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From the Lady's Book.

THE SUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. S. HOUGHTON.

The lamp burned dim in the student's chamber. A solitary ember lay smoking and crackling upon the hearth; and the shadowy images of the scanty furniture which graced the apartment, gave to the walls a dark and sepulchral appearance. The student sat at a low table, with his head resting upon his hand, absorbed in meditation. Occasionally, when a bright spark from the dying embers flashed upon the darkness, he raised his eyes, and gazed for several minutes upon the spot from whence it sprung, as if lost in thought. The village clock struck—it was past midnight. The student raised his head, and the dim light fell upon his handsome features, now glowing with the flush of exciting thought. His dark locks fell carelessly over his high fair forehead, his keen penetrating eyes were fixed intensely upon a book that lay open before him, and his lips were firmly compressed together. He arose! his form was manly and noble. "No!" exclaimed he, clasping his hands together and pacing the apartment, "No! I cannot endure it—I cannot pursue my studies, while the image of that bright angel flits before my sight, and the story of her wrongs lies thus heavy upon my heart. And yet what a fool I am to think of her! I cannot assist her, for she is carefully watched. I may not love her, for she is an affianced bride—and I do not! Still, her history works strongly upon my feelings. Would that I could sleep!" He threw himself upon his disordered couch, and buried his face in his hands. An hour passed away, and again the deep tones of the village clock came pealing upon the heavy night air. The student sprang to his feet—"Yet sleep comes not," he exclaimed; "I am resolved! I will once more see Francesca—I will save her from the hated Spaniard. If her father casts her off, I will be her protector, her guide, and her friend!"

This resolution appeared to calm the tumultuous emotions that agitated the breast of the student. He returned to his couch, and in a few moments sunk into a deep, but uneasy repose.

The name of the student whom we have thus introduced to the reader, was Frederick De Vere. He was an orphan child, cast upon the world, without fortune or friends. By his own unaided efforts, and the natural force of his genius, he had sustained himself honourably through his academical studies, and had nearly finished his collegiate course. He stood high as a scholar, he was respected by the faculty, and beloved by his classmates. During the late vacation he spent a few days on the New Jersey shore, for exercise and sea-bathing. Returning one evening from a fowling excursion, he stopped to inquire his way at a singular looking dwelling situated under the brow of a hill. It was built in the Venetian style, with a balcony that overlooked the distant ocean. The columns and lattice-work of the portico were covered with a luxuriant vine; the little plats of ground in front and on either side of the house were strewn with a variety of flowers and ornamental shrubs, and tokens of refined taste, neglect, and wild extravagance were every where visible. The student approached the door and gapped. A beautiful young lady, attired in a dress that vied in rich elegance with the costly robes of an eastern princess, appeared, and with averted eyes awaited his commands. De Vere could not have been more astonished, had an angel or a daughter of the sea answered his call. After a moment's pause he inquired the direct road to the next village. The lady answered that she was little acquainted with the situation of the country, but would call her servant, who could probably give him the desired information. And pointing to a seat on a rich ottoman that stood near, she disappeared. De Vere was sadly puzzled at the sight of this palace in the desert. He was actually disposed to question the reality of the scene, and began to suspect that he was wrapped in a dream, or had fallen into the hands of the fairies. The mysterious lady soon returned, with her servant, a brisk, pert miss, who answered Frederick's questions respecting the roads, with great freedom and accuracy. During this conversation with the servant, he noticed that the mistress frequently fixed her eyes upon him, with a wistful pensive look, as if she wished to speak with him—to unburthen a load of sorrow—or, as he flattered himself, as if she wished, with the gentle Desdemona, "that Heaven had made her such a man."

De Vere's curiosity was excited. He determined not to leave the house without learning something further concerning its mysterious inmates. He felt ripe for adventure. With this view he addressed a casual remark to the mistress, to which she replied with evident pleasure. This was followed by another, with the same result, and De Vere took all the advantage of this good

success that a good stock of words, a lively imagination, and ready wit would allow. It would have been difficult to decide which was most pleased with the interview. The lady's eyes certainly spoke volumes, and Frederick's heart was full of gushing emotions. So interested had they become in each other, that they had not noticed the absence of the servant, who now returned to inform her mistress that tea was waiting. De Vere could not resist an invitation to join them at tea, although he was conscious it was hardly proper. But he felt an irresistible power within urging him forward, and while in his heart he refused, he followed the mysterious lady into the next apartment.

The furniture here was elegant beyond description. A rich carpet covered the floor, the tables, sofas, and mirrors, were of the most costly materials and beautiful fashion. The rich drapery hung in ample folds, and the whole apartment literally glistened with brilliant gems and costly ornaments. A massive chandelier covered with diamonds, hung from the centre of the ceiling, and shed its pure light upon the table below, which, like every thing about it, was loaded with rich furniture, and a profusion of all that was rare and valuable. The food, however, was simple, and with the exception of a few preserves, was such as might be found upon the table of any citizen, in good circumstances, in the vicinity.

The ceremonies of the table were soon finished. Indeed, neither party appeared desirous of prolonging them. When they rose, Frederick felt inspired with new confidence, and taking a seat on a sofa with the mysterious lady, again engaged her in conversation. The evening wore away, and Frederick still kept his seat, forgetful of the distance he would have to travel that night to reach the place of his destination. The conversation every moment grew more interesting, and the later the hour the less he appeared inclined to leave. By questions ingeniously contrived, he managed to learn the name and history of his beautiful hostess; and this assured him that there could be no danger in remaining a little longer in a place that had so much of romance about it, and with a person for whom he already began to feel the deepest sympathy.

The name of the mysterious lady, he learned, was Francesca. She was the daughter of a West Indian smuggler, named Marlow. Her mother was an English lady of noble birth, disinherited and banished for marrying beneath her. She died when Francesca was only three years of age, of a broken heart. Her father then went into the contraband trade, which he followed sixteen years, with distinguished success, and collecting the mass of his fortunes together, embarked for America. He had been in this country about two years, and although he did not follow his hazardous occupation in person, he derived a handsome revenue from his connection with the smugglers, who transacted much of their business under cover of his name. Francesca was his only child, and on her he lavished all the attentions of a devoted father, and all the luxuries that unbounded wealth could procure. The lovely creature revealed this story with a sigh. Amidst all the splendour with which she was surrounded, she was the most unhappy being in existence. Possessing a strong natural taste for study, and the accomplishments of refined societies, she was deprived, by the peculiar nature of her case, even the means of a common education. Mute books were offered, and heaped to the very walls, but the fearful pledges by which her father was bound to exclude all but the most devoted confidants of either sex from her apartments, precluded the possibility of admitting other and more capable teachers.

The person who ruled her father with such despotic and fearful power, was one Antonio Ricardo, to whom he was indebted for his very existence, and who held his written pledge of constant obedience, sealed with his own blood. To this man, or rather fiend in human shape, he had also betrothed his beautiful daughter, under the most dreadful penalties, in case he failed to assist the union with all the influence in his power. It was this fearful truth, which had recently been revealed to Francesca, that made her situation doubly miserable, shutting out for ever the cheering light of hope. The thought of such an union was almost distracting to her sensitive and delicate mind. Ricardo was one of the most abandoned of his class—a tall, swarthy, grizzly Spaniard; a man that hesitated not to imbrue his hands in the blood of innocent victims, upon the slightest pretext; a man whose heart was shut against the principles of right and justice, and whose soul was never moved by the common and softer emotions of human nature. Francesca, on the contrary, was emphatically the child of nature—lovely, imaginative, and sympathising. She was all innocence, purity, and truth; confined at home from her earliest

childhood, under the care of a single domestic, she had learned little of the great world around her. Her principal knowledge was derived from books; the Bible, and a few pious volumes, dedicated to her and commended by her departed mother, had been her constant companions and her dearest friends. The precepts and instructions contained in their pages had been deeply impressed upon her heart, and were constantly in her mind, and upon her tongue. Her disposition, naturally mild and well-tempered, was rendered more perfect by the salutary influence of good principles, and her loveliness of person was enhanced by the moral beauty of her character, and the purity of her virtue. She had a tear for all that wept, and the story of others' wrongs affected her heart in a most sensible manner. And yet she was doomed to a union with Ricardo, a grim monster in human form, a leader of outlaws, and offender against the laws of God and man, a criminal of the deepest dye. No wonder, then, that this fragile flower was crushed in the rude grasp of the hand that was stretched forth to pluck it—no wonder that it drooped and faded in such an unnatural embrace.

Frederick listened to this story with breathless attention. He learned further, that Francesca's father and Ricardo were then on a voyage to the Mexican gulf, and probably be absent several days. Business of a peculiar nature called them away. This was the first time she had been left alone since her arrival in America. There was little danger of their sudden return; and under the circumstances, with the weight of her frightful situation pressing upon her mind, and perhaps, with a desperate hope of escape, she had seized this opportunity to entertain a stranger, and almost unconsciously revealed her history. But when it was finished, and she reflected what she had done, she was frightened, and bathed in tears, she seized Frederick with frantic energy, and begged him to pardon her folly, and if he could not assist her, at least to keep the secret she had revealed buried in the deepest recesses of his heart. Frederick, choking with emotion, solemnly promised to remain true to her request. The young woman who waited upon Francesca, alarmed at the frantic cries of her mistress, entered the apartment. She pitied Francesca, and would have assisted her, notwithstanding the threats of Ricardo, had she known how. She was disposed to make the most of the present opportunity. Francesca raised her head and motioned her away. She left the room. Frederick took the hand that was extended towards him, and in a soothing voice endeavoured to comfort the afflicted girl, with such consoling reflections as his mind suggested. For a time she refused all consolation, and the violence of her grief appeared to increase rather than abate. Frederick assured her again and again that he would not betray her; that he would be her friend, and that he would do all in his power to rescue her from the fate which she dreaded and loathed from her inmost soul. She gradually recovered her self-possession, and endeavoured to assume her usual quiet and cheerful manner. The gray mists of morn appeared in the east, before Frederick rose to take his leave, and it was only on his renewing the promises he had made, and also pledging himself to return the next evening, and if possible, to devise some plan to save her from the fate that awaited her, that she consented to let him return to his lodgings at the neighbouring village.

Frederick possessed an ardent and adventurous spirit; he felt deeply interested in the fate of the lovely and devoted being with whose strange history he had been entrusted; a sense of duty and justice, and the motives of common humanity compelled him to seek her deliverance from the power of the Spaniard. But how could this be accomplished? He was a poor orphan student, without means or influence, and scarcely able to sustain himself with credit in college. Should he succeed in conveying Francesca from her father's roof, where should he place her? Would not the spies of the hated Spaniard seek her out, even in the remotest corner of the country? In her father's house she enjoyed the comforts and luxuries of life; could he furnish even the articles necessary to existence, or could she obtain the means to procure them? Should he complain to the civil authorities, what right would they have to interfere with the private affairs of a family? Had he evidence against Bozaris sufficient to convict him of infamous crimes? He had not. If he attempted to save her, then he must surely fail in his project, and the vengeance of the Spaniard would follow him to the grave. He spent the day in his chamber musing upon the circumstances of the case, unable to determine what course it was best to pursue.

As the shades of evening darkened the neighbouring hills he was again on his way to the sea-shore. The full bright moon soon began to peer above the horizon, gilding hill and dale, ocean

and forest, with rich and mellow light. It was a beautiful evening, and Frederick reflected with sorrow that there was one, as pure and beautiful as the silver light in which all things were then bathed, whose heart was shrouded in the deepest gloom, and whom the light of joy, he feared, would never reach. He approached the habitation of the smuggler, and halted a moment to reconnoitre. Not a light was to be seen, not a sound was heard. The garden gate was shut, the blinds were closed, and even the lattice-work of the balcony was drawn to, and every thing about the mansion, to Frederick's eye, wore a desolate and deserted appearance. The tall pines which hung from the brow of the steep hill in the rear of the house, seemed to sigh mournfully over the spot, and he imagined he saw in their deep shade, which the beams of the moon could not penetrate, the forms of men partly concealed. But these dismal fancies fled, and his heart throbbed with delightful emotions, as the sweet voice of the being he sought broke forth from the balcony in a plaintive air, assuring him that she was still within the reach of hope. He approached the balcony and gave a gentle tap on the railing. The voice ceased. He knocked again. A moment's pause—the lattice-work cautiously opened—and he was in the arms of Francesca.

