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HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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VOLUME TWO.

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HISTORICAL SCENE.

We quote below a description of Charles's entry into the commons' hall to claim thence Hollis, Hazlerig, Pym, Strode, and Hampden. He had already demanded them in the morning of the same day; but the commons avoided the question by an adjournment. The following description of his subsequent attempt we give in the author's words—somewhat verbose and laboured, it is true, yet bringing to the mind's eye very forcibly a scene upon which as a pivot turned the liberties of England:—

“The interval passed speedily away, consumed in wise and seemly preparation. Notice was despatched to the lord mayor and corporation of the threatened danger; the citizens were all admonished to stand upon their guard; and members were sent down to the Temple and the Inns of Court to warn the students that the house was well aware how they had been already tampered with; and to command they should not come, on any plea, to Westminster; and ere the time appointed, the house was crowded. Edgar was in his place among the first; and as he saw the five obnoxious members calmly resume their seats, as though no peril threatened them, a mingled sentiment of admiration and regret thrilled to his heart at the idea that, if indeed the king, with his wild, dissolute attendants, should forcibly attempt to seize them, they surely would resist, and but too probably be slaughtered on the very spot which they had made to ring so often with their proud, patriotic eloquence. As he thus thought, a new impression shot with the speed of light into his mind—“If they be absent—if they be absent when he come—the fearful consequences may be perchance averted, which otherwise must, beyond doubt, result from letting loose a band of reckless soldiery to rush in, sword in hand, on gentlemen armed likewise, and almost unanimous to guard their liberties with life. And on the instant he arose, and in a few words, powerful and manly, moved that the house should grant permission to those members to withdraw themselves, lest tumult, and perhaps even worse than tumult, fall of it. “I second it,” cried Cromwell, starting to his feet—“I second the most honourable member's motion. Let them withdraw them straightway to the city until this tyranny be overpast.” Without a single voice or vote dissentient, the question then was carried; and the house gave permission that they might retire; and, at solicitation from their friends, they instantly departed. Scarcely had the hurry and confusion consequent on their withdrawal ceased, ere a dull, trampling noise was heard without, as of a powerful band of men; a word to halt was given, and for a while the sound was hushed, the members sitting stern and silent in their places, disdainful to show any sign either of wrath or terror. Again the sounds were heard ascending the great staircase; and now the clink of steel, as the broad blades of partisan or halberd clashed together—and now a shout, “Fall on! fall on!” mixed with the shuffling tramp of feet, the jingling of scabbards, and all the bustle that accompanies a sudden and disordered march. Nearer and nearer came the tumult—the lobby was already filled, to judge from the increasing clatter, with armed intruders; and now the din of grounded arms rang audibly upon the ears of the undaunted counsellors. Then for the first time was a show of passion manifested among the younger gentlemen—a dozen, at the least, impetuously started to their feet, and not a few grasped, with an energy that proved how fearlessly they would have used them, the hilts of the long rapiers which all of gentle birth at that time carried. A single word, however, from the speaker of the house—a single cry of order, sufficed to bring them peacefully into their places. But there they sat, with eyes that actually lightened with strong indignation, and with that fiery aspect of the gladiator, which marked how rapturously they would have plunged into the fiercest conflict. At this instant was the door thrown open, and a messenger sent in, who reverentially enough informed the house that the king was at the door, and that the speaker was commanded to sit still, with the mace lying on the board before him. Still not one word was spoken—not a whisper—not a breath, nor murmur, through that spacious hall!—and every man sat fast, with head unmoved, and eyes fixed sternly straight before him; as if they did not so much as to cast a glance, still less a thought, toward the violator of their rights. Had there been aught of riot or confusion—had there been aught of armed and passionate resistance—nay, had there been any fear, or doubt, or wavering, it then had been an easier task for the misguided king to carry out his frantic and destructive purpose. But hard it is, and most revolting to all human feelings, to outrage and assault where there is neither terror nor resistance. It was perhaps a minute after the messenger

retired, before aught new disturbed the silence that prevailed—unbroken beneath the vaulted roof—a minute fraught with the thronged sensations of unnumbered years—a minute that seemed longer than a life to every patriot seated there, as gravely steadfast as those senators of early Rome, who waited in their robes of dignity and on their curule chairs, the moment when the Gallic horde should pour out on their white, unshrinking heads the cups of massacre and vengeance. Then came a quick, irregular tread; that readily betokened, by its uncertain time, the irresolution and anxiety that were at work within the breast of him who was approaching. “Enter not, any of ye, on your lives!” was uttered in the harsh voice of the king, before his person came in view—an order understood by all who heard, as it was doubtless meant by him who uttered it, to be words, empty words, and spoken for effect. Then leaning on the shoulder of the palsgrave, Charles Stuart advanced! Those who stood nearest to his person might have seen a momentary pause—a brief, involuntary hesitation—a reluctance hardly, perhaps, acknowledged to himself, to cross what was to be the Rubicon of all his future fortunes; but so short was the pause, so small the effort it required to conquer that reluctance, that it would seem indeed as if—according to the classic proverb—destined already to destruction, he were deserted by his sanity of intellect. Perhaps he had expected fear—abject and tame submission—had supposed that he should stride in triumph, unopposed, and sued to on the bended knee, through that magnificent assemblage! Perhaps he had expected anger, indignation, and defiance! But now, as he looked up those lines of crowded benches, and met no glance of recognition—encountered no full front either of wrath or scorn—but caught alone, row behind row, those stern and masculine profiles, composed, severe, and passionless—profiles, averted less in resentment than in proud, contemptuous sorrow—his wayward spirit for a moment's space recoiled, and he half-wished the perilous step undertaken. It was but for the twinkling of an eye, however, that his rash mood of obstinacy failed him; for without a quiver of his nerves, a change of his dark features, he strode across the threshold, about a pace before his foreign kinsman. The Earl of Roxborough, a tall and powerful man, armed, somewhat more than commonly, with a long military sword and heavy poniard at his belt, had followed close upon his master's footsteps, until he also stood upon the threshold; he crossed it not, however, but stood there, leaning with his whole weight against the door, which opened outwardly, so that it would have been impossible for any from within the house to close it—his right hand resting, as if carelessly, upon the pommel of his war-sword, and his left twirling, with a gesture of unbridled insolence, his long mustaches—while many a fierce, licentious countenance might be seen glaring from behind him on the conservators of their country's freedom with a wild and wolfish aspect of malignant hatred. The king himself, attired as usual in a plain garb of sable velvet, wearing no weapon but an ordinary walking sword, and carrying in his right hand, together with his staff, the dark-plumed beaver which he had doffed on entering, stalked coolly up the house—the palsgrave following slowly, and, as it seemed, with a half-timid and reluctant step. Still all was silence—silence so profound that, save the heavy footsteps of the monarch, not a sound could be perceived—unless it were when from without some weapon-clang was heard, or some rude threat or grisly imprecation was muttered in the ante-chamber by the desperate attendants of a Lunsford or a Digby. The face of Charles, grave and even sorrowful by nature, was something paler than its wont; but with that sort of paleness which conveys no thought of cowardice or trembling, but of resolve immovable and icy. His mouth was firmly closed, but not compressed, nor showing aught of effort. His eye calm, searching, cold—but keen and hard as iron. His nostril only of his features gave token of emotion, or of any feeling hotter than determination; for it was dilated, wide, and slightly quivering! Yet was his hand steady as the columns which upheld the roof above him, and his stride, now that he stood among his lieges—however it had been irregular and hasty ere he entered—was measured, long and equal.

“As he advanced along the floor, he turned his head from side to side, perusing, with deliberate and steady glance, the lineaments of every member whom he passed; and if when at a distance not one eye had sought him, so when he now stood close beside them, not one eye avoided him. Each as Charles came into his line of direct vision, met his hard gaze with an unblenching and unloving brow; for not one man—even of those the most devoted to his will, of those who would have served him at that moment, and who afterwards did serve him

with their whole hearts and lives—but was disgusted, angered, full of deep sorrow, almost of despair. Little there was, however, of the stronger and more stormy passions painted upon the brows of those who sat thus fearlessly, braving the temper of a king whose wrath was no less lasting and vindictive than it was hot and sudden. The expression that prevailed most largely was of mingled aspect—half pity, half defiance. But when the tyrant—for that action, if that only, justified the title—approached the seat of Cromwell—perhaps at that day scarcely known by name to the proud sovereign—and his glance fell upon those grim, ungainly features—then Ardenne witnessed—for his eye was still attracted, why he knew not, with a strange sense of fascination toward the puritan—then Ardenne witnessed that which in after times he often called to mind, and never without awe and wonder—a dark conflict—for such it might indeed be termed—a conflict of eye, countenance, and bearing, between those men so eminently thrown together, and blended in their spheres of good or evil action. The glance of Charles, when first it fell upon the coarse and most unpleasing lineaments of Oliver, was instantly averted; but averted merely as men ever turn the eye away from objects naturally hateful or unseemly. At that point of time the face of Cromwell was as tranquil, as immovable as that of his great future rival; but the tranquillity was no less different than is the stillness of a hushed volcano and the peaceful calm of heaven. The swollen and corded veins upon the temple—the eyebrows lowered and contorted—the balls gleaming beneath them with a fixed and baleful light—the nostril rigidly distended, and the lips pressed so tightly, that they alone of his whole aspect were of a livid whiteness! Ere Edgar had the time to think had there been any matter yet for thought, the eye of Charles stole back, half-timidly as it appeared, toward that tiger-like and glaring face. Then, as it met the sinister and ominous stare of fierce defiance, it brightened also—vivid, and keen, and with a falcon-like and noble splendour. For some short space they gazed—those two undisciplined and haughty spirits—into each other's very souls—mutually, as it seemed, conscious of a glance of irremediable and desperate hostility. The king's look quiet, although high and angry, and most unutterably proud;—Cromwell's, sarcastic, bitter, furious, and determined—and withal so savagely triumphant, so mirthful in its dire malignity, that Ardenne thought he never had beheld a countenance so fiendishly expressive! And Charles Stuart's aspect—after a fixed encounter of ten seconds' space—Charles Stuart's haughty aspect quailed beneath it; and, as he passed along—for the whole occurred in less time than were needful to recite it—he gazed no more around him, but went directly onward, looking—and that, too, gloomily—upon the ground, toward the speaker's chair. But the stern democrat, as conscious that his genius had prevailed, cast his eyes round him with an air of loftier and more sublimated feeling than Edgar had as yet observed him wear. It was a trifle at the period when it passed, and none but he have noticed or recorded it; but after times and after deeds stamped it, no more to be erased, upon the tablets of his inmost soul. Meanwhile the king had reached the chair; and Lenthall, the bold speaker, who had hitherto sat still, as proud and far more placid than his visiter, arose, and stepped out stately and cold to meet him. Then the king mounted to his place, and stood upon the step, but spake not, nor sat down; and there he stood, gloomily gazing on the house, with a dark look of sullen anger, for many minutes—and after he had looked a great while—“Gentlemen,” he said, in a high voice, clearly audible, though neither musical nor pleasing, to the most distant corner—“Gentlemen of the commons, I am sorry for this my cause of coming to you. Yesterday I did send a sergeant to demand some who, by my order, were accused of treason. Instead of prompt obedience, I received—a message!” and he uttered the last word with the most concentrated scorn and insolence—“I must, then, here declare to you, that though no king that ever was in England could be more careful of your privileges than I have been—and shall be—yet, I can tell you, treason hath no privilege!—and therefore am I come to tell you that I must have these men, and will, wherever I may find them!” And, as he spake, he looked around the hall with a deliberate air, scanning the faces of all present, if he might find his men; then, raising the voice higher yet, he called aloud, till the roof rang again—“Ho! I say, Master Hollis!—Master Pym!” No answer was returned, nor any sound, save an increased and angry tumult in the lobby, with a brandishing of partisans and a producing of concealed but ready pistols, so that some members thought to see the soldiers instantly rush into the chamber. After a little pause, finding he got no answer, he turned to the speaker—

'Say,' he exclaimed—'say, Mr. Speaker, be any of these men here present?' For a moment Lenthall paused, as doubting whether to hurl his own defiance and that of the assembled commons into his very teeth; but, ere the echoes of the monarch's voice had ceased, he had resolved upon the wiser and more prudent part, and bending, with most deferential courtesy, his knee—'I have, sir,' he replied, 'nor eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, save as this house, whose servant I am sworn, shall order me. And therefore must I pray your majesty to pardon me that I return no farther answer.'

'Ha! sir,' returned Charles, sharply, and with incipient fury—but a moment's thought convinced him that the humble answer of the speaker defied at once and rendered hopeless any charge of violence against him. 'Ha! sir,' again he said, but in a milder tone—'I do believe my eyes are to the full as good as yours, and I do see my birds are flown; but this I tell you, and so look ye to it—I hold this house to send them to me! Failing of which, I shall myself go seek them! For, sirs, their treason is most foul, and such as you shall thank me, all of you, now to discover. And I assure you—on a king's word I assure you—I never did mean any violence, and they shall have fair trial—I meant not any other!' He waited not for farther words; perchance he doubted what reply he might receive to this last false asseveration—palpably, unquestionably false—for wherefore brought he his disbanded soldiery, his rude and ruffian bravoos, with rapier, partisan, and pistol, into the very precincts of the house? Wherefore, unless he had designed to hale the accused members violently forth by the strong arm of tyrannous authority?

