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HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Published every Friday evening, at Fifteen Shillings per Annum, in advance.

VOLUME TWO.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1838.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

From the New Monthly for April.

COURTSHIP TACTICS.

It was about this time I fell in love, and a remarkable comic affair it was. Love is, in fact, nothing more than a game of riddles—each party attempting to puzzle the other; and a very pretty amusement it is. It commences between an individual of each sex, by one saying, "Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree; perhaps you don't know what this riddle may be? When I say hold fast, let go; and when I say let go, hold fast." And they attempt this contradiction till they make a mistake, and then follow the forfeits. Great care, though, is generally used in playing, and a lady and gentleman often keep it up a long time, to their very great delight, without committing an error. Sometimes variety is given to the affair by the players quarrelling over the game, or they will insist that they said one thing when they said another, or they let go when they ought to have held fast, and then loudly declare that the opposite party said the reverse of what was really said; and a thousand amusing things of a similar nature occur, which make the game particularly interesting. I was about nineteen when I first began to play. The first player I met with was apparently a placid, unsophisticated girl nearly my own age, with a form and features very prepossessing, who lived with her mother and father, and some half dozen sisters, in a small cottage about a mile from our house. I met her at a dance, during which she evinced no repugnance to my melancholy features, and, although I went through the figures of several quadrilles like a mummy from the tombs of the Pharaohs, she expressed herself delighted with my animation. This I thought droll; but it was followed by things much more funny.

Amelia Thompson and I soon became intimate, and I was in due time introduced to Amelia's papa, a retired barrister who had never had a brief; and Amelia's mamma, a patronising sort of lady who wished to be thought a person of some consequence; and Amelia's half-a-dozen sisters, fine strapping girls, with broad shoulders and a horrible inclination for bread and butter. They were all remarkably civil, for Mr. Thompson tried to bore me to death by constantly and perpetually describing at length his peculiar method of fattening pigs; Mrs. Thompson attempted to poison me by making me swallow some abominable home-made wine, she called it, but physic it was; and the seven Miss Thompsons seemed inclined to worry me into a fever by urging me to write in their seven different albums. At that time I never could bring myself to refuse any request it was possible for me to grant, and I often endured much unnecessary suffering through wanting sufficient resolution to say "No." In this instance I did not escape. The old gentleman was sitting in an arm-chair in his best wig and coat; the lady of the house reclining, with no inconsiderable assumption of dignity, on the sofa, had placed me by her side; Amelia sat quiet and shy very near me; and her sisters were busily showing me the beautiful wretched drawings and charming trashy nonsense contained in their albums. Some refreshment had been placed on a circular table close to the sofa.

"Pigs, my dear Sir, pigs are more interesting animals than the vulgar imagine," said the retired Barrister; and, as he had repeated the observation at least a dozen times within the last half-hour, of course I assented to his opinion.

"I'm astonished, Mr. Thompson, you should talk of these dirty creatures in the best parlour!" observed his spouse, with a look of offended majesty that spoke volumes; and then turning to me, with a face all smiles and good-nature, said, "You must take another glass of wine, Mr. Wag. I'm sure you like it, and it is Amelia's own vintage."

I had already swallowed, much against my inclination, six glasses of the filthy mixture; but to be told that I liked it when I would have given anything to have smashed the decanter, and to be informed that it was the "vintage" (O Jupiter!) of my adored, did not make it more palatable: however, politeness suggested the necessity of putting the replenished glass to my lips, and then, to mark my feeling towards the fair manufacturer, I drained the bumper at a draught.

"Another glass?" immediately exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, with a look of triumph at her daughters, for which, had I dared, I would gladly have choked her. "Isn't it very nice? It's called Frontignac, and Amy shall give you the receipt for making it."

"It's made of turpentine and aqua-fortis, there's no doubt about it," thought I.

"How do you like this drawing of a butterfly on a rose?" mildly inquired Miss Angelica, showing me something on a bit of

paper that I thought resembled in a remarkable manner a toad on a cabbage-stump.

"It's Nature itself!" I replied.

"Amy did it all," cried Miss Augusta.

"And Amy did this cottage," said Miss Rosa, handing it for my inspection. The cottage seemed to me as much like a coal-skuttle as anything could be.

"And this bird of paradise, too," added Miss Belinda; but if she had called it a kangaroo the designation would have been quite as appropriate.

"And she can play 'The Battle of Prague' with both hands," exclaimed the youngest, with a sort of wonder that such an accomplishment was possible.

"And she can make card-racks, and net purses, and breed silk-worms, and write poetry, and——"

"Never mind, Septima, what your sister can do," here interposed her mamma. "Mr. Wag will find out all her good qualities in time. Amy, my love! what is the matter with you? You seem dull," added she, with a very impressive affection.

Amy gave a sigh.

"Ah, poor thing! she is so susceptible," said Mrs. Thompson emphatically.

Amy fixed her eyes on a gap in the pepper-and-salt carpet. I looked as solemn as the Queen Elizabeth done in worsted that hung over the mantel-piece. But I was rarely amused. At this interesting period, Amelia's papa, who seemed as if he thought there was nothing in the world so important as his system of fattening pigs, suddenly observed—

"Mangel-wurzel gives them the gripes, and——"

"Mr. T.!" exclaimed his dignified spouse, with a look that would have awed an emperor.

"My dear, I was only telling the young gentleman——"

"Enough!" replied the lady, with a wave of her hand that appeared to extinguish all his piggish notions for the time; and then turning to me, in her most insinuating manner, said, "Do take another glass of Frontignac!"

This was sufficient. To prevent being completely poisoned, I summoned up resolution to look at my watch; and seemed surprised it was so late, and took a hasty leave of the party.

There is something in courtship which writers on the moral sentiments have not described. It is the most exquisite piece of foolery that life produces, instead of being the serious matter that people imagine. Cupid is usually represented blind, but he has only a cast in his eye; and all his worshippers are marked by a similar obliquity of vision. It cannot be denied that Love squints, for no lover looks at his mistress in a straightforward matter-of-fact manner. Instead of gazing on her, his eyes are on the heavens, and he thinks of angels; and she, instead of observing him, has her vision taken up with the principal character in her favourite romance, and sees a hero. The insight I had gained into the nature of the ludicrous made me regard things in a less roundabout fashion than is usual with lovers; and, though I certainly felt a pleasure in observing the signs by which my adored was continually evincing her kind feelings towards me, it was one that, had I possessed the use of the risible muscles, must have ended in laughter.

I had heard in confidence from her mamma, who never let slip an opportunity of praising Amelia to me as possessing all the cardinal virtues, and all her own virtues as well, that the young lady, from feelings of pure benevolence, meekness, and charity, had voluntarily become a gratuitous teacher in the village Sunday-school, and devoted all her leisure hours to the task of instructing the young idea of the juvenile population of the neighbourhood. On the earliest occasion I bent my steps towards the school, and was on the point of entering the room when I heard an angry voice in loud altercation, mingled with a sort of convulsive sobbing that seemed to proceed from a child. I stopped to listen, and heard the following dialogue:—

"C-a-t," muttered one of the scholars, with a whimper between every letter.

"Well! and what does c-a-t spell, you stupid little hussy?" fiercely inquired her instructress. "Say it this minute, Miss, or I'll beat you black and blue."

"C-a-t," repeated the child more slowly, but with sobs increasing in loudness.

"You obstinate little slut! You're enough to provoke a saint, you are! and if I hadn't the patience of Job, and the mildness of an angel, I should not attempt to enlighten your wretched ignorance." Then, giving the pupil a shake, which increased the

sobbing to a roar, the other cried out, "Tell me what does it spell, or I'll give you such a box on the ear."

With a convulsive effort the girl endeavoured to make her answer audible amid her lachrymose outcry, and said, "Puss—puss—puss—pussy!"

I heard a blow follow the unfortunate reply that I thought would have finally settled the education of the young student; but it only elicited a scream which sets description at defiance.

"Stop that blubbing this instant! or I'll give you something to cry for," said the teacher, sharply. "But it is all for your good, you ungrateful jade! Am I not striving all I can do to make you happy? There, take that, and go in the corner," and another spanker was followed by another scream.

"Tommy Tucker," cried the same voice, "come and say your reading lesson."

In a few moments I distinguished the following words, repeated in a tone and in a manner which I can only describe by saying that the smaller words were given in a high note with pauses of various lengths between, and the longer or more difficult words fell rather more than an octave lower: the single letters denote an attempt at spelling:—

"A wise—son—ma, make, maketh a—glad—f-a-t—fat—h-e-r—her—fat her——"

"Father, you dunce!"

"Father;—but a—foo-fool-foolish son—is—the—h-e-a—hea——"

"He, you blockhead!"

"He—v-i—vi—heavi—n-e—double s—ness——"

Here there was a pause.

"Well, what does that spell, dolt?" cried the teacher.

"Heavenliness——"

A box on the ear made the unfortunate Tommy Tucker cry out.

"Heaviness, you stupid little fool!" exclaimed his instructress.

"Heaviness!" repeated the boy, rather sotto voce: but here an interruption took place by a girl crying out:—

"Please Governess, Billy Snipes——"

"I'm sure I didn't!" said the boy instantly.

"What has Billy Snipes done?" inquired their Governess.

"He's been a pinchin' of me."

"Peggy Wobble pricked me with her needle first!" said the other; and he began to whimper.

"You plagues, I'll give it you! and you, Johnny Bolter, you're playing at tit-tat-tow with Bobby Bricks, instead of doing your sums; you good-for-nothing wicked wretches!"

Hearing a rapid succession of blows, I thought my appearance might afford some relief to the little innocents, so I pushed the door open and entered the school-room; and there to my surprise beheld my mild, my gentle, meek, and amiable Amelia, whacking away with all her might among a parcel of juveniles not much higher than sixpenny-worth of halfpence; while Billy Snipes, and Peggy Wobble, and Johnny Bolter, and Bobby Bricks, were, in full chorus, shrieking from the punishment. She was so intently engaged in the

"Delightful task, to rear the tender thought!"

that I for some moments remained unperceived by her; at last her face all flushed with passion, was turned towards me as her vigorous arm was raised to inflict its vengeance on another victim; and, as she beheld me, in a moment her countenance became as gentle as ever, her uplifted arm was stretched out to shake hands, and in her usual mild accent, she said—

"Ah! Mr. Wag, I am glad you have come to assist me in the charming employment of instructing these little dears."

Calling the next day at the house, the door was opened by a servant in livery, whom I had not noticed before.

"Be you the gemman what comes arter Miss Melia? 'cause if you be, Missus told me to show you into the garden. Muster's in the pig-stye, and Missus and the young ladies be a studying but-tonry, I think they calls it, in the inghun-bed."

I satisfied the matter-of-fact footman that I was the person he imagined, and was directed to the garden, through which I walked without seeing any one till I came to a sort of summer-house painted green, and furnished with a variety of execrable drawings, (doubtless the production of the seven talented Miss Thompsons,) seats, and a table. I had partly closed the door on entering, and was amusing myself by examining the daubs on the walls, when I heard voices approaching.

"Mr. Wag is a very serious young man, my dear," said Mrs. Thompson, "and I have no doubt he will be much gratified by

knowing that you have become a teacher of the Sunday-school.

"But it is so very annoying, Mamma; the children are worse than brutes," replied my gentle Amelia.

"Never mind, my love, if it procures you a husband, and one so respectable."

"I think he is the most stupid young man I ever saw," remarked my affectionate Amelia.

"That is not of the slightest consequence, child—consider what an estate his father has."

"I wish I had Amy's chance," cried Miss Augusta,—"I would not care a fig if he was an idiot."

"Nor I," exclaimed Miss Rosa, emphatically.

"Nor I," repeated Miss Belinda, in a similar manner.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

"You are quite right, girls!" observed the matron; "and I am sorry to see your sister so little alive to her own interests; I am afraid she is still thinking of Mr. Bleedem's assistant."

