

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1839.

NUMBER FOUR.

SONG.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ. M. P.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill,
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still.
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not,
The night came on alone,
The little stars sat one by one,
Hush on his golden throne;
The evening air past by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak a word,
But the breathing of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

From the Book of Devotion for 1839.

THE ART OF SHINING.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"Marion, I wish you would make this vest for me: I am in want of it," said Frank Laurens, to his sister, as he entered the parlor where she sat with folded arms, her eyes fixed on vacancy.

"I cannot, indeed, Frank. I am much too miserable to sew."

"It is very foolish of you, then, Marion," replied the youth, with a look and tone but ill according with his words: they expressed sympathy and affection. "If father chooses to marry again, we ought not to complain. He is the best judge of his own happiness."

Marion did not answer: she was thinking of her own beloved mother who slept beneath the cold mound of a neighboring grave-yard. "You must learn to accommodate your mind to circumstances," pursued Frank, seriously, "there is but little pleasure in this world. We ought not to lessen its sum by imaginary wo."

"Imaginary, Frank?"

"Yes; for father's marrying is not *really* an affliction to us.—You will have less domestic vexation, less trouble with house-keeping. To be sure," he added, in a lower tone, "it is trying to the feelings to see another occupying our mother's place, but that dear mother is not the less lost to us, were our father never to have a second wife."

"I wish that I could die and sleep in yonder grave-yard," said the unhappy girl, in a voice of desolation. She bent her head against the window she had approached, and wept in all the abandonment of early grief. Her brother tried to soothe her, but the attempt was vain. Brightly the sun shone that summer morning, and the birds sang gaily, and the bees murmured from flower to flower, and the balmy air wafted many a sweet perfume as it played amidst the dishevelled curls of Marion Laurens; but she noted not the melody of nature except to wonder that it could thus mock her misery; one thought filled her mind—her heart. This was her father's wedding day! That evening a new mistress would succeed to the hearth and board where her mother once presided, and that mother's name be but a memory! Those only, who, possessed of Marion's acute sensibilities, have mourned the death of a passionately beloved parent, and have seen a "stranger take the place which knew her once," can understand her feelings!

Heavily, yet too swiftly, the day sped by, and in obedience to her father's desire, Marion prepared to receive him and his new bride with composure. Severe was the effort to appear calm to see with her strong and undisciplined feeling, yet she succeeded,

and as the noise of the carriage wheels announced to her listening ear their dread approach, she pressed her hand against her throbbing heart, and proceeded to the lighted parlor. Her sisters (she had two, Harriet and Louisa) were already there, unconsciously waiting to reflect the expression of her countenance and regulate their deportment by hers. The one was thirteen the other ten years of age. Marion was seventeen. Frank and his only brother, Granville, a youth of fifteen, were at the front door.

Marion heard her father's step and voice. The next moment he had entered with his wife, presented her, and the so dreaded meeting was over. Marion turned from the caress of her new relative, which she had permitted rather than returned, to a young lady whom her father presented as "Miss Lorimer," the daughter of Mrs. Laurens. Marion knew that her father had married a widow with one child, but as that child was a great heiress, independent of her mother, and no longer a minor, and withal was accustomed to a city life, Mr. Laurens' children had not calculated the probability of her accompanying her mother to their humble abode in the country.

"How very young Miss Lorimer looks, Marion," whispered Harriet to her sister as they descended to the supper room after Mrs. Laurens and her daughter had completed the arrangement of their toilet. "I should not think she was more than eighteen; but papa says she is twenty-one. (Harriet like most ladies in their teens deemed that very old.) Only think, she is the age of brother Frank. How fair and delicate she looks?"

"Has your journey fatigued you, Helen?" inquired Mr. Laurens of the young stranger as he met them at the door of the refectory.

"Not much," she replied, cheerfully, "I doubt not I shall be quite recruited to-morrow. We have had a beautiful day," added she, advancing with Marion to an open window, "and you bright moon seems to wish to prolong its splendor."

"It is well you could deem it beautiful," thought Marion; and she could not refrain from remarking, "moon light always makes me sad."

"Let me welcome you to the head of your table, my dear Agnes," said Mr. Laurens, leading his wife to the seat his daughter had occupied for the last three years. A chill passed over Marion's heart, and the pale cheeks of Helen Lorimer flushed slightly; she too was feeling, but more for others than herself. "I hope Marion will be able to make our dull neighborhood tolerable to you, Helen," pursued Mr. Laurens, when they were all fixed at the table.

"Rather hope that she may be able to tolerate one so sick and troublesome," Miss Lorimer somewhat quickly replied. "It will be but a poor return for the forbearance I must necessarily ask to be pleased."

"Have you been ill?" inquired Frank.

"I am just recovering from a severe attack; but I am never very well."

"Delicate enough to be interesting," said Mr. Laurens, smiling.

"And sensible of the uncertainty of life," remarked his wife, gravely, "Helen has early been called to learn that her chief business in this world is to prepare for a better. I hope her sufferings, in imparting light to her mind, may also remind her of the necessity of letting her light shine for the benefit of others."

"And we are to be the *advantaged* party, I presume," thought Frank. Did Helen Lorimer read in his slightly curling lip and expressive glance what was passing in his brain that she colored so deeply? There was little appetite and less conversation at the table that evening. Mr. Laurens made two or three more attempts to talk, and was seconded by Helen, but they did not advance beyond a few brief remarks. Marion felt cold and proud, Frank was observing, Mrs. Laurens deemed much talk at table always superfluous, and the children were uneasy and embarrassed. Perhaps all felt relieved when the ceremony of supper was over.

"I think I shall like Miss Lorimer, sister," observed Harriet Laurens when alone with Marion, "she has such sweet, gentle manners." Marion began to feel her own reserve vanishing too. There was indeed something about Helen Lorimer that deeply interested her. She was not beautiful, but there was an indescribable charm around her, an absence of all pretension, a characteristic simplicity of demeanor, a natural softness which was irresistible to the young Laurenses. Her features were not handsome, but they beamed with sensibility, intelligence and good-will. Mrs. Laurens shall introduce herself to the reader.

"Helen, my dear," observed she, entering her daughter's chamber the morning after the arrival, "we must endeavor to do something for these poor children. They are quite in the dark re-

pecting their spiritual interests, I fear, I have just been talking to Marion and she tells me they attend the — Church, but I do not believe she knows what religion means. What are you reading, Helen?"

"A story of Mrs. Sherwood's, mamma, on the ninth commandment, relating to the government of the tongue."

"Trash, mere trash! If you need instruction on that subject, read Mr. Wesley's sermon on evil speaking. But I did not know that was one of your faults, Helen."

"I hope it is not ma, but a lesson on the government of the tongue I often need."

"And you go to the novel for it?"

"You know I regard Mrs. Sherwood's 'Lady of the Manor,' as superior to most fictitious works, ma."

"Nonsense! they are all bad enough. I hope you will not let Marion and her sisters see you engaged in such unprofitable reading. Remember, my dear, it is your duty to let your *light shine* that you may not be considered a mere professor without the power of religion. You may do much for this family, Helen. I believe my marriage with Mr. Laurens a providential circumstance. I wish it to be a memorable era in his children's history. You must aid me, Helen, to recommend religion to them, and discharge my responsibility as a wife and mother."

"Most willingly, ma," replied her daughter, with feeling, and forcibly checking the sigh the mention of her mother's marriage had called forth. "I sincerely trust you may prove a blessing to all around you: but, my dear mother," she continued, timidly and hesitatingly, as if she feared offending, "would it not be better to talk less about religion for the present, until we have an opportunity of knowing the children of Mr. Laurens, and understanding their different dispositions, a good example is more impressive than many precepts."

"Talk about religion! Understand their disposition! A good example! What can you mean, Helen? Do you not know that out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh? Are not Mr. Laurens' children human creatures, and therefore fallen and corrupt, and needing to be renewed? And I hope you have no reason to complain of deficiency in my example. I know indeed I might be better than I am, but my imperfection is no excuse for not seeking to do good. You are wrong, my child; you are too diffident, always were. You are, I am afraid, ashamed to confess your Master before men. You dread ridicule; but reproach is the glory of the Christian."

"You mistake me, ma," Helen mildly replied, "if some faint glimmerings of the wisdom from above have dawned into my soul, I am grateful to Heaven; but those beams only make the darkness which still exists there more visible, and"—

"I have heard that before, my dear," her mother hastily said, interrupting her, "you fear to acknowledge yourself a christian, lest people should expect too much from you. You hide your light under a bushel. That will not do. You must learn the art of shining."

How little this lady understood the art of which she deplored her daughter's ignorance! But let not the reader with her own want of charity, judge her too hastily. Mrs. Laurens really desired to be and to do good. Hypocrisy formed no part of her character. She had read the command of our blessed Redeemer which heads this narrative with a determination to obey it, but had studied its meaning too superficially. Whatever light she possessed she wished to communicate to others, but in her zeal to do so, often obscured its native lustre, and injured the cause she sought to advance. She placed it not "under a bushel," indeed, but in a situation where, instead of enlightening, it bewildered and misled. There was no warmth in its radiance, no coloring; hence it melted not the heart of ice, nor attracted the eye of taste. Contented to perform the *act* of shining, she overlooked the *mode*. She had never observed the strength and *point* of the Saviour's expression, "SO SHINE," regulating the manner, as well as inculcating the precept. She followed not the wise man's advice, "set your apples of gold in pictures of silver." She deemed it enough to have *apples of gold*; the *pictures of silver* were a superfluous ornament. She felt that religion was "the one thing needful;" she forgot that other things might be useful and expedient. She was convinced that spiritual concerns were all important; she had no patience with those who could not see with her eyes, hear with her ears and understand with her heart. She declaimed much on the depravity of human nature, and sighed over the follies of the world. She wondered at and pitied the blindness of prejudice and the recklessness of skepticism, but there was anger in her surprise, contempt in her compassion. She instructed the ignorant, and relieved the poor; encouraged the contrite, and solaced the afflicted,

yet she was not loved. Her piety was respected where she was well known, for it was genuine: but her society was not desired, nor her friendship sought. She seemed to say to those whose religion she doubted, "stand back; I am holier than ye." The world said, and perhaps, her manner justified the assertion, that she was like the Pharisee, and "thanked the Lord that she was not as others were."

Helen Lorimer, with far less appearance of shining, and no parade, diffused a light and charm around her which were felt by all who came within her sphere. Though her years were few, she had known much of suffering, and experience of her own heart's weakness taught her to be candid and cautious in judging others. She felt no less keenly than her mother the necessity of holiness for both herself and her fellow creatures, and was as ardently desirous to advance her Redeemer's cause and to benefit mankind. To glorify her Heavenly Father was the aim of her life, and she endeavored to let the light he had imparted shine in such a manner as to allure by its beauty and animate by its warmth. She did not often speak of religion, but her general deportment recommended it. The natural delicacy of her constitution, her frequent bodily sufferings, had given an habitual thoughtfulness to her aspect, and rendered her influence more decided; but though usually serious, she was never dull. Indeed, she was said to possess a remarkable degree of cheerfulness, which did not desert her in all her sickness. Religion was in her bosom a living, active principle, which evinced itself not in a constant reference to its effects on her own feelings and conduct, but in those effects themselves. The eye which affliction made so often languid, ever beamed with patient resignation; on the lips so frequently parched by fever dwelt the law of love; and sweetness, and gentleness, and humility, with a glowing sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others, daily characterized her demeanor. Those who knew her were drawn to admire and love the religion which made her so happy and serene, (when too many are fretful and impatient,) and from admiring and loving, to believing and to practise. Then Helen was so ready to perceive and acknowledge the existence of any good quality in another, though that other was unconverted, so willing to forgive injury offered to herself, so careful to please, and so watchful to avoid offending, that where she expressed disapprobation, her opinion was never deemed prejudice. All felt that she was too just to be unkind, too candid to be censorious.

Had Mrs. Laurens possessed more of her daughter's meekness and humility, she would have been much more useful. But this lady had no idea of persuading the world to pursue its best interests; she only wished to convince it of the absurdity of its blindness and folly as soon as possible. Alas! the means she employed often made the difficulty of its conversion the greater. Helen sought to melt away the ice of prejudice; her mother would not wait such a slow operation, but attempted to break it: she forgot that when broken it still was ice. She had one way with every body, without regard to the nice distinction of character, and though she sometimes succeeded, she more frequently failed in her purposes.

