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# HALIFAX PEARL,

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## FANNY MORELAND;

OR, USE AND ABUSE OF THE RISIBLES.

By Miss Catherine E. Beecher.

There are some very peculiar characters in the world, who seem to carry with them and around them an atmosphere of fun. Wherever they go, something amusing is sure to occur. Never any thing ludicrous can happen for miles around, but they are sure to be there. While thousands of others can go the same road, and visit the same places, year after year, and never a thing occurs to start even a smile,—no sooner do these favourites of Momus appear, than man and beast, nature and art, all seem jostled into some new and comical arrangement for their special edification and amusement. It is true, that in accounting for this peculiarity, some assert that such persons have such a love of humour, and such a quick perception of the ludicrous as enables them to detect what would escape less searching glances. Others have insinuated, that a little elf of exaggeration always aids to spin a web of fairy work about their adventures and rehearsals; while others maliciously declare, that, bent on discovering what they so much love, when they cannot meet it ready made, they scruple not to secure it by wholesale manufacture.

Whatever may be the philosophy of the case, it certainly is a fact that there are such persons in the world; and it is just as much a fact that Fanny Moreland was one of their number. Fanny was not handsome—she was not witty—she was not learned—she was not rich—nor was she particularly useful; and yet she was a universal favourite. Wherever she went she seemed to carry sunshine, and to give a new spring to every body's spirits. She had an airy, graceful figure, a pretty little hand and foot, quick and sprightly movements; a stealthy, roguish smile, and a perking sort of whisk with her head, that altogether made one think of a frolicsome little kitten. Fanny was always finding something that was "so funny," that she must run and tell somebody of it; and she had such a joyous and comical way of rehearsing the matter, that the listener was half done laughing before she had half finished the story. Had it not been that Fanny possessed an unusual share of good common sense, she certainly would have been spoiled; for never were parents so at their wit's end, to know what to do with a creature, as were hers. It was impossible for them to reprove her as they did their other children. She always had some such comical apology, or such a laughable way of acknowledging her faults, and was so really amiable and unwilling to offend, that no one could look her in the face, and feel displeased long enough to administer a serious reproof.

Her sports and pranks at school, as well as at home, were without number, for her invention was endless, and her activity untiring. But too kind in heart ever intentionally to wound the feelings of others, and professing a native refinement that saved her from *hoidenisms*, though she often interfered with the order both of the family and the school, she was oftener let off with smiles than with frowns. At school she was the universal favourite, the leader in all sports, the plotter of all tricks, the author of many a merry prank; and it was from her teacher she received the compliment of being "for ever busy in doing nothing," and the familiar appellation of Fanny Frisk.

Among their family relatives was an uncle of Fanny's mother, of whom the elder children often spoke, but whom Fanny had never seen. She had heard of Uncle Enoch how good he was, and how solemn, and how strict; and when it was rumoured that Uncle Enoch was coming to make them a visit, Fanny was often admonished after this fashion: "Well, Miss Fan, when Uncle Enoch comes, you will not dare do such tricks before him." "I should like to know what Uncle Enoch will say to you when he comes."

Now Fanny had a sort of intrepid spirit, that was rather stimulated than daunted by difficulties, and she generally listened to such remarks with a sly sort of a look, and a twinkle in her eye, which showed that she felt no little curiosity to see this solemn uncle, who was to frighten her into sobriety; and a sort of suspicion that she should somehow contrive to slip through his fingers, if he should try to take her in hand.

At length the time arrived, and it was announced to Fanny that Uncle Enoch was come. Down went her little garden hbe, and in she run. At first she took a peep at him through a long window that opened into the verandah. There sat Uncle Enoch—a long, lank figure—bolt upright in his chair; his feet placed side by side, in exactly parallel lines; his knees both bent at exactly the same angle; his shoulders square, and his hands laid in exactly the same position before him. His face was sallow, and

strongly marked; his cheeks were somewhat sunken; and his mouth had that appearance of compression that indicates firmness and resolution. Huge, dark, bushy eyebrows hung from his forehead, and his eyes were entirely concealed by a pair of large, round, green glasses, with thick, black, tortoise rims, which added an owl-like expression to the forbidding aspect of his other features. The first glance sent a solemn look across Fanny's face, from very sympathy; and she turned off with a puzzled sort of look as if she was quite at a loss to know how to approach such a personage. Soon, however, she was seen gliding around in the back part of the parlour, where Uncle Enoch sat talking, in slow and solemn tones, with her mother. Fanny seemed listening, and watching, and peering about, like a kitten who spies the house mastiff, and almost, but does not quite, dare to venture on a spring at him. At length her mother spied her, and calling her up, presented her to Uncle Enoch, as the infant she once brought to his house. Uncle Enoch looked at her with a long, steady look, through his great green glasses, and then extended his hand towards her. Fanny slowly drew up to him, and gave him her hand; and then, in reply to his deliberate question if she was "pretty well," gave a simple "Yes, sir," and vanished away. Soon, however, she returned to the charge, and kept around, listening to his remarks, and drawing nearer and nearer to his seat. She remained silent through the hour of tea, and in the evening scarcely made a remark. At length, however, her mother sent her for the bootjack and slippers, and while aiding in the operation, she adventured one or two sprightly remarks, which she fancied made the muscles move a little towards a smile around Uncle Enoch's mouth. She then ran for her father's loose gown; and with great volubility succeeded in persuading him to take off his thick coat, and sit in the easy chair.

By this time the old gentleman and Fanny were on quite easy terms. Then, as if it were a matter of course, yet in a roguish sort of way, she invited him to take off his great green glasses. It was said in the same style, as she had asked him to take off his greatcoat and hat. At this sally the muscles of Uncle Enoch's face were all relaxed; he turned and looked down upon her with a surprised and wondering look, and yet with a manifest and most benignant smile. Fanny looked up in his face with one of her most comical glances, and, lifting her hands with a sort of imploring air, she fairly pulled the glasses from his face. Behind them appeared a pair of mild and dark, yet kindly beaming eyes; and all his features seemed so entirely changed, that Fanny gave a jump of real joy, hid the glasses behind her, and ran off, declaring that the wicked things should never again hide her from such kind and pleasant eyes.

What human being was ever proof against the united charms of kindness, flattery, and fun! Fanny had passed the Rubicon—had won the day; and, after this, Uncle Enoch never seemed better pleased than when Fanny was flitting about him. It was all novelty to him. Nobody before had ever dared to invade his dignity in that style; and, though he seemed greatly puzzled, and sometimes a little troubled, he certainly was wonderfully pleased. It was a most amusing sight to witness Fanny, skipping about his path, or hanging on his arm, chatting about any thing and every thing, telling him about this, that and the other thing; and seeming as comfortable and chatty with him as she was with every body else.

Uncle Enoch did not approve of levity; he thought it very wrong to indulge in idle laughter. He was troubled to see his little favourite so thoughtless and so forgetful of the solemn duties of religion, and of every thing he deemed serious and important. He would often begin to talk seriously with her about flightiness, and about her duties to God and man; but somehow she would always contrive to slip off into something else, so that the old gentleman seemed all the time puzzled and pleased, anxious and delighted, and at the end would sigh and say, he "could not make any thing of the child, and he was afraid nothing could, unless it was the grace of the Lord."

As time passed on, Fanny and Uncle Enoch continued warm friends; and, at his earnest solicitation, she once went to spend a fortnight in the retired and primitive village where he ministered as pastor. Here Fanny found so many odd contrivances, so many queer looking people, so many new and comical matters of one sort and another, that she was constantly amused herself, and constantly amusing all around; though she continued to do it without hurting the feelings of any one. But the old gentleman seemed to grow more and more discouraged at the prospect of ever doing her any good. And yet, when the time came for him to

part with her, it was with tears in his eyes, and for the whole day he wandered about uneasy and restless, as if a dark cloud had shut out the sunshine of life. But it was not the charm of her society alone that he felt, and of which he lamented the loss. He bore her on his heart as a wandering lamb; far from the fold of safety, for whose eternal interest he trembled, for whose spiritual welfare he daily prayed. And a time came when those prayers were answered—when that wild and joyous spirit, which for years had skimmed like a butterfly over the surface of this world's charms, forgetful of its glorious origin, its noblest capacities, its immortal destinies,—was brought under the influence of those solemn truths of religion, which alone can control and regulate the disordered powers of the human mind. Such a change in such a mind, could not long be a matter of concealment in a family where religion was first, and all other concerns were regarded as minor and subordinate. Uncle Enoch soon became a sharer in their hopes and gratitude; and, month after month, so urgent and repeated were his entreaties for another visit, that neither child nor parents could withhold consent.

But why was it that Fanny, who in the days of her worldliness, did not hesitate, was so slow and apparently so unwilling to meet her pious and joyful old friend, when her most sacred sympathies were all in unison with his? It was the evening previous to her departure that her father found her alone and in tears.

"What is it that troubles you, my child?" said he.

"Father, I dread this visit to Uncle Enoch."

"Dread this visit! What can be the reason?"

"Oh, father, I am not what Uncle Enoch expects me to be. I know I cannot keep my spirits from overflowing. Religion has made me happier than ever I was before, and it is a sober and rational sort of happiness; but it does not make me quiet, and sedate, and solemn, as Uncle Enoch will expect to find me, and I am afraid it never will."

"Well, my child, I do not think it ever will; and I do not think you need to distress yourself, if it does not."

Mr. Moreland was a wise man, who had seen much of the world, and much of human nature; and he was an intelligent, refined, and Christian gentleman. The difficulty which troubled his daughter was one that had occupied his own speculations; and he took this opportunity to communicate more definite views to her mind than she herself could command.

"Do you suppose, my child," said he, as he drew her on his knee, "that it is wrong to be amused or to laugh at what is ludicrous?"

"No, father, it cannot always be wrong, for sometimes it is out of our power to refrain. For instance, yesterday, when old Mr. Banks made such a sad mistake at table, and then looked so frightened, and made such queer grimaces, and such an odd apology, I could no more help laughing than I could help breathing, for I am sure I tried my utmost to refrain, both for his sake and my own."

"True, my child; and therefore we are certain that sometimes it must be right to use the risible faculties which God has implanted, in circumstances where they inevitably will be called into exercise. In addition to this, we find that there is a great diversity of what is calculated to excite these susceptibilities. There is nothing men like better to be made to laugh, and whoever affords them this gratification will always be a favourite, especially if it is done in an innocent and lawful manner. We also find great constitutional differences in mankind, as it respects the love of the ludicrous, and the power of appreciating wit and humour. There are also great differences as to the flow of animal spirits. Some are habitually cheerful and equable; others are phlegmatic, and prone to seriousness or even melancholy. What a difference we find in our own family. Your brother Frederick, from very fancy, how reflective, sedate, and almost melancholy; you are as much in the other extreme; while Mary, so equable and serene, is just half way between. Now, did you expect that religion would change these constitutional peculiarities, and make you such a character as your brother Frederick?"

Why, father, I had no very definite view on the subject; but I perceive that I ought not to expect it."

"I think," continued Mr. Moreland, "that in estimating religious character, too little regard is paid to constitutional peculiarities; and that a serious countenance, and quiet and contemplative habits, have taken a place as evidences of religious character, which is not exactly correct. Religion, certainly, tends to make us more serious, rational and contemplative than if it did not exist; but it does not tend to destroy the peculiarities of nature; nor are we to expect that all consistently pious persons will be of a serious



aspect and contemplative turn. Look, too, into the community around. There is our neighbour, Bob French; he is always full of spirits and animation, and always ready for a joke. And yet he is deeply interested in religion, and seems to enjoy all its duties. On the other hand, there is John Grant, who has not entered a church these five years, and who sneers at religion and at all connected with it; and yet what a solemn, demure countenance he wears. The celebrated Rowland Hill was as much distinguished by his humour and oddity, as he was for his deep interest in religion. He could not talk five minutes without giving occasion for a smile; and, though he never purposed it, he seldom delivered a sermon without moving the risibles before he was through. And yet, though born to wealth and belonging to the proud aristocracy of England, his time, his influence, and his wealth, were all devoted to the promotion of religion in the world."