"Frederick Aloe is very handsome," said my devoted Amelia.

"But Frederick Aloe is a beggar, you foolish girl," replied my mamma.

"And Mr. Bleedem told me that he only has twenty pounds a year, and finds his own tea and sugar," remarked Miss Augusta, disdainfully.

"Never your mind, Miss," cried my adored, with some asperity; "he is a gentleman, and that's more than Mr. Calico's shop man is, whom you are always running after."

"I run after the fellow!" exclaimed the other with more anger than surprise. "But you never could speak the truth, therefore—"

"Come—come, I mustn't have any quarrelling," here interposed mamma; "I hope you have both too much good sense to disgrace your family by forming alliances so much beneath you. Remember that your father's annuity dies with him, and, if you do not wish to be reduced to poverty, you will assist me in securing Amelia so excellent a husband; and I am sure our dear Amy, out of gratitude, will provide for us all as soon as she's married. I shall leave nothing untried to insure so desirable a match, and none of us must hesitate about trifles upon such an occasion. Didn't I tell the young squire that the Frontignac was made by Amelia, when you all know it was bought of old Dame Snivvie at a shilling a-bottle; and haven't I sewed some yellow cloth round the collar and cuffs of one of your father's old coats, and made John wear it, so that Mr. Wag should think we keep a footman in livery? But I expect him here every moment; so let us all go into the summer-house, or your skins will be freckled by the sun."

So saying, she pushed open the door, and the whole party instantly beheld me. The consternation of the Thompsons was beyond conception. Knowing I must have heard their conversation, and that their designs were now hopeless, they were too confounded to utter a word; so, having enjoyed the scene sufficiently, I very gravely made my bow, and never entered the house of the retired barrister again.

From Steedman's 'Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa.'

CAFFRE RAIN-MAKERS.

Another melancholy effect of superstition among the Caffres is observable in the credence so implicitly given to the influence of persons denominated "Ingiaka-lamsulu," or Rain-makers. The country being subject to frequent droughts, and a consequent dearth of pasturage being severely felt by a people whose hopes of support and wealth depend chiefly on the cattle, rain is looked for at such times with the greatest anxiety; and a belief prevails amongst these infatuated tribes, that it can be withheld or granted at the will of certain wise men, who have obtained the distinction of rain-doctors, and are supported for their imaginary services by their respective Chiefs. On making application for the assistance of one of these necromancers much ceremony prevails: the Chief and his attendant warriors proceed in great state to his dwelling, with presents of cattle; and, after signifying their request in due form, they institute a grand feast on the occasion, which is often continued for several days, while the impostor pretends that he is using his magic charms. At their dismissal, various instructions are delivered, on their adherence to which the expected boon is described entirely to depend. Many of these instructions are simple in the extreme, consisting mostly of cautions to the parties—not to look behind them on their departure—on no account to address one another or any persons whom they may fall in with on their journey;—the necessity being also inculcated of compelling all whom they may meet to return with them and follow the same restrictions. If rain occurs, their belief in the supposed rain-maker's art is strengthened and confirmed; if disappointment ensues, their own involuntary departure from his instructions is blamed as the cause of it, and the same idle ceremony is repeated, the conjurer still retaining his wonted influence. Amidst a variety of circumstances which might be adduced in illustration of this strange delusion, the following particulars were related to me during my stay at Wesleyville:—Pato on one occasion came to Mr. Shaw, and remarked he had frequently heard him say, when preaching, that no man could make rain; that the God of the Bible could alone cause it to descend upon the earth. He complained that in consequence

the rain-maker's craft was much endangered, since the Caffres believed in his ability to produce rain on their solicitations.

"Let us, therefore," said he, "have the question set at rest. We will have our rain-maker summoned to meet you in an open plain, when all the Caffres of the surrounding kraals shall be present, to judge between yourself and him." Mr. Shaw agreed to this proposition, and appointed a time and a place for the trial of their rain-maker's skill. The day arrived, and with it thousands of Caffres from the neighbouring country. The Chiefs all appeared in their war dresses, and everything was arranged for the event, in the full pomp of a Caffre show. Mr. Shaw being confronted with a celebrated rain-maker, declared openly, before them all, that God alone gave rain; and the more to convince them, he offered to present the rain-maker with a team of oxen, if he should succeed in causing any to descend within a certain specified time. The rain-maker commenced his ceremonies, which, according to Mr. Shaw's description, were highly calculated to impose on the ignorant minds of the Caffres; but the time expired, and no rain fell, nor was there the least appearance of its approach. He still continued his exertions, but without effect; till Pato, seeing how the matter was likely to terminate, began to inquire of the rain-maker, with evident dissatisfaction, why he had so long imposed on them? The defence was, that Pato had not treated him with the same liberality as his father, who had always paid handsomely when he wanted rain, and for whom rain had been always supplied, as they well knew, on proper remuneration. Mr. Shaw here took an opportunity of pointing to some half-finished cattle, belonging to the rain-maker himself, which were in view on an adjacent hill, and asked him how it occurred that his own oxen were starving for want of pasturage in the absence of rain; thus clearly representing to the people, that had he possessed the skill to which he pretended, it was not likely he would have neglected his own interests. The rain-maker replied, addressing the people,—"I have never found a difficulty in making rain, until he came among us (alluding to Mr. Shaw); but now no sooner do I collect the clouds, and the rain is about to fall in copious showers on the dry and parched soil, than there immediately begins a sound of *ting, ting, ting*, (alluding to the Chapel bell,) which puts the clouds to flight, and prevents the rain from descending on your land." Whether this plea obtained belief or not among the majority of the Caffres, Mr. Shaw could not decide; but this he knew, that Pato had never made the Ingiaka any more presents for rain.

W O M A N .

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

Nail, Woman! whose transcendent charms unfold
Celestial lineaments in earthly mould!
Shrined in the heart, affection bows to thee,
Fair object thou of Love's idolatry!
Man boasts his majesty, yet owns the while,
The conquering influence of thy frown or smile:
Thy frown can chase the haughtiest spirit's pride;
Creation's lord walks humbly at thy side.
Thy smile, since woman's empire first began,
Calls up the latent energies of man:
To high achievements tempts his soul to press,
Thyself his glorious guardian of success.

To cherish him, to watch his brief repose;
To him the elements of thought to teach,
Guard his first step, and prompt his earliest speech.
'Tis thine to wake the latent powers of youth
To generous manhood and ingenious truth;
O'er sinking age to smile in life's eclipse,
And pour the balm of comfort on his lips;
When o'er his sick-bed bends thy angel form
Love's bow of promise through afflictions storm.

Yet where—oh where, amidst created space,
Does woman's presence shed the sweetest grace?
Where Albion's land, a glorious spot is seen,
The world's just wonder, and the ocean's queen;
And, bound within the girdle of her smile,
Scotia's proud hills, and Erin's emerald Isle.
Hither, how'er th' unchanging Briton roam,
Hope flies for country, friendship, wife, and home.

How fair is home, in fancy's picturing theme,
In wedded life, in love's romantic dream!
Thence springs each hope; there every wish returns,
Pure as the flame, that upward, heavenward, burns;
There sits the wife, whose radiant smile is given,
The daily sun of the domestic heaven;
From morn to noon, dispensing bliss to all
Who may within her sphere of influence fall.
And when calm evening sheds a secret power,
Her looks of love emparadise the hour;
Her presence more entrancing to the view,
Than the bright moon in depths of stillest blue.
While children round, a beauteous train, appear—
Attendant stars revolving in her sphere;
In solid, social, unpoetic pride,
The sacred circle of our own fireside.

From *Hopes of Matrimony*.

BONAPARTE AND PHRENOLOGY.—I had received Dr. Gall on his arrival in France; for, as the wife of the governor of Paris, I thought it my duty to show attention to a man who was reputed to have made great and useful discoveries in science. One day, when he was dining at my house, I requested him to examine the head of my little son, who was then six weeks old. The child was brought in, his cap was taken off, and the doctor

after an attentive examination of his little head, said, in a solemn tone—"This child will be a great mathematician." This prediction has certainly not been verified. My eldest son, on the contrary, possesses a brilliant and poetic imagination. It is possible that he might have been a mathematician, had he been forced to that study; but certainly the natural bent of his mind would never have led him to calculations, and the solution of problems.

Monge and the cardinal, knowing my intimacy with Dr. Gall, asked me some questions respecting him. I was aware of the emperor's opinion of the doctor and his system, and therefore I was not surprised when, turning to me, he said in a tone of disapproval:—

"So, Madame Janot, you patronise Dr. Gall? Well, you are *gouvernante* of Paris, and I suppose you must show attention to men of science, even though they be fools. And what has the doctor told you?"

I knew, by experience, that the way to deal with the emperor was never to appear intimidated, but answer his questions with confidence and presence of mind. I told him the result of Dr. Gall's examination of my son's organs.

"Ah! he said that, did he? Then we will not make my god-son a bishop, nor even a cardinal, (here he cast a glance at Cardinal Maury;) but he shall be a good artillery or engineer officer. A man like Dr. Gall is good for something at least. I think I shall establish for him a professor's chair, so that he may teach his system to all the *accoucheurs* and *sages femmes* of Paris. It may then be ascertained, as soon as a child comes into the world, what he is destined to be; and if he should have the organs of murder or theft very strongly marked, he may be immediately drowned, as the Greeks used to drown the crooked-legged, and hunch-backed."—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Ambrantes*.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.—Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Emperor of Russia, relates that "a young girl, in the service of the Princess of—, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length to all appearance was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were soon called in, and in the space of a few days her health was re-established. The account which she gave of her situation was extremely curious. She said that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organisation, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."—*European Mag.*

THE PROFESSOR AND THE STUDENT.—A professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh, now no more, having desired the students to give in a list of their names in Latin, was greatly surprised at seeing written on a slip of paper the name "Joannes Ovum Novum."

After in vain seeking for a translation of this, he at last became convinced that it was either one of those dark Latin passages, to decipher which even the skull of a Bentley would have failed, or that it was a hoax.

He therefore next day, in the class, read out the three dark words, and desired the writer of them to stand.

One of his pupils immediately rose.

"What are you?" said the professor.

"A poor scholar, sir," was the answer.

"A very poor scholar indeed, sir, or you would never have written such stuff as 'Joannes Ovum Novum.' That can't be your name sir."

"I don't see," said the student, "where you could find better Latin; my name is John Agnew. 'Ovum,' for egg, (Ag.) 'Novum,' for new; Ovum Novum—Egg New."

The professor, seeing that he had rather the worst of it, immediately laid his finger upon his own forehead, and looking at his hopeful pupil, who was standing somewhat in the attitude of a drill sergeant, exclaimed, in a pitiful voice—

"Alas! alas! something wrong here, I doubt."

"May be so," shouted "Ovum Novum," "something may be wrong there; but," striking his hand upon his own forehead, "there is nothing wrong here!"—*Theodore Hook*.

AFFECTING STORY OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO DIED AT SMYRNA.

His name was W—, and his father, a gentleman in opulent circumstances, is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the care of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of inconsiderable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang, with a peculiar sweetness, a melancholy Irish air; curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and clambering to an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in mournful abstraction beneath a tree, plucking the leaves from a rosebud as she sang her plaintive ditty. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation, and reflection on the consequence, he threw himself over the wall, and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark, expressive eyes on his, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was thrilling when he had first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes to attract his attention again. He now endeavoured to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement; but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning. She was, however, more staid and melancholy while he remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang, by turns, till it was time for him again to bid her adieu. With the exception of these childlike wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity; her aberrations were merely playful and innocent; she was often sad and melancholy, but oftener lively and light-spirited.

W— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom reason had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity, in primeval beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection.

His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself almost involuntarily, deeply attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely necessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked the meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a similar change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects, of her malady.

