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TRAVELS.

Extracts from "Sporting in Southern Africa."

THE DESERT.

We had now fairly quitted civilization, and were entering upon a sterile, inhospitable region, sparingly inhabited by Bushmen—the remnant of Hottentot hordes, and the wild aborigines of the country—who, gradually receding before the encroachments of the European colonists, have long since sought refuge in the pathless desert. Unblessed amongst the nations of the earth, the hand of these wandering outcasts is against every man, and every man's hand is against them. Existing precariously from day to day—heedless of futurity, and forgetful of the past,—without either laws, arts, or religion—only a faint glimmering ray of instinct guides their benighted path. Depending for subsistence upon the produce of the chase or the spontaneous gifts of nature, they share the wilderness with beasts of prey, and are but one grade higher in the scale of existence.

From this point until we reached Kuruman, a distance of 300 miles, the number of our oxen became daily diminished by the effects of a drought which had prevailed, and which had so completely removed every vestige of vegetation, that they were frequently compelled to pass two days without tasting food or water. Extensive—to the eye boundless—plains of arid land, with neither eminence nor hollow, were on all sides expanded to the view: of these the prevailing colour was brownish yellow, variegated with a few black and sickly shrubs. Scarcely an object met the straining eye but an ostrich sometimes striding in the distance, or a solitary vulture soaring in the sky. Over the wide desolation of the stony waste not a tree could be discerned, and the only impression on the mind was—that of utter and hopeless sterility. Occasionally, however, as we advanced, the sameness of the scene was varied by a wide-stretching undulation. Our caravan was then the only object in the landscape upon which the eye could repose. Waggon after waggon slowly rising to view, the van was to be seen advancing over the swell, whilst the cattle and sheep were yet hidden from the sight. The world before us was still nought but earth and sky—not a green herb enticed the vision, not a bird winged through the air: the loud cracking of a whip, rolling in suppressed echo along the sun-baked ground, alone disturbed the silence of the sultry atmosphere, which gave to the azure vault of heaven the semblance of an unnatural elevation from the globe.

Whilst the days were oppressively hot, and the sky unveiled by a cloud, the nights were piercingly cold—our feelings during the latter indicating, as well as the thermometer, that the temperature was near the freezing point: and, to add to our discomfort, fuel was rarely procurable. In the morning the ground was sometimes covered with hoar-frost: but the absence either of vapour or cloud to diminish the heat of the sun, soon dispelled the appearance, and rendered visible the nakedness of the land. Mirage in these regions, flickering in the distance, presents to the thirsty traveller an illusion as tempting as tantalizing. Blue and delusive lakes, of which the surface seems agitated by a ripple, recedes as he advances—and, ultimately disappearing, "leave not a wreck behind."

We halted the first day on the borders of what appeared to be a body of water many miles in circumference—an oasis in the desert, towards which, after a sultry march of twenty miles, lured by the appearance of several waggons on its brink—both man and beast rushed with impetuosity. We soon perceived to our disappointment that we had been deceived by a saline deposit of immense extent, at which a party of boors were engaged in obtaining salt for the use of the colonists: but it was long ere the broken-hearted oxen discovered that what they had understood to be water was a mere mineral efflorescence in the desert.

The fourth day brought us to the magnificent Orange River—the only stream within many hundred miles that is entitled to the appellation. Emerging from desolation and sterility, the first glimpse that we obtained of it realized those ideas of elegant and classic scenery which exist in the minds of the poets. The alluring fancies of a fairy fiction, or the fascinating imagery of a romance, were here brought into actual existence. The waters of this majestic river, 300 yards in breadth, flowing in one unbroken expanse, resembled a smooth translucent lake; and as its gentle waves glided past on their way to join the restless ocean, bearing on their limpid bosom, as in a polished mirror, the image of their wood-clothed borders, they seemed to kiss the shore before bidding it farewell. Drooping willows, clad in their vest of vernal freshness, leaned over the bank, and, dipping their slender branches into the tide, which glistened with the last rays of the setting sun, seemed fain to follow

whilst at intervals the wrecks of stately trees, that had been torn from their roots by the violence of the torrent during some vast inundation, of which the traces on the shore gave evidence, reared their dilapidated heads in token of the then resistless fury of that flood which now appeared so smooth and tranquil. To those who may consider this description overcharged, I will only remark, that the sight of water after days in the desert is probably one of the most delightful sensations that a human being can experience.

BUSHMEN.

The pigmy race usually reside in holes and crannies of rocks, and sometimes in wretched huts incapable of protecting them from the inclemency of the seasons. These, their constant fear of discovery induces them to erect in secluded spots at a great distance from water: a precaution to which they are further prompted by a desire to leave the pools open for wild animals, which they constantly shoot from an ambush with poisoned arrows, and devour on the spot. They possess neither flocks nor herds, are unacquainted with agriculture, and the most wealthy can boast of no property beyond his weapons and his starving dog. With no cares beyond the present moment, they live almost entirely upon bulbous roots, locusts, reptiles, and the larvæ of ants, by the habitations of which latter the country is in many places thickly strewed. Not a trace of their hovels could be seen from the road, and a traveller might even pass through their country without seeing a human being, or suspecting that it was inhabited. Such is their general distrust of visitors, that the males would never willingly approach us, evincing great trepidation when forced to do so—no object being more unwelcome to their sight than a troop of horsemen on the plain.

The stature of both sexes is invariably below five feet. The males are usually meagre, bow-legged, and ill-made: yet they display a singular ease of motion and flexibility of joint. The rapidity with which they drive off a herd of cattle is perfectly astonishing. Their complexion is sallow brown, darkened by dirt and grease: their only dress a piece of leather round the waist, and their sole defence a diminutive bow, with poisoned arrows, rather resembling children's toys than mortal weapons.

The women, who were much less shy, and who never failed to follow the tracks of our waggons when they happened to come upon them, with the hope of obtaining tobacco in exchange for ostrich eggs, are of small and delicate proportions, with hand and feet of truly Lilliputian dimensions. Their foot-prints reminded us of Gulliver's adventures, and are not larger than those of a child. When young they have a pleasing expression of countenance, which they take care to render as captivating as possible by be-daubing their flat noses and prominent cheek-bones with a mixture of red ochre and fat. The toilets of many were made with scrupulous attention, the effect of the paint being enhanced by necklaces composed of the fresh entrails of wild beasts—a few cowry-shells, old bones and buttons, being also interwoven with their matted hair: but the life they lead, their frequent long abstinence, and constant exposure to the wind and glare of light in a dry open country, soon inducing the habit of keeping their naturally small eyes more than half closed, their comeliness is very ephemeral, and never extends beyond youth. The females possess much greater volubility and animation of gesture than the men—but the sounds they utter are a succession of claps of the tongue produced by forcing that unruly member against different parts of the teeth and palate: and, whilst the enunciation is thus rendered troublesome and full of impediment, it resembles rather the chattering of monkeys than the language of human beings.

BECHUANA TRIBES.

Of the habiliments of the Bechuana men little need be said, as they have generally adopted a rude imitation of the European costume. The females, however, almost invariably retain the garb of their ancestors. The appearance of these ladies is masculine, and far from attractive. Fat and grease of all kinds form their delight: their bodies and skin cloaks being also plentifully anointed with *sibilo*, a grey iron ore sparkling like mica, procured from mines in the neighbourhood, which are visited from all parts of the country. Their naturally woolly hair is twisted into small cords, and matted with this substance into apparently metallic pendules, which, being of equal length, assume the appearance of a skull-cap or inverted bowl of steel. Tobacco having undergone considerable depreciation by the introduction of the plant—beads are the medium through which exchanges are usually effected amongst the Bechuana. The more wealthy of their women are adorned with a profusion of these, hung in cumbrous coils round the waste and neck, along with ivory tooth-picks and gourd snuff-boxes: but even the

indigent are not altogether without them. An apron of leather, cut into thin strips, and clotted with an accumulation of grease and filth, reaches to the ankles—and, with a rude skin cloak, completes the costume.

HERDS OF QUAGGAS. &c.

The clatter of their hoofs was perfectly astounding, and I could compare it to nothing but to the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. I could not estimate the accumulated number at less than fifteen thousand; a great extent of country being actually chequered black and white with their congregated masses. As the panic caused by the report of our rifles extended, clouds of dust hovered over them; and the long necks of troops of ostriches were also to be seen, towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbours, and sailing past with astonishing rapidity. Groups of purple sassaybs [*Acronotus Lunata*], and brilliant red and yellow hartebeests, likewise lent their aid to complete the picture, which must have been seen to be properly understood, and which beggars all attempt at description. The savages kept in our wake, dexterously despatching the wounded gnooks by a touch on the spine with the point of an assegai, and instantly covering up the carcasses with bushes, to secure them from the voracity of the vultures, which hung about us like specks in the firmament, and descended with the velocity of lightning, as each discharge of our artillery gave token of prey. As we proceeded, two strange figures were perceived standing under the shade of a tree; these we instantly knew to be elands [*Boselaphus Oreatis*], the savages at the same moment exclaiming with evident delight, *Impofo, Impofo*, and, pressing our horses to the utmost speed, we found ourselves, for the first time, at the heels of the largest and most beautiful species of the antelope tribe. Notwithstanding the unwieldy shape of these animals, they had, at first, greatly the speed of our jaded horses, but, being pushed, they soon separated; their sleek coats turned first blue and then white with froth; the foam fell from their mouths and nostrils, and the perspiration from their sides. Their pace gradually slackened, and, with their full brilliant eyes turned imploringly towards us, at the end of a mile, each was laid low by a single ball. They were young bulls, measuring upwards of seventeen hands at the shoulder.

A HERALD.

Soon afterwards appeared one of King Moselekatsé's heralds, whose bearing upon occasions of ceremony we beg to recommend to the notice of Garter, Clarenceux, and their august brethren.

We were preparing to start, when a herald, called in the Matibili language *Imbongo*—i.e. a proclaimer of the king's title—suddenly made his appearance outside the kraal to give us a little insight into his majesty's biography. Advancing slowly towards the waggons he opened the exhibition by roaring and charging, in frantic imitation of the king of beasts—then, placing his arm before his mouth and swinging it rapidly in pantomimic representation of the elephant, he threw his trunk above his head and shrilly trumpeted. He next ran on tiptoe imitating the ostrich, and lastly, humbling himself in the dust, wept like an infant. At each interval of the scene, he recounted the matchless prowess and mighty conquests of his illustrious monarch, and made the hills re-echo with his praise. He was a brawny athletic savage, upwards of six feet in height, naked as he was born. Frenzied by his energetic gesticulations, the perspiration trickled from his greasy brow, and white foam descended in flakes from his distorted mouth, whilst his eyes glared with excitement.

LIONS.

