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# THE PEARL.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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## THE AVENGER.\*

A TALE OF THE WESTERN OCEAN.

By the Author of "Tough Yarns."

"Is there an offence in it?  
None—none in the world!  
It bears a moral."

But the mystery was soon solved by the simultaneous appearance of a number of boats; and, in a moment, before any preparations for defence could be made, the schooner was boarded in all directions by armed men, who carried every thing before them. The lieutenant grasped a hand-pike and knocked down the first man who approached, but was himself levelled by the blow of a sabre; and, whilst on the deck, several of the assailants gathered round him, each threatening his life. "He has made many a poor fellow swing!" exclaimed one; "let's make a running bow-line in the squaresail out-hauler, and land him up like a cod-fish to dry."

"Away with him—away with him!" was now the simultaneous shout; "let him die the death; and the lieutenant felt his arms firmly pinioned by a piece of stout cord, whilst a running noose was placed around his neck. "Kneel, sir, and pray," urged the third man who had spoken; "your time is but short, yet there is mercy at the eleventh hour to those who believe." To gain time the lieutenant knelt, and his assailants stood over him with their heads uncovered, fanatically repeating texts of scripture whilst meditating a deed of blood.

Hopkins, the leader of the party, had insisted, previously to boarding, that, after the crew of the schooner had been secured, they should suffer no further molestation than the loss of freedom. He, himself, had been busily engaged in getting Melicent into one of the boats, and placing combustibles in the schooner's tween-decks. The Gaspar's people were ordered to get their beds and things on deck ready for departure, and some time elapsed before he went ast; for, notwithstanding what he deemed his injuries, he felt a delicacy in insulting the lieutenant by his presence. But, observing a gang assembled, apparently doing nothing, he hastened to the spot to chide them.

"Are your prayers for mercy ended?" inquired the fanatic, who had desired the lieutenant to pray.

"How?—what is this?" exclaimed Ezekiel, as he rushed in amongst them. "Are ye men or devils? Put up your pistol, Henderson!—would you commit murder?" and with his own hand he cast off the noose from the lieutenant's neck. "Stand back, I say," for the fanatics crowded on him to stay his purpose. "Now, by yon star-lit heaven, I swear, the first who lays a finger on this officer, shall meet the fate you proposed for him." The men slowly and reluctantly retired. "Jasper," said he, to a young man who advanced, "have an eye upon those fellows—they think of nothing but blood. Let the people get their duds in readiness, and bear a-hand. Mr. D—," he continued, turning to the officer, "you see, sir, we have met again, and though you have sought my life, and would have sacrificed it, I thank my God that I have been instrumental in saving yours. Direct your servants to hand up your clothes, or any property you may wish to save, for another hour will see this schooner burned down to the water's edge."

"You have performed a noble act, young man," said the lieutenant, "and I am grateful for it; nor can I prove my gratitude better than by earnestly and solemnly entreating you to withdraw these wilful and mistaken men, and return to your allegiance to your sovereign."

"You probably mean well, sir," returned Hopkins, "but it is an idle waste of breath. I give you, sir, one quarter of an hour to prepare for departure; by that time —," he checked himself, and left the officer to his own discretion.

At the expiration of the allotted period, the schooner's men were ordered into their boats—the combustibles were fired—the smoke and flame came pouring up the hatchways—the boats shoved off—and, in another quarter of an hour, the raging element enveloped the schooner in one large and continuous mass of fire. Ezekiel and his select friends landed at the cove, and accompanied Melicent to the cottage. They found the neighbourhood aroused by the flames; and fearfully grieved the red blaze on the smooth surface of the dark waters, till one sudden explosion tossed the burning fragments into the air, and then all settled into obscurity and gloom. The inmates of the cottage were in unutterable distress—the disappearance of her daughter had distracted Mrs. Hargood—her protracted absence increased the malady under which she was labouring, and nature was making its last struggle when the party arrived. She lived but to know her child, to stretch forth her feeble hands to dispense the unheard blessing, and closed her eyes for ever.

Sad was the shock to the daughter of her affections, and Ezekiel knew well that immediate consolation under such a bereavement was impossible. He, however, had a short interview with Melicent, and, having consigned her to the care of a respectable widow lady who resided in the neighbourhood, he hastened away to join his comrades. The burning of the schooner was considered so during an act, that government offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the discovery and conviction of those engaged in it; but though many of them were known, and publicly walked the streets of Providence, no one could be found to give evidence against them. The lieutenant was severely wounded, and underwent a protracted confinement, but ultimately recovered. As soon as a decent interval had elapsed, Hopkins (who had given up his West India voyage) was united to Melicent, and the cottage continued to be her home, though it was but seldom, and then in secret, that her husband could share it with her.

Affairs grew worse and worse between the colonies and the parent country. The land-forces were increased, large naval armaments spread along the coasts, and commerce was so restricted, especially in the province of Massachusetts, that the merchants beheld the advance of ruin, which they felt it impossible to check or to avoid. The unloading of the tea-ships, and the destruction of their cargoes, to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, in the port of Boston (in which Hopkins took a leading part, the assailants being disguised as Mohawk Indians), brought down heavier vengeance on that town; so that the lading or unloading of any goods or merchandise, except stores for his majesty's service, was entirely prohibited, and several ships of the line arrived to enforce the prohibition.

"We have no alternative, Jasper," said Ezekiel to the young man, who has been already introduced in the attack upon the schooner; "the seamen are fast quitting the port, for they will not starve. Wretchedness to those we love is engraven on the scroll of our destiny—we have no alternative. What say you, then, if we make out our own commissions, and hoist our own flag!"

"Your course is mine," returned Jasper. "I wish to steer by no other than the compass in your binnacle. We have been shipmates and messmates from boyhood, and I am ready to hold on by you to the last."

"It shall be so," exclaimed his companion. "These Englishers shall not have it all their own way upon the

ocean—there shall be AN AVENGER afloat upon the deep; and though they may call us pirates, what is there in a name?"

A few months subsequent to this, orders were issued to the different men-of-war upon the station, directing that a strict look-out should be kept for a remarkably fine flush-deck ship, that had fitted out at Nantucket as a whaler, but had secretly taken in arms and ammunition to cruise as a pirate. She mounted eighteen long brass twelve-pounders, with a long thirty-two pounder a-midship, on a traversing carriage; was well supplied with whale-boats, and had a crew of one hundred and forty men, principally belonging to Boston, Providence, and Nantucket. She was a remarkably fast sailer, and had already committed several acts of aggression against the cruisers in the service of his majesty—in fact, for speed and daring, nothing could surpass the FIERCE AVENGER: even her colours gave indications of her character, as they showed bloody stripes upon a white field. Accounts from the Gulf of Florida teemed with the desperate acts of the marauders. British ships, both outward and homeward bound, were plundered, but personal property was respected, and cruelty was never shown.

Great alarm prevailed amongst the merchants, and anxious inquiries were constantly made at the seaports, under a hope that some of the British cruisers would fall in with and take her; but no information was obtained of her proceedings for several months, till the news was communicated that a ship answering her description had been seen off Cape Cod, where she had boarded a government transport, and amply supplied herself with ammunition and stores. The cruisers were immediately on the alert; two frigates sailed from Boston to look for the outlaw, but no tidings could be gained of her beyond his having been seen off Nantucket, and even as far in the night as Martha's Vineyard; but nothing further was known, as it did not appear that he had held any communication with the shore, and, as he stood out to sea under a press of canvass, it was conjectured that he had proceeded on another cruise.

Melicent Hopkins had remained at the cottage respected and beloved by her neighbours, who now looked upon her as one of themselves. She had given birth to a fine boy, whose resemblance to his father she loved to contemplate as a source of never-ending gratification—but with it came a woman's fears for a husband's safety. She knew the perilous occupation in which he was engaged, and sickly apprehension would oftentimes sadden the pleasure of witnessing the innocent and infantile tricks of her smiling boy. Report had, from time to time, spread information of Ezekiel's "whereabouts. Mr. Hancock, of Boston, had repeatedly communicated all the intelligence he could glean, and she cherished the hope that brighter, happier days would yet dawn upon them. Terror would sometimes agitate and distress her when she thought of her husband's danger, and the large reward (fifteen hundred pounds) that was offered for his apprehension.

Melicent was sitting in her little parlour nursing her sleeping infant. The lamp shed forth its shining light,—the curtains at the windows were drawn, when a neighbour called in to say that her husband had just arrived from Boston, and brought intelligence that the fierce pirate "The Avenger," was on the coast. Melicent trembled in every limb—she laid her boy in his wicker dormitory, whilst agitation forced the perspiration from every pore. She struggled to be tranquil, but the mingled feelings of hope and dread overpowered her, and she sank to the earth. The kind neighbour raised her up—a flood of tears brought relief, her mind new strengthened, an

\*Concluded from last week.

she was enabled to assume a calmness which she did not feel. Midnight came; all in the house, except Melicent, were wrapt in profound repose—she still sat in her parlour, alternately cherishing sweet expectations, and then again yielding to despondency. A tap was heard at the window—her heart beat quick—the tap was repeated, and emotion fixed her to her seat. She heard her name called gently: the voice was his,—the very voice that had been treasured in memory since last she heard its sound. Her spirits revived—her strength returned—she opened the door, and was clasped in her husband's arms. Oh, who can paint the ecstasy of that delightful moment?

They sat together in that little parlour, and fondly did the parent caress his growing offspring. Jewels, rare and costly, were spread before his devoted wife, who, however, felt that her pearl of best price was the affection of her husband. Heaps of gold were released from various parts of his person, and he threw over her shoulders a beautiful mantilla from India, bordered with flowers, that seemed to have all the freshness of life. But Melicent, though gratified by such proofs of remembrance, still preferred the white scarf which Ezekiel had ever retained, and, on all especial occasions, had worn about his neck. Two days,—two short but happy days,—they passed together, and the following morning he was again to take his departure. The hour arrived—they were standing in the little garden fronting the cottage. Melicent had decorated herself in some of the ornaments she had received from Ezekiel's hand. The mantilla was brooched upon her bosom with a costly diamond, and even the neck of the infant displayed a precious gift. They said but little. Ezekiel plucked a full-blown rose, and placed it in her hair, and whilst lingering still to lengthen the adieu, he saw the little cutter of his former exploits anchor in the bay. A crowd of recollections rushed upon his mind; he pressed her to his heart, and was bidding her farewell, when a party of armed seamen entered the garden, and, before he could conceal himself or escape, he was a prisoner. Without allowing him a moment's delay, he was hurried to the beach, where a small boat lay in readiness. His hands were heavily ironed, and he was thrown in without one spark of commiseration being excited at his unhappy condition.

