"Oh no, you would not, if you are discontented now. And your brother loves you so dearly. I cannot think, how you can find it in your heart to envy him."

"I do though, Kitty. I envy him his fortune and his rank; but that is not what I envy him most. I envy him because everybody loves him. Why, even you love him more than you love me."

"Don't you know what good reason I have to love him?" returned Kitty, firmly, but with some little embarrassment. "I have often told you what a friend he has been to me all my life long."

"Yes, I know that you don't love him, because he is rich, and will be called Sir Francis. O, I wish he had been cross and ugly, for then you could not have loved him."

"O, dear Edward, think how wrong it is to be vexed that your brother is loved."

"Well, it's not exactly that. I don't want people not to like Frank, for I know he's a splendid fellow; but I do wish somebody would love me better than him or anybody or anything else in the whole world."

"You know your mother does; and for her sake, you should try to be contented and happy."

"Well, I am very happy, if the days were not so confoundedly long and everything so stupid. Do you know, I did something this morning. I am sure you will say it was very wrong—I felt it was wrong myself. I didn't mean to do it, but somehow I couldn't stop. I told mother, I wished I was Frank. She did look so vexed—there came a strange fierceness into her face. Don't you think she is very handsome, Kitty?"

"Yes, especially when she smiles."

"No, when she frowns: it's my treasure of a Kate that looks lovely when she smiles. Mother looks magnificent when she's fierce. I feel a sort of creeping of the flesh and burning at the heart when she looks like that. Is it wrong to like to see her so?"

"It must be wrong," replied Kitty, gravely. "She cannot look so unless she feels unhappy; besides, I do not think it reverent in you to speculate on your mother's looks, and to put your own interpretation on a passing expression."

"Do not look so sorry, Kate—I can't bear to see you. I know I am very wicked, but you must not hate me. I try to pray, indeed I do, and I will yet more. Is it not strange," he added presently, in a lower tone—"is it not very strange that I never like to make you look sorry; but when I vex mother, the blood leaps in my veins, and I feel as if I couldn't stop, it makes me feel so near to her. Look at my forehead: don't you see I am getting a frown like mother's? I frown so at night sometimes that it wakes me out of my sleep. I dream of nothing but battles and fighting. Dear Kitty, do you think I could ever go to Heaven?"

"Remember who gave His precious life a ransom for sinners, Edward! Remember Him who loves you, and who is touched with a feeling for your infirmities."

"Sometimes," said the boy, looking out of the window, and speaking in a soft, dreamy tone—"sometimes all that is written in the Testament seems so true, that I feel strong for anything; but then, all in a moment, away it goes, and the old bad thoughts come back. I suppose, Kitty, it is the Devil taking away the Word out of my heart."

Thus, in the dark November day, they talked together.

(To be continued.)

The Real Gentleman.—Not he who displays the latest fashion—dresses in extravagance with gold rings and chains to display. Not he who talks the loudest, and makes constant use of profane language and vulgar words. Not he who is proud and overbearing—who oppresses the poor and looks with contempt on honest industry. Not he who cannot control his passions, and humble himself as a child. No; none of these are real gentlemen. It is he who is kind and obliging—who is ready to do you a favour with no hope of reward—who assists those who are in need—who is more careful of his heart that the dress of his person—who is humble and sociable—not irascible and revengeful—who always speaks the truth without resorting to profane or indecent words. Such a man is a gentleman, wherever he may be found. Rich or poor, high or low, he is entitled to the applleation.

Rice Bread,—A baker in Paris is driving a great trade by selling the 14-sous leat for 12 sous; he is enabled to do this by using one-sixth of rice instead of wheat flour. It is said, that the bread is as good as that made in the ordinary way; its quality had been tested by the Government in feeding troops, and the report was favorable.

[The average duration of human life throughout the world is 33 years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one-half before reaching seventeen.

A strong solution of Alum with some whiskey mixed in it, is said to be a most excellent remedy for the galled shoulders of horses. Apply it three times a day, until the wound is healed.

GLEANINGS FROM LATE PAPERS.

