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HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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VOLUME TWO.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, 1838.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

From the Tribute.

STANZAS.

BY W. WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

The moon that sails along the sky,
Moves with a happy destiny,
Or is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen;
But when the clouds asunder fly,
How bright her amen!

Not flagging when the winds all sleep,
Not hurried onward, when they sweep,
The bosom of th' æthereal deep,
Not turned aside;
She knows an even course to keep,
Whate'er betide.

Perverse are we—a froward race;
Thousands, though rich in fortune's grace,
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates, who wear a smile-less face
The whole year through.

If kindred humour e'er should make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From fancy following in thy wake,
Bright Ship of Heaven,
A counter-impulse let me take
And be forgiven.

From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

THE HOUSEHOLD WRECK.

Such is the title of the opening paper of Blackwood's Magazine for the present year. It is written in that startling, vivid style, for which Christopher North has long been ranked high above his contemporaries. The story is slight—that of a sensitive husband, who is agonized almost unto death by his beautiful wife being accused of shoplifting. The tale extends to some forty pages, so that we can only quote a scene, and it shall be that in which the lovely yet afflicted wife effects her escape from prison; one attempt having already been made to bribe the jailor.

Two days we mourned over this failure, and scarcely knew which way to turn for another ray of hope;—on the third morning we received intelligence that this very jailor had been attacked by the fever, which, after long desolating the city, had at length made its way into the prison. In a very few days the jailor was lying without hope of recovery; and of necessity another person was appointed to fill his station for the present. This person I had seen, and I liked him less by much than the one he succeeded: he had an Italian appearance, and he wore an air of Italian subtlety and dissimulation. I was surprised to find, on proposing the same service to him, and on the same terms, that he made no objection whatever, but closed instantly with my offers. In prudence, however, I had made this change in the articles: a sum equal to two hundred English guineas, or one sixth part of the whole money, he was to receive beforehand as a retaining fee; but the remainder was to be paid only to himself, or to anybody of his appointing, at the very moment of our finding the prison gates thrown open to us. He spoke fairly enough, and seemed to meditate no treachery; nor was there any obvious or known interest to serve by treachery; and yet I doubted him grievously.

The night came: it was chosen as a gala night, one of two nights throughout the year in which the prisoners were allowed to celebrate a great national event: and in those days of relaxed prison management, the utmost license was allowed to the rejoicing. This indulgence was extended to prisoners of all classes, though, of course, under more restrictions with regard to the criminal class. Ten o'clock came—the hour at which we had been instructed to hold ourselves in readiness. We had been long prepared. Agnes had been dressed by Hannah (the servant), in such a costume externally (a man's hat and cloak, &c.) that from her height, she might easily have passed amongst a mob of masquerading figures in the debtors' halls and galleries for a young stripling. Pierpoint, my friend, and myself, were also to certain degree disguised; so far at least that we should not have been recognized at any hurried glance by those of the prison officers who had become acquainted with our persons. We were all more or less disguised about the face; and in that age when masks were commonly used at all hours by people of a certain rank, there would have been nothing suspicious in any possible costume of the kind in a night like this, if we could succeed in passing for friends or debtors.

I am impatient of these details, and I hasten over the ground. One entire hour passed away, and no jailor appeared. We began to despond heavily; and Agnes, poor thing! was now the

most agitated of us all. At length eleven o'clock struck in the harsh tones of the prison-clock. A few minutes after, we heard the sounds of bolts drawing, and bars unfastening. The jailor entered—drunk, and much disposed to be insolent. I thought it advisable to give him another bribe, and he resumed the fawning insinuations of his manner. He now directed us, by passages which he pointed out, to gain the other side of the prison. There we were to mix with the debtors and their mob of friends, and to await his joining us, which in that crowd he could do without much suspicion. He wished us to traverse the passages separately; but this was impossible, for it was necessary that one of us should support Agnes on each side. I previously persuaded her to take a small quantity of brandy, which we rejoiced to see had given her, at this moment of starting, a most reasonable strength and animation. The gloomy passages were more than us y empty, for all the turnkeys were employed in a vigilant custody of the gates, and examination of the parties going out. So the jailor had told us, and the news alarmed us. We came at length to a turning which brought us in sight of a strong iron gate, that divided the two main quarters of the prison. For this we had not been prepared. The man, however opened the gate without a word spoken, only putting out his hand for a fee; and in my joy, perhaps, I gave him one imprudently large. After passing this gate, the distant uproar of the debtors guided us to the scene of their merriment; and when there, such was the tumult and the vast multitude assembled, that we now hoped in good earnest to accomplish our purpose without accident. Just at this moment the jailor appeared in the distance; he seemed looking towards us, and at length one of our party could distinguish that he was beckoning to us. We went forward, and found him in some agitation, real or counterfeit. He muttered a word or two, quite unintelligible about the man at the wicket, told us we must wait awhile, and he would then see what would be done for us. We were beginning to demur, and to express the suspicions which now too earnestly arose, when he, seeing, or affecting to see some object of alarm, pushed us with a hurried movement into a cell opening upon the part of the gallery at which we were now standing. Not knowing whether we really might not be retreating from some danger, we could do no otherwise than comply with his signals; but we were troubled at finding ourselves immediately locked in from the outside, and thus apparently all our motions had only sufficed to exchange one prison for another.

We were now completely in the dark, and found, by a hard breathing from one corner of the little dormitory, that it was not unoccupied. Having taken care to provide ourselves separately with means for striking a light, we soon had more than one torch burning. The brilliant light falling upon the eyes of a man who lay stretched on the iron bedstead, woke him. It proved to be my friend the under-jailor, Ratcliffe, but no longer holding any office in the prison. He sprang up, and a rapid explanation took place. He had become a prisoner for debt; and on this evening, after having caroused through the day with some friends from the country, had retired at an early hour to sleep away his intoxication. I on my part thought it prudent to entrust him unreservedly with our situation and purposes, not omitting our gloomy suspicions. Ratcliffe looked with a pity that won my love, upon the poor wasted Agnes. He had seen her on her first entrance into the prison, had spoken to her, and therefore knew from what she had fallen, to what. Even then he had felt for her; how much more at this time, when he beheld, by the fierce light of the torches, her wo-worn features!

"Who was it," he asked eagerly, "you made the bargain with? Manasseh?"

"The same."

"Then I can tell you this—not a greater villain walks the earth. He is a Jew from Portugal; he has betrayed many a man, and will many another, unless he gets his own neck stretched, which might happen if I told all I know."

"But what was it probable that this man meditated? Or how could it profit him to betray us?"

"That's more than I can tell. He wants to get your money, and that he doesn't know how to bring about without doing his part. But that's what he never will do, take my word for it. That would cut him out of a chance for the head-jailor's place." He mused a little, and then told us that he could himself put us outside the prison-walls, and would do it without fee or reward. "But we must be quiet, or that devil will bethink him of me. I'll wager something he thought that I was out merry-making

like the rest; and if he should chance to light upon the truth, he'll be back in no time." Ratcliffe then removed an old fire-grate, at the back of which was an iron plate; that swung round into a similar fire-place in the contiguous cell. From that, by a removal of a few slight obstacles, we passed, by a long avenue, into the chapel. Then he left us, whilst he went out all alone to reconnoitre his ground. Agnes was now in so pitiable a condition of weakness, as we stood on the very brink of our final effort, that we placed her in a pew, where she could rest as upon a sofa. Previously we had stood upon graves, and with monuments more or less conspicuous all around us; some raised by friends to the memory of friends—some by subscriptions in the prison—some by children, who had risen into prosperity, to the memory of a father, brother, or other relative, who had died in captivity. I was grieved that these sad memorials should meet the eye of my wife at this moment of awe and terrific anxiety. Pierpoint and I were well armed, and all of us determined not to suffer a recapture, now that we were free of the crowds that made resistance hopeless. This Agnes easily perceived; and that, by suggesting a bloody arbitration, did not lessen her agitation. I hoped therefore that, by placing her in the pew, I might at least liberate her for the moment from the besetting memorials of sorrow and calamity. But, as if in the very teeth of my purpose, one of the large columns which supported the roof of the chapel had its basis and lower part of the shaft in this very pew. On the side of it, and just facing her as she lay reclining on the cushions, appeared a mural tablet, with a bas-relief in white marble, to the memory of two children, twins, who had lived and died at the same time, and in this prison—children who had never breathed another air than that of captivity, their parents having passed many years within these walls, under confinement for debt. The sculptures were not remarkable, being a trite, but not the less affecting, representation of angels descending to receive the infants; but the hallowed words of the inscription, distinct and legible, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God"—met her eye, and by the thoughts they awakened, made me fear that she would become unequal to the exertions which yet awaited her. At this moment Ratcliffe returned, and informed us that all was right; and that, from the ruinous state of all the buildings which surrounded the chapel, no difficulty remained for us, who were, in fact, beyond the strong part of the prison, excepting at a single door, which we should be obliged to break down. But had we any means arranged for pursuing our flight, and turning this escape to account when out of confinement? All that, I assured him, was provided for long ago. We proceeded, and soon reached the door. We had one crow-bar amongst us, but beyond that had no better weapons than the loose stones found about some new-made graves in the chapel. Ratcliffe and Pierpoint, both powerful men, applied themselves by turns to the door, whilst Hannah and I supported Agnes. The door did not yield, being of enormous strength; but the wall did, and a large mass of stone-work fell outwards, twisting the door aside; so that, by afterwards working with our hands, we removed stones many enough to admit of our egress. Unfortunately this aperture was high above the ground, and it was necessary to climb over a huge heap of loose rubbish in order to profit by it. My brother-in-law passed first, in order to receive my wife, quite helpless at surmounting the obstacle by her own efforts, out of my arms. He had gone through the opening, and, turning round so as to face me, he naturally could see something that I did not see. "Look behind!" he called out rapidly. I did so, and saw the murderous villain Manasseh with his arm uplifted and in the act of cutting at my wife, nearly insensible as she was, with a cutlass. The blow was not for me, but for her, as the fugitive prisoner; and the law would have borne him out in the act. I saw, I comprehended the whole. I groped, as far as I could without letting my wife drop, for my pistols; but all that I could do would have been murdered in my arms. But—and that was what none of us saw—neither I, nor Pierpoint, nor the hound Manasseh—no person stood back in the shade; one person had seen, but had not uttered a word on seeing Manasseh advancing through the shades; one person only had forecast the exact succession of all that was coming; me she saw embarrassed and my hands preoccupied—Pierpoint and Ratcliffe useless by position—and the gleam of the dog's eye directed her to his aim. The crow-bar was leaning against the shattered wall. This she had silently seized. One blow knocked up the sword; a second laid the villain prostrate. At this moment appeared another of the turnkeys advancing from the rear; for the noise of our assault

upon the door had drawn attention in the interior of the prison, from which, however, no great number of assistants could on this dangerous night venture to absent themselves. What followed for the next few minutes hurried onwards, incident crowding upon incident, like the motions of a dream: Manasseh, lying on the ground, yelled out, "The bell! the bell!" to him who followed. The man understood, and made for the belfry-door attached to the chapel; upon which Pierpoint drew a pistol, and sent the bullet whizzing past his ear so truly, that fear made the man obedient to the counter-orders of Pierpoint for the moment. He paused and awaited the issue.—In a moment had all cleared the wall, traversed the waste ground beyond it, lifted Agnes over the low railing, shaken hands with our benefactor Ratcliffe, and pushed onwards as rapidly as we were able to the little dark lane, a quarter of a mile distant, where had stood waiting for the last two hours a chaise-and-four.

THE RELIGION OF LOVE.—It is one of our chief privileges, as Christians, that we have in Jesus Christ a revelation of perfect love. This great idea comes forth to us from his life and teaching, as a distinct and bright reality. To understand this is to understand Christianity. To call forth in us a corresponding energy of disinterested affection, is the mission which Christianity has to accomplish on the earth.

