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From the Baltimore Visitor.

REMARKABLE CASE OF MONOMANIA.

I was alone in the shop one day when a beautiful female dressed in the richest manner, came in, accompanied by a couple of small boys, her sons, for each of whom she wanted a suit of clothes. I was now old enough to take charge of the shop, and sell in Mr. Williams' absence, and therefore threw down several pieces of fine cloth for her to examine, naming to her enquiries, the price of suits for her sons from either. With her white, taper fingers, sparkling with jewels, she tried the texture of various pieces of goods, finding in each some objection, until I threw down for her examination a roll of fine, blue cloth, of light body, and remarkably soft and glossy surface. It was a new style of cloth then, and was finished in the richest manner.

'Beautiful!—beautiful!' said she, as I displayed it, in the soft light that came through a shaded window, 'what will each suit cost of this?'

'We could not make suits from this cloth for less than \$25 apiece.'

'That seems high,'—she remarked, musingly. 'Twenty-five dollars apiece?'

'It may seem high, madam—but that cloth is worth twelve dollars a yard, and we should lose on the clothes if we made them for less.'

'Wont you make the suits for \$45?' she said, after a moment's thought, turning upon me a pair of the brightest eyes I ever saw in woman's head, a sweet smile playing about her lips and just disclosing glimpses of a set of teeth white as the mountain's snows.

'Indeed, madam,' said I, half subdued, 'I cannot possibly say less than fifty dollars. It is a beautiful piece of cloth, and very costly.'

'Oh, I am sure you can say forty-five—come, now just say forty-five, and as soon as they are done, send your bill down to Mr. —, and you will have the money in hand.' And she looked at me with such a coaxing and winning smile, that to resist was next to impossible, even though my master should cut his cloth without profit.

'Well, madam,' said I, 'as long as the terms are to be cash, and Mr. — is to pay the bill (He was one of the wealthiest and most punctual men in the city) I will say forty-five dollars, but we shall make nothing on the clothes.'

She now wanted a choice of buttons, and I placed a box before her containing a great variety. She looked them over and over again, and after choosing and refusing half a dozen patterns, seemed as far from meeting with any thing to suit her taste as at first. Meanwhile a customer came in, whom she requested that I should wait upon while she made her selection. I did so, and was occupied some ten minutes, during which time she was looking over the buttons—amusing herself with examining the many beautiful patterns. As soon as the last customer went out, she made the choice, and also left the shop.

When Mr. Williams came in I told him of the sale which I had had made, and the reasons, which were odd enough, for my selling the suits at such a reduction. He laughed at my susceptibility to beauty and winning grace, and said that the clothes could be barely afforded at forty-five dollars, but as the terms were cash, and he wanted money the next week, badly, he should have consented to make them at that price himself.

The clothes were cut out and made,—sent home and the cash paid on the presentation of the bill to Mr. —.

We had a boy, whose great propensity to steal every thing he could lay his hands on, was a source of much vexation to Mr. Williams. Several times he had been detected in carrying off and selling trinkets from the shop, and had as frequently been severely punished. A few days after Mrs. — had been at the shop, a package of buttons of a peculiar and choice pattern were missed, and search made for them in every box and drawer. Tom, the boy alluded to, was finally called up and charged with having taken them. He looked much confused on the accusation, but stoutly denied the charge. But as the buttons were certainly gone, and as they could not go, as Mr. Williams alleged, without hands, and as Tom was the only one about the place who had ever been known to take what was not his own, he must produce the buttons or be flogged. Poor Tom cried bitterly, protesting his innocence, but Mr. Williams had suffered himself to get into a passion, and would listen to none of his earnest denials. He was hurried off into the garret, and cowed severely. The poor fellow's cries were heard down in the shop, and for once we

could not help thinking him punished unjustly. He continued, after his punishment to deny having had any thing to do with the buttons, and even Mr. Williams began to regret that he had whipped him so severely.

Nothing was heard of the buttons, until about four months after, when the two little suits of clothes we had made for Mrs. — were sent back for repair, with sets of beautiful buttons to replace the old ones, which Mr. Williams at once recognized as precisely similar to those lost. I mentioned to him the fact of Mrs. — having handled our buttons, but he repudiated the inference my allusion drew, and said that others had buttons of the same pattern as well as he. The confidence seemed to me a little strange, and considering her peculiar manner, I could not divert my mind of the idea that Mrs. — had carried off the package of buttons. In a few minutes after the servant had left the clothes, Mrs. — herself came in to give some directions about them. Her sweet face, winning and amiable manners, and perfect self-possession, at once dispelled the foul suspicion I had entertained almost involuntarily, and I censured myself for the singular hallucination that a moment before possessed me.

'These are the most beautiful buttons, Mr. Williams, I have ever seen,' said she picking up one from the counter, where they lay in the open paper. 'Wont they look charming on the children's clothes. They are far prettier than the old ones. Really, Mr. Williams I don't think you displayed much taste in your selection.'

'Why madam, I put on the ones you chose.'

'Did you, indeed, then I must have been in one of my absent moods, for surely if I had been in my right senses I never would have chosen these ugly things. Let me look at some of your's, and see if you have any that I may be tempted to buy, for I have a singular passion for beautiful buttons.'

The box of choice buttons was instantly thrown open for her inspection, and after admiring some of the neatest patterns, she concluded that none were so pretty as the ones she had, and went out.

In a day or two after in looking for a peculiar pattern of buttons for a gentleman's coat, they were missed from the box.

'This is strange,' muttered my master to himself. 'Can it be possible that Mrs. — took them? Certainly not! What on earth could she want with them. She is under no necessity to steal.'

The mere entertainment of suspicion gives it strength, and soon the question of Mrs. —'s honesty began to be troublesome to the mind of Mr. Williams. He could not dismiss the subject much as he felt inclined so to do. One day a neighbour happened to call in the shop, and Mr. Williams from some cause alluded to the subject of the lost buttons, and mentioned the singular coincidence in relation to them and the visits of Mrs. —.

'I suppose then,' was his reply, 'that the madam has got at some of her slippery tricks again.'

'What do you mean?' said Mr. Williams.

'Mean? why have you not heard that Mrs. — is naturally light-fingered?'

'No, indeed, I never heard of any such thing.'

'Then you have never heard half of the strange things which happen in this world. Why there are more than twenty dry good store keepers on Market street, who have their instructions from her husband to say nothing about any goods she may be seen carrying off from their stores, but to send in their bills to him and get their money. He has tried almost every means to break her of her strange propensity to steal, but all to no purpose. He is said to have kept her on bread and water for weeks and weeks at a time. To have confined her to the house for months together, but all to no purpose. The very first time she could get out, she would pick up cheap or costly things, as they came in her way—as it seemed merely for the excitement of stealing. She once stole a diamond breast pin worth a hundred dollars from a jeweller's store on Market street, when no one was in attendance but a clerk, who did not detect her, and was not aware of her propensity. The pin was missed by the owner very shortly after, and learning who had been in the store, immediately suspected the truth. He went forthwith to her husband, and apologising for the nature of his visit, told him his loss and his suspicions. Mr. — leaned his head upon his hands at the desk where he sat for some moments, and then heaving a long sigh, mildly requested the jeweller to take a seat and wait a few moments. He left his counting room, and was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned he made no remark, but drew a check for a hundred

dollars, and handing it to the jeweller, politely bowed him out.

'Can this be possible?'

'Indeed it is true every word. And Mrs. — is not the only person in high life in Baltimore who is addicted to such things. It is a strange kind of monomania, so it is called when the wealthy indulge in it; but a poor woman caught in such acts would be sent to the Penitentiary. In the case of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. — I am at loss to understand its nature. She has as much money as she wants for every thing, and yet she is said to set no value upon any thing that she does not steal. At fashionable parties, she will steal dessert spoons, and silver knives, and from her friends' dressing rooms carry off fine laces, or collars, or any little trifle that comes in her way.'

I certainly was never more astonished in my life than I was at this relation of the moral obliquity of this lady. I had never heard of any instances of the kind then, though many have come to my knowledge since. It was melancholy indeed to think that one so beautiful, so amiable in all her social relations, so intelligent and accomplished, should by some perversion of the moral powers of her mind, be utterly incapable of appreciating the spirit of that commandment, which says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

I have thus introduced this lady to the reader for the purpose of relating a circumstance which may still be remembered by some of the older inhabitants of our city—a circumstance which thrilled with astonishment all classes of society, and awoke an interest and an excitement which was not allayed for years.

Unfortunately for Mrs. — she attempted to practice these unlawful acts on a low-bred, vindictive fellow, who kept a dry goods store in Ward street. He saw the theft and pointed it out to his clerk, that he might be a witness against her. The article stolen was a small piece of fine thread lace, worth, probably ten dollars.

The moment Mrs. — left the store he went to a magistrate's and made oath of the theft. An officer was immediately despatched with a warrant, and the distressed lady torn by force from her family and confronted with her accuser at the Police Office. Unable to deny the charge, for the officer had found the piece of lace on her table and brought it with him, she begged, with tears, the merchant to pass by the offence. But hard of heart, he would listen to no palliation and requested the magistrate to make out a commitment, unless bail were obtained, as he was determined that the whole affair should be made the subject of legal action.

An officer was despatched to the counting room of Mr. —, who appeared at the Magistrate's office greatly agitated. The meeting between himself and his guilty wife was affecting in the extreme. She flung herself, trembling and weeping in his arms, and hiding her head in his bosom, begged him to save her from persecutors. With all the tenderness of a parent for his child, he soothed and comforted her, assuring her that he would satisfy all demands against her and save her from the consequences of her indiscretion. The security offered was of course accepted. He entered into recognizance in the sum of one thousand dollars, for her appearance at the June term of the criminal court, which would set in about six weeks. A carriage was then called, and the beautiful, and intelligent, but unhappy lady, was driven off to the house whence but a short time before she had been torn from amid her children, and brought to the bar of justice as a felon.

Supposing that all proceedings could easily be stayed, Mr. — waited immediately upon the store keeper who had caused her to be arrested, but he positively refused to stop the course of justice.

'But my dear Sir,' urged the heart-stricken man—'no possible good can grow out of this prosecution. I will willingly make you restitution ten, twenty, an hundred fold. Mrs. — labors under a strange and painful monomania. She has money for whatever she desires, and yet she sets no value upon any thing that she does not take secretly. At all times I am willing, and hold myself in readiness to pay for whatever she may take. Name the amount that will satisfy you.'

'There is no use in your talking to me any farther on the subject,' said the unfeeling and evil minded dealer, 'You rich people call stealing 'monomania' when the thief is among yourselves. But I know no distinctions, and will make none. Mrs. — must stand her trial, and take the penitentiary for her abiding place if there is any justice to be had in this city. I have heard of her tricks before, and in charity will put a stop to her light fingered pleasantries.'

'But, my dear sir—'

'But me no buts,' said the wretch, and turned abruptly from the pleading husband.

The long dreaded blow had at length fallen on Mr. ——— and he felt stunned and sick at heart. In his wife to whom he was sincerely attached, he found every thing amiable, forbearing and intelligent, but there was one dreadful infatuation which he could not break. There was one dim spot in her moral perceptions, which cast a shadow upon every other virtue. He had remonstrated and pleaded with her time after time about her unaccountable propensity. But all in vain. Sometimes she would confess with tears her grief at her own conduct; and at other times manifest the coldest indifference. To all her friends her conduct was a painful mystery. No article that she purchased seemed to please her fancy. But one that she adroitly purloined would be exhibited as that with which above all others she was most delighted. She was never known to secrete any article after she had brought it home—nor did she appear conscious of the fact that she had obtained it unlawfully. Her husband under all the circumstances, could come to no other conclusion than that she was a monomaniac on that particular subject. She was never known to be guilty of any similar indiscretion until after she was married—nor then, until she had been at death's door for days with a severe attack of typhus fever. As she slowly recovered from this illness there was evidence that some change had taken place in her mind. She did not appear perfectly rational until some months after her convalescence—then she suddenly recovered her vivacity and wit, and was intelligent as before. The only change that had been wrought was the strange obliquity mentioned.

As a parent loves more tenderly a wayward child, that by its disobedience or errors causes him frequent and anxious concern, so did Mr. ——— love with an increasing and tender regard the wife of his bosom, who occupied his thoughts through the day, and his dreams at night. He had long feared some afflicting termination of her indiscretion, and often when looking at his sweet, innocent children, and their beautiful mother, would turn away to hide the tear that started to his eye. To have those children publicly disgraced, and by that mother—oh the thought was agony.

After many ineffectual attempts both by himself and her friends to obtain a compromise, he was reluctantly compelled to get able counsel and prepare for the coming trial. On the part of the prosecution every nerve was strained to procure the most extensive and explicit testimony, in order to prove that she was 'a common thief.' Very many, from whom she had at different times taken articles, and for which her husband had paid, were summoned to bear reluctant testimony to facts which they had not the most distant idea of exposing—facts which had transpired through the indiscretion of clerks, or probably of the principals themselves.