"What is the matter, Granville?" inquired Marion of her brother one afternoon, a few weeks after her father's marriage.

"Do you not know? Oh, I remember you dined out, to-day. Mrs. Laurens has made me fast, to-day, and given me a lecture besides for swearing."

Marion knew that her brother did wrong to swear; she had often told him so, but she was indignant at the punishment, as it was inflicted by her stepmother. She entered the parlor in no very good humor.

"I am glad you have returned home so early, Marion," said Mrs. Laurens, gravely, "I do not wish you to visit those people again; they make no pretensions to religion."

"If they have none, they do right to pretend to none. I detest hypocrites," Marion replied.

"But they should feel their deficiency and try to obtain what is so essential to their future happiness, and until I see them manifesting more concern about their eternal interests, none of this family must hold intercourse with them. Your father approves my decision, and I shall expect obedience from his children."

"My father approves? that is strange! I have known the Irvins from my infancy. Indeed, I should be bitterly grieved to give them up."

"You need not give them up. You may pray for them, but you must not visit them. How can their society profit you?"

"They love me, and I love them. Hearts are not so abundant as to be cast away."

"I will find you more worthy friends. Your father wishes you to read more; books are good companions. Pray, Frank," added she, turning to avoid the reply of Marion, "what interests you so much?"

"Ernest Maltravers," he answered, glancing a moment from the volume he was perusing.

"A bad book. You should improve your time better."

"Have you read it, Madam?"

"I! no, I never touch novels: I suppose that is one."

"You know nothing of the work itself then, Madam?"

"No."

"So I thought." And his lip slightly compressed at a judgment founded in ignorance, although he thought it not wholly incorrect. "Have you read this work, Miss Lorimer?" he asked.

"No," Helen replied, "I heard a literary friend of mine reprobate it so much, I feel no desire to peruse it."

"You suffer others to judge for you?" he said, contemptuously.

"Yes, when, as in this case, I respect their judgment," she said, gently.

"Will you," he observed, as Mrs. Laurens quitted the room, "allow me to read you some passages?"

She immediately assented, and when he finished, expressed her admiration. "I see you can be just, even to an author you disapprove. I have before this perceived that trait in your character, Miss Lorimer. To persons in general, too, you can be candid in judging." He alluded to her ineffectual attempts to dissuade her mother from objecting to the society of the Irvins for Marion. He had been sitting in the adjoining room, and Helen knew not he was there. Helen felt pained, for she knew he was thinking differently of her mother.

"Perhaps, Mr. Laurens," she said, "it is a consciousness of possessing many faults myself that makes me more charitable in judging others. Those who possess fewer may see more clearly. They, at least, have more right to remark upon them."

Frank respected too much her delicate vindication of her mother to pursue the subject. Indeed, his look asked for pardon, and he felt he was understood and forgiven.

"Will you walk with me, Granville?" said Helen that same evening, approaching the moody boy. He followed her. "My dear Granville," pursued she, "I am afraid you do not feel very kindly towards my mother for her apparent severity to-day; but, Granville, I am sure you must think swearing wrong."

"But I am not to be treated like a child," he said, sullenly.

"You were guilty of an unmanly action, therefore received the punishment of a boy. Believe me, Granville, my mother wishes to do her duty towards you all, and only punishes because she feels a responsibility rests on her to do so. She acts by the delegated authority of your father, and from the best and purest motives. She wishes to fulfil a mother's part to his children, and had you been her own son she would have done the same. The use of punishment you know is to fix the remembrance of the fault in the offender's mind. It was not to gratify any wrong feeling she acted thus, but with the hope of convincing you of error, or of preventing the repetition of what you know already was error."

"Had she reasoned with me, I should have followed her advice, but I will not be driven."

"Not to your good, my dear Granville? Perhaps my mother misunderstood your temper. We all may judge incorrectly, but will you reject her counsel, because she mistook the method which you think would have proved effectual? You know her object was your welfare, and her motive deserves your thanks."

But we will not extend this narrative by repeating all the arguments of Helen. Suffice that they proved successful, and Granville returned home in good humor with her, his stepmother, himself and all the world.

Helen's next object was to reconcile Marion to the request of Mrs. Laurens. She could not bear that any of the children should think harshly or feel unkindly towards her mother. Having delicately introduced the subject, she said, "I know, my dear Marion, that you think my mother exacting; but you do not now understand or appreciate her motives, which when you know her better you will acknowledge, do her credit. My mother has a high sense of right, and always endeavors to regulate her conduct by the strictest principles. She has more experience than we have, Marion; and to justify her, not to accuse your friends, allow me to say that she has heard from authority she deems unquestionable, that religion and all its professors are made the subject of ridicule at Mr. Irvin's table. I do not ask you to affirm or deny the report; I only ask you to judge my mother with candor. She thinks associations, to the young, all-important, and wishes yours and your sister's to be at least innocent, for believe me, the mind is sufficiently prone to error when all its habits and associations have been guarded vigilantly from infancy. You will feel obedience to her desires in this instance a sacrifice, but let no hostile feeling exist towards her, when you must be conscious her motive is your own welfare. Of the Irvins, personally, she knows little, therefore cannot be actuated by private animosity. At least, dear Marion, suspend your opinion of my mother until you are better acquainted with her."

Perhaps Helen Lorimer's manner was more impressive than her words. She was certainly successful whenever she attempted to plead with the young Laurenses. In seeking to obtain their regard for her mother, she won "golden opinions" for herself, which gave weight and importance to her influence. None had the hardihood to pain her by rebellion or accusations against Mrs. Laurens. "For Helen's sake I forgive her," "for Helen's sake I will bear it," was the rule of their conduct as respected Mrs. Laurens; their forbearance and consideration had the necessary effect on their moral characters; their hearts were im-

proved, their spirits disciplined. Indeed, the habit they thus acquired of viewing their stepmother through a dispassionate medium had its use in the regulation of their feelings towards her. They soon learned to regard her kindly and to appreciate her virtues.

Mr. Laurens was not able to send his daughters from home to be educated; they had possessed few literary advantages, and Marion owed her knowledge chiefly to her brother's instructions, and her own studious disposition. Helen's mind was highly cultivated, and the three girls all felt the benefit of her companionship. Her books were ever at their disposal and her aid always ready to advance their improvement. Ere the lapse of many months she had become their teacher, counsellor and guide, yet so gradual and imperceptible was the growth of her influence, they were totally unaware of its good effects on themselves. Her exceeding modesty and humility prevented any unpleasant sense of inferiority, and neither hesitated to expose their ignorance and errors to her gentle, indulgent eye.

We must pass rapidly over the two years which followed the marriage of Mr. Laurens, during which a marked change had taken place in the pursuits, interests and dispositions of his family. Helen Lorimer, whose gentle, lovely example had chiefly produced the improvement, was hastening to an early grave. Her physicians and her friends also, felt that she must die! She had shone as a star in the circle where she moved, whose light had gathered brightness as it journeyed on. She had lived with the habitual remembrance that she should meet each of her circle at the judgment bar of God, and sought so to shine before them, that her example might "day unto day, utter speech," "night unto night show knowledge." She knew and felt with deep humiliation and sincere contrition that her deportment had often reflected too dimly and obscurely the beams from above, but it was sweet to feel that the general character of her course had been to "glorify her Heavenly Father," and that she had endeavored to make all around her think favorably of that religion her life feebly shadowed forth. Rich, admired, beloved and mentally gifted, a longer sojourn on earth might seem desirable to one so young. But Helen, though content to live, was happy in the prospect of early death. Her faith was firm and unwavering, and her soul in peace. Much, very much, was she valued by the Laurenses. Mr. Laurens loved her because she was ever respectful and attentive to himself, and useful to his children; the little girls, for her generosity and unvarying kindness; Granville, because she sympathized with him and understood him; Marion, because she had been the best friend she ever had; the servants, because she was considerate and benevolent; and Frank, for the combined reasons that the others loved her.

We come to the closing scene of our young heroine's short, but not uneventful career. A long summer day was nearly over. The lengthening shadows on the verdant grass spoke of a declining sun, and soft and refreshing was the perfumed breeze which gently agitated the white curtains of Helen Lorimer's chamber window. That small room was tenanted by a group in whose breasts many a conflicting emotion dwelt. Mrs. Laurens was seated near the bed on which her daughter lay; her lips were slightly parted, as with a look of intense anxiety she listened to the almost inaudible breathings of the quiet slumberer. Traces of tears were yet visible on her cheeks, but there was that in her countenance which told of habitual resignation and self-control. On the opposite side of the bed stood Marion Laurens. Her flushed face as its color deepened and receded, her quivering lip, her tearful eyes bent constantly on the pale, mild sleeper, spoke the solicitude and anguish of deep and true affection. Her trembling hand was clasped in the attenuated one which rested on the counterpane, and bitter was the pang which shot through the young watcher's heart when she felt that ere long that clasp must yield to the icy touch of death. Harriet and Louisa sat beside their father near the centre of the apartment, looking grave and sad, but catching many a gleam of comfort from the whispers of their favorite companion, hope. Mr. Laurens sat with his fore finger pressed against his brow, as it was wont to be when his mind was unusually disturbed, Granville's face was concealed on his arm, which rested on the table, and Frank stood leaning against the mantle-piece, gazing intently on a white rose he held in his hand.

The brow of the sleeper slightly contracted; an expression of uneasiness ruffled the sweet serenity of her countenance and passed away. She started suddenly, and awoke. The first glance was wild, but the faces of those she loved brought back immediate consciousness, and a placid smile illumined her pale features.

"My dearest mother—Marion," she murmured, "how kind you are!" Her voice was singularly clear, though weak.

"Do you feel pain, Helen?" inquired Mrs. Laurens, tenderly. "Not now, ma; only a sense of weariness here," and she placed her hand on her breast, "but I have peace," added she, while a ray of spiritual light flitted over her countenance.

"Thank God!" said her mother, with great emotion; "perhaps you can sleep again, my love," she continued, after a moment's pause.

"No dearest mother, I would rather talk to you. Do you know"—and she hesitated, a faint color hovered an instant on

her cheek, but did not stay. Her anxious parent well understood the language of those soft, earnest eyes.

"Speak on, my beloved child. You fear to give me pain, but God will give me strength to bear it."

"I do fear to give you pain, my dearest mother. I fear to give you all pain, for you love me more, far more than I deserve. But you will not repine at my happiness. Mother, Marion, Frank, (he had approached the bed) I believe that I am dying."

"Oh Lord, have mercy on me!" cried Marion, frantically, "must all whom I love, die!" She clasped the hand of Helen passionately, "you have been sister, teacher, friend and guide, every thing to me. I cannot endure to part with you, Helen."

"See how you distress her, Marion. My child, you must not do so, said Mr. Laurens, endeavoring to force away his daughter.

"Do not take her away, sir," said Helen, gently, and she placed her hand on the bowed head of the weeping girl. "The Saviour, who enabled me to be of some little use to you, my dearest Marion, who is with me now in my parting hour, whose arms are around and beneath me, and whose smile is gilding to my view the dark valley of Death, will henceforth be himself your guide and teacher. He will console you for our short separation. Marion, you will rejoin me in heaven, will you not?" The last words were uttered in a solemn, unearthly tone.

"I will try," was the sobbing response.

Two other persons had entered the chamber, Mrs. Irvin and her daughter, the former friends of Miss Laurens, whom her step-mother had forbidden her two years before to visit. They had since known affliction, and the interdict had been taken off. Mrs. Laurens had then visited them herself, and her counsel had not been ineffectual. The day of adversity had proved to them a blessing, and they had learned to estimate the woman, who in their prosperity avoided their society as injurious, but in their darker hours sought them to administer sympathy and aid. The example of Helen had not been lost on them. In her they saw religion in all its native beauty, and learned to love the light which made her so attractive.

"You do not feel worse, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Irvin, as she took Helen's hand.

"I shall soon be in a world of spirits," she replied.