"There is one characteristic of the love of Christ, to which the Christian world are now waking up as from long sleep, and which is to do more than all things for the renovation of the world. He loved individual man. Before his time, the most admired form of goodness was patriotism. Men loved their country, but cared nothing for their fellow-creatures beyond the limits of country, and cared little for the individual within those limits, devoting themselves to public interests, and especially to what was called the glory of the state. The legislator, seeking by his institutions to exalt his country above its rivals, and the warrior, fastening its yoke on its foes, and crowning it with bloody laurels, were the great names of earlier times. Christ loved man, not masses of men; loved each and all, and not a particular country and class. The human being was dear to him for his own sake; not for the spot of earth on which he lived, not for the language he spoke, not for his rank in life, but for his humanity, for his spiritual nature, for the image of God in which he was made. Nothing outward in human condition engrossed the notice or narrowed the sympathies of Jesus. He looked to the human soul. That he loved. That divine spark he desired to cherish, no matter where it dwelt, no matter how it was dimmed. * * * His love to every human being surpassed that of a parent to an only child. Jesus was great in all things, but in nothing greater than in his comprehension of the worth of a human spirit. Before his time no one dreamed of it. The many had been sacrificed to the few. The mass of men had been trodden under foot. History had been but a record of struggles and institutions, which breathed nothing so strongly as contempt of the human race.

"Jesus was the first philanthropist. He brought with him a new era, the era of philanthropy; and from his time a new spirit has moved over the troubled waters of society, and will move until it has brought order and beauty out of darkness and confusion. The men whom he trained, and into whom he had poured most largely his own spirit, were signs, proofs, that a new kingdom had come. They consecrated themselves to a work at that time without precedent, wholly original, such as had not entered human thought. They left home, possessions, country, went abroad into strange lands, and not only put life in peril, but laid it down, to spread the truth which they had received from their Lord, to make the true God, even the Father, known to his blinded children, to make the Saviour known to the sinner, to make life and immortality known to the dying, to give a new impulse to the human soul. We read of the mission of the apostles as if it were a thing of course. The thought perhaps never comes to us, that they entered on a sphere of action until that time wholly unexplored; that not a track had previously marked their path; the great conception, which inspired them, of converting a world, had never dawned on the sublimest intellect; that the spiritual love for every human being, which carried them over oceans, and through deserts, amid scourgings, and fastings, and imprisonments, and death, was a new light from heaven breaking out on earth, a new revelation of the divinity in human nature. Then it was, that man began to yearn for man with a godlike love. Then a new voice was heard on earth, the voice of prayer for the recovery, pardon, happiness of a world. It was most strange, it was a miracle more worthy of admiration than the raising of the dead, that from Judea, the most exclusive, narrow country under heaven, which hated and scorned all other nations, and shrunk from their touch as pollution, should go forth men to proclaim the doctrine of human brotherhood, to give to every human being, however fallen or despised, assurances of God's infinite love, to break down the barriers of nation and rank, to pour out their blood like water in the work of diffusing the spirit of universal love. Thus mightily did the character of Jesus act on the spirits of the men with whom he had lived."—*Dr. Channing.*

THE FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

On the banks of the fair Rhine, opposite the town of Coblenz, and close to the confluence of the Moselle and Rhine, stands a lofty rock, crowned by the shattered ruins of Ehrenbreitstein. This once impregnable fortress, with its varied fortunes and magnificent locality, has become so familiar to us by means of "Tours," "Views," etc., as to need no description. Its image, frowning over the waves of that exulting and abounding river, which nobly foams and flows at the base, and its shattered wall, "black with the miner's blast," is present to every one. The remembrances induced by the sight of the dismantled fortress are of a character peculiarly affecting and tragic; and the scenes of suffering included in the brief notices of the blockade of Ehrenbreitstein have few parallels in the annals of war. In the course of the campaigns immediately following the French revolution, this castle experienced, on several occasions, the vicissitudes of war, and more than once exchanged its possessors by force, stratagem, or capitulation. In 1797, it endured a close siege for eighteen months, terminated only by the peace of Leoben, which transferred it from the elector of Mayence to French mastery. On this occasion, colonel Faber was its brave and resolute commandant; and determined, with his veteran garrison, to abide the event of the siege, for which he was well prepared as to means of defence. The excavated galleries and bomb-proof walls of Ehrenbreitstein bade defiance to the enemy; but a sorer foe lurked within her walls than force or fraud, and not many days had passed before the governor appointed a more economical distribution of provision, in order to avert, as long as possible, the dreaded evil of famine. Among the fated inmates of the castle were Count D'Aubigny, his lovely wife, and their child, the blooming Eugene. They had sought safety in emigration during the reign of terror in Paris, and had quitted their residence in that city, and the unquiet scenes of their native land, until more peaceful times. Now too hastily attempting a return to their loved home, they had been intercepted by the officers of the German government, and their passports proving unsatisfactory to the authorities of Coblenz, the noble prisoners were transferred to Ehrenbreitstein, and there detained as valuable hostages. Count D'Aubigny felt the peculiar severity of his lot in thus being captured at the very threshold of his own country; detained for an indefinite time, and shut within these guarded walls by his own friends, who were, without unfriendly intentions, to prove the means of the severest suffering to him and his unfortunate family. But he dreaded most the threatened evils of the siege for his gentle Eveline and darling child. He pleaded for permission to send them under a flag of truce to Coblenz, while he remained and shared the lot of the garrison; he asked not for liberty even for them, but only a change in their place of imprisonment, that they might not incur the risk of the most horrible of deaths.

The sturdy Faber denied the suit. "The lady's tongue," said he, "is not to be trusted; she will betray our destitute condition. She and her son must share our fare and our famine; and when the provisions fail, as fail they will ere I yield the fortress, perhaps the knowledge of a lady's sufferings may dispose your gallant countrymen to come more readily to terms."

D'Aubigny returned to the apartment of his countess, who already guessed the terrible truth. Her mind was as firm, her character as elevated, and her love as faithful, as her disposition was feminine and gentle, and she strove to soothe and comfort her agonised husband, whispering words of hope which she hardly felt. The cup of woe from which the tender mother and heroic wife shrunk not on her own account, was, however, to be drained to its last most bitter dregs, and every day brought an increase of suffering, beneath which the firmest soldier quailed. The frail and delicate boy, ill prepared by his careful and luxurious training to bear such trials, was the first to sink; and his agonised parents saw his cheek fade, his laughing eye become dim, and his step bound less playfully over the court-yard, and they gazed mournfully on each other, and on their drooping blossom.

The count took Eveline's hand and said, "Could I, my loved wife, could I have believed when I sought your heart in scenes of festal gaiety and wealth, that I should only win it to share in the horrors of such a destiny, or could I have dreamed, when I first looked on my child's face, that I should live to wish him unborn, rather than see him perish thus slowly and horribly?"

"Hush! D'Aubigny," said his gentle wife, "repine not; we are still the objects of the love and care of a merciful God, and he will soon give us freedom and happiness, if not on earth, in the world of enjoyment above. But, see! our boy sleeps! let us cherish his repose; it will win him a few minutes from hunger."

"No, mamma, I cannot sleep," said the languid voice of the little Eugene.

The count took up the emaciated child in his arms, and forced his way to colonel Faber, exclaiming, in a voice broken by sobs, "Look on my boy; he is my only child. If you have the heart of a man, pity him before it is too late; send him away from Ehrenbreitstein."

"I cannot," replied Faber, resolutely, though his eye glistened with a tear of sympathy as he spoke; "I am responsible to my

country, for the fulfilment of the trust which she has given me. Your child shall have my share of provision; but my duty sternly forbids your request, I cannot, sir, I cannot grant it."

"Do not weep, dear papa," murmured the child; "I never saw you weep before. I shall soon be better. I will eat what we can still procure. O do not weep, dear papa."

With an effort mighty at his age, did the little Eugene force himself to share the loathsome morsels scantily doled out to the starving garrison. The flesh of dogs and horses had long been exhausted, and were now vainly sought as the highest luxuries. Many of the troops had already perished; and the fair young mother and her tender boy showed, by their failing strength and tremulous voices, that they were soon about to follow. Again the wretched father and husband attempted to move the governor, who continued inexorable; and becoming almost frantic by repeated denials of his request, was ordered to solitary confinement. "A merciful punishment," said Faber, "since the unfortunate man will now be spared the misery of looking on sufferings which he cannot alleviate."

Deprived of the society of her husband, the last resource of her wretchedness, the only solace in her deep anguish, the countess and her little son remained in a lonely chamber in the loftiest tower of the fortress, and with longing eyes and yearning hearts looked out on the free waters of the Rhine that sparkled brightly as they flowed, eight hundred feet below the walls of their prison. The glad sunshine streamed through the narrow slits which afforded them light and air, and from which they could see the white city of Coblenz glittering among the trees on the opposite side of the river. It was a beautiful sight to look upon; but the mental anguish the mother endured as she gazed upon her boy, and thought shudderingly of the husband who had been torn from her side, and who was wont to soothe her in her sorrows, prevented her from deriving the pleasure she was accustomed to experience when beholding the glories of nature and the productions of art.

Hour after hour slowly waned away, the stillness of their apartment broken only by the hoarse mingled sounds of the besieging army, or the step of the sentinel before the tower in which they were confined. Within the fortress all was dismay: the succors which they had asked from the city of Rastadt had been refused; and men looked on each other's pale and withered features, each seeking to read the opinion of his brother-in-arms, as to the probability of the iron-hearted Faber surrendering the trust reposed in him, now that all external aid was helpless, or whether, still keeping the gates closed, he would perish within the walls.

But the sufferings of the beautiful wife of D'Aubigny were fast ending. On the morning of the day on which the governor capitulated, the mother spoke faintly to her child, who laid with his face on her bosom, "Eugene," said she, "if you survive this peril, let the deliverance be a pledge to you of the never-failing mercy of God, and let it teach you sympathy with the wants of others. Never let the poor and the hungry plead with you in vain."

"Mamma," feebly articulated the child, "let me hold your hand."

She clasped it; it was cold. She looked upon her boy; his eye was closing; he gave her one glance of affection, and his spirit fled.

An hour afterwards the fortress surrendered. The brother of Eveline was in the army of the conquerors; he knew his sister and her husband and child were in Ehrenbreitstein; and hastily commanding one of the fainting garrison to lead him to their apartment, rushed eagerly into the room. No living one was there save himself; and at the sight that met his view, he stood transfixed with horror. Eugene was lying on the bed, his limbs composed in death, and the wasted form of his once-beautiful mother lay beside him. She had perished while performing the last sad offices of affection for her child.

The count lived but to receive the embrace of his brother, and died in his arms.

MR. YARRELL'S BIRDS.

OF THE KESTREL.—"Mice, as before stated, certainly form the principal part of the food of this species; and it appears to obtain them by dropping suddenly upon them, and thus taking them by surprise. Montagu says that he never found any feathers in the stomach of the kestrel; but it is certain that it does occasionally kill and devour small birds. The remains of coleopterous insects, their larvae, and earth-worms, have been found in their stomachs; and Mr. Selby, on the authority of an eye-witness, has recorded the following fact: 'I had the pleasure this summer of seeing the kestrel engaged in an occupation entirely new to me,—hawking after cockchafers late in the evening I watched him with a glass and saw him dart through a swarm of the insects, seize one in each claw, and eat them flying. He returned to the charge again and again. I ascertained it beyond doubt, as I afterwards shot him. In spring the kestrel frequently takes possession of the nest of a crow or a magpie, in which to deposit its eggs. Sometimes these birds build in high rocks, or on old towers, and among the ruins of buildings, laying four, and

occasionally five eggs, about one inch seven lines long, by one inch three lines across, mottled all over with dark reddish brown, and sometimes with blotches of reddish brown upon a pale reddish white ground. The fifth egg has been known to weigh several grains less than either of those previously deposited, and it has also less coloring matter spread over the shell than the others; both effects probably occasioned by the temporary constitutional exhaustion the bird has sustained in her previous efforts."

OF THE GOSHAWK.—"The goshawk was formerly in esteem among falconers, and was flown at hares, rabbits, pheasants, grouse, and partridges. It flies fast for a short distance, may be used in an enclosed country, and will even dash through woods after its prey; but if it does not catch the object, it soon gives up the pursuit, and, perching on a bough, waits till some new game presents itself. This habit of taking to a branch of a tree and waiting, is particularly alluded to by Colonel Thornton, formerly of Thornville Royal, who was devoted to hawking, and who, in reference to the goshawk, says, 'If its game take refuge, there it waits patiently on a tree or a stone until the game, pressed by hunger, is induced to move; and as the hawk is capable of greater abstinence, it generally succeeds in taking it. I flew a goshawk,' says the colonel, 'at a pheasant; but it got into cover, and we lost the hawk: at ten o'clock next morning the falconer found her, and just as he had lifted her, the pheasant ran and rose.'"