Stepping down from the chair, he walked uncovered still, but at a quicker pace than that at which he entered, toward the lobby; but now, as he departed, his looks were not turned haughtily from side to side, but sadly bent upon the floor; nor was his passage silent as before—for member after member started up as Charles went past him, with bent brow and clenched hand; and groans both loud and deep saluted him. As he came nigh the seat of Cromwell, the king raised his visage, haggard now and pale, as with an anxious curiosity to look upon the man before whose eye he felt himself to have recoiled—and, as he met it, Oliver sprang upon his feet, his long tuck rattling in the scabbard as he rose, and, stamping on the floor with fury, shouted aloud, in tones neither mild nor measured, the word 'Privilege!' A dozen voices took it up, though not so loudly nor with so marked defiance as the first daring speaker, and the whole house was in the wildest and most uncontrolled confusion. Delightedly would the despotic prince, had he but dared it, at that moment have cried on!—have given the word, expected by his myrmidons, for massacre and havoc—have bid the sword, which were already thirsting in their scabbards, leap forth and drink their fill of that most noble blood of England. But, thanks to Heaven, he dared not! There would have been no object worthy of the risk—no gain to justify the detestation he would have so heaped upon his head! He did not dare; and therefore, smothering for the time his virulent and vengeful fury, he departed—the door rang heavily behind him; and with no muttered curses on the head of him who lacked the spirit to perform what he and they yearned equally to execute, frustrate of their desired vengeance, unsatisfied and balked, his hireling desperadoes filed out from the venerable walls their presence had so shamefully polluted.

For the Pearl.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PETRA.—No. 2.

The wonderful city of Petra is situated within a natural amphitheatre between two and three miles high, and precipitous ranges of rocks from 500 to 1000 feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some vast convulsion, and barely so wide as to admit two horsemen to pass abreast; a swelling stream rushes between them—the summits are vast and craggy, wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile,—then receding and forming an opening above, through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and thus illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig trees, oleanders and ivy grow out of the rocky sides of the cliffs; the eagle screams aloft; all along were a complete waste of ruins—dwellings, temples, and tombs—excavated with an immense profusion of labor out of the solid rock; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and most terrific forms, their bases are adorned with all the beauties of architecture—with Corinthian and other columns—with porticoes, pediments, and a vast range of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they were excavated, and fresh as if the work of the present generation. The immense rocky rampart encompassing the venerable city is superlatively fine; firm as Nature herself, it seems to deride the walls of modern cities, and even the labored fortifications of our best engineers. The only means of access is by clambering over the vast wall of rock, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance probably the most singular that Nature in her wildest freaks has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever reared by man—the proudest monuments on earth sink into insignificance by the comparison; it is perhaps the most

wonderful object on earth except the remains of the venerable city to which it forms the entrance. Former travellers were opposed by hundreds of Arabs, who swore "that they should never either enter their territory or drink of their waters, and if they attempted to force an entrance, they would shoot them like dogs." Stevens met, with a solitary Arab only, none to dispute his passage—the one poor traveller, perfectly quiet, a mere wanderer amidst the ruins—the only living creature in the now desolate city of Petra; after gazing at them from a distance, he soon joined the party in front of the great excavated temple, the pride and glory of Petra. A full stream of water gushes out of a narrow opening in the rock and fills the passage. Stevens had to advance, elevated on the shoulders of one of his attendant Arabs; the real entrance to Petra was through this ravine, and the shiek of the Arabs conducted Stevens over the mountains, to avoid a collision with the Bedouins. The shiek would prefer cheating to fighting; in fact his demands on poor Stevens were most exorbitant,—the Arab refused any longer to support him, and the wearied traveller, in that burning clime, could proceed no further by the toilsome process of wading through the ravine, at the outer end of which was an encampment of the Arabs. Without any disposition to explore further, Stevens turned towards the city, and now began to feel the powerful impression that must be produced on entering, through this mountain passage, the wonderful city of Petra. In the centre are the tombs, forming the vast Necropolis of the city, and in the extreme end is a large open space, and exhibiting in one full view the facade of a magnificent temple, hewn out of the living rock, with rows of Corinthian columns, standing out in as high a state of preservation as if fresh from the hands of the sculptor. Mr. Stevens, though coming from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the edifices generally excites the admiration of all travellers, was quite elevated at the view of the superlative grandeur and chaste simplicity of the grand temple at Petra. Entering by this narrow defile, with the feelings excited by the sublime and romantic wildness and beauty of the solemn scene, Stevens observes, "Even now that I have returned to the pursuits of a mercantile life in the busiest city in the world—often in situations as different as light from darkness—I perceive before me the superb facade of this temple." Neither the Coliseum at Rome, (the amphitheatre of Vespasian) grand and imposing as it is—nor the remains of the Acropolis or of the Parthenon, at Athens—nor the stupendous Pyramids—nor the mighty Thebes—Edsa or Tentyra, were so frequently present to his memory, as the splendid temple of Petra. The vast rock, at the foot of which this temple stands, towers aloft, its base cut smooth to the summit, and the top wild as formed by Nature; the entire area before the temple may be an acre in extent, enclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance. The temple contains only four Corinthian columns, 35 feet high, with a chamber 30 feet square and 25 feet high—the outside richly ornamented—the interior very plain; no ornaments either on the walls or ceiling—thus essentially differing from the Egyptian temples. On each of the three sides is a small chamber for the reception of the dead, and the names of a dozen travellers were recorded within the temple, to which Stevens was happy to add the name of an American citizen, as none of that nation had previously visited Petra. Leaving this temple and the area on which it fronts, still following the stream, he entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs with sculptured doors and columns;—and on the left, in the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, the pillars in front fallen, 33 rows of seats—will contain 3000 persons or more. Above the corridor was a range of doors, opening to chambers in the rocks, and resembling a row of private boxes in a modern theatre. This fine edifice is in such a state of preservation that if the tenants of the tombs which surround the theatre, were again to rise from the sleep of death, they would resume their former seats. Where are now the rich tenants of this desolate city? Ye, who once occupied the seats of this theatre; who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and forgot the grave that swallows all, even the tombs; whose open doors are extending in lengthened ranges before the eyes of the traveller—cannot reveal the mystery of your doom! Your dry bones are gone; even your dust has for ages been scattered by the winds of heaven! Robbers have invaded your sad tenements, and thus made a home for the wandering Arab of the Desert! But we need not advert to the days when a gay and sportive population were crowding to this splendid theatre: in the first periods of recorded time—long before the tragic or comic muse was known—long before Eschylus, Euripides, or Sophocles were born—a great city stood here. When Israel prayed a passage through her territory, Edom in her pride replied, "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword!" Amid all the terrible denunciations against the devoted land of Edom, this proud city, surely, for its crying sins, was doomed to be a terrible example of the divine wrath. Jeremiah, xlix. : 13, 16. Isaiah, xxxiv. "I would," says Stevens, "that the infidel would stand as I did amid the ruins of this City of the Rocks, and then and there open his Bible, written when this now desolate city was high in state and power. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, his heart quaking, as the

entombed city cries out to him as it were from the dead,—though he may refuse to believe either Moses or the prophets, he must believe the handwriting of Jehovah himself, visible even to the sceptic, and to all men, in the desolation and eternal ruin spread before his eyes." All around the theatre, as around the great temple, were ranges of tombs excavated in the sides of the mountains. The traveller will find much difficulty in distinguishing the abodes of the living from the mansions of the dead. The decorations in front were beautiful in all these edifices, and thus differed from the tombs in Egypt, where the entrance was an opening in the rock, and the grandeur was all in the interior; while in Petra the entrance was imposing, and the interior generally a simple chamber, unpainted, and even unsculptured; but the rocks, out of which the chambers were hewn, were of a fine dark ground, with veins of white, blue, red, purple, scarlet, and light orange, running in rainbow streaks; and within the chambers, the freshness and beauty of the columns in which these waving lines were drawn, gave an effect hardly inferior to that of the splendid paintings in the tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Further on in the same range (but very difficult to ascend to) was a second temple, also excavated from the living rock, and ornamented at top with a large urn, shattered by musket balls—for the ignorant Arab still imagines that the urn is filled with gold, and that the man who breaks the urn will assuredly enjoy the treasure. An urn also decorates the summit of the first described temple.

H. H.

LUNACY IN FRANCE.

The observation of the Superior that "love seldom drives the French mad," alluded to the men only, incorrect as to the fair sex.

This is almost the only passion that, when blasted, leaves the heart soft, and the imagination lively: the Parisian girl who believed that the spirit of her lover, when she played his favourite air, touched the chords of another piano in the apartment, was to be envied; for she could every day renew the mournful and unearthly music, which became her exquisite consolation. In this she was more fortunate than another and less beautiful woman, whose sole attractions were her fine intellect and lively conversation; she was hump-backed, of small stature, and plain yet eloquent face; addressed by a young man of good exterior and fortune, she rejected him as a husband, though she loved him. The reasons she gave for this bitter sacrifice were singular, and a little heroic:—"I know that you love me now, but, if I become your wife, the defects of my person will soon chill your affection, and perhaps estrange it from me; I could not bear coldness from you, or to see your own happiness decay; the dread of this would make me wretched." In vain he protested that this could never be; that her delightful companionship through life was what he sought:—she replied that she could not allow him to run the risk. Even when he declared that he would leave his native country, and go to India, never to see her or his home again if she persisted in refusing him, she was still inexorable. He went, and so romantic was his attachment to his deformed mistress, that he fell into a melancholy, which, with the influence of the climate, carried him off in a year. During his absence she strove to console herself by the consciousness of her disinterested conduct; the sentiment was a flattering one: as the poor Duchesse d'Angouleme said of the Duchesse de Berri, in the death-chamber of the Duke, "*elle est sublime*." It was a sublimity that cost the crooked and brilliant Frenchwoman dear; on receiving the tidings of her lover's death, she shed no tears, nor gave way to any emotions of sorrow, but fell into a melancholy similar to his own. A few nights after, as she was reading in bed, which was her custom for some hours before she fell asleep, she raised her eyes from the book, and saw him standing by the bed-side, his features handsome and gentle as when he used to visit her, but they were very pale, and less kind in their expression: after looking at her earnestly, at last he spoke, and said that she had caused him to die thus early in a foreign land, by her refusal to marry him. She implored his forgiveness in bitter anguish, but he passed away without that forgiveness. Again and again he came, till at last few nights passed without an interview. This monomania was a fearful and consuming one; yet she looked forward to the night when he was to come, with a craving desire, and still hoping that the words of pardon would fall from his lips. They never fell, though she implored him by every plea of mercy, by every memory of the past. The spectre, unseen by any eye save her own, listened coldly to her pleadings, even while he loved to look on her, with the woe of an early doom on his face.

Her repentance was sometimes dreadful: the truth and fascination of his love seemed now to be as a barbed arrow in her soul: she would look fixedly on her person, pass her eyes wildly over her limbs, then break into reproaches:—"Oh, how could she refuse him? how could she banish him to India? he was faithful unto death, and had burst the grave to look on her again: on me!"—and then she sometimes ran to her glass, and as she gazed, laughed with a wild and mocking laugh. When these self-accusings were over, and the spirit was calm for awhile, the woman was herself again: her quick intellect flashed light on all she talk-

ed about ; her conversation was delightful to listen to ; so that you almost lost the sense of her personal deformity.

It is hard to be obliged to hate oneself—an animosity that a Parisian lady seldom falls into ; but in this case it was inevitable : the mind, rendered more subtle by remorse, was like a sword consuming that frail and misshapen body, that had been the source of his doom, and her despair. The body wasted slowly in the conflict ; but it was strange, on the nights when she believed her lover would appear, with what anxious care her hair, which was beautiful and abundant, was dressed, and her richest ornaments put on her neck and bosom. Stern was the penalty she paid of her blighted attachment, and of the subtlest vanity that had led her at its chariot-wheels to misery.

Perhaps this is the most merciful form, that of lost or hopeless love, in which a partial derangement can appear : if there be jealousy and suspicion also, the effect is more pitiless. An inmate in one of the asylums was a very handsome girl from a seaport town in Normandy, a few weeks only arrived, for her malady was of recent occurrence : she dressed in gay colours, and her few yet good ornaments were always worn ; her eye was large and bright, and her temper buoyant ; she looked too happy to be here. Nineteen only, yet the fountains of the mind were rudely broken up : it was love that tore her from her parent's and only sister's side ; yet dark and cruel feelings mingled with it. Its object was a Pole, whom chance brought to her neighbourhood, an officer in the French army, a very young and attractive man, whose scanty pay was all his portion. Her home was situated on the verge of the cliff, without the town ; its rooms looked over the bay, the bare and lofty shores, and fishermen's hamlets ; in front of the house was a small garden ; the care of its flowers and plants was her chief amusement. It overlooked the beach beneath. Scarcely was he seen there than she joined him, and in their frequent walks along the wild shore she soon fell desperately in love with her companion : her parents, on discovering the intimacy, inquired into the stranger's prospects, and forbade any farther intercourse with him.

