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THE SOMNAMBULIST; OR, A NIGHT WITH ABRAHAM THORNTON.

BY T. ARCHER.

The Western World, which spreads wide her giant arms to shelter alike the oppressor and the oppressed, where the early pilgrim found a peaceful haven, and the blood-stained regicide a sanctuary, still contains, within its forest depths, the homes of many long forgotten in their father-land; or remembered but as the mourned, or execrated, of the past.

In the autumn of the year 18—, I traversed a portion of that extensive tract, stretching westward from the Alleghany mountains to the vast waters of the Mississippi. I travelled on horseback, and the delights of the daily wild and solitary gallop, more than compensated for the rugged hospitality and comfortless menage of the rude hostleries of the prairie.

It was sunset as I breathed my horse on the brow of a steep hill, and perceived below me, with considerable satisfaction, the habitation designated in my route as my resting place for the night. It was a solitary house, standing about fifty yards from the road, surrounded by all the appurtenances of a flourishing establishment; the proprietor of which apparently combined the employments of innkeeper and agriculturist. An unusual quiet pervaded the place, my loud calls were unheeded, and I looked in vain for the appearance of the "human face divine." I dismounted and advanced towards the door—it was opened at that moment by the landlord—deep grief was depicted in his rugged features; death was within the house; his wife had just breathed her last, and his children were in the fierce grasp of a dangerous and malignant fever. Of course it was no resting-place for me; and with difficulty, amidst the bustle and excitement of the house of mourning, I procured information even as to the mean of obtaining a shelter.

"There's Job Harrison," at length said one rough fellow, (who in the affliction of the family had appropriated to himself the privilege of questioning me of my "where-about,") "he'll give you a bed, for the night, I guess he'll be glad to see a countryman." To my question as to the distance, "Oh," replied he, "just grazes us here; you've only to ride seven miles on the high road due west; then throw a rifle shot over your left shoulder as you pass the swing-bridge on the swamp, and you're at his place." Having ascertained with such exactness the location of my countryman, I had no more to do but mount and away; and following the direction of my informant, which, however unintelligible to my reader, was perfectly correct, after half an hour's hard riding, I found myself approaching, through a thickly-wooded plantation, the residence of Job Harrison.

It was a large substantial building, more like like an English farm-house than any I had seen in this part of the country; I knocked loudly at an outer gate, and was answered by a negro, to whom I consigned my horse, and walked up at once to claim the hospitality of the proprietor. He advanced to meet me; I told my story; and with a constrained civility, and rather an ungracious manner, he bade me welcome.

He preceded me into what appeared to be the common sitting room, and arousing a woman who was sleeping in an arm-chair by the fire, roughly ordered her to bring refreshments, and prepare a bed for my accommodation.

I had now leisure to observe the extreme peculiarity of his appearance, he was a man not exceeding forty years of age, cast in a gigantic mould, and had been at one time of his life excessively corpulent; but now his flesh hung loosely, and gave a tremulous motion to his whole frame, which seemed wasting beneath an unnatural and premature decay, whilst it fell, like dewlaps, from each side of his heavy, sallow, and unmeaning countenance: his hair was silvery white; but his eye, the only feature which redeemed him from disgusting ugliness, was bright and sparkling. Yet strange and unpleasant as was his appearance, he excited an interest in me for which I could not account, further than by a vague idea that I had seen him before; his sepulchral tones seemed familiar to my ear, connected with some circumstance of horror, the particulars of which (like a dream we strive in vain to recollect) I could not embody.

His conversation was coarse, although not illiterate; he asked me some questions about English affairs, but they were principally confined to agricultural subjects. An excellent supper was placed upon the table by the female whose slumber I had disturbed, with the exception of the negro who had taken charge of my horse, the only domestic I saw about the premises. Although everything bespoke plenty, even to profusion, an air of gloom and desolation pervaded the whole establishment, which seemed reflected on the

lowering brow of my moody and disagreeable host. Brandy and other spirits were placed upon the table, of which he drank largely, but they produced no exhilarating effect upon his spirits. In the course of conversation he asked me of what county in England I was a native, and on my replying Warwick, he looked at me wildly, and slightly removed his chair; I took no notice of his emotion, but proceeded to state that I was born in the immediate vicinity of the village of Erdington: a livid hue passed over his pale cheek, and his eye flashed on me with an expression of terror and defiance; at that instant the female entered, and, in a grumbling tone, hinted at the lateness of the hour: I requested to be shown to my apartment, and, bidding him good night, gladly availed myself of the opportunity of retiring.

She conducted me up a flight of stairs into a large and convenient room, on a level with a verandah surrounding the house, placed a candle on the table, and bidding me, in an emphatic tone, to lock my door! left me to my reflections.

There was something in this woman's manner as disagreeable as her master's; and her last words, blended with his strange conduct, produced in me a feeling of uneasiness.

I had no inclination for sleep; I was fevered, and felt as if the cool night air would relieve me: the communication with the verandah was from the passage; I unlocked the door, which I had fastened according to her direction; it opened outwardly, but was obstructed by some heavy body, which I found to be a piece of furniture, evidently placed there to prevent my egress! it yielded however to the force I applied, and I passed out into the verandah.

The moon shed its silvery light through the tall pine-forest, and no sound broke the stillness of the night, but the rustling of the crisp decaying leaf, yielding to the chill breeze of autumn. It was a scene of wild and majestic beauty, but its gloom aroused a train of thoughts which had been whirling in my brain, and seemed, in their complicated machinery, to be developing some hideous drama in which I was to bear a part. At length, finding myself drowsy, I returned to the room, and resolving to frustrate any attempt at confining my actions (which appeared to be intended), I left the door unlocked, which was immediately opposite the bed, on which I flung myself partially undressed, taking the precaution of placing my pistols under my pillow.

Overpowered by fatigue and excitement, I slept; but my dreams were wild and startling: I was in England—I was on the ocean; at last I thought I was in a court of justice, and arraigned for murder; I heard the charge recapitulated, and the usual question of guilty or otherwise. "Not guilty," I replied. "Not guilty!" echoed a deep sepulchral voice, which awoke me at once from my restless sleep. I grasped a weapon, whilst the life-blood rushed startlingly to my heart; for there, within a foot of the bed—full in the pale moonlight—with no covering but his disordered night-gear—stood the ghastly form of my mysterious host! My finger was on the trigger, when I perceived by the fixed glare of his dark eye, he slept.—"Not guilty!" repeated the fearful somnambulist, making an action as if drawing a glove upon his right hand, and flinging its fellow upon the floor; then raising his form to its full height, whilst a smile of demoniacal triumph curled his pale lip, he stalked slowly from the room!

I locked the door, and breathed freely again; I was right in my conjecture; my dream seemed to have aided my memory, and every circumstance came clearly to my recollection. It was in a court of justice I had seen this man, whose crime (dark as his escape from its consequence was extraordinary) had stained the annals of my native country; and in the strange action rehearsed in sleep, I recognised the judicial form of the gladiatorial law, of which he was the latest claimant.

I was dressed with the first ray of morning. The woman was up. I declined taking any breakfast, but, leaping on my horse, galloped rapidly from the contaminating atmosphere that seemed to hang around the domicile of

ABRAHAM THORNTON.

NOTE.—On the 5th of August, 1817, Abraham Thornton was capitally indicted at the Warwick Assizes, for the wilful murder of Mary Ashford, near the village of Erdington, under most aggravated circumstances.

From some discrepancy in the evidence, he was acquitted, but again taken into custody on an "Appeal of Murder," prosecuted by William Ashford, the brother and heir-at-law of the deceased.

The prisoner Thornton is thus described:—"He was about twenty-five years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and of a ferocious and forbidding aspect. His natural thickness was greater than common, but excessive corpulency had swollen his whole

figure into a size rather approaching deformity. His face was swollen and shining, his neck very short and thick, but his limbs were well proportioned. He was a great adept in gymnastic games, and accounted one of the strongest men in the country; so athletic was his form, that his arm-pits did not possess the usual cavities, but were fortified with powerful ligaments."

He, conscious of the decided advantage which his uncommon personal strength would give him over the dwarfish and delicate frame of the Appellant Ashford, had determined on availing himself of the barbarous privilege extended to him by the antiquated and absurd law under which he stood appealed, known as "*Trial by Wager of Battle*."

On the 17th of November the proceedings were resumed in the Court of King's Bench, in Westminster-Hall, London, where the Sheriff of Warwick appeared with Thornton as his prisoner. When, in the proceedings of this day, he was asked, in the form of the court, if guilty or otherwise, Mr. Reader, one of his counsel, put into his hand a slip of paper, from which he read "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body." Mr. Reader likewise handed him a pair of large gauntlets or gloves, one of which he put on, and the other, in pursuance of the old form, he threw down for the appellant to take up. It was not taken up. And thus did the rigid application of the law a second time snatch this man from the punishment which, even on his own admission of guilt, he had so fully incurred.

Finding himself an object of dread and terror in the neighborhood of his family, he, a few months after his liberation, succeeded in disguise in procuring a passage to America.—See *Criminal Trials*.

THE POSTMASTER OF ROUVRAY.

The career of Napoleon inspired a degree of enthusiasm in the breasts of the people of France which had never been known to exist before under any—the most fortunate circumstances. From the peer to the peasant, all idolized their hero, and Napoleon never discouraged the manifestations of affection with which he was greeted wheresoever he went; indeed, he gave such license to his people, even after he had become emperor, that their familiarities often became unpleasant and inconvenient. Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers was the postmaster of a small place in Burgandy, bearing the name of Rouvray, who upon two or three occasions had the honor, personally, of driving the emperor's carriage, and had been spoken to by him familiarly. His first meeting with Napoleon was under circumstances calculated to awaken a lively feeling in the breast of the emperor, for the postillions who were driving his carriage to Rouvray had fallen asleep, and the horses, instead of going direct to the post house, had wheeled round, and the night being dark, they had nearly precipitated carriage, emperor and all, from a bridge. As it was, the carriage was nearly overturned, and the postmaster happening at the moment to be returning with two of his men from the next town, perceiving the danger, rushed towards the emperor's carriage and prevented the accident from occurring. The emperor, expressed himself grateful for the assistance rendered by M. Bizouard, and intimated that he would not forget the circumstance.

Bizouard never importuned the emperor; he was indeed delighted if he got but a nod of recognition; and as nothing pleased Napoleon so much as fanatic devotedness, he was always glad to see the postmaster and hear him give vent to his enthusiasm. M. Bizouard had access to the Tuileries, and he never visited Paris without paying a visit to 'his friend, the emperor,' which he did with less ceremony than when he had to wait upon the director of the post office department.

One day, on alighting from the diligencé, in his usual travelling dress, he proceeded to the palace to visit his imperial friend. His sang froid, as he inquired whether the emperor was at home, astonished the guards and officers of the court. Some laughed, others desired him to go away; and when he became importunate they swore and threatened to send him to the guard-house. This roused all that was lion-like in the disposition of M. Bizouard, and he cried—

'Ah, ye coxcombs! if you dare to threaten the postmaster of Rouvray'—

'And who's the postmaster of Rouvray?' asked one of the officers on duty.

'Let me have pen and ink, and you shall see!' exclaimed M. Bizouard, in a voice of thunder, 'let me have pen and ink, and I'll write to the emperor! Ah, you may stare!—I say, to the emperor!'

Pen, ink and paper were brought, and M. Bizouard wrote as follows:

'SIRE: The postmaster of Rouvray (your best friend and most devoted subject) is about to be sent to prison, just as if I were a rioter in your palace. I don't like to waste my time any longer, and besides I wish to see you forthwith—Please to make haste.

BIZOUARD.

The emperor had no sooner read this strange note, than he laughed heartily, and to reconcile his enthusiastic adherent to the insult that had been offered him, he despatched one of his chamberlains to have him released; and to the astonishment of the officers, M. Bizouard was conducted into the presence of 'his friend, the emperor.'

His business with Napoleon was of some consequence. He had a daughter, a young and delicate girl, who had given her heart to one who was far above her, but who returned her love, and would have married her, but that his parents opposed his union with one so humble. Julie, who encouraged by the hopes of her lover, had believed that his parents would at length be induced to consent to their union, was nearly broken-hearted when she learned that they had deputed Francois to pay his addresses to the only daughter of a wealthy merchant. The postmaster had for some time observed that his daughter's health was declining, and he did all that laid in his power to make her happy. Never lived a kinder parent than M. Bizouard. Rough as he was in his manner, yet he possessed such a warmth of feeling that in the contemplation of his good qualities every thing else was not forgotten. He beheld the suffering of his daughter with dismay. The color had forsaken her cheek, her eyes had become lustreless, and he thought that she was dying.