OF THE SPARROW-HAWK.—"In reference to the capabilities of this species for hawking, Sir John Sebright says, that he 'once took a partridge with a sparrow-hawk of his own breaking, ten days after he had been taken wild from a wood. These hawks must be kept in high condition, and cannot fly when there is the least wind: they are upon the whole more difficult to manage than stronger birds. The flight of the sparrow-hawk is rapid for a short distance; he will take partridges at the beginning of the season, and is the best of all the hawks for landrails.' Mr. Selby says in rearing the young of this species, care should be taken to separate them very early; otherwise, the female bird, being superior in size and stronger, are sure to destroy and devour the males, as he repeatedly found, if they are kept caged together. The sparrow-hawk generally takes possession of some old or deserted nest in a tree, most frequently that of the crow, in which the female deposits four or five eggs, each about one inch seven lines long, by one inch four lines broad, of a pale bluish white, blotched and spotted with dark red brown. The young are covered with a delicate and pure white brown, and are abundantly supplied with food. Mr. Selby mentions having found a nest of five young sparrow-hawks, which contained besides, a lapping, two black-birds, one thrush, and two green linnets, recently killed, and partly divested of their feathers."

OF THE COMMON BUZZARD.—"A few years back, a female buzzard, kept in the garden of the Chequers, Inn, at Uxbridge, shewed an inclination to sit, by collecting and bending all the loose sticks she could obtain possession of. Her owner, noticing her actions, supplied her with materials; she completed her nest, and sat on two hen's eggs, which she hatched, and afterwards reared the young. Since then, she has hatched and brought up a brood of chickens every year. She indicates her desire to sit by scratching holes in the ground, and breaking and tearing every thing within her reach. One summer, in order to save her the fatigue of sitting, some young chickens, just hatched, were put down to her; but she destroyed the whole. Her family, in June 1831, consisted of nine; the original number were ten, but one had been lost. When flesh was given to her, she was very assiduous in tearing and offering it as food to her nurslings, and appeared uneasy if, after taking small portions from her, they turned away to pick up grain. Several other similar instances are recorded."

SINGULAR SERPENT.—A late number of the Indian Medical Journal contains an account, submitted to the Calcutta Medical Society, of a previously undescribed species of venomous serpent, belonging to the genus *Naja*, with some drawings of the reptile. The natives state that individuals are found upwards of twelve feet long; a size extraordinary for a venomous serpent. It is caught in the Sunderbunds and in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. This serpent usually feeds upon others, and those in Dr. Canter's possession were regularly fed by giving them living snakes once a fortnight, without regard to their being venomous or otherwise. Dr. C. remarked upon the error of those naturalists who say that serpents never drink; these animals drink, and moisten their tongues, which with the Ophidians, whose tongues are not situated in the cavity of the mouth, become two different acts. This snake differs from the other varieties of venomous serpents, in feeding willingly, when in confinement, though no other Ophidian of its class is known to do so. The fresh poison of the snake is a pellucid fluid, of the consistence of a solution of gum arabic in water, and reddens litmus paper slightly; when kept for some time showing more decided acid qualities, losing however a great deal of its deleterious properties.

PROVERBS AND SAYINGS REGARDING HEALTH AND DISEASE.

An ague in the spring is physic for a King.
Agues come on horseback, but go away on foot.
A bit in the morning is better than nothing all day.
You eat and eat, but you do not drink to fill you.
An apple, an egg, and a nut, you may eat after a slut.
Old young and old long.
They who would be young when they are old, must be old when they are young.

When the fern is as high as a spoon,
You may sleep an hour at noon.
When the fern is as high as a ladle,
You may sleep as long as you are able,
When fern begins to look red,
Then milk is good with brown bread.
At forty a man is either a fool or a physician.
After dinner sit awhile, after supper walk a mile.
After dinner sleep awhile, after supper go to bed.
A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.

Good kale is half a meal.
If you would live for ever, you must wash milk from your liver.
Butter is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night.
He that would live for aye, must eat sage in May.

After cheese comes nothing.
An egg and to bed.
You must drink as much after an egg as after an ox.
He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy.
One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours' after.
Who goes to bed supperless, all night tumbles and tosses.
Often and little eating makes a man fat.
Fish must swim thrice.
Drink wine and have the gout, drink no wine and have it too.
Young men's knocks, Old men feel.
Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark.
Wash your hands often, your feet seldom, and your head never.

Eat at pleasure, drink by measure.
Cheese is a peevish elf,
It digests all but itself.
The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

Drink in the morning staring,
Then all the day be sparing.
Eat a bit before you drink.
Feed sparingly and dupe the physician.
Better be meals many than one too many.
You should never touch your eye but with your elbow.
The head and feet keep warm, the rest will take no harm.
Cover your head by day as much as you will, by night as much as you can.
Fish spoils water, but flesh mends it.
Apples, pears, and nuts, spoil the voice.
Quartan agues kill old men and cure young.
Old fish, old oil, and an old friend.
Raw pullet, veal, and fish, make the churchyard fat.
Of wine the middle, of oil the top, of honey the bottom.
The air of a window is the stroke of a cross-bow.
When the wind is in the east, it's neither good for man nor beast.

A hot May makes a fat churchyard.
That city is in a bad case, whose physicians have the gout.—
Hebrew Proverb.

When the sun rises, the disease will abate.*
If you take away the salt, throw the meat to the dogs.
Lever a cinq, diner a neuf,
Souper a cinq, coucher a neuf,
Font vivre dans nonante neuf.
Hunger's the best sauce.
Qui a bu, boira. Ever druidic, ever dry.
The child is too clever to live long.
Bitter to the mouth, sweet to the heart.

Milligar's Medical Curiosities.

TEARS.—It is sad to see a child weep, thus proving that it has already begun its mortal race, that the curse of sin is upon it, sorrow and trouble, weariness and woe. But then those sobs are quickly hushed, and the bright eyes look through their long lashes, and the pouting lips uncurl with a brilliant smile; the whole face is lighted up again into beauty, the beauty of an April day when the sun shines forth from behind a cloud, and we love it more from its transient shadowing, and think it never shone so radiantly before. The child forgets its grief, laughs childhood's own light, witching laugh, as though it had never known sorrow,

* A Hebrew proverb originating from a tradition that Abraham wore a precious stone round his neck, which preserved him from disease, and which cured sickness when looked upon. When Abraham died, God placed this stone in the sun.

and goes on its course, happy in its blindness to the future. We cannot deeply mourn, for what we see is so soon forgotten; we look on a child's tears with real but transient sadness. It is more sad to look on the tears of the young and gentle girl, just bursting into womanhood. The spell of youthful hope is no longer perfect, experience bounds its power. She has scarcely crossed the threshold of life, and yet we feel that reality has come upon her in its bitterness. She struggles with her destiny, and we know too well that it is what her life must henceforth be, a struggle and a warfare; but her young heart shrinks from the truth, and she still clings to hopes that woo her to fresh sorrow.

The tears of the matrons are sadder still to look upon: for we feel that they flow from a deeper, sterner cause. She weeps no longer for a feeling or a thought; she has learned there is no luxury in grief, for she has felt its agony; she shrinks from sorrow for she knows its reality. If her tears flow, it is because she cannot keep them back. Yet to women those tears are a relief; she feels them to be such, and those who feel them so too, see them and the sadness of their sympathy is lightened. But it is not so when we look on the tears which fall from man; not the tears of boyhood or of dotage, but those wrung from the heart of bold and hardy manhood; such as are wrung forth only by intensity of agony. It is against his habits and his pride, it is thought a shame to his manhood that tears should fall; and when they do fall their falling is not only a proof but an aggravation of his suffering.

Merchant's Daughter.

SIN OF SLAVERY.—That slaveholding, in all circumstances, is a violation of the Divine law, is proved by the following statement: An African prince, to replenish his coffers, attacks a neighbouring village, and by a degree of force that cannot be resisted, reduces the inhabitants into his power as slaves. If the force by which the act of subjugation was effected, were removed, and the fear of its being again called into activity, whenever that force might be thought necessary to keep them slaves, were also removed, the captives would at once assume their liberty. But it is kept up—and it matters not how long, as every moment of its duration is but a continuance of the first act of wrong—there being no laws. The moral quality of the act of the captor seems to admit of no doubt.

Next, the slaves are delivered to the slaver, waiting for them on the coast; he is fully apprized that they have been made slaves by a successful act of force against their rights, and that nothing but the continuance of the act of force can retain them slaves. To this he assents. For money, the original captor glides from his place—the slaver fills it—becomes his substitute, and takes on himself the continuance of the yet unintermitted act of force. So far, then, it would seem that the slaver stands on the same moral ground (except in a degree, he being more criminal than a heathen) with the first violator of right. The slaver proceeds to America, where he is met on the shore by the enlightened planter, who is made fully acquainted with the nature of the act by which the slaves were reduced to their present condition, and of the continuance of that act by the slaver. What does he do? He gives the slaver money to induce him to leave the act of force in relation to the slaves, that he himself may enter into it. He is then invested by the slaver with all the power, etc. that he a short time before received from the prince, and the original act of force is continued by him, without intermission, through life—and afterwards, by those who may succeed him.

But the system of actual force, applied by his two predecessors to the bodies of the slaves, is incompatible with the performance of the services to which the slaves are called. If his object is different from theirs, he makes the appropriate change in the form in which the force is to be applied. He resorts to constructive force. The slaves are brought to feel that the adequate force will be applied in some form, if they lay claim to any of the rights that belonged to them as men before their capture—and that on every fresh occasion the application will be accompanied with increased rigor and sufferings to them. This is effectual for securing to the planter his object, (the service of the body) as the fetters, to the African prince and the slaver were, for securing to them the body itself; and it is as strictly force in the one case as in the other. If the planter were to remove entirely the constructive force, slavery would, by that very act, cease.

Slavery, then, is begun in force, and its continuance—no matter by what number of successors—is but a continuance of the original act. The prince—the slaver—the slaveholder—are coadjutors in carrying on the system (each however performing his part at a different point) as substantially as three rogues, prosecuting their business under the following circumstances: one of them, making London his head quarters, obtains possession of a piece of broad-cloth by force on the highway; the second, well knowing the manner in which it had been obtained, and the rightful owner, seizes the cloth, on board a vessel about to sail for New York; the third, knowing all the circumstances, purchases it in New York, and has it made up into coats, waistcoats, and trousers for sale. Now, if there is any difference in the moral quality of the acts of these confederates, there is also in those of the African prince, the slaver, and the slaveholder.

Selected for the Pearl.

The following verses are from the pen of Thomas Miller an illiterate journeyman basketmaker—within the last few months his talents have brought him into notice, his circumstances have been considered—he has been called up to London and under proper patronage is now engaged in preparing several volumes for publication.—Some of these works are of singular excellence and beauty—they are already known in the literary world under the titles of "A day in the woods," "Beauties of the Country" "Songs of the Sea Nymphs," etc. His leisure moments are devoted to fugitive pieces for the periodicals and annuals from one of which we select the following.

MY DAUGHTER.

And thou art dead! thou that wert dear to me,
The treasured idol of my fondest love;
Thou who didst seem a seraph on my knee,
That sleeping dreamt of cloudy beds above;
Unconscious of the earth that cradled thee,
But only resting like a wearied dove,
That for a moment, lighting on the green,
Just coos and looks around, then never more is seen.

And thou art dead! and one soft lock of hair
Is all I now can to my bosom press;
And many a night I've sat in mute despair,
And gazed through tears upon that braided tress;
And tried to blend death with a thing so fair,
But tried in vain; the grave's lone dreariness
With it would mingle not, nor, can I now
Gaze on that lock and death—it conjures up thy brow.

But O, the night thou diest I can recall!
Thy mother on my shoulder leaned to weep;
Her grief-lent shadow fell upon the wall,
And when death came, so noiseless did he creep,
That we heard not his muffled footsteps glide.
E'en, I who held thee deemed thou didst but sleep;
Thy slow pulse ceased; but no one could tell when;
If ever silence listened breathless, it was then.

There thou didst lie, a sinless child at rest,
Hushed as the march of starry-studded night;
Mute as the dew closed in the rose's breast;
Silent as darkness stealing o'er the light;
Cold as a statue in pale marble dress;
Still as a rainbow fading from the sight;
Calm as a halcyon, that upon the deep
Folds slowly its white wings and fearless falls asleep.