"You have no doubt, no fear, my love?" asked Mrs. Laurens in a calm, but anxious voice, and Marion and Frank learned from that moment to understand that lady's real character better. They saw that she was feeling acutely, with all a mother's heart, the approaching parting from her lovely and devoted daughter; and that it required the exercise of all the Christian fortitude she possessed to enable her to command her emotion, yet even in that hour of anguish, selfish feeling was suppressed, and the happiness of her child alone considered! To see her die tranquil, safe, was her chief concern. She repeated the question.

"You have no doubt, no fear?"

"None, beloved mother! I am all unworthiness, but Jesus has become my Redeemer and my surety. I feel He is a sufficient Saviour. His blood hath cancelled all my sins. My title to immortal life, I read as clear as noon-day. You will not mourn for me now, dearest mamma?" and her anxious, affectionate glance met the eyes of Mrs. Laurens.

"Always thinking for others, Helen," she falteringly said, "no, my sweet child, I give you back to God!" She leant down and kissed her, while her tears fell thick and fast upon Helen's face.

"Thanks, dear mother, for all your kind instructions, your efforts to fit your child for the paradise whither she is now going to await your coming. God will comfort you, and Marion will be"—her voice failed her.

Marion understood that last appeal, and springing to the side of her stepmother, fell on her knees before her. "May God help me to keep the vow I now make, and bless me as I endeavour to supply to Helen's mother the place of Helen," she exclaimed, with all the fervor of her nature.

Harriet and Louisa both approached, and knelt beside her. "We too, promise," they said, with tears and sobs, "we are henceforth your children."

Mrs. Laurens was deeply affected, and clasped them all three to her bosom, but her habitual self-possession did not wholly forsake her. She determined not to quit her daughter while life remained.

"I fear you are exhausted by this agitating scene," said Frank, tenderly, as Helen beckoned Granville to her, "you can speak to him some other time."

"No, I feel so happy now, so peaceful. Oh! Frank, my death is a greater blessing than my life. I would not have one circumstance changed in my lot." To Granville she then spoke, sweetly, affectionately and impressively. She thanked Mr. Laurens for all his kindness, and expressed to him an ardent hope that they would all meet in heaven.

"Oh, Helen," exclaimed Marion, "you have taught me to understand the meaning of those important words of our Saviour, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' None can say you ever prejudiced them against the Gospel. You have recommended religion in every step of your progress. What would I not give to be like you."

Helen attempted to reply, but emotion and weakness prevented her. Frank hastily administered a cordial, and she revived to point Marion to the Bible which lay beside her, and to assure her, that the humble and sincere seeker of moral excellence should not be disappointed.

"Have you no word of comfort, or advice for me, Helen?" asked Frank.

She took her Bible from the pillow, and put it in his hand. "Keep it and read it for my sake, and"—the sentence was unfinished. She looked a last farewell on the assembled and weeping group, then raised her eyes to heaven with an expression of hope and truth. A beam from above seemed to descend upon her features, and the seal of death fixed that brightness there. It was a pledge of the spirit's happiness. Helen Lorimer was with her God.

Marion Laurens well performed her promise. She was to her father's wife a devoted and affectionate daughter, and the virtues of Helen Lorimer passed into her future life. She lived to be a wife and mother, and the influence of her early friend lingered round her domestic altar, pointing to duty and its end. Her sisters grew up useful and amiable, and throughout an eventful existence never lost sight of the light on which their brief companionship with our heroine had riveted their gaze. Mr. Laurens became interested in the great truths of revelation beside her bed of death, and found in his chastened and now meek wife an able and faithful counsellor. Granville attached himself to his stepmother from the day of Helen's decease, and when we last heard of him, was writing a tract on the sinfulness of swearing.

And did Frank Laurens turn away from the memory of the fair vision which had dawned on his early manhood, alluring him to virtue and to piety? Did he forget the parting admonition of Helen, her last look? Never. Her memoirs were written in his heart; he read them daily, and in after years only admired those of her sex as their practice resembled hers. For his little sister Helen he entertained the warmest affection, and when the death of both her parents made him her guardian, it was his chief delight to instruct her in those lessons which had shed so soft a radiance on the pathway of Helen Lorimer.

Reader, dost thou walk in the light of scriptural religion? Art thou careful so to strive in thy orbit of duty that all around thee may learn to glorify thy Father who is in heaven, when they see his glory so attractively manifested in a frail creature? It is not enough to possess light; it is important to thee that thy light should be improved for the benefit of others. Thou wilt one day meet thy circle at the bar of God. Let them not accuse thee there of exciting or confirming one prejudice against divine truth. Study carefully the Art of Shining.

POPULAR EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY THOMAS TAYLOR.

Abstract of the Introductory Lecture.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? It is important for our purpose to give an intelligible reply to this question. A multitude of sects profess to teach the Christian religion, and yet it is well known that each religious denomination is distinguished by some peculiarity of faith or practice. With such a diversity of expressed views, it may be laid down as a self-evident truth, that all the religious persuasions cannot be right; and as they universally mingle opinions with 'belief of the truth,' unless a church may claim infallibility for its opinions and practices, it is hard to believe that any one of the sects can be right in all things. This argument will at once be admitted by the candid and discerning of all the religious bodies, nor will it be denied by any, unless indeed we must except those who shall present the plea of infallibility for their party, or, to adopt the words of the author of "Mammon," "who belong to a class who persuade themselves that their church is perfect—that Infinite Perfection could not say to it, 'I have somewhat against thee.'" Assuming the correctness of our position, it will be anticipated that it is not our purpose to uphold Christianity as explained by any of the sects, but simply to defend the Christian religion as taught by the Apostles in their own words, and as exemplified in the belief and customs of the communities of Christians which they organized and directed. The doctrines and precepts, etc. of the kingdom of Christ, as delivered by the Apostles in the words which they were taught to employ by the Holy Spirit, we shall ever earnestly contend for; but to those persons who substitute the inferences or explanations of fallible men for the language of the inspired writers, must be left the herculean task of maintaining such substitutions. We purpose to defend only inspired truths as they are revealed in inspired words. And, believing as we do without the shadow of a doubt, that the Apostles were faithful men, and that they fulfilled to the letter the commission given them by their Lord and Master, to teach the believers to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded them, (and which included every thing which Christ commanded, and excluded every thing else)—and as the New Testament makes known the precise ordinances which they delivered to the churches to observe, and which they inculcated every where in every church—we propose to vindicate the discipline, etc. of modern churches just so far as they keep the apostolic institutions. If they omit to observe any practice or church regulation observed by the churches which were governed by the inspired laws of the Apostles, and for which observances those churches were commended, or were not censured, we shall not be answerable for such omissions: or again, if any of the present churches institute any customs or practices in their discipline which are not commanded by the Apostles, and which the primitive congregations did not keep, we shall not attempt to advocate any such human additions. Unbelievers will not therefore have occasion to taunt us with the differences which exist amongst professors of religion, because we will admit only

the one standard which contains the one faith, etc. Nor shall we experience any difficulty in showing the use or propriety of any of the human dogmas, or any of "the wire-drawn theories" to which unbelievers so strongly object, and indeed upon which many of their objections to the Christian religion are founded, inasmuch as we shall pass by all such dogmas and theories, and make our sole appeal to a book, remarkable for its plainness, and which is intended to make wise the simple. In a word, the divine origin and authority of the whole of the Christian religion, and of nothing but the Christian religion, in every point, whether of faith or of practice, as declared in the New Testament, we undertake to prove in the present course of lectures.

But it may be asked with some show of plausibility—"Why moot the question of the divine authority of Christianity? Have we not already an abundance of valuable treatises on the subject? Is there any thing in literature more common? And is not the market overstocked with them already?" Our reply is, that while we feel deeply grateful for the excellent and irrefutable works of the able defenders of our common Christianity, yet we are puzzled to know the use of books which are seldom or never read. An extensive observation has satisfied us that by Christians generally they are unread, and in a vast majority of instances unknown, beyond their titles. We do not now refer to such an immortal work as that of Lardner's; it is enough if the "Credibility of the Gospel History" be read, and duly appreciated by those who act as teachers of the Christian religion. But the condensed view of Lardner as furnished by Paley, and a hundred other epitomes of the argument for the Christian religion, are neglected by multitudes professing the Christian name. In fact such works are by far too unpopular—a volume of sermons formed of 'half-a-minute texts, and half-an-hour discourses,' shall be read with greediness—a summary of the evidences of Christianity will be considered as a dusty encumbrance on the shelves of a library! But surely it cannot be amiss to address a Christian audience five or six times in the course of a year on the truth of their religion; they will still have the opportunity, if they wish, of listening to nearly one hundred and fifty of their favorite sermons, within the above period.

We may be told that "the truth of the Christian religion is generally admitted, and that it is imprudent by any discussion of its divine claims to cause individuals to look upon it as a thing which yet remains to be proved. The divine origin of Christianity should now be taken for granted." To the above statements we reply: It is far removed from the spirit inculcated in the New Testament to admit the truth of the Christian religion separate from an impartial examination of its evidences—such a stigma does not rest upon it. Did the Saviour of the world require the Jews to receive him as their Messiah without furnishing them with ample proofs of the justice of his claims to that high character? Or did his Apostles ever call upon Jew or Gentile to believe in Christ without submitting to them indubitable evidence that Jesus was both Lord and Christ? And does it become us to slight the very proofs exhibited by our Lord and his servants? The simple fact, however, that God planted Christianity by miraculous interposition, is enough, we should think, to satisfy every unprejudiced person of the imperious necessity of examining those circumstances which are brought before our notice as the manifestations of divine power. And on the plan of our objectors, a man born in a Mohammedan country would be a Mohammedan—if in China he would be a disciple of Confucius—if in Hindostan, a worshipper of Budd or Brahmā. And is it after this fashion that we are to receive Christianity as divine? Are we to be indebted to our nativity or to custom only for our belief in doctrines which are invested with all the importance of eternity? Will any sensible man upon the least reflection advance a notion so derogatory to our holy religion? Such persons there may be, but we are not of the number. It will be unfair, therefore, for any unbeliever, to urge against us the old aphorism that "Christianity is not founded in argument," for we believe and strenuously contend for the fact, that the New Testament calls upon no man to admit the inspiration of its doctrines without rational evidence of their truth. But it matters not to us what are the views of fallible men on the subject of the propriety or impropriety of discussing the evidences of Christianity: if we allowed their views to have the least weight with us, we should at once be convicted of inconsistency in departing from our definition of Christianity. Our one book is our warrant for the present course of lectures, and we desire no other sanction. The Gospels written by the four evangelists contain the history of Christ's life, miracles, etc. and one of the evangelists tells us the design of this history: "These are written, that you might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." According to this declaration, the miracles of Christ are written in a book for the same purpose they were originally performed—that men might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. We see not the miracles, but we have the record. And the record of the miracles, examined and understood, is as competent to convince men that Jesus is the Christ, as if those wonderful works were actually and sensibly exhibited. And in laying stress upon this testimony in order to belief, we are but following the examples of the Apostles. Let the instances be pointed out where the Apostles uttered against any individuals the threatenings of God before the exhibition of the testimony that Jesus was the Christ. That it is common to do so in the present day we know: but the popularity of such a course will not induce us to depart one iota from our sole guide in religious matters. In the details of science we are willing to sit at the feet of men of talent—in the things of God we will have none for our teachers but inspired men. Of course every Protestant will accede to the wisdom of our determination. But is there, can there be the least necessity for entering upon the defence of our conduct in attempting to prove that the Christian record is a genuine, authentic, credible history, when so many doubt it, and when others openly deny it? We look upon unbelievers in the light of strange animals, and yet what is done to convince them of their error? They state their doubts and objections to professed Christians, but the great majority of such persons are unable to remove the difficulties of sceptics—they are not masters of the Christian argument themselves, and cannot give a reason for the hope that is in them. And when unbelievers see so many admitting the divine nature of the Christian religion, who have never been convinced of its truth, is it any wonder that they become confirmed in their scepticism? That the first Christians could exhibit the reasons of their belief in Christ will be admitted by every enlightened student of the New Testament,—whether it redounds to the praise of our modern schemes that religious persons now are not competent to the task, we shall leave to our hearers to determine.

To be Continued.

SONG.

THE WOODLAND WELL.

O the pleasant woodland well
Starred about with roses;
Sweetest spot in dale or dell,
Bright when evening closes;
Sparkling, gushing clearly:
There it was first love begun;
And, amidst eve's shadows dun,
There it was I wooed and won
Her I loved most dearly.

