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SAMUEL FOOTE, THE ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN.

Foote—the unscrupulous Mathews of the last century, and one of the most singular men ever produced in England—was born in 1721, at Truro in Cornwall. He could boast of being at least a gentleman by birth, for his father was a land-proprietor and magistrate of ancient descent, while his mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., who at one time represented the county of Hereford in Parliament. His wit was developed in his very childhood; and his power of mimicry is said to have been suddenly brought into play, when a boy of twelve, in consequence of a discussion arising at his father's table respecting a rustic who had fallen under the observation of the parochial authorities. He on this occasion gave so lively an image of the demeanour and language which three of the justices were likely to assume when the culprit should be brought before them, that his father, one of the individuals taken off, rewarded him for the amusement he had given the company, and thus unintentionally encouraged a propensity which was afterwards to lead the youth into a mode of life which no father could have helped regretting. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, which had been founded by one of his near relations, and of which the superior, Dr. Gower, was unfortunately an apt subject for his humour. Observing the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near to the ground in an open space where cows were sometimes turned for the night, he hung a wisp of straw to the end of it; the unavoidable consequence was, that some one of the animals was sure to seize the straw in the course of the night, and thus cause the bell to toll. A solemn consultation was held, and the provost undertook with the sexton to sit up in the chapel all night, for the purpose of catching the delinquent. They took their dreary station; at the midnight hour the bell tolled as before: out rushed the two watchmen, one of whom, seizing the cow in the dark, thought he had caught a gentleman commoner; while the doctor, grasping the animal by a different part of its body, exclaimed that he was convinced the postman was the rogue, for he felt his horns. Lights were speedily brought, and disclosed the nature of the jest, which served Oxford in laughter for a week.

Foote was an idle student, for which he was some times punished by having severe tasks imposed on him, as if one who would not study the ordinary proper time could be expected to give his mind to an uninteresting pursuit for an extraordinary time. When summoned before the provost, in order to be reprimanded for his junketings, the wag would come with a vast folio dictionary under his arm; the doctor would begin, using, as was his custom, a great number of quaint learned words, on hearing which Foote would gravely beg pardon for interrupting him—look up the word in the dictionary—and then as gravely request him to go on. There could be no reasonable hope of such a youth as a student; yet he was sent to the Temple, with a view to his going to the bar. He is said to have here made no proficiency except in fashionable vices and dissipation. In 1741, he married a young lady of good family in Worcestershire, and immediately after went with his spouse to spend a month with his father in Cornwall.

Foote, having shortly after outrun his fortune, was induced by a bookseller, on a promise of ten pounds, to write a pamphlet in defence of his uncle Goodere, who was at this time in prison, previous to his trial for the inhuman murder of his brother, and for which he was afterwards executed. Perhaps some of the amiable prejudice called family pride aided in making him take up his pen in behalf of one who seems to have been as ruthless a monster as ever breathed. It must also be recollected that he was now only twenty. Whatever was the morality of the transaction—and indeed it is almost absurd to discuss such a point, considering the general nature of the man—it is related that when he went to receive the wages of his task, he was reduced so low as to be obliged to wear his boots to conceal that he wanted stockings. Having got the money, he bought a pair of stockings at a shop as he passed along. Immediately after, meeting a couple of boon companions, he was easily persuaded to go to dine with them at a tavern. While the wine was afterwards circulating, one of his friends exclaimed, "Why, hey, Foote, how is this? You seem to have no stockings on!" "No," replied the wit, with great presence of mind, "I never wear any at this time of the year, till I am going to dress for the evening; and you see (pulling out his recent purchase) I am always provided with a pair for the occasion." His mother succeeded by the death of her brother, Sir John D. Goodere, to five thousand per annum, but does not seem to have remained free from pecuniary embarrass-

ments more than her son. The celebrated correspondence between her and Foote, given in the jest-books, is quite authentic, but rather too laconically expressed. An authentic copy is subjoined:—

"DEAR SAM—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother,
E. FOOTE."

"DEAR MOTHER—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,
SAM. FOOTE."

P. S.—I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the mean time, let us hope better days."

It is not impossible that Mrs. Foote's imprisonment took place before her accession of fortune was realized, and when she was a widow, for her husband died soon after Sam's marriage. This lady lived to eighty-four, and is said to have been much like her son, both in body and mind—witty, social, and fond of a pretty strong joke. From the character of her brothers, it seems not unlikely that, with the humour she gave her son, she also communicated a certain degree of insanity, the source of the many eccentricities which he displayed through life.

The necessities arising from pure prodigality drove Foote to the stage in 1744. He appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, as Othello, Macklin supporting him in Iago; but the performance was a failure.

But when I played Othello, thousands swore
They never saw such tragedy before—

says a rival wit in a retributory burlesque of the mimic. He tried comedy, and made a hit in the character of *Fondwife*. His salary proving unequal to his expenditure, he again became embarrassed, but relieved himself by an expedient, of which we will not attempt to estimate the morality. A lady of great fortune, anxious to be married, consulted the wit as to what she should do. He, recollecting his boon companion Sir Francis Delaval, who was as embarrassed as himself, recommended the lady to go to the conjuror in the Old Bailey, whom he represented as a man of uncommon skill and penetration. He employed another friend to personate the wise man, who depicted Sir Francis at full length, and described the time when, the place where, and the dress in which, she would see him. The lady was so struck with the coincidence of all the circumstances, as to marry the broken-down prodigal in a few days. An ample reward signalled the ingenuity of the adviser, and enabled him once more to face the world.

It was in spring 1747 that Foote commenced, in the Haymarket Theatre, his career as the sole entertainer of the audience, and thus was the originator of that kind of amusement which Dibdin, Mathews, and others, afterwards practised with success. The piece, written by himself, and styled the *Divisions of the Morning*, consisted chiefly of a series of imitations of well-known living persons. It met with immense applause, and soon raised the jealousy of the two great theatres of the metropolis, through whose intervention his career was stopped by the Westminster justices. In this dilemma he took it upon himself to invite the public one evening to tea: multitudes came; and while all were wondering what he would do, he appeared before them, and mentioned that, "as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, while tea was getting ready, proceed, if they had no objection, with his instructions." This, it may easily be conceived, was nothing else than a plan for taking off the players who were persecuting him, at the same time that he evaded the consequences of their rancour. His invitations to tea brought splendid audiences, and much money, but were interrupted by his receipt of a large legacy which kept him for five years in the condition of an idle voluptuary. In 1753, he once more became connected with the stage, for which he produced a comedy in two acts, entitled *Taste*, which experienced great success, and was followed by a similar production entitled *The Author*. He had here caricatured, under the name of Cadwallader, a Welsh gentleman of his acquaintance, who was noted for pride of pedigree. Honest Mr. Aprice, for that was his real name, was present at the play several times, without suspecting that, in Cadwallader, he saw another self; but at length, when he found every body calling him by that name, he began to perceive the joke, which enraged him so much that he applied to the Lord Chamberlain for an interdict against the play, which was granted. It is rather odd that the wit himself was characterised by the same foible, and not less blind to it than Mr. Aprice. Some of his friends, knowing this, resolved to make it the subject of a jest at his expense. As they were laughing at

persons piquing themselves on their descent, one of them slyly observed that, however people might ridicule family pretensions he believed there never was a man well descended who was no proud of it. Foote, snapping the bait, replied, "No doubt, no doubt; for instance, now, though I trust I may be considered as far from a vain man, yet being descended from as ancient a family as any in Cornwall, I am not a little proud of it, as, indeed, you will see I may be;" and accordingly ordered a servant to bring the genealogical tree of the family, which he began to elucidate with all the absurdity that he so felicitously ridiculed in Cadwallader.

The spirit of these and other early compositions of Foote was to seize some point of fashionable folly, and expose it in a few scenes of broad humour, with the addition of the mimetic representation, by the author himself, of some noted real character. There was little of plot or contrivance in the pieces, but strong caricature painting, and ludicrous incidents, which rendered them extremely diverting. He took a somewhat higher aim when, in 1760, he burlesqued methodism in the *Minor*, a play which excited some angry controversy, but proved attractive to the public. His *Mayor of Garrat*, produced in 1763, was the nearest approach he made to legitimate comedy: its merits have kept it in vogue as one of the stock pieces of the British stage down almost to the present times.

In 1757, Foote paid a visit to Dublin, along with Tate Wilkinson, and the united mimicry of the two attracted large audiences. On this occasion Wilkinson mimicked even his companion, who, with the usual thin-skinnedness of the professed jester, did not relish the joke, and said it was the only attempt of his friend which did not succeed. At the end of this year, we find Foote engaged in a totally new speculation in the Irish capital. He set up as a fortune-teller, in a room hung with black cloth, and lighted by a single lantern, the light of which was scrupulously kept from his face: he succeeded so far, it is said, as to realize on some occasions £50 a-day, at half-a-crown from each dupe. In 1759, when out at elbows in London, he paid his first visit to Scotland, borrowing a hundred pounds from Garrick to defray the expenses of his journey. He was well received in Edinburgh society, and by the public in general. Yet the Scots did not escape his sarcasm. One day, an old lady who asked for a toast, gave *Charles the Third*—meaning, of course, the Pretender. "Of Spain, madam?" inquired Foote. "No, sir," cried the lady pettishly, "of England." "Never mind her," said one of the company; "she is one of our old folks who have not got rid of their political prejudices." "Oh, dear sir, make no apology," cried Foote; "I was prepared for all this, as, from your living so far north, I suppose none of you have yet heard of the Revolution." He afterwards paid several visits to Scotland, where, during 1771, he was manager of the Edinburgh theatre for a season, clearing a thousand pounds by the venture. He found that the Scotch, with all their gravity, have some little drollery amongst them. Robert Cullen, son of the eminent physician, and a noted mimic, and the Laird of Logan, not less distinguished as a wit, became his intimate friends. Another of the native humorists encountered him in a somewhat extraordinary way. This was Mr. McCulloch of Ardwel, in the stewardry of Kirkcudbright, whose sayings are to this day quoted in his native province. In travelling from his country residence to Edinburgh with his own carriage, Mr. McCulloch spent, as usual, a night in the inn at Moffat, and next day proceeded to ascend the terrible hill of Erickstane, which connects two great districts of Scotland, and forms decidedly the most difficult and dangerous piece of road in the whole country. A deep snow had fallen during the night, and Mr. McCulloch, after proceeding three or four miles, was compelled to turn back. When he regained his inn, he found a smart carriage, with a gentleman in the inside, standing at the door, while the horses were getting changed: this he ascertained to be the equipage of Mr. Foote, the celebrated comedian. The Laird of Ardwel immediately went up to the panel and wrote upon it in chalk, the words—

Let not a single foot profane
The sacred snows of Erickstane.

Foote, surprised to see a punch little man writing on his carriage, came out to read the inscription, which amused him so much, that he immediately went and introduced himself to the writer. Further explanations then took place, which readily convinced him of the impossibility of proceeding farther that day; and the consequence was, that the two gentlemen resolved to make themselves as happy as possible where they were. The snow lay long; the terrors of Erickstane relented not for a fortnight; but

the viands and liquors of the inn were good, and the conversation of the two storm-delayed gentlemen was like knife sharpening knife. In short, they spent the fortnight together in the utmost good fellowship, and were friends ever after.

One other trait of the Scottish wit which came under Foote's attention, may be noticed. At the close of an unsuccessful piece of law-business, when the agent of the opposite party called to get payment of the expenses, observing that that person was prepared for a journey, the comedian inquired where he was going. "To London," was the answer. "And how do you mean to travel?" asked the manager. "On foot," replied the wily agent, significantly depositing the cash in his pocket at the same moment.