Moved by his constant kindness, and the tears which fell from his old eyes upon her pale cheeks, as she reclined upon his bosom, Julie disclosed to him the secret of her grief.

The old man was a few minutes speechless; and then the only words he uttered were 'My friend the Emperor!' He pressed his poor child fondly to his bosom, and the next morning at day-break set out for Paris, where he obtained an interview, as already stated.

The postmaster's business was explained in a few words, and the Emperor's reply was equally laconic.

'Go home, postmaster,' said Napoleon, 'and if Julie's tears be not dried within three days come hither again.'

M. Bizouard travelled quick, but the Emperor's wishes had gone faster; for on the former riding into the post-yard of Rouvray, who should come out to meet him but Julie and Francois; and both were looking so happy, and both were so eager to tell him what had come to pass, that they were both unintelligible; but by their looks M. Bizouard knew that they were happy, and his heart instinctively said—'This is the work of the Emperor.'

And his heart spoke truly. The Emperor had sent Julie a marriage portion and Francois a commission in the army; and now the parents of the youth no longer opposed the nuptials. No doubt that night the post-house of Rouvray resounded with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!'

Time passed on, and the idol of M. Bizouard fell into misfortune: his 'friend' was no longer Emperor of France, but a captive. Who can describe the postmaster's sorrow and despair?

But soon afterward, all France was aware that Napoleon had escaped from Elba; and again were the spirits of M. Bizouard exalted. Early one morning in March, before the sun had risen, the postmaster of Rouvray was awakened by loud shouts at his chamber window, and, on popping out his head to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, who should he see but 'his friend the Emperor.'

'Allons, Bizouard!' cried Napoleon; 'my old and faithful friend! Quick—quick with horses! I am expected at Paris!'

The postmaster was bewildered.

'My friend the Emperor!' he cried, and rushed into the stable for the required horses.

The note of preparation soon struck, and all was bustle and anxiety in the post-house at Rouvray. The horses were put to, Bizouard's two sons were mounted, and the good old enthusiastic postmaster himself, who had also assumed the postillion, had not yet ascended his post of honor. He stood pensive and serious, close to the impatient Napoleon. At length the cloud passed from his countenance, and he exclaimed, with a dignified smile, 'Ma foi, if it make him angry, I shall be angry too!' and then, turning towards the Emperor, he said—'I have been thinking for these ten minutes how I should convey a request to your Majesty—and I am not a bit the wiser after all.'

'Bah!' exclaimed Napoleon, taking a pinch of snuff.

'It must come out, sire,' said the postmaster, 'though I know—that is, I am afraid—it will offend you.'

'Well,' said the Emperor, 'what is it?'

'Sire, I have had the honor of driving you many times; I am no courtier, no intriguer; I love my country's preserver. I love you for yourself. That's all!'

'That all!' echoed the Emperor.

'No—I have just now a great favor—a very great favor—to beg. You will perhaps laugh, perhaps be angry, but I shall be the happiest of men if you grant it: I ask permission to embrace you!'

The Emperor burst into a fit of laughter.

'Is that all, my poor Bizouard?' he exclaimed, 'Come—and then let us be off.'

Bizouard rushed to the Emperor, clasped him in his arms, hugged him, and, triumphantly bestriding his porteur, started, ventre a terre, and in less than an hour drove up before the post-house of Avallon, shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!'—There Bizouard took leave of his great friend—but his parting good wishes, though enthusiastic, were expressed with sadness, and tears fell from his eyes as he joined in the acclamations of the surrounding throng.

The disastrous news from Waterloo fell upon him as a thunder-bolt. Soon after that fatal day the postmaster of Rouvray was dismissed from that situation, next sent to prison, and tried at the assizes for having promoted the usurpation of his imperial patron, and endeavouring to avenge his fall upon the restored Government. He was acquitted, but such heavy blows impaired his health. From rich that he was he became poor, and the revolution of 1830, found him ploughing fields that were not his own. His attachment to the memory of his departed idol long injured the success of his applications to Louis Philippe's Government. At length, one afternoon as he returned from his daily task, a letter was put into his hands, the contents of which extracted from him a 'Vive l'Empereur!' meant to be a 'Vive le Roi!' M. Bizouard was informed that through the personal interference of the Duke of Orleans he was restored to the office of postmaster of Rouvray.—*French papers.*

WOOD-ENGRAVING.

The *Penny Magazine*, and other publications of the Useful Knowledge Society, or Mr. Knight, were the first systematic attempts to apply the principle of teaching by pictures; and Mr. London, in his *Cyclopaedia* and *Periodicals*, has extensively employed them with excellent effect: scientific works as well as books of entertainment are beginning to adopt the pictorial plan of explanation. The benefit arising from this union of delineations and description in the communication of ideas, is still not sufficiently felt: prints are viewed in the light of extrinsic aids and accessories rather than as essential and intrinsically useful. Drawing is the demonstrator of visible truths; and though the pen may be the prime mover of the reader's fancy, the pencil points the way to the perception of realities. Many matters of fact can only be stated clearly by lines: the plan of a building, a view of a place, a plant or an animal, the structure of a machine, the form of a statue, can only be distinctly represented by an image. In these days of cheap publications and steam-printing, the art that inlays the page with graphic exemplifications of the author's meaning, without impeding the rapidity of the printing process, and at a much less expense than plates of any kind, is of immense utility and importance.

The reason why wood-engraving is not even more employed, is undoubtedly the fact, that the art itself is not thoroughly understood either by painters or the public: indeed, writers on its history have proved their ignorance of the process. People see and hear of wood-engraving, and think wood a very cheap substitute for copper; they admire the ingenuity of the engraver on wood in coming so near to copperplate, and are very pleased to have a book adorned with wood-cuts at so small an additional cost: but they do not concern themselves further; they would be surprised to hear that the processes of engraving on wood and on copper are totally different, and that many "wood-cuts" are printed from metal.

It is the very reverse of engraving on copper; for though the plate and the block are each incised, it is the raised lines of the wood that yield the impression, while in the copperplate it is the sunken lines. Wood-cuts may be printed with type, but copperplates cannot: and this constitutes the advantage of wood-engravings over copperplates for the illustration of books.

Wood-engraving includes two distinct operations,—the one performed by the draughtsman, who draws the design on the block with a pen or pencil; the other by the cutter, who cuts away the blank lines and spaces, leaving the drawing engraved in relief. The extreme delicacy, dexterity, and patient skill required to cut out cleanly, pieces of wood from between lines less than a hair-breadth distant from each other, so as to preserve the lines in relief perfect and unbroken, will be apparent on looking at any wood-cut of ordinary finish: and when it is borne in mind that the various tints are produced by the thickness or thinness of the lines, their nearness or openness, and the height of the relief in different parts, the niceness of the operation necessary to produce a satisfactory result is really surprising.

Wood-engraving is a more ancient art than printing; indeed it was the parent of this great civilizing power: from playing-cards sprung that mighty engine the press. Stamping from raised lines, figures, and letters, was practised from the earliest times; as may be seen from cuneiform characters impressed on the Babylonian bricks, and a wooden brick-stamp found in a tomb at Thebes. The ancients branded their cattle, slaves, and criminals; and sovereigns and official persons used engraved stamps or stencil-plates to affix their signatures or monograms to documents. Justin, Pope Adrian, Charlemagne, and the Gothic sovereigns of

Spain, adopted such contrivances; and they were in ordinary use among the German and Italian notaries in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is probable also that English merchants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries stamped their commodities with the monograms or marks found on tombstones, etc. Quintilian, speaking of teaching writing, says—"When the boy shall have entered upon *joining-hand*, it will be useful for him to have a *copy-head* of wood, in which the letters are well cut, that through its furrows, as it were, he may trace the characters with his *style*:" and a "stencil-plate" of copper has been found amongst old Roman coins. Yet for all these near approaches to the principle of printing, it was reserved for wood-engraving to develop it, and that too as an accessory to the graphic art.

AMERICAN FACTORIES.

We have just returned from a visit to the factories in Fall River, Bristol, Providence, Pawtucket, Central Falls, Valley Falls, Lonsdale, Slatersville, Woonsocket, Waterford, Blackstone, Mendon, Farnunsville, Wilkinsonville, and New England Village in Grafton. In these places are some fifty factories of cotton and woollen cloths, and establishments for printing calicoes. We were everywhere treated with courtesy, and denied admission to not one establishment. And now, says the reader, have you formed a more favorable opinion of the moral and political tendency of these prison-houses of New England girls? We frankly answer, No! In nearly every instance they are compelled to work more hours than human nature can endure, without sustaining essential injury. They are summoned to their toil by the bell at early dawn in the morning, and continue until half-past seven or eight o'clock at night. Among them are hundreds of indifferently clad children, who in the families of our thrifty farmers would be allowed at the same age to lie an hour or two longer in the morning in bed, and would be consigned to quiet sleep at night a long time before these are released from their toil. They have thirty minutes only allowed each at breakfast and dinner, including time of changing clothes, washing, and their walk longer or short going to and returning from their meals; and what is worse, in many factories, sickly females and small children are compelled to get their breakfast before daylight in the morning from September to March, and do not allow them a moment for tea, until the late hour in the evening we have named. The countenances of the operatives are generally sickly and sallow, and an unnatural dullness about the eye. The weaving rooms are generally to a considerable extent, an exception from these remarks. The girls are more cheerful, independent and happy, and the air of their rooms is more pure and healthy. In the carding and picking rooms, the whole atmosphere is full of millions of floating particles, released from the articles to be manufactured, and these must be inhaled at every breath; besides the whole atmosphere is highly rarified; the whole organs of life must therefore be seriously impaired, not only by a diseased medium of respiration, but by a sudden change to the night atmosphere. The time these operatives are compelled to work, is from one third to one fifth greater than it should be. The masters say their employment is healthy—but few constitutions can long endure it. Changes are constant, and thousands yearly go home to recover their health, but alas! more frequently to die. When their constitutions fail, if they have any friends, they are somehow gotten home. The poor little children are, above all, to be pitied. They look like plants grown in a dark damp cellar, and they never make anything more than the shadows of such men as the sons of our hardy mechanics and farmers. In some cases the law for schooling is shamefully evaded. The whole system is exceedingly anti-republican and demoralizing. The overseers are many of them selected merely because it is thought they get the most work out of the hands, without reference to any other single qualification. In many factories every effort is made to guard the rights and protect the morals of the operatives; and high-minded and honourable men are sought for overseers. In Pawtucket we saw more that was wrong than in any other place—in the evening men that we saw as overseers of large rooms of girls, came into the tavern, drank freely, swore the big oath, gambled, boasted of their fights, uttered the words of patrid obscenity, and boasted of their amours, and all in the public sitting room, before strangers from different cities and towns, with the same freedom as if all were initiated and sworn into the mysteries of their impurities. Gracious heavens! we inwardly exclaimed, are these task-masters the guardians of the fair fame and virtue of the daughters of our New England yeomanry? Moral pestilence must follow in the footsteps of such moral monsters. The poor girls, if virtuous, are compelled to endure their coarse freedom, and hear their double *entendres*, or at once lose their employment; an old Turk does not think so disrespectfully of women as do many of these men. One of the laws of human nature is, that those we have most wronged, we hate most; and the constant habit these men have of seeing women in this servitude, destroys all the finer feelings which nature has planted in the mind of man towards the sex, as a bond of social virtue. We are no enemy to our manufactures—they should be cherished; but let the divine, the civilian, the statesman, the legislator, see that we do not by building up our manufactures, destroy public morals, which is the only foundation of social happiness, and safeguard of

var free institutions—without which the wealth of the Indies would be only the forerunner of our destruction.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

(The following account of a recent dreadful occurrence is from a late English paper; its extraordinary nature induces us to give it a place in our columns.)

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LADY BY LEAPING OFF THE MONUMENT.