Melicent's heart was nearly broken; she retired to her apartment, where the first thing she saw was the white scarf, and as she looked from the window, she placed it in sight, that her husband might know her eyes were still upon him. The rose fell from her hair in the recess where it remained, and taking her sleeping boy in her arms, she sat herself down to weep. Oh, scalding, scalding, were those tears, and bitter, bitter, was her agony. She saw the boat pull to the little cutter—this was inexplicable. She saw the cutter stand out to sea—animation seemed almost suspended, when several of the neighbours arrived to comfort the afflicted. But the circumstances which had occurred, drew down upon her head the vengeance of the authorities. Her person was seized, and, with her child, she was consigned to the interior of a jail, whence she was conveyed to Boston, and kept in strict duration; not a friend, male or female, being allowed to visit her. Thus dragged on the dreary months of her existence, till, wasted with confinement, and worn by anxiety, she seemed but a shadow of her former self. Of her husband she heard nothing, for the subject was prohibited, and her only solace in affliction was his semblance in her darling boy.

When Ezekiel was lifted on board his own vessel, the cutter, the first person that presented himself was his former opponent, the lieutenant, (now elevated to the rank of commander,) who had, on hearing of the visitor on the coast, rightly judged that Ezekiel would seek an opportunity to snatch a few hasty hours with his wife. He communicated his thoughts to the commander-in-chief, and seizing the cutter, he manned her with some of his seamen, and, sailing from Boston, brought his plans to the fruition that has been shown.

"Well met again, young man!" said he, as with ill-repressed delight he contemplated the success of his stratagem; "we are once more upon the same deck—you stopped my promotion once. I fear I shall not be able to do the same for you."

Ezekiel's heart was too full to say much. He gave the captain a look of utter contempt. "The hemp's not spun that is to do that office for me," returned he; "nor is it mainly to taunt the vanquished—I had hoped better things from you."

"Come, come, don't be testy, young man," said Captain D—; "you cannot suppose that I have forgotten or forgiven the destruction of my schooner; in truth, it was a villainous affair; and now, with one thousand five hundred pounds reward!—Hopkins, the temptation was too great. I have you safe now, where no 'Avenger' can deliver you."

Ezekiel was thrust into the hold, where, galled by his manacles, he lay in utter darkness, and almost suffocated with the heat. Hours passed on in miserable anticipation, and keen reflection, till, by the motion of the vessel, he became sensible that the breeze had stiffly freshened, and the noise on deck convinced him that they were shortening sail. Sea after sea broke over the lively little craft, and the water came pouring down upon the unhappy prisoner. The gale increased from the north-west, and, as they opened out clear of the land, the sea ran fearfully high, and the cutter was just going about to stand in shore again; but, in accomplishing this, she pitched so heavily forward that her bowsprit broke short off, at the stem, and they were compelled to lay her to under the try-sail. Nothing could behave better than the light buoyant vessel, as she rolled over the billows, like a gull topping the comb of a wave:—wet she was, it is true, but she safely swam where many a larger vessel must have perished. Hopkins was, at length, released from his unpleasant confinement, and suffered to remain on deck. All night the gale continued, but lulled towards the morning; the sea gradually went down, and, at day-light, the wind had greatly abated, and the water was, comparatively, smooth; but close to them, emerging from the haze of early dawn, appeared a large ship, evidently a vessel of war.

"It is the Rose," said Captain D—; "she's looking for a Yankee pirate that has lately been seen upon the coast," and he sternly fixed his eyes on Hopkins; "she sees us, and is bearing down."

Ezekiel gazed stealthily, but with intense anxiety, at the stranger—he drew a convulsive respiration—his lip quivered with emotion, and a livid paleness over-spread his face; it was, however, but momentary, and passed unnoticed; his blood rallied, and rushed violently to his head,—he made a desperate effort, and was calm.

The ship rapidly approached, nearly end on; they had no glass on board the cutter, but one of the seamen respectfully approached his commander, and uncovering a venerable head, exclaimed, "Mayhap your honour will excuse my troubling on you in regard o' the sloop; but I thought it a bit of my duty, your honour, just to tell you that that 'ere ship arn't his majesty's sloop Rose, whatever other name she may be entered by in the Navy List."

"Not the Rose?" returned the captain, starting up in haste; "pooh—pooh, old man—it must be either the Rose or the Lively,—what other king's ship should we fall in with here?"

"It may be the Lively, your honour, thof I misdoubts it," ejaculated the seaman, stroking his silken locks over his forehead; "but every man will be as wise as his neighbour presently, I'm thinking."

"What do you mean, Jackson?" inquired the commander, quickly, as a vague answer to his own question crossed his thoughts. "What ship do you think it is?"

"Why then, since your honour axes me," answered the man, "and Bill never was the boy to shove his oar in another man's rullock—since your honour axes me, I'm bound to speak my mind, and I'm blessed if I don't believe she's that pirate as they've overhauled so much palaver about lately,"

"Impossible, Jackson!" exclaimed Captain D—, again fixing his eyes on Hopkins, who stood the severe scrutiny undisturbed; then, addressing him, he said, "Are you acquainted with you ship, young man?"

"You put a difficult question, sir," replied Ezekiel, with assumed indifference. "Even you yourself are unable to distinguish friend from foe without a glass; but less than half-an-hour will decide it, according to the rating rate the vessel travels."

The men, (most of them employed in running out a jury-bowsprit,) looked with "lack-lustre" eyes as the gallant bark drew nigher; and they murmured amongst themselves as indecisive how to act. "Bear a-hand, lads,—get sail upon the cutter," shouted the captain; "we can yet hold our own."

But the order was too late—the stranger neared them too fast to encourage any hope of their getting away, if such was the captain's intent; the men, however, went cheerily to work—the jib and gaff-topsail were set, and the pretty little craft danced along as if in joyous pride that she had braved the gale. On came the ship, ploughing the foaming element, that roared beneath her forefoot, and—"What do you make of her now, Jackson?" asked the captain.

"She's telling your honour herself," replied Jackson, as the smoke from her bow gun curled up before the foresail, and a large red-striped ensign floated from the gaff end.

"By Heaven, it is the infernal pirate!" uttered the captain, as the shot dashed up the spray upon the cutter's deck. "Hopkins, you know her now!"

"I do sir," returned Hopkins, stiffly; and, holding up his fettered hands, added, "These irons will tell but a sorry tale, Mr. D—; I would recommend their speedy removal—for the 'Avengers' are but men—some of them lawless, and difficult to command; it is for you I speak, and not for myself."

The captain was touched with the nobleness of the proposition, but his consent would, he feared, have something of a look of cowardice, and therefore he remained silent. Not so, Jackson—an old stager; he quickly released the prisoner's hands, so that when the ship ran alongside, and hove-to he was free. Scarcely an individual was to be seen on the Avenger's deck. A young man, in a light undress uniform, stood at the gangway, with a trumpet in his hand, which he was about to use, when Hopkins's voice arrested his intention. "Jasper," exclaimed he, from the cutter's quarter, "send me the boat." The young man waved his cap with an "Ay, ay, sir;" and first a few heads were raised above the bulwarks—a whisper ran along—"It is the captain—it is the captain!" and simultaneously upsprang the whole crew, with a loud and hearty cheer to welcome Ezekiel's return.

The boat with Hopkins and Captain D— was soon at the Avenger's gangway, and they ascended to the deck. The seamen expressed their warm congratulations—the officers gathered round them, and though surprised at seeing a British naval commander, they respectfully saluted him, and extended their hands to Hopkins. Discipline was, for the moment, forgotten, and, as Captain D— was well known to several of the seamen, he observed many scowling looks bent upon him. Ezekiel addressed a few words to Jasper, and then went below. Jasper communicated with his subordinates, who also disappeared, and he himself followed the example, leaving the gunner in charge of the deck. The boat had again boarded the cutter, and one or two of the seamen, with whom Captain D— was no favourite, mentioned the treatment which Hopkins had received. This on their return, was diffused amongst the Avenger's people, and it became evident, by their menacing attitudes and looks, that they meditated a terrible retaliation. Numbers of them, under pretence of examining the guns, got clustering on the quarter-deck, and Captain D— became aware that they gazed upon him with an evil eye. Nevertheless he paced to-and-fro, with firm steps, and unchanged mien, as if daring them to do their worst.

Hopkins again appeared on deck, closely enveloped in a boat-cloak, and the men immediately came aft in a body, demanding the "due execution of their laws."

"Why, how now!" exclaimed Ezekiel; "of what have you to complain? I left you a satisfied and contented people but one short week since—what means this demonstration?"

"An eye for an eye—and a tooth for a tooth," uttered an old Bostonian; "the marks of the darbies are not yet off your wrists—we are the Avengers, and as it has been meted out, so shall we measure it again."

"What do you require?" said Hopkins, now fully aware that they had been made acquainted with his confinement.

"Punishment for you proud officer," answered the Bostonian. Captain D—curled his lip with contempt, and gave them a glance of defiance, as he continued his walk.

"It was a personal offence," said Ezekiel, as his breast glowed with satisfaction at witnessing this testimony of attachment from his men; "you have no right to interfere in it."

"Captain Hopkins, change places with me," uttered the Bostonian in a tone of argument; "we are bound together by one cord, as one man, and he who hurts a member inflicts injury upon the whole body. What say you, ship-mates?"

A shout was the response, which brought a pallid hue upon the cheek of the British officer; but it vanished in an instant, and his look was as haughty and as steady as before. Hopkins seemed for a minute or two puzzled, when Jasper made his appearance, likewise closely muffled up. "Boatswain," shouted Hopkins, "send every soul aft!" then lowering his voice, he uttered to those around him, "My men, be what you have ever been, true to your country and to me—the day of justice has arrived." There was another shout, and the boatswain having reported every one on deck, Hopkins ascended the sky light. "Avengers," said he, "these hands were the first to hoist your colours at the peak—this arm was amongst the foremost that struck for freedom on the sea. Blood has been shed on shore—our countrymen and the royalists are at open war—we are no longer pirates, but bear the commission of Congress as a continental cruiser, and it has pleased them to reward my humble services with the rank of commodore." He drew off his cloak, and appeared in a handsome uniform, with epaulettes, not much dissimilar to the dress worn by post-captains in the British navy; whilst Jasper also disencumbered himself of disguise, and came forth as a lieutenant. A wave from the commodore's hand brought the other officers into view, each clothed in his proper costume of lieutenant or mid-shipman.