She obeyed, but was unable to contend with the blow : the sight of her lover, almost every evening, on the beach beneath, and the despairing letters which he sent, touched the brain as if a demon had touched it. She estranged herself from her sister's society, and her parents saw that her looks were changed towards them, and that there was something strange and unusual in her manner and words. Alarmed and fearful of the consequences, they now consented to the addresses of the stranger, and invited him to the house : but it was too late ; the silver cord was loosed, and every thought, taste and feeling, that moved in harmony before, were now at discord with each other. There is no expression of the human face so fearful as that cold and cruel cunning where the devil and his captive seem to be consulting within—and this look was now cast on her only sister. The idea that she had poisoned the mind of her parents against the Pole, and was herself enamoured of him, was the prevailing one :—the being she had loved from infancy to this hour, her dear and kindred companion, was now the object of her intense hatred. Again she took with the former her accustomed walks beneath the wild cliffs, along the lonely shore ; but the fancy no longer kept time with these objects. He paused in the cavern, and on the steep, where she had often made him pause before—to admire the scene : the eye looked vacantly on the waste of waters, on the storm-beat precipice, and he saw that the misery had fallen on her, “to have no thought.” Thus desolate, she regarded him with passionate attachment.

I have one love left still ; and when I've spun
This last thread, I shall perish on the shore.

This could not last : it soon became necessary to remove her from home : her aversion to her sister was uncontrollable : even while the once happy but now wretched little circle were seated in the parlour, and every one sought to soothe her spirit, the long and wistful look fixed on her lover passed into a demon smile, and fierce and menacing words broke from her lips. She was removed to an asylum in the capital : her apartment was neatly furnished : there were a few books, but no music, no flowers : her chief amusement was in gazing on her person in the glass, arranging her dress, hair, chains and rings. Perhaps it is best that this infirmity should generally wreck the attractions of woman ; for the sight of a beautiful insane being moving about in all the pride of her charms, exquisitely dressed, her voice sweet, her laugh thrilling, is a cruel sight, even more so than that of the haggard cheek and eye, and withered frame. The Norman girl was beautiful, and well she knew it in her madness, and gloried in it. They should have put flowers and shrubs in her cell, some of her own rearing, and she would have watched and cherished them there as fondly as at home, and, perhaps, more so. How exquisitely true to female taste, even in madness, is Ophelia's love of flowers, which went with her even to death ! A few weeks after her confinement, her family went to see her, accompanied by the Pole, who had desolately pursued the sea-shore walks, sorrowing for his lost mistress. She saw from the window the approach of the party, and, running to the glass, finished a hasty toilette, and

put on the cap that was his favourite one, and that gave to her features an infantile beauty. She grasped her lover's hand, and called on his name with all her wonted fondness, smiled on her parents ; but the moment her sister, who had lingered behind, entered the room, the evil spirit was unchained, and all malice and desperate hatred broke from her lip and eye. They saw there was no hope, save in the slow influence of time, and they took a miserable leave. Time, unfelt, unheeded by the *alienee*, is yet her fiercest enemy ; it takes from her, one by one, all who felt any interest in her fate. The lover forgets her, or marries another ; the father and mother go down to the grave blessing her : she knows not of the blessing or the death : the hair is grey, the features stricken ; but no lesson of mercy, or experience, or memory, comes with the passing hour : one day is with her as a thousand.—*New Monthly*.

EVILS OF BIGOTRY.—While the ministers of religion have been crying aloud, and very justly, against pride, and covetousness, and sensuality, and many other evils : how is it that the great evil of bigotry has been nourished in the heart of the christian church, as though it were an innocent or an indifferent thing? By bigotry, is meant : a man's obstinate attachment to an opinion, or set of opinions, which indisposes him to give a candid hearing to any thing else, and makes him unwilling that his brother should have the same liberty of judgment which he claims for himself. This is one of the deepest and most violent roots of moral evil. It is a great and seemingly insurmountable obstruction to the progress of truth and righteousness over the whole earth. It affords nourishment and defence for Infidelity, Mahometanism, Judaism, and for every other erroneous system under the sun. Its practical fruits also are abundant. It may be doubted whether covetousness, or sensuality, or the love of power, or the love of praise, have produced a more plentiful harvest of internal and external ungodliness, than this bitter enemy of all righteousness, which Zion's watchmen appear almost to have overlooked. For let it be considered that this same bigotry is the parent of almost all the evil surmisings, heart-burnings, rash judgments, hard speeches, oppressions, and persecutions that can be found in the christian world. It not only makes null and void the arguments of an opponent ; but, alas ! it boldly impeaches his motives, and assails his moral character. Not only are his talents to go for nothing—not only are his labours to be despised ; but his virtue and piety—his zeal and heavenly-mindedness, though supported by an unblameable life—all, all must be disposed of with indifference or contempt, by the high, and bitter, and sovereign dictates of bigotry ! And yet this dark and dreadful evil is not only winked at, but nourished in the hearts of all the churches in christendom ! Infidels, and Mahometans, and Heathens, and sinners of every description, may look on with astonishment, and see christians of every name through the influence of this evil principle, animated with a more constant and flaming zeal against each other, than against the spirit of hell and all the works of darkness. And yet many seem not to be aware that it is to be regarded as a moral evil. Some, perhaps, may be found making high professions of justification and sanctification, and at the same time habitually nourishing this root of bitterness in their hearts. This is a mystery of mysteries, and can only be accounted for by supposing that a thick cloud of intellectual darkness has been overspreading the christian world, especially upon this subject. For a candid and faithful examination of the matter must surely convince every intelligent mind that it is as perfectly vain for a confirmed bigot to make professions of holiness, as for a confirmed thief to make a profession of honesty.

RURAL EMBELLISHMENTS.—It is delightful to witness the progress of a refined taste in the increase of rural embellishments ; in the planting of trees, the training of vines, the cultivation of flowers, and the formation of ornamental gardens. Among the richest and purest pleasures, which the human mind can take in, are those drawn directly from nature. A fondness for natural scenery is a passion which we cannot cultivate to excess ; and the gratifications of such a taste multiply as the capacity of enjoyment is extended. A taste for pleasures of this kind, prevents the morbid excesses of the lower appetites ; diverts us from their indulgence ; and accustoms the mind to a purer aliment, whose only tendency is to improve and exalt our nature. The cultivation of such a taste is altogether favorable to the religious character. In proportion as our perceptions of beauty are acute and vivid, the wonders of creation spread themselves out before us in unmeasured profusion ; and we find continually gaining strength within us, a grateful reverence for that goodness which has so infinitely multiplied the forms of beauty in every part of creation ; and evidently with no other view than to afford pleasure.

We might multiply arguments and reasons, why we should cultivate this taste ; and try all that human art can do to make the world beautiful ; to adorn our yards, porticoes, fences, windows, dwellings and streets, with shrubs and flowers and trees. Such embellishments are an immense gain to a city ; we look upon the lady, who will ornament her windows in the city with a gay assemblage of geraniums, and daphnes, and hyacinths, and

myrtles, and roses, as eminently a public benefactor. The amount of pleasure thus given, if it could be measured in the aggregate, or if there were any standard by which it could be determined and compared, would be found immensely to exceed that which is given by some brilliant rout or ball ; and this at a hundredth part of the expense, and leaving nothing behind.—*N. E. Farmer*.

ROBERT SOUTHNEY.—Dr. Southey's powers consist in a happy conception of Nature, a considerable insight into the working of the human passions, and an habitual knowledge of rural life. From an early age he exhibited the poetic faculty, and has pursued the Muse with a perseverance which would have won a more inflexible lady. Acquainted with all that is valuable in British literature, and occupied in the perpetual exercise of the pen, he has exhibited his powers in every variety of composition, the drama excepted. He is the only man alive who has written four epics ; perhaps, the only man who ever achieved such a feat, and with the singular good fortune of finding his last epic the most popular. He has written a multiplicity of ballads, some of them spirited, some exhibiting curious invention, and all interesting. It is one of the singular circumstances of this poet's authorship, that it reflects his political changes, step by step, from his boyhood to his maturity. In early life, dazzled by the glare of the French Revolution, he was an advocate of that brilliant experiment on the ferocities of man ; but the growth of his common sense at length cleared his political eyesight, and when the film of faction was removed, the poet no longer worshipped what he saw to be an imposture. It is an odd instance of the variability of human things, that Canning, who thirty years ago lashed the Doctor for his revolutionary fervors, should himself have deserved the lash in his latter days for being a Whig, and “something more.” Thus, no man's character can be drawn until he is dead, and an anticipated epitaph is an absurdity. Southey throws off the imputation, by declaring that the change was not in himself, but in the Revolution ; that he worshipped the deity of a free people, not the idol of a populace ; that he gave his homage to the spirit, not to the flesh ; and that when he saw the altar loaded with human victims, he turned his back upon the shrine. We can meddle with no man's conscience, but the ground is justifiable, where allegiance is guilt, revolt is virtue. The fifth and sixth volumes contain Madoc, and a number of ballads from the old English, Spanish, and German. The work is well printed, and the illustrations are appropriate and pleasing.—*New Monthly*.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.—The public, unquestionably, have still to be informed of the lamentable deficiency of even the lowest rudiments of knowledge among the children of the humbler ranks. Take a single example. For the purpose of bringing the matter to proof, Mr. Horner examined the children of the Manchester factories, to the number of 2000. He took with him no other books than a New Testament and a spelling-book, and expected from them nothing beyond mere reading. The children were the returns of nineteen factories. Out of those 2000 children of thirteen and fourteen years of age—a period chosen as that when whatever education they had got might be viewed as completed, inasmuch as thenceforth they were to work twelve hours a-day—we must be astonished and pained to hear, that 1067 could not read a single sentence, that 322 could read the Testament only with difficulty, and that but 611 could read it with ease. The question of their understanding any part of what they read would have still more limited the number. The number of those who could sign their names, out of the 2000, was but 411. If this was the case in a great town where the necessity for at least the rudiments of education is fully comprehended, and where the people are generally aware of the full advantages of knowledge ; what must be the case in the obscure, poor, remote, and stagnant districts of the country? And this, too, with a population swelling up hundreds of thousands ; the actual increase of England yearly being now probably more than 300,000 souls. To educate the people to be all mathematicians, or politicians, is folly ; but to give every man the faculty of reading his Bible, of enlarging his stock of harmless pleasure by books of intelligent gratification, and of qualifying himself for usefulness by being able at least to write his name, seems a demand which the poorest are entitled to make upon their country. Difficulties will arise ; but they must be overcome : doubts will be felt ; they must be practically answered : even hazards may arise ; they must be balanced against the greatest of all possible hazards—the unlicensed power of a people awakened to their physical force and unrestrained by their moral subordination. True patriotism will take the side of true knowledge at once, and will conquer.—*New Monthly*.

SLANDER.—This crime is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs : it undermines peace, and saps the foundation of friendship : it destroys families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vitals of charity ; it makes an evil man party, and witness, and judge, and executioner of the innocent.—*Bishop Taylor*.

ELOQUENCE OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH never spoke on a subject without displaying, not only all that was peculiarly necessary to that subject, but all that a full mind, long gathering and congesting, has to pour forth upon any subject. The language, without being antithetic, was artificial and ornate. The action and voice were vehement but not passionate; the tone and conception of the argument of too lofty and philosophic a strain for those to whom, generally speaking, it was directed. It was impossible not to feel that the person addressing you was a profound thinker, delivering a laboured composition. Sir James Mackintosh's character as a speaker, then, was of that sort acquired in a thin house, where those who have stayed from their dinner have stayed for the purpose of hearing what is said, and can, therefore, deliver up their attention undistractedly to any knowledge and ability, even if somewhat prolixly put forth, which elucidates the subject of discussion. We doubt if all great speeches of a legislative kind would not require such an audience, if they never travelled beyond the walls in which they were spoken. The passion, the action, the movement of oratory, which animates and transports a large assembly, can never lose their effect when passion, action, movement are in the orator's subject; when Philip is at the head of his Macedonians, or Cataline at the gates of Rome. The emotions of fear, revenge, horror, are emotions that all classes and descriptions of men, however lofty or low their intellect, may feel:—here, then, is the orator's proper field. But again; there are subjects, such as many, if not most, of those discussed in our House of Commons, the higher bearings of which are intelligible only to a certain order of understandings. The reasoning proper for these is not understood, and cannot therefore be sympathized with, by the mass. In order not to be insipid to the few, it is almost necessary to be dull to the many. If our houses of legislature sat with closed doors, they would be the most improper assemblies for the discussion of legislative questions that we can possibly conceive. They would have completely the tone of their own clique. No one would dare or wish to soar above the common-places which find a ready echoing cheer; all would indulge in that rapid violence against persons, which the spirit of party is rarely wanting to applaud. But as it is, the man of superior mind, standing upon his own strength, knows and feels that he is not speaking to the lolling, lounging, indolently listening individuals stretched on the benches around him: he feels and knows that he is speaking to, and will obtain the sympathy of, all the great and enlightened spirits of Europe; and this bears and buoy him up, amidst any coldness, impatience, or indifference, in his immediate audience.