A young female, aged 23, named Miss Martin Moyes, daughter of a master-baker, carrying on business at No. 3, Hemming's-row, Charing-cross, committed suicide by throwing herself off the top of the Monument in September. About 20 minutes before the time just mentioned she accosted Thos. Jenkins, the person who admits visitors, on the payment of 6d. each, to inspect and ascend the Monument.—She inquired if two ladies and a gentleman had not been there, describing their persons, and being answered in the negative she expressed her surprise at their absence, adding that she and the persons enquired after had just arrived from Gravesend by a steamer, with the view of seeing London from the Monument. She then asked permission to sit within side the railings that encircled the base of the Monument, adding that she was sure her party would arrive in a short time. The keeper Jenkins complied with her request, and she sat down on a stone slab inside the railing gates. She then entered freely into conversation with Jenkins, and among other remarks observed that the morning was rather cloudy, and she hoped that it would clear up, so as to enable her to have an advantageous prospect. Her manner was apparently perfectly calm and collected. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, she rose up, saying she would not wait any longer, but would ascend the monument without her party. After paying the accustomed fee, and ascending a few steps, she turned back and said to Jenkins, "If they come, tell them to come up to me; but if they decline ascending, detain them till I come down." After saying this she immediately ascended, and nothing more was seen or heard of her until she had committed the extraordinary and fatal act. On inspecting the terrace at the summit of the giant column, her bonnet, shawl, veil, waistband, and gloves, were found lying on it. A piece of spun rope, about half an inch in diameter, and ten feet in length, was found tied to the top rail of the iron palisades, round the terrace. There was a loop at the bottom of this rope, somewhat in the shape of a stirrup iron, which served her as a ladder to climb over the iron palisades, and get on to the projecting cornice that runs around outside it. It is conjectured that when she got upon the cornice, she allowed herself to drop backwards without making a spring. This conjecture is founded on the fact, that her body fell within the iron railings at the base of the pillar. The body was seen in its descent by several persons, who say that it did not strike against any of the upper part of the pillar, and that the first obstruction it met with was from a bird cage, hanging on the right side of the door of the stone steps by which she had ascended. She then fell on an iron bar which runs as a support from the side of the door to the iron railings, which was very much bent by the concussion. Her left arm, near the shoulder, came in contact with the bar, and was so violently severed that the part cut off flew over the iron railing several yards into the square. After striking against the iron bar, the body fell so heavily on a tub containing a lilac plant that it broke it in pieces, as well as several flower pots placed on the right hand side of the door. Of course not a sign of life, except some contractions of the muscles of the legs and arms, were discernible on the body when it was picked up.

A shell was procured by city constable Bradley, No. 6, and the body was conveyed by him and Jenkins to the dead house under London bridge. In a short time two surgeons arrived, who examined the body, and found, besides the injury to the left arm already mentioned, that the spine and both thighs were broken in several places. Neither the head nor face presented any exterior marks of injury. The unfortunate young person's dress was a black silk one, white silk stockings and japanned shoes. A wedding ring was on the middle finger of her left hand. In figure she was above the ordinary height, her features were regular, and altogether she must have been a fine and handsome woman. The police circulated a description of her person, but no clue to her identity was discovered until about seven o'clock in the evening, when the Lord Mayor, visiting the monument for the second time, was told that a gentleman had a communication to make to him. The communication was to the effect that the unhappy girl was the daughter of Mr. Moyes, of Hemming's row; that she had quitted her home at an early hour in the morning, and had left a letter behind, stating that her family should never see her again.

This is the fourth strange suicide of the kind that has occurred since the erection of this monument. The first was that of a weaver in 1750; the second, John Craddock, a baker, in 1788; and the third, John Levy, a diamond merchant, January 17, 1810.

Knowledge is silver among the poor, gold among the nobles, and a jewel among princes.

USELESS WEALTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The wretch of whom old Æsop told,
Who digged the earth and hid his gold,
Shall be a glass to sordid pelf,
Where it can look and see itself.
He had no wealth with all the store,
Of glittering dust he brooded o'er,
For gold beneath the crumbling clod,
Had him beneath its tyrant rod.
His treasured store in silence slept,
And there his sordid bosom kept,
Whose sole delight was there to dwell,
And see the hoarded treasure swell.

So oft the miser came and went,
To where his gold and heart were pent,
A rustic saw the path he trod,
And guess'd of gold beneath the sod;
And when the sun had gone to rest,
In splendors down the dappled west,
He crept to where the treasures lay,
He dug them up and went away.

The miser with to-morrow's sun,
Was up and dressed and down he run,
And sees a rogue had been before,
Took up the stone and stole the ore.
He groan'd, he wept, with frantic air,
He stamp'd, he rav'd, and tore his hair,
Until a traveller passing by,
Inquir'd the cause of such a cry.
"They've stole my gold—they've got the whole,
A curse upon the wretch that stole."
'Where slept the treasure, they have got!'
'Beside this stone, behold the spot.'
'O! is it then a time of war,
That you should bring your gold so far?
Are cities sack'd and dwellings burn'd,
And countries into ruin turn'd,
That you, your treasures dare not trust,
Except beneath the crumbling dust?
Methinks 'twere best to let it lie
Within you home, beneath your eye,
Where you could always have the power,
To use the treasure any hour.'
'What, any hour?—Oh! thrifless thought!
To spend so flushly what I'd got!
I never from my coffer bore
A farthing of my scanty store.'
'Then why so piteously lament?
You have not lost a single cent.
Just put a stone within the hole,
And down the valley daily stroll;
You'll then be really rich as ever,
And thieves will steal your treasures never.'

THETA.

BODILY AND MENTAL EVILS.

It is a terrible thing when youth—the time of sport and enjoyment, the period which nature has set apart for acquiring knowledge, and power, and expansion, and for tasting all the multitude of sweet and magnificent things which crowd the creation, in their first freshness and with the zest of novelty—is clouded with storms or drenched with tears. It is not so terrible by any means when the mere ills of fortune afflict us; for they are light things to the buoyancy of youth, and are soon thrown off by the heart which has not learned the foresight of fresh sorrows. The body habituates itself more easily to any thing than the mind, and privations twice or thrice endured, are privations no longer. But it is a terrible thing indeed when—in those warm days of youth when the heart is all affection, the mind longing for thrilling sympathies, the soul eager to love and be beloved—the faults, the vices, or the circumstances of others, cut us off from those sweet natural ties with which nature, as with a wreath of flowers, has garlanded our early days; when we have either lost and regret, or known but to contemn, the kindred whose veins flow with the same blood as our own, or the parents who gave us being.

There are few situations more solitary, more painful, more moving, than that of an orphan. I remember a schoolfellow who had many friends who were kind to him and fond of him; but he said to me one day, in speaking of his holy day sports, "I, you know, have no father or mother." And there was a look of thoughtful melancholy in his face, and a tone of desolation in his voice which struck me strangely, even young as I then was. But that situation, lonely as it is, deprived of all the tender and consoling associations of kindred feeling, is bright and cheerful, gay and happy, compared with that in which some commence their career on earth.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ECKMUHL.

As they arrived on the top of the hill of Lintach, which separate the valley of the Iser from that of the Laber, the French, who came up from Landshut, beheld the field of battle stretched out like a map before them. From the marshy meadows which bordered the shores of the Laber, rose a succession of hills, one above another, in the form of an amphitheatre, with their slopes cultivated and diversified by hamlets, and beautiful forests clothing the higher ground. The village of Eckmühl and Laichling, separated by a large copsewood, appeared in view, with the great road to Ratisbon winding up the acclivities behind them. The meadows were green with the first colours of spring; the osiers, and willows, which fringed the streams that intersected them, were just bursting into leaf; and the trees which bordered the roadside already cast an agreeable shade upon the dusty and beaten highway which lay beneath their boughs. The French soldiers involuntarily paused as they arrived at their summit, to gaze on this varied and interesting scene: but soon other emotions than those of admiration of nature swelled the breasts of the warlike multitude who thronged to the spot. In the intervals of these woods, artillery was to be seen; amidst those villages standards were visible; and long white lines, with the glancing of helmets and bayonets on the higher ground, showed columns of Rosenberg and Hohenzollern in battle array, in very advantageous positions, on the opposite side of the valley. Joyfully the French troops descended into the low ground; while the Emperor galloped to the front, and, hastily surveying the splendid but intricate scene, immediately formed his plan of attack.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

The scenery amidst which we are born and brought up, if we remain long enough therein to have passed that early period of existence on which memory seems to have no hold, sinks, as it were, into the spirit of man, twines itself intimately with every thought, and becomes a part of his being. He can never cast it off, any more than he can cast off the body in which his spirit acts. Almost every chain of his after thoughts is linked at some point to the magical circle which bounds his youth's ideas; and even when latent, and in no degree known, it is still present, affecting every feeling and every fancy, and giving a bent of its own to all our words and our deeds. * * * The passing of our days may be painful, the early years may be chequered with grief and care, unkindness and frowns may wither the smiles of boyhood, and tears bedew the path of youth; yet, nevertheless, when we stand and look back in latter life, letting Memory hover over the past, prepared to light where she will, there is no period in all the space laid out before her over which her wings flutter so joyfully, or on which she would so much wish to pause, as the times of our youth. The evils of other days are forgotten, the scenes in which those days passed are remembered, detached from the sorrows that chequered them, and the bright misty light of life's first sunrise still gilds the whole with glory not its own.

ALLEGORIES.—There are many revolutions of infinite moment and magnitude have originated in trifles. Every man may learn the elements of geography from an attention to the temperature of his own mind—Melancholy is the North Pole, Envy the South, Cholera the Torrid Zone, Ambition the Zodiac, Joy the Ecliptic line, Justice the Equinoctial, Prudence and Temperance the Arctic and Antarctic circles, Patience and Fortitude the Tropics; Justice should be a man's governor, Prudence his counsellor, Temperance his friend, Fortitude his champion, Hope his food, Charity his house, Sincerity his neighbor, Wit his companion, Patience his wife, Reason his guide, and Judgment his director in all things.

MARENGO, NAPOLEON'S WAR HORSE.—The Skeleton of Marengo, the horse which Napoleon rode at Waterloo, and almost of his great battles, was recently presented to the museum of the United Service Institution in England. Marengo was a beautifully formed Arab steed of purest blood, about thirteen hands and a half high. He was frequently wounded, and at Waterloo was struck by a musket ball in the hip. The skeleton will undoubtedly be preserved as a rare curiosity, and be gazed and commented upon by every visiter to the museum. What awful scenes have those bones passed through, and what momentous events will they recall to the mind of the spectator! Their careful preservation is another evidence of the great value attached to every thing that belonged to the Great Captain whom they once bore in triumph over the tented field, and whose own bones now moulder amid the rocks of St. Helena. The bones of the horse are honored, and preserved with religious care, by a people who have denied to the dust of the illustrious rider a resting place in European soil!

HOW TO PAY A DOCTOR.—In days of yore, a South Carolina planter, in reply to a letter from his physician, containing the items, 'to visits and mixtures,' replied, 'that he would return his visits; and if the physician would honor him with his company at dinner, the next day, that he would give him more palatable mixtures than those which he received.'

GETTING THE BEST OF THE COMMODORE.

'Did you ever hear,' said Peters, 'old Toby tell the story of his stealing the Commodore's broad pendant at Chatham; he was as nimble a boy at that time as ever was seen.'

'No,' replied they, 'how was that?'—It was when he was a boy in one of the ships laid up at Chatham. His master was the boatswain of her, and there was only the three warrant-officers with two or three boys, to keep watch on board of her. The guard boat from the Commodore's ship was rowing about all night, and if they passed a ship that did not hail them, they would go alongside and steal any thing they could get hold of, and carry it ashore in the morning to the commissioner's office in the dock-yard. One night his master, the boatswain, had the first watch, and having been ashore all day on duty at the dock yard, felt very tired, and told the boy (Toby) to keep a look out while he went down into the galley to smoke a pipe; he went down and fell fast asleep. The boy, not accustomed to keeping his eyes open, fell fast asleep also, and the guard boat passing, hailed them, when, receiving no answer, they went alongside, and actually unshipped the bell from its place, and carried it quietly over the side without being found out. At twelve o'clock the boatswain awoke from his sleep, and going to strike the bell, found it gone. He immediately knew who had taken it: he called to the boy, and after bestowing plenty of blessings on him, said to him, 'Now, there's only one thing can save my warrant, and if you don't get it for me I'm done: I must have the Commodore's broad pendant before to-morrow morning. He accordingly got into the punt alongside, and took the boy with him, and pulled softly ahead of the Commodore's ship, got under her bows, and the boy got hold of the mooring chain, from thence to the bobstays, and getting up to the bowsprit, went quietly along the forestay into the foretop, from thence he got by the main-topmast-stay to the masthead, and finally to the truck, where unbending the flag, he stuffed it into his bosom; as it was the night pendant it was not very large; and returning the same way unobserved, got down to the mooring chain, and giving a low whistle, the boatswain, who was some little distance off, dropped under the bow and took him in. The boatswain was highly delighted with his success, and the next morning gave the boy directions to hoist the flag at the ensign staff when he should wave his pocket handkerchief; he went ashore to the dockyard to answer the signal that was made for him. He went boldly to the commissioner's office, having first made the signal to the boy to hoist the flag, and there was the Commodore, who always attended to such complaints as might be made, sitting with all the gravity on his countenance which such a case demanded. The boatswain was called in, and making his best bow, wished to know what he was wanted for.