Here Fanny looked up with a smile. "And so, father," said she, "you are thinking that I shall make such a funny sort of Christian as Rowland Hill?"

"No, child, I hope you will not have as many odd and ludicrous conceits to contend with as he did. Still you will never make a very staid, serious or contemplative person. Yet you may be as good, and even a better Christian, than many who possess those traits of character."

"Father," said Fanny, "the other day I heard Dr. Jones say, that nothing was better for the health than a hearty laugh; and that half the time I could furnish a better prescription, at least for the preservation of health, than any of his medical nostrums. He said that every one ought to laugh, at least once a day, so as fairly to shake his sides."

"No doubt there is some truth in the Doctor's remark," said Mr. Moreland, "and it were well if some religious persons were convinced of this fact. It is true, that habitual levity of mind is inconsistent with Christian character; but it is equally true, that occasional seasons of relaxation and merriment may sometimes be a duty. It seems to me that the constitution of things, in this world, is adapted rather to what men ought to be, than to what they are. If religion held that place in their thoughts and interests which its importance demands, it would produce such strong stimulus, and such deep feeling, as might injure both health and reason, unless some alternative could be introduced, that would, at times, relax the mind, and turn it entirely from such exciting and engrossing interests. And there seems to be a class of persons who, by constitutional temperament, are predisposed to furnish this kind of relaxation, which in proper times and proportions is not only lawful but healthful. The difficulty is, that men do not give religion its proper place in their interests; and yet, that the love for this kind of excitement is so strong that there is constant danger of going to dangerous extremes. And it is because of this danger that there is so much watchfulness in the religious world, in excluding this kind of enjoyment. And the great difficulty always must be, to decide when and how much of this kind of relaxation is safe and right."

"A person constituted as you are, needs to bear in mind, not only what may be right in itself considered, but also the circumstances in which you may be placed. Your danger and temptation will be to excessive levity; and it may aid you to control it, to bear in mind, that the excessive levity and amusements of worldliness have led many pious minds too far in an opposite extreme; so that you will often be called to practise on the principle of the apostle, when he would not eat meat offered to an idol; not because he deemed it wrong in itself, but because it might tempt a weak brother to offend. So you are required to be careful not to tempt others to violate their conscience by doing what you deem innocent and lawful."

"You will find that many irreligious persons, also, suppose that the profession of religion includes a belief that all merriment is wrong and to be avoided. In such society, you ought not to allow what they will suppose to be a violation of your principles, unless you can have a proper opportunity to make known what they are."

"The most proper time and place for such indulgences is in the family circle, at home. Parents, in the nursery, or at the fire-side, can find opportunities enough for relaxation, by joining in the sports and amusements of their children. At the same time, they will be gaining an influence over their children that none can secure so surely as those who share in their amusements. This is the reason why your mother and myself so often have joined in your amusements; and why we have allowed you so free license at home, while we strove to restrain you abroad."

"It will do you good to be placed under those circumstances of restraint, which kindness and Christian principle will impose in the society of your uncle; and it is possible you may modify some of his notions, that verge to an extreme of restriction, by watching your time, and accommodating to circumstances, with a kindness and tact which you know how to employ."

Fanny paid the visit to her uncle, and, with her usual fortune, was just in time to witness the only ludicrous occurrence that had happened in the village for years. It was the very next Sunday after her arrival. She had just seated herself in the antiquated church, the relic of the earliest period of the village history. It

was a beautiful, warm, winter morning, succeeding one of those *steel storms*, so well known in New England, which cover all nature with a garb of smooth and shining ice. The houses reflected the sun, like vast mirror plates; the tapering stalactites hung gleaming from the eaves; every tree and shrub was bending beneath its shining load, while the slightest twig or spray was bearing its sparkling jewel. The drifted snowbanks, the whitened fields, the fences, rocks, and every visible object, were glistening in sheets of transparent ice.

Within the church, the congregation were assembled, waiting in silence for the commencement of service. Uncle Enoch was seated in the elevated box, yclept a pulpit, under the pendant, steeple-shaped sounding board, which, as Fanny said, looked like a turnip hanging over an apple-bin. In front of the pulpit, in the little pen called the deacon's seat, sat Deacon Smith, with white hair, meek countenance, and half closed eyes; and beside him Deacon Tathill, with a stolid, fixed and solemn look. The singers were seated opposite, in the gallery, headed by Squire Bissel, the chorister, with his pitch-pipe before him, all ready for use. The side door, which, in old fashioned churches in New England, opens into the broad aisle, directly opposite the pulpit, was standing open to admit the warm rays of the sun.

No sound was heard, except the regular pattering of the drops from the eaves, or an occasional crash, as some burdened tree, assisted by the sun, shook off its heavy load, and sent the rattling fragments far and wide, till their last tinkle died away into silence.

The church stood at the foot of a hill, so steep that no direct path led to the side door; but, as the sleighs and foot passengers came along, they could be seen through the open door, passing on the summit of the hill, as they wended along down to the back of the church.

Just as Uncle Enoch rose to commence the service, a sleigh passed on the top of the hill, and, as it came opposite the door, Miss Betsy Bibbins also was seen walking along, with her little wooden foot-stove in her hand. Now this Miss Betsy was a comfortable little dolt of a body, who always calculated to do every thing just about right; one who never troubled herself about others, while others never troubled themselves about her; a quiet, insignificant person, who seemed to be placed in society just "to fill up a chink."

She was always dressed just so, and no otherwise; and she carried the most placid look of satisfaction at every thing about herself. The sleigh overtook Miss Betsy; she stepped out, so as to be sure not to be in the wrong place. Just then her foot slipped, and, finding she could not stand, Miss Betsy sat; and, finding she could not sit still, she began to move; and though she would greatly have preferred another course, it was directly toward the open church door. First, off slid her nicely folded handkerchief, then, her psalm book followed after, and, continuing its course, entered the church door with a bounce, as if to announce the approach of its owner. At length down came Miss Betsy, holding up her foot-stove in one hand, and anxiously paddling along with the other, till she came, full tilt, clear through the door, and plump into the broad aisle. Then, with a most rueful look, she gathered herself up, and, trotting round a corner, ensconced herself in her wonted seat, and sat as demure and quiet as if nothing in particular had occurred.

The shock on the congregation was irresistible. No mortal, that had a risible, could refrain from, at least, a momentary twitch. Uncle Enoch, as he stood fronting the scene, had witnessed it all, and for a moment he was obliged to step back and hide his face. But it was only a moment, and it was followed by such a look of contrition, and such a prayer of penitent humiliation, that seriousness and devotion were soon restored to their wonted rest.

But, after this, Fanny easily gained her starting point; that the control of our risibles is sometimes beyond our power; and then she urged the peculiarities of natural temperament; and then she pled her own cause, with one whose heart was all on her side; and ere she left, she had so adjusted matters, that she never again was found weeping at the thought of a visit to Uncle Enoch.

## SELF-COMMUNION.

WRITTEN FOR THE HULL MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

### Part II.

When I say that verse is not poetry, and that prose may be, I utter no paradox, nor have I any cause to gain, any battle to win; for poetry wins its own battles. This age, fertile in great poets, may not have produced one who is singly equal to Shakspeare; but it has produced two, whose joint merits are a counterpoise to Shakspeare's utmost worth—Scott, in characterisation and poetry; and Bulwer, in poetry, intellectuality, wit, and felicity of expression. The author of "Eugene Aram" is a great epic poet. His novels abound in poetry, that speaks, like Scott's, through the heart to the eye, and, like Dante's, to the inmost soul.

Take example from his "Rienzi," describing the page of that personage, hastening, too late, to beg the life of his father, whom he himself had, in ignorance, betrayed:—

"As one frantic, as one whom a fiend possesses or pursues, he rushed from the convent, he flew through the desolate streets. The death-bell came, first indistinct, then loud, upon his ear. Every sound seemed to him like the curse of God; on, on—he passed the more deserted quarter; crowds swept before him—he was mingled with the living stream—delayed, pushed back—thousands on thousands, around, before him. Breathless, gasping he still pressed on—he forced his way—he heard not—he saw not—all was like a dream. Up burst the sun over the distant hills!—the bell ceased! From right to left he pushed aside the crowd; his strength was as a giant's. He neared the fatal spot. A dead hush lay like a heavy air over the multitude. He heard a voice as he pressed along, deep and clear—it was the voice of his father!—it ceased—the audience breathed heavily—they murmured—they swayed to and fro. On, on, went Angelo Villani. The guards of the senator stopped his way; he dashed aside their pikes—he eluded their grasp—he pierced the armed barrier—he stood on the Place of the Capitol. 'Hold, hold!' he would have cried—but his tongue clove to his lips. He beheld the gleaming axe—he saw the bended neck. Ere another breath passed his lips, a ghastly and trunkless face was raised on high—Walter de Montreal was no more!

"Villani saw—swooned not—shrunk not—breathed not!—but he turned his eyes from that lifted head, dropping gore, to the balcony, in which, according to custom, sate, in solemn pomp, the senator of Rome—and the face of that young man was as the face of a demon!

"'Ha!' said he, muttering to himself, and recalling the words of Rienzi, seven years before, 'Blessed art thou who hast no blood of kindred to avenge!'"

Almost all Barry Cornwall's serious lyrics confirm the principle that poetry is self-communion. How many hopeless idlers, trading gamblers, lovers who dare not tell their loves, and mourners whose loves are in the grave—how many reckless and desperate, and broken and breaking hearts, are there at this moment around us, all eagerly, but each in its own way, drinking King Death's coal-black wine!

"King Death was a rare old fellow—  
He sate where no sun could shine,  
And stretched out his hand so yellow,  
With a glass of his coal-black wine:  
Hurrah! the coal-black wine!  
There came to him many a maiden  
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,  
And widows with grief o'er-laden,  
For a glass of his sleepy wine:  
Hurrah! for the rare old fellow,  
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,  
As he stretched out his hand so yellow,  
And pledg'd them in Death's dark wine:  
Ha, ha! the coal-black wine!"

Behold, with the eyes of your hearts, the statue of the dying gladiator, and then read Byron's description of it. They are both poetry. Is silence poetry, then? Oh, certainly. I am reading Byron's description now, in my soul, though to you I have not yet uttered a syllable of it.

"I see before me the gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony;  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;  
And, through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower—and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceas'd the shout that hail'd the wretch who won.  
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
But where his rude hut on the Danube lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!  
All this gushed with his blood. Shall he expire,  
And unavenged? 'Arise, ye Goths!'"

But this, you may say, is the poetry of noise. Why so? The words "Arise, ye Goths!" would be equally effective, if uttered in the lowest possible tone. The deep feeling of hatred which they breathe, might not actually have made its whisper audible. Perhaps, the dying man could not have made it audible. But suppose yourselves present at the spectacle, with a brother of the Dacian, disguised among his enemies! How would he express those words? If sorrow and rage did not conquer prudence, he would choke them in his heart; but, if he forgot his danger, he would start up, the representative of indignant human nature, and, bidding long-outraged nations redress themselves, shout, as I have done, "Arise, ye Goths!" Two individuals, then, might recite this poetry differently, yet both well—that is to say, each according to his nature? Certainly they might. Poetry, then, is not alike to all? Certainly it is not. To some persons it does not exist; to those who have no hearts, it is a nonentity. In matters of taste, then, let there be no dictation. Who shall tell that wonderful instrument, the human heart, in what particular key it shall play its tunes?

To show you that the stillest thoughts are often the deepest or the strongest, I will quote a few lines of what is called mere description, from the most thoughtful of poets—Wordsworth:

"It is a beautiful evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in his tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heav'n is on the sea:  
Listen!—the mighty Being is awake!  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder, everlastingly."