As Foote was always ready to seize on any passing folly, either of the public or of individuals, as a means of attracting audiences, it is not surprising that the hoax of the Cock Lane Ghost, which took place in 1762, furnished him with a theme. Samuel Johnson being one of those who inclined to believe in the statements of the deceiving party, Foote resolved to bring that august character upon the stage. Johnson, dining one day at the house of Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, was informed of the design entertained by Foote, and knowing very well the kind of remonstrance to which alone the mimic was accessible, he asked his host if he knew the common price of an oak stick. Being answered, sixpence, he said, "Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity, for I am determined the fellow shall not take me off with impunity." Foote soon received information of this avowal of the Herculean lexicographer, and was further told that it was Johnson's intention "to plant himself in the front of the stage-box on the first night of the proposed play, and, if any buffoon attempted to mimic him, to spring forward on the stage, knock him down in the face of the audience, and then appeal to their common feelings and protection." It is almost unnecessary to add, that Johnson's character was omitted. Johnson was not an admirer of Foote. He, very absurdly we think, termed his mimicry not a power, but a vice; and alleged that he was not good at it, being unable, he said, to take off any one unless he had some strong peculiarity. He allowed, however, that he had wit, fertility of ideas, a considerable extent of information, and was "for obstreperous broad-faced mirth without an equal." "The first time," said Dr. J., "that I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out." He also told the following anecdote, still more strongly illustrative of the power of the wit;—"Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers among his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small beer, but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at the table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories that when he went down stairs, he told them, 'This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small beer.'"

When in Dublin in 1763, Foote produced his play of the *Orators*, in which he burlesqued Sheridan the elocutionist, and George Faulkner, an eminent printer in the Irish capital. This last gentleman, who, from egotism and every kind of coxcombry, is said to have been a rich subject for Foote's genius, prosecuted him for libel, and gained large damages. Here also some hot Hibernian spirit so far resented being made a subject of ridicule by the wit, as to kick him openly on the street. Dr. Johnson's remark on this last circumstance was bitterness steeped in bitterness—"Why, Foote must be rising in the world; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him." By his various talents, Foote was now in the enjoyment of a large income; but his invincible extravagance kept him always poor. He had a maxim, that to live in a state of constant effort to restrain expenses, is the nearest thing to absolute poverty. He had a town and country house, and a carriage, and entertained great numbers of all kinds of people in the most superb style. On one occasion, after the successful run of one of his plays, he expended twelve hundred pounds on a service of plate—re-marking when the act was spoken of by a friend with surprise, that, as he could not keep his gold, he was resolved to try if he could keep silver. On another occasion, when at Bristol, on his way to Dublin, falling into play, in which he was at all times a great dupe, he lost seventeen hundred pounds, being all that he had to commence

* Boswell.

operations with in Ireland, and was obliged to borrow a hundred to carry him on his way. In 1766, when riding home from a gentleman's house where he had been entertained in Hants, he was thrown, and had one of his legs broken in two places. He bore the amputation of the limb, not only with fortitude, but with jocularity. While the accident did not materially mar his efficiency as an actor, it procured him a positive advance in fortune. The Duke of York, brother to George III., having been present when it happened, was so much interested in consequence in behalf of the unfortunate mimic, that he obtained for him a royal patent, which enabled him to keep the Haymarket Theatre open for the four summer months as long as he lived.

With Garrick our hero was occasionally on such good terms as to borrow money from him. At other times, professional rivalry made them bitter enemies. In the year 1769, Mr. Garrick made a great hit by bringing out the celebrated Stratford Jubilee on the stage, himself appearing as one of the most important persons in the procession. Foote, pining with envy, resolved to burlesque an affair certainly very open to ridicule, and in a mock procession to introduce Garrick with all his masquerading paraphernalia, while some droll was to address him in the following lines of the jubilee laureate—

A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtues too—

whereupon the puffed-up manager was to clap his arms like the wings of a cock, and cry out

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Garrick heard of the scheme, and for some time was like to go distracted with vexation, anticipating the utter ruin of his fame. Foote, meanwhile borrowed from him five hundred pounds, which Garrick was probably glad to give, in the hope that his kindness would soften the satirist. Soon after, Foote pettishly gave back the money, on hearing it reported that he was under obligations to Garrick. The situation of the latter gentleman was now so miserable, that some friends interfered to obtain assurance from Foote that he would spare Garrick. If it be strange to contemplate a man of such secure reputation as Garrick writhing under the fear of ridicule, it is infinitely more curious to learn that Foote, who was so impartial, as Johnson called it, as to burlesque and tell lies of every body, never took up a newspaper without dreading to meet with some squib upon himself. After the two managers had been reconciled, Garrick paid Foote a visit, and expressed some gratification at finding a bust of himself above the bureau of his brother actor. "But," said Garrick, "how can you trust me so near your gold and bank notes?" "Oh, because you have got no funds," replied the irrepressible Foote.

It would be absurd to weigh such a man as Foote in ordinary balances. Such persons are mere sports of nature, which she sends apparently for no other purpose than to promote the salutary act of laughter among the species. Yet, while Foote wanted all moral dignity, he is allowed to have been upon the whole a humane and generous man. That impartiality, also, in the distribution of his ridicule, of which Johnson spoke, might be considered as in some degree a redeeming clause in his character. And it really seems to have often served to obviate the offence which would have otherwise been taken against him. Cumberland tells in his *Memoirs*, that, having four persons one day at dinner, and one having gone behind a screen, Foote, conceiving he had left the house, began to play off his jokes against him; whereupon the subject of his ridicule cried out, "I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now, with your leave, I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine." With such a man it was vain to fall into a passion. He was a being to be laughed at or with—serious censure would have been thrown away upon him, and playful sarcasm would have only vexed him, without teaching him from his own to pity another's pains. If it be thought proper to condemn poor Foote upon the score of principle, we frankly own that ours is not the pen which can frame the verdict.

THE STEAM SERVICE.

The time is not yet come—but come it will—when the masts of our Royal Navy shall be unshipped, and huge, unsightly chimneys be erected in their place. The trident will be taken out of the hand of Neptune, and replaced by the effigy of a red-hot poker; the union-jack will look like a smoke jack; and Lambton's, Russell's, and Adair's, will be made Admirals of the Black; the fore-castle will be called the Newcastle, and the cock-pit will be termed the coal-pit; a man-of-war's tender will be nothing but a Shields' collier; first lieutenants will have to attend lectures on the steam-engine, and midshipmen must take lessons as climbing boys in the art of sweeping flues. In short, the good old tune of "Rule Britannia" will give way to "Polly put the kettle on;" while the *Victory*, the *Majestic*, and the *Thunderer* of Great Britain will "paddle in the burn," like the *Harlequin*, the *Dart*, and the *Magnet* of Margate. It will be well for our song-writers to bear a wary eye to the Fleet, if they would prosper as marine poets. Some sea Gurney may get a seat at the Admiralty Board,

and then farewell, a long farewell, to the old ocean imagery; marine metaphor will require a new figure-head. Flowing sheets, snowy wings, and the old comparison of a ship to a bird will become obsolete and out of date! Poetical topsails will be taken aback, and all such things as reefs and double reefs will be shaken out of song. For my own part, I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I have not sought a Helicon of salt water; or canvassed the nine muses as a writer for their Marine Library; or made Pegasus a sea-horse, when sea-horses as well as land-horses are equally likely to be superseded by steam. After such a consummation, when the sea-service, like the tea-service, will depend chiefly on boiling water, it is very doubtful whether the Fleet will be worthy of anything but plain prose. I have tried to adapt some of our popular blue ballads to the boiler, and Dibdin certainly does not steam quite so well as a potato. However if the Sea Songs are to be in immortal use, they will have to be revised and corrected in future editions thus:

I steamed from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smoked through the breeze;
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever *boil'd* through the salt seas.

When up the *flue* the sailor goes,
And ventures on the *pot*,
The landsman, he no better knows,
But thinks hard is his *to*.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Weights anchor, lights the log;
Trims up the *fire*, picks out the *slates*,
And drinks his can of *grog*.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
But a *Boulton and Watt* and good *Wall's-end* give me;
And it an't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest our *chimney* smack smooth shall down smite,
And shiver each *bundle* of wood;
Clear the wreck, *stir the fire*, and stow every thing tight,
And *boiling a gallop* we'll scud.

I have cooked Steevens's, or rather Inledon's "Storm," in the same way; but the pathos does not seem any the tenderer for stewing.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By shovel, tongs, and poker, stand;
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens,—blow like blazes;
Now unto the coal-hole go;
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,
Up your ashes nimbly throw.

Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys;
See the valve is clear, of course;
Let the paddles spin, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft a proper draft get,
Oil the engines, see all clear;
Hands up, each a sack of coal get,
Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes the paddles splash.
One wide water all around us,
All above one smoke-black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us!
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The funnel's gone! cries ev'ry tongue out;
The engineer's washed off the deck!
A leak beneath the coal-hole's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, some coal, some nubble pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,
Four feet water getting cold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating:
Alas! to them there's no return.
The fire is out— we've burst the bellows,
The tinder-box is swamped below:
Heaven have mercy on poor fellows,
For only that can serve us now!

Devoutly do I hope that the kettle, though a great vocalist, will never thus appropriate the old sea songs of England. In the words of an old Greenwich pensioner, "Steaming and biling does very well for *Urn Bay* and the likes; but the craft does not look regular and shipshape to the eye of a tar who has sailed with Duncan, Howe, and Jervis; and who would rather even go without *port* than have it through a *funnel*."—Hood.

BLAME.—Men submit to correction and criticism much more readily than we suppose; only even if well-grounded, it must not be too passionate. They are like flowers, which open to gentle dews, but close to a heavy rain.

DOUBT IN TRUTH.—There are times when the stars of truth and right appear to waver, as the stars of the sky do under the sirocco. But wait till the storm is over, and you will see that it was man only, not the heavens, that wavered.

For the Pearl.

THE GOD OF THE SCRIPTURES.

From the Bible alone we derive all our knowledge of God; of the unity of his existence and of the nature of his attributes. That no nation ever attained this knowledge without the aid of divine revelation is a fact manifested by the voice of universal history, and the existing monuments of antiquity; and confirmed by the discoveries of all modern voyagers and travellers. A proneness to idolatry is one of the strongest propensities of human nature; and however problematical the assertion may appear, its veracity has been corroborated by the universal experience of mankind in every age and in every climate. To the constitution of man religion is as necessary as food and clothing, and rather than be without a god and the exercise of religious rites, he will invent a star, or even a brute animal with the title of deity; he will manufacture a god, however clumsy, of wood or of stone; and unconscious of the preposterous absurdity of his folly, will adore the idol of his own manufacture; will present to it his costly oblations, and adore it with prostrate servility. The practice seems a satire on our common understanding, but in the presence of facts, hypothesis and conjectural theory must be silent. History is loud in its encomiums on the wisdom of ancient Egypt; yet our pity or our risibility is unavoidably excited when we behold the otherwise sage Egyptians elevating to the rank of deities, not only irrational brute animals, but the plants and herbs of their gardens. A religious system and a worship so derogatory to reason and so degrading to the soul, was too gross for adoption by the more polished Greeks. The theology of Greece assumed a higher tone. That delightful country of heroes and philosophers, of painters and statuary, of historians and poets, introduced into its theology a motley crowd of gods, and a miscellaneous mob of goddesses, and adorned the bewitching mythological system in the story of their lives, by all the embellishments of oratory and the fascinating charms of poetic song. She created imaginary deities of the hills, and gods of the valleys, naiads of the fountains and nereids of the floods; yet the wisdom of polished Greece could make no distinction between her gods and men but that of greater and less. Her gods were only men on a larger scale: they were invested with all the irregularity and violence of human passions, and polluted by the basest crimes of our degenerate nature. From the lasciviousness and the broils, the rogueries and the felonies of the gods of Olympus, the man who has the Bible in his hand turns away his eyes with blushes and disgust. Who would wish a father or a brother like her Jupiter or Mercury? Who would covet a sister or a wife the pattern of her imperious Juno, or her Cyprean queen?