The new moon brought, if possible, a more abundant supply of rain than usual; nor did the lions fail to take advantage of the nocturnal tempest, having twice endeavoured to effect an entrance into the cattle-fold. It continued, until nine o'clock the next morning, to pour with such violence, that we were unable to open the canvas curtains of the waggon. Peeping out, however, to ascertain if there was any prospect of its clearing up, we perceived three lions squatted within an hundred yards in the open plain, attentively watching the oxen. Our rifles were hastily seized, but the dampness of the atmosphere prevented their exploding. One after another, too, the Hottentots sprang out of the pack-waggon, and snapped their guns at the unwelcome intruders, as they trotted sulkily away, and took up their position on a stony eminence at no great distance. Fresh caps and priming were applied, and a broadside was followed by the instantaneous demise of the largest, whose cranium was perforated by two bullets at the same instant. Swinging their tails over their backs, the sur-

vors took warning by the fate of their companion, and dashed into the thicket with a roar. In another half-hour the voice of Leo was again heard at the foot of the mountains, about a quarter of a mile from the camp; and from the waggon-top we could perceive a savage monster rampant, with his tail hoisted and whirling in a circle, charging furiously along the base of the range, and in desperate wrath making towards John April, who was tending the sheep. Every one instinctively grasped his weapon, and rushed to the rescue, calling loudly to warn the expected victim of his danger. Without taking the smallest notice of him, however, the infuriated monster dashed past, roaring and lashing his sides until concealed in the mist. Those who have seen the monarch of the forest in crippling captivity only, immured in a cage barely double his own length, with his sinews relaxed by confinement, have seen but the shadow of that animal, which "clears the desert with his rolling eye."

From the Monthly Chronicle.

ON ALBERT DURER, AND THE MODERN GERMAN AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

It cannot be disputed that among our living artists there is no one name worthy to awaken our enthusiasm. Exhibition after exhibition proves that genius is dormant, and art nearly extinct. England, with the exception of Hogarth, has never produced an original painter deserving of being enrolled among the great names of Catholic Europe for having extended the domain of art by the addition of a new sentiment or inspiration. While music, literature, and science have every where felt and obeyed the impulse of the age, and art itself is pervaded by an unknown feeling of indefinite expansion and progress, painting has remained stationary, or retrograded with us; nor will posterity discover in its productions a symptom of regeneration, or a mark of originality to distinguish the present from past ages of barrenness and nullity:—painting, in fact, is not a liberal art in England; and so long as its professors continue as they are, it has no pretensions to be so. When society finds them, like the great artists of the sixteenth century, at once philosophers, naturalists, mechanicians, geometers, and poets, not merely on a level with the acquirements of the age, but extending their respective bounds by original discovery on all sides, we may expect to find the fine arts honoured, and the works of their professors of a more exalted character; but until then, we must be content to yield the palm of superiority to our rivals. And let no one object that the times are different, and that the horizon of art has so greatly extended since the days of Michael Angelo, Leonardo de Vinci, or Albert Durer, that life would not suffice at the present day, even with the most consummate genius, to master the various branches of which we speak. Philosophy teaches us otherwise, for if art has extended, methods have simplified; in the balance, the efforts of two ages are pretty nearly the same as to labour. Let any one peruse the life of Raphael, of Murillo, of Cellini, or of De Vinci, and he will learn the prodigious labour they underwent in their studies; let him look at the great Albert Durer,

"Noctes atque dies niti prestante labore;"

but coming forth at the age of twenty years a sublime artist; let him learn how well they wrote; and comprehend with what dignity, clearness, and simplicity their compositions expressed their internal sentiments; and let him then compare the moderns with those who belonged, as old Homer says, to the race of "articulate-speaking men;" and treading under foot both their works and their apologies, he will turn away his regards to ancient Italy, the sacred mother of the arts and sciences.

It is not merely in the higher requisites of art that our own school is inferior. In knowledge of the human figure, that great basis of all beauty and perfection, the French and Continental artists infinitely surpass us. Artists should be advised, as poets were by Horace, to labour their nine years in the elements of their science, before they commence the labours of the brush, and that surprising knowledge of the human form which enabled Michael Angelo and the great Italians to draw it in any conceivable posture with the most perfect accuracy in the play of its muscles from memory alone, and without the aid of any model, would not then be a tradition of doubt and amazement to their pigmy successors. The English method of study is radically defective. In this respect, the French and Germans are not only more learned, but more classical: they follow the identical process laid down by the great masters, by means of which they gained their wonderful precision and freedom of design. By outlining for years with chalk, upon tablets of blackened wood, figures of a natural or colossal size, either from the life, or from antique statues, they acquired astonishing facility, and that freedom of hand which can never be attained by practising figures of cramped and minute proportions. After outlining of a natural size, nothing is easier than to draw small figures, but the converse does not hold good.

It is not our intention however to dwell upon means, but upon results, nor do we wish to pass any invidious remarks upon the present exhibition. We pass over the landscapes of our land surveyors, and the dogs and deer of our Dutchman, merely no-

ticing that even in the rising art of wood engraving, our superiority as engravers does not blind us to our inferiority as designers, and to the superior beauty and merit of the French. We pass over these topics to examine the German school, the founder and type of which, the representative of his country's genius, laborious, learned and profound in every department of human knowledge, is the great Albert Durer. We do this with the view of examining how far an imitation or infusion of this school of design might, like the infusion of their romantic literature into the spent and exhausted life of our times, create a new and copious fountain of beauty. In music and painting, this imitation might be carried to some profit, but we must ever protest against the infusion of German mysticism which some writers have poured into our literature; never shall we cease to lament, that German bores should have been suffered to muddy the "clear well of English undefiled."

The history of Albert Durer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, so brilliant and progressive, is strikingly calm and simple. Albert has left a collection of notes and letters, recently come to light, in which he has related almost the whole of his life, and from which we shall give some extracts. The son of a Nuremberg goldsmith, and one out of eleven children, he came into the world on "the sixth hour of the day of Saint Prudent, on the very Friday of the holy week, in the year 1471.

"My father's life," continues he, "was very miserable and wretched, and sadly covered with clouds. Almost all his children died, some in the flower of their youth, others while yet babes in the lap of their mother, who mourned continually to see them die. During all his life, he never had for himself, wife, and children, more than the bare necessities of life, bread coarse and black, moistened with sweat, and gained with labour. Add to this, all sorts of tribulations and adversities, as well as a thousand temptations; but he was a good Christian, my father, peaceful and quiet, and submissive to Providence, good and modest towards every body, who died looking towards heaven, and who is in heaven now. His whole life was uniform and grave, interrupted by few worldly joys, solemn and silent. He saw very little of men, because he was not fortunate; nevertheless, as he loved them from the bottom of his heart, he was beloved by them. This dear father paid the greatest attention in his soul and conscience to bring up his children in the fear and glory of God, for that was his greatest ambition—to bring up his family well; for this reason it was that he daily exhorted us to the love of God and our neighbour, after which he taught us to love what is beautiful—art was our second worship. He was partial above all to me, seeing me diligent and full of zeal; he sent me to school by times, and when I had learned to read and write tolerably, bound me an apprentice to a goldsmith. I remained a tolerably long time at that work, but feeling myself in the end more of a painter than a goldsmith, I therefore begged of my father to allow me to become a painter; he at first was very dissatisfied at my request, and had great regret for the time I had lost with my goldsmith. Nevertheless, after some refusal, my father yielded, and on St. Andrew's day 1483, he placed me in the study of Michael Wolsmalt. With Master Michael, God granted me such great application, that I made great progress, according to the word of my master."

Albert Durer was, in fact, from the twentieth year of his age, an able artist. He was far from having lost his time with his goldsmith. He had executed, among other works of exquisite finish, a "Passion of Jesus Christ," in relief, which equalled the best sculptures of the time. It was there also unquestionably that he acquired that fineness and firmness of the modeller, of which he always preserved the traces in his engravings and designs. The engraver and painter reproduced the qualities of the carver. In 1490 Albert commenced the travels which in those days completed the education of an artist. He placed himself in communication with Martin Schœn, Israel de Malines, and other good painters.

To be continued.

DESTINY.—The following beautiful allegory illustrates the power of fate. King Solomon was walking in his garden, with an attendant, when an appalling figure was seen approaching. The attendant exclaimed in alarm: "Solomon, the sight of that being affrights me, I know not why—send me I pray thee, to the furthest mountain of India." The king, in his capacity of magician, complied—the attendant vanished.—The stranger came up and said, "Solomon, what was that man doing here? My errand was to seek him on the farthest mountain in India." "Angel of Death," replied Solomon, "thou wilt find him there."

YOUNG LADIES.—Bulwer says, "there is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in very young women, except when they get together and full of giggling."

WELLERISM.—"Music and drawing taught here," as the man said when he was pulling a wheelbarrow through the streets without any oil upon its axles.

An exchange paper says—"you will as soon see a white black-bird, as a young lady who does not love babies—its contrary to their uster."

MISFORTUNE ENNOBLED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME D'AUBRANTES.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day whilst crossing the Market-place he was compelled to stop by a long row of waggons, all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a-kind of pleasure at these waggons, and the little wagoners, who, by-the-by, were young and pretty countrywomen. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips—it attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, she burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the waggons began to move along, she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requesting him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as if riveted on the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market-woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin (Mademoiselle de Dillon) the most elegant among the ladies of the court of Louis the sixteenth, king of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only had time to attend to such duties as belonged to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the royal palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband, and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty, and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty and talents!

Mons. de la Tour-du-Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of an husband, the object of general admiration; indeed her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793,) what was the use of courtly refinements?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good-natured, notable woman, who, on every occasion, evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain and well-meaning woman might be the cause of great ennui to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of this transition (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding-house of Mrs. Muller to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at last exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro, a kind of Jack-o'-all-trades, viz., gardener, footman and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent; looking for her he entered the kitchen, and saw a young countrywoman, who, with her back to the door, was kneading dough; her arms of snowy whiteness were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started, the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife, who had exchange-

d her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, out to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "do not laugh at me. I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasps her to his bosom, and kisses her fervently. From his inquiries he learns that when he thought her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants—and after six months had become skillful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is. We, in a moment, understand what would cost a countrywoman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of ennui for me, nor I of doubts about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile at him. "Come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow, the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh!—henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word: She insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheeses. It was on such an errand to town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit, and found her in the poultry yard, surrounded by a host of fowls hungry chicks and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited, that she seemed less fatigued by the house-work, than if she had attended the balls of the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the new world. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she with *naivete*, "indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attractions."

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing-room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back. "Missis him jacket torn; please mend him." She immediately took a needle, repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

From last number of Nicholas Nickleby.