O the lovely woodland well!
Unto it is given
Fairest light that ever fell
Full of bliss from heaven.
Ever, late and early,
Lingering, there I love to be,
Through sad memory's tears to see,
Lost to love, and lost to me,
Her I loved most dearly.

RICHARD HOWITT.

Concluded.

SCENES AT EPSOM RACES.

The moment the winner of the races is declared, the Stand, as it is called, is broken up, and the dense mass of people disperse themselves sufficiently to enjoy elbow-room. Portable dinners and lunches are now produced by all who were wise enough to provide themselves with such useful affairs before leaving town. Sandwiches are as plentiful as the blackberries of Falstaff. Thousands of persons, without being at all ceremonious, convey these tit-bits, with an expedition quick as thought, to their mouths, and not less promptly are they disposed of. Here and there you see the wine and brandy bottle making its appearance, and without loss of time it is emptied of its contents. Ladies who, at home or at parties, would blush to do more than take two or three sips of the liquid extracted from the grateful juice, now quaff a full glass, and it may be a second, with as much despatch, and as little ceremony, as would an officer of the Tenth Hussars. Eating, in some shape or other, may be said to be everywhere the order of the day; for most of those who took no dinner with them, purchase a penny worth of bread, biscuit, or gingerbread. In the shape of vendible liquids, there are sundry articles, severally baptized porter, gin, and ginger-beer. If you have nothing drinkable of your own, you are glad to become purchasers; for what between the heat of the weather, the dust that is flying about, and the extreme pressure of the crowd, from which you have just partly escaped, you feel as thirsty as if you could drink up the Thames at one draught. Do you patronise the porter, the gin, or the ginger-beer? No matter which; you will soon discover that they are all the same in this one respect,—that the one-half, and the largest half too, consists of water; and as if to aggravate the evil, there is strong reason to suspect that it is not of the purest sort. The truth is, that the liquids vended at Epsom races are like the razors immortalised by Peter Pindar the younger—made to sell, not to drink.

The ground is again all in a hubbub. Everything around seems instinct with human life and motion. Your ears are almost rendered deaf by the Babel of sounds which salute, or rather grate upon them. Could you have before supposed that it was within the compass of possibility that any person, however 'gifted with the gab,' could have been so voluble, if not so eloquent, in praise of his ginger-beer, as that stentorian-voiced fellow who is bawling out the pretended good qualities of his wash? Hear, again, that rufian-looking person praising his ginger-bread to the skies. Don't you wonder that that young rascal without hat, cap, or napkin,—without anything indeed worthy the name of clothing, but with a face which has clearly not come in contact with water for the last eight days,—don't you wonder that he is not quite hoarse, if not speechless, from the very excess of his oratorical efforts to attract purchasers for his pies? To be sure, such exertions would kill any one else, but these fellows are inured to the thing: it has become a second nature to them—a mere matter-of-course affair.

The thimble-riggers are reaping a rich harvest from the cockney greenhorns, who fancy that they see the thimble which 'kivers' the pea. The thimble is lifted; there is no pea there; but the money of the simpleton finds an immediate passage to the pocket of the rogue who is playing at victims. Ah! but though mistaken this time, the greenhorn will not be so again. He watches the rapid motions of the thimble-rigger; he is quite certain where the pea is now. 'Half-a-crown! crown!—a sovereign!' as the case may be, 'that it's there!' pointing to a particular thimble. It is lifted. Where is the pea? Echo answers, Where? 'It is not there anyhow,' observes a clownish-looking country lad who is standing by, but has too much sense to throw his money away. 'This beats everything; this is passing strange,' ejaculates the victim. Still he determines not to be 'done': he tries again and again, and he is only 'done' the more. At last his money is 'done,' and therefore he must be 'done' playing the game of thimble-rigging.

Far more thriving still, because the stakes are much deeper, is the business which the blacklegs from London are driving within those tented or portable hells which encounter your eye in every

direction. See how rapidly the foolish persons who are there risking their sovereigns or fivepound notes, are plundered of their money. Scarcely more insane would be the act of going out, throwing open their pockets, and asking the first person they meet with to empty them of the last shilling they have, than is their conduct in going into one of these places for the purpose of playing with a gang of rogues and robbers. The only difference between the two cases is, that in the first, the process of cleaning out would be more expeditiously gone through than it is in the other.

The concluding race takes place. It is over! and there is a universal rush towards the road leading in the direction of home. Such a scene of bustle and confusion as is now presented has been but very rarely witnessed since the creation of the world. Vehicles come in collision, and, what is worse, pedestrians are often jammed between two or more of these vehicles. The sufferers shriek, the ladies scream, and the drivers of the vehicles swear at, and abuse, and blame each other. Horses become restive; legs are broken, and bones are fractured. Great injury is done to the limbs of her Majesty's subjects: it is fortunate if no lives be lost. The more tender-hearted of the myriads present feel for those who have already suffered, and are filled with fear and trembling lest other and still greater disasters should yet occur. Eventually the ground appears less densely peopled; the immense concourse assembled are now rapidly undergoing the process of dispersion. The majority of the tenants of the vehicles, and of the equestrians and pedestrians, have now forced their way to the road, and are earnestly bound in a homeward direction. Did you ever see such a road? Did you ever before witness such extensive lines—all as close as they can be, so as to be able to move—of carriages, cabriolets, carts, horses, and human beings? Never, I will answer for it. You fear there must yet be many accidents before they all get home. Your fears are but too well founded; for I believe there has never yet been a Derby day in which there has not been a greater or less number of accidents, many of them serious: it is well if none prove fatal.

Has the day been dry? Well, then, such a ludicrous spectacle as that presented by those who have been to Epsom, on their return, was never seen. Their throats, not even excepting the throats of the most fashionable and delicate ladies, are so many dust-holes on a small scale. Their eyes are embedded in dust; while their carriages, cabriolets, horses, and their own persons, are all coated over with the same commodity. They look, for all the world, like so many dusty millers. What a figure do the ladies appear, with the finery of which they were so proud in the morning, and the preparation of which had cost them so many anxious thoughts! Did it rain heavily?—and Derby day is always remarkable for being either very dry, or very wet,—then it is difficult to say which of the evils is the greatest. A heavy shower at Epsom inspires the multitude with perfect horror. It plays fearful havoc with the ladies' dresses, and gives the whole assemblage the most crest-fallen and melancholy appearance which it were possible to imagine. See how drenched and downcast they look on their way home! One can hardly persuade himself that these are the parties he saw going to Epsom in the morning, so full of life and gaiety in their countenances and demeanour. How sad are their visages now! They are heartily sick of horse-racing; and their only wonder is that they were silly enough to leave their comfortable beds and their happy homes—assuming them to be happy—in the morning, on such an errand as that on which they had gone. And yet, after all, the chance is that they will go again next year, should they be living and well, and have the necessary ways and means.

Such is an attempted description of a Derby day at Epsom. It falls short of the actual thing itself. It is a scene that is not to be described. To form a correct idea of it, it must be witnessed.

The Turf is on the decline. Every friend of morality, and every one who wishes well to his fellow-creatures, will rejoice at this. What are now the leading horse-races, but gambling transactions on an extensive scale? At what time gambling was first introduced on the Turf, I have not been able to ascertain, but it must have been at least nearly three centuries ago; it is distinctly mentioned as being to a certain extent prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth. In that reign George, Earl of Cumberland, as is well known, almost ruined himself by his gambling propensities on the Turf. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, gambling at horse-races appears to have become so general, that Burton, the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' who flourished at that time, emphatically though quaintly said, 'that many gentlemen by means of race-horses, galloped out of their fortunes.' What would Burton have thought if he had foreseen the extent to which the vice of gambling on the Turf is carried in our day? Thousands are yearly ruined by it.

There is a numerous gang of sharpers and black-legs, who make the plunder of simpletons who bet on horse-racing a part of their daily schemes and daily roguery. Their plans are secret, but they are deeply laid, and are carried out with a skill and artfulness which render their success almost a matter of moral certainty. And even where they are detected, it is not, unhappily, until they have fleeced their victims. What villainies have of late been brought to light, which have been practised at our leading horse-races! But in no instance have they been discovered in sufficient time to save

the unsuspecting simpletons whose money was at stake. And what care the unprincipled 'legs' for exposure, when it comes not until after they have pocketed the money of their victims? Nothing at all; for they have no character to lose. And they know the law cannot reach them. Who does not remember the disgraceful transactions which took place at the Doncaster races of 1832? And are not certain transactions of the most unprincipled kind, which occurred at a celebrated race a few months ago, and by which thousands have been ruined,—still the subject of animated and indignant remark in all the sporting circles? The affair of the horse Ludlow is still fresh in the recollection of all patrons of the Turf; and that of Harkaway, at a very recent race, is not likely to cease to be spoken about for some time to come. Is it not beyond all question, that horses, which otherwise would have won, are often prevented from winning by the most consummate roguery? In some cases they are drugged so as to make them sick; in others the jockeys are bribed to ride them in such a way as to prevent them coming in first. A very common expedient resorted to by the 'leg' fraternity, when they have made their arrangements to their entire satisfaction beforehand, is to withdraw the horse which was the greatest favourite, by either purchasing him from the proprietor, or pretending to have purchased him. In fact, there is no end to the tricks of the Turf. The ramifications of the roguery practised by the mendacious gamblers who are so largely mixed up with all Turf transactions, are so varied and extensive, that no calculation or foresight can guard against their effects. So cunningly and skillfully are their schemes for plundering her Majesty's subjects laid, that they often, with the view of gulling the public, bet to a certain extent in favour of the favourite horse, though they know he will lose. A little loss in this way is amply made up by secretly betting to a large amount the other way; or by some other private arrangement made among themselves. Another favourite expedient on the race-course is to invent all sorts of rumours respecting different horses,—rumours relative to the probability or otherwise of particular animals running; and thus raising the odds, or causing them to fall in particular cases, according as their own interests are affected. Scarcely less notorious for the invention of false rumours on the part of a gang of Black-legs is the race-course, than is the Stock Exchange itself. With regard again to the running of favourite horses, it is now so common a practice for the parties interested to manage matters in such a way as that they shall not win,—that it has of late become customary with the recently initiated, before betting for or against any favourite horse, to do everything he can to ascertain whether or not it really be meant or intended by the proprietor that the horse shall win.

The public, who know little or nothing of the tricks of the Turf, never contemplate the possibility of any person entering a favourite horse, far less of his starting him for the race, without being most desirous that he should win; and, consequently, are victimised without perhaps ever suspecting that there was aught else than perfect fairness in the matter. It is well known that many hundreds of pounds have been given to proprietors of favourite horses, to bribe them not to win the race; and it is equally well known that the jockeys destined to ride such horses have, when not directly bribed by the 'legs' to lose the race, often received through the proprietors two or three hundred pounds for riding in such a way as to cause the horse to make a respectable appearance on the race-course, and thus lull suspicion of any treachery without winning the prize.

When I mention that a number of Jewish black-legs,—for the Turf swarms with rogues of the Hebrew persuasion,—have severally, perhaps, betted from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* that a particular horse shall not win, and when I add, that these are all leagued together for the purpose of plundering simpletons of their money, it will at once be seen to be natural that they should unite together, through the medium of one of their number, in offering the proprietor of a horse, where that proprietor is supposed to be accessible to bribery, such a sum as will cause him to guarantee that the horse shall not win the race.

In innumerable cases, in which the proprietors were men of too much honour and honesty to be parties to any such fraud, the leading men among the 'leg' fraternity have, through the intervention of some person on whom they could depend, attempted to bribe the individual entrusted with the training of the particular horse, to give him a particular pill the night before the race, so as to make him sick; and when this has failed, the inducement of some hundred pounds not to win, has been held out to the jockey booked to ride the animal. And where all efforts of the kind have failed, a sum twice the value of the horse has repeatedly been offered for him immediately before the races.

The late Mr. Mostyn was offered the unprecedented sum of seven thousand guineas, a few years since, for a horse of his which was the favourite for the St. Leger; but knowing that the offer was made for the purpose of enabling the parties to practise a fraud on the public, he, like an honourable man, scorned to accept it, though the probability was, he would have taken a third of the sum after the races were over. Had the swindling brotherhood got the horse, they would of course have withdrawn him from the field, all the parties who had betted that he would win being in that case equally losers as if he had contested the prize, but been unsuccessful.