How simple yet how sublime are the ideas which the Scriptures communicate to us of the existence and attributes of God! And though our unaided faculties could not have discovered them, yet, when revealed, they are satisfactory to the most cultivated reason, and congenial to every sentiment of the intelligent soul. The God of the Scriptures is a being without beginning and without end, from everlasting to everlasting; without passions and without parts, and without locality. He created and governs the world, and his presence pervades the universe. He searches the heart and is acquainted with the thoughts and intentions of the soul. He is nearer to us than we are to ourselves; he will by no means clear the guilty; yet is a God pardoning iniquity, transgression and sin. He so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life; and in his name hath authorized us to call him "Our Father who art in heaven." Such a portrait, reason contemplates with pleasing acquiescence, and in such a presence the soul sinks in humility, lies prostrate and adores. Without this revelation the world would have remained in gross darkness; ignorant of their Maker, and sunk in the most degrading superstition. Without this knowledge, we should, perhaps, to this day, have been offering our sacrifices, and presenting our blind adoration to some clumsy wooden idol, or worshipping the ill-carved images of our household teraphim, our portable penates. Possessed of such a Bible who would not

"Read it by day, and study it by night."

SIGMA.

A CARD PARTY.

It is related of Madame du Deflan, that three of her friends brought a card-table to her bed-side, at her request, in her last illness, she taking a hand. As she happened to die in the midst of an interesting game, her partner played dummy for her, and thus the three quietly played it out, and settled the stakes before they called the servants to notify them of the very important demise of their mistress. Shocking as is this incident, it is trivial in comparison with one that is said to have occurred at Albany many years since. There was at that time a low-eaved, peak-roofed, stone-built inn, situated in the upper part of the city known as "the Colonie;" a place much frequented by Shenectady teamsters and Mohawk boatmen; before the completion of Clinton's grand canal had caused that dissipated mongrel race to be superseded in their vocation. At this inn one day a man by the name of Derick Helfenstein, but better known as "Dirk Hell of German-

Flats," had been seized with convulsions amid a drunken frolic, and expired during the fit, with his limbs all twisted and knotted together by the fierce muscular action incident to his disease. In Albany at that time, the Dutch custom of several friends of the deceased remaining all night in the same room with the body, and keeping their vigil until the moment of interment, was always strictly observed. Coffee, and mulled wine, with *dote* or dead cakes and other refreshments being generally provided by the nearest relatives to cheer the gloomy duty of the watchers. Dirk Hell, (or Helldirk, as he was quite as often called,) though a wretched vagabond, had some whom he called friends, among the reckless and gambling crew with whom he chiefly associated; and as the landlord of the inn where he died could not well refuse the customary refreshment of liquor upon an occasion like this, three idle hangers-on of the establishment readily consented to honour the obsequies of Dick by the usual vigil. The dead man, in the meantime was duly laid out; but the distorted shape which his body had assumed in the death agony, made it necessary to use great force in straightening out the corpse; and recourse was had to cords to bind down his limbs to the decent form it was desirable they should assume. This disagreeable task being accomplished, the three friends of the gambler, when night came on, took possession of the apartment where he was laid out. With characteristic recklessness they had brought a pack of cards into the chamber of death, and after taking a glass of liquor all round, and drinking the memory of their comrade with some unfeeling allusion to his sudden fate, the three profligates sat down to a game of cards upon the foot of his bed. Four hands were then dealt; that of "dummy" falling almost upon the feet of the corpse, and the other three upon the opposite sides and extreme end of the bed around which the players were thus arranged. The game proceeded apparently to the satisfaction of all parties; each of them by turns playing the hand of dummy until drinking and gambling had carried them deep into the middle watches of the night. Some slight dispute, however, now occurred as to who should play the next dummy. Words waxed high, and the two opposite players both attempted to seize upon the vacant hand at the same time; while the third, impatient at the contention, exclaimed, "I wish to * * * Helldirk would spring up and take the cards from both of you!" The wretch had hardly uttered the wish, before the cords which bound the corpse gave way with a sharp, cracking noise, the struggle about the feet having probably disarranged them—and the distorted body released from its ligatures, bounded forward in resuming the form under which his life had left it, and seated itself upon its haunches with knees drawn up to its chin, arms akimbo and hideously distended jaws in the midst of the appalled and disconcerted trio. The three worthies were said never to have played a game of cards afterward.

TRUTH.—Truth has been thus eloquently described by N. Breton, who wrote in 1616:—

"Truth is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; and a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the beauty of valour, the brightness of honour, the blessing of reason, and the joy of earth: her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious; her essence is in God, and her dwelling with her servants; her will is his wisdom, and her work to his glory; she is honoured in love and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved; she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame, the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown: she is the king's greatness, and his counsel's goodness; his subject's peace and his kingdom's praise: she is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honor of trade, and the grace of labour: she hath a pure eye, a plain hand: a piercing wit, and a perfect heart; she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes up her rest in the resolution of goodness; her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears: her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villainy. In sum, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense, that I will thus only conclude in the wonder of her worth: she is the perfection of nature, where God in Christ shows the glory of Christianity."

MORAL BEAUTY.—What is the beauty of nature, but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? And what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exultation, the themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of human admiration and love? Are they not patriotism, herpism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom?

FILIAL DUTY.—There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears which give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrows.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY THOMAS R. TAYLOR.

'All I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of thee!
Earth, with her ten thousand flowers—
Air, with all its beams and showers—
Ocean's infinite expanse—
Heaven's resplendent countenance—
All around and all above
Hath this record—' God is love.'
Sounds, among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred,—
All these songs, beneath, above—
Have one burden—' God is love.'
All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—' God is love.'
All I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of thee."

CONTROVERSIAL MODERATION.

JAMES, i: 19, 20. *Let every man be swift to hear.* "When-ever matters of difference arise among Christians, each side should be willing to hear the other. People are often stiff in their own opinions, because they are not willing to hear what others have to offer against them: whereas we should be *swift to hear* reason and truth on all sides, and be *slow to speak*, guarding solicitously against every rash and particularly every proud and dictatorial expression. Especially, let us be *slow to wrath*, and not imagine that we can be justified in the exorbitances of our angry transports, because they may possibly arise in the cause of religion. The religion of heaven is not to be promoted, but on the contrary will be disgraced and obstructed, by such outrageous, ungovernable sallies; *For the wrath of man* even where it may be most ready to assume the title of religious zeal; *worketh not*, but on the contrary greatly obstructs, the *righteousness of God*; instead of assisting the cause of true religion in the world, it is a reproach to it, and a means of exciting the prejudices of mankind against it. And whereas men often pretend zeal for God and his glory, in their heat and passion, let them know that God needs not the passions of any man; his cause is better served by mildness and meekness than by wrath and fury. Many Christians seem either to have disbelieved this, or to have forgot it; for how often have they attempted to bring others over, to what they have apprehended to be the truth of doctrine, by using them ill; if they were not convinced, or did not readily comply? whereas the wrath of one man can never enlighten the mind of another; it is reason and argument that must convince men's judgments, and bring them over to our statements. If we have *power*, our wrath may make them atheists and hypocrites, and force them to profess what they do not believe; and so produce sin and unrighteousness, instead of that righteousness which God requires. For religion is a matter of pure choice, and is not, cannot be acceptable to God, unless the heart and tongue go together. Besides, the usual progress of wrath and ungovernable zeal ought to deter all conscientious persons from the first beginnings of it; for he that will be angry with another because he differs from him, will be in great danger of speaking against him and blasting his character; and as one step commonly leads on to another, when he cannot overcome by arguments, the next thing will be to crush his adversary's opinion by force. All the persecutions in the Christian church have arisen in this manner; for when lesser evils were insufficient for the conviction of heretics, it was necessary upon the same principles, to have recourse to persecution. The reader will find abundant proof hereof by referring to almost any century of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. Wrath, or a blind, furious zeal in matters of religion, is an horrible evil, as it is subversive of that freedom of thought in which the dignity of a reasonable creature consists."

CHARMING OF SERPENTS.

(Psalm lvi. 4, 5.)—Romeili is an open place, of an irregular form, where feats of juggling are performed. The charmers of serpents seem also worthy of remark; their powers seem most extraordinary. The serpent most common at Kahira is of the viper class, and undoubtedly poisonous. If one of them enters a house, the charmer is sent for, who uses a certain form of words. I have seen three serpents enticed out of the cabin of a ship lying near the shore. The operator handled them, and then put them into a bag. At other times I have seen the serpents twist round the bodies of these psylli in all directions, without having had their fangs extracted or broken, and without doing them any injury. There appears to have been a method of charming serpents by sounds, so as to render them tractable and harmless. The ancients expressly ascribe the incantation of serpents to the human voice. Medea is said to have soothed the monstrous serpent or dragon which guarded the golden fleece with her sweet voice. And the laying of that dragon to sleep is by Ovid ascribed to the words uttered by Jason; so Virgil attributes the like effects on serpents to the song, as well as the touch, of the enchanter.—*Browne's Travels in Africa.*

From the Biblical Repertory.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

In treating of the economy of the human voice, there is one fact which has been very much neglected: it is this, that the exercise of the organs produce weariness, hoarseness and pain, much sooner in delivering a discourse from manuscript, than in talking or even in extemporaneous discourses. This observation was first communicated to us some years ago by an eminent member of the United States Senate, who was forced to desist from reading a document of about an hour's length, although he was in the constant habit of protracted and vehement debate. Since that time we have received complete satisfaction as to the correctness of the statement from repeated experiment, and conference with public speakers in different professions. We could name a gentleman who enjoys sound health, and who experiences no difficulty in the loudest and longest conversation, but who is invariably seized with a hoarseness upon reading aloud for half an hour; and we know a lawyer who was visited with the throat complaint in consequence of becoming a reading clerk in a legislative body. It is believed that the fact will not be questioned by any who are in the habit of practising both methods of elocution in circumstances which admit of a fair comparison.

In this case, it is evidently not the loudness of the voice which produces the unpleasant effect, because in general every man reads with less force of utterance than he speaks; and extemporaneous speakers are always more apt than others to vociferate. The phenomenon demands an explanation upon some other principle, and in our opinion admits of an easy reference to the laws of our animal economy which are already settled. We shall attempt to express our views more in detail.

Every organ of the human body has a certain natural mode of action, and in this performs its function with the greatest ease. When pressed beyond definite limits, or exercised in an unaccustomed way, it lapses into weariness or pain. By instinctive impulse we are led to give relief to any member or organ, when it is thus overworked, and whenever such remission is rendered impracticable the consequence is suffering, if not permanent injury. Thus when the limbs are wearied in walking, we naturally slacken the pace; and the perpetual winking of the eyes is precisely analogous. Let either of these means be precluded and the result is great lassitude and pain. The voice likewise demands its occasional remission, and this in three particulars.

First, As it is exceedingly laborious to speak long on the same musical key, the voice demands frequent change of pitch, and in natural conversation we are sliding continually through all the varieties of the concrete scale; so that nothing of this straining is experienced.

Secondly, The voice cannot be kept for any length of time at the same degree of loudness without some organic inconvenience. Here also we give ourselves the necessary remission, at suitable periods.

Thirdly, The play of the lungs demands a constant re-supply of air by frequent inspirations, and when this is prevented the evil consequences are obvious. Moreover this recruiting of breath must take place just at the nick of time, when the lungs are to a certain degree exhausted, and if this relief be denied even for the instant, the breathing and the utterance begin to labor. Let it be observed that in our ordinary discourse nature takes care of all this. Without our care or attention we instinctively lower or raise the pitch of the voice, partly in obedience to the sentiment uttered, and partly from a simple animal demand for the relief of change. Precisely the same thing takes place, and in precisely these two ways in regulating the volume and intensity of the vocal stream. So also, in a more remarkable manner, we supply the lungs with air, just at the moment when it is needed. The relief is not adequate if the inspiration occurs at stated periods, as any one may discover by speaking for some time, while he regulates his breathing by the oscillation of a pendulum, or the clinke of a metronome: and still less when he takes breath according to the pauses of a written discourse. But the latter is imperatively demanded whenever one reads aloud. Whether his lungs be full or empty, he feels it to be necessary to defer his respiration until the close of some period or close. Consequently there are parts of every sentence which are delivered while the lungs are laboring, and with a greatly increased action of the intercostal muscles.

