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RETRIBUTION; AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

"Is it in law? am I condemned to die?"

It is now some five and twenty years ago that I was junior Lieutenant of as sweet a frigate as ever spread canvass to the breeze, and as it was my first appointment, I was not a little proud of my white lapelles, for I could with truth declare that, as I had the pleasure of wearing them, so also I had honestly won them. We were stationed in that part of the world so terrific to the imagination of Europeans—the West Indies; but I must acknowledge that, though it was precious hot, yet I found it rather pleasant than otherwise.

We were cruising in the Gulf of Florida—the merry old craft playing all sorts of antics in the numerous currents—poking her nose to whatever point of the compass pleased her for the time, in spite of helm or braces—and not unfrequently threatening to resemble the black fellow's schooner, that 'run in the bush for 'n yam apple.' One night to the northward of Anguilla just clear of the Salt Keys Bank, we had a smart gale from the N. E., and we reached away upon the starboard tack under close reefed topsails, fore-topmast staysail and trysail, top gallant yards lulled, so that we were enabled to shake out a couple of reefs; and the bubble of a sea that had been kicked up by the wind was soon smoothed down by the run of the stream. At day light we saw a large ship right ahead of us, with her topmasts gone, the wreck still hanging over the side; whilst to the leeward, running away, large, under a heavy press of canvass, was a low black schooner, which, as she was nearly end on, looked something like a negro's head with a large ostrich plume floating on the waters. What she was became instantly known, and no small degree of excitement prevailed amongst the watch as soon as the name was uttered—'the Black Bloodhound'—which was alike applied to the pirate vessel and the marauding chief, and of whose peculiarities the most wonderful accounts had obtained currency and gained credence. There was nothing the schooner could not be made to do, except speak, and the Captain had the same peculiarity, for all (and I am thinking they were but very few) who escaped from his clutches declared that he carried on the several duties of commander, judge, jury, and chief executioner by dumb show. The fellow was described as hideous in appearance, ferocious by nature, and cruel from an instinctive love of human flesh. The Black Bloodhound, small as she appeared on the ocean, was nearly 200 tons admeasurement, and carried twelve 18 pounder carronades, one long two-and-thirty in amid-ships, upon traversing slides, with an heterogeneous crew of seventy men from all nations.

'Keep her clean rap full, Quarter master,' said I, as descending the companion ladder, I hastened to perform my duty, as officer of the watch, by giving information to the Captain. 'Two sail in sight, Sir,' exclaimed I, on opening the cabin door; a ship about half a league distant ahead, with top-masts gone'—

'Well, Sir, you had no occasion to disturb me for that,' replied he, 'Stand on and hail her, and let me know who she is. I have not had five minutes' sleep throughout the night, and had just got into a snooze, and here you come to rouse me out, merely to tell me'—

'The Black Bloodhound is on our leebeam, Sir, about five miles off,' rejoined I, interrupting him unceremoniously.

'You don't say so, Mr.—' uttered he, making but one spring out of his cot, and drawing on a pair of loose flannel trousers; and throwing his cloak around him, he neither waited for shoes nor hat, but was instantly on deck with his glass, reconnoitering the strangers. One look at the schooner was sufficient to betray her character, whilst the ship in distress was evidently a capture that she had been plundering. 'Turn the hands up; make sail, Mr.—' said the skipper, as cool as a melon. 'The watch square the mainyard—lower the quarter boat down, put twelve men into her armed—and ready Mr.—, to shove off, and take charge of the ship. Do the best you can to repair the damage, and keep the frigate in sight as long as possible. Up helm, Sir, directly on board, and stand after me.—Should you part company, run for Jamaica. Bear a hand, Sir; you have not a moment to spare for chest or bedding.

The orders were promptly obeyed; the word flew swiftly along the decks that the Black Bloodhound was under our lee, and produced greater alacrity among the people than the shrill call of the boatswain's mate. The boat was lowered, and as the frigate launched gallantly ahead, in less than ten minutes from my quitting the Captain's cabin, I was alongside the strange ship; whilst the frigate under a crowd of sail pursued the flying pirate.

During the bustle, I had picked out twelve of the best seamen from the many who volunteered; for so strong is the love of novelty or change in the mind of a tar, that he will undergo any hazard or privation to indulge it. Had the first Lieutenant not been so fully engaged, I much question whether he would have allowed me to carry away such excellent hands; as it was, he had no time to muster or inspect them, and thus I got clear off with my crew, fourteen in all, including myself and a master's mate.

On ascending to the deck, a scene of devastation and blood presented itself such as could only be witnessed under similar circumstances. Bales and cases broken lay about in every direction. Elegantly bound books, silks, muslins, lace, music,—in short, something of every thing, mutilated, torn and defaced—were scattered in every part, fore and aft, and much of it saturated with human gore. The topmast and topgallant gear hanging down increased the confusion, whilst here and there a dead body, horribly mangled, completed the dreadful spectacle. My faculties were for a few minutes utterly benumbed. I had seen many a bloody corpse upon the deck of battle without shinking; but these—these fell by the remorseless hand of the murderer, and not in fair fight with a gallant foe. The men had followed me very closely and were waiting for orders, when one of them caught me up in his arms (I am a little fellow) and ran aft to the taffrail. At first I was much incensed and almost suspected a mutiny, particularly as I saw the rest very busy about the main mast, from which some of them hurried down the main hatchway, whilst others descended by the companion hatch. It was the work of a moment.

'What the devil do you mean by this, Jackson?' said I, addressing the man, who still held me, apparently ready to jump overboard.

'She's on fire forward, Sir,' answered he respectfully; 'and there was a train with a lighted match close to it, leading to a barrel o' powder that stood alongside o' you, Sir; and, as I've heard you say you can't swim, Sir, why I hopes no offence in regard to the trying to save you, Sir.'

Instinct alone could have prompted this simultaneous movement, and I felt humbled and abashed that I should have so far suffered the shock my nature received to unman me as to give my men the advantage of the discovery. I could not, however, but be much gratified at this token of esteem manifested towards me. 'This will never do, Jackson,' said I gratefully, 'we must stand our chance, my boy, sink or swim. Come, let us see if we can't lend them a hand.'

He immediately complied; but the danger had in a great measure ceased through the activity of the men, who had destroyed the communication which had been laid to the powder, ready to blow the ship up. A slight explosion took place down forward, but a plentiful supply of water soon extinguished the fire, and we commenced clearing the wreck: so that in a short time we were running after the frigate, under the foresail, mizen staysail, and driver, but in a couple of hours we lost sight of her altogether, and the chase we had not seen for some time.

'There's a— of a sight in the cabin Sir,' said Jackson as soon as the hurry of duty had somewhat subsided: 'I've been down overhauling the lockers for a palm and needles and some twine, in regard that the first Lieutenant did not give us a sufficient allowance of lime to get my ditty bag along with me, Sir. There's four on 'em with their throats cut from clew to earing, and there's a sort of soughing or groaning abast by the rudder-case; so that thinks I to myself I'll just tell the officer, and mayhap'—

'You're right, Jackson; it may be some poor wretch still in existence,' said I, and for the first time from coming on board, I went below.—The cabin deck was strewn with a variety of articles, and nearly in parallel lines to each other, with their arms tightly pinioned, lay four bodies, each with the head nearly severed from the neck. The cabin was large and handsome, and the dress of the sufferers indicated that they had been passengers. In a state room on the starboard fore part of the cabin lay a male and female in a most disgusting position, as if the fiends delighted in every species of evil that could possibly outrage human nature. They were both dead; and beneath the bed place they occupied was a smaller one in which was a female child about 3 years old cruelly murdered by cutting the throat.

'It's aft here, Sir, as the noise is,' said Jackson, (who followed me below,) going to the rudder case. I went to the spot and listened, and certainly there were sounds of a peculiar kind, but I thought these were merely caused by the weight of the rudder on the gudgeons, till on opening a small door of what appeared to be

a cupboard, the upper part of a human being became visible and we soon had the melancholy gratification of rescuing a fellow creature from a premature death. I say melancholy gratification, for he had been so inhumanly maltreated that it was really shocking to look upon him. He continued for a time in a state of insensibility; but by the application of a cordial which we found, and restoring him to the air, he recovered animation, though his mental faculties seemed at first to be much impaired. He raved of bloodshed and murder, called upon the names of Emma and Eliza, shrieked for his children; and bodily pain, which must have been most excruciating, was absorbed in the most agonized anguish of the heart. He was apparently about five and twenty years of age, but his face had been so scored with knives that it was impossible to make out a feature of his countenance.

Through dint of strenuous perseverance by four o'clock in the afternoon we had jury fore and main topmasts up, and the topgallant sail set for topsail, and as we had lost sight of the frigate I hauled up with a fine breeze, intending to go round Cape St. Antonio, the western extremity of the island of Cuba; and as we had made all tolerably snug, we sought for some refreshment, having brought with us only a bag of bread and a few pieces of salt junk. Our search however was unavailing, for though we found a case of claret and a quarter cask of Madeira, yet we discovered nothing—not even a biscuit—in the way of food. Compelled to make ourselves content upon the fare we had, preparations were made for cooking, and whilst some were attaching weights to the murdered dead for the purpose of sinking them, others were employed washing away the crimson pools that stained the polluted deck. I used my best endeavours to soothe and tranquilize the mind of the sufferer, who still existed, and gradually became more and more conscious, till at length his rationality returned, and he proved to be the mate of the ship and brother to the Captain who had been murdered by the pirates. Every thing that could be done to alleviate the poor fellow's torture was tried, but he was so dreadfully burnt, the wretches having scored him like pork, rubbed powder into the interstices and then fired it off, with other grievous injuries.—And perhaps I may as well relate here the narrative, which I obtained at intervals, and by disjointed parts.

'We sailed,' said the mate, 'from New York, and as my brother the Captain had purchased a property in Jamaica, we were bound to Montego Bay, where, with his family, consisting of a wife and two daughters, one sixteen and the other thirteen, he purposed landing.'

'But there was one younger than you mention,' said I, without making other reference to what I had witnessed.