When we perused the magnificent orations of Mr. Burke, which transported us in our cabinet, and were told that his rising was the dinner-bell in the House of Commons; when we heard that some of Mr. Brougham's almost gigantic discourses were delivered amidst coughs and impatience; and when, returning from our travels, where we had heard of nothing but the genius and eloquence of Sir James Mackintosh, we encountered him ourselves in the House of Commons; on all these occasions we were sensible, not that Mr. Burke's, Mr. Brougham's, Sir James Mackintosh's eloquence was less, but that it was addressed to another audience than that to which it was apparently delivered. Intended for the House of Commons only, the style would have been absurdly faulty; intended for the public, it was august and correct. There are two different modes of obtaining a parliamentary reputation; a man may rise in the country by what is said of him in the House of Commons, or he may rise in the House of Commons by what is thought and said of him in the country. Some debaters have the faculty, by varying their style and their subjects, of alternately addressing both those without and within their walls, with effect and success. Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Canning were, and Lord Brougham is, of this number. Mr. Burke and Sir James Mackintosh spoke to the reason and the imagination, rather than to the passions; and this, together with some faults of voice and manner, rendered these great orators (for great orators they were) more powerful in the printed reports, than in the actual delivery of their speeches. We ourselves heard Sir James Mackintosh's great, almost wonderful, speech upon Reform. We shall never forget the extensive range of ideas, the energetic grasp of thought, the sublime and soaring strain of legislative philosophy, with which he charmed and transported us; but it was not so with the House in general. His Scotch accent, his unceasing and laboured vehemence of voice and gesture, the refined and speculative elevation of his views, and the vast heaps of hoarded knowledge he somewhat prolixly produced, displeased the taste and wearied the attention of men who were far more anxious to be amused and excited, than to be instructed or convinced. We see him now! his bald and singularly formed head working to and fro, as if to collect and then shake out his ideas; his arm violently vibrating, and his body thrown forward by sudden quirks and starts, which, ungraceful as they were, seemed rather premeditated than inspired. This is not the picture that Demosthenes would have drawn of a perfect orator; and it contains some defects that we wonder more care had not been applied to remedy.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

SPRING AND SUMMER.

BY CAROLINE ORSE.

Thy steps fair Spring have passed o'er the sod,
And grass springs up where thy light foot trod;
Bright buds peep forth, and their petals gay
Unfold in the warmth of the noontide ray,
While the glad bird plumes its radiant wing,
And its clear, wild notes through the woodland ring.

The squirrel has come from its hollow tree,
And runs 'long the wall full of frolic and glee;
Then darts to the ground, and peeping round sly,
Finds 'mong the autumn leaves, withered and dry,
The brown beechen nut that it loves right well,
Then sits and cunningly strips off the shell.

Thy breath is abroad in the fragrant breeze,
And the leaves expand on the waving trees:
Thy eye beams bright on the fisher's home,
That rises in sight of the blue wave's foam;
And blithe of heart he unfurls the sail,
And welcomes the bland, auspicious gale.

The heavens behold the glance of thy eye,
And smiling put on a mellow dye;
Changed is the storm for the genial shower,
All balmy with breath of the leaf and the flower,
And the rainbow dressed in its brilliant dyes,
Its smile of promise sends warm from the skies.

Thy steps bright Summer have passed o'er the vale,
And the high grass waves in the welcome gale;
The fragrant strawberry lifts up its head,
And blushing peeps forth from its verdant bed,
And where roses abroad their perfume fling,
The butterfly comes on its brilliant wing.

In busy throngs with their joyous hum,
Where the clover waves, the merry bees come.
Or nestle where over the garden bowers
The woodbine climbs with its fragrant flowers,
Their nectar to sip in the early prime
Of the morning's fresh and dewy time.

Thou lingerest where torrents hoarsely rush,
And they change to the streamlet's soothing gush:
To the lake's serene, untroubled breast,
The lilies rise up from their cells of rest,
And gem it with stars, as pure as are those,
That on the calm bosom of ether repose.

The glance of thy smile is bright on the wave,
Where the water-fowl loves its plumage to lave.
On the fresh green marge, a child sits there,
Pulling flowers to wreath with her sunny hair,
Then into the wave looks slyly to see,
Her own rosy face full of laughter and glee.

The barns are all piled with fragrant hay,
And now thou prearest to hasten away.
Thou hast heard the wail of the Autumn breeze,
Caught the blush of fruit on the bending trees,
And hast seen through the amber husk appear,
The golden gleam of the ripening ear.

Farewell! for the grain is bound into sheaves,
The rustle is heard of withering leaves,
The fair-haired child on the margin green,
Of the clear, still lake no longer is seen,
And the bird that loved there its plumage to lave,
Has flown to some far-away, sunnier wave.

When thy parting smile, bright Summer grew dim,
Mute was the wood-bird's sweet vesper hymn.
Mournful and sad was thy farewell tone,
As lingering it swept through the forest lone!
Wild was its music upon the hill side,
Faint down the vale, its last echo died.

But look! A trim barque is nearing the land—
Children dance merrily on the smooth sand.
With a smile on her lip the mother stands by,
The tear drops of joy glistening bright in her eye.
O dearest to her is Autumn's bleak gale,
For it homeward wafts her husband's white sail.

PATTERN WOMEN.

BY MRS. P. W. BALL.

We often smile at hearing the name of Helen and Cleopatra, of Dido and Semiramis, of Andromache and Sappho raked up from the ashes of antiquity. We beg Andromache's pardon for putting her in such bad company, for when Hector sends her back from the walls of Ilion to her looms and tapestry work, she seems to have understood a wife's duty was obedience, despite all modern writers say to the contrary, for she returns with her boy, and leaves the martial field to her husband. Now we seldom receive an article from a young writer, breathing the rose hues of sentiment and gallant devotion of youth to the fair, but we meet those names, and always conclude that the writer did not learn the classics well enough to understand or translate, or he would never bring up those names for pattern women. Helen had a beaming eye and damask cheek no doubt, or she would not have put it in the head of fop Paris, to elope with her and leave her husband. For her, a long immortality of infamy is the guerdon of her crime, as long as Homer will be read. Of Cleopatra, the beauty whom age could not wither, a scarcely less, no, not less,

a vastly more infamous record will be handed down to posterity, so long as Cæsar's name or Anthony's, the world loser's exist. Let not her heroic suicide atone for her profligate crimes; for had Augustus Cæsar been a Julius, she had not died, but lived on in splendid infamy. She was only the greater criminal because her *mind* was as imperial as her beauty, and enabled her to acquire power over those who could minister to her passions and her ambition. I had as lief hear a man quote Catharine, the second Zarina of Russia as a pattern, as Cleopatra. The one has been somewhat mystified by the poets. A barge on the cyndus, and melted pearls, white arms, dark beaming eyes, and swan-like neck, come up before the imagination, and to us the figure of the other is that of a big woman in Hussar boots with a beard. Both eminent, both great, and both wicked. Dido, the love-sick queen, Semiramis the bloody intrigant, and a hundred others that history has recorded as exerting the influence of their beauty and station for the worst purposes, are spoken of as bright luminaries of antiquity. Why the absurdity of the thing is too great. Thank heaven we can point to woman distinguished for virtue, as well as beauty, whose power has been exercised in the cause of good morals, but really we sicken of hearing such names called up in every article written on woman.

Whenever a young writer talks, or raves of *woman's genius*, you are sure to hear of Sappho. Thank heaven there are not many remains of her left, and allowing for the age and clime she lived in, we certainly should not blush at reading the free translations of what remains of her poetry, and yet I much doubt if any modest woman ever did read them without a burning cheek.

To be sure Mr. Pope's paraphrase of the little brown woman's epistle to her runaway lover, Phaon, is to be allowed for, but it is too bad to hear young gentlemen talking gravely to young misses of Sappho's immortal genius.

We heard of a lady once who actually designed to take the lover's leap to render herself immortal, and had written an ode, not to be sure to be hung in the temple of Apollo with her lyre, but, to be as near the thing as possible, copied into her music book and placed on her piano, where it would meet the eye of her faithless swain, when her project was discovered by her aunt, a very sensible woman, who understood common sense better than poetry or romance, and who took her to a Scotch schoolmaster, and he persuaded her to forego her project by convincing her that as she was very beautiful and young it would be nonsense to jump into the Potomac, whereas Sappho was an "Ethiopian dark," or more literally a horrid ugly woman, and very naughty to boot, and the young lady most sensibly concluded to defer her intended trial for immortality, until she had blessed some happy man with the charms of her beautiful person and temper. In fact she was very indignant ever afterwards, to think her "pattern" genius was a mother without being a wife.

But enough of this absurd subject. Women "rule the camp, the grove," and it is only necessary to make her aware of her power and to cultivate her heart, her mind, and temper, to regenerate the world, but at present, of all things that exist in this world, women are the least appreciated and worst educated.

Zanesville Visiter.

THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

"Lo! where it comes—"

As if to sweep down all things in its track."

On the south side of Pilatus, a considerable mountain near Lucerne, are great forests of spruce fir, consisting of the finest timber, but in a situation which the height, the steepness, and the ruggedness of the ground, seemed to render inaccessible. They had rarely been visited but by the chamois hunters, and it was from them indeed, that the first information concerning the size of the trees, and the extent of the forest, appears to have been received. These woods are in the canton of Underwalden, one of those in which the ancient spirit of the Swiss republics is the best preserved; where the manners are extremely simple, the occupations of the people mostly those of agriculture, where there are no manufactures, little accumulation of capital, and no commercial enterprise. In the possession of such masters, the lofty firs of Pilatus were likely to remain long the ornaments of their native mountain.

A few years ago, however, Mr. Ruppy, a native of Wirtemberg, and a skilful engineer, in which profession he had been educated, indignant at the political changes effected in his own country, was induced to take refuge among a free people, and came to settle in the canton of Schwytz, on the opposite side of the lake of Lucerne. The accounts which he heard there of the forest just mentioned, determined him to visit it, and he was so much struck by its appearance, that, long and rugged as the descent was, he conceived the bold project of bringing down the trees by no other force than their own weight into the lake of Lucerne, from which, the conveyance to the German Ocean was easy and expeditious. A more accurate survey of the ground convinced him of the practicability of the project.

He had by this time resided long enough in Switzerland to have both his talents and his integrity in such estimation, that he was able to prevail on a number of the proprietors to form a company,

with a joint stock, to be laid out in the construction of the road along which it was intended that the trees should slide down into the lake of Lucerne, an arm or gulf of which fortunately approaches quite near to the bottom of the mountain. The sum required for this purpose was very considerable for that country, amounting to £9,000 or £10,000; £3,000 to be laid out on the purchase of the forest from the community of Alpach, the proprietors of it, and the rest being necessary for the construction of the singular railway, by which the trees were brought down. In a country where there is little enterprise, few capitalists, and where he was himself a stranger, this was not the least difficult part of Mr. Rupp's undertaking.

The distance which the trees had to be conveyed, is about three of the leagues of that country, or, more exactly, 46,000 feet. The medium height of the forest is about 2500 feet; (which measure I took from General Pfyffer's model of the Alps, and not from any actual measurement of my own.) The horizontal distance, just mentioned, when reduced to English measure, making allowance for the Swiss foot, is 44,325 feet, eight English miles and about three furlongs.

Along this line the trees descend, in a sort of trough, built in a cradle form, and extending from the forest to the edge of the lake. Three trees, squared, and laid side by side, form the bottom of the trough; the tree in the middle having its surface hollowed; so that a rill of water received from distance to distance, over the side of the trough, may be conveyed along the bottom, and preserve it moist. Adjoining to the central part, (of the trough,) other trees, also squared, are laid parallel to the former, in a manner so as to form a trough, rounded in the interior, and of such dimensions as to allow the largest trees to lie, or to move along quite readily. When the direction of the trough turns, or has any bending, of which there are many, its sides are made higher and stronger, especially on the convex side, or that from which it bends, so as to provide against the trees bolting or flying out, which they sometimes do, in spite of every precaution. In general, the trough is from five to six feet wide at top, and from three to four in depth, varying, however, in different places, according to circumstances.

This road has been constructed at considerable expense; though as it goes, almost for its whole length, through a forest, the materials of construction were at hand, and of small value. It contains, we are told, 30,000 trees; it is, in general, supported on cross timbers, that are themselves supported by uprights fixed in the ground; and these cross timbers are sometimes close to the surface; they are occasionally under it, and sometimes elevated to a great height above it. It crosses in its way three great ravines, one at the height of sixty-four feet, another at the height of 103, and the third, where it goes along the face of a rock, at that of 157; in two places it is conveyed under ground. It was finished in 1812.

The trees which descend by this conveyance are spruce firs, very straight, and of great size. All their branches are lopped off; they are stripped of the bark, and the surface, of course, made tolerably smooth. The trees, or logs, of which the trough is built, are dressed with the axe, but without much care.

All being thus prepared, the tree is launched, with the root end foremost, into the steep part of the trough, and in a few seconds acquires such a velocity as enables it to reach the lake in the short space of six minutes; a result altogether astonishing, when it is considered that the distance is more than eight miles, that the average declivity is but one foot in seventeen, and that the route which the trees have to follow is often circuitous, and in some places almost horizontal.