If we could perfectly foresee at what moments these several remissions would be required, and could so construct our sentences as to make the pauses exactly synchronous with the requisitions of the organs, we might avoid all difficulty; but this is plainly impossible. In natural extemporaneous discourses, on the other hand, whether public or private, there is no such inconvenience. The voice instinctively provides for itself. We then adapt our sentences to our vocal powers, the exact reverse of what takes place in reading. When the voice labors we relieve it; when the breath is nearly expended we suspend the sense, or close the sentence. And when from any cause this is neglected, even in animated extemporaneous speaking, some difficulty is experienced.

The mere muscular action in speaking tends to a certain degree of weariness. Hence the utterance which is in any way unnatu-

ral is in the same proportion injurious. The use of the same set of muscles for a long time together is more fatiguing than a far greater exercise of other muscles. We are constantly acting upon this principle, and relieving ourselves by change, even where we cannot repose. Thus the equestrian has learned to mitigate the cramping influence of his posture, in long journeys, by alternately lengthening and shortening his stirrups. Thus also, horses are found to be less fatigued in a hilly than a plain road, because different muscles are called into play, in the ascents and descents. Now there are, perhaps, no muscles in the human frame which admit of so many diversified combinations as those of the larynx and parts adjacent; ranging as they do in their confirmation with the slightest modifications of pitch and volume in the sound. These organs therefore to be used to the greatest advantage, should be allowed the greatest possible change.

A perfect reader would be one who should deliver every word and sentence with just that degree and quantity of voice which is strictly natural. The best masters of elocution only approximate to this, and the common herd of readers are immeasurably far from it. Most of the reading which we hear is so obviously unnatural, that if the speaker lapses for a single moment into a remark in the tone of conversation, we feel as if we had been let down from a height; and the casual call of a preacher upon the sexton is commonly a signal for the sleepers to wake up. We all acknowledge the unpleasant effect of measured and unnatural elocution, but few have perceived what we think undeniable, that in proportion as it contravenes organic laws, it wears upon and injures the vocal machinery.

But the most perfect reading would provide only for the last mentioned case. Reading would still be more laborious than speaking, unless upon the violent supposition that the composition were perfectly adapted to the rests of the voice. We must therefore seek relief in some additional provisions. One of these is the structure of our sentences, and it is sufficient here to say that they should be short, and should fall into natural and easy numbers; for no train of long periods can be recited, without undue labor. But there is another preventive which is available, and which escapes the notice of most public speakers. Any one who has witnessed the performance of a finished flute-player has observed that he goes through the longest passages without seeming to take breath. He does indeed take breath, but he has learned to do so without any perceptible hiatus in the flow of melody. The same thing may be done in speaking and reading. Without waiting for pauses in the sense, let the speaker make every inspiration precisely where he needs it, but without pause, without panting, and especially without any sinking of the voice. That the lungs admit of education in this respect will be admitted by all who have acquired the use of the blow-pipe. In this case the passage at the back of the mouth being closed, and the mouth filled with air, the operator breathes through his nostrils, admitting a little air to the mouth in expiration. There is this peculiarity, however, that the distension and elasticity of the cheeks affords a pressure into the blow-pipe, with the occasional aid of the buccinator muscle. In this way the outward stream is absolutely uninterrupted.

If there is any justice in our remarks, we may expect to find that they apply in good degree to the delivery of discourses from memory. We have found this to be the case, in every particular, except perhaps that from more careful rehearsal, the speaker is able in a greater measure to suit his utterance to the tenor of the composition.

Diseases of the vocal organs have prevailed in America to so alarming an extent among ministers, that nothing which throws light on the economy of the voice can be without its value. It is a great mistake to suppose that these diseases are to be prevented by a timid suppression of sound. The lungs are best preserved when they are kept in full and active play. Every one who is familiar with the Latin writers, as well on medicine as on oratory; knows that they constantly enumerate reading and declamation among exercises conducive to health. Seneca, in his seventy-eighth epistle, in advising his friend Lucilius, who was of a consumptive habit, distinctly urges on him the practice of reading aloud.* Pulmonary disease in ministers is attributed by Dr. John Ware to infrequency and inequality in the exercise of the lungs. "It should," says he, "be a first object with one who engages in the clerical profession, especially if he has any of the marks of weak lungs, if he is constitutionally liable to pulmonary complaints, if he is subject to disorders of the digestive organs, or has a tendency to it, to accustom himself gradually to that kind of exertion which will be required by the duties of his future profession. This is to be attempted by the constant, daily practice of loud speaking or reading. This need waste no time, and may be made to answer other good purposes. If this kind of exercise be persevered in, it seems almost certain that all, except those whose lungs are radically infirm, may acquire the habit of going through their professional performances without injury; and as for those who fail, it is better for them at once to know their incapacity, than to spend the best years of their youth in qualifying themselves for a profession which they must finally relinquish." On

* Ut legas clarius, et siritum, cujus iter et receptaculum laborat, exerces.

this subject the late Professor Porter was accustomed to quote the words of the elegant and learned Armstrong:

"Read aloud, resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes,
The chest, so exercised improves in strength;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive,
The restless blood."

"Reading aloud and Recitation," says Dr. Combe, "are more useful and invigorating muscular exercises than is generally imagined, at least when managed with due regard to the natural powers of the individuals, so as to avoid effort and fatigue. Both require the varied activity of most of the muscles of the trunk to a degree of which few are conscious till their attention is turned to it. In forming and undulating the voice, not only the chest, but also the diaphragm and abdominal muscles are in constant action, and communicate to the stomach and bowels a healthy and agreeable stimulus; and consequently, where the voice is raised and elocution rapid, as in many kinds of public speaking, the muscular effort comes to be even more fatiguing than the mental, especially to those who are unaccustomed to it, and hence the copious perspiration and bodily exhaustion of popular orators and preachers. When care is taken, however, not to carry reading aloud or reciting so far at one time as to excite the least sensation of soreness or fatigue in the chest, and it is duly repeated, it is extremely useful in developing and giving tone to the organs of respiration and to the general system. To the invigorating effects of this kind of exercise, the celebrated and lamented Cuvier was in the habit of ascribing his exemption from consumption, to which at the time of his appointment to a professorship, it was believed he would otherwise have fallen a victim. The exercise of lecturing gradually strengthened his lungs and improved his health so much that he was never afterwards threatened with any serious pulmonary disease."

If reading aloud and speaking, be a useful exercise, we consider singing as still more so. The organs are here brought into a different condition, the air vessels are more completely and uniformly distended, and the spirits are made buoyant by the delightful enjoyment. We have seldom known any one to be injured by the judicious practice of vocal music. An eminent professor once stated to us his conviction, that he had been preserved from consumption, to which his constitution was predisposed, only by the constant practice of singing. On this topic, the testimony of Mr. Gardiner, as a professional witness, is invaluable.

"Many writers have strongly insisted upon the danger of forcing the voice in learning to sing, thinking it may be greatly injured if not destroyed; but if we attend to facts, we shall find this to be an erroneous opinion. It is a maxim which applies to the use of all our faculties, that so long as we do not weaken, we strengthen, and this fact is strikingly true as it regards the voice. If we listen to those whose business it is to cry their commodities in the streets on comparing their strength of voice with our own, we shall be surprised to find what a force of intonation this daily practice produces. When did we ever hear of these itinerants, or public singers, or speakers, being compelled to give up their profession in consequence of a loss of voice? On the contrary this constant exertion strengthens the vocal organs, and is highly conducive to health. Many persons, in encouraging the development of musical talents in their children have no other view than to add to the number of their accomplishments, and afford them the means of innocent amusement. It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, however, that singing by young ladies, whom the custom of society debar from many other kinds of salutary exercise, is to be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has still a more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," remarks the doctor, "which has been suggested to me by my profession, that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one instance of spitting of blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs require by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion: he informs me that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing. Dean Bayley, of the Chapel Royal, many years back advised persons who were learning to sing, as a means of strengthening the lungs, and acquiring retentive breath, to often run up some ascent, especially in the morning, leisurely at first, and accelerating the motion near the top, without suffering the lungs to play quick in the manner of panting."

CRITICS.—Critics are like cookery-books, that labour for the taste, without possessing one themselves; they seek, with their rod of office, to convert the author, as Minerva did Ulysses, with her magic wand, into an old man and a beggar.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

That dreams have been employed by the Almighty for the conveyance of instruction to mankind, is indisputable from the pages of sacred writ. Many, too, have been recorded by the Greek and Latin historians, some of them, no doubt, apocryphal. Of the following examples, our readers may believe as many or as few as they choose.

Cæsus dreamed that his accomplished son, Aty, was transfixed by a javelin, headed with iron; he did all that he could to prevent it by removing him from the command of the Lydian forces, but his precautions were of no avail. Aty was killed accidentally by the javelin of an attendant whilst hunting the boar. Justus, a Roman Patrician, dreamed that the purple issued from his loins; he told his dream to the emperor, who, from jealousy, put him to death; but Justus's daughter, a handsome young woman, was appointed attendant to Severa Augusta. Shortly after, she was seen by Valentinian, and so engaged his affections that he married her, having obtained a special law for the purpose, and made her joint-partner of the empire with his empress. Cicero, during his flight from Rome, imagined that he beheld in his sleep Caius Marius, preceded by the fasces, bound with laurel, who condoled with him on account of his being obliged to leave the country, and consigned him to the care of a lictor, who was instructed to place him on the monument of Marius, where, it was said, were the hopes of a better fortune. Sallust, on hearing the dream, is said to have foretold the speedy return of Cicero, and downfall of Marius. Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, are each declared to have foreboded in their dreams the indignation of the gods, which was manifested in their several fates. According to Xenophon, a form appeared to Cyrus in his sleep, directing him to prepare for death. In the full persuasion that the dream was a divine warning, Cyrus is stated to have performed sacrifices to Jupiter, the Sun, and other gods, according to the Persian custom, and to have returned his thanksgiving for the blessing vouchsafed to him. Three days afterwards he expired. The dream of Julius Cesar's wife, Calphurnia, the night preceding his assassination, that she saw him lying on her bosom covered with wounds, has been rendered immortal by Shakspeare. The fate of Caius Gracchus is said to have been announced to him by his brother, who informed him, in a dream, that he must not hope to escape the catastrophe which had overwhelmed himself, and driven him from the capital. In like manner, Caracalla, who was assassinated, is related to have dreamed that his father threatened to kill him, as he had before slain his brother. Glasschryra, the wife of Archelaus, who had been married to Alexander, his brother, and afterwards to Juda, king of Libya, dreamed that Alexander, her first husband, visited her, and carried her off, somewhat after the manner of "Alonso the brave." She had scarcely repeated her vision to her maidens, when she died. The mother of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, dreamed that she brought forth a satyr; and the Sicilian interpreters explained the vision to import, that her son would be the most illustrious and prosperous among the Greeks. Domitian dreamed, a few days before his death, that a golden head rose upon the nape of his neck; which was applied to prefigure the Golden Age.