'Mr. So-and-so,' said the Commodore, 'I am sorry, very sorry indeed, that such a gross neglect should be laid to your charge as that now preferred—an old officer of your character—can't excuse it, sir. The guard boat went alongside your ship last night, and during your watch, as is proved, took away the ship's bell. Now, sir, you must either have been drunk or turned in, both of which are very great crimes; and I am sorry, truly sorry, that I shall be obliged to report your case to the Navy Board, when you will be sure to lose your warrant.'

'Very sorry, your honor,' said the boatswain, 'shore knocking about in the dock yard all the day—not asleep a minute.'

'No excuse, sir—no excuse at all for such a great neglect,' replied the Commodore. 'Why, sir, if such a thing was to go unpunished, we should have the Commodore's ship as bad as yours.'

'Why, your honor,' said the boatswain, 'your ship has a full complement of men on board, and sentries in both gangways, and for all that aint so much better after all.'

'What dy'e mean, sir?' said the Commodore? 'not keep a good look out on board of my ship—what do you mean, sir?'

'Why, sir,' replied the boatswain, 'when I found my bell gone at twelve o'clock last night, I sent aboard your ship and got your broad pendant to save my warrant.'

'My broad pendant!' exclaimed the Commodore.

'Yes, your honor, and if you will just step outside, I will show it to you flying at the flag staff of my ship.'

Accordingly the Commodore and all his retinue went out, and sure enough there was the pendant as the boatswain had said. The flag had, it seems, been missed in the morning, and they had put it down as blown away.

'Oh,' said the Commodore, 'the boatswain has quite weathered me; I had better say no more about it.'

'Accordingly,' said Slender, chiming in, 'the old boatswain bore off the bell.'

CAMBRIDGE.

As rich as the University is, and as rural as it is, its venerable antiquity strikes me still more than either its wealth or its beauty. Most of these noble buildings are hundreds of years old. Even King's Chapel, all freshly vigorous as it looks, was only finished by Henry VIII., having been begun long before. There is one sequestered ruinous building in the background of one of the squares, now used as a barn, which was used as a deputation-hall at the period when Colleges were not yet known: and here

Erasmus read his first Greek Lectures in England. Everything I see about me, indeed, is time-hallowed, and picturesque with the traces of other days; the huge massy archways, under which I enter from the town into the several green College squares, surrounded with the several quadrangles of hoary stone; the cloistered walks, which some of them enclose—long and high, with clustering pillars at the side, shadowy, and hollow-sounding to the foot; the high grey walls of stone around the grounds, in some places overgrown, like the building, with ivy, which seem to have been unmolested for ages; the sweet cool paths in the gardens and green fields, attached to the Colleges, and all bordering on the Cam, and all overshadowed by rich thick rows of ancient and majestic elms, filled in with shrubbery below, and affording in their branching summits a shelter for whole armies of lazy-swinging and gruffly-cawing rooks, that seem to consider the footsteps of every passer-by an intrusion upon their domain. Imagination, and association, I need not say, enhance immeasurably the interest of these beautiful scenes. As I follow out the windings of these dark avenues, and climb these well-worn stairs of stone, I think of the generations who trod them before me; of the great events which have passed around them since those walls were reared, and which themselves have seen; of the Renunciation of the authority of the Pope, and the Reception of Elizabeth, and the hoisting of the Royal flag for Charles, and the planting of Cromwell's cannon on the walls of the institution, in which he was educated himself for the race he ran. I think, above all, of what is far more honourable to the University, and more sacred in itself—the memory of that genius, learning, science, the labour of mighty intellects, the nursing of great men, then unknown even to themselves, who since have made, as Milton did, 'all Europe ring from side to side.' The stars and seas have been the theatre of these men's toils and triumphs. On wave and shore they have poured out rivers of immortal blood for liberty, country, home. Every desert has been traversed by their enterprise.—All literature, that lives on earth, or will live while man exists, is and will be imbued with their spirit. They have written, and preached, and died at the stake, for Christianity itself—invincible champions of God's truth and martyrs for his worship, and the deathless influence of their sacrifices, and of their superb spirits, has sunk into the souls of Christendom, and will go down to the last posterity of freemen, 'making all the earth an altar.'—These are they who have breathed upon this spot: the Chaucers, Spensers, Drydens, Miltons, Johnsons, Grays; the Bacons, Newtons, Cokes; the Porsons and Bentleys; and Faleys and Barrows; the Taylors, Tillotsons, Latimers, and Cammers. Every College has its long list of such men—its jewels. I do not care which college they belonged to. It matters but a trifle to me that Milton's mulberry-tree stands, bending with years, in the garden of Christ's, or that 'the Trinity people have Newton's glass. It is enough that they were nursed into maturity within these walls, and that they became what they were, and achieved what they have left the memory of behind them, never to be forgotten. It is more than enough that I can claim them as countrymen of mine. Every American has a share of the pride, as well as of the benefit, of their genius, virtues, labours, and fame. He speaks the language they made so musical. The Christianity they died for, has been taken up by the Pilgrims, and borne, like the ark, over land and sea. Their science, discoveries, laws, have entered into one being, as the blood enters into the body. Their blood itself is ours.—*The American in England.*

GERMANY.

GOTTINGEN

Is rather a well-built and handsome-looking town, with a decided look of the middle ages about it. Although the college is new, the town is ancient, and like the rest of the German university towns, has nothing external, with the exception of a plain-looking building in brick for the library and one or two others for natural collections, to remind you that you are at the seat of an institution for education. The professors lecture each on his account at his own house, of which the basement floor is generally made use of as an auditorium. The town is walled in, like most of the Continental cities of that date, although the ramparts, planted with linden-trees, have since been converted into a pleasant promenade, which reaches quite round the town, and is furnished with a gate and guard at the end of each principal avenue. It is this careful fortification, combined with the nine-story houses and the narrow streets, which impart the compact, secure look, peculiar to all the German towns. The effect is forcibly to remind you of the days when the inhabitants were huddled snugly together, like sheep in a sheepcote, and locked up safe from the wolfish attacks of the gentlemen highwaymen, the ruins of whose castles frown down from the neighbouring hills.

The houses are generally tall and gaunt, consisting of a skeleton frame work filled in with brick, with the original rafters, embrowned by time, projecting like ribs through the yellowish stucco which covers the surface. They are full of little windows, which are filled with little panes; and as they are built, to save room, one upon another, and consequently rise generally to eight or nine stories, the inhabitants invariably live as it were in layers

Hence it is not uncommon to find a professor occupying the two lower stories of strata, a tailor above the professor, a student upon the tailor, a beer-seller conveniently upon the student, a washer-woman upon the beer-merchant, and perhaps a poet upon the top—a pyramid with a poet for its apex and a professor for the base!

As we passed the old Gothic church of St. Nicholas, I observed through the open windows of the next house a party of students smoking and playing billiards, and I recognized some of the faces of my Leipzig acquaintance. In the street were plenty others of all varieties; some with plain caps and clothes and a meek demeanour, sneaked quietly through the streets, with portfolios under their arms. I observed the care with which they turned out to the left and avoided collision with every one they met. These were "camels," or studious students returning from lecture; others swaggered along the side-walk, turning out for no one, with clubs in their hands and bull-dogs at their heels; these were dressed in marvellously fine caps and Polonaise coats covered with cords and tassels, and invariably had pipes in their mouths, and were fitted out with the proper allowance of spurs and moustachios. These were "Renommists," who were always ready for a row.

At almost every corner of the street was to be seen a solitary individual of this latter class, in a ferocious fencing attitude, brandishing his club in the air, and cutting quart and tierce in the most alarming manner, till you were reminded of the truculent Gregory's advice to his companion, "Remember thy swashing blow."

All along the street I saw, on looking up, the head and shoulders of students projecting from every window. They were arrayed in tawdry smoking-caps and heterogeneous-looking dressing-gowns, with the long pipes and flash tassels depending from their mouths. At his master's side, and looking out of the same window, I observed in many instances a grave and philosophical-looking poodle, with equally grim moustachios, his head reposing contemplatively on his fore-paws, and engaged apparently, like his master, in ogling the ponderous housemaids who were drawing water from the street-pumps.

GERMAN TITLES.

Nowhere, in fact, are such fine distinctions in the forms of address observed as in Germany. The system is complicated, and extends from the lowest to the highest grades of society. If you write, for example, to a shoemaker or a tailor, you address the "well-born" tailor Schneiderff, or his "well-born-ship" the shoemaker Ropeter; but if to gentlemen, whose name has the magical prefix *Von*, you style him the "highly-well born" Mr. Von Katyenjammer. A count of the empire is "high-born;" a prince is not born at all, but is addressed as His Serenity or (literally) His Transparency, (*Durchlaucht*); a minister of state or an ambassador, is His Excellency; but the protector of an University is His Magnificence.

GAME.

The old French Ordinance of the year 1721, for the preservation of partridges in this Colony is still in force, and its provisions are, we observe, about to be put in operation by the police in this city. It imposes a penalty of 50 Livres upon persons who shall kill, or have in their possession, partridges between the 15th of March and the 15th July in each year, that being the breeding season, and during which the birds are easily discovered and destroyed. We have a decided objection to those Game Laws which preserve animals of chase for the amusement of a privileged class at the expense of the cultivators of the soil, and would be amongst the first to resist any approach or return to them. But the provisions of the Ordinance we refer to, and which will be found in our advertising columns, are founded in no such pretension; they are based on the principle of humanity, and intended to protect this useful variety of birds as a delicate article of food, from wanton destruction during the period of incubation and whilst the young birds still require the fostering protection of the parent wing. We therefore trust that this black letter ordinance will not merely be republished but strictly enforced. The partridge of our woods is a bird which does but little, if indeed any injury to farmers; it is seldom known to feed in the fields of grain, except indeed a field of Buck-wheat, a grain little cultivated in Lower Canada, may tempt it from its usual woodland haunts and its fare of beech mast, berries and such other food as the forest produces. Yet so constant is the war of extermination urged against it that it is to be seen exposed for sale in our markets at all seasons of the year.

The hen birds in the spring are shot on the nest, as may easily be known by the state of the plumage on the breast, and the young poults are destroyed before they have ever spread a wing, and when they can furnish but a tasteless mouthful, to the most ardent devourer of game. The partridge is a cheap luxury which providence has stored the forest solitudes of this continent, and whilst we abhor all game laws which limit the gifts of heaven to the enjoyment of a privileged class, we would uphold those

which protect birds and beasts of chase during that season when they obey nature's great mandate to increase and multiply.

Whilst speaking on this subject we must say, that it is not the partridge only which requires the protection of the law, the whole of the deer tribe are in like manner pursued and slaughtered at all times. The cow moose and the hind are mercilessly shot down whilst pregnant or when their tender young are at their sides, and maternal solicitude delays their flight. And this not by Indians and Canadians alone, but by those who affect the character of sportsmen, and who would no doubt be ready, in their own country, to haunt from any forest or chase, when at home, the recreant poacher who should be guilty of such barbarity. If, in the year 1839, the Special Council under the English Government, could find time to consider so, apparently, trivial a matter, and (taking a lesson from old Phillips de Regnaud and Michel Begon who, more than a century ago, thought the preservation of the feathered race worth an ordinance,) enact a law for the protection of

"The native burghers of the desert forest"

from the natural warfare urged against them by lordly men, they would do an act worthy of humanity, and prolong the existence of those harmless tribes of wood rangers, which, under the present system of indiscriminate extermination, are likely, and that shortly, with the mammoth, to be known only in tales of traditional lore or in the treasured sketches of the naturalist, as beasts that once were upon earth and furnished food to all-devouring man.—*Quebec Gazette.*

IRISH PROGRESSION.

From the Spectator.