Captain D—looked on in amazement;—he knew that a conflict had taken place at Lexington, and that Congress was endeavouring to organise an army; and now he saw a bold attempt to meet the English on their own element. As soon as the surprise of the Avengers had somewhat ceased, the commodore explained to them the situation in which they would be placed by the change, and offered any of them permission to take the little cutter, with their share of prizeworth, so that they might return to their homes. This every one declined. He then represented to them, that, having become a national vessel, they must treat all who were captured as prisoners of war; but not being able at that moment to spare Captain D—from the ship, he, as well as his men, must put up with the inconvenience of a cruise. As for the cutter, a little labour would make her a pretty tender, and, with sixteen men, and an officer, four small guns and fire-arms, she should hoist the blood-red stripes. After a few minutes' deliberation, the proposal of the commodore was agreed to. He read them his commission and the commissions of his officers, which were received with loud cheers as his swallow-tailed symbol of rank was run up to the mast-head. The cutter was manned with volunteers, and her ensign and pennant, as a continental cruiser, flaunted in the breeze. The vessels filled and stretched out to sea,

and when at a convenient distance, they bore up for the gulf of Florida to intercept the West India trade.

Hostilities between the colonists and the royal army commenced in earnest—the southern states, which had at first remained inactive, now cordially joined the federal union; but though they had possessed themselves of arms, they were in many instances destitute of ammunition. At Charlestown this was particularly the case, but, in a port of East Florida, Hopkins captured an English transport with 15,000lbs. of gun-powder. This achievement was gallantly performed by the boats of the Avenger, and the powder was speedily transferred to the colonial magazine at Charlestown. It would be impossible to detail any of the actions in which Hopkins was engaged for several months, during which he was collecting together a formidable squadron, so that the commencement of 1776 saw him commodore over twelve or fourteen armed ships carrying from eighteen to thirty-two guns each, besides numerous schooners and cutters. He obtained fame and honour amongst the colonists, whilst his unfortunate wife though not rigorously treated, was immured within the jail of Boston. The 17th of March arrived; Lord Howe found his position no longer tenable—humanity urged him to embark his troops—the colonial force took possession of the town and its defences—the men-of-war sailed out of the bay—Melicent was restored to liberty—and, with her smiling boy, was conducted to the government-house amidst the applauding shouts of assembled thousands—no longer the imprisoned bride of an out-lawed pirate, but the honoured wife of the commodore of the infant Colonial Navy. A few days subsequent to this, a beautiful ship entered the bay and brought up off the town—the red striped ensign floated at her peak, and the swallow-tailed budgee appeared at the main. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and answered from the forts. A deputation from the authorities waited upon the commodore, to congratulate him on his success. He landed from the state-barge amidst the plaudits of the whole town, and, as he passed through the streets, those plaudits were reiterated; whilst, from the windows the flourishing of handkerchiefs and the smiles of lovely faces welcomed his arrival. He approached the government-house—a female with a child in her arms was standing in the balcony—she wore an India mantilla, brooch on the bosom with a diamond—a white scarf was in her hand, which she kept waving with energetic delight—it was Melicent and her boy, and, in a few minutes more, they were clasped in the embrace of Ezekiel Hopkins—the commander of the AVENGER.

#### PEOPLE SOLD AS SLAVES IN TIME OF FAMINE.—

"Buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh; and give us seed, that we may live, and not die, that the land be not desolate" (Gen. xlvii. 19).—Mr. Forbes, in speaking upon this subject, says: "The number of poor people who come to Anjengo, in Malabar, and the other seaports, and the inland countries, during a famine, either to sell themselves or dispose of their children as slaves was astonishing. During my residence at Anjengo there was no famine, nor any unusual scarcity of rain; but during the rainy season many were weekly brought down from the mountains to be sold on the coast. They did not appear to think it so great a hardship as we imagine. In the code of Hindoo laws is a provision for those who, in consequence of famine, are reduced to the same dreadful necessity: 'Whoever, having received his victuals from a person during the time of a famine, and hath become his slave, upon giving to his provider whatever he received from him during the time of famine, and also two head of cattle, may become free from his servitude.'—Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.

In the thirst after knowledge, nothing however trifling it may seem, should be neglected; by an intelligent mind, wisdom may be drawn from the most unimportant object. By cultivation, an acorn produces the oak; left to itself, it rots, or is only food for swine.

#### SONG OF DREAMS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

In the rosy glow of the evening's cloud,  
In the twilight's gloom,  
In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,  
And the streamers are dumb,  
In the morning's beam, when the faint stars die  
On the brightening flood of the azure sky,  
We come!  
Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,  
Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,  
We come!

We come where the babe on its mother's breast,  
Lies in slumber deep;  
We fit by the maiden's couch of rest,  
And o'er her sleep  
We float like the honey-laden bees,  
On the soft, warm breath of the languid breeze,  
And sweep  
Hues more beautiful than we bring  
From her lip and her cheek, for each wandering wing  
To keep.

We sit by the miser's treasure-chest,  
And near his bed,  
And we watch his anxious heart's unrest;  
And in mockery tread  
With a seeming heavy step about;  
And laugh when we hear his frightened shout  
Of dread,  
Lest the gnomes who once o'er his gold did reign  
To his hoards, to claim it back again,  
Have sped.

But a sunnier scene, and a brighter sky,  
To-day are ours;  
We have seen a youthful poet lie,  
By the fountain's showers,  
With his upturned eyes, and his dreamy look,  
Reading the April sky's sweet book,  
Writ by the hours;  
Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow  
Untutored up in Life's fresh glow  
Like flowers.

We will catch the richest tints  
Of the rainbow's rim,  
The purest cloud that 'mid the blue  
Of heaven doth swim!  
The clearest star-beam that shall be  
In a dew-drop shrined when the twilight sea  
Grows dim;  
And a spirit of love about them breathe;  
And twine them all in a magic wreath  
For him!

PRaise.—Praise is the only employment in which self finds no part. In praise we go out of ourselves, and think only of Him to whom we offer it. It is the most purely disinterested of all services. It is gratitude without solicitation, acknowledgement without petition. Prayer is the overflowing expression of our wants, praise of our affection; prayer is the language of the destitute, praise of the redeemed sinner. If the angelic spirits offer their praise exempt from our mixture of infirmity and alloy, yet we have a motive for gratitude even unknown to the angels: they are unfallen and holy beings, they cannot say, as we can, "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!" Prayer is the child of faith, praise of love: prayer is prospective; praise takes in, in its wide range, enjoyment of present, remembrance of past, and anticipation of future blessings: prayer points the only way to heaven, praise is already there.—Hannah More.

An Emerald wanted to dispose of his watch; and by way of recommending it, said, that it beat the church clock by an hour and a half that blessed day.

Love should have implicit confidence, as its bond and nature; and jealousy is doubt, and doubt is the death of love.

## VICTORY.

By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Waft not to me the blast of fame,  
That swells the trump of victory;  
For to my ear it gives the name  
Of slaughter and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,  
Wave not so high the victor's plume;  
They point me to the bosom gored,  
They point me to the blood-stained tomb.

The boastful shout, the revel loud,  
That strive to drown the voice of pain,  
What are they but the sickle crowd  
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain?

And ah, through glory's fading blaze,  
I see the cottage taper, pale,  
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays  
Where unprotected orphans wail.

Where the said widow weeping stands,  
As if her day of hope was done;  
Where the wild-mother clasps her hand  
And asks the victor for her son:

Where the lone maid in secret sighs  
O'er the lost solace of her heart,  
As prostrate in despair she lies,  
And feels her tortured life depart:

Where, midst the desolated land,  
The sire lamenting o'er his son,  
Extends his pale and powerless hand,  
And finds its only prop is gone.

See, how the bands of war and woe  
Have rilled sweet domestic bliss;  
And tell me if your laurels grow  
And flourish in a soil like this?

## THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NOBODY.

The "pensive public" has of late years been overwhelmed with "Lives," "Memoirs," "Reminiscences," "Autobiographies," and "Biographical Sketches," "Diaries," "Note Books," "Conversations," and after-noon chit-chat have issued, as a torrent, from the press. In truth, we have been so nauseated with the "Life, death, last dying speech and confession" of anybody, and every body, that, by way of variety, we have determined to present our readers with a biographical sketch of Nobody.

Nobody is so exalted above other men, that no human being can be brought, however remotely, into comparison with him. Nobody is older than Methuselah was when he died. Indeed, when nature was emerging from chaos, and the Spirit of the Almighty breathed upon the shapeless mass, Nobody was by. Nobody plucked the olive leaf with which Noah's dove returned to the ark; and, when the waters had subsided and Noah left his floating habitation and placed his foot again on the slimy earth, Nobody was there to receive him. Nobody communicated to Joseph the purport of the dreams which he interpreted to Pharaoh's butler and baker, while in prison.

When Pharaoh attempted to pass through the Red Sea, in pursuit of the Israelites, to the destruction of himself and his host, Nobody escaped. Nobody recollects the building of the Pyramids; Nobody had the honour to trim the beard of Nebuchadnezzar during the entire period of his banishment; Nobody saw the she-wolf affectionately suckling the brothers, Romulus and Remus; and, when "the eternal city" was in flames, Nobody danced to the fiddling of Nero. During Napoleon's campaign in Russia, Nobody anticipated the early frost and the burning of Moscow. Nobody saw the devil sing an ink-stand at Luther, in his study, and Nobody interfered to prevent its taking effect. Nobody was present when Eugene Aram committed the murder for which he suffered.

Nobody has traversed every part of the globe, and encountered perils of every description. When the Royal

George went down with Kempenfeldt and his eight hundred men, Nobody was saved. Nobody enjoyed the squeeze and suffocation in the black-hole at Calcutta.