The trickery which is practised on the Turf may be inferred

from the character of the persons who most largely patronise it. Who are these? Notoriously the leading proprietors of gambling-houses in London, and the principal frequenters of those houses. Who ever heard of a race of any note, without seeing Crockford standing on the course, with his hands in his pockets, and looking like one whose mind is occupied with some abstruse calculations as to the way in which the impending events are likely to come off? And see how the trio of Bonds, the next greatest gambling-house proprietors in the metropolis, dash about in their splendid equipages. As to gambling noblemen and gentlemen—why there is not one of any notoriety in our London hells, that is not equally well known on the Turf. I could here run over in dozens the names of dukes, of marquises, of earls, and of noblemen and gentlemen of every rank, professed devotees of gambling at the hazard-tables of the hells in town, who are equally notorious for their patronage of the Turf. And how many of these are there, who are bankrupt in fortune as well as character?

Then there are the false notions of honour that prevail on the Turf. Such are these notions, that Turfites feel bound to pay, provided they can at all raise the amount, any losses they may incur by betting, even though their tradesmen and families should not only be suffering the greatest privations in consequence of the non-payment of the amount due to them, but should be brought to the verge of ruin on that account. How many poor tradesmen suffered, and how many of themselves or their successors still suffer, from the non-payment by the late Duke of York, of the debts he contracted with them! And yet he always made a point of paying the losses he sustained on the Turf. It was the same in the case of his brother, George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales; and it is the same with numbers of noblemen whose names might be mentioned. Such is the morality which obtains on the Turf! Such are the notions of honour that are entertained by its votaries!

The Turf, then, is a most prolific source of social evil. I am convinced it would be impossible to estimate the amount of mischief it has done to morals, to families, and to society. It first destroys all the better feelings of one's nature, and then destroys one's fortune. Could all those that are still alive, who have been ruined by the Turf, be brought into one place, what a vast and wretched assemblage of human beings would they present! The victims of the Turf! Why, their name is Legion!

It is deeply to be regretted that when the results of betting on horse-races are so disastrous, those races should be specially patronised by the Queen. Of course the blame does not attach to her. The subject is one which, in all probability, has never been brought under her consideration. She subscribes to the Ascot Races, and patronises those races by her presence, because her predecessors have done the same before her. But it is to be regretted that there should not be those around her throne who would point out to her the frightful evils which are necessarily associated with the Turf, and suggest to her that she ought not to become the patroness, either by her purse or her presence—especially not by both—of a pastime which is productive of so much immorality, and of so much misery to individuals and families. I am sure, that were a sovereign possessed of such amiable feelings as is Victoria, and who is so exceedingly anxious to promote the cause of morals, and to increase the happiness of mankind,—only aware of the deplorable and destructive consequences of horse-racing, she would at once withdraw her patronage from that pastime.

YEARLY FAIR OF CASHMERE SHAWLS.

Perhaps the last idea that would ever enter into the head of a London or Parisian belle, when she is the envied possessor of a rich Cashmere, is the manner in which these costly shawls are transferred to European merchants. I have been witness to the extraordinary scene presented by a fair held for the purpose on the banks of the Volga, and I think that the ladies will be interested with its description.

A conflagration which took place on the confines of Europe and Asia, in 1816, burnt down the little village of Makarief. This event, unnoticed in the European journals, was of some consequence in the mercantile annals of the world, since in that miserable village had been held, from time immemorial, every year in the month of July, the fair where all the Cashmeres were sold that were brought by land into Europe. With the village were burnt the warehouses and shops used by the merchants. Ever since that time this fair has been transferred to Nishnei Novgorod. The Russian government had long been desirous that such should be the case, on account of the fine commercial situation of that town at the confluence of the Oka and the Volga.

Just at the confluence of these rivers, thousands of temporary shops are constructed with the promptitude for which the Russians are celebrated. We see rise with marvellous celerity, taverns, coffee-shops, a theatre, ball-rooms, and a crowd of edifices of painted wood, constructed with some taste, all ready for the opening of the July fair. A crowd of people from all corners of the earth assemble to fill these ephemeral streets. Russians, Tartars and Calmucks, are the natural population; these are joined by Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Indians, Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of tongues, the most perfect order reigns among this assembly of

many nations. The riches amassed in this place are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, and the merchandises of Persia and China, are seen on every side. But among the precious productions of Asia, certainly the shawls of Cashmere bear the first rank.

The sale of these beautiful articles is a sort of contract which never takes place excepting in the presence of witnesses. One of my friends, who dealt in this species of merchandise, requested me to be one of his witnesses. I therefore accompanied him to the fair, and by this means beheld all the proceedings of the negotiation. On our arrival, we were joined by the other witnesses and two Armenian brokers, and my friend led us to a row of stone houses, without upper stories; here we were introduced into a sort of a cellar. The Indian merchant, who was the seller, sat here, surrounded by immense riches, in the form of four score bales of Cashmeres, which were ranged and piled against the wall; he dealt in no other merchandise. The extraordinary part of the business is, that shawls of the greatest value are sold without the buyer ever seeing them opened; they are never unfolded; nor does the buyer even examine a corner; nevertheless he is perfectly informed of their state by the descriptive catalogues of the brokers, who obtain these catalogues from Cashmere, drawn up with the utmost care and fidelity.

As soon as we entered, we squatted on the ground without speaking a word, and the brokers who conduct the whole affair proceeded to business. They began by placing the buyer and seller at diagonal points of the apartment; they then ran perpetually from one party to another, making known the price asked and the price bid, in many mysterious whispers. This negotiation went on with great earnestness, till the prices seemed to approximate nearer, owing to one party lowering his demand, and the other raising his offer. The bale of shawls was then brought out, and placed between the owner and the buyer; the seller vaunted their beauty and value, and the buyer regarded them disdainfully, and hastily compared their number and marks with his catalogue. Then the scene grew more animated; the buyer made a positive offer, declaring it was the highest price he would give. The Indian merchant then rose to quit the warehouse; the brokers cried aloud with a high voice, and seized him by the skirt of the garment to detain him by force; one hauled him to one side, the other pulled him on the other, and, between them, they raised in a moment the most outrageous uproar. The poor Indian seemed very passive in all this confusion; I expected that the brokers in their zealous activity would do him a mischief, and I found that this is sometimes the case.

Now comes the third act of this odd farce. If a fair price has been bid, the brokers endeavour to force the Indian merchant to give the buyer his hand, who holds it open, and repeats his offer in a loud voice. This is the most amusing part of the business; for the brokers seize the poor Indian, and try to get hold of his hand. The Indian defends himself, resists, escapes to the other end of the warehouse, enveloping his hand in the large sleeve of his robe, all the time whining out his first price in the most dolorous tone of voice. At last they catch him, and, in spite of his resistance, and even his cries, place his hand in that of the buyer.

Complete tranquility succeeds this scene. The brokers congratulate the buyer. The Indian sighs piteously, and complains in a doleful tone of the violence and ill behaviour of the brokers. The brokers seat themselves, and prepare the bill of sale as the last act of the ceremony. All that has passed is pure acting, and considered indispensable to the etiquette of the sellers of Cashmere shawls; for if the Indian merchant has not been sufficiently pinched, and pulled, and pushed from side to side, and his head and arms bruised with the ardour of the sale, he will fancy he has parted with his goods too readily, and repent of the sale before the next July fair brings him to Nishnei again. The whole affair rested on this important difference: the Indian merchant asked two hundred and thirty thousand roubles for his bale, and the buyer gave him but one hundred and eighty thousand—of which the brokers receive two roubles out of every hundred.

The whole company, buyer, seller, witnesses, and brokers, then seated themselves cross-legged on a carpet with deep fringes. We were handed ice, served in vases of China porcelain. Instead of spoons, we had little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, whose silver handles were ornamented with a ruby or an emerald, or some other precious stone. When these refreshments were taken, the shawls were delivered. All the marks and descriptions were found perfectly right, the goods being precisely as the brokers had declared. The time of payment caused another contest; and when that was adjusted, all the parties concerned were expected to say a private prayer. I did as the others did; but I fear I was more employed in reflecting on the variety of religions that had met together on the business. There was the India adorer of Brama and other idols; two Tartars, who submitted their destinies to the regulation of Mahomet; two Parsees, worshippers of fire; a Calmuck officer, who, I verily believe, had a reverential regard for the Grand Lama; and three Christians, of different communions—an Armenian, a Georgian, and (meaning myself) a Lutheran. One of the company told me he had prayed that the ladies of Europe might abate their extravagant desire of possessing Cashmere shawls. As

he was like me, only one of the witnesses, I may venture to conclude, that he did not draw any profit from this article of luxury, or he would never have put up so perverse a prayer at the grand fair of Nishnei Novgorod.

THE CONTRAST.

BY DR. PALEY.

There are two opposite descriptions of character, under which mankind may generally be classed. The one possesses vigour, firmness, resolution; is daring and active, quick in its sensibility, jealous of its fame, eager in its attachments, inflexible in its purpose, violent in its resentments. The other, meek, yielding, complying, forgiving; not prompt to act, but willing to suffer; silent and gentle under rudeness and insult, suing for reconciliation where others would demand satisfaction, giving way to the pushes of impudence, conceding and indulgent to the prejudices, the wrong-headedness, the intractability, of those with whom it has to deal. The former of these characters is, and ever hath been, the favorite of the world. It is the character of great men. There is a dignity in it which universally commands respect. The latter is poor-spirited, tame and abject. Yet so it hath happened, that, with the *Founder of Christianity*, this latter is the subject of his commendation; his precepts, his examples; and that the former is so in no part of its composition. This and nothing else is the character designed in the following remarkable passages: 'Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man shall sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also; and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain: love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' This certainly is not common-place morality. It is very original. It shows at least, that no two things can be more different than the HEROIC and the CHRISTIAN character.

Now the author of *The Internal Evidence of Christianity*, (Soame Jenyns, Esq.) has not only marked this difference more strongly than any preceding writer, but has proved, in contradiction to first impressions, to popular opinion, to the encomiums of orators and poets, and even to the suffrages of historians and moralists, that the latter character possesses the most of true worth, both as being most difficult to be acquired or sustained, and as contributing most to the happiness and tranquillity of social life. The state of his argument is as follows:—1. If this disposition were universal, the case is clear; the world would be a society of friends. Whereas, if the other disposition were universal, it would produce a scene of universal contention. The world could not hold a generation of such men.—2. If, what is the fact, the disposition be partial; if a few be actuated by it, amongst a multitude who are not; in whatever degree it does prevail, in the same proportion it prevents, allays, and terminates, quarrels, the great sources of human misery, so far as man's happiness and misery depend upon man. Without this disposition, enmities must not only be frequent, but, once begun, must be eternal: for each retaliation being a fresh injury, and, consequently, requiring a fresh satisfaction, no period can be assigned to the reciprocation of affronts, and to the progress of hatred, but that which closes the lives, or at least the intercourse, of the parties.—*Evidences of Christianity.*

For the Pearl.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. I.