This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her recovery was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden; the consequence was, that at their next meeting, an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W—'s visit to the superior of the establishment; an immediate stop was then put to his return, and the lady's walks confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigour, and in the paroxysms of her delirium she eagerly demanded to be again permitted to see him.

A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both; and, after some conferences, it was resolved that W— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent caresses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing; till at length, she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

It appears, however, that, after some farther intercourse, W— was compelled to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectedness continued uninterrupted; but her former memory

seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover.

Long protracted illness ensued, and her spirits and constitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excitement, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

In the meantime, W— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him; he seemed to have passed from her remembrance with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of memory roll back to this distracted period of her intellect.

From the shock of that interview, W— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger; she met him with a calm and cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavour to make a second impression on her renovated heart; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy and a hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu for ever.

But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happiness, and he felt that, wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress. W— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within "that aching void the world can never fill." He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell to soothe his memory, and change no charm to lull it:—

"Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray."

At length, he joined the cause of the struggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honourably mentioned amongst the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death, he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palakiri. He, therefore, took a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825.

The unskilful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dangerous fever from the malaria of Pylos, combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united with his broken spirit to bring on a rapid consumption. * * * * * Words could not paint the expression of his countenance nor the sad sublimity of his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself.

It was evening before he died; there was not a breath of wind to wave the branches of the peach-tree around his window, through which the sunbeams were streaming on his deathbed, tinged with the golden dyes of sunset. It was in a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the silent progress of death; the sun went down at length behind the hills; the clear calm voice of the muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W—, but his soul had bade adieu to mortality: he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle. His remains were interred in the English burying-ground. The few travellers at the moment in Smyrna attended, and the Janizaries of the Consul preceded the coffin, which was borne by four sailors, and covered with an English ensign. In a solitary corner of the cemetery, beside a group of cypresses, his grave was dug by the attendants

of the British Hospital; and his last remains rested by those of his countrymen who have fallen victims to the climate of the Levant.

Mr. Arundel, the chaplain to the factory, read the service of the church over his tomb; and perhaps it never was pronounced under more melancholy circumstances, beneath the calm, bright sky of Asia, on an eminence which looked down on the bustle of the city, but was far removed from its din and clamour, and disturbed by no sound save the sigh of his friend, the hum of the glittering insects fluttering in the sunshine, and the hollow rattle of the clay on the receptacle of the wanderer's dust.—*Emerson's Letters from the Ægean.*

For the Pearl.
SCOTTISH SCENERY,
No. 3.

Abbey of Holyrood-House.

Nobles, knights, and ladye fair,
Scenes of mirth, and pageants rare;
Kings, with diadems of gold,
Rigid priest, and warrior bold;
'Neath this roof have pass'd along,
Mingling in one shining throng.
But the gold is waxen dim,
Beauty moulders in the grave,
And the deep funereal hymn,
Has been chaunted o'er the brave,

Time has worn the pile of stone;
Time has shook the monarch's throne;
Time with ruthless sweep has bow'd
Into death, the courtly crowd;
Ruin shakes the palace halls;
Ruin breaks the abbey walls;
Grass is growing on the floor,
Which the Grecian marble grac'd;
And on urns complete before,
Words are now no longer trac'd.

In one corner, wrapt in gloom,
Stands the queen's confessing room.
Scottish Mary, at thy name,
Fancy, aye assumes its claim;
Brings the past in memory near,
Throws its spell on eye and ear,
Every deed in history known,
Lives renew'd in its bright ray;
Mary sits on Scotland's throne,
Darnley loves, and shares her sway.

List! I hear a sudden noise!
Shrieks have hush'd the palace joys;
Blood is spilt in yonder room,
Rizzio now has met his doom.
Darnley's hate was jealousy;
Could that youth the rival be?
Still is shown the secret stair,
Still is seen the blood-stain'd floor;
But my fancy sickens here,
Thought can realize no more.

DEAF AND DUMB BOY.—A few years ago, a clergyman paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London, for the purpose of examining the children in their knowledge of divine truth. A little boy on this occasion was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took up the chalk, and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

SMOLLETT'S TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF TEMPERANCE.—A correspondent has directed our attention to the following extract from Smollett's Travels through France and Italy, published in London in 1776. This testimony in favour of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, from so eminent a man and physician as Tobias Smollett, at so early a period, ought to be generally known. In letter 39, p. 230, he says:

"It must be owned that all the peasants [i. e. of France] who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive size in comparison to those who use milk, beer, or even water; and it is a constant observation that when there is a scarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy than in those seasons when it abounds. The longer I live, the more I am convinced, that wine and all fermented liquors are pernicious to the human constitution: and that for the preservation of health and exhilaration of the spirits there is no beverage comparable to simple water.—*Worcester Palladium.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

This admirable eulogium on our native tongue formed part of a speech of the Marquis of Hastings, at the College of Fort William, in the East Indies:—

“Regard the English language not, I beseech you, as the mere medium of ordinary intercourse; it is a mine whence you may extract the means of enchanting, instructing, and improving communities yet nameless, and generations yet unborn. Our English language has never yet had an adequate tribute paid to it. Among the languages of modern Europe, specious but subordinate pretensions have been advanced to cadence, terseness, or dexterous ambiguity of insinuation, while the sober majesty of the English tongue stood aloof, and disdained a competition on the ground of such inferior particularities. I even think that we have erred with respect to the Latin and Greek. Our sense of the inestimable benefits we have reaped from those treasures of taste and science which have been handed down to us, have led us into an extravagance of reverence for them. They have high intrinsic merit, without doubt; but it is a bigoted gratitude, and an unweighed admiration, which induces us to prostrate the character of the English tongue before their altars. Every language can furnish to genius, casually, a forcible expression, and a thousand turns of neatness and delicacy may be found in most of them; but I will confidently assert, that in that which should be the first object in all languages—precision, the English tongue surpasses them all; while in richness of colouring and extent of power, it is not exceeded, if equalled, by any. What subject is there within the boundless range of imagination which some British author has not clothed, in British phrase, with a nicety of definition and accuracy of portraiture, a brilliancy of tint, a delicacy of discrimination, and a force of expression which must be sterling, because every nation of Europe, as well as our own, admits their perfection with enthusiasm? Are the fibres of the heart to be made to tremble with anxiety, to glow with admiration, to thrill with horror, to startle with amaze, to shrink with awe, to throb with pity, or to vibrate in sympathy with the tone of pictured love? Know ye not the mighty magicians of our country, whose potent spell has commanded, and continues irresistibly to command, those varied impulses? Was it a puny engine, a feeble art that achieved such wondrous workings? What was the sorcery? A justly conceived collocation of words is the whole secret of this witchery. And remember, there was a period, not remote, when all these recorded beauties were a blank, were “without form and void.” The elements of those compositions which now so uncontrollably delight and elevate our souls, existed; but they existed as dormant powers, mere capacities; they were the unconnected notes of the gamut, the untouched strings of the harp. The music was in the instrument, but the master’s hand had not thrown itself across the chords, to rouse them from their slumber, and bid them scatter ecstasies. Then do you make trial of their forces; fear not that the combinations are exhausted. Possess yourself of the necessary energies, and you will find the language exuberant beyond the demand of your intensest thought. It has no assignable compass. One of its most admirable qualities is, that if a term sanctioned by usage or precedent does not present itself to express a conception adequately, a word may be moulded for the purpose, which, if it be legitimately framed, it will be as universally understood as if it had been constantly employed in colloquial discourse. The appropriation of words to defined and specific senses, (either direct or through that allusion to similitudes which we call metaphor,) has arisen from the high will of those powerful minds who have exercised a splendid despotism over opinions. The right of domination which they asserted over the multitude, insured a willing adoption of their application of words, and a ratified sanction of their extension of simple meaning to all the subdivisions of shade and affinity; not that they coined arbitrarily, for you are not to suppose that the language has not its law and limits. The boundaries of the privilege are strictly laid down, for they exist in nature. Hence has flowed, and hence will endlessly flow, “the power of giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.” Astonishing faculty! never regarded, as I think, with sufficient admiration. Enjoying the treasures thus heaped up, we do not deign attention to the efforts by which they have been collected. How many positions are there that form the basis of our every day’s reflection, the matter for the ordinary operation of our minds, which were toiled after perhaps for ages, before they were seized and rendered comprehensible! How many subjects are there which we must be severally conscious we have strived at, as if we saw them floating in an atmosphere just above us, and found the arm of our intellect but just too short to reach them; and then comes a happier genius, who in a fortunate moment, and from some vantage ground, arrests the meteor in its flight, grasps the fleeting phantom, drags it from the skies to earth, condenses that which was but the impalpable corruscation of spirit, fetters that which was but the lightning glance of thought, and having so mastered it, bestows it a perpetual possession and heritage to mankind.

It was a quaint but expressive and pregnant saying of the Emperor Charles, V., that whenever he had conquered a new language, he found he had acquired an additional soul. He felt within him-

self a marked expansion of the powers of conception, comparison, and combination. Words, the types of ideas and things, cannot be treasured up without some consideration of the things to which they refer; and the variety of shades which must present themselves in translation will infallibly lead the student into a research respecting the causes and qualities of those discriminations, calculated to open his mind to an infinity of relations in his native tongue, never before imagined by him. This is what the emperor meant to imply he felt within him.

A conscious elevation in the class of being is the most delightful sensation which can swell the breast. It may suit the poet to describe man as indiscriminately borne

“High to bear his brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence;”

but the observation must be dull indeed which has not satisfied you that, to uncultivated man, there is no such glowing sentiment. The propensities of his mind are selfish and violent. His qualifications make him the most mischievous and dangerous of animals. Hatred to others, and knowing that he is so, he never can raise his thoughts above petty plots for the molestation of his fellows, or miserable precautions for his own security. It is only through culture that he can arrive at any sense of his duties; and, through that sense of his duties, at any estimation of himself. And that first important step gained, what an infinity of gradations remain! Is it nothing to remove yourselves from the lowest line of such a scale? Is it not excellent to reach the top of such a progression, and to enjoy, over so large a portion of your kind, a pure, a noble, and undisputed exaltation? Superiority of mental powers is the warrant of the Almighty for command; and man will eagerly bow to it wheresoever his judgment acknowledges the stamp and signature. Ought I to stop here? Not so. Having attained that summit, think what an expanse must be spread before your eye! Think how your eagle ken will range around! how distinct will be your view of the universe! that view which necessarily leads the mind from Nature up to Nature’s God. Upon that pinnacle man breathes a purer air; he becomes, in some degree, a denizen of ethereal regions before he has shaken off his mortal veil. Not by a selfish divorce from society, or by a chilling abstraction from earthly concerns. Oh no! the capacity to which he has raised himself, of gazing more steadfastly and more fervently on the ineffable glories of the Creator, will only teach him to read more distinctly that part which Almighty wisdom has ordained. He will feel that a fulfilment of earthly relations is the great obligation imposed on our existence in this world; he will confess that no period of life can be exempt from it; the energy of youth, the steadiness of maturer years, and the experience of age, are alike bound to obey the claim. Even in the stage of decadence, when the failure of the frame no longer allows bodily activity, he will be sensible that he may still inculcate, and watch, and warn, and prompt, and encourage, and lead, younger intellects to a conception of its high destinies. Thus he will earn the last and best of mortal consolations. Looking forward in calm and humble confidence to the hour in which the Great Giver of good shall require from him the intrusted talent, he will hope that he may surrender it not ungratefully misprized, nor idly overlooked, nor sordidly unemployed. Dare you, when the meed is thus displayed to you, dare you refrain from contending for it?”

THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

“The house of David is no more; no more our sacred seed shall lurk and linger, like a blighted thing in this degenerate earth. If we cannot flourish, why then we’ll die!”

“Oh! say not so, my brother!”