MODERN MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

The unmarried men in London are remarkable for a degree of selfishness indulged even to an oblivion of all else, and for a prudent forethought, even in their affections, not so much the result of wisdom, as the dictate of this all-engrossing egotism. Venus herself, without a fortune, could hardly tempt them to wear any other fetters than those of her cestus; while a very Gorgon, with a large domain, would soon find them eager candidates for the hymeneal chains. They regard every young beauty with distrust and alarm, as having designs on their freedom; or as being likely, by her fascinations, to tempt them into a rash marriage, which they consider as the premature grave of their selfish enjoyments. They look on dowerless wedlock as on death, a misfortune to be encountered, perhaps, at some remote period, when age and infirmity prevent the pursuit of pleasures, or satiety has palled them. With the distant prospect of settling down at last with some fair young being, who is to be the soother of his irritability, and the nurse of his infirmities, the man of pleasure systematically and ruthlessly pursues a round of heartless dissipation; until his health broken, and his spirits jaded, he selects his victim, and in the uncongenial union (which, like the atrocious cruelty of Mezentius chains the living to the dead,) seeks the reward of his selfishness. The men forming the upper classes, generally marry for what they term love, which is nothing more than an evanescent caprice, an *envie* to possess some object not otherwise to be obtained. They are so little in the habit of denying themselves any thing they conceive necessary to their pleasure, that one of their race makes little more difficulty of marrying the girl that has struck his fancy, than he does of buying some celebrated horse, for which he has to pay an extravagant price, and probably gets tired of one as soon as the other. During the first brief months—say, three or four—of his union, he considers and treats his young wife, not as the dear friend and companion of his life, the

future mother of his children, but as an object of passion; to be idolized while the passion continues, and to be left in loveless solitude—cast, like a faded flower, away—the moment satiety is experienced. She has been indulged to folly, doted on to infatuation, for three months; and then, spoiled by flattery, and corrupted by unwise uxoriousness, she sees herself first neglected, and ultimately abandoned, to bear, as best she may, this humiliating, this torturing change. If she loves her husband, jealousy with all its venomous pangs, assails her young breast. She knows how ardently, how madly, he can adore, compares his present undisguised coldness with the fervour of the happy past, and concludes, (not in general without cause,) that another object has usurped her place in his heart. Love, pride, and jealous rage, are now in arms; and how strong must be the virtue, and how steadfast the principles, that enable her to resist the temptations offered by vanity and vengeance! Reproaches or tears await the inconstant at home; his selfishness makes him loathe both, and he seeks abroad a *dedommagement* for the *ennui* they produce. The result generally is, that his wife either breaks her heart or her marriage vows, or sinks into that humiliating and humiliated being, an unloved and unpitied hypochondriac, who details her wrongs and maladies, in a whining tone, to the vegetating dowagers and spinsters, who have no better occupation than to listen to the tedious catalogue.

PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

There is something wonderful, in the degree and extent of evil that may be caused by the improper indulgence of a single appetite. Behold the effects of pampering thirst! In the morning of time, when the earth retained much of its original glory; when the unimpaired fertility of its soil, and purity of its waters, and vitality of its atmosphere were evident in the unfailing freshness and glowing beauty of all vegetable existence; and in the protracted lives, and untiring vigour, and delighted sensibilities of all animate nature:—this unvitiated desire sought nothing better for its gratification than the bubbling coolness of the crystal spring. In after ages, the trickling juice of the bursting grape was regarded as a precious luxury. Time lapsed away, and the sense that this at first regaled began to cloy; and the ingenuity of the intellect, excited by a new and craving want, obtained, by the process of fermentation, in all its sparkling strength, the rich, inspiring wine. Ere long, however, even this choice drink,—the praise of a thousand songs in every century, became insipid to multitudes. Then the palm tree was laid under tribute for its dates, and a more stimulating drink lent its aid in the enkindling of the loved excitement. But this also soon became too weak, and then the pure wine was inflamed by the addition of spices and drugs; and millions of mankind employed the fiery mixture as a certain restorative of their wasting energies, and the grateful means of enlivening their drooping spirits. Ages rolled on, and the unhappy discovery of alcohol opened the way for the unbounded gratification of the depraved and burning passion. We have seen, some of the sad, the dreadful, the unspeakable evils that have followed. The rich have been made poor, and the poor have sunk lower and lower, until they have been almost pressed out of life. Countless diseases, of the most loathsome, the most agonizing, and the most fatal character, have ravaged the globe. Thousands of intellects, endowed with power to have won the gratitude and admiration of mankind, have been enfeebled and ruined. Thousands of hearts, that might have overflowed with the enjoyment of love to all, and love from all, have been visited by the scorn of the world, and have boiled against the world with implacable wrath. Thousands of tongues that might have spoken words of wisdom in tones of music to be celebrated for ever, have been devoted to railing and slander and profanity, and every sin of speech. And thousands of the noblest human forms that ever stood up in the eye of day, have gone staggering in corruption and filth, to the darkness and rottenness of the grave. Besides these, millions less distinguished have withered and perished in the same way. Millions upon millions of broken hearted widows, with weeping and wailing, have mourned over the tombs of their husbands prematurely destroyed, and multiplied millions of helpless orphans have felt their little bosoms throbbing at the thought that they were all alone—alone in a wide and friendless world. A vast proportion of all the graves of the earth are occupied by the corpses of the intemperate; and the thunders of the ocean, as if tolling the bell of vengeance, peal among the billows the funeral dirge of a numberless host lost in the depths below.

ROMANCE READING.—Perhaps the perusal of Romances may, without injustice, be compared with the use of opiates, baneful when habitually and constantly resorted to, but of most blessed power in those moments when the whole head is sore, and the whole heart is sick. If those who rail indiscriminately at this species of composition were to consider the quantity of actual pleasure which it produces, and the much greater proportion of real sorrow and distress which it alleviates, their philanthropy ought to moderate their critical pride or religious tolerance.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE GRAVE.—How little reflection is expended upon,—yet how much is called for by, the grave,—by the lowliest hillock that is piled over the icy bosom, by the grassiest hollow that has sunk with the mouldering bones of a fellow creature! And in this narrow haven rots the bark that has ploughed the surges of the great vital ocean! In this little den, that the thistle can overshadow in a day's growth, and the molewarp undermine in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could enthral a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence, which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and wretchedness of being, reducing all its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars,—a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the grasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we moralize upon the equality of the sepulchre; that the rich man, whose soul is in the ostentation of a marble palace, and his heart in the splendor of the feast, should consider how small a pit must contain him, or that the proud, who boast their 'pre-eminence above the beasts,' should know that the shaggy carcass and the lawn-shrouded corse must fatten the earth together.—We should teach our vanity the lesson of humiliation that is afforded by the grave; neglecting the mighty mausoleums of those marvellous spirits which fame has rendered immortal, we should turn to the nameless tombs of the million, and in their deserted obscurity, discover the feeble hold which we ourselves must have upon earth and the memory of men. Friendship forgets what the devouring earth has claimed; and even enmity ceases at last to remember the resting place of a foe. Love ourselves as we may, devote our affections to others as we can, yet must our memory perish with us in the grave.—*Dr. Bird.*

TALKATIVENESS.—The wise man observes, that *there is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence.* One meets with people in the world, who seem never to have made the last of these observations. And yet these great talkers do not all speak from their having any thing to say, as every sentence shows, but only from their inclination to be talking. Their conversation is merely an exercise of the tongue; no other human faculty has any share in it. It is strange these persons can help reflecting, that unless they have in truth a superior capacity, and are in an extraordinary manner furnished for conversation, if they are entertaining, it is at their own expense. Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect, whether or no it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves? *O that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom.* Remember likewise there are persons who love fewer words, an inoffensive sort of people, and who deserve some regard, though of too still and composed temper for you. Of this number was the son of Sirach; for he plainly speaks from experience, when he says, *As hills of sands are to the steps of the aged, so is one of many words to a quiet man.*—*Bp. Buller.*

PETER AND JOHN.—They form, indeed, a very remarkable contrast to each other, and while we muse upon the moral lessons which time cannot efface, we recognize him who would have died for his Master, and him who would have died with him; the one who drew his sword in his defence, the other who lay in his bosom; the disciple to whom he bequeathed his flock, the friend to whom he entrusted his mother! Their spirits still look out from their Epistles. In Peter, religion speaks with a powerful, an alarming, an impetuous energy; in John, she beseeches with a tenderness, a sweetness, and an affection: one menaces us like a father, the other exhorts us like a brother: nor is this love of gentleness confined to his Epistles. Who has not lingered with tearful eyes and saddening heart over the narrative of the sufferings of his Divine Master, which "runs like a stream through flowery pastures?" All that is most lovely, most affecting, most delightful in the character of Jesus, is collected in the Gospel of John. But however they may have differed in the utterance of their feelings, their hearts were fondly united. In loving their Saviour, they loved one another; and in loving one another, they felt their love for him. John must have wept over the denial of Peter, but his soul rejoiced when standing by his side at the tomb of their Lord, or before the enraged enmity of the Sanhedrim.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

THE BIBLE.—The Bible loses much by not being considered as a system, for though many other books are comparable to cloth, in which, by a small pattern, we may safely judge of a whole piece, yet the Bible is like a fair suit of arras, of which, though a shred may assure you of the fineness of the colours and richness of the stuff, yet the hangings never appear to their true advantage but when they are displayed to their dimensions and seen together.—*Hon. Robert Boyle.*

IMAGINATION.—The mountain-air of poetry, like the rarified atmosphere of great elevations, brings all objects nearer to the eye and heart of the poet.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 9, 1838.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—The article on this subject from the *Biblical Repertory* is worthy of an attentive perusal. That the exercise of the organs produce weariness and hoarseness much sooner in reading from a book, or delivering a discourse from memory, than in extemporaneous discourses, is a fact fully corroborated by our own experience. It is remarkable how limited our knowledge is of the functions of the voice. The art of speaking well, has, in most civilized countries, been a cherished mark of distinction between the elevated and humble conditions of life, and has been immediately connected with some of the greater labours of ambition and taste. It may therefore appear extraordinary, that the world, with all its works of philosophy, should have been satisfied with an instinctive exercise of the art, and with occasional examples of its perfection, without an endeavour to found an analytic system of instruction, productive of more multiplied instances of success. One reflection, however, will convince us, that even this extended purpose of the art of speaking, has been one of the causes of neglect. It has been a popular art; and works for popularity are generally the works of mediocrity. The majority of the bar, the senate, the pulpit, and the stage, deprecate the trouble of improvement: and the satisfaction of the general ear is, in no less a degree, encouraging to the faults of the voice, than the approving judgment of the million is subversive of the rigid discipline of the mind. For those who wish to obtain popular information on the voice, we would recommend "Gardner's Music of Nature," and to those who desire to pursue the science with attention and perseverance we beg particularly to refer to a late work on "The Philosophy of the Human Voice," by Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia. In this latter work will be found an elaborate analysis of intonation, and a system of principles which cannot be collected from any other source.

USELESS HORSES.—"Old Frugality," an ingenious correspondent of the "Christian Messenger," assigns, as one reason for hard times, the enormous expenditure for worthless or useless horses. He assumes that there are in the Province at least 2000 horses more than are required—that the average annual cost of keeping each horse is £17, beside the time expended in his attendance—this with the original cost of the horse, will in ten years with interest amount to more than £300—and in 50 years to more than £2000. Further, if one horse cost £17 per year, the 2000 useless horses of this Province will cost £34,000. Again, if the cost and charges of one horse be £300, in ten years, the cost and charges of 200 horses during that period will be £600,000. And if in 50 years one needless horse cost £2000; 2000 horses in the same time will cost £4,000,000 or four millions of money. So far 'Old Frugality' and so much for horse extravagance.

Two short extracts relative to Upper Canada, by mistake, were last week credited to the *Quebec Mercury*, instead of the *Toronto Examiner*.

MORISON'S PILLS.—That indefatigable pill-vender, Morison, resorts to every mode of advertisement for the sale of his patent medicines. Here is the last we have seen, and a very philanthropic one it is.

TO MISSIONARIES.—It has been said by some of our most celebrated Travellers, that a knowledge of Medicine, or, more properly speaking, the art of curing disease, is absolutely necessary to the office or calling of Missionaries.

