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COLONIAL PEARL

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, 1839.

NUMBER FIFTY TWO

THE ANNUALS.

CHRISTMAS'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

In almost every other part of the world, where the English language is spoken, the Annuals are hailed with pleasure, and honored with some literary notice, if not with a formal review. In Halifax, we generally inform the public of their merits and beauties only in an advertisement. To do the Booksellers, or rather Belcher, who is the chief importer of these works, justice, the advertisement is usually made as long, and as poetical as possible—but still it says but little for the literary taste of Halifax, that there is not some hand stretched out, and some voice raised, to hail the advent of those delightful exhibitions of the continual triumph of the kindred arts, of engraving and typography, over the difficulties which beset their progress towards perfection: a point that we thought they had reached several years ago, but which it would appear is still to be attained. Be it understood then, that we intend hereafter to wipe off this reproach, and to bid the annuals welcome to our shores. If the people do not buy them any the faster, the fault shall not be ours—we will let them know what there is in this department of literature and the fine arts, as regularly as the year comes round.

Some surly old fellow, who we once heard teased by a pretty daughter for money to buy an Annual, excused his parsimony by declaring that they were all alike—that the Forget-me-nots of one year, were just like those of the next, and that to buy more than one was the height of folly and extravagance. Now admitting that this were true of the annuals—it is true also of the Roses, the Pinks and the Mayflowers—and yet are not these welcome in their season, and do we not revel in the aroma and beauty of the new growth without fancying that they are worse for the strong family likeness they bear to those which enchanted us the year before. With kindred feelings to those that our favourite flowers would call forth, we now sit down among the Annuals, and having ran our eyes hastily over them to ascertain the probable extent of the pleasure in store, we take up for a more deliberate examination.

The Juvenile Scrap Book, for 1840.

This volume is neatly done up, in crimson and gold; it contains 105 pages of beautiful typography, and 16 engravings. A notice of the latter may give a clue to the whole. The first engraving then is a vignette, called the Bark of Hope; it is a marine view,—the sun setting behind a group of mountainous islands, a flock of sea-fowl skimming over the slightly agitated waters, a couple of boats beating about, and a cutter under press of sail bearing for the land. The lines which this illustrates tell a melancholy tale of two ship-boys, one an orphan,

“Cast on the world alone;
He scorned to fear the tempest wild,
And mock'd its bilowy moan.”

The other,

“A fair and fragile form,
Nurs'd by a mother all too kind,
Affections all too warm.”

They met happily on the deck at morning, but ere night the storm and the reef had done their work,—the vessel went down, and the two boys are left amid the billows on a part of the wreck. The orphan endeavours to cheer his comrade, but the gentler lad grows faint at the horrors which surround him, and at the thoughts of home,—

“He knew the billows heaved around
In all their awful might:
But his ear was listening to the sound
Of his mother's prayer at night.”

A bark at length appears in sight, the orphan hopes that his little comrade may be saved, and urges him to good courage; but in vain, he droops and dies, just as rescue arrives.

“The blissful hour of safety parts,—
And never, never more,
To one of those young trusting hearts,
Shall life its joy restore.”

The next embellishment is entitled the Unwilling Philosopher. It represents a mother, in an “English garden,” lecturing her fair haired boy on the flowers which he has collected in his lap.

We then meet a very characteristic picture of a “Volcano in the Sandwich Isles.” Darkness in the distance, and a number of craters emitting their flames and volumes of smoke from a lake of liquid lava.

“Day Dreams” represents a comely girl, her book on her lap, her eyes gazing at vacancy, and her thoughts far away.

“Broken Force” is a scene in Cumberland, of rocks, and firs,

and torrent, and precipice, and cascade, and rustic bridge, and lonely heron;—while “The Hour of Trial” represents a sick bed and its group of weeping women and children:—an hour of trial indeed.

“Sidon” is a scene of sea shore;—a sheet of water, castles and other massive piles of buildings in the distance, and in the foreground camels and a group of reposing Turks.

“City of ancient splendour! where is now
The wreath of fame that bound thy stately brow?
Thy wealth of merchandise, thy pomp and pride,
That rode triumphant on the heaving tide?”

“Chivalry” is a battle group of the olden time, with the royal pavillion, spectators, castle, and other fitting adjuncts. The accompanying letter press is descriptive of the crusades, of jousts, tournaments, and other matters of chivalry. Three other engravings embellish this article. One a lady, on a milk white charger, with her falcon in hand, and a couple of spaniels at her side, galloping over the heather, towards a group engaged in the sport of falconry: (By the by, if any thing disparaging may be ventured, the lady's bird, although little removed from the foreground, is smaller than those which are engaged in the air much farther off.) another, a picture of an “English Knight,” and a third, a mockcombat in front of a barbican at Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth appears witnessing a scene of “the good old times.”

The next is a Sea Chase,—

“The far booming knell of the cannon was sounding,
From sea cave to headland its echoes rebounding:
On, on! 'tis for life or for death that she goes,
'Mid the surge of the wave, and the fire of her foes.”

The Cathedral at Worms, is one of those beautiful representations of ancient structures, which are generally so attractive.

An engraving named “The Fortress” embellishes some very pretty lines, entitled “The Discontented Page.” They describe a lad brought away from his cheerful home, placed in a gloomy sea side castle as a lady's page, and joyfully escaping from that pompous thralldom.

“He pines to see the forest gay,
To hear the hunter's horn;
Or well remembered roundelay,
With sweet-toned echo, far away
On mountain breezes borne.”

The remaining embellishments represent, Infant exposure in India, and a mother reproving the first falsehood of her abashed child.

We next take up Friendship's Offering. Its binding is deep purple, calf, richly embossed, and elegantly gilded. The plate which fronts the title page is, very appropriately, that of the “Fair student.” A young female, in antique costume, and reclined in an easy chair, intently pores over a folio volume.

The next embellishment is an elegant representation of the overflowing of the Nile. A cloudless sky, a group of sail boats, Turks reclining in their usual luxurious manner,—colossal monuments insulated by the rising waters, and distant buildings and ruins, are the features of the picture. It is accompanied by an article descriptive of Egypt, which contains the following remarks on the engraving:

“The exquisite little engraving which embellishes and which has called forth this rambling paper, represents a portion of the site of ancient Thebes during the overflowing of the river. The scene is full of interest. Four distant villages are now scattered over the ground where once the city stood. Two of these are here visible. On the right is Medireet Abou, and in the central distance, to the left, is Luxor. The two obelisks at the entrance of the latter are the most perfect now existing, and are each about eighty feet in height, and monoliths (that is, formed of a single stone.)

“The two enormous seated figures seen rising out of the water to the left, each about fifty six-feet high, are, or rather were, also monoliths; for one of them was long since destroyed by an earthquake * * * It has been since restored by a succession of many layers of stone. * * * But what perhaps, gives this statue its greatest interest, is the fact that this is the real,

“Mernon's broken image, sounding tuneful 'midst desolation,
still.” * * * To complete the picture, by the strange union of the past and the present, we have on the right, a group of langias, or Nile boats, shading by their sails, from the evening sun, a party of Mooslims, * * * who are regaling * * * to the sound of the Ood, or Egyptian guitar; while to the left are the aborigines of the land, half naked, or in rags, toiling under their antique urns, filled with the precious waters of the stream.”

The next engraving is a splendid scene of the “Court of Lions” in the Alhambra. A magnificent piazza, formed by a grove of slender pillars which support exquisite Moorish arches, surround an area, in the centre of which a number of marble lions support a fountain. In the shade of this most airy and noble architecture, are very graceful groups belonging to the times when the building was a temple of chivalry, and ruin was unknown amid its halls.

“Old Alhambra, in thy grove
Moorish kings no longer rove,
Listing to the golden lute,
Gazing at the fairy foot,
That, to its delicious sound,
Seem'd on viewless wings to bound.
O'er yon sculptured battlement,
Turbaned brows no more are bent;
Warriors' forms, with flushing eyes,
Cheeks, of damask roses dyed;
Gazing where the evening glow
Gilds the palace pomp below,—

All are gone,—all are gone;
All is silence,—all is stone.”

The Co-heiress is the title of the next engraving, which represents a couple of beauties, of other days, in a Gothic hall.

The next is a very beautiful specimen of the fine arts. An elegant hall, a noble Turkish figure,—a beauty, surrounded by her pets, parroquet, monkey and lap dog,—a Christian knight, and an African attendant,—a banquet laid, statues, flower vases, and other elegant details, from the picture called “The Renegade.”

“The children of Lady Burghersh,” is the title of a portraits of a boy and a girl, busy with flowers, on the terrace of their hereditary mansion.

“The Sicilian mother” represents a joyous woman, looking up to her babe, who sits on her shoulders,—while another “mother's pride” holds by her scarf, full of childish glee.

Melrose Abbey is a beautiful picture of that celebrated ruin.

“There was a time when, 'mid those ruins gray,
The pomp of Church and Chivalry were seen;
Amice and Armour mingled there to pray;
And beauty from those galleries did lean,
Watching the entrance of the long array,
The abbot haught, and knights of austere mein,
Her drooping eyelids glancing down abashed
As some plumed warrior's gaze from the raised vizor flashed.
But they are gone.”

“Yanekint in Bulgaria” is the title of the next embellishment. It is a grotesque landscape;—precipitous rocks, with a building perched on the summit, approached by long flights of steps,—a softer height, church-crowned and tree-shaded, and a dark glen through which flows a glistening stream, are its chief features.

This is the last embellishment in this elegant volume, and we pass to the next of the beautiful series, which, like birds of the East, attract by the texture and tint of their plumage, if not by the peculiar excellence of their song.

The Forget me not, is somewhat similar, in outside appearance, to Friendship's Offering.

The first engraving of this beautiful volume, is a full length portrait of her Majesty, in her robes of state. It gives a pleasing specimen of the artists power, in depicting various textures by the graver alone. The fur of the royal robe,—the satin, silk and lace of her Majesty's dress,—the flesh of the face, bosom and arms,—the carved wood work, the stone of the pillars, the carpet and the curtain, have each a character of its own, and exhibit the amazing controul which engravers have in this respect.

The next embellishment is a beautiful representation of “Count Egmont surrendering to the Duke of Alba.” A Gothic apartment, an old warrior seated in an antique chair,—his secretary anxiously intent on the business in hand,—the Count tendering his sword, and a guard at the door way, are the chief particulars. The principal figures are finely managed, as are the elegant details, and the whole seems finely characteristic, and possessing a rich historic and story-telling interest.

The Masquerade is a lovely picture. A richly appalled Mask is addressing a young beauty in a saloon, which opens into a ball room. The accessories are very pleasing, but the face and figure of the lady are nearly perfect,—the expression is life like, and the attitude eminently graceful and natural.

A poem entitled “A Tale of the Tower” is embellished by a painfully interesting picture. It represents the “Young Princes” the victims of Richard the Third, at prayers before retiring to rest on the fatal night. A dreadful gloom lies on the recesses of the apartment,—a stong light, from the solitary lamp, falls on the white night dresses and innocent faces of the brothers,—they kneel

book in hand, beside the bed which is to receive them for a last time, and seem preparing and prepared for heaven.

"Thus Edward King of England, prayed,
Thus little York, and then
Adown their guiltless heads they laid
In bloody Gloster's den.

Adown they laid, and blessed sleep
Fell on them—soft and light
As dew that stars on flowers weep
In summer's balmy night.
Thus innocent, thus nobly meek,
Devoted to the death!—
With cheek eye nestling unto cheek,
They mingled breath with breath."

"The Eve of the Bride" is a pleasing subject, not very well executed. The sun is setting on a pastoral landscape, and the intended bride and her lover, are slowly following a flock of goats, forgetful of the world about them, as might be expected on such an interesting occasion. Neither lady nor gentleman, however, are very well designed or drawn. A few lines from the accompanying article gives the scene very pleasingly:

"How many a breast on eve like this,
Is steeped in rapture—filled with bliss!
But, 'mong thy maidens, sunny France,
No eye beams forth a brighter glance,
No bosom owns a deeper spell
Of holy joy than thine Estelle!
The loved one wonders by thy side,
He who the morrow claims thee bride."

The "Ascent of the Spirit" represents a young female rising into the empyrean, attended by two angels.