'Oh yes, Sir,' replied he, 'there were two—two dear innocents—they were mine, Sir—they were mine—the children of one who died a short time before we left New York, and they were going to remain with their uncle whilst I was at sea. I need not ask you how you came to know the fact of their being aboard, for the dreadful massacre is yet before my eyes—Oh God! that I could wipe away the remembrance of it for ever. Yet no! Almighty Father, grant that the hour of retribution may come, and I am content to suffer till that time! We made a very fair passage, Sir, till yesterday afternoon, when the piratical schooner hove in sight, and not liking her appearance, we carried on through thick and thin, under the vain hope of falling in with some of the British cruisers. Oh, Sir, had it pleased Providence to have sent you to our succour yesterday—but I will not arraign the decrees of unerring wisdom. Yet when I think of my murdered little ones, and all my dear relations—all gone—oh, Sir, it is more than my spirit can endure.

'The schooner overhauled us very fast, yet still we cherished the prospect of escape or succour, till in a sudden squall, in which we did not shorten sail, our three topmasts came down and then we sank into despair. The females had been secreted in the hold under a heap of lumber; and whilst I was looking at the wreck, my brother came to me; 'Amos,' said he, 'let me commune with you apart,' and I walked aft with him in silence. 'Amos,' continued he, and there was a fierce fiery restlessness in his eyes as he looked in mine—'Amos,' repeated he, 'our children! could you bear to see them'—and he paused and grasped my arm in a convulsive clutch. 'Amos, answer me—would it not be better that they should die than fall into the power of yon hellish gang!' I caught his meaning; but I could not speak. 'Did not the chosen people of the Most High,' he continued, 'save their wives and daughters from pollution by—' he ceased, and a sickly tremor came over him as he felt terrified at his own thoughts.

'God had departed from them, Daniel,' said I soothingly: 'but we do not know that he will visit us in judgment. Pray to him in this hour of peril, that his wrath be not stirred up against us! We must use the means, Daniel; it is for HIM to bless our efforts.' 'Thou counselest well, Amos,' returned he; 'we will use the means, and,' he added raising his hands to heaven, 'Lord deliver for thy name's sake.'

'We worked hard to clear the wreck, but the schooner was alongside of us before we had well commenced; and in a few minutes her boat, full of men, shoved off to board us. 'Amos,' said Daniel, 'be near me, my brother, and be firm. Yet, yet,' added he, whilst his eyes again flashed fiercely, 'I would not torture them; and if the lambs are to be slain—' 'Peace, Daniel,' returned I; 'God sees not as man sees.' Well, sir, the Pirates boarded us, and then commenced a series of the most diabolical outrages that infernal ingenuity could invent and perpetrate. No resistance was offered: for it would have been useless. The passengers were taken into the cabin, and tortured to make confession where the money was concealed. It was in vain that they endeavoured to appease the wretches, by resigning every thing. Some articles of female apparel were discovered, and the pirate chief, his face concealed beneath a black mask, made signs to one of his followers, who demanded where the owners were.

'To the honour of the seamen, they resisted every attempt to aving the secret from them; but one of the passengers, a poor weak terrified lad, under the expectation of saving himself, betrayed their hiding-place, and the next minute his throat was cut, and he lay a corpse upon the deck. Never shall I forget the look of Daniel when his wife and daughters were brought up and tried to run to him for protection. Emma was just at the age of ripening beauty; and Eliza was nearly as tall as her sister, though not so well favoured in feature. A motion from the chief, and they were seized by some of his fiends in human form—and when Daniel would have rushed forward to attempt their rescue, a blow from the chief's sabre cut him down. Then ascended up to heaven wild shrieks of horror and supplications for deliverance.

'There, too, stood my innocents—the wretches, could not they spare infancy? Oh no! their feet were swift to shed blood—although it were the blood of babes, but I cannot speak of them, Sir—they are safe and better in another world—whilst I!—ay, the hour of retribution will come! When Daniel recovered sensibility, it was to see his daughters forced over the side into the pirate's boat; and as they clung to their mother who held them with an inseparable grasp, the tendons of her arms were divided by a sharp weapon; and as they still embraced, a ruffian drew his knife across my sister's throat, and she was a quivering corpse,—Daniel was lashed down to the ring-bolts—powder was placed round him and exploded, to make him confess that money was somewhere in his keeping. For myself, I was suspended by the wrists in the main rigging and there, oh God! will the scene never pass away from my eyes!—there, Sir, I saw my children practised on by every hellish device, and there too, in my sight—the sight of a father—the remorseless villains butchered them.'

Here he ceased for a while, entirely overcome with the horror of recollection, and his convulsive sobbings seemed as if they would rend his breast. In a short time he grew more calm and proceeded:

'It would be a sickening task, Sir, to detail all the atrocities practised by these devils. Murder after murder followed in rapid succession, and then they commenced plundering. My poor brother looked at me, and there was, or at least I thought there was, an expression of reproach upon his countenance as he mournfully shook his head; but he could not speak, as the wretches had cut out his tongue.

'Throughout the night did this scene continue; and it grew more and more dreadful when heightened by intoxication. The pirate chief never removed his hideous mask—he had returned once to the schooner, but remained only a short time; and when he came back poor Daniel was cast loose, a rope was rove through a block upon the mainstay, a noose was put round his neck, and he was run up to it till his convulsive throes ceased, and he was lowered down to recover. Three times was this repeated; but the third time had effectually terminated his sufferings, and he was thrown down the skylight in the cabin. How I contrived to escape I can hardly tell. I remember being cut down and falling to the deck, where some one dragged me to the companion hatch; and as he raised me up for a launch down the ladder, a voice whispered in my ear, 'There's a sail in sight—hide yourself, if you can,'—the next moment I was precipitated below, and in a few minutes, finding no one in the cabin, I crawled to the place where you found me, and sunk into insensibility. You see the manner in which I have been treated; but God will yet grant me strength for the hour of retribution. I have prayed for it, Sir—the groanings of my spirit have ascended up to the throne of Omnipotence; I have implored with the pleadings of faith—and I feel assured my petitions will be answered.'

There could be no doubt that the schooner had made the frigate out before we had caught sight of her, and thus was enabled to gain a considerable advantage. 'What sort of a man is he you call the pirate chief?' inquired I.

'Of his features I can say nothing; for they were concealed,

and consequently it was impossible to ascertain his age,' replied the mate; but he was of middle stature, well built and active. Every signal or sign he made showed the heart of a devil.'

That night it fell calm, and for three days we drifted at the mercy of the currents. Sometimes a light air of wind would tantalize us, but it soon subsided again; and as our stock of provisions began seriously to decrease, I put the men upon short allowance. But this was not the worst—our water was nearly gone, a fine breeze, and as the frigate did not appear, I determined to run into the Havana to obtain victuals and water, and the next morning we were safe at anchor within the Moro Castle, and all hands busily at work. Unfortunately I had no papers to show my authority in taking charge of the ship, but, by one of those occurrences which are especially ordained, I happened to have my pocket-book, containing my commission, and a deposition was taken before the authorities of the actual state of the case. The Spaniards used many pretexts for doubting and discrediting the evidence of myself and my men, for the purpose of seizing the vessel, but the English and American official residents promptly came to my aid, and we were allowed to remain unmolested. Medical assistance was obtained for the mate, but no persuasions could induce him to go on shore.

I had landed early one morning to expedite the labours of the men, and feeling fatigued, entered a coffee-house to obtain refreshment. Whilst sitting at the table, a young man in a Spanish undress naval uniform approached, and, stiffly saluting me, took his seat on the opposite side. His age appeared to be about five-and-twenty, his face was remarkably handsome, and there was a sort of careless recklessness in his look which characterized a tar of the old English school—in fact, there was nothing of the Spaniard about him but his dress, and I very soon became convinced by his manners that he was a countryman. His beverage was wine, and as he raised the tumbler to his lips, he uttered in good English, though with somewhat of an Irish accent 'Signor teniente, your health.'

I bowed in token of acknowledgement; and a conversation ensued in which he announced himself an Irishman by birth but nearly the whole of his existence had been passed in the United States and Spanish America, and he was then in the personal suite of the Governor, with the rank of a First Lieutenant in the Navy. His manners were extremely engaging; but there was a sort of hardened bravado at times about him which strikingly contrasted with his usual gentlemanly deportment. We talked of our several national services, and his observations manifested acuteness and intelligence. The capture of the Yankee by the pirate naturally engaged some portion of our attention, and he listened to the details with much earnestness. At length he proposed a walk through the city; but this I politely declined, urging the necessity for my speedy departure for Jamaica as an efficient excuse. The fact, however, was, that I did not like to commit myself with a man of whom I knew nothing, and I was not pleased at seeing a seaman in any other uniform than that of his natural country. He accompanied me, however, to the boat, and looking upon the six men that were at work, paid a high compliment to their admirable appearance.

'How many such have you in the frigate?' inquired he.

I replied, 'Three hundred and twenty.'

'But you have more than these in the Yankee,' said he; 'strong as they are they are barely sufficient to handle her.'

'They do very well,' answered I, somewhat evasively. 'I have no wish for more; especially as the frigate will, no doubt, be somewhere in the neighbourhood looking for us.'

'I should like very much to run to Jamaica with you,' said he; 'the Governor, I think, would grant me permission, if you would give me a passage.—When do you sail?'

I told him on the following day, if possible; and he was perfectly welcome to a passage.

'Well then,' added he 'I will obtain leave of absence, and be on board in the morning;' and so we parted.

I completed all my arrangements, and by night was ready for sea, intending to take advantage of the land breeze in the early part of the dawn to make an offing. Accordingly soon after sunrise we had sail upon the ship; the anchor was purchased, and we stood out. A canoe came alongside, and a note was handed up by a negro, who instantly shoved off again. It was from my acquaintance of the coffee house, stating the failure of his application for leave of absence, and wishing me a pleasant passage.

The mate had been very carefully attended to: and as most of his injuries were of an external nature, he found great relief from the applications prescribed by the doctor; nor was his bodily strength much diminished. He was a tall, robust, muscular man, apparently of great physical power; but he belonged to that enduring sect founded by William Penn, whose object is peace and good will to all.

We rounded Cape St. Antonio in capital style, and then hauled up for Jamaica; but we had light baffling winds and calms till nearly abreast of the Isle of Pines, and then we had it more steady.