A voice broke on the air, so soft, so sweet, so wildly musical—it sounded like a holy bell upon a summer day, a holy bell that calls to prayer, and stills each fierce emotion.

And softly kneeling at his side behold a female form! Her face is hid, her lips are pressed against the hand she gently steals. And now she raises up her head, and waits with tender patience for a glance from one who seldom smiles.

“Oh! say not so, my brother!”

He turns, he gazes on a face beautiful as a starry night—a starry night in those far climes where not a cloud is marked in heaven, when all below on earth’s so sweet, and all above in air so still, that every passion melts away, and life seems but a fragrant dream.

I too have wandered in those lands, and roamed amid Jordan’s vocal bowers. Ah! could the nightingale that sang to Syria’s rose now sing to me, I’d give the fame of coming years to listen to that lay!

He turns, he gazes, and he bends; his heart is full, his voice is low.

“Ah, Miriam! thou queller of dark spirits! is it thou? Why art thou here?”

“Why am I here? Are you not here? and need I urge a stronger plea? Oh! brother dear, I pray you come, and mingle in our festival! Our walls are hung with flowers you love; I culled them by the fountain’s side; the holy lamps are trimmed and set, and you must raise their earliest flame. Without the gate my maidens wait to offer you a robe of state. Then, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival.”

“Why should we feast?”

“Ah! is it not in thy dear name these lamps are lit, these garlands hung? To-day to us a prince is given to day——”

“A prince without a kingdom.”

“But not without *that* which makes kingdoms precious, and which fill many a royal heart has sighed for—willing subjects, David.”

“Slaves, Miriam, fellow-slaves.”

“What we are, my brother, our God has willed; and let us bow and tremble.”

“I will not, I cannot tremble!”

“Hush, David, hush! It was this haughty spirit that called the vengeance of the Lord upon us.”

“It was this haughty spirit that conquered Canaan.”

“Oh! my brother, my dear, dear brother! they told me the dark spirit had fallen on thee, and I came, and hoped thy Miriam might have charmed it. What we have been, Alroy, is a bright dream; and what we may be at least as bright a hope; and for what we are, thou art my brother. In thy love I find present felicity, and value more thy chance embraces and thy scanty smiles than all the vanished splendour of our race, our gorgeous gardens and our glittering halls.”

“Who waits without there?”

“Caleb.”

“Caleb?”

“My lord.”

“Go tell my uncle I presently will join the banquet. Leave me a moment, dearest. I’ll soon be with thee. Nay, dry these tears, my life, or let me stop them with a soft kiss.”

“Oh, Alroy, they are not tears of sorrow.”

“God be with thee, angel; fire-thee-well, though but for a moment. Thou art the charm and consolation of my life. Farewell, farewell. I do observe the influence of women very potent over me. ’Tis not of such stuff that they make heroes. I know not love, save that pure affection that does subsist between me and this girl; an orphan and my sister. We are so alike, that when, last Passover, in mimicry, she twined my turban round her graceful head, our uncle called her David.

“The daughters of my tribe, they please me not, though they are passing fair. Were our sons as brave as they are beautiful, we still might dance on Sion. Yet have I often thought that could I pillow this moody brow upon some snowy bosom that were my own, and dwell in the wilderness, far from the sight and ken of man, and all the care and toil and wretchedness, that groan and sigh about me, I might haply lose this deep sensation of overwhelming wo, that broods upon my being. No matter; life is but a dream, and mine must be a dull one.”—*Tale of Alroy.*

From the Wild Garland.

CYPERUS PAPYRUS.

The Cyperus Papyrus, the celebrated papyrus of Egypt, was called by the Greeks *biblos*, whence is derived our Greek word *bible*, as being *the book*. In Syria it is called *babeer*, and hence the words papyrus, paper, papier. The papyrus is the most ancient material employed as paper. Pliny and others have fixed on the time of Alexander (about 324 B. C.) as the period when it first began to be used for this purpose; but there is good reason to believe that it was in use at least three hundred years before that time. It was also employed for constructing boats; sails, mats, ropes, coverlets, and garments, were manufactured from the light coat under the bark; and the root was used for food. Vessels of bulrushes, or papyrus, are mentioned in the sacred Scriptures. We read in Isaiah, “Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia: that sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters (Isaiah, xviii. 2;)” and the floating cradle of the infant Moses was of this material (Exod. ii. 2.) Pliny, Herodotus, and Diodorus, speak of the Egyptian ships and vessels of the Nile as made of papyrus. But its chief claim to notice arises from its valuable properties as a material for writing upon, being employed for this purpose for a series of ages, during which little comparative use seems to have been made of any other mode of recording the history of man, the discovery of science, or the truths of religion. The frail leaf preserved and transmitted to posterity the treasure committed to its keeping, while the gigantic pyramids and the sculptured hieroglyphic proved less true to the trust reposed in them.

The papyrus does not appear to have grown in the Nile, but in the stagnant waters and marshes formed by the overflowing of the river. It is found also growing in the river Jordan, where a singular provision for the security of the plants in the midst of the flowing waters has been observed. The firm and towering stalk is of a triangular form, and the point of the triangle stands opposed to the stream, and, in the same manner as the cutwater of a boat, or the buttress of a bridge, presents an acute angle to the opposing waters, thus gently diminishing their force. The general form of the plant has been justly described as resembling a thyrus. The head is composed of a number of small grassy filaments, each about a foot long. The stalk is a vivid green, thickest at the bottom, and tapering to the top, and clothed at the

lower part, for about two feet, with long hollow sword-shaped leaves, which fold over each other like scales, and defend and strengthen the stem. It grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet. It has one root, large and strong, of the thickness of a man's arm, and so hard and firm, that it works well with the turning-lathe, as it did formerly, when cups were manufactured from it. In the middle of this long root rises the stalk at right angles, so that when inverted it has the figure of the letter T; and on each side of the large floating root are smaller elastic ones, which descend perpendicularly from it, and, like the strings of a tent, steady it, and fix it to the earth at the bottom. In preparing of the papyrus for use, it was divided into three parts. They first cut off the head and smaller parts of the stem; next the lower woody part, together with the root; and then there remained the middle part. All these had separate uses. The flowering heads served to adorn the temples of the idol gods of the Egyptians, to wreath their statues, and to crown their heroes. The upper tender portion of the stem was masticated for the sake of the sweet juice contained in it; a practice which still prevails in Abyssinia, not only with the papyrus, but also with the root of Indian corn, and of every kind of cyperus, and a portion of the lower part of the stalk was eaten after being roasted. The woody part of the plant was used for binding books; and Bruce gives an account of a book in his possession made of papyrus, and bound in this manner. The process of making paper from the reed of Egypt is probably so little familiar to the reader, as to make a description of it not unacceptable. The thick part of the stalk being cut in two, the pellicle between the pith and the bark, or perhaps the two pellicles, were stripped off and divided by an iron instrument, which probably was sharp-pointed, but did not cut at the edges. The pellicle, thus separated, was squared at the sides so as to be like a riband, and then laid on a smooth table, after being cut into the length the leaf was required to be (the book mentioned by Bruce, eleven-and-a-half inches long, and seven broad.) These strips or ribands of papyrus were lapped carefully over each other by a very thin border, and then pieces of the same kind were laid transversely, the length of these answering to the breadth of the first; and after the whole had been moistened, a weight was placed on it, and it was left to dry in the sun. It was imagined that the waters of the Nile possessed a gummy quality, which served to glue these strips together. But this was altogether an erroneous idea, as has been fully proved. The saccharine matter contained in the plant caused the portions to adhere together when pressed and dried.

In allusion to the papyrus, the Greeks had a proverb, variously written, viz.: "The fruit of the biblos is not better than an ear of corn;" or, "The flourishing biblos bears no ear of corn." In the former case they applied the proverb to themselves, who, living on good corn, were a superior race to the Egyptians, who supplied its place with the papyrus. The other form of the adage was intended to intimate that the tall and vigorous plant, bearing no fruit, resembled persons who, with a fine appearance and many advantages, made no profitable use of the golden opportunities presented to them.—*S. Waring.*

NAPOLEON AND DE MENNEVAL.—At a subsequent period, when the first Consul had become Emperor of the French, and when he had learned to appreciate the talent, fidelity, and exertion of his private secretary, it chanced, as was indeed by no means uncommon to the impetuous Conqueror, that business was infinitely more rife than time; and that M. de Menneval had been at the desk during three days and nights, snatching a hasty meal, but quite unable to indulge the feeling of weariness which had grown to positive pain.

The Emperor, to whom it had never occurred that nature could not hold out beyond a certain point, had not reflected on the sufferings of his zealous amanuensis; and was pacing the apartment on the evening of the fourth day, with his arms folded behind him, dictating in an unimpassioned and monotonous voice, as was his custom, without once looking towards the baron, who had long learned never to expect the repetition of any sentence from the lips of his impatient master; when suddenly missing the sound of the rapid pen, which now failed for the first time, Napoleon paused, and turned towards the desk.

There sat M. de Menneval, bending over his papers; the pen had dropped from his hand, and he was fairly asleep. Only a few moments, however, elapsed, when the baron in his turn, amid his uneasy slumber, missed the measured tramp of the Emperor, with that extraordinary power of perception peculiar to the fitful sleep of exhaustion; and opening his eyes with a sudden start, he discovered, seated beside him, Napoleon himself, writing most industriously on the very sheet of paper on which he had been engaged; the Emperor having taken up the subject where the overpowered secretary had resigned it.

The confusion of the baron may be imagined. "Pardon, sire," he exclaimed with clasped hands, as he started from his seat, "do not blame me for want of zeal—I was not master of myself."—"Monsieur," retorted the Emperor, "why do you go to sleep while I am dictating?"—"Sire!" said De Menneval deprecatingly, "I beseech your Majesty to forgive my involuntary fault, and to remember that this is the fourth day that I have spent

at the desk, without one hour of rest—I was exhausted, and my weariness overpowered me."—"M. le Baron!" said Napoleon earnestly, as he looked up for an instant from his occupation; "why did you not remind me of this? Allez vous coucher, monsieur; allez vous coucher."

De Menneval needed no second bidding; he at once withdrew, and the Emperor worked during a great portion of the night; and when they resumed their united labours on the morrow, he made not the slightest allusion to the circumstance.—*Miss Pardoe's River and the Desert.*

From the Metropolitan.

THE WORLD.

By Eliza Cook.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thral, /
Yet—yet, there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way,
Are bask'd in, enjoyed, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright,
Will not moan o'er each billow that rolls,
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he, who remembers alone
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark,
Though the raven may scare with its woe-boding tone,
Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark?

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part,
But in meeting the dear one again,
Have we never rejoiced with that wildness of heart
Which outbalances ages of pain?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
When the soul in its fulness of love
Would waver, if bidden to choose between this
And the paradise promised above?