As the day of trial approached great anxiety prevailed in all classes of society—and opinions as to the nature of her guilt, and moral responsibility, were many and various. Among the lower and middle classes there was but little difference of opinion. They estimated guilt by action alone—nor stopped a moment (having no sympathies with the more wealthy portion of society) to draw nice distinctions between monomania and moral action. They knew that theft was punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary whenever it occurred among themselves, —and they always considered the penalty a just one. Now that a lady in high life was caught in the same guilt, they saw no reason why she should be saved from the prison. As her husband was very wealthy, they hesitated not to affirm, that she would be cleared—and that in consequence of liberal bribes to Judges and Jurymen.

A dense crowd filled all the avenues to the court-house on the morning of the trial, and the court room was at an early hour crowded almost to suffocation. Feeling a strong interest in the case, I obtained permission from my master to be present, and was so fortunate as to get a position in which I could both see and hear all the proceedings. I waited nearly an hour before the opening of the court, with an anxious and beating heart. I dreaded the moment when I should first set my eyes upon the beautiful prisoner. I knew that the first sight of her, in all her shame and misery would cause a shock of feeling that I by no means desired to experience. Among those present, were many ladies belonging to the highest circles—such as had been on terms of the closest intimacy with the culprit. There was concern and sorrow upon each fair face.

The court opened, and just as her name was called a slight movement near the door indicated her entrance, and in a moment after Mrs. ——— appeared closely veiled, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, who looked pale and haggard. She took her seat a little to the left of the Bench, and half drew aside her veil, evidently for the purpose of getting a little air, which exposed her face enough for me to get a perfect view of its predominant expression and character where I stood. Oh, how pale and wan, and wretched she looked. She seemed older by twenty years than she did when I last saw her in my master's shop. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her whole frame trembled with half-subdued but strong agitation.

After the witnesses were all sworn, the principal witnesses, being the retailer and his clerk, gave in their testimony. It was clear and explicit as regarded the stealing of the lace, the testimony of the one not varying in a single shade from the other. When the first and principal of the two witnesses took the stand,

the judge regarded him with a look half contemptuous and half forbidding, but when both master and man had closed their evidence, a cloud fell upon his countenance, that showed how much he regretted and feared the consequences of this distinct and unvarying testimony. The lace was produced, as found by the officer, and was sworn to before the court, by the retailer and his clerk.

Other witnesses were now brought forward by the prosecution, who, though with evident reluctance, testified distinctly to the fact of Mrs. ——— having frequently taken things from their stores in an improper manner. An examination of two eminent physicians then took place, who were summoned by the defence in order, if possible, to break the force of the strong testimony against Mrs. ——— by the witnesses on the part of the State. The fact was stated to the court, that Mrs. ——— before her marriage or rather before having suffered with a violent attack of typhus fever, was never known to have been guilty of theft. From the time of her recovery from that sickness she had shown a strange propensity to take what was not her own. In reference to this fact, both physicians stated, that, although no instance had come under their notice before, yet in reports of medical cases many remarkable instances were recorded of persons having become addicted to stealing on recovery from typhus fever, who were previous to their sickness never known to purloin the smallest article. They had not the slightest doubt but that the case now under consideration by the court was a similar one and called for particular leniency.

The prosecuting attorney now made a short but distinct and weighty speech on the question, which sent the blood from many a fair cheek. Mrs. ——— listened to it with lips apart, and eager eyes, and when he sat down shuddered as with an ague fit. Her husband, who sat by her side, covered his face with his hands and leaned his head on the bench before him, as if sick at heart. And I doubt not that he was.

The argument on the defence was a noble effort. Every point in the testimony of the physicians was brought out in a light so favourable to the prisoner, that hope sate on every countenance. The witness for the State was handled with a severity that made him cringe where he sat, and shrink into himself, as if he felt that he was utterly contemptible. The trial lasted through the whole day, and late in the afternoon, the Judge summed up the evidence, and gave an able charge to the jury, leaning evidently in favor of the prisoner. The twelve men who were utterly to destroy, or restore, by their decision, hope to a stricken family, retired at six o'clock to deliberate upon the agitating question of the day. An hour passed away in fearful suspense, but they had come to no decision, and at last those most deeply interested retired to their homes to await in an agony of suspense for the light of another day.

It was nearly twelve o'clock on the following day, when the jury came into court, prepared to render a verdict. Mrs. ——— was of course present and her friends. The foreman in a husky voice, and with evident reluctance, read a verdict of 'Guilty' to the indictment, which was for larceny. Poor Mrs. ——— fainted away to all appearance dead, at the fearful announcement, so different from what almost every one present expected. Mr. ——— clasped his hands together, and lifting his eyes above, exclaimed half audibly, 'My poor wife! my poor children!' It was fully an hour before Mrs. ——— was sufficiently recovered to hear her sentence, which was finally read. It was imprisonment, at hard labor, in the Penitentiary for two years! My feeble powers of description are utterly inadequate to the task of presenting vividly the picture of desolation of heart, and deep agony that were exhibited by the principal actors in this scene of woe. Even the Judge on his bench was moved to tears.

Such a sentence is speedily executed. The half senseless prisoner was soon in the custody of an officer, and accompanied by her husband was conveyed to that receptacle of crime and misery where her sentence had consigned her.

My heart beats quick, and I pause oppressed and with a feeling of suffocation as memory vividly recalls this harrowing scene, and with the memory is awakened old sensations that have been long at rest. Can imagination picture a deeper domestic sorrow—combining disgrace with separation?

A petition was instantly drawn up, and before three days had elapsed, Mr. ——— was at Annapolis with an appeal to the Governor, signed by two thousand of the most respectable and wealthy ladies and gentlemen of Baltimore. It required no great stretch of the pardoning power to reach this case, and before a week had elapsed, Mrs. ——— was at liberty and restored to her family. But she never held up her head again. Deep melancholy settled upon her heart, nor could all the affectionate attempts of her husband, or the innocent prattle of her sweet children rouse her from her settled gloom. She went no more into society. Within the chambers of her own dwelling she retired, and shut out the world. No friend, not even the most intimate, was admitted, and besides her husband and children, but a single old servant was allowed to come into her presence.

About one year after the melancholy trial, Mr. ——— removed from this city with his family, and since I have heard nothing of him. Perhaps in some pleasant village, far retired from the bus-

tle and agitation of a city life, his unfortunate wife found that repose of mind which with any touches of sensibility, she could never have experienced in Baltimore.

Then, every transaction in private life was not as now, hurried into the newspapers, to gratify a purient desire for scandal. Every conductor of a paper in Baltimore respected the lacerated feeling of the husband and father, and refused to expose to public gaze what was already too notorious. The prosecutor, who had then a brother in the State's prison was shortly after detected in unlawful practices. He escaped justice by flight.

For the Pearl.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PETRA.—No. 4.

"Also Edom shall be a desolation, every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof. As in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the neighbouring cities thereof, saith the Lord, no man shall abide there, neither shall any son of man dwell therein. Therefore hear the council of the Lord that he hath purposed against Teman, surely the least of the flock shall draw them out, surely he shall make their habitation desolate. The earth was moved at the noise of their fall, the cry thereof was heard in the Red Sea." Jeremiah xlix. "Thus saith the Lord God: because that Edom hath dealt against the house of Judah, by taking vengeance; and hath greatly offended and revenged herself upon them; therefore thus saith the Lord God, I will also stretch out my hand upon Edom, and I will cut off man and beast from it, and I will make it desolate from Teman." Ezekiel xxv. "Thus saith the Lord God concerning Edom: Behold I have made thee small among the heathen; thou art greatly despised; the pride of thine heart hath deceived thee; thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart who shall bring me down to the ground. Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord God." Obadiah i.

It was past four o'clock when the travellers descended—they then pitched their tent; the Arabs all came under the shade to avoid the rays of the sun, and talk more at ease concerning the perilous ascent of Mount Hor. Stevens read to them, and Paul explained the texts concerning the death of Aaron as recorded in our Bible: they were astonished at the relation from a book. One of the Arabs still contended that Aaron was a Mussulman, and Mr. Stevens accommodated the matter by admitting that indeed he was not a *Christian*. That evening the Arab sheik and Paul had a long and curious conversation. When he told the sheik that this expensive and dangerous route was undertaken to visit the remains of Petra, and to ascend Mount Hor, the latter took his long pipe from his mouth, saying "this humbug may do with fools, but there is somewhat more;" and when Paul persisted, and had even sworn to the real object of the journey, the sheik vociferated that in such a case he would disbelieve his own brother. "Not so," said he, "to look at old ruins is the pretended, to search for treasure is the *real object* of your visits, what fools you are, forsooth, thus to lose your time, money, and labor, for the sake of viewing old stones!" I know there must be treasure in Petra, and am really of opinion that coins and other relics of antiquity may be found by digging amid the ruins, but which the ferocious and avaricious, as well as deplorably ignorant Arabs, would never permit to Europeans, whom they will hardly suffer even to visit Petra; and indeed the opinion of all the eastern nations is strictly similar on these subjects to that of the Arabs. This false impression subjects travellers to many insults. Utterly destitute of taste themselves for the fine arts, as the Arabs are, they believe that all mankind are in that respect alike: improved civilization will alone cause them to change their inconclusive and false opinion.

The travellers now pursued their route through the doomed land of Edom (or Idumea). Three different parties had in an interval of twenty years since its discovery entered the city of Petra at divers intervals, but none had passed through the land of Edom; and Stevens concludes himself the first traveller who really passed through the doomed and blighted Edom. In the present state of the world; Europe, Asia, and even the deserts of "savage Africa, the land of Juba, the dry-nurse of lions," have been trodden down by the feet of travellers; but in Edom, the oldest of kingdoms, all is new and strange, and its very sands have been untrodden by civilized man. The road indeed, or path along which the stranger journeys, was far better known in the days of David and Solomon than now, and when he tires with the contemplation of barrenness and ruin, he may then take up his Bible and read what Edom was, and how God, by the mouth of his holy prophets cursed it,—and see with his own eyes the complete fulfilment of the awful predictions: "Also Edom shall be a desolation; all that go by shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof." Jer. xlix. The valley still continued as before presenting sandy hillocks, thorn bushes, gullies, dry beds of streams, once covered with water. To the geologist every step opens a new page in the great book of Nature, carrying him back to the time when all was chaos, "and Darkness covered the face of the Deep;" by the regular operations of Nature, the river contracting, and at length leaving its channel dry; and again—he who in the wonders around him seeks the evidence of events recorded in the Bible, here finds them in the abundant tokens that the shower of fire and brimstone descended from heaven on the guilty cities of the plain, stopped the course of the

Jordan, and formed it into a pestilential lake, leaving the dry bed of a river in this desolate valley—part and parcel of the once populous and rich land of Idumea—in the days of King Solomon the great highway by which he secured the gold of Ophir for the temple; and by which in the days of the pomp and pride of Imperial Rome, the mistress of the world, the wealth of distant India, her gold and ivory, were brought even to her doors.

Our enterprising traveller now relates a fearful accident that had befallen his servant Paul who fell from a dromedary; the baggage on the animal's back fell over him, and when found he was senseless. The Arabs differed in their method of treating the case—they wanted to bleed him; but our traveller, not liking their method, would not permit the operation. The safety of the patient often consists "in the quarrels of the physicians," and this probably saved the life of the poor Italian interpreter. Stevens placed him on his own horse; they soon came to an Arab encampment, situated in a most singular and romantic spot; the approach was interesting. An Arab was kneeling, engaged in his devotions, with his face (as usual) towards the tomb of the Prophet. He had ended his prayers by the time of our approach, was sitting on the rock, and we found he had been literally praying on the house-top, for his dwelling was in the rock beneath. His personal appearance was that of a patriarch, as Abraham or his sons are generally painted. He rose, and insisted on us to stop the night with him, and leading us a few paces to the brink of the mountain, he showed us in the valley below the village of his tribe. The valley lay between ranges of broken and overhanging rocks, a smooth and beautiful table of green for a quarter of a mile, and beyond that distance—broke off and expanded into an extensive meadow, filled with flocks of sheep and goats,—and (an unusual sight) a herd of cows. But where were the dwellings of the shepherds? In Egypt the Arabs lived in tombs and temples; in the Desert, in tents; but never in the crevices of the rocks, like the fox or badger: such however were their habitations here. Within the small enclosure in front, the women were seen, either winnowing, or grinding grain, or rather pounding it between two stones, as practised in olden times.