Nobody has a perfect knowledge of all the laws to which the several phenomena of nature may be referred. Nobody is acquainted with the kind of matter of which the earth's centre is composed. The nature and various phenomena of light, heat, electricity, galvanism, &c., are as familiar as the first three letters of the alphabet to Nobody. The principles of aerostation are fully understood by Nobody; and when poor Cocking fell a victim to his temerity, in descending in a parachute of his own construction, Nobody was astonished. The Newspapers, the other day, favoured us with a long and very circumstantial account of a balloon, which was seen descending in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-lane, from which narrative it appears, that when the gaping and breathless multitude, who had been watching its progress, reached the car, they found Nobody in it. Nobody can steer a balloon in a direction exactly opposed to the current of the wind? it is, accordingly, Nobody's amusement, atmospherically, to circumnavigate the globe in order to acquire an appetite for dinner.

Nobody is credulous on all subjects and occasions, believing, for instance, the statements contained in the travels of Gulliver and Munchausen, American newspapers, hustings, declarations of parliamentary candidates, epitaphs, and love-letters. When Mr. Waterton published a book, and prefixed to it a frontispiece representing himself astride a large crocodile, which appeared to be trotting him obediently to the next village—the reptile's fore-legs serving for a bridle—and stated that the event actually occurred, Nobody believed him.

Nobody is universally generous. Burns experienced his bounty, for he says,

"I have a penny to spend,  
There—thanks to Nobody  
I have nothing to lend,  
I'll borrow from Nobody."

When Otway, the gifted, the neglected Otway, was so reduced by misfortune that a penny tart was to him an almost unattainable luxury, Nobody relieved him! In fact, most of the sons of genius have risen to eminence in spite of the sleek dunces who fattened on their brains; and if some have escaped obscurity, misfortune, and indigence, they have been indebted for their comparative good fortune to Nobody.

Nobody has read every work that has proceeded from the press, of whatever country. Accordingly, the literary knowledge of Nobody is universal. Nobody knows who was the author of the series of letters published with the signature "Junius." Every body has read some of the works of the Laureate—Nobody has read them all. Many people made desperate attempts at his "Vision of Judgment," but Nobody liked—Nobody comprehended it; most people quizzed—Nobody failed to laugh at it. We are bound, in candour, to acknowledge that, as an author, Nobody surpasses Mrs. Trollope in falsehood, vulgarity, ignorance, and conceit: yet Nobody can, when he pleases, by the force of his eloquence, make a man believe himself to be another person. Nobody can, by dint of mere rhetorical flourish, convert a ditch into "a river," a swamp into "a lake," a dung heap into "a gentle declivity," an old tumble-down house into "an ancient mansion," better than George Robins. Nobody thinks Lord Londonderry wrote the "History of the Peninsular War," which bears his name, for Nobody doubts that Mr. Gleig wrote it for him. When the clever author of the Pickwick papers attempted to delineate what he had evidently never seen—a type of that class of ignorant hypocrites who hover on the skirts of all sects of Christians, the suttlers and fortune-tellers do on the track of an army, yet have as little in common with the former, as such vagabonds have with the latter, Nobody recognised the portrait, and no wonder—it represents Nobody.

The knowledge of Nobody is without limit. Every body has his or her opinion as to the justice and propriety

of entailing on us the national debt, but Nobody knows when or how it is to be liquidated. Nobody knows the meaning, purport, and use of the "Unknown tongues." Nobody has witnessed the performance of an Irvingite miracle. Nobody knows how the vast sums of money appropriated to the repair and alteration of Buckingham-palace can have been absorbed by that sponge-like piece of deformity. Nobody can tell what will be the result of any known suit in any existing court of law; for our legislators appear to have taken great pains so to frame the laws which they have made, as to render them intelligible to Nobody. There is an ecclesiastical law, too, which appears to have been enacted for the especial benefit of Nobody—Nobody may marry his grandmother!

Nobody is of so sympathetic a nature, that he mourns for all who die. An instance of Nobody's extreme sensibility is narrated in an old epitaph, which we quote from memory:

"Beneath lies John Tomkins. When he died  
Nobody sorrowed, and Nobody cried;  
And where he is gone to, and how he fares,  
Nobody knows, and Nobody cares."

This John Tomkins must have been a very particular friend of Nobody.

Nobody is wise at all times, yet Nobody likes to be considered a fool. Nobody is insensible to pain, therefore Nobody likes to have his corns trodden on. Nobody likes to be a principal in a duel with a good shot for his antagonist. Nobody perfectly understands wherein consists the justice and honour of shooting a man whom you have offended, or suffering him to shoot you; and, when two men quarrel, fire at each other, and, as is usually the case, both miss, yet immediately become reconciled, Nobody comprehends on what rational principle the reconciliation is effected. Nobody prefers cold boiled mutton to hot. Nobody is responsible for the neglect and omissions of the whole human race, for "what is every body's business is Nobody's." Nobody is exempt from liability to disease of any kind; yet Nobody, when in possession of his senses, takes Morrison's Pills.

We could furnish the reader with many more interesting anecdotes of Nobody, so as to make our narrative as long as the biography of Anybody. But we have no particular desire to be esteemed by Nobody, and if we extend our article we are sure Nobody will be pleased; suffice it then, that as Nobody has existed from the moment of creation, so Nobody will continue to exist till matter shall be no more; and when the elements shall be resolving into their original nothingness, the mighty flames which still embrace a universe in their destructive grasp, will possess power to effect the annihilation of Nobody.

N. (not Nobody.)

## NAPOLEON'S WARDROBE.

The following document is in many respects very remarkable. It develops in a singular manner a variety of characteristics of the extraordinary being whom it concerned. Extravagance in some affairs, and a strict regard to economy in others; the decision and proper choice of the thrifty civilian, and the unsparing prodigality and lavishness of the ambitious conqueror, are features strangely mixed up in the arrangement of Napoleon's wardrobe.

In the selection of his costume, Napoleon frequently paid respect to the infantry and the cavalry of his army; in the first case by adopting the uniform of the grenadier, and in the next, that of the chasseurs a cheval. But it is a remarkable fact, and one that must surprise an attentive observer of the matter, that, having in any instance acted thus, he never once exhibited a like disposition towards the most distinguished corps of the French army, and that is which he began his career and founded his future fame—the artillery.

Napoleon attached great importance to orders and decorations. He occasionally wore them profusely himself, and he had their insignia at hand to bestow them on others. He thus made it a rule to have an extraordinary supply always near him, and hence the profusion mentioned in the list.

INVENTORY OF THE WARDROBE OF NAPOLEON.

Drawn up on the 20th August, 1811.

1. Six grenadier uniforms; five chasseur on horseback; three for hunting; three for shooting; four, diverse; six great coats.
2. Seventy-four pairs of breeches; seventy-four white kerseymore waistcoats; twelve pantaloons, and twelve various waistcoats; four waistcoats of white pique; one black silk waistcoat; one waistcoat; and one pair of black cashmere breeches.
3. Twelve morning gowns of chintz; six others of molleton; twelve pantaloons; three waistcoats of wadded tafety; thirty-six flannel waistcoats; nine cashmere waistcoats; five silk dominos.
4. Nine doz. shirts; twelve dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; seven dozen white stocks; nineteen toilette napkins.
5. Ninety pairs of white silk stockings; two pairs of black silk stockings; three dozen merino socks; twelve Madras handkerchiefs; twelve black silk fronts.
6. Seventeen garnitures of orders or decorations peculiar to France; sixteen of Italy, and twenty-one of Holland, Spain, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Saxony, Baden, Westphalia, Wurtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Wirtzburgh. Besides these, thirty-nine decorations not set or mounted.
7. Four swords; nine sabres; two swords for ceremony; two short hunting swords.
8. Twenty-four gold snuff-boxes; four boxes containing medals; one box of tooth-picks with medallion; four gold repeating-watches.

ESTIMATE OF COST DRAWN UP BY THE DUKE OF FRIULI, 20th August, 1812.

2 Grenadier uniforms, with epauletts, &c., each costing 360 francs	Frs. 720
2 Ditto chasseur	720
2 Ditto for hunting	860
2 Grey great coats	400
1 Civilian coat	200
(Each coat or great coat was to last three years.)	
48 Breeches and 48 waistcoats of white cashmere, which were to be supplied every week, and should wear three years: 80 francs each	3840
1 Morning gown of "pique;" 1 of "molleton;" 3 pantaloons;	560
4 Hats in a year	140
48 Flannel waistcoats, to last three years	1440
4 Dozen shirts, to last six years	2880
4 Do. pocket-handkerchiefs do.	576
2 Do. stocks do.	720
2 Do. toilette napkins do.	200
24 Pairs silk stockings; 18 francs each	432
24 Do. socks	72
12 Black fronts	96
12 Madras pocket-handkerchiefs	144
24 Pairs of Shoes [to last two years]	312
6 Pairs of boots (the same)	600
Perfumery, for washing, &c.	2600
For washing of linens and silk	1600

Total, exclusive of sundries, estimated at 500 frs. 19,132

THE BOATMAN'S FOUNDLING.

A Religious Sketch.

It is a truth so generally believed as to have become almost an axiom, that benevolence always meets its reward. Indeed, if no other reward were met with, the feeling it produces were sufficient; for it is, as Scripture plainly declares, "more blessed to give than to receive."

It was midnight; the busy hum of nature was hushed, and the gentle breezes of summer, as they kissed the soft waters of the canal, upsent a feeble murmur that seemed the lullaby of care. The boat of Robert Edwards was sinking in one of the locks about ten miles from the town of B—, where he resided, when suddenly he heard at a distance a splashing and a feeble cry. Impelled by humanity as well as curiosity, he hurried to the spot, and saw, by the light of the moon, something white floating in

the middle of the stream. Fearless of that which was now, as it were, his native element, without waiting to undress himself, he rushed in, and lifted up in his arms an infant child. Not knowing what route the miscreant who had perpetrated the dark deed had taken, to attempt a pursuit would have been useless; so, as his wife was not blessed with any children, he resolved to adopt the little unprotected creature as his own. Hastening, therefore, back to the boat, he took off its wet clothes, wrapped it up in a blanket, and laid it to rest near his cabin fire.