In the last number of the *Colonist* we copied an account of the sailing of the expedition for Kertch some time since, and the loud dissatisfaction expressed at its unexpected and abrupt recal by General Canrobert. The last papers received mentioned that it was again to sail, and from the above despatch it appears it has bravely accomplished the important service it was expected to perform. We append some further interesting details of Kertch, from a late English paper:—

At the entrance in the peninsula of Kertch are still to be seen the remains of a ruined wall and ditch, running across the isthmus from north to south, which are supposed to have served as a defence to the ancient kingdom of the Bosphorus.

On approaching Kertch one is struck by the immense number of tumuli, similar to those met with all over the steppe, and which, from their appearance and form, are considered to be of the same origin. Every year search is made in one or more of those tumuli; and many vases, coins, and golden ornaments, distinguished for elegance of form and beauty of workmanship, have been disinterred. Statues have also been found in these tumuli, sculptured in the purest white marble, and in a style worthy of the best days of Grecian art. Many of these now ornament the Museum of St. Petersburg, while others are allowed to be retained in the Museum at Kertch, near where they lay so long concealed.

Kertch, which, thirty years ago, was a miserable village, has of late yeaas become a handsome town, whose importance is rapidly increasing, and whose inhabitants amount now to about seven thousand. The streets are wide, and well paved; and the handsome houses, arcades, and pillared edifices, built of a beautiful white stone (of which there are several quarries in the neighbourhood), give it quite an imposing appearance. The Governor's house, the Custom-house, and several large magazines, are built on the quay, which terminates in the walls of the Lazarette, at the entrance to the straits of Yenikali.

Unfortunately, the water is so shallow at Kertch, that vessels cannot approach the quay, but require to anchor at a considerable distance; nevertheless, merchants find it more profitable to load their vessel at this port than to risk the shallow water and frequent winds of the Sea of Azoff. Extensive fisheries have been established all along the coast, at which multitudes of sturgeons and herrings are taken. From the roe of the former caviare, is made in great quantities; the latter are taken into the interior of the country, or else salted.

Every year commerce is increasing: rich merchants are establishing themselves there; and everything leads one to suppose that, ere long, Kertch will become a large commercial and flourishing city.

UNITED STATES.

A Whole Family Crushed.—A Mr. Yokum, for some time a resident of Empire City, (Coos Bay), had moved to a coal clam, about eight miles from the city, and on the road to Randolph, where, with his wife and seven children, he lived in a small frame house. On the morning of the 26th of March, Mr. Yokum had set fire to a tall, white cedar tree, near the house, expecting it to fall before night. In the evening, when the children had already retired to bed, and the mother was sitting by the fire with the youngest child in her arms, the father stepped out to look after the tree, and noticing that it was ready to fall on or near the house, gave the alarm to his wife, who woke up the four girls sleeping near by, and with them was about to escape, when a heavy limb, brought down by the falling tree, struck through the house, instantly killing the four girls and the babe in its mother's arms, scattering their brains in the most frightful manner, and in every direction.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Wm. Charlton, a young man from Prince Edward Island, slipped from Murchie & Co's wharf at Calais, while unloading a lumber car, and struck his head upon the capsill as he went over into the water, from which he was taken dead.—*Bangor Democrat, June* 5.

United States.—The R. M. Steamer America arrived from Boston Friday afternoon, having been detained off the harbor about 15 hours by a dense fog. We have accounts to Wednesday.

The arrival of emigrants from abroad has undergone a great diminution lately. Not half the number of foreigners come to New York for the purpose of making the States their residence, that came formerly. The Commissioners of Emigration, on the 30th ult. state the number of emigrants who arrived at that port, during the five months of the year 1855 which have already elapsed, to be but 48,354 while, in the same months of the year 1854 the number was 108,993.

In Edgefield, South Carolina, May 20, every thing was favourable for the farmer. The cotton and corn were growing rapidly. A good crop of wheat had been harvested. Vegetables were doing well, and there was every prospect of a good yield of fruit.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Saturday, June 23, 1855.