It was nearly morning—the master's mate (he was an Irish youth of the name of O'Brien) had the watch—and I was soundly

sleeping on a mattress upon the deck, dreaming of home, when I felt myself roughly shaken, and O'Brien, with staring eye and eager look, exclaimed, 'By the powers, but she's there again, Sir.'

'Who's there?' inquired I, jumping up in a hurry, and observing the men using my glass to examine something to windward. 'What is it, O'Brien?'

'Why, then, its the devil herself, Mr. —' replied he! she's got away from the old hooker, and will be down upon us before we can say pase.'

I went to the gangway—took the glass and directed it towards a sail in shore of us. There was no mistaking her rig, or the cut of her sails; a curious sensation crept over me—it was the Black Bloodhound, and she was standing out towards us. The atmosphere was rather hazy; but I sent a man aloft to see if he could discover any other strange sail, and he reported several small craft in with the land and a vessel of some kind or other on the lee bow, but he could not make out what. I communicated the circumstance to the American mate, who, so far from feeling alarmed, expressed considerable satisfaction. 'I shall die, Sir,' said he, 'but the hour of retribution is at hand.' I called the men aft, and describing to them the inevitable consequence of falling into such murderous hands, demanded whether they would stand by me in resisting to the last.

If you'll only give orders, Sir,' said Jackson, advancing a little before the rest, 'we'll hold on by you for a Highland moon, and I'm blessed if we don't learn the scoundrels a trick or two afore we've done. Won't us boys?'

A brief assent announced their willingness, and we instantly commenced preparations for defence. I had found a couple of 18 pounder carronades in the hold whilst at Havana, and got them mounted. There was plenty of powder on board, but no shot, and all hands immediately set to work to collect langridge of all kinds to atone for the deficiency; iron hoops were broken into small pieces—glass bottles were in readiness—spike nails— in short every thing of an offensive nature that we could gather was tied up in canvas of a dimension to enter the muzzle of the guns; and each man amongst us had his musket, a brace of pistols, a bayonet, and cutlass. I gave the American my musket and bayonet, reserving my other arms to myself; and thus we presented a formidable band of fifteen, expecting an attack of probably more than seventy. But when I considered that

'Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.'

I felt but little apprehension as to the result. The awning was spread over the quarter-deck, and I directed stops to be cleverly stranded so that a strong jerk would bring the whole of it down together. Our carronades were loaded, secured in a-midships, just before the after-hatchway, so that we might, on seeing which side the pirate would take, bring them both to bear together. A shot from his long gun, that passed over us, was a warning to heave-to; but we still carried on, to gain as much time as possible, and induce him to believe that we were under great alarm.

'May I request a favour, Sir?' said Amos, in tone of earnest solemnity.

'If it does not interfere with my arrangements, you may ask, and have all that I can do for you,' replied I.

'It's only to let one of the men reeve a line through that block upon the mainstay, Sir,' said he, pointing aloft to the block at which his unfortunate brother had been suspended, and which remained in its original position, though I had ordered its removal. 'You may deem my request a strange one,' added he; 'but grant it me, Sir; Jackson, here, will lend me a hand, and you shall see that retribution will have its day.'

I certainly did not much heed what his intentions were, for my thoughts were otherwise too busily engaged; but I told Jackson to get the rope rove, as much as any thing to satisfy him, and as there seemed to be a sort of mysterious communing between them.—Another shot from the schooner passed through both topsails; but as the weather began to thicken I still carried on, though without the smallest hope or expectation of getting away. In another quarter of an hour she ranged under our lee-quarter, and poured in a broad-side, which however injured no one. My brave fellows had anticipated her movement, and the two carronades were promptly at the midship-ports covered over with boat's sails.

'Ho—the ship, ahoy,' exclaimed a voice from the schooner; 'heave-to, and send your boat aboard directly.'

'Ay, ay, Sir,' answered I, aloud; but whisperingly added—'Stand by, my men—square the main-yard lubberly fashion;' and then aloud—'back the main-topsail.'

My orders were well obeyed—only a few of my men appearing; and the pirates, fancying that we had but little strength, and knowing that there were no guns when they were last aboard, crowded the nettings and rigging to have a look at us; they were so close that we could hear even the tread of the men upon her deck; when suddenly luffing-up as the schooner had forged a-head so as to be abreast the fore-channels, I gave the word 'fire.' The carronades were admirably pointed, and the execution they did exceeded my most sanguine expectations. The schooner filled her topsails and stood on till she brought us in a line with her

stern, and then her long gun was pointed abaft, and cut us up most miserably—the shots ploughing the deck, and tearing and rending every thing before them—but still without wounding a single person, for except myself and the man at the helm, every soul else was in the hold.

I concluded that she meant to sink us; and as some of the shots struck the ship below the breast-hooks, she made a good deal of water; but the men were prompt with such materials as they could find, for plugs, and there was no immediate danger. Finding, however, that we made no further resistance, he got out two large boats, and going about kept them out of sight to windward, and stood towards us till he got within a cable's length of our weather-bow, when he tacked, and the boats, filled with men, shoved off to board us. Hastily scanning the armament with my glass, I distinctly saw the pirate in a mask, and should have taken him for a negro, had not Amos exclaimed in a suppressed voice.—'It is he—he comes—and the hour of retribution has arrived.'

My carronades had been reloaded, and my gallant fellows, with incredible speed, dragged them forward to the middle, which was closed. It was a moment of fearful excitement—the boats were close to us, nearly under our bows—when open flew the port, and they got the full benefit of the discharge—killing, and crashing, and wounding. But we could only fire one gun before the wretches were scrambling up the head, and on to the fore-castle. I had retreated with my men to the larboard waist, so as to place the long boat between us and the assailants, and directed them to be sure of their aim, and fire—they did so, and ten of the pirates fell to rise no more. 'Now, lads,' shouted I, 'your pistols and cutlasses and the day is our own.' We made a desperate rush, a sharp hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and we were the victors, having the Black Bloodhound himself among the prisoners. In an instant the American darted at him, tore the mask from his face, and I beheld the handsome features of my coffee-house acquaintance at Havana. I had not a moment, however, to bestow upon the recognition so as to renew our intimacy, for about a dozen of men had crowded back into one of the boats, and were making off on their return to the schooner. The second carronade, however, speedily supplied the place of that which had been discharged, and, pointing it myself, I waited the dispersion of the smoke to ascertain the issue. On its clearing away, I saw the boat filled with water, and the men who yet lived were swimming around her.

A loud shout abaft now attracted my attention, but the smoke from the gun still clung to the rigging aloft, yet I could distinctly see the American and Jackson, and several of the men, clustered together on the gangway, and following the direction of their looks up to the mainstay, there was the body of the Black Bloodhound, writhing in the convulsive agonies of death—Amos was right—his hour of retribution had come!

I hastily ran aft to stay this illegal execution, but was too late—the carcass which but a few minutes before had been full of life and animation, now hung suspended without motion—the vital principle had fled.

Amos knelt upon the deck, the blood flowed freely from fresh wounds he had received in his breast and on his head, and presenting a most ghastly spectacle. 'Lord now let thy servant depart in peace,' uttered he, in a low but fervent tone; 'Thou hearest my petition, and hast granted the prayer thereof, blessed be thy holy name.' I shuddered to hear the Deity addressed in terms of gratitude for the indulgence of revenge, and should have expressed my disgust but a shot from the pirate came crashing through the bows—and Amos lay at my feet a headless corpse!

'The schooner means boarding, Sir,' shouted O'Brien. 'Up helm,' cried I, running aft—'tend the braces, men, and trim the sails, as she gathers good way.'

The ship payed off, and the schooner, observing our manoeuvre, gave us a broadside, that scratched two of my men out of the book of life, and wounded three others. I must own that a sickness of heart came over me when I witnessed this destruction of so many of my gallant band; but Jackson suddenly aroused me by a shout—'the ship, Sir,—the frigate—hurra, I knew our iron-sides (the name by which the Captain went amongst these men) wouldn't leave us—hurra, boys!—every rogue on 'em will be strung up like ingons.'

I looked, and there, sure enough, was the dashing craft emerging from the fog, under a heavy press, and coming down to our rescue. One of the pirate's boats was yet lying under our bows—the frigate was too close for the schooner to get away; besides, the master-spirit that had ruled their actions was no more; so manning the boat with six men, I prepared to board. In another quarter of an hour I stood upon the pirate's deck—no creature was to be seen but mingled dead and wounded lay in all directions. I brought the vessel to the wind, lashed her helm a-lee and then went into the cabin, urged by an irresistible impulse, to ascertain the fate of the young females.

They were there—the eldest was sitting crouched in a corner, her long hair hanging over her neck and bosom, and her eyes wildly glaring with unnatural ferocity. The youngest was extended at full length, with her head resting in her sister's lap, and her face turned up with a fixed expression, on the countenance of the elder. I spoke soothingly, but the only answer returned

was an hysterical laugh—alas! one was a maniac, and the other a corpse!

The boats from the frigate boarded us soon after, and my command was transferred from the Yankee to the schooner—the body of the chief still hung at the mainstay, nor would Captain suffer it to be lowered down—and a fair breeze springing up, we steered for Jamaica; and entered Montego Bay with the human sacrifice still exposed. Upwards of forty of the pirates had been killed or wounded, and the rest expiated their crimes on the gallows. The young surviving female of the American family never properly recovered her reason, but she inherited the property of her father, and lived upon it many years, refusing every offer of marriage that was made to her.

The uncle and niece were buried in the same grave. The planters very handsomely presented me with a valuable gold mounted sword, and the men with ten doubloons each; the beautiful craft was purchased into the service, raised upon and spoiled; and the body of the pirate chief, enclosed in an iron frame, was suspended from a gibbet just above high water mark—a signal instance of just Retribution.

The following little tale is none the worse for being old:

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.—An old clock that had stood for forty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one Summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial plate—if we may credit the fable—changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels and weights with one voice protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spake: 'I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stopping, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is that I am tired of ticking.' Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of striking.

'Lazy wire!' exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands. 'Very good!' replied the pendulum. 'It is vastly easy for you; Mistress Dial, who, as every body knows, have always set yourself above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you, who have nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that is going on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year as I do.'

'As to that,' said the dial, 'is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?' For all that, resumed the pendulum, 'it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life, and if you wish I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment, I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum.'