Robert was not the best nurse in the world; but he managed to keep his little charge pretty quiet by feeding it with bread and milk, till his arrival at home; he then presented it to his wife for her protection. It is somewhat remarkable, that many women who have no children are most partial to them; and such was the case with Sally Edwards. She received the little creature as a precious boon, and found herself sufficiently repaid for her maternal cares by watching its infantile antics,

"And those quick bursts of joy, those glances bright,  
Those gentle gleams of the half-risen sun  
Upon the young horizon of its brow,  
Those smiles that seemed reflections of her own,  
So fond, so tender, which she sometimes met,  
When waking from its rosy, peaceful sleep,  
It upward fondly turned its azure eyes,  
Like planets toward their suns, to catch the light  
That flowed from hers."

Henry, for that was the name they gave the young foundling, soon grew a fine boy, and was as much distinguished for his dutiful attention to his foster-parents as many children are for their want of it to those who have still farther claims on their regard. At an early age he was put to a Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood, where he gained the respect of his teachers for his good behaviour and attention; and before he was ten years old, (as near as they were able to calculate,) he occasionally accompanied his foster-father with the boat.

It was during one of these voyages that the mind of the lad seemed one evening unusually lost in thought; and the pained eye of his protector perceived, or thought he could perceive, a great depression of spirits. In vain he pointed out to him the beauties of the scenery; in vain he directed his attention to the gambols of the fishes, as they leaped up exulting in the air. Unusual gloom overspread his fair countenance, and the waters of his eye looked dim.

"Father," he at length exclaimed, "do you think we shall go to heaven?"

"I hope so, my lad," replied Edwards, "but what made you ask that question?"

"Because," he returned, "teacher told me last Sunday, that those *what* want to go to heaven should walk in the way there; and, above all things, pray to God."

"And so they should, my lad" answered Robert, with somewhat of an involuntary tremor.

"And why not you pray, father," said the boy; "and pray for me too?"

These words, spoken in the sweetest simplicity, touched the very soul of the boatman. The kind attentions of Henry, and his constant fulfilment of his commands, brought home to his thoughts his own neglect of that Father who had constantly supplied him with all that he needed. The sun, at that moment sinking behind the western hills, reminded him that the sunset of his existence was at hand. He burst into tears; and while the arms of the child were twined fondly round his neck, sunk upon his knees in fervent prayer.

The distant landscape was immersed next morning in the brilliance of the rising sun, and looked, to the rapt eye of the saint, like the new Jerusalem descending in its glory from on high. The eye of young Henry was lit with its usual vivacity on his waking from the dreams of night. Robert requested him to read a chapter in the Bible which had been given him by his teachers, and knelt down with him to prayer—a practice which, though begun in a moment of peculiar excitement, he carried on; whenever he was able, till the day of his departure from this world. The confidence of the apostle was not vain.

He who beginneth a good work in the heart of man, carries it forward to the day of the Lord Jesus. The few words which the child had spoken so simply in his ear had sunk deep in the heart of the boatman; and both were eventually led to Him whose arms are ever open to receive the returning sinner.

Time rolled on, and brought its changes: the foster-father fell ill, and Henry, then about fifteen years of age, was obliged to attend (for a few times he hoped) the boat in his stead. But the death-warrant of the old man was sealed by the Eternal, and the angels were commissioned to bear his happy spirit to a place of rest.

The heart-broken youth had already gone three voyages by himself, when, on returning from the last of them, he found the saviour and protector of his life sinking beneath the strokes of mortality, and she who had rocked the cradle of his infancy weeping beside him.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the dying man as he entered, "I behold thee then once more, my child, my darling child. O, blessed be those lips that first taught me the way of salvation! and blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who gave to me such an inestimable treasure! I leave thy mother with thee. He who has sealed thee as a jewel of his own will teach thee thy duty towards her."

"My father! my more than father!" exclaimed Henry—he could say no more. He grasped the hand that was held out to him, and sinking on his knees, bathed it with tears.

Sally wept aloud. Robert Edwards alone, in the prospect of approaching dissolution, was unmoved, and calmly rebuked them for their sorrow. "Mourn not," he cried, "as those who have no hope. Have ye not heard that there is a resurrection from the grave? Have ye not heard that they who are alive and remain at the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent those which are asleep, who first shall rise to meet him in the air. The days of my pilgrimage are almost over; but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that though worms after my flesh devour this body, he shall raise it again to reign with him for ever.

"The world recedes, it disappears,  
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring  
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?"

"Thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"My father! O my father!" exclaimed Henry, may the God of all grace and mercy"—tears again choked his utterance; he sobbed violently, and Sally, sinking on her knees beside him, seemed swallowed up in grief.

The old man himself was moved; he shed tears; but that momentary burst of feeling was too much for his weakened frame: the pangs of death got hold upon him; he cast an affectionate look at his wife, another at his child, and fervently exclaiming, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," expired without a groan. J. R.

FALLEN LEAVES.—We must not imagine that these fallen leaves are entirely lost, and no longer useful; both reason and experience inform us to the contrary. Nothing perishes, nothing is useless in the world; consequently the leaves that fall from trees and plants are of some use; they become putrid, and manure the earth. Snow and rain separate the saline particles from them, and convey them to the roots of trees; and when the leaves are thus strowed on the ground they preserve the roots of young plants, form a shelter to seeds, and retain round them the necessary degree of heat and humidity. This is particularly remarkable in oak-leaves; they furnish an excellent manure, not only to the tree itself, but also to the tender shoots; and they are particularly useful to pastures, by promoting the growth of the grass which they cover. These advantages are so important, that fallen leaves are never collected for the purpose of throwing them away, unless they are in such abundance that the grass is rather choked up than nourished by them.—Sturm's 'Reflections.'

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 16, 1837.

LOWER CANADA.—The accounts of the civil war in Lower Canada are so various and conflicting that we find it difficult to ascertain the truth. In our last it was stated that Col. Wetherall had been repulsed with the loss of 300 men—on Monday, slips of paper were scattered in all directions announcing that the insurgents had been defeated at St. Charles, and that 1200 had been killed and 700 made prisoners. Later accounts, however, render it certain that the royalists were victorious. In the absence of any detailed official report of the capture of St. Charles, few persons, we presume, give full credence to the different statements of the Canada papers as to the number of killed and wounded, on either side, in the battle. To us they appear very contradictory. For instance, the *Canadians* are said 'to have fought like tigers,' to have made a 'most determined resistance'—with many other expressions laudatory of their bravery and valour, and yet almost in the same paragraphs, they assert that only 5 or 6 of the troops were killed, while on the part of the rebels nearly 300 were destroyed, and 40 or more made prisoners. Now this certainly does not appear like tiger-fighting, determined resistance, etc. etc. As far as we can unravel such intricate and perplexing accounts, we wish to set before our readers the simple truth and nothing but the truth. But when the labyrinth is so involved that we cannot find our way through it, we shall then as far as our limits will allow, and when we can obtain them, present our subscribers with the statements of both parties, and leave them to judge for themselves.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 15.

PUBLIC MEETING.—Pursuant to Public Notice, a Meeting of the Inhabitants of Halifax, took place this morning at the Mason Hall. We believe that more than 500 persons were present, among whom we noticed many of the Members of Her Majesty's late Council, the Chief Justice—several of the Clergy of various denominations—the Speaker and the Members of Assembly resident in town, and all whose respectability or standing in Society could add weight and influence to such a demonstration of attachment to the Sovereign, and to the discountenance of the rebellious disturbances which are agitating the Canadian portion of the Empire. The Meeting was addressed by the Honble. the Speaker of the House of Assembly who proposed the Resolutions, all of which were passed unanimously; and by Joseph Howe, Esq. and others. \* \* \* Nine times nine cheers were given at the close, on motion of James B. Uniacke, Esq. for our Gracious Queen the Virgin Victoria; and the meeting broke up highly pleased that an opportunity had been afforded for a display of loyalty and patriotism not exceeded, we venture to say, by any Dependency of the British Crown.—*Times Office.*

## ATTACK ON ST. DENIS.

About 10 o'clock on Wednesday night the troops which had left the city that afternoon in the St. George started from Sorel, under Colonel Gore, together with one of the two companies of the 56th, stationed at that place; the whole force thus consisting of the two flank companies of the 24th, under Lt. Colonel Hughes, the Light Company of the 32d, under Captain Markham, and one company of the 66th, under Captain Crompton, together with a small howitzer and a party of Artillery under Cornet Sweeney. For the sake of avoiding Bridges as much as possible, the detachment took the upper road on the east side of the river, running one concession back from the river itself. The weather was dreadful at the time of starting, and indeed through the whole march. The rain fell in torrents, and the roads were almost knee deep in mud and water. The troops, however, proceeded, as well as they could, all night, and, after a slight halt early in the morning, pushed on again. About 5 miles, or perhaps less, from St. Denis, the Cavalry, who were in advance, came to a bridge which had been destroyed, and saw at a little distance further ahead a party of men engaged in destroying another. Making a little detour, they succeeded in passing a gully over which the first bridge had led, and while the main body were engaged in repairing it, charged the body at work on the second, and succeeded in capturing

two of them and driving off the rest before they had half completed their job. Five other Bridges, mostly quite small, were afterwards found broken down as the column advanced, and the delay required to repair them so as to allow of the passage of the howitzer, materially retarded the march and added to its difficulty.

At length, towards noon, and after a most harrassing march of more than twelve hours, the detachment reached the outskirts of the village of St. Denis. The advanced guard of the Cavalry was fired on almost before it came within range, from the houses and barns on the road side, and immediately fell back to make report. Captain Markham's company was first ordered up, and afterwards the other companies. Several of the assailants were shot down by the skirmishers, and in a short time the houses and barns from which the first firing had taken place were cleared, by flight or otherwise, of their occupants, but not until Captain Markham, who was leading on the skirmishing party, had received four wounds, so severe, that he was carried off the ground, as it was then supposed mortally wounded. The attention of the troops was now directed to a large stone house of three stories, near the entrance of the village, which was strongly barricaded and garrisoned, and from which a most galling fire was kept up. The howitzer was brought to bear upon it, with very considerable effect, but unfortunately was not found sufficient to render it untenable. Towards half past two o'clock the ammunition of the troops and artillery was nearly expended, and it became necessary to retreat. Since an early hour in the morning the men had not tasted food. In the course of the march a large proportion of them had lost their shoes, and actually came into engagement bare-foot. The steamboat *Vareunes*, which had been ordered to follow up the river from Sorel, a few hours after the march of the troops, with supplies of food and ammunition had not been heard of; the fact being that at St. Ours, 9 miles below, she had been obliged to put back by a fire of musketry from a small party on the bank of the river. The retreat was therefore commenced, and after bivouacking for the night a few miles from Sorel, Colonel Gore returned to Sorel the next morning. In the skirmish, 6 or some say 7 men were killed, and 9 or 10, including Capt. Markham, wounded. The loss on the other side is supposed to have been considerably greater. Exclusive of those killed and wounded by the skirmishers, the constant discharge of the howitzer into the large house, which was crowded with men, must have been very destructive.