One short extract more, from the same "mighty" poet, who, like the ocean he describes, speaketh, "everlastingly:"—

"The clouds are split asunder, and I see  
The clear moon, and the glory of the heavens.  
There! in a black-blue vault she sails along,  
Follow'd by multitudes of stars, that, small,  
And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss  
Drive as she drives. How fast they wheel away,  
Yet vanish not! The wind is in the tree,  
But they are silent!—still they roll along,  
Immeasurably distant; and the vault  
Still deepens its unfathomable depth."

To me, these words express the very soul of the scenes described; and it is the power of expressing that soul which constitutes a man a poet. If you will look up thoughtfully to the heavens, on a clear but tempestuous night, "when the wind is in the tree, and the stars are silent," your minds will speak to your hearts, and the scene to both, and, for the moment, you will be sublime poets. Every man is poetical, when feeling strongly, he reflects deeply. And if there are (which I doubt) men who cannot communicate the soul's electricity to the souls of others—if the heart ever fails to make itself understood—depend upon it, there is some misgiving in the speaker, some want of sincerity, something reserved or suppressed. Then begins the "strife of poor humanity's afflicted will, struggling in vain with ruthless destiny;" and that strife constitutes the moral tragic, as opposed to the physical. "Back!" says truth, smiling through her tears—"not yet, not yet, my poor child, can I take thee to my bosom. Repent! thou hast offended: the want of a single ray of light makes thee all darkness." Alas, young men! there are worse misfortunes than those which accident inflicts upon us—even those direst ones which our want of honesty inflicts upon ourselves!

To the principle that poetry is self-communion, perhaps you will still object, that there is one description of poetry—the metaphorical—to which it does not apply. But, unless a metaphor be sentimental—that is, unless it be, at least, an image and a sentiment—it cannot be poetical, though it may be illustrative. We feel the metaphor in Wordsworth, when he says of the placid sea, "The mighty Being is awake." The metaphor is perfect. It is an image, a thought, and a sentiment. To the perfection of a metaphor, these three conditions are necessary—it must be, at once, an image, a thought, and a sentiment: and the more complete a metaphor is the more poetical it is. No figurative author can live, unless his figures possess two of the three requisites; the metaphors of the highest minds possess them all. There are men without number who can pour out metaphors with amazing fluency, and such men are commonly mistaken for men of poetical minds: it would be as correct to say that ice is of the poetical temperament. Such men are utterly unimaginative, cold in heart, and barren of soul. Good writers and good speakers never use a metaphor, if plain words will express their meaning as briefly and as well. The late Lord Castlereagh, of liberal and diplomatic memory, was a metaphorical speaker: but his mind was not even "the mind of his own eyes"—his images were pictures of nothing—yet some of them have obtained notoriety, at least, if not fame; and they who never saw "the great statesman now no more," may remember his "fundamental feature." Truths which have become proverbs, are almost always expressed metaphorically. Money makes the old mare trot. The picture is before you! But why does money make the old mare trot? Because the mare cannot work without food, and food cannot be procured without an equivalent, the representative of which is money. This proverb, then, possesses two of the conditions of vitality—it is an image, and thought; it speaks to the intellect, and to the fancy, but not to the heart: it is not poetry. But the kind-hearted among you can make poetry of it, by thinking of the cheerful gratitude of the poor old mare! Our greatest masters of metaphor in prose and verse, are Shakspeare, Junius, and a writer whom I will not name, because, though he is the author of one of the very best books in the world, it is doubted by some men whether, on the whole, his writings have done good or harm. We all remember Shakspeare's "unwedgeable and gnarled oak." This metaphor "is not one," do you say? It is perfect, however, as Wordsworth's. It is an image, a thought, and a sentiment. It brings before the imagination the instruments and the action—before the mind, the stubborn texture of the substance acted upon—before the heart, the almost eternal struggle of the all but immortal tree with time and death. "The plumage of the noble bird," says Junius, when strangely endeavouring to prove that the trappings of royalty are necessary to the security of the throne—"The plumage of the noble bird supports his flight; strip him of his beauty, and you fix him to the earth." In this sentence he

says more, and says it better, than he could, without the metaphor, in ten times the number of words; and, the metaphor being perfect, is poetical in the highest degree. During the war of our oligarchy with the colonies, Lord Howe addressed a proclamation to the Americans, bemoaning the insulted dignity of the crown, (meaning the lords and squires,) but saying not a word about slaughtered brethren, widowed mothers, and orphan children. The nameless writer to whom I have alluded, and who was employed by Congress to answer the proclamation, said, in reply, "He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird." The same author, having shewn that governments hitherto have done more harm than good, and that, if men were wise and good legislation would be unnecessary, says, "Government, like dress, is a badge of lost innocence: it is a temple built on the ruins of paradise." Need I now tell you that these prose metaphors are poetry? They want not the aid of verse to constitute them such; they require not rhyme to make them remembered; the world will not let them be forgotten: possessing all the three requisites of vitality, as metaphors, they are poetry in the highest; and, therefore, they can never die. Mere metaphors, then, are not poetry. On the contrary, those writers who use them most, are the most unpoetical. Their metaphors may hide the extent of their mental poverty, but cannot place before us, in mournful grandeur, that fallen angel "whose stature reached the sky, and on whose crest sat horror plumed." It is easy to liken swiftness to a dove's wing; but to make poetry of the image, you must put your hearts into it; and the poetry will be none the worse if you put your heads into it also; for poetry is truth—the heart's truth. What were the words uttered by Mary of Scotland, when she first approached the window of her prison at Fotheringay? "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!" Is this poetry? Ay, and such poetry as is to be found only in the pages of inspiration. Perhaps the very highest poetry never yet found words—never yet was expressed metaphorically or otherwise; for it is not the melodious sound, but the inexpressive feeling; not the angel's wing, but the truthful spirit, eternal in its truth. The Almighty himself may not have uttered it; but it is homed in our hearts, be they bad or good, if we have hearts, for truth is there undeceivable; yes, undeceivable, for, though the heart often deceives the head, no man's head ever yet, for a single moment, deceived his heart. Castlereagh's heart was not deceived, when conscience gave him a crimson necklace; Cardinal Beaufort's heart was not deceived, when he died and made no sign. The truth was in their hearts, but in their hearts the truth was not hallowed; their wicked minds were always warned, and they believed—and, at last, they trembled. But now for the end. If it be sinful to waste any thing, why should we waste this lecture? Young men! my hair is already grey. I have lived in eventful times, and witnessed marvellous changes. You will witness changes still more marvellous. William Hazlitt, using a metaphor which is perfect, said, in prose which is poetry—"That the great world of electricity lies all undiscovered before us; like America, asleep for centuries by the side of her unconscious sister." It may not be in the destiny of any one of you, to invent and perfect a machine which shall be worked without cost by the electric fluid, and supersede the giant power of steam; but if, in my course through life, any truth has been more strongly impressed upon my mind than another, it is this—that (did they but know it) men possess collectively, and therefore individually, the greatest of all powers, except that of Him who is, and was, and shall be—I mean the power of co-operation. Use that power, as true poets write their verses, earnestly, and without selfishness; let the exercise of it be "its own exceeding great reward;" use it in a manner worthy of the living image of the everlasting God, remembering that the great family of man is one family, and that God is its father. And then, if any true-hearted man tells you that he does not understand poetry, tell him, in reply, that it is the business of his life, and that he practises it every day. "For Wisdom lives with children round her knees." And this will be the first great discovery which honest co-operation will enable you to make. The most valuable things in the world are men; and when the majority of you think so, you be to them who shall dare to throw away a man! You will, then, hear no more of emigration-committees. Eat now, mark! He who compels, or willingly suffers, a human being to remain in ignorance, does much worse than throw away a man; he converts a man into a beast, fit only to beget creatures destined to live and perish miserably—creatures without minds, and therefore not men! In furtherance, then, of that co-operation which can alone put an end to such wickedness and misery, may God hallow and bless in your thoughtful hearts the truth, which is poetry; not that barren understanding which meaneth no evil, but that only fearless and truly pious one, which meaneth good! I must now conclude this long exemplification of a principle which is perhaps of little importance, but which must be of some, or you would not have come to hear me talk about it. I thank you for your thanks, your applause—and your silence, the best applause; and surely I have reason to be proud and thankful, if I have at all deserved the approbation of the townsmen of Daniel Sykes and Andrew Marvel.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.—Behind the house of John Adams, lies a meadow of some extent, with which is connected an anecdote he was wont himself to relate to the last days of his life. We extract its narration from the History of Quincy, the author of which has heard it from his own lips. It is interesting, as showing that from accidental circumstances often spring the most important changes in the lives and fortunes of distinguished men. We only premise, when young, President Adams senior, was but little attached to books. Study was to him a task.

"When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar, but it was dull and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied grammar till I could bear with it no longer: and going to my father, I told him I did not like to study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he quick in his answer, 'Well, John,' said he. 'if Latin grammar does not suit, you may try ditching; perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.'

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and I told my father—one of the severest trials of my life—that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the days' labor in that abominable ditch.—American Mag.

### THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

Translated from the German of Schiller.

It comes! it comes! the South's armada proud—  
Th' Atlantic groans beneath the load;  
With clank of chains, with thunders long and loud,  
It comes, and brings another god!

A floating host of direful citadels—  
Its equal never yet has ploughed the sea—  
The Invincible its name shall be.  
Proudly each keel the trembling wave repels.  
The dread that on it waits  
That haughty title consecrates.  
Trembling and slow the billows glide.  
Beneath the fleet that o'er them sweeps:  
It bears destruction far and wide;  
Proudly it sails, whilst every tempest sleeps.

Now near thy shores it rides the wave,  
Thou blessed Island, Empress of the sea!  
These fearful host of galleons threaten thee,  
Britannia, island of the brave!  
Wo to thy sons, free-born and proud!  
Behold it there, a bursting thunder-cloud!

Say, who for thee that glorious prize has gained,  
That made thee queen of every land on earth?  
Wast not thyself, by proud and haughty kings constrained,  
That to the wisest law of states gav'st birth?  
The glorious scroll, thy kings to citizens that made,  
To princes raised thy people free.  
Thy fleets' overwhelming mastery—  
Wast not thy arm, 'gainst butchering hosts array'd,  
That gained it on the blood-stained sea?  
And won by whom?—Oh blush, ye nations at the word!  
Won only by thy genius and thy sword.

Unhappy land! behold they come! these fire-emitting giant  
masses!  
Behold them, and forbode thy glory's fall!  
Now trembling watch the nations all,  
And every free-born heart indignant burns,  
And every pure and pious spirit mourns  
In sorrow at thy glory's fall.

But, lo! the Almighty God looked down,  
Saw high in air thy foemen's lion flags display'd,  
Saw thy inevitable ruin frown—  
"And shall my Albion perish thus?" he said—  
"My race of heroes be destroy'd?  
That only dam that stems oppression's tide  
Should fall?—that bulwark 'gainst the tyrant's sway  
Should from the face of earth be swept away?  
No! never shall that fair land of Freedom's birth,  
That strong defence of man's just rights, be crush'd!"  
Th' Almighty! breathed o'er earth,  
And far to every wind the Armada rushed!

\* Alluding to the medal which appeared at the time, representing a fleet decoyed by a storm, with the motto, "APPLAVIT DEUS, ET DISSIPATI SUNT."

A WOMAN may be of great assistance to her husband, in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.

Lord Mansfield being told of a very young lady having married a gentleman of seventy years of age, his Lordship said, "she had better married two thirty-fives."

## SACRED POETRY.

## "REMEMBER ME."

Creator of the worlds of light !  
Thou Sovereign, high, and holy One !  
Mid cherubim and seraphs bright,  
Thou sittest on thy sapphire throne.  
Low from the dust my voice I raise,  
And lift my trembling heart to thee ;  
Thou searcher of man's silent ways !  
Thou Lord of life ! "Remember me."