We have great pleasure in publishing a letter, descriptive of the impressions of a visit to Ireland after ten years' absence, by Mr. William Chambers of Edinburgh. Mr. Chambers is one of the brother-conductors of the well-known and popular periodical, and author of a Tour in Holland and Belgium, reviewed in the *Spectator* about two months since. The powers of close observation and distinct description exhibited in that Tour, induce us to place full reliance on the gratifying statements of Irish progression contained in this letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

Edinburgh, 19th August, 1839.

DEAR SIR—Since I saw you in London, I have made a pretty considerable round, by way of Dublin and Belfast, to Edinburgh; but how rapidly is such a journey now made!—from London to Liverpool by railway, ten hours; Liverpool to Kingston, twelve hours; Kingston to Dublin by railway, a quarter of an hour—all steam. What a magician is this steam, now-a-days! It is doing more for Ireland in the way of moral and physical improvement in one day, than was effected in years by the rubbish of Parliamentary enactments. People in England, however, are not aware of this: they go on dreaming about uproars, civil wars, and miseries which characterized a past age in Ireland, apparently not aware that the Ireland of 1839 is quite a different thing from the Ireland of 1798, or even of 1828. I had not been in Ireland for ten years, and was on this occasion much struck with the signs of improvement which on all sides presented themselves. Dublin is more cleanly, and infinitely more orderly, than it used to be. It has got a police, dressed in the same garb and disciplined in the same manner as that in the Metropolis. This civil force has, I understand, been of prodigious benefit to Dublin; every thing like a row is now promptly quelled, and during the night all is as quiet and peaceful as in London. There is, I think, also much less of that tag-rag and broken-windowedness in the appearance of some of the by-streets than I saw formerly,—as if a taste for neatness and love of comfort were on the increase. Those funny fellows who drive the street-cars are likewise more decent in their apparel—the straw rope having disappeared from the hat or legs, and their *mecanique* being altogether of a better order. The railway to Kingston is now going on famously after some initiatory difficulties. The train goes every half-hour. I went several times to and fro, and there were never fewer than from a hundred to two hundred persons carried. In consequence of the ease of conveyance out of town in this direction, the beautiful low sloping hills along the entrance to the Bay are becoming covered with villas, the whole presenting a scene of great beauty from the sea. While the environs are thus receiving the higher class of householders from the city, the streets they leave partially deserted are filling up with shops and houses of business; thus affording an evidence of growing prosperity. I was pleased to observe, among other tokens of improvement, an increase of booksellers' shops: these are even numerous, and I learned that literature is daily advancing. A few years ago, there was no publishing at all; but now, one house, CURRY and Company, issues as many new books, the produce of native talent, as are issued by all the publishers of Edinburgh, if not considerably more.

When I was last in Dublin, (in 1829,) I was astonished to see the vast number of red coats in the streets; but now there is

hardly one to be seen. From whatever causes, this is doubtless a good sign of the state of affairs: there is always something wrong when red is a predominating colour in apparel.

The thing, however, which pleased me most, was the appearance of the schools for the children of the poorer classes. At the school of the National Board of Education, I saw 1,700 children, a mixture of Roman Catholics and Protestants, receiving an education infinitely superior in quality to that given in our Scottish parish-schools. I found not only mere reading taught, but mathematics and natural sciences. A class of very poorly-clad urchins, at my request, went through an examination in these branches of knowledge; and the result was most satisfactory. I visited also the large school of the Kildare Place Society; and in it found 1,100 children under a similar system of tuition. From these visits, and what I saw otherwise, I feel impressed with the belief that the Irish have got fairly into the right course of intellectual and moral advancement, and that the country will by and by show as good a front as England or Scotland. One thing is most gratifying—the landed proprietors have begun to take an interest in the condition of the poor peasantry. The Poor-law deserves the credit of bringing about this beneficial change in public sentiment. Forseeing that the peasantry may fall upon them for subsistence, already a stir has been created among the gentry, and they are at this moment, in divers places, projecting some wholesome measures of emigration, and making an effort to enlarge the size of farms and introduce agricultural capitalists. All this is exactly as it should be. The mischief of Ireland is too many people and too little work; and although the country will ultimately support in comfort far more than its present number of inhabitants, it is clear that in the mean time the profitless mass of labourers must be removed—that is, in the spirit of kindness, sent away to regions where labourers are wanted and well paid. It is likely enough that a class of orators, newspapers, and magazines, who thrive upon keeping up mischief, may set their face against these benevolent plans of emigration; but I would fain hope that, by good management, Ireland will be relieved of her difficulties, and the land everywhere put under a right system of agriculture. Already, I understand, estates are bringing good prices; and no wonder, seeing that produce of every description is so readily exported to England, and Scotland, by steam-boats. Cattle, pork, poultry, butter, and vegetables, are now sent off daily for half-a-dozen ports; and, would you believe it, Glasgow is now supplied with butter-milk from Belfast. Of course all this is rapidly transplanting capital from Great Britain to Ireland; and hence Ireland must thrive in spite of herself. Every one with whom I conversed allowed, that provided no political squabble intervened, and that Ireland was fairly treated as an integral portion of the United Kingdom, its advance in the course of the next ten years would be very considerable. I have no doubt in my own mind, that in that period there will be a decided rush of capital into Ireland—the rush, indeed has begun. That half a century, however, may elapse before it is what it ought to be, is not improbable; for Scotland took nearly a century to recover from the shock of its Union—all its improvements, as you know, being of quite a recent date. Among other symptoms of an advance, I found that the Church is roused to do something useful. There is now a greater energy about the clergy; and they are at present projecting the establishment of schools of a strictly Protestant kind. This is excellent. The more schools the better, for the greater chance is there of the whole people being educated.

In the North, I found things in a fully more flourishing state than in the South. A railway, just opened from Belfast to Lisburne, is making a stir. It is to be carried shortly to Armagh, and afterwards, I believe, to Drogheda and Dublin. When we get our railway from Edinburgh to Glasgow finished, and also the railway from Glasgow to Greenock, we shall be able to reach Ireland from the East coast of Scotland in no time.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly, W. CHAMBERS.

A PAWNEE VILLAGE.

We accompanied the chiefs to the village, which was about twelve miles ahead of us; at length we came in sight of it, and a more interesting or picturesque scene I never beheld. Upon an extensive prairie gently sloping down to a creek, the winding course of which was marked by a broken line of road, here and there interspersed with a fine clump of trees, were about five thousand savages, inclusive of women and children; some were sitting under their buffalo lodges lazily smoking their pipes; while the women were stooping over their fires, busily employed in preparing meat and maize for these indolent lords of the creation. Far as the eye could reach, were scattered herds of horses, watched (or as we would say in Scotland, 'tented') by urchins, whose sole dress and equipment was the slight bow and arrow with which they exercised their infant archery upon the heads of the taller flowers, or upon any luckless blackbird perched near them: Here and there might be seen some gay young warrior ambling along the heights, his painted form partially exposed to view as his bright scarlet blanket waved in the breeze; while his small frolic horse was scarcely to be recognized under the variety of

trapping with which the vanity of his rider had tricked him out; near him might be seen another naked savage, without a saddle and his only bridle a thong round the horse's head, galloping at full speed, and waving in his extended right hand a laryette, with which he was chasing some refractory mule or runaway steed, that had escaped from his gang; while the banks of the stream were alive with the garrulous voices of women, some washing themselves, their clothes, or their infants, other carrying water to the camp, and others bearing on their backs a load of wood, the portage of which no London coal heaver would have envied them.—*Murray's Travels.*

A COUNTRY CURATE'S HOUSEHOLD.

The very bad do not like to enter a clergyman's family. In deed, my female servants have had so good a name for all proprieties, that this circumstance alone led to the very comfortable settlement of one of them, and I think that event has been a recommendation to the house ever since. One evening, as tea was brought in, I heard a half-suppressed laugh in the passage, and observed a *simpering*, strange look, in the servant's face as the urn was put on the table. The cause was soon made known it was a courtship, and a strange one. A very decent looking, respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on a small business in a neighbouring town, a widower, and a Wesleyan, knocked at the door. He was then a perfect stranger. The man-servant opened it.

'I want,' said the stranger, 'to speak with one of Mr. —'s female servants.'

'Which?'

'Oh, it doesn't signify much.'

The announcement was made in the kitchen. 'I'm sure I won't go,' says one.

'Nor I,' says another.

'Then I will,' said the nurse—and straightway she went to the door. 'Do you wish to speak with me, sir?'

'Yes, I do,' said the stranger; 'I am a widower, and I hear a very good character of Mr. —'s servants. I want a wife, and you will do very well.'

'Please walk in, sir,' said the nurse.

In he walked, and it was this odd circumstance that caused the general titter. But the man was really in earnest. In due time he married the woman; and I often saw them very comfortably and happy in the town of —, and I verily believe that neither of them had any reason to repent the choice thus singularly made. She fell into his ways—had a good voice and joined him in many a hymn—thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks.

THE RED DEER.—There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him in full view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible: he then watches him most acutely, endeavours to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motion; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one: a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous, and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired.—*Scope's art of Deerstalking.*

ZOOPLYTES.—Zooplytes, in natural history, includes *polypus*, *coral*, and *sponge*. They are fixed to a certain spot, and seem to have no motion or travel from it; and they grow like vegetables, yet evidently have some properties of animals. The *polypus* is the most remarkable of these; and some are found in fresh water and some in salt. It has a capacity or power of reproducing the part destroyed; and if cut into pieces in any direction, every part becomes a perfect *polypus*. The coral is considered by some naturalists as a plant or vegetable, and by others as an animal. The roots of the coral are covered with bark. Efflorescing like vegetables, the coral is an animal in the form of a plant, with a stony stem jointed, united by spongy or horny junctures, covered by a soft porous cellular flesh or bark, and has mouths beset with oviparous *polypes*. They are said to consist of carbonate of lime and animal matter in equal proportions. Captain Cooke discovered immense and dangerous rocks or fields of coral in the Southern Ocean, when he sailed over it sixty years ago. Many islands in the Pacific are composed wholly of coral. This article has been of some value in Europe and America for beads and other toys, but we believe is no longer used as a medicine. The places for fishing for coral are the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, and the coasts of Africa. Sponge may be described as fixed, flexible, torpid, elastic, of various forms, composed of fibres or masses of small spines interwoven together, and clothed with

gelatinous flesh, full of small mouths on its surface, by which it absorbs and emits water. It adheres to shells, rocks, &c., under cover of sea-water. The article used in commerce is found in the Mediterranean and in India: but it is found on the seacoasts in other parts of the earth. Diving and fishing for sponge is reckoned one great qualification of youth, in the countries where it is found.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 25, 1839.

THE MORMONS.—It has become a proverbial, that the spirit of persecution causes a reaction against itself;—that coercion, for the purpose of altering opinions, whether that coercion is exhibited in the shape of verbal abuse, mixed with dogmatism and sophistical argument,—or in the worse form of personal degradation and suffering, is sure to rouse up the mental energy of the persecuted to a determined struggle, instead of prostrating them to the wishes of the foe,—and is sure to create a sympathy for the martyr, and an admiration of their endurance,—and a hatred of the unjust oppressors, which results frequently in open and secret conversions to the persecuted creed. Men will not be bullied out of their belief, whatever it be, neither will the comparatively uninterested mass of mankind, so stifle the beneficent feelings of humanity, that they can look tamely on wrong and cruelty,—that they can avoid siding with the oppressed, and anathemizing the oppressors. When this is the case, it is easy to ascertain in which direction conversions may be expected.

The heartless persecutions of the sect called Mormon, in the United States, the robbery and murder—extremely cruel, and cowardly—which were exercised by the wretches who, on this subject, set themselves up as conservators of Christianity and social order, have caused a deep feeling among the better thinking part of society in the places more interested in the subject. The cruel bands indeed were allowed to wreak their vengeance,—no powerful arm arose on the side of mercy, while the wretched enthusiasts were shot down, themselves, their wives and their little ones, as so many wild beasts,—the ground has drunk their blood, and the fire has consumed their homesteads,—they passed away through a dreadful ordeal, their death shrieks appealing to the ever-ready ear of heaven,—no earthly vengeance commensurate with the crime will fall on the murderers,—no earthly reparation can be made to the silent dead,—neither will the ruined survivors be redressed,—but their cause feels the effect of persecution, and finds friends and converts where it otherwise would be unknown.