The connection between Francesca and De Vere was suddenly formed, but it was powerful and enduring. She clung to him as her only friend and protector; he was interested for her, he loved her because she was virtuous, beautiful, and distressed. He might have met her in the gay assembly, in the ball-room, or on the pave, and passed her with a look. It was the force of peculiar circumstances that cemented their hearts. Their declarations of constancy and affection were mingled with tears and sighs. They indulged none of that fashionable moonlight feeling, falsely called love. Their connexion was of a purer, holier, nobler nature. Indeed, they never talked of love; they never thought of it. They loved without thought—they joined their hearts instinctively, as the turtle-dove nestles with its mate when the storm rages. She was the shrine at which his heart worshipped, and he was all the world to her. She had not learned the deceitfulness of human nature; and although she knew little concerning Frederick, except what he had told her himself, she trusted him with implicit confidence; she threw herself upon his mercy, hoping for the best.

Their meeting on the present occasion was truly affectionate. Frederick clasped her in his arms, resting his head upon her throbbing breast; she leaned over him, and the warm tears of joy dropped upon his burning cheeks. They sat down and talked for hours of their situation and the means of relief. They devised plan after plan, and gave them up as hopeless as soon as devised. Their want of means, the revengeful spirit and great power of Ricardo, presented barriers to their success which appeared insurmountable. While they were engaged, the voices of men were heard beneath the balcony. They listened.

"'Tis Ricardo!" exclaimed Francesca, in a whisper; "fly, Frederick! fly this instant, or your fate is sealed!"

Frederick pressed her hands powerfully together, and begged her to be silent. Then imprinting a parting kiss upon her cheek, he desired her to remain firm in her purpose, and trust Heaven for the result. Ricardo had entered the house, and his heavy step was heard on the stairs! As he placed his hand on the latch of the door which opened into Francesca's chamber, Frederick quietly pushed aside the lattice-work, and passed from the balcony to the ground.

Ricardo entered the apartment. His quick eye saw that something unusual had happened. He darted to the window, just in time to catch a view of Frederick's retreating figure. A handkerchief lay on the balustrade. He seized it, and hurried to the light. It was marked, "F. De Vere."

"How's this?" said he, "playing the wanton during my absence, eh? Not so nice and prudish as would seem, perhaps. We'll see, we'll see."

And he went below to inform Marlow of the discovery he had made.

The servant was called and questioned, but she protested she knew nothing concerning the man or his purpose. Francesca was coaxed and threatened, but could not be made to reveal a syllable. Ricardo was certain that some person had been in the house during his absence, and the evidence of the handkerchief satisfied him that his name was De Vere. Who was he? What was his object? How came he there? These were questions which sadly puzzled his jealous mind. It is needless to add that Francesca was watched closer than ever, and that Ricardo pressed his suit with corresponding vigour.

Month after month passed away, and no change took place. Ricardo, in the mean time, sought out the owner of the handkerchief, and marked him well. De Vere, too, had an opportunity to see Ricardo. He met him in a hotel in New York. He was pointed out by a companion as the supposed leader of a recent outrage in that city; he was described as a shrewd villain, who perpetrated his guilty deeds in open day, and daringly set the laws at defiance. And yet, so ingeniously were all his schemes contrived, that when the law did reach the offenders, he invariably contrived to evade its clutches.

Time rolled on. Frederick had finished his collegiate course, and was enrolled among the graduating class. Commencement approached. Frederick received a part—an oration. The day arrived. The weather was propitious, and a crowded audience assembled to witness the ceremonies. Frederick had bestowed much labour upon his composition, and to give it greater effect, he intended to recite it from memory. He had long made declamation a study, and aided by a rich-toned voice, an expressive countenance, and a commanding figure, he excelled, in this respect, every member of his class. When his name was announced, a whisper of satisfaction rose from the assembled mass. He mounted the stage with a firm step and a look of confidence. Every sound was hushed. He commenced. The subject of his oration was the capacities of the human mind. The exordium was spoken in a low, distinct tone, with little attempt at display: it was ingeniously contrived, and delivered in such a captivating manner that the whole audience was enlisted in his favour at the outset. He then went on to speak of the illimitable capacities of the mind, and the immortal powers of the soul, now holding his hearers fixed by the interesting nature of his remarks, and now astonishing them by sudden and well managed bursts of eloquence. He approached the conclusion. In the middle of a highly finished climax he stopped—his memory proved treacherous. He endeavoured to go on—his thoughts were scattered to the four winds of heaven—he looked around, as if for assistance—a deep exulting hiss fell upon his ear—he turned towards the spot from whence it arose. A thick mist seemed to spread over his eyes, and his head grew dizzy, large drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and feeble with excitement, he descended from the stage!

That night he retired to his chamber, in a feverish and excited state. He sat alone to a late hour, brooding over the events of the day, and his future prospects. It was in this place, and in this situation, that he was first introduced to the reader. He resolved, it will be recollected, to save Francesca from the power of the Spaniard. The prospect of accomplishing this object was still doubtful. He knew that Ricardo was a man to be feared. He believed that no situation, no circumstances, could secure him against his vengeance. He had finished his collegiate course, and was now about to enter upon the study of his profession—the law. The adventure which made known to him the history of Francesca so completely unsettled his mind, that he remained several days confined to his room, engaged in listless musings, or desultory pursuits, scarce knowing why he tarried in a place that no longer demanded his presence, but still unable to break away from the spell that bound him to the spot.

Oh woman! how fearful is thy power over the heart of man! The enchantress who can call up spirits from the 'vasty deep' is not more a wizard than art thou. To thee the spirit of man bows down and worships; by thee his affections are enchained, and his heart is bound with more than a wizard's spell. The wand of beauty is omnipotent; the influence of deep, pure, and ardent love, is stronger than magic. At thy fairy touch, all that is gross and earthly vanishes, and the world appears but one wide scene of enchanted beauty. At thy pure shrine holiness and innocence are attendant spirits, and the affections of thy worshippers are subdued and sanctified by their sweet influence. Thou art nature's master-piece of loveliness—twin-sister with Gabriel. To thee, dear tyrant, do we owe all that make this life desirable, and much that gives value to the hope of heaven! It was in exclamations like these that Frederick was indulging, in thought, on the evening of the fourth day after commencement, as he sat alone in his chamber, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, when a rap at the door announced a visitor. He sprung hastily from his chair, and raised the latch. A woman, completely enveloped in a dark cloak, with a cowl or hood covering her head, and a dark veil falling over her face, entered the room, and handing him a paper, disappeared without speaking a word. Frederick stood a moment stupified with surprise at the suddenness of the act, and then producing a light broke the seal of the note, and read as follows:

"My Dearest and only Friend—I am once more left alone. Grant me an interview—the last probably, that I shall ever enjoy, unless you can now rescue me from my impending fate. Come immediately—to see you with safety I must see you soon. Come—and I will explain all. This from yours, truly,

FRANCESCA.

Frederick read the note, and resolved to grant the request, although he saw no hope for the fair petitioner, and feared the consequences might be disastrous. Still, impelled by a powerful but mysterious impulse, he resolved to comply; and early the following morning sought the nearest stage office, and took passage for that part of the country where Francesca resided.

They met. Impatient at his delay, Francesca had left the house, attended by her faithful, but indulgent companion, and had just reached the summit of a range of hills, on the pathway to the neighbouring village, when Frederick appeared in sight.

"What hope?" cried Francesca, "Can you save me?"
"Francesca!" replied De Vere, sadly, "I fear to reply—the difficulties that surround us are great. I know not where we can fly to escape this monster.

"Monster! dost thou say!" exclaimed Ricardo, springing from among the trees; "I'll teach thee a more decent speech!"

And he aimed a deadly blow at Frederick, with a short rapier or dagger, which he parried by striking the villain's arm with great force just above the wrist, which rendered it for a moment completely powerless, and the deadly instrument fell from his grasp.

Francesca uttered a shriek of horror, and fell lifeless into the arms of her attendant.

"By heaven!" cried Ricardo, choking with rage, "I'll throttle thee!" and he seized Frederick by the collar, and endeavoured to carry his threat into effect.

A fierce struggle now ensued. Ricardo was a stout, brawny, desperate man, and in his rage exerted himself to the utmost. Frederick was calm, active, and wary, and summoning all his power, proved an equal match for his antagonist. At length, however, his strength began to fail. Ricardo, unable to overcome him in close contact, formed the horrible design of throwing him from a neighbouring precipice which overhung a deep ravine, and was nearly concealed by the close underwood. In their struggle they drew near the brink. Frederick was unaware of his danger. They stood upon the verge. Still—Frederick did not perceive the fearful chasm. The Spaniard wrenched himself from his grasp, and pushed him over the edge of the precipice! He sunk, clinging to a small tree as he fell. Ricardo raised a fiendish shout as he disappeared—the earth beneath his feet gave way, and he too, rolled into the abyss below! His body dashed from rock to rock, and landed, a mangled thing, in the lowest depths of the ravine! Frederick, by the aid of the tree to which he clung, was fortunately saved from a similar fate, and in a few minutes regained his footing, trembling with fear at the remembrance of the danger through which he had passed.

His course was now plain—he must fly and conceal himself in the most remote and obscure retreat that could be found. The thought flashed upon his mind that the absence of Ricardo and his associates was merely pretended, and was a stratagem to test the strength of Francesca's affection for himself which they undoubtedly suspected. If Ricardo was dead, his comrades might seek him out, and revenge his death; if alive, he would certainly follow him with his vengeance. But Francesca—what should be her fate? He resolved to take her, too, to marry her, if she would; to link his fortunes indissolubly with her's; to be her legal protector, as well as her friend.

He hurried to Francesca, who had now in some measure recovered from her fright, explained what had happened, and mentioned his sudden resolution. There was no other alternative, and she readily consented to the proposal. Her attendant begged to accompany them, and her request was granted. No time was to be lost. They started immediately, and walked as rapidly as possible to the neighbouring village. Here they procured a carriage, and travelled until evening, when they obtained a relay of horses, and about midnight reached the great stage rout to New York, and the following morning took passage for that city, with the hope, that amidst the mass of human beings that throng its every avenue, they might pass unnoticed, until time should assure them that they might safely venture abroad.

Here De Vere and Francesca were united in that holy tie which binds "till death shall part." Never did man pronounce the marriage vows with holier or firmer resolution; and never did woman yield herself up with more implicit confidence to the object of her choice, or with more sincerity promise to perform her conjugal duties. The priest who conducted the ceremonies, although unacquainted with the history of the parties, was deeply affected by their appearance, and even the persons introduced as witnesses of the solemn contract, were moved to tears by the solemn scene.

Francesca now felt as if she had little to fear. She retired with Frederick to the humble lodgings he had chosen as a means of security, in the third story of an obscure building, furnished by the landlord, and in a few days appeared really happy and contented. She arranged her little stock of furniture with great care, and with the assistance of Mary, who had once been her servant, but was now her friend and companion, rendered her rooms quite comfortable and pleasant. De Vere obtained employment as a writer and proof-reader on one of the morning papers, which afforded him a good part of the day and evening. He went disguised and muffled, and always entered his lodgings through a by-lane little known. Francesca smiled upon him when he left in the morning, and greeted him with a cheering welcome when he returned. While at home, the hours flew delightfully away. If happiness ever falls to the lot of human nature, it must flow from the sweet intercourse of two pure and noble beings united by sincere affection. The union of De Vere and Francesca was not only cemented by sincere affection, but by the force of circumstances which alone rendered them very dear to each other. And now that they were comparatively beyond the reach of danger, they enjoyed without interruption and without alloy, the full bliss of love.

(Concluded next week.)

THE NATURALIST.

BOTANY.—I.

Botany derives its name from the Greek term for a vegetable, and comprehends all that relates to plants. Sometimes, indeed, it is restricted to a mere description of vegetable organs, and arrangements of systems; but, in this light, it appears a mere barren study of names; whereas the true Botanist investigates all the relations of plants.