The Hygeian system is founded upon unerring principles, and without the comprehension of all persons. It can be proved that the most successful results have followed from the administration of MORISON'S PILLS by non-medical persons in all parts of INDIA, and, in fact, in every other part of the World. What Medicine therefore can be better suited for the purpose before mentioned!

Missionaries desirous of taking out a quantity of the Medicine with them, will have a liberal allowance made.

THE PEARL FOR 1839.—We do not often obtrude any notice of our affairs before our readers, and yet we like sometimes to let them know how we do. This then is to certify that we are making some headway in our voyage, and that we are constantly receiving new passengers on board. So far our fellow-voyagers (judging by their constancy) have had a pleasant trip with us—they have found ample accommodations in the vessel, and most, (if not all) the arrangements, to their taste. We hope our plans for the future will give equal satisfaction with the past. Additional decorations and fresh painting will be required for our next voyage, and these will be duly attended to. Indeed, we do not know whether we shall not propel the *pacific Pearl* by steam after the commencement of the new-year. But steam or wind, boilers or sails we promise our companions that there shall be no slander, no ill-will, no war on board. On the raging sea of politics we shall

not hazard our vessel, nor will we cast our bark on the stormy ocean of religious or anti-religious controversy. The former course we leave to those who are better informed and more patriotic than ourselves—and the latter we commend to those who have more meekness of wisdom than we possess, and are better able to speak the truth in love than ourselves. Our track will be down some quiet inland river where no foaming waves will impede our progress, and where every thing on its green and sunny banks will remind us of a religion of love and peace. Those who are for war will find nothing to gratify their cravings in our columns, but those who are for peace will find every thing to encourage and please.

SEPTEMBER PACKET.

London dates have been received by H. M. P. Hope to the 4th of October. Our file of papers though large give us very little news in addition to those received, via St. John.

A new Roman Catholic College is almost finished at Sutton Coldfield, at an expense of nearly £60,000.—*Morning Chronicle*.

The Roman Catholics of New castle upon Tyne, resolved the other day to build a new chapel, and subscribed £2,117 on the spot.—*Watchman*.

A treadmill will be attached to the military barracks in every garrison town. Commanding officers have found that the morals of young soldiers are much impaired by mixing with the numerous class of criminals in common gaols, where they are now sent by court martial, for want of a place of punishment in their own barracks.—*London Chronicle*.

A pension has been granted to Mrs. James, the needy widow of the author of the "Naval History of Great Britain," and other works.—This is an act worthy the benevolence of the crown.

ATTACK ON STANFIELD-HALL BY A MOB, AND THE MILITARY TURNED OUT.—On Monday last one of the most extraordinary outrages ever perpetrated was committed on the seat of Isaac Jeremy, Esq. by a large mob, headed by a man named Lerner, and another person also from London, calling himself Daniel Wingfield. Lerner professes to be a claimant to the Stanfield property, and went so far on Monday last, as to take possession of the mansion; and it was only with the assistance of the military, eventually called out in support of the civil power, that the intruder and his adherents were expelled from the premises, and to the number of more than 80, taken into custody. On Tuesday morning the prisoners were brought from the Castle, and evidence was heard against them before the Hon. and Rev. R. Wilson, Mr. Cann, and other magistrates. On Wednesday the prisoners in custody were brought down again, and the depositions read over to them. On fresh evidence being brought forward, a prisoner name Daniel Wingfield, who took the most conspicuous part in the proceedings, cross-examined the witnesses at considerable length; and after the case had proceeded for some time he asked for and obtained an adjournment of a few days before the case was finally heard, that the prisoners might have proper advice. The persons engaged in this most extraordinary outrage came from different parishes in the county of Norfolk; only 25 of them are labourers, the others being little tradesmen, by whom ignorance cannot be pleaded as an excuse for their conduct, 34 of them being able to read and write, seven to read alone, and 39 can neither read or write. Three of the men were liberated on bail; the others remain in custody until the next examination.—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

THE QUEEN'S BED.—The visitors of Buckingham Palace, who have an opportunity of seeing the Queen's bed, and who are accustomed to conclude that royalty and rank must repose on feather beds and downy pillows, will be astonished to have pointed out to them a small camp bed, with a hard mattress and one small pillow, as the couch of royalty. Yet such is the fact. If ladies generally would follow her example, they would feel the benefit of it in the improvement of their persons and figure, and the uniform flow of health and spirits it would secure.

ANTI-SLAVERY MISSION TO THE WEST INDIES.—We are glad to find some friends to the negroes are contemplating a mission to the West Indies to ascertain from personal observation, how far substantial freedom is secured to them by the abolition of the apprenticeship; and should it be found that any attempts are persisted in by the local legislatures, to obstruct the full enjoyment of all their rights and privileges as free British subjects, measures may be promptly taken in this country to prevent them. The gentlemen going out will sail in the course of next month.—*British Emancipator*.

Lord John Russell has returned from Ireland to Liverpool, where notwithstanding the patronage of the Radical Mayor, he has been received with the most mortifying contempt.

The only news of much interest now is the progress of the Registration, which in almost every place are most triumphant for the Conservatives. In Middlesex, the gain up to Thursday was nearly 400, and increasing daily.

The two seconds in the late duel at Wimbledon, convicted of murder a few days since, have had their punishment commuted to one year's imprisonment.

The Admiralty are putting a few 68-pound guns into the ships capable of carrying them, and the Horse Guards are furnishing the army with percussion muskets.

The Stromboli steamer is ordered to be completed immediately.

PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 22.—The *Hercules*, 74, Capt. T. Nicholas, has left Plymouth for Cork, there to embark the 52d Regt. for Halifax. Rumour says she will remain on that station, attached to Vice Admiral Sir Charles Paget's squadron.

RADICAL MEETINGS.—Meetings of the working classes in favour of universal suffrage continue to be held in various parts of the country. At Liverpool to the number of 2000—at Sheffield, 20,000—at Brighton 2000—and at Manchester, according to different accounts, from 45,000 to 300,000. To this latter formidable meeting the people marched with flags and music, in procession. Their banners contained all manner of exciting inscriptions. Among the latter were "Peace, Law, Order," "Labour the source of all Wealth," "Repeal of the New Poor Law," "The People's Charter," "Liberty and Equality," "He that will not work neither shall he eat," "If we are too ignorant to make taxes, we are too ignorant to pay them; if we are too ignorant to make laws, we are too ignorant to obey them," "England expects every man this day to do his duty." On one of the flags was a large bundle of sticks, inscribed "Emblem of Unity." Some of the flags were tricolour. One presented a picture of the massacre on Peterloo; the Middleton people brought a flag which was carried by them on that day; on another was a full-length portrait of "Henry Hunt, Esq., the man who never deserted the People." We take the following description of the scene from the *Morning Advertiser*:—"The hustings were erected near the Stand-house, and in such a position that they were surrounded by an amphitheatre of at least fifteen acres, every person upon any portion of the ground being enabled to see all that passed. All along the line of road from Manchester the footpaths were thronged to excess; and in the area before the old Collegiate Church, which overlooked the line of procession, there were many thousands of females assembled. By twelve o'clock one-half the ground was occupied; and the immense multitude at that time presented a truly awful appearance. Before one o'clock, however, the ground was completely occupied; and the meeting then was certainly the largest that has ever taken place in the British empire—not less than 300,000 persons could have then been present. As the various speakers arrived upon the hustings, they were loudly cheered."

At a meeting at Trowbridge, after a short address from Mr. Phillips, three cheers were given for "his most gracious Majesty, the Sovereign People." These meetings are sadly indicative of the state of the public mind in Great Britain.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—A united Sunday-school teachers' meeting took place at Hyson Green, near Nottingham, on the 27th ult. There are five different places of worship on the Green, and a Sunday-school connected with each place of worship; viz., Baptist, Wesleyan-Methodist, Independent, Wesleyan Association, and New Connexion.

DEMAND FOR BIBLES.—The Persians have lately arrived at Berlin, who mean to go to London to obtain a great number of bibles in the Chaldee tongue. They speak only Persian, and cannot make themselves understood by any body, as none of the Berlin literati speak Persian. They are very poor, and it has been necessary to defray their expenses.—*Hamburgh Paper*.

FESTIVITY IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH PRISON.—On Friday the prisoners of this prison dined together in a booth erected on the parade, to celebrate the passing of the Imprisonment for Debt Bill on mesne process, which comes into operation on Monday the 1st of October, when all prisoners who are not in execution or have petitioned the Insolvent Debtors' Court will, on application to a Judge at Chamber, be entitled to their discharge.

ABDUCTION CASE.—At the Arran-quay Police office, Dublin, on Saturday, Peter Yore, a groom of a very common appearance, appeared to answer the charge of having fraudulently induced the daughter of the late Col. Tucker to marry him. Mr. M'Donogh, on the part of the prosecutrix (Mrs. Tucker, the mother of the young lady) required that the prisoner should be committed for trial; or held to bail to take his trial in the Court of Queen's Bench. Col. Tucker died in 1831, leaving an only child, the young lady in question, now seventeen years of age, and Mrs. Tucker unfortunately took Yore into her service as groom. He was accustomed to ride out in attendance upon the young lady; and it appeared had, on one of these occasions, thought proper to make some approaches to her, and, subsequently, urged proposals of marriage, threatening, if she refused, that he would leave the place, and spread rumours injurious to her reputation. She consented; and a scheme was adopted, with the assistance of other persons, to secure the performance of the marriage in a public house in Smithfield. Two publicans, named Flood and Toole were taken as bail in £100 each, to answer for the appearance of the prisoner; and Peter Flood, James Flood,

Thomas Flood, Mary Meehan, and Anne Yore, were bound over to appear and take their trial for having conspired with Peter Yore to commit the misdemeanor with which he is charged.

LADY-BIRDS.—We had on Tuesday last a most formidable invasion of this beautiful insect—they were here, there, and every where; indeed, so much so, that the parish engines as well as private ones were called in requisition with tobacco-fumigated water, to attack and disperse them. The clothes of the magistrates and others attending the Town-hall at Farringdon, were completely covered with them, as well as the walls of the houses—*Reading Mercury.*

PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 29.—The brig Racer, 16, is commissioned at this port, by Com. George Byng, report says, for the West India station.

The Pique frigate, Captain E. Boxer, returned to Spithead, from Sheerness, on Wednesday, her orders to receive the Marquis of Clanricarde for conveyance to Cronstadt having been countermanded; she waits for orders.

A letter from Constantinople of the 6th inst., published in the *Commerce*, repeats that the Sultan had forwarded a magnificent present for her Majesty Queen Victoria, composed of a necklace of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, of the value of upwards of £12,000. The casket in which it is inclosed is closed by an enamelled plate, on which is represented the cipher of the Sultan, the whole surrounded by diamonds of great value. Lord Palmerston, continues the letter from which we quote, has been decorated with the order of Nichan Iftihar.

FRANCE.—The quarrel between France and Switzerland, when just on the point of proceeding to extremities, has been terminated by the resolution announced by Prince Louis Bonaparte to quit the country. It is said that he comes to England.

A petition for electoral reform is extensively circulated in France. 19,000 national guards have signed it at Paris.

Rear-Admiral Baudin sailed with his squadron from Cadiz for Mexico on the 11th ult. It consists of three heavy frigates, a corvette, and two steamers.

SPAIN.—The Christinos have suffered another severe defeat. Alaix, Viceroy of Navarre, while escorting a large convoy from Paente la Reyna to Pampeluna, was attacked on the 19th by the Carlist General Garcia. The Queenite force was said to be 7000 infantry and 400 cavalry, of whom 200 were killed, 500 wounded, and 550 made prisoners. General Alaix was carried, mortally wounded, to Pampeluna, where he died next day. The Christino accounts confirm this disaster. General Van Halen has been appointed, through the influence of Espartero, to succeed Oraa in the command of the army of the centre. Two of the best officers in the Queen's service, Pardinas, and Aspiroz, have resigned in consequence.