Though the eye may be dimm'd with its grief drop awhile,
And the whitened lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,
There are spots where the poison-shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours when nought else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar;
But I think we must own, in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not all fair, yet it is not all gloom,
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

Should fate do its worst, and my spirits oppress'd
O'er its own shattered happiness pine,
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure must kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thral,
There is bloom, there is light on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Where woman hath endured,
Uncheered by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

I closed the fascinating memoirs of Josephine with a sigh of regret that the pleasure of reading it was ended. While perusing it, I had identified myself with the amiable and beautiful being, whose varied fortunes my fancy followed with intense interest. I saw her rising from the lot of a peasant girl to become the partner of the dark master-spirit, whose fearful passions she alone could soften and control. The splendored scenes of the coronation rose before my mind's eye. I saw Josephine, radiant in beauty, kneeling before the mighty arbiter of the fate of nations, while he placed the glittering symbol of power on the head of her who was 'once a poor friendless woman.' I shared the emotion which swelled her bosom and dimmed her eyes with tears, as the rapturous plaudits of the countless multitudes burst upon her ear. I beheld her the idol of a gallant, a polished, and intellectual people, diffusing happiness by her smiles, and joy

following her footsteps.—A little while, and the incense of flattery no longer shed its rich perfume for her. I saw her neglected and forsaken—rudely torn from him who was her only hope. Her gentle heart,

"Like a tendril accustomed to cling,"

was withered and blighted, and she quickly sank to the grave in utter brokenness of heart. And is this, thought I, all earth has to bestow? The splendor of her destiny surpassed what the wildest imaginings of her youthful fancy could have shadowed forth; but it was evanescent as the dew-drop which is swept from the rose by the first breath of the morning. She is gone, and her memorial has perished with her. Her kindness and gentleness won the hearts of all who came within the circle of her fascinations. But she won them for herself; for the self-renouncing spirit of the gospel held no sway over her spirit. She moulded at her will those who approached her; but it was for earth and not for heaven. Her heart was indeed 'open as day to melting charity,' but her benefactions were perishing as her own power—held only by the frail tenure of this fleeting life, and where are they? Does one immortal mind who received through her blest influence that pearl, compared to which the riches of Golconda's mines are but dust and ashes, now rise up and call her blessed?

Saddened by these melancholy reflections, I opened a volume which had lain neglected while I followed the varied fortunes of Josephine—the simple, unadorned 'Memoirs of an only and beloved sister.' As I read its quiet details, a far different scene was presented to my view. I saw a young and timid female, scarcely known beyond the limits of her own household band, stretched upon the couch of sickness. Her lot was lowly—and with a frame naturally delicate, now prostrated by a hopeless and excruciating malady—she seems to call for the tenderest sympathy and commiseration.—But not a murmuring word escapes her lips. A heavenly serenity beams in her mild countenance, and she is rendered insensible to bodily suffering by some high and holy purpose which engrosses her whole soul. A few ignorant children are gathered at her bedside, and she is addressing them in low and earnest tones. I cannot catch their import, but the theme evidently awakens all the sympathies of her heart, and illuminates her pale face with the radiance of an angel. Her young auditors, too, appear deeply moved, and feeling and intelligence gradually beam from those countenances which so recently exhibited but the insanity of ignorance and stupidity. Now they fall on their knees beside her, and her eyes and clasped hands raised to heaven, while her voice ascends solemn and sweet in tones of fervent supplication. Ah, now I learn the high purpose, the undying hope, which has power to triumph over the death-like agonies which torture her frame. She is supplicating the King of kings to place on the brows of these young immortals unwithering crowns, and to clothe them in the spotless robes of her Saviour's righteousness. Her voice is choked with emotion, and the tears fall thick and fast from the eyes of that youthful band who are kneeling before her. I fear no enthusiastic plaudits from mortals like myself. All is silent in that lowly room; but a voice sweet as the music of a seraph's lyre, whispers, there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth. One of those bright 'ministering spirits' sent out to minister to the heirs of salvation, announces there the tidings of one of that humble band. Behold he prayeth, and the abodes of spotless purity ring with the hallelujahs of ten thousand times ten thousand as they cast their glittering crowns before the eternal throne, saying, 'Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'—*Religious Magazine.*

MAGNIFICENT SUN-SET IN THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.—Poets and travellers speak with enthusiasm of the sun-sets of Italy, Switzerland, and Greece. I have seen the sun go down in each of those countries, but never with half the splendour which on this day accompanied his disappearance: and could I succeed in reflecting upon the reader's imagination half the grandeur of this gorgeous show, he would unquestionably concur with me in thinking that, but for its evanescent nature, it was far more worth a voyage to Egypt even than the pyramids. No sooner had the sun's disk disappeared behind the Libyan desert, than the whole western sky along the edge of the horizon assumed a colour which, for want of a better term, I shall call golden; but it was a mingling of orange, saffron, straw-colour, dashed with red. A little higher, these bold tints melted into a singular kind of green, like that of a spring-leaf prematurely faded; over this extended an arch of palish light, like that of an aurora borealis, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet colour, which formed the ground-work of the sky on to the very skirts of darkness. Through all these semi-circles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, there ascended, as from a furnace, vast pyramidal irradiations of crimson light, most distinctly divided from each other, and terminating in a point; and the contrast between these blood-red flashes and the various strata of colours which they traversed was so extraordinary, that, I am persuaded, no combination of light and shade ever produced a more wonderful or glorious effect.—*St. John's Egypt.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1838.

RECAPITULATION AND FINALE.—The recent article in the "Wesleyan," intended as a reply to our observations on the denunciatory spirit of its editor, we have perused with all diligence and candour. It is almost needless to recapitulate the points under discussion. Not for the exposure of error, (for there was no argument or refutation in the piece) but for the bold assertion of the anti-catholic opinion that Universalists were abandoned by God to delusion to believe a lie, did we at first complain. That we wrote with blandness and with a pen dipped in oil, is admitted by our antagonist. Our gentle remonstrance was met by a plain, blunt effusion on Latitudinarianism. In this specimen of plainness and bluntness, gross personalities were introduced—our reputation was sought to be injured by partial testimony—and we were branded as loving pest more than truth. With a spirit saddened by the utterance of such charges by a fellow christian and a fellow labourer in the ministry, we penned our replication. In no bitter or querulous spirit did we seek to convince our offended opponent that we were not indifferent to truth or error—that we cherished as dear to us every syllable of divine revelation—that we blamed no man for defending truth and refuting error—and yet that we considered it highly improper and quite out of character for one mortal to say to his fellow-man, professing to have equal regard and love for the Bible with himself, "I fear God has given you over to delusion to believe a lie,—your heart is obdured and your understanding willfully perverted." Having declared that our christian charity extended so far as to hope and believe there were sincere believers of the Redeemer amongst all religious sects, we inquired whether the editor of the "Wesleyan" did not believe this also, and if not, whether he had adopted consistently the name of the venerable Wesley as the cognomen of his paper. "Mr. Wesley's own words" were then produced, incontrovertibly proving that, whatever were his views in theory, in practice and in fact he had admitted that an individual who was a Pelagian, a Socinian, and a Universalist, was endowed with much moral goodness and feared God. Similar testimonies were cited in favour of the piety of Roman Catholics. We noticed the harsh treatment Mr. W. experienced on account of his liberality—and the unkind manner in which his noble views concerning religious opinions were distorted and mis-represented. Once more, keeping in view the fact that the piece on latitudinarianism was written as a reply to our notice of the anathematizing extract, we mentioned that, we thought the "Wesleyan" did not recognize christians in all religious communities, and considering that it advocated assault on persons as well as systems, on these grounds we pronounced it to be Anti-Wesleyan.

To all this our friend puts in his rejoinder. He claims for himself a catholic spirit, and "is confident that to expose the errors of Universalism, cannot deprive him of that claim." So we say, and thus we wrote. And when Universalists or Socinians write to refute what they conceive to be error, we do not suppose, that therefore they are wanting in a catholic spirit. But if any of these should denounce their opponents as given over to delusion, etc. we would then conclude that they wrote in a most anti-catholic manner. "But a catholic spirit is different from a latitudinarian spirit." Precisely so, and hence we spoke in praise of the one and against the other. "But Mr. Wesley was not indifferent to men's opinions in religion." Very true, or he would have been a latitudinarian, but we commended him as a man of a fine catholic spirit. "He did not suppose a man might believe any thing and every thing with equal regard to propriety and safety." No, or he would have manifested sad symptoms of insanity—neither did our article inculcate so vastly absurd a notion. "But he opposed what he thought to be error." Then he acted as we stated every christian ought to do. Our antagonist who "has endeavoured to shew the anti-scriptural character of Universalism, is not therefore a bigot." Certainly not—and the editor of the Universalist periodical in Boston who has endeavoured to shew the anti-scriptural nature of our friend's treatise, is not therefore a bigot. We should be sorry to think so of either party. A class of christians who are Deists, and whose lives are fruitless of good works, our brother will not own "as his fellow christians." Nor will we consider them as our fellow-disciples, for as we "are not mad most noble Festus," we have arrived at the sage conclusion that a Deist or a wicked man, is not a christian. So far, then, the last article in the "Wesleyan" is a mere echo of our plainly expressed sentiments. In all these items, the Pearl and Wesleyan perfectly agree. Have we then been entirely misapprehended; for if not, may we be allowed to ask—What these statements from the "Wesleyan" have to do with the denunciation of persons? How do they prove that a man has a right to judge and condemn others? But surely we have been misunderstood, and therefore, to remove all mistakes on the subject, and not from any unkindly motives, we will explain by a reference to a number of extracts. To begin with our friend's preface to his work on Universalism—in it he states that the heresy he opposes "is the most insidious, delusive, and fatal of all the heretical doctrines with which the church has ever been infected." Worse therefore than Socinianism, and yet a believer in the former system may be saved, but not in the latter. To such lengths of inconsistency does a fiery zeal transport a person. But so vile a heresy we are told should not "be allowed to pass without public oburgation." A calm but powerful refutation is not enough, it must be a public reproof—reprehension—emphatically, oburgation. Nay it is declared to be "an act of aggravated criminality in ministers of religion to allow it to pass without some public expression of condemnation." So that to refuse to mount the judgment seat with our brother, and pronounce condemnation, and issue your string of reproofs, is to be guilty of an act of aggravated criminality. Now for a sample of rebukes;—on page 42 of the Treatise on Universalism, referring to the modern form of the doctrine opposed, our author says—"And is not the end of this heresy eternal ruin. Such according to the word of God must be the inevitable consequence to all who embrace, and live and die under the influence of such a doctrine." That is oburgation enough for the most fiery zealot. Again, on page 56 it is remarked, that if Universalism cannot satisfactorily [to the satisfaction of its adversary] establish from the Bible that unfailingly efficacious means are used in eternity for the restoration of the miserable, etc., "it cannot stand—its cloven foot discovers

itself, and THE MARK OF THE BEAST appears on its forefront in glaring characters, with this inscription—MY FEET GO DOWN TO DEATH: MY STEPS TAKE HOLD ON HELL." Glaring enough! And with the writers italics and large and small capitals, he who runs may read. No less emblazoned on his escutcheon to another chapter, are these gentle terms—"UNIVERSALISM, THE OFFSPRING OF THE DEVIL, AND TO BE REJECTED." And also in the heading of another chapter, where after stating that it is false for certain reasons, the record is given—"MODERN UNIVERSALISM IS THEREFORE NECESSARILY DESTRUCTIVE TO THE SOULS OF MEN." So on page 76, "How alarming the situation of those who either really or pretentially [a catholic insinuation] embrace such a system, and use their utmost endeavours to propagate their principles!" Our author must find some consolation in the fact that Universalists at least, are not latitudinarians. Again, on page 83, it is observed that, if Universalism can oppose the plain undeniable import of certain passages of Scripture [of course what the writer concludes is their plain import, for a conscientious Universalist would shudder at the thought of such denial] then—"all we can say is, Universalism is possessed of unparalleled effrontery, and displays the most daring and blasphemous presumption. It shows that it is the legitimate offspring of him who said unto the Woman, Ye shall not surely die. The plain matter of fact is—HIS IMPERIAL SATANIC MAJESTY PREACHED UNIVERSALISM TO EVE." This is all our friend can say and it is quite enough! Once more, our author on page 182, having laid down certain premises, arrives at this conclusion—"If Scripture is TRUE, Universal Restoration is FALSE—the offspring of the bottomless pit—the broad road which leadeth to destruction." Now it is true, we have an admission of the salvability of Universalists, but so clogged with qualifications, that it is almost worse than none—"the Universalist who builds on Christ by a living faith, and retains his error, under circumstances of unavoidable ignorance, and inveterate prejudice, mingled with much sincerity, will be saved, but with difficulty." Our author draws upon the divine mercy as a miser upon his purse. Where these three units do not concur the Universalist is consigned over to perdition—unavoidable ignorance, inveterate prejudice and abounding sincerity. Well is it for the world, that God, and not the fabricators of merciless creeds, is to be the judge of mankind. But we have introduced these examples to point out what it is we condemn in controversy. Such imbecile threats—such opprobrious rebuke—such rash judgment is what we oppose, and not the legitimate attempt to refute error. What good is effected amongst Christians by such worrying of each other? Who fears the puny rage of a fallible creature? Who is convinced of his error by the brandishing of such polemical weapons? Can you scare a reasonable creature into truth? Nay, are not persons more and more confirmed in their views by such severity and assault? And do not infidels scoff, and does not the world ridicule—and the church bleed at every pore by such manifestations of the odium theologium. Well did Mr. Wesley say to those who considered he had mistaken the way of scriptural truth,— "May I not request of you not to give me hard names in order to bring me into the right way. Suppose I were ever so much in the wrong, I doubt this would not set me right. Rather it would make me run so much the further from you; and so get more and more out of the way. Nay, perhaps, if you are angry, so shall I be too; and then there will be small hopes of finding the truth." Will our good brother then understand us? The problem for his solution is this—"Is it right, is it catholic, is it christian, for a fallible man so to judge his differing brethren as to put on the cap of condemnation and decide upon their miserable fate." To meet this broad intelligible question not a line is to be found in the two articles of the "Wesleyan," and we venture to predict there never will be, and for this plain reason—the question is indefensible.