*Montreal Courier, 27th.*

## CAPTURE OF ST CHARLES.

From the Montreal Morning Courier.

Nov. 27, Half-past Seven. P. M.

We have the pleasure of laying before our readers the substance of the official report of the taking of St. Charles, on Saturday last.

On Saturday morning at nine o'clock, the Brigade under Lieut. Colonel Wetherall, left St. Hilaire in the direction of St. Charles. The march was accomplished without opposition or hindrance, except from the breaking down of bridges, &c. &c. until he arrived within a mile of St. Charles, when the troops were fired upon from the left or opposite bank of the Richelieu, and a man of the Royal Regiment was wounded. Several rifle shots were also fired from a barn immediately in their front, and the barn was immediately burnt. On arriving at two hundred and fifty yards from the rebel works, Col. Wetherall took up a position, hoping that a display of his force would induce some defection amongst the infatuated people; they, however, opened a heavy fire, which was returned. The gallant Colonel then advanced to another position, one hundred yards from the works, but finding the defenders obstinate, he stormed and carried them, burning every building within the stockade, except that of Mr. Debarzich, which, however, is much injured.

The affair occupied about one hour. The slaughter on the side of the rebels was very great. An individual who left St. Charles this morning says, that he saw upwards of 125 buried last night, and there remained many more; beside which a great many were killed in the buildings, and their bodies burnt. Their wounded are 300 and odd. The following is a return of the killed and wounded of Her Majesty's troops:—

KILLED:		
	Sergt.	R. & F.
The Royal Regt.	1	1
66th Regt.	0	1
	—	—
	1	2
	—	—
WOUNDED SEVERELY.		
	Sergt.	SLIGHTLY.
		R & F,
The Royal Regt.	8	7
66th Regt.	2	1
	—	—
	10	8
Men and officers behaved nobly. Major Ward carried		

the right of the position in good style, and Captain Glasgow of the Artillery did good execution, and proved himself a zealous officer. Captain David's troops of Montreal Cavalry rendered essential service.

In addition to the above particulars we may add, that the interment of the dead above mentioned was the work of the victorious troops. The leaders who had brought these misguided men into the snare in which they were thus taken, were not the men who performed the last rites of humanity for the remains of their unhappy victims.

About sixty prisoners we understand to have been taken; but few or none among them are of note. T. S. Brown is thought to have fled in the direction of St. Denis. Papienau and O'Callaghan, according to the best information obtained, were both safely lodged at St. Marc, on the other side of the river during the engagement, thus giving fresh evidence of their individual aversion to that 'villainous saltpetre', of which they think so favourably when others than themselves are to be its victims. Of the 152 stated to have been thus buried, the 'fifty-six' of which we spoke in our shorter extra, as having been counted by Col. W. were a part and were all counted by him, as we understand, in one place.

The occupation of the village of St. Charles was as has been already stated, complete. Its defenders were all placed *hors du combat*; those not killed or taken, seeking refuge by flight. On Sunday, Col. W. fell back leisurely on Rouville. The reports relative to St. Denis and St. Ours, which have been current during the day, are therefore unfounded. '*Festina lente*' seems to be the gallant Colonel's motto; and a very good one it is. By not hurrying from Rouville in the first instance, he has succeeded in gaining the signal advantage we have thus described. A like course will doubtless continue to lead to like results.

The spirit with which the defenders of the village fired upon the troops in the first instance, may be gathered from the fact that Col. Wetherall, Major Ward, and Captain David's horses were all wounded, and we believe disabled. The compliments paid to the gallantry of the several bodies under the Colonel's orders, are doubtless well deserved. We understand the gallant officer has expressed his wish, in regard to the Cavalry in particular, that he had not a great many more of them under him.

We have authority to state that all eligible persons wishing to volunteer for six months' military service, will receive 1s. per day, and rations—application to be made to the Commanding Officers of the Volunteer Corps. All men who want work also by applying to the same officers, will be employed in forming barriers—upon being approved of by the Engineer officer.

## CANADA.

Latest Intelligence by the Industry.

Dec. 2.—All accounts agree that the rebels are mustering their forces in considerable numbers north of this city, and are building fortifications, and making other demonstrations of an intended engagement with the Queen's troops. The Post Master at Vaudreuil is reported to have joined the rebel camp, and the mail bag to Byton had to be sent back to this city, as it was not deemed safe to carry it further than St. Eustache.

About fifty families of loyalists have been under the necessity of seeking security for their lives in timely flight, and arrived here on Thursday and yesterday. The number of rebels is related to be much greater than at St. Charles, many of whom have, in all probability, joined their friends in the North.—*Montreal Herald.*

The Albany Argus gives the following additional intelligence from Canada:—

*Departure of the Royalist Troops from Montreal for Sorel—supposed movement upon St. Denis.*

The Northern mail brings via Burlington, Montreal dates of the 2d inst. and Quebec of the 29th ult.

The Montreal Transcript furnishes us the following extracts:

The strong hold of the rebels at St. Charles, has been destroyed, and the band that garrisoned it scattered. But although we have scotched the monster rebellion, the spirit of revolt is not dead. The activity of the instigators is remarkable, and it is but justice to admit the personal bravery displayed by their deluded followers. How lamentable! that a people so largely endowed with these two essential qualities should apply themselves to the destruction, rather than the advancement of their native country.

A detachment of troops left Montreal for Sorel, by steamboat, on Thursday afternoon. These we may presume would move upon St. Denis in the course of yesterday; so that news from that quarter may be expected.

Strong bands of armed rebels are collected round about L'Acadie, ready to unite at some given point, whenever their plan of operations is complete.

## CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

We understand that depositions were yesterday made in this city, that agents of the insurgents in Canada, were openly recruiting in Burlington and other places in Vermont, and sending into Canada, men and munitions of war, for the use of those in arms against the government. These depositions were forwarded to England by yester-

day's packet, and to the British Minister at Washington, and will doubtless be the cause of an immediate demand upon our executive to put an end to such proceedings in future. Our fellow citizens and the public press throughout the United States, cannot be too cautious how they encourage or countenance any proceedings which may by possibility embroil us with England, as which may have a tendency to weaken the bond of amity and of interest by which the two countries are now so closely united.—*Courier & Enquirer*.

The detachment under Col. Gore entered St Denis early on Saturday morning—marched thence to St. Charles on Sunday—and was to proceed on Monday to St. Hyacinthe in pursuit of Messrs. Nelson and Papineau, who were supposed to have fled in that direction. St. Charles and the other villages on the Chambly river are to be occupied by bodies of the troops until further orders.

Thus it appears that there is no truth whatever in the reports from Vermont of new gatherings of the insurgents since the affair of St. Charles, and their subsequent occupation of that village.

The Courier thus sums up the proceedings of the eight preceding days:

Thus within the short space of eight days, have forty-five miles in extent of the most populous and wealthy portions of this district been traversed in arms by Her Majesty's troops in vindication of the outraged laws of the country, and the rebels who had compelled the deluded peasantry to take arms against their lawful sovereign, completely put to flight. A large reward, we understand, is offered for their delivery into the hands of government.

On the 29th ultimo Lord Gosford issued his proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants of the province, and especially to the misguided population on and near the Richelieu (or Chambly) river, urging them to return to their allegiance, and calling upon all loyal subjects of Her Majesty to be at all times prepared to maintain the authority of the sovereign, and counteract the rebellious designs of the disaffected.

ST. ALBANS, VT. DEC. 1:

To day we have intelligence from the north in regard to the situation of the two parties, which may be relied upon. A gentleman who left St. Johns yesterday morning tells us that the British troops had returned to St. Johns and were that morning leaving for Montreal. There were, it is said, about six hundred, which included the force under Col. Wetherall and 200 sent out from Montreal on Tuesday to reinforce him. Sir John Colborne had issued orders to concentrate all the regular troops in Montreal. A small force was left at Chambly.

We give below the account of the engagement at St. Charles as published in the Tory papers of Montreal. The account which our informant obtained at St. Johns while the troops were there, differs from it in some particulars. The loss of the British was said at St. Johns, to be 16 killed and 15 severely wounded—the loss of the patriots was estimated at 325 killed. The soldiers said that the French fought like tigers. Many of them plunged into the river and drowned themselves rather than be taken. The defeat of the patriots was easier on account of their being unable to use their cannon—these they had placed on logs on the side upon which they expected the attack, but the royalists having reconnoitered the works made their attack from a different position.

The report of the patriots is very different. They say that there were only about 200 men in the works who had muskets, that the chief part of the patriot forces were at St. Denis, that their own loss is only about 50 killed, and the loss of the British much greater than is reported by them.—*Franklin Journal—Extra*.

**DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMEN ON THEIR WAY TO CANADA.**—The register of the American Hotel in this city, shows that the Duke de Blacas, Cavalier Tant, and M. De Sully Zollendal, from France, passed through here on Monday last for Canada. The Duke de Blacas, it is known, was an able minister of Louis XVIII, and of Charles X. His visit to Canada, at this crisis, may be accidental, but it is certainly calculated to create impression. This rising is less a matter of impulse than of design.—*Hanby Eve. Jour*.

We understand that several persons left this city a day or two ago, in a body, to join the Patriot army in Canada. Appeals have been made to the inhabitants of the United States, in the villages near the border line, for assistance, and it is freely granted. We have no doubt that upon a declaration of independence by the Canadians, thousands of Americans will leave the States to aid them.—*Boston Herald and Star*.

Topliffe's News Room, Boston, Nov. 29, 1857.

**HURRICANE.**—On the 29th ultimo, a most tremendous gale destroyed the town of Cossada, (harbour of Trinidad) except two buildings. Every vessel in port was lost, and the waters rushed from the mountains in torrents, sweeping off thousands of cattle, and all the things in its course. The coast, for four or five miles,

is strewn with wrecks. Twenty or thirty lives were lost, and many have since died of their wounds.