Plants are not to be regarded as insulated objects: they are connected with surrounding bodies, and should be viewed in relation to the earth, in which they grow; to the water, which they imbibe; to the air, which they respire; and to the sun, by which they are adorned and animated. By their number and variety, they stimulate curiosity, as well as excite admiration. It is true, that Zoology rivals Botany in variety; but the contemplation of pain and death which it brings with it, frequently excites sad emotions. Every newly-discovered plant brings an accession of useful knowledge; and Bacon says of a garden, that it is the purest of earthly enjoyments. The proper system of horticultural planting is founded on a knowledge of the relations and antipathies of plants to each other. Different sorts of the potato, and different variety of fruit-trees, are constantly disappearing; and to perpetuate that cheap vegetable, and to replace those delicious fruits, is the work of the scientific botanist. Similar remarks apply to the Scotch fir and the English oak. Professor Lindley informs us, that, from neglect and ignorance, one of the most valuable kinds of the latter has been allowed almost to disappear. Indeed, Botany and Agriculture (and we may also include Chemistry,) may be regarded as parts of the same whole; for they mutually elucidate and assist each other.

The relations of plants to animals are very interesting. Thus, the mulberry-tree appears to be formed for the silk-worm; the cactus for cochineal, (which most of our readers are aware is an insect); the acacia, (one species of which yields gum-arabic,) for the giraffe, or camel-leopard; and mosses for the rein-deer. Lastly, we must consider the relation of plants to man. Nations which cultivate grain are the first to become civilized; for the harvest brings the people into contact and communion with each other. Many nations have chosen a flower as a national emblem: we need not mention the rose, shamrock, and thistle, as the floral emblems of the United Kingdom. The unequal distribution of plants furnishes the chief inducement to engage in commerce: witness the sugar-cane, the tea-plant, the cotton-plant, etc. Flowers have supplied ornaments to the arts, and figures to poetry. In the Bible, more than three hundred plants are mentioned; and many passages cannot be well understood without some knowledge of Botany. This furnishes one great source of interest to the "Pictorial Bible;" in the notes of which, the lights of modern science, and of Botany in particular, are made to shine on every obscure passage. Much curious information, on the same interesting subject, will also be found in Althan's "Scriptural Natural History." The general reader would probably not suspect that so many plants were mentioned in the Bible. This is only one instance of the extent of the subject—an extent which renders classification necessary; and this classification has likewise the good effect of cultivating the powers of observation and discrimination.

We shall endeavour then, in the course of a few short and concise papers, to make our readers acquainted with the general outline of this fascinating science. While we shall endeavour to avoid being so superficial as to be unsatisfactory, neither the space at our command, nor the nature of the work, will allow us to be minute. We hope to excite a taste for the study, in some cases in which it does not exist, and in others in which it does. After leading it forward to a certain extent, we should be satisfied to consign it to a study of the great book of Nature, assisted by some manual specifically devoted to the subject. We beg leave at the outset, once for all, to acknowledge our obligations, in the composition of the following essays, to the admirable lectures of Dr. Litton, in the Royal Society of Dublin.

Our readers are aware, that all the objects in nature are divided into *organic* and *inorganic*. Uniformity of substance is characteristic of inorganic bodies; and they are not capable of life. Organic bodies, on the other hand, are an assemblage of organs, composed of very different substances.—Herein they resemble a machine, but all their parts are themselves organized; while, in a machine, the mechanism soon ceases, and we arrive at uniformity of substance. Thus, all the parts of a spring are similar in composition.

Organized bodies are divided into *animal* and *vegetable*; thus forming, with inorganic bodies, what are called "the three Kingdoms of Nature;"—1. Animal; 2. Vegetable; 3. Mineral. From the infinite variety and complexity of organic bodies, and from the imperfection of human faculties, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the members of the animal from those of the vegetable kingdom. One rule which has been proposed for distinguishing them, is, the want of symmetry in plants: for, while animals may generally be divided into symmetrical halves, by a line drawn down the middle, (called by anatomists the *median line*,) plants are not capable of this symmetrical division. Indeed, if a tree be cut into a regular shape, it loses its charm to the eye of taste.

Plants, likewise, have many organs imperfectly developed, such as abortive buds and branches; which add to their want of symmetry. Flowers and leaves, however, are generally symmetrical; but sometimes the *midrib* of the leaf (as it is called) is not in the middle. This is seen in the common lime-tree. On the other hand, many of the lower tribes of animals are not symmetrical. Those animals, for instance, which do not possess the power of locomotion, (that is, who cannot move as they please from place to place,) are not symmetrical; such as the oyster and many other shell-fish.

A second rule for distinguishing the two kingdoms is, the abrupt manner in which the branches of animals are given off, while the limbs of animals are rounded. But, though the distinction is, in general, sufficiently wide, some of the inferior animals, approach so near in appearance to vegetables as not to be distinguished by external form. This is the case with the well-shaped polypus, the tubulars, and the coralines. Indeed, these last mentioned were once thought to be vegetables. Perhaps the latter may be best distinguished from animals, by their want of voluntary motion.—N. R.

AUTUMNAL TREES.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

BEAUTIFUL trees!
Clothed in your Autumn's dying robes—ye look
More lovely far
Than waning star;
Or aught that's marked for death in Nature's book:
Beautiful trees!

Those rainbow hues,
Bathed in the shade and sunlight of the day,
Bid thoughts arise
Of Paradise,
Th' eternal life. Ah! why should Time decay
Those rainbow hues,

What is like ye,
When ye're most lovely—perishing unseen?
In emerald-gold,
Your leaves unfold,
And yet ye wither 'mid your glory's gleam:—
What is like ye?

Th' endearing form
Of maiden innocence in youthful eye;
Th' unearthly bright
Of her eyes light
Flashing in beauty: still doth death inveave
Th' endearing form.

The subdued smile;
The rose-blush baking on her snowy cheek;
The calm-drawn breath
Speaks not of death;
No writhing pain—no struggle—all is meek:—
The subdued smile.

Yes, there is Death,
Lurking beneath th' enchanting form of health;
E'en as the leaf,
Her life is brief;
The Autumn Death his victim takes by stealth:—
Yes, there is Death.

Beautiful trees!
Clothed in your Autumn's dying robes—ye look
More lovely far
Than waning star!
Or aught that's mark'd for death in Nature's book:
Beautiful trees!

Metropolitan

A PRISONER.

In Calamy's Memoirs, published a few years ago, there is an account of a man named Story, who was condemned for being in Monmouth's rebellion, but was reprieved by the interest of a friend with Judge Jeffries, and subsequently removed to Newgate. He was soon afterwards ordered to be brought before the Privy Council, in the same plight in which he then was, which was truly miserable. The keeper advised him, in case the king was present, that the wisest way for him would be to answer the questions put to him in a plain and direct manner, without concealing any thing—advice which he strictly followed.

When he was brought into the Council Chamber, he made so sad and sorrowful a figure, that all present were surprised and frightened, and he had so strong a smell by being so long confined, that it was very offensive.

When the king first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, "Is that a man, or what else is it?"

Chancellor Jeffries told his Majesty that that was the Story of whom he had given his Majesty so distinct an account.

"Oh, Story!" says the king; "I remember him. That is a rare fellow, indeed!" Then turning towards him, he talked to him very freely and familiarly. "Pray, Mr. Story," says he, "you were in Monmouth's army in the west, were you not?"

He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, "Yes, an't please your Majesty."

"And you," said he, "was a commissary there, were you not?"

And he again replied, "Yes, an't please your Majesty."

"And you," said he, "made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not?"

He again very readily answered, "Yes, an't please your Majesty."

"Pray," says the king to him, "if you haven't forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine florid speech; let us have a specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric, and a few of the main things on which you insisted."

Whereupon Mr. Story told us that he readily made answer, "I told them, an't please your Majesty, that it was you that fir'd the city of London."

"A rare rogue, upon my word!" said the king. "And pray what else did you tell them?"

"I told them," said he, "an't please your Majesty, that you poisoned your brother."

"Impudence in the utmost height of it!" said the king. "Pray let us have something further, if your memory serves you?"

"I further told them," said Mr. Story, "that your Majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves."

By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech; and, therefore, crying out, "A rogue with a witness!" and cutting off short, he said, "To all this I doubt not but a thousand other villainous things were added; but what would you say, Story, if, after all this, I should grant you your life?"

To which he, without any demur, made answer, "that he should pray heartily for his Majesty as long as he lived."

"Why, then," says the king, "I freely pardon all that is past, and hope you will not, for the future, represent your king as inexorable."

A TURKISH CUSTOM.—The sun was quivering above the horizon, when I strolled forth from Jaffa to enjoy the coming breeze, amid the beautiful gardens that environ that agreeable town. Riding along the previous day, my attention had been attracted by a marble gate, the fragment of some old temple, that now served as the entrance into one of these enclosures, their secure boundary otherwise formed by a picturesque and impenetrable hedge of Indian fig. It is not a hundred yards from the town. Behind it stretches the plain of Ramle—the ancient Arimatea—broad and fertile, and, at this moment, green; for it was just after the latter rains, when Syria is most charming. The caravan-track winding through it, led to Jerusalem. The air was exquisitely soft and warm, and sweet with the perfume of the orange-blossoms. I passed through the marble portal, adorned with some florid, yet skilful sculptures, and found myself in a verdant wilderness of fruit-trees, rising in rich confusion from the turf, through which not a single path seemed to wander. There were vast groups of orange and lemon-trees, varied occasionally with the huge offspring of the citron-tree, and the glowing produce of the pomegranate; while, ever and anon, the tall banana raised its head aloft, with its green or golden clusters, and sometimes the graceful and languid crest of the date-bearing palm.

While I was in doubt as to the direction I should bend my steps, my ear was caught by the wild notes of Turkish music; and following the sounds, I emerged upon a plot of turf, clear from trees, in the middle of which was a fountain; and by its margin, seated on a delicate Persian carpet, a venerable Turk. Some slaves were near him, one of whom, at a little distance, was playing on a rude lyre. In his left hand was a volume of Arabian poetry, and he held in his right the serpentine tube of his Nargilly, or Syrian pipe. When he beheld me, he saluted me with all the dignity of the Orient, pressing his hand to his heart, but not rising. I apologized for my intrusion; but he welcomed me with serene cordiality, and invited me to share his carpet and touch his pipe. Some time elapsed in answering those questions respecting European horses and European arms, wherein the easterner delight. At length the solemn and sonorous voice of the muezzin, from the minarets of Jaffa, came floating on the air. The sun had set; and, immediately, my host and his companions performed their ablutions in the fountain; and, kneeling toward Mecca, repeated their accustomed prayers. Then rising, the Turkish aga, for such was his rank, invited me to enjoy the evening breeze and accompany him in a walk round his garden.

As we proceeded, my companion plucked an orange, and, taking a knife from his girdle and cutting the fruit in half, offered me one moiety and threw the other away. More than once he repeated this ceremony, which somewhat excited my surprise. At length he inquired my opinion of his fruit. I enlarged, and with sincerity, on its admirable quality, the racy sweetness of its flavour, which I esteemed unequalled; but I could not refrain from expressing my surprise, that of fruit so exquisite, he should so studiously waste so considerable a portion.

"Effendi," said the Turk, with a grave, though gracious smile, "to friends we give only the sunny side."—By the Author of *Vivian Grey*.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUNTRY SKETCHES," ETC.