"She lay down in her poverty,
Tuil-stricken, though so young;
And the words of human sorrow
Fell from her trembling tongue."

"Awake lift up thy joyful eyes,
See, all heaven's host appears;
And be thou glad excoedingly,
Thou, who hast done with tears!"

Adeline is a portrait of a fine girl, singing, and seeming full of joyous life. But the story is very different,—Adeline is left in early life, an orphan,—and, as a Governess, meets privations, neglects, and many sorrows, which hasten her to the grave.

"Fare thee well, Adeline, my girlhood's play fellow, my youth's companion! Happily for thee there is another and a better world, one where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are for ever at rest. To that world art thou passing; and mayest thou find there the peace that was denied thee in this!"

The next is an fine picture. It is called the "Captive Princess." On the terrace of an ancient castle, a beautiful female is seated, singing to her guitar. Alone, she would form a beautiful figure, but beside her stands an exquisite form, whose noble bearing, and downcast mournful look, tell her to be "the Captive Princess." It is a gemmically perfect in every particular.

"One friend midst many foes she found,
A hand-maiden whose merry glance,
And foot like zephyr flitting round,
Spoke her a child of laughing France.
When darkest sorrow seem'd to lower,
The lady's grief she would beguile,
And lighten'd many a heavy hour
With pleasant tales, and song, and smile."

The last two embellishments, are entitled "Alice," and "The Tapestered chair,"—the first represents a young woman in an arbor, idly busy plaiting her hair,—the second, a lady before a piece of tapestry, listless, her heart intent on some theme which makes her forget the work of her hands.

The volume is beautiful in exterior and interior, artist, printer and binder, has each done his part well,—but we have no space for its literary material,—we only skim over the flowers, noticing the fragrance and hues,—leaving for better opportunities all botanical disquisitions.

To be continued.

LAUGHED OUT OF IRELAND.

FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

Travelling once in the coupe of a diligence, I directed my entire attention towards an Irish acquaintance, as well because of his singularity, as to avoid a little German in the opposite corner.

"You have been long in France, then, sir," said I, as we entered into conversation.

"Three weeks, and it seems like three years to me—but I'll go back soon—I only came abroad for a month."

"You'll scarcely see much of the Continent in so short a time."

"Never a match that will grieve me, I didn't come to see it."

"Indeed!"

"Nothing of the kind. I only came—to be away from home."

"Oh! I perceive."

"You're quiet out there," said my companion, misinterpret-

ing my meaning. "It wasn't any thing of that kind. I don't owe a sixpence. I was laughed out of Ireland—that's all, though that same is bad enough."

"Laughed out of it!"

"Just so—and little you know of Ireland if that surprises you."

After acknowledging that such an event was perfectly possible, from what I myself had seen in that country, I obtained the following brief account of my companion's reasons for foreign travel:—

"Well, sir," began he, "it is about four months since I brought up to Dublin from Galway a little chesnut mare, with cropped ears and a short tail, square-jointed, and rather low—just what you'd call a smart hack for going to cover with—a lively thing on the road with a light weight. Nobody ever suspected that she was a clean bred thing—own sister to Jenny, that won the Corinthians, and ran second to Giles for the Riddlesworth—but so she was, and a better bred mare never leaped the pound in Ballinasloe. Well, I brought her to Dublin, and used to ride her out two or three times a week, making little matches sometimes to trot—and, for a thorough-bred, she was a clipper at trotting—to trot a mile or so on the grass, another day to gallop the length of the nine acres opposite the Lodge—and then sometimes to back her for a ten pound note to jump the biggest surze bush that could be found—all of which she could do with ease, nobody thinking, all the while, that the cock-tailed pony was out of Scroggins, by 'a Lamplighter mare.'—As every fellow that was beat to-day was sure to come to-morrow, with something better, either of his own or a friend's, I had matches booked for every day in the week—for I always made my little boy that rode, win by half a neck or nostril, and so we kept on, day after day, pocketing from ten to thirty pounds or thereabouts.

"It was mighty pleasant while it lasted, for besides winning the money, I had my own fun laughing at the spoonies that never could book my bets fast enough—young infantry officers and the junior bar—they were, for the most part, nice to look at, but very raw about racing. How long I might have gone on in this way I cannot say; but one morning I fell in with a fat, elderly gentleman, in shorts and gaiters, mounted on a dun cob pony, that was very fetty and hot tempered, and appeared to give the rider a great deal of uneasiness.

"He's a spicy hack you're on, sir," said I, "and has a go in him, I'll be bound."

"I rather think he has, said the old gentleman, half testily.

"And can trot a bit, too."

"Twelve Irish miles in fifty minutes, with my weight. Here he looked down at a paunch like a sugar hog's head.

"Maybe he's not bad across a country," said I, rather to humor the old fellow, who, I saw, was proud of his pony.

"I'd like to see his match, that's all." Here he gave a rather contemptuous glance at my hack.

"Well, one word led to another, and it ended at last in our booking a match, with which one party was no less pleased than the other. It was this: each was to ride his own horse, starting from the school in the Park, round the Fifteen Acres, outside the Monument, and back to the start—just one heat, about a mile and a half—the ground good, and only soft enough. In consideration, however, of his great weight, I was to give odds in the start; and as we could not well agree upon how much, it was at length decided that he was to get away first, and I to follow as fast as I could, after drinking a pewter quart full of Guinness's double stout—droll odd's you'll say, but it was the old fellow's own thought, and as the match was a soft one, I let him have his way. "The next morning the Phoenix was crowded as if for a review. There were all the Dublin notaries, swarming in barouches, and tilburies, and outside jaunting cars—smart clerks in the post-office, mounted upon sticking devils from Dycer's and Lalouett's stables—attorney's wives and daughter's from York-street, and a stray doctor or so on a hack that looked as if he had been lectured on for the six winter months at the College of surgeons. My antagonist was half an hour late, which time I occupied in booking bets on every side of me—offering odds, of ten, fifteen, or at last to tempt the people, twenty-five to one against the dun. At last the fat gentleman came up on a jaunting-car, followed by a groom leading the cob. I wish you heard the cheer that greeted him on his arrival, for it appeared he was a well-known character in town, and much in favour with the mob. When he got off the car, he bundled into a tent, followed by a few of his friends, where they remained for about five minutes, at the end of which he came out in full racing costume—blue and yellow striped jacket, and blue cap and leathers—looking as funny a figure as ever you set your eyes upon. I thought it time to throw off my white surcoat, and show out in pink and orange, the colors I had been winning in for two months past. While some of the party went on to station themselves at different places round the Fifteen Acres, to mark out the course, my fat friend was assisted into the saddle, and gave a short preliminary gallop of a hundred yards or so, that set us all a laughing. The odds were now fifty to one in my favor and I gave them wherever I could find

them. "With you, sir, if you please, in pounds, and the gentleman in red whiskers, too, if he likes—very well, in half coverings, if you prefer it." So I went on, betting on every side, till the bell rung to mount. As I knew I had plenty of time to spare, I took little notice, and merely giving a look at my girls, I continued leisurely booking my bets. At last the time came, and at the word 'away,' off went the fat gentleman on the dun, at a spluttering gallop, that flung the mud on every side of us, and once more threw us all a-laughing. I waited patiently till he got near the upper end of the Park, taking bets every minute; and now that he was away, every one offered to wager. At last, when I let him get nearly half round, and found no more money could be had, I called out to his friends for the porter, and, throwing myself into the saddle, gathered up the reins in my hand.—The crowd fell back off each side, while from the tent I have already mentioned out came a thin fellow, with one eye, with a pewter quart in his hand, he lifted it up towards me, and I took it; but what was my fright to find that the porter was boiling, and the vessel so hot that I could scarcely hold it. I endeavored to drink however; the first mouthful took all the skin off my lips and tongue—the second half choked, and the third nearly threw me into an apoplectic fit—the mob cheering all the time like mad. Meantime, the old fellow had reached the furze, and was going along like fun. Again I tried the porter, and a fit of coughing came on that lasted five minutes. The porter was so hot that the edge of the quart took away a piece of my mouth at every effort. I ventured once more, and with the desperation of a madman I threw down the hot liquid to its last drop. My head reeled—my eyes glared—and my brain was on fire. I thought I beheld fifty fat gentlemen galloping on every side of me, and all in sky jackets of blue and yellow. Half mechanically I took the reins, and put spurs to my horse; but before I got well away a loud cheer from the crowd assailed me. I turned, and saw the dun coming in at a floundering gallop, covered with foam, and so dead blown that neither himself nor the rider could have got twenty yards farther. The race was, however won. My odds were lost to every man on the field, and, worse than all, I was so laughed at, that I could not venture out in the sheds, without hearing allusions to my misfortune.

FRAUD BY A CHELSEA PENSIONER.

The pension board of Chelsea Hospital have lately been made acquainted with a singular fraud, which was practised under the following circumstances: A man passing under the name of Beresford, but whose real name is John Conway, a pensioner of the hospital, who had served under his Grace the Duke of Wellington at the battles of Victoria and Waterloo, in the latter of which he lost one of his hands, has been the principal actor in this fraud, in co-operation with a person named Middleton, who is understood to be very respectably connected. The dupe is Mr. Langley, a retired tradesman, now staying in London, but formerly a resident in Liverpool, where, by assiduity and perseverance in his business for a number of years, he accumulated a very comfortable independence. About four months ago, Mr. Langley, intending to make a tour through England for the benefit of the impaired health of his wife, was proceeding, accompanied by her, by the Holyhead mail to Chester, when he fell in with Beresford, who was a fellow passenger, but who was, until that time, an entire stranger. Beresford possessed considerable conversational powers, and beguiled the tediousness of the journey by relating his exploits in arms, and hinted that had he but a few hundred pounds he could realize a fortune, as he and a comrade had secreted amongst some ruins in Vittoria, a treasure consisting of gold coin, Spanish dollars and jewelry, to the amount of upwards of £10,000. His comrade, he said, was shot on the battle field of Vittoria, and the secret was confined to himself alone. Mr. Langley readily took the bait, and, after many skilful misrepresentations on the part of Beresford, it was ultimately agreed that the three, accompanied by Middleton, whom Beresford had introduced to his dupes as a person whose services were indispensably necessary, from his knowledge of continental stratagem, to secure the safe transit of the treasure to this country, should forthwith proceed to Vittoria. Mr. Langley undertaking to advance the necessary expenses, and feasting the cheats in the most liberal manner. The projected tour of England was abandoned for that of a visit to the Continent, and they proceeded direct to Falmouth, where they embarked for Lisbon, and arrived after a pleasant voyage. Here Beresford played upon the timidity of Mr. Langley and his wife by representing that the country was in such an unsettled state as to render their proceeding any farther extremely dangerous, and it was finally agreed upon that Mr. and Mrs. Langley should return to Falmouth, while Beresford and his companion prosecuted with vigor the object of their journey, the former having induced Mr. Langley to place in his hands the sum of £150, to defray expenses. Beresford then purchased fire arms, etc. and made every show and preparation for the journey, and Mr. and Mrs. Langley retraced their way back to Falmouth, where Beresford promised to join them at the earliest opportunity.

This he did in about two months, and stated that they had been only partially successful, as they had been obliged to use great

caution to prevent observation, but that the greater portion of the treasure had been lodged in the hands of a confidential friend of his, who was connected with the Spanish embassy, who promised to bring it over to England, and he at the time produced a receipt, purporting to be from that party, guaranteeing to deliver the treasure in England on the payment of £300. Beresford displayed several gold rings and a splendid gold chain, which he asserted was part of the spoil; and, after a time, asked for an advance of £50 more, which was refused by Mr. Langley, who began to entertain suspicions that all was not right. Beresford expressed himself indignant that his request was not complied with, and withdrew. Middleton shortly afterwards exposed to Mr. Langley the manner in which he had been duped. He was induced to do this in consequence of Beresford cheating him of his share. He stated that after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Langley, neither himself nor Beresford proceeded any farther, but lived in a princely style, and that Beresford frequently drank in derision, the toast of "Langley and Vittoria." The rings, etc. had been bought by Beresford for the sake of aiding the deception, and the chain he wore had been got in exchange for an elegant and valuable one presented to him by Mr. Langley. It turned out that this is the third similar trick Beresford has practised. Mr. Langley estimates his own loss in this treasure seeking affair to be upwards of £500.—*London Morn. Post.*

TURKISH HAREM.