Having taken care of his unfortunate man, our traveller examined more particularly the strange abodes of the Arabs, which he concluded much more comfortable than most of the huts on the Nile, or the rude tents of the Bedouins. It was not poverty that drove this tribe to the rocks; they exceeded 300, and had flocks and herds rarely seen with the Arabs—they looked much better than his escort. He observed the marked difference of races in the East: the change from the swarthy and bearded visages of his companions, to the feminine aspect of these Arab women was very pleasing. His heart warmed toward these Arab women. One was tall and fairer than the most of her tribe, and with her shepherd's crook in her hand, she was driving her flock of goats up the valley, to the little enclosure before the door of her rocky dwelling. There was no colour in her cheek; we saw there was gentleness in her eye, and much delicacy in every feature—and moving with us, she would be cherished and cared for as a tender plant, and served with all respect and love—but here she was a servant; her days passed in guarding her flock, and at night she reposed on the rude floor of her rocky couch. This fine woman appears to have made a deep impression on the heart of our young traveller. In the evening the Arabs of both sexes came up alternately, with their crooks in their hands, and their well-trained dogs, driving the flocks before them; some entered the enclosures, but many, destitute even of this miserable shelter, slept outside in the open valley, with their flocks around them and their dogs keeping watch—presenting the same beautiful pastoral scenes so often seen on the mountains of classic Greece. In the evening, the travellers partook of their repast of corn and milk, so thick that it might be taken by the hands without spoon or ladle; this was followed by a smoking dish of stewed kid; after which some departed to the rocks—others slept round the fire (as the Indians in North America) and our travellers retired to their tents. All night the valley resounded with the lowing of cattle, the bleating of lambs and goats, and the loud barking of the Arab's watch dog. Early during star-light the travellers were on foot; the Arabs soon arose, and the women were milking the cows and goats, and at daybreak they were moving to the pastures at the foot of the valley; hence our travellers passed the Desert, and gradually advanced into a better country.

H. H.

PARTY SPIRIT.—A furious party spirit, when it rages with violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when under its greatest restraints, breaks out in calumny, detraction, and a partial administration of justice—in a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion and humanity.

Bishop Burnet, who was a tall, large boned man, preaching once with vehemence before king Charles the Second, closed one of his sentences with a violent thump upon the cushion, and this note of interrogation. 'Who dares deny it?' 'Nobody,' said the king in a whisper, 'who stands there in the reach of that mighty great fist of yours.'

THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

Swim through the waves of Time and ne'er despair,
But lift thy head and breathe the eternal air.

The only hopes for ever doomed to know
A false event are those that aim too low.

Who has not known some moments rich as years,
May watch an hour-glass, not behold the spheres.

No holier truth has reached us from above
Than this,—Love errs not but by want of Love.

Who knows how various Thoughts one Will express,
Blames no man's faith except for faithlessness.

Material Time but numbers grains of wheat,
While Heavenly Time feels Nature's pulses beat.

The dreamer's world of vain, inactive bliss
Were hell to him whom Duty sways in this.

How many joys that crowds insatiate quaff,
Are shows as empty as an actor's laugh.

Thou canst not do the thing thou wouldst, no doubt:
Could we do all we would life's task were out.

For strength and not for fear, O! Man, is given
The upward sense that lifts thy soul to Heaven.

O! Gods of Greece, behold no more on high,
Though ye are set your light still paints the sky.

The much we try proclaim our future hope,
The little we perform, our present scope.

How sad if stars adorned our dwelling's dome,
Not showed beyond its roof a boundless home.

As blows the wind we needs must trim the sail;
But still 'tis ours to tack against the gale.

Had Judas been a fiend all scorn and hate,
He had not died in wo but lived elate.

No face all ugly e'er was seen on earth:
No heart all evil e'er from Eve had birth.

The steersman Will pursues the course it ought,
Consulting still the compass-card of Thought.

Sweet stream! thou hastenest on in youthful pride,
Nor heed'st thy hastening tow'rd the salt-sea tide.

High task, to make at once and read the story
That paints itself in Life's fair allegory!

Some hour will needs in every face disclose
The Best and Worst that any ever shows.

The torch by burning must no doubt expire,
But dying need not set the house on fire.

Ah! Woman, ill those hands thy worth repay,
That seek with plumes of Man to make thee gay.

The subtlest gallant e'er in mask concealed
Is Love—by most disguises best revealed.

Full oft in wrinkled forehead saturnine,
All Jove and Venus dwell with glow divine.

Fair Time of Youth! your blossom's dearest praise
Is from the hope fulfilled in Autumn's days.

How much had Man's whole aim and life been less,
Would Luther but have changed his No! to Yes!

Who nothing Great behind the small divines,
Thinks Great events are hung on smallest lines.

Some seeing God in Jesus crucified,
Think Faith dares own his love in nought beside.

Drear thought that all the work Man's life can have
Is but to bear his coffin tow'rd his grave.

Blackwood's Magazine.

SECOND LOVE.—It was so new to be loved, simply and honestly, with no guile or pain; to trust to the feeling itself, and not to artificial aids to passion, which most people are obliged to resort to, to keep up the illusion, that I loved now better than ever, and while I indulged an old passion, by the novelty of the attending circumstances, it was almost like a new one. Beside, I got room to draw some philosophical deductions about the passion; to find out the falsity of that theory of love, which makes it impossible for us to love but one object during life. The truth of the whole matter is this: We feel but once that headlong ardor, that intensity of passion which is spurred on by novelty and inexperience, and which places woman above humanity—a being to be idolized, and looked up to, and prayed to. When such a love is not consummated, the passing away of the illusion is like taking the vital breath from the body; it is like the escape of air condensed by artificial means, which sometimes destroys the vessel that contains it. This sudden change of habit, of feeling sometimes, if acting upon a sickly imagination, destroys life. So that people do die for love, as well as for loss of property, and other misfortunes which take away interest in life, and leave a canker at the heart. But shall we conclude from this, that we may not feel attachment twice? Deprived, by freak, of one object of affection, though we may mourn the loss, if we discover qualities to admire in another, may we not wish to bring ourselves within the sphere of their influence?—to possess them? This is love. Is it inconsistent to have shades of remembrance of past friends? Are we unjust to the present, by reflecting upon the noble qualities of those we have lost? Is not the present pos-

session raised in value, by feeling that it is something really true, and common, and rational, and lasting, that we possess? Young men, mad with wine, and tobacco, and young ladies—nervous from late hours, and tight lacing, and cologne water—may sneer at such reasoning; but we shall find it to be true in life.—*Wilson Conworth.*

"UNION; or, the Divided Church made one."—Such is the title of a new work by Rev. John Harris, author of "Mammon," "Britannia," etc. The object of the work is to overthrow all sectarian prejudices, and to promote the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. The *Wesleyan Association Magazine* in a brief notice of the leading features of the volume, speaks of it in the following commendatory terms:—"The eloquent author still maintains his accustomed dignity and brilliancy of style. His sentences are exceedingly harmonious, and his cadences are round and sonorous: his words are well selected, and his images are maintained with an uniform and logical congruity. In short, his eloquence is truly excellent; as every thought is embodied in exact proportions, and clothed with a drapery that is ornamental and enchanting. We are of opinion, nevertheless, that his eloquence is not supported by an equal originality of thought; and that his writings are more adapted to afford pleasure, than to produce conviction. The divided churches can never be made one, except by the unsophisticated exercise of our private judgment in the reading of the sacred volume, and by the consequent abrogation of all sectarian tests and subscriptions. Still, the object of Mr. Harris in his work is truly Christian, and is highly praiseworthy, and his work is well adapted to break up the barriers of sectarian tests and of sectarian animosities, and to sow the seeds of charity in the churches of Christ. We therefore wish him great success in his catholic undertaking, and we recommend his eloquent production to the careful perusal of our readers."

THE ATHENIAN AREOPAGUS.—The remotest traditions clothed the very name of this assembly with majesty and awe. Holding their council on the sacred hill consecrated to Mars, fable asserted that the god of battle had himself been arraigned before its tribunal. Solon exerted his imagination to sustain the grandeur of its associations. Every distinction was lavished upon senators, who, in the spirit of his laws, could only pass from the temple of virtue to that of honor. Before their jurisdiction all species of crime might be arraigned—they had equal power to reward and to punish. From the guilt of murder to the negative offence of idleness, their control extended—the consecration of altars to new deities, the penalties affixed to impiety, were at their decision and in their charge. Theirs was the illimitable authority to scrutinize the lives of men—they attended public meetings and solemn sacrifices, to preserve order by the majesty of their presence. The custody of the laws and the management of the public funds, the superintendence of the education of youth, were committed to their care. Despite their power, they interfered but little in the management of political affairs, save in cases of imminent danger. Their duties, grave, tranquil and solemn, held them aloof from the stir of temporary agitation. They were the last refuge of the state, to which, on common occasions, it was almost profanity to appeal. Their very demeanour was modelled to harmonize with the reputation of their virtues and the dignity of their office. It was forbidden to laugh in their assembly—no archon who had been seen in a public tavern, could be admitted to their order, and for an areopagite to compose a comedy was a matter of special prohibition. They sat in the open air, in common with all courts having cognizance of murder. If the business before them was great and various, they were wont to divide themselves into committees, to each of which the several causes were assigned by lot, so that no man knowing the cause he was to adjudge could be assailed with the imputation of dishonest or partial prepossession. After duly hearing both parties, they gave their judgment with proverbial gravity and silence. The institution of the ballot (a subsequent custom) afforded secrecy to their award—a proceeding necessary amid the jealousy and power of factions, to preserve their judgment unbiassed by personal fear, and the abolition of which, was among the causes that crushed for a while the liberties of Athens. A brazen urn received the suffrages of condemnation—one of wood those of acquittal. Such was the character and constitution of the AREOPAGUS.—*Bulwer.*

The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand million of years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote 40 pages daily, each of which pages contained 40 different transpositions of the letters.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—Barry Cornwall puts into the mouth of Julian the Apostate, the following beautiful argument in favour of the immortality of the soul:—

"I cannot think that the great soul of man,
With its accumulated wisdoms, too,
Must perish—why, the words he utters, lives,
And is the spirit which gave birth to thoughts
Beneath its own creation."

From Tait's Magazine.

WEDDING SLIPPERS.*

BY MISS MITFORD.

While he stood admiring the scene, he was overtaken by the old man whom he had heard, a short while previously, crying "Shoes! shoes!" under the window of his father's shop; and whom he had passed just before, whilst engaged in chaffering for some of his commodities with an orange-woman, whose barrow was stationed at the end of the bridge.

This itinerant shoe-merchant was, as I have said, well-known to the inhabitants of Belford by the name of Old Isaac; and, from his name, his calling, his keenness at a bargain, as well as from his quick, black eye, aquiline nose, and a greater proportion of beard than is usually suffered to adorn a Christian countenance, was commonly reputed to be a Jew. He was a spare old man, of the middle height, somewhat stooping, but with a picturesque and richly coloured head, surmounted by an old slouched hat. His patched and faded garments were well nigh hidden by two enormous bags in which he carried the old shoes which he bought, and the new ones, or *soi-disant* new—for he was a great man at a *refacimento*, and had the art to "gar auld shoon look maist as guid's the new"—which he sold.

"Buy a pair of warm slippers, master, this cold night?" quoth Isaac. "Wedding slippers, fine enough for a lord."

"Nothing, this evening," said Edward.

"Have 'em a bargain, master," persisted the man of shoes.

"I am not in want of any," rejoined Edward, moving on.

"Wedding shoes, then?—wedding boots? Must buy something," continued the vender, pertinaciously keeping up with our friend's rapid steps, and thrusting before his eyes the articles which he named.

"I tell you that I want neither wedding slippers nor wedding shoes, nor any of your commodities," answered Edward, with some humour, endeavouring to escape from his pursuer.

"Don't ye!" exclaimed Isaac, with a knowing twinkle of his keen black eye. "Dont ye! Well, then, buy for the want's to come. I've set my heart upon having a bit of a deal with ye to-night, and shan't mind bating a penny or two, rather than balk my fancy. You shall have 'em under cost," continued Isaac, coaxingly; "you shall have 'em for next to nothing. Do ye have 'em? We must have a deal. You'll see that you'll be married sooner than you think for. Your time's coming. So you may as well buy the wedding slippers at once. What do ye bid for 'em? Make an offer."

"Not a farthing, Jew. I am in haste. You need not untie the bag. You have nothing that I would take if you would give it me. Let me pass on. I am not going to be married. I want nothing of you."

"Don't be too sure of that, Master Edward Morris. You and I may come to a deal yet. Jew, quotha! No more a Jew than yourself. If your eyes were not turned another way, you might see me in the aisle of St. Michael's Church every Sunday morning and afternoon, as regular as yourself. Jew! 'Tis an extraordinary compliment you idle folk pay to that tramping race, that, whenever you meet a body who takes care of the main chance, and turns an honest penny, you call him a Jew. Well, Master Edward, you'll see that you'll come to me for your wedding slippers." And, so saying, Isaac shouldered his bag again, and left the path free.