Nobody likes to be nobody, but every body is pleased to think himself somebody; and every body is somebody; but the worst of the matter is, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think every body else to be nobody. Kings and critics speak of themselves in the plural number, and do you know why, gentle reader? I dare say you think it is a piece of arrogance and pomposity in both. It is no such thing, but is rather a mark of humility. A king may issue a proclamation—a critic may pronounce an opinion—but neither king nor critic thinks himself a person of sufficient importance to give the proclamation or the judgment as his own individual act and deed; in both cases the plural pronoun is used, to signify, in the one case, that the king is acting by the advice of his council; and in the other, that the critic is giving the opinion of others as well as his own. Kings and critics, then, who are really important persons, are the only people who make no arrogant claim to be so considered, but modestly conceal themselves in multitude. There is scarcely any one else that does not regard himself as a person of some importance. I recollect many years ago hearing an amiable barrister, who had been just appointed a commissioner of bankrupts, say, "There cannot be imagined three greater men in their own eyes, than a hackney coachman on a rainy day, a book-keeper at a coach office, and a young commissioner of bankrupts." But no one of these ever thinks of speaking of himself in the plural number—he could not bear such a dilution of his dignity, such an absorption of his individuality. None of my readers, I trust, are so shamefully ignorant of Joe Miller, as not to know the story of the bellows-blower at church; but, lest any one should be ignorant, I will relate it. Service was over, and the voluntary was finished, and as the organist and the bellows-blower were descending together, the latter said to the former, "We played very well to-day." "We!" said the organist, contemptuously. Next Sunday, when the organist put his fingers on the keys, they were speechless. "Blow," said he to the man at the bellows. "Shall it be we?" said the blower. Here, gentle reader, you see that the organist was too conscious of his own importance to tolerate the use of the plural pronoun. Had it been a king or critic, the humble "we" would have been used readily and without solicitation. In the above anecdote, the bellows-blower seems to have considered himself as a person of some importance, and to have felt his dignity hurt by the exclusive arrogance of the organist; and, therefore, he had recourse to the only means whereby he could demonstrate his importance—viz. withholding the supplies.

It must be mortifying to human vanity to observe how strangely, and yet how surely, the world goes on in spite of its losses. Down drops bubble after bubble on this our summer stream of life, and other bubbles start up to supply their place, and as soon give way to their successors, so that one bubble seems of no more importance than another; but while the bubbles last, they shine gaily, and are full of their own emptiness; and if they be proud of their emptiness, they are happy that they are so full of it. It is only when a man is in very low spirits, and almost sinking into despair, that he can really think himself a being of no importance; he then feels like a balloon when all the gas is out. I wonder who is the most important person in the lord mayor's show. One would naturally say, the lord mayor himself: I do not know that, unless he is a very great goose indeed. He has had his dignity in view some years before; he has rehearsed it all in his mind, so that imagination has stripped some of the gliding off his gingerbread. I remember hearing of one lord mayor who was mightily distended with a sense of his own importance even before he ascended the civic throne. His dwelling was near Queenhithe, and approachable only through very narrow streets; in one of these his carriage came to a sudden stop. "Drive on," said he to the coachman. "There's a cart in the way, sir." "Cart in the way! What business has a cart to stand in my way? I am the lord mayor elect!" For a man to have a true sense of his own importance, he must feel that things cannot go on without him. He must feel himself to be a centre—a mainspring. In this point of view, I do not know whether the city marshal be not as great a man as any in a lord mayor's show. He rides generally on a bouncing fat horse, which horse has also a consciousness of its own dignity, so there seems to be a sympathy of majesty between man and horse, and the two form one civic centaur; moreover, the city marshal carries a truncheon, so did Cæsar and Alexander, according to their pictures, and they were very great men. But they did not wear so fine a coat as the city marshal, and though they were covered or crowned with laurel, yet the city marshal has a comfortable and smart cocked hat, which is a far more convenient covering on the 9th of November, especially if it happens to be a wet day, as is often the case. But after all that may be said for the city marshal, I have my doubts whether the man in armour is not a personage of quite as much importance. He is a kind of living historical romance—a mummy of chivalry. Contrasted with him, how insignificant and effeminate the moderns look. All eyes are upon him, especially the eyes of those who now see the lord mayor's show for the first time; and he can

easily persuade himself that the sight would be worth nothing were it not for the man in armour. Again, there is another important personage in the procession, who must not be overlooked or passed lightly by, and that is the lord mayor's coachman. There is nothing in the whole procession to match the neatness of the little curls on his wig; and what a great broad seat he has to sit upon! How elevated his station! He looks down on the rest of the show, and even turns his back on the lord mayor himself. The late Mrs. Hamilton, in her Popular Essays, speaks of the propensity to magnify the idea of self; now, this propensity may be amply indulged in by the lord mayor's coachman, who takes into the comprehensive and complex idea of self all that fine big coach behind him, and all those fine horses before him, with their red morocco harness and brass buckles. Abstraction is an exceedingly difficult philosophical operation, which the lord mayor's coachman cannot easily manage; and, therefore, he never attempts to abstract from the idea of self, the coach and horses by which he is accompanied. But we might examine the case and feelings of every individual connected with that imposing and anti-utilitarian spectacle, and find in the bosom of every one some sweet consoling sense of his own importance—or, should there be some solitary cynic, whose heart swells not with the pomp and majesty of the scene, he makes up for it by thinking that he is an individual of too much mind to be pleased with such trifles. A voluntary nothingness is altogether beyond the fortitude of humanity.

Reader, did you ever pay much attention to general elections? Because, if you ever did, you must have observed how much the importance of men is developed on such occasions. To be one of Mr. Tomkins's committee—to receive communications—to draw up advertisements—to ride post-haste all over the county—to look as wise as Solomon, as courteous as Lord Chesterfield, as deep as Garrick—to whisper mysteriously to the candidate—to neglect one's business—to forget dinner time—and all that to bring in Mr. Tomkins, and to establish the independence of the county—is altogether such a wonderful achievement, that if a man, under such circumstances, should be tempted to think himself for once a nonpareil of dignity and importance, is it not pardonable? There is something so delightful in being able to say, "Mr. Tomkins owed his election to me." And the beauty of the matter is, that there are so many such kind of "me's" in every county, borough, and city in the kingdom. Poor Mr. Tomkins! he is himself hardly aware how many best friends he has. He is in a very ticklish situation, and must take care that he does not say, do, or think any thing to offend any one of these his best friends. If, by chance, his memory should fail him, and he should pass one of them without a smile, a bow, or a squeeze of the hand, wo betide him! It would be a shocking thing that it should be said, "Mr. Tomkins passed me in the streets without taking the slightest notice of me; he forgets that if it had not been for me he would have lost his election." In fact, all the world is a kind of lord mayor's show, and we are all somehow or other people of importance. He who wrote that facetious paper called "Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish," thought that he was merely satirising one individual, whereas, in good truth, he was delineating a prominent trait of humanity; and the very success of the portraiture, the popularity of the sketch, was owing to the fact of its general, and not of its particular applicability alone. Indeed, I believe, if it were possible to find a character in the compass of nature's reality perfectly unique, and altogether unlike the rest of the world, and if that character so found were delineated with the utmost fidelity and spirit, it would meet with but little popular acceptance; some few individuals, philosophically disposed and habituated to reflection, might examine it as a psychological curiosity; but the multitude would have no appetite for it. We all like the delineation of people of importance, more especially if the importance be assumed, for by laughing at the pretensions of others, we seem to establish our own.

The world, notwithstanding all the fault that has been found with it by those who never made a world themselves, is exquisitely well arranged, so that every one may, from some cause or other, feel himself to be of some importance, even as the physical constitution of the material globe is such, that each individual feels himself to be on the top of it, and no one seems to be sticking to its sides, or hanging head downwards from its bottom, like a fly walking upon a ceiling.

CONDESCENSION.

I have heard, that when a goose passes under an arch, or through a door-way, of whatever altitude, it always stoops—this, I suppose, is condescension; and, to say truth, wherever I have seen an ostentation of condescension, it has reminded me of geese. There is a great deal of fun, and some little philosophy, in condescension. The fun of it is, that the person condescending must first lift himself up to his greatest height, in order to show how low he can stoop.

I like to hear of learned men condescending to the capacities of children—just as if learned men had forgotten their A B C, and could talk nothing but Greek and Hebrew;—why there is not one among them who does not understand Cinderella better than he does Sophocles.

I am no leveller: I am a decided believer in the beauty and

utility of rank. I also like courtesy, affability, and politeness; but when the word condescension is mentioned, I am always inclined to laugh.

When Tony Lumpkin, as set forth in the pleasant comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," gives the benefit and blessing of his company to the swillers of swipes at a public house, he is very condescending; but I quite sympathise with Mrs. Hardcastle in her reprobation of such unbecoming familiarity. But when you see the party assembled, and hear their conversation, you do not think much of the condescension of Tony; moreover, unhappily for Tony's own dignity, he does not seem to be aware of it himself. The party would willingly pay him homage, but he seems hardly inclined to relish it: he wishes to be quite at his ease, which a condescending person in such circumstances never is.

Condescension, in its true and most exquisitely ludicrous state, has a kind of *noli me tangere* air about it; it is like oil on water—it never amalgamates with the baser fluid. The genuine condescender has a kind of elasticity about him, by means of which he can presently raise himself up again to the natural level of his dignity, like those monkeys who, with a kind of hook to the end of their tails, can presently spring from the ground into a tree, or on to a porch.

Tony Lumpkin's condescension was a thorough down-letting of his dignity—a total oblivion of his rank; he could not resume his dignity at a moment's notice; he not only forgot his own superiority, but seemed to wish that others should forget it too. This, you observe, is different from right-earnest condescension, which aims at uniting, for the time, the great and the small, the high and the low, and which would shudder, and almost die with mortification, should its greatness seem for a moment to be forgotten. Tony Lumpkin, in his condescension, if we may so call it, did not so much enjoy its greatness as he enjoyed getting rid of it; but regular condescension is one of the highest luxuries of greatness. All greatness is apprehended by comparison: we never feel how great we are till we bring our greatness into contact with another's littleness. When Gulliver dwelt in England, previously to his voyage to Lilliput, he was not sensible of his greatness of body; but when he dwelt among the Lilliputians, he felt himself to be a marvellously great man indeed. Thus it is with such as condescend: they come from such a height to such a depth, that they are wholly astounded at once at their own greatness and at others' littleness.

The pleasure of condescension is so great, that many seek for the enjoyment of it, whom we should not at first sight think likely to have opportunity or room for its exercise.

In Boswell's Life of Johnson, mention is made of a funeral sermon which had been preached for the wife or widow of some cheesemonger in Tooley street, or Bermondsey, in which, amongst other laudatory topics, it was recorded, to the honour of the deceased, that she was remarkable for her condescension to her inferiors. On which Dr. Johnson remarked, that there might be some little difficulty in ascertaining who her inferiors were. The doctor was more obtuse of perception than was the cheesemonger's wife, who had no difficulty whatever in ascertaining the point. Condescension is a luxury, the enjoyment of which is happily not confined to any one gradation of society.

Every goose is tall enough to stoop. There is no condition in which a man may not have some fear of degradation and down-letting of his dignity, or in which he may not show some gracious condescension to his inferiors. And all the beauty of this arrangement is owing to what some people may think a defect, viz. the undefinedness of dignity, and that *ad libitum*, which suffers so many to place themselves as they will or can, aided by the various points of comparison; so that, though there may be inferiority in some things, there may be superiority in others. Thus no individual is the lowest; for he that is low in some respects is high in others.

When I was a little boy I was at a very great school—great, I mean, in point of numbers; and when we walked to church, our arrangement was not according to literary merit or proficiency, but according to height, so that we might thereby look more uniform in the public eye. There were also two other classifications, viz. the classification according to penmanship, and the classification according to general literature or grammatical attainments. Thus there was a pleasant and amusing variety of rank; and we were sometimes as puzzled to set points of precedency and etiquette, as any little party in a country town; for it was seldom that height, writing, and grammar were in the same proportion: one was before another in measuring; and another took precedence in writing, but wanted height; while a third might be an excellent grammar scholar, but neither a penman nor a colossus. So by these means we all of us had more or less the pleasure of looking down upon one another: and all of us could enjoy, if we wished it, the pleasure of condescension. Dr. Johnson was therefore manifestly wrong in doubting whether the wife of a cheesemonger in Tooley street was capable of condescending, or whether there were any persons who might properly be called her inferiors.

It would be, indeed, a sad and cruel thing if a man should feel that all were condescending to him, and that he himself could be condescending to nobody, because nobody was inferior to him.

To be the first in society, though attended with some inconveniences, is still rather an object of ambition; therefore the first may be safely defined, to be the last is too painful; and the herald's office, in mercy to mankind, leaves that point to be settled by those whom it may concern; therefore it never is settled, and never can be settled, and so the pleasure of condescension may be enjoyed by all.

The virtue of condescension is, indeed, so exceedingly amiable and interesting, that one cannot help wishing to imitate it; and we naturally look out for our inferiors, in order to have the pleasure of gratifying them by our condescension, as much as we have been gratified by the condescension of our superiors.

