

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. NOTE-BOOK OF A SOLITARY THINKER.

Sweetly and truly does the poet express himself when he sings—

There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.

But there is something which possesses a bitterness equal to that sweetness, if not exceeding it; and that is the moment when a young, ardent, and ambitious spirit first feels the coldness of a sad disappointment—when, after coming forth into the world with its pretty nursery of bright hopes, it suddenly finds them withered, blighted, and cast away, like the forgotten leaves of autumn. That coldness has broken some hearts, while others, more impetuous, yet disdainful of life's discipline, or distrustful of its uses, have made voluntary graves for themselves, and have lain down in the dust to die with their withered hopes. Happy are they who have the grace and strength to look wisely on disappointment, for in it there is often much beauty for the eye, and much instruction for the heart.

Impulses are extemporary motives starting up in our system of action or thought, nobody knows how, why, or wherefore. They are moral comets, seemingly erratic and irregular, but guided in their movements, and preserved in their orbits by unerring, though by unknown laws. Impulses differ from inclinations as much as precipices differ from slopes: if you are pushed from the top of a hill, you may run to the bottom; but if you are pushed from the edge of a precipice, you must fall to the bottom—you cannot by any means help yourself. Hence it is little excuse, or rather none at all, to say that you felt an inclination to any transgression,—that, of course, is taken for granted; but if you plead the force of an impulse, that altogether changes the aspect of things: an inclination may be opposed, but an impulse is irresistible. An inclination belongs only to lazy people, but impulses are for men of genius and mental brilliancy. An impulse seems to imply a superior nature, a more dignified and magnificent state of being, than a mere inclination. There is something sublime about an impulse—it makes us fancy ourselves superior beings, or it makes us feel ourselves honoured by being moved by superior beings. An impulse is the voice of an oracle, while a mere inclination is but the appetite of an ant.

Man is a rational being; but man is also, and much more, a passionate being—his reason bearing, perhaps, the same proportion to his passion, as the oxygen bears to the azote in the common atmospheric air. The utmost that man's reason has yet done for him, is to aid him in subduing the brute creation to his obedience, and to give him some slight power over the elements, so as in a measure to make the winds his messengers and the flaming fire his servant; but he holds by his reason no dominion over passion. In arithmetic and mensuration he is perfectly rational; but in morals and politics the animal outweighs and outmeasures the rational.

Time, thou art sadly calumniated, and yet thou bearest it patiently. Few are they who bless thee,—many are they who curse thee; nevertheless, thou preservest the unvarying steadiness of thy flight, progressing with unruffled wing, deaf to foolish prayers, and blind to childish tears, and thou art a blessing equally to those who curse and to those who bless thee. Some men call thee the enemy, because by thee friends are parted, and the shout of conviviality is stilled; but without thy flight, which is the very essence of thy being, the crown of thy glory, and the gracefulness of thy beauty, what would this world be?

We are covered all over except the face, and yet that is as much disguised as any part of the human frame; it is not hid with a mask, or veiled with untransparent drapery, but it is covered with artificial looks, masked with mock gravity, or veiled with unmeaning smiles.

CINGALESE SUPERSTITIONS.—Went this evening to the Buddhist temple. Soon after we arrived, a multitude of people, who had marched in procession through the village, came up, preceded by banners, and men dressed like soldiers, with swords, and caps, and guns, and accompanied by tomtom, dancers, &c. Having come to the compound before the temple, the dancing commenced, and lasted for some time; during which, every now and then, the soldiers fired their guns, and fire-works were exhibited. A sort of large image, which was brought before the procession, was carried into the Banna Madua, and laid down very carefully. The Banna Madua is the place where the priest read the banna: it is very capacious, and was nearly filled with women and children; the males being all on the outside witnessing the dancing, &c. The reading of the banna soon commenced, four priests taking it in turns. It would continue till daylight of the following morning, without interruption, except the shouts of the people, crying, "Sadu! Sadu!"—"Glorious! Glorious!"

The banna read by the priests was in Pali: of course, quite unintelligible to all the people; and it was not interpreted, as it usually is. When it was time for the people to call out "Sadu," the priests were obliged to remind them of it, and to tell them when they were to say it once, and when to repeat it three times. Nothing can exceed the strength of those superstitious ideas which the people in general in this country have conceived; and the influence which they have upon their actions is amazing. If they intend to set out on a journey, and hear a lizard chirp, or see what they think a strange sight, they do not start that day. If a person takes medicine, he will only take it on some particular day of the week, which he considers a "lucky day." If they hear a dog howling that is not bound, it portends evil to them, or their family; and they live in constant dread for some time after, till either some event happens which they can accommodate to the omen, or till it is driven out of the recollection by something of more recent occurrence. Toward the conclusion of the year they tie a strip of a cocoa-nut leaf round a great many trees in their gardens, and on the eve of the new year they call the priest, and with some ceremony loose them; and begin at the commencement of the new year, to use the fruits that grow on those trees; with many other things equally absurd.—*Rev. J. Selkirk.*