The minute hand, being quick at figures, presently replied, 'Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.'—'Exactly so,' replied the pendulum. 'Well, I appeal to you all if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And, when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself I'll stop.'

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this language, but resuming its gravity thus replied: 'Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time—so have we all, and are likely to do, which although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?'

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. 'Now,' resumed the dial, 'I may be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?'—'Not in the least,' replied the pendulum. 'It is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions.'—'Very good,' replied the dial; 'but recollect that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one, and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.'—'That consideration staggers me, I confess,' said the pendulum. 'Then I hope,' resumed the dial plate, 'we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus.'

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed, when

as with one consent the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and to its credit as loud as ever, while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

THE RICE HARVEST IN CHINA.—The first harvest commences at the latter end of May; the second about the end of October. The process of reaping is performed by men who wade through the mud and cut the straws with a small sickle. Great numbers of the poorer people assist to carry it, when cut, in their arms to the causeway. In some parts of the paddy-fields on the banks of the river, it is impossible to keep off the water at high tides, as the surface is below the bed of the river, and the slimy nature of the earth prevents the formation of embankments. In this case, all the operations must be performed by floating workmen. Very small boats containing the reapers are thrust among the paddy, and, as they separate the grain, they put it into the other larger boats, which follow them about to bear it on the general stock. So many people hard at work, popping in and out of the little-watery paths, and rustling about completely hidden within, form a very singular scene, which reminds you of the rabbits clandestinely nibbling the first blades of the corn. On the causeway, the paddy is collected in heaps, but so regularly placed that a single straw seems scarcely out of due order.—This is characteristic of the minute industry of the lower orders of the Chinese. The grain is then borne to the boats at the landing place by men, who carry across their shoulders a stout bamboo, to each end of which is suspended a light frame, made somewhat like a scale, of two pieces of elastic wood crossing each other, and having a cord extending from each extremity to the end of the bamboo. In this kind of balance the long straws are placed, and the laborer, goes away at a jog-trot pace, looking somewhat like a man of May day enveloped in the round-about of foliage. As the reapers proceed with their work, the finished parts are strewed with gleaners. There are certain regulations respecting this privilege which may appear to us trivial, but which no doubt, are highly necessary with so superabundant a population. The poor men, women and children who represent this class of eleemosynary collectors, are not allowed to enter their ground of competitors until a stated number of hours has elapsed after the reaping. By this means they are kept at a distance from the workmen, and that picking and stealing are prevented which might otherwise occur, and cause so much ill blood between the poor people and the farmers with us.—*The Fan-Quir in China.*

For the Pearl.

TO LAVINIA.

Soon I must bid the pleasant scenes farewell
Where of my life the sweetest hours I've known;
And oh, Lavinia! will you wish me well,
And in your prayers remember me when gone?
For whereso'er my foot may chance to roam—
Be good or ill the lot that me attends—
My thoughts will often fondly backward turn
To that dear spot where you and I were friends.

When I to distant foreign climes have passed,
Where few on me will with affection smile;
My eye oft o'er the waters wide I'll cast,
And sigh to be, dear friend, with thee awhile,
With fancy's eye I'll view the social board,
Where with companions dear we've joyful met;
And though my name may there be seldom heard,
I'll hope there's one that never will forget.

I'll think of thee at Eve's delightful hour,
When dew-steep'd flowers droop their lovely heads;
And the smiling red sun in his downward course
O'er nature's face his sweetest radiance sheds;
When rose tints slowly leave the summer cloud
That floating on the balmy breeze is seen,
As day's last glimmering beam declines
Along the waters of the western main.

I'll call to mind the lovely beaming smile
That o'er thy brow of snowy whiteness plays—
The dimpled cheek, whose beautiful tints excel
Those which the rose in all its prime displays.
I'll call to mind thine eye of loveliest blue,
Which with a mild angelic lustre beams,
And tells the thoughts of thy young heart are true,
And free from guile as infant's earliest dreams.
And for thy weal, to Him I'll breathe a prayer,
Who this fair world did into being call,
And who hath said that e'en the little birds
Should not to earth without his knowledge fall.

May, 1838.

RAYMOND.

TENDERNESS.—Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen soil at last; and the heart which asks nothing but another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

SMALL VICES.—It is harder to conquer small and habitual defects than great and unfrequent vices, as it is harder to destroy a swarm of insects than one wild beast.

SUMMER MORNING.

Go forth, thou care-worn man,
And roam the woods once more,
The forest path way tread,
And by the lake's calm shore;
Forget thy hoarded gold,
Thou reckless man of sin,
And let this summer morning
A short-lived homage win.

Go forth, thou sinless child,
With that archly-beaming eye,
Shout forth thy buoyant gladness,
And nature will reply;
Thy favorite brook is trilling
A mirthful glee to-day,
And countless voices calling,
'Forth to the woods, away !'

Go forth, thou maiden fair,
Where glides the peaceful stream,
Where woodlands flow'rs are springing,
A waking vision dream;
O joy that never wearies !
On thy lover thou art dwelling;
Thy deeply-shrouded secret
That blush is boldly telling.

Go forth, aspiring youth,
To ponder daring schemes;
Thou wilt come yet once again,
To mourn those fatal dreams;
And marvel thou couldst leave
Yon sweet secluded glen,
To win the phantom glory,
Among thy fellow men.

Go forth, thou languid form,
Thou who art doomed to die,
Whose fate is written on that flush,
And in that glassy eye;
Go forth, and once again
Revel in this pure air;
Unconscious of the future,
Pour forth a hopeful prayer.

And thou, whose poet's soul
Worships each dale and wood,
Thy airy visions weave
In yon sweet solitude !
Though counsel'd by the wise
And cold to shun such lure,
O, keep that inner fount
Of thought and feeling pure !

A. E.

ORIGIN OF THE FINE ARTS.

It may be observed generally of all these Arts that their scope is, either by added embellishment, or by casting it altogether in another form, to give beauty to something which has a natural place and use in human life. Thus the dwellings of men and temples for their worship must have had a place among their works, although Architecture had never learnt any thing from imagination. The purposes of natural life were to be served, but the structures which these purposes required, admitted proportions of greatness and beauty, and were susceptible of other embellishments. The mind, which cannot rest in utility, but seeks in all its works to gratify its inherent desires and aspirations, availed itself of the capacities it found in structures of mere natural service, and gave a dominion to imagination in the works of use. Only it is a just restraint that the work of imagination shall not in any wise unfit the structure for its natural service. If it can in any way heighten its fitness there is gain on both sides. So Sculpture, as distinct from its subservience to Architecture, has a natural use in human life, as it serves to perpetuate to a people the likeness of those men to whom, from any motives of national homage, they desire to yield this testimony of perpetual remembrance. It has served, moreover, the purposes of their erring worships, by shaping for them the objects of their idolatry. These two purposes gave to primitive Sculpture its place of ordinary service to human life, without any intermixture of those higher principles which have since found their way into the art. But imagination saw how in the rude forms of primitive art she could invest her own conceptions of august and beautiful form, and taking the chissole from the hand of mechanic labour, she began, for the world's delight, the work of her beautiful creation. Painting seems to have had a similar origin with Sculpture. It was at first an art of memory, not of imagination. It was used to preserve the likenesses of men, and from its ready variety the records of events. In the hands of imagination it became a beautiful art for delight; sometimes still serving its original use, and sometimes seeking no other end than pure delight. This art, too, was applied in a natural use, as it may be called, to the service of erring religion. There is a farther use which may be mentioned as found in these three arts in their early practice, that is, as preparing the mansions of the dead. All these works, whether of utility or homage, are works of natural service, independent altogether of that imagination which is proper to the Fine Arts, though they may all be said alike to invite that imagination. In like manner, Poetry had its primitive natural service; metrical language being found a fit vehicle for the memory of nations; and being used,

therefore, for the oral record of laws, moral doctrines, mythology, and national events—at first independently of imagination. It is said that the science of the Druids was taught in many thousand verses. The fitness of metrical language for recitation with song, made it also suitable for religious and other ceremonies, which was also a natural primitive use. A few words may be added of Melody, as connected both with metrical language and with dance. The constant use that is found among early and rude nations in every part of the world, of some species of melody framed with words into song, or accompanying their rude dances—in services of their worship—in their festivities—in other stated and regular occasions of life—as we find, for example—among the early Greeks, among the Highlanders of Scotland, among the Arabs—customary songs accompanying particular avocations of labour—this various uniform use of melody for service without imagination, justifies our considering it, like the other arts, as having a foundation in natural life, on which the work of imagination is afterwards raised. And if Music might seem to imply an artificial melody, as if it must have had from the beginning gratuitous invention, the singular fact may be recollected that the primary notes of the music of all nations is the same—a sufficient proof that the ground of melody is laid in our organic constitution, and a reason the more to support the view which has been taken of this art, as having a natural origin in the natural occasions of life, independently of imagination—since even melodies of joy and sorrow may thus be allowed as the natural utterance of a being, whose ear and voice are framed with the instinct of melody.

Without pursuing similar illustration through less important branches of art, and without pretending to have given more than a very slight statement with respect to those that have been enumerated, the argument which these observations were intended to support, will, perhaps, be admitted, namely, that those Arts, which we term the Fine Arts, have all their proper origin in the uses of human life, independently of that infused spirit of imagination which constitutes their interest to us, and which, in our estimation, is indispensable to their character.

Nor is this consideration of so little importance, as we might be apt to imagine, in determining the ultimate character of these arts. For although many of the uses which have been indicated have no longer much weight for our minds, yet among those early nations to whom they served these purposes, they were felt as of great moment. It is difficult for us to quit in imagination our own condition of society, and to enter into the conceptions of those whose state of life and feelings is very different. If we could justly estimate the place which these arts have in the manners of nations in the primitive conditions of life, we should understand that they have a great, even a national importance. For these arts which afterwards adorn life are at that time inwoven with its serious necessities, and are intermingled, too, in concerns, which if not of necessity, are held by them of most solemn importance. They make part of what may be called the structure of their life.—*Blackwood for July.*

FORM.