At another moment, Edward would have smiled at the old man's acute observation of the direction of his glances in church, and at his persevering endeavour to attract a customer, founded upon that observation; but his thoughts were too painfully divided between his father and his mistress—his duty and his love; and, during his rapid walk to St. Michael's rectory, he could only resolve to be guided in all things by the judgment and the feeling of Elizabeth.

She received her lover with the gentle self-possession, the calm and serious sweetness, which characterised her manner, and which had been partly, perhaps, the cause, partly the result of the confidence placed in her by Mr. Sumner. His father had, to suit his purpose, forced himself to advert to her situation and her origin in his conversation with his son; but Edward felt proudly that there was no trace of the charity school or of the servant's hall in the lovely woman who stood before him with a simple and unaffected propriety—in a higher rank it would have been termed dignity—that would have besecmed a palace. His distress was immediately visible to her, and her anxious inquiries served to introduce his story.

"We must part, Edward; as to that there can be neither doubt nor question," said she, in a low, steady voice, whilst the tears trembled on the long fringes of her large black eyes, and the rich colour went and came on the finely-turned cheeks and lips, which a sculptor would have been proud to model. "We must part. I have always known that it would be so—always felt, without suspecting or dreaming of this obstacle, that Mr. Morris would find an insuperable objection to receiving me into his family. I ought, perhaps, knowing that, to have forbidden your visits. But I was encouraged in my attachment by one whom I am

bound to obey, and by whose orders I have acted in this business; and my own feelings led me but too readily into the error. Oh! if it were only for ourselves, this poverty would be nothing! Young, active, accustomed to exertion, it would be delightful to labor with you and for you—delightful to feel that there was no superiority on your side, except that of your respectable connexions, and your manly and vigorous character. But your father—your kind and excellent father!—to tear him from his home, to send him in his old age to serve as an hireling—he so long accustomed to respect and consideration!—to banish him from his friends, his neighbours, his native town! We must not think of it. The sacrifice must be made. And you will find your happiness, dear Edward—we shall find our happiness—in his restored comfort, and in the consciousness of having done our duty."

Affectionate son as Edward was, and determined as he had professed himself to abide by the decision of his mistress, he could not forbear combating this resolution. She listened to him with sweet and mournful attention, as if willing to hear all that he had to say; but her determination was unshaken. She had just asked—

"Since we must part, dearest Edward, were it not wiser to shorten this pain?" when an odd-looking little note was delivered to her.

Elizabeth read the contents once, twice, thrice, and remained silent and perplexed, as if hardly comprehending the meaning.

"It is very strange!" exclaimed she, thinking aloud, and forgetting that she was not alone; "very strange! What can he want at this hour?"

"He!" exclaimed Edward, jealous (so strange a thing is a lover's heart) of her whom he was upon the very point of resigning. "He!—what he? From whom comes that note?"

"From one who must be apprised of this event."

"Not, surely, from Mr. Sumner? No; from him it cannot be. But from whom? Who can have the power so to absorb your attention at such a moment?"

Elizabeth paused an instant and then said, gently—"Come with me, and you shall know. Although we are doomed to part to meet no more, you must always be amongst the most valued, the most cherished of my friends. I cannot afford to lose your good opinion. Come with me, and you shall know all."

She tied on her bonnet, wrapped herself in a large cloak, and they passed through the rectory garden into the churchyard. The fine old Gothic building, with its grey cloisters, its graceful porch, its towers, and its steeple, rose in sombre grandeur from the graveyard, covered with snow, by which it was surrounded, the summit almost lost in the frosty mists of the air: so that the imagination added to the actual height, gave a cathedral-like grandeur to the edifice. A few yews and cypresses were clustered in one corner, and a row of stately limes, their larger limbs partially covered with snow, which lay in long intersecting lines, defining the forms of the branches, led to an iron gate, which opened into a narrow lane, leading to one of the poorest and least populous suburbs of the town. Along this lane Elizabeth passed, sedulously attended by Edward.

"I ought to have told you before," said she, in a low voice—"only he whom it most concerns forbade the disclosure, and Mr. Sumner, I hardly know why, coincided in his desire—that, although a charity girl, I am not, as you have thought, an orphan. I have a father, a most fond and affectionate father, one whom I love dearly, and who dearly loves me. He is a poor but industrious man, following a mean occupation; not so poor but that he makes me frequent presents, and is most kind and generous to the widow in whose cottage he lives, and whom he mainly supports. Still, I have always felt that he was not fit to be your father, nor to be connected so closely with a man so intelligent, so well educated, and so respectable in station as Mr. Morris. I always felt that something would prevent our union. And so, alas! it has turned out."

By this time the clouds had so far cleared away as to admit glimpses of a keen and frosty moon, which shed a cold, pale, desolate light upon every object; dwelling with tenfold desolation on a small hovel, whose rugged thatch and windows stuffed with rags, as well as the broken-down state of the little gate, (ajar perforce, since, hanging by one hinge, it would neither shut nor open,) which led into the narrow front court, betokened the most sordid poverty.

Up this court Elizabeth passed; and, knocking, with, as it seemed, a forced resolution, at a low door, in little better condition than the gate which formed the outer barricade, was immediately admitted by an infirm old woman into a dark and dismal kitchen.

"I look for your father every minute, Miss Betsey," quoth the tottering crone, "for 'tis past his time o' coming in; and, if ye'll wait till I strike a light, ye may walk into his room, and I'll kindle ye a bit o' fire; for you tender lasses, that live in grand houses, can't abear the cold like us poor folk that be used to nothing better."

And, so saying, she fumbled out an old tinder-box, and having, with some difficulty, cherished a spark into a flame—for her old and withered hands, and feeble breath, seemed numbed and chilled by the cold which she defied so manfully—she lighted a

wretched candle, led the way into the next apartment—and endeavoured, with a little damp straw, and a few dirty chips, that had evidently been long trodden under foot in some carpenter's yard, to produce, in a small rusty grate, from which the brick-work was breaking away, something as nearly approaching to a blaze as the state of the fireplace and the nature of the fuel would allow.

Edward, in the meanwhile, took a mournful survey of the sordid abode, contrasting so strongly with the appearance, the mind, and the manners of the lovely and graceful woman who stood beside him, the beloved of his heart. The hearth and its appointments—the bit of old iron that served as a poker, the broken dustpan that officiated as shovel, the pipkin upon two legs, and the lipless pint cup which did duty as kettle, pot, and saucepan—this niggard and beggarly hearth was but a type of the rugged and scanty plenishing of the comfortless chamber. A joint stool, a rickety table, and two tumble-down chairs, one of them garnished with a cushion, darned, patched and mended, until mending was no longer possible, figured in the centre of the uneven, bricked floor; over the chimney was a mug without a handle, a teapot curtailed of its fair proportions by the loss of half a spout, a teacup and saucer of different patterns, and two or three plates and basins, all more or less cracked, and repaired, not very artistically, with putty and white paint. In one corner was the inmate's humble bed—a chaff mattress, with one or two rags or horse-clothes, much the worse for wear; in another, the little pile of straw and chips, and rotten sticks, from whence the fuel now smoking rather than burning in the chimney had been selected; and, in a third, a dingy heap of old shoes.

The old woman, satisfied with her labour, retired to her part of the dwelling. Elizabeth was the first to break the pause which succeeded her departure.

"This, Edward, is the abode of my father—of a father whom, in spite of all that surrounds us, I have good cause to love. Does not the sight of such misery serve to reconcile you to the destiny that parts us? Such at least, is the effect which it ought to have— which it has on me. I am not fit to belong to your family. Never should I have cherished such a thought. Strange that Mr. Sumner, knowing as he did the whole truth, should have encouraged our attachment! Strange, most strange, that till now the name and existence of my father should have remained a secret! Well! my presumption is fitly punished, and you will turn with a freer heart to one more worthy to share your home and possess your affections."

"Say not so, my own Elizabeth! Were it not for my paramount duty to my own most kind and excellent father, all that I see here would but supply a fresh motive for our union. All speak of poverty and industry, nothing of crime. And, next to the joy of offering you a comfortable home, should I reckon that of rescuing one so near and dear to you from penury and toil. Oh! that I were now the free agent that I thought myself yesterday! Not another night should your father spend beneath this roof. If my wretched uncle Arnott could but know the misery that his wild spirit of speculation has brought upon us all!"

"If he could, master Edward I am minded that he'd rather cry old shoes than gamble in the share market," quoth our friend Isaac, advancing into the room; depositing, with considerable care, his two bags of shoes in their appropriate corner, and emptying, with equal readiness, divers rotten sticks, fir apples, and stumps of gorse, gathered during his day's travel—for apparently he had wended countryward—from the several pockets of his nondescript garments. "If these Stock-Exchange gamblers could but tell the sore hearts they cause to their friends and kindred, mayhap it might go nigh to reform 'em," pursued Isaac. "So here you be, Master Edward, come to make a deal, as I prophesied; and ye ha' brought Bess wi' ye, to clinch the bargain. So much the better. Gie me a kiss, Bess. So thou be'st come to help Master Edward to choose his wedding slippers—eh, my girl?" and the old man nodded his head, with a knowing wink, and chuckled—"Come to choose the wedding slippers!"

"Alas, my dear father, you little know!" began Elizabeth. "Alack and alack, wench! No alacks for me. I do know all the story; ay, and a great deal besides, that neither of you know, wise as ye think yourselves. Come, my good boy and girl, sit ye down here by the fire. Bess looks as white as the snow on the house-top; and thou, Master Edward, art not much better. Sit down and make yourselves comfortable. I'll tell you all about it." And the old shoe-merchant drew his chairs to either side of his little fire, seated himself upon a stool in the middle, flung on fresh fuel, breaking the sticks with his withered hands, and did the honours of his small apartment with much hospitality. "Well, Master Morris, for all I cry old shoes about the streets, and my Bess (heaven bless her sweet face!) was brought up at a charity school, it ain't altogether for want of a bit of money. Many a year have I been scraping and scraping, and hoarding and hoarding, to save her a portion; and I told her and Mr. Sumner not to let out that she had a father, just for the pleasure of the surprize like. So, in the meantime comes this affair of Master Arnott. Ay, better cry old shoes than go gambling in shares. So I happened to have the money, waiting for a good security—nothing like turning an honest penny—just when Master Byrne was wanting it

for your father. So I lets him have it. Here's the paper, see—the what-d'ye-call't?—the bill of sale. And I offered him my girl, with £5000 to her portion; not letting out who she was. And here I've just got a letter from him to Master Byrne, saying as how 'twill break your heart to marry her; not thinking, mind, that she's she. And I s'pose as how you are come to say that you won't have her, 'cause o' your father—eh? So she's refused o' both hands—eh, Bess? Well! I love a good father, and I love a good son; he'll be sure to make a good husband. And if Bess don't make thee a good wife, my lad, there's no faith in woman. So take her!—and take this bit o' paper; that's four thousand pounds; and there's one thousand that I promised," continued he, going to one of his corner heaps, and taking a couple of dirty bank notes out of an old shoe; "and another that I give, 'cause of these two refusals. A good father makes a good son, and a good son 'll make a good husband. And I've heard to-day, from a real Jew, who knows a good deal of what goes on 'Change, that Master Arnott is likely to get his money back again. So now off wi' ye to Master Morris, and tell him the news. And, hark ye, my boy, don't forget to come back for the Wedding Slippers!"

From the Monthly Chronicle.

PRESENT STATE OF POETRY.

That the power of Poetry over the multitude of readers has come to an abrupt pause, is, we fear, an acknowledged and incontestable fact. It is not only that there is an extreme reluctance in the public mind to look with favour upon any new aspirants to the honours of the lyre and laurel, but the ancient masters of the art are treated with an almost equal neglect. The popularity of writers of prose, especially Scott, has served for a season to dislodge poetry from the familiar post it once held by the social hearth, as well as in the student's closet. Neither in criticism nor in conversation do verse and verse-makers form that general and welcome staple of discussion which they did some fifteen or twenty years ago. Like a once idolised beauty whose charms are faded, the Muse has retired into private life, and rails to indifferent ears against the fickleness of mankind and the caprices of the world. The fact is, that each species of literature has its alternate fits of activity and torpor; it comes into fashion to-day and goes out of it to-morrow, and is liable to all the whims and crotchets of the popular taste;—like other fashions, we shall find moreover that it is established in vogue by individuals, and with those individuals dies away till revived again by fresh dictators of the mode.