Remember me, when sorrows fell  
With tumult through my troubled breast,  
When darkening cares o'erwhelm the soul,  
And earth can give nor peace nor rest ;  
And when the storm is in the sky,  
Thy bow of promise let me see ;  
Then hear in heaven the suppliant cry,  
My Father, still "Remember me."

When false allurements meet my eye,  
And hidden snares my steps surround,  
O be thy presence ever nigh !  
At my right hand be ever found.  
Guide me secure from every foe,  
Help me from every sin to flee ;  
In conflict, sorrow, weal, or woe,  
Through life's short hour, "Remember me."

When death shall come, with noiseless tread,  
And bid my spirit wing her flight,  
Sustain my heart, thy comforts shed  
And make thy promises more bright.  
And when thy kingdom comes with power  
And skies before thy presence flee,  
In nature's dread dissolving hour,  
Then, O my God, "Remember me."

## NAPOLEON AND AN OLD SOLDIER.

"If he is anxious for popularity," said the Duke de Frioul, "he has reason to be satisfied. Our stroll this morning was through the Faubourg Saint Antoine. I did not myself think that he was so much in favour as he is. You cannot form an idea, Junot, of the enthusiasm of the people. He stopped before some houses that are being built in the Rue Charonne. His hat was slouched over his forehead, as usual, but in spite of that, it is so easy to recognise him, that I am always apprehensive of something unpleasant occurring in these expeditions, in which I play the Giafar. This morning we were surrounded by two hundred workmen, who were all labouring with their pickaxes and shovels. The emperor was as calm as if he had been surrounded by his old guard. While he was observing the men at work, he fixed his eyes particularly on one, who moved his arm with difficulty, and appeared to be less active than his comrades."

"It is singular," said the emperor, "but I think I know that man's face."

The workman observing that the little man looked at him so steadfastly, looked very hard at him in his turn. The scrutiny was not long, and the workman who was an old soldier, recognised his general. His pickaxe fell from his hand, and his limbs seemed to tremble under him.

"General!" exclaimed the man, in a voice faltering with emotion.

"Well, well, my brave fellow!" said the emperor, "so you know me, do you? *Pardieu!* and I recollect you. I said to Duroc, as soon as I saw you, That is a face I know. Now I recollect you perfectly; you were a corporal in the thirty-second, and you were wounded at the bridge of Arcola: *pardieu!*"

To every word uttered by the emperor, the man replied by bowing his head, and saying, "Yes, general."

"But why have you betaken yourself to this work?" inquired the emperor, "if you can lift a spade, you can shoulder a musket."

"No," replied the man, with an oath expressive of his vexation; "no, I cannot carry a musket." And he showed us the difficulty he had in raising his arm.

"But you were in the guards at Austerlitz," continued the emperor. "Your name is Bernard, if I mistake not."

"It is, general."

"And why are you not in the Invalids?"

"I am entitled to be there, general, but—"

"Oh, yes; I remember now what you allude to;" and a cloud gathered on his brow. "Marshal Serrurier did not give me a good report of you. How happens this? If you entertain opinions unfavourable to the government, you may leave France, and go and build houses in America."

"But, general, in that case, I must not only leave my country, but you, whom I love even more than my country."

"Me?" said the emperor, laughing. "*Pardieu!* this is strange enough. How do you reconcile your attachment to me with your hatred of the empire?"

"Because, general, it is to you personally,—to you alone."

"I am certain," pursued the Duke de Frioul, "that the man had no idea of the force of meaning conveyed in those simple words, 'to you alone,' though they evidently came sincerely from his heart. The emperor felt them, and understood at once

the noble mind of the man who uttered them. Even the title of 'general,' with which he constantly addressed the emperor, had its bright side in this little story; for it was not dictated by any feeling of insolence, but was merely the effect of habit in the old soldier. The emperor looked at him with some little expression of dissatisfaction; but more of kindness. The old soldier stood there before him, hat in hand, and with as respectful an air as if he had been under arms on a parade day at the Tuileries."

"Ah, ca!" exclaimed the emperor; "have you not the cross?"

Bernard half opened his jacket, and showed the cross on his bosom. "You see, general, it is in its right place. You gave it me at the battle of Wagram, for a ball which the Austrians fired at me. You were passing at the moment when they were raising me up, and seeing me wounded, like a brave man, you gave me the cross; it has been a healing plaster to my wound. I never take it from my breast; I sleep with it, and when I come to work I put it within my jacket."

"Why so?" said the emperor. "Do you think that your work would disgrace the cross? Your labour is honourable, and you should not blush to perform it. What would your comrades think of you? Those comrades to whom you preach republicanism. They must laugh at you, my poor Bernard; for surely this is nothing but pride."

Bernard knew not what reply to make. He recollected that some of his comrades had laughed at him, and others had been offended with him. He cast down his eyes.

"Have you not the pension attached to your cross?" resumed the emperor after a short pause. "I am sorry that the marshal did not ask me what was to be done before he turned you out of the old soldier's retreat. Was there not some other reason besides that which I have just alluded to? Come, tell the truth."

"To be candid, general, there was another reason. The truth is, I was a little unsteady on the *decadis*: that is to say, I mean, the Sunday. I was punished several times, and then came that affair, when being tipsy one day I called out '*Vive la Republique!*' Well, thought I, since they have turned me out, I must try and get my bread elsewhere, and so I tried my hand at the spade and pickaxe. But still I am sorry at being out of the Invalids; and if you can, general, I wish you would get me sent back again."

He raised his head to look at the emperor, and his expressive countenance was at that moment irresistibly persuasive; for the big tears which overflowed his eyes ran down a furrow, formed by a deep scar in his left cheek. The emperor made no reply, but stood looking at him for some moments; then, turning to me, he asked me for my purse, and taking out three Napoleons, he presented them to Bernard.

"There is something for you and your comrades to drink my health. Now go to breakfast; but do not get tipsy, for then I shall be obliged to pay your master for the loss of your day's work. Adieu!"

The workmen all threw down their spades, shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and thronged round Napoleon to kiss his hands. Bernard alone was silent, and he kept back from the rest; but there was more real affection expressed in his silence than in the shouts of his companions, which were raised for a gift of money. The emperor, stepping up to him, said:—

"Bernard, you must call on General Sougis, or Marshal Bessieres; or, if you prefer it, come to the castle and ask for this young man;" (striking me on the shoulder, said Duroc); "he will have a message for you from me."

So saying, he took off his hat, and bade adieu to the workmen, who continued crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" long after he was out of sight.—*Memoirs of the Duchess d' Abrantes.*

For the Pearl.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROPHECY.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

No. 3.

Robert Mignan Esq, Captain in the East India Company's service, travelled in Chaldea, including a journey from Bassorah to Bagdad, Hillah, and Babylon, (performed on foot in 1827.) In his preface he alludes to the travels of Keppel, and to the researches of Rich the British Envoy many years at Bagdad, who published two memoirs on Babylon. Captain Mignan bears testimony to the excellent character of Mr. Rich, chap. V. page 89. The English Traveller arriving at Bagdad will not fail to meet the greatest attention from all classes of people, or account of the high veneration and respect they bear to the lamented memory of the late Mr. Rich,—who upheld the honor of the nation he represented, and at the same time gained the greatest reputation for himself, during an administration of fourteen years. The Turks and Christians fondly cherish the recollection of his many amiable qualities, and his name is imprinted in their hearts too deeply, ever to be forgotten. I have endeavoured to extend the researches of Rich and Keppel, and to verify their conclusions; and I trust that my labours will tend to throw light on the descriptions of the ancients—as well as confirm the hypothesis adopted by Buckingham, whose observations on the ruins appear to me more

critical, correct and comprehensive, and more to accord with the earliest accounts, than those of any other modern traveller. To that eminent and accurate Geographer Major Rennell I am generally indebted: this gentleman has been pleased to express his approbation of my labours, and I feel peculiar satisfaction in thus publicly acknowledging the many acts of kindness received from him. My aim has been rather to delineate the various objects of interest that presented themselves to my view, than to enter deeply into useless theory and vain speculation—in short to furnish an accurate account of the existing remains of ancient grandeur; to describe their present desolation,—and to trace something like a correct outline of the renowned metropolis of Chaldea. Captain Mignan thus concludes his fifth chapter. "Half an hour before sunset I entered the suburbs of Hillah; and crossed a bridge of boats constructed of Pontoons like that at Bagdad; but in worse repair: I ascertained the breadth of the Euphrates here to be 150 yards, from the last stage the road was covered on every side with irregular hillocks and mounds,—formed in masses, presenting at every step memorials of the past—in fact our path lay through the great masses of ruined heaps on the site of "Shrunken Babylon" and I am perfectly incapable of conveying an adequate idea of the dreary, lonely nakedness that appeared around me, on entering the gates of the once mighty metropolis of Chaldea where "the Queen of nations" sat enthroned, nor can I pourtray the overpowering sensation of reverential awe that possessed my mind, while contemplating the extent and magnitude of "ruin and devastation" on every side. Two miles distant there is a massive embankment, seeming to enclose the ruins at each extremity;—its surface exhibits fragments of decayed bricks, stones, pottery and tiles, to the South; at a quarter of a mile to the right of the road, is a vast mountain of ruins (the *Muzillibah*) towering above a series of intervening mounds in "inexpressible grandeur." Although no very distinct traces of a ditch can be found, nor can any decided mark of the exterior walls of "the venerable city" be discovered, yet from its present appearance and situation I cannot entertain the shadow of a doubt of its being a remnant of these ruined masses; and could the antiquary prosecute an uninterrupted, comprehensive, and close examination, he would in all probability discover the line of these long sought walls: but the country is in the hands of barbarians. In the middle of the city, Queen Semiramis built a Temple to Jupiter, whom the Babylonians call Belus or Bele, of which, since writers differ, and the work is now wholly decayed, there is nothing that can with certainty be related of it:—yet it was apparently of "exceeding great height"—and thence the Chaldea astrologers exactly observed the rising and setting of the stars. The entire was built of brick, cemented with bitumen, with great art and cost. Upon the top were placed three statues of beaten gold, of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea; with other splendid vessels, tables and ornaments of gold and precious stones, weighing altogether about six thousand talents: but all these the Persian Kings sacrilegiously carried away; and length of time has consumed or much defaced the palaces and the other structures,—so that at this day a small part of Babylon is inhabited, and the greater part which lay within the wall is turned into pasture and tillage. Diodorus Liber II. Chap. 3.—This historian wrote about fifty years before Christ, and observes that the city was in ruins long before that time, and that then the ruins were an object of interest and enquiry. After Ninevah was destroyed, Babylon became the Queen of the East,—Semiramis is generally supposed to have greatly enlarged the walls, and improved the city—though Nimrod was the original founder. Petro Bella Valle, a Roman traveller, visited Babylon in 1616;—He says when speaking of this superb ruin the *Muzillibah* "its situation and form correspond with that pyramid which Strabo calls the Tower of Belus." It is built of large and thick bricks, as I carefully observed, having caused excavations to be made in several places for that purpose. They do not appear to have been burned, but dried in the sun, which is here extremely hot: these sun dried bricks in which were mixed bruised reeds and straw, and which are laid in clay mortar compose the great mass of the buildings, but other bricks are also perceived at certain intervals, especially where the strongest buttresses stood, of the same size, but burned in a kiln, and sett in lime and bitumen. Vol. II, Letter 17—Travels. The base of the tower is greatly injured by time and the weather—more so to the South East, where it is cloven into a deep furrow, from the top to the bottom. The sides of the ruin exhibit hollows worn partly by the weather; but more generally formed by the Arabs who are continually digging for bricks, and for antiquities—several of these excavations I entered, and have no reason to suppose that they are inhabited by such ferocious animals as the generality of travellers assert—there certainly was an offensive smell and the caverns were strewn with bones of sheep and goats, devoured most probably by the Jackals that resort thither in great numbers—and thousands of bats and owls have filled many of these caverns confirming the Prophecy "that owls should dwell therein" and it shall be no more inhabited for ever." The natives are very reluctant in following travellers into these dens, and dislike visiting the ruins after sunset, rather from the fear of Demons, than the fear of wild beasts. It appears that the greatest risk in entering these caves, is the liability of being stung by enormous reptiles, which



are very numerous in these ruins—this evil is an apt illustration of the prophecy, "and Babylon shall become *heaps* (mounds) a dwelling place for Dragons, an astonishment and an hissing without an inhabitant." Jer. 51. 37.—Benjamin of Tudela, a Jew visited Babylon in the twelfth century;—He declined to explore the ruins, as he was informed they abounded with scorpions, and other poisonous reptiles. Rauwolf (a German physician) also declined exploring the ruins for a similar cause, on his visit to Babylon in 1574, nor would he approach nearer, than half a league. On the north west face of this huge mound is a niche, six feet high by three deep. It is noticed by Mr. Rich in his *Memoirs on Babylon*. This recess is very apparent to the distance of full two miles on approaching this ruin from the north; and being near the summit renders it a conspicuous spot. The natives call it "the serdaub," signifying a cellar or vaulted chamber. This aperture is well worthy the most minute inspection, from its being a place of sepulture.