Having touched on the points of agreement, it may be well to notice wherein we are the antipodes of the "Wesleyan." We are told that, "it is an unfounded charge that our last editorial is at variance with genuine Wesleyanism." So says the editor of the Wesleyan of his production, but if the editor of the Pearl had asserted this many would have charged him with uttering a shameful libel on Wesleyanism. But we know Methodism better, and love what is good in the system better, than to say it gives its sanction to injustice, to denunciation, and to unkind and ungenerous charges against opponents. Never will we believe that it lends its support to personal assault and false accusation. Our author seems to conclude that all Arians, Semi-Arians, and Socinians will perish. With a coolness and boldness which sent the blood thrilling through our veins, he says, "We aspire not to the privilege of being an heir to their inheritance." This language is decisive enough of the fate of such persons in the opinion of its author. Well, they may all be lost, but we hope not, we pray not. But the question returns, What have we to do with settling the question of their ultimate condition? A man of gigantic intellect and of christian feeling, we refer to the great Metaphysician, Samuel Drew, was asked "Are Unitarians christians?" The reply of this Wesleyan preacher was—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree? To their own master they stand or fall. If we put one sect to decide upon the destiny of others, but few will be permitted to enter heaven. For hatchet-men this will furnish ample employment. Nothing grieves me so much, as to see professed Ministers of the Gospel of peace, whose charity has been smothered by their zeal, going about with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, liberally or illiberally dealing out destruction and perdition to all who differ from them." And then, as to the piety of Unitarians, we cannot speak from personal observation. We find, however, in a late work of a lady of masculine mind, the daughter of the distinguished Dr. Beecher, and who has been brought up in all the strictness of a puritanical religion, the following admissions—"When I talk with serious Unitarians and describe what I mean by true piety, they say they mean the same thing, and that they believe and are taught, that men ought to become pious in this sense. And when I read their most popular theological and devotional writings, they certainly do urge this duty, as of the first importance and obligation. I do not think it right to undervalue the sincerity of their religious belief, or their piety, if they give proper evidence of it. If I see the evidence of true piety existing in a Unitarian, I would never refuse him the name and claims of a child of God, because of his false intellectual views." And so if we had a personal acquaintance with many persons of this faith who, notwithstanding their grievous errors, gave proper evidence of their love to God and man, we honestly say we would gladly claim them as our fellow christians. In

short, we want to have the greatest number in heaven possible, and hence we are firm believers in the position established by Rev. Daniel Isaac, a Wesleyan Minister, in his work against Universalism, "that only a very small proportion of the human race will finally perish." We shall notice but one point more and then conclude. Allusion is made to our publication on "Christian Baptism." In this community the circumstances under which that work was written and the awful charges we had to rebut are well known. Perhaps for this reason, much allowance was made for its bitterness and severity. Whether on this account or not, yet certain it is that by none was the work eulogized more highly than by Wesleyan Ministers, and some of their written testimonials we have in our possession. With the exception of a single page, we composed the whole treatise—and although we spoke with indignation of the voluntary perpetration of what we knew to be wrong, yet the only intimation given of a fear that our bitter antagonist was a graceless man, is on the solitary page just referred to, and that page was written expressly for our work by a Wesleyan preacher. But a truce to the opinions of fallible men! We are heartily ashamed of our production, and have been for a long time. It does not breathe the meekness, gentleness and kindness of christianity. True we were stigmatized as infidels and without the slightest cause—and our blessed Lord was reviled as holding communion with Beelzebub—but he did not revile again, and we ought to have imitated Him who, under the greatest insults and injuries exhibited the most wonderful patience, meekness and love. However assailed in future we hope in patience to possess our souls. Formerly, with many other christians we were sadly blinded in respect to all acts of retaliation and violence. We read our Bible and thought that in some cases, as in self-defence—vindication of character, etc., smiting and contention were lawful. But the Master we now serve with more knowledge, is the Prince of peace—his precepts are regarded by us as promotive of peace on earth—his followers, as blessed peacemakers, who follow peace with all men, and who possess that wisdom which is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and hypocrisy. In our estimation no ornament so graces the christian, or is so precious in the sight of God, (O that we and all christians had more of it!) as that of a meek and quiet spirit. With us a truly pacific disposition, is an element of the new man, an indispensable characteristic of a state of regeneracy, inasmuch as we are divinely informed that the "fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." For ourselves we wish to imbibe more and more of the kindly, pacific, forgiving disposition of the Gospel, and to be animated by the same spirit of sublime charity, benevolence, and forgiveness which glowed so brightly in the bosom of the Saviour. The only armour we want is the panoply of love, assured that it is more impenetrable to the attacks of adversaries than that of steel. And with regard to religious controversies we wish to learn to "agree to differ peaceably;" and to leave every christian brother, untroubled with complaints or rebukes—we wish to "Think, and let think"—and if we carry our aversion to bigotry so far that some of the strait-laced brethren accuse us of latitudinarian principles, we must try to bear it patiently. But if any parties are for war, we are sorry for it—still we must let all know that the belligerents can never be admitted to figure in our pages. We are pledged to a strict neutrality, and hence, no gladiatorial exhibitions can be witnessed on our sheet. One word more and we close, we hope, with the same kindly spirit with which we commenced. Our good friend intimates that some persons are gross hypocrites; "they have a bland, insinuating manner, and yet have much bitterness in their hearts—may that they assume a suavity of manner for the very purpose of concealing inward acrimony and vengeful feelings." If this is not intended as a thrust at us, we are sorry for its introduction, for its author by most persons will most assuredly gain the credit of accusing us of sheer hypocrisy. But if it is levelled against us, we are grieved at the unkind accusation—we hope the wormwood and gall of unkindness is eradicated from our nature—we trust that we have no vengeful feelings towards any human being, no, not to him who charges us with their possession. We love him who has told us that we care more for gold than God—who has produced a false impression on the minds of many concerning our recommendation of certain amusements, by his withholding a part of the truth—and who now promulgates the charge (perhaps unintentionally) that we are guilty of deception, of hypocrisy. But those who know us best, will be the proper judges, whether our ministrations and the whole tenor of our conduct, at least since we have regarded christianity as being emphatically a revelation of love, and as opposed to every species of unkindness, have not agreed with the spirit of our late articles in this unpleasant controversy. We have now done.

THE THEATRE.—An Inquirer in "THE WESLEYAN" wishes to know how "advertisements respecting the Theatre in a volume devoted to religion can promote the cause of true piety," but the editor of that paper declines giving the very important and anxiously desired information. From merciful motives to his friend, we presume, this partizan obtrudes himself upon the public attention. He would help his brother out of difficulties, and yet, we fear, plunges him into much greater. Under other circumstances the "Wesleyan" might receive its meed of praise for its exposure of evil, but at the present crisis, for permitting an inquirer to exhibit his folly and inclination to impale others, an unkindly world will give the editor credit only for spite and malice. He may be actuated in this affair solely by his detestation of sin, and we should hope he was, but how many persons who have perused his two leading articles against us, will believe this? But would it not have been kind and fair for the Wesleyan to have told this same sagacious Inquirer that the Pearl had published a quotation "from the works of a professed Socinian in which" the Theatre was denounced in the strongest terms the English language could supply—and more, that we had given our voice against it in these words—"The present depraved condition of the stage is such that its continuance is no longer to be desired—its measure of iniquity is full, and for the sake of the public morals, it is to be hoped, its days are numbered." And might not the Wesleyan have given one proof that its catholic spirit, is in deed, as well as in word, by stating that we were opposed to the modern theatre as much as the Inquirer could be and hence that the advertisement might have been inserted

without our consent and under circumstances over which the Pearl had no control. This would have been a manifestation of that charity which "envieth not—which suffereth long and is kind, which is not provoked and which thinketh no evil." With such remarks, as those above, appended to the notice of the *Inquirer* it would have been felt as a pleasure to have answered for our conduct, and might have tended to heal any rankling wounds in the Pearl and Wesleyan. As it now is the danger is lest the sore should become more virulent and painful. And it so happens that in our official capacity as editor we have it in our power to retort most effectually. We have had correspondents who have proposed their sarcastic inquiries for insertion in the Pearl, and that too, respecting the sale and exhibition of low, vulgar theatrical characters at a Bazaar whose funds were to be devoted, not to a Theatrical, but a Missionary Society. One *Inquirer* wished to know whether "gracing a Mission Board with JIM CROW and SISTER SALL and other gew-gaw stuff, was consistent with the views of John Wesley or with the cause of truth." But we withheld the taunting question believing that, no serious persons could approve of such things at a Mission Bazaar,—that they had been introduced in haste or from oversight—and that upon reflection those who had appeared tacitly to sanction such inconsistency would be the first and loudest to condemn it. Nor would we have now alluded to it, but in connexion with this our sincere apology, but if the Wesleyan has any better defence to set up on behalf of the sale of theatrical characters, in a body professing so much aversion to worldliness, we shall consider it our imperious duty to insert it in the Pearl. But we have other inquiries in our possession respecting Wesleyanism which, to say the least, would be a thousand times more annoying, than the one now introduced. But let them sleep in oblivion.

And now for our defence. The Pearl had been published and circulated through the town, before we saw, or heard, or knew, of the obnoxious advertisement. The sight of it made us deeply sorrowful and the thought of it cost us hours of torture, and this not because we knew from observation that a provincial theatre in a small town could effect any vast amount of evil or that those who attended it were "sinners above all the Galileans," but lest any should suppose that we were in favour of such places of resort. That Theatres in large cities and as commonly conducted, are in their tendency, "evil, only evil, and that continually," we do know, but we should speak ignorantly and as the fool, if we said as much of provincial theatres. But even of the larger theatres we concur with Mr. Wesley when he wrote, "I could not see a serious tragedy performed, at least not in an English theatre, the sink of all profaneness and debauchery, with a clear conscience; but possibly others can. But I am not obliged to pass any sentence on those that are otherwise minded. I leave them to their own Master: to Him let them stand or fall." Still we know of no good, and we are afraid there is evil in all modern theatres, large or small, and therefore we recommend none. We repeat it then, the advertisement was inserted without our knowledge—and was continued owing to circumstances from which we could not escape honourably. But the insertion and its repetition were causes of bitter grief to us—and if we could think any persons were injured by them, it would give us still more uneasiness. Indeed, from a fear of this we had marked out some pieces for the columns of the Pearl with a design to counteract any injurious tendency. All we have to say in addition is, we shall expect in all fairness: that the Editor of the Wesleyan will state the simple facts in this defence. And surely this most just, most reasonable request will not be denied to us.