I was extremely anxious (says Dr. Oppenheim) to judge from experience of the Beauty of the Circassian and Georgian women, who are sold in their earliest youth, and sent into every part of the Sultan's dominions, either to perform some menial office, or become the favourites of their master. I was also desirous to see the interior arrangement and management of a harem. I had soon an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. The favourite wife of the Kiaja Bey, Governor of Adrianople, having been sick for two or three days, the Pasha, who placed implicit confidence in me, informed him that I could most certainly effect a cure if permitted to see her. The Kiaja Bey, to whom I was not personally known, sent to request me to accompany his harem kiaja, a black eunuch, to his harem, which lay at more than a quarter of a league from his house. We proceeded to a low door, which, being opened, I found an airy pavilion, the coolness of which was preserved by a magnificent fountain and cascades. He, on our knocking, admitted us into a garden, when in this delightful spot I was served with coffee and a pipe, while my arrival was announced. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, I was conducted through the garden, to the second door, where I was received by a veiled woman, the superintendent, or portera, to the harem, who took me through a garden into a building appropriated exclusively to the use of the women, where a number of slaves and children, white and black, crowded round me with eager curiosity, or peeped from behind the curtains. At last the sick chamber was opened to me; it was a neat little apartment with red furniture and closed curtains; the fair patient was lying on cushions arranged on the carpeted floor, close to an ottoman and covered from head to foot with a white cloth, in such a manner as to leave the beholder in actual doubt of her presence. Having seated myself on the ottoman near the head of the couch, the attendants were dismissed, leaving only the interpreter, the two children of the sick lady, and an old nurse. The patient answered all questions through the veil without hesitation or prudery.—When I expressed a desire to feel her pulse, two pretty white hands were protruded from under the covering; and when I asked to see her tongue, the patient slightly raised her veil, yet in such a manner as to allow me to obtain a glance of the features of a most lovely brunette, that could scarcely have attained her twentieth year. She directly after shrunk back under the drapery, and requested that I would now leave the room, and address any further questions to the nurse, who was well acquainted with her state. I was then conducted by the nurse into the ante-chamber where I was again treated with coffee and a pipe.

MATRIMONIAL JARS.—If people would but consider how possible it is to inflict pain, and perpetrate wrong without any positive intention of doing either, but merely from circumstances arising from inadvertence, want of sympathy, or an incapability of mutual comprehensions, how much acrimony might be spared! Half the quarrels that embitter wedded life, and half the separations that spring from them, are produced by the parties misunderstanding each other's peculiarities, and not studying and making allowance for them. Hence unintentional omissions of attention are viewed as intended slights, and as such are resented: these indications of resentment for an unknown offence, appear an injury to the unconscious offender; who, in turn widens the breach of affection by some display of petulance, or indifference, that not frequently irritates the first wound inflicted, until it becomes incurable. In this manner often arises the final separation of persons who, might, had they accurately examined each other's hearts and dispositions, have lived happily together.—*Countess of Blessington.*

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued.)

A wealthy farmer in Sullivan county, New Hampshire, had been in the habit of drinking spirit for a number of years, and during the haying season he often used it freely. With more than ordinary activity of mind and a vigorous bodily constitution, he attained the age of *seventy-five* years; much broken down and decayed however, under occasional attacks of gout, which he called rheumatism. At this period he broke off suddenly and wholly from the use of spirit; and within two years, that is, at the age of *seventy-seven*, he was so much recruited as to appear several years younger, and he assured me that in the last two haying seasons he had accomplished more personal labor than in any other haying season for the last ten or twelve years. He expressed himself in the most decisive and energetic manner when remarking upon the effects, in his own case, of total abstinence from spirituous drinks; he had not only not been injured, but had been an unspeakable gainer by the change. This case, and others like it, show the futility of the opinion that it is unsafe for persons of any age suddenly to break the habit of spirit drinking, and that those advanced in life should either not attempt to discontinue it, or should do it in the most cautious and gradual manner. The truth is, that the effects, whether immediate or remote, of alcohol, whenever they are so distinct as to be estimated, are always those of an unnatural, unhealthy, or poisonous agent; and soon after the daily poison is withdrawn, the vital powers, relieved from their oppression, rally, the organs act with more freedom and regularity, and the whole machinery of life exhibits something like renovation.

Spirit has been erroneously supposed to afford a protective influence against the effects of severe cold. A sea captain of Boston, Massachusetts, informed me that in a memorable cold Friday in the year 1816, he was on a homeward passage off our coast not far from the latitude of Boston. Much ice made upon the ship, and every person on board was more or less frozen, excepting two individuals, and they were the only two who drank no spirit.

"In 1619, the crew of a Danish ship of sixty men, well supplied with provisions and ardent spirit, attempted to pass the winter in Hudson's bay; but *fifty-eight* of them died, before spring. An English crew of *twenty-two* men, however, destitute of ardent spirit and obliged to be almost constantly exposed to the cold, wintered in the same bay, and only two of them died. Eight Englishmen did the same in like circumstances, and all returned to England. And four Russians, left without spirit or provisions in Spitzbergen, lived there six years and afterwards returned home." Facts of this nature might be multiplied to any extent.

So far, also, from guarding the animal fabric against the depressing and irritating effects of heat, spirits tends to produce inflammatory diseases. A distinguished medical officer, Marshall, who was subjected to great exertion and exposure in a tropical climate, observes, "I have always found that the strongest liquors were the most enervating; and this in whatever quantity they were consumed: for the daily use of spirits is an evil which retains its pernicious character through all its gradations; indulged in at all, it can produce nothing better than a diluted or mitigated kind of mischief."

Those ships' crews who now visit hot and sickly climates without spirit, have an average of sickness and mortality strikingly less than those who continue the use of it as formerly. "The Brig Globe, Captain Moore," says the anniversary Report of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society for 1831, "has lately returned from a voyage to the Pacific Ocean. She had on board a crew of ten persons, and was absent nearly eighteen months. She was, during the voyage, in almost all the climates of the world; had not one person sick on board, and brought the crew all back orderly and obedient. All these advantages Captain Moore attributes, in a great measure, to the absence of spirituous liquors. There was not one drop used in all that time; indeed there was none on board the vessel."

To a place among preventives of disease, spirituous drinks can present but the most feeble claims. If under occasional drinking during the period of alcoholic excitement, a temporary resistance may be given to those morbid influences which bring acute disease, be it occasional or epidemic, that excitement, by the immutable laws of vital action, is necessarily followed by a state of relaxation, depression, or collapse, in which the power of resistance is weakened, and this too in proportion to the previous excitement. In order therefore to obtain from alcoholic stimulus anything like a protective influence against the exciting causes of diseases, the exposure to these causes must be periodical, precisely corresponding with the stage of artificial excitation. If, however, such accuracy of adjustment between the powers of vital resistance artificially excited, and the unhealthy agencies which tend to produce disease be wholly impracticable, then the danger must be increased by resorting under any circumstances to spirit as a preservative; and if not, other articles would do as well.

The best protection against disease is derived from a natural, healthy, unfluctuating state of vital action, sustained by plain articles of nutriment taken at regular intervals, uninfluenced by any innutritious stimulus which operates upon the whole nervous

power. The habitual drinking of ardent spirit creates a multitude of chronic or subacute organic irritations and derangements; upon which acute disease is most easily, nay, often necessarily ingrafted; hence tipplers and drunkards, exposed to the exciting causes of inflammatory, epidemic, and contagious diseases, are liable to an attack, and when attacked, having the vital powers unnecessarily wasted, they die in larger numbers. These results are witnessed in epidemic pleurisies, lung fevers, the severe forms of influenza, pesidential fevers, and cholera.

THE PERSONAL HABITS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Queen Elizabeth had the good taste to delight much in Windsor Castle. The celebrated terrace was her work, and under it a garden, whose meanders and labyrinths are still faintly discernible. On this terrace she was accustomed to walk for an hour before dinner, unless prevented by the wind; for it must be said that our lion-queen had an especial aversion to wind, or rather, perhaps, to its effects upon her complexion. Rain she cared nothing about, or rather it was an object of preference, as she took great pleasure in walking upon the terrace, under an umbrella while the shower pattered around her. Although Elizabeth was very vain of her plain face, she did not disdain to use a thousand arts to improve it; and as she was not a less passionate admirer of masculine beauty, the very men began to bedaub themselves with paint in imitation of the women. The most approved method of adding to the charms of the complexion was by bathing in wine, after the pores of the skin has been opened for the medicament by the use of the warm bath. This, however, was resorted to by the mere passees of beauties—the wine not only making the face 'fair and ruddy,' but smoothing perhaps, by its astringent qualities, the wrinkles of time. Younger women bathed in milk to preserve the sleekness of their skin! and it is worthy of remark, that the former wash was used so freely by the Queen of Scots that her jailor, the Earl of Shrewsbury, complained of it as more expensive than his allowance would afford. Mary, at this time, was only twenty-six years of age.—*Heath's Picturesque Annual.*

PRAYER AT SEA.—If prayer was not instinctive to man, it is here that it would have been invented, by being left alone with their thoughts and their weaknesses in the presence of the abysses of the heavens, in the immensity of which the sight is lost, and of the sea, from which they are only separated by a fragile plank, the ocean roaring meanwhile, whistling and howling like the cries of a thousand wild beasts, the blasts of wind making the cordages yield a harsh sound, and the approach of night increasing every peril and multiplying every terror. But prayer was not invented; it was born with the first sigh, with the first joy, the first sorrow of the human heart, or rather man was born to pray; to glorify God, or to implore Him was his only mission here below; all else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory, of admiration, or of love which he raises to the Creator does not perish on his passing from the earth; it re-ascends, it resounds from age to age, in the ear of the Almighty, like the echo of his own voice, like the reflection of his own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is divine, and which he can exhale with joy and pride, for it is a homage to Him to whom closer homage is due, the Infinite Being.—*Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.*

THE LOVE OF SELF.

Regard thyself—thy being understand;
Its nature scan, its fair proportions know;
Give to the body—to the head—the hand—
To every part, what unto each we owe.
Give to the soul, in its eternal flow
Of power, and feeling, and transcendent thought,
Such care as shall avoid its endless wo—
Such care, as with maturest wisdom fraught;
Shall seek its glorious worth intensely as we ought.

NUMBER OF OAKS NECESSARY TO BUILD ONE SHIP.—"An oak in a good soil and situation," says South, a practical planter, "will, in 75 years from the acorn, contain a ton of timber; or a ton and a half of square timber." By a report of the commissioners of land revenue, respecting timber, printed by order of the House of Commons, it appears, that a 74 gun ship contains about 2,000 tons, which, at the rate of a load and a half a ton, would give 3,000 loads of timber; and would consequently require 2,000 trees of 75 year's growth. It has also been calculated that as not more than 40 oaks, containing a load and a half of timber in each, can stand upon an acre, 50 acres are required to produce the oaks necessary for a 74 gun ship.—*London Paper.*

BRIBERY.—Sweetmeats were formerly much used to bribe persons of quality, or judges, to whom a request was to be made. This custom at last rose to such a pitch that Louis IX. of France, issued a proclamation, wherein he forbade all judges to take more than ten penny-worth a week.

From the Peoria North Western Gazetteer, Nov. 9.

TRAVELLING IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE OREGON EXPEDITION.

Mr. Obadiah Oakley, one of the party who left Peoria in May for Oregon, returned home on Sunday last, having separated from his companions in the Rocky Mountains. The following is an outline of his journey and adventures.

The company consisted, on leaving Peoria, of fifteen members. At Quincy, they were joined by another; all of whom reached Independence, Mo., the 20th of May, twenty days after leaving Peoria.

At Independence, two more joined the company. Before leaving Independence they exchanged their waggon and some of their horses for other horses and pack mules.

Mounted and provisioned, the company, 18 in number, left Independence the 20th of May, on the Santa Fe road, which is a distinct waggon track. The first adventure they met with was the loss of two horses the following night, while they were encamped five miles from Independence. The owners returned to that town the next day, and recovered them.