It is observable how very condescending and patronising are the servants and dependents of the great. From observing the manners of their masters, mistresses, and patrons, they gain the same air and imbibe the same feelings. In order to manifest condescension, as we have said above, there should be, of necessity, a sense or apprehension of greatness; thus those domestics and dependents generally cultivate this feeling of greatness with much diligence and success. A greater or more condescending man than a great man's porter you do not often meet withal; and many a king upon a throne grants an audience to, or receives homage from, a most devoted and most humble subject, with far less of the pomp of condescension, than a great man's porter gives audience to a man in a seedy coat.

Yet, perhaps, after all, the completest condescension is that of a great boy at school to a little one. I know a man who, about thirty years ago, was first boy of our school; and he has told me more than once, and I dare say that if we live to grow old he will tell me a hundred times more, that his sense of greatness at that time was so absurdly strong, that he could absolutely contain no more, and that he was nearly bursting with pride. Yet he was marvellously condescending; and I do verily believe, that if his most gracious majesty, William IV. of Great Britain and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, etc. etc. should walk arm in arm with me in Pall Mall or St. James's Park, I should not think more highly of the condescension than I did of the condescension of the young gentleman above alluded to.

We can never, perhaps, enjoy condescension so completely as in early life, before we have thoroughly ascertained the meaning and full force of the word "great"—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*; and before we know what greatness is, we think it a marvellously magnificent thing. After all, the game of condescension, like all other games, requires two to play off; but, unlike all other games, it is best played by those who understand it least; for when it is thoroughly understood by both parties, it is rather too broad a farce, and cannot be carried on with a serious face.

I very much admire the churchwarden's wife who went to church, for the first time in her life, when her husband was churchwarden, and being somewhat late, the congregation was getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she said, with a sweet condescending smile, "Pray, keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself now than I did before."

MATRIMONY AND LETTER-WRITING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A man of the world, and a close observer, once said: "When a lady is married, she seems in haste to dismiss whatever had rendered her attractive. If she had spent ever so much time in learning music, she shuts up her piano. If she excelled in painting, she throws aside her pencil. If she had fine manners, she forgets them. She forsakes society. She puts an end to her early friendships. She has no time to write a letter. Ten to one, she grows careless in her dress, and scarcely reserves even neatness, to comfort her husband. I am myself too sincere an admirer of the sex, to lend a hand in the demolition of all that makes them beautiful."

Thus far, the observing gentleman. Now, is his opinion truth or satire? Doubtless, a mixture of both. Still, a moiety of the censure, may be resolved into praise. That new cares, and new affections, clustering around a home, should turn the heart from lighter pursuits, and extrinsic pleasures, is natural if not unavoidable.

But, this point must be guarded. Nothing, that is really valuable, ought to escape. The attractions which first won the love of a husband, should be preserved, were it only for that tender remembrance.

Friendships ought not to be neglected. Correspondences need not be renounced. Why should our sex, by carelessness, or lassitude throw reproach on a state for which Heaven has formed them?

Do I hear some young matron exclaim, "How can I write letters? It is impossible that I should find time to copy them. Besides, I never consider myself an adept in the rules of letter-writing."

"Time to copy letters?" Who would think of such a thing? A copied letter is like a transplanted wild flower, or a caged bird. Let the writers of formal treatises copy them as often as they will

—let poets dip and re-dip their poems, in the fountain of their brain, as deep as Achilles was plunged by his mother—but leave that one little "folio of four pages," free from the "wimples and crimping-pins" of criticism. Shut out, if you will, every star in your literary firmament, that Nature and Simplicity have enkindled, and tolerate nothing there, but right fashionable drawing-room lamps, yet leave, I pray you, one single arrow-slit, through which the eye of honest feeling may look unblamed, and let that be the letter which friend writeth to friend.

"Rules for letter-writing!"—What rules can it possibly require? We learn to talk without rules—and what is letter-writing but a talk upon paper? It seems one of the natural vocations of our sex, for it comes within the province of the heart. It has been somewhere said, that with women, the heart is the *citadel*, and all besides, the *suburbs*; but that with men, the heart is only an *outwork*, whose welfare does not materially affect the principal *fortress*. According to the anatomy of Fontenelle, the weaker sex have one fabric *more*, in the heart, and one *less* in the brain, than the other sex. Possibly, he might have excelled in dissections of the heart—from the circumstance, that he was believed by his contemporaries to have none of his own.

"Rules of letter-writing!" Set up the note-book before your piano or harpsichord—but insult not the *Æolian* harp with the spectre of a gamut—and leave the rebeck as free as the dancer's heel. The especial excellence of the epistolary art, is, that as "face answereth to face in water," so it causes heart to answer to heart. Let the ambitious author wrestle as he is able, with the visions of frowning readers that beset his dreams, or shrink beneath the mace of criticism, suspended over him, like the sword of Damocles—but permit us women, now and then, to escape to some quiet nook, and hold sweet converse with a distant friend. Amid the many tavern-meals, which the mind is constrained to make—allow it now and then, one solitary repast, upon the simple, sugared viands that is loved in childhood. Pouring out the thoughts, in the epistolary style, has such power to confer pleasure, to kindle sympathy, to comfort affliction, to counsel inexperience, and to strengthen piety,—that it is to be regretted when ladies make the cares of matrimony an excuse, for neglecting or laying it aside.

For the Pearl.

THE ORPHAN.

She stood with pale and pensive brow,
And downcast, tearful eye,
And happy hearts, and footsteps light;
Pass'd the lone orphan by.

In deep, though silent agony
Throb'd her young heart the while,
And vainly strove her mournful lips,
To wear its wonted smile.

What cared she, for that reckless crowd,
She stood a stranger there,
Where were the kindred hearts of home?
Its kindly voices,—where?

How sad the thought, that desolate
Its once glad board and hearth,
And far away, their resting place,
Who shared her childhood's mirth.

While others marked the lofty brow
Her raven curls carress'd,
And the dark lustre of her eye
That mournful things express'd.

The memory of other days,
Came o'er her smitten soul,
And swift, the tide of thought roll'd on,
As if it mocked control.

It told her of her native land,
Her own, bright, sunny, Spain
The myrtle bowers, the vine clad fields
For which she pined in vain.

All, that a spirit, warm and kind,
Had cherished and revered,
Her household idols, that bright band,
O'er whom one tomb was reared.

Their touching memory awoke,
In grief that only slept,
And in the stranger's festal hall,
She bowed her head and wept.

Rosignol, September 20.

AGNACE.

PLEASURES OF ASSOCIATION.—It is strange what a wonderful power we have in every one of our senses to awaken associations! The taste of some well flavoured apple, such as I used to eat in other days, will open upon me a whole volume of boyhood. Sometimes, too, there are tones in a flute, deftly discoursed upon, that arouse within my spirit a thousand recollections. They convey me back to better times, and I find myself hiding, with my young playmates, among the ripe strawberries of the meadow, listening the while to the "sweet divisions" of the bob-o'-lincoln, as it sang in the air! Little paroxysm of puerility such moments; but I would not exchange them for the plaudits of the multitude,

or the voice of revelry. Something I had then about my heart—some light aerial influence—which has since been lost among the hollow pageantries of the world. I admire that song of Hood's, in which, while recapitulating the memories of his boyhood, he says:

"I remember, I remember
The pine trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance—
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy!"

In truth, if one wishes to preserve the true wisdom of Nature, he must keep about him the childhood of his soul. That was a pleasant feature in the character of Chief Justice Marshall.—I have seen it related of him, that, not many years before his death, he used to be found in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Virginia, with his coat off, playing at quoits with the youths of that region. He lacked no wisdom, but he knew what was good for the spirit.—*Knickerbocker*.

THE LOVERS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The watch-light of the lovers stream'd
Forth from their lattice high,
As lost in deep discourse they sat,
While summer winds went by.
The bandog howl'd, the clouds did lower,
Winds shook the willow's stem,
The clock told out the midnight hour,
What were such sounds to them?

O, steal not on their tranced speech
Of smile, and murmured sigh;
Shake not the dew-drop from the rose.
Dim not the opal's dye;
For life hath many a path of thorn
To wound the feet that rove;
But fewer sunnier spots than this—
Break not the trance of love.

MELANCHOLY.—There is a sort of melancholy which drinks deep at the fountain of pride, feeds hourly upon envy, and looks at nothing but the dark lines of fate which sometimes cross the bright sun of fortune. The gloomy mind is ever engaged in unreal speculations, retracing past and imagining future injuries, and for ever meditating the dark hour of release. Thus a victim listening to the low breathings of revenge, and yielding to the slow influence of despair, is the most unhappy object in existence. But there is nothing in life so interesting as melancholy in its true character—that which cannot date its existence, but finds its residence in the still and secret folds of imagination. There is a silence which is never broken. Not the deep-toned voice of friendship, nor even the soft language of love, may share its sacredness. It is nurtured by sympathy, supported by the still waters of memory, heightened by the sublimity of thought, guarded by the spirit of delicacy, and made interesting by the seal of secrecy.

Sadness and melancholy, although in some degree related, are not the same. Sadness steals over the mind at intervals, like a cloud over the features of nature, or a shadow in the moonbeam, and as quickly passes, leaving the spirit gay and unfettered. But melancholy founded in the nature is of a deeper character; it lingers upon the mind like the memory of death when it associates with the idea of heaven. If there is any thing pure in this state of trial, it is the mind softened by the secret power of melancholy. How noble and refined are the thoughts and images which occupy the bosom, for ever dreaming of something which 'eye hath not seen nor ear heard.' The pensive, inquiring eye rises to the blue mantle of heaven, worships pale Luna, as she brightens on the star-gemmed vest of twilight, and views in every star a departed spirit, till the aspiring mind, assisted the melancholy, throws back the curtain of boundary, discovers the land of happiness, rises from one degree to another, till it reaches a world of purity and perfection, and there imagines itself an inhabitant, till the natural breathings of earth recall the high-wrought spirit to its uncongenial clime—bearing with it, however, the pure language of poetry, the faint and dying tones of an æolian harp, the night-music of the whippoorwill, the hollow echo, the expiring breath of autumn, the tomb and the twilight hour, which are the luxuries of melancholy.—*Mary L. Horton*.

EARTHLY PLEASURES.—There dwells, in every man, a passionate longing for a better world, which he tries to assuage by earthly pleasures, as the women in India put snakes in their bosoms for coolness; but ours gnaw into the heart, and it perishes, with its feverish thirst unslaked.

INSENSIBILITY OF LOVERS.—It began to rain; but, as the curtain was soon to rise on the drama of his love, he felt it as little as the spectator in the boxes, surrounded by lights and music, feels the snow, or rain, that may be falling on the roof of the theatre,

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS
FOR SEPTEMBER.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Italian green *gros de Naples* robe, the *corsage* half high, and the sleeves *demi-large*; the border is trimmed with four flounces, set on rather full, and cut in sharp dents; India muslin *manillet*, trimmed with *point de Paris*, set on very full, and surmounted by a rose-ribbon run through the brim. Drawn bonnet of white *pou de soie*, trimmed with white ribbon edged with green, and the interior of the brim ornamented with light *gerbes* of foliage.