Where large bodies are moved with such velocity as has now been described, and so tremendous a force of course produced, every thing had need to be done with the utmost regularity; every obstacle carefully removed that can obstruct the motion, or that might suffer from so fearful a collision. Every thing, accordingly with regard to launching off the trees, is directed by telegraphic signals. All along the slide, men are stationed, at different distances, from half a mile to three quarters, or more, but so that every station may be seen from the next, both above and below. At each of these stations, also is a telegraph, consisting of a large board, like a door, that turns at its middle on a horizontal axle. When the board is placed upright, it is seen from the two adjacent stations; when it is turned horizontally, or rather parallel to the surface of the ground, it is invisible from both. When the tree is launched from the top, a signal is made, by turning the board upright; the same is followed by the rest, and thus the information is conveyed, almost instantaneously, all along the slide that a tree is now on its way. By-and-by, to any one that is stationed on the side, even to those at a great distance, the same is announced by the roaring of the tree itself, which becomes always louder and louder; the tree comes in sight when it is perhaps half a mile distant, and in an instant after shoots past with the noise of thunder, and the rapidity of lightning. As soon as it has reached the bottom, the lowest telegraph is turned down, the signal passes along all the stations, and the workman at the top are informed that the tree has arrived in safety. Another is set off as expeditiously as possible; the moment is announced

as before, and the same process is repeated till the trees that have been got in readiness for that day have been sent down into the lake.

When a tree sticks by accident, or when it flies out, a signal is made from the nearest station, by half-depressing the board, and the workman from above and below come to assist in getting out the tree that has struck, or correcting any thing that is wrong in the slide, from the springing of a beam in the slide; and thus the interruption to the work is rendered as short as possible.

We saw five trees come down; the place where we stood was near the lower end, and the declivity was inconsiderable, (the bottom of the slide nearly resting on the surface,) yet the trees passed with astonishing rapidity. The greatest of them was a spruce fir, a hundred feet long, four feet in diameter at the lower end, and one foot at the upper. The greatest trees are those that descend with the greatest rapidity; and the velocity as well as the roaring of this one was evidently greater than of the rest. A tree must be very large to descend at all in this manner; a tree, Mr. Rupp informed us, that was only half the dimensions of the preceding, and therefore only an eighth part of its weight, would not be able to make its way from the top to the bottom. One of the trees that we saw, broke by some accident into two; the lighter part stopped almost immediately, and the remaining part came to rest soon after. This is a valuable fact; it appears from it that the friction is not in proportion to the weight, but becomes relatively less as the weight increases, contrary to the opinion that is generally received.

In viewing the descent of the trees, my nephew and I stood quite close to the edge of the trough, not being more interested about any thing than to experience the impression which the near view of so singular an object must make on a spectator. The noise, the rapidity of the motion, the magnitude of the moving body, and the force with which it seemed to shake the trough as it passed, were altogether very formidable, and conveyed an idea of danger much greater than the reality. Our guide refused to partake of our amusement; and he retreated behind a tree, at some distance, where he had the consolation to be assured by Mr. Rupp, that he was no safer than we were, as a tree, when it happened to bolt from the trough, would often cut the standing trees clear over. During the whole time the slide has existed, there have been three or four fatal accidents, and one instance was the consequence of excessive temerity.

I have mentioned that a provision was made for keeping the bottom of the trough wet; this is a very useful precaution; the friction is greatly diminished, and the swiftness is greatly increased by that means. In rainy weather the trees move much faster than in dry. We were assured that when the trough was every where in most perfect condition, the weather wet, and the trees very large, the descent was sometimes made in as short a time as three minutes.

The trees thus brought down into the lake of Lucerne are formed into rafts, and floated down the very rapid stream of the Reuss, by which the lake discharges its waters first into the Aar, and then into the Rhine. By this conveyance, which is all of it in streams of great rapidity, the trees sometimes reach Basle, in a few days after they have left Lucerne; and there the immediate concern of the Alpach company terminated. They still continue to be navigated down the Rhine in rafts to Holland, and are afloat, in the German Ocean, in less than a month from having descended from the side of Pilatus, a very inland mountain, not less than a thousand miles distant. The late Emperor of France had made a contract for all the timber thus brought down.

Professor Playfair.

SUMMER IN INDIA.

BY CAPT. WESTMACOTT.

Now is the season when buffaloes bathe themselves in rivers, and crocodiles cock their snouts above water to snuff the air, and frogs disport themselves in deep pools, and porkers of tender age lie in the mud and are fondled by cherubs as naked as themselves. And a journey in a palankeen at noon is as good as a baking in an oven, and vegetables are scarce, and fruits plentiful, and the thermometer rises to near one hundred degrees in the shade.

Now fleas are on the alert, and pack-horses grow weary, and bullocks think their burdens a bore and had rather leave them in the mire than lug them a mile, and the covers of books curl at the corners like the toe of a Turk's slipper, and the pores of patients are opened without recourse to sudorifics. Now changes of linen are more frequent than changes of the weather, and lean people fall into a melting mood and are uneasy at parting with their substance, and fat folks dissolve like sugar—but not so sweetly—and no one from Caubul to Cape Comorin cries—"Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt."

Now jellies want consistency, and butter ceases to be solid, and claret and ale are better for a dip in the ice-pail; and they who get into gutters are careful to guard their noses, and they who forage for grass must be content to dig up the roots, and they who look about for greensward are greenhorns. Now leather becomes tough, and shoes shrink in the soles, and corns are a curse, and they who set out to walk a league are glad to stop at a furlong, and those who go forth to breathe the air gulp the dust;

and the skin gives out drops less pearly than dew, and moisture deserts the beds of rivulets, and is found sometimes in the beds of those who sleep in warm places.

Now women fill their water-jars at wells, and vegetation is kept alive by irrigation and man by refrigeration, and woollens and Welsh flannel are at a discount, and water-bearers, at a premium. Now ladies' looks smack more of languor than love, and stale loaves are common, and dry biscuits are not scarce, and butchers' meat a day old is an unprofitable commodity, and sweetmeats in bazaars are less savoury than usual, and flies congregate about the cheese-cakes and hold a carnival in honeypots; and rank smells are rife in market-places, and fishmongers that fail of customers in the morning are pretty certain not to find them at noon.

Now a washerman has a cooler birth than a cook, and a dinner-party is anything but a dry affair, and luckless wights that sit opposite to saddles and sirloins, and "cut" for a company, are sorry when people "come again," and are glad to change both their shirt and their situation. And sufferers from the tedium vitæ seek relief in aqua vitæ, and swains of more succulence than sentiment sip an adieu to their sweethearts and fly to pale ale and ginger-pop.

Now mosquitoes are merry because of the sunshine, and keep a vigil under stools and chair bottoms, and sting unsuspecting people—it matters not where; and the air glows like a furnace, and fire-worshippers enjoy the sun in his glory, and they who are not fire-proof take the shady side of a street. Now tempests are terrific, especially if ushered in by thunder, and exhibitions of the electric fluid are dazzling rather than delightful; and rainbows are rare, and the sky wears a livery of blue, and is seldom overcast; and ducks are downcast for lack of drink, and water-wagtails weep for want of water; and nature is chary of her charms, and landscape limmers and sonnetteers grow sorrowful, and reluctant inspiration promotes perspiration, and poets fly for relief to the pump-room, and dream less of Dryades than of water-nymphs.

Now is the witching time when tigers are taken in the toils, and fishes in nets, and fevers in the forests; and sportsmen are brisk as a belle in a large bustle, and powder and ball quit the shelves, and double-barrel guns and rifles their cases. Now lovers put off the lighting of the hymeneal lamp, or, as plain Mr. Simpson would say, people postpone their weddings till after the warm weather; and life in country-quarters is pretty nearly confined to "loll-shrub," and jolling on sofas, cold-bathing, curry, and cayenne, sherbet, and champagne, the pipe, parade, and the punch-bowl.

Now bellows-blowers in a smithy cry "blow me this is warm work," and to be cool is a comfort, and a hug is anything but a happiness, and a great-coat puts the wearer in a sweat; and chimney-nooks are neglected, and fire-irons are out of employ; and babies are carried about by black men, and little children go along chirping in hand-chaises; and servants carry chatahs to shade them from the sun. Now to flirt a lady with a fan is agreeable to her feelings—and some like to flirt themselves—and punkhas are in a state of agitation, and the blood of stagnation, and ruddy dames and rosy damsels mourn over their fading beauty, and pale lasses grow a shade paler, and brunettes a shade browner, and sick people turn yellow like a leaf in autumn. And now the ink has dried without the aid of pounce, and put an end to a dry subject, and to weep over the mishap is impossible, for the springs that feed the eyes have given over gushing, and "the sacred source of sympathetic tears" is dried up with the drought.

New Monthly for April.

ADAM AND EVE.—It certainly must have been a glorious day, that on which this planet of ours first felt itself pressed by the foot of man. Imagine this sphere rolling for thousands of years, thousands, perhaps of centuries, through the orbit which it still occupies—bearing on its surface not so much as one reasoning creature—the abode of fishes—of monsters that roamed about like walking castles, living on the topmost branches of trees, treading over forests in their progress, and drinking up Mediterranean at a draught; and in their train nothing but hyenas and leopards, dogs and reptiles, and winged bipeds of every order and degree. At length, an upward-looking, erect, graceful, intelligent form lights upon the green turf from some other orb—his countenance shining with a divine light, at once subdues them to his command—they pass in review before him—he gives them names—and from that moment a new order of things commences over the whole of their ancient habitation. How different that splendid morning from the *Deis Ira* still to come!

But he was alone. I can thoroughly enter into his feelings when, seated beneath the shade of a spreading cedar, he gazed upon the Eden around him—just before he slept—and though full of joy while surveying the charming scenes that met his eye on every side, and listening to the enchanting melodies of waving groves and feathered choirs, and falling waters that were soothing him to slumber, he was still conscious of a voice in his heart remaining to be filled up. And when upon re-opening his eyes, after his first delicious repose, he saw standing beside him EVE—Oh, the transport of that moment were worth exile even from that garden of bliss!—*Metropolitan*.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1838.

The North Eastern Boundary question seems to excite intense interest among the legislators of the United States. We insert below the substance of a speech by Mr. Williams of Maine on this absorbing subject. The harangues of other senators we have before us, and in which very exciting language is held forth. Mr. Clay is reported to have said that the American claim "was a just claim, and one which should be enforced." The demands of Great Britain were some of them so extensive, and many of them so unjust and unwarranted, that to maintain the amicable relations between Great Britain and the United States often seemed impossible. No Englishman of honor, he said, would set up such a claim as that set up by the British government, and in a court of justice no man would present such a claim, *unfounded in fact, unfounded in treaty, unfounded in justice, and unfounded in the repeated acknowledgments of distinguished representatives of the British government, both before and after the treaty of '83.* He hoped the day would be long put off when the United States would cease to be at peace with Great Britain, and yet it would not and ought not long to be put off, unless Great Britain would listen to the just and long neglected claims of our government."

"If we are, as I fear we are, in the neighbourhood of a war with Great Britain, on account of her pretensions, how can we better guard against the calamity than by making both parties understand the nature of the controversy—by letting the British people themselves see that the pretensions of their Government are unjust, that we contend for limits which were acknowledged to belong to us in 1782, in 1783, and in 1814.—Great Britain is an imperious nation, but she is also just and prudent; and it would be impossible for British equity to persist in such unfounded claims. But, if she will persevere, then let our own people be strengthened in their cause. Let them see what are the rights for which they have contended in peace, and which they must maintain by war."

Mr. Calhoun said "there was no object in running the line unless we meant by it to assert our claim and to signify our intention to maintain it. If this was our purpose we should commence the survey with the aid of fifty thousand troops. Great Britain would not regard the measure as a pacific one. It would offend her pride of character. It would exhibit an intention to do by force that which we are now professing to seek by negotiation. He expressed his deliberate conviction that our claim was a just one, and that it ought to be maintained."

It grieves us not a little to find men of such eminence lending their talents to the cause of strife and bloodshed. Supposing it to be fact, (and we do not know that it is) that the claims of Great Britain are unjust—that she has acknowledged in 1782, in 1783, and in 1814 the limits desired by America—that her present demands are unfounded in the repeated acknowledgments of distinguished representatives of the British Government—admitting all this, which we suppose but few British subjects will admit, yet shall men, reasonable, accountable, immortal beings imbrue their hands in each other's blood, and all for what—a tract of land. And women will be deprived of their husbands, and children of their fathers for—a tract of land. And men will appear in the form of demons, and infuriated against each other, will gnash their teeth and slaughter and destroy for—a tract of land. And the commands of God will be despised, and the displeasure of heaven gained, for—a tract of land. But surely we are writing but of ideal evils, for men can never be converted into tigers to tear and devour each other. More especially it cannot be that christian nations will set an example of ferocity and bloodthirstiness before Turks and Pagans. Alas! would it were so! But it was a TURK who said to the great Missionary Wolff when at Jerusalem, "why do you come to us?" "To bring you peace." "Peace!" retorted the indignant Mussulman, "peace!! Look yonder," pointing to Calvary. "There, Sir, on the very spot where your own Lord poured out his blood, has the Mohamedan been obliged to interfere to keep Christians from butchering one another." It was literally true that Mohamedans had been obliged thus to restrain nominal christians. But, altho' Christendom has been the very hot-bed of war, yet we do hope that time has past for ever. For its realms to be again drenched with Christian blood and its plains again whitened with the bones of slaughtered millions, will be the disgrace of the universe. The magnanimity—the honour—the good feelings—and we will add, the christianity of Great Britain and the United States will, we fervently pray, avert so awful a calamity, as a general war.