Sir Joshua lays down that Sculpture aims at two things—Form and Character—and that to accomplish either of these, is to achieve a mighty work. But how there should be intellectual delight or sublimity in Form he does not unfold; yet he who knows not this, is imperfectly skilled in the Grecian soul. Let us, therefore, discover why Intellect enjoys a statue which has no expression as far as the subject is concerned, but animal action and animal perfection. Some elements of pleasure are obvious, but go only a small way. First, there is the original pleasure of looking at animal beauty, which is not inconsiderable to those who have been bred up in that perpetual flow of animal enjoyment with which Grecians were blest; for the beauty of an animal is its adaptation to animal enjoyment. Then, we suppose, where this beauty is carried through every part, so that nothing of the defects appear, which, in the infinite chances of matter, settle upon all things of mortal birth, it is impossible to resist a feeling as if there were an exemption for that creature from the ordinary laws to which all others are enthralled—as if it were a favoured being, a darling of heaven that no power of annoyance can come near, and which the fighting elements of nature have united to spare. A Flower of fruitless and glorious beauty, just unfolded, seems as if it could not live on this earth and under these skies, if there were not some feeling above for its loveliness to save it from harm. And this Ariosto must have known, when, in describing the rose which the virgin resembles, he says that sun, and air, and the dewy morning, and sky, and earth, incline towards it in favour. This is a feeling of protection. The feeling of the care in Nature for her production, goes much further—besides applying to forms of fruitless strength, where the idea of special protection cannot apply—though, indeed, a superior idea takes its place—that of a creature above protection—born to triumph over the ills under which ordinary mortality dies. It must be these feelings that make faultless forms of beauty or strength, independently of all expression, poetical, and worthy of imagination's love. Of course it is not necessary that at every good statue the mind should run out into these speculations; but if it has ever been in the habit of indulging and believing in them,

the least, almost unperceived, inclination to them, will be sufficient to exalt Form; indeed that must be true throughout all poetry and feeling. What is superstition with regard to flowers, is literal matter of fact for gods and god-begotten heroes.

Among the obvious causes of pleasure in mere form of a perfect statue, are the knowledge and skill of the sculptor; but we know not how far this may go for nobler pleasure. The mere mechanical skill of doing a difficult thing by long practice does not appear very exalted; and how much share it may be allowed in the pleasure of a cultivated mind we cannot tell. In a rude mind it seems often to make up the whole—and that very strong—as in the admiration of rope-dancing—but even here we can hardly believe that the naked perception of a difficulty overcome by long practice, is the sole source of delight. We believe that in the "men of the multitude" there is something more poetical; a confusion of astonishment at the exertion of powers of which they had no conception; and a feeling as if those powers came from a higher quarter, and the rope-dancer were a gifted being:—a portion of the reverence which the most enlightened minds feel for a juggler. Skill in the arts may be very delightful to an enlightened mind, not for itself, but what it is combined with. When very difficult dancing, for example, is very graceful and expressive, there must be great joy in perceiving, that the long and painful labour by which the difficulty has been overcome has not killed the soul of dancing in the dancer, but that her delight in grace and natural feeling have carried her triumphantly through her severe discipline, and so entirely subjected her art to her nature, that there is no trace in her motions of the effort by which they were acquired—but they might seem to be inspirations. Something of the same sort is the pleasure which perfect skill gives, when unostentatiously used, as indicating greatness of mind. Skill merely can only be delightful by that illusion, of its seeming in its perfection to be really an endowment of power from nature. But the fact is, it is no illusion—but a truth. Where skill is of a masterly kind, it proceeds from great powers given by nature, and only consummated by art—and therefore let it no more be said, when Michael Angelo paints in the size of a hat a corse that seems six feet long, that it is merely a trick of painting. It may be a sport of painting, but full surely there is power there. On the whole, may it be received, that skill, though offensive, when other things are sacrificed to it, is in itself admirable—and when in subjection to passion, extremely admirable?—The knowledge of perfect Form is a fit subject of much admiration—because it implies a long course of noble studies—which studies derive their nobility from the nobleness of Form itself—which brings us to the great question, what is the real value of beauty: to what degree is it lawful that beautiful flesh should have power over the eyes of spirit and intellect?—*Blackwood.*

THE PARTING.

We had been about three months in the Island of Jersey, when the order came for our embarkation for Portugal; but only six women to every hundred men were allowed to accompany us. As there were, however, a great many more than that number, it was proposed that they should draw lots to see who should remain. The women of the company to which I belonged were assembled in the pay-sergeant's room for that purpose. The men of the company had gathered round them to see the result with various degrees of interest depicted in their countenances. The proportionate number of tickets were made, with 'to go' or 'not to go' written on them. They were then placed in a hat and the women were called by the seniority to draw their tickets. I looked round me before they began. It was an interesting scene. The sergeant stood in the middle with his hat in his hand, the women around him with their hearts palpitating; and anxiety and suspense in every countenance. Here and there you would see the head of a married man pushed forward from amongst the crowd in the attitude of intense anxiety and attention.

The first woman called was the Sergeant's wife, she drew 'not to go.' It seemed to give little concern to any one but herself and husband. She was not very well in the company. The next was a corporal's wife—she drew 'to go.' This was with nearly as much apathy as the first. She was little beloved by either. The next was an old hand, a most outrageous virago, who thought nothing of giving her husband a knock down when he offended her, and who used to make great disturbance about the fire in the cooking way. Every one uttered their wishes audibly that she would lose; and her husband, if we could judge from his countenance, seemed to wish so too.—She boldly plunged her hand into the hat and drew out a ticket; on opening it, she held it up triumphantly, and displayed 'to go.' 'Old Meg will go yet,' said she, 'and live to scald more of you about the fireside.' A general murmur of disappointment ran through the whole. 'She has the devil's luck and her own,' said one of them.

The next in turn was the wife of a young man who was much respected in the company for his steadiness and good behavior. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition.—She advanced with a palpitating heart and trembling hand to decide on (what was to her I believe,) her future happiness or mi-

sery. Every one prayed for her success. Trembling between fear and hope, she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open. When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried to him, in a tone of agony, 'Tell me for God's sake, what is it?' 'Not to go,' in a compassionate tone of voice. 'O God, help me! O Sandy!' she exclaimed, and sunk lifeless into the arms of her husband, who had sprung forward to her assistance, and in whose face was depicted every variety of wretchedness. The drawing was interrupted, and she was carried by her husband to his berth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. By the assistance of those around her she was soon recovered from her swoon, but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband; when she perceived him she seized his hand and held it, as if she was afraid that he was going to leave her. 'O, Sandy, you'll not leave me and your poor babe, will you?' The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair. The scene drew tears from every eye in the room with the exception of the termagant whom I have already mentioned, who said, 'What are ye a' makin' such a wark abut? Let the babe get her great out! I suppose she thinks there's naeboddy ever parted with their men but her, wi' her faintin', and her airs, and her wark!' The drawing was again commenced, and various were the expressions of feeling evinced by those concerned.—The Irish women in particular were loud in their grief. It appeared to me that the Irish either feel more acutely than the Scotch or English, or that they have less restraint on themselves in expressing it. The barrack through the day, was one continued scene of lamentation.

We were to march the next morning early. Most of the single men were away drinking. I slept in the berth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed, but sat the whole night in their berth, with their child between them, alternately embracing their child and each other, and lamenting their cruel fortune. I never witnessed in my life such a heart-rending scene. The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness, but in vain; some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontrollable.

When the first bugle sounded, he got up and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In laying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which they had used together, the idea seemed fixed in her mind that they would never use them in that way again, and as she put them aside, she watered them with her tears. Her tea-pot, her cups, and every thing that they had used in common, all had their apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation. Many of the men had got so much intoxicated that they were scarcely able to walk. The commanding officer was so displeased at their conduct, that in coming through St. Helier's he would not allow the band to play.

When we arrived at the place where we were to embark, a most distressing scene took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them, indeed, it did not appear to affect much; others had got themselves nearly tipsy; but most of them seemed to feel it acutely. When Sandy's wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all government of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. 'Oh dinna, dinna leave me!' she cried. The vessel was hauling out. One of the sergeants came to tell her that she would have to go ashore. 'Oh!' they'll never be so hard hearted as to part us!' said she; and running aft to the quarter deck, where the commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees, with her child in her arms. 'Oh! will you not let me gang wi' my husband? Will you tear him frae his wife and his ween? He has nae frien's but us—nor we any but him—and, Oh! will you make us a' frienless? See my wee babe pleadin' for us!'

The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feeling; the tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favorable to her cause. 'Oh! aye, I see you have a feeling heart—you'll let me gang wi' him! You have nae wife; but if you had, I am sure you wad think it uncommon hard to be turn frae her this way—and this wee darling.' 'My good woman,' said the officer, 'I feel for you much, but my orders are peremptory, that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands. You have had your chance as well as the other women; and although it is hard enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet there are many more in the same predicament, and it is totally out of my power to help it.' 'Well, well,' said she, rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast, 'it's a' owre wi' us, my puir babe! This day leaves us frien'less, on the wide world.' 'God will be your friend,' said I, as I took the child from her until she should get into the boat. Sandy had stood like a person bewildered all this time, without saying a word. 'Farewell, then, a last farewell then!' said she to him. 'Where's my babe?' she cried. I handed him to her. 'Give him a last kiss, Sandy.' He pressed the infant to his bosom in silent agony.—'Now a's owre! Farewell, Sandy! We'll mae by meet in heaven;' and she stepped into the boat with a

wild despairing look. The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was out of our sight almost in an instant; but as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the berths in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow! his wife's forebodings were too true! He was amongst the first that were killed in Portugal. What became of her I have never been able to learn. 'Recollections of Eventful Life,' by a Soldier.

END OF THE WORLD.—Some works scarcely deserving the least attention, gain for themselves considerable notoriety by being sent forth to the world at a peculiar time, and feeding the elements of a popular excitement. Thus, when desperate and extraordinary efforts are made for a revival, a work containing a new application of the prophecies as predicting the end of the world near at hand, will become almost like a new revelation from heaven, and be a mighty engine of terror to the superstitious and credulous. Among the last wonders in the religious world, 'Miller on the Prophecies' is not the least. Such is the novelty of the work and the ingenuity of the author, that his boldness has passed for truth with many, and his assertions for arguments. He predicts the end of the world, or rather interprets prophecies as predicting the end of the world in 1842. In some places where great exertions have been put forth for a religious excitement, abridgments of this work have been made and published, and the timid and fearful have, in many instances, been alarmed and greatly terrified. Men have made use of the author's calculations in their public addresses, and have succeeded in terrifying the ignorant and superstitious by their declamations. We might, did we think it worth while, show this author's inconsistencies, and the daring manner in which he has made scripture bend to his theory. But our design in alluding to this work, was simply to class it with many others that have gone before it, and show, briefly what fanciful ideas have been advanced in olden time in some of these works.