And I have thought of lands beyond the grave,
Of ever-verdant fields where angels roam;
Of stream-bathed banks, where flowers eternal wave;
Of music rolling from the ethereal dome;
Of the blue floor which stars resplendent pave.
Then have I turned to view thine earthly home,—
How desolate!—O may I be forgiven,
If selfish love alone hath made me sigh for heaven!

And I have heard thy voice in the low wind,
And caught thine accents in the gurgling stream;
And in the whistling grass where I reclined,
And in old woods where I was wont to dream;
I've seen thy face in clouds and thy locks twined
In the loose silver of their skirts did seem;
Bee, bird or blossom, flower, a leaf, a soul;
There have been moods of mind, when thou in those wert found.

When the hushed footfall of the voiceless night
Pressed the dim clouds and stole down from the sky,
In the dull splendour of the stars' faint light,
Hath thy fair form in silence glided by,
Or motionless hung o'er the mind's far sight;
When dark-winged sleep sat brooding on the eye,
In visions, my lost child, I've tried to press thee,
And in long restless dreams, my lips have moved to bless thee.

The spring brings to my mind thy growing charms—
The Summer, what thou wouldst have been in bloom—
The Autumn, all thy love to aged arms—
The dreary Winter only brings thy tomb.
And the loud wind my throbbing heart alarms,
And shadowy forms fled in the gathering gloom;—
But these are fancies floating through the brain
And catching shapes from thee which they too well retain.

For the Pearl.

ON COMPOSITION.

No person who is capable of writing, finds much difficulty in composing in such a manner, as to make the meaning he intends to convey always intelligible to himself. But to select and arrange our words so as to enable others to obtain a correct sense of the ideas we intend to express, requires the assistance of art, and the experience of practice.

Though the rules of composition are numerous, the fundamental requisites are, Perspicuity and accuracy, in words and phrases, and in the construction of sentences.

To render composition accurate in words and phrases, it must possess the properties of Purity, Propriety, and Precision. *Purity* consists in using such words only as belong to the language we are writing. A plain, native style, and a due arrangement of words is understood by every reader, while foreign words or phrases render the meaning of the composition unintelligible, to those unacquainted with the Language from which they are borrowed. *Propriety* requires that an idea be expressed by such words as correctly convey the meaning. The composition must be free from unintelligible and low expressions—from the injudicious use of technical phrases—and from the repetition of the same word in different senses. *Precision* in words and phrases forbids a multiplicity of synonymous words. All superfluities must

be avoided, and our expressions so pruned as to convey a just view of our meaning. In a loose style, the words may convey less, or they may convey more than we wish; but precision permits the use of such words only as convey the idea and no more.

Perspicuity and accuracy in the construction of Sentences, is highly necessary in good composition. The essential qualities of a good sentence, are Clearness, Unity, and Strength. *Clearness* requires such an arrangement of the word as will prevent obscurity. To avoid an obscure order of words, we must arrange our sentences so as to have the words or members that are most closely related, placed as near to each other as possible. A circumstance introduced into one part of the sentence may render the meaning obscure, while its removal to another place would render the sense of the whole more apparent. *Unity* forbids a change of scene in the sentence. In the same sentence, we must not hurry from one idea to another, or from one circumstance to another. When transition is necessary, a new sentence ought always to be made. The injudicious use of the parenthesis ought always to be avoided. Generally, when a sentence is properly arranged the parenthesis can either precede or follow the other members, or be dispensed with altogether. The *strength* of a sentence consists in placing the principal words or members of a sentence in such a position as will enable them to make the most forcible impression. In doing this, the judgment of the writer must be exercised; for the arrangement which may be required for one subject, would sound harsh and unnatural in another.

Another requisite in writing, is to avoid introductory eulogiums on the subject. To commence by announcing our subject to be of the "highest importance," the "greatest interest," etc. is common, but improper. Instead of such laudatory assertions, we should endeavour by our subsequent propositions, to prove that the subject is one of importance.

I have now given a brief sketch of the rules to be observed in composition. But though attention to these is requisite in a correct and easy style of composition, there is still another qualification, without which neither rules nor practice can render us successful composers. This is an enlarged and a correct view of our subject. To attempt to compose on any subject without previous examination of its nature is like a person who is familiar with the principles of masonry or of carpentry, attempting to construct an edifice without the necessary materials.

A CORRESPONDENT.

For the Pearl

HINTS ON READING THE SCRIPTURES.

My dear young Friend.

Agreeable to your request, I proceed to give you a few rules for the more profitable reading of the Holy Scriptures.

1st. Read them as books generally are read, for, even the sacredness of the Bible has led to its disparagement; a person introduced to a room takes up any other book, not from a well grounded preference, but from an habitual flinching from the bible as a common book, a book for ordinary use. But in reference to other books ancient or modern we are attracted by an agreeable or important Title Page,—we examine the book—we review it—we form an estimate of it and its author; if we approve of its language or scope we read it through with an interest proportioned to its novelty or weighty import, if it inspire admiration we read it through quickly, we go over some parts of the pleasurable task a second, or third time, we speak of its merits to our acquaintance, we produce it in our social circle, we exemplify and descant on its beauties, we become apologists and partizans of the author, and defendants of his sentiments, we propose to ourselves to influence our future conduct by his rules, we bestow a portion of our expenditure very gratefully on the work, and we enumerate it among our companions and counsellors. Were the Bible dealt with thus, instead of with the frigid unconcern, and mortifying indifference that too often accompanies it, were it read, not in a scrappy, disconnected, lexicon-like mode, not so much from an impression that duty required as that gratification enjoined it, we should undoubtedly find a high and an increasing, nay, a perpetual satisfaction in the use of this best of books, whether our satisfaction should arise from beauty of rhetorical style, imagery or argument, important discoveries or communications brought to bear on our individual peace and emolument, or the friendly advice and intercourse of an esteemed living author, for in this light should the author of the Bible always be regarded, and we should certainly secure this point, before ever we undertook to defend or to invalidate the positions of this volume to make ourselves conversant with its contents, literary and general history, its import and design, and that analogy or harmony of doctrine and proposition which it exhibits, and by which the real value of all its separate statements must be tried

2nd. Read them attentively.

This is the way both to obtain an understanding of them, and to ground the same in the memory. Consider the general design with which a book or chapter was written, and endeavor to trace the mode in which this design is answered. Consider the import

of particular periods, enquire of the author, it may be God himself, or a holy man, or an holy angel, or a bad man, or the devil, enquire respecting the occasion, this frequently leads to a clear conception of the sense, as for instance "Behold thy mother"—Christ when he uttered these words to the Apostle John was dying, and commended his afflicted parent to the care of the beloved disciples. Without this history of the text it must wander in search of a meaning. Consider the address, this is sometimes to an empire, or particular nation, or to the nation of Israel, or to the Jews only, or to the Jewish or the christian church, or to its ministry, or to a particular congregation, or to an individual minister or member, or a lapsed or heretical christian, or to an avowed enemy, or to some spiritual powers: now if we mistake the address and apply these things indiscriminately to ourselves, we shall mistake the object and be tossed to and fro; reflect on the sense and this may be metaphorical or literal and should be considered in either light as the passage demands—"this is my body" affording an example of the former; "ye are my friends" of the latter.

Particular words require to have their sense investigated and admitting that we have a faithful version of the original, a good English Dictionary may be proposed as a convenient and sufficient commentary, especially as used in connexion with the privilege of a gospel ministry; which is calculated to give us such a system of theology as will preserve us from erroneous interpretations of the essential doctrines of the divine word. The moral intention also of each particular text, or number of a text should be contemplated, and if manifold, contemplated in all its parts, in order that such design should not be lost upon us, either wholly or in part, but be applied according to our distinct relations, circumstances, and obligations and so be rendered prescriptive of our duty in each condition of life.

3rd. Read them faithfully.

Regarding God as their author and as in them revealed one who is I AM, or "thou art the Rewarder of them who seek thee;" regarding all their sentences respective as they are of character, infallible, irrevocable or eternal after the likeness of their author. Regarding ourselves as interested in all of either its promises or its threatenings as surely as we are interested in any one of them. And herein reading our character and our destinies, as described by the finger of Jehovah, and determining in the divine strength to obey all its dictates whether they respect our renunciation of any practice on connexion offensive to God, our subjection to the appointments of his providence, or the performance of his commands.

4th. Read them consecutively.

The making a scrapbook of the Bible, and going to it as to a dictionary for a word, or definition, an instance, or a maxim, is not an eligible way of arriving at their sense. The import, reference and scope of the sacred writers respectively requires to be studied in order that their writings may accomplish in us what they were designed for. It is therefore a duty to read not only each Book as entirely as possible, but to apply the same rules to the entire volume. But it should be remembered that although the compilers and editors of the Scriptures as Ezra, Simon and St. John, seem to have had reference to an historical order in their disposal of chapters, books, etc. a considerable discrepancy prevails in regard to their destiny, which renders it difficult to read them chronologically and next to impossible to realize their meaning in their present relations. To afford an instance or two, the book of Job should probably take place between the 36th and 37th chapters of Genesis but Nehemiah, which precedes it, belongs to the period of Malachi with which the scripture history closes. And the chapters of Jeremiah who was cotemporary with Ezekiel, who prophesied in Babylon while the former delivered his prophecies in Jerusalem instead of being read from chapter 1 to 51 inclusive should be perused in the following order 1 to 13. 20. 22. 23. 35. 36. 45 to 48. 49. v. j. to xxxiv 21. 24. 27. 34. 37. 39. 49. xxxjo to xxxjx. 50. 51. 40 to 44: and not to proceed the 3rd. 2nd. and 1st. Epis of St. John should be read not only as here dated; but before the 4 Gospels as introductory to the New Testament. The numerical dates in our Quarto or Family Bible if consulted will furnish important assistance for the removal of this difficulty. In passing through the Bible it will be found more interesting to read only at each review such portions as are found most attractive and interesting. Yet in the procedure to satisfy the mind respecting the subject matter and contents of all the intersecant portions. The whole will thus be reviewed: and what at once may appear void of interest, and almost of no use, on the sacred page, will rise in interest and importance at every interview. An agreeable mode of perusing the sacred volume is to divide it into 7 portions, 1 for each day and reading as much as is convenient on each respective day and returning to the commencement of the cycle every week

Sunday Genesis.
Monday Deuteronomy.
Tuesday 2 Samuel.
Wednesday Nehemiah.
Thursday Isaiah.
Friday Daniel.
Saturday G. of John.

This will purchase a never ending variety and enable the mind to contemplate the whole without weariness.

On the Sabbath, I think the Scriptures should be read exclusively. For doubtless all the evil ever effected by bad books is of less magnitude than the irreverent neglect of Scripture in churches and families, and succumbency to human authorities rather than to the Word and Testimony, which has been arrived at by the production and indiscreet use of good books. Scarcely any theological writings except those which constitute church history, being indispensable, or even useful to the christian or the christian minister.

5th. Read with constant reference to the teaching office of the Holy Spirit,—prayer for his grace and assistance,—and submission to his dictates.

Always remember in reading the Scriptures that the author is alive, and present, and that it is our privilege to resort to him for an explanation of what is obscure or difficult, in this work especially: "if any one lack wisdom let him ask it of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." And seek his direction not only in a preternatural way of communication, but by means of the revelation which you are considering, thus you will find scripture to be the best interpreter of scripture, and the oracular Periscope of a text which you may form and consult for yourself by investigating, 1st, the text and context; 2nd, all the parallel passages found in the Reference Bible; 3rd, all the passages referred to from these parallels respectively, will do more towards helping you to the import, scope and relations of a difficult passage, than any human opinion, or than even a lengthy sermon, taking them in the general: on the passage in question.

Much might be added, but perhaps without much utility, to these brief directions. These are as much as can perhaps be remembered, and therefore more would only encumber and obscure. I would therefore merely add, Read always for a practical end as to acquire knowledge, experience in grace, strength of purpose, love of God. A right view of eternal things, or rules for practice—a word in season to the weary, a light that may shine for the illumination of those in comparative darkness; until the day dawn, and the day star arise in their hearts.