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.—The following extract from the speech of Mr. R. Williams, of Maine, in the Senate, shows the position of the question now before Congress.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"Notwithstanding all the obstacles to the claim of New Brunswick to this territory, and all the absurdities to which such a claim is liable, it is a fact that the Government of New Brunswick not only claim actual and exclusive jurisdiction over it, but have

granted land within its limits, have appointed a warden to superintend and protect it, and deny to the Government of Maine and of the United States the right of property and jurisdiction within it.—Yes more: American citizens, residing upon that territory, are made amenable to the authorities of that Province, have been arrested at their own homes by officers of that Province, taken to Fredericton, and there imprisoned, tried by their courts, condemned and punished for no other crime than asserting their rights as American citizens, and attempting to execute the laws of their country; and when we complain of these acts of outrage and contempt of our rights as American citizens, we are told that Great Britain was originally the owner of the whole, and that their right continues until the line shall be settled, and the part released be formally set apart. Such doctrine is not applicable to the case in question. The treaty was not a grant of territory, but the acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies, and prescribing limits to such as were declared to be independent, and when such claim is put forth and threatened to be enforced, in the language held by Sir Archibald Campbell, while he was Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, and Sir J. Harvey the present Lieut. Governor of that Province, there seems no alternative but to submit, and abandon all, or to assert our rights, perform our duties to one of the states of the Union, and maintain the honour of the nation by running the line and giving protection to all our citizens within it.

In 1831, Sir Archibald Campbell, then the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, in a letter to the then Governor of Maine, says:—"It is unnecessary to remind your Excellency that, until the unfortunate boundary question is definitely settled, it is my imperative duty to maintain inviolate the existing boundaries of the Province committed to my charge." And so late as September last, Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, in a letter to Governor Dunlap, of Maine, says, "I hold positive instructions from my Government not to suffer any acts of Sovereignty to be exercised by any foreign power within the territory in dispute betwixt Great Britain and the United States, until the right to that territory shall have been determined by negotiation by the two Governments: that I have no discretionary power, whatever upon the subject; and that if the whole military force of British America should be necessary to enable me to give effect to these instructions that force would be placed at my disposal." Add to these official declarations that recently the British forces destined for Canada, without asking the permission of this Government, were marched across the disputed territory to Quebec; that preparations for a military post at Woodstock are being made, and that the military force at Fredericton and Halifax has lately been increased by the addition of two regiments at the former, and three regiments at the latter place, and I need not say that the crisis has arrived when this controversy about our boundary should be taken in charge by Congress, and such measures promptly adopted as will afford protection to our citizens, bring the question of boundary to a speedy issue, preserve the rights of Maine, and save the honor of the nation.

How these objects shall be attained, is for Congress, in its wisdom, to determine. It is altogether probable, that should Maine attempt to run the line, unaided by the General Government, conflicts might ensue which must eventually bring the General Government to her aid. Is it not better, more just to Maine, and less likely to disturb the peaceful relations between the two Governments, that the United States should at once undertake the survey of that line? If the Government of Great Britain will concur, and aid in the survey, there can be no trouble; if that Government should not concur, she cannot reasonably complain of our making it; and when made, it will remain for her to acquiesce in it, or to pursue such other course as she may think the merits of her pretended claim will justify her in adopting.

Sincerely desirous of preserving peace, I propose the Bill to provide for surveying the boundary under the authority of the United States, in the full belief that it is the only mode in which the rights of Maine and the nation can, or will be maintained.

NEW YORK, JUNE 21.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—The arrival at this port this morning of the steam packet New York, confirms fears previously entertained—the Pulaski has been lost, and Capt. Allen, of the New York, thinks that all who were on board have perished.

On Monday last he fell in with numerous pieces of boards and plank, which he was satisfied were part of some vessel. At two o'clock in the same afternoon, when about six miles from Cape Look Out Shoals, he saw the wreck of the steam packet Pulaski on the beach—split in two from the keel, and broke into four pieces. The forward part of the boat lay about a mile from the stern part.

Captain Allen remained near the wreck for two hours, and made a critical examination in every spot where he thought it probable a human being could be found, but without success.

The fragments of the boat were strewed along the beach for ten miles. She had been to Savannah and received a large number of Passengers, (about 120) and on Thursday last, left Charleston for Baltimore. On Friday it blew very strong from the north east, with rain.

ANOTHER AWFUL CATASTROPHE.—The steam boat North America is just in, by passengers in which we learn the particulars of a most heart-rending calamity—the destruction of the new and elegant steamboat Washington, by fire, off Silver Creek, about 8 o'clock this morning, with the estimated loss of fifty lives!—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

THE STEAMBOAT WASHINGTON.—We have the Buffalo papers on Monday evening—they contain but little in relation to the burning of the Washington not before mentioned.

A German boy of 12 or 14 years was saved, by having the presence of mind to lash a rope around his body and swing to the bowsprit.

One gentleman was fortunate enough to place himself upon one of the hatchways, which he had thrown overboard, where he remained until the North America came up. He saw several sink near him.

He says there were 14 young children on board and all but one or two perished. He also says that the cost of the Washington was \$40,000.

The Captain and crew—with the exception of two waiters, one deck hand, two firemen—are all saved.

A meeting of the friends of the late Earl of Dalhousie was held on Thursday, pursuant to advertisement, when Resolutions were passed in accordance with the proposition contained in the letter from the Hon. J. Allison of Halifax; and a Committee was appointed to carry the same into effect.—*Quebec Mercury.*

The annual meeting of merchants for the election of a committee of Trade, took place yesterday, at the Exchange, Jas. Dean, Esq. in the chair, and J. B. Forsyth, Esq. acting as secretary. The following is the Committee of Trade elected for the ensuing year, commencing on the first of July next:—

Messrs. Wm. Walker,	Messrs. T. Froste,
Wm. Price,	D. Burnet,
G. Pemberton,	H. LeMesurier,
Jas. Dean,	J. Leaycraft,
J. B. Forsyth,	Jas. Burns,
Allan Gilmour,	Colin McCallum.
R. P. Ross,	<i>Ibid.</i>

Lieut. Colonel the Hon. C. Grey arrived yesterday by the steamer from Montreal, bearing Despatches for the Governor General from Mr. Fox, Her Majesty's Minister to the United States. We understand that Colonel Grey had several interviews with the President, and the Secretary at War, Mr. Poinsett, all of which were highly satisfactory, and indicative of the firm determination of the United States Government to co-operate with the Governor-General in putting down the disgraceful disturbances which have taken place upon the frontiers. General Macomb, the Commander in Chief of the United States Army, has taken the command of the frontiers, and his orders from the Secretary at War are, to co-operate with our naval and military authorities in any way that may be considered most effectual.

Ibid.

The Quebec Gazette, by authority, contains a Commission from the Governor General, appointing Charles Buller, Esq. Chief Commissioner, to inquire into the present mode of disposing of Crown Lands in the Province of Lower Canada, and to collect information respecting the operation thereof as regards the promotion of emigration from the mother country; he is also empowered to appoint assistant Commissioners. Instructions are likewise given to the Lieutenant Governors of Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island and Newfoundland, to affix the Great Seal of their respective Provinces to a similar Commission, issuing from the Governor General, and authorising the Commission to make like enquiries in these Provinces. The Commission is directed to report with all convenient haste, such information as it may obtain, touching the matters confided to it, and to suggest such alterations or modifications in the laws and regulations now in force as may seem best adapted to promote the object in view. Full power is given to examine all officers and others in any way connected with the Land Granting Department.

DESTRUCTION, BY FIRE, OF THE STEAMBOAT VARENNE.—We have learned the following particulars of the loss of the above boat, from a passenger arrived in the *Eagle*, yesterday afternoon:—

On Monday last, 17th inst., the boat was on her way from Chambly to Sorel; when nearing the village of St. Ours—(one of the usual stopping places)—the engineer, on descending to shut the feed, perceived a dense smoke issuing from underneath the engine-room; on examination he found that the under part of the deck adjoining the boiler was on fire; he immediately gave the alarm; neither captain or crew were at their posts,—the crew, with one exception, being asleep in the fore-cabin. The captain, on perceiving the fire, said, *it is all over*, and immediately made his escape, taking with him his clothes and the crew, in the only boat belonging to the steamer, leaving the officers and passengers at the mercy of the flames. The purser, steward, engineer, and Chambly pilot, remained on board, making every exertion to save the boat from destruction, in which they were assisted to

the utmost by Sergeant Hays and a guard of the 15th Regiment, who had in charge four military prisoners; the prisoners, who all might have escaped during the confusion, worked manfully in their endeavours to save the boat, nor did they attempt to make their escape when all hope of saving the boat was lost. The captain was implored to send the boat from the shore to their relief, but paid no attention to the prayers and entreaties of the sufferers on board, until Sergeant Hays threatened to fire on them; two individuals then brought the boat alongside of the burning wreck, by which they were enabled to get on shore; two Canadian women, on seeing that the captain had deserted in his jolly-boat, jumped over board, and were with much difficulty saved from drowning; one of the prisoners also swam to the shore.—The name of the Captain is Cote,—long known to be one of the Papineau gang. Strong suspicions are entertained that the boat was set on fire.—*Quebec Morning Herald.*

PAPINEAU.—It is said that biographical sketches and engraved portraits of Papineau are every where to be seen in Paris. The Journal des Debats recommends that subscription committees should be formed throughout this country, volunteers enlisted, and arms and ammunition smuggled into Canada.—*N. Y. Express.*

SIR JOHN HERSCHELL.—Letters have been received in London from Sir John Herschell, at the Cape of Good Hope, to the 20th of January. This learned Astronomer had completed his survey of the Southern celestial hemisphere, and intended to embark for England in the beginning of March, and his arrival was expected in the course of May. He has made some important observations upon the star Argo, in the constellation of the same name. This star has been regarded as of the second magnitude, and was so considered by Sir John Herschell when he observed it, but afterwards, as he observed it successively, it had increased, so that at the date of his letter it exceeded in dimensions the greater part of the stars of the first magnitude, and might be compared with the Centaur, which in brilliancy is considered the fourth star of the firmament. No similar phenomenon has been observed in the heavens, since the celebrated star of Tycho Brahe, observed from 1572 to 1574.

LORD BROUGHAM.—We copy the following rather curious anecdote of this distinguished individual, from a Paris letter in the London Courier of May 4th.

His lordship during his short stay in Paris went everywhere, every saloon being too happy to receive so distinguished a guest; he did not by any means confine his visits to the liberal parties, for what may be called his grand display took place in the hotel of the Princess Lieven, where surrounded by aristocrats, the chiefs of the Carlist party, the Duke of Fitzjames, Berryer and others, besides a whole host of Russians, and all the ambassadors in France, the noble Lord delivered a tirade of more than an hour's length, upon the Carlist party and the policy of the court of Russia, both of which he attacked with all the caustic severity for which his style is so remarkable. Though his French accent is detestable, he delivered himself with as much confidence and rich volubility as if in his place in the House of Lords. The eloquent Berryer, who was at his elbow, looked unutterable things at each wicked thrust, but many of the Muscovites were perfectly thunder-struck, never having heard an approach to such language in their lives. Despite all his political blasphemies however, the entire assembly, hostile as they were, left the room deeply impressed with a sense of his exalted powers.