Mr. Rich here discovered a coffin of wooden materials containing a skeleton in high preservation. Under the head of this coffin was a round pebble attached to the coffin. On the outside was a brass bird, and inside, an ornament of the same material, which had been suspended to some part of the skeleton. This places the antiquity of these ruins beyond dispute: and Rich adds that the skeleton of a child was also found. These circumstances caused me to exert my utmost attention; and as far as my means went, I employed men to work at a distance of twenty yards eastward of the niche.

After four hours digging perpendicularly from the summit, they discovered six beams of date-tree wood, running apparently into the centre of the mound. In half an hour after I pulled out a large earthen sarcophagus, nearly perfect, lined with bitumen, and filled with human bones; but in its removal the vessel broke in pieces. This coffin was larger, and broader than any I had ever seen being upwards of 5 feet in length and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in diameter, on the slightest touch the bones became a white powder, and the pieces of date wood could scarcely withstand the same gentle handling without being converted into dust. From digging in an easterly direction, every 5 or 6 yards, I verified Mr. Rich's conjecture that the passage filled with earthen urns—extends all along the northern point of the pile—though I could find no gallery filled with skeletons enclosed in wooden coffins, nor am I inclined to believe that any exist in this or any other ruin in Babylon. The Muzillibah appeared to me to have an air of ancient grandeur which contrasted with the present solitude of the scene, cannot fail to temper the curiosity of the traveller with awe and reverence. On walking over the loose stones and fragments of brick work, which lay scattered through the immense fabric, and surveying the sublimity of the ruins, I naturally recurred to the time when, these walls stood proudly in their original splendour; when the halls were the scenes of festive magnificence; and when they resounded to the voices of those whom death hath ages ago swept from the face of the earth. This very pile was once the seat of luxury and vice; now, abandoned to decay, and exhibiting a melancholy instance of the retribution of Heaven, it stands alone. The solitary habitation of the goatherd marks not the forsaken site. A protecting embankment surrounds it on the north-eastern and north-western sides. Two small canals enclose the western line, whence the Euphrates is distant a little more than half a mile. The embankment, which is of great height and breadth, is strewn with vestiges of old buildings, and embraces a most extensive area; commencing from the north-west of the Muzillibah, passing before its northern and eastern faces; and running due south for a quarter of a mile. Not far from the centre of this great area, formed by the embankment, stands a lofty "elliptical mound," which I suppose to be the remains of the lesser palace. It extends 325 yards in length, 125 in breadth, and 60 feet in height, and is composed of fragments of bright and red burned bricks; and the Babylonian writing, instead of being on the smooth surface of the brick, appears *along its edge*: the characters are smaller than the more abundant writing, and are executed with great taste and delicacy. These bricks are very rare and of great value, which will appear evident, as it was almost impossible to procure a perfect specimen, from the exhausted state of the ruin.

Your Obedient Servant,

H. H.

In a book of accounts found in the premises of a bankrupt small dealer in a city of the west of England, were found the following names of customers to whom credit had been given:—"Woman on the Key; Jew Woman; Coal Woman; Old Coal Woman; Fat Coal Woman; Market Woman; Pale Woman; A Man; Old Woman; Littel Milk Girl; Candle Man; Stable Man; Coachman; Big Woman; Lame Woman; Quiet Woman; Egg Man; Littel Black Girl; Old Watchman; Shoemaker; Littel Shoemaker; Short Shoemaker; Old Shoemaker; Littel Girl; Jew Man; Jew Woman; Mrs in the Cart; Old Irish Woman; Woman in Corn-Street; A Lad; Man in the Country Long Sal; Woman with Long Sal; Mrs Irish Woman; Mrs Feather Bonnett; Blue Bonnett; Green Bonnett; Green Coat; Blue Britches; Big Britches; The Woman that was Married; the Woman that told me of the Man."

## WHAT IS A NAME.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEK.

I.  
What is a name? The Glory  
We gather from the Earth?  
The ray that lights the story  
Of our weariness or mirth?  
It is the beam that round our years  
That faultless lustre flings,  
Which gives them, though conceal'd in tears,  
The flight of angel wings!

II.  
What is a name! the Beauty  
That bows the heart like prayer?  
That makes the worship duty,  
Which once was but a care?  
Is it to hear the harmony  
Around us, as we tread,  
Of vows that but the good who die  
Hear in their narrow bed?

III.  
What is a name! to listen  
To plaudits loud and long,  
Where flashing banners glisten  
About the path of song?  
Is it to hear from those who bow  
In flattery's garb they borrow,  
The idle tone they render now  
To him they taunt to-morrow?

IV.  
What is a name! the wonder,  
That round the ringing way  
Of hero crown'd with thunder,  
Breaks like a second day?  
Or is that undying voice,  
Like clarion heard, and far,  
Of welcome to unfeign'd joy  
Beyond the cloud and star?

For the Pearl.

## ON METALS,

CONSIDERED IN REGARD TO THEIR UTILITY,—DELIVERED  
BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

By W. F. Teulon.

It is an interesting fact, and worthy the attention and investigation of lovers of Science, and Natural History,—particularly Chemistry, and Mineralogy,—that among the numerous and diversified substances, which contribute to the safeguard, convenience, elegance, and general use of society, Metals hold a distinguished, perhaps a principal place.

The field of nature is ample and interesting. Were it not ample, interest however excited must be followed by disappointment, want and disgust: and were it not interesting it would require some extraordinary motive to induce us to wander therein, and to weave a solitary wreath of the lurid foliage which might attend our footsteps. But constituted as it is; and we, in relation to it, our duty and pleasure walk hand in hand; and being called to admire we are led to enjoy.

The various existences then, that here surround us, are real beauties; and we, conscious that God hath made nothing in vain, are required to employ our reason, and its discerning faculties, in tracing the phenomena of utility which each substance, or congeries of substances, may be found to develop; and to seize these utilities, and adapt them as a means of ensuring surpassing advantages, and communicating such advantages to others. Thus from observing, (when the bright ruler of day has been absconded by our hemisphere,) the utility of flame, we can realize a grateful succedaneum to his light and heat:—and not merely so, but we are enabled to impart these comforts to our less happy acquaintances without in the least impairing our own necessary fund. When we obtain a convenience of this nature by the collision of a steel, are we for a moment led to reflect on the principle of utility with which that metal must be endowed, ere it can thus minister to our wants; a principal whereby the detached mass is enabled to descend, not cold and inoperative, but deflagrating through the atmosphere, and collecting its own support as it proceeds; till a lighting on the carbonaceous mass below, it instantly imparts as much heat; as in a few seconds, or a few hours, would kindle into a conflagration, a dwelling, or a town. This will serve to show how simple a fact will serve the Philosopher for his important deductions; and how much may transpire around us unimproved, and even unobserved, for want of a spark of philosophy to enlighten us.

METALS—as the term imports, considered aggregationally, appear to be among the principal means of the Creator, in his development of the usual phenomena of nature. The superstratum of our planet, the manifold formations of the Geologist, the character of coasts and islands,—the proceeds of mines, the mutations of earthquakes,—the eruptions of volcanoes,—the nature of soils,—the very warmth of the sun, and constitution of the atmosphere, are not solely influenced but may be said to be governed by the presence and multitudinous affinities of metals, upon or near the earth's surface. And it is not over the inorganic or physical world alone that metals assert a kind of govern-

ing influence, but also over the more vast and inscrutable world of intellectual being. Indeed they appear to have been the principal occasion of scientific research. You have all heard of Alchemy, as having for its object the transmutation of metals—and the production of gold. Now here in this adored metal rests a sufficient motive to activity, in ages when discovery was only so far valuable as it might develop means of ensuring a more ample, and less capricious subsistence; of procuring place or power; and of aggrandizing families. And in the art itself, (if art it might be called,) lay hid, as in ancient chaos, the germs of modern discoveries, and the elements and causes of our philosophy; and the opinions, upon which, we set so much value, and so justly, the lights of our own dispensation. While this grain of Alchemy vegetated into the more perfectly organized form of Chemistry, and that to which it has constantly been the handmaid, Natural Philosophy, the understanding of man, progressively loosened, and threw off its cements, and assumed its existing and improving life, and freedom. Now upon review, it will be found through this long period that a further acquaintance with the properties and utilities of metals, and with the methods of procuring them, were actively gaining ground in society; and ministering to the civilization and arts of mankind.

Such a discussion as we have selected for this evening's divertimento may then be acknowledged agreeable to the design of this place and assembly. An institution for the retrospect and improvement of knowledge does not invariably require, that our view should be fixed, and our thoughts devoted, at the shrine of close, consecutive, and recondite investigation. Partly to give the minds of all engaged an opportunity of indulging their own resiliency; and partly to afford an occasional opportunity to the less gifted class of lecturers on subjects of science, we may perhaps at times, though not too often, unbend, and compromise a part, of that which edifies; that each may share, and feel the general indulgence.

It is a pleasing feature of the present time that light abounds: and tends to pervade Society. Various liberal, scientific and economic institutions, are in diligent operation: and the spring of the whole, the *Free Press*, is actively employed in eliciting and diffusing a radiance of light;—of religious, political, and philosophical light. Excepting the former species, though not adverse to them; our Institution professes the object and indulges the hope, of imbuing at least a principal portion, of this community, with the latter, in order that superior facilities may be afforded, for the production of all those correct results, which depend upon its manifestations in the understanding. It assumes that we are surrounded by many lovers of science: who from time to time improve and enlarge their possession of ideas in this Institute, and in the interim devote and apply them to the welfare of families, and of society at large. Therefore, any discourse which can afford a solitary idea,—not hitherto appropriated to the growing stock, may be deemed so far useful; and consonant with the general intention.

Every fact in nature or science is interesting in its being and relations. The fact that the magnetized needle pertinaciously inclines one way, how insignificant soever it may seem in itself,—is yet charged with the weightiest consequences to society, or to nations. Annihilate this fact, and you at once destroy the bulwark of nations, the sunshine of civilization, and the dependencies of power. Add such another fact, and in the same ratio you may advance improvements. Even the steam of a tenpenny, may be the type of a power, destined hereafter to change the aspect of all that on earth physically appertains to want. Trivial facts, are then none of them so trivial, as to be undeserving of attention and investigation. In which conclusion you will all readily acquiesce, if you draw from the stores of your own knowledge recollections of the many apparently inconsequent facts, which are now influencing Society on such a scale, as to procure wonder, which is said to be the work of fools, even from the sober minded, and the wise. And to lead such to wonder chiefly at this, how society at one time could maintain its associations at all without the aid even of those improvements which have fallen into desuetude with us. Facts, however lauded, considered in themselves are of little value. It is not mere fact, but the *philosophy of facts* that forms the *augmentation of science*. A fact is first proposed, and by men of unreflecting minds, is soon forgotten. But by those of a contrary habit, legitimate inferences are drawn, and formed into theorems a collocation of which forms a theory, and several consonant facts, arranged, constitute a science. Science thus brought into being, receive constantly new contributions, and adjustments, from similar sources. And as new discoveries are from time to time manifested; if only duly recorded, and improved, or they may be expected to develop sciences at present undescribed and unconceived.