EVENING DRESS.—Rose *tablier* of India muslin, over an under-dress of pale blue *gros de Naples*; the *tablier* is formed by a muslin *bouillon*, through which blue ribbon is run, and a row of lace is attached to it on one side; a similar trimming borders the skirt; a low square *corsage*, decorated *en cœur*, with folds, and a *bouillon*, upon which a knot of ribbon is laid on the shoulder; the sleeves are disposed in *bouffants* from the shoulder to the wrist. Tulle cap of the *Babel* form, decorated with lappets of the same, and blue ribbon.—*World of Fashion.*

THE NEWEST MODES OF PARIS.—The *corsages en cœur*, are still numerous, and are likely to last as long as the fashion continues of wearing the morning dresses only half high, and so much open in front; a very small embroidered collar, or a lace frill (the latter the most fashionable), turns over the *corsage*, and a small gold or hair chain is worn round the neck. The sleeves are brought in flat plaits to some distance below the shoulder, the remainder is loose; one or two frills are generally put on at top, and the sleeve finished at bottom by a cuff turned up, with a narrow frill at the upper edge, or else by a pointed *poignet*, the point upwards, and the whole trimmed with a narrow frill, or a narrow valenciennes. These sleeves, I believe, scarcely differ from those worn at your side of the water, and are in fact, the only ones to be seen here. In full dress the sleeves are worn very short, the prettiest I have seen for a long time, are in two small puffs, made to sit as flat as possible, (and rather in the style of the *Berret* sleeves, but infinitely smaller), a frill of lace or blonde is put over the upper puff, and a second frill between the two. Tuckers of deep blonde are much worn, two rows; they are deep at back and over the shoulders, and are gradually sloped away towards the centre of the front. Flounces are worn, but not universally, in general there are two, the lower one very deep, the other less. The waists are again very long, and for dress the *corsages* have two very small points. *Mantelets* are rather on the decline, they have become too common. Square shawls of black silk, the same as that worn in the *mantelets*, are extremely fashionable; they are trimmed all round with deep black lace, put on with a good deal of fulness, especially at the corners; they are fastened in front with a very large cameo.—*Court Magazine.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 19, 1838.

STEAM NAVIGATION.—The zeal displayed by our contemporaries on the subject of steam navigation between the North American Colonies and Great Britain is highly praiseworthy. To the most short-sighted individual it is abundantly clear that without the benefits of communication with the Mother Country by steam, sooner or later, the colonies must sink into their original obscurity. But will the government withhold such advantages from us? We hope not; and yet we have our fears that the boon will not be granted until the Colonies themselves call most loudly for it. The view taken by *The Times* on the subject is, we conceive, so correct and vital so important, that we are glad to give it circulation in the Pearl.

From the Times.

The importance of steam navigation between the Colonies in this hemisphere and the Mother Country, is not secondary to any thing that has been done for their benefit. If we look to it as a means of upholding the connection, we must come at length to the conclusion, that it would be the strongest link in the chain that unites us with the people, and the institutions, of the country from which we claim our birthright. Diminish the distance and we are actually Colonies only in name, and for all national purposes would be reckoned with the general government—and taken into the estimate of the national resources as part of that consolidated strength, wherewith the Mother Country can assert her rights and maintain her supremacy. In the minds of statesmen, these considerations of increased power, the natural result of a policy that would ensure prosperous circumstances, joined with commanding position, should command that ready attention which patriotism and the common good always inspire, if at all watchful of the stability and glory of their country. Mere expenditure to effect the object, should not be allowed to counterbalance the ultimate compensation. Whether the opening up of a steam communication with the Colonies, and being the first to prove its great superiority as regards all America, to any other route, be a present profit or loss, should not enter into the calculations of a Government

such as that of Great Britain, when the future advantages will permanently advance the interests of both, and make the connection, now so precarious from the absence of intimate communion, of that firmness and stability, that nothing but a common disruption of all the social elements can effect its permanence.

The Provinces are peculiarly situated. Close at hand to all, bordering on some, is a Republic with much in its composition to enlist their sympathies, and to disturb in the minds of their population that heartfelt allegiance which they owe to Great Britain alone. Made up originally of the same people, the ties of blood become strong between the native colonist, and native American, between the emigrant colonist and the emigrant to the United States also; and the facilities of intercourse are so numerous, that there is scarcely a colonist who is not able to relate from personal observation, or from that of his nearest relatives, the example of greatness they afford. The prejudice which ought to be in favour of the parent country, arising from relationship, and even from example, is thus in a great measure transferred to the United States. But it is to American enterprise and capital, in the absence of all other, that attention is directed, for the successful working of those immense resources of mineral wealth which they contain. Connecting the great natural market which the States afford for supplies of this description, with an eager desire that they should be made available for their own advancement in wealth and prosperity, many do not hesitate to affirm, and with some show of reason, that the Provinces in this respect would present a different aspect, were they under American rule; and with all their attachment to Great Britain, now so sincere that no attempts from any quarter would prosper against it, there is still that belief in the results of American enterprise, that gathers strength as the demand for supplies increases—becomes stronger as the Government and capitalists of the Mother Country neglect our resources,—and if not counteracted may eventually beget that spirit which shall desire a peaceable separation; or it may be a wish to unite their destinies with that of the American Republic.

There is another point of view in which distance endangers the relationship with the Mother Country, not sufficiently considered according to its tendency to bring about that accomplishment. Among the Colonists themselves, as the generations pass away, that are more immediately sprung from the parent stem, a spirit of nationality is engendered. They are more apt to pride themselves in being inhabitants of a distinct province or colony, than in the name of Briton. Those who have witnessed and analysed this attachment, being themselves natives of the British Isles, will readily vouch, that the feeling if not stronger, is more loudly expressed than those local affections depending upon birthplace, which animate the breasts of Englishmen, Irishmen or Scotchmen, who are too proud of the general appellation to prefer a distinctive one: and though the impulse which prompts it is of the most creditable nature, devoid of all intention save love of country, it will have its silent operation, growing with their growth and increasing with their strength. The freedom from all taxation; and the peculiar government of the Colonies, under which each one becomes in fact a little kingdom of itself, governed by its own laws, but without the expence of protection or maintaining relations with other states, and having the full disposal of its own revenue, its own usages and customs, with the most unbounded liberty that human nature is capable of enjoying with safety, undoubtedly tends to heighten and warm the patriotic inspiration. But it is not too much to suppose, that these happy circumstances may lead to undue notions of superiority, and a wilful restlessness under parental control, to oppose which some powerful moral influence is required to be in action—which should in effect be subdued and neutralized by every means consistent with the preservation, as it exists, of Colonial liberty; and be made to subserve instead of being likely to endanger the interests of the British empire.

We have thus stated some of the causes, which, as the Provinces grow in wealth and intelligence, are silently but surely operating to wean their affections from the land to which they owe an undivided allegiance. They are now at that point of prosperity, and circumstances have so established themselves to work for their ultimate advantage, that a wise policy on the part of the British Government, fostering their resources, and employing the improvements of the age to make closer their affinity, will neutralise all those causes the effects of which seem to militate against their true allegiance, and attach them for ever, by interest as well as affection. The Provinces feel it as due to the character which the Mother Country has assumed with regard to them, that her exertions should be rendered to bring into action their mighty resources—that it is a duty she likewise owes to herself, for they are perfectly aware that these resources properly cultivated, will on emergency make her independent of the continental nations of Europe for articles indispensable for her protection and her manufactures. The benefit will be reciprocal, and to her therefore is the hand of affection tendered; and it is devoutly to be hoped that history will not have to record a denial of fostering care which implanted in the child an unruly and disobedient nature, a rebellion against parental authority provoked in some measure by parental neglect.

The following is an extract from a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated Toronto, Sept. 20, 1838. That part where it speaks of another intended invasion of Canada, is perfectly ridiculous. The Canadians have been hoaxed.—“We are in a sad state now: Some one of your Government officers on the frontier has sent a letter to Arthur, stating that there are thirty thousand men on your side ready to invade Canada! They say also that Attorney General Hagerman leaves here for England this week. An express summoning Sir George Arthur to Quebec, has created a good deal of excitement. He left here on Saturday.”—*Rochester Adv.* [The Montreal Herald also states that Sir George Arthur has gone to Quebec to see Lord Durham, “in consequence of having received a communication from the American General on the frontier, disclosing some very important proceedings and plans of the sympathisers.” We suspect some Major General Bobadil has been humbugging Sir George.]—*New York Express.*

The following Resolutions were passed at a Meeting of the British Inhabitants of Quebec, on Wednesday, 3d inst. Andrew Stuart, Esq. in the chair.

1. Resolved,—That this Meeting entertaining the highest confidence in the firmness, justice and integrity of his Excellency the Earl of Durham, and assured that the powers vested in him would be directed to the true interests of the people, hailed his appointment to the government of those Provinces as an additional proof of the lively interest of their most gracious Sovereign, in the welfare of her North American possessions.

2. Resolved,—That they greeted with satisfaction the arrival of His Excellency, in the gratifying expectation that whilst measures were adopted for the removal of the more pressing inconveniences arising from the suspension of the powers of the ordinary legislature, and for restoring tranquility to the country, still suffering from the effects of a wicked and unprovoked rebellion, there would, under the auspices of his Excellency, be matured such a system of Government for the Canadas, as would re-establish therein social order, advance their welfare and prosperity, strengthen the ties which connect them with the parent state, and unite them inseparably in sentiment, as they are in interest, with the powerful Empire of which they form a part.

3d. Resolved,—That they gratefully acknowledge the unremitting exertions of his Excellency since his arrival, in the enquiries connected with this large and complicated subject, and respectfully express their conviction that the determination of his Excellency to communicate to the Provinces, for their consideration, his plans for an efficient system of Government within the colony, previous to submitting them to the cabinet, is calculated in the highest degree to contribute to the advantageous settlement of the grave matters under deliberation.

4. Resolved,—That it is with the greatest concern they learn, whilst those important labours are in progress, circumstances have occurred which may lead to an unexpected and abrupt termination, of his Excellency's official connexion with this and the adjoining Provinces.

5. Resolved,—That they deeply lament the premature discussion in the British Parliament of the measures of his Excellency, and the course there taken, tending as they have done to weaken the moral influence of his Government, to encourage the disaffected, and to create apprehensions in the minds of the loyal.

6th. Resolved,—That entertaining a conviction of the eminent endowments of his Excellency, and of his disposition to promote the great objects confided to his charge, they cannot but express their apprehensions of the consequences which may ensue from his withdrawal from the Government, and their earnest hope, that notwithstanding these unlooked for obstructions, he may be induced to continue to exercise the functions of his high office, until he shall have accomplished the important ends of his mission, for the attainment of which his Excellency may rely upon their zealous co-operation.

7th. Resolved,—That should however his Excellency retain the conviction that he can no longer govern the colony with satisfaction to himself, they feel assured that he will in another sphere, render the information which he has acquired by his labours here, conducive to the establishment of the permanent peace and welfare of these Provinces.

Several other meetings have taken place in Toronto, Kingston, and Montreal, expressing nearly the same sentiments.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 10.

TWELVE DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.—We have just received our files of English papers by the Steamer Royal William. Our London dates are to the 19th of September, and Liverpool to the 20th inclusive. The Royal William has over sixty passengers.—She was short of water and fuel. For some time before she came in, she had to burn every spare article that could be found—spars, casks, planks, etc. She sailed from Liverpool on the 20th ult.

The steam packet Liverpool will positively leave Liverpool on the 20th ult.

British Ports open for Foreign Grain.—The Spectator of Sept. 15 says, “Scarcity of food is now experienced by the bulk

of the English people. Yesterday, the average price having reached 73s. and a fraction, foreign corn was offered as duty free, the duty paid being only a shilling per quarter. It is stated that upwards of a million of quarters of continental wheat, in addition to the previous stock, have arrived in London within these few days."

Yet it appears from the Mark Lane report of the Courier, that there had been a good demand for all descriptions, and one shilling per quarter advance had been obtained on the rates of Monday, the 10th.

The Manchester Guardian of the 19th of September, has the following:

Belfast Bonded Grain at Liverpool.—On the first day of the duty at 1s. per quarter, coming into operation at Liverpool, this rate of duty was paid at that port on no less than 64,383 quarters of Wheat, and on 32,903 barrels of flour.

Intelligence was received in London on the 19th that Espartero had retreated from before Estelle, and that the Carlists were preparing to invest Bilbao.

The Emperor of Austria has proclaimed a general amnesty for political offences, on his coronation as King of Lombardy.

Mr. O'Connell has commenced publishing a new series of agitating letters to the people of Ireland.

The London and Birmingham rail-way is finally completed. The distance was run in four hours and a quarter.

There was to be a great radical meeting in London on the 17th. The Herald says that it was a complete failure, the number present being only five or six thousand, instead of the two hundred thousand calculated upon.

Letters in some of the French papers say that the Swiss cantons are making military preparations to resist the demand of France for the expulsion of Louis Buonaparte—or rather, the consequence of refusal.

Letters from Egypt say that the long warfare between the Pacha and the rebellious Druses in Syria has been terminated by arrangement, the Druses submitting and giving hostages. They state also that the Pacha has consented to pay the arrears of tribute to the Sultan.