WRECK OF A TRANSPORT.—We have this week to record one of the most calamitous cases of shipwreck that ever came under our notice. Of the forty-one human beings on board, two only were miraculously preserved; from one of whom we have learnt the following particulars:—

The Margaret, of Newry, Transport, of 826 tons burthen, commanded by William Mowbray, after taking in a quantity of stores in the Thames, for the use of Her Majesty's troops in Canada, proceeded to Cork, at which place she completed her landing. Sailed from thence for her place of destination on the 26th ult; having on board, in addition to the crew, (which consisted of the captain, the chief and second mates and twenty-five able seamen,) two officers' ladies with their children (seven in number), the captain's wife and child, two ostlers and twelve horses. The weather at the time of her departure was fine; but shortly after noon a fresh breeze sprung up from the S. S. E., which, as the day advanced, increased to a gale, accompanied with thick showers of snow. At about half past 11 p. m. the ship, being still on the same tack, in the darkness of the night, and during a heavy fall of snow, struck on the rocks lying off Cape Clear, at a distance of about a mile from the main—the sea making a complete breach over her; and shortly after the captain, his wife and child, were successively engulfed in the raging abyss. The chief mate, with a view to steady the ship, which was beating violently on the reef, ordered the carpenter to cut away the main shrouds and main mast, which was promptly done, the mast being left about two thirds cut through. The whole of the crew and passengers then sought refuge in the fore part of the ship, with the exception of

the survivors, Mr. Wills, and a seaman of the name of James Johnson, who lashed themselves to the mainmast on the windward side.—Shortly afterwards the mainmast went over the lee, carrying with it the two seamen, who on their again rising to the surface, floated freely. A few minutes afterwards the foremast went by the board, hanging over the side of the vessel, only attached to her by the shrouding, with the unfortunate ladies and children lashed thereto for safety, the remainder of the crew clinging to various parts of the ship. At this moment the universal shriek of despair which burst from the devoted group was of the most heart-rending description. Mr. Wills and his companion in misfortune at length drifted clear of the wreck, surrounded by an accumulation of horrors. Exposed to the fury of the sea, the pelting of the snow-storm, and enveloped by the darkest shade of night, the mast to which they were lashed continued to drive in the direction of Cape Clear until six o'clock a. m. when they perceived a large dog, of the Newfoundland breed, which had belonged to the unfortunate chief mate, swimming towards them, and which they contrived to place on the mast beside them. In this helpless condition they remained until half past ten a. m. when they reached the shore, well nigh exhausted. The sanguinary brute which accompanied them, immediately on landing, set off to a preventive station, where, by the singularity of its actions, it attracted the attention of four of the coast guard, who were eventually induced to follow it, which circumstance led to the discovery of the unfortunate mariners.—*Sunderland Beacon.*

SAW MILL BURNT.—We are sorry to say that Mr. Edwin Foster's mill at Williams's Brook St. David's, and about ten thousand feet of lumber, have been consumed by fire. The circumstances attending this event are peculiar and their record may be useful. The stream where the mill is placed, is small, and the dam was so suddenly swollen by the late rains that the sluice was forced up, and during the night the mill put into rapid motion. The velocity with which the saw-gear was driven caused such friction as ignited the framing, hence the flames extended to the whole building, and in the morning it was found a heap of ruins. Mr. Foster has begun another structure, and will no doubt make his gates for the future more secure.—*St. Andrews Standard.*

LAUNCHED at Mr. Geo. Walker's ship yard, a beautiful Brig named the "Jenny," built for James Rait, Esquire, and admeasuring over a hundred and ninety one tons. Although the day was not favorable for a sight always so interesting as a launch, a considerable concourse assembled and were much gratified in viewing the graceful and majestic manner in which the "Jenny" glided into the "liquid element."—*Id.*

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in the exercise of the royal prerogative, on the day of the Coronation, released from prison a number who were confined in the bridewell and jail.

At a meeting of the Coronation Committee held this day.

Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of this Committee on behalf of the inhabitants be presented to Captain Walsh, Lieut. George MacLean, and the Officers and Men of the Royal Artillery, for contributing so handsomely to the festivities of the 28th, by preparing and directing the splendid fireworks exhibited on the Grand Parade, which this Committee consider another instance of that urbane courtesy so frequently experienced by the Community of Halifax from the Garrison.

JAMES B. UNIACKE,
Chairman of the Committee elected by the Inhabitants
of Halifax to manage the Coronation Festival.
Halifax, N. S. 30th June, 1838.

HORRID MURDER.—Intelligence was received by Mail on Saturday, of a horrid murder, committed at the River Philip, in the County of Cumberland, early on Thursday morning last. A Farmer of the name of John Clem, one of the victims of the assassin, formerly of King's County, it appears had for some years resided on the South side of the River Philip. Jane Pipes, a Widow, lived with him as Housekeeper; and at the time the sad event occurred, her daughter, about 11 years of age, was on a visit to her.

On the morning of the 28th June, one of the Settlers in the neighbourhood went to the House, he knocked several times without effect—then opened the door and entered the hut:—the scene presented was beyond description—there were Clem, the Widow Pipes and her child, all weltering in blood, and apparently in the agonies of death. No hopes were entertained of the Widow's recovery, but the child's life is not altogether despaired of. Suspicion fell immediately upon one Doyle, who had been a servant to Clem, and had been discharged only the day preceding the murder.

Intelligence of the horrid circumstance was received at Amherst at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th; it was soon known that the suspected Criminal had passed through the Settlement that morning, on his way, as was supposed, to St. John. A warrant for his apprehension was issued, and officers were sent in pursuit of him. On Saturday afternoon they returned, having Doyle in custody, who, after undergoing an examination, was committed to jail.—*Nor.*

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. W. Cogswell, Mr. John McNab, to Miss Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Joseph Darby, Esq.
On Sunday evening, 24th June, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Mr. D. Jones, of the Custom House Department, to Miss Ann Hinkle of this town.

DIED.

On Tuesday morning last, Arrabella Maria Haverstock, aged eight months and 17 days, only daughter of Mr. James A. Haverstock.
At Dartmouth, on Tuesday last, in her 66th year, Sarah, relict of the late James Mooncey, Esq. R. N.
Wednesday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, aged 68 years—an old and respectable inhabitant.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**ARRIVED.**

Friday, June 29th—schr. Defiance, Currie, Miramichi.
Saturday, 30th—Portuguese brig. Turgo 2d, St. Michael's, 40 day—salt, corn and lemons to McNab Cochran & Co.
Sunday, July 1st—schr. Brothers, Cape Negro, lumber, &c; Albion, Belfountain, Montreal, 21 days—flour and pork to Wm. Pryor and Sons, and Salsus & Wainwright.
Monday, 2d—brig. Rob Roy, Smith, Kingston, 28 days—rum and hides to Frith, Smith & Co; schr. Mary, Bridgeport, coal and herrings; Enterprise, do. coal; Queen Adelaide, Elizabeth, Fanny, and Sybella, Sydney, coal; Mary Jane, and Royal Adelaide, St. Mary's, lumber; John, Sydney, dry fish; Willing Lass, Guysboro', alewives and herrings; Dove, Canso, do; Adelaide, Guysboro', butter and herrings; Enterprise, Le Blanc, Miramichi, 21 days—shingles to A. Fraser; Sovereign, Wood, P. E. Island, 4 days—produce; Angelique, Bulong, Labrador, 5 days.
Tuesday, 3d—schr. Lucy, Pictou, coal, pork, seal skins, &c; Mary Ann, Vincent, Cape Anguille, Newfld., 5 days—oil, herrings, anchors, &c. to Archbold & Wilkie. Anchored at the beach Am. brig. Magnolia, Stone, New York, 6 days—bound to Pictou.
Wednesday, 4th—H. M. B. Snake, Commander, Milne, Kingston, 21, and Nassau 18 days—specie; schr. Hazard, Crowell, St. John, N. F. 12 days—19 tons seal oil to G. P. Lawson.
Thursday, 5th—brig. Mary Ann, Savannah, 19 days—timber to McNab & Cochran.
Friday, 6th—schr. Snowbird, Pierce, Shelburne, 2 days; schr. Arctic, Paitilo, Port Medway, 2 days—lumber; brig. Amelia, Killam, Liverpool, G. B. 42 days—salt, tea, dry goods and wine to S. Cunard & Co.

CLEARED.

June 27th—schr. Murie, Audet, Bay Chaleur—assorted cargo, by Creighton & Grassie and others; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B.; Victory, Penic, P. E. I.—by W. A. Black & Son and others; Woodbine, Robertson, do.—by Fairbanks & Allison and others; Queen Victoria, Montreal, 29th—schr. L'Esperance, LeBuff, Quebec, rum and sugar, by S. Binney; schr. Marine, Blois, Quebec, rum and herrings, by S. Binney; schr. Speedy Packet, LeBretton, Porto Rico, herrings, shingles and molasses, by T. C. Kinnear. 30th—schr. Adelle, Wilson, Birin, Newfld., flour, molasses, tobacco, etc. by W. Pryor & Sons; Favorite, Crowell, St. Andrews, N. B., molasses, sugar, pork, etc. by D. & D. Starr & Co.; brig. Triton, Arrowsmith, Miramichi, ballast, by the master; schr. Matilda, Robinson, P. E. Island, bricks, by the master; schr. Venus, Bulong, Miramichi, general cargo, by J. Allison, A. Morrison, H. Campbell. July 3rd, schr. Gentleman, Babin, Chaleur Bay, molasses, flour, bread, etc. by Hunter & Chambers; schr. Margaret, Conrad, Demerara, dry and pickled fish, oats, etc. by T. C. Kinnear and J. & T. Williamson. 4th—schr. Argus, Kenny, B. W. Indies, dry and pickled fish, staves, shingles, etc. by John Strachan; schr. Carleton Packet, Landry, Montreal, rum, sugar, and molasses, by Fairbanks & Allison; Hugh Hubbard, P. E. Island, merchandise. 5th—schr. Eliza Ann, Landry, Montreal, rum, sugar, &c. by S. Binney and S. Cunard; schr. Active, Kendrick, Placentia Bay, flour, bread, &c. by Fairbanks & Allison; Myrtle, Sulliffe, B. W. Indies, fish, and staves by H. G. Bazalgette; schr. Waterlily, McDonald, Barbadoes, herrings, etc. by J. Cameron; schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston, wood, iron, &c. by W. J. Long—26 passengers; brig. Woodbine, Homer, Nassau, lumber, shingles, &c. by J. Fairbanks; Packet Pictou, Clarke, St. John, N. F. molasses, tea, &c. by Creighton & Grassie and others; brig. Lady Sarah, Maitland, Grant, B. W. Indies, fish, flour, &c. by J. Fairbanks.

MEMORANDA.

Arrived at Quebec, June 17th—H. M. S. Pearl, Commander Lord Clarence Paget, Bermuda; H. M. Schr. Charybdis, Hon. Robert Gore, Portsmouth; Transports Calcutta, Cary, Cork; Venelia, Green, do; ship William Parker, Newfld.; brig. Elizabeth, Pictou. 18th—ship Jessie, Demerara; brigs Amphitrite, Newfld.; Victory, Ernst, Halifax; brig. Consolation, Jamaica; schr. Hertford, Pictou. 21st—H. M. S. Vestal, Jamaica via Halifax; schr. Mary, Pettipiece, Halifax; Triton, St. Kitts. 22nd—Transport Prince Regent, Cork; brigs Fisher, and Emma Zoller, Newfld. Cleared 18th—brig. Baltie, Yarmouth. 20th—Emerald, Jamaica; schr. Two Brothers, Mercier, Halifax. 21st—Beaver, St. John, N. B.; Dolphin, Ristigouche.
Quebec, June 17th—Arrived yesterday, transport Calcutta, May 7th from Cork, with 4 officers, 45 men, 5 women and 9 children of the Dragon Guards, 41 horses. Two of the horses died on the passage. Transport Vonilla, 4th May from Cork, with 5 officers, 36 men, 7 women, 9 children of the Hussars, and 40 horses. They both sailed for Montreal, to be taken, if the wind fails, in tow of the steamer British America.—**MERCURY.**
At Miramichi, June 20th—brigs Aulsea, and Oscar, Newfld. 25th—Enterprise, Dublin. Cleared, 20th—Reliance, Bell, Halifax. 22nd—Bee, Graham, Pictou; Defiance, Curry, Halifax.
At Richibucto, June 14th—schr. Pincher, Brien, hence; brig. Keldy Castle, Fotheringham, hence. Cleared, 23rd—schr. Messenger, Guysboro'.
At Dalhousie, June 7th—brigs Luna, Dumfries. 8th—Prospect, Bordeaux; barque Voyager, Newfld.; Brinda, Arichat. Cleared, Eliza Ann, Landry, Halifax; Carlton Packet, do.
At St. Andrews, June 18th—schr. Caroline, Crowse, hence. 25th—ship Queen Victoria, Liverpool; Northumberland, Sunderland. Cleared, schr. Union, Berbice.
At Charlotte Town, P. E. I. schr. Albion, and Abeona, hence; Hibernia, Newfld. Cleared, Hugh, Betsy, and Sovereign, Halifax.
At Pictou, June 21st—schr. Charlot and Lady, hence. 22nd—Isabella, do; brig. Clyde, Bristol. 23rd—barque Louisa, Hilgrove, hence; brig. Empress, Portsmouth; schr. Superior, Bristol; Susan, Magl. Islands Cleared, 25th—schr. Lucy, O'Brien, Halifax.
At St. John, N. B. 23rd ult. brig. Comet, Hamburg. 27th—brig. Horatio, Quebec; schr. Judge Thompson, do. 28th—schr. Ion, Hammond, hence. 30th—ship Jane Walker, Liverpool. Cleared, schr. Belvidera, Demerara.
At Eastport, 19th ult. schr. Herald, Windsor; 20th—Martha Grace, and Unicorn, Cumberland. 22nd—Henry, and Sarah Ann, Windsor. 24th—George, and Wellington, do. 25th—Shannon, and Happy Return, Windsor.
At Yarmouth, 23rd ult. schr. Margaret, Milonson, Boston. 25th—schr. Ellen, Flint, Grenada; brig. Adelina, Brown, St. Vincent. 27th—brig. Redbreast, Lovett, Demerara. 29th—schr. Germ, Porter, Demerara; brig. Mary, Churchill, do. Cleared, 25th—schr. Spartan, Windsor. 27th—Mary, Hemeon, B. W. Indies.