In acceptance of your invitation to furnish original contributions for the Pearl, I propose, with your approval, to prepare a series of Essays on that most interesting of all studies, Physiology. Not that I have ought very original to make public, but merely to prepare a popular outline, which may, peradventure, excite some of my young fellow-townsmen to enquire for "*further particulars.*"

The range of subjects over which Physiology takes cognizance, is very wide, and it may be as well in the outset to lay somewhat of plan for future proceedings.—All organic bodies, whether animal or vegetable, together with the phenomena they present, and the laws that govern them, are cognizable by the Physiologist,—inorganic bodies are the subjects of the Chemist; and having used these terms, organic and inorganic, it may be well to become acquainted at once with their signification and difference. Both classes of bodies are composed of precisely the same elements; though organized bodies indeed are possessed of certain substances peculiar to them, and which cannot be produced by any artificial process—such are the fibrin, albumen, gelatine, etc.—but these may be reduced by the Chemist to their ultimate or elementary parts by analysis, yet he always fails in every attempt to re-form them synthetically. An inorganic body differs from an organized in the homogeneous appearance it presents. A piece of ice, or mass of stone, for instance, is broken, and each fragment is a perfect representative of the whole mass, except with relation to shape, weight, etc.; each particle of the ice, no matter how minute, may by heat be converted into water, which will contain the same relative proportions of its elements, as did the whole mass. Not so, however, with a vegetable or animal; each portion, if it

be divided, will be found unlike: here, there will be a bone, an artery, or a ligament, and there, the bark, the pith, the leaf-bud, etc. It is essential to the existence of an organized being in its natural condition, that both solids and fluids enter into its composition; living bodies always possess a liquid ever kept in motion, or agitated, by the living solid parts; the water which percolates through mineral substances is not a necessary part of their composition. Inorganic bodies, when resolved into their elements, are found to be very simple in their composition,—some containing not more than two, as water, which is formed of oxygen and hydrogen gases, in fixed and determinate proportions. (And here another remarkable dissimilarity occurs—it was pointed out by Berzelius—it is this: in organized products the elements do not observe a simple, arithmetical ratio in combining; thus many fatty matters have been examined, and have been found to differ only by fractional parts in the numerical proportions of their atoms.) No being, however, in the possession of life, and hence organized, consists of less than four elements, viz. oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and azote. Nature appears therefore to rise by gradations, from the inorganic mineral, to the organized vegetable, and from thence to the animal, the multiplicity of whose constituents may account for the great tendency to change which exists in them. Minerals are not liable to changes, except acted upon by some cause externally applied.

In a living body, whether it be an animal or vegetable, all the parts appear to tend to one common object—that object being the preservation and reproduction of the individual. Each organ, no matter what its more immediate office, has this ultimate object in view, and the result of this harmony is life. But each part of an inorganic mass is independent of the other, and they are merely retained in contact by cohesive attraction. All the individuals which compose a class, whether of animals or vegetables, are the exact counterparts of each other, have the same number of limbs, their internal anatomical structure is precisely similar. The shapes then of all organized bodies are unalterably fixed; but the shape of a rock, or piece of metal, is not a property by which we can recognize it. Even crystals vary in shape, when produced under different circumstances, from the same substances: thus, a combination of carbonic acid and lime, during crystallization, will perhaps assume the shapes of the rhomboid, six-sided prism, and many others, as detailed by the celebrated Hally. But the most marked distinction between organic and inorganic bodies—the most visible and palpable—is their mode of increase and nutrition; the latter, that is the inorganic, are increased by the addition of matter to their surface; whilst the former assimilate to themselves particles which penetrate and pervade them—nutrition being the effect of the internal mechanism alluded to above, and may be called the vital process. An organised being is produced from a germ, which was at one time attached to, and part of another being exactly similar. Bodies not possessing organization have no germ; the elements of which they are composed come into contact, and form masses of no determinate weight or shape. Having thus drawn the line between the two great families of natural objects, the next thing will be to mark the differences, which may enable us to distinguish an animal from a vegetable; then the actions and phenomena belonging to each, will present themselves to our notice, and here commences the legitimate pursuit of the Physiologist.

PICTOU LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening, 26th Dec. last, Mr. J. D. R. Fraser, according to announcement, lectured on the nature and properties of Hydrogen and its compounds. The interest excited by his former essays, and the success which had uniformly attended the performance of the various interesting experiments, necessary for the illustration of this subject, did not fail to be the means of collecting on the occasion a large audience, who had the pleasure of witnessing a series of beautiful, and to most of them novel experiments. After some introductory remarks the Lecturer explained the various ways of obtaining Hydrogen, and shewed how it was produced by the decomposition of water, and after collecting a quantity, he performed experiments in illustration of its levity, expansibility, etc. etc. A Balloon was inflated early in the evening—a stream of the gas was afterwards directed on a small piece of spongy platina, to shew the singular property which this substance possesses of producing the inflammation of the gas; the simple apparatus for lighting candles to which this discovery gave origin, was also alluded to.

The preparation of the hydrosset of carbon, or coal gas, now so extensively employed in lighting the streets and houses in cities, and the different appearances which it presents, when inflamed in its pure and adulterated states, were explained, and afforded subjects for some very pretty experiments. The Lecturer referred to the danger to which Miners are exposed from the presence of this gas, (which is naturally evolved in mines,) and which when mixed with a certain proportion of atmospheric air and ignited, produces the most dreadful and destructive explosions. The "Davy" was produced, and the principles of its construction and its uses shewn.

Experiments were made with phosphuretted Hydrogen, and the brilliancy of its combustion in Oxygen contrasted with its inflammation in atmospheric air.

Mr. Fraser for want of a proper apparatus could not shew the proportion in which Oxygen and Hydrogen combine to form water, but by directing an inflamed stream of Hydrogen, into a globe containing atmospheric air, illustrated its production in that manner, and called the attention of the Society to the loud and deep musical tones, which he stated were supposed to be caused by a rapid succession of explosions.

After a series of pleasing and most interesting experiments, Mr. Fraser finished with one dazzlingly beautiful, one which perhaps has seldom or ever been performed or witnessed in this Province—the production of that brilliant and intense light which is emitted from a piece of lime under the action of the Oxy-Hydrogen blowpipe—and which it has been proposed to substitute in the place of those in present use in light houses.—Mr. F. was more than usually successful in the results of his experiments, which were witnessed with marked approbation. After the lecture a short conversation ensued, during which the cause of the Aurora Borealis was discussed, and referred by some to the inflammation of Hydrogen, and various plausible reasons in support of the theory were adduced.

In continuation of Mr. Fraser's lecture it may be remarked, that the production of the tones of "Musical Glasses" was formerly supposed to be due to the affections of watery vapours; but Mr. Faraday has proved, by a number of ingenious experiments, that such is not the case, and that, agreeably to Sir H. Davy's views of the constitution of flame, they are nothing but the reports of a rapid and continued succession of explosions, produced by the combustion of Hydrogen, Carbonic Oxide, Vapour of Ether or Oiliant gas, jetted upon glass or other tubes. Mr. Faraday gives the result of experiments with all these gases, on air jars, globes, Florence flasks and tubes of various sorts and sizes. A very pleasing succession of distinct and modulated tones may be produced by the action of the flame of either of those gases mentioned, upon an instrument constructed of a number of tubes of different calibres and lengths, scientifically arranged, called the "Musical Glasses."

Hydrogen is classed among the non-respirable gases, though Sir H. Davy has shewn that if the lungs be not previously exhausted by a forced expiration, it may be breathed for a few seconds without much seeming inconvenience, but is attended with a singular phenomenon, an account of which is given by Ure.—"Mannoir was one day amusing himself with Paul—at Geneva, in breathing pure Hydrogen gas. He inspired it with ease, and did not perceive that it had any sensible effect upon him; either in entering his lungs or passing out; but after he had taken it in a very large dose, he was desirous of speaking, and was astonishingly surprised at the sound of his voice, which was become soft, shrill, and even squeaking, so as to alarm him. Paul made the same experiment on himself and the same effect was produced.

Pictou, 8th January, 1839.

A SPECIMEN OF WELSH LITERATURE.

The Welch poetical triads are part of a species of literature with which the reader may not be acquainted, as the Welch is not taught in this country, either as a living or dead language. The following specimen contains many valuable observations expressed with singular brevity:

The three foundations of genius are—the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first questions of genius—an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares to follow it.

The three things indispensable to genius—understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that ennoble genius—vigour, discretion, and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius—extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius—proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion.

The three things that support genius—prosperity, social qualifications, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry—endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought.

The three pillars of learning—seeing much, offering much, and writing much.

The *Mouiteur Parisien* records the death of a woman named Marie Priou, which happened in the environs of Saint Beal, in the Haute Garonne, at the patriarchal age of 158 years, retaining, as they say, her mental faculties to the last, although her corpse weighed only 42 lbs. her flesh being gone, and her skin and muscles adhering to her bones like parchment! They add that, at the age of 63, she sold a cottage and some trifling pieces of land for an annuity of 132*l.*, which the purchasers have consequently had to pay for no less a period than 92 years!

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1839.

SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.—We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an interesting notice of an able lecture read before the Pictou Society by Mr. J. D. B. Fraser, and which will be found on another column. The importance of literary and scientific institutions in the Provinces, we are glad to perceive, is beginning to be understood and felt. Such an institution has been formed at Truro and is now in progress. A Mechanics' Institute has just been commenced at Charlotte Town, P. E. I. The following notice of the first meeting we copy from the Colonial Herald of Jan. 5th.—"On Wednesday evening last an introductory lecture, illustrative of the object and advantages of this Institution was delivered by Chas. Young, Esq., in the late News Room, at Mrs. Millar's. It was delivered in an animated manner, and was listened to with marked attention by a crowded audience. His Excellency Sir Charles and Lady Mary Fitz Roy, the Hon. the Chief Justice, with many other ladies and gentlemen, honoured the meeting with their presence. His Excellency, through the Chairman (George Dalrymple, Esq.), expressed his decided approbation of the Institution, and his best wishes for its success. The interest excited on the occasion was manifested by the accession to the list of members—about 40 persons, after the conclusion of the lecture, having come forward and subscribed their names."

A Meeting of Members, for the choice of Patron and Vice Patrons, and for the election of office-bearers, afterwards took place, when on motion of Charles Young, Esq., seconded by H. Palmer, Esq., it was unanimously

Resolved, That His Excellency Sir Charles A. Fitz Roy be respectfully requested to become the Patron, and the Hon. the Chief Justice, and the Hon. George Wright the Vice Patrons of this Institute.

The following gentlemen were then elected office-bearers for the ensuing year.

George Dalrymple, Esq., *President*;

Edward Palmer and } *Vice Presidents.*
Chas. Young, Esqrs. }

John Longworth, Esq., *Secretary & Treasurer.*

Committee—Mr. Isaac Smith, Rev. Jas. Waddell, Francis Longworth, jun., Esq., Mr. M. Doherty, William Mackintosh, Esq., Messrs. T. Pethick, W. Cullen, C. C. Davison, W. Duchemin."

CANADA.—Bishop Macdonnell has lately published an address to the Irish Catholics of Upper Canada.—The anniversary of the destruction of the piratical steam boat *Caroline* was celebrated by a numerous and respectable party at the City Hotel, Toronto, on the 29th. ultimo. We think respectable persons might be better engaged than in keeping up animosities among persons who ought to live as brethren.—The loyal inhabitants of Toronto have commenced a subscription, for the purpose of purchasing a sword for Colonel Prince, of Sandwich, in testimony of their approbation of his brave and resolute conduct. There may be *bravery* in ordering prisoners to be shot, but we are too dull to perceive it. To us it looks more like cowardice.—The printer and editor of *Le Fantasque*, a satirical paper published in Quebec, have been committed to prison.—The Canadians in the United States are in the habit of sending abusive anonymous letters to individuals in Quebec, enclosing newspapers etc. subjecting them to a very heavy postage. To what a silly extent hatred will carry a person.—On the morning of Jan. 4th. four of the state prisoners were killed by the agents of the Sheriff of Kingston.—One of them had to be supported on the platform, being very sick and weak. Ten persons have now been killed at Kingston. We mentioned in our last of a trooper having been waylaid and ill-treated by the Canadians; later accounts show that the trooper was the aggressor, having entered a Canadian house and held a pistol to the breast of one of the inmates to enforce compliance with a demand for liquor. He was upon this, disarmed, but having procured the aid of some of his comrades, he returned, and one of them wantonly shot a Canadian in the shoulder. The trooper was intoxicated at the time, and he, together with his comrade, who wounded the Canadian, have been dismissed the service. If a Canadian had wounded a trooper, what would have been done to him in the present exasperated state of the public mind?—Two divisions of the 11th Regt. have arrived at Quebec from New Brunswick.—A document of the court martial at Montreal in regard to the eleven prisoners taken at Napierville, we give below. Such wholesale slaughter as it sanctions we can no more reconcile with the precepts of the New Testament than we can the human sacrifices which are made on the altars of some of the pagan gods.