The London papers announce the death of Mrs. Charles Kemble.

A new Treaty of commerce has been negotiated between Great Britain and Turkey.

General Adye, of the royal artillery, died suddenly at Woolwich on the 13th of September.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—All the detachments for regiments in Canada have embarked on board the Athol troop ship; those intended for corps in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are to be conveyed out by the Eagle transport, which is at present fitting up for the purpose.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—Arrangements for the embarkation of part of the 93rd Regiment, under orders for Quebec, having been completed, they went on board this afternoon at half past one o'clock, of the Prince George, freight ship, which takes them to Pictou, where they will be transhipped on board Her Majesty's Frigates Inconstant and Andromache, and will thence go direct to their destination.

The Medea, steam frigate, which arrived yesterday afternoon, takes one of the head quarter companies of the above Regt. She will also take a detachment of the 23rd Fusileers to P. E. Island, to relieve the detachment of the 93rd at that station.

A vessel is to be dispatched to Sydney, C. Breton, to take the detachment of the 93rd stationed there, direct to Quebec. No orders, we believe, have as yet been issued for another detachment to proceed to that station.

Colonel Snodgrass, Dep. Quarter Master General, has proceeded to Pictou for the purpose of making arrangements for the embarkation on board Her Majesty's Frigates, of the several divisions of the 93rd Regiment.

A detachment of Royal Artillery, consisting of one lieutenant, one serjeant, and eighteen rank and file, were to march this morning to Windsor, whence they will cross on Friday next in the steamer to St. John, and join the company stationed there.

Brevet Major Bloomfield's Company of the 11th Regiment, are to embark at Windsor, where they have been some time stationed, in the first steamer, to join the head quarters of their corps at St. John. A serjeant and twelve men are to remain in charge of the post at Windsor.—Times.

The following Address, signed by a large number of the Inhabitants of Halifax, was presented to Major Arthur, by Alexander Primrose, Alexander Keith, and Thomas Williamson, Esquires.

To Major Arthur, Commanding Her Majesty's Ninety-third Highlanders.

SIR,—We, the Inhabitants of the Town of Halifax, as undersigned, are desirous that the departure of the Regiment under your command shall not take place without an expression on our parts of the sentiments entertained by us towards yourself, and the Officers, non-commissioned Officers, and Men under your

Command. The character which this Regiment had acquired in various parts of the World, had preceded it; and we felt happy that Her Majesty's Commands had placed it in the Garrison of Halifax. Arriving as it did, in the depth of Winter, the appearance of the gallant Corps, which was compelled to encounter the inclemency of such a season, in this Climate, was hailed with pleasure, and afforded sincere cause of rejoicing to the truly loyal people of this Country.

Since the Regiment has been here, the feelings which accompanied its arrival have been increased, and Yourself, its Officers and Men have entitled yourselves to our esteem and respect. We regret that the exigency of the public service has so soon required the departure of the Regiment, and sincerely desire its welfare, and that of all of every rank included in its Numbers.

[Signed by a large number of Inhabitants.]
Halifax, Oct. 16, 1838.

HALIFAX, 16th Oct. 1838.

GENTLEMEN,—

The very flattering Address which has been presented through you to myself, the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Privates of the 93d Highlanders, from the Inhabitants of the Town of Halifax, on our departure for Canada, is, I assure you, a source of pride and satisfaction to all of us, and that the conduct of the Regiment during its stay among you should have called forth such a strong manifestation of approbation from such a loyal and respectable portion of Her Majesty's Subjects, is a favour which we highly appreciate, and shall ever seek to merit. The great kindness and hospitality we have received at Halifax will ever be greatly remembered by every individual of the Corps. The feelings of esteem and regret you so kindly mention, are, I assure you, mutual, and we take leave of you all with sincere wishes for the future prosperity of the Town of Halifax, and of all its worthy Inhabitants.

I have the honor to be,

With much esteem and regard,

Gentlemen, your most obedient,

Humble servant,

JOHN ARTHUR,

Major Commanding 93d Highlanders.

To Alexander Keith, Esq. Thomas Williamson, Esq. A. Primrose, Esq. and the Inhabitants of Halifax.

CUNNABELL'S NOVA SCOTIA ALMANACK FOR 1839.—The publisher of this very superior Almanack richly merits the patronage of the public for the care manifested in its execution. The last number of this annual was marred by the great fire which occurred at the time of its publication, but the present number in all its departments is so excellent that it will contribute to extend the fame of the Nova Scotia Almanack. The new series of engravings, the entire new type of the work, the notices on Agriculture, Domestic Economy, etc., the roads to the principal Towns in the province, with other improvements, will we have no doubt, give an extended circulation to the present number. In an advertisement to the work the publisher refers to the additions which have been made in the Nova Scotia Almanack for 1839.

“From the rapid and extensive sale with which The Nova-Scotia Almanack has been welcomed by the public, the proprietor feels that he ought, on his own part, to make such arrangements, as may tend to render that distinction more deserving. He therefore puts forth the Sixth Number in an entire new type; and has also made a variety of improvements, which his patrons will find little difficulty in discriminating. More than ordinary attention has been paid to obtaining correct Lists of those filling the various departments of our Provincial Government; the Calendar Pages—which have been calculated with the greatest care—are embellished with a new series of engravings; and much pains have been taken to improve the mechanical part of the work. In short, every addition has been made which experience and opportunity have placed within reach, as far as the limits of the Almanack would permit.

The publisher, grateful for the extensive patronage which his little annual for 1838 received, notwithstanding its many deficiencies, would apologise here, for its defects. He regrets that numerous typographical errors occurred; which he trusts will be readily excused when it is recollected that his establishment was in such a state of derangement from the fire, which occurred at the time his preparations for publishing were nearly completed, and in successful operation. He hopes however that the accuracy of the present number will retrieve the good name which The Nova-Scotia Almanack has generally maintained.

Monthly remarks on the Weather have been resumed, at the instance of a number, and from the disappointment evinced by many at its omission in the last publication. These remarks are founded on the time the Moon enters her several quadratures.

A reference to the pages will enable the reader to discover other improvements in this Almanack, which it may not be necessary to particularize, and which the publisher feels confident will render the present superior in many respects to any of the preceding numbers.”

MAURICE DOYLE, the murderer, was executed at Amherst on Monday morning, the 8th inst. A large concourse of persons assembled to witness his awful fate.

PASSENGERS.—In the Packet from Falmouth, Hon. Mr Villiers, (son of the Earl of Jersey,) to join his regiment—the Fusileers, and Lieut. John Russell, R. N., to join H. M. Steam vessel Medea. In the Acadian from Boston, Mrs Young, Miss Tobin, Miss McDonald, Miss Knowles, Miss Foster, Miss Jennings, and 10 in the steerage. In the Thalia, Mr. Bament. In the Planet from Malaga and Gibraltar, Mr. W. Tobin, Mr. Velches. In the John Porter for Barbadoes, Rev. J. Porter and Lady, Mrs. Packer. In the barque Acadian for Charleston, Messrs Johnston and McFarlane. In the Mailboat Margaret, from Boston, Mr. Pyke. In the Columbine, Messrs Hays, and Hoys.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.—Mr. Thomas Taylor will resume his course of lectures on the Acts of the Apostles in the Wesleyan Association Church (formerly the Methodist Protestant Church) Dutch Town, on Thursday evening next, at seven o'clock. To be continued every Thursday evening.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. W. Cogswell, Mr. James T. West, to Sophia Elizabeth second daughter of Captain John Grant. On Tuesday evening by the Rev. C. Churchill, Mr Peter Thomas of Bermuda, to Miss Martha Roots of Halifax.

DIED,

On Monday evening last, after a short but severe illness, James, infant son of Joseph Howe, Esquire, aged 2 months and 20 days.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday, October 12th—Am. brig Norfolk, Matthews, Philadelphia, 8 days—flour and meal to J. Clark, R. Noble, and others; brig Woodbine, Homer, Nassau, 24 days—salt to J. Fairbanks; brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Eaton Cienfuego (Cuba), 27 days—sugar to J. Fairbanks; schr. Venus, St. John, N. B. 4 days; John Vigneau, do—herring to W. M. Allan; Congress, Cameron, Miramichi, 8 days—salmon, alewives, &c. to J. and M. Tobin; Speculator, Young; Lunenburg; Venus, P. E. Island—produce; Victory, Banks, St. John's, N. F. 16 days—fish to S. Binney.

Saturday, 13th—Schr. Willing Maid and Minerva, Barrington—fish; brig. Breeze, Hurst, St. Thomas, 20 days and Bermuda, 12 days—rum, sugar and molasses to J. and M. Tobin; H. M. Packet Barque Skylark, Lieut. Ladd, Falmouth, 35 days.

Sunday 14th—Brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 60 hours—general cargo to D. and E. Starr and Co. and others—schr. Mary, and Am. schr. Waldo, sld. in co. for Halifax; brig. Persa, Pengilly, Porto Rico, 20 days—sugar to T. B. Kinnear; schr. Britannia, Margaret's Bay—herring; Star, Ragged Isles—fish.

Monday 15th—Schr. Mary, Garret, Boston, 3 days—general cargo, H. Fay; passenger, Mr. Rowe. Monday evening, H. M. Steamer Medea, Capt. Nott, from Pictou; schr. Ion, Hammond St. John, N. B. via Yarmouth—smoked herrings, and oil, to W. M. Allan; Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth, 30 hours—produce.

Wednesday 17th—Ship Thalia, Shand, London, 36 days, general cargo to S. Cunard & Co.; brig Planet, Ritchie, Mediterranean, 30 days, fruit, to Creighton & Grassie; schr. Mary Ann, Liscomb Harbour, dry fish; Rambler, Port Medway.

Thursday, 18th—schr Snowbird, Shelburne, 10 hours—fish, oil, etc.; Margaret, McDaniel, Labrador, 8 days, fish, etc. to Fairbanks & McNab; brig Rob Roy, Smith, St. Vincent, 22 days—ballast, to Saltus & Wainwright; schr Catharine, Annapolis, produce; Am. schr Naldi, Catterell, Boston, 7 days, staves, to G. P. Lawson.

Friday, 19th—schr Thistle, Port Medway—lumber; brig. Hilgrove, Bell, Kingston, 24 days,—ballast to Saltus & Wainwright;

CLEARED.

13th, James Clark, Beck, St. John N. B.—do by S. Binney and others. Trial, Hancock, St. John's, N. F.—do by T. Bolton, and T. C. Kinnear, Hazard, Crowell, do—oil and herring by D. & E. Starr & Co. brig Neptune, Darrell, West Indies—dry and pickled fish by J. & M. Tobin, ship Prince George, Friend, Quebec—part of the 93d Regiment. 15th—Brig Columbine, Kennedy, St. Michael, lumber, etc. by Deblois & Merkel; brig Victory, Ernest, Lunenburg. 16th—Schr Preese, Gosbee, Magdalen Isles, lumber, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co.; John, Vigneau, Quebec, sugar, etc. by J. & M. Tobin, S. Cunard and others; Watchman, Whitney, Kingston, fish, etc. by Frith, Smith & Co. 17th—John Ryder, Wilson, Charlotte Town; Mary Jane, Gilchrist, do. 18th—schr Meridian, Crowell, New York, salmon, etc. by D & E Starr & Co.—S Binney, and J H Braine passengers; May Flower, Dickson, Charlotte Town; Gipsy, Stowe, Bermuda, general cargo by Saltus & Wainwright and others.

SAILED, 12th,—brig. Victoria, Crockett, Boston, 2 passengers. 14th—Mailboat brig Margaret, Boole, Bermuda, and Velocity, Haley, Boston. 16th—Packet schr Industry, Simpson, Boston, 26 passengers. 17th—H. M. schr Skipjack, Lieut Robinson, Bermuda; schr. Vernon, Cunningham, Shelburne.

MEMORANDA

Schr Isabella, Canada, from Pictou for New York, cargo, grindstones, was run on shore at Port Jolly, 10th inst., had been to the westward of Cape Sable, sprung a leak, could not keep her free.