Ten miles farther, and fifteen from Independence, brought them to the Western line of Missouri, where Mr. Fitzhugh resides in a log cabin, and this was the last house they saw until they reached some of the posts of the American fur company.

A day or two afterward, when they had reached Elm grove, forty miles from Independence, and had there encamped for the night, they discovered that two other horses were missing. As they had doubtless returned to Independence, the owners started in pursuit, while the remainder of the company, after halting a day at the grove, continued on leisurely, the owners returned with the recovered horses, about a day and a half afterward. Their practice at night, after unlading the horses, was to 'stake' them in the prairie, i. e. to drive notched stakes into the ground, to which they would fix one end of the halter, giving the animals sufficient play to enable them to feed in abundance.

At the Osage River, about 100 miles from Independence, they met a returning party who had passed along a few days before to assist Captain Kelley's Santa Fe company over the worst part of the road. It consisted of seven waggons, with a proportionate number of men. They were now on their return. Our adventurers had been a week from Independence, during which they had not seen a human being, the sight of fellow countryman now kindled the warmest feelings of sympathy in their hearts, and three of them resolved at once to return. Here also two Caw Indians, the first of any tribe they had seen, came to the camp, and received from the party some trifling presents. On the next day they saw 30 or 40 of the same tribe. They were returning from a hunting excursion, and were entirely ignorant of our language.

The Osage river was here about 30 yards wide, and about knee deep.

Parting with the Santa Fe escort the next day, the party continued on to Council Grove, 50 miles farther, which they reached on the 9th of June, 10 days from Independence.

On the 12th, while pursuing their journey, they were overtaken by a tremendous storm, more awful than any thing they had ever before seen or read of. The thunder and the lightning appalling beyond description. Mr. Oakley's gun, which he held in his hand, was struck from him, and he nearly thrown from his horse. The others were more or less affected by the subtle element.

The same evening they overtook Captain Kelley's company, bound to Santa Fe. It numbered fourteen waggons and twenty-nine men. With them our adventurers were invited to camp for the night, an offer which they gladly accepted, as they had no wood, nor was a tree to be seen.

By this time the provisions obtained at Independence were nearly exhausted, and they had met with no game to shoot. It became, therefore, necessary that the party should divide, by choosing hunters to go ahead and procure a supply. Messrs. Oakley, Shortess, Jordan and Fletcher were chosen accordingly, and they set out on the following morning.

June 13.—The four hunters, leaving with the main party all the provisions, set out, themselves destitute, in search of game. They soon saw some elk, two of which they wounded, but they escaped. At 4 in the afternoon, when within eight miles of Little Arkansas river, they met a trading company, consisting of thirty old men and ten waggons, loaded with peltries from the Rocky Mountains, under the command of Mr. Bent, who resides at Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas river. With it were also two hundred sheep, bound for a lower market. By this company the hunters were kindly treated, and feasted for the night. Captain Bent informed them that he had lost from his caravan, since he left home, thirty mules and seven horses, which had strayed away, and requested, if they found them, to take them in charge, and leave them at his fort as they passed it.

14.—Separating from the company, the hunters continued on, and in 8 miles reached the Little Arkansas. Though about such a stream as the Osage, between 30 and 40 yards wide, it was now prodigiously swollen, being at least 15 feet deep, and running with great velocity. As it was impracticable to cross it, the hunters planted themselves leisurely upon its bank, took out their fishing

lines, and commenced fishing. In a little while they caught 12 catfish, which proved to be of excellent flavor. While thus engaged, three men of Capt. Bent's company, who had been left behind to hunt for the stray mules and horses, appeared on the opposite side of the river, after an unsuccessful search. As they were destitute of food, and the surest resource lay in overtaking the company they had left, the river was to them a feeble obstacle. Immediately on reaching it, they drove in their horses, which swam directly across, then stripped themselves and followed their example. One of them, a Spaniard, whom familiarity with the water had rendered half amphibious, took the saddle from the horse and held it in one hand, while he swam across with the other. They had eaten nothing for 3 days. Another fish was consequently laid on the coals and speedily devoured. After spending the night together, the hunters sent by the strangers some fish to Capt. Bent, and after leaving three of the largest in the water for their comrades, when they came up, and to which their attention was directed by a signal, they prepared to cross the river.

15.—The passage across the river was affected in this way:—The halters were taken from the horses and tied into a line, which was found to be in length double the width of the river. The horses were then driven across; after which two of the men swam over, carrying one end of the line with them. Those who remained tied the luggage in a bundle to the rope on the edge of the shore; then holding the rope behind the bundle, and letting it slip through their hands as those on the opposite side pulled, both parties keeping the rope so well stretched as to hold it above the water, the bundle was conveyed safely over. During this day five other streams were swung and waded. Nothing escaped being thoroughly drenched except the powder, which was carried in small canisters on the body. The mosquitoes were 'dreadful.' Camped at night on Big Cow creek, were Capt. Bent had said they would find buffalo, though they did not.

16.—As a supply of meat become more and more desirable, the hunters determined to leave their baggage at the spot where they had camped, and go forth unencumbered in pursuit of Buffalo. After riding seven miles and finding none, it was arranged that two should go back for the baggage, and take it on to a point named,—Walnut creek grove,—while the other two should sweep the country, and meet the others at sundown. Oakley and Jordan went back for the baggage, and Shortess and Fletcher continued the hunt. As the former, in prosecuting their journey, approached the grove about sundown, Jordan said he saw the glister of a gun barrel and that there must be Indians. They stopped to consult, when Jordan was for returning; but Oakley said that would be useless, as the Indians, if such, must have seen them and would speedily overtake them. As they advanced they saw oxen and soon discovered the party to be a company of traders.—They were bound for Santa Fe, and numbered 93 men and 53 waggons. Our adventurers met with a severe reprimand from them for travelling in the exposed manner they did, subject to be met almost hourly by Indians, who would prove hostile or friendly, just as their inclination or their wants at the moment might prompt them. After dark Shortess and Fletcher arrived, without having killed anything.—The four had been three days with but one meal of catfish to eat. With the Santa Fe company, however, they once more fared sumptuously. They here discovered the reason why they had found no Buffalo on and around Big Cow creek, as Capt. Bent had told them they would. The Caw Indians, who hovered around and in front of this company, had driven them off, that they might enhance their value, and by killing them themselves, sell the meat at a good price to the traders.

18.—The four hunters, being somewhat in advance of the company, saw seven Buffalo bulls and gave chase. The bulls, as the pursuit continued, separated and fled in different directions; but one was run down after a chase of 2½ miles by the two hunters named, and easily killed. He weighed about 900 lbs. After taking the *fleece*, i. e. the most fleshy parts, weighing about 300 lbs. and leaving the carcass, they loaded their horses and returned to the company. This was the first Buffalo they had killed, and they found the meat superior in flavor to any they had ever eaten. The flesh now obtained they "jerked," and it lasted 5 or 6 days.

19.—Two of the hunters went back with a portion of the Buffalo to meet their comrades, from whom they had now been separated 6 days. They found them 8 miles back, with nothing to eat, having in this interval killed but one antelope. They had found the fish also, and had previously met Captain Bent's company. They had also found his stray mules and horses, and now had them in company.—(On leaving them afterwards at Bent's fort, Capt. B.'s brother generously presented the company with two of the mules and 200 lbs. of flour for their trouble.) The same day the whole party overtook the Santa Feans, who had proceeded but 6 miles from where the two hunters separated from them. All encamped that night at Pawnee fork. The Caw Indians, before spoken of, had killed 62 Buffaloes.

28.—Reached the Santa Fe crossings of the Arkansas river this afternoon. The distance is computed to be 450 miles from Independence, and one month had just been consumed in the journey. Here it became necessary that the two companies should separate, the larger to continue the plain beaten road to Mexico—the other to penetrate the trackless wilderness to the mouth of the Colum-

bia. In view of the latter prospect, three of the company became discouraged and determined to join the Santa Fe party. The others maintained stout hearts, and responded to the motto of their leader, "OREGON OR THE GRAVE."

The next prominent point, after leaving the Santa Fe crossings on Arkansas river, is Bent's fort, 160 miles further up that stream. The route is along a tolerably distinct waggon track, and they reached the fort on the 5th of July, six days after leaving the crossings. On the way, in consequence of the mutinous spirit manifested by a few of the company, Capt. Farnham threw up the command. The fort is an enclosure of about one quarter of an acre, with several rooms attached to the walls, capable of accommodating 100 men. It contains 1000 stand of arms and one brass cannon, the force being intended to intimidate the surrounding Indians and keep the hostile in check.

The Arkansas river is about as wide as the Missouri, and the water of the same color, though far less deep and rapid.

After spending six days at the fort, the party prepared to leave, the spirit of disaffection resulted in a division of the company into two parties, one with Shortess for their leader. The other with Kelly for their leader and guide.

Both parties left the fort on the 11th of July, with the design of reaching the Columbia river,—Shortess's for Bent and Sublett's fort on the south fork of Platte river, 220 miles distant, by a plain waggon road,—and Kelley's for Brown's Hole in the Rocky Mountains.

July 18.—At 10 o'clock entered the Rocky Mountains by a ravine, and were soon saluted by a tremendous hail storm. The heights around were covered with snow, and the atmosphere indicated a degree of cold about equal to freezing.

20.—Killed a buffalo bull, an antelope, and a mountain hen, called by the hunters sage cock. While dressing the buffalo, a multitude of others came round, bellowing and pawing. The men sprang to their horses and guns, expecting the enraged animals would tear them to pieces. After awhile, however, they retreated. The road to day was equally rugged with that of the two last, and the Mountains destitute of trees save here and there a hemlock, pine, balsam or willow.

21.—Saw several fresh tracks in the sand, which their leader pronounced to be those of Indians, caused the party to keep a better look out. Encamped to night in a beautiful valley, called Bayon Selard, a level prairie, 30 miles long and 3 wide, covered with a thick growth of flax, which every year springs up spontaneously.

23.—Crossed the dividing ridge between the stream just mentioned and Grand river, the first western water, and emptying into the Gulf of California. They were consequently upon the backbone of the western continent, and descending towards the Pacific ocean.

31.—Very rough travelling to-day, through and over fallen pine timber. Though constant diligence was used, the company were unable to overcome more than four miles.

August 2.—Met three trappers belonging to a company of ten, who had with them their Indian wives and children.

13.—Arrived at Brown's Hole, the men nearly famished, having been without food for four days. This is a trapper's fort in the mountains, on the east branch of Green river, belonging to Craig & —, and affords shelter and accommodation for 30 men, when all are present. All were now out on trapping excursions but two, and these were without any provisions except dog meat, which they obtained from the Indians. Some Indians passing with dogs shortly after, a bargain was struck for three or four, the dogs being valued at \$15 apiece, and the articles given for them as follows: powder \$4 a pint; vermilion \$1 a paper of 1½ oz; tobacco \$5 a pound; and lead and knives at corresponding prices.

Here the party remained six days, when as they were preparing to resume their journey, a company of five persons appeared in sight, travelling from the west. They proved to be a party which had a few weeks previous escorted to Fort Hall, in the Nez Perces or Flat Head country, about 300 miles farther, two missionaries, with their wives. One of them spent two years in the Oregon country, had been to the mouth of the Columbia, was well acquainted at Fort Vancouver, and had visited the Methodist missionary station at Wilhamet. To meet and converse with him was therefore a matter of the deepest interest to our adventurers. The prosecution of the journey was deferred, and all gathered around the speaker to listen to his relation. With an air of truth that demanded implicit confidence, he represented the country as undesirable in all its aspects. In the richest portions, about Vancouver and Wilhamet, not more than 15 bushels of wheat could be raised to the acre. The rainy season continued five months, and this was followed by six months drought, in consequence of which neither corn nor potatoes ever came to maturity. The ears of the former sprouted from the stalk at the ground, and after a sickly growth, were invariably cut off by the frost—and the latter seldom exceeded the size of a walnut. In point of health, the picture was equally gloomy, the Indians labouring under fever and ague the year round. These representations were not without their effect upon the minds of two of

the party, Oakley and Wood, who determined to abandon the enterprise and return.