MORNING.—Although to restless and ardent minds, morning may be the fitting season for exertion and activity, it is not always at that time that hope is strongest or the spirit most sanguine and buoyant. In trying and doubtful positions, use, custom, a steady contemplation of the difficulties which surround us, and a familiarity with them, imperceptibly diminish our apprehension and beget comparative indifference, if not a vague and reckless confidence in some relief, the means or nature of which we care not to foresee. But when we come fresh upon such things in the morning with that dark and silent gap between us and yesterday, with every link in the brittle chain of hope to rivet afresh, our hot enthusiasm subdued, and cool calm reason substituted in its stead, doubt and misgiving revive. As the traveller sees farthest by day, and becomes aware of rugged mountains and trackless plains which the friendly darkness had shrouded from his sight and mind together, so the wayfarer in the toilsome path of human life sees with each returning sun some new obstacle to surmount, some new height to be attained; distances stretch out before him which last night were scarcely taken into account, and the light which gilds all nature with its cheerful beams, seems but to shine upon the weary obstacles which yet lie strewn between him and the grave.

THE WORLD.—And even now, as he paced the streets and listlessly looked round on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, every thing appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause, had seemed a thing too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that some interposition must save her from his clutches. But now, when he thought how regularly things went from day to day in the same unvarying round—how youth and beauty died, and ugly gripping age lived tottering on—how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad—how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a house to shelter them or the energies of one single man directed to their aid—how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as

regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades—how ignorance was punished and taught—how jail door gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances, darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace—how many died in soul, and had no chance of life—how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they, had they done ill—how much injustice and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it:—when he thought of all this and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount.—*Id.*

MADLINE BRAY.—Bray and his daughter were sitting there alone. It was nearly three weeks since he had seen her last, but there was a change in the lovely girl before him which told Nicholas, in startling terms, what mental suffering had been compressed into that short time. There are no words which can express, nothing with which can be compared, the perfect pallor, the clear transparent cold ghastly whiteness, of the beautiful face which turned towards him when he entered. Her hair was a rich deep brown, but shading that face, and straying upon a neck that rivalled it in whiteness, it seemed by the strong contrast raven black. Something of wildness and restlessness there was in the dark eye, but there was the same patient look, the same expression of gentle mournfulness which he well remembered, and no trace of a single tear. Most beautiful—more beautiful perhaps in appearance than ever—there was something in her face which quite unmanned him, and appeared far more touching than the wildest agony of grief. It was not merely calm and composed, but fixed and rigid, as though the violent effort which had summoned that composure beneath her father's eye, while it mastered all other thoughts, had prevented even the momentary expression they had communicated to the features from subsiding, and had fastened it there as an evidence of its triumph.

The father sat opposite to her—not looking directly in her face, but glancing at her as he talked with a gay air which ill disguised the anxiety of his thoughts. The drawing materials were not on their accustomed table, nor were any of the other tokens of her usual occupations to be seen. The little vases which he had always seen filled with fresh flowers, were empty or supplied only with a few withered stalks and leaves. The bird was silent. The cloth that covered his cage at night was not removed. His mistress had forgotten him.—*Id.*

ENGLISH HABITS.—How often have I, when travelling in the environs of some English city, looked with delight on the neat dwellings, and their trim gardens, redolent with flowers, that are thickly strewn by the road's side. The luxuriant growth of the flowers indicated the care bestowed on their culture; the dahlias flaunted in all the pride of their gorgeous hues; and every autumnal garden guest bloomed so richly as to make one forget the roses they succeeded. The grass-plots were green, and smooth as velvet; the gravel walks displayed not a single faded leaf, or weed, to sully their purity; and the ballustrades and railings, nay, the very walls that enclosed the pleasure grounds, looked as if they were well washed every day. The brass knocker, plate on the door, and bell-handles, shone like gold, bearing evidence to the indefatigable zeal of the housemaid; and the bright panes of glass, and pretty flower-vases that graced the windows, were equally creditable to her care. In the window, of one of these residences, might be seen, a staid and venerable matron, with spectacles on nose, anxiously looking towards the road for the arrival of her good man from the city, where he had been engaged in his daily avocations since the morning. It is the hour for his return; Betsy, the cook, has answered that the fish is boiled, the mutton done to a turn; and she hopes master will soon come. A gig stops at the door; a sleek, well conditioned horse who has drawn it, seems to know he is at home; a steady-looking lad, in a plain sober livery, jumps out and assists an elderly gentleman with rubicund cheeks and protuberant stomach, cloth gaiters and closely buttoned great-coat, to alight, who looking at his watch, proclaims that he is five minutes later than his usual time, and inwardly hopes that the mutton is not overdone.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—Louis Philippe's "establishment" altogether is quite unrivalled: 170 carriages, including berlins, coupes, caleches, and britskas, together with 26 richly gilt and ornamented state carriages, with eight horse red morocco leather harness, trimmed with silk, ornaments and reins richly gilt: 648 horses, 120 pairs of harness, 240 saddles, 345 men employed in the sta-

bles. Nimrod says there are many English horses in the stables; amongst them six sets of greys, far superior to any to be seen in Victoria's stables; also several Arabs. It seems there are eight hundred livery servants in his Majesty's establishment in Paris, and the places in the vicinity of it. This is sporting, with a grace. Philippe is clearly no miser, as some call him. Such a monarch in Paris must be invaluable to trade—as well as to horses.—*Boston Transcript.*

LONDON PRESS.—The talent of a first-rate London journal, though great, may, it is true, be easily enough equalled elsewhere, for there are clever men and able writers in all countries. But it is the combination of talent, unlimited capital, and the perfection of machinery and system, which renders a London journal of the first class unique. On no other sheet of paper is the same quantity of news presented, drawn from all the kingdoms and corners of the earth with almost miraculous despatch—condensed, put in form, and again disseminated in so many varied channels to so many people with equal rapidity. In the United States an important piece of intelligence or document—the President's Message, for instance—is sometimes sent a very great distance in a wonderfully short space of time, but then this is an event, and is chronicled accordingly. Here the confined geographical limits of the land, the density of the population, the innumerable excellent roads which intersect the country in all directions, and the numberless quantity of mails and fast coaches, to say nothing of railroads, renders the rapid and regular transmission of news as much a matter of course as eating and drinking. A gentleman residing between one hundred and fifty and two hundred miles from London would think it the strangest thing in the world—"a gap in nature," in fact—if the London journal of the previous evening was not brought in along with his toast and coffee at breakfast the next morning. He would consider himself a singularly ill-used personage, and write to the proprietors forthwith, to know the meaning of the "unaccountable delay!"

WHO'S TO RULE?—Mr. Slang used to say, "my horse, my boys." Mr. Slang now invariably says, "our horse, our boys," or our farm. This substitution of *our* for *my*, by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked—

"I now intend to enlarge my dairy."
"You mean our dairy," replied Mrs. Slang.
"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say my dairy."
"Say our dairy, Mr. Slang."
"No, my dairy."
"Say our dairy, say our," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, my dairy!" vociferated the husband.
"Our dairy, our dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasising each "our" with a blow of the poker on the back of the cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes: Mr. Slang remained under several minutes waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell. "What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" said she.

"I'm looking, my dear," snivelled he, "to see anything of our hat."

The struggle was over. It was our horse, and our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean linen breeches to church.

GARRICK AND THE DOCTOR.—Dr. Thompson, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things—viz. the sloveliness of his person, and his dislike to muffins, which he always reprobated as being very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins being introduced, the doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently exclaimed, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking significantly at the doctor, "take away the ragamuffins."

CHINESE LABOR.—An American traveller through China, in writing of the manners and customs of the country, states, in order to show how small a remuneration these people are willing to accept for their labour, that the washerwomen will wash for the whole ship's company for one dollar each, be their stay one month or six months, and receive what broken victuals the cook chooses to give them. If you give them twenty pieces to wash, and be they ever so dirty, they never complain. When the ship is ready for sea, they make a present to every man they have washed for, of a jar of sweetmeats of some kind, which many have given a dollar for alone.

A few drops of the oil of sandal wood which though not in general use, may easily be obtained, when dropped on a hot shovel, will diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the atmosphere of sick rooms, or other confined apartments.

The cause of ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, is attributed to the great friction of the tongue upon them.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Stranger. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?

Townsmen. A long parade, indeed, sir; and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

Stranger. It is but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempt me to stand a gazer.

Townsmen. Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says, the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this,
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange.
Ay, who was worth, last week, a good half million,
Screwed down in yonder hearse.

Stranger. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

Townsmen. When I first heard his death, that very wish
Leap'd to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts;
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

Stranger. The camel and the needle—
Is that, then, in your mind?

Townsmen. Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel—
Yea, leap him flying, through the needle's eye.
As easily as such a pumper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

Stranger. Your pardon, sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

Townsmen. Your pardon, too, sir,
If with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

Stranger. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged
And widows who had none to plead their right?

Townsmen. All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.

Stranger. Why judge you, then,
So hardly of the dead?

Townsmen. For what he left
Undone;—for sins not one of which is mention'd
In the ten commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the creed:
Bowed to no idols—but his money-bags;
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house:
Kept the sabbath idle: built a monument
To honour his dead father: did no murder;
Never pick'd pockets; never bore false witness;
And never with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.

Stranger. You know him, then, it seems.

Townsmen. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

Stranger. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! far often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Fresh'ning and giving life along its source.

Townsmen. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives; but as for this—
The rains of heaven engender'd nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

Stranger. Yet even these
Are reservoirs, whose public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

Townsmen. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise;
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found

Among your ten, and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world, donations to keep open
A running-charity account with heaven:
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

Stranger. I must needs
Believe you, sir; these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping ground. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Cost not the soiling of one white handkerchief!

Townsmen. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity!
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus! Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught.
The multiplication-table was his creed,
His paternoster and his decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusty counting-house,
Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.
So, from the way in which he was train'd up,
His feet departed not; he toil'd and toil'd,
Poor muckworm! through his threescore years and ten,
And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

Stranger. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
For industry and honourable wealth
A bright example.

Townsmen. Even half a million
Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelvemonths hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN.

There were some things about this personage so much out of the
common course as not to allow of letting him go down to his
grave without a volley. Our readers all know that the Admiral
was a Bostonian. He loved to speak of the times when he was
"a dirty faced little rascal licking molasses with the boys on Long
wharf." This was before the Revolution.

Isaac was not destined, however, to always licking molasses. He
went regularly and rigorously, we believe, through all the ordinary
grades in the British Navy, till he reached the fourth step from the
summit of a list which is always long enough to discourage the hard-
est aspirant. During this long service he must have lived over
strange scenes. At one time, the Duke of Clarence was under him,
as midshipman, we believe. William got greatly attached to his
commander too, who, though "rude in speech" sometimes, had
yet, as the Indians say, a soft heart, and a large one. As Duke
and King, the middy afterwards did all he could for Coffin's pro-
motion, nor was he content to relinquish his society after coming
to the throne. It is about three years since William, inviting him
to dine, was informed by the Admiral, that the gout, his great
enemy, had wholly disabled him: he was obliged to be trundled
about in an easy chair. "Well, then, come with your easy
chair," was the royal sailor's response to his old comrade; and
go with his easy chair he did. He had long before this, received a
splendid medal on some occasion from his Sovereign's hand. This
he carried with him on land and sea, and he had it when he was
cast adrift on the Atlantic ten years ago or more, by the burn-
ing of the "Boston."