The influence of the vast popularity enjoyed by Scott and Byron extended far beyond the immediate effect of their own works,—their poems brought poetry itself into familiar notice and hourly discussion. We went back to the ancient writers for comparison with the merits of their successors; we listened attentively to new aspirants, and sympathised with their emulation. Then it was that, far from concentrating our studies upon the two most popular authors (as vulgar critics believed), we gave the most earnest consideration to all their predecessors and rivals in the art. Then it was that the Elizabethan authors received the most thoughtful and investigating criticism; then it was that Pope and his school were the most attentively canvassed and discussed; then it was that Goethe and Schiller were at length separated from the herd of horror-writers, with whom they had previously been confounded, and to the great German wells of intellect and imagination came the Wanderers of the Enchanted Wilderness: then was it that every Poet of real genius found at once an audience,—and the glory that surrounded Byron brought into light every footstep that ventured into his domain. It may be doubted whether Moore would have been so popular, but for the universal attention which the authors of *Marmion* and *Childe Harold* had attracted towards poetry itself. It may be doubted whether Wordsworth would have been so intensely idolised by the few, or now so generally appreciated by the world, but for the indignation of his disciples at the more dazzling celebrity of his contemporaries, and their earnest struggles, at a time when the public listened to their eloquence, even though half incredulous of its truth, to obtain for their master the station to which he aspired. In fact, poetry for some years engrossed a disproportionate and undue share of attention and discussion, and not till Byron had begun to outlive the personal interest which so long chained to his genius the heart of the public,—while the rapid succession of the *Waverley Novels* created a new literature, which to all the fascination of poetry united all the familiarity of prose,—did the fashion begin to pass away. Byron died,—and Poetry, like the mistress of some eastern king whose career of despotism and pomp had closed, seemed sacrificed at his tomb. When the multitude ceased to speak of Lord Byron, they ceased to talk about poetry itself. Even his contemporaries, who in his lifetime would have received a ready hearing for their most careless measures, would now strike their harps and sound their cymbals to empty benches. Though Mr. Leigh Hunt might write a yet better poem than his charming "*Rimini*," we suspect it would not, in our time, pass through seven editions, or even three. Though Mr. Moore might introduce to the world another "*Lalla Rookh*," yet more dazzling than her predecessor, she would never fetch three thousand guineas in the Book-Bazaar. Poetry has retired to her strong-

hold with her faithful few, and her empire, lately so vast, is parcelled out among a hundred little principalities of prose.

But we are not therefore to suppose that the inspiration is over, or the vein dried up. The muse is not dead, neither does she sleep. They who listen may hear her voice in her immemorial haunts; they who watch may mark the glory of her robes amidst the adoring votaries that still gather round her,—

"Where roam Corycian nymphs the glorious mountain,
And all melodious flows the old Castalian fountain." *

It is not always when there is the greatest taste for poetry that her loftiest efforts are made. A taste for poetry is generally the prevalent imitation of fashionable poets:—as the taste languishes, the mimicry subsides, and, after a pause, a new melody is invented,—a fresh school founded: and he who thus re-awakens the world from its apathy becomes the progenitor of another race of listeners—the inventor of another string to the ever-varying lyre.

But before the general taste for poetry is revived, we must be enabled to trace the first signs and symptoms of a new school. The traces of the old one must be all worn away. The winter must have done its work before we can welcome in the May. It is by a thousand small signs and indices invisible to the vulgar, that we can trace the heralds and advent of an original and master genius. Thus, after Pope and his followers were become defunct and lifeless in their influence, we saw, in the struggling and dim revival of the old national spirit of song, the germs of an excellence sure to ripen into brilliant and imperishable fruit. The publication of Percy's *Ballads*—the robust vigour and masculine tenderness of Burns (the most purely poetical mind that Scotland ever produced)—the simple truthfulness of Cowper—the first sonnets of Bowles—the promising dawn of Coleridge; even the distorted sentiment and extravagant horrors borrowed from the worst and wildest of the German poets and play writers,—all, to a discerning critic, must have foretold that a perfectly new world of art was in the process of construction. The very errors of taste and judgment—some of them bold and monstrous enough—which characterised the outbreak of the reforming spirit, had more of promise than the very excellence, trite and inanimate, which they superseded. The dross of the Della Cruscan school, worthless as it was, might have been an index to a more discerning satirist than Gifford of the neighbourhood of a mine. But that small though sinewy intellect would have brained the butterflies that foretold the coming summer, only to revive the insects of the one departed. He could not extricate his taste from the narrow circle to which Pope had charmed and crippled it; and he was as dull to the real marvels wrought by Scott as he was acute to the balderdash of Rosa Matilda.

At present we confess that we can recognise no clear and definite symptoms of a second spring in poetry. We fear we are only amidst the decay of autumn, and that the winter must have its day. The eyes of our rising generation are yet too much dazzled by the lustre of their immediate predecessors; they turn to a Past too close to them for dispassionate survey, and their inspiration can be too distinctly traced to oracles with whose devices we have grown familiar. Their affection for a shore so recently hallowed, does not suffer them to put boldly out to sea. They may gather pearls and coral by the shoals, but they discover not the untrodden regions that lie far away.

It is remarkable that Scott, whose poetry at one time was so wonderfully popular, and so largely imitated, (and which we are convinced the world never will let die,) now affords no model for the ambition of our young poets. If we look through the mass of duodecimos and octavos, dedicated to "the thankless muse," we see little or nothing of the imitation of Scott in style or spirit: it is as if "*Marmion*" and "*Triermain*" were things unborn. Byron, on the other hand, still retains a strong hold over the rising generation; and we may hear the murmur of his deep tide of melody and solemn thought in almost every shell we pick up by the shores of song. But yet more apparent, haunting, and oppressive appears the influence of Wordsworth and of Shelley. Perhaps of their imitation of Byron our new minstrels are unconscious; nor is there any accusation they will resent more loudly. But of the two last, they scarcely affect to conceal the influence; and they are often as proud of their models as the disciples of Pythagoras, who took cummin juice in order to attain the paleness of the master mystic, were of theirs. This preference is easily accounted for. Young men of genius are fond of the beauties which are not for the vulgar. Scott, in most qualities, and Byron in some (and those his greatest) addressed feelings and thoughts common to a very wide range of readers, however varying their pursuits, however ordinary their understandings. But Shelley and Wordsworth each address minds of philosophical or poetic bower and hall. Their very faults have a charm to their worshippers; and the Obscure, and even the Conceited, appear to the latter but as veils thrown over beauties intended only for the initiated. They become intolerant in their faith; and if we cannot swallow every one of its articles, they consider us as infidels in beauty, or dunces in art. All this will wear away by time; and Shelley and Wordsworth, to a more distant posterity, will be-

come safe and admirable models, their blemishes being carefully distinguished from their excellencies. But, at present, it is otherwise; and we fear that the mind of many a true poet will be lastingly formed under trees bearing indeed golden fruit, but which cannot fail to draw away the nourishment and obstruct the light from the plants reared so immediately beneath their shadow. Without entering into the controversy whether Wordsworth and Shelley are poets of a higher order than Byron and Scott,—we will confess our belief that they are, at present, much more dangerous as models. The very popularity of the two former is a proof that they went the right way to the human heart: and there is in Scott a vigour and heartiness of purpose—a zest and rapture of inspiration, which have somewhat of the effect of the Demosthenian oratory—and warm and animate at once our fancy, our judgment, and our feelings: it is in this, his *vitality*, that Scott's master excellence as a model is to be found. It is as impossible for a true poet to read Scott, and not feel the poetic impulse strongly stirred and excited,—as for a true orator to read the "*Oration on the Crown*," and not feel braced and invigorated for the rostrum. While Scott's inspiration is thus contagious and effective, his faults, *in poetry*, are not, we think, those that would be caught by a poet formed under different circumstances. Such a disciple is not likely to incur the same mannerism of metre, unless, like Scott, he has imbued himself from childhood with the minstrelsy of ballads; he is not likely to contract the same inadequate and meretricious notions of design, unless, like Scott, he has made it a part of his system to sacrifice at all times the philosophical to the picturesque. The poet-student may take the fire from that great Prometheus, without wishing to walk away with the hollow cane that contained it.

Concluded next week.

FOUR FUNNY FELLOWS.—Theodore Cibber in company with three others, made an excursion. Theodore had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing in particular except a funny way of shaking his head.

They travelled in a post coach, and while on the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbor's infirmity, they agreed at every baiting place, to affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and language cannot express how admirably they all squinted—for they went a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have a cork leg, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf, but at supper, which was at the "*Ship*" at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in the farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber cried out to the waiter,—"*here, you fellow! take out my teeth*," "*Teeth sir?*" said the man. "*Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they they'll come out together.*" After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner done than a second called—"*here you! take out my eye.*" "*Sir,*" said the waiter, "*your eye?*" "*Yes, my eye. Come here you stupid dog! pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easy as possible.*" This done, the third cried out—"*Here you rascal! take off my leg.*" This he did with less reluctance, being before apprized that it was cork, and also conceiving that it would be his last job. He was however mistaken; the fourth watched his opportunity, and whilst the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance, the eye, tooth, and leg, lying on the table, cried in a frightful hollow voice—"*come here, sir—take off my head.*" Turning round and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room; and after tumbling down stairs, he ran madly about the house as if terrified out of his senses.—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

INDEPENDENCE OF AUTHORS.—Friendless, isolated, powerless as they appear amidst the noisier applicants that besiege our legislature, the Men of Books are still the authorities and inspirers of Men of Action. Not a legislator that has not borrowed his wisdom or nourished his eloquence from the pages of the tranquil and solitary student. A people has a deep and everlasting interest in the independence of its men of letters: leave them poor, and you make them servile; make them servile, and they become dishonest. The time has passed when a jesting patron could say, "*Keep your poet poor;*" the maxim was applied to Dryden. Poverty did not make Dryden a poet, but made him a truckler and a slave. Let literature be above the necessity of patrons and of pensions. Do not drive, as in instances alike mournful and illustrious you have too often done, that genius which can equally prevent as enforce the truth, into bartering its divine birthright for the mess of pottage. How many dangerous prejudices, how many rank abuses, how many errors, injurious to a whole nation, have sprung from the bought advocacy of writers, forced to be hirelings, because condemned to be beggars.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

NICE FAMILY.—They were indefatigable children in crying: when one became quiet, another began; and among them they kept up the squall nearly twenty-four hours round. The mother scolded them; and, between these two methods of management there was no peace for any one within hearing.—*Miss Martineau.*

FISHES.

Mr. Ronalds has been at great pains to obtain accurate knowledge of the habits of the Trout from ocular observation—and we read with interest this account of some of his experiments:—

“With a view to obviate this difficulty, a little fishing hut, or observatory, of heath, overhanging a part of the river Blythe, near Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, seemed favourable for the purpose. Its form was octagonal, and it had three windows, which being situated only four feet and a half above the surface of the water, allowed a very close view of it. The middle one commanded a scone, each of the two others a small whirlpool or eddy. The curtains of the windows were provided with peepholes, so that the fish could not see his observer, and a bank was thrown up, in order to prevent a person approaching the entrance of the hut from alarming the fish. The stream was regularly fished, and nothing else was done to interfere with the natural state of the animal.

“The stationary position in which he is enabled to maintain himself in the most rapid stream, poised as it were like a hawk in the air, was the first thing which seemed worth nothing at this fishing-hut. Even the tail, which is known to be the principal organ of propulsion, can scarcely be observed to move, and the fins, which are used to balance the fish, seem quite useless, except when he sees an insect; then he will dart with the greatest velocity through the opposing current at his prey, and quickly return. The station which he occupies in this manner is invariably well chosen. Should a favourite haunt, where food is concentrated by the current, be rather crowded by his fellows, he will prefer contending with them for a share of it, to residing long in an unfruitful situation. A trout will chiefly frequent one place during all the summer months. It is well known that he quits the large waters, and ascends the smaller brooks for the purpose of spawning in October and November, when the male assists the female in making a hole in the gravel wherein to deposit the ova. By some it is supposed, that they both lie dormant in the mud during the greatest severity of the weather.”

SENSE OF HEARING.

“In order that we might be enabled to ascertain the truth of a common assertion, viz. that fish can hear voices in conversation on the banks of a stream, my friend the Rev. Mr. Brown of Gratwick, and myself, selected for close observation a trout poised about six inches deep in the water, whilst a third gentleman, who was situated behind the fishing house (*i. e.*) diametrically opposite to the side where the fish was, fired off one barrel of his gun. The possibility of the flash being seen by the fish was thus wholly prevented, and the report produced not the slightest apparent effect upon him.

“The second barrel was then fired; still he remained immovable; evincing not the slightest symptom of having heard the report. This experiment was afterwards often repeated; and precisely similar results were invariably obtained; neither could I, or other persons, ever awaken symptoms of alarm in the fishes near the hut by shouting to them in the loudest tones, although our distance from them did not sometimes exceed six feet. The experiments were not repeated so often as to habituate them to the sound. It is possible that fishes may be in some manner affected by vibrations communicated to their element either directly or by the intervention of aerial pulsations; although it does not seem to be clearly proved that they possess any organs appropriated exclusively to the purpose of hearing. At all events, it appears, that neither the above-mentioned explosions, nor the loud voices had power to produce vibrations in the water, which could so affect them.”