The homeward bound party set out on the 18th of August for the south fork of Platts. For the first five days they were without food. On the 6th day they killed an elk, and subsequently a buffalo, which supplied them till they reached the post. On their way they met with a remarkable adventure, which had nearly cost them their lives. This was their coming suddenly upon a Sioux village, containing as they were informed, 1200 lodges, each numbering nine souls, giving a total population of 10,800. Finding it impossible to retreat, they yielded themselves prisoners, and were detained three days. A council was held to decide whether they should be killed or not; and during its progress, the young Indians, between 12 and 15 years old, would come up to them, and drawing their bows, would shoot the arrows into the ground, looking with savage grimaces into the faces of the captives, and crying *tabdabo*, (white man,) signifying thereby that their fathers were then deciding thus to shoot them. The appearance of 400 friendly Chians, who interposed in their favor, broke up the council and saved their lives. A Chian chief immediately came to them and advised their instant departure. As they were saddling their horses the young Sioux would come around them and endeavour to prevent it. The old Chians at length came to their aid and when fairly mounted, they pushed on with all the speed in their power, outstripping, if pursued, their followers. The Platte, they reached on the 3d of September. Here they found Shortess's party, were they had been 42 days. All their horses had been stolen at night by the Indians some time previous, while out on a buffalo hunt, and they were unable consequently to continue their journey.

A WOLF-HUNT IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

It was about the middle of January that the inhabitants of a few townships, contiguous to each other, agreed to muster in a wolf hunt. The season, however, was far from favorable, for, besides the great severity of the frost the loose snow every where lay nearly two feet deep in the woods. But the wolves had been committing such serious depredations upon the small flocks of the farmers, that the settlers had lost all their patience, and every day's delay might be attended with no trifling loss to some individual or other in the settlement. On the occasion alluded to, however, I believe that I hardly should have been induced to "turn out," had it not been that the son of a friend of mine, in one of the Atlantic cities, happened to be spending a few weeks with me in the back-woods, a part of the world he had never before visited. During the preceding night, the cold (already intense) had increased in severity, so that when we breakfasted, an hour before day, the mercury in my thermometer stood at eighteen degrees below zero, or fifty degrees below the freezing point!

With our rifles on our shoulders,—a morsel of backwoods' fare in our pockets,—and high expectations to excite our breasts, we wended our way along a narrow track which led to the place of rendezvous; and although the degree of cold had but little abated from that already mentioned, we did not encumber ourselves with any extra clothing; our seal-skin caps were necessarily drawn down over our ears, while our hands were protected with fur of thick wollen mittens: but on our feet we wore nothing over our ordinary strong boots. Had there been a brisk breeze blowing at the time, we should have found the cold insupportable; but there was not a breath of air, nor cloud, nor vapour, to obstruct the rays of the bright morning-star; while the snow along the half-beaten track lay light and feathery, and elastic to the tread.

As some of the other townships were considerably more populous than ours, we calculated that about 500 rifles would turn out; and it afterwards appeared that the calculation was very near the mark. We all drew numbers for the positions we were to take up in the line,—a practice resorted to in order to avoid any disputes that might otherwise arise, since some parts of the woods are more open than others; and, therefore, more easily traversed. I stipulated, however that young Fred, should not draw a number, but allowed to take a position next to the captain of our little band. The extent of ground our party had to cover was about two and a half miles; and as we mustered nearly ninety hunters, we had, at the outset, to be placed something over fifty yards asunder. Every sixth or seventh man was provided with a horn, or tin trumpet, (the bugles of the backwoods) for the purpose of sounding them at stated intervals, in order to enable the whole line to advance in tolerably regular order.

At nine o'clock we were in our respective places, when the horns were blown for the first time—that being the signal to advance. But advancing were the snow is over your knees, through a thick and almost impervious growth of underwood (as was the case in several places,) and among and over prostrate trees in others, is no easy matter, even for the practised backwoodsman.

Our instructions were not to fire at anything but the regular enemy—wolves; the deer at that season being lean and worthless; and the bears being in their winter quarters, it was not probable we should fall in with any of them.

It was well known to us that the wolves we were in pursuit of had, for the last two or three weeks, taken up their quarters (by day) in an alder swamp, where the growth of underwood was so thick, that it was almost impossible for the most expert hunter to scramble through the bushes; and quite impossible to use firearms effectively. On the arrival of the whole body of hunters on the several confines of the swamp (which was not more than 400 yards across) all our horn and trumpet-men were to make their way into the thicket, as well as they might; and, by beating the bushes, blowing their horns, etc. use every endeavor to unkennel the sullen quarry. In order to guard against accidents, it was understood that no wolf should be fired at until he had broken through our line. For this purpose, when our forces reached their halting-place, they moved off to the right and left, in order to form various "gaps" or openings in the line, through which the wolves might be induced to pass.—

It so happened, that, after the horn-men had been making a "rumption!" for some time in the thicket of alders, two dog-wolves came brushing up towards the opening near which I stood; and after halting for a few seconds, at the distance of between twenty and thirty paces from us, to examine the opening by which to escape, made a "straight-a-head-dash;" and, with eyes half closed, and ears in the attitude of a village cur's, in a few seconds they were bounding through the deep snow in the rear of our line. A few seconds more, and upwards of thirty rifles had been discharged at them! Before the rifles could be reloaded an old wolf made directly for the adjoining opening to the left of where I stood; and although some eight or ten shots were fired at her, after being hard hit, and turning two or three summersets in the snow, before the parties who had previously discharged their pieces could bring them to bear upon her, she had got upon her legs and presently disappeared in the distant bushes.

This gang, as I said, consisted of seven wolves: six of which, within less than an hour from the time we had halted on the confines of the swamp, had been destroyed; the only one that escaped was that before alluded to; and as she had left ample traces of blood on the snow, it was generally supposed that she would be found dead at no great distance. This, it afterwards appeared was a wrong calculation, she eventually escaped, recovered from her wounds, and became the most notorious pest to a small adjoining settlement that had ever infested it since the country first became settled. After the fire had ceased, I plodded my way as well as I was able towards that part of the line where I expected to find Fred; but, to my surprise none of those whose places had been near his had seen him after the first half hour, when the line was formed in the morning;—not even the captain of the hunt, to whose notice I had especially recommended him. My apprehensions for his safety were raised immediately. By the time that I had ascertained that the youth was actually missing, it was about two in the afternoon; and although the sun shone bright in a perfectly cloudless sky, the intensity of the frost was so great, that even where its oblique rays penetrated the surface of the snow, among the tall forest-trees, their influence was scarcely perceptible. Without waiting for the assembled hunters to disperse, or even to listen to the boasts of those who might claim the scalps of the wolves that had been shot down (there being a high bounty upon wolf's scalps in that district.) I set off homeward, accompanied by a single hunter that resided near me. We stopped occasionally, and hallooed, in order to attract the attention of the youth, provided he was wandering in that part of the forest through which we passed; but our shouts were in vain, not even an echo answered our calls.

About four o'clock we reached the hunter's cottage, the place of our assembling in the morning; but, to my mortification, we could gain no tidings of the missing youth.

When I reached home, the last rays of the sun had just faded in the west, and the shades of night were fast approaching; but I could learn no tidings of young Fred. I then became seriously alarmed for his safety, and scarcely knew what steps to take in an emergency so peculiar. It was quite clear, however, that there was no time to lose, and I therefore resolved upon raising the whole neighbourhood. For this purpose I made one of my boys get into a sleigh, and drive with all practicable speed along such roads as it was possible for the horses to make their way in, and inform the inhabitants that a young gentleman was missing in the wood; while to such places as this messenger was not likely to reach, I sent off another boy and the hunter that had returned with me. I then hastened back with all speed, hoping to intercept some of the hunters on their way to their homes. By the time that it was quite dark, fifty or sixty persons had assembled at the settler's house where we met in the morning; while several small parties entered the woods from other directions.

We immediately arranged ourselves into parties of six or seven persons—each party carrying a lantern or two. As we advanced into the woods, we kept up a communication with those on either hand, by hallooing; our shouts, of course, intended also to attract the attention of the lost youngster. After pursuing our way for nearly a couple of hours (the woods being still more difficult to traverse by night than by day,) we described a light, much brighter than that of any lantern; and as we approached it, a voice

was heard replying to our hallooing, while, at the same time we could distinctly see the flickering flames of a large fire. On approaching it still closer, we beheld young Fred, upon the trunk of a prostrate tree, as close to the fire as he could possibly sit without being scorched. It appeared that after the line was formed in the morning, and had continued to advance for a short time, he came in contact with so impenetrable a thicket, that, after vainly attempting to force his way through it, he was compelled to retrace his steps. The time he lost in this fruitless endeavour had left him in the rear of the line; and, although he heard faint blasts of the hunters' horns, he met with further difficulties in his advance, and presently heard no more of them. He presumed, afterwards, that he had kept too much to the right; and, although he occasionally fell in with footsteps, he was not able to make out which way the parties had been going, owing to the great depth of snow and its extreme lightness. He had also heard several reports of guns, but at so great a distance that he gave up all thoughts of reaching the quarter from whence they proceeded. Being provided with an apparatus for striking a light, he had selected a place where there seemed to be plenty of dry and decayed timber. He next lighted a fire, and, having ate a portion of his small stock of provisions, proceeded to make a collection of fuel. He had built up his fire against a tall dead pine-tree, fifty feet of the lower portion of which was in a blaze when we discovered him, and, ultimately, resolved to abide by his pine-tree, taking the chance of being fallen in with by the hunters on their homeward route; and, if that should not happen, to remain where he was until the next morning, when he would watch the rising of the sun, and set out with the whole day before him. He was of opinion that he could have passed the night by his fire without suffering any peculiar discomfort or inconvenience. This, however, I very much doubt; for, although he had contrived to keep himself tolerably warm during the day, when his time had been principally occupied in collecting fuel, I doubt his being able to keep himself awake during the latter part of the night; for, in addition to fatigue, the increase of cold would have a tendency to produce drowsiness; and, if once he had suffered sleep to overpower him, that sleep would have been his last.—*London Sporting Review.*

CLOCKS.

The first mode of measuring the lapse of time, was undoubtedly the observation of the sun's motion. In almost all climates, the morning, noon and evening would be readily distinguished. The Babylonians appear to be the first who obtained greater accuracy by the invention of the sun dial, at what epoch is not exactly known; but it was evidently at a very remote period. The dial of Abaz, mentioned by Isajah, must have existed eight centuries before the Christian era; and it is a curious example of the little communication which existed in ancient times between the nations of the world, that this instrument was unknown to the Greeks, until about 640 B. C. One of these Grecian sun-dials is preserved in the British Museum. It is conjectured that it served to show the hour in one of the crossways in Athens.

A few centuries later, the Egyptians, in order to distinguish the hours at night and in cloudy weather, invented the clepsidra, or water clock; probably a meps float, with a rod fixed upon it, like a mast, and placed in a vessel of water with a hole at the bottom; as the water ran out, the float descended, and figures marked on the rod, at proper intervals, showed the number of hours elapsed. The sand glass, made like the modern hour glass was also used in ancient times, as appears from a base-relief, representing the marriage of Pelcus and Thetis, in which is the figure of Morpheus, holding a glass of this construction.

The period of the invention of wheel clocks is involved in uncertainty—some authors stating it to have been as early as the fourth, and others as late as the tenth century. The cause of this disagreement is, that the word clock has been used to designate the clepsidra and hour-glass; and probably the clocks mentioned by old chroniclers; and set down by modern authors as proofs of the antiquity of the invention, were some modifications of those instruments. Such, probably, was the clock sent by Paul I, to Pepin le Bref, in 760.

The French historians describe a clock sent to Charlemagne in 807, by Haroun al Rashid, the Caliph of the East, which struck the hours by the falling of twelve brass balls upon a bell. It had also twelve horsemen, who came out, one at a time, at separate doors, which they opened and closed again. This clock must certainly have been furnished with some kind of wheel-work; but the moving power is said to have been the fall of water.

In the twelfth century clocks moved by weights appear to have been used in Italy; and, early in the fourteenth, one was put up in London, by Wallingford, a monk, who died in 1325, which was said to show the time with accuracy. In the year 1344, Giacomo Dondi erected at Padua, his celebrated clock, which, besides the hour of the day, showed the course of the sun in elliptic, and the places of the planets. The celebrity acquired by this clock was the cause of great advancement in the art; a lmes every court in Europe was desirous of possessing a similar work, and skillful mechanics were in consequence, induced to turn

their attention to the manufacture. Its author was dignified with the surname of Horologius, which is still borne by his descendants.