A Liverpool paper of April 24,—three days later than those already on hand, has been received by way of St. John, N. B. It is destitute of any thing of importance.—Nov.

Rumours of a meditated descent on Toronto, from the Frontier, were in existence at last accounts from that city.—16

The Frigates Edinburgh and Inconstant, and troop Ships Apollo and Athol, and several Merchantmen, had arrived at Quebec. The guards had taken up their quarters in that city,—they are represented as having made a fine appearance.—16

The Yarmouth Herald complains of some Yankee fishing crafts lurking about the coast,—they have nets set, it is said, at the mouth of the Tuskat River, and not only catch fish where they can, but take them ready caught from the nets of the natives.

The same paper says that an attempt had been made to burn the church at Grand Manan.—16

BIRTH DAY OF HER MAJESTY, VICTORIA 1st—The Ships of War are decorated with flags of all nations this morning,—the citadel hill also exhibits its trapping of rejoicing,—and we will have some peals of announcement, with other doings, no doubt, at the proper hours.

Her Majesty's Birth Day was celebrated in St. John on the 16th May,—we do not see the cause of this date being chosen. Among the festivities was an entertainment at Lancaster Mills on the St. John. This establishment is represented in full vigour, and is the nucleus of a new village, rapidly forming, which bears the romantic name of Ivanhoe. God save the Queen.—16

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday, May 18th—schr. Allen, Kielly, Antigonish, beef, etc; Carleton Packet, Sandry, Dalhousie via Arichat, 23 days—shingles and salt, to J & M Tobin; Packet Graham, Antigonish, beef, pork, butter, etc; Favourite, Crowell, St. Stephens, 4 days—lumber, to H. Bazalgette; Am. schr. Agenoa, Bennet, Salem, 3 days—bound fishing. Saturday, 19th—H. M. Steamer, Dec, Portsmouth, 25 days, short of coal. On board the Dec, there are 57 Sappers, under command of Capt McKenzie, formerly of this garrison, and a few Artillerymen; Schrs. Mary Jane, P. E. Island, 5 days, oats, barley, etc. to Wier and Woodworth;—on Tuesday saw barge Hesione hence, going up the Gut of Canso; William and Sarah, Port Manton, lumber; Margaret Ann, Curry, Pictou, coal. Sunday 20th.—Briat. Abeona, Townshend, Ponce, P. R. 22 days, sugar to J. U. Ross; schrs Two Brothers, Pictou, coal; Bee, Pictou,

pork; Hawk, Mabou, C. B., beef, etc. James Fraser, Annapolis; apples and Cider; Success, Deagles, P. E. Island, 11 days, produce; Royal Adelaide, Davies, (late Biggs, who died on Thursday last) Dominica and Nevis, 26 days, molasses, to J and M Tobin; schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston, 4 days, flour, meal, naval stores, etc. to J Cochran, H. Fay, W. J Long and others,—14 passengers; Am. schr. Love, Nickerson, Harwick, U. S. lost cable and anchors 16th inst; schrs Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 5 1/2 hours, sugar; Mary, Liverpool, N. S. 7 hours; bound fishing.

Monday 20th, schrs Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg, 1 day; Mary, Sydney, C. B. 6 days—coal.

Tuesday, 22nd—H. M. Ship Talavera, Capt. W. B. Mends, Gibraltar, 21 days—with 350 men of the 73d regt. under command of Lieut Col. Love—spoke 29th ult. H. M. Ship Thalia, from Cape of Good Hope, bound to Portsmouth; H. M. Ship Cornwallis, Vice Admiral Sir C. Paget, Capt. Sir R. Grant, 10 days, from Bermuda; brig. Anastasia, Perry, sealing voyage—600 seals, to G. Handley; Passengers, capt. and crew of Am. brig Scio of Newburyport, from Bangor bound to St. Peters Miguelon, foundered in the ice on the 16th. inst. off Cape Breton; schrs Annandale, Wightman, P. E. Island, 6 days—produce and shingles, to the master; Lady, La Vache, Pictou, 7 days—coal, bound to Boston; Acadian, Angelique, Naney, Hugh Denoon, Mary, Margaret, Esperance, Sydney, C. B.—coal; Leander, Broad Cove, C. B. pork, beef, butter, etc; Manly, Arichat, rum and molasses; Venus, Burke, P. E. Island, 7 days—produce; Isabella, Kennedy, P. E. I. 7 days—produce.

Wednesday, Schr. Henry Davenport, Johnston, Boston, 5 days, stoves, apples, to Wier & Woodworth; American schr. Ruth, Noble Newburyport—bound fishing.

Thursday 24th schr mariner, Gerrard, Bridgeport, 7 days, coal; Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 2 days, lumber; True Brothers, Slocumb, Liverpool, N. S. 16 hours.

Friday 25th, schr Richmond, Pictou, coals, bound to New York.

CLEARED,

May 17th, schr. Four Sisters, Woodan, Labrador, flour rum, etc. by Joseph O'Brien; Olive branch, Bouchier, assorted cargo by Sadius and Wainwright, Gaspe, do. by Creighton and Grassie; brig. Daphne, Young, Bermuda; Eclipse, Aeres-troup, B. W. Indies, assorted cargo by Sadius and Wainwright; 18th, brig. Atlantic, Lewis, B. W. Indies, flour, lumber, etc. by W. H. Neil; schr. Kliza Ann, Smith, Miramichi, flour, molasses, etc. by J. & M. Tobin, W. A. Black & Son, and Fairbanks and Allison; Am. Brig Echo, Stevens, Philadelphia, gypsum, by the master; schr. Columbia, Baker, Boston, wood, by the master. 19th, ship Clio, Daly, Miramichi—ballast; Big Rover, Duncomb, St. John N. B. assorted cargo by A. Keith; Am. Brig Roxana, Jones, Boston—wood etc. by J. Clark; Am. schr. Elvira, Gould, Eastport—ballast, schrs. Wasp, Smith, Bay Chaleur, assorted cargo—by W. J. Starr; Ion, Hammond St. John N. B. do by W. M. Allan and J. W. Young; Arvide, Smith, Bermuda, Breunier and others. 21st, ship superb, Hamilton, Bay Chaleur, assorted cargo by master; Brig St. George, Moore, Jamaica, Lumber etc. by master, Brig Tamer Hatchard, B. W. Indies, fish, lumber, flour, etc. by Sadius and Wainwright, Margaret, Doane, B. W. Indies, assorted cargo, by G. P. Lawson; schrs. Dove, McNeil, La Poile, N. F., assorted cargo by J. McNeil; 22d ship James Murn, Ferguson, Bay Chaleur, rum and tobacco, by D and E Starr and Co.; Brig. Albion, lesle, Miramichi, assorted cargo by Deblon and merkle and others; Brig Alva McLean, B. W. Indies, pork, flour, lumber and fish by J. and M. Tobin; schrs. Madon, Kerwin, Burin, ballast by Master, Armada, Cassey, P. E. Island assorted cargo, by S Cunard and Co. M. Tobin and T. and E. Kenny.

23d barque Louisa, mulgrove, Pugwash, assorted cargo by H. Curzon; brig Emerald, Beckwith, Quebec, inward cargo from Montego Bay and Cuba; brig Eviline Barss, B. W. Indies, assorted cargo by S Cunard & Co; schr. Favorite, Crowell, St. Andrews, assorted cargo by H. Bazalgette; Nile, Vaughan, St. John N. B., assorted cargo by D. & E. Starr and others; Mahone Bay Packet, Chronan, Labrador do by Chronan; Edward and Margaret, Day, do do by J. Mengher, passenger; Amethyst, Hilton, St. Andrews, brandy, etc by S Binney and A. Morison; Mary, McKenzie, fishing voyage, Master; Am. schr. Love, Nickerson, do do;

NOTICE.

MR. W. F. TEVLON, Preacher of Universal Salvation, will lecture on the prophecies of Isaiah, every Friday evening at the Hall in Gottingen Street commencing at half past seven o'clock. Friends and the public are most respectfully invited to come and hear, that they may "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Preaching every Sabbath at the usual hours. 1w May 25.

STOVE SALT.

JUST received ex Clio from Liverpool, and for sale by the Subscribers, A few bags stove Salt. May 25 (3w) J. V. GREENWOOD & CO.

R. D. CLARKE & CO.

(Macara's Stone Building, Granville-Street.)

SOLICIT the attention of the Public to their recent IMPORTATION of SEASONABLE DRY GOODS. May 15.

JUST PUBLISHED,

A SERMON, entitled "THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST" Preached in The Wesleyan Chapel at Guysboro, on Sunday January 7 1838. BY ROBERT COONEY.

REMOVAL.

LONGARD & HERBERT'S HALIFAX BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

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

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

LONGARD & HERBERT.

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

L. & H.

HERBERT'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY

Is also removed as above: and to induce patronage in opposition to importation, the cost will be lowered about 20 per cent. on former prices. March 10. 3m.

TO ARCHITECTS.

TENDERS for the erection of a COLONIAL BUILDING at St. John's Newfoundland will be received on or before the 1st day of June at the Office of P. & L. Piers, Halifax, at which place Plans and Specifications of the proposed Building may be inspected and all particulars obtained.

St. John's, January 26th, 1838. The above Advertisement, Plans and Specifications, were not received until yesterday the 24th, at 5 o'clock, p. m. by schr. Mariner.

Halifax, May 25th, 1838. T. & L. PIERS.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

HAS FOR SALE AT HIS STORE,

No. 24, Barrington Street.

GUNPOWDER, Old Hyson, Candied Orange and Lemon Peel, CITRON, Young Hyson, Souchong, Fish Sauces and Pickles, Congo, breakfast and green TEAS, Best Cognac Brandy, Double and single refined LOAF SUGAR, Do Holland's Geneva, Brown Sugar, PORT WINE, Green and ground Coffee, Madeira ditto, Best No. 1, Chocolate, Malaga ditto, Isinglass, Maccaroni, Jamaica Spirits, and Ground and whole Cinnamon, Common Rum, Jamaica Ginger, Peppermint, Ground and whole Cloves, Shrub, Mace, Nutmegs, Anniseed, Black Pepper, Clove and Cinnamon Water, White ditto, Cherry Brandy, Whiskey, Cayenne ditto, White Wine Vinegar, ALSPICE, Castle Soap, Best Durham Mustard, Yellow ditto, "Poland Starch, Pearlash, "Crown Blue, Whitening, INDIGO, Log and red Wood, Best Mustate Raisins, Copperas, Bloom and cask Ditto, London Wax, Sperm and Tallow, Jordan and bitter Almonds, CANDLES, Zante Currants, Olive and Seal OIL, for Lamps, Pot and Pearl Barley, Best Flusk Oil, for Table use, Whole and split Peas. May 25 ADAM ESSON.

EDWARD LAWSON,

AUCTIONEER.

Has for Sale at his Store—head of Commercial Wharf:

360 Bolts of CANVAS, first quality, (assorted No. 1 to 7) 56 pieces Raven's Duck, 70 do Linen SHEETINGS, 100 do DIAPERS, Sail and Herring Twines, Shoe Thread, Nets & Lines. Also, 30 Puncheons Damerara Rum, 15 do. Molasses, 20 Bbls Sugar, 36 cases assorted Liquors, 4 hds PORT WINE, 10 hogsheads BRANDY, 8 Qr Casks, 10 barrels Epsom Salts, 15 bbls Warren's Blacking, 40 firkins BUTTER, 6 cases HATS, and an endless variety of Stoves, and patent balances, the cheapest in town. May 25.

WHAT NEED OF IMPORTING BOOTS & SHOES, &c.

LONGARD & HERBERT'S

Halifax Boot and Shoe Manufactory !!!