Our neighbour Osgood, the artist, was on board the Boston. He
describes the fire (lightning in a cotton ship) and the whole
scene, as terrific. The sea ran mountains high, and it seemed
doubtful if a boat could live, yet the Admiral never blanched. He
was disabled, and his companions were very anxious to save him.
Mr. O. says that as several were about to go below for that pur-
pose, they encountered the veteran at the head of the cabin stairs.
He, having heard of the danger, had ascended thus far, by the
assistance of his servant, and with great and painful exertion. A
mattress was laid in the whale boat, which was on the quarter. On

this he was placed, with his servant by his side, while a man was
stationed at each tackle. He at the bow seemed well aware of
the critical situation in which they were placed; but the man at
the stern took out his knife, and when the wave rose to the boat,
cut the tackle, so that when the latter rose again, the other
end being fast, the boat was half filled with water, and the sailor
at the stern thrown into the deep. By this time the bow-tackle
was unhooked, the boat cleared from the side, and the old tar
taken, half-drowned, from the sea, to receive a pretty severe re-
primand from the fearless man whom he had so unintentionally
immersed in a cool bath.

Thus the scene went on till all were afloat, in boats, three hun-
dred miles from land. One soon died of exhaustion. The rest
were on allowance of a third of a biscuit and a gill of water a day.
The Admiral not only shared all, but he alone kept up the life of
the company, giving them every encouragement, and wind-
ing up occasionally with one of his best songs. Fortunately, this
lasted but a night and day. The passengers got into this port not
long after. The Admiral went to the Tremont again, just as if all
was not lost. Moreover, he sat to the artist, and paid him double
price. He also gave Capt. Mackay, who rescued the company, a
douceur of five hundred dollars and a splendid gold watch.

This is a long story, but it shows the whole man. He was a
sailor of the old school. Smollet would have gloried in him, but
he was too good for Smollet. His impulses were noble, and he
yielded to them. He once commanded a ship when a man was
knocked overboard in a gale; his comrades hesitated, but not
Coffin; in five minutes he had the fellow on deck again, heels
over head. "Ah, you blackguard," he cried, as he shook the
water out of his trousers. "You've cost me a new hat!" At
another time he had a fire suddenly discovered below, which
proved to be close to the magazine, and even the old sailors were
so frightened that 60 of them swam ashore. The Admiral, how-
ever, led on the rest to the rescue, and the fire was with great
exertions extinguished. As to liberality his character is well
known. We see that he has lately been publicly thanked as a
leading benefactor of the "Naval School." Everybody knows
that the Coffin School, consisting wholly of persons of that family,
has long been flourishing by his beneficence, at Nantucket, where
there are said to be, at least, 500 of the name.—*Bos. Trans.*

AN "AFFAIR" BETWEEN A WHALING CAPTAIN
AND A MILITARY OFFICER.

Captain Zachariah Lovett, after having performed several whal-
ing voyages to the Pacific, found himself in command of a small
brig belonging to New York on a voyage to Demerara.

While his little brig *Cinderella* lay at anchor in Demerara River,
Captain Lovett one afternoon entered a Coffee House, where he
met with a friend—and they amused themselves by knocking the
balls about in the billiard room. Soon after, and before the
game was half finished—some military officers entered, one of
whom, Capt. Bigbee, stepped up to Capt. Lovett, who was array-
ed in a very plain, not to say ordinary costume, and with a bully-
ing air demanded the table, as himself and brother officers wished
to play a match.

Warm words followed, which ended with Lovett knocking the
military officer down.

His brother officers, who were with him, had the good sense
to see that Bigbee was to blame—and although they looked rather
black at the Yankees they forbore to molest them further—but
assisted the stunned bully to another room, where, by the help of
some restoratives, he soon recovered his senses. His rage and
mortification at the result of the rencontre, knew no bounds, and
with many a bitter oath he declared he would have satisfaction.

Before Captain Lovett left the coffee house, a billet was handed
him by Lieutenant James, which proved to be a challenge from
Captain Bigbee, in which it was insisted that arrangements should
be made for an early meeting, that he might have an opportunity
to wash off the affront he had received, in Captain Lovett's heart's
blood.

Captain Lovett smiled when he saw such manifestations of
Christian spirit. 'Tell Capt. Bigbee,' said he, 'that I will not
balk him. He shall have the opportunity he so earnestly seeks.
Although not a fighting man, I am familiar with the duel laws—
and if he will be to-morrow morning on the back of the green
Canal, near the South Quay, rather a secluded spot, he shall have
satisfaction to his heart's content.'

Capt. Lovett went on board the *Cinderella* soon after—and
ordered his mate, Mr. Starbuck, also a veteran whale hunter, to
select the two best harpoons, have them nicely ground and fitted
—as an opportunity might offer on the morrow, of striking a por-
poise. Mr. Starbuck obeyed his superior officer with alacrity,
although he wondered not a little why Captain Lovett expected to
find porpoises in Demerara river.

The next morning, as soon as all hands were called, Captain
Lovett ordered the boat to be manned, and requested Mr. Starbuck
to take the two harpoons, to each of which some eight or ten
fathoms of rattling stuff were attached, and accompany him on
shore. In a few moments the boat reached the South Quay
where Captain Lovett was met by several of his countrymen, who

THE ROMANCE OF REALITY.

had been attracted to the spot by the rumor of the duel, as well as several merchants and other inhabitants of the place. They one and all remonstrated with Captain Lovett for his folly in consenting to fight with the English military bully, who was represented as a practised duelist—an expert swordsman, and an unrivalled marksman, with a pistol, being sure of his man at twelve paces. Captain Lovett, however, did not show the least inclination to back out—but on the contrary, seemed more eager for the engagement—“I’ll give that quarrelsome fellow a lesson,” said he, “which will be of service to him—and which he will never forget as long as his name is Bigbee.”

The challenger with his forehead ornamented with a large patch to cover the impression left by Lovett’s knuckles, and his swollen eyes dimly twinkling with anger, accompanied by his second, soon made his appearance. He was followed by a servant with a pistol case, and an assortment of swords. He bowed stiffly to Captain Lovett—and Lt. James, approaching the Yankee, asked him if he was willing to fight with swords—as the challenged party had an undoubted right to select his arms.

“Of that privilege I am well aware,” replied Captain Lovett, “and mean to avail myself of it. I shall not fight with swords.”

“I expected as much,” resumed Lt. James, and have brought with me a beautiful pair of duelling pistols. What distance shall I measure off?”

“Eight paces.”

“Only eight paces!” cried Lt. James, “a little surprised. ‘O, very well’—and he measured it off, and placed his man at his post. Then advancing to Captain Lovett, he presented him with a pistol.”

“I do not fight with pistols!”

“Not fight with pistols—after having refused to fight with swords? What brought you here then?”

“To fight!” shouted Lovett in a thundering voice, which made the officer start. “I am the challenged party, and have a right to choose my weapons, according to the laws of the *duello*, all the world over—and you may rely upon it that I shall not select weapons with which I am not familiar, and with which my antagonist has been practising all his life. Such a proceeding on my part, is not required by the rules of honor, which after all, is a mere chimera, but would be contrary to all the dictates of common sense. No.—I shall fight with the weapons of honorable warfare, with which I have ever been accustomed. Swords and pistols, indeed!”

“But, my dear sir,” cried the astonished Lieutenant, “we must proceed according to rule in this business. What weapons have you fixed upon?”

Captain Lovett said nothing—but beckoned to Mr. Starbuck, who approached him with great alacrity, bearing the two harpoons. He seized one of the formidable weapons, and thrust it into the hands of Bigbee, who seemed absolutely paralyzed with astonishment.

“My weapon,” said he “is the *javelin*—such as the Grecian and Roman knights often fought with in olden times—a weapon which no man who challenges another, can refuse to fight with at the present day, unless he possesses a mean and craven spirit.”

Thus saying he took the station which had been assigned him, at eight paces distant from his startled antagonist. He coolly bared his sinewy arm—grasped the weapon, and placed himself in an attitude. “I’ll bet,” said he, casting a triumphant look upon his friends, “a smoked herring against a sperm whale, that I’ll drive the harpoon through that fellow’s midriff the first throw, and will finish him without the aid of the lance. Mr. Starbuck,” fiercely continued Captain Lovett, in a loud and rough voice, such as is seldom heard, excepting on board a Nantucket whaling vessel, when a shoal of whales is in sight, “Stand by to haul that fellow in!”

The mate grasped the end of the line, while Captain Lovett poised his harpoon with both hand, keenly eyed the Captain, and shouted in a tremendous voice, “now for it,” and drew back his arm as in the act of throwing the fatal iron!

The Englishman was a brave man—which is not always the case with bullies—and he had often marched without flinching, up to the mouth of the cannon. But the harpoon was a weapon with which he was altogether unacquainted—and the loud and exulting tones of the Yankee Captain’s voice sounded like a summons to the grave. And when he saw the stalwart Yankee raise the polished iron—and pause for an instant, as if concentrating all his strength to give the fatal blow, a panic terror seized him—and when his grim opponent shouted, “Now for it,” and shook his deadly spear, the officer forgetting his vows of chivalry—threw his harpoon on the ground, fairly turned his back to his enemy—and fled from the field.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher’s stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man’s mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them.—*Addison*.

The following account of as romantic an Adventure with robbers, as any novel reader has ever encountered in his readings, which recently occurred in one of the southern counties of the Mississippi, is related in the Jackson (Louisiana) Republican, 27th ult. which journal derived its information from a letter written by a lady residing near the scene of action.

The Sheriff of the county had received, in his official character, a large sum of money—say 15 or \$20,000. Under pretext of a call from home for a day or two, he placed the money in the keeping of his wife, whom he charged to take good care of it.

Late in the evening of the day on which he left home, a stranger of genteel appearance called at the house, and asked permission to remain over night. Disliking to entertain a stranger during her husband’s absence, the wife of the Sheriff denied the request, and the stranger rode on. Directly after his departure, however, the lady came to the conclusion that she had done wrong in refusing, and sent a servant to recall him. The gentleman returned, and soon after retired to rest.

Late in the night three men disguised as negroes came to the house, called up the lady, and demanded possession of the money left in her charge. Believing that there was no help for it, she at length told them that the money was in the other room, and that she would go and get it for them.

It so happened that the money had been deposited in the room occupied by the stranger; and on her going for it, she found him up and loading his pistols. He had been awakened by the noise, and overheard most of the conversation between his hostess and the robbers.