A story told of Louis XI. (King of France from 1461 to 1483,) shows that the art had then made great advances. A gentleman who had lost a great deal of money at play, stole a clock belonging to the King, and hid it in his sleeve. In a short time, the clock, which continued to go, notwithstanding its removal, struck the hour, and the theft was of course discovered. All these instruments, though much superior to the clepsydra, and celebrated at the period of their invention for the accuracy of their movements, gave, according to our present notions, but coarse approximations to the true time. They were retarded greatly, when a particle of dust got into their works, and accelerated when cleaned. As to the minute divisions of time, they were quite useless.

Tycho Brahe, an astronomer who lived in the sixteenth century, and who spared no expense or trouble in their construction, found that no dependence could be placed upon them for his observations.

The adaptation of the pendulum, by the celebrated Huygens, in 1657, at once brought clock-making to perfection. The clock, which had hitherto merely served to divide the day into periods of sufficient accuracy for the details of business, or the hours of eating and sleeping, now became the means of recording the minutest elapse of time, of showing the smallest irregularities in the apparent motion of the sun and planets, and of reducing astronomy to the exactness of mathematical reasoning. Increased skill in workmanship, has, of course, produced greater accuracy; but the pendulum is still the means of giving it effect.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, 1839.

SCIENCE AND ART.—Wooden pavement has been successfully tried in England and America. Thoroughfares in London and New York have been fitted up according to the process, and are said to answer every expectation. Its advantages are, travelling on it occasions but a slight degree of noise,—the annoyance of dust is lessened,—horses and vehicles experience much less wear and tear,—such roads can be easily kept clean in summer and winter,—and, in the end, they are less expensive, it is said, than the common kind.—One objection urged, is, that the absence of noise causes considerable danger, and several accidents had accordingly occurred; but would it not be easy to cause small bells to be attached to vehicles, as in snowy weather, which might be removed when the wooden district was passed? The blocks for paving should be impregnated, it is said, with some substance calculated to resist decay. Sulphates of iron and copper, and corrosive sublimate have been named. The substance should be made non-combustible, if possible, or wiseacres might set the streets on fire, if they could not the rivers.

The solidification of Carbonic Acid Gas excited attention recently, in Boston. This discovery is French, and of late date. Dr. Webster during the delivery of lectures at Boston, succeeded in producing the article. We subjoin a notice.

“He first formed the gas in large quantities, which, after being subjected to a very great pressure in a strong vessel, was taken out, and exhibited in a solidified form. This solidified substance is somewhat like snow, though more compact. It is excessively cold, so much so, that when held in the hand, it produces the same effect as excessive heat, and soon raises a blister. After being a short time exposed to the air, it disappears, melting, as it were, returning to its original state as a gas. Dr. Webster repeated the operation several times, and handed round to the audience the freshly made substance. By being wrapped in cotton wool and kept from the air, this could be preserved for some time.”

A Mr. Shaw, of the United States, who is described as the inventor of the percussion caps for guns, has discovered, it is said, a mode by which the smoke at the vent of great guns, during their discharge, can be altogether avoided. This smoke has been a matter of much annoyance, especially on board ships of war and between decks. By this invention, not a particle of smoke, or fire is seen, while the machinery is not injured by moisture, and leaves no soil after a day's firing. The inventor intended to submit his discovery to the governments of Europe and America. By some informality, it appears, he lost the privilege of a patent right to the percussion cap,—which has been recently introduced into military use in England, to a great extent,—and has been substituted by Royal ordinance, for the old mode, in Prussia.—It is a curious feature in society, that a man will, apparently, sit down as calmly, to devise an improved mode of destroying his fellow creatures, according to law, as he would to any common place work.—Is this to be accounted for, by the development of the organs of destructiveness and combativeness,—or the depression of benevolence and conscientiousness,—or by the habit which men get into, in a highly cultivated state of society, of, sometimes, overlooking the ends in the means,—and sometimes, overlooking the means in the ends?

A comparison of Iron and Wood, as a material for building Steamers, has been made. The advantages of Iron are thus equa-

merated.—It is said to be, from 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than wood, and its relative capacity is greater, 430 tons in an Iron vessel gives an equal interior to 800 tons wood.—The Iron is more durable, without repairs,—one had been used for 16 years, and was then found clean and smooth.—Preservation from fire.—Preservation from accident by leaks, by the division of the hold into departments, and readiness in discovering such accident.—Freedom from the engine-room smell in the cabins,—and from bilge water.—Diminution of danger from lightning, as the whole vessel is a conductor.—Temperature, in warm climates.—Freedom from insects.—Greater power in resisting shocks in striking,—an iron vessel has struck, and has been bruised but continued tight, when a wooden vessel so situated, would have gone to pieces.—Superior buoyancy.—Cheapness in cost.—A few objections, no doubt, might be made in favour of Wood. In a case of decided wreck, and breaking up, there would be no use in sticking to the hull of an Iron vessel in hopes of getting a plank. It might be answered, however, that floating apparatus, and materials for rafts, might be provided.—The advocates of Iron assert that it will eventually be generally adopted.—One of the Landers prosecuted his discoveries in Africa on board an Iron Steamer,—a few are in use in the United Kingdom, and one has been plying 21 years on the Seine, France.

A very interesting experiment, of, apparently, more than filling a vessel, is given in a late No. of the Journal of Franklin Institute. It is said that in “old times” there was an ascetic establishment, whose chief peculiarity was the observing of silence, except on extraordinary occasions. One day, an applicant for admission appeared at the gate, and the member attending, instead of giving a verbal answer, retired for a moment, and returned bearing a goblet brimful of water,—thus intimating, that there was no vacancy for new members. The person applying understood the sign, but, stooping down, picked up a rose leaf and laid it carefully on the surface of the water,—in this manner, replying, that although apparently full, an addition might be admissible. The aptness of the reply, so much in the spirit of the Institution, decided the brotherhood, and the applicant was received. The experiment mentioned above, much more strongly exhibits the same fact, that fullness may receive addition. It is as follows,—fill a tumbler with some spirituous liquor, so that it shall be on the point of overflowing.—take a handful of raw cotton, and lay it in the liquor by small portions at a time. The tumbler will take the whole, and yet not overflow. Water would answer for the experiment, but not so well as the spirit, because it is not absorbed so rapidly. A writer makes the following remarks on this subject,—

“Several theories were stated by persons who tried the experiment; such as, that the filaments of cotton occupied the vacancies between the globules of water; or that by its capillary action the cotton subdivided the globules and caused them to occupy a less space, etc.; to me, however, it appears to be accounted for more satisfactorily, by supposing the fluid to insinuate itself between the filaments of cotton, and thus permit the latter to occupy no more space than is due to their actual solidity.”

Catlin, the celebrated collector of Indian statistics, curiosities, &c. and painter of Indian portraits, quit New York recently (where he had been exhibiting his collection) for England. He intends to publish his notes and drawings there, and to exhibit his gallery of paintings. The Lords of the Treasury had directed the admission of his paintings free of duty. In a letter to a New York Editor, M. Catlin says he hopes to return to America, in better times, and to dispose of his gallery, to the American Government, as a national collection.

M. Magendie has been trying Galvanism on a Polish Officer, who, for five years, was deaf, dumb, and without taste. Hearing and taste have been somewhat recovered, and the restoration of speech was hoped for.

The following condensed paragraph gives a striking view of the Intellectual resources of London.

“There are in the metropolis no less than 41 societies devoted to scientific, literary, and collateral pursuits, meeting periodically, distinct from literary and scientific institutions, of which there is one in every considerable district. The Royal Society, extends to every department of natural knowledge, its attention is now restricted to the more abstract department of each. For the study of antiquities there are two—the Society of Antiquaries, and the Numismatic Society, which is confined to coins and medals. For natural history there are eight—the Linnaean Society, the Zoological and Entomological Societies, the Horticultural, Royal Botanic, Metropolitan, and Botanical Societies, and the Royal Society of Horticulture. For astronomy, the Royal Astronomical and the Uranian Societies; for objects of particular or scientific investigation, the Mathematical, and Meteorological Societies. The Society of Arts; objects formerly embraced specially by it are now comprehended in the more exclusive exertions of the Institutes of British Architects and Civil Engineers, and the Architectural Society. The Geographical and the Geological Societies. The Royal Society of Literature, devoted to objects of literary research. The Royal Asiatic Society takes the science, language, and literature of the eastern continent; and the Statistical Society embraces the details of all sciences where numbers are concerned. At the Royal, London, and United Service Institutions the lectures and conversations are of a miscellaneous character. The English Agricultural Society, meets periodically. Devoted to the reading of papers and practical discussions on medical subjects there are eight viz. the Medico, Chirurgical, the London and Westminster, the Medical, the Physical, Hunterian, Harveyian, Pnenological, and Medico-Botanical Societies. To conversation on the fine arts; the Graphic, the Amateurs, and the Artists's Societies. The total number of meetings occupied by these societies, distributed over

the session of 25 weeks, is 623. The number of members about 17,000, the names of many are enrolled in more societies than one. The amount of the incomes was nearly £41,000, and the funded properties, £81,500. Four—the Royal, Antiquarian; Geological, and Astronomical Societies, receive aid from government in public accommodation; and the Geographical Society, is assisted by grants from the same source. There are twelve Mechanic Literary and Scientific Institutions in the immediate circle of the metropolis. Unaided by government, the annual amount raised for the diffusion of literary and scientific knowledge in the metropolis may be estimated at little less than £50,000, in addition to the interest derived from an invested property of about £80,000.

A memorial to the United States Congress has been prepared, for aid in making a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien. The project is spoken of as one likely to be completed. It would save, in navigation, a voyage of about 12,000 miles,—would bring the inhabitants of the continent who reside on the Pacific, into comparatively contiguous communication with the United States and Europe,—would vastly extend the influence of British language, laws and institutions, and be, every way, a work of stupendous consequence.

MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.—The adage that, “much shall have more” has lately had another exemplification. The Marquis of Waterford, whose wealth and eccentricity have enabled him to secure a very unenviable celebrity, and whose name is in the mouths of tens of thousands, as an example of how means may be misemployed, and rank degraded; has recently gained an addition to his enormous income. His uncle, Lord George Beresford, whose death was recently announced, has left him, it appears, five thousand pounds per annum. This would make fifty poor men independent of the frowns of fortune, yet it goes as a mere bagatelle, to one already rioting in his abundance. Lord George Beresford has not been much before the public eye of late years. He represented the County of Waterford for some time, but was displaced about twelve years ago, by Mr. Villiers Stuart, in a celebrated contest which roused the different parties in the South of Ireland to extreme exertion. Mr. O'Connell, and some Roman Catholic Clergymen, and other influential persons, led the “reform” party,—most of the country gentry, and official characters, directed the opposite ranks. It was a great struggle to break the power of the Beresford family, and it was successful. At that time the old Marquis was a kind, fine looking, gouty old gentleman,—who spent his time chiefly in the princely halls of Curraghmore,—and occasionally rolled into the city, whence he derived his title, in his chariot and four;—the present Marquis was a fine lad, innocent of “larks” and rows, and promising a more gentlemanly career than he has yet commenced;—and “Lord George,” as he was familiarly called, was an easy going personage put forward as the parliamentary member of the family; but seeming much more at home in the elegant retirement of his brother's domain, than he was on the hustings. O'Connell often taunted him and his friends with their incapacity in wordy warfare. Changes have been many since then. O'Connell has achieved greater triumphs than the election of Villiers Stuart in opposition to the Beresfords,—the old Marquis, and now Lord George, have been gathered to their fathers, away from worldly pomp and influence,—and the present head of the family has acted as if he wished to bring his honours to the mire, to make his title synonymous with low ruffling, and his fortune the means of rendering himself disreputably conspicuous in two hemispheres. “How are the mighty fallen,—the individual in question is yet young enough to rise from his present characteristics, and to exhibit the better qualities, and run the splendid course, of a wealthy British peer.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The twenty sixth Congress of the United States had been seven or eight days in session, without having chosen a Speaker or other officers. A difficulty occurred respecting some members whose seats had been objected to, and the clerk of the late House, who officiated, decided on the subject, and refused to put any question except that of adjournment. A chairman pro tem, was appointed, which set aside some of the embarrassment experienced.