The members of this sect, it appears by late papers, have obtained a footing in New Jersey, and have been holding conventions in different States. The storm has past, and the tree, torn and despoiled, but not prostrated, rears itself again, to shoot out the more vigorously from the agitation of its roots. Sympathizers, friends, and proselytes, are found by this people, where, if let alone, they, as a sect, would be forgotten or despised: when the feeling are interested, the judgment, in many persons, is very liable to take the same direction. Probably, the Mormons are about, in some degree, to reap the harvest, which philosophy, as well as history, shows may be expected in behalf of those whose opinions have been made an excuse for oppression and cruelty. Degraded as human nature is in many particulars, it has not lost all marks of its origin, and it always—ultimately, and in the aggregate—rises up like a strong man armed in behalf of mercy and fair play.

A meeting was recently held in New York, in behalf of the Mormons. One of the sect, a Mr. Green, from Missouri, gave a narrative of the wrongs of his people. He brought vouchers of his trust-worthiness from the Governor and Secretary of Illinois, and other respectable, well known persons, so that his statements may be considered correct. A subscription in aid of the suffering Mormons resulted from the meeting. As a very melancholy and extraordinary record of wrong and suffering, we subjoin a condensed account of Mr. Green's narrative.

"In the year 1831, the 'latter day saints,' in number about 100 families came from some of the eastern waters, and settled in Jackson county, Missouri. They purchased houses, and cultivated the soil for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood. There was nothing upon record, that would show that there had been any altercation between the latter and the other inhabitants of the country.

In the year 1833, on the 20th July, an armed mob of 300 or 400 men assembled in Jackson county. They appointed a delegation to wait upon his people and inform them, that they must leave the county immediately. This they refused to do, and violence was the result. A two story brick building occupied as a dwelling, and printing office, was assailed, the women and children were roughly ejected from the premises, the types were thrown into pi, the press was broken, and the building torn down. The publisher of the paper was dragged to the public square, where he was, together with another individual, stripped, and tarred and feathered.

These events occurred upon a Friday. On the following Tuesday the mob again assembled, its force had increased to about 700 or 800 men. They came marching along, bearing a blood red flag. They were armed; those who had not guns and bayonets were provided with clubs. They violently took several of the leaders of the society into custody, and drove them at the point of the bayonet to the public square, where they were stripped and

tarred and feathered. The commanding officer then called twelve of his men, ordered them to cock their pieces, present them at the prisoners' hearts, and fire at his command. He then addressed the prisoners, and told them that if they would abjure the book of Mormon, they should be set at liberty—if not, they should die. But they were willing to lay down their lives rather than declare that a lie which they believed to be the truth. They were subsequently set at liberty, upon entering into a written agreement that one half of the society should leave the county by the first of January, and the other half by the first of April next ensuing.

In the succeeding October, instigated by a belief that the Mormons would not remove, the organized mob again commenced their persecutions. They burned their houses, destroyed their property, and even sent negroes to abuse their helpless women. This treatment stirred up the indignation of the sufferers, and a part of the people had recourse to arms. A party of them about 33 in number, met with a mob of about 70 persons, and a battle ensued. One of the Mormons, and 2 or 3 of their antagonists, fell, and several were wounded.

In two or three days the number of the mob had augmented to 700 or 800. They were under the command of Lt. Gov. Boggs. A treaty was entered into between some of the principal men of the Mormons, and Gov. Boggs and Mr. Pitcher on the other side, and in pursuance of its stipulation the Mormons gave up their arms, in return for an assurance that they should be protected from molestation, and should be allowed to remain peaceably in their possessions, until the stipulated time of removal. The next day the mob, composed of 3 or 4 hundred persons, was divided into bands, and proceeded to attack their 3 settlements, situated from 10 to 20 miles apart. They drove the people from their houses, and that during the most inclement season of the year, on the 13th of November. No less than 240 houses were burned or destroyed, and the inhabitants driven into the forests or the prairies to seek for shelter. Before noon the next day after their flight, their course could be traced by the blood which flowed from their feet. Several of the women had given birth to children during their retreat, at a time when they had no clothing to shield them from the inclemency of the season, no canopy but the firmament, and no resting place but the cold and frozen earth. The whole number of persons who were expelled from Jackson county amounted to about 1200.

After undergoing incredible hardships, they made their way across the Missouri river into Clay County. In the meantime they petitioned that a county should be set apart for them by the Missouri Legislature. It was done, and they entered into possession, purchasing the pre-emption rights for the land. They built homes, improved the land, and were again pursuing their peaceful vocations. There were none but most friendly feelings manifested between them and their neighbours, until August last year.

At the election of that year, at Gallatin, in Davis county, one of the candidates mounted a barrel and assailed them with the most invective language. He stigmatised them as a band of robbers, who were not worthy of the privilege of voting, and said that they should not vote in Davis county. This excited the anger of the Mormons. Some among them could not curb the spirit of '76 in their bosoms, nor forget that they were American citizens. One of these remarked that he believed the speaker had told a falsehood, for he at least was determined to vote. For this he was struck at with a club, and with another who interfered in his behalf, terribly beaten. A general engagement ensued, in which stones, clubs, and dirks were used. A compromise was finally effected and order restored.

Subsequent to this event a better state of feeling existed between the parties, yet hostilities soon re-commenced—the mob re-assembled, and declared that the Mormons should not remain in the country. They petitioned the Governor of the state for assistance, he would render them none but upon the condition that they should leave the state, declaring that if they did not they would be massacred. Mr. Green then entered into a detailed statement of the sufferings which the people had undergone in being driven from their homes, through the wilderness, in the depth of winter, without money or clothing, or teams with which they could transport their women and children. 1200 families were thus thrown upon the world, without the necessaries for supporting life, and travelling all the time in the fear of being massacred by a pursuing enemy. One incident of brutal outrage will suffice to give an insight into the character of the whole.

A number of the Mormons—some thirty families emigrating there to join them, were living at Harns's Mills, about 20 miles from Far West. Notwithstanding an agreement which was entered into between them and the mob, that neither party should disturb the other, they were attacked. One of the Mormons swung his hat and cried for peace, which was succeeded in a few moments by a whole volley. The Mormons fled for safety to a blacksmith's shop. Thither they were pursued, and deliberately shot at through the interstices of the logs. Eighteen persons were killed and a number of others were severely wounded. Among others who took shelter in the shop were two boys, who concealed themselves under the blacksmith's bellows. They were found, and while one of them was begging for mercy, a rifle was presented, and the top of his head was blown off. The other boy was shot through the hip, and only saved his life by pretending that he was dead.

Mr. Green gave a detailed account of the escape, under the most heart-rending circumstances, of the remainder of the people, and of their finding a refuge at last, in Quincy, Illinois."

In this appears all the horrible features of the worst kind of persecution. A community of persons, living peaceably, and industriously, are attacked on account of their opinions,—their property is destroyed, and much of their blood is shed in the most cruel and cowardly manner. Their tenets may have been very silly, and very much in opposition to the creed of the mass of those among whom they lived—but they owed responsibility in this respect, to their Maker only. Who made man a judge and a ruler and an avenger in matters of religious opinion, except so far as judicious laws may curb licentiousness and maintain decency and order? And if a mob undertake to punish what they think heterodoxy, one day,—they may select a very different object for their discipline on the next. If it would be right for any party to support their own tenets, in this way, by force,—it would be just as right for an opposite party to do the same, for each is as honest as the other in maintaining opinions, and then what an Aceldama Christen-

dom would become. The only right and safe course is, the cultivation of love to God and man, and of that liberality which would think and let think as the inalienable right of humanity. Under such a course truth would have most probability of success—for its advocates would not render themselves and their doctrines repulsive by oppression,—nor would the espousers of error have the bond of union and the spirit of endurance, and the character of heroism and martyrdom, which suffering for opinion produces.

CORN LAWS.—An able writer in a late number of the London Atlas, discusses, in a popular manner, the immediate and remote effects of the corn laws of England. These laws are intended to foster British agriculture, by laying a very heavy duty on foreign corn, except the native article arrives at a certain price, when the duty falls to a rate that will admit of importation. Thus, it was supposed, agriculture would be served, and all fears of famine prices be avoided. But by this mode, the British manufacturer is forced to pay much more for his bread than the foreign artisan, and he cannot therefore compete with him on fair terms,—the foreigner also is prevented from taking British manufactures, because he cannot give in return the staples of his own country, and he is induced to attempt manufactures himself. The Atlas argues, that England is too small and too densely peopled for to be a great agricultural country; that the population require to be employed as manufacturers, under a fostering system; that the corn laws are encouraging foreign manufactures to a great extent, as was evident, particularly, in France and Belgium; and that a different course of policy is absolutely necessary for the avoidance of the most serious and lasting evils to Great Britain.

British land owners are adverse to any change in the corn laws; late failures of the crops, joined to the very excited state of the manufacturing population, may force a repeal.

NOVA SCOTIA.

STEAM.—A prospectus has been laid before the public by Hon. James Ratchford, Parrsboro', which proposes the connection of Parrsboro', Horton, Truro, and Windsor by steam communication, with occasional trips to St. John N. B. The proposed stock for this object, is £5000 in £50 shares, the company to be called the Bay of Fundy Steam Navigation company. This is another very pleasing evidence of the growth of Provincial affairs, and a promise of what may be expected in the course of a short time.

The Theatre closed on Monday evening with a "full house." Many complaints have been made respecting the aggregate return which the manager experienced. Setting aside all considerations of the moral effect of dramatic representations, surely the nature of the accommodations where those representations are exhibited in Halifax, afford sufficient cause for the non-attendance of those who desire to have comfort and respectability in their amusements. Another strong objection which might be urged against late arrangements was, the immediate junction of the "saloon," or rather grog establishment, with the boxes. No doubt much of the apparent apathy to such amusements proceeded from the very prevalent feeling that play-houses tend to dissoluteness of manners, and that they should not receive patronage from the more moral and religious portions of communities. It is in vain to say, that the exhibition of the standard works of our poets, with all the assistance of scenery, costume and elocution, is an intellectual, and should be a moral treat,—we find connected with those higher pieces, wretchedly profane and silly and indecent things, which should be disgusting to every properly constituted mind. Players, beyond doubt, have descended into the habit of ministering to the vicious propensities, and until they reform this, their complaints of neglect are ridiculous, when urged against those who feel that instead of mere neglect active opposition might be thought their duty.

It is to be lamented that matters which, in the abstract, appear harmless and useful and highly entertaining, should be, in practice, pernicious,—yet few will deny the fact, and particularly in reference to the stage. That it must of necessity be so, we do not assert, but an effectual remedy seems distant.

SUPREME COURT.—The trial of Clarke and Elexon was expected to take place on last Wednesday. Some informality in appointing the Grand Jury, made the proceedings of that body not in accordance with law, and the trial was consequently postponed to next term. The informality was noticed early in the year, we believe, by the Judge in the Court of Quarter Sessions, but was not attended to, or was not thought of sufficient consequence, and one criminal trial occurred under a bill found by the Grand Jury, during last term. Now, it appears, that all the acts of this body have wanted the sanction of law, and that no further proceedings should be allowed under their authority.

The Allion Mines.—The Pictou Mechanic and Farmer furnishes the very unpleasant intelligence, that an extensive fire was raging, in the Pictou Mines. Some horses were killed, and houses injured. The river, it appears, has been let into the mines, and has caused the extinction of the fire, by the lesser evil of flooding the works.

ATLANTIC STEAMERS.—Halifax line.—As every thing connected with these links between the old and new world is interesting, we give the substance of Mr. Cunard's contract with Government, as furnished by the London Sun.—The mails shall be despatched twice every month from Halifax to Liverpool, and from Liverpool to Halifax; a sufficient number of steamers, of not less than 300 horse power each, is to be kept for this service. The mails are also to be carried twice a month between Halifax and Boston, and when the St. Lawrence is navigable, to Quebec from Pictou, in steamers of not less than 150 horse power; provision is made for the proper manning etc. of the vessels, and for the rapid despatch of the mails. The commissioners of the Admiralty may alter the days of sailing by giving three months notice, and may delay a vessel for 24 hours; a naval officer is to go in charge of the mails, and he and his servant are to receive accommodations, free, on board the steamers; this officer may land the mails at ports nearer than Liverpool, in cases of difficulty from weather, etc. The Admiralty may entrust the mails to the captain of any of the steamers, and he is bound to take charge. A suitable boat is to be provided for landing the officer and mails; a delay not sanctioned by the officer will subject to a fine of £100; a delay of 12 hours to a fine of £500, and £500 for every additional 12 hours; similar delays in the smaller vessels to a fine of £200. Not less than four of the Atlantic steamers are to be always kept seaworthy; all improvements are to be adopted by the contractor; the naval officer may cause a survey of the vessel whenever he shall think fit, and repairs which he shall direct are to be made soon as possible, under a penalty of £100. The contractor is to cause improvements, directed by the Admiralty, to be made, under a penalty of £500. He is to carry if required two chief cabin passengers for £30 each, and two fore cabin for £15 each; and seamen, soldiers and marines at £4 each; the passengers just mentioned, are to be conveyed from Halifax to Boston or from Pictou to Quebec respectively, for £5, £3 and £2. Packages directed by the commissioners are to be taken free, and naval stores not exceeding five tons weight, on receiving two days' notice. For these services Mr. Cunard is to be paid £60,000 per annum, in quarterly payments, to commence June 1st 1840, or earlier, and to continue for seven years, and thenceforward until 12 months' notice; Mr. Cunard is bound in a penalty of £15,000 to fulfil his part of the contract.