Telling his hostess to be of good heart, he gave her a loaded pistol, and instructed her to go out and present the money to the robbers, and to shoot one of them dead—on doing which he (the stranger) would be ready for the other two.

With a courage and coolness that it is difficult to conceive of in a woman, she did as directed, and the robber who received the money fell dead at her feet. Another second, and the stranger’s bullet floored another robber. The third attempted to escape, but was overtaken at the gate by the stranger, and fell under the thrust of his knife.

As soon as practicable the neighbors were alarmed, and on washing the paint from the faces of the dead robbers, the one killed by the lady proved to be her husband, and the other two a couple of near neighbors.

VOICE OF THE WIND.—Mr. Head, the author of “North American Forest Scenes,” who passed a winter on the shores of Kempenfeldt Bay, an outlet of the Lake Huron, has described, in a very pleasing manner, the various natural appearances and events that give interest to an abode in those frozen regions. “I was,” says he, “occasionally surprised by sounds made by the winds, indescribably awful and grand. Whether the vast sheet of ice was made to vibrate and bellow like the copper, which generates the thunder of the stage, or whether the air rushing through its cracks and fissures produced the noise, I will not pretend to say; still less describe the various intonations that struck upon the ear. A dreary, undulating sound wandered from point to point, perplexing the mind to imagine whence it came or whither it went, whether aerial or subterranean; sometimes like low moanings, and then swelling into deep-toned notes, as if produced by some Æolian instrument; it being in fact and without metaphor, the voice of winds imprisoned in the bosom of the deep. This night I listened for the first time to what was now perfectly new to me, although I experienced its repetition on many subsequent occasions, whenever the temperature fell very suddenly.”

THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD.—The following beautiful and eloquent extract is from the “Village Grave Yard,” written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, of Boston:

“I never shun a grave yard. The thoughtful melancholy which it impresses is grateful rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me pain to tread on the green roof of that mansion whose chambers I must occupy soon; and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there, but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the pride of humanity, are all gone. Men are there, but their passions are all hushed, and their spirits are still. Malevolence has lost its power of harming; appetite is satiated; ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done raging; all disputes are ended; and revelry is over; the fellest animosity is deeply buried; and the most dangerous sins are safely confined to the thick piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the arch-angel and the voice of God.”

PROFESSIONAL LIFE.—The ambition of adopting “professional life,” of all kinds, at the present day, is the source of countless instances of misery. Every profession in England is overstocked; not merely the prizes are beyond the general reach, but the merest subsistence becomes difficult. “The three black graces, law, physic, and divinity,” are weary of their innumerable wor-

shippers, and yearly sentence crowds of them to perish of the aching sense of failure. A few glittering successes allure the multitude; chancellorships, bishoprics, and regiments, figure before the public eye, and every aspirant from the cottage, and the more foolish parents of every aspirant, set down the bauble as gained, when they have once plunged their unhappy offspring into this sea of troubles which men call the world. But thousands have died of broken hearts in these pursuits, thousands would have been happy behind the plough, or opulent behind the counter; thousands in the desperate struggles of thankless professions, look upon the simplicity of a life of manual labour with perpetual envy; and thousands, by a worse fate still, are driven to necessities which degrade the principle of honour within them, accustom them to humiliating modes of obtaining subsistence, and make up, by administering to the vices of society, the livelihood which was refused to their legitimate exertions.—*Blackwood*.

ATTACK ON THE CONVENT OF MONT ST. BERNARD.—A letter from Geneva gives the following account of the recent attack on the Convent of St. Bernard. A few months since a band of robbers attracted by the hope of plunder, (for there is generally a considerable sum in the treasury of the brotherhood, and trusting to their defencelessness, made an attempt on the place at night; and finding the doors locked and bolted, summoned the pious garrison to surrender. The fraternity endeavoured to dissuade the bandits from their enterprise by all the arguments which religion could suggest; and finding that their appeal was vain, and that the robbers were about to break through the doors of the refectory, they let loose their dogs, eighteen in number. If these noble creatures are mild and docile when despatched on errands of good—when irritated, or urged on in attack or defence, they are fierce and savage as wolves, with which they have been singly known to grapple, and even to face the bear. On this occasion they proved their wonted courage, for when sent forth against these foes, they each took their man, and notwithstanding a determined resistance on the part of the bandits, killed eleven of them, and wounded the others so severely that they were left for dead on the field. Many of the dogs fell victims in the encounter. The good fathers, forgetful of their wrongs after the conflict was over, carried the robbers that survived into the convent, dressed their wounds, and having healed them, sent them away with an exhortation, which, as far as the Convent of St. Bernard is concerned, will doubtless be effectual.

EXPERIMENT.—We witnessed an interesting experiment this forenoon on board the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, which was intended to illustrate the practicability of raising a vessel by means of cylindrical bags, placed under her bottom, and filled with atmospheric air. The bags were each of large size, capable of containing 2500 cubic feet of air. They were confined by means of ropes passing under the keel—and afterwards filled by two forcing pumps, propelling the air through tubes into the cylindrical floats. The bags were made of three parts of stout cotton canvass, made air and water tight by means of India rubber. The Cutter was raised considerably by this process—but the floats were made for a larger vessel, and when inflated, a large portion of them rose above the water. The utility of this apparatus—thus adopting a well known principle in pneumatics to practical use, must be obvious to every one. It will enable vessels with large draughts of water to pass over barred harbors, as New Orleans, Mobile, Ocracoke inlet, etc.—without lightering. It may be used also with advantage for various other purposes, as raising a vessel sunk in several fathoms of water, etc.—*Mer. Jour.*

A DEFINITION.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, or fashion; but in mind. A high sense of honour, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characteristics of a gentleman.

VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.—Dr. Johnson, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds:—“If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.”

RESIGNATION.—A head properly constituted can accommodate itself upon whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

A RARE COUPLE.—A couple at Arcis-sur-aube have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, the product of which has been twenty-five children—the youngest, who is a curate, performing the service.

“Never go a clamming at high water,” was the reply of an old fisherman to his son, who had written him, requesting the loan of twenty thousand dollars to enter into the flour speculation at ten dollars a barrel.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 13, 1839.

LATE INTELLIGENCE.

By the English packet, which arrived on Wednesday evening, we receive Falmouth dates to August 10,—London, August 7.—We subjoin the most interesting items.

The Chartist agitation, and the movements in the east,—continue to be of most importance. The first, happily, we would hope, is subsiding as regards its most dangerous features, although it still gives much trouble and alarm. Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, in a speech on the subject, intimated that relief need not be expected, by any political reforms, for the evils of which the Chartists complain. The London Morning Post, a tory paper, warmly blames his Lordship for this declaration; as impolitic, and unfeeling, calculated to drive the parties to despair, and to produce the evils deprecated. A Mr. Somerville, a Chartist, has published a pamphlet likely to be very useful in deterring the more violent from seeking physical contests. The object is to show the improbability, or impossibility, of the masses having any chance of even temporary success against the military. The writer is called an uneducated man, but is said to be one of the most graphic writers of the day. The London Spectator, of Aug. 3,—in an article on the progress of disaffection among the masses, intimates that the state of feeling among the working classes is unsatisfactory in almost every popular district in England. The Home Secretary of State, it appears, is perplexed with applications for troops from various quarters, the armed force being insufficient. It is asserted that neither militia nor yeomanry can be, safely called out, and it is suggested, that recruits in augmentation of the army, might be a means of inoculating the entire force with Chartism. The same objection is made against extensive additions to the Police.—Chartism is said to be a "knife-and-fork" question,—a struggle of the labouring classes to raise their emoluments, and to live more comfortably. To meet the difficulties which this state of things presents, the existing ministry is said to be inadequate. Remedial measures appear to be emigration, on an extensive and judicious scale, and the repeal of the corn laws,—but then arise the questions,—if the body of the labouring classes be greatly thinned, can England hold its position as the greatest manufacturing country?—and would not the powerful agricultural interest resist, as heretofore, any attempt on the free importation of foreign corn?

An English paper says:—"No serious disturbances have been recently raised by these deluded persons. At Newcastle on Tuesday week, there was a considerable demonstration of numerical force; but the military and police succeeded in clearing the streets of the mob. There was a row at Stockport, in consequence of the caption of a quantity of Chartists arms. In one or two places it has pleased the Chartists to betake themselves to a very strange but harmless sort of demonstration. On Sundays they have assembled in great numbers and taken possession of all the seats in their parish churches, without creating any disturbance."

"The Chartists of Brighton have come to the patriotic resolution of abstaining from all exciseable articles, and have accordingly fallen vigorously to the smoking of herb tobacco, and the drink of herb tea."

"The Marquis of Londonderry inquired of the Premier, whether it were the intention of Government to take any further steps for the preservation of the public peace, against the attempts of the Chartists, than the mere increase of the military force. The Premier replied in the negative; but he stated that such steps as might be necessary would be taken, as circumstances arose."

Respecting the East, Lord Palmerston, while declining to be very explicit in the present posture of affairs, intimated that the independence of Turkey should be provided for.

The conduct of China, respecting the British dealers in opium, caused some parliamentary enquiries, but nothing definite resulted. The Government are said to be in a dilemma on this subject. They have hitherto respected the rights of independent nations, in commercial arrangements with China, but India policy, is said to point to a different course when a large commerce is actually at stake. If the opium trade be vicious in its nature; no calm and proper thinking person could desire to see it forced by the British government, no matter what commercial arguments may be used in its favour.

"A telegraphic despatch reached Paris to the effect that the Turkish fleet under the command of the Capitan Pacha, arrived at Alexandria on the 4th ult. The Pacha had declared that he would not restore it to the Porte, unless the Vizier, Chosrew Pacha, should be removed from office, and his own hereditary right to his dominions recognized. In the meantime the Egyptian army had received orders to retire behind the Euphrates. Hafiz Pacha had gathered together part of the scattered remains of his army to the number of 24,000."

PARLIAMENTARY.—On Aug. 1, Lord John Russell informed the House of Commons that a second action had been threat-

ened against Messrs. Hansard for printing and publishing minutes of evidence in reprint of the Lords' report regarding New Zealand, and alleged to contain matter libellous on Mr. Pollock's character. Lord John said that the time had come for the House to take higher ground than it had assumed in a late case, respecting its privileges, and he moved, that Messrs. Hansard only performed their duty in publishing the report and evidence in question, and that they be directed to take no notice of the letter of Mr. Pollock's attorney. His Lordship further moved, "that if the caution were disregarded, the parties should be called to the bar in order to be committed to Newgate for contempt." During the discussion on this question, his Lordship received a letter stating that a second action had not been ordered. The resolution was carried.

"On Aug. 2, Lord Brougham moved in the House of Lords, an Address to her Majesty, praying her Majesty's active interference with foreign powers, for the suppression of the Slave trade. The Address passed.