Mr. Ronalds says that he leaves the discussion of this intricate subject to more able and learned speculators, but that it is sufficient to know that the above mentioned Trout had no ears to hear either the voice or the gun; and he expresses his firm belief, in which we agree with him, that the zest which friendly chat often imparts to the exercise of the captivating art need never be marred by an apprehension that sport will be impaired thereby. Don't stamp, quoth Kit, like a paving machine along the banks, for the Trout is timorous in earthquake, and don't blow your nose like a bagman, for he is afraid of thunder. We also hold with Mr. Ronalds, that in fish sight is perhaps the sense of most importance to them; and that they can perhaps frequently distinguish (with greater or less distinctness) much more of objects which are out of their own element than it is often supposed they can. His experiments on their Taste and Smell are exceedingly curious.

“It seemed almost impossible to devise experiments relative to the sense of smell in fishes, which would offer the prospects of satisfactory results, without depriving the animal of sight; the cruelty of which operation deterred me from prosecuting the enquiry. Observations on the taste of fishes are involved in still greater difficulties. I once threw upon the water, from my hut (by blowing them through a tin tube) successively, ten dead house-flies towards a trout known to me by a white mark upon the nose (occasioned by the wound of a hook), all of which he took. Thirty more, with cayenne pepper and mustard plastered

on the least conspicuous parts of them, were then administered in the same manner. These he also seized; twenty of them at the instant they touched the water, and allowing no time for the dressing to be dispersed; but the other ten remained a second or two upon the surface before he swallowed them, and a small portion of the dressing parted and sunk. The next morning several exactly similar doses were taken by the same fish, who was apparently so well contented with the previous day's treatment that he seemed to enjoy them heartily. From these and similar experiments, such as trout taking flies dipped in honey, oil, vinegar, etc. I concluded that if the animal has taste his palate is not peculiarly sensitive. My experience goes to prove, contrary to the opinion of some who say that the trout will take every insect, that he does not feed upon the hive bee, or wasp, and that he very rarely takes the humble bee. It seemed to be a common practice with those who plied with food near the hut, to lay an embargo upon almost every little object which floated down the stream, taking it into the mouth, sometimes with avidity, sometimes more slowly, or cautiously, as if to ascertain its fitness, or unfitness for food, and frequently to reject it instantly. This seems to favour the notion that if the trout has not a taste similar to our own, he may be endowed with some equivalent species of sensation in the mouth. It may also account for his taking a nondescript artificial fly, but it furnishes no plea to quacks and bunglers, who inventing or espousing a new theory, whereby to hide their want of skill or spare their pains, would kill all the fish with one fly, as some doctors would cure all diseases by one pill. If a trout rejects the brown hive bee at the time that he greedily swallows the March brown fly, it is clear that the imitation should be as exact as possible of the last, and as dissimilar as possible to the first. I have very frequently watched fish in an apparently hesitating attitude when bees and wasps were within their ken. How far either smell or taste may be concerned in this seeming indecision the writer cannot determine.

“On one occasion I observed a humble bee, which floated down the stream, visited by a trout, who suffered himself to descend also with the current, just under the bee, his nose almost touching it for about three feet, but he struck away without taking it. At another time I saw a fish swim up to a humble bee which was thrown to him, and examine it very attentively, he then cautiously and leisurely took it in his mouth and descended with it, but immediately afterwards gave it up; he then seemed to be closely occupied with another humble bee, swimming up to and away from it six times, each time almost touching it with his nose. Ultimately he took this also, but immediately rejected it. Sir H. Davy (*Salmonia*, page 28) says, ‘The principal use of the nostrils in fishes, is to assist in the propulsion of water through the gills for performing the office of respiration: but I think there are some nerves in these organs which give fishes a sense of the qualities of water, or of substances dissolved in or diffused through it similar to our senses of smell, or perhaps rather our sense of taste, for there can be no doubt that fishes are attracted by scented worms, which are sometimes used by anglers that employ ground baits.’ Also, page 184, he says, ‘We cannot judge of the senses of animals that breathe water—that separate air from water by their gills; but it seems probable that as the quality of the water is connected with their life and health, they must be exquisitely sensible to changes in water, and must have similar relations to it, that an animal with the most delicate nasal organs has to the air.’ Surely no reasoning can be more sound than this. Should not our endeavours be directed, rather to the discovery of senses in fish, which we have not, than to attempt at comparisons between our own senses and theirs? Having examined the stomachs of many trouts taken in almost every week throughout the three last entire fishing seasons, with a view chiefly to assist my choice of flies for the catalogue below, I found that his food consisted, besides flies and caterpillars, of larvae squillae (or fresh water shrimps), small fish, young crawfish, spiders, millipedes, carwigs, and the water beetle. I never discovered frogs, snails, or mice, but have no doubt that other waters afford other fare, even ‘sauces piquantes of fish hooks.’ A convenient method of examining the contents of the stomach is to put the materials into the hair sieve and pump clean water upon them; when parted and sufficiently clean, the whole may be put into a large cup, full of clean water, for examination.—*The Fly-Fisher's Entomology*, by Albert Ronalds.

LONG BEARDS.—The longest beard recorded in history, was that of John Mayo, painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man, it is said his beard was so long that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of his beard, and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his button hole; and sometimes he would untie it by command of the Emperor, who took great pleasure in seeing the wind blow it in the faces of the courtiers.

Majendie has given a scale of the pulse, which states that the difference in frequency between that of the infant and the aged is more than double. The scale is, at birth, 130 to 140 a minute; one year, 120 to 130; at two years, 102 to 110; three years, 90 to 100; seven years, 85 to 90; fourteen years, 80 to 85; adult age, 75 to 80; first old age, 65 to 75; confirmed old age 60 to 65.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3, 1838.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

The most auspicious event it has ever fallen to our lot to record, occurred on Wednesday, the memorable first of August. The isles of the sea were made glad with the sounds of liberty;—deliverance was proclaimed to nearly half a million human of beings.—their fetters were melted away by the fervency of justice and benevolence. To the christian and the philanthropist the liberation of so large a number of captives forms a subject of devout joy and gratitude. In the present case it deserves to be remembered also, that there is nothing to mar our rejoicing. Unanimity of sentiment, which was most desirable, appears to have prevailed amongst the great body of West India planters, and the boon of entire, complete, and unrestricted freedom was granted to the slaves without any collision of feeling. With one voice and one heart they agreed to do an act of justice towards their bondsmen. Thus in Jamaica, on the 8th of June, the House of Assembly passed the Bill for terminating the Apprenticeship on the 1st of August,—without a dissentient voice. Nor should it be forgotten, that freedom was bestowed without any compulsion from without—the grace and beauty of this splendid act belong to the planters themselves. This is as it should be, and in years to come will redound to their credit. We are glad that the persons interested are the emancipators; indeed we regard it as presenting the brightest feature in this highly interesting scene. The words of the poet shall yet receive their accomplishment; and the time will arrive when it shall be sung in jubilant strains—

“The hand that held a whip was lifted up
To bless; slave was a word in ancient books
Met, only; every man was free; and all
Feared God, and served him day and night in love.”

At the present time we have thought it might be interesting to our readers to see at one view the population of the British West India Islands according to the most recent and authentic information within our reach.

POPULATION OF THE BRITISH (FORMERLY SLAVE) COLONIES.
(Compiled from recent authentic documents.)

Colonies.	White	Slave	Free Col'd.	Total.
Anguilla,	365	2,358	357	3,110
Antigua*	1,980	29,539	3,895	35,714
Bahamas*	4,240	9,268	2,991	16,499
Barbadoes*	15,000	82,000	5,100	102,100
Berbice †	550	21,300	1,150	23,000
Bermuda*	3,900	4,600	740	9,240
Cape of Good Hope †	43,000	35,500	29,000	107,500
Demerara †	3,000	70,000	6,400	79,400
Dominica †	850	15,400	3,600	19,850
Grenada	800	24,000	2,800	27,600
Honduras †	250	2,100	2,300	4,650
Jamaica †	37,000	323,000	55,000	415,000
Mauritius †	5,000	76,000	15,000	96,000
Montserrat †	330	6,200	800	7,330
Nevis †	700	6,600	2,000	6,300
St. Christophers	1,600	19,200	3,000	23,800
St. Lucia †	980	13,600	3,700	18,280
St. Vincent †	1,300	23,500	2,800	27,600
Tobago	320	12,500	1,200	14,020
Tortola †	480	5,400	1,300	7,180
Trinidad †	4,200	24,000	16,000	44,200
Virgin Isles	800	5,400	600	6,800
Total	131,257	831,105	162,733	1,125,095

The number of slave apprentices emancipated on the first of the month is as follows:

Barbadoes.	82,000
Dominica	15,400
Jamaica	323,000
Montserrat	6,200
Nevis	6,600
St. Vincent	23,500
Tortola	5,400
Total-	462,100

* These islands adopted immediate emancipation, August 1. 1834
† These are crown colonies, and have no local legislature.
‡ In these islands, the apprenticeship has been abolished by the local legislatures, from the first of August 1838.

MONOMANIA.—“On our first page will be found a tale of thrilling interest, illustrating this subject. The disease known as Monomania, has not, until within a few years, had a practical existence. Dr. Rush has devoted much time and research in the investigation of this singular species of insanity, and in the course of his works upon the mind, many remarkable cases are cited, conclusively showing that it has an existence, and in minds which to all outward appearances are perfectly sane. When the term first came in use it was scouted at by the ignorant, and said to be one of the many successful loop-holes, out of which the rich felon escaped punishment, and on this account but little weight was attached to the arguments and evidence adduced in its support. But lately there has been so many incontrovertible cases, proving its existence, that the public mind begins to be open to a conviction of its truth. We have frequently heard the opponents of Phrenology bring up the subject of Monomania as a strong argument against the truth of that science, for Monomania being a diseased state of one or more of the faculties while the rest are

healthy, how can he judge with any degree of certainty the true character of the individual? Phrenology does not always teach what a man really is—his character and propensities, but what he would be. Education and circumstances in life, change his character, and disposition, and by degrees, those traits which if left in the original state would cause his downfall, are either entirely controlled, by little exertion, or rendered dormant for want of excitement. For example, a person having secretiveness and acquisitiveness large, and the other faculties so proportioned, that under certain circumstances might induce to theft, being in the full enjoyment of wealth, those faculties would naturally become inactive, and although pointed out phrenologically, as of immoderate size, they would have little or no control upon the character. But should they become diseased, either from the effect of severe sickness or of strong mental excitement, those faculties would no longer be under control, and no circumstances, nor wealth, nor education could change their bias. This is Monomania. We have heard of numerous cases, illustrating the principle." So writes the Boston Pearl and Galaxy, one of the first literary papers in the United States. The correctness of the remarks has induced us to copy them as a suitable appendix to the strange, though true account on our first page. Wisely has the Psalmist said of the mechanism of our bodies, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

London papers to the 15th, and Liverpool to the 16th of June, have been received at New York, by the packet ship Siddons. The Cotton market did not look so well as at the last accounts. Business was reviving, and money was more in demand.

The Bill to abolish imprisonment for Debt has passed the Lords. It does not absolutely do away with imprisonment on final process, but very considerably enlarges the remedies against property, and provides that such remedies must be exhausted before the person can be taken. Imprisonment on mesne process is abolished entirely.

Lord Brougham has presented a petition from 45,000 Baptists against the punishment of DEATH for MURDER!

Mr. Hume gave notice the 12th, that at an early day he should bring forward a motion for a committee of inquiry into the state and fluctuations of the currency, etc. Mr. Spring Rice said he was perfectly willing, and so was the Bank of England.

On the 13th, Mr. Wyse moved for an address to the Crown, praying for the appointment of a Board of Commissioners of Education in England. He said that while in other countries the benefits of education were extended to one in six, in England the proportion was only one to fourteen; and that England was the only civilized country in the world, not having some organized system for general education. Lord John Russell said he could not support the motion, not being satisfied that the plan proposed would be the most effectual; and the motion was rejected 74 to 70.

The Emperor of Russia has imposed a tax upon tobacco which will yield 80,000,000 of rubels, to be applied to the formation of railroads and to the promotion of steam navigation. Yankee snufflers, smokers, and chewers, we opine, would not be in favor of building railroads and promoting steam navigation in this kind of way.

The Duke de Nemour, second son of the French King, was expected at Brighton on the 21st of June, for a stay of about three weeks in England. He was said to be the bearer of a diamond bouquet, of the value of 1,000,000 francs, as a present from his father to Queen Victoria.

According to parliamentary returns, says Sir W. Ellis, "there are in England 12,668 pauper lunatics: and the insane alone, including the different classes of society, cannot be estimated at fewer than 10,000;" that is to say, about one person in every twelve hundred. This is a fearful view of the religious, moral and material civilization of that country.