Liverpool, N. S. barque Jean Hastie, Dickson, hence; brig Sophia, Johnson, Susan Crane, Doane from Barrington, discharged; Lady Chapman, Gilbert, hence to sail next day for Barbadoes.

Schr Eight Sons, Jacobs, hence, arrived at Gibraltar, and sailed 11th ult for Malaga.

Markets at Demerara, 25th ult, Dry fish \$3, Mackarel, 9½ a 10, Flour \$11.

"Snap-Apple Night; or, All Hallow Eve, in Ireland.—And, pray, what is 'Snap-Apple Night?' 'I see you have never been in Ireland, by the question, and I pity you.' 'That's a very Irish way of answering my question, therefore I must be English enough to ask you again. What is Snap-Apple Night?' 'The eve of the twenty-ninth of September—and—' 'Ay! what the Scotch call Hallowe'en.' 'There now, the moment I begin to answer you you interrupt me with your Scotch knowledge. Now, if you interrupt me again, I won't say another word about the matter; so let me have all the talk to myself, or you may die in ignorance. The twenty-ninth of September is remarkable in many ways; it is celebrated for the payment of rents (which is not pleasant but to those who get them); for the murder of geese, and the killing of care; and if you want to see how that is done in Ireland, look before you at this picture of M'Clise's, and you'll know all about it. Let us begin at the beginning, as the old stories say; but this is an Irish story, and has neither beginning nor end; for you don't know where to commence, and, after going over it, you find you're not done; but, as it is 'Snap-Apple Night,' look at the game, which gives the evening its name, going forward. There—observe those whirling cross-bars of lath, with flaming candles at two opposite ends of the merry-go-round, and tempting apples at the other; and see the open mouth of the adventurous peasant who is going to make a bite at the fruit,—and what a mouth;—the sweet child at his foot seems to look with wonder at its capacity. Look at the fellow behind him grinning with pain, having made an unsuccessful bite, and caught the candle instead of the apple; and see that hand thrust from behind a backward group, giving the machine a malicious twitch to increase its speed, while the laughing girl, who enjoys the trick, lays her hand on the encircling wrist of an admirer, who seems to think less of catching apples than pretty waists. But turn to the fire-place—there are the mysteries peculiar to the night going forward. See that young fellow, who has scarcely blunted a razor yet, looking with all his eyes at the charming face of the girl who holds two neighbouring nuts on a fire-shovel—interesting instrument in the magic art; he points to the nuts which they are going to burn, emblems of their own hearts;—if they burn steadily together 'tis all right, and what a touching expression of sentiment is on the lovely face of that girl; she seems to have a reverential reliance on the mystery she is about to celebrate, and no priestess of old could await the answer of the oracle with more faith than she seems to place in a nut-shell. And more love-making is going on beside the fire—faith, its a warm corner. Here's a party who have been playing at forfeits; and a merry girl is now releasing the pledges given in the course of the game. She holds up a shoe, and says, 'what is to be done to the owner of this superfine thing?' and you see it is the person whose head is on her knee is the owner of the shoe; and observe the cunning peep he is endeavouring to steal, as he half suspects whose gaze it is,—while she looks to see he's not looking; now it's a toss up whether he's looking at his own shoe or her eyes. 'Tis dangerous work playing forfeits. What a pretty modest creature is that who is pouring molten lead through the loop of a key into a bowl of water, to augur from the forms it may assume, what may be the occupation of the future husband of the tempting lass in the foreground! I imagine it is the sly fellow behind her intends to be 'that same,' and whatever his future occupation may be, his present one is very agreeable however: let go the girl, you young rascal, and though she has a very pretty shoulder, you ought not to kiss it behind her, and before other people. And there you are, my old lady, telling fortunes on cards; and whose fortunes are you telling? no one need ask, for the two young people who are whispering at your back seem to have told their own fortune without the aid of cards, although they wish to go through the ordeal of a packed jury. And who is that standing behind them—he seems 'far more genteel' than the rest of the company. Why, 'tis Crofton Croker, or, as he is familiarly called amongst his friends, 'The honourable member for Fairy-land.' There you are, Crofty, my boy! with your note book in your hand, and may-be you won't pick up a trifle in such good company. And behold that capacious tub of water, and the boy 'bobbing for apples' which float upon its surface; this I look upon to be the most useful of the games for young people, as it serves to wash their faces. But what a deal of noise they are making in the other corner! no wonder; there's a fiddler, and a fifer, and a piper. Though I'm glad to see there's a young vagabond going to give me great relief by sticking a pin into the piper's bag, and so making a safety valve for any one who has the misfortune of having ears in such a place. That's right, you young urchin!—I mean the other urchin—tickle his ear well—stick it into him; see how the fiddler grins and grimaces as the imp pokes the straw into his ear, but he dare not stop for the life of him, because that plump and springy colleen is dancing with as thorough a Pat as ever footed it over a clay floor, a door in a tent, or the green sod; and look at the 'bit o' timber, he's flourishing over his head—in throth it wouldn't be safe for any piper or fiddler in Ireland to 'put back the tune' and baulk Paddy of his dance, for he is dancing with all his might, and may-be he isn't happy—and no wonder, for the man wouldn't deserve a leg to stand on, that couldn't keep it up before the bit of

game forinst him. She seems inclined to dance him down, and, indeed, she's full of vivacity; but Paddy's fresh yet, and snaps his fingers. Is there a king on this earth so happy as Paddy before that girl? not one—though there may be some of them better dressed. By the by, Pat, you are rather scarce in buttons, and you're a rash man to dance so bowld, and the cordheroys so tender. Who the deuce are so quiet here in the corner? Oh! some old people who are enjoying themselves over 'the drop o' drink.' See the woman feeding a child with whiskey; how horrid!—though her neighbour with the twitch of his thumb to his gossip, and the rich twinkle of sun in his eye, seems to relish the joke—but stop—we have seen that face before;—it is Sir Walter Scott—yes—the Wizard of the North has come to see fun in the West, and no wonder we did not know him at once, for he is here in masquerade. Well done, M'Clise! it was a stroke of genius to place him in disguise; for none knew so well how to assume any character he pleased."

UNLUCKY INSTINCT OF A PARROT.—A gentleman having accumulated a considerable fortune in business, purchased a villa in the vicinity of the Regent's Park, where he wished to spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyments of those comforts which are generally attendant upon affluence; but he had unfortunately married a wife who was determined to allow him as little enjoyment as possible. The lady had, by a former marriage, a daughter, whom it was her desire to see well settled in the world, for which purpose she spared neither pains nor expense; but her maxim being to save as much as possible in private, that she might be enabled to spare no expense in public, her custom was to provide for the family fare of the humblest description. One of her economical schemes was the establishment of a piggery. Once, after having made a very profitable sale to a butcher of a number of porkers, she supplied her husband's table with fried pig's liver for some days. As soon as the citizen arrived from business, a parrot which the lady kept for her amusement, was in the habit of hearing its mistress vociferate over the stairs to Rebecca, (her only domestic, a great red-cheeked, raw-boned girl, lately arrived from the country,) "come, away with the pig's liver."

By such frugal meals, the lady was saving for a grand dinner she was about to give to a young man of quality, with whom she had formed an acquaintance, and who was struck with the showy figure of the *demoiselle*. The lady having invited the gentleman and two of his fashionable companions, to what she called a family dinner at the villa, on an early day, she provided the choicest wines, engaged a French cook and "a powdered waiter," and hired a quantity of plate for the occasion. On the appointed day, the guests arrived; the dinner was served; and the lady had the happiness to see her daughter seated next her admirer. The party "went off" well, and everything seemed to favour the lady's wishes; the soup and fish passed away, and a haunch of venison was announced. During the interval awaiting its appearance, John was despatched for champagne. The company waited; no venison, no champagne, no waiter appeared—a dead silence ensued—minutes were added to minutes; the old citizen at last rose from his chair and rang the bell—but it was rung in vain—it was not answered—and the suspense became dreadful. "What a pretty parrot you have got," said one of the visitors, at last, in despair.—"He is a very pretty bird," answered the lady of the house, "and very intelligent, too, I assure you. What have you to say for yourself, Poll?"—"Becky! Becky! the pig's liver and a pot of beer. Quick! quick! come away!" cried the parrot.—"The sailors teach these creatures to be so vulgar," said the young lady, in a simpering tone. The parrot having been roused from his lethargy, continued to bawl out, at the top of his voice: "Becky, Becky! the pig's liver. Quick, quick! Becky, Becky!" But what was the horror of the lady and her fair daughter, and how uncontrollable was the mirth of the three guests, when the great, slipshod, country wench entered the room, her left arm embracing an ample dish of smoking hot fried pig's liver, and in her right hand bearing a foaming pewter pot full of beer. "Lucky, indeed, it was that I had it ready, ma'am," said the servant, as she set the dish, and the pot down before her mistress; "for Jowler, the big watch dog, has run away with the leg of carrion; and Monsieur, with the white nightcap, and the other chap, with the flour in his head, will have enough to do to catch him."

PORTUGUESE CEREMONIALS.—Having called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, (says a modern traveller,) after ascending a magnificent staircase, I passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. When I had concluded my visit, I bowed and retired; but, according to the invariable custom of the country, on reaching the door, I turned, and made another salutation;—on which my host, who was slowly following me, returned my inclination by one equally profound. When I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us. When I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second;—the same civilities were then renewed; and these polite reciprocations were continued, till I had travell-

ed the whole suite of apartments. At the bannisters I made a bow, and, as I supposed, a final salutation; but, on my reaching the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs. When I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and, upon each and all of these occasions, our heads wagged with increased humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall, divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned, and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces, so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall-door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and they still continued after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with his head uncovered till it was driven away.

ICELANDIC CODE OF LAWS.—The *Gragas*, or Gray Goose, (says a recent writer, is a collection of traditional laws, compiled by Bergthor, logsomadr, or supreme judge, of the island, in the beginning of the eleventh century. Since Bergthor's time, this code has been revised and enriched with additional institutes. It contains evidence of high antiquity; and, in the marriage code, there is much of a heathen origin, especially in the ceremonials. The customary punishments, independent of pecuniary mulcts, are exile, for short or long periods, incarceration, and proscription. The exile's life was at every man's mercy, though he might, as was customary among heathen nations, purchase remission of his sentence, by slaying three brother exiles of desperate character. The offender's property was confiscated, his marriage was dissolved, and even his children were reckoned illegitimate. The severity of the punishment was aggravated by the comparative insignificance of the offences against which it was directed: a man being liable to banishment if he played at dice, or any other game of chance, for the sake of grain;—if he cut off another person's hair; if he bit or struck a fellow-creature, so as raise blue spots on his skin; if he composed amatory strains on a married female; or if he tore off his neighbour's bonnet, when fastened on his head, he became an outcast, liable to be hunted down, and dependant for his existence on the forbearance of his fellow-creatures.

SCARCITY OF UGLY WOMEN.—A story is going the rounds of the papers of an eccentric gentleman, who was in the habit of complaining that, after a great deal of trouble, he had been unable to meet with any ugly woman, so that he much doubted whether, after all, such a being existed.—"For my part," continued he, "I almost believe such a creature to be a mere chimaera of the imagination, and to be classed with those fictitious beings, whose heads are said to grow beneath their shoulders. Some years ago I made the following experiment:—I caused two advertisements to be inserted in the papers for a housekeeper; one was for a lady, who should not only be competent for such an office, but qualified also for a companion, and be a woman of education and elegant manners; the other required nothing of this; it only stipulated, as a *sine qua non*, that the applicant should be ugly. In answer to the former advertisement, I was overwhelmed with letters from so many accomplished, elegant ladies, that I congratulated both the ago and my own country on possessing so much female excellence. But—would you believe it?—to the latter I received not a single reply, and I have since, more than once, inserted the same advertisement, with exactly the same success."

DEAN SWIFT.—Swift preached an assize sermon, and, in the course of it was severe upon the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner, a young counsel said some severe things upon the clergy and did not doubt, were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift, "I would; and give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

VERSE.—Verse is like a pair of skates, with which a man can fly lightly over the smooth, shining surface of the ideal, but stumbles horribly on an ordinary road.

FIRST LOVE.—First love, though the most ignorant, is the purest of all; its bandage is closer and thicker, but its pinions longer and purer.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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

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