

## INTEMPERANCE.

EXTRACT FROM MY MSS.

About three years ago, while sitting alone in a room in the city of Baltimore, a rapping at the door arrested my attention. I called out "come in," when one of the most wretched looking beings that my eyes ever rested upon stood before me. I desired him to be seated. His clothes were old and tattered, but gave evidence of having been of the finest material—yet from the grotesque appearance they gave him, it was evident they were not intended for his person, but were the cast-off of some benevolent individuals. I entered into conversation with him, and soon found, that wreck as he was, there were still visible the glimmerings of what he had once been. He was a man of extensive information—of the finest mould of intellect. I learned from his conversation that he had once been at the head of a respectable literary institution in Washington city—had been tutor to the children of the celebrated William Wirt; and had given promising indication of one day being an honour to his country, and the delight of the circle with which he should associate—all of which I afterwards had reason to believe was generally correct. But, alas! how fallen—alas! how degraded! The sin of intemperance had blighted his fairest prospects—had quenched his liveliest hopes. Yet he seemed repentant—truly repentant. Said that he was sensible of his moral abandonment, and censured not the world, that they stood aloof from him, and cast him from them as a serpent. That he designed to retract his wanderings, and once more share in comforts he had so unwisely sacrificed. His condition touched me deeply, and I could scarce refrain from shedding tears. Upon his statement that he was houseless and penniless I gave him what charity I was able, with the entreaty that he would not spend it for rum! He promised—departed, and I silently breathed a prayer that he might return to the bosom of his friends, a reformed man.

A few days afterwards—not five hundred yards from the very place where he had plighted his vow to drink no more—I saw the same individual in a state of beastly intoxication—extended upon a cellar door—his coat torn from the waist to the collar—his person covered with mud, and exposed to the wanton insults of the thoughtless and mischievous boys. Oh, how my heart shrank within at the spectacle! I approached where he lay, and calling him by name, said, "is this you?" He raised his bloated countenance a moment, and fixing his dull eye upon me, with a glance of recognition, he muttered, "sic transit gloria mundi," and then relapsed into all the moody indifference and stupefaction of a sot! Oh, is there any thing so entirely subversive of the best interests of man as intemperance? Here was an individual, who, but for this vice, might have lived in the approval and confidence of his friends—the approbation of God—and finally have received admission into those pearly gates that encompass the New Jerusalem—but what deep pollution—what intellectual abasement—what utter insensibility to his own well-being was here manifested. Poor man, if any thing ever served to warn me of the rock upon which he split, it was his own case. For weeks did he haunt my waking and dreaming hours, and the memory of poor B— will, with me, never—never cease to have existence.

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## HEAT AND MOSQUITOES.

Mr. Tyrone Power, in his excursion in America a few years ago, returned to New York from Canada by way of the Utica canal. The heat he endured in the course of his passage is described by him (*Impressions of America*, vol. i.) as having been truly dreadful, the thermometer at Lockport being as high as 110 degrees of Fahrenheit. His account of the heat and mosquitoes is most graphic. "Towards the second night (says he) our progress became tediously slow, for it appeared to grow hot in proportion as the evening advanced—every consideration became absorbed in our sufferings. This night I found it impossible to look in upon the cabin; I therefore made a request to the captain that I might be permitted to have a mattress on deck; but this, he told me, could not be; there was an existing regulation which positively forbade sleeping upon the deck of a canal packet; indeed, he assured me that this could only be done at the peril of life, with the certainty of catching fever and ague. I appeared to submit to his well-meant arguments, but inwardly resolved not to sleep within the den below, which exhibited a scene of suffocation and its consequences that defies description.

I got my cloak up, filled my hat with cigars, and, planting myself about the centre of the deck, here resolved, in spite of dews and mosquitoes, to weather it through the night.

"What is the name of the country we are now passing?" I inquired of one of the boatmen who joined me about the first hour of morning.

"Why, sir, this is called the Cedar Swamp," answered the man, to whom I handed a cigar, in order to retain his society and create more smoke, weak as was the defence against the hungry swarms surrounding us on all sides.