The European News.—We have postponed some editorial matter, to make room for the News received by the Steamer, yesterday, which will be found to confirm the telegraphic despatches published by us last week. We issue one-half of our paper early, to put our friends from the country in possession of the latest news.

The Halifax *Sun* says, on authority of a passenger by the Asia, that a message by telegraph announced, just as the packet was leaving, that Perekop had been taken by the Allies.

The Steamer Rosebud, employed by the Telegraph Company to relay the Cable between Capes Traverse and Tormentine, has we understand, accomplished the task successfully. We trust that all the other necessary arrangements for keeping up a telegraphic communication with Halifax, Boston, New York, &c., will speedily follow.

CIVIC ELECTIONS.

We understand that a large meeting of the Electors of Ward No. Four, was held on Thursday evening, at the wareroom of Mr. John Hobs, Cabinet maker, for the pnrpose of nominating a fit and proper person, as the choice of that Ward, for the office of Mayor of the City. as well as to nominate two Councilmen, to serve for the Ward. Five gentlemen having been severally proposed for the office of Mayor, and the sense of the meeting having been taken on each severally, a majority pronounced in favour of WM. CUNDALL, Esq. The gentlemen nominated Councilmen, were George Beer, Esq. and Mr. David Stewart. The meeting then appointed a committee of three electors to draw up a requisition to Mr. Cundall, inviting him to come forward as a candidate for the office of Mayor, and to co-operate with such other committees as may be similarly appointed by the other Wards, for the purpose of obtaining signatures to the Requisition.—*Isl.*

☞ The Rev. Mr. Gordon of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, intends, D.V., to preach in the Temperance Hall, in this city to-morrow, the 24th inst., at 3 p. m. Mr. Gordon is about to proceed as a Missionary of the Gospel of Peace to the South Sea Islands; he is at present paying his last visit to his friends and relations on this Island, before he leaves for his distant field of labour. A collection will be taken up in aid of the mission.

We have just received the London Quarterly Review for April, 1855, the Contents are:—1, The Crystal Palace. 2, Venetian Despatches. 3, Madame de Maintenor. 4, The Forester. 5, Food and its adulterations. 6, The Emperor Nicholas. 7, Sir Richard Steele. 8, Public Affairs.

Agents:—Haszard & Owen.

NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."

"Nature and Human Natuie," by the Author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," "Wise Saws," "Old Judge," &c.,

Had this been the first of Haliburton's writings, we are doubtful whether his name would have attained the celebrity which the publication of Sam Slick has justly procured for it, and there are some things in it, which, however they might tend to make a reputation for an inferior writer, tend rather to lower than elevate the fame of a man as celebrated. The book consists of a series of stories, jests and anecdotes, some good, some middling, and more, neither one thing nor the other, but put in to fill up the book, The whole is broad caricature, and a little too extravagant, as is (what he himself terms,) "the following whimsical story."

"When the 'Black Hawk' was at Causeau, we happened to have a queer, original sort of man, a Nova Scotia doctor on board, who joined our party at Ship Harbor, for the purpose of taking a cruise with us. Not having anything above particular to do, we left the vessel and took passage in a coaster for Prince Edward's Island, as my commission required me to spend a day or two there, and inquire about the fisheries. Well, although I don't trade now, I spekelate sometimes when I see a right smart chance, and especially if there is fun in the transaction. So, sais I, 'Doctor, I will play possum with these folks, and take a rise out of them, that will astonish their weak nerves, *I* know, while I put several hundred dollars in my pocket at the same time.' So I advertised that I would give four pounds ten shillings for the largest Hackmetack knee in the island, four pounds for the second, three pounds ten shillings for the third, and three pounds for the fourth biggest one. I suppose, Squire, you know what a ship's knee is, don't you? It is a crooked piece of timber, exactly the shape of a man's leg when kneeling. It forms two sides of a square, and makes a grand fastening for the side and deck beams of a vessel.

"'What in the world do you want of only four of those knees?' said the Doctor.