A dispute between the proprietor of tracts of lands in Albany County, and his tenants, has caused some very awkward proceedings. The lands were held by a kind of feudal tenure, rent being light and in produce. On the death of the former proprietor, the tenants refused to continue the system,—the authorities were appealed to, but a posse led by the Sheriff were resisted, and retired without accomplishing order. At last accounts, a body of troops, amounting to 2000 men, with artillery, were ready to proceed from New York, to the scene of insurrection. The refractory tenants mustered strong, and were well armed.

A despatch from Lord John Russell, has been published by order of the Lt. Governor of Upper Canada. By this it appears, that Colonial officers, such as heads of departments, members of Council, &c.—shall hold office during pleasure only, and may be removed from motives of public policy and when a successor to a Governor takes office. The justice of compensating persons so removed, is suggested. The practice now, is, not to remove except for direct misconduct.

SCRAPS.—A steam boat explosion occurred at New Orleans on Nov. 22nd. The boilers, engine and upper works were carried away, as far as the cook house; several were killed and wounded.

Manufacturing establishments in Philadelphia had discharged several hands, and distress during the winter was anticipated.

Several of the children in the Philadelphia Alms-house have become partially blind, and some entirely so, from the ophthalmia which prevails in that establishment.

The cost of the London and Birmingham rail road is stated at nearly £5,000,000,—estimate about half that sum.

The citizens of Helena, Arkansas, had determined to drive out of that town, ever gambler who should make his appearance.

A Talahassee paper of Nov. 20, says that the Indians are so bold in approaching that town, that every man should be on the alert prepared to defend himself.

The inhabitants of Wolverhampton, presented Mr. R. Hill with a silver candelabrum, in testimony of their sense of his services, in founding and advocating the plan of a universal penny postage.

A recent Montreal Courier says,
"A gentleman, some years since, left Quebec, and on its highest battlement, perched in mid-air,—was seen the English sentinel, treading his lonely way;—he traversed the wide Atlantic,—and, on the batteries of Gibraltar, was seen the English sentry, with his burnished bayonet, glistening in the sun-beam; he sailed again, and his course, for months, was on the bosom of the deep;—Asia lay before him,—and, in a *dhingee*, he ascended Gunga's holy-stream,—passing Garden-Reach, a bright object caught his eye, glistening like a brooch on a lady's bosom,—it was the bayonet of an English sentinel, marching with measured tread and slow, on the parapet of Fort-William! He said nothing, for when the brain, or the heart, is full, the tongue is quiet;—but, he thought, "Are we not a wonderful nation." And now, what think ye, British Canadians! Are we not a wonderful people?"

McKenzie had memorialized the President for leave to quit his prison, and go to Texas.

CHINA.—From N. Y. Times, Toon Koo, July 16th.—All the English vessels, (of which there are a great number about, in the various snug harbours,) have been ordered by a special decree of His Celestial Majesty, to arrive immediately at Whampo, or to leave forever the Chinese waters; neither of which they intend doing. I have not the slightest doubt that before long there will be a fracas. We are all anxious to leave the Chinese Empire—only detained for bread, and the bakers are very slow.

The Columbian has 130 on her sick list, which is increasing daily. Her crew have petitioned the Commodore to sail—saying that they will be satisfied with half allowance of bread, or potatoes in lieu thereof. He, himself, is anxious to sail, and I have no doubt will before next week.

There are a number of American vessels here, who are receiving cargoes, and will shortly sail for the United States."

The last Montreal Courier has the following scrap on Chinese difficulties.

"The Chinese authorities are exhibiting an example which it would be no great stain upon us Barbarians, were we to imitate it. Thus it is, men often laugh and ridicule people who are their superiors in every respect worth naming, superior in talent and virtue. Before Christians open their mouths to chatter about the *Celestials*, and laugh at the veneration of Confucius, it would not be amiss for them to demolish gin-palaces, grog-shops, distilleries, and such material abominations, and proscribe the venders, not of the black mud, i. e. Opium, but of the black-broth alcohol."

FOREIGN. Intelligence from S. America by way of New York states that Montevideo was in great confusion and excitement, preparing for an expected attack of General Rivera. 500 French sailors had been landed to assist in the defence, and several armed French launches were in the harbour. From Gambia dates, Oct. 21, it appears that the epidemic on the Coast of Africa had been very fatal during the late season. About one third of the Europeans had fallen victims to the climate, at Gambia and Sierra Leone. The Governor at Gambia was among the deceased.

The Small Pox exists in Boston. According to a Medical Report the cases up to December were 148. The deaths from the distemper are thus stated, in Sept., 2,—Oct., 2,—Nov., 16,—Dec. to 9th, inclusive, 11.

Flour was offered in Baltimore on Dec. 9th, at \$5.75.—Wheats had fallen to \$1.10 and 1.12 best reds.

Cross Island Light, at the entrance of Lunenburg, has been in operation since the first day of December.

HALIFAX LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—At the last Meeting the following Resolution was passed—

Resolved—That the Members of the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly, be invited to attend the Meetings of this Association during the ensuing Session of the Legislature.

Question for discussion on Monday evening next, 30th inst.—"Ought any crimes to be punished with Death?"

The second yearly Report of the Master Mariner's Society, states,—that the Society's credits amounts to £68 10s,—its members 30.

ST JOHN, N. B. The Mechanics' Institute of St. John, makes respectable progress every way. Its lectures were well attended.

CHRISTMAS—This delightful festival, peculiarly marked by glory to the Highest, and peace to man, has once more passed away. The weather was unusually mild; at night some snow fell and gave the aspect, though not the temperature, of winter. During the day the places of worship were well filled,—the new organ in St. Paul's was played for a first time in public, and proved of excellent tone and power. We heartily wish, to all our readers, the blessings of the season,—particularly those treasures of morality and piety, without which other possessions are empty as a tinkling cymbal.

TEMPERANCE.—Extracts from the "Prize Essay" appear on our third page to-day. On Monday evening last, a meeting of the Halifax Temperance Society, was held in the Old Baptist Chapel. Some conversation occurred on the evils which intemperance has caused, and on a suggestion respecting the Rules of the Society. Tracts were distributed, chiefly, among youth, who are thus growing up imbued with the principles of Temperance, and in consequence, may be expected to be saved from many evils, and to be good examples when their turn comes to occupy the stage of life.

On a preceding page is an article entitled Travelling in the Wilderness, which gives a simple and graphic account of some of the privations to be expected in the interior of America. This is of more than usual interest now, for by late United States papers, it appears, that a number of emigrants, chiefly young men, are about to attempt a settlement in the territory, which the travellers (in the article alluded to) failed in reaching.

A Fire broke out about four o'clock on Tuesday morning, in a house in Albermarle street. One house was burned down,—another was partially burned, and otherwise destroyed, and a third was slightly injured by the fire, but left in ruins by the endeavours to check the flames.—Nov.

An editorial notice of "the Annuals" occupies our first page.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Monday, Dec. 22d, Brig. Eagle, Hartrey, New York, 22 days, flour, pork etc. to J. & M. Tobin, bound to St. John, N.B.; lost rudder on the 4th instant, was dismantled in a gale on the 16th instant, off Sable Island; Am. brig Victor, Hard, Alexandria 31, via Holmes, Hole 8 days, flour and wheat to W. A. Black & Son, and others.

Friday, 27th, schr Zephyr, Purney, Alexandria, 22 days, flour, etc. to S. Binney; Sloop Zephyr, Monkton, Burin, 10 days, herrings, to J. Allison & Co.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Edward Craigen to Ann only daughter of Mr. William Gossip, senr. of H. M. Royal Engineer Department.

On Monday last by the Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. James Thompson of this Town, to Miss Elizabeth Turpell, of Dartmouth.

At Philadelphia, Mr. James Barnstead, to Miss Eliza Norwood, both of Halifax.

At Sackville, N. B. on the 17th inst. by the Rev. John Black, Joseph F. Allison, Esq. to Mary Arabella, eldest daughter of Mr. Oliver Cogswell, of Cornwallis, N. S.

At St. John, N.B. on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gray, Mr. Philip Curry, Printer, to Miss Seraphina Baker of Halifax.

DIED,

James Lety, of Nova Scotia, a seaman on board of the brig Osage, Leighton, master, at Philadelphia, from Wilmington, N. C. fell overboard from the foretop-sail yard on the voyage and was drowned.

On Thursday morning, 26th inst. Andrew Brown, Esq. Lieut. Royal Navy, aged 47 years. The funeral will take place from his late residence, Lockman Street, on Sunday next, at half past 1 o'clock.

At Liverpool, N. S. on the 23d ult. in the 52d year of her age, after a long and painful illness, Elizabeth, wife of John W. Lorrey, formerly of that place.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

HAS Received Ex Thalia and Fleta, from Great Britain, a supply of Groceries, etc. among which are, London Wax wick Candles, in 30lb. boxes; best Poland Starch, 30 and 60lb.; Crown and Button Blue, sup. quality.

Also, per Portree from Boston,

B. and W. Hard cold water CRACKERS, in bbls and kegs; square Sugar Do; Butter, Milk, Wine and Medford Do.; Baker's No. 1, Chocolate; Currants; casks Raisins; Filbert and Hickery Nuts.

Also, a lot of Wooden Ware,

Consisting of, Tubs, Buckets with covers, Water Pails, Wash Tubs, wash boards, Trays, Rolling Pins, Pestles and Mortars, barrel covers, nests of boxes, Mop heads, Dippers, Clothes Pins, Beer Taps, &c. &c. Which are offered for sale low for cash, with a general assortment of Groceries etc. RICH'D TREMAIN, Junr. Dec. 20. Journal, Times. 3w

Life Insurance,

MARINE INSURANCE,

AND FIRE INSURANCE

EFFECTED upon safe, and moderate terms, upon application at the office of J. LEANDER STARR, Granville Street. 4 w. (Recorder, Journal, & Pearl.) Dec. 20.

CIRCULAR.

R. D. CLARKE,

RESPECTFULLY begs to intimate that he has re-commenced the AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS, in the new store, KINNEAR'S BUILDING, where he has extensive storage for all descriptions of Merchandize, and trusts that his general knowledge of the Trade, with promptitude and attention to Property Consigned to his care, will ensure him a small share of patronage.

The Papers published in the Province will please give the above two insertions, and send their bills for payment. Halifax, Dec. 20. ROBERT D. CLARKE.

Seasonable Goods.

Landing, Ex Prince George from London:

PILOT Cloths, Flusings, fine and Slop CLOTHING, Blankets and a variety of other articles in 50 Packages,

Received as above, and for sale on reasonable terms by Nov. 1, 1839. 3m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN

HALIFAX PUBLIC LIBRARY, AND LITERARY ROOMS.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his friends, and the public, that he has undertaken the management of the above establishment, and trusts, by careful and unremitting attention, to render it worthy of a liberal share of public patronage.

The Library comprises a selection of nearly 2,000 volumes; among which are to be found some of the most approved standard works, recent publications, and periodical literature.

The Reading Room now contains a variety of European, American, and Colonial papers; and the proprietor is making arrangements to obtain the ablest English papers by the latest arrivals.

The terms are extremely moderate, viz.—for the Library and Reading Room, 20s. per annum; and for either separately, 12s. 6d. per annum; or for a shorter period, in proportion.

Particulars can be obtained, on application at the Library, (near the Bank of British North America,) which the public are respectfully invited to visit and inspect for themselves.

In appealing to the public of Halifax, in behalf of this undertaking, the subscriber begs to state his determination to add to his Library, the principal popular works as they appear; and otherwise to increase the variety in the Reading and News department to the fullest extent; that the amount of subscriptions will warrant. He also adds the assurance, that while he presumes to hope for a liberal support, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to deserve it.

While Halifax is rapidly advancing in prosperity and enterprise, while a taste for Literature is diffusing itself among all classes, and when an extensive system of Steam Navigation is about to be established, which will connect Halifax, by a constant and rapid communication, with the principal ports of the Old and New World, it is hoped that a comfortable Reading Room, connected with a carefully assorted Library, and enriched with the latest intelligence from all quarters, will not be deemed unworthy of support by the members of an enlightened commercial community. R. M. BARRATT. Halifax, Nov. 27, 1839.