The knowledge of the utilities of Metals is engrossing for the many important results previously gained, principally by their aid, under circumstances rather discouraging, and unfavourable to success; may be esteemed pledges of a more bright era of discovery; now that so much experience is already gained, and is still in progress. The inclined plane,—the lever,—and the wheel, are scarcely none important to the arts; than iron, ada-

mant, and gold, in relation to their various mechanical and financial operations.

This species of knowledge belongs to the departments of Natural History (particularly mineralogy;) and Chemistry. To the lover of nature, Natural History is always delightful. Almost every production of literature teems with its praises, and the refined conversations of the polite and intelligent, are repeatedly held in abeyance to this refreshing theme.

To be continued.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 3, 1838.

### THE ADDRESS.

At two o'clock on Saturday the House of Assembly, with the Speaker at their head, waited upon his Excellency with the following Address, in answer to his speech:—

To His Excellency Major General Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, Knight Commander of the most Honorable military Order of the Bath, Lieutenant Governor and commander in Chief, in and over the Province of Nova Scotia, and its Dependencies, &c, &c, &c,

The humble Address of the House of Representatives in General Assembly.

May it please your Excellency:—

We, Her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects—the Representatives of her Majesty's loyal people of Nova Scotia, thank your Excellency for the Speech with which you have been pleased to open the present Session; and condole with your Excellency on the demise of our late gracious Sovereign William the Fourth, whose blessed memory is endeared to the people of Nova Scotia by the paternal attachment he extended towards its inhabitants, among whom he spent part of his early life. The accession to the Throne of the British Empire of his august Niece, Queen Victoria, daughter of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, has been hailed throughout Her extensive dominions with rapturous and enthusiastic loyalty, and her youth and sex have no where a stronger claim to attachment than in this Province, where the memory of her illustrious father is gratefully cherished.

The regret we feel for the recent insurrection in the Canadas, is mitigated by a knowledge that it has been suppressed in the Lower Province; and we feel proud that the constitutional force of the upper Province has defeated the traitorous attempt to cast off British allegiance, and are gratified to learn that the Government of the United States is determined to adhere to the pacific treaties subsisting between the two nations, and to preserve that neutrality which may leave the desperate band of conspirators encamped at Navy Island, no alternative but submission to a just and indignant Government.

The attachment of Nova-Scotians to her Majesty's person and Government, has ever been unshaken, and recent events have only caused it to be more openly and fervently expressed.

We are pleased to hear from your Excellency that the blessings of Divine Providence have produced an abundant harvest, and that the labours of the husbandmen throughout the country have been rewarded with plenty.

We are disposed to view the provisional establishment of two distinct Councils as evidence of the gracious attention which has been paid to the representations addressed by this Assembly to the Throne during the last session; and it shall not be our fault if this important alteration is not attended with all the advantages by which, when we advised the measure, we expected it would be accompanied.

We thank your Excellency for directing the Public accounts to be submitted to us, and you may rely on our disposition to provide for the necessary support of her Majesty's Government.

We are happy to learn that the Revenue has considerably increased during the past year, and that the receipts have been more than sufficient to meet all the demands of the Treasury. The recommendation of an economical application of our means, we feel is founded on an enlightened view of the wants and resources of this young country; and your Excellency may be assured that it shall be our constant endeavor to keep the expenditure of the Province within its income.

The Militia Law, to a revision of which your Excellency has called our attention, was framed upon the conviction that the old system while it was burthensome to the country, was productive of no corresponding advantage; the time which was devoted to trainings being insufficient to communicate discipline or military skill; should we find however any thing in the present aspect of the times, or in the events which have occurred during the recess to require, the adoption of more efficient enactments, your Excellency may rely, that while we endeavor to husband our resources, we shall sufficiently evince our anxiety to secure the peace and strengthen the constitutional defences of the Province.

At a time when neighboring Colonies are only recovering from the effects of civil strife, it shall be our pride to respond to the earnest desire and recommendation of her Majesty's Government, by entering upon the discharge of our public duties with that

spirit of harmony for which the Legislature of this Province has long been conspicuous, and which has proved so conducive to the best interests of the country.

We feel assured that it is your Excellency's anxious wish to see peace, content and prosperity prevail throughout the Province; and we will labour to co-operate with your Excellency in every measure which can tend to secure and increase those blessings.

To which His Excellency was pleased to return the following Answer:—

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

I thank you in the Queen's name for this Address. The sentiments of attachment to her Majesty's person and Government therein expressed, are such as become the representatives of a free, loyal and united people. Your ready promise of providing the necessary supplies, of your adopting new efficient enactments for the revision of the Militia Laws (should the present aspect of the times require it,) demands my best acknowledgments.

### ESSAY.

The Lieut. Governor lays before the House of Assembly copies of the despatches to which he alluded in his opening speech, with copies of various other papers, either referred to in those despatches, or connected with the subjects to which they relate.

Her Majesty having, as these communications amply testify, evinced her earnest solicitude to meet the views of the Assembly, by cheerfully consenting to place at the disposal of the Legislature, her Casual and Territorial Revenues, and the whole Crown Domain in this Province, in exchange for a Civil List; subject only to the conditions by which his late Majesty was pleased to qualify the corresponding concession in Lower Canada and New Brunswick, the Lieutenant Governor is persuaded that the Assembly will, with equal cheerfulness, acquiesce in the proposals which are now submitted to them by her command.

In bringing this subject before the Legislature, the Lieutenant Governor is instructed to advert to the settlement recently made with New Brunswick as a precedent to be followed, as far as local circumstances will permit.

Among the papers which accompany this Message are letters from the Chief Justice and Puisne Judges of the Supreme Court, expressing their willingness to accept the rate of salary proposed to be affixed to their offices, without fees, and the Lieutenant Governor earnestly trusts that the House will adopt her Majesty's gracious suggestions in this respect, by making adequate provision for the independence of the Judges.

C. CAMPBELL.

Government House 29th January, 1838.

From the despatches referred to in the message of the Governor, we copy the following items:—

**CHANGES.**—I am happy to assure you that his Majesty, in acceding to the wishes, or what he conceives to be the wishes of the Assembly, makes no reluctant concession, but meets them with a cheerful assent, convinced that the greater part of the measures which they have suggested will be conducive alike to the honor of his crown, and the welfare of his faithful subjects inhabiting that part of his dominions.

**CHAPLAINCY.**—His Majesty abstains from expressing any opinion on the questions debated between the two Houses of Provincial Legislature, with regard to the disuse of Divine Worship in the one, and the exclusion of the public from the Debates in the other. The King is persuaded that the very grave importance of these measures will be duly appreciated by either House, and that the interference of the Executive Government on such subjects would not only be misplaced, but injurious, as it could not fail to be regarded, and justly, as an encroachment on the peculiar privileges of the Legislature.

**NEW COUNCILLORS.**—In the list which you propose to transmit for his Majesty's consideration, of Gentlemen qualified to sit in the Council of Nova Scotia, it will be your care to introduce the names of persons connected with all the great interests, Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing, or Professional, existing in the Province.

You will also, as far as possible, propose candidates connected not merely with the Capital, but with the other principal Towns and with the rural Districts.

Your recommendations will be altogether uninfluenced by any consideration of the relation in which the proposed Councillors may stand towards the Church of England, or any other Society of Christians; it will indeed be your care to avoid, as far as possible, such a selection as may even appear to have been dictated by motives of this description, and it may, therefore, be necessary that you should advert to differences of Religious opinions amongst the various Candidates for this honor, not as constituting any criterion of eligibility, but as a security against the semblance of undue favor to any particular Church.

**THE JUDGES.**—The only motive for retaining the Chief Justice in the Council, would be that he would probably contribute to the general improvement of the permanent laws of the Province, with a greater extent of experience and knowledge, than any other member of that body; but it may fairly be questioned whether this advantage can be acquired consistently with that security which his Majesty is most anxious should be taken, against any of the Judges being drawn into the political discussions of the Country.

Perhaps the wisest course would be, that which prevails in some of the Colonies, eastward of the Atlantic, where the Judges are excluded from the local Legislature, but are required to revise every Act, before it is finally passed, and to report their opinion, whether it is framed in such a manner as to secure the attainment of the objects which the Legislature may have in view.

The benefit of judicial knowledge, and experience is thus obtained without any sacrifice of judicial independence.

**PUBLIC REVENUE.**—The claim of the Assembly to control and appropriate the whole of the public Revenue arising in the Province, is frankly admitted by the Queen, in the comprehensive and specific form in which that claim is now preferred, subject

only to the conditions by which His late Majesty was pleased, in the instructions to the Earl of Gosford, and to Sir Archibald Campbell, of which you possess copies, to qualify the corresponding concession; as, however, in Nova-Scotia, a permanent provision has already been made by law for the support of various Public Officers, the discussion of the terms of the proposed Civil List may be drawn within much narrower limits than in the adjacent Provinces.

**ELECTIVE COUNCIL.**—I willingly abstain from entering on the discussion of the alternative of an Elective Council suggested in one of the rescinded Resolutions; it is unnecessary for me to say more on this subject than to express my conviction that the suggestion was thrown out by the Assembly rather as a possible compromise of a supposed difficulty, than as expressing any fixed opinion that the evils of which they complain could be remedied only by so essential a change in the constitution:

**MINING COMPANY.**—The title of the Mining Company to their lease being undisputed, it is superfluous to say that Her Majesty's Government have no power to resume the grant. The introduction of their Capital into the province, is at least a very material compensation for any prejudice which the inhabitants may have sustained by the creation of their interest in the Mines. Supposing, however, that the Province was injured by that transaction, the error will now be repaired to the utmost possible extent, by placing the rents and royalties at the disposal of the Provincial Legislature, and by the enactment of the proposed law respecting the Territorial Revenue of the Crown, which will render it impossible that this measure should be drawn into a precedent.

**COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS.**—The exclusion of the Collector of the Customs from the Councils, whether Legislative or Executive, is a measure suggested by the Assembly, but as they have not explained the grounds of that suggestion, I can advance no further on this subject than to state, that the strong and obvious motives which appear to recommend this officer's admission into the Council, are opposed by no considerations of equal weight which have occurred to me.

**POWER OF THE ASSEMBLY.**—The language of the Address would seem to indicate an opinion, which is not yet distinctly propounded, that the Assembly of Nova Scotia ought to exercise over the Public Officers of that Government a control corresponding with that which is exercised over the Ministers of the Crown by the House of Commons.

To any such demand Her Majesty's Government must oppose a respectful, but, at the same time, a firm declaration, that it is inconsistent with a due adherence to the essential distinctions between a Metropolitan and a Colonial Government, and is, therefore, inadmissible.

On the other hand, the influence which the Assembly claim to derive from the power of refusing the supplies properly belongs to them; it being always assumed that this power will be exercised only in defence of the Constitution, and of the rights which the Constitution has created; and it being further assumed that this privilege of refusing the supplies shall not extend to the case of those officers for whom provision is to be made by the Civil List.

**TWO COUNCILS.**—The Assembly having deliberately expressed their opinion that the welfare of the province would be promoted by creating two Councils instead of one, Her Majesty defers to their judgment on that question, not indeed without some distrust of the soundness of the conclusion, but convinced that it is a topic on which the greatest weight is due to the advice of the Representatives of the People.

**PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.**—I propose that the salary of the Provincial Secretary shall be reduced on the first vacancy to £650. This will leave £350 applicable to the expenses of his office, a sum which, under ordinary circumstances, will I hope, prove amply sufficient. I do not of course propose to interfere with the salary received by the present Secretary. The charges, therefore, now incurred for the Clerks, and contingencies of his office, must be defrayed during the tenure of his office, from some other source; I shall advert to this again, in a subsequent part of this despatch.