In the year 1212 it was prophesied by an ingenious second seer that the Mediterranean Sea would be dried up, and that believers could go to Jerusalem on foot. Italy, it is said, became crowded with German pilgrims, but the sea obstinately refused to depart.

In 1524 great terror pervaded all Europe, from the prediction of John Stoflerus, a mathematician and astrologer of Suabia, that a great deluge was approaching. Many of reputation as wise men coincided with him, and books on books were sent forth warning the people to prepare, and suggesting means of escape from the inundation. In France the terror was so great that many were near madness, and some built up arches to save themselves. President Auriol, of Thoulouse, built up four high pillars, with a boat at top; which, however, was not needed, as no deluge came. This prophet, however, nothing daunted though the stars were against him, continued to prophecy, and predicted the end of the world in 1586, which we may conclude, did not take place.

A Lutheran divine, by the name of Michael Sifelius, in an arithmetical sermon, predicted the end of the world in 1533. He was preaching, on the very day appointed, and his hearers in great terror, confiding in his correctness, when a fierce storm arose, with terrific thunder and lightning, which, with their fears, created inexpressible trouble. But soon the storm ceased, the winds were hushed, and the sky became serene. The people, made furious by the deceit practised on them, dragged the prophet from his desk, and beat him so severely as nearly to have realized his prophecy, as far as himself was concerned.

Lord Napier, the inventor of logarithms, was among those who prophesied of the end of the world at a certain time; but he, like many other enthusiasts, outlived his prediction.

In the year 1761 two men appeared in Cologne who said that they came from Damascus. The Jews of that town went to them, and talked to them in Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldaic; they answered in all languages. They said they were come, by order of Heaven, to turn men to repentance. They gave out that they were seven hundred years old! Among the rest of their prophecies, they predicted that Constantinople would be destroyed in 1766; the true God acknowledged by all nations, 1767; a valiant man give his testimony to it, 1768; England to be overflowed, 1769; an earthquake all over the world, 1770; the fall of the sun, moon and stars, 1771; the globe of the earth burnt, 1772; the universal judgment, 1773.

All these fanatics had their favorites for a season; and so long as superstition, ignorance, and the love of novelty reigns in the breasts of men, false prophets will arise and many follow them. And we are taught the constant necessity of disseminating true knowledge, and advancing that light which shall scatter all the darkness of superstition and spiritual ignorance from the human mind. God speed the conquests of truth!—*Ladies Repository.*

FUTURITY.—To the ardent spirit, the future is an ice-berg, which at a distance is brilliant with shifting colours and rosy light, but when it approaches, brings frost and destruction.

ANGER.—The flame of anger is like a conflagration, which burns fiercely if we give it vent, but goes out soon if repressed and confined.

SCENE IN A SYRIAN BATH.

Sept. 18, 1832. My wife and Julia have been invited to day by the wife and daughter of a neighbouring Arab Chief to pass a day at the bath; the bath is an amusement of Eastern women among themselves. A bathing feast is announced, 15 days in advance, like a ball in Europe. The following is a description of this feast such as it was narrated to me at night by my wife. The bathing rooms are public places, the approach to which is forbidden every day to the men until a certain hour, to reserve them to the women; and the entire day when a bath is ordered for a bride as was the case on this occasion. The rooms are dimly lighted by means of small domes with painted glass; they are paved with marble, with slabs of different colors, worked with great art. The walls are covered also with marble, in mosaic, or sculptured with mouldings, or Moorish columns. The rooms are graduated as to heat; the first have the temperature of the exterior air, the second are warm, the others successively warmer, to the last, where the vapor of the water almost in a boiling state, rises from basins, and fills the atmosphere with a stifling heat. In general there is not a hollow basin in the middle of the rooms: there are only tubes always running, which pour on the marble pavement about a half an inch of water; this water runs off in gutters, and is constantly renewed. What is called bathing in the East is not an entire emersion, but a repeated aspersion, more or less warm, and the impression of the vapor upon the skin. Two hundred women from the town and environs were invited that day to the bath, and among others several young Europeans; each one came wrapped up in an immense cloak of white linen, which covers entirely the superb costume of the females when they got out. They are well accompanied by their black slaves, or their free attendants; as they join in groups, and seat themselves on cushions and mats prepared in the vestibule, their servants take off the cloak which envelopes them, and they appear in all the rich and picturesque magnificence of their dresses and jewels. These costumes are variegated as to the color of the stuffs and the number and glitter of the jewels, but they are in bad taste as to the cut of the vestments. The dress consists of a pantaloon with large plaits of barred satin, tied at the belt by a bow of red silk; and closed above the instep by a bracelet of gold or silver; a robe knitted with gold, open in front, and tied under the bosom, which it leaves exposed; the sleeves are closed above the arm-pit, and open from the elbow to the wrist; a shift or silk gauze, which covers the breast, is passed under them; over this robe they wear a velvet vest of gaudy color, doubled with ermine or sable, and embroidered in gold on all the seams; sleeves open also. The hair is divided on the crown of the head; a part falls again on the neck, the rest is twisted in mats and descends even to the feet, lengthened with tresses of black silk, which imitates the hair; small tassels of gold or silver hang from the extremity of these tresses, and their weight cause them to float the length of the figure; their heads, besides, are strewed with small chains of pearls, threaded zackins of gold, and natural flowers: the whole mingled and spread out with incredible profusion. It is as if a jewel box had been emptied at hazard on these tresses, all glittering, all scented, with precious stones and flowers. This barbarian luxury has a most picturesque effect on youthful figures of 15 or 20 years. On the top of the head some women carry a golden cap, chiselled into the form of an inverted cup; from the centre of this cap rises a golden band which bears a tuft of pearls and which floats behind the head. The legs are naked, and they have on their feet for shoes, slippers of yellow morocco, which they drag in walking. The arms are covered with golden bracelets, of silver and pearls, on the open bosom.

When all the women arrived, a savage music was heard, females who were enveloped with a simple red gauze from head to foot uttered piercing and lamentable cries, and played on the flute and tamborine; this music ceased not during the entire day, and gave to this scene of pleasure and feasting a character of tumult and frenzy completely barbarian. When the bride appeared, accompanied by her mother and her young friends, and dressed in a costume so magnificent that her hair, her neck, her arms, and her bosom, disappeared entirely beneath a floating veil of garlands, of golden pieces, and of pearls, the bathers seized her, stripped her piece by piece of all her vestments; during this time all the other women were undressed by their servants, and the different ceremonies of the bath began. They passed always to the sound of the same music, always with ceremonies and words more extraordinary, from one chamber to another. They took the vapor bath, then the ablution bath, then perfumed and soaped water poured upon them; and again the plays commenced, and all these women, with different cries and gestures, acted like a troop of school boys who are brought to swim in a river, splashing each other, plunging each other's heads beneath the water, throwing in each other's faces; and the music echoed stronger and more shrill every time that one of these childish tricks excited the laughter of those young Arabian girls. At length they left the bath, the slaves and attendants plaited anew the moist tresses, of their mistresses, replaced the collars and bracelets, put on the robes of silk and the vests of velvet, extended cushions on the mats in rooms where the floors had been dried, and drew from baskets and

envelopes of silk the provisions brought for the collation ; they were composed of pastries and sweetmeats of every kind in which the Turks and Arabs excel, sherbets, organe syrups, and all the frozen drinks of which Arabs make use at every moment of the day. The pipes and the ' margouilles ' were also brought for the more aged women ; a cloud of odoriferous smoke filled and obscured the atmosphere ; the coffee, served in minute cups enclosed themselves in small woven glasses of gold and silver thread, never stopped circulating, and conversation became more animated ; then came the dancing girls, who executed to the tones the monotonous evolutions of Arabia. The whole day passed in this manner, and it was not until nightfall that the band of women reconducted the young intended to the dwelling of her mother. This ceremony of the bath takes place some days before the marriage.—Translated for the National Intelligencer from De la Martine's Voyage at the East.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1838.

RETRIBUTION.—At the particular request of a subscriber we have published this tale of blood. We feel happy at all times to oblige our friends, and hence we have inserted the ' Incident at Sea,' in our columns ; at the same time we beg leave to say that in this piece, the Friends, or as they are more generally termed, ' the Quakers,' are sadly wronged. One of them is represented as vehemently longing to glut his revenge in the blood of the abandoned pirate-chief—as satisfied to live and endure all misery so that he may witness the hour of retribution ; and the awful hour arrived, he is described as kneeling and thanking God for the destruction of his foe. Now we deem it only an act of common justice, most distinctly to state that such is not the spirit of the Friends. They have not so learned the mild and forgiving principles of the Gospel. They profess to follow the Saviour—who, when he was reviled, reviled not again ; when he suffered, he threatened not ; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps." The Friends reject altogether the use of military arms as a means and resource of defence. They call to their aid the protection of no weapons but those of justice and affectionate good will. They seek peace and pursue it, and amply are they rewarded in the general kindness they receive from their fellow men. Who ever hears of a Quaker being insulted, beaten, dragged out of his house, or in any way maltreated and injured ? Even in times of war, when hostile armies are spreading their devastations over the country, their dwellings are safe, their persons are respected ; while in mournful contrast, those, who look for protection in the practical application of the pugnacious and military doctrines, are seen wrapped in fire and weltering in blood. History is rich in proofs that as a general thing the Quakers have found in the celestial shield of their amicable principles far more of quietude, far more of protection and happiness, than other religious sects have, who have recognized the right of an appeal to force. During the first century and a quarter after the settlement of New England, the inhabitants were constantly, with the exception of some short intervals, exposed to attacks from the savage tribes. But the Quakers who were mingled with the other inhabitants in various places, were entirely safe, although they refused to avail themselves of the protection both of arms and of garrison houses. The Indians said, " They had no quarrel with the Quakers, for they were a quiet people, and hurt nobody, and that therefore none should hurt them." (See Chalkley's Travels.) During the rebellion in Ireland in the year 1798, the Friends, by keeping true to their peaceable principles, were preserved from the miseries of that disastrous period. Amid the greatest excitement of the public mind, when crimes were frequent and every species of violence was practised, the society of Friends, although in immediate contact with both of the hostile parties, lost but one young man. And this person, subjecting his principles to his fears, had taken the course of wearing a military uniform, and of associating with armed men ; and this was the occasion of his death. As an illustration of the safety of the principles of peace and non-resistance as acted upon by the Quakers, Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, (the editors remarking that they had a warm feeling on the view of the Friends) gave a true account of the capture of a Quaker vessel by Algerine pirates (or other pirates near the Mediterranean, for we quote from memory) and of the subsequent abandonment of the vessel by the pirates owing to the gentle and kindly demeanour of the Friends on board. They received no injury, and their property, if we recollect aright, was left entire. A Quaker not long since was asked by a minister of the Gospel, what would be the course he would pursue in case a city was attacked by pirates. The reply was as follows :—