**MURDER IN ILLINOIS.**—How truly may be said, that slavery is a great curse. The Cincinnati Journal gives an account of an anti-abolition mob, and murder of a clergyman, at a place called Alton, in Illinois, for the goodly reason, that the said Clergyman and his friends were about to set up a Press, for the diffusion of religion, and it may be abolition views and intelligence.—*Novascotian*.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, we are informed, received a Despatch from Lord Glenelg, by the last Packet; stating that it was extremely desirable that the separation of the existing Council into two Bodies should take place without further delay, and conveying to His Excellency Her Majesty's authority at once to appoint, provisionally, to each of the new Councils those Gentlemen whom he might consider best qualified for the discharge of the respective duties which would devolve on them.

His Excellency communicated this Despatch to Her Majesty's Council yesterday, and, after having, as we have heard from several of the Honorable Members, expressed in the most feeling and impressive manner, his grateful acknowledgements for the able and impartial assistance which he has at all times received from them in the administration of the public affairs of this Province, His Excellency, in the Queen's Name, declared that Board dissolved.—*Gaz*.

**LEGISLATIVE SESSION.**—A Proclamation by his Excellency the Lieut. Governor, published in last Gazette, further prorogues the General Assembly to the 25th of Jan. next, then to meet for the dispatch of business. The alteration in the Councils, and the opening of the Council doors, will give interesting and novel features to the approaching Session.—*Tele*.

**LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS.**—On another column will be found Mr. Eager's advertisement of his beautiful Landscape Illustrations of Nova Scotia. The Artist merits unqualified commendation in having presented to the inhabitants of these Provinces, a work of so respectable a nature. The first number is now published, and contains three large superb engravings on Steel, which in point of elegance would do honour to any country. These may be equalled, they can hardly be surpassed. The first plate is a view of Halifax and its spacious Harbour, from Fort Needham—the second, of the same from the Eastern Battery—and the third is a lovely landscape of Cornwallis Grand Prairie and Basin of Minas. For correctness of outline, delicate tints, light and shade, and all the other accompaniments of a splendid picture, we know not to which of these views to give the palm of superiority. A liberal patronage will, we trust, be extended to this admirable work. Our subscribers will do well to reward the publisher and confer a benefit on themselves by purchasing a copy of these Landscape Illustrations.

**THE PEARL ENLARGED.**—On the 6th of January, 1858, the Pearl will be issued on a much larger sheet than at present. It is with pleasure we make this announcement to our friends, who have by their extended patronage, enabled us to take means for the alteration of our appearance. Upon our new *entre* we shall have it in our power to present our subscribers with one of the cheapest papers in the Province. In the meantime any additions to our list will be thankfully received.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. E. A. Crawley, Mr. William Akhurst, of Sittingbourn, England, to Maria Louisa, third daughter of Mr. George Flowers, of this town.

On Thursday evening last, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Robert Logan, of Spry Harbour, to Miss Margaret Maloney, of this town.

At St. John, N.B., 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gray, Rector, Simeon L. Lagrin, merchant of that City, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Edward Allen, of Halifax, N. S.

On Monday the 14th inst., at Christ Church, Dartmouth, by the Rev. Addington J. Parker, Rector, Charles James White, Esq., of the Royal Artillery, to Sophia Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Rudyerd, Royal Engineers.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. John Laughlin, Mr. John Brophy, to Miss Elizabeth Slaughenwhite, both of Margaret's Bay.

At Liverpool, Nov. 29, by the Rev. William Smith, Mr. Richard Carder, to Miss Louisa Innis. By the same, Mr. Nelson Paysant, to Miss Lydia Innis.

At Sherbrooke, on Wednesday the 22d November, by Hugh McDonald, Esq. Mr. David Archibald, to Miss Eliza McLatosh, both of St. Mary's River.

DIED.

On Sunday, after a short illness, Mr. Joseph T. Archer, master of the brig James Matthews.

Friday morning, after a lingering illness, Capt. Joseph Evening, in the 43d year of his age. Funeral on Sunday next, at 2 o'clock, from his late residence, opposite the Hon S B Robie's. At Liverpool, N. S., 21st October, after a short illness, Harriet Drummond, of Dowdoin, Maine, aged 10 years and 7 months.

At Antigonis Harbour, Mr. Thomas Davies, a native of England, aged 45.

At Norfolk, Va. on the 14th ult. on board brig Sovereign, of Halifax, N. S. Captain Reuben Crowell.

At Arichat, on Friday the 8th inst. after a lingering illness, aged 19 years, Archibald second son of Mr. Archibald McDonald of this place.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Friday, Dec. 8.—Schr. Margaret, Milgrove, Demerara, 26 days—rum and molasses, to T. C. Kinnear, and J. U. Ross.

Saturday, Dec. 10.—Schr. Mary Bell, Pictou—beef, pork, &c.; schr. Glory, LeBlond, Quebec via Pictou, 20 days—beef, and pork, to Sultus & Wainwright.

Sunday, Dec. 11.—Brigt. Dove, McDonald, Newfoundland, 10 days—dry fish and bread to G. Handley, on Friday saw a brig, supposed her to be the Ann from St. John's N. F.; Elizabeth, Guysboro—fish, pork, &c.; Royal Adelaide, Verge, P. E. Island, 10 days—produce.

Tuesday, Dec. 11.—Brigt. Hilgrove, Bell, Trinidad, 20 days—ballast, to Sultus & Wainwright; schr. Mariner, Gerrard, Charlotte-town, 4 days—produce; Lucy, O'Brien, Pictou, pork.

At Liverpool, G. B. Oct 24th—Barque Lady Paget, hence, in 19 ys.

At Jersey, Oct. 20, brig. Loyal William, Farren, hence, with loss of the Mate and one-man, bulwarks, &c.

At Antwerp, October 14th—Brig Louisa, Abell, hence, 23 days.

At Dover, Nov. 2—Brig Granville, hence, for London.

At Demerara, Nov. 10—Brig Lady Campbell, from Liverpool; brig. Victoria, of Yarmouth, from St. Andrews, and Am. schr. Elizabeth, Gardiner. 11th, Brig Corsair, Thompson, of this port, and brig. Sapphire, of Yarmouth, from St. Andrews.

Wednesday, Dec 13—Brigt. Acadian, Lane, Boston, 5 days—flour &c. to J. Clark and others; Hugh Johnston, Eaton, Herbice, 35 days—rum and molasses, to D. & E. Starr & Co.—left brig. Goshawk to sail for Halifax in about a week; schr. Amethyst, Hilton, Yarmouth, 4 days—produce. The schr. Edward & Mary had arrived at Yarmouth on the 3d December, 11 days from Bermuda—reports that the Mail Boat Velocity from hence, had not arrived at Bermuda when they left.—The Velocity sailed from hence 3d November.

Thursday, schr. Olive Branch, Arichat, coal, dry fish, &c. schr. Margaret, Sydney, coal.

Friday, schr. Industry, Simpson, Boston, 3 days, onions &c.; schr. Elizabeth, Arichat, dry fish, &c.; schr. Fair Trader, Liverpool N. S. Flour.

CLEARED.

Dec. 8th, Emerald, Farrell, Newfoundland—boards, coal, &c. by N. LeCain & Son; brig. Olivia, Ebnner, Boston—wood, coal, &c. by J. Allison & Co. 12th.—Breeze, Palmeter, St. John's N. F.—porter, ale, &c. by Alexander Keith; Planet, Ritchie, South America—dry fish, &c. by Creighton & Grassie. 15th.—Falcon, Dixon, B. W. Indies—pork, &c. by G. P. Lawson; Esperance, LeBuff, St. John, N. B.—flour and mackerel, by E. Allison.

Pictou, Dec. 6—Cleared, Dec. 1, King William, Bondrot, Halifax; 4th, Lucy, O'Brien, do.

Montserrat, Nov. 23.—Sailed, schr. Alert, Scott, New York

PASSENGERS.

In H. M. Packet Star, from Falmouth—Hon. W. Crane, of St. John, N. B.—In the Roseway, for Boston—Messrs. Bourne at Doucett.—In the Lady Ogle, for Bermuda—D. Tucker, Mr. Georges, R. N., and Mr. Sakus.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

**A COURSE OF LECTURES** on the "Acts of the Apostles" will be delivered by THOMAS TAYLOR,

in the Old Baptist Meeting House, on Friday Evenings, at 7 o'clock. First Lecture on Friday evening next. Halifax, December 15th, 1837.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS.

OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA—In 2 Vols.

VOLUME I.

WILL comprise Illustrations of Nova-Scotia, under the patronage of his Excellency Major General Sir Colin Campbell, K. C. B. &c. &c. in a Series of Engravings from original drawings by William Eager, of all the most important parts of the Province.

VOLUME II.

Illustrations of New Brunswick, under the patronage of his Excellency Major General Sir John Harvey, K. C. H.

The above works will be published every four months in numbers, each containing three views, superbly engraved on Steel by eminent artists, price 10s.—and will be accompanied by a Letter Press, giving a brief history of each Province, with statistics to the latest period.

The first No. of Nova-Scotia now offered to the public, will show that no expense will be spared in getting up the work in a style of elegance, superior to any thing ever published in North America. The publisher therefore trusts this will give him a strong claim on the patronage and support of a liberal and discerning public.

Subscription Lists for one or both of these Works—are now open at Mr. C. H. Belcher's, the Halifax Bazaar, and at the different Stationers at St. John, New Brunswick, Fredericton, and St. Andrews. December 15,



## SCOTTISH SONG.

## THE THORN TREE.

I watch'd the moon blink owre the hill,  
And, oh, she glintit bonnilye;  
Then met my lass, when a' was still,  
Below the spreading thorn tree.  
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fair, the spreading thorn tree!—  
The flame o' love lowes bonnilye aneath a spreading thorn tree!

The glow o' youth beam'd on her cheek,  
And love was lowin' to her e'e;  
And Cupids played at hide-an'-seek  
Around us at the thorn tree.  
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fair, the spreading thorn tree—  
The flame o' love lowes bonnilye aneath a spreading thorn tree!

The wanton breeze, wi' downy wing,  
Cam soofin' owre us cannilye;  
And soft and sweet the burn did sing,  
When trottin' by the thorn tree.  
Oh! for the thorn tree—the fragrant-scented thorn tree—  
I ken o' naught sic joys can gie as love aneath the thorn tree!