**SALARIES.**—Her Majesty will be willing to accept the sum of £8,000 sterling, as the amount of the Civil List for Nova Scotia. I proceed to suggest the services to which, in the event of this sum being granted, it should be applied; and in doing this, I have thought it desirable to affix at once to each office, included in the following list, that sum which it is proposed permanently to appropriate to it, reserving the question of the right of existing officers to the full amount of salary, which was attached to their respective offices at the time of their appointment.

Lieutenant Governor,	£3,000
Provincial Secretary,	1,000
Chief Justice,	1,000
Puisne Judges,	1,500
Attorney General,	500
Solicitor General,	100
Miss Cox's Pension,	115
Superintendent of Mines,	100
Contingencies,	200

£7,865

**EX-COUNCILLORS.**—In omitting, however, from the new lists any gentlemen who are members of the present Council, I wish it to be distinctly understood that nothing can be further from my intention than to inflict on them any pain, or subject them to any reproach or discredit. To avoid any such suspicion, Her Majesty has been graciously pleased, in accordance with your suggestion, to intimate her desire that they should retain their present rank in society on retiring into private life.

**CHAPLAINS.**—On Saturday the Hon. Mr. Dewolf moved, that, as the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, prior Chaplain of the House, was about to leave the Province, another clergyman of the Church of England should be called to fill his place as Chaplain.

Mr. Howe moved in amendment, that the Rev. Mr. Twining, of the Church of England; Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Church of Scotland; Rev. Mr. Laughlan, of the Catholic Church; Rev. Mr. Crawley of the Baptist Church; and Rev. Mr. Churchill, of the Methodist Church;—be requested to open with prayers the deliberations of this House, in weekly succession.



And this question being taken thereupon, it passed in the affirmative.

Four of the gentleman named complied with the request. The Rev. Mr. Laughlan declined, on the ground of its interfering with his other duties.

Our own lucubrations we have been compelled to set aside in the present number, to furnish our readers with the information contained in our columns from Lord Glenelg's Despatches to our Governor.

**LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.**—On Wednesday the 29th January, on the motion of the Hon. Mr. Stewart seconded by the Hon. Mr. Ousley, resolutions were passed unanimously, expressing the gratification of the House at the recent display of loyalty in the British North American Colonies—offering the grateful acknowledgments of the House to Sir Francis B. Head, Colonel McNab and the Loyal Militia of Upper Canada—and condemning the conduct of those American Citizens who lent their assistance to the expatriated Rebels of Canada.

By Her Majesty's Frigate Inconstant news have been received from Great Britain to the 4th of January. The subjoined extracts are among the items of importance:—

Her Majesty's frigate Inconstant, Capt. Pring, 23 days from Cork, with the left wing of the 93d Regiment; the remainder of the Regiment, expected in the Pique and Vestal.

London papers to the 29th Dec., Portsmouth to the 1st, and Cork to the 4th inst, were brought by the Inconstant.

Accounts from Canada to the 6th Dec. had been received bringing intelligence of the success of Col. Wetheral at St. Charles and St. Denis.

All is activity at the Horse Guards, Major General Sir W. McBean, has been ordered to hold himself in readiness to take charge of a brigade consisting of the 23d, 71st, 93d, and 94th Regiments, destined for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; drafts from the Depots of the regiments now at the seat of War have orders to join their respective regiments to make up the force to 600 men each; two Companies of Artillery are also ordered for the same destination, a brigade of Guards under Lord Saltoun, and the first battalion of Rifles are also ordered to hold themselves in readiness. Colonel Fitzgerald has been appointed Inspecting-Field-Officer of Militia, to proceed forthwith to Canada.

(From the London Times Jan. 1.)

In the reinforcements for Canada alluded to in our publication of Saturday, we omitted to name a regiment of Cavalry, (reported to be the 15th Hussars.) The following may therefore be taken as a pretty correct enumeration of the force intended to be embarked for this particular service, and we are led to believe that all are to proceed to Halifax as soon as the means of transport in ships of war can be provided.

1 regiment of Cavalry, augmented to	450
93d Highlanders, augmented strength	600
Brigade of Guards, say	2,000
65th Regiment from West Indies, augmented strength	600
23d Fusiliers and 71st Light Infantry, augmented strength	1,000
Augmentation of 100 rank and file to all Regts. in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—namely, 1st Royals, 15th, 24th, 32d, 24th, 43d, 66th 89d, and 85th	600
<b>Total,</b>	<b>5,200</b>

The 11th and 73d Regiments, ordered home from the Mediterranean are to land at Gibraltar, there to await instructions in case their services should also be required in Canada.

Two companies of artillery are also, it is said under orders for the same destination. (Canada).

CORK, January 4.

Orders have been received to put Fermoy barracks in readiness for the immediate reception of a large body of Troops.

Transports are expected at Cork to proceed to Gibraltar and Corfu for the 11th and 73d Regiments, to take them to Halifax. The Military force in Canada will shortly be strengthened by 6000 men.

The Horse Guards has issued orders to receive volunteers for the Regiments to serve in Canada, a number of whom had offered.

Sir George Arthur was to leave London for Upper Canada on the 27th December.

Captain Wolffs' company of Royal Engineers are ordered from Gibraltar for Canada. Twenty Field Officers on half-pay are to proceed to Canada to take charge of the Militia.

**CHOLERA IN WATERFORD.**—Accounts have reached town that the Asiatic cholera prevails in Waterford, and that it has extended to the neighbouring town of Carrick-on-Suir. There were, it is said, 19 cases in Waterford on the first day of the appearance of the disease. On Wednesday the Mayor of that city presided at a meeting in the Town-hall, when it was determined to apply to the Lord-Lieutenant to appoint a local board of health.

The British Parliament had adjourned until the 16th of January. Mr. George Young, in a letter of some length published in the Evening Mail, of 29th Dec. repels with just indignation, a charge of disloyalty made by Mr. Leader in the House of Commons, against this Colony and New Brunswick.

A destructive flood had taken place in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Several Men-of-war, were under orders for Halifax. Sir Henry Harding had been appointed Governor General of Canada.

**CANADA.**

By the Mail Packet Velocity.

**THE NAVY ISLANDERS.**—From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.—On the Night before last the soi-disant patriot army, on Navy Island, evacuated that position, crossing in their boats to Grand Island, surrendering their arms to the United States authorities, and disbanding their forces. The cannon belonging to the State were returned in a scow to Schlosser.

The British flag was yesterday morning hoisted on Navy Island. —Boston Atlas January 23.

The disbanding of the forces at Navy Island has furnished an opportunity for ascertaining the number. They numbered in all 610, who were enrolled. Besides about 150 supernumeraries.

A letter from Detroit, dated June 7, published in the *Baltimore American*, conveys particulars of important events which have transpired at Detroit, on the Michigan frontier, relative to the revolt in Canada.

On Thursday night, all the State arms in our city Arsenal were secretly taken away; on the same day 400 stand were openly seized at Monroe, and on the succeeding night our jail was robbed of all the arms and fixed ammunition which had been deposited there for safe keeping.

The next morning a vessel with about 800 stand and about 100 men, departed from our wharves for Bois Blanc—a British island 19 miles hence at the junction of the River Detroit with Lake Erie. Attempts were also to have been made upon our city powder magazine at Dearborn, which were frustrated.

Supplies have been purchased and sent down to Bois Blanc—subscription papers circulated, and now containing 1000 names—Commissioners from Navy Island tendered and accepted—enrolment of about 700 men made in the different counties on the River—regular drills held—and, Sutherland, from New York, is hourly expected with a force from Cleveland, to arrive at Gibraltar, 19 miles hence,—to take command of all the forces.

The Patriots design to proceed to Sanwich and London, & effect a junction with McKenzie at Hamilton, U. C.

Governor Mason issued his proclamation three or four days ago, but it was disregarded. Yesterday, the U. S. District Attorney despatched a steamboat with the Marshal and posse after the schooner but they were derided, and threatened.

Our citizens held a public meeting and passed resolutions expressing their disapprobation of the Patriots measures, and organized a guard of 100 men for the protection of the town.

January, 8.

Sutherland has arrived at Gibraltar from Cleveland with 70 men, and an attack upon Bois Blanc, of which the British are said to be in possession, is contemplated.

Gen. Van Rensselaer, of the late Patriot Army, Navy Island, was arrested by one of United States Deputy Marshals, and liberated on giving bail for his appearance at the next session of the United States Circuit Court.

The bail taken was Mr. Van Rensselaer's own recognizance in the sum of \$3000, and Dr. E. Johnson, P. Baker, and H. K. Smith, Esqrs., in the additional sum of \$1000 each.

(From the Buffalo Com. Advertiser, of Monday evening.)

Schlosser, Jan. 15th.

Gov. Marcy and Gen Scott, left accompanied by Gen. Wool, for Black Rock, and will perhaps proceed to Grand Island. Two companies of artillery, with two field pieces, also left here for that quarter.

This step, we understand, is in consequence of intelligence that an armed British schooner, is lying in our waters, down the river, with hostile intentions towards the steamboat Barcelona, or any craft that may have been employed in aid of the Navy Islanders.

While writing the above, several discharges of cannon have been heard from that direction.

A gentleman from Navy Island, says the two schooners mentioned in the accounts from Buffalo, on being enquired of by Gen. Scott as to their designs, replied that they intended to capture the steamer Barcelona, at all hazards, on her passage up to Black Rock. Gen. Scott replied that he should defend the boat at all hazards, and had placed some cannon in a position to reach the schooners if they should molest the boat.

The marshal is on the qui vive with his deputies, (directed by the district attorney,) to serve civil process on the leaders, if they can be found.

Gov. Marcy and Gen. Scott are here doing all that existing laws permit to maintain neutrality.

From the Lewiston Telegraph Extra, Jan. 13.—TORONTO.—A vague rumor was circulated among our citizens last evening, that the Patriots were again in arms back of Toronto.

**OUR FRIENDS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.**—By a new arrangement intended shortly to be made, we hope to be able to furnish our readers in the Sister Province with *THE PEARL*, a number of days sooner than according to our present system.

**DIED.**

At Red-head, on the 22d Nov. last, aged 73, Mr. John McKenny, where he had been a resident for about 54 years. He served in the Army during the latter part of the American revolution.

At Round Bay, near Shelburne, on the 31st December last, aged 78, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Silas Perry, a native of Huntington, Connecticut.

At Black Point, near Shelburne, on the 5th January, aged 54, Charlotte, wife of Mr. Boarne Perry, a native of that place.

At Black Point, near Shelburne, on the 10th January, aged 6 years, George, son of Wm. and Hannah Munroe: the last mentioned three, were—the sister—daughter—and grand-child of Mrs. Margt. Perry of Black Point.

On Tuesday night, in the 76th year of his age, Wm. McDonald, a native of Inverness, G. B., and for many years, of Her Majesty's Ordnance and a respectable inhabitant of this Town.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**ARRIVED.**

Sunday, Jan. 28th.—Schr. Rifleman, Hancock, Kingston, Jam., 30 days—ballast, to T. Hancock; the Condor sailed 4 days before for Halifax; brig Pearl, 6 days; the barque Thalia had sailed for an out-port; brig Heron, sailed 17 days before for Turk's Island; brig Granville, Oxford, London, 51 days—four, tar, &c., to T. & L. Piers, W. Fryor and Sons, Deblois & Merkel, and others; the Calpe, for this place, sailed 2 days before; spoke December 23, lat 48, long 18, ship Mariner, for Quebec.