FIRE AT THE ALBION MINES.—It is very gratifying to observe, by last Mechanic & Farmer, that the fire in the Mines has been subdued, and less damage done than was expected. The new pits escaped,—those burned were soon to be abandoned.

THE HALIGONIAN.—The first number of this Semi-weekly appeared on Tuesday last. It appears a neat, spirited and useful little sheet.

Several items prepared for this part of to-day's number have been crowded out. They will go to next week's summary.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A couple of poetical favours have been received; more would be acceptable.

In addition to the European items furnished last week, we subjoin some interesting notices. A very extraordinary case of suicide, by precipitation from the London monument, occurred recently; particulars are given on our third page.

A pretender to the Turkish throne has appeared in the person of Nadir Bey, who claims to be a son of Mustapha IV., the elder brother and predecessor of Mahmoud, by one of the ladies of his harem, who escaped when the women of Mustapha's seraglio were put to death. She proceeded to the Crimea, where she died, confiding her son to the care of an old man, named Joannizza, who was charged to take him to Constantinople. Joannizza died before he could perform this mission; and Nadir Bey, when 11 years of age, went with a Greek into the Morea. He subsequently entered the army, and served ultimately in Moldavia, Russia, and Poland, until the war broke out between Russia and Turkey, when he went to Constantinople, and Khosrew Pacha, having conceived an affection for him, gave him the command of a regiment of cavalry. He was appointed inspector of cavalry and aid-de-camp to Ibrahim Pacha. Being unwilling to continue in the service of a man who was making war upon his country, he quitted Egypt and returned to Constantinople, where he was appointed commander of the Troops of Silistria. He returned to Constantinople, and ultimately to Malta, whence he resolved to write to his uncle, and reveal the secret of his birth and claim his rights; but Mahmoud having died, he has written to the reigning Sultan, and is waiting for an answer.

Mehemet Ali was fortifying the whole line of coast down to Aboukir. He seems determined to resist any attempts of the English and French fleets to cut the Turkish ships out of Alexandria. The British fleet, August 28th, was still at the Dardanelles. Mehemet Ali persists in demanding more territory than the Sultan is willing to give. Revolts are reported in Asia Minor, in Albania, etc.

The Tournament at Eglinton Castle, after all, ended brilliantly

The sun in the week succeeding the rains, came out bright, and the pageant was attended by about 10,000 spectators. In the sword fights on foot, Prince Louis Napoleon exhibited great skill. About 400 sat down to the banquet. The Marquis of Waterford, it is said, will give the next tournament.

The Liverpool brought out to N. York, besides her full complement of 94 passengers, 60 cases of figured silks, each valued at 1,000—a total of 60,000*l.* in silks alone.

The Emperor of Russia reviewed his troops at Borodino, Aug. 29. The camp is ten miles long. The second corps of infantry alone, counted 50,000 men.

The Antarctic Exploring expedition had started from England. It consists of the Terror, 340 tons, and the Erebus, 370, six guns each, finished and furnished in the most complete style under the eye of the Royal Society, at the Admiralty's expense. The ships are in three compartments below, for greater safety. Double decks, spare rudders, two sets of all imaginable needed instruments, the most perfect arrangement for warmth and ventilation etc. Fresh provisions for three years are on board, with plenty of pemmican etc. The expedition is to establish observatories at St. Helena, the Cape and Van Diemen's Land; thence to make for the Antarctic pole as far as possible. The highest latitude yet reached is 73 degrees, by Captain Weddell in 1823. The relatives of the party had put on board all sorts of niceties, including a *twelfth cake*, to be opened next January 6th. Captain Ross is commander.

The N. York Gazette, in reference to the monetary crisis, declares that New York is ready for all emergencies, that she will not be moved from her proud position, that the utmost confidence prevails in her commercial circles, and treats the Pennsylvania difficulties with contempt. Even at the Savings' Bank at New York, it is said, not a shadow of excitement prevailed.

The late and present season are represented as unusually sickly in the Western States. In Mobile, on account of flight from the epidemic, in one of the principal streets, only two families remain. Considerable improvement appeared in public health at last accounts.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. The session of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, will open on the first Wednesday in November.

Tickets for the Course can be had at Messrs. McKinlay's stationary store, at the following rates: Members and Session, 7s. 6*d.*, Ladies, 5*s.*, Youths, 5*s.*

The following is a list of Lecturers, as arranged by the Committee.

Nov.	6.	Joseph Howe, Esq.	Introductory Address
	13.	Dr. Grigor.	Phrenology.
	20.	Do.	Do.
	27.	Dr. Teulon,	Saline Substances.
Dec.	3.	Do.	General Knowledge.
	10.	P. Lynch, junr, Esq.	Antient Art.
	17.	Jas. Forman, junr, Esq.	Magnetism.
	24.	Do.	Do.
	31.	Dr. Creed.	Light.
Jan.	7.	Do.	Do.
	14.	G. R. Young, Esq.	Steam Navigation
	21.	Mr. Geo. Smithers.	Drawing.
	28.	Mr. A. McKenzie.	Hydraulics.

The following gentlemen are also expected to lecture during the session: Messrs. McKinlay, W. Gossip, senr, Rev. J. McIntosh, Dr. Sawers, Dr. McCulloch, &c.

Vacancies will be made for occasional lecturers, in any part of the course where they may offer.

J. S. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Mr. Joseph E. Corkum of Chester, to Miss Dorothy Ann Pence of Windsor Road.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. John T. Smith, of the Bay of Islands, to Miss Sarah Ann Smith, of the same place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Samuel Townley, painter, to Mrs. Ann Davis.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. Ebenezer Smith, of Hammond Plains, to Miss Ann Melvin of that place.

At Pugwash, on Thursday, 17th inst. by George Bergman, Esq. Mr. Rufus Black, Merchant, to Ann, only daughter of the late Andrew Forshuer, all of the Parish of St. George.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. the Rector of St. Pauls, Mr. C. H. Reynolds, to Miss Ann, second daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Muirhead.

DIED.

On Sunday morning, Mary, wife of Mr. Wm. Henderson, aged 51 years.

At New York, on the 9th instant, Mr. Wm. Ballard, a native of Halifax.

At Grand Ecote, Louisiana, Aug. 26th, Mr. John P. Tobin, a Native of Halifax.

On Tuesday evening last, Mary Elliot, eldest daughter of the honorable H. H. Cogswell, aged 22 years

Wednesday evening, after a long and tedious illness, Mr. Thomas Harwood, carpenter, in the 72nd year of his age; an old and respectable inhabitant of this town.

Wednesday evening, in the 76th year of his age, John Albro, Esq. Funeral on Sunday next, at half past one o'clock precisely.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, 19th. schr True Brothers, Liverpool, N. S.; Fair Trader, Shelburne; Snowball, Brier Island, fish; Mary, Yarmouth, do; brig

Sylph, Wainwright, Barbadoes, 23, and St. Thomas 15 days, rum; spoke 6th inst. Am. schr Emolument, from Boston, for Barbadoes dismissed. 11th, brig Loyalist, from Demerara, for Halifax.

Sunday, 20th, brig Falcon, Abell, Barbadoes, 25 days, to J. V. F. Bazelgette; schr General Grant, Adams, Bermuda, 9 days, to Frith, Smith & Co.

Monday, 21st, schrs Speculation, Abcona, Folly, Defiance, and Betsy, P. E. I. produce; Nancy, Dolphin and Mary Ann; Sybilney, coal; Jolly Tar, Vigneau, Boston, 9 days; New Dartford, Wooden, Bay of Islands; Sarah, Barrington, dry fish; schr Defiance, Curry, Miramichi, alewives, etc. to S. Cunard & Co. and others; brig Transit, Newbold, Bermuda, 10 days; ballast; schr Speculator, Young, Lih-nburg; brig Pictou, Peran, Carbonear, N. F. 6 days, dry fish; Richmond, Gerrior, St. John's; N. F. dry fish to W. Pryor & Sons; Waterlilly, Sydney, coal; Margaret Ann, Pictou, do.

Tuesday, 22d, schrs Margaret, James and William. Antigonish; Great Britain, Experiment, Mary, and Victoria, Sydney, coal; Lively, Prospect, fish; John Henry, Argyle; do. Ruth, Mabou, beef, etc.; Two Sons, Barrington, fish.

Wednesday, 23d.—Schr. Algerine, Crowell, St. John, N.B. 9 days—brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, Demerara, 87 days—rum to J. Fairbanks.

Thursday, 24th.—Brig. Jacinth, Kelly, St. de Croix, 24 days—rum to J. Strachan; brig George McLeod, Dickson, Greenock, 42 days—general cargo to J. Leishman; schr. Zenous, Harris, Boston, 8 days—flour, etc. to H. Fay and others; Spanish brig Isabel, Jacinto Arguilo, Trinidad de Cuba, 35 days—molasses etc. to Creighton & Grassie; schr. Louisa, Lorroway, New York—flour etc. to Creighton & Grassie and others; schrs Emily, Hilton, St. John, N. B. 4 days, alewives, to S. Binney; sloop Lady Hunter, McLeod, Liverpool, N. S. schrs Susan, Quilliman, St. George's Bay, 4 days,—fish; Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth.

AUCTIONS.

**Admiralty Sale
At One o'clock.**

By Virtue of a Decree from the Court of Vice Admiralty to me directed, dated the 19th October instant, in the case of the Queen versus a Vessel, name unknown, found derelict on the High Seas, by Joseph O'Brien and other Salvors,—I will cause to be Sold by Public Auction, on Fairbanks' Wharf, To-morrow, Saturday, at ONE O'CLOCK,

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,
AUCTIONEERS,

The Cargo of said vessel, consisting of—

76 barrels Mackerel

- 1 do half full,
- 1 do decayed,
- 2 half barrels Mackerel,
- 1 bbl Cod, decayed,
- 44 lbs Salt, 2½ bbls Bread,
- 100 Empty Barrels, 3 halves and a lot Headings,
- 4 Empty Puncheons, ½ box Tea Ullage,
- Barrel Molasses, 5 Horn Combs,
- 7 Indian Baskets, 1 Canoe.—ALSO,

A Lot HARPOONS, Lobster Jigs, Lamp, Compass, Pump Hook, Lot Beef and Fish, Pepper and Salt, Crockery, Water Casks, Salt Tub, Seamen's Straw Bedding and Clothing, Bake Kettle, Iron Pot, Coffee Pot and Tin Pans. S. W. DEBLOIS, Oct 25. Marshall, C. V. A.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

To-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock:—at M G Black's Wharf. Landing ex Schooner Lucy, Lorway, master, from New York.

100 barrels Superfine Flour,

30 tierces RICE, 63 kegs manufactured TOBACCO, 16 hands to the pound; 24 boxes Cavendish Tobacco, 15 barrels Spirits of Turpentine.—AT THE SAME TIME, 150 half chests SOUCHONG TEA.

October 25.

Stoves! Stoves!

CANADIAN heavy cast STOVES for Churches, Kitchens, and Halls—For sale by the Subscriber at his Auction Store, near the Ordnance, viz.

Largest size double close Canada Stoves,

for Kitchens, Single Close ditto, 4x2, 3½x2½, 3x2 and 2½ by 1½ feet. ALSO, on hand, from New York and Boston, an assortment of Franklin and Cooking Stoves; a further supply daily expected. Oct. 11.—2*m.* J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

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. 3*m* R. TREMAIN, Junr.

Keefler's Reading Room,

ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1836.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the above are respectfully notified, that their SUBSCRIPTIONS for the next year (1840) are now due. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe, will please hand in their Names to the Proprietor. October 4. CHARLES KEEFER.