The Government Bill providing for a Police force for Birmingham was supported in the Commons by a majority of 74.

HOUSE OF LORDS, AUGUST 5.—Lord Wilton called attention to the proceedings of the Chartists at Bolton, and complained that the government had not taken proper steps to counteract them.

Lord Melbourne said, that the repression of all such disturbances was under the serious consideration of the government.

The Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.

The motion for the second reading of the Postage Duties Bill gave rise to an interesting discussion.

The Duke of Wellington observed, that it was a measure that was most anxiously looked for by the country, but with respect to which much and increasing doubt was beginning to prevail, supposing their Lordships were to reject the bill, the government, if supported by the House of Commons, would, as he had before stated, have complete power to destroy the whole of the Post Office revenue, and to do all the evil which this bill could by possibility effect. At the same time, unless their lordships agreed to the bill, that improvement in the Post Office administration which they all desired to see carried into execution could not take place. Under these circumstances, he intended, though with pain and reluctance, to vote for the bill, and he earnestly recommended their lordships to adopt it.

The bill having been read a second time, was ordered to be committed on the 8th.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, AUGUST 5.—A resolution was agreed to, on the motion of Mr. Rice, authorising the commissioners of the Treasury to advance from the Consolidated Fund a sum not exceeding £200,000, on the security of the coal duties, and other unexpended funds, provided for the building of London-bridge; such sum to be applied to the purpose of making additional improvements in the metropolis.

On Aug. 6th, Resolutions of Lord Brougham, respecting the administration of justice in Ireland, passed the House of Lords 56 to 55."

From a Falmouth paper of Aug. 10, we select the following scraps:

"The first power-loom for broad-cloth weaving that has ever been introduced into Ireland has been lately erected at Milltown Factory by Mr. Moore.—In the emigrant ship *William Rodger*, to Sydney New South Wales, 16 passengers died of fever between the Cape and Port Jackson; on their arrival at Sydney, after performing quarantine at Port Jackson, the fever again broke out, and carried away 42 individuals, chiefly adults.—The proprietors of the *Great Western* steamship are about to build a ship of iron, of about two thousand tons tonnage, with engines of a thousand horse power!—We are sorry to learn from the *Waterford Mirror*, that a rencontre, which has been attended with fatal results, has taken place between the people and the police at Carlow.

Stead's patent wooden pavement, it will appear, is rapidly becoming general. Besides the Old Baily, which is now in the course of paving, the Strand, Piccadilly, and Berkeley-square, are to be similarly treated. The experiment in Oxford-street shews that scarcely any wear or tear takes place, and daily use renders it more solid and consequently durable.

Letters from Hanover of the 20th state that great agitation prevails in the capital, and that fresh troops had been ordered there.

The hosiers of Nottingham and Leicester are making gloves and stockings having bands of India-rubber web knitted in at the wrists, and under the knees instead of garters; a patent has been obtained for the invention, and licenses, at five pounds a-year each, are sold to the frame-work knitters.—The *Stafford Advertiser* states—"Most of the workmen who recently turned out in that neighbourhood have resumed their employment, having consented to abandon the union and generally to accept the terms of the masters."

The Cyclops Steam-Frigate.—This magnificent vessel, the largest steam man-of-war in the world, was launched from Pembroke Dock Dock-yard a few days ago. Her dimensions are as follows:—Length 225 feet, beam between paddles 38 feet, depth

in hold 21 feet. Her tonnage is about 1,300, being 200 tons larger than the *Gorgon*, launched from the same slip about 18 months since. Her equipment, as a man-of-war, will be in all respects as a frigate, having a complete gun or main deck, as well as an upper or quarter deck. On the main she will carry 18 long 36-pounders, and on the upper deck four 48-pounders, and two 96-pounders on swivels, carrying a ball of 10 inches diameter, and sweeping around the horizon 240 degrees."

CANADA.—Nothing of immediate consequence appears from either Lower or Upper Canada. In the latter province the subject of Responsibility still occupied much of public attention, and there were abundant evidences that the question would cause much agitation for some time to come.

Martial law has been discontinued in the district of Montreal, by Proclamation published in the *Montreal Gazette* of the 24th Aug.; Martial Law does not now exist in Canada.

A Court Martial was expected to be convened in Cobourg for the trial of the prisoners lately arrested, respecting a conspiracy and intended attack on Cobourg.

A contagious disease, it is said, has appeared in the Parish of Point Claire, in the Island of Montreal. It carried off twenty two persons in the course of a week. It begins with a bloody flux. A case is said to have occurred at Montreal, which was cured.

P. E. ISLAND.—The crops are said to promise abundantly. A new Stage Coach has been established on the line between Charlottetown and George Town. It runs twice a week, and is drawn by two horses. The Wesleyan Centenary meeting had been held in Charlottetown, Rev. R. Knight took the chair; £375 were subscribed.

BOAT RACE.—The Whalers Joseph Howe and Edward Lowe, had another trial on Monday last. The latter won by about two lengths. The day was rough.

A Grampus measuring about 11 feet in length, was caught by three boys at the head of the North West Arm, on Thursday morning last, and was exhibited during the day.

A Theatrical corps has arrived in Halifax from St. John N. B.

It appears that a Bill has passed the Newfoundland Legislature having for its object the encouragement of Steam Navigation between that Island and Halifax.

Mr. Rodgers, lecturer on India, arrived in town from St. John N. B. and commenced his course on last evening in the room occupied as a lecture room by the Mechanics' Institute, Dalhousie College.

INQUESTS.—Two melancholy occurrences have taken place within a few preceding days. On Thursday night week, James Turner, formerly master of the brig *Kate*, fell from a three story garret window of a house in which he resided, in Albermarle street, and died in a few hours. He only exclaimed, "I am gone" when lifted up, and did not speak subsequently. Severe injury on the crown of the head caused death. The case is one of melancholy interest, and mystery. No person it appears, was in the room at the time deceased was precipitated from it,—he appeared cheerful and was perfectly sober a few minutes before the occurrence. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

On Wednesday, another Inquest was held, on view of the body of Samuel Healy, late master of Brig *Velocity*. Deceased and others went on the harbour in a sail boat. The wind blew fresh from the south-east. All sail was set, and several pieces of ballast were thrown overboard by deceased's orders: the remainder shifted, and the boat went down. A boat from the *Inconstant*, Frigate, picked up the men; the deceased showed signs of life for about an hour; the usual remedies were immediately used to recover him, but in vain. Verdict, accidental death.

A GLANCE AT THE PERIODICALS.

As the Packet comes so opportunely for the present No., we devote a column, usually given to news items, to a series of characteristic scraps, gleaned in a glance at one or two of the periodicals.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.—The August No. of this useful Miscellany, (which is devoted to Politics, Science, and Art) contains the following articles: Characters of Public Men,—Colonization of New Zealand,—Letters on the State and Prospects of Italy (No. III),—Elegiac Ode,—the War in the East,—Sonnet,—Illustrations of Antiquity,—the Cynical Moroseness,—the Social Condition of Jamaica,—Review of Literature. The first article commences with the following remarks, which may give some new light on an old and hackneyed subject:

PUBLIC CHARACTERS.—Public characters are said to be public property; but, like some other kinds of public property, the title to them is not very satisfactory. It is difficult to decide at what period the public acquires this property, or, in other words, at what time during a man's life, or how soon after his death, he may be engrossed and handed over to the community. If you

venture to speak truth in the only way in which truth ought to be spoken—boldly—of a public character during his lifetime, the chances are at least an hundred to one that this common property in which you thought you had a clear right of way as if you were skipping on the top of Snowdon, or galloping over Epsom Downs, will have you in the Queen's Bench, or send a slug through your cranium before you have time to recover from the enthusiasm natural to the exercise of your proprietary rights. If public characters be really the property of the public, it is by no means so clear that the public have any right to make use of their own property. Indeed, this sort of property seems to be altogether a pleasant political fiction, and to resemble the statues and pictures that are supposed to belong to the people, but which the people are never permitted to approach too closely.

This article being chiefly of a political character, we cannot find much more that suits our columns.

New Zealand has become an object of much attention lately, as the site of vast arrangements connected with emigration,—the 2nd article in the Monthly Chronicle gives the following account of the discovery of that part of the world.

This island, or double island, was discovered in 1642 by a Dutchman, Captain Abel Jansen Tasman, who was appointed to the command of an expedition for determining the extent of the continent then called Terra Australis, supposed by some people to stretch to the pole. Tasman had not been many days upon his course, after leaving the Mauritius, when he discovered a great quantity of duckweed floating on the sea, which raised his expectations of shortly making land; and, in order to encourage the zeal of his crew, he declared that whoever should first deery a ridge of land, or even a break of shoals, should receive as a reward three reals and a pot of arrack. A month elapsed, however, before the reward was earned, the weeds still fast accumulating upon the path of the ships. At last high mountains were seen; and as the adventurers approached they discerned a variety of trees scattered over the surface, but planted so thinly as to offer no obstruction to a view of the country. Some of Tasman's followers went ashore, but were disappointed to find no inhabitants in this strange region, although there were evident traces of human beings in some ingenious steps cut in the trees, to assist the ascent of people in search of birds' nests. They had no sooner returned on board, however, than they saw the clear outlines of living men moving rapidly between the trees, and the smoke of watch-fires, or encampments, wreathing up from the distant woods. The curiosity of Tasman was strongly excited by these circumstances, and he prosecuted his voyage until he cleared the southernmost point of the land, setting at rest the tradition that it extended to the pole. Soon afterwards he steered to the east, and lost sight of this newly-discovered but unexplored land, which, in honour of the governor-general who had prepared the expedition, he called Van Dieman's Land—the name by which it continues to be known.

"The state and Prospects of Italy" is also of a political character, requiring more than a hurried hour, for the condensation of its information.

The Elegiac Ode appears of that vague and rather obsolete character, which calls on inanimate and animal creation, to sympathise with the mourner, for some loss not very clearly defined, and which is treated so poetically that the reader strongly suspects is not felt to be very burdensome.

In the next article, the late Sultan of the Turkish Empire is thus noticed:

The Sultan received into his hands an authority nearly annihilated. All the provinces of the empire had become feudal sovereignties in the hands of pachas. Ali Pacha ruled in Epirus, and Mehemet Ali had commenced to raise himself in Egypt. Mahinoud himself allowed the terrible subject who had made him Sultan to govern in the divan; but the vengeance of the Janissaries soon relieved him from that control. In the month of June 1826, he executed the daring act which has no equal in history except the destruction of the Templars.

The massacre of the Janissaries lasted two months. The Sultan immediately commenced his reforms, organised a real conscription, and formed regiments after the European fashion. But these projects could only be accomplished with the aid of peace, and the same year in which he had destroyed his own military force, he had to combat the insurrection in Greece. That war was fatal to him, not only because it dismembered his empire, but because it placed him at variance with the powers most naturally summoned to second and protect his plans of reform. Scarcely removed from the disaster of Navarino, he had to make war in 1828 against Russia, and sign at Adrianople the surrender of his northern provinces.