A. has supposed me the chief magistrate of Charleston, and that the city was attacked by pirates. " Is it possible," he asks, " that he could give such an interpretation to the Gospel, as to surrender the city ? " Does A. seriously ask what I would do ? Can he doubt ? But I will tell him. A christian magistrate acknow-

ledges the Bible as above all government, and the law of love and forgiveness as above all human regulations. If he cannot hold his office consistently with the obligations of that book, and the teachings of that law, he will resign. This is precisely what I should do. If my fellow citizens objected, I should tell them that I must do my duty. But if I had on the contrary, a christian people in spirit and in truth, on the principles of peace, I should make proclamation that all the churches be opened, and that prayer be offered by the clergy and all the pious, that God would be pleased to change the hearts of our invaders, and to manifest his power and mercy in our deliverance." He then adduces other methods of kindness and persuasion which he would adopt. This concluded he refers to another case, and we introduce it in this place as a strong proof that the Quakers are grossly misrepresented (unintentionally we have no doubt) in the tale on our first page. And most earnestly do we commend the subjoined piece to the serious attention of the reader.

' But let me give A. a stronger example ; because matured, and to have been executed, without faltering, if I know myself. It is not perhaps understood, that after the passage of the Ordinance of the 24th of November, 1832, the state of parties was such in Charleston that, if blood had been shed on either side, in the streets, there is reason to believe, that armed and furious mobs would have exhibited scenes unparalleled in our happy country. As in all such cases, the most obnoxious must expect the most terrible fate. Altho' I had taken the middle ground of peace, had publicly declared that cost what it might I would not bear arms in any conflict between the State and Union ; yet I knew that my letter of December 1, 1832, " To the people of South Carolina," on the subject of that Ordinance had not only caused the rejection of my petition to the Legislature for exemption from militia duty, but had been represented as a violent and inflammatory production. I had reason, therefore, to believe that my house would have been an object of attack. I had resolved neither to prepare for defence, nor to accept any offer of protection, should any be made. I should have removed all arms out of my house, and prohibited absolutely, the attempt to use or conceal any. My family should not have been sent away, unless they had been unwilling to remain with me. For one at least I could have answered to have stood by me with a more faithful love in death even than in life. The doors and windows should have been open, and the rooms lighted as usual. I should have gone forth to meet them, and to speak, if they would have heard me, such words as God would have enabled me to utter. I may have died the death of Coligny, but it would have been the death which became the faith and love of a Christian. My family would have lost a husband and father, but then he would have been unspattered by a brother's blood ; he would have sent no guilty spirit, unprepared, into the world of woe.

' We may well conclude by a parallel in my own case, like that in the case of the pirates. Suppose I succeed ; I have turned enemies into friends. Perhaps I have made such an impression on that sinful company, that they abandon their wicked lives, and become christian brothers. If I had succeeded with my exasperated fellow citizens, and they had departed in peace, what cause should I not have had for gratitude to God ; if I had failed, what more would have been lost than my own life ? With that, it is most likely, the mob would have been content, and my family, and their property would have been spared. But suppose it had been A's case. As soon as he knew the state of the city, he would have prepared for war. The house of prayer would soon have become a fortress, and muskets and pistols, ammunition and swords would have been provided for the slaughter perhaps of some of the communicants of A's own church in the midst of their sins. Let the time of trial come. The battle rages. What destruction not only of his own, but of his neighbors' property ! What rage and blasphemy from the baffled mob ! Look at the dying and wounded. Hear their shrieks and curses. Turn to the house. Look at the minister of the Gospel taking deliberate, deadly aim at his neighbor, acquaintance, communicant, to slay for eternal misery ! Look at these men, the elders and deacons of Christian churches. How calm, resolute, silent ! What thoughts are in their souls ! What, but the ejaculations, " My God ! give me a firm heart, and steady hand ; forgive me if I break thy law ' Thou shalt not kill : ' may every shot tell until the murderers desist ! Bless me in this work of blood ; my trust is in thee." But the mob is repelled ; they depart, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against A. and his company. Besides, he has sent a number of impenitent souls to the lake of fire.

' Let us now reverse the scene. The mob succeed. The house is taken by storm. The mob burst in with howls and cries, more terrific than the Indian war whoop ; for civilized man when maddened is more savage than the Savage. How many lives on both sides are lost in that furious struggle ! The mob rush in on every side, and the assailed driven from room to room, are hurled from the windows, or slain within. A. falls with the rest, and goes to give his account for having suffered, when he could have prevented, many if not all the agonies and miseries of that scene. Can a Christian read, and not tremble at the thought that he should have any hand in those crimes and horrors ?

' Now, will not A. acknowledge, that as a Christian I have

the advantage of him both ways. If I succeed, what a contrast to his success ! If I fail, perhaps only a single life is lost, and some property injured. If he fail, what destruction of property, what waste of life, what ruin of immortal souls ! Would not A. rather live with me, or die with me, than to survive or perish with his fellow combatants, with the blood of guilty brothers, and authors of perdition to many a soul. But my advantages stop not there. If I succeed, the mob depart, with passions calmed and restrained. Should mine be the first house, might not my course be the means, under God, of saving the city from the fury of the mob ? If I fail, the mob depart with revenge, satiated ; but with no fierce excitement of ferocious feelings. Whether A. succeed or fail, it seems plain, from the exasperated passions of the populace, that nothing but a strong military force could controul them ; nor then, without desperate conflicts and much bloodshed. The state of the city under my success or failure, compared with his, I leave to the heart and imagination of A. himself, and all the advocates of defensive war. After reviewing the whole ground, will they not confess, with king Agrippa, " Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian, on the principles of Peace."'

DISGRACEFUL OUTRAGES IN HALIFAX.

The annexed extract we copy from the Times. We are glad to give publicity to so fearless an account of the sad scenes which have disgraced our peaceful town. To us it is matter of thankfulness, amidst so much cause for sorrow, that no lives were lost in the affray. Our magistrates were more merciful, and we will add more just than to order the military to fire on the misguided and wicked multitude. No guilty individuals have been cut off in the midst of their crimes. No human soul has been sent burdened with transgression to the judgment seat of Christ. In this we do rejoice and will rejoice. The ends of justice and safety we doubt not will yet be accomplished more effectually than they would have been by the effusion of human blood. And we do hope that good will be brought out of this shameful transaction in another way. The publicity given to the names of the individuals who own the houses of ill repute in question, will we trust and hope, lead them to reflect on the impropriety of receiving " the wages of unrighteousness." They will not, surely, allow their property for the future to be employed for purposes of public infamy. In no spirit of bitterness but rather of kindness to them do we pen these remarks. We are the friends of order. A mob is our detestation. Our principles of peace carry us to the very antipodes of all resorts to violence. Still if the question was proposed to us ;—" whether is more guilty the educated and enlightened man who owns an house of ill-fame or the unlettered and ignorant man who tears it down ? " the answer would not cost us much effort of mind. As a question of human law we should say, the house-destroyer, but as a problem of divine morals the excess of guilt would rest upon the owner of the house. That both may amend, their ways is our fervent wish and prayer.

From the Times.

We have the painful duty to record the commission of a series of outrages which took place during the last week, the like of which we never expected would have occurred in this town, and which we trust for the credit and character of Halifax, will never happen again.

If any thing can be said to lessen the disgrace which those acts will entail, it is, that the outrages were not commenced by the people of the town ; and that, though the excitement of the evil example, and the notorious bad repute of the houses which were attacked, induced but too many to lend a helping hand to their destruction, and scarcely an individual to prevent it, yet the whole blame of beginning the riot which for two evenings kept a portion of the town in fearful uproar, rests on the sailors and soldiers in Her Majesty's service.

Whatever may have been the provocation, no excuse can be offered for the wholesale destruction of property and buildings, which took place—the acts must be reprobated by every thinking mind, and deserve the severest punishment ; for no one can tell to what lengths such beginnings may be carried ; and no one is safe in a community where it has been proved that prejudice and revenge can set the laws at defiance, and a mixed mob of blackguards, soldiers and sailors, can lord it in spite of magistrates and police, and between barracks but little more than a stone's throw on either side of the scene of destruction, full of troops.

The principal exciting cause of the outrage, was, as far as we can learn, as follows. A sailor of the ship Dolphin, who had been discharged, visited one of those infamous houses on the Hill, on Wednesday evening last, and getting intoxicated was robbed by the wretched females who infest the place. Having discovered his loss on Thursday morning, he quarrelled with the landlord, (called Cooper,) and the consequence was that Cooper felled him with a bludgeon, and the prostitutes aiding, the sailor was so severely injured, that he was left for dead. Rumours were prevalent through the day that a man had been killed, and Cooper was taken into custody and lodged in gaol. In the evening a mob of sailors assembled, and commenced to destroy the premises, but on the speedy appearance of the police with Mr. Liddel, they dispersed, as it soon appeared, only to renew the attack with a greatly in-

ANECDOTES OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Juana Inez de la Cruz.—Juana Inez de la Cruz was born in November, 1651, a few leagues from the city of Mexico. Her father, a Spaniard, had sought wealth by an establishment in America, where he married a lady of the country, but of Spanish extraction. Juana, the fruit of this union, displayed in early childhood a passion for letters, and an extraordinary facility in the composition of Spanish verse. At eight years of age she was placed by her parents with an uncle, who resided in Mexico; he caused her to receive a learned education. Her talents having attracted notice and distinction, she was patronised by the lady of the viceroy, the Marquis de Mancera, and, at the age of seventeen, was received into his family.