W. F. TEULON.

The following exquisitely graphical description of a scene at an inn, with something like which the experience of few considerable travellers can hardly be otherwise than familiar, is from a Tract by Lucius M. Sargent, entitled the Stage Coach, designed to promote the cause of Temperance.—Mr. Sargent holds a pen that adorns every thing which he touches; and it is to his high honor, that his fine talents are devoted with extraordinary and most encouraging success to the best of causes, the abolition of one of the most degrading and afflictive of human vices, the bitter scourge of society, Intemperance. We shall be happy if the taste, which we give them, should induce them to get the book and make a full meal. It will bring conviction to the conscience; and it will waken compassion in the soul.—*New England Farmer.*

SCENE AT AN INN.

"Having tried the strength of my lungs and the patience of an indulgent assembly, for more than an hour, and having engaged my passage in the coach, which starts at three o'clock in the morning, for the village of ———; I returned to my inn, and, requesting the bar-keeper to have me called in season, was taken down to my apartment. I perceived, with some surprise and regret, that there were three single beds in the chamber and one large enough to accommodate two persons of moderate stature, who were sufficiently disciplined to be content with their respective allotments. The single beds were occupied. Upon our entry,—"Pon my voord," exclaimed one of the sleepers, "amping out of bed, 'it ish de stage come for me; vat ish de time, sare?" No, no," said the bar-keeper; "it's not eleven yet; your stage will not be along for several hours." "Sare, I thank you for your politeness; a leetle more sleep I will 'ave;" and he stepped back into his bed, with a bow, which, however graceful it might have been, in the costume of the drawing room, appeared supereminently ridiculous in his *role de nuit*. "Heigh-ho!" said another, as he turned over somewhat impatiently, in his bed. "You have no objection, I suppose, sir," said the bar-keeper, addressing me, "to sleeping with another gentleman." "I have, sir," said I; "and you know well enough, that you have no right to suppose any such thing; for I engaged a single bed, and you promised me that I should have it." "Why, yes, sir," he replied; "but it's Court week, and we are very full to-night. To-morrow night, sir, we can give you a single bed, and a room to yourself." "My friend," said I, "I cannot conveniently wait till to-morrow night, before I go to bed, for I am very weary. I shall pay your bill, when you call me in the morning, and, according to your engagement, you must permit me to sleep alone." "Very well, sir," said the bar-keeper, shutting the door, as he retired, with unnecessary violence. "You sarve 'im right, sare," cried the Frenchman, for such his dialect proclaimed him to be; "vat he promish you, dat he must par-form; dat ish de law of France, so it ish in England, and de Low

Countries, and indeed, sare, wherever I has been. I will be your vitness, sare, wiz great pleasure, of all vat he say. If I was not in bed, sare, I would have the satisfaction to hand you my card, but de morning will do." "Yes, yes," said I, desirous of getting rid of this troublesome fellow, "the morning will do." I was soon undressed, and in bed. I turned upon my side, in the very centre of it. For the purpose of satisfying any new-comer, that in the language of certain placards on the doors of manufactories, there was *no admittance, except on business*, I disposed my limbs, as nearly as possible, in the form of the very last letter in the alphabet. I was striving to sleep, when I was again aroused by my unknown friend:—"Monsieur,—mistare,—I regret I cannot call your name, sare,—you will excuse de omission." "What do you want?" said I, with some impatience. "Vat I want?" said he, "nothing, sare, only about de card; I go off so long afore de day, dat I was fear I should not be able to hand you my card, wizout disturbing your rapose." "I care nothing about the card," said I; "I wish to sleep, if possible." "So do I," cried the person who had shown some impatience upon our first entry, "and I'll be much obliged to you, mister, if you'll stop your outlandish powwow till daylight."—"Vary vell, sare," cried the Frenchman; and, after humming the fraction of a tune, for a few seconds, to conceal his irritation, he remained perfectly silent.

During this period, the occupant of the other single bed, an experienced traveller, no doubt, gave intelligible evidence of his profound slumber, by snoring energetically. I was totally unaccustomed to this nocturnal annoyance, and found it impossible to sleep. I had not remained long, ruminating upon my ill fortune, when the person who had silenced the Frenchman, struck in with his nasal bassoon in such an extraordinary manner, that at first, I really supposed it to be the performance of a waking wag, who, finding sleep impracticable, had resolved, for his amusement, to wake night as hideous as possible. Its long continuance, however satisfied me that it was no joke, but an awful reality. Now and then, it was even alarmingly stentorian and apoplectic.

The inspiration of one of these trumpeters was so precisely coincident with the expiration of the other, that the sound became perfectly continuous. We are, some of us, so constituted, that when our troubles are not of an aggravated nature, misery will occasionally be converted into mirth. Vexed and disappointed as I was, I found myself exceedingly disposed to laugh outright. At length, the loudest snorer suddenly suspended his operations and the Frenchman, who, I had supposed, was fast asleep, exclaimed "Tank Heaven, you of dem ish dead." This stroke of humour was perfectly irresistible, and the laughter, which it drew from me, awakened the whole group. "What d'ye make such a noise for?" cried the stentorian gentleman; "can't you let a body sleep in peace?" "Vell, vell, sare," cried the Frenchman, as he turned over, "now, maybe, ve vill tak a fair start vonce more."

The *vis inertia* within me, which, for the present occasion, at least, may be translated the energy of drowsiness, enabled me to lock fast my senses, before the serenade recommenced. The powers of slumber seemed determined to make up, in profoundness, all which they had lost in time. The quality of sleep is often of more importance than the quantity. From such deep, deathlike slumber, it is exceedingly painful to be suddenly aroused. The sensation was eminently disagreeable, therefore, when I was awakened by a violent shake of the shoulder. I supposed I had overslept myself, and asked if the stage was ready. "I've been trying to wake you, mister, for ten minutes," was the reply; "and I'm most froze, standing in the cold. Won't you jest move to your side of the bed." I now began to comprehend the case, and rubbing my eyes, beheld an uncommonly corpulent man, who had undressed himself for the night. He had one foot on the frame of the bed, and held the candle in his hand, which he was just ready to extinguish.—"Sir," said I, "you have been imposed on. I have engaged this bed for myself, and shall not consent to your getting into it."—"This is pretty tough," said he; "I'm froze to death, a'most."—"You had better call the inn-keeper, and get him to accomodate you elsewhere," said I.—"I'm fear'd he's gone to bed, and all shot up," said the poor fellow; "howsomever, I'll try."—He did try, and he certainly succeeded. He rushed into the centre of the entry, in his undress, and hollered at the top of his lungs:—"holloa! holloa! holloa! holloa!"—The disturbance which followed, so far as I could judge, was rather extensive. I heard voices in all parts of the house; doors were opened in all directions. "Is it fire?" inquired a female voice.—"What's to pay there?" cried the host.—"Stage come,—hey?" cried several persons at once. At length, the bar-keeper appeared, explained the cause of the disturbance, and led off his shivering customer to another apartment.

We had scarcely recovered from this annoyance, before the chamber door was opened by the porter with a light:—"Eastern mail's coming,—hear the horn on the hill now,—French gentleman's baggage ready?"—"Dat ish myself," cried the Frenchman, leaping out of bed. "Where's your baggage, sir?"—"Baggage?—vat you mean—de big tronk?—no, sare, me no have

em. I vill bring down my baggage wiz myself, sare."—"You'll have to make haste,—the mail only stops three minutes to shift horses."—"Tree minnit!—no more!—pon my voord!"—"The little Frenchman made all possible expedition. In a short time, the porter's voice was again heard at the door.—"All ready,—mail can't wait."—"Immediately, sare," cried the Frenchman, "whew, whew, whew,—come, Gabrielle." Upon this signal, a lapdog sprang out of the bed, and shook its shaggy locks and tinkling bell. The Frenchman seized a little bundle, which probably contained the bulk of his earthly possessions, real personal, and mixed, placed upon his left arm a leather fiddle-case, and the favorite Gabrielle, and as he hurried from the room, stopped for an instant at my bedside, to say, "Sare, dis ish my card, vich I have de honor to present; adieu, monsieur." Down ran the little Frenchman, and in a moment I heard the coach door close, the crack of the whip, and the rumbling of the wheels, as the vehicle rolled away over the rough, frozen ground.

THE LEECH FISHERY.

The country about La Brenne is, perhaps, the most uninteresting in France. The people are miserable-looking, the cattle wretched, the fish just as bad; but the leeches are admirable.

If ever you pass through La Brenne, you will see a man, pale and straight haired, with a woolen cap on his head, and his legs and arms naked; he walks along the borders of a marsh, among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly wherever the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed: this man is a leech-fisher. To see him from a distance,—his woe-begone aspect, his hollow eyes, his livid lips, his singular gestures,—you would take him for a patient who had left his sick bed in a fit of delirium. If you observe him every now and then raising his legs, and examining them one after the other, you might suppose him a fool; but he is an intelligent leech-fisher. The leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet as he moves among their haunts; he feels their presence from their bite, and gathers them as they cluster about the roots of the bulrushes and sea-weeds, or beneath the stones covered with green and gluey moss. Some repose on the mud, while others swim about, but so slowly, that they are easily gathered with the hand. In a favourable season it is possible, in the course of three or four hours, to slow ten or twelve dozen of them in the little bag which the gatherer carries on his shoulder. Sometimes you will see the leech-fisher armed with a kind of spear or barpoon: with this he deposits pieces of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches: they soon gather round the prey; and are presently themselves gathered into a little vessel half full of water. Such is the leech-fishery in spring.

In summer the leech retires into deeper water; and the fishers have then to stand themselves naked, and walk immersed up to the chin. Some of them have little rafts to go upon; these rafts are made of twigs and rushes, and it is no easy matter to propel them among the weeds and aquatic plants. At this season, too, the supply in the pools is scanty; the fisher can only take the few that swim within his reach, or those that get entangled in the structure of his raft.

It is a horrid trade in whatever way it is carried on. The leech-gatherer is constantly more or less in the water: breathing fog and mist and fetid odours from the marsh, he is often attacked with ague, catarrhs, and rheumatism. Some indulge in strong liquors, to keep off the noxious influence, but they pay for it in the end by disorders of other kinds. But, with all its forbidden peculiarities, the leech-fishery gives employment to many hands; if it be pernicious, it is also lucrative. Besides supplying all the neighbouring *pharmaciens*, great quantities are exported, and there are regular traders engaged for the purpose. Henri Chartier is one of those persons, and an important personage he is when he comes to Meobecq or its vicinity; his arrival makes quite a fête—all are eager to greet him.

Among the interesting particulars which I gathered in La Brenne relative to the leech-trade, I may mention the following.—One of the traders—what with his own fishing and that of his children, and what with his acquisitions from the carriers, who sell quantities second-hand—was enabled to hoard up 17,500 leeches in the course of a few months; he kept them deposited in a place where in one night, they all became frozen *en masse*. But the frost does not immediately kill them; they may generally be thawed into life again. They easily, indeed, bear very hard usage. I am told by one of the carriers, that he can pack them as closely as he pleases in the moist sack which he ties behind his saddle; and sometimes he stows his clonk and boots on the top of the sack. The trader buys his leeches *pele-mele*, big and little, green and black—all the same; but he afterwards sorts them for the market. Those are generally accounted the best which are of a green ground, with yellow stripes along the body.—*Medical Gazette.*

EXTREME DELICACY.—Mademoiselle Mars was born on the 7th of February, 1779; so that she is now ———, but it is invidious to calculate a lady's age.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

To the Editor of the Pearl.

Sir,—The perusal of Mr. Leggett's unanswerable reply, to the unprovoked attack of his Annapolis antagonist, in a late number of the Novascotian, afforded me no small degree of pleasure. Permit me a space in your columns, for the purpose of affording my congratulations on his success, and also of shedding a feeble ray to cheer his path.

While carping critics are dragging from obscurity the faults of his "Forest Wreath," (and of which none are more sensible than the talented author himself) be mine the more pleasing task to call the attention of the public to his maturer productions. I am happy Sir, that you honored the Pearl (for truly it was a gem in your columns) with reprinting those touching lines, "When by the broken light." Who could not but admire his "Essay on Man," published a few months since in the Gleaner; a piece which, for pathos, piety and profound research, has been seldom surpassed. Lately has appeared from his talented pen, some spirited Stanzas entitled "Song of the Brave;" and some inimitable lines in the style of the popular Scotch ballad, "John Anderson my Joe, John;" but I think, in my humble opinion, that Mr. L's far exceed the original in feeling. I have seen a beautiful prose specimen from the forthcoming "Memento," and venture, without hesitation, to pronounce, that when that volume shall appear, it will be regarded as a "rara avis" in British North American literature. Let Mr. Legget then, proceed, regardless of the sneers of the envious, conscious of the integrity of his intentions and of his powers; for assuredly the time will come when New Brunswick will be proud of being the birth place of the "Minstrel of the North." Accept then my thanks, Sir, for the countenance you have given to his muse, and wishing your paper the wide circulation which it merits,

I am Sir, Yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Bathurst, March 19, 1838.