Another fatal explosion took place on board the Hull steamer Victoria, on the 14th of June, while coming up the Thames. Five men were killed at once, and five or six others were so much scalded that there was little hope of their surviving. The persons killed on the present occasion were all engineers or others belonging on board. Of the 80 passengers, only one lady was injured.

Mr. Ross, a police inspector, was beaten to death by a mob in Liverpool, while attempting to prevent a pugilistic encounter.

The Dublin Post states that the Royal William steamship, which is expected shortly to arrive at New York from Liverpool, is one of the fastest boats in the British waters.

In addition to lines of steamships to America and the West Indies, a company has been formed at London to establish a line between that port and the Brazils.

The Liverpool papers state that a new steamer, the Tiger, will probably be despatched from that port to New York. She is a vessel of the largest class, her size preventing her admission into any of the Liverpool docks. She is propelled by engines of 300 horse power.

Monday, July 19.—In the House of Lords the royal assent was given to the poor laws amendment bill and some others.

LONDON IN 1837.—The amount of money taken from drunk persons and restored to them when they became sober, was £8,470 in 1836, and £9,430 in 1837. The value of goods lost by careless exposure, and saved or recovered by the police, was £12,800 in 1836, and £13,530 in 1837. The total number of persons apprehended more than once, for felony, during the years 1836 and 1837, was 1724.—*Journal of the London Statistical Society, June, 1838.*

The Irish Municipal Franchise Bill has passed the Commons, 286 to 268, Sir Robert Peel's proposition to grant corporations on the basis of the occupancy of a house rated at £10 being rejected. Mr. O'Connell wished to adhere to the value of £10, not the rate, and this was adopted; otherwise, he remarked, Dublin alone would lose 4000 voters.

Lord Brougham is accused of apostasy in now supporting total emancipation, which he strenuously opposed while in the ministry. The subject has been the occasion of severe letters between him and Lord Howick and Mr. B. Smith.

We observe before the Commons a petition from 450 West India negro apprentices in favor of emancipation.

Talleyrand has left ten millions of francs—of which 50,000 are in annuities to his servants, and 12,000 to the valet whom he presented to the King. The estate at Valency is mortgaged to near 2,500,000 of francs, for the interest of which, however, a fund is appropriated.

The monumental column to Sir Walter Scott, at Glasgow, is completed, and an excellent likeness, executed by John Ritchie, of Musselburgh, has been placed on its summit.

Mr. Macaulay, for whose safety some fears were entertained, has reached London from India.

PETITIONS TO PARLIAMENT.—Up to the period of Sir Hardley Wilmot's motion on Tuesday, the 22d instant, there had been petitions presented to the House of Commons, praying for the immediate abolition of the apprenticeship, to the enormous amount of three thousand five hundred and one, with signatures thereto exceeding one million!!

SLAVERS.—A cargo of Africans were wrecked upon the Pedro Keys, off St. Elizabeth's, between St. Domingo and Jamaica. The crew of the vessel took to the boats, and left the slaves to perish. Two vessels have been sent from Port Royal to pick up these Africans, says the Jamaica Gazette.

LIFE OF WILBERFORCE.—We learn, says the Episcopal Recorder, from the London papers, that Mr. Murray, an extensive publisher of that city, has given nearly \$20,000 for the copy-right of the late Mr. Wilberforce's life, of which the first edition consists of 5,000 copies, upwards of 3,500 of which were bespoken by the trade.

The Whale ship *Mechanic*, belonging to the Mechanics' Whale Fishing Company, arrived this morning with a full cargo. We congratulate the Company on the safe and successful return of their first ship, and hope she may prove the harbinger of future fortune.—*St John Chronicle.*

On Wednesday last, a Coroner's Inquest was held at the Dead House, on view of the body of Thomas Anderson, Mate of the brig *Gem*, of Sunderland, (England,) who fell overboard early the same morning in attempting to get down one of the upright fenders at the end of the South Market wharf, and was drowned. A Verdict was found of "accidental death by drowning."

On Saturday morning, at the Dead House, on view of the body of James Moore, a Mason by trade, of very dissolute habits, who was found in the slip near the end of Donaldson's wharf.—The Jury had no hesitation in returning a Verdict of "accidental death by drowning."

LATEST NEWS.—Boston papers have been received in town containing London dates to July 4. The Royal William, Steamer, had arrived in New York from Liverpool in 16 days.

Thirty-one Baronets were created on the day of the Coronation; among these we find the names of Sir J. Herschell, E. L. Bulwer, and Sir L. Smith. Among the promotions we find, Sir Colin Campbell, and Sir John Colborne to be Lieut. Generals: G. A. Wetherall to be Colonel, and Arthur Gore, to be Lieut. Colonel. Complaints have been made by the merchants of Liverpool of the French blockade of Mexico.

The Irish Corporation Bill, with Lord J. Russel's £6 clause, passed on June 25, by a majority of 35.

Another attempt at revolution had occurred in Portugal, but failed like all the former ones.

The Hanoverian Second Chamber had decided against the King and new Constitution.

The Pacha of Egypt has announced his intention to assert his independence.

We have no news of importance from the Canadas. In all parts of the Upper Province the Governor General has met with the most enthusiastic reception.

FROM THE FRONTIER.—The Earl Durham has explicitly declared himself in favor of a legislative union of the Canadas. He has appointed the Hon Arthur Buller and Christopher Dunken, Esq. a Commission of Enquiry for Education. The Earl Durham's policy, according to his answer to the addresses of the people of Cornwall, is to have such a force in Canada as shall secure it from all attacks within as well as from without. That he is for 'prevention,' that he came here to extend, not to abrogate the rights of the Canadians. That he particularly desired to have the communication between all the colonies and the ocean complete—to be executed by the mother country, etc.

THE SEA SERPENT has been seen near Yarmouth, N. S. His dimensions are as follows:—His head, the size of a barrel head, and his body at the largest part, about that of a hogshead and from 100 to 150 feet in length. Several fishing crews saw the monster, and in great consternation fled for the shore. *No hoax* says the Yarmouth Herald. It is most fortunate that the great sea-serpent did not swallow boats, crews, and all; for if so we should have lost this positive intelligence of his existence.

PICTON, July 24.—We have learned that on the 9th inst. the house of Mr. John McKay, of New Glasgow was struck by lightning, which entered at the chimney, and made a circuit of the apartment, and finally struck into the hearth, which it shattered to pieces. The family were in the room at the time; but with the exception of Mrs. McKay, who received a slight shock in the shoulder, there was no person injured. Neither the pots on the fire, nor any of the iron utensils about the chimney were disturbed.—*Observer.*

Chebogue harbour has been swarming with beautiful fat herrings for the last two or three weeks. A great quantity of them were taken in our harbour a week or two ago, but they have since nearly disappeared.—*Yarmouth Herald.*

PASSENGERS.—In the Brig. Dove, for Quebec, Rev. Mr. Cooney, and Lady. In the James from London, Mr. Charles Creed, Member Royal College Surgeons, London. In the Lady Paget from Liverpool, G. B. George R. Young, Esqr. and Lady, Miss Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Hopper, Miss Stewart, and Mr. Leishman.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Friday, July 27th—Two Sons, Barrington.
Saturday, 28th—Schrs. Mary Ann, and Two Brothers, Sydney—coal; William Henry, Barrington—fish; True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool—fish and lumber; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg; Arctic, Phillips, Port Medway—molasses and salt; Packet schr Industry Simpson, Boston, 4 days—flour, meal, etc. to W. J. Long and others; brig Bermudian, Newbolt, Grenada, 23, and Bermuda, 8 days—rum to J. & M. Tobin; Quadruple, Swan, Demerara, 28, St. Thomas, 15, and Bermuda, 6 days—sugar and molasses to Frith, Smith & Co.; brig Hero, Turner, Liverpool—lumber bound to Demerara,—put in for men.

Sunday, 29th—schr James Clark, Beck, St. John, N. B., 7 days—porter, whiskey, etc. to A. Keith; saw off Yarmouth, Ion, hence, for St. John, N. B.; Lively, Prospect; Enterprise, Barrington—dry fish.

Monday 30th—Schr Favorite, Crowell, St. Andrews, 6 days—lumber, to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Schr Transcendant, Kimble, N. B. 6 days—fish, to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Margaret, Prospect; Starr, Ragged Island, fish; brig Daphne, Young, Anguilla, P. R., 15 days—sugar and molasses, to Siltus and Wainwright; left brig Pilot, Roberts, to sail in 6 days, for Halifax; Sir H. Chapman, do; Lottery, just arrived from Demerara; schr Barbet, Sydney—coal; William and Sarah, Matoon—fish; James, Annapolis—lumber; Royal George, Port Medway—salt; schr Barbet, Richards, Bridgeport, 5 days—coal; Planet, Dunn, Ragged Islands.

Tuesday, 31st.—Schrs Eight Sons, Jacobs, Ponce, 16 days—Sugar, to J. Fairbanks; William, Torbay, dry fish; brig James, Hamilton, London, 51, lands end, 43 days—flour, bread, etc. to W. B. Hamilton. Passenger, Dr. Creed.

Wednesday, Aug. 1st—Schrs Nancy, Barrington, dry fish; Martin, Dover, do; Defiance, Currie, Sydney, 5 days—coal; Favourite, Hellaw, St. Andrews, 5 days—lumber, Shingles, etc. to W. A. Black, & Son; brig Margaret, Doane, Ponce, 18 days—sugar, to G.P. Lawson, Passenger, Mr. L. Jacobs.

Thursday, 2nd—schr Elizabeth, Hamilton, Canso, dry and pickled fish; Morning Star, Country Harbour, dry fish; Armide, Canso, do; Maria, Guysborough, dry fish; brig Pilot, Roberts, Demerara and Magagner P. R. 15 days, rum and sugar to Frith, Smith & Co; brig. Sir S. Chapman, Hunt, Magagner P. R. 13 days, sugar and molasses to T & M Tobin; brig. Lottery, Huison, sailed same day for Bermuda; Ship Joseph Porter, Porter, Liverpool, G. B. 30 days—salt and coals to D. & E. Starr & Co.—left burque Liverpool, Godfrey of Liverpool, N. S. The J. P. has made her voyage from Charleston to Liverpool, thence to Halifax in 67 days; schr Ann Wolfe, P. E. I. via Arichat, 8 days, dry fish; Packet Barque Lady Paget, Lockett, Liverpool, G. B. 31 days, general cargo to S. Cunard & Co. and others: has made the voyage to Liverpool and back in 65 days.

CLEARED.

Saturday 28th, Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. sugar, porter, etc. by J. Allison, & Co. A. Keith, and others; Amethyst, Hilton, St. Andrews, Herrings, by Wm. M. Allan; brig Loyalist, Skinner, B. W. Indies, fish, shingles, etc. by J. Dauphney. 30th, brigts Tory, Kelly, Berbice, do, by Fairbanks & Allison; Rob Roy, Smith, B. W. Indies, do., by Frith, Smith, & Co.; schr Mary, Garrett, Miramichi, rum, molasses, etc. by S. Cunard, & Co.; Trial, Robinson, P. E. Island; brig Adventure, LesBriel, Jersey, by Creighton and Grassie. 31st schr Prudent, Billingsby, Quebec, rosin, glass, etc. by S. Cunard, & Co. and D. & E. Starr, & Co.; Isabella, Barto, St. Andrews, flour, bread, by A. Murison; Esperance, Gagnion, Sydney; Adventure, Munn, Sydney; brig Hugh Johnson, Godfrey, B. W. Indies, fish, lumber, etc. by Siltus & Wainwright. August 1st, schr Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, St. John, N. B. sugar, rum, etc. by S. Binney, & W. B. Hamilton.

SAILED, July 27th, Schrs Rival, Anderson, Liverpool, N. S.; Hugh Denoon, Brookman, Sydney; Government schr Victory, Darby, on a Cruise; Am. schr Gerarde, Sheffield, Boston. 2nd—brig. James, Seymour, Nassau, by Deblois R. Merkel.

MEMORANDA.

A Brig from England bound to Miramichi in ballast, was lost at Gabarus, 26th ult.—Vessel total loss; Crew saved.

The brig James, Hamilton, from London, spoke July 20th, lat. 44 47, long. 46 49, Ship Evergreen, of St. John, N. B. from Quebec, for London, also saw brig Promise, standing east. 23d, spoke lat. 44 55, long. 51 38, Am. barque Frederick from Havana, for St. Petersburg.

Fell in with 25th, lat. 42 58, long. 54 47, Am brig Ajax, from Philadelphia, for Liverpool, G. B. with loss of mainmast, almost all the sails, in want of provisions, a chart, and a person to take her into Boston. Capt. H. sent on board his chief mate, Mr. Owen, for the purpose, as also supplied her with all her wants in the way of provisions, etc. etc.