THE EAST.—Russian troops are moving with great activity towards Persia. According to present appearances, a war between England and Russia cannot be long deferred. The object of Russia is evidently to give a treacherous support to the Schah, to convert Persia into a Russian province, and thus obtain an advanced point from which to advance into India.

It is said that Nicholas proposes to expatriate the Poles on a very extended plan; and that as many as half a million will be sent into other and distant provinces, their places to be occupied by Russians.

TREASURE UNDER THE TUILERIES.—The *Emancipation*, of Toulouse, publishes some details with reference to the recent disclosures of the *France*, on the subject of the treasures buried at different periods in the vaults under the Palace of the Tuileries. The provincial journal estimates these treasures at the value of 22,000,000, and states that the party who revealed their existence, and their "whereabout," founded his demand for remuneration on the basis of that sum. It is added that proposals were made to him for an amicable arrangement, but that the publicity which had been given to the case prevented them from being carried into effect, the civil list having only the usufruct of the domains, and no real property in the treasures that may be discovered in the Royal residences. M. de Schonen, who was employed in 1813 to liquidate the expenses of Charles X.'s household, is said to have been the first who received an intimation of the hidden treasures; and a locksmith, named Cretu, is stated to have made several iron chests for Louis XVI., which had never been found since the death of that monarch. M. Cretu, jun., had never been employed on any of the works executed in the Palace by order of the civil list.

ANIMAL RESENTMENT.—It having been perceived, not long since, that the claws of a lioness in the Garden of Plants, were growing into the paws, and would in time injure the animal, one of her keepers contrived to have her firmly secured, and with scissars and file cut and pared them, so as to prevent the apprehended evil. The animal, however, has proved that she does not forget the insult; for whenever the keeper comes within her sight, she at once distinguishes him, even when surrounded by a crowd of her visitors, growls, shows her teeth, lashes her sides with her tail, and displays every sign of an implacable resentment.—*Galvani's Messenger.*

PETITION OF WESLEYAN METHODISTS.—The question of the "Clergy Reserves" in Upper Canada appears to absorb the attention of all the religious bodies of that unhappy country. A late number of the *Christian Guardian* gives the form of a memorial on the Rectories, etc. which had been agreed to by the Publishing Book Committee of the U.C. Methodist Conference, and recommended to be circulated by the ministers of the Methodist Church. Our space will not allow us to quote the entire document—a few extracts will show the light in which the subject is viewed by the petitioners.

The petition of the undersigned members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and other inhabitants of the province of Upper Canada,

HUMBLY SHEWETH, That many of your petitioners, with other faithful and loyal British subjects, have, for a long series of years protested again and again against the establishment of one or more dominant churches in this province with peculiar prerogatives or endowments; and have frequently prayed that the proceeds of what are commonly called the 'Clergy Reserves' might be applied to the purposes of general education.

That your petitioners have learned with surprise and deep concern, that fifty-seven Rectories of the Church of England have been established and endowed with a large quantity of land, and the incumbents invested with the same dominant powers over the whole community within their respective parishes as Rectors of parishes possess in England: thus creating distinctions the most invidious, unjust, and impolitic,—infringing the equal rights of British subjects in the province, and endangering unrestricted freedom of conscience, and the civil and religious liberties of the country.

That this erection of a dominant church in the province has taken place in utter disregard of the almost unanimously expressed wishes and earnest remonstrances of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects, and in violation of the intimation made by his late most gracious Majesty in 1832, that his Royal prerogative to erect literary or religious corporations in the province would not be exercised until he had received the advice of the representatives of his Canadian people.

That it is an infringement upon the undoubted rights of the subjects of our free constitutional government, and calculated to endanger its stability, to erect or perpetuate any system of religious denomination, or political patronage, which is at variance with the constitutionally expressed wishes of the great body of the inhabitants.

That to appropriate the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves to the endowment of one or more dominant churches is fraught with consequences the most alarming to her Majesty's faithful subjects in this province; since the inhabitants of any country cannot be reasonably expected to be equally loyal and attached to the Government who are not equally protected and countenanced by it. Such a system is more to be deprecated and more alarming in Upper Canada, where the excluded classes constitute a very large majority of the people.

ROMAN CATHOLICS OF UPPER CANADA.—The Catholics of U. C. have determined to send Bishop McDonnell (now aged 80) and some others to England to petition Queen Victoria, for a compensation in lieu of the legal tythes they receive and which they are willing to relinquish. In an address to Lord Durham we find a reference to the grievance complained of by the Methodists and Presbyterians.

"We feel also desirous of bringing before your notice and attention the charter of King's College in Upper Canada, by which you will perceive, that although amended with a view to prevent ascendancy on the one hand and exclusion on the other, the interests of the Church of England have been alone attended to, and that no other persons but those who belong to that church are likely to receive any encouragement, either in the appointment of professors or otherwise. Such unwise and invidious distinctions can only prove the legitimate source of many difficulties hereafter, and should be most sedulously and carefully avoided from the first, as Your Excellency will admit that the prevention of an evil is far safer and easier of accomplishment than its remedy."

With reference to the Clergy Reserves, considering that we were expressly and designedly excluded by the act of 1791 from any participation in them, we have in equity and sound policy resolved not to embarrass the settlement of that question by making application for any portion of them; nevertheless, as Her Majesty's Government have considerably and generously left them open for Provincial Legislation, we cannot but express our candid and firm conviction that bestowing them exclusively on the Church of England will cause general discontent; and that it would prove far more satisfactory to the great mass of the people, and more conducive to the general weal, were they devoted to the great and beneficent purpose of the religious and moral instruction of the whole people."

HELLER AND DODGE it appears have escaped to the United States. It is reported that they made good their retreat in the dress of the new Police.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Our visit to this useful institution on Wednesday evening last, was exceedingly gratifying. We found the commodious lecture hall newly painted, and lighted in a very superior manner. The audience was large and respectable, and the lecturer in fine spirits. The able address was on "the institutions of education moulding the character and habits of the people," and as might be expected from the strong and vigorous mind of William Young, Esq. the subject was treated in a very original and philosophical manner. Allusion was made by the learned speaker to the intellectual character of Boston, and the multiplicity of lectures delivered in that city. A very high encomium was passed on the talents and genius of Messrs. Combe and Buckingham, two eminent individuals whom Mr. Y. had the pleasure of hearing on his late visit to the United States. We were sorry to find that so few ladies attended the last session when compared with the previous one. This is to be lamented, but it is hoped that there will be a large accession of females the present course. When ladies are duly impressed with the importance of intellectual cultivation, the advantages to the rising generation will soon be visible. Altogether, the favourable commencement of the session augurs well for the future prosperity of the Institute.

Dr. GRIGOR was announced as the lecturer for next Wednesday evening—the subject, "ANIMAL MAGNETISM." A subject so curious in its details, and which has of late excited so much interest in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, will, we expect, attract a crowded audience.

☞ An original and highly interesting tale, written expressly for the Pearl, we expect shortly to present to our readers.

QUEBEC, OCTOBER 30.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

Yesterday morning, Col. Farquhar arrived in town from Upper Canada, with despatches for his Excellency Sir John Colborne, and proceeded by land to Quebec. The Government has chartered the Steamboat Burlington and Traveller, on Lake Ontario. Capt. Maynes of the Royals, left town on Saturday, at half-past one o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a volunteer Corps of 100 men, at Corilla; and 200 at Vedreuil, on the same conditions as the Montreal Volunteers. Three Martello Towers are to be built immediately at Cote à Barron near the new jail, on a commanding position on the Lachine road, to be furnished with 64 pounders on pivots. A passenger, from St. John, who arrived here yesterday states,—that the Americans along the frontier, are drilling for the avowed purpose of invading Canada. The Steamer Medea and ship Andromache, are to proceed to Shediac, to convey the 65th Regt. to Canada.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. John Murray, of Halifax, to Miss Eliza Curren.

On the 18th ult. at St. Mary's Church, Reading, W. B. Campbell, Esq. Captain in the 7th Royal Fusiliers, to Anne Henrietta, eldest daughter of Lieut. Col. Loring.

DIED,

On Saturday, 3rd inst. in the 64th year of his age, the Hon. James Tobin. As a merchant Mr. Tobin was highly respected, and in private life greatly esteemed. To his family his loss is irreparable.

Sunday evening, of the water in the brain. William Robert, son of William Thompson, aged 9 years and 4 months.

At St. John, on Tuesday, the 23rd ult. at half-past three o'clock, after a short but severe illness, Thomas Paddock, Esq. Physician and Surgeon. Doctor Paddock was in the 48th year of his age.

At Newport, on the 21st ult. in the 72nd year of his age. Mr. William Chambers, an old and respectable inhabitant, leaving a wife and family, and a large circle of friends to lament his loss.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, November, 3rd.—Am. schr. Wyoming, Bangs, Philadelphia, 10 days—rye flour, corn meal, and corn, to J. H. Braine; schr. Forrest, Swaine, Burin, 10 days—dry fish to Fairbanks & Allison; brig. Bermudiana, Newbold, Bermuda, 14 days—sugar, to J. & M. Tobin; brig. Margaret, Doane, Barbadoes, 28 days—ballast to D. & E. Starr & Co.

Sunday, 4th.—Brig Redbreast, Lovett, Berbice, via Liverpool, 84 days—rum and molasses, to D. & E. Starr & Co; Am. brig Obine Chamberlain, Jordan, Sydney, 12 days—coal, bound to Boston—leaky—lost 1 man overboard on Wednesday night last; Am. schr. Wasp, Curten, Bay St. Lawrence, bound to Gloucester; Dove and Lady, Magdalen Islands—fish; Anastasia, McPhee, Little Harbour, 15 days—dry fish, to W. Roche.

Monday, 5th.—H. M. P. Hope, Lieut. Rees, Falmouth, 30 days; brig. Eliza, Holby, Newfd. 10 days—fish and salmon, to J. & M. Tobin.

Wednesday, 7th.—Brig. Abeona, Townsend, Saint Thomas, 16 days—sugar, to J. U. Ross; schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston, 4 days—flour, etc. to H. Fay 16 passengers.—left Mailboat Velocity, to sail next day; brig. Victoria to sail in 2 days; brig Acadian from hence, in 7 days.

Thursday, 8th.—Brig James Matthews, Bremner, Matanzas, 16 days—ballast, to M. B. Almon; Mail boat Margaret Boole, Bermuda 10 days. H. M. Receiving Ship Slaney, has sunk at Bermuda in 9 fathom of water.

Friday, brig Henrietta, Clements, Nevis, 22 days—rum, etc. D & E Starr & Co; schr Victoria, Annapolis,—produce; schr Eagle, Wilson, St Stephens, 10 days—lumber, to Master; schr Seaflower, Babin, PEI. schr Maria, Magdalen Islands, 9 days—fish; schr Amandale, Wightman, PEI.; schr Glide, Shelburne; Two Brothers, Arichat; Mermaid, do; Stranger, Port Latore; Cown, Sydney.

CLEARED,

Saturday, November 3rd.—Barque, Corsair, Daly, Demerara,—assorted cargo, by S Binney; Am. schr Arletta, Howes, Baltimore,—gypsum and salmon, by S Binney; Elizabeth, Shelnut, Miramichi—assorted cargo by W M Allan, Fairbanks and Allison and A Fraser; brig Kate, Turner, Falmouth, Jam—fish, by J & M Tobin.

A large ship of 600 tons from Liverpool and London, bound to St John, N B. went ashore on Cape Sable, 31st ult. vessel bilged, crew and cargo saved.

SELECTIONS.