THE SOUNDING MOUNTAIN.—The following is an extract from a letter from Lieut. Welsted, dated Mount Sinai, September 26th, 1836, and published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society, Bengal.—"You once expressed a wish to know something of the *Djibbel Narcono*, or sounding mountain, concerning which there has been so much doubt and discussion in Europe. I visited it on my way here—it is situated on the seashore about eight miles from Tor. A solid slope of the finest drifts and extends on the sea face from the base to the summit (about six hundred feet) at an angle of about 40° with the horizon. This is encircled or rather semicircled, if the term is allowable, by a ridge of sandstone rocks rising up in the pointed pinnacle, and presenting little surface adapted for forming an echo. It is remarkable that there are several other slopes similar to this, but the sounding or rumbling, as it has been called, is confined to this alone. We dismounted from our camels, and remained at the base while a Bedouin scrambled up. We did not hear the sound until he had attained a considerable height. The sound then began rolling down, and it commenced in a strain resembling the first faint notes of an Eolian harp, or the fingers wetted and drawn over glass—increasing in loudness as the sand reached the base, when it was almost equal to thunder. It caused the rock on which we were seated to vibrate, and our frightened camels (animals you know not easily alarmed) to start off. I was perfectly astounded, as was Captain M—and the rest of the party. I had visited it before in the winter month, but the sound was then so faint as to be barely evident, but now the scorching heat of the sun had dried the sand and permitted it to roll down in large quantities. I cannot now form the most remote conjecture as to the cause of it. We must not I find now refer it to the sand falling into a hollow; that might produce a sound, but could never cause the prolonged vibrations, as it were, of some huge harp string. I shall not venture on any speculation, but, having carefully noted the facts, I shall lay them, on my arrival in England, before some wiser head than my own, and see if he can make any thing out of them.

BENEVOLENCE OF CHRISTIANITY—The erection of hospitals and infirmaries for the poor, is one of the distinguishing ornaments and fruits of christianity, unknown to the wisdom and humanity of pagan times. Compassionate consideration of the poor formed no part of the lessons of pagan philosophy; its genius was too arrogant and lofty to stoop to the children of want and obscurity. It soared in sublime speculation, wasted its strength in endless subtleties and debates; but, among the rewards to which it aspired, it never thought of "the blessedness of him that considereth the poor." You might have traversed the Roman empire, in the zenith of its power, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, without meeting with a single charitable asylum for the sick. Monuments of pride, of ambition, of vindictive wrath, were to be found in abundance; but not one legible record of commiseration for the poor. It was reserved for the religion, whose basis is humility, and whose element is devotion, to proclaim with authority, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."—R. Ha. U.

THE WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN.—One morning at day-break, a father went into his son's bed-chamber, and told him that a

wonderful stranger was to be seen. "You are sick," added he, "and fond of great shows. Here are no quack-doctors now, nor keeping of beds. A remarkable being is announced all over the town, who not only heals the sick, but makes the grass grow; and what is more, he is to rise out of the sea." The boy, though of a lazy habit, and indisposed to rise from bed, now jumped up, and hastened with his father to the door of the house, which stood upon the sea-shore. "There," said the father, pointing to the sun, rising out of the ocean like a globe of gold, "there, foolish boy, you, who bring expense upon me, and troubles on yourself, by your idle diseases, may see a remedy, certain, cheap, and delightful: a physician who has only to look into your face every morning at this hour, and you will surely be well."—*Every-day Book.*

HOW TO SAVE IN LITTLE MATTERS.—Procure a book and keep an exact account of all your expenditures. At the expiration of three months, review the account and see how much you have expended in fourpenny and ninepenny items which you could have done without as well as not. Then see to it that each ensuing quarter shall be minus just those things. In many cases the aggregate would be found more considerable than you would be aware of, unless you kept such an account.

The true economy of housekeeping is simply the art of gathering up all the fragments so that nothing be lost. I mean fragments of time as well as other matters. Nothing should be thrown away as long as it is possible to make any use of it, however trifling it may be; and whatever be the size of a family, every member should be employed either in earning or saving money.

The maxim of Bacon, "Knowledge is power," is never more true than in regard to agriculture. Hence no farmer who does not avail himself of the fruits of others' experience, and who does not improve his knowledge by perusing the ablest works on agricultural subjects, can expect to be successful. The prejudice of many farmers against agricultural knowledge in a printed form is absurd.

NEW ZEALAND.—What a fertile country is the northern island of New Zealand; and how fast the character of that land, and its inhabitants, is changing. An Englishman may now walk alone and unmolested about any part of the northern island, where, ten years ago, such an attempt would have been a rash braving of the club and the oven. English and American houses are scattered near the Bay of Islands; and settlers are rapidly increasing. All this is chiefly due to the Church Missionary Society. Nothing could be more gratifying than the view of a flourishing agricultural settlement, with good farm-houses, barns, water-mill, mechanics' shops, and large gardens, in the interior of the northern island. I was astonished at what I saw; and when a New Zealander came out of the mill, powdered with flour, and carrying a sack of corn upon his back, I could hardly believe my own eyes.—*Captain Fitzroy's Account of the Surveying Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle.*

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.—The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen.—*Burke.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, 1838.

The most important item of news received during the week, is the demand of the American Government to the British Minister at Washington for redress in the affair of "the Caroline." The correspondence which has taken place between Mr. Fox, the British Ambassador at Washington, and Mr. Forsyth, we give below. The *Quebec Mercury*, a paper conducted with much ability and fairness remarks on the correspondence as follows:

"The latter (Mr. Forsyth) assumes a high tone, such as the position of the U. States, in that affair, by no means justifies; but this is probably to make it serve as a set-off against the many aggressions and outrages which have been committed by American citizens upon both the Canadas. The matter, as Mr. Fox states in his last note to Mr. Forsyth, must be referred by him to Her Majesty's Government, and it does not appear likely, in the present feeling of the nation, that Her Majesty's Government will submit to make any compensation, especially as there is so wide a field for complaint on the side of Great Britain. War, however, with America, appears to be considered as inevitable by our politicians here; and in the Paris papers we find many speculations on the probable consequences which might grow out of Canadian insurrection and the display of American sympathies. The general impression with the Parisian press is, that a general war would soon follow an appeal to arms between England and the United States."

(Copy.)

Washington, Feb. 6, 1838.

Sir—With reference to the letter, which by direction of the President you addressed to me on the 5th and 19th ultimo, respect-

ing the capture and destruction of the steamboat "Caroline" by a Canadian force on the American side of the Niagara River, within the jurisdiction of the State of New York,—I have now the honor to communicate to you the copy of a letter which I have received upon that subject from Sir Francis Head, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, with divers reports and depositions annexed.

The piratical character of the steamboat "Caroline," and the necessity of self defence and self preservation under which Her Majesty's subjects acted in destroying that vessel, would seem to be sufficiently established.

At the time when the event happened, the ordinary laws of the United States were not enforced within the frontier district of the State of New York. The authority of the law was overborne publicly by piratical violence; through such violence Her Majesty's subjects in Upper Canada had already severely suffered, and they were threatened with still further injury and outrage. This extraordinary state of things appears naturally and necessarily, to have impelled them to consult their own security, by pursuing and destroying the vessel of their piratical enemy, wheresoever they might find her.

I avail myself of this occasion, &c. &c.

(Signed)

H. S. FOX.

The Hon. Joseph Forsyth.

(Copy.)

Department of State,

Washington, February 13, 1838.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 6th instant, communicating a copy of a letter from Sir Francis Head, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, respecting the capture and destruction of the steamboat "Caroline" by a Canadian force on the American side of the Niagara River, within the jurisdiction of the State of New York, together with the reports and depositions thereto annexed.

The statement of the facts which these papers present, is at variance with the information communicated to this Government respecting that transaction; but it is not intended to enter at present upon an examination of the details of the case, as steps have been taken to obtain the fullest evidence that can be had of the particulars of the outrage; upon the receipt of which it will be made the subject of a formal complaint to the British Government for redress. Even admitting that the documents transmitted with your note contains a correct statement of the occurrence, they furnish no justification of the aggression committed upon the Territory of the United States—an aggression which was the more unexpected, as Sir Francis Head, in his Speech at the opening of the Parliament of Upper Canada, had expressed his confidence in the disposition of this Government to restrain its citizens from taking part in the conflict which was raging in that Province; and added, that having communicated with the State of New York, and with yourself, he was then waiting for replies. It is not necessary to remind you, that his expectations have been met by the adoption of measures on the part of the United States, as prompt and vigorous as they have been successful in repressing every attempt of the inhabitants of the Frontier States to interfere unlawfully in that contest. The most serious obstacle thrown in the way of those measures was the burning of the Caroline, which, while it was of no service to Her Britannic Majesty's cause in Canada, had the natural effect of increasing the excitement on the border, which this Government was endeavouring to allay.

I avail myself of this occasion, &c.

(Signed)

JOHN FORSYTH.

H. S. Fox, Esquire, &c. &c.

Washington, Feb. 16, 1837.

(Copy.)

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th instant, relating to the question of the capture and destruction of the piratical steamboat Caroline.

Although I cannot acquiesce in the view the United States Government are disposed to take of the facts connected with that transaction; yet, as this legation is not the final authority competent to decide the question on the part of Great Britain, and as you inform me that a representation will, in due time, be addressed to Her Majesty's Government in England, I consider it most consistent with my duty to avoid entering at present into any controversy upon the subject. It will remain for Her Majesty's Government at home, when the whole evidence of the case shall have been produced, to form such deliberate resolution thereupon, as reason, honor and justice shall dictate.

I avail myself of this occasion to renew to you, &c. &c.

(Signed)

H. S. FOX.

The Hon. John Forsyth.

From the N. B. Courier, March 24.

DINNER TO SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD.—On Wednesday it was announced from a respectable source, that Sir Francis Bond Head, the late talented Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, would visit this City on his return to England; and it was immediately the universal theme of conversation, that he should be re-

ceived by its loyal inhabitants in a manner worthy of this character. A handbill was therefore issued announcing a public meeting for the next morning at 10 o'clock, to be held at Mr. Truro's News Room, to consider the mode in which the proper mark of respect should be shown to the expected distinguished visitor, and we scarcely ever recollect such an assemblage as accordingly took place, combining numbers and respectability. His Worship the Mayor was called to the chair, and stated the object of the meeting in an appropriate address—whereupon the following Resolutions were moved:—

On motion of Mr. Partelow.—Resolved unanimously—That this meeting has a high sense of the inestimable advantages which have accrued to the Canadas and the other British American Possessions by the Administration of Sir Francis Bond Head, late Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada.

Resolved unanimously—That entertaining a lively hope that Sir FRANCIS BOND HEAD may pass through this city on his return to England, this Meeting deems it an indispensable duty, that some distinguished tribute of respect be paid to him by the loyal inhabitants of St. John, and that therefore he be invited to a PUBLIC DINNER, to be given him on that occasion.

Resolved—That a Committee of management be appointed to prepare the same and obtain subscriptions.

On motion of the Hon. Judge Parker—Resolved unanimously—That His Excellency SIR JOHN HARVEY, our highly respected Lieutenant Governor, be invited as a Guest on the occasion.

Resolved unanimously—That the Hon. COLONEL McNAB, Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, be also invited as a Guest, in the event of his being in the Province on his way to England.

Resolved—That His Worship the Mayor, H. B. Smith, Esq., Collector of Her Majesty's Customs, and William H. Street, Esq., be a Committee to proceed to Fredericton, for the purpose of conveying the aforesaid Resolutions to Sir Francis B. Head, Sir John Harvey, and Col. M'Nab.

ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*

In the House of Assembly, Mr. Howe moved a resolution, that his Excellency be authorized to draw from the Treasury, the sum of £10,000 to enable him to provide for the defence of the Province, in case of declaration of war or danger of hostile invasion, which was unanimously agreed to.

DELEGATION.—On Monday morning a resolution passed the House, providing that whereas His Excellency Lord Durham has been invested with extraordinary powers as Governor General of these Colonies—Resolved, that the Speaker of the House, Mr. Young, Mr. Howe, Hon. Mr. Huntingdon, and Mr. Doyle, be a Committee to correspond with the Governor General; and if necessary to proceed to Quebec, in order to have personal intercourse with him, on the state of the Province.