CONDIMENTS IN FOOD.—It is not enough that a sufficient quantity of one or more of the nutritive principles be swallowed. The function of digestion must be called into action to enable the crude materials to be assimilated. This is partly excited by the mere presence of a substance in the stomach, but more effectually when that substance is in itself of a stimulating quality, or is accompanied by certain accessories either added during the preparation of the food or at meal-times. Such accessories are termed condiments, which either make the food more grateful, or exercise a beneficial influence over the stomach during the process of digestion. The desire to eat is rarely so great when insipid food is offered to an individual as when savoury viands are presented. The very odour or aroma of these, excites the salivary glands to more abundant secretion of saliva, which is a preparation for the digestion of the food about to be taken. Though the mere application of heat in the process of cooking develops an aroma from many substances which were previously devoid of it, either by altering the chemical composition of the material, or by volatilizing a principle latent in the substance, yet many adventitious articles are used to assist in increasing or modifying this odour, or to correct certain qualities in particular kinds of food which are either disagreeable or injurious. Respecting the most common of these a few words may be allowed. That condiment which is of most universal requirement and utility is salt, or chloride of sodium. It is the only one which is indispensable, for not only does it exist in the milk which forms the earliest nutriment of the infant, but at all subsequent periods of life it is needed. Independently of the part which this compound performs in the stomach during digestion, it is still further serviceable in the blood, and more so in the blood of man than of any other being, as Berzelius has remarked that the blood of man contains three times more hydrochlorates than that of the ox. Besides, the use of salt greatly benefits the alimentary canal, and hinders the generation of worms. It is one of the most ready means of rendering insipid food acceptable to the palate, as is noticed in one of the earliest compositions which have come down to us. "Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt?" (Job, vi. 6.) Perhaps the next most important condiment is vinegar, which, like most vegetable acids, when taken in moderation, greatly assists in promoting the digestion of young meats of a gelatinous kind, such as veal. Mustard and peppers of different kinds are also useful, and more so in warm than cold countries, as they rouse the languid stomach, and enable it to effect the digestion of the food. Hot pickles, from containing vinegar at the same time, are often advantageous when used in moderation, but the abuse of such articles produces many serious effects, particularly obstruction of the liver, with its long train of disorders. The use of spices and aromatic agents not only renders the food more pleasant, but enables the stomach to bear a larger quantity. Hence they are too often made the means of leading the gourmand to be guilty of excess, and that cook is often most prized who can most cunningly minister to the pampered appetite. This is perverting cookery, a highly proper and commendable art, from its legitimate end.—*Penny Cyclopædia*, article *Food*.

CONDITION OF THE LAPLANDERS.—The condition of the wandering Laplander forms a singular union of real wealth with real poverty. To support a family in the "Fjelde," a flock of from three to four hundred reindeer is necessary. He who possesses only from one to three hundred, must depend for subsistence partly on fishing in the lakes and shooting, or must betake himself to the coast, or to husbandry in a fixed situation. The value of a reindeer is about one-third of that of a cow; it sells for three or four dollars, and a cow from nine to twelve; and the meat, skin, and horns of the one sell as readily as those of the other. A flock of 400 reindeer, the minimum which can support a family supposing one-fourth of the number to be full grown, and the other 300 to be worth only one-third of their value, must altogether be equal to a capital of 600 dollars, or about 126*l.* sterling. Yet the yearly produce of this capital, which is greater than the value of all the property possessed by three or four families of the working class in a civilized community, and with which they would be far removed from want, is insufficient to support a Laplander, even in the state of extreme privation in which he habitually lives. This is a striking instance of the real expense of living in that natural state as it has been called, or rather that barbarous one, in which man consumes what he produces, and lives independent of the arts of civilized life, its tastes, and enjoyments. The Laplander uses nothing which he does not make for himself, except the iron pot for dressing his victuals, and the piece of coarse cloth which forms his tent. He consumes nothing but what his reindeer yield him; his occasional excess in brandy, and his use of tobacco, are not ordinary indulgences. Yet without the tastes, habits, and gratifications of civilized life, or any of its expenses, the Laplander, with the above capital, is in poverty, and destitute of an assured subsistence. This shows the real expense of that half-savage life which, from the accounts of emigrants and travellers in America, we are apt to suppose is the least costly of any, because it has neither comforts nor luxuries to pay for, and produces what it consumes. The Laplander's condition is the *beau-ideal* of that sort of life. Five shillings would

undoubtedly purchase all that he uses in a year of those articles which are not indispensably necessary for existence; yet a capital which, with their own labour, would maintain three families in the enjoyment of the comforts and decencies of civilized life, according to their station, does not keep him from positive want. The Laplander, who possesses a thousand or more reindeer, and who is consequently a man of considerable property, lives in the same way as the poorest, enjoys no more of the luxuries of life, and has no higher tastes or habits to gratify. It is said that very considerable portions of the silver currency of the country are lost, in consequence of this class of Laplanders hoarding from generation to generation all the money they obtain by the sale of their surplus produce; and that the spot in the "Fjelde" where the treasure is buried often cannot be discovered by the heirs.—*Laing's Journal of a Residence in Norway*.

EXAMPLE FROM THE RIGHT QUARTER.—The Hon. the Committee from the Assembly of the State of New York, who were recently appointed to examine certain charges made against one of the banks in the city of New York, are consistent Temperance men. They were treated with courtesy and attention by several citizens of our commercial emporium, and when around the festive board or in the social party, it would be said, "Mr. Lawrence, will you pledge me in a glass of wine?" "Thank you, Sir, I am pledged against wine; but I will pledge you in a glass of water"—and making the hand correspond with the words, and filling the wine-glass with water, to the no small astonishment, and sometimes confusion, of the wine bibbers. "Well, Mr. Wardwell, shall I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?" "I am a Temperance man too, and do not use any intoxicating drinks." The whole company, by this time, would begin to stare. "Mr. Sibley, I trust I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?" "I go the whole length Sir. Intemperance is one of the greatest evils of our land, and there is no other quarter from which our liberties are so much in danger. The remedy is to change the fashion, not to use as a common drink any thing which can intoxicate; and this must be effected by precept and example of the sober and respectable. While we drink any thing which can intoxicate, our efforts to cure or prevent intemperance in others are worse than lost." But little wine was drunk where those true patriots were guests. Let every Temperance citizen always manifest the sterling integrity and consistency which these three worthy representatives of the people have done, and the triumph of Temperance would soon be sung.

WHITE RACE OF ATLAS.—M. Gayon, chief surgeon to the African army, writes to M. Dureau de la Malle, that at Bougia there is now living, a woman originally from the interior, supposed to be descended from the white tribe of Mount Aureps. She is at most twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, of very agreeable physiognomy, blue eyes, fair hair, beautiful teeth, and has a very delicate white skin. She is married to the Imaun of the mosques, Sidi Hamed, by whom she has three children, bearing a strong resemblance to herself. M. Arago observes, that these white people are not so rare in that part of the world as might be supposed, for when he was going from Bougia to Algiers, in 1808, by land, he saw women of all ages in the different villages, who were quite white, had blue eyes and fair hair, but that the nature of his journey did not permit him to stop and ask if they came from any peculiar tribe.

AN ANECDOTE.—We have been half inclined to suppose that the disposition ascribed to females to conceal their age, was rather sportive than correct; but a slight incident occurred at the late term of the Circuit Court in this city, which puts the matter right. A bible was introduced, to prove the age of an individual. The names of various members of the same family appeared in long array but the ages of some had evidently been obliterated and written anew. "How is this?" said the opposing counsel to a respectable old lady, who presented herself to vouch for the authenticity of the record.—"How came these figures altered?" The old lady was first reluctant to tell, but upon being pressed, tartly replied, "Well, if you must know, the girls did it. They scratched out their ages, but I wrote them in again!" The answer amused the Court, but was held perfectly satisfactory. So it must be held as recognised law, that ladies do sometimes conceal their age!—*Long-Island Star*.

NEW PLAN OF STICKING PEAS.—Procure a number of slim poles, about five feet long, and drive them into the ground at the distance of three or four yards. Pass a small line along the poles, taking a turn on each, within three inches of the ground; raise the next turn three inches and so on in succession, till you have attained the common height to which peas rise. The tendrils of the peas seize and twist round these lines, and they are supported in a more attractive, and a more profitable manner than they are by the common stakes. When spread regularly along the lines they have a fine circulation of air, more advantage from sunshine, and pods can be pulled at all times without injuring the plants, and as the sparrows have no twigs to light on, the portion of the crop which they destroy and devour is saved. This mode is so cheap, and simple, and possesses so many advantages that it is likely to be soon generally adopted.—*Scotsman*.

PICNICS.—A short distance from Coshocton, Ohio, U. S. a sin-

gular ancient burying ground has been lately discovered. "It is situated," says a writer in *Silliman's Journal*, "on one of those elevated, gravelly alluvions, so common on the rivers of the west. From some remains of wood, still apparent in the earth around the bones, the bodies seem all to have been deposited in coffins; and what is still more curious, is the fact that the bodies buried here were generally not more than from three to four and a half feet in length. They are very numerous, and must have been tenants of a considerable city, or their numbers could not have been so great. A large number of graves have been opened, the inmates of which are all of this pigmy race. No metallic articles or utensils have yet been found, to throw light on the period or the nation to which they belonged."

PHRENOLOGY.—A craniologist once dined in company with a gentleman who was too much addicted to sacrifice to the jolly god. The philosopher, who never lost an opportunity to prosecute his favourite science, studied the toper's head with great attention. The gentleman left the room, when the craniologist took occasion to observe to the wife of the bacchanalian—"Ah, madam, what a fine musician your husband is. I never saw the organ of music so fully developed." "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "I don't know what organ he may have, but if he have any, I'm sure it's a barrel organ."

ANCIENT LAWS AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.—Domitian ordered all the vine plants in the Roman territory to be rooted out. Charles X. of France, issued a similar edict. In 1535, under Francis I. a law was passed sentencing drunkards to imprisonment on bread and water for the first offence, a public whipping punished a second infringement, and on reiteration, banishment, and loss of ears. Draco inflicted capital punishment; Lycurgus destroyed the vineyards.—The Athenians had officers to prevent the excess of drinking; in Rome the patricians were not allowed the use of wine, until they had attained their thirty-fifth year—nevertheless, drunkenness was a common vice among the Romans. Atrelianus had officers whose duty it was to intoxicate foreign ambassadors. Temperance societies are not modern institutions. Sigismund de Eietrichstein established one in 1547, under the auspices of St. Christopher.

IMPROVED CHURCH BELL.—A new species of church bell or gong, has just been invented by a blacksmith in Thuringia, which is much less expensive than the ordinary church bell, but is, nevertheless, quite as powerful. This bell consists of three bars of steel forming a triangle.

WILLIAM PENN.—The land of William Penn is the only soil not purchased by the blood of the natives. A feeling of peace came over me, as I thought of this, and called to mind the scene where he is represented as treating with the Indians. The design is magnificent.

How firm must have been the principles of that man! What a religion that must be, which fortifies a man to go without armor or shield into the midst of a savage tribe, relying upon the efficacy of his own purity of purpose, and the dignity of his sentiments, to protect him! How much is such heroism beyond the daring of the warrior! The one is moral, the other is physical courage. Is there in all history a character that approaches nearer to the character of Christ than his? His weapons were meekness and love; he went about doing good; he endured adversity with patience, and would have suffered martyrdom for his faith. His fame is the purest fame; there is not a blot upon his character. His principles of peace are getting to be the principles of the whole civilized world.—*Wilson Conworth—Knickerbocker*.

A NEWSPAPER taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading—it communicates all the important events in the busy world; it is a never-failing source of amusement; and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who, possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

<i>Halifax</i> , A. & W. McKinlay.	<i>River John</i> , William Blair, Esq.
<i>Windsor</i> , James L. Dewolf, Esq.	<i>Charlotte Town</i> , T. Desbrisay, Esq.
<i>Lower Horton</i> , Chs. Brown, Esq.	<i>St. John, N.B.</i> , G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
<i>Wolfville</i> , Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,	<i>Sussex Falls</i> , J. A. Reeve, Esq.
<i>Kentville</i> , J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	<i>Dorchester</i> , C. Milner, Esq.
<i>Bridgetown</i> , Thomas Spurr, Esq.	<i>Sackville</i> , { Joseph Allison, and
<i>Annapolis</i> , Samuel Cowling, Esq.	{ J. C. Black, Esqrs.
<i>Digby</i> , Henry Stewart, Esq.	<i>Fredericton</i> , Wm. Grigor, Esq.
<i>Yarmouth</i> , H. G. Farish, Esq.	<i>Woodstock</i> , John Bedell, jr. Esq.
<i>Amherst</i> , John Smith, Esq.	<i>New Castle</i> , Henry Allison, Esq.
<i>Parrsboro'</i> , C. E. Ratchford, Esq.	<i>Chatham</i> , James Cate, Esq.
<i>Fort Lawrence</i> , M. Gordon, Esq.	<i>Carleton, &c.</i> , Jos. Meagher, Esq.
<i>Economy</i> , Silas H. Crane, Esq.	<i>Bathurst</i> , William End, Esq.
<i>Pictou</i> , Dr. J. W. Anderson.	<i>St. Andrews</i> , R. M. Andrews, Esq.
<i>Truro</i> , John Ross, Esq.	<i>St. Stephens</i> , Messrs. Pengree &
<i>Antigonish</i> , R. N. Henry, Esq.	Chipman.

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