THE Subscribers beg leave to acquaint their friends and the Public, that they have received their Stock of ENGLISH LEATHER, and a variety of other articles in their store, suitable to the summer season, consisting of—

Black and white Satin, black and a variety of fancy colored Prunellas to suit dresses, Morocco and kid and various colored Roans, black and buff doe skins, dog skins, &c. which they will make up and sell for Cash at their usual low prices. Their custom-work will be found not inferior to any made in Halifax.

L. & H. cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing their gratitude for the exceeding liberal patronage they have received hitherto, which has been equal to their utmost expectations, and this circumstance affords them peculiar satisfaction, for thus they have been instrumental in retaining and putting in circulation many hundreds of pounds within the province, which would otherwise have been exported to Great Britain and elsewhere, never to visit our shores again. Every effort is being made, which the infancy of their establishment will admit, to produce work at prices corresponding to those of imported Boots and Shoes, and if sufficient patronage be continued, the Halifax Boot and Shoe Manufactory will be able ere long to defy foreign competition. May 25.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 40 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be sent at the subscriber's.

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

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837. ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD CON.

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

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

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

BORED TO DEATH.—The phrase "bored to death" is more than a mere manner of speaking, for it involves a possibility: to be "bored to madness" is absolutely literal. Here is a case in proof.

Some years ago an old man appeared at the Mansion House, with a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, in charge of a constable. The boy was placed at the bar, and the old man was desired to state his complaint. The latter, trembling from head to foot, and shaking his clenched hands, stared wildly around him; and then, turning towards the Lord Mayor, he thus addressed him:—

"Please your Majesty——"

"Your Lordship," said the clerk, correcting him.

"Yes, your Lordship."

"Not to me, Sir," said the clerk, sharply; "address yourself to my Lord Mayor."

"Now, my good man, what is your charge against that boy?" inquired the Lord Mayor.

"My Lord, my Lord," replied the old man, in a tone of mingled rage and grief, "I'm going mad."

"I'm sorry for you," said his Lordship, "but, if that is all, this is not the place you ought to come to. What have you to say against that boy?"

"That's it, my Lord; I'm going mad; he's driving me mad, my Lord, he is driving me mad."

"Driving you mad! what is it he does to you?"

"My Lord, my Lord," cried the old man, "he calls me *Tiddydoll*, he calls me *Tiddydoll*."

This was putting the gravity even of a Lord Mayor to a severe test; but though all else who were present, and had no character for such a quality to maintain, laughed heartily, his Lordship kept his countenance in a manner befitting his exalted station.

"If this is all you have to say against the lad," said the Lord Mayor, "it is a very foolish piece of business, and you must go away."

"Foolish, my Lord! what, when he calls me *Tiddydoll*? O, my Lord, you can't feel for me, if you have never been called *Tiddydoll*. He has called me *Tiddydoll* every day—many times a-day—now going on for four months, and I can't bear it any longer; indeed, I can't bear it. I shall go mad, I shall go mad."

"He is an impudent fellow; but all I can do for you is to advise you to keep out of his way."

"I can't, my Lord, I can't; I would if I could, my Lord; but he lives in our alley, and I can't keep out of his way."

"Then, the next time he annoys you by calling you *Tiddydoll* give him a good thrashing, and see what effect that will have."

"It's of no use, my Lord; I have thrashed him, but he only calls me *Tiddydoll* the more for it."

"Now, really, my good man, you must go away. I cannot waste more time upon such a frivolous affair.—Remove him," said the Lord Mayor to one of the officers in attendance.

"One moment," cried the old man, "only one moment. I want law, all I want is law, my Lord."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense! the law can do nothing to help you." And the order to remove him was repeated.

The poor old man, staring incredulously at the Lord Mayor, said in a tone of astonishment—"What! I am being called *Tiddydoll* till it is driving me mad, and the law can do nothing to help me! Can't it?" (and he added, imploringly) "are you sure it can't, my Lord?" An officer was leading him out of the room, when the poor old fellow, bursting into tears and clasping his forehead with his hand, cried, in a tone of agony—"Then God must help me, or I must go to Bedlam." If I'm called *Tiddydoll* any more, I shall go mad, I shall go mad."

The Lord Mayor, after rebuking the constable for taking so ridiculous a charge, gravely told the lad that, if ever again he called the old man *Tiddydoll*, or worried him in any other manner, he should surely be hanged, or transported for life, at the least. The boy, falling upon his knees, and blubbering lustily, assured his admonisher that he "never would worry old *Tiddydoll* again."

This is no fiction; nor is it difficult to conceive the total derangement of a debile mind by the irritating power of a petty, but oft-repeated, annoyance. The strongest intellects are not wholly bore-proof. If, in one of those paroxysms of frenzy into which he was goaded, the poor old fellow had strangled his tormentor, surely, surely, a jury of any twelve honest men must have returned a verdict of Justifiable Bore-icide.

SOVEREIGNTY.—Miss Pardoe, among other clever things, gives us a capital illustration of sovereignty, of all passions the most universal, long-lived, and extravagant. Three-fourths of all lunatics imagine themselves to be kings, a tolerable proof of the propensity to power which must have occupied so much of their thoughts before they became at once mad and candid. In the bay of Marseilles lie three or four little islands; on Ratoneau, one of them, some years ago, there was a little fort, with a garrison of invalids; one of the garrison was a brave old man, who had once or twice before been under confinement as insane. In the little island, it was probably thought that his insanity could

not do much harm if it returned; and in the fort he performed his duties with due regularity. But suddenly one day, when the garrison were occupied outside the walls, Franceur, the veteran, thought that the moment for monarchy was come. Acting upon the impulse of this glorious ambition, a happy parody of the folly which makes emperors and autocrats go to war for swamps and deserts, he lowered the portcullis, opened the powder-magazine, loaded the guns, and commenced a regular cannonade against the excluded garrison. The garrison of course, unable to resist the salute of the twelve-pounders, made their escape in a boat which happened to pass by. Franceur was "monarch of all he surveyed," a barren island with a population of goats. Now at once King and Commander-in-Chief, he exercised his duties in both characters: as the latter, he visited his outposts lantern in hand, through the night; and as the former, he made "a just and necessary war," without loss of time, by firing all day at the fort on the next island.

But this taste of power was as short as it was captivating. A company of infantry from Marseilles surprised him going his rounds, and made him prisoner. He surrendered with royal dignity. "Brave men!" he exclaimed, "you have done your duty; the King of France is more powerful than I; I surrender myself with the honours of war. I demand only to march out with my pipe and my havresac." The capitulation was entered into, and it is to be remembered for the honour of the contracting parties, that it was observed. The fallen king was removed to the lunatic asylum, and afterwards to the *Hotel des Invalides*, where, some years after, he underwent that final contingency which settles all the questions of human ambition.

LIVING WITHIN MEANS.—Earl St. Vincent's life is one among the ten thousand answers to the idle idea that character is formed by circumstances. Character may be concealed, until circumstances come to bring it forth; but it is implanted by nature. In all its more memorable examples, it does not wait even for circumstances, but forces its own way to the surface. St. Vincent from the beginning was the same steady, strong-minded, and indefatigable being, that he exhibited himself in the highest position of his career. In his *viva voce* narrative to Captain Brenton, he told that officer, that the whole sum which his father gave him on going to sea was twenty pounds, and that was all he ever gave him. The boy, when he had been a considerable time abroad, drew for twenty more, but the bill was returned, protested. This seems to have been a hard measure from a father, who was rich enough to keep a coach; but its effect upon his son was decisive. He was then little more than fourteen; but he then made a determination never again to draw a bill, without a certainty of its being paid. He immediately changed his mode of living, quitted his mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which he found quite sufficient; washed and mended his own clothes, made a pair of trousers of the ticking of his bed, and, having by those means saved as much money as would redeem his honour, he took up his bill. "And from that time to this," said he, with great energy, "I have taken care to keep within my means."

THE MORAL OF MALTRAVERS AND ALICE.—And Alice!—Will the world blame us if you are left happy at the last? We are daily banishing from our law books the statutes that disproportionate punishment to crime. Daily we preach the doctrine that we demoralize, wherever we strain justice into cruelty. It is time that we should apply to the Social Code the wisdom we recognise in legislation; it is time we should do away with the punishment of death for inadequate offences, even in books;—it is time that we should allow the morality of atonement, and permit to error the right to hope, as the reward of submission to its sufferings. Nor let it be thought, that the close to Alice's career can offer emption to the offence of its commencement. Eighteen years of sadness—a youth consumed in silent sorrow over the grave of Joy—have images that throw over these pages a dark and warning shadow that will haunt the young long after they turn from the tale that is about to close. If Alice had died of a broken heart—if her punishment had been more than she could bear—then as in real life, we would have justly condemned my moral; and the human heart, in its pity for the victim, would have lost all recollection of the error.—My Tale is done.—*Bulwer.*

A CUNNING ROGUE.—A clerk yesterday, coming down Wall street to make a deposit, had his bank book peering and peeping from his coat pocket while he stopped to gaze at the numerous caricatures near the new Custom House. A well dressed rogue came up behind him quietly, and while winking and smiling to the mob, and inviting them by sign to look at a neat trick, he slipped the bank book out of the pocket without disturbing the clerk, who was still gazing at the pictures. The bystanders, believing him to be an intimate of the clerk, were highly tickled at the trick, and laughed and chuckled at the anticipated surprise of the clerk. The rogue walked slowly ahead, turned smilingly to the crowd, put his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, and actually disappeared with a large sum in bank notes, thus obtained openly while hundreds were looking on. No one knew who he was, nor has the money been recovered. It was a bold and yet a dexterous robbery.—*N. Y. Star.*

AN INDIFFERENT JUDGE.—A deceased, upright and able chief-justice of one of our courts, was once obliged thus to address a southern jury—"Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counts on both sides are unintelligible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict!"

TURNBULL & FOUND, TAILORS,

BE leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have now on hand a general assortment of BROAD CLOTH, BUCKSKINS, CASSIMERE and VESTINGS, which they are prepared to make up on the most reasonable terms. Every article can be depended upon as to fitting, quality, and workmanship.

Granville Street, (adjoining Mr. Nordbeck's Store) May 1

SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &c.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture Silver plate, of all descriptions, of the purest quality, on very low terms. He has now on hand, a good supply of Silver table, desert, and tea spoon Forks, Sugar Tongs, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Soup and Gray Ladles. Jewelry neatly repaired. The highest price given for Gold and Silver.

EDWIN STERNS,

April 20. 3m. Corner Buckingham & Barrington Streets.

INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has just received 150 pairs India Rubber assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order Opposite Cunard's Wharf.

Jan. 27. 3m. WILLIAM WISSWELL.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the firm of LOWES & CREIGHTON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts due to and owing by the said Copartnership will be received and paid by P. W. CREIGHTON.

GEORGE LOWES,
PHILIP W. CREIGHTON.

Halifax, 9th April, 1838.

P. W. CREIGHTON begs to inform his friends and the public that he has entered into Copartnership with Mr. M. A. NEWTON, under the firm of

NEWTON & CREIGHTON.

And they purpose continuing the above business as heretofore carried on under the firm of Lowes and Creighton, and beg to solicit a continuance of their support.

April 9th, 1838.

JAMES VENABLES, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

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

Barrington Street,

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

Halifax, April 5, 1838.

PROSPECTUS.

Of a New Work from the pen of WILLIAM M. LEGGETT, Wesleyan Missionary, to be entitled

THE MEMENTO,

This Publication, which is to form a Duodecimo volume of about 20 pages, will include a selection of original sermons, strictures, poems and sacred melodies; and as the author has used every effort to render it acceptable even to the eye of criticism, his patrons may anticipate an adequate return for the small expense of three shillings and nine pence per copy.

The Memento will be neatly executed, as to the mechanical part done up in cloth, and delivered to Subscribers through the politeness of Agents appointed for that purpose.

Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

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