During this period of defeats arose, at the other end of his empire, the powerful vassal, who, in 1832 and 1833, forced the Sultan to place himself at the mercy of his most dangerous enemy, and sign with Russia the famous treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. Death arrested Mahmud at the moment when his passion, more powerful than the injunctions of diplomacy, and excited perhaps by the feeling of his approaching end, was about to cast him into the chances of a war, of which he seemed to cling to the idea. A few days before his death he had beheld his vessels leave the Bosphorus, and saluted them with his last looks. Sultan Mahmud only needed to have been born amidst that civilisation to which he so nobly aspired, to have been a great man. But educated himself in the manners of the seraglio, he never possessed the advantage of that cultivation, which would have elevated his intelligence to the height of his will.

"Illustrations of Antiquity" consists chiefly in translations of Greek scraps, intended as illustrations of antique art, and as one means of reviving a taste for the spirit and models of antiquity. We quote the opening remarks:

We have always thought that antique art would be best illustrated by those poetical fragments of antiquity scattered through the works and remains of various classics which give us, like the ruins of Pompeii, an insight into their familiar and internal life. The materials for this design are not so scanty or insignificant as might be supposed, nor the light which art and poetry reciprocally reflect so unimportant. Our sculptors cannot carve, nor our

painters design in the spirit and taste of Grecian art, without a competent knowledge of its form of thought, and a correct and scholar-like idea of its literature. It will be seen from the inscriptions and fragmentary poems illustrative of classical art and customs which follow immediately, that classicism is not, as it is erroneously deemed to be by shallow critics, a peculiar school or shape of literature, having no intrinsic merits or superiority over what is called the Romantic (including under that denomination all written literatures, European and Oriental); but that it is a form, having its basis in the eternal relations of truth, simplicity, and nature, the harmony of the world of thought with the world of matter, the highest expression of good taste,—taste which is neither relative nor changeable, but arbitrary and eternal as the eternal fitness of things.

"The Cynical Moroseness," the article on Jamaica, and the Review of Literature, do not yield much for our present object. From the latter we get the following notice of one of the popular monthly publications of the present time:

"The Heads of the People," a series of irresistible wit, which has just attained its ninth number, may be described as one of the most original works of the day. The idea was unquestionably an admirable one, and whoever conceived it, must have an extraordinary talent for hitting off the popular weakness. Perhaps there is no country in the world, except England, which could bear to see itself thus drawn in classes, depicted faithfully with a little spice of sarcasm, and exhibited at so much a head to the wondering gaze of the whole world. But in England no man believes that he belongs to the class that happens to come under the lash of Ridicule. He has a saving clause through which he escapes, and which enables him to look on and enjoy the joke against others. It is not so much pride as selfishness that produces this confidence of security, and enables an Englishman to laugh at every one's faults except his own, and to be ready to join in the hue and cry set up against all foibles and follies, under a thorough conviction that he has none himself, or, that if he have, they cannot be detected. Like the ostrich that buries its head in the sand, and believes that nobody can see it, an Englishman muffles himself up in his self-love, and thinks he is safe from assault. The experiment of "the Heads of the People" has succeeded as it ought to do, for it is one of the most complete galleries of portraits—literary and periodical—that England has produced. A high order of talent is engaged upon it, and a very accurate judgment is exercised in assigning to each writer a character upon which his previous habits of thinking may be presumed to give him peculiar advantages. The work is as cheap as it is clever, and has already found its way into some of the languages of the continent.

GARRISON BALL.—The Commandant and Garrison gave a splendid Ball and Supper last evening at the Pavilion Barrack, to a very numerous party. The entrance was by a temporary staircase, covered with flags—the Ball Room was the Messroom of the 8th Regt. which was tastefully decorated with foreign flags, and brilliantly lighted. At the head of the room the Regimental colors of the Fusiliers with the names of many a bloody battle field inscribed upon them, reminded that those who were entertaining their friends had borne themselves bravely among their foes. The Orchestra was also a temporary erection, outside the windows, the benches having been removed. The effect of this arrangement was good, and more space was reserved for the dancers. Refreshments were provided in a room on the ground floor, which, with the stairs leading down to it, had all been covered in and prepared for the occasion. The company began to assemble about 9, and very soon after a brilliant assemblage filled, without crowding, the Ball Room—the Quadrille and Waltz were kept up with much spirit, and Mr Bennett, of the New York Herald, who sometimes prates of the "handsome men and pretty women" to be seen in that city, and has been recently running mad about the yankee girls at Saratoga, had been there, he would have confessed that there were some forms floating in the dance, and eyes sparkling with gaiety and intelligence within the pavilion, that could scarcely have been matched from Maine to Florida. The officers of the squadron were there of course; and the blue and gold uniform of the navy, with the plain garb of the civilians contrasting strongly with the gaudier dress for the military, added to the variety, and presented to the eye something like the ever changing colors and combinations of the Kaleidoscope. About one the supper room was thrown open—or rather supper rooms, for a spacious addition had been made to the western end of the mess room, so that the entire company could sit down at once. The effect of this arrangement was somewhat spoiled by the rain, which in some places dripped through the bunting roof—but the accommodation was so ample, and the viands and wines in such abundance, that but little inconvenience was experienced. Colonel Smeit, the Commandant, presided; and after the Queen's health and that of the General had been given in bumpers, and received with the usual plaudits, the Colonel gave the Admiral and squadron, and afterwards the health of Captain Pring and the officers of the Inconstant, accompanied by appropriate and complimentary expressions of regret at the departure of that fine vessel from the station. Captain Pring returned thanks with much feeling and humour,—spoke of the pleasure enjoyed here, and the regret himself and his brother officers felt at leaving a station which had so many attractions, and gave the health of the Colonel and officers of the garrison. That of the Stewards followed, and deserved the warm reception it met,—for a vast deal of labour and pains must have been required to get up an entertainment for so large a company in such capital style. The dance was resumed after supper, and kept up till a very late hour. The numbers had thinned off a little, but were not sensibly diminished even at 3 o'clock; and the papas and mamas were sadly put to it to withdraw the young and fair from the fascinations of the scene.

Extract of a letter from St. John, N. B. After some allusions to the late calamitous fire, the writer says:

"The cry is now, 'Look out or Halifax' will outstrip us with her steamboats, and we shall be left in the shade.' But it is easy discerning, that at no distant period St. John will be the greatest commercial City in Her Majesty's North American Dominions. Already with that salient energy which distinguishes our merchants, it is contemplated [by the assistance of the Legislature] to establish a line of steamers from St. John to London or Liverpool. Thus you see if this project is carried into effect, we shall eclipse Halifax even in this particular completely, as your steamboats are, I understand, to stop only a few hours at your port, making Boston their final destination; and in this Province we shall have a great influx of emigrants, passing through to Canada, and St. John will form the depot and rendezvous for the embarkation of troops to and from England."

The Gentleman whose advertisement appears in this day's impression, has requested that we notice the singular circumstance of his having written to Mr. Leonard McCormick (at whose house he boarded while at Digby) from Bridgetown the morning after he missed his pocket book, requesting him to see after, and forward it by the next mail to Halifax, with a note on the letter, to the post master at Digby, requesting him to convey it immediately to Mr. M.C.'s hands (postage paid,) without his receiving any answer relative thereto, after waiting the arrival of two mails from that place. As his name was not on the Bill, any attempt to negotiate it, must be accompanied by a Forgery.—Com.

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst. at Coldraze, Manse, Gay's River, by the Rev. R. Blackwood, Mr. John Sears, Merchant, of St. John, N.B. to Miss Ann Blackwood, eldest daughter of the above.

At Guysboro' on the 3d Sept. by the Rev. Charles J. Shreeve, Rector, Mr. John Aitkins, to Cadurine, daughter of the late Murdoch Campbell, Esq.

DIED.

Suddenly, on Monday last in the 29th year of his age, Mr. Samuel Henry, a native of Yarmouth, N. S., and late Master of the Mailboat Velocity.

On Friday last, Mr. Abraham Chalk, aged 80 years.

AUCTIONS.

Cloths, Hosiery, &c.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

On MONDAY next, at 12 o'clock, at their Room,
20 pieces Superfine

Blue, Black and Invisible Green
BROAD CLOTHS,

Pilot Cloths and Kerseys, Cambric and Cotton DRESSES, Plain and Twilled; Slops, Osanburgh, Merino, Homespins, a variety of HOSIERY, Red, White, and Yellow FLANNELS, Black Silk Handkerchiefs, and Steel Side Combs.

Also, at Private Sale, a few Caska sup. VINEGAR.

2 German TIME PIECES.

Sept. 13.

BY JAMES COGSWELL,

At the Stores of Messrs. McNAB, COCHRAN & CO, Commercial Wharf, To-morrow Saturday, at 12 o'clock: to close sundry Consignments, viz:

5 HOGSHEADS BRANDY.

5 do GIN,

3 do superior SHERRY WINE,

24 bbls. Irish Mess Pork,

100 barrels GUNPOWDER,

800 lbs. SEWING TWINE,

18 pieces OSNABURGH,

17 do DUCK,

5 do BROWN HOLLAND,

5 do Coloured Do

18 boxes WINDOW GLASS 7 by 9 to 10 by 14.

September 13.

Information Wanted.

ANY INFORMATION relative to a Draft on New York for \$701 dated, "Barbados, July 10, 1839," which was contained in a RUSSIA LEATHER POCKET BOOK, supposed to have been left at Digby, or lost on the way from that place to Annapolis; will be thankfully received, and suitably rewarded, by

BENJAMIN F. F. GOODRIDGE

Apply opposite the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Halifax, Sept. 13, 1839.

Caution.

THE SUBSCRIBER hereby Cautions any person or persons trusting any of the Crew of the Barque "MARY" of London, as I will not be answerable for any debts so contracted.

Halifax, Sept. 13, 1839.

WM. PLAXTON, Master.

To the Public.

MR. PRESTON begs leave most respectfully to inform the Ladies Gentlemen and the Public in general of Halifax and its vicinity, that the THEATRE will open under his management for a very limited number of nights, during which period it will be his most anxious wish to conduct the arrangements of the Theatre in such a manner as to ensure him their patronage, by conducting to their amusement and satisfaction. For which end he has selected a company of talents and respectability, and whose conduct in public and in private life has gained them, he is proud to add, the universal kind suffrages of the St. John public,—in addition to which Mrs. Gibbs, late Miss Graddon, Prima Donna of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane; Madame La Truse of the Station Opera House, and Mr. Freer, Tragedian from the principal Theatres, London, are also engaged, and will successively make their appearances in the most Sterling Plays of our best Dramatists, and also in the popular Novelists of the day, all of which will be selected with the greatest care and judgment on his part. Under such circumstances Mr. Preston once more solicits that support and patronage, he will be proud to acknowledge with feelings of gratitude and respect.