"The Court finds that the prisoners Guillaume Levesque, Pierre Theophile Decoigne, Achille Morin, Joseph Jacques Hebert, Hubert Drossin Leblanc, David Drossin Leblanc, Francois Trepanier, fils, Pierre Hector Morin, Joseph Pare, are individually and collectively guilty, and it does therefore sentence them to be hanged by the neck till they be dead, at such time and place as His Excellency the Commander of the Forces and Administrator of the Government may appoint. But the Court recommends the prison-

ners Guillaume Levesque and Francois Trepannier, fils, for a commutation of the sentence of death for a punishment less severe; that the prisoners Louis Lemelin and Jean Baptiste Dozais, senior, are not guilty and it does acquit them accordingly.

The Commander of the Forces and Administrator of the Government approves the sentence of the court, which he directs may be immediately communicated to the prisoners by the Deputy Judge Advocate."

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The legislature was opened on the 15th inst. by a very elaborate speech from the Lieut Governor, Sir John Harvey. The chief topics dwelt upon are the public roads, the Mail communication, the present condition of the Indians etc. etc.—A very handsome compliment has been paid to Dr. Gray for his gratuitous lectures before the St. John Institute.

MEXICO.—This unfortunate country is likely to become the theatre for the demon of war to exhibit its scenes of horror and distress. A conflict has taken place between the French troops and the Mexican forces under the command of Santa Anna. The latter were repulsed and their General wounded in his left leg. Of the individuals sent into eternity by his barbarous affair no account is given in the papers we have seen, but there can be no doubt that many were killed in the affray. Well, they are gone to that bar where all murderers must give an account of their actions.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.—Of the bills which have already been introduced to the notice of the House, we may mention the following:—An Act for enabling persons indicted for felony to make their defence by counsel, by Mr. McKim.—An Act for regulating elections of members to serve in General Assembly—and An Act for regulating the trial of contested elections, by Mr. Young.—An Act for limiting the duration or continuance of the General Assembly, by Mr. Doyle.—An Act to incorporate the town of Halifax, by Mr. Howe.—A committee has been appointed to wait on His Excellency to request the documents relating to the establishment of Dalhousie College, its laws and the minutes of its board of governors during the past year. Also a committee to wait upon His Excellency to request such extracts of his Despatches to the Colonial Secretary, on the subject of the Councils and Civil lists, as he should think proper to communicate, together with copies of letters from the Commissioner of Crown Lands, and an account of the Chief Justice's fees, and the receipts and disbursements of the casual and territorial revenue for 1838.—The Corporation Bill is to be discussed on Wednesday the 30th instant.

At the last meeting of the Mechanics' Institute Dr. Sawers concluded his introductory lecture on Physiology. Many of the views introduced were too abstruse for a popular assembly. The Doctor seemed to feel this, although he defended the necessity of their introduction, and promised that the after lectures should be more easy and obvious. Few questions of an abstract nature can be so simplified as to be made acceptable to the great bulk of mankind. And to no subject does this remark more strongly apply than to space. Even among philosophers it has been frequently agitated and as variously decided. By some it has been exalted to the dignity of the Supreme Being; by others it has been debased to a perfect non-entity; some will have it to be the mere privation of body; others again, a mere abstract idea. Some view it as limited, while many distinguished persons, such as Newton, Locke, and Clarke, etc. have contended for its universality and eternity, and have pointed out its intimate connection with unlimited existence, and with our ideas of unoriginated and unbounded being. Leibnitz, Bentley and others, on the one side, contend that space can never be actually infinite, because it has a capacity of being increased without end, so that no space can be assigned so vast, but still a larger may be imagined—and if it can receive increase, it cannot be infinite. Newton, and those on his side, however, contend that space, whatever it is, has a positive existence;—that not being formed of parts, it must be simple in its nature;—that it is unchangeable;—that its absence cannot be supposed possible;—and, consequently, that it must be something which is necessarily existent, infinite, and eternal. Not that this class of philosophers represent infinite space as an attribute of the Deity, for this absurd notion they most unequivocally deny. One party, however, consider space to have parts, and so, finite;—the other, that it cannot have parts, and therefore cannot be augmented or diminished, and so, infinite;—one class descant on the possible absence of space, the other will have it that this cannot be imagined without involving ourselves in the most glaring contradictions. "Infinite space," says Clarke, "is one, absolutely and essentially indivisible, and to suppose it parted is a contradiction in terms; because there must be space in the partition itself, which is to suppose it parted and not parted at the same time." The immortal Locke has remarked upon the strange fact that men so easily admit infinite duration, and yet stagger at infinite expansion or space. When such illustrious philosophers disagree, how shall a Mechanics' Institute decide? But enough,—for those

whose intellectual habits had been formed and cultivated, the Doctor's masterly lecture must have proved a source of high gratification, whether favorable to his views or otherwise. Succeeding lectures from Dr. Sawers during the Session will be looked for with unabated interest. Mr. McKenzie is to lecture on Hydrostatics next Wednesday evening.

MESSAGE.

C. CAMPBELL.

The Lieutenant Governor transmits to the House of Assembly the Copy of a Despatch from the Right Honorable Lord Glenelg, conveying Her Majesty's reply to their Address relating to the composition of the Legislative and Executive Councils, the Civil List, and other subjects.

The Queen withdraws for the present her offer to furnish to the Legislature the Revenue under her control in this Province; but at the same time declares that whenever the Legislature shall pass a Bill granting to her Majesty the sum of £4,700 Sterling per annum, during the continuance of her Majesty's reign, or for a period not less than ten years, applicable to the salaries of the principal officers of the Government, her Majesty will be ready, in exchange for that sum, to surrender to the Legislature the Revenue at present at her Majesty's disposal, subject only to some inconsiderable temporary deductions. It must be clearly understood, however, that in the event of the passing of such a Bill, the Revenues now at her Majesty's disposal will revert to the Crown at the expiration of that Bill.

The Assembly are further informed that the sum of £4,700 will not enable her Majesty to continue to pay to the Surveyor General of Nova Scotia Proper and Cape Breton, the Clerk of the Crown, and Harbor Master of Sydney, the salaries which they have hitherto received from the Crown Revenues, and the Lieut. Governor therefore recommends (supposing the Bill to pass) that the House of Assembly will grant to these officers their accustomed remuneration, for which it will then rest with the House of Assembly to make annual provision.

The accompanying Despatch from Lord Glenelg will explain to the House of Assembly that the net proceeds only of the sales of Crown Lands will be made over to the disposal of the Legislature.

The Chief Justice and Judges of the Supreme Court having consented to accept her Majesty's offer (which the Lieutenant Governor was recently authorised to renew to them) of increased Salaries in lieu of fees, and her Majesty in that case having directed that the new arrangement for their remuneration should commence with the year 1839, the Lieutenant Governor acquaints the House that he deemed it expedient, by the advice of the Executive Council, to give previous directions for discontinuing the collection of these fees on the first of the present month, in order that suitors in the Supreme Court (which was to meet on that day at Halifax) might have the immediate benefit of the measure.

Government House, 17th January, 1839.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

Halifax, 22d January, 1839.

NOTICE TO MAGISTRATES.

In compliance with the request of the House of Assembly, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor is hereby pleased to direct the different Magistrates of this Province (with the exception of the Town of Halifax) to transmit, without delay, to this Office, for the information of the House, Returns of all Suits commenced before them respectively, within the last two years—distinguishing the names of the Plaintiff and Defendant, with their respective places of residence, the amount of Debt recovered, and the costs of each Suit, including the Justices', Constables', and Witnesses' Fees.

By His Excellency's Command,
RUPERT D. GEORGE.

HALIFAX, SS.

In the Supreme Court, Hilary Term, 1839.

Thomas D. Archibald, of Halifax, and Adams G. Archibald, of Truro, Attornies at Law, were this day admitted and enrolled Barristers of this Court.

Samuel Leonard Shannon, A. B. of Halifax, Student at Law, was also this day, in open Court, duly admitted and enrolled a Barrister and Attorney of the said Court.

J. W. Nutting, Prothonotary.

16th January, 1839.

The fifth Lecture on the Divine Origin and Authority of Christianity will be delivered by Thomas Taylor, next Lord's Day Evening, at 7 o'clock.

MARRIED,

Last evening, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. James Lines, to Miss Joannah Elward, both of this place.

DIED,

On Saturday morning, Charlotte Jane, eldest daughter of Robert D. Clarke, aged 9 years.

On Monday evening last, in the 35th year of his age, Mr. John Sterling, leaving a wife and 4 children.

At Pictou, on the 15th inst., in the 45th year of his age, John H. Noonan, Esq. H. M. Sub-Collector of Customs at that Port.

On Tuesday morning last, William Thomas, infant son of William and Sarah Adams, aged two weeks.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Monday, January 21st—Barque Tory's Wife, Kelly, Liverpool, 108, and Antigua, 37 days—dry goods, etc. to Fairbanks & Allison; on Friday, off Shelburne, fell in with the wreck of the brig Charles Forbes, from St. John, for Kircaldy, out 27 days, waterlogged; took off the Captain (Wilkie) and crew.

Tuesday, 22d—Mailboat Lady Ogle, Stairs, Boston, 50 hours; packet schr. Industry, Simpsou, Boston, 7 days—general cargo to H. Fay, and others.

Wednesday, 23d—Mailboat Margaret, Boole, Boston, 3½ days, (68 hours to Sambro Light); schr. Placid, Harrison, Trinidad, 85 days—ballast, to J. A. Moren.

BANK OF NOVA-SCOTIA,

Halifax, 22nd January, 1839.

THE Stockholders are hereby called upon for the balance remaining unpaid on the Shares held by them in the Capital Stock of the Bank of Nova-Scotia, in two several instalments, viz—

Twenty-five per cent, or Twelve Pounds Ten Shillings on each Share, to be paid on or before the Fifteenth March next; and Twelve and one half per cent, or Six Pounds Five Shillings on each share, to be paid on or before the 1st May next.

By order of the President and Directors.

J. FORMAN, Cashier.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS,

ON SUNDAY NEXT January 27th, the Annual Sermons, in aid of the Halifax Branch Wesleyan Missionary Society will be preached as follow—

THE REV. W. CROSCOMBE will preach in the lower Church, Argyle Street, in the morning; and in the upper Church, Brunswick street, in the evening.

THE REV. W. CROOKS, (lately from the West Indies,) will preach in the upper Church in the afternoon, and in the lower Church in the evening.

THE REV. W. WILSON will preach in the upper Church in the morning, and in the lower Church in the afternoon.

The usual collections for the support of missions, will be made. The Annual Public Meeting will be held in the lower Church on Tuesday evening, January 29, when the above named Ministers and others will attend and address the Meeting. The Chair will be taken at 7 o'clock.

HALIFAX PUBLIC LIBRARY AND LITERARY ROOMS.

THE advantage, likely to accrue from an establishment, for the free and cheap circulation of Literature of every description, has induced the formation of the Halifax Public Library and Literary Rooms, which, having been in successful operation for the last six months, gives the greatest encouragement for its future prosperity and stability.

The difficulties to be overcome at the commencement were great, but being now in operation, the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, to support an Institution designed for the circulation of Literature and Science; which, by the accumulation of standard and approved works, gives the Mechanic, Manufacturer, and the Man of Science, an opportunity for research and improvements that cannot be obtained within the circumscribed limit of a Private Library. The following British Periodicals are received regularly, per Falmouth packet, and are circulated the same as other works:

Bentley's Miscellany, Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, The Monthly Chronicle, The Quarterly Review, the Foreign do. do. The Edinburgh do. The Literary Gazette, Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, Frazer's Magazine, The Metropolitan do. Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, Blackwood's do. do. United Service Journal, The Lady's Book,—English, Colonial and American Newspapers, are also received at the Rooms.

Open (in Cogswell's stone building, near Foster's corner, Hollis Street) from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. JAMES P. TROPOLET, Sec'y and Librarian.

EDWARD LAWSON,

AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER, Commercial Wharf. Has for sale,

50 hhd's Porto Rico SUGAR,
200 barrels TAR,
30 Tierces Carolina RICE,
50 bgs Patna RICE,
200 firkins BUTTER,
10 puns Rum, 10 hhd's Gin,
10 hhd's BRANDY,
10 hhd's and 30 qr. casks Sherry WINE.

January 18, 1839.

UNION MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH STARR, ESQ. PRESIDENT.

AT the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company, the following Gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year—viz.