THE NEW COUNCILS.—The Town was frightened from its propriety yesterday by the astounding intelligence that the new Councils had been suddenly dissolved. It appears that instead of letters patent having been issued at home, confirming what had been done provisionally under the Despatches of Lord Glenelg, the legal authority to establish two Councils, one of 15 and the other of 9 members, has been included in Lord Durham's commission, a copy of which was received a few days ago by Sir Colin Campbell, and which, from the moment of its communication to the Executive Council here, was to take effect. A Council was called at Government House yesterday morning, and since then there have been no Councils in existence. The members will probably be reduced, and the machinery put into operation on Monday.—*Rec.*

Sir R. D. George, Messrs. Dodd and Huntingdon, having retired from the Executive Council, that body was this day re-formed, and its remaining members again sworn in.

The Assembly was this day prorogued by his Excellency until Thursday next; we suppose, for the purpose of affording time to re-form the Legislative Council.—*Journal.*

BOUNDARY LINE.—Another Proposition.—The Governor of Maine has transmitted to the Legislature further correspondence just received from the President.—We have not yet had the perusal of these documents, but understand the President proposes that Maine shall authorize him to negotiate for a conventional line of boundary; to which the Governor strongly objects, and insists upon running the line according to the treaty. The subject will receive the action of the Legislature we presume, as soon as the documents are printed.—*Maine Daily Journal.*

SIR FRANCIS HEAD had arrived in New York and was to sail for England on the 1st of April.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. A writer in the Novascotian of Thursday last, terms the lecture of Dr. Teulon on Physiology "highly interesting and deservedly popular. From the animated conversation which took place after his lectures, the Doctor displayed not only a thorough knowledge of that particular branch of science, but of many others connected with it."

Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P.—We have been requested to state that Mr. Fitzgerald's impersonation is postponed from Monday evening, on account of a public meeting, to Tuesday evening, April 10.—Editors of papers are requested to copy the above.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The poetical dialogue on the "Wesleyan Bazaar" is inadmissible to our columns. The objection is not to the composition of the piece, for we regard it as a very clever, facetious piece of writing, but to the fact that the dialogue attacks the practice of a large body of Christians. To promote harmony and love amongst all the professors of the Christian religion, was our avowed object in the publication of the Pearl. With the war of Polemics, we intend to have nothing to do—the battle must be fought on other ground—we have not room for the array of hostile parties in our pages.

MARRIED.

At Bridgetown on the 17th February, by the Rev. James Robertson, W. D. Robinson, Esq. of Wilmot, to Eliza Jesse, youngest daughter of the late James Purvis, Esq.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Wm. Gordon, mate of the Velocity, to Miss Mary Jane Mason, both of this Town.

DIED.

On Thursday morning last, aged 88 years, Mr. Malcolm Nicholson, a native of Inverness, Scotland, and for many years a respectable inhabitant of this Province, leaving a large family, to deplore the loss of a kind father and an indulgent and loving parent.

On Sunday morning, after a lingering illness, borne with Christian fortitude, Mrs. Ann Gossip, in the 59th year of her age, wife of Mr. Wm. Gossip, senr., of the Royal Engineer Department.

At Liverpool, March 29, aged fourteen months, Forbes Newton Freeman, only son of John Freeman, Esq. Sub-Collector of her Majesty's Customs of that port.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Sunday, April 1.—Schr. Eagle, Wilson, Barrington; Otter and Kingsfisher, Ragged Island, dry fish; Mary Ann, LaScur, New York, 12 days, beef, pork, tobacco, etc., to Archibald & Wilkie and others.

Monday—Schr. Adventure, Wood, New York, 12 days, tobacco, talow, meal, etc., to G. P. Lawson, J. L. Starr and others, 5 passengers; Sch. Doane, Farrell, Montserrat, 32 days, rum, sugar and molasses, to Wm. Donaldson, left brig Catherine, Lynch, from St. Lucia; schr. Algerine, Barrington, dry fish; schr. Speculator, Lunenburg, staves, rum, and molasses; Strauger, Crawford, do. staves and lumber; schr. Home, Baker, Philadelphia, 10 days, flour and meal, to J. H. Braine; schr. Wyoming, Bangs, sailed same day; returned schr. Industry, from Boston, leaky; barque Lord John Russell, Clark, Liverpool, G. B., wheat, flour, &c., to W. A. Black, & Son; barque Lady Gordon, sailed 5 days previous; left Clio, Daley, to sail in 12 days; schr. Thomas Wyer, McRae, St. Andrews, 21 days, shingles, to S. Binn; barge Hesione, Rod, New York, 8 days, tobacco, wine, etc., to S. Binn; Spoken, 3d March, lat. 21, lon. 65, a British 74 gun ship, from Bermuda for Jamaica, (probably Cornwallis,) schr. Wyoming, Buogs, Philadelphia, 10 days, flour, meal, &c., to J. H. Braine.

Tuesday—brigantine Hilgrove, Bell, Ponce, 22 days, sugar and molasses to Saults & Wainwright, lost fore-top-mast and bowsprit, sprung main-mast, on the 30th ult.; schr. Edward & Margaret Johnson, Demerara and St. Lucia, 30 days, rum and molasses to J. Meagher; brig. Falcon, Dickson, Mantanzas, 27 days, sugar and molasses, to G. P. Lawson; Sir J. Kempt, Freeman, Barbados, 24 days, bound to Liverpool, N. S.; schrs. Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B., reports the small pox raging badly; brig Westmoreland, Bolb, at St. Andrews, 23d ult. from Demerara, was saved from being wrecked by the praise-worthy exertions of Lieut. Walden, commanding U. S. Revenue Cutter Crawford; Mail Boat, Lady Ogle, Stairs, Boston, 52 hours.

Thursday, 4th, Westmorland, Bolb, at St. Andrews, 22nd, schr. Snowbird, Brien, Kingston, 40, Wilmington 15 days, via Shelburne, to J. Strahan; Brig. Emily, McAlpine, from Spanish Main; Mail Boat, schr. Lady Ogle, Stairs, Boston, 50 hours; brig. Kerch, Lottery, Hennison, Porto Rico, via Bermuda, 34 days, to J. & M. Tobin; brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, Ponce, 20 days.

Friday, 5th, Schr. Charlot, U. S. to J. H. Braine.

CLEARED.

5th, Schr. Victory, St. Stephens; brig Placid, West Indies; brig Rosalind, London.

PASSENGERS.—In the Hercules, Major Estcott, 48rd Regt.; Captains Cuthbert and Burnham, Lieuts. MacGregor, Coleman and Dickenson, 15th; Major Deeds, Ensign Schrimmer and Surgeon Bain, 34th; Capt. Gordon and Mitchell, Lieuts. Briscoe and Daniel, 66th; Capt. O'Connell, Lieut. Hon. Wm. Crofton, 85th; Capt. Böhcher, 93d. In the barque Lord John Russell, from Liverpool, Capt. Skinner, late of brig Highlander, (sold). In the Hesione from New York, Mr. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory. In the Lady Ogle from Boston, Messrs. Bolton and Deblois.

NOVA-SCOTIA BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Auxiliary Bible Society will take place on Monday evening, the 9th inst. at 7 o'clock, in the Room of the Mechanics' Institute, at Dalhousie College.

A collection will be taken. April 6.

NEW PERIODICAL,

Just Issued,—

THE FIRST NUMBER OF A PAPER ENTITLED THE WESLEYAN:

WHICH is designed to advocate the doctrines etc. of Wesleyan Methodism and diffuse interesting and profitable information on various subjects. The Wesleyan (each number containing 16 pages imperial octavo) is published every other MONDAY (evening) by William Cunnebell, at his Office, south end of Bedford Row; Terms—seven shillings and six pence per annum; one half always in advance. Subscribers' names will be received, in Town, by the Wesleyan Ministers, Mr. J. H. Anderson, and by the Printer; also, in all parts of the Provinces, by the Wesleyan Ministers and the properly authorized Agents.

The general heads under which articles will be arranged, are, Biography, Divinity, Biblical Illustrations, Biblical Criticism, Poetry, Literature, History, Science, Missionary Intelligence, General Intelligence, Local Intelligence. The Christian Cabinet, the Wesleyan, The Expositor, Ladies' Department, The Youth's Department, The Child's Department, &c. No effort will be spared to render the WESLEYAN worthy of Public Patronage; persons intending to subscribe will please send their names with as little delay as possible. Halifax, Feb. 28, 1838.

WANTED, As an apprentice to the Printing Business, a smart active lad, about 14 years of age. Apply at this Office.

PRICES CURRENT.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1838.

COFFEE, Jamaica good, 1s. 3d.	STAVES, W. O. Am. 250s.
Cuba, 10d.	Canadian, 250s.
SUGAR, Musc. bright, 42s. 6d.	American, R. O. 150s.
Ordinary a fair, 37s. 6d.	Canada, 150s.
MOLASSES, fair quality, 2s. 6d.	Nova Scotia, 80s.
RUM, Leeward Islands, } 4s.	Canada, 150s.
proof 25 } 4s.	Nova Scotia, 70s.
Demerara, 24 4s. 6d.	ASH, Canada, 150s.
Jamaica, 21 5s. 6d.	Nova Scotia, 70s.
FISH, COD, mer. prime, 20s.	SHINGLES, long cedar, 15s.
Madeira, 17s.	Pine, 12s.
HERRINGS, No. 1, 25s. bbl.	Laying do, 12s. 6d.
" 2, 15s.	OILS, Olive, 5s. 6d.
Bay Chaleur, 15s.	Sperm, best, 6s. 6d.
Digby, 5s.	Whale, 8s.
MACKAREL, No. 1, 37s. 6d.	Seal, Pale, 4s. 6d.
" 2, 22s. 6d.	Cod, 2s. 6d.
" 3, 22s. 6d.	Dog Fish, 2s. 3d.
ALEWIVES, " 1, 27s. 6d.	BEEF, Nova Scotia, 60s.
SALMON, " 1, 79s.	Canada prime, 60s.
" 2, 65s.	PORK, do do, 100s.
" 3, 65s.	Nova Scotia, 90s.
WHEAT, Canada white	HAMS, 9d. per lb.
German, 7s. 6d.	LARD, in kegs, 9d.
Barley, 3s. 6d.	BUTTER, Salt, 10d. a lb.
INDIAN CORN, 5s. 3d.	COALS, Sydney, chald. 30s.
OATS, 2s.	Pictou, 28s.
PEAS, 5s.	Lingan, 30s.
FLOUR, U. S. sup. new, 60s.	GYPSUM, per ton, 10s.
do old, 45s.	EXCHANGES,
Canada Superfine, 52s. 6d.	On London,
do fine, 50s.	60 days, private, 15 per cent
do middlings, 45s.	30 " government, 16
Hamburg superfine, 45s. 6d.	On New York,
Rye, 35s.	30 days, Sight, par.
CORN MEAL, 31s. 3d.	Sovereigns, 25s.
BISCUIT, Pilot, 35s.	Dahlboons, Mexican, 5s. 3d.
Ship, 25s.	Dollars, 5s. 3d.
RYE Grain, (bushel) 5s.	
BOARDS, W. P. 65s. M.	
Spruce, 60s.	

MISSIONARY BAZAAR.

ON EASTER TUESDAY, April 17, 1838. A BAZAAR for the sale of Useful and Ornamental Articles, will be held in the Mason Hall, in this Town, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the funds of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

ADMITTANCE 7-12d.

The friends of Missions of all denominations are respectfully requested to attend. Donations of useful Articles, Ornamental Work, etc. will be thankfully received at the Mission House and by the Ladies of the Committee. It is requested that all such may be forwarded as early as possible.

Halifax, April 6, 1838.

JAMES VENABLES,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

Begs leave to intimate to his Friends and the Public generally, that he has commenced the above Business in all its branches in the shop in Barrington Street,

Three doors south of Mr. Thomas Forrester's Stone Building where he hopes by punctuality, moderate charges and his endeavours to please, to merit a share of public patronage. Halifax, April 5, 1838.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

THIS COMPANY having determined to renew its business in Halifax, has appointed the Subscriber its Agent, by Power of Attorney duly executed for that purpose.