Wednesday, Mailboat Margaret, Bermuda, Brig Louisa, Abell, Antwerp, 57 days, flour &c. to Fairbanks & Allison; Schr. Speculator, Frederick, Lunenburg, run to do; Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg, staves; Nancy, Bihlan, Demerara, 20 days, rum & molasses to J. Strachan; Myrtle, Sutcliffe, Newfoundland, to H. Bazelgette; Alert, Scott, New York, to W. Lawson, Junr.

Thursday, Condor, Lanigan, Kingston, 37 days, beef and ballast, to L. Williamson and D. F. Starr & Co.

Friday, Schr. Collector, Phelan, Bridgeport, coal.

**CLEARED.**

January 28, Schr. Margaret, Conrod, Demerary, dry fish, &c. by J. C. Kinnear, Perseverance, Williams, Barbadoes, Flour, Pork, &c. W. J. Starr. Brig Greyhound, Tucker, Brazils, dry fish, J. Allison, and Co.

**PUBLIC MEETING**

**THE SHUBENACADIE CANAL.**

**ALL PERSONS** who take any interest in the further prosecution of the **UNDERTAKING**—for opening a **SHIP CANAL**, between the Harbour of Halifax, and the Basin of Minas—are respectfully invited to attend a **PUBLIC MEETING** for the consideration of this subject, to be held at the Exchange Coffee House on **TUESDAY** next the **SIXTH** day of **FEBRUARY**, when information, on many points connected with that work, and the Recent Report, Plans and Estimates—will be submitted. The chair will be taken precisely at Eleven o'clock, by the Honorable Mr. Jeffery, the President of the Canal Company; and a full attendance is particularly requested. Halifax, 31st January, 1838.

**VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.**

To be sold at **PRIVATE SALE** the following highly valuable Real Estate, viz:

**ALL** the **DWELLING-HOUSE**, Lot of Land and appurtenances formerly owned and occupied by the late Hon. James Fraser, deceased, consisting of the dwelling house and Lot fronting in Water street, measuring forty-six feet six inches in front by one hundred and thirty-six feet in depth—also the lot of land in rear thereof, fronting westwardly on Argyle street, and measuring in front sixty-three feet by sixty-four in depth. These premises will be sold either together or in separate Lots, at the desire of purchasers.

Also, The Warehouse and buildings formerly occupied by Messrs. Fraser and Co. as a store and counting house, situate in the middle range of buildings on Marchington's Wharf, adjoining the property of the late John Barron.

Also, A lot of ground in the South range of Marchington's wharf, adjoining the Ordnance property, measuring twenty-two feet in front by twenty-six feet in depth.

The terms and particulars may be known on application at the office of the Subscriber, who is authorized to treat for the Sale of the above premises.

JAMES F GRAY.

Feb. 2.

**PRIVATE SALE**

**THE** Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgly, in Barrington Street, next door to Mr. A. Reid's Store near St. Paul's Church. Possession may be had 1st May, 1838. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to the Proprietor, D. D. Stewart, Esq. Newport, or to B. Murdoch, Esq. at his Office, next door to the premises. February 2.

**BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.**

Halifax, Thursday 1st February, 1838.

**A** **DIVIDEND** of Four and one half per cent on the Capital Stock paid in, has been declared, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, for the half year ending the 31st January, and will be paid at the Bank on or after the 3rd March next.

By order of the President and Directors,

JAMES FORMAN, Cashier.

**COOKING AND FRANKLIN STOVES.**

EX. SCHR. NEPTUNE, FROM BOSTON.

**THE** Subscriber has received by the above Vessel, a consignment of Cooking and Franklin Stoves, which he can confidently recommend as superior to any thing of the kind lately imported. Wm. M. ALLAN.

He has also on hand—Punchons Demerara Rum, bbls Prime Sugar, Cognac Brandy in gr. casks, Marsala Wine in do.; chests fine congo and Bohea Tea, 160 M. prime Havana Cigars.

Black's Wharf.

January 6th, 1838.

**A SUITABLE NEW YEAR'S-GIFT.**

**JUST PUBLISHED**

**PRICE 2s**: neatly bound in silk. **A New Companion to the Altar**: or Sacramental Exercises, chiefly in the language of the Holy Scripture. Intended to furnish the Christian Communicant with a profitable spiritual exercise during the period of the dispensation of the Divine ordinance, by W. F. Teulon. To be had at the respective Book-stores in Town.

"The pious author has well judged that the best recommendation of such works is their conformity to Scripture, and the Liturgy of the Church; and he has here furnished the serious communicant with considerable portions of the former, well suited to the devout meditation of his soul while waiting at the Altar of Redeeming love" (Colonial Churchman.)

**UPERIOR HAVANA CIGARS, &c.**

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

**20,000** first quality Havana CIGARS, Boxes first quality Eau de Cologne, Boxes second quality Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, Transparent, Rose, and Almond Soap, Military shaving Soap, A few handsome bird Cages, &c. &c.

LOWES & CREIGHTON.

January 6th, 1838.

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**LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES**

**THE** Subscriber offers for Sales 150 M. Pine spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichit Shingles; 100 M. Pine Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23. 1837.—6w.



MISCELLANY.—John Gordon, who died near Turiff, Banffshire, some time ago, had attained the remarkable age of a hundred and thirty-two years. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighbouring inn of Turiff, were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs Wallace, to the cottage of the Patriarch, where they would see (she used to say) the oldest man in Banffshire, "ay, or in the world." Among the visitors one day about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable-looking man employed in knitting hose, with, "So, my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? one hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age. 'Deils' i' the man: it will be my grand-ather ye're seeking—I'm only seventy-three—ye'll find him round the corner o' the house. On turning round the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life; and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man; I doubt not but you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life." "What's your wull, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "Oh, ye'll be wanting my father, I reckon—he's i' the yard there." The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the ballad of the battle of Harlaw. "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you: indeed they seem as old as yourself. Your labour is rather hard for one at your advanced age." "It is (replied John), but I'm thankful that I'm able for't, as the laddies' pair things, are no verra stout now."—The united ages of the worthy trio amounted to upwards of three hundred years!

An Irishwoman called on an apothecary with an infant that was unwell, to beg something for it. The apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning; when the woman said, "Perhaps your honour will lend me a sixpence the while, as I haven't got one at all."

A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in a sermon exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age. "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried in this town."

A captain of an East Indiaman was one evening seated with his cronies in a tavern, and was relating to them some eventful story of his life and adventures, when at the very moment in which he had arrived at the climax, and the most interesting period of his tale, his narrative was broken short by a messenger to inform him that the wind was fair, the tide favourable, and he must immediately go on board. After a hasty adieu, he set forth and proceeded on his voyage. He was absent about a twelvemonth; and, on his return, his first visit was paid to the tavern, where he was certain of meeting some of his former associates. He was not disappointed; for there they were, bound by long-continued habit, and apparently they might have sat on their respective stools and benches ever since our hero had taken his departure. We may suppose their congratulations over, and all mutual inquiries satisfied, when the captain, with the utmost composure, lighted his pipe, and looking round with a complacent air, recommenced his story of a year old, prefacing it with "Well, as I was saying, when I was interrupted." In this anecdote, which I quote from Joe Miller, or some other equally facetious worthy, we do not know which to admire most, the retentive memory of the man, which could at once recur to the old train of ideas, by the association of place and personages, or the simplicity of the heart which could believe that though he had been so long absent, he and his story were still matters of interest to those he had left behind him, and found again seated in their former and accustomed station.

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

Some catalogues and printed particulars given by auctioneers are truly curious. Placards headed "Sale of a nobleman," may lead many to suppose that the sale of a nobleman's person is to take place in the most public market of the metropolis. In a catalogue, a "great man's coat," and "an elegant lady's shawl," may seem to show that the pressure of the times affects all ranks. Still it is explained that, by incorrectly placing the adjectives, two common articles of dress are only meant. "A mahogany child's chair" has certainly a dubious meaning; "moveable fixtures" is declared to be correct, because technical—but in a sale of linen-drapery, "a matchless piece of Irish," with twelve successive

lots of "ditto," is certainly an unequalled specimen of Hibernianism.

A jury in one of the Cinque Ports, being charged with an old woman, accused of stealing a pair of boots, moved probably by the infirmities and miserable appearance of the prisoner, returned the following verdict:—"We find her not guilty, and hope she will never do so any more."

A notorious miser, having heard a very eloquent charity sermon—"This sermon," said he, "so strongly proves the necessity of alms, I have almost a mind to beg."

Mr. Southey is the author of the following description, in nursery rhymes of the cataract of Lodore:—

"How does the water come down at Lodore?"

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it looks darkling!  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in-

It hastens along, conflicting strong;  
Now striking and raging,

As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among-

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,

Around and around,  
Collecting, disjecting,  
With endless rebound:

Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in,  
Confounding, astounding,

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound;

Reading and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and lizzing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And whitening and brightening,

And quivering and shivering,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,

And tossing and crossing,  
And slowing and growing,  
And running and stumming,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And glittering and flittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And dimming and spinning,

And foaming and roaring,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And goggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And thundering and floundering,

And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And grumbling and rumberling and tumberling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering.

And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, tumbling, and toiling and boiling,  
And thumping and slumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clushing,

And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

On a grave-stone in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise is the following singularly prudent inscription, which, in its praise of the dead, does not lose sight of the living:—"Here lies N—, the best of fathers, the most tender of husbands. His inconsolable widow still keeps the fancy shop, Rue Richelieu, No.—"

When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, J'ai paye tous mes Anglois—"I have paid all my English." This proverb originated when John, the French king was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French nobleman; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their idea of it, by making the English and their creditors synonymous terms.

Perhaps no lady was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of

the Regent d'Orleans, who governed French during the minority of Louis XV. Thus she speaks of her own appearance and manners:—"From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress, because diamonds and dress were sure to attract attention. On great days my husband used to make me rouge, which I did greatly against my will, as I hate every thing that incommodes me. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head whenever I passed before a mirror—every body else did? I answered, because I had too much self-love to bear the sight of my own ugliness. I must have been very ugly in my youth. I had no sort of features; with little twinkling eyes, a short snub-nose, and long thick lips, the whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive. My face was large with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person. Except for the goodness of my disposition, no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover any thing, like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The king often told me so, and set me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter."

#### ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF HARTFORD CON.

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

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

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

Halifax, Jan. 20, 1838.

CHARLES YOUNG.

#### NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION ESTABLISHMENT.

THE necessity which has for some time existed in Halifax, of having an AUCTIONEERING ESTABLISHMENT, where Goods sent could be promptly sold and settled for, has induced the Subscriber to come forward, in the hope that the concern which he is about to establish, will meet with that public patronage which he believes on trial it will fully merit. The Business will be conducted on the following system.—All Goods sent for public Sale, will positively be sold—no articles being put up, which are either limited or allowed to be withdrawn—all purchases to be paid for on delivery, and the proceeds to be handed over to the owner on the day succeeding the Sale; and as these regulations will be rigidly adhered to in all instances, the Subscriber trusts that they will be found advantageous for both Buyer and Seller, as the former may rely that the Sale will be positive, and the articles themselves will always command a fair price from the competition which such a system must produce; and the fact that the money will be forthcoming on the day succeeding, will recommend itself to the favorable notice of those who may be inclined to patronize it. Business will be commenced on Thursday next, the First day of February, and parties wishing to send Articles will please leave a Note of them previous to that time, in order that they may be properly advertised, and they may rely that confidence will at all times be strictly preserved. Articles will also be received for Private Sale; and as the premises occupied by the Subscriber are in a central part, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Town, quick Sales may be reasonably expected. The smallest favor will be carefully attended to.

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Street

The usual assortment of Groceries and Liquors kept constantly on hand.

Jan 26.

#### INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has Just Received 150 pairs Indian Rubbers assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order.  
Jan. 27. (3m.) WILLIAM WISSWELL.

#### LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 140 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6666 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscribers.

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

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

#### THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Will be published every Saturday morning, at the printing office of Wm. Cunibell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto-pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages; exclusive of the title-page and index.

TERMS: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and six-pence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names. All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance. Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.