"We have not much more of this Cedar Swamp to get through, I hope," inquired I, seeking for some consolatory information.

"About fifty miles more, I guess," was the reply of my companion, accompanying each word with a sharp slap on the back of his hand, or on his cheek or forehead.

"Thank heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, drawing my cloak closer about me, although the heat was killing: "we shall after that escape in some sort, I hope, from these legions of mosquitoes?"

"I guess not quite," replied the man; "they are as thick, if not thicker, in the Long Swamp."

"The long Swamp!" I repeated; "what a horrible name for a country! Does the canal run far through it?"

"No, not so very far! only about eighty miles."

"We've then done with swamps, I hope, my friend?" I inquired, as he kept puffing and slapping on with unwearied constancy.

"Why, yes, there's not a heap more swamp, that is to say, not close to the line, till we come to within about forty miles of Utica."

"And is that one as much infested with these infernal insects as are the Cedar and Long Swamps?"

"I guess that is the place above all for the mosquitoes," replied the man grinning. "thim's the real gallinippers, emigrating north for the summer all the way from the Balize and Red River. Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast-iron kettle among thim chaps, and if their bills don't make a watering-pot of it before morning, I'm blowed. They're strong enough to lift the boat out of the canal, if they could only get underneath her."

I found these swamps endless as Banquo's line: would they had been shadows only; but alas! they were yet to be encountered, horrible realities not to be evaded. I closed my eyes in absolute fear, and forbore further inquiry."

**ASSIZE PROCESSION.**—The following description of the reception of the judges of assize at Kerry, in 1732, by the high sheriff, the Hon. J. Fitzmaurice, afterwards Earl of Shelburne, is given by Mr. Smith, in his *History of Kerry*:—"When Lord Shelburne was high sheriff of this county, in 1732, he received the judges of assize, at the bounds of the county, in a most magnificent and splendid manner, the particulars of which are as follows: two running footmen led the way, being clothed in white, with their black caps dressed with red ribbons, and red sashes with deep fringes; four grooms leading four stately horses, with their caparisons, their manes and tails dressed with roses of red ribbons; a page in scarlet, laced with silver, bearing the sheriff's white rod; the high sheriff in scarlet, his sword hanging in a broad shoulder belt of crimson velvet, covered with silver lace, mounted on a beautiful horse, having a Turkish bridle, with reins of green silk intermixed with gold, the caps and housings of green velvet, that was almost covered with gold lace, and bordered with a deep gold fringe; two trumpets in green, profusely laced with silver; twelve livery men in the colours of the family, mounted on black horses, of the value of from twenty to forty pounds, with long tails, which, as well as their manes, were decked with roses of red ribbons, the caps and housings being a centaur in brass, which is the crest of the Fitzmaurices; they had short horseman's wigs of one cut, with gold-laced hats; their back swords hung in broad buff belts, their cravats, or stocks, were black, fastened with two large gilt buttons behind; each had a brace of pistols and a bright carbine hanging in a basket on his right side, with a stopper in the muzzle, of red mixed with white, that looked not unlike a tulip; his riding coat, with a scarlet cape and gilt buttons, was rolled up behind him; the Earl of Kerry's gentleman of the horse, single, mounted on a fine black horse; the steward, waiting gentleman, and other domestics of Lord Kerry. The cavalcade were all of the earl's own family, and mounted out of his stable to the number of thirty-five. After these followed the gentlemen of the county, who were very numerous, with about twenty led horses, with field-clothes, attending them.

**THE SPARTANS.**—If some Spartans were noble, every Spartan boasted himself gentle. His birth forbade him to work, and his only profession was the sword. To be born a Spartan was to be born to power. The sense of superiority and the habit of command impart a certain elevation to the manner and to the bearing. There was, probably, more of dignity in the poorest Spartan citizen than in the wealthiest noble of Corinth—the most voluptuous courtier of Syracuse. \* \* By her valour, Sparta was long the most eminent state of the most intellectual of all countries; and, when we ask what she has bequeathed to mankind; what she has left us in rivalry to that of Athens, whose poetry yet animates, whose philosophy yet guides, whose arts yet inspire the world—we find only the names of two or three minor poets, whose works have perished, and some half-a-dozen pages of pithy aphorisms, and pointed repartees!—*Bulwer*.