A Spanish encomiast of Juana relates a curious anecdote respecting her, communicated to him, as he affirms, by the viceroy. Her patrons, filled with admiration and astonishment by the powers and attainments of their young protégé, determined to prove the extent and solidity of her erudition. For this purpose they invited forty of the most eminent literary characters of the country, who assembled to examine Juana in the different branches of learning and science. Questions, arguments, and problems were accordingly proposed to her by the several professors in philosophy, mathematics, history, theology, and poetry, all of which she answered with equal readiness and skill, acquitting herself to the entire satisfaction of her judges. To this account it is added, that she received the praise extorted on this occasion by her acquirements with the most perfect modesty; neither did she, at any period of her life, discover the smallest tendency to presumption or vanity, though honoured with the title of the *tenth muse*; humility was her distinguishing characteristic. She lived forty-four years, twenty-seven of which she passed in the convent of St. Gerommo, where she took the veil, in the exercise of the most exemplary virtues.

In the fervour of her zeal she wrote in her blood a confession of faith. She is said to have collected a library of four thousand volumes, in the study of which she placed her delight; nevertheless, towards the close of her life, she sacrificed this darling propensity for the purpose of applying the money which she acquired by the sale of her books to the relief of the indigent. However heroic may be the motive of this self-denial, the rectitude of the principle is doubtful; the cultivation of the mind, with its influence upon society, is a more real benefit to mankind than the partial relief of pecuniary exigences.

Juana was not less lamented at her death than celebrated and respected during her life; her writings were collected in three quarto volumes, to which are prefixed numerous panegyrics upon the author, both in verse and prose, by the most illustrious persons of old and new Spain. It is observed by the Spanish critic, Father Feyjoo, that the compositions of Juana excel in ease and elegance, rather than in energy and strength. This is, perhaps, in some degree, attributable to the age in which she lived, and to the subjects of her productions, which were principally compliments addressed to her friends, or sacred dramas, for which an absurd and senseless superstition afforded the materials.

Dr. Watts.—It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even when he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day when he was about to put his threat into execution, the child burst out into tears, and, on his knees, said—

"Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

Dryden.—Dryden, who was notoriously poor, was one evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened that the conversation, which was literary, turned on the art of composition and elegance of style; and, after some debate, it was agreed that each party should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Mr. Dryden's judgment. Most of the company took uncommon pains to outdo each other, while Lord Dorset, with much composure, wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them to the place agreed on. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one in particular he seemed in raptures. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under the indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to my Lord Dorset. I must request that your lordships will hear it, and I believe all will be satisfied with my judgment:—"

"I promise to pay John Dryden, or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds. **DORSET.**"

Milton.—The Duke of York, in the hey-day of his honours and greatness, went to satisfy a malignant curiosity, by visiting Milton in his own house. He asked him if he did not regard the loss of his sight as a judgment for his writings against the king. Milton replied, calmly, "If your highness thinks calamity an indication of Heaven's wrath, how do you account for the fate of the king, your father? I have lost but my eyes—he lost his head."

On the duke's return to court, he said to the king, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue, Milton, hanged."

"What!" said the king, "have you seen Milton?"

"Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him."

"In what condition did you find him?"

"Condition? why, he is old, and very poor."

"Old and poor," said the king, "and blind, too? You are a fool, James, to have him hanged; it would be doing him a service. No; if he is poor, old, and blind, he is miserable enough in all conscience; let him live."

Blacklock.—Blacklock, the poet, certainly much better known for his blindness than for his genius, happened to call upon Hume, the historian, one day, and began a long dissertation on his misery, bemoaning his loss of sight, his large family of children, and his utter incapacity to provide for them, or even to supply them, at that moment, with the necessaries of life.

Hume himself was at that period so little a favourite of fortune, from the smallness of his paternal fortune, and the scantiness of his collegiate stipend, being then a member of the university, that he had solicited, and just then received through the strenuous interest of a friend, an university appointment, worth about forty pounds per annum.

The heart of the philosopher, however, was softened by the complaint of his friend; and, being destitute of the pecuniary means of immediate assistance, he ran to his desk, took out the newly-received grant, and presented it to the unhappy poet, with a promise, which he faithfully performed, of using his best interest to have the name of Hume changed for that of Blacklock. In this generous attempt he was finally successful; and by his noble philanthropy, had the pleasure of saving his friend and family from starvation.

La Harpe.—The academy of Rouen having proposed a subject for a prize in poetry, when the pieces for competition were read, the judges were unanimous in acknowledging the superiority to two odes, and the difficulty that now arose was to which to give the preference; at length, after long discussion, finding that they were unable to decide otherwise, they determined to divide the prize between their respective authors. On opening the sealed billets sent with them, they found in each the name of La Harpe.

Catherine Cockburn.—Catherine Cockburn, whose poetical productions procured her the name of the *Scottish Sappho*, but who is better known to posterity by her able "Defence of the Essay on the Human Understanding," and other metaphysical lucubrations, was the youngest daughter of Captain David Trotter, a native of Scotland, and a naval officer in the reign of Charles II. On the death of her father, who fell a victim to the plague at Scanderoon, she was still a child. She had given early indications of genius, by some extemporary verses on an accident which, passing the street, excited her attention. Several of her relations and friends happened to be present on the occasion, among whom was her uncle, a naval commander. This gentleman, greatly struck by such a proof of observation, faculty, and talent in a child, observed with what pleasure the father of Catherine, who possessed a peculiar taste for poetry, would have witnessed, had he been living, this unpremeditated effusion. Catherine, by application and industry, made herself mistress of the French language without any instructor; she also taught herself to write. In the study of the Latin grammar and logic she had some assistance; of the latter she drew up an abstract for her own use. In 1693, being then only fourteen years of age, she addressed some lines to Mr. Bevil Higgins, on his recovery from sickness. In her seventeenth year she produced a tragedy, entitled "Agnes de Castro," which was acted with applause at the Theatre Royal in 1696, and published, but without her name, the following year, with a dedication to the Earl of Dorset: and when she wrote her "Defence of the Essay on the Human Understanding," she was no more than twenty-two years of age. Mr. Locke himself was pleased to say of this defence, in a letter to the fair author, "You have hereby not only vanquished my adversary, but reduced me also absolutely under your power, and left no desire more strong in me, than that of meeting with some opportunity to assure you with what respect and submission I am," etc.

Grotius.—Hugo Grotius, at the age of eight years, is said to have composed verses, which an old poet would not have disavowed. At the age of fifteen, he maintained theses in philosophy, mathematics, and jurisprudence, with great applause. The following year he went to France, where he attracted the notice of Henry IV. On his return to his own country, he pleaded his first cause at the age of seventeen, having previously published commentaries on Capella and Aratus. When only twenty-four years of age, he was made advocate-general of Rotterdam.

Cowley.—Cowley, losing his father at an early age, was left to the care of his mother. In the window of their apartment lay Spenser's Fairy Queen; in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates irrecoverably a poet. "Such," says Dr. Johnson, "are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes

forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius." Cowley might be said to "lisp in numbers," and gave such early proofs not only of powers of language, but of the comprehension of things, as to more tardy minds, seems scarcely credible. When only in his thirteenth year, a volume of his poems was printed, containing, with other poetical compositions, "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," written when he was ten years old; and "Constantia and Philetus," written two years after. And while still at school, he produced a comedy of a pastoral kind, called "Love's Riddle," though it was not published till he had been some time at Cambridge.

LACONICS.—Beware of the ruinous practice of pledging your goods and clothing; poverty, misery, and degradation are its inevitable consequences—Let the management of your family, the peace of your house, and the peace of your neighbourhood be your constant study. Let both husband and wife exercise patience, forbearance, and forgiveness towards each other, and love one another sincerely. Do not suffer noise and clamour in the house, and never suffer more than one to speak at a time. Let the children see that they love and obey their parents, love their brothers and sisters, keep from bad company, improve their minds, and aim at respectability in the world.—Let your whole family unite in every good work, study your present prosperity and your future welfare, and be determined to live as you would wish to die.—Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."—Many friends are lost by ill-timed jests: rather lose your best jest than your best friend.—Sir John Barleycorn is a stout knight, but a wicked and cunning knave, and does much mischief before men are aware of him.—Nothing is more odious than the face that smiles abroad, but flashes fury amidst the caresses of a tender wife and children.—Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day, nor do that by proxy which you can do yourself.

LIFE is but short, no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of real sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous.—Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry—and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.—*Dr. Johnson.*

"I positively never knew a man in the country who was too poor to take a newspaper. Yet two out of three, even respectable people, read no papers but what they borrow. As I speak generally, I hope I offend none. If I do—the greater the necessity to speak out. Every man is able conveniently to take a newspaper. How many who think themselves too poor to take a newspaper, pay four times as much daily for drink! Miserable man, thou art poor indeed."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

SINGULAR MARRIAGES.—A widower at Campden, who was not very young, became smitten with a young and beautiful girl, and married her. A short time after, the son of this man by a former wife, became also in love not with a younger person, but with the mother of the father's new wife, a widow lady still in the bloom of life. He offered himself, and soon the young man and the widow were united in the bands of matrimony, so that in consequence of these two connexions, a father becomes the son-in-law of his own son, and a wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own mother, who is herself daughter-in-law of her own daughter, while the husband of the latter is the father-in-law of his mother-in-law, and father-in-law to his own father. Singular confusion may arise, if children should spring from these peculiar marriages.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.—When the infamous Catherine of Medicis had persuaded Charles IX. of France to massacre all the Protestants in the kingdom, that detestable Prince sent orders to the Governors of the different Provinces, to put all the Hugonots to death in their respective districts:—"Sire," answered one Catholic Governor, who will ever be dear to humanity, "I have too much respect for your Majesty not to persuade myself that the order I have received must be forged; but if, which God forbid, it should be really your Majesty's order, I have too much respect for your Majesty to obey it."

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