Barbadoes 14th June, Arrived brig Elizabeth, Billingsby, New Orleans. 18th, Atlantic, Lewis, hence, and sailed for a market. Barrington, 25th inst, sailed brig Susan Crane, Doane, Demerara; Transcendant, Kemble, Welch Poole, N. B. 6 days, dry fish, do.

At Anticosti, 14th inst Star, Kelly, of Yarmouth. Brig Condor Lannigan, 28 days from Montego Bay for Quebec, was spoken off the harbour 28th inst.

Left at Ponce, brig Lady Chapman, Gilbert; Sir J. Duck worth Otter, Dill.

Brig Industry, of Liverpool, N. S., left Barbadoes 1st inst for Grenada.

Left at Grenada, 27th ult. brig Matilda, Bowden, and brig Evelina, Bars, to sail in 8 or 10 days.

Gloucester 24th, arrived brig Westmorland, Smith, St. John, N. B. Londonderry 21st, loading brig. Condor of Yarmouth, for St. John.

MARKETS at Barbadoes, 9th July, Dry Fish \$4. At Grenada, 27th ult. Dry Fish \$4.

Quantity of fish, arrived at the Port of Halifax, between 14th and 31st July, 1838, Coastwise:—

14,500 Quintals Dry, and 2,600 lbs Pickled Fish. The Daphne left brig Pilot, Roberts, to sail in 6 days; brigts Sir S. S. Chapman, Hunt, do.; Lottery, Hexion, from Demerara.

VARIORUM.

HOW TO CLEAR GARDENS OF INSECTS.—Every amateur conversant with the management of a garden, however small, has experienced more or less annoyance from the marauding depredations of slugs.—Their intrusions being generally committed in the night, or moist rainy weather, they are more difficult to detect. Traps, such as cabbage leaves, are sometimes strewed over the ground under which the slugs are decoyed, so that when the leaves are removed, they may readily be destroyed; so far, this answers the purpose tolerably well, but the following is the plan which, after many trials, I find attended with the least trouble and expense. Take a handful or two of decayed vegetable tops of any kind, pea or bean halm I generally prefer, this is laid down at short intervals, throughout my beds or quarters, especially in the kitchen garden, amongst recently planted crops of greens, salad, etc. The decayed weeds, or pea halm, are shifted about a yard or so every morning, and the place where it lay watered with lime water, a very small portion of which will quite destroy both slugs and worms. It may be well to observe, that any kind of vegetable substance in a decayed state will answer quite as well as pea or bean halm. In the flower garden I frequently cut down some of the herbaceous or annual plants that require it, and are nearest at hand, on a flat branch of a tree when very full of leaves, and this will generally last a week or ten days. Lime water I find to be a most essential thing, not only for slugs and worms, for the destruction of which it is of incalculable value. I frequently apply it on my grass sward, among the flower beds and for plants in pots, also to box edging in the kitchen garden; and since I applied this freely, I have suffered but little from insects of any kind.—*Floricultural Magazine.*

THE WORLD.—This is an agreeable world, after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the objects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we could hear nothing but discord. To be sure, there is a great deal of anxiety and vexation to meet; we cannot expect to sail on a summer sea forever, yet if we hold a calm eye and steady hand, we soon can trim our sails, and manage our helm so as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family! We are travelling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the free air, we are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down in the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brother should hate brother, it is not proper that friends should deceive friends; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity towards his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green line of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to the voice of scandal; breathe the spirit of charity upon our lips; and from our hearts let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as from a fountain—so the "golden age" will become no fiction; and the "island of the blest" bloom in more than Hesperian beauty.

FOR THE LOVERS OF SILLY STUFF.—Miss Arabella Scinderilla Georgietta Gulielmina Clishmaclaver Petweet, was the only daughter of fond parents; she was in the early bloom and gay promise of sixteen. She was beautiful beyond the fairest of her sex—beyond all parallel of earthly perfection. Her radiant eyes were like two rival suns in the arch of heaven's firmament; her forehead was smooth and fair as the seven times polished alabaster; her maidenly cheeks were like two luscious peaches, glowing with a gentle red, inviting and yet shrinking from the kisses of the breeze; her lips were the exact copy and sweet semblance of two delicate slices of ripe water-melon, so red and so inviting; her teeth were not like those of mortal mouths, so fair, so white—they were evidently made to set off her heavenly countenance, rather than for the gross purposes of mastication; her neck was graceful as the swan's, and smooth, and white, and clear as the fairest spermaceti candle. But were we to attempt to describe each of her indescribable perfections, we should never have done—suffice it to say, in all personal loveliness she was perfection itself doubly perfected; and her mind every way fitted to adorn so fit a person. Such was Miss Arabella Scinderilla Georgietta Clishmaclaver Petweet and yet she was mortal—yes, she was mortal as the mortalest! How shall we relate the heart-rending tale—We won't try.

FEEDING INFANTS.—A young lady with whom we are acquainted gave birth lately to her first child. The little one was about a fortnight old when we asked a lady how it and the young mother were. 'The mother is doing well,' she answered, 'but the child is very cross; and indeed it is not to be wondered at, for they are all so pleased, they seem hardly to know what they are about. The mother feeds it, and then the sister feeds it, and then the grandmother feeds it, and then the nurse feeds it, and thus they make the child ill.' Our friend was right. We should like to have shown the young lady the stomach of a new born infant now in our museum. It would not hold more than three table-spoonfuls, and yet they were trying to cram food down the little innocent's throat by teacupfuls.—*New York Medical Examiner.*

POWER OF MUSIC ON NIGHTINGALES.—In the gardens of Dilgusha, at Shiraz, in Persia, nightingales are said to abound, which not only sing during the night, but whose plaintive melody is not by day suspended in the East, as it is in our colder region; and it is said that several of those birds have expired while contending with musicians in the loudness or variety of their notes. It has, indeed, been known, according to Pliny, that in vocal trials among nightingales, the vanquished bird terminated its song only with its life.

An intelligent Persian, who repeated this story again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared that he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mahammed, surnamed Baltab, was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded; and at length, dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which he assured me they were soon raised by a change in the mode. And in one of Strada's *Academical Profusions*; we find a beautiful Poem which tends to confirm the Persian report; for it supposes a spirit of emulation so powerful in the nightingale, that having strained her little throat, vainly endeavoring to excel the musician, she breathes out her life in one last effort and drops, upon the instrument which had contributed to her defeat.

THE RULING PASSION.—A Mr. ***, a Master in Chancery, was on his death-bed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred, in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney, missing one or two other masters whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. *** would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The master was lifted up in bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper; as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace."—"Sir;"—"your ear—lower—lower. Have you got the half-crown." He was dead before morning.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

"A BLUE."—Sir Walter Scott, in his Diary, noticing a facetious and lively lady being called "a Blue," observes: "if to have good sense and good humour, mixed with a strong power of observing, and an equally strong one of expressing—if of this the result must be blue, she shall be as blue as they will. Such cant is the refuge of fools, who fear those who can turn them into ridicule: it is a common trick to revenge supposed railers with good, substantial calumny."

DEPTH.—Your deepest pools, like your deepest politicians and philosophers, often turn out more shallow than was expected.—*Sir W. Scott.*

DAYS' FISHING.—Since the days of Seges, emperor of Ethiopia, three days of appointed sport and happiness have seldom answered.—*Ibid.*

ANTS' EGGS are a costly luxury in Siam: they are not much larger than grains of sand, are sent to table curried, or rolled in green leaves, mingled with shreds or very fine slices of fat pork.

SIAMESE NOBILITY.—Instead of looking at the dress of a Siamese to estimate his rank, it is necessary to cast the eye upon the slave following him, who bears upon a tray the badge which designates his master's rank. Tea-kettles of gold and silver, plain or ornamented, are patents of the highest grades of nobility, and are presented by the king as commissions of office.

KILLING A SHARK.—Dr. Ruschenberger, in his recent voyage, witnessed the killing of a shark, which he thus describes:—The fish was about 10 feet long, and his jaws were capacious enough to bite a man's leg off. At last, he was secured, and was quickly seen floundering, and lashing his powerful tail upon deck. In an instant, a dozen knives were gleaming around him; and he had been dragged scarcely to the mainmast before the tail was severed from his body by successive blows of an axe. His abdomen was ripped up, and his heart, which was cut out, lay palpitating for some time upon the fluke of an anchor. Still he floundered, and so powerful were his muscular exertions, that several strong men could not control them. His huge jaws, armed with five rows of sharp teeth, were removed, his brain exposed, and head cut off, and in five minutes parts of his body still quick with life, were frying at the galley, under the knife and fork of the cook, while the fins and tail, like so many trophies, were hung up to dry.

SLAVERY flourishes in Zanzibar, where slaves are confined in a wooden cage from the time of their arrival from the coast of Africa, until they are sold. The cage is about 20 feet square, and at one time, there have been no less than 150 slaves, men, women, and children, locked up in it!

PLURALITY OF WIVES.—A native of Zanzibar, thus illustrated the bad policy of having more than one wife, although the law of his country allows four. "Suppose you have more, (than one,) they always fight; suppose live in the same house, they fight; suppose live in different house, they fight; and the man can be no happy. The woman very bad for that."

DUELLING.—The Arabs have this laconic argument against duelling, which they consider a silly custom. "If a man insult you," say they, "kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to kill, as well as insult, you."

PRAYING MACHINE.—On the high roads of Japan, every mountain, hill, and cliff, is consecrated to some divinity, to whom travellers are required to address long prayers. As this would occupy too much time for those who are in haste, a machine is used consisting of a upright post, with an iron plate set into the top. The turning round of this plate, upon which the prayer is engraved, is deemed equivalent to repeating the prayer.

MECHANISM OF THE ELEPHANT'S SKULL.—A person looking at the skull of an elephant, would naturally, judging from the size, suppose that the animal has a very large brain. Such, however, is not the case; but the magnitude of the skull is dependant upon another cause, viz. the great extent of the outer table, (as it is called;) for, be it understood that the cavity of the cranium is not by any means so large as the external appearance of the skull would lead one to imagine.

But, what end is to be gained by this great extent of surface? The explanation is this:—The weight of the tusk, the trunk, and huge grinding teeth, is very great, and there must be a corresponding proportion of muscular substance to support this weight. Now, it is a law in nature, that extent of surface is every where conjoined with the least possible bulk; nor is there ever an accumulation of useless matter in a living being. To obtain a sufficient surface for the attachment of the muscles necessary to support the tusk, trunk, etc.; and at the same time to afford the least possible weight, the two tables of the skull are united by a diploe, or vast number of thin plates of bone, disposed in an irregular manner, so as to form cells, than which nothing could be imagined or contrived which would more beautifully and completely answer the purpose.

Could the most accomplished mechanist, or the most learned anatomist, point out a better or more perfect mode of attaining the desired end? Certainly not. On the contrary, many and important are the hints which have been gleaned from the book of nature, and most usefully and profitably applied to art and science.

REPRODUCTION OF THE LEGS OF SPIDERS AND CRUSTACEA.—If the leg of a spider be broken off in the middle of a joint, or at one of the lower joints, the animal invariably tears it off at the hip, because the outer integument of the leg being dense and unyielding, would not permit the wound to close; and, consequently, the creature would soon die of hæmorrhage; or the loss of the vital sanies, which in spiders and crustacea answers the same purpose as the blood in the higher orders of animals. But at the hip, the parts being soft and elastic, the wound speedily closes, and the animal is little the worse for the injury.

This fact is noticed in the crustacea generally; and it is worthy of remark, that the leg is reproduced, but not immediately—not until the annual change, or casting of the shell. The new limb is at first slender, though perfect in its various parts; and it gradually increases in size until it has attained the magnitude of the other legs.

TENDER MERCIES OF WAR.—At the battle of Austerlitz, a division of the Russian army which fought in alliance with the Austrians, in retreating mistook its way, and was gradually forced by Soult's advance, on a large extent of smooth space covered with snow. The space was found to be a frozen lake. The French halted at its edge, and commenced a heavy fire of cannon, not on the unfortunate Russians, but on the lake. The ice, loaded with men, horses, and guns, at last gave way under the cannon balls, and in another moment the whole division was engulfed.

SINGULAR DEVICE.—The Arabs who serve as guides through the mountains near the seel and cataraets of the Nile, have a singular method of extorting presents from the traveller. They alight at certain spots and beg a present; if it is refused, they collect a heap of sand and mould a tomb, and then placing a stone at each of the extremities, they apprise the traveller that his tomb is made—meaning henceforward there will be no security for him in that rocky wilderness.—Most persons pay a trifling tribute rather than have their graves made before their eyes.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, Joseph Allison, and
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Fredericton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, jr. Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Parsonsboro, C. E. Ratchford, Esq.	Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Carleton, Jos. Mengher, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. J. W. Anderson.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree &
Antigonish, R. N. Henry, Esq.	Chipman.

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