**INDIAN GIPSIES.**—The Kangjars are a kind of vagrant gipsy-like tribe, and prey upon all kinds of birds, which they can catch with a spike fastened to a long jointed rod. They reject beef, but eat crocodiles, or whatever else comes in their way. The men gather peacock feathers for sale, and make ropes of the grass called Sabe, which seem to be the principal exertions that they make for procuring grain; but in the hot season they make a good deal by collecting for Europeans the roots of the grass called Khaskhas. Their women are in this district the only

persons who tattoo the female Hindus, but many Nat from other places share in this gain. They worship a goddess called Bibi, (a Persian word meaning lady), and a male called Porandhami. They offer sacrifices, and the priest, whose office is hereditary, is called Phuldhariya. They pretend that they will admit into their society any person of high caste, and that such converts have been made; but they reject low connexions. They usually live in small portable sheds, but in Patua they have two or three shops, where they sell ropes and the grass roots, and the owners have some little capital, and employ their brethren to collect.—*From Montgomery Martin's "Eastern India."*

**FEMALE RESOLUTION.**—Dumout, whose "Narrative of a Thirty-four years Slavery and Travels in Africa," has recently been published, relates the following anecdote of a female during the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782:—"The Count d'Artois came to St. Roach, to visit the place and the works. I well remember that his highness, while inspecting the lines in company with the Duke de Crillon, both of them with their suite alighted, and all lay flat on the ground, to shun the effects of a bomb that fell near a part of the barracks where a French woman had a canteen. This woman, with two children on her arm, rushes forth, sits with the utmost sang froid on the bomb shell, puts out the match, and thus extricates from danger all that were around her. Numbers were witnesses of this incident; and his highness granted her a pension of three francs a day, and promised to promote her husband after the siege. The Duke de Crillon imitated the prince's generosity, and insured to her likewise a payment of five francs a day.

**HATS AND CAPS.**—When Lieutenant Wilsted and his companions were travelling in Arabia, their dresses were much criticised by the simple Arabs. Their hats they styled "jidders," or cooking-pots; but the eye shade of the dress caps afforded the widest scope for conjecture. "What can it be for?" was echoed from all sides. "Wonderful!" at length exclaimed an old seer, with uplifted hands, who had not before spoken; "wonderful! These Infidels are doomed to eternal perdition, and with becoming modesty, they shroud their eyes from the looks of the Almighty, nor will they lift them upwards, lest they should profanely encounter his gaze."

**A NICE POINT OF LAW.**—Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to a dower, asserts that if "land abide in the husband for a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof;" and he adds, that "this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart, but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle the longest, whereby he became seized of an estate by survivorship, in consequence of which his widow obtained a verdict for her dower."

**DUTIFUL WIDOW.**—The clerk of a large parish, not five miles from Bridgenorth, Salop, perceiving a female crossing the churchyard in a widow's garb, with a watering can and bundle, had the curiosity to follow her, and he discovered her to be Mrs. —, whose husband had not long been interred. The following conversation took place:—"Ah! Mrs.—, what are you going to do with your watering can?" "Why, Mr. P.—, I have begged a few hayseeds, which I have in my bundle, and am going to sow them upon my poor husband's grave, and have brought a little water with me, to make them spring." The clerk replied: "You have no occasion to do so, as grass will soon grow upon it." "Ah! Mr. P.—, that may be; but do you know my poor husband, who now lies here, made me promise him on his death bed I would never marry again till the grass had grown over his grave; and having had a good offer made me, I dunna wish to break my word, or be kept as I am."

**DUELS.**—With respect to duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the Unfathomable, and to dissolve therein, at any rate very soon,—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and simultaneously, by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution; and off-hand, become air and non-existent! Deuce on it—the little spit-fires! Nay, I think, with old Hugo von Trimberg—"God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous manikins here below."—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus*.

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