## BUFFONERY OF SPANISH PRINCES.

In Warner's Life of the Rev. Dr. Archibald Maclaine, Lord Ligonier is stated to have told the following anecdote: When his lordship was ambassador in Spain, in the reign of Charles III., a morning was appointed for him to attend the levee of the Prince of the Asturias [afterwards Charles IV., and father of the late Ferdinand VII.] As he entered the antechamber, he saw several of the grandees coming out of the chamber of audience full dressed, and walking gravely by, with each a fool's cap upon his head. Struck with the sight, he asked what the meaning of it was? To which the Spanish minister, who conducted him, replied, it was merely a fancy of the prince, who kept a great number of these caps in his apartment, one of which he always put upon the head of the person who had been with him. Lord Ligonier then inquired, whether it were likely such a favour would be conferred on him; "because," added he, "the king, my master, whom I represent, would be far from pleased, were I to submit to such an indignity!" Upon this, the Spanish minister promised that he would endeavour to obviate this part of the ceremony of introduction, and, accordingly, went in to consult the prince on the subject, but returned with the answer that Lord Ligonier must submit to be crowned, like the other visitors of his royal highness. "Then," said Lord Ligonier, "I present my respects to his royal highness, and wish him a good morning." "Nay, nay," replied the Spaniard "stay a little, and I will step in again to the prince." He did so, and again returning, assured Lord Ligonier that he might now venture into the presence chamber, without any apprehension of the compliment being paid him. Lord Ligonier went in accordingly, and was received most graciously by the prince, who conversed with him for a long time with the greatest affability. It did not escape Lord Ligonier's observation, however, that the prince stood with his back to the fire-place, having one hand behind him, and he therefore conceived that it was not impossible a trick might be played him at last. He consequently kept a sharp look-out, and watched every motion of his royal highness. The suspicion was not without foundation. Approaching to take his leave, he made a very low bow, keeping his eye still upon the prince's hand; and at the very moment when he was again raising his head, saw his royal highness produce the fool's cap, and lift it up for the purpose of covering him. Being, however, prepared for such a manœuvre, he struck the paper compliment out of the prince's hand to the other end of the room, made another low bow, and retired.

**EUGENE ARAM.**—A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the present month writes:—"In March I was at Wisbeach, and happening to hear that an old woman in the almshouses had been present when Eugene Aram was apprehended at Lynn, in the year 1757, I paid her a visit. She informed me that, at the time of his being apprehended, she was a girl of eleven years of age; that he was put into the chaise hand-cuffed, and that the boys of the school were in tears; that he was much esteemed by them, having been used to associate with them in their play-hours. She said that the picture of his person in the *Newgate Calendar* is the express image of him; and she mentioned (what I heard before, but not with her present phrase,) that he always wore his hat bangled, which she explained, "bent down, or slouched." One remark she made, which I think very interesting, and worthy of record. She said that it had been observed, that in looking behind him, he never turned his head or his person partly round, but always turned round at once, with a very sudden motion. Has any poet, any observer of nature, ever depicted this instance of fear rivalling resolution? I do not remember any description

of the kind. How thankful would Mr. Bulwer have been for the anecdote, had he received it in time! Few people in a morning gossip learn a new anecdote of human nature; and grateful for it, I record the old lady's name.—*Beckley.*

**A BAGMAN'S JOKE.**—"I wonder what these ghosts of mail-coaches carry in their bags," said the landlord, who had listened to the whole story with profound attention.

"The dead letters, of course," said the Bagman.  
"Oh, ah—to be sure," rejoined the landlord. "I never thought of that."—*Pickwick Papers.*

**SCOTLAND.**—"I don't know whether any of you ever partook of a real substantial Scotch breakfast, and then went out to a slight lunch of a bushel of oysters, a dozen or so of bottled ale, and a noggin or two of whiskey to close up with. If you ever did, you will agree with me that it requires a pretty strong head to go out to dinner and supper afterwards."—*Id.*

**TURKISH PREDILECTION FOR CATS.**—The dog, the faithful friend of man, is everywhere, in the land of Islamism, a complete outcast; everything he touches becomes impure; while the cat, the most ungrateful and least susceptible of attachment of all domestic animals, is the darling of the bearded warrior and the fair inmate of the harem; she eats and drinks from the same dish, and sleeps on the same couch, both with old and young; and all this because she was the favourite plaything of Mahomet, who actually permitted his purring pet to deposit her nursery in his bosom.—*Spencer's Travels in Circassia.*

**TIT FOR TAT.**—A young Englishman while at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies, by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there, his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There (said he), that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?" "Take care (said the other); that man is of the first quality." "I do not care for his quality (said the Englishman); I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it." "Pray (said his friend) be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered, "There (said he), I have brought you your snuff-box." "Well, how did you obtain it?" "Why (said the Neapolitan nobleman), I did not wish to make a noise about it; therefore I picked his pocket of it."—*Duten's Memoirs.*

## ENGLISH ANNUALS, 1838.

**C. H. BELCHER**, has received the following Splendid Annuals for 1838—viz.—Flowers of Loveiness.—Twelve Groups of Female Figures, Emblematic of Flowers; designed by various artists, with poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

**HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY**, with beautifully finished engravings, from drawings by the first artists. Edited by the Countess of Blessington—splendidly bound.

**Heath's Picturesque Annual**, containing a Tour in Ireland, by Leitch Ritchie, with nineteen highly finished Engravings from drawings by T. Creswick and D. McClise, elegantly bound in green.

**Jennings' Landscape Annual**, containing a Tour in Spain and Morocco, by Thomas Roscoe, illustrated with twenty-one highly finished Engravings from drawings by David Roberts.

**The Oriental Annual**, or scenes in India, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. with twenty two Engravings from drawings by William Daniell.

**Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath; a Christmas and New Year's Present**, with Eleven elegant Engravings—elegantly bound.

**'This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering, Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words, Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence, And says—Forget me not!**

**Forget me Not: A Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present**, elegantly bound, and embellished with Eleven elegant Engravings—

'Appealing, by the magic of its name,  
To gentle feelings and affections, kept  
Within the heart, like gold.'—L. E. L.

Others are shortly expected.

Nov. 11.

## STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

An assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig Acadian from Boston, for sale at low prices—

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oct 14.—8m.

## THE SUBSCRIBER,

**BEGS** leave to inform his friends and customers, that owing to his bad state of health, he intends bringing his business to a close. He has now on hand a large and extensive Stock of

## WINES, LIQUORS, GROCERIES, &amp;c.

Which he offers for Sale at the undermentioned Prices, for Cash only. He also wishes to inform those that are indebted to him, either by Note of Hand or Book Account, prior to 1837, if not paid before the 31st December they will be placed in the hands of an Attorney, and sued for without distinction.

His Stock consists of the following Articles, viz.—Gunpowder Tea at 6s. 9 per lb.; Green Tea, 2s. 6d.; Souchong, 5s. (warranted); Congo 2s. to 2s. 6d.; Bohemian 1s. 6d.; Loaf Sugar, 9d.; moist do. 5d.; Mustard, 1s. 3d.; Raisins, 6d.; half boxes Raisins, 9s.; Currants, 10d.; Coffee, 10d.; English Cheese, 1s. 2d.; Annapolis Cheese, 10d.; Chocolate 9d.; Ketchup, fish Sauces, &c. 2s. per bottle; English Candles 1s. per lb.; Halifax do. 11d.; Starch, 10d.; Vermicelli, 1s.; Macaroni, 1s. 3d.; smoked Hams, 9d.; Salt, 2s. per bushel; Havana Segars 7s. 6d. per hundred; Manilla Siteroots, 7s. per hundred; Cognac Brandy, 9s. to 10s. per gal.; Hollands, 7s. 6d.; Whiskey, 10s.; Port Wine, 7s. 6d.; best Port Wine, 80s. per dozen; Gold Sherry, 27s. 6d. per doz.; Teneriffe, 20s. per doz.; Sicily Madeira, 20s. per dozen; Buccellas, 18s. per dozen; Champagne, 60s. per dozen; Scotch Ale, 10s. per doz. London Porter 10s. per dozen; with sundry other articles too numerous to mention.

He also offers TO LET, that well known excellent WHARF and STORE, (now partly occupied by Messrs. Carzon & Co.) possession given immediately. The Wharf is nearly new; it extends 144 feet from the rear of the Dwelling House to the water, and is 67 feet in breadth, with a Dock of 21 feet wide on the north side; at the end there is water sufficient for a large ship to lay, or heave down at; the Store is 40 feet by 38, and in good repair; it would make an excellent Fish Store, or a Cooper's Shop for a Whaling Fishing Establishment. For further particulars, please apply to

RICHARD MARSHALL.

December 2, 1837.—4w.

## HATS! HATS!

**GENTLEMEN'S** best London BEAVER HATS, newest shapes.

—ALSO—

An assortment of handsome MERINOS, for cloaks and dresses, figured and plain, for sale at low prices, by

Dec. 2.

(4w.)

J. M. HAMILTON.

## SCHR. BOYNE FROM NORFOLK.

## FOR SALE,

The cargo of the above vessel—

45 M. White Oak hhd. Staves,  
15 M. do do Heading,  
5 M. Red Oak hhd. Staves.

GEORGE P. LAWSON.

Dec. 2.

## BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1838.

IS now Published and may be had of the Subscriber, and of others throughout the Province. Containing every thing requisite and necessary for an Almanack, Farmer's Calendar, Table of the Equator of Time, Eclipses, Her Majesty's Council; House of Assembly; Officers of the Army, Navy, and Staff of the Militia; Officers of the different Counties; Settings of Courts, &c. arranged under their respective heads; Roll of Barristers and Attornies, with dates of Admission; Roads to the principal towns in the Province, and the route to St. John and Fredericton, N. B.; Colleges, Academies and Clergy with a variety of other matter.

Nov. 11.

## NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

**THE SUBSCRIBER** tenders his thanks to his friends for their prompt exertions in removing his Goods and Furniture on the night of the Fire; and informs them in Public, that he has hired MR. VASS'S Brick Building in BEDFORD ROW, where he would be glad to commodate BOARDERS, and hopes to receive a share of support in his new line of Business.

December 1.

GEORGE T. FILLIS.

## THE PEARL.

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