained three years of age, was frequently seen swimming in the river. Her motions were not like those of other swimmers; she floated without any apparent exertion, turning round and round. When not in the water, she was cross and discontented, and when taken out cried and strove to return; if indulged, she tumbled and rolled about, seemingly with unalloyed pleasure. Luck-loi-nam, though well formed, could neither walk nor speak, but uttered a gurgling, choking sound in the throat. Her vision was imperfect, and up to the time mentioned, she had never eaten anything but her mother's milk. She usually applied to the breast, on being taken out of the river by her own consent. The mother of the child of the waters was a fine-looking woman, and had given birth to four children; two males and two females. The two brothers are dead, and the sister, eight or nine years of age, was always seen swimming in company, to protect the child of the waters against accidents, and give her direction that she might not get too near the boats, or the banks of the river. She has not been lately seen, and is supposed to be dead.—*Ibid.*

HUMAN LIFE.—Nor should we draw too dark a picture of the miseries of human life. Human life is a cloud, with sunshine on its borders; and if there is much to fear, there is something to hope for. There is no subject which the old Greek writers darken so much, when in a gloomy mood, as the life of man.

"O, life! unfriendly still to human joy,
How do thine arrows every scene annoy!
In youth my passions were by want restrained;
And passion died in age, when wealth was gained,
Through joys half-finished all our days are run,
And closed in disappointment as begun."

But the Heathens saw not the tomb gilded by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. The epigram just cited is one of their most moderate pictures. The following comes nearer to the gospel. It is remarkable that St. Paul never speaks of Christians as dead; they have fallen asleep. So thought the writer of the following lines in Greek. I shall give them in English:

"Why o'er the virtuous dead should mourners weep?
The virtuous never truly die—they sleep."

IRISH TRANSFER OF A LOVER.—A gentleman being on a tour through Ireland, with his family, passed a few days at Castle Blaney, where they were delighted with its beauties and the prosperity of the inhabitants in the town and neighbourhood. They were not a little amused with the stories of their host, who, conceiving that the gentleman would be more acceptable on his arrival in London, by the importation of something in character, informed him of a wedding that was to have taken place a few days previous. The damsel was courted by two lovers, and the favoured one agreed to resign his claim to the lady, provided the other would pay his bill of costs, which was agreed to, in consideration of its being sworn to before a magistrate. The following is a copy of this truly singular and novel bill:—"First acquaintance, eighteen shillings and sixpence; making the match, ten shillings; license, six shillings and sixpence; certificate, two shillings and sixpence; naming the day for the wedding, on which occasion five gallons of whiskey were drunk, one pound fifteen shillings; hire of six horses for visits, fifteen shillings; drinking success to the wedding, ten shillings.—Total, four pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence."

CHINESE BULLETINS.—"In Yunnan," said an imperial rescript some years since, "a son of the devil lately lifted his battle-axe against the Chinese throne; his name was Chanyinglan. He hired Wakenselin to make a seal like that of the emperor: this he affixed to a manifesto. The wrath of the emperor, swift as the lightning and loud as the thunder, fell upon the rebels, and they were scattered. Wakenselin was taken and cut into ten thousand pieces; but Chanyinglan fled to Seanchou. The faithful servants of his majesty were then rewarded with imperial munificence. The grand commissioner, Noyunching, was given a peacock's feather with two eyes: to Poh-Poh, a blue button;

and to Hyderhangti, a yellow tea-pot. The rebel Chanyinglan, in the hurry of his flight, was obliged to leave his tea-equipage behind him, and is supposed to be wandering in despair. Long may the wrath of heaven follow him," says the rescript, "and long may he be without his tea!"

ENGLISH NAVY.—An anecdote is told of a captain in the service, since dead, that while carrying out a British Ambassador to his station abroad, a quarrel arose on the subject of precedence. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter deck, when at length the Ambassador, thinking to silence the captain, exclaimed, "Recollect, sir, I am the representative of his majesty."—"Then, sir," retorted the captain, "recollect that here I am more than majesty itself. Can the king seize a fellow up and give him three dozen?" Further argument was useless—the diplomatist struck.

DE GUSTIBUS.—The following curious specimen of literature and style, was received by a British nobleman some years since:—"Limerick, 14th June, 1813.—Most puissant and gorgeous nobleman—I take the liberty of requesting from you information—whether or not John Stapleton has abandoned you? If he has, I resolutely say, he is bereft of all sense; for, if I am rightly informed, so good, beneficent and so pompous a master, no man ever served. His family are in the greatest disconsolation, tribulation and timidity, on his account. I therefore beg that your benignity, suavity and condescension, will write immediately; and, when you write, put on the letter these words—To Jno. Molloy, Doonas—care of Jno. Garvey, Bleach-office, Limerick;—and when it is delivered to me, I will receive it, which will confer a great obligation on your suppliant and humble servant. JNO. MOLLOY."

THE IDIOT.—It is very generally supposed that idiots are not able to understand any thing about their souls, or capable of attending to what is said to them. The following anecdote will shew that, at least in some instances, such a notion is incorrect. In a village in Buckinghamshire, there lived a poor idiot, whose appearance was so distressing, and almost disgusting, that some of the inhabitants wished the clergyman to forbid him coming to church, as had been his regular custom. The clergyman did not grant their request, for he thought it would be very wrong to hinder any one from coming to God's house, however loathsome his appearance might be. On Sunday the minister took this verse for his text, "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Is. xxxv: 8). On hearing this, the poor idiot got up, and, regardless of those around him, clapped his hands, and cried out, "Then I shall be saved! then I shall be saved!"—*Christian Lady's Magazine.*

SHAVING GRATIS.—During the late war, a barber, who kept a little shop on the Hard, at Portsmouth, exhibited the following notice in his window:—"Broken down sailors shaved gratis." A poor tar, whose beard was of a week's growth, and who had not a single shot in his locker, seeing this benevolent invitation, entered the shop, described his state, and claimed the performance of the promise. The barber immediately complied; and having lathered his unproductive customer, proceeded to shave him with a razor which he had selected for the purpose, and the edge of which was in no danger of being easily turned. At every rasp the tears were ready to rush into poor Jack's eyes, and the blood to start upon his chin. In the midst of the operation a dog began to howl most piteously in the street. "What's the matter with the dog?" exclaimed Strap. "Oh!" observed his tortured patient, "I dare say some rascally flinty-hearted barber is shaving him gratis!"

A PARAGRAPH FOR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.—The Mobile Mercantile Advertiser bestows a just meed of virtuous indignation upon a "patron," of whom the editor heard that he had been seen laughing heartily over a paragraph in the paper of the previous morning, but who had not paid his subscription for two years! How could any many enjoy a joke with such a weight upon his conscience?

OLD-BAILEY WIT.—A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away. The judge said to the witness, who had seized the prisoner—"What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—"My Lord, he said that he took the boots in joke."—Judge—"How far did he carry the joke?" Witness—"About forty yards, please your lordship."

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

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