James A. Moren, Joseph Fairbanks, J. Strachan, Wm. Stairs, David Allison, John U. Ross, Daniel Starr, Hugh Lyle, John T. Wainwright, James H. Reynolds, S. B. Smith, and Wm. Roche, Esqrs.

The Committee of Directors meet every day at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the office of the Broker, directly opposite the Custom House. Jan. 18. GEO. C. WHIDDEN, Broker.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for Sale by the Author, and the respective Booksellers. Price 7d. UNIVERSALISM explained and defended, or the Death of Christ the only and sufficient basis for the World's Salvation. A discourse on John, x: 17, 18. Preached at Halifax, on Sunday, November 18th, 1838; and published by request. By W. F. TEULON, Author of Sacramental Exercises. January 4.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

INDIAN AMAZONS.—These gardens, being chiefly intended for the resort of the ladies of the minister's family, were guarded by a company of female sepoy, of which the Mizam has a battalion—a rather uncommon circumstance in the present day; the Maharaj Runjeet Singh being, perhaps, the only prince boasting a similar establishment. The women composing this corps wore uniforms and accoutrements closely resembling those of the sepoy, and shouldered their muskets, and went through the manual and platoon exercise with infinite credit to themselves, firing several volleys with great precision. They also marched and countermarched to the martial notes of the drum and fife; the performer on the first named instrument being the prettiest girl in the whole battalion. Her warlike occupation did not appear to render her at all insensible to the claim afforded by her beauty, of which she seemed quite as sensible as the more frivolous portion of her sex could possibly be, showing it too, by the same coquetry. These Amazons have distinguished themselves very brilliantly in action; an old officer in the Mizam's service declaring that he had seen them return to the charge when the European force had been driven back. Fortunately for British credit, the troops stigmatized were not our countrymen, the nation suffering this disgrace shall be nameless. No longer called upon to engage in the field, the duties of this battalion are now confined to home service, where they are employed in guarding the zenans of the great officers of government. With the exception of the drummeress before named, the females composing the corps were a hard-featured, weather-beaten set, well calculated for the task of repulsion, and only interesting on account of the singular nature of their profession.—*Asiatic Journal*.

THE CROCODILE.—The crocodile is an entirely different animal from the alligator, the latter being ferocious and dangerous, while the former is the most harmless of animals, as perfectly so as the pigeon or the dove. Mr. Buckingham says he has seen women and children in the water up to their necks, while crocodiles were swimming about near them. "The impression is universal that they are perfectly harmless. How they might behave if attacked and wounded, I will not say. Perhaps it might then be very formidable; but when undisturbed, it is peaceable and avoids man. It seems, in fact, a cold-blooded creature, like the turtle, and feeds on worms and roots." Mr. Buckingham states that Juvenal relates that the inhabitants of Tentara and those of Crocodilopolis, both cities of the Nile, quarrelled about the question, whether the crocodile should be worshipped as a god, or not; and that on a certain day, one of the parties appeared riding on the backs of crocodiles which they had trained to war, and challenged their enemies to the combat. Whether the statement be true or not, he considers it not incompatible with the quiet and tractable nature of the crocodile. The anatomical structure of the heads of the alligator and of the crocodile indicate very different animals; that of the former showing vast strength of jaw, fitting it for a beast of prey; while that of the crocodile is wholly weak and inefficient.

POPULAR POISON.—When pure ardent spirits are taken into the stomach, they cause irritation, which is evinced by warmth and pain experienced in that organ; and next inflammation of the delicate coats of this part, and sometimes gangrene. They act in the same manner as poison. Besides the local injury they produce, they act on the nerves of the stomach which run to the brain, and if taken in large quantities, cause insensibility, stupor, irregular convulsive action, difficult breathing, profound sleep, and often sudden death. The habitual use of ardent spirits causes a slow inflammation of the stomach and liver, which proceeds steadily, but is often undiscovered till too late for relief.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal*.

SAXON LADIES.—A tourist in Germany gives the following description of the Saxon ladies: "Ladies are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle-work, no interruption. A lady going to a rout would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, on entering such a drawing room, whether he had not strayed into a school of industry; and whether he was not expected to chorten stockings instead of dealing in *small talk*. At Dresden it is carried so far, that even the theatre is not protected against stocking wares. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of Thekla, in Wallenstein's death, had brought into her eyes, and immediately resume her knitting."

A correspondent states that an intelligent traveller has discovered, near the Colorado river, in Texas, fifteen miles from Bastrop, a native tree which produces gum-elastic, or caout-chouc. The same writer states that, in the vicinity of Mustang prairie, a salt spring, or saline, has been discovered, of such excellence and abundance of water, that it is thought sufficient to supply the whole republic. Mineral coal, in great abundance, is also found not very far from the same prairie; and iron ore, the most valuable of all minerals, is abundant near the river Trinity. If, in addition to this, we could say there was an abundance of forest-

wood in all parts of Texas, it would be the most important discovery in the whole catalogue.

GIGANTIC WORKS.—Southern Asia is the parent of every thing gigantic in art. The ancient Egyptians were remarkable for the same thing; but we must remember that the prototype of almost every thing Egyptian is to be found in India, and we doubt not that the Egyptians were Hindoos or Arabians, who derived all their knowledge from Hindostan.

Among the specimens of art of the *gigantic* kind, now in India, is a piece of cannon in the old fortress of Bidchappour. When, or by whom it was cast, is not known. Its length is 14 feet 4 inches; its mouth 2 feet 4 inches in diameter; its charge of powder 428 pounds, and the weight of shot carried by it, 3,360 pounds. A ball sufficiently large for this cannon, would weigh not less than one and a half tons.

PEACE UPON EARTH.

To be said or sung in the year of our Lord, 2,500.

Peace upon earth! her flowers are fair;
Her fields are green; her sky is blue;
And happy faces mingle there;
In harmony with nature too.
Peace upon earth! O happy day;
Let all mankind their homage pay.

Peace upon earth! No more her joys
Are broken by the sound of strife;
But playful girls, and laughing boys,
Feel that to love is dearest life.
With happy hearts, and cheerful voice;
With generous nature they rejoice.

Peace upon earth! The father's care
Has led his children up to man.
Peace upon earth! The mother's prayer
Shall fix the purpose love began.
Love rules the parent and the child;
The hallowed heart; the young and wild.

Peace upon earth! Here Beauty walks,
Among the bravest and the best;
Here no determined villain stalks,
To tarnish her exulting crest.
Here all unknown relenting ruth;
For all is confidence and truth.

Peace upon earth! We hear no more
The heavy tramp of armed men;
Nor the shrill shout of bay; nor the battle's roar;
Nor the shrieks of the dying, that mingled then
With the orphan's cry, and the widow's moan,
And the manly bosom's heavy groan.

Peace upon earth! Oh list awhile;
Hearken to freedom's merry song;
Come now, and see the negro smile;
And hear him tell his country's wrong;
And give his hand a friendly grasp,
A loving brother's tender clasp.

Peace upon earth! So freedom sings;
Peace upon earth, and all good will!
Liberty now has spread his wings,
And holds upon his progress still;
Like a meteor bright, of ethereal birth,
From sphere to sphere, from earth to earth.

MOURNING AMONG THE INDIAN WOMEN.—Mr. Catlin states that at a period of mourning among the Indian women in certain tribes, they crop their beautiful hair short off, and as it gradually grows out they gradually go out of mourning until it gets to its full length again, when they are entirely out of mourning. Such is one of the touching symbols of the Indian's grief.

THE CAMEL AND DROMEDARY.—It is generally supposed that the camel has two humps and the dromedary one. This is not the fact. There are two species of the camel, one of which has one hump, and is common to Africa, Arabia and all India; the other has two humps, and is peculiar to Bactria. The two-humped camels are less numerous than those with one hump—about one in ten. "The term dromedary is rather distinctive of the employment of the animal, than of its species. When used to carry burdens, it is called a camel; when used to ride upon, it is called a dromedary; and those thus employed, travel with great rapidity. The camel will carry eight hundred or one thousand pounds. The dromedary will trot eighteen or twenty miles an hour; and is less fatiguing to the rider than to ride on horse-back.

CRETAN WOMEN NEITHER DANCE NOR SING.—It must be observed, that no woman of the Island ever sings; and the Sfakian women, whose seclusion and reserve is greater than that of the other female Cretans, never even dance, except on some great religious festivals, and then only with very near relations. Manias, who thinks that the readiness with which the women of Mylopotamo and other parts of the island join in the dance is

hardly creditable to them, was greatly horrified at the idea of any respectable females ever singing, and assured me, that it was quite impossible for a Greek woman to disgrace herself by doing anything so disreputable.—*Pashlay's Travels in Crete*.

OPENING NUTS.—There are three creatures, the squirrel, the field mouse, and the bird called the nut-hawk, which live much on hazel nuts, and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end splits the shell in two with his long fore teeth, as a man does with his knife; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth, as regular as if drilled with a wimble, and yet so small, that one would wonder how the kernel could be extracted through it; while the last pecks an irregular ragged hole with his bill. But as this artist has no paws to hold the nut firm while he pierces it, like an adroit workman, he fixes it, as it were, in a vice, in some cleft of a tree, or in some crevice, then standing over it he perforates the stubborn shell.

GIPSIES.—It is supposed that Gipsies took their rise in 1517, while Selem was settling the government of Egypt. Great numbers of the ancient inhabitants withdrew into the deserts and plains, under one Bingareos, from which they attacked the cities and villages of the Nile, and plundered whatever fell in their way. Selem and his officers perceiving that it would be a matter of great difficulty to extirpate those marauders, left them at liberty to quit the country, which they did in great numbers, and their posterity is known all over Europe by the name of *Gipsies*. Many of them, however, were afterwards incorporated with, and adopted the manners of the people among whom they resided.

GREECE.—A foreign correspondent of the New York American gives the following account of the sad condition of the government of Greece: "The government of Greece possesses no inherent power; it is entirely subject to foreign influence; its domestic revenue falls far short of its wants; its jurisdiction is but nominal in a large portion of the kingdom; bands of insurgents and robbers give battle to the king's troops and police, intercept the taxes, etc. Poverty and disorder prevail every where; and Russian power and gold at Athens."

The Etesian winds are of great advantage in navigating the Nile, thus evincing the beneficence of Providence. The Nile has no tides, and the current flows at the rate of eight miles per hour, so that navigation would be impossible were it not for these winds, which, blowing up the river for ten months of the year, will carry boats with light draught and a great deal of sail, at the rate of ten miles per hour against the current, or eighteen miles per hour through the water.

FLOODATIONS.—The inundations of the Nile commenced invariably on the twenty-fourth of June, and gradually increase until the water covers the whole country at an average depth of five or six feet. The houses are erected upon piles, and the people pass and re-pass in boats and on causeways. It is, of course, a season of repose; also one of general festivity—the Egyptian carnival.

An Irish gentleman called on a singing-master to inquire his terms—the singer said, that he charged two guineas for the first lesson, but only one guinea for as many as he pleased afterwards. "Oh, bother the first lesson," said Moonegan, "let us commence with the second."

ANECDOTE OF GILBERT STEWART, THE AMERICAN PAINTER.—Stewart was as remarkable for the vigor of his language as for the strength with which he portrayed with the pencil. While in the city of New York, his rooms were open on particular days to receive visitors, who thronged to admire the productions of the gifted artist, who had won such reputation for his country abroad. Among others came Talleyrand. Stewart, a great physiognomist, fixing his eyes upon him attentively for a moment, remarked to a friend, with violent emphasis and gesture—"If that man is not a villain, the Almighty does not write a legible hand!"

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax but no paper will be sent to a distance without payment being made in advance. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at the regular period of six months from the date of subscription. All letters and communications must be post paid to insure attendance and addressed to Thomas Taylor, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

AGENTS.

Halifax, A. & W. McHInlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewell, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchings, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Joseph Allison, and
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	Sackville, J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Frederickton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bellell, jr. Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Parrsboro, C. E. Hatchford, Esq.	Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Carlton, &c., Jos. Meagher, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree &
Antigonish, R. N. Henry, Esq.	Chipman.

Printed by W. CUNNABELL, Head of Marchington's Wharf, where Books, Pamphlets, Bank Checks, Cards, Circulars, Posting and Shop Bills, etc. etc. will be neatly printed.