Canvas and Cordage.

A FRESH SUPPLY of CANVAS and CORDAGE received per Acadian direct from the Rope Walk of the Gourcock Company. ALSO, Per Brenda,

Pilot Cloths, Flushings, Flannels, Blankets,

Brown Cloth, Prints, Springfield and Manchester Warp, Mackerel and Herring Nets, Salmon Twine, Nails, Spikes, Paints, Oils, Shot, Gunpowder, and many other articles suitable for the season, all of which the Subscriber offers for sale on moderate terms. Oct. 18.—2*w* ROBERT NOBIE.

A Young Man wants a Situation as CLERK in a Counting House. Good reference as to character can be given. Enquire for Z. at this office. Oct. 11.

THE STAGE DRIVER.

He is a man of consequence upon the turnpike road,
And many a look and many a smile upon him is bestowed;
Here as he halts his smoking team, and stops to give them
water,

A passing word he's sure to have with the good dame's pretty
daughter—

A package on the road to leave, a message to convey,
A whisper and a knowing laugh, as she turns her head away.

He whistles, careless, as he walks at leisure to and fro,
To eye the harness and the steeds, if all be right or no;
The stable boy looks up to him with reverential air,
And learns his saunter and his slang, to crack a whip and
swear:

His speech is brief, and no appeal is had from his decision,
As he drains his glass all solemnly, and "blows" the "Op-
position."

If you sit on the box with him and but admire his team,
He'll tell you all their merits, how they're better than they
seem;

Perhaps their various pedigrees and history he'll go through,
And tell you of the wondrous feats that he has made them do,
And now as near a town we come, with voice and rounding
thong,

See how he bids them arch their necks, and proudly prance
along!

The children and the women folks come running to the door,
As though a stage were new to them, or never seen before:
The dogs are barking furiously, the town is in a din,
As mid a rolling cloud of dust we thunder to the inn—
How gallantly he reins his team—with what a stately grace!
The driver's in his glory now—his highest pride of place.

ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION—THE ECCALEOBION.

A highly curious and interesting exhibition, especially to the
physiologist, is now open at 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera
Colonnade, called the *Eccaleobion*, a contrivance for hatching
eggs by artificial heat. It differs from the Egyptian method of
artificial incubation by means of *mammals* or ovens heated im-
mediately by fire, which was tried in Paris by De Reaumur, and
in London by Mr. Mowbray; and also from the more recent at-
tempt at the Egyptian Hall by means of steam. In what way the
heat of the *Eccaleobion* is produced, we are not informed; prob-
ably it is by hot water; certainly the operation is simple and
effective, as abundant living proofs daily testify.

In an oblong wooden case, about nine feet in length, and three
feet in width and depth, entirely isolated, and divided into eight
compartments, each closed by a glazed door darkened, the eggs
are placed on cloth, without any covering; here they remain for
twenty-one days, the period of incubation; at the expiration of
which time, the chick liberates itself, and the next day is running
about and pecking its food as lively as if it had the hen's wing to
shelter it. The *Eccaleobion* is capable of containing upwards of
two thousand eggs, and of hatching about a hundred daily; and
though some failures occur from natural causes, the machine, un-
like the parent bird, never addles the egg.

It is always contrived that one compartment shall exhibit the
last stage of incubation; and this being open, the visiter may not
only hear the faint chirp of the imprisoned chick, but watch its
attacks on its oval cell, till having broken the shell all round, it
bursts the integuments and liberates itself. At first emerging into
this new state of existence, the light and the human eyes gazing
on the little chick, together with its extreme weakness, make it
appear as if it would fain retire into its confinement again: it stag-
gers, closes its eyes, and falls in an apparently exhausted state,
but soon revives, though but for a short time; as soon as it can
take food, however, it gains strength rapidly.

In a case fitted with lenses, placed before eggs in different
stages of incubation, lighted by gas, the appearances through the
shell may be observed; and on a table are placed the contents
of several eggs at successive periods of incubation, showing the
formation of the embryo, from the first day (as seen under the
microscope) to the complete bird, coiled up in its oval form; to
trace the gradual development of the eyes, the bill and cranium,
the heart and circulating system, the feet, feathers, etc. is exceed-
ingly interesting.

The fledglings are placed in partitions and supplied with food,
and the room rings with their chirping.

The *Eccaleobion* process is of course applicable to eggs of
every species of bird, but none others than those of the common
gallinaceous fowl have been reared: parties bringing the eggs of
other birds, however, can have them hatched by the machine, as
the same temperature (about 98 degrees of Fahrenheit) is appli-
cable to all, from the wren to the eagle. The introduction of the
Eccaleobion into general use, will supply abundance of fowls for
the table, at a very cheap rate, and with little trouble: the machi-
nery of the *Eccaleobion* is also applicable to a variety of scientific

purposes, where an even and pervading temperature is required;
as it may be regulated at pleasure up to 300 degrees of Fahren-
heit.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

An occurrence, which resulted in the death of four citizens of
the county of Chambers, in the state of Alabama, was detailed to
us yesterday; and from the respectability of the source we have
no doubt of its truth.

It appears that a well, in the neighborhood of Standing Rock, in
the county above mentioned, having failed to yield its usual sup-
ply of water, the owner determined to have it cleaned out. A
person was let down by the well bucket and rope, but showed no
signs of action when at the bottom—he was called to but did not
answer. A second proposed to go down and ascertain what was
the matter, and he also, as soon as he arrived at the bottom, be-
came supine and silent. A third proposed to go down, with the
understanding that he was to be drawn up as soon as he called out,
the persons present then suspecting for the first time that there
was some mephitic gas at the bottom of the well. He went
down, but it was only to join his unfortunate companions. When
he got nearly to the foot of the well, he called to be drawn up;
but when about half way up, he fell from the bucket! A fourth
then proposed that he should be lashed fast, and he would descend
with the understanding also that he should be hauled up as soon
as he called out. He then descended but little more than half
way when he gave the word; they drew him up quickly, but had
barely time to unlash him before life was extinct. The other
three were then taken out of the well with grapples, but none of
them showed the least signs of life—the vital spark was forever
extinguished! This melancholy catastrophe happened on Thurs-
day, and the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were all consign-
ed to the grave on Friday last.

Thus have four human lives been destroyed, and their spirits
hastened to eternity, for the want of a small share of caution. A
well should never be descended, when there is the least haze or
appearance of vapor within it, without trying it by introducing
therein a lighted candle or torch: if the light will continue to
burn there is no danger, but if it is extinguished in its descent, or
as soon as it arrives at the bottom, the utmost caution should be
observed in descending.—*West Point, (Ga.) paper, Sept. 18.*

A LANDSCAPE NEAR CADIZ.

I reached at length a sandy tract, covered with dwarf fan-palms,
gigantic aloes, prickly pears, and other shrubs, with many beauti-
ful flowers peculiar to the country, and with which I was not fa-
miliar. Numerous lizards, which lay basking on the sunny path
—some brown or red, of five or six inches in length, and others
about eighteen inches, of a beautiful bright green—fled into the
bushes at my approach. Hawks of various kinds were sailing and
screaming through the air; and rabbits from time to time rustled
amongst the underwood. These were the only signs of life in this
wilderness. The extended plain, with its thickets of fan-palms,
and strange, tropical foliage, the hot heavens of cloudless azure,
the glittering towers, domes, and flat-roofed buildings of Cadiz,
which rose into view as I reached a slight eminence, together
with the long lines of bright sandy coast dotted with snow-white
towns, dazzling the eye with the glare of the sun, and all thrown
into still brighter and stronger relief by the intense blue of the
bay, with here and there a cluster of lofty date-palms towering in
the distance, combined to form a scene so peculiar, so brilliant,
and so strikingly Eastern in character, that with difficulty I could
believe myself in Europe. It exactly realized my conceptions of
the torrid clime of India, whither I could imagine myself sudden-
ly transported.

I was here particularly struck with the great want of green which
is characteristic of a Southern landscape. Something there was
in the foliage generally which might perhaps claim the name, but
pale blue predominated in the aloes, browns, olives, and yellows in
the other shrubs; there was yellow ochre, too, of the richest hue
in the sand, indigo in the sea, and intense ultramarine in the sky;
but of green—the clear, fresh, decided green of England—there
was none.

A gentleman observed to Henry, Prince of Prussia, that it was
very rare to find genius, wit, memory, and judgment united in the
same person. "Surely there is nothing astonishing in this," re-
plied the prince, "Genius takes his daring flight towards heaven
—he is the eagle. Wit moves along by fits and starts; he is the
grasshopper. Memory marches backwards; he is the crab. Judgment
drags along slowly: he is the tortoise. How can you
expect that all these animals should move in unison?"

ANECDOTE OF DOMITIAN.—It is dangerous to jest with
monarchs. The favourite amusement of the Emperor Domitian,
it is well known, was fly-catching, to which royal amusement he
devoted the greater part of his time. Once, while he was thus
employed, a stranger presented himself in the ante-chamber, and
requested to be admitted to the emperor, asking, at the same
time, if he had any other company. "No—not even a fly," an-
swered the officer in waiting with a smile. Unfortunately Domi-

tian overheard him, and exclaimed in a voice like thunder—"Thy
head shall pay for that joke!" and it was cut off within an hour.

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK.—Captain Little, of the ship Glas-
gow, at this port, from Liverpool, reports that on the 18th Sept.,
lon. 61 20, wind light from the westward and baffling, he disco-
vered at a distance the appearance of a raft with something on it,
bore up and sent his boat and took from it three human beings,
with scarcely any life in them—took them on board, and learnt
that these were the only survivors of a crew of nineteen men, and
belonging to the ship Arab, Capt. Robertson, of and for Hull,
from Balize, Honduras, with a cargo of mahogany. During the
gale of the 15th Sept. she was dismasted, and finally went entire-
ly to pieces. These saved were on the side of the poop, being
four planks twenty feet long. They had been on this five days
without any thing except two cocoa nuts, which they found, and
were in a most wretched and starving condition when taken off,
and would not have survived another day. There was original-
ly nine upon the raft, including the mate, but they had previously
died, or becoming deranged for want of food, had jumped into
the sea. The names of those saved are William Westwood, car-
penter, of Selby, Yorkshire, England; John Arslay a Prussian,
and Halvor Haralsen, a Norwegian.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Mr. Elisha Burrett, the learned blacksmith, illustrates fully
what a man can accomplish under almost any circumstances, if he
possesses only application. Mr. B. has worked for many years as
a blacksmith, and continues to labor two thirds of the day at the
anvil in Worcester. The other portion of time he devotes to his
studies, and already he has acquired a knowledge of fifty differ-
ent languages. Last year he addressed a letter to the President
of the Royal Society of Antiquities in France, written in Celto
Breton, one of the provinces in that kingdom, but now an obsolete
language. The President of the Academy replied to his letter, and
the correspondence has been published in a volume just issued by
the Society in Paris, a copy of which has been sent to Mr. Bur-
rett of Worcester. He certainly has made great acquisition as a
linguist, and discovers most commendable application, if not men-
tal power.—*Northampton Cour.*

TAKING ADVICE.—A tailor making a gentleman's coat and
vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them
out. Some days after, the gentleman inquiring for the gar-
ments, was told by this matter-of-fact man, that the clothes hap-
pening to fit a countryman of his, he had let them out at a shilling
a week!

Pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more
terrible enemy to fine faces than the small pox.

A lady being at a party, with a very high black cap, surrounded
with scarlet feathers, an illustrious personage remarked, "that
she was like a kitchen chimney on fire."

The aristocracy are prone to ridicule the elevation of the mid-
dle class to high official situations, not reflecting it is easier to
transmute men of talents into gentlemen, than it is to convert
mere gentlemen into men of talent.—*Lady Blessington.*

When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his
merits and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of
a wagon always creaks the loudest.

Avarice in old age, says Cicero, is foolish, for what is more
absurd than to increase our provision for the road, the nearer we
approach to our journey's end.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Paddy, do you know how
to drive?" said a traveller to the 'Phaeton' of a jaunting car.
'Sure I do,' was the answer. 'Wasn't it I who upset your hon-
or in a ditch two years ago?'

LORD BROUGHAM.—Sir Edward Sugden (says the *Globe*)
is reported to have made the following complimentary remark on
Lord Brougham's varied attainments: "It is a pity his Lordship
does not know a little of law, as he would then know a little of
everything."

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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