Just Published,

And for sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacKinty, Mr. John Munro, and at the Printing Office of W. Cunnabell, Marcellington's wharf,

Cunnabell's Nova Scotia Almanack for 1840.

Containing lists of the Executive and Legislative Councils, House of Assembly, Sittings of the Supreme Court, Justices of the Peace, Barristers and Attorneys, Officers of the Provincial Revenue, Officers of H. M. Customs, Land Surveyors, Banking companies, Insurance companies, Mails, Stage Coaches, Steamers, Clergy, Academies, Merchants Private Signals, EQUATION TABLE OF TIME, the Navy, Army, Staff of Provincial Militia, &c. &c. with a variety of miscellaneous matter, and INDEX. Nov.

Season Presents.

LADIES' ROSEWOOD WORK BOXES 5s. and 6s 3d. each, Do Extra large, silk lined, &c. 9s 6d. Superior Rosewood Writing Desks, 12s 6d.

ALSO,
700 handsome Printed CAMBRIC DRESSES, from 3s 9d to 5s each. LONDON HOUSE, Dec. 20th, 1839.

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.—2m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

NOTICE,

.. COLONIAL PEARL.—An original number, in new type, will appear next week.

SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The winds are blowing wintery !
Lonely o'er the midnight sea,
Frozen sail and icy mast
Shiver in the northern blast !
Wild birds to their rock-nests flee,
For the winds are blowing wintery !

O'er the moor the cotter strides—
Drifting snow his pathway hides ;
Stars keep trembling in and out,
As though too cold to look about !
Glad he'll see his own roof tree—
For the winds are blowing wintery !

By the fire the cotter's dame
Sits, yet scarcely feels the flame ;
Often looks she from the door,
Fearing sad that dismal moor,
And weeping for her son at sea—
For the winds are howling wintery !

Selected for the Pearl.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

No 2.

In every affair of life, begin with God. Consult him in every thing that concerns you. View him as the author of all your blessing and all your hopes, as your best friend, and your eternal portion ; meditate on him in this view, with a continual renewal of your trust in him, and a daily surrender of yourself to him, till you feel that you love him with sincere delight and that you cannot live a day without God in the world.

You know yourself to be a man, an indigent creature, and a sinner ; and you profess to be a christian, a disciple of the blessed Jesus ; but never think you know Christ, nor yourself, as you ought, till you find a daily need of him for righteousness and strength, for pardon and sanctification : and let him be your constant introducer to the great God, though he sit upon a throne of grace. Remember his own words, *JOHN*, chap. xiv, v. 6.

"No man cometh to the father but by me."

Make prayer a pleasure and not a task ; and then you will not forget nor omit it. If you have lived in a praying family, let it not be your fault if you do not live in one always. Believe that day, that hour, or those minutes, to be all wasted and lost, which any worldly pretence would tempt you to save out of the public worship of the Church, the certain and indispensable duties of the closet, or any other necessary services for God and godliness. Beware lest a blast attend it, and not a blessing. If God had not reserved one day in seven to himself, I fear religion would have been lost out of the world : and every day of the week exposed to a curse, which has no morning religion.

See that you watch and labor, as well as pray. Diligence and dependance must be united in the practice of every christian. It is the same wise men acquaints us, that the "hand of the diligent," and the "blessing of the Lord," joined together, "make us rich ;" *Proverbs*, cap. x. v. 4, and 22 : rich in the treasures of body and mind, of time or eternity. It is your duty, indeed, under a sense of your own weakness, to pray daily against sin ; but if you would effectually avoid the evil of sin, you must also avoid temptation, and every dangerous, opportunity. Set a double guard, wheresoever you feel for suspect an enemy at hand.—The world without, and the heart within, have so much flattery and deceit in them, that we must keep a sharp eye upon both, lest we are tript into mischief between them.

FIDELITY, AND DEATH.

A Romance in Real Life.—Several years ago, a highly respectable young lady of this city, well educated and tenderly brought up, became attached to and married a young gentleman at that time in the commission business and with fine prospects. They lived together for a time, happily and prosperously. An opportunity soon offered, and Mr. B. was induced to visit the Western country, and became the proprietor of a hotel at a celebrated watering place in the interior of Pennsylvania. While there he unfortunately became intemperate in his habits, neglected his business, and was finally compelled to remove to another section of country. He again established himself at another watering place, where, after a brief career, the fiend of intemperance still dogging his footsteps, he was again compelled to sell out and remove.

His next location was in Maryland, where a few persons once more re-established him, his wife clinging to him through all his vicissitudes with the tenacity of woman, and the faint but constantly beaming hope that he would yet reform and resuscitate his almost lifeless fortunes. For the third time, however, strong drink obtained the mastery. He was sold out, and again compelled to try the south-west—passed down to New Orleans, his wife still clinging to him, and finally proceeded to Texas, where

he rallied for a little while ; but the period was brief, and intemperance and the climate acting together, soon put an end to his earthly career ; his poor wife, at the time, had two children with her, one a boy of three years and a half old, the other an infant of only eleven months, and not a dollar wherewith to provide them food ; her situation was terrible indeed, especially when we remember her early education, kindly bringing up, and the doting fondness with which she clung, in every misfortune, to her kind, but misguided and ruined husband. Appreciating her situation, a few charitable individuals engaged a passage for the widow and the little family on board the schooner *Harriet Porter*, bound to Philadelphia.

They had been out but a few hours, before the unfortunate woman, overcome by distress, anxiety of mind, and the condition of her children, was seized with a violent fever, and died a raving maniac. Her little infant was torn from her dead arms with difficulty, and kept on sweetened water for the rest of the voyage. Doubtless, the other passengers extended every aid possible ; but there was no female on board, and men are not exactly suited to nurse an infant of so tender an age, and at sea. The fate of the poor mother must, indeed, be lamented by every feeling heart. Her body was thrown into the sea, the little orphans are now in the care of a family in this city, who were acquainted with the deceased and who will see that their wants are abundantly supplied. The infant, when it arrived in Philadelphia, was completely emaciated, with scarcely enough of life remaining to animate its feeble frame.—*Phil. Inquirer*.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Sailing onward to the Temple, we arrive at that magnificent structure which spans the bosom of the Thames at its widest breadth within the metropolitan limits, and is named in honour of the great battle which at last gave peace to Europe. Around its arches clings half the romance of modern London. It is the English "Bridge of Sighs," the "Pons Asinorum," the "Lover's Leap," the "Arch of Suicide." Well does it deserve all these appellations. Many a sad and true tale might be told, the beginning and end of which would be "Waterloo Bridge." It is a favourite spot for assignations ; and a still more favourite spot for the worn and the weary, who long to cast off the load of existence, and cannot wait, through sorrow, until the Almighty Giver takes away his gift. Its comparative loneliness renders it convenient for both purposes. The penny toll keeps off the inquisitive and unmannerly crowd ; and the foolish can love or the mad can die with less observation from the passers than they could find anywhere else so close to the heart of London. To many a poor girl the assignation over one arch of Waterloo Bridge is but the prelude to the fatal leap from another. Here they begin, and here they end, after a long course of intermediate crime and sorrow. Here also, wary and practised courtesans lie in wait for the *Asini*, so abundant in London, and justify its cognomen of the Pons Asinorum. But with all its vice, Waterloo Bridge is pre-eminently the "Bridge of Sorrow." There is less ludicrous to be seen from its smooth highway than from any in the metropolis. The people of London continually hear of unhappy men and women who throw themselves from its arches, and as often of the finding of bodies in the water, which may have lain there for weeks, no one knowing how or when they came there,—no one being able to distinguish their lineament. But, often as these things are heard of, few are aware of the real number of victims that choose this spot to close an unhappy career,—few know that, taking any year with another, the average number of suicides committed from this place is above thirty.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

FINE ARTS.

The Daguerreotype.

We have seen the process performed by M. Ste Croix, at the Adelaide Gallery, and have heard Mr. Bradley, the enlightened superintendent of that establishment, lecture on the subject. Daguerre has faithfully adhered to his arrangement with the French government, and has made his process patent in the simplest words. While Mr. Bradley lectures, M. de Ste Croix performs the merely mechanical operation of polishing the plate, which requires great care,—the table being covered with a green cloth, a spirit lamp was drawn several times across it, so as to impart such a degree of heat as might dry the plate after its polishing. The operation of applying the iodine was not publicly performed, nor was the camera-obscura introduced into the lecture room ; but the plate was brought there with the yet invisible impression, and during the lecture exposed to the vapour of mercury ; after which it was produced and exhibited. The extreme caution required in the manipulation, the time necessary to its perfect performance, the extent of the apparatus, and its expense, will, we fear, prevent the general use of the Daguerreotype in England, where, after all, the impressions produced are neither so vivid nor so delicate as in a milder climate, and under a clearer sky. After the lecture the visitor is shown a series of plates manipulated by Daguerre himself. Two are interiors, composed of drapery, a bust, a vase, etc. and are sufficiently striking, but the out of door

scenes—peeps on the Seine at Paris—are exquisite beyond descriptions, so evidently sun-created, so clearly independent of the human touch, so slight, so delicate, so apparently evanescent, and yet so real, so distinct, so clear, so palpably the *alter idem* of the scene itself as to astonish while it delights. No one who has seen these plates can wonder at the enthusiasm of the French savans. A French, Spanish, or Italian sky must be brought to England before these fairy landscapes can be perfected here.

SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—How to make these pair of boots last as long as six, and longer :

The following extract from Colonel Macerone's "Seasonable Hints," appeared in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, he says—"I will not conclude without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet, and their boots from wear. I have only had three pair of boots for the last six years (no shoes,) and I think that I shall not require any others for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner:—I put a pound of tallow and half a pound rosin into a pot on the fire : when melted and mixed, I warm the boot, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the sole nor upper leathers will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately make a polish, dissolve an ounce of bees' wax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a teaspoon of lamp-black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax and turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather ; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or Shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat, that, with it in the boot, the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor." M.

THE SECRET.—"Mother," said a fine looking girl of ten years of age, "I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning." "Why my child?" "Because I think it must be to see one you love very much." "And what induces you to think so?" "Because I have always noticed that when you come back, you appear to be more happy than usual." "Well, suppose I do go to see a friend I love much, and that after seeing and conversing with him I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know any thing about it?" "Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also." "Well my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening it is to see my blessed Saviour. I go to pray to him—I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy—I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against him—and above all, I ask him to have mercy upon your soul; and to save you from the ruin of those who go down to hell." "O! is that the secret said the child, 'then I must go with you.'

"LET GLASGOW FLOURISH."—Glasgow, of all the cities of the world, has made the greatest progress in population and wealth during the last half century.—In 1770, its population was 30,000. It is now 270,500. Forty years since, its custom house dues were only £3000 per annum, and now they are £400,000.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—The Poetry of our lives is like our religion; kept apart from our every-day thoughts, neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier if instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions.—*Lady Blessington*.

RULE OF LIFE.—Man should carry life like a spirited falcon in his hands, allowing it to mount into the ether, and being able to call it back again to earth, whenever it is necessary.

"I'll cut your acquaintance," as the sword said to the gentlemen ven he vos a goin' to fight his friend.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All letters and communications post paid, addressed to John S. Thompson, Pearl Office, Halifax. N. S.

AGENTS.

<i>Halifax</i> , A. & W. McKinlay.	<i>Charlotte Town</i> , T. Desbrisay, Esq.
<i>Windsor</i> , James I. Dewolf, Esq.	<i>St. John, N.B.</i> , G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
<i>Lower Horton</i> , Chs. Brown, Esq.	<i>Sussex Vale</i> , J. A. Reeve, Esq.
<i>Wolfville</i> , Hon. T. A. S. De Wolfe,	<i>Dorchester</i> , C. Milner, Esq.
<i>Kentville</i> , J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	<i>Sackville</i> , { Joseph Allison, and
<i>Bridgetown</i> , Thomas Spurr, Esq.	{ J. C. Black, Esqrs.
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HALIFAX: Printed by W. Cunnabell, at his Office, near head of Marchington's wharf.