From the well known liberality and punctuality which the Company has invariably displayed in the settlement and payment of all losses submitted to it, and from the present moderate rates of premium, the Subscriber is induced to hope it will receive that fair share of the business of this Community which it before enjoyed.

By application to the Subscriber, at his office, the rates of premium can be ascertained, and any further information that may be required will cheerfully be given. CHARLES YOUNG. Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor.

AN Exhibition of PAINTINGS is now open, at Cochran's Buildings, entrance south, next door to Mr. W. H. Milward's.

The object of this Exhibition is to revive a taste and encourage native talent. Artists and Amateurs are invited to contribute, and send such Pictures as they wish to exhibit, to the Exhibition Rooms. Lovers of the Arts will be gratified to learn, that several valuable old Pictures never before exhibited, will be shown on this occasion. Daily Tickets 1s. 3d.; season Tickets 5s. to be had at Mr. Eager's Bazaar. Catalogues to be had at the Exhibition Rooms. March 16.

CIRCULAR.

AS Mr. Leggett contemplates inserting in the introductory page of 'THE MEMENTO' the names &c. of his esteemed agents, together with the names of Subscribers obtained through their politeness, he would respectfully suggest the propriety of an early return of Subscription Lists—say on, or before the 10th of April, if not sooner. Editors and Publishers of Periodicals throughout the Provinces will confer a special favour by copying the above.

TURNBULL & FOUND, TAILORS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the Public, that they have commenced business in the above line, in the house adjoining Mr. Nordbeck, in Granville Street, where all orders will be respectfully received and punctually attended.

EPITOME OF WAR.—The history of war, is like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools, met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with jealous and indignant looks. "What are ye a lowrin' at, Billy?" "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if you daur!" A hearty blow was returned to this, and then such a battle begun! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate.

At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length they coped in a range, and many bloody raps were literally given and received. I went up to try to pacify them, for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would get killed; so addressing the one party, I asked what they were pelting the others for? What had they done to them? "O, neathing, at a' man; we just want to gie them a good thrashin."

After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties thus:—"Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do with ye; if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone." There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play.

I thought at the time, and I have often thought since—that that trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general, that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrel they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, bound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's conditions, "If ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone."—*Eltrick Shepherd.*

A THEATRICAL BEAR LET LOOSE.—A frightful scene occurred lately at the theatre of Czerney, in Bohemia, during the performance of a melodrama, called the Bear of the Mountains, the principal performer in which was a bruin of so much wonderful docility and dramatick talent, that for a long succession of nights he attracted overflowing audiences. On this occasion, however something had put this star out of humour, and he was observed to be wanting in those brilliant displays of the histrionick art which had previously overwhelmed him with his applause. In the third act, instead of coming down the mountain by a winding path, with a slow and solemn step prescribed by the prompter's book, he alighted on the stage at one bound, like the descent of an aërolite. On his return behind the scenes he received reproof, which, instead of improving, made his temper still more sullen; and it was with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to go through his part. In the last scene he was induced to commence a waltz with a young and beautiful peasant girl, and seemed to take so much enjoyment in the dance, that the whole audience were raised from their seats, and standing on their benches, drowning the sounds of the powerful orchestra, with their acclamations of praise and delight. In a moment, however, the joyous spectacle was changed into one of indescribable horror; a piercing shriek was heard above all the combination of noises, the stage was one moment in the utmost confusion, and the next was clear of every performer except the bear, who appeared with a muzzle unfastened, and hanging round his neck; while he, after making a wild display of his tremendous gullet, leaped into the orchestra, which, as may be easily imagined, was in an instant as vacant as the stage. The flight of the audience was equally precipitate, but the consequences were much more serious. Numbers were severely crushed and bruised in the struggles at the doors, and several were dreadfully injured by being thrown and trampled upon. After a pause, a platoon of soldiers was sent into the pit with fixed bayonets and loaded barrels, and ordered to bring out the cause of all the evil, dead or alive; but they found him, like all other great actors who have performed their parts, and become exhausted by their exertions, taking his repose on one of the benches, and incapable or unwilling to make any resistance. He was at once muzzled again, and led to his den; and on the following day the picco was suppressed by order of the authorities.

THE MORALS OF THE ENGLISH CAPITAL.—"From a letter addressed to the Lord Bishop of London, by Rev. Mr. Noel, he gives the following facts respecting the morality of London. There are in the city and suburbs 500,000 Sabbath breakers, habitually without Sabbath-day instruction. Of these 100,000 are confirmed gamblers; 20,000 are by trade, beggars; 30,000 are thieves and swindlers; more than 100,000 habitual gin-drinkers, and 20,000 of them in the course of the last year have been picked up drunken in the streets;—100,000 are given up to systematic profligacy. London has a population of a million and a half, and thus it seems one third are entirely immoral. The following description of one district of London, was given at one of their late anniversaries. It is called the Barbican district.

This section includes 1915 houses, 5557 children and 6804 adults; in all, 11,361 souls. Of the 6804 adults, only 629 are accustomed to attend any place of worship with any degree of regularity, and more than 6000 seldom, if ever, go to any church. Only 1258 children attend Sabbath or day schools, and 1900 of an

age to go, do not frequent any school; 681 families were without a copy of the Bible; and of 846 shops and public houses, 402 were open for business on the morning of the Lord's day."

THE HUNDRED LARGEST CITIES IN THE WORLD.—A recent German publication gives the following curious calculation respecting the hundred most populous cities in the world:—These are Jeddo, in Japan, 1,680,000 inhabitants; Perkin, 1,500,000; London, 1,500,000; Hans Ischen, 1,000,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000; Congo Ischen, 800,000; Paris, 717,000; West Chans, 600,000; Constantinople, 497,000; Benares, 530,000; Kio, 520,000; Su Ischem, 497,000; Hougng, Ischem, 500,000; &c. The fortieth on the list is Berlin, containing 190,000; and the last Bristol, 87,000. Among the hundred cities, three contain a million and a half, one upwards of a million, nine from half a million to a million, twenty-three from two hundred thousand to five hundred thousand, fifty six from one hundred thousand, and six from eighty-seven thousand to one hundred thousand. Of these hundred cities, fifty-eight are in Asia, and thirty-two in Europe, of which four are in Germany, four in France, five in Italy, eight in England, and three in Spain; the remaining ten are divided between Africa and America.

HOW TO BREAK BAD NEWS. SCENE.—The office of a wealthy barrister in London, whose family had long possessed a splendid mansion in Lancashire.

Enter Jarvis, an old and confidential servant of the family.
Bar. Well, Jarvis, how are you my old boy How do things go on at home?

Jar. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.
Bar. (smiling) Poor mag!—and how came she to die?
Jar. He overate himself, sir.
Bar. Overate himself?—why what did he get that he liked so well?

Jar. Horse-flesh, sir—died of eating horseflesh.
Bar. And where did he get so much horseflesh, Jarvis?
Jar. All your father's horses sir.
Bar. All my father's horses—all dead? How came they all to die?

Jar. Died of over-work, sir.
Bar. Why were they over-worked, pray?
Jar. Employed in carrying water, sir.
Bar. Water! for what?
Jar. To put out the fire, sir.
Bar. Fire! what fire?
Jar. Your father's mansion has been burnt to the ground; your honor.

Bar. How was it set on fire?
Jar. We all think it must have been from the torches, sir.
Bar. Torches! what torches?
Jar. At your mother's funeral; sir.
Bar. How? My mother dead?
Jar. Yes. Poor lady!—she never looked up after it.
Bar. After what?
Jar. The death of your father, sir.
Bar. My father dead, too?
Jar. Yes; poor gentleman—he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Bar. Heard! heard of what?
Jar. The ill news, your honor. His bank broke—his credit lost, and you sir, are not worth a half penny in the world. I made bold to call on you—knowing that you would be very anxious to hear the news. [Exit Jarvis.]

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ELECTRICAL EXCITEMENT.—Dr. Hosford, of Oxford, N. H., relates, in the last number of Silliman's Journal of Science, the case of a lady in that town who became unconsciously charged with electricity at the time of an unusual aurora borealis, on the 25th of January, 1837. This extraordinary state continued until the middle of the following May, during most of which time she was capable of giving electrical sparks to every conducting body that came within the sphere of her electrical influence. When her finger was brought within one sixteenth of an inch of a metallic body, a spark that was heard, seen, and felt, passed every second. When seated, motionless, with her feet on the iron stove hearth, three or four sparks per minute, of an inch and a half, would pass from the end of her fingers to a brass ball on the stove; these were quite brilliant, distinctly seen and heard in any part of a large room, and sharply felt when they passed to another person. These experiments were so often repeated that there was no doubt left of their actual occurrence. The lady had no internal evidence of this faculty, which was only manifested to her when the sparks left her. Her health had never been good, though she had seldom been confined to her bed. She had suffered much from unseated neuralgia in various parts of her system, for some months previous to her electrical development. Her health is now better than for many years. Dr. Hosford thinks this phenomenon was not caused by the aurora alluded to, but that it was an appendage of the animal system.—*Boston Med. & Sur. Journal.*

FATHER BEDS.—The want of feathers is altogether artificial, arising from a disregard of the physical and moral well-being of infants and children; and he who has the good fortune never to

have been accustomed to a feather bed, will never in health need or desire one, nor in sickness, except in cases of great morbid irritation, or excessive sensibility, or some disease in which the pressure of a firm or elastic substance might occasion pain. But when a rational regard for the preservation of health shall pervade the community, feathers will no more be used without necessity or medical advice, than ardent spirits will be swallowed without the same necessary advice. The physician has frequent occasion to see persons who are heated, sweated, enfeebled, by sleeping on feathers, as if from a fit of sickness; enervated, dispirited, relaxed, and miserable.—*Medical Intelligencer.*

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—We are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another for points on which we agree. The reason, perhaps, is this: when we find others that agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement; but when we chance on those that differ with us, we are zealous both to convince and to convert them. Our pride is hurt by the failure, and disappointed pride engenders hatred. This reflection is strengthened by two circumstances observable in man: first, that the most zealous converters are always the most rancorous, when they fail of producing conviction; but when they succeed, they love their new disciples far better than those whose establishment in the faith neither excited their zeal to the combat, nor rewarded their prowess with a victory. Priestly owed much of the virulence with which he was attacked, to the circumstance of his agreeing, partly with everybody, but entirely with nobody. In politics, as in philosophy; in literature, as in religion; below the surface hydrostaticks, or above it in pneumatics, his track might still be traced by the host of assailants that pursued it; and, like the flying-fish, he had no sooner escaped one enemy in the water, than he had to encounter another in the air.—*Coleridge.*

REMOVAL.

LONGARD & HERBERT'S HALIFAX BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is removed to the Market Square, next door to Mr. David Hare's and opposite Messrs. Black's Hard Ware Store.

The Subscribers return thanks for the liberal patronage which they have experienced, in their attempt at furnishing a good home manufactured article;—they now solicit a continuance of public support at their New Stand, where they will endeavour to produce a cash article at the lowest rate and of superior quality.

LONGARD & HERBERT.

N. B. The Subscribers are unconnected with the Shoe Making business now conducted in their old stand.

L. & H.
HERBERT'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY

Is also removed as above: and to induce patronage in opposition to importation, the cost will be lowered about 20 per cent on former prices. March 2. 3m.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgy, in Barrington Street, next door to Mr. A. Reid's Store near St. Paul's Church. Possession may be had 1st May, 1838. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to the Proprietor, D. D. Stewart, Esq. Newport, or to B. Murdoch, Esq. at his Office, next door to the premises. February 2.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 40 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6566 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscriber's.

He also cautions any person or persons from cutting Wood or otherwise trespassing on the above mentioned Premises, as he will prosecute any such to the utmost rigour of the Law.
ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

A SERMON.

In the Press, and to be published, in the course of next month; A SERMON, entitled "THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST" Preached in The Wesleyan Chapel at Guysboro, on Sunday, January 7 1838. BY ROBERT COONEY,

FOR SALE.

WHAT desirable HOUSE in Hollis street, occupied by the Subscriber; there is a well of excellent water in the cellar, a tank for rain water, with a pump to each, metal ovens, stoves, &c. No expense has been spared to render it a comfortable and convenient residence for a family. Further information may be obtained on application to.
EDWARD ALLISON.
February 12.

THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Will be published every Friday evening, at the printing office of Wm. Cunneen, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and index.

Terms: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and six-pence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names. All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance. Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.