

From the Religious Magazine.

A SCENE AT SEA.

In June of 1826, the writer of this article took passage in a packet, from a southern city for New York. It was a lovely morning. A fair wind swept us from the wharf. Fort after fort, and island after island were rapidly passed as we stretched out of the beautiful harbor. There was a crowd of passengers. Gaiety and cheerfulness prevailed; for our circumstances conspired to promote it. Some of us, after long absence were hastening toward home, 'the place where all endearments meet.' Others were on visits of pleasure and relaxation to the healthful scenes of a northern summer. A couple of leagues of distance were passed. But an incident, affecting and painful to me at least, occurred.

In stowing away some articles of freight, the chief mate of the ship discovered a slave, who had secreted himself in the hole, in hope of escape from bondage. He had made the necessary provision for his support during the passage, in some simple articles of food, which, with a couple of blankets which he had provided for his bed, were drawn forth from the darkness and presented to our sight.

I looked on this scene with the deepest sympathy for the man, a slave indeed, but a man. There he stood, of fine form and noble features. He appeared about thirty years of age. I gave him the appellation, man. So he was. And then he must have had the feelings of human nature. And what must have been the anxieties of his mind as he laid this plan of escape and carried it into execution? How strong must have been his emotions, as in the darkness of midnight, he stowed himself away in the hole, and made the various arrangements necessary to escape the observation of all on board! How high must have been the exultation of hope, as he heard the fastenings of the ship cast off—as he heard the dashing of the passing waves, indicating progress toward a land of freedom! What pleasant scenes must have arisen before him, as he thought of stepping on that distant shore where he should be a slave no longer! I say he was a man, and therefore such emotions as these must have arisen in his bosom.

But suddenly the fair fabric of his hopes was dashed in pieces. The officer's eye fell upon him. His stern voice called him from his dark retreat. What a sound for his ear! What anguish for his heart! The bright visions of his fancy were suddenly overshadowed with terrible darkness. You could see the emotions of sadness and despair on his countenance, as he slowly ascended from his place of refuge and stood before us. There were those of the passengers, who uttered the bitter curse upon him, and the still more bitter jest. I heard the rude laugh as strains of heart-cutting ridicule rang in his ears. But all this was most harshly at variance with the mournful reality of the sad scene. I could have wept over the unhappy man. I could not see such delightful hopes, as I knew must have gladdened his soul, thus cloven down without deep sympathy with him. I could not see but with strong emotion a fellow being, just bursting from the bondage and oppression of thirty years, thus cruelly thrust back again into the furnace—to be for him heated seven-fold. I could not see that crushed and bleeding heart, those withered and expiring hopes, and suffer my thoughts to glance at that prospect of gloom, which had so suddenly succeeded such blessed expectation. I could not do this, without heart-felt grief. I was bound with him. And I could not but see, as clearly as the midnight lightning's flash is seen, the odious influence of a system, which could make so sad a spectacle an occasion of curses or merriment; which could steel the heart to insensibility when so powerful an appeal was made to its sympathies.

By the captain's order the ship was hove to, and a signal was soon flying to recall the pilot-boat which had just left us. In an hour the unhappy slave was on his way back to his master. But before the flight of another hour he was in the eternal world! Rather than fall into the hands of men, he chose to fall into the hands of the living God. He threw himself into the sea and was seen

ON TIME.—Time is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of all things; the past is gone, the future is to come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand disposer of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of all depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; it warns us with a voice which even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little hope from his friends.—*London Magazine.*

From the Abbe Raynal.

THE WOMAN AND THE LIONESS

When the Spaniards first laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, in 1535, the new colony wanted provisions. All who attempted to procure them were murdered by the savages, and it became necessary to forbid any one, upon pain of death, from going beyond the limits of the new settlement. A woman, whom hunger had certainly inspired with resolution to brave the fear of death, eluded the vigilance of the guards who were posted round the colony to preserve it from the dangers it was exposed to in consequence of the famine. Maldonata—for such was the name of the fugitive—having wandered about for some time in unknown and unfrequented roads, entered a cave to repose herself. A lioness whom she met with there filled her with extreme terror, which was soon exchanged into surprize when she perceived this formidable animal approaching her with signs of fear, and then caressing and licking her hands with mournful cries, rather calculated to excite compassion than dread. Maldonata soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burthen. Maldonata was inspired with courage, and assisted the effort of Nature in that painful moment when she seems reluctantly to give life to all beings, which they are to enjoy for so short a time. The lioness, being safely delivered, soon went out in quest of provision, which she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. She daily shared it with the little whelps, who, brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed by their playful and harmless bites to acknowledge an obligation, which their dam repaid with the tenderest marks of attention. But when they grew bigger, and found themselves impelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed in the woods, and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise, to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated. Maldonata, alone and without sustenance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror to so many living creatures, but which her pity had made a place of safety for her.

She now felt the want of a society that had been of such signal service to her. She did not wander for any considerable time before she fell into the hands of the savages. She had been fed by a lion, and was made a slave

of by men. She was soon after retaken by the Spaniards, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres. The commandant, more savage than the lions or the wild Indians, did not think her sufficiently punished for her flight by all the dangers and miseries she had endured. He had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve or to be devoured by wild beasts. Two days after, some soldiers went to see what was become of the unhappy victim. They found her alive, surrounded by hungry tigers, who were eager to devour her, but were kept at a distance by a lioness who lay at her feet with her whelps. The sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress; but when they took her away the animal slowly followed at some distance, endeavoring to confirm by her caresses and tender complaints the wonder of gratitude which the woman was relating to her deliverers. The lioness with her whelps for some time followed her footsteps, showing all the same marks of regret and affliction that a disconsolate family express when they attend a beloved father or son who is going to embark for a place from whence he may never return.

The commandant was informed of the whole adventure by his soldiers, and this example of gratitude in an animal so ferocious awakened in him those feelings which his savage heart had undoubtedly lost in crossing the sea, and he suffered a woman to live who had been so visibly protected by Heaven.

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