A MAN OF FEW WORDS.—A young man some time since arrived at a certain inn, and, after alighting from his horse, went into the travellers' room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some time, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell; and, upon the waiter's appearance, gave him an order, nearly as follows. "Waiter!" The waiter replied, "Sir." "I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell, and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say." The waiter again replied, "Yes, sir." "In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water (cold) with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep down the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out; tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he's ready to feed; order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, a clean night-cap, and a glass of water in the room; send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned, and brought into the room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning; ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town." The waiter answered, "Yes, sir;" and then went to the landlord and told him a gentleman in the parlour wanted a great many things, and, amongst the rest, he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

ANECDOTE OF MIRZA SHEFFY, LATE PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA.—Amongst the variety of cruel punishments by which the late Shah of Persia, Aga Mahmoud Khan, chastised those unhappy wretches amongst his subjects who offended him, cutting out their tongues, their ears, and digging out their eyes, were the most lenient. One morning, some of the royal goolams having just returned from a domiciliary visit of this kind, to an unfortunate village under the ban of the king, and its doom having been to lose a certain number of eyes, extracted from the heads of its inhabitants, the people in attendance produced the fatal bag, and the sightless organs of vision were poured out before his Majesty. Scrupulous in the execution of his orders, the Shah immediately began with the point of his canjar deliberately to separate them one by one, to ascertain if his sentence had been punctually obeyed. Mirza Sheffy, his faithful minister, who had long regarded such repeated acts of violence and cruelty with secret horror, now hoping to make some impression, said, "Does not your majesty think it possible that God may one day not be pleased with this?" The king slowly raised his head, carefully keeping his dagger between the filthy heaps he was counting, and as solemnly replied, "Sir, by my head, if there should be one eye too few here, I myself will make the number up with yours." The rash philanthropist awaited his fate in shuddering silence, well knowing that the word of his master was immovable; but happily for him, the sentence had been too scrupulously executed to require the forfeit of his compassion, and he even remained in favour. He had the rare lot for a prime minister in Asia, of closing his eyes in peace, after a life of eighty years. He died in 1819.—*Sir R. K. Porter's Travels.*

A SKETCH.—Mr. Solomon Pell was a fat, flabby, pale man; in a surtout which looked green one minute and brown the next, with a velvet collar of the same caméléon tints. His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose all on one side, as if nature, in-

dignant with the propensities she observed in him in his birth, had given it an angry twok which it had never recovered. Being short-necked and asthmatic, however, he respired principally through this feature, so, perhaps, what it wanted in ornament it made up in usefulness.—*Boz.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

The late King was charged with commencing his reign by an affectation of popularity. His talking to strangers, his familiar conversation at court, and his promenading St. James's with an umbrella under his arm, were all regarded as an affected contrast with the secluded habits of George IV. But they were, with more probability, the habits of his nature, strengthened by the habits of his profession. For a long period of his life, too, he had lived in narrow circumstances, and the humility of his establishment compelled humility of manners. Had he been, like Henry IV. of France, a man of brilliant spirits and buoyant wit, his career would have furnished many a curious adventure of the collision of high life with low. Yet even he had some odd rencontres. One morning, as he was riding towards Windsor, during the reign of his brother, without even a groom, he was overtaken by a hotel-er's boy, who accosted him:—

"That there," said he, "is a good-looking horse. I suppose he can trot?"

"I suppose he can," said the Prince.

"But this fellow under me," says the butcher, "would show him the heels for all that; and if you are inclined for a try, I'll trot you a mile, up to the Red Lion, for a pot of beer."

"No," said the Prince, who did not altogether like the exhibition. "I'll not trot with you, and I don't want your pot of beer."

"Well, just as you like," says the butcher, then looking all over him, with great disdain, said, as he trotted forward, "I knew as how it would be—I thought, after all, you were nothing but a mull!"

What the exact meaning of this pithy phrase was, might be difficult to tell. It puzzled the royal party, to whom the Prince told it with great good-humour immediately after, and set the table in a roar.

WHERE A ROAD GOES TO.—A gentleman, a stranger, asked a countryman, whom he saw mowing a road near Ross, "Where does this road go to?" The countryman replied, "I don't know, zur; I finds it here when I comes to work in the morning, and I leaves it here at night; but where it goes in the mean time I don't know."—*Worcester Journal.*

CARD.

MR. WM. F. TEULON, Practitioner in Medicine, &c. having now spent one year in Halifax, returns thanks for the attention and favors which he has experienced from the public during this term. At the same time he is obliged to acknowledge that owing to the healthy state of the Town, and other causes his support has been very inadequate,—he therefore requests the renewed exertions of his friends, as having with a family of seven experienced great difficulties; but which might soon be overcome if he had a sufficiency of professional engagements. Having practised the duties of his profession three years in this peaceful Province, and nine years in a neighbouring colony, previous to which he had assiduously studied for several years in the metropolis the human synergies; normal and diseased, and the arrangements of Divine Providence in reference to the preservation and regeneration of health in the respective functions; he has obtained a habit, a confidence, and a love of the science and art of healing, which he would not willingly exchange for any of the gifted acquirements of life, but to give these efficiency he must secure the favours and confidence of a number. With this laudable object before him he respectfully invites their attention, and promises to use his studious endeavours to emulate the conduct of those worthy members of the profession, who have proved its ornaments, and not that only, but the ornaments of civil and scientific life; and also of Humanity.

W. F. Teulon, General Practitioner; next House to that of H. Bell, Esq. M. P. J. Aug. 18

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

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October 14—3m.

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