"'Nothing,' said I, 'but to raise a laugh on these critters, and make them pay real handsome for the joke.'

"Well, every bushwhacker and forest-ranger in the island thought he knew where to find four enormous ones, and that he would go and get them, and say nothing to nobody, and all that morning fixed for the delivery, they kept coming into the shipping place with them. People couldn't think what under the light of the living sun was going on, for it seemed as if every team in the province was at work, and all the countrymen were running mad on junipers. Perhaps no livin' soul ever see such a beautiful collection of ship-timber afore, and I am sure never will again in a crow's age. The way these 'old oysters' (a nick-name I gave the islanders, on account of their everlastin' beds of this shell-fish,) opened their mugs and gaped, was a caution to dying calves.

"At the time appointed, there were eight hundred sticks on the ground, the very best in the colony. Well, I went very gravely round and selected the four largest, and paid for them cash down on the nail, according to contract. The goneys seed their fix, but didn't know how they got into it. They didn't think hard of me, for I advertised for four sticks only, and I gave a very high price for them; but they did think a little mean of themselves, that's a fact, for each man had but four pieces, and they were too ridiculous large for the thunderin' small vessels built on the island. They scratched their heads in a way that was harrowing, even in a stubble-field.

"'My gracious,' sais I, 'hackmetacks, it seems to me, is as thick in this country as blackberries in the Fall, after the robins have left to go to sleep for the winter. Who on earth would have thought there was so many here? Oh, children of Israel! What a lot there is, aint there? Why, the father of this island couldn't hold them all.'

"'Father of this island,' sais they, 'who is he?'

"'Why,' sais I, 'aint this Prince Edward's?'

"'Why, yes,' sais they, looking still more puzzled.

"'Well,' sais I, 'in the middle of Halifax harbor is King George's Island, and that must be the father of this.'

"Well if they could see any wit in that speech, it is more than I could, to save my soul alive; but it is the easiest thing in the world to set a crowd off a tee-heeing. They can't hely it, for it is electrical. Go to the circus now, and you will hear a stupid joke of the clown; well, you are determined you won't laugh, but somehow you can't help it, no how you can fix it, although you are mad with yourself for doing so, and you just roar out and are as big a fool as all the rest.

"Well it made them laugh and that was enough for me.

"Sais I, 'the worst of it is, gentle*men*, they are all so shocking large, and as there is no small ones among them, they can't be divided into lots, still, as you seem to be disappointed, I will make you an offer for them, cash down, all hard gold.' So I gave them a bid at a very low figure, say half nothing, 'and' sais I, 'I advise you not to take it, they are worth much more, if a man only knows what to do with them. Some of your traders, I make no manner of doubt, will give you twice as much, if you will only take your pay in goods, at four times their value, and perhaps they mightent like your selling them to a stranger, for they are all responsible government-men, and act accordin' 'to the well undestood wishes of the people.' I shall sail in two hours, and you can let me know; but mind, I can only buy all or none, for I shall have to hire a vessel to carry them. After all,' sais I, 'perhaps we had better not trade, for,' taking out a handful of sovereigns from my pocket, and jingling them, 'there is no two ways about it; these little fellows are easier to carry by a long chalk than them great lummokin' hackmetacks. Good bye, gentle*men*.'

"Well, one of the critters, who was as awkward as a wrong boot, soon calls out, 'whough,' to me, so I turns and sais 'well, "old hoss," what do you want?' At which they laughed louder than before.

"Sais he, 'we have concluded to take your offer.'

"'Well,' sais I, 'there is no back-out in me, here is your money, the knees is mine.' So I shipped them, and had the satisfaction to oblige them, and put two hundred and fifty pounds in my pocket. There are three things, Squire, I like in a spekelation:—*First.* A fair shake. *Second.* A fair profit; and *Third*, a fair share of fun."

We rather think had Sam Slick ever been in Prince Edward Island, he would have found that it would have been rather difficult to have taken a rise out of these "old oysters" in that way. He might have found too, that the largest Hackmatack knees would not have been one inch too large for "the thundering small vessels we build here."