CRANIOLOGY.—Upon Dr. Gall's theory, how many and what obvious advantages result! Nor are they merely confined to the purposes of speculative physiognomy; the uses of his theory, as applied to practice, offer to us hopes scarcely less delightful than those which seemed to dawn upon mankind with the discovery of the gases, and with the commencement of the French revolution, and, in these later days, with the progress of the Bible Society. In courts of justice, for instance, how beautifully would this new science supply any little deficiency of evidence upon trial! If a man were arraigned for murder, and the case were doubtful, but he were found to have a decided organ for the crime, it would be of little matter whether he had committed the specific fact in the indictment or not; for hanging, if not applicable as punishment, would be proper for prevention! Think, also, in state trials, what infinite advantages an attorney-general might derive from the opinion of a regius professor of craniology! Even these are but partial benefits. Our generals, ministers, and diplomatists would then unerringly be chosen by the outside of the head, though a criterion might still be wanted to ascertain when it was too thick and when too thin. But the greatest advantages are those which this new system would afford to education; for by the joint efforts of Dr. Gall and Mr. Edgeworth, we should be able to breed up men according to any pattern which parents or guardians might think proper to bespeak. The doctor would design the mould, and Mr. Edgeworth, by his skill in mechanics, devise, with characteristic ingenuity, the best means of making and applying it. As soon as the child was born, the professional cap—medical, military, theological, commercial, or legal—would be put on, and thus he would be perfectly prepared for Mr. Edgeworth's admirable system of professional education. I will pursue this subject no further than just to hint, that the materials of the mould may operate sympathetically; and therefore, that for a lawyer in *rus*, the cap should be made of brass; for a divine, of lead; for a politician, of base-metal; for a soldier, of steel; and for a sailor, of heart of English oak.

Dr. Gall would doubtless require the naked head to be submitted to him for judgment. Contrariwise, I opine,—and all the ladies will agree with me in this opinion,—that the head ought neither to be stript, nor even examined in undress, but that it should be taken with all its accompaniments when the owner has made the best of it, the accompaniments being not unfrequently more indicative than the features themselves. Long ago, the question whether a man is most like himself drest or undrest, was propounded to the British Apollo; and it was answered by the oracle, that a man of God Almighty's making is most like himself when undrest; but a man of a tailor's, periwig-maker's, and sempstress's making, when drest. The oracle answered rightly, for no man can select his own eyes, nose, or mouth; but his wig and his whiskers are of his own choosing.—*The Doctor*.

LIFE AT VERDAN DURING THE WAR.—Drinking, gambling and debauchery were the order of the day, and those who led the most irregular life were not the least esteemed. The first destroyed the health and ruined the future prospects of its votaries; the second drained their pockets and consigned them to prisons or to suicide; and the third brutalized them. Confinement without any prospect of being liberated, and the want of avocation, drove many active men to the bottle, which destroyed numbers, and others became complete sots. Mr. C—, a respectable gentlemanly man, was among the latter; he was continually getting into difficulties, and after all attempts by his countrymen to reclaim him had failed, and much forbearance shown by Wirion, he was sent to Bilche, where, emptying his wash basin, he overbalanced himself, fell through the window, and was killed on the spot. One poor fellow, after being given up by his doctor, asked for a glass of grog, which he apparently drank with as much relish as ever, and instantly died. I once upbraided a master for his idle habits, when he asked what I would have him to do? he said he had no employment, no amusement. He could get drunk twice a day for fourpence, and what could he do better? Another time passing along the street, I saw a Frenchman talking to him, whom he could not understand. 'Tell me,' says he, 'what this fellow wants.' 'He wants,' I replied, 'to be paid for pulling you out of a ditch, into which your horse threw you, and where he found you with your head stuck in the mud.' 'Tell him,' says he, with an oath, 'that I will not give him a sou; he ought to have let me remain there. I shall never die a better death. This same man, being taken suddenly ill in the street, near the lodging of a surgeon, a friend of mine, turned in thither, and while in the act of falling off his chair in an apoplectic fit, he was observed to kick off his shoes. The surgeon bled him immediately, and after he had brought him round, inquired his reason for doing so. 'Why,' says he, 'I was not going to die with my shoes on!' a cant phrase applied to persons that are hanged. In a large saloon at the Cafe Thiery, a set of blacklegs, from Paris, obtained permission of the general to establish a Rouge et Noir and a roulette table. For this permission, it was supposed he was paid at the rate of one hundred louis per month—if, indeed, he were not a partner. But it was made known to the inhabitants by the

following inscription in large letters, in French, that none but the prisoners were allowed the privilege of ruining themselves: 'This Bank is kept for the English; the French are forbidden to play at it.'—*Ellison's Prison Scenes*.

ORDINANCES OF CHINON.—The first fleet that ever left the shores of England on a foreign expedition was that of Richard I. for the Holy Land. For the government of the persons who went on that expedition, the ordinances of Chinon were promulgated by that monarch, and are a specimen of criminal legislation illustrative of the manners and feelings of the age in which they appeared.

The original ordinances are in Latin, and are published by the Commissioners of Public Records, in the 1st vol. of the collection of ancient State Papers, commonly known by the name of the 'Fœdera.' The following is an exact translation:—"Richard, by the grace of God, king of England, duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and earl of Anjou. To all men about to go by sea to Jerusalem, greeting: Know ye, that we, by the common counsel of good men, have made these ordinances underwritten. Whoever shall kill a man on board ship shall be thrown into the sea, bound to the dead person; but if he shall kill him on shore, he shall be buried in the earth, bound to the dead person. If any by legitimate witnesses shall be convicted that he drew his knife to strike another, or that he struck another and drew blood, he shall lose his hand; but if he struck with the palm, without effusion of blood, he shall be immersed in the sea three times. If any shall throw opprobrium, reproach, or the hatred of God on his fellow, as many times as he has reproached him, so many ounces of silver shall he give him. But the thief convicted of stealing shall be clipped in the manner of a champion, and boiling pitch poured on his head, and feathers from a pillow shaken over him, that he may be known, and he shall be thrown on the first shore at which the ships touch. Witness ourself, at Chinon."

THE DEATH-BED SCENE OF A MURDERER.—I shall never forget the horror of that young man's dissolution. He lay at times, the picture of terror, gazing upon the walls, along which, in his imagination, crept myriads of loathsome reptiles, which now some frightful monster, and now a fire-lipped demon, stealing out of the shadows and preparing to dart upon him as their prey. Now he would whine and weep, as if asking forgiveness for some act of wrong done to the being man is most constant to wrong—the loving, the feeble, the confiding; and anon, seized by a tempest of passion, the cause of which could only be imagined, he would start up, fight, foam at the mouth, and fall back in convulsions. Once he sat up in bed, and looking like a corpse, began to sing a bacchanalian song; on another occasion, after lying for many minutes in apparent stupefaction, he leaped out of bed before he could be prevented, and, uttering a yell that was heard in the street, endeavoured to throw himself from the window.

But the last raving act of all was the most horrid. He rose upon his knees with a strength that could not be resisted, caught up his pillow, thrust it down upon his bed with both hands and there held it, with a grim countenance and a chuckling laugh. None understood the act but myself: no other could read the devilish thoughts then at work in his bosom. It was the scene enacted in the chamber of his parent—he was repeating the deed of murder—he was exulting, in imagination, over a successful parricide.

In this thought he expired; for, while still pressing upon the pillow with a giant's strength, he suddenly fell on his face, and when turned over was a corpse. He gave but a single gasp, and was no more.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.—A friend of mine, who had resided at Ceylon, went to the London Zoological Gardens. There was at that time an Elephant, a native of Ceylon, belonging to the Society, in the Gardens; he at first took no particular notice of my friend, showing him no more attention than he did to any of his other visitors; but when the poor animal heard himself addressed in the Cingalese tongue, he exhibited the most unequivocal signs of joy and pleasure; turning his trunk about, and caressing his new friend with all the delight of one who in "a strange land" welcomes the arrival of another from his native country.—*Miscellaneous Memoranda' Notes on Nets, by the Hon. and Rev. C. Bathurst.*

MUSLIM SAINTS.—Shah El-Karmanee, another celebrated saint, had a beautiful daughter, whom the Sultan of his country sought in marriage. The holy man required three days to consider his sovereign's proposal, and in the mean time visited several mosques, in one of which he saw a young man humbly occupied in prayer. Having waited till he had finished, he accosted him, saying, "My son, has thou a wife?" Being answered, "No," he said, "I have a maiden, a virtuous devotee, who hath learned the whole of the Kur-an, and is amply endowed with beauty. Dost thou desire her?"—"Who," said the young man, "will marry me to such a one as thou hast described, when I possess no more than three dirhems?"—"I will marry thee to her," answered the saint: "she is my daughter, and I am Shah the son of Shujaa El-Karmanee: give me the dirhems that thou hast, that I may buy a dirhem's worth of bread, and a dirhem's worth of something savoury, and a dirhem's worth of perfume."

The marriage-contract was performed; but when the bride came to the young man, she saw a stale cake of bread placed upon the top of his mug; upon which she put on her izar, and went out. Her husband said, "Now I perceive that the daughter of Shah El-Karmanee is displeased with my poverty." She answered, "I did not withdraw from fear of poverty, but on account of the weakness of thy faith, seeing how thou layest by a cake of bread for the morrow.—*Mr. Lane's Notes to his New Translation of the Arabian Nights.*

FASHION.—Some newspaper writer has made a good hit at fashion in the following:

1835. "Dear Mother, you must let me have fourteen yards in my new frock. Mrs. Thompson says she can't get a pair of sleeves out of less than seven. And you know, mother, a dress would look so bad with stunted sleeves. Did you see Miss Mixer's new dress, how awkward it looked—the sleeves all scrimped up, and she had five yards in them—you must get me fourteen, mother."

1838. "Oh mother, I do wish you would let me get my purple silk dress altered, those great sleeves look so awkward, and bungling, I positively can't wear them, they are perfectly frightful. Do, dear mother, let me have them made quite tight—small sleeves look so neat and graceful."

Oh! thou fickle Goddess!

PREJUDICE.—We are not careful enough to analyze the cause of our many prejudices against certain things and certain individuals. A man whom we dislike wears a certain colored garment, and we at once take up a prejudice against that color. He plays on a certain instrument, and that instrument, to us, makes, whenever heard, execrable music. Another may be peculiarly fond of that instrument, because a much loved person performs upon it, or has performed upon it in times long past, and we thoughtlessly call him a man of no taste, because to him its sound is delightful, awakening only pleasant sensations. And thus it is through all the relations of society. We are governed in our tastes and often in our opinions by prejudices which have but a sandy foundation and should at once crumble into dust.

'STAND AND DELIVER,' were the words addressed to a tailor travelling on foot, by a highwayman, whose brace of pistols looked rather dangerous than otherwise.

'I'll do that with pleasure,' was the reply, at the same time handing over to the outstretched hands of the robber a purse apparently pretty well stocked, 'but,' continued he, 'suppose you do me a favor in return. My friends would laugh at me were I to go home and tell them I was robbed with as much patience as a lamb; s'pose you fire your two bulldogs right through the crown of my hat; it will look something like a show of resistance.'

His request was acceded to; but hardly had the smoke from the discharge of the weapons passed away, when the tailor pulled out a rusty old horse pistol, and in his turn politely requested the thunder-struck highwayman to shell out every thing of value, his pistols not omitted, about him.

JOHNSONIAN PUNS.—Dr. Johnson and Boswell once lost themselves in the Isle of Muck, and the latter said they must "spier their way at the first body they met." "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "you're a scoundrel: you may spear any body you like, but, I'm not going to 'run a Muck and tilt at all I meet.'"

Boswell inquired the Doctor's opinion on illicit distillation, and how the great moralist would act in an affray between the smugglers and the Excise. "If, I went by the letter of the law I should assist the Customs, but according to the spirit I should stand by the contrabands."

The Doctor was always very satirical on the want of timber in the North. "Sir," he said to the young Laird of Icombally, who was going to join his regiment, "may Providence preserve you in battle, and especially your nether limbs. You may grow a walking-stick here, but you must import a wooden leg."

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