September 6.

WINES, TEAS, SUGARS, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale at his Store in Market square, nearly opposite Messrs. W. A. Black & Son's Hardware Store, a general assortment of Wines and Groceries suitable for the Town and Country, which he will dispose of by wholesale or retail.

Goods sent to any part of the Town free of expense.

August 30.

3m

R. TREMAIN, Junr.

Just published, in one volume, and for sale at the several book-stores in Halifax, price 6s. 3d. in boards, with a portrait:

A MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM BLACK,

WESLEYAN MINISTER, HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA.

Including an account of the rise and progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia,—characteristic notices of several individuals, with copious extracts from the correspondence of the Rev. John Wesley, Rev. Dr. Coke, Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, &c.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY, M. A.

Principal of Upper Canada Academy.

SODA, MILK, WINE, AND SUGAR CRACKERS.

JUST RECEIVED by schooner Pique from New York, a large assortment of the above and other descriptions of Crackers and Biscuits—fresh from the manufactory—for sale at low prices by the barrel.

August 30.

3m

R. TREMAIN, Junr.

The following beautiful lines, so descriptive of life, are plaintive and pathetic to almost a painful degree; their melancholy however is of a high moral character, and it is relieved by gleams from that "better country," without hopes of which, the present, to many, would be gloomy indeed.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY CAROLINE BOWLES, (NOW MRS. SOUTHEY, HAVING BEEN RECENTLY MARRIED TO THAT DISTINGUISHED WRITER.)

Sunny locks of brightest hue
Once around my temple grew.
Laugh not, Lady! for 'tis true;
Laugh not, Lady! for with thee
Time may deal despitely;
Time if long he lend thee here,
May subdue that mirthful cheer;
Round those laughing lips and eyes
Time may write sad histories;
Deep indent that even brow,
Change those locks so sunny now,
To as dark and dull a shade,
As on mine his touch hath laid.
Lady! yes, these locks of mine
Cluster'd once with golden shine,
Temples, neck, and shoulders round,
Richly gushing if unbound,
If from band and bodkin free,
Well nigh downward to the knee.
Some there were took fond delight,
Sporting with those tresses bright,
To enring with living gold
Fingers, now beneath the mould
(Wo is me!) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smoothed them too
Since they lost the sunny hue,
Since their bright abundance fell
Under the destroying spell—
One dear hand! the tenderest
Ever nurse-child rock'd to rest,
Ever wiped away its tears—
Even those of later years.
From a cheek untimely hollow,
Bitter drops that still may follow,
Her's I kiss'd—(Ah! dismal day)
Pale as on the shroud it lay.
Then, methought, youth's latest gleam
Departed from me like a dream—
Still, though lost their sunny tone,
Glossy brown their tresses shone,
Here and there, in wave and ring,
Golden threads still glittering:
And (from band and bodkin free)
Still they flowed luxuriantly.

Careful days, and wakeful nights,
Early trench'd on young delights.
Then of ills an endless train,
Wasting langour, wearying pain,
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,
Crowding all on summer's prime,
Made me old before my time.
So a dull, unlovely hue
O'er the sunny tresses grew,
'Thinn'd their rich abundance too,
Not a thread of golden light
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again a shining streak
'Gins the dusky cloud to break:—
Here and there a glittering thread
Lights the ringlets dark and dead,—
Glittering light!—but pale and cold,—
Glittering thread!—but not of gold.

Silent warning! silvery streak!
Not unheeded dost thou speak.
Not with feelings light and vain,
Not with fond regretful pain,
Look I on the token sent
To declare the day far spent;—
Dark and troubled hath it been—
Sore misused! and yet between
Gracious gleams of peace and grace
Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light!
Past approach the shades of night,—
When they quite enclose me round,
May my lamp be burning found!

A STORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

A venerable old Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic with great honor, and having amassed a large fortune in the most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly at his country seat. But before retiring, he wished to take leave of his friends and connexions, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house.

The guests, who expected a most sumptuous repast, were much surprised on entering the eating-room, to see there a long oaken table, hardly covered with a coarse blue cloth. On being seated, they were served on wooden plates, with salted herring, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk. Wooden vases, filled with small beer, were passed round for each of the guests to serve themselves. The extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmurings among the company; but out of

respect to his age and wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish their frugal fare; and some of them even complimented him upon the cordiality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man—who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke farther, but, at a given signal which he gave, some servants, habited as country women, entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the brown one, and some pewter plates succeeded the wooden ones. Instead of rye bread, herring and cheese, they were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish, and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmurs ceased; the polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing, and the guests ate with better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste the second service, when they saw a butler enter, followed by half a dozen servants in brilliant livery, bringing the third. A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth, replaced the old oaken one. A side board was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china; and the sight of profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were freely passed around, while the melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Toasts were drunk, and all were merry. But the good old man perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves up to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus:

"I give you thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me. It is time that I should retire myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished to give you an idea of our republic. Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved these great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has retraced an image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak clearly what he thinks, I must say, I think that the extravagant profusion which you may have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of their brow, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise administration."—*Bangor Courier.*

GETHSEMANE.

After ascending once more into broad daylight, we crossed over the rocky path leading to the summit of the Mount of Olives, and we then arrived at a square plot of ground enclosed by a low rough wall of loose stones, and overshadowed by eight enormous olive trees which appear to be of very great antiquity. This is alleged to be the Garden of Gethsemane, "over the brook Cedron, to which Jesus oftentimes resorted with his disciples." A piece of ground, marked off from the rest of the garden, is confidently pointed out as the spot where our Saviour was betrayed by Judas, when the latter, "having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, came thither with lanterns, and torches, and weapons." St. John xviii. It is called by the Italian monks "to terra dannata," or "the accursed ground."

This is certainly a most interesting spot. It is near the brook Cedron, and to the ancient road leading from the Mount of Olives into Jerusalem; and of all the tales and traditions treasured up among the pilgrims and ecclesiastics, this carries with it the greatest degree of probability. But here again, the absurd minuteness of identification made use of only tends to throw an air of ridicule over the whole history. A ledge of rocks at the upper end of the garden is confidently pointed out as the very spot where our Saviour found the disciples "sleeping for sorrowing," and "a stone's cast" from thence is small excavation, called the grotto of Gethsemane, which is positively affirmed to be the identical spot where our Saviour "kneeling down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!" St. Luke. The grotto is covered by a small chapel, the keys of which are kept by the monks of the Latin convent.—C. G. Addison.

BEAUTIES OF SAM SLICK.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.—Do you see that are house on that risin' hummock to the right there? Well, gist look at it, that's what I call about right. Flanked on both sides by an orchard of best grafted fruit, a tidy little clever flower-garden in front, that the galls see to, and a'most a grand sarce garden over the road there sheltered by them are willows. At the back side see them everlastin' big barns; and, by gosh, there goes the dairy cows; a pretty sight too, that fourteen of them marchin' Indgian file arter milkin', down to that are medder. Whenever you see a place all snuged up and lookin' like that are, depend on it the folks are of the right kind. Them flowers too, and that are honeysuckle, and rose-bushes shew the family are brought up right; somethin' to do to home, instead of racin' about to quiltin' parties, huskin'

frollicks, gossipin', talkin' scandal, and neglectin' their business. Them little matters are like throwin' up straws, they shew which way the wind is. When galls attend to them are things, it shows they are what our minister used to call, "right-minded." It keeps them busy, and when folks are busy, they ha'n't time to get into mischief; and it amuses them too, and it keeps the dear little critters healthy and cheerful.

SIGNS OF DECAY.—Mr. Slick suddenly checked his horse, and pointing to a farm on the right-hand side of the road, said, Now there is a contrast for you, with a vengeance. That critter, said, he, when he built that wrack of a house, (they call 'em a-half-house here,) intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimbley out-side to sarve the new part as well as the old. He has been too lazy, you see, to remove the bankin' put there, the first fall, to keep the frost out o' the cellar, and it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimbley, and he has had to prop it up with that great stick of timber, to keep it from comin' down on its knees altogether. All the winders are boarded up but one, and that has all the glass broke out. Look at the barn!—the roof has fell in in the middle, and the two gables stand starin' each other in the face, and as if they would like to come closer together if they could, and consult what was the best to be done. Them old geese and vetren fowls, that are so poor the foxes won't steal 'em for fear of hurtin' their teeth,—that little yaller, lantern-jaw'd, long-legg'd, rabbit-eared, runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't curl its tail up,—that old frame of a cow, standin' there with its eyes shot-to, a contemplatin' of its latter eend,—and that varmint-lookin' horse, with his hocks swell'd bigger than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral,—is all his stock, I guess.

The goney has shewed his sense in one thing, however, he has burnt all his fence up; for there is no danger of other folks' cattle breaking into his field to starve, and gives his Old Mooley a chance o' sneakin' into his neighbours' fields o' nights if she find an open gate, or a pair of bars down, to get a treat of clover now and then. O dear, if you was to get up airy of a mornin', afore the dew was off the ground, and mow that are field with a razor, and rake it with a fine-tooth comb, you would 'nt get stuff enough to keep one grasshopper through the winter, if you was to be hang'd for it.

A RAKISH FARMER.—Gist look at him: his hat has got no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers and jacket are all flyin' in tatters of different colour'd patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an ontanned mocasin on t'other. He ain't had his beard cut since last sheep-shearin', and he looks as shaggy as a yearlin' colt. And yet you see the critter has a rakish look to. That are old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin', he has both hands in his trousers pockets, as if he had somethin' worth feelin' there, while one eye shot-to on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as far as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that did 'nt smoke could 'nt do that now, squire.

GENTILITY.—Do you see them are country galls there, said Mr. Slick, how they are tricked out in silks, and touched off with lace and ribbon to the nine's, a mincing' along with parasols in their hands, as if they were as fear'd the sun would melt them like wax, or take the colour out of their face, like a printed cotton blind! Well, that's gist the ruin of this country. It ain't poverty the blue noses have to fear, for that they needn't know, without they choose to make acquaintance with it; but it's gentility. They go the whole hog in this country, you may depend. They ain't content to appear what they be, but want to be what they ain't.

PREPARING FOR A PARTY.—If she hasn't a shew of doughnuts and prasarves, and apple sarce and punkin pies and sar-sages, it's a pity; it's taken all hands of us, the old lady and her gall too, besides the helps, the best part of a week past preparin'. I say nothin' but it's most turned the house inside out, a settin' up things in this room, or toatin' 'em out of that into t'other, and all in such a confustrigation, that I'm glad when they send me of an arrand to be out of the way. It's lucky them harrycanes don't come every day, for they do scatter things about at a great rate, all topsy turvey like,—that's sartin.

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