

'My father is sick,' said the boy, 'and I don't know what is the matter with him.'

'Hark!' said Feeling.

They listened and heard the sound of moaning and muttering within the house.

'Let us go on,' said Feeling, pulling upon Principle's arm, 'and we will send somebody to see what is the matter.'

'We had better go ourselves,' said Principle to her companion.

Feeling shrunk back from the proposal, and Principle herself, with female timidity, paused a moment from an undefined sense of danger.

'There can be no real danger,' thought she. 'Besides if there is, my Saviour exposed himself to danger in doing good. Why should not I? 'Saviour,' she whispered, 'aid and guide me.'

'Where is your mother, my boy?' said she

'She is there,' said the boy, 'trying to take care of him.'

'Oh come,' said Feeling, 'let us go. Here, my boy, here is some money for you to carry to your mother.' Saying this, she tossed down some change by his side. The boy was wiping his eyes and did not notice it. He looked up anxiously into Principle's face and said.

'I wish you would go and see my mother.'

Principle advanced toward the door, and Feeling, afraid to stay out or go home alone, followed.

They walked in. Lying upon a bed of straw and covered with miserable and tattered blankets, was the sufferer, moaning and muttering and snatching at the bedclothes with his fingers. He was evidently not sane.

His wife was sitting on the end of a bench by the chimney corner with her elbows on her knees, and her face upon her hands. As her visitors entered, she looked up to them, the very picture of wretchedness and despair. Principle was glad, but Feeling was sorry they had come.

Feeling began to talk to some small children, who were shivering over the embers upon the hearth, and Principle accosted the mother.—They both learned soon the true state of the case. It is a case of common misery resulting from the common cause. Feeling was overwhelmed with painful emotion, at witnessing such suffering. Principle began to think what could be done to relieve it, and prevent its return.

'Let us give her some money to send and buy her some wood and some bread,' whispered Feeling, and 'go away: I cannot bear to stay.'

'She wants kind words and sympathy more than food and fuel for her present relief,' said Principle, 'let us sit with her a little while.'

The poor sufferer was cheered and encouraged by their presence. A little hope broke in. His strength revived under the influence of a cordial more powerful than any medicated beverage; and when, after half

an hour, they went away promising future relief, the spirits and strength of the wretched wife and mother had been a little restored. She had soothed her husband's wretched couch, and quieted her crying children and shut her doors, and was preparing to enjoy the relief, when it should come. In a word she had been revived from the stupor of despair. As they walked away, Feeling said, it was a most heart-rending scene, and that she should not forget it as long as she lived. Principle said nothing, but guided their way to a house where they found one whom they could employ to carry food and fuel to the cabin, and take care of the sick man, while the wife and her children should sleep. They then returned home.—Feeling retired to rest, shuddering lest the terrible scenes should haunt her in her dreams, and saying that she would not witness such a scene again for all the world. Principle knelt down at her bed side with a mind at peace. She commended the sufferers to God's care, and prayed that her Saviour would give her every day some such work to do for him.

Such, in a very simple case, is the difference between Feeling and Principle. The one obeys God. The other obeys her own impulses, and relieves misery because she cannot bear to see it.—*The way to do Good.*

**LEGAL VERBOSENESS**—If a man would according to law give to another an orange, instead of saying, 'I give you that orange,' which one would think would be what is called, in legal phraseology, "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," the phrase would run thus—"I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, with or without its rind, juice, pulp, and pips, anything hereto before or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise, notwithstanding;" with much more to the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers: and it is very gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.

#### ORIGIN OF THE LOG BOOK.

*COELBREN Y BEIIRD, or the wooden memorial of the Bards, was used by them as a kind of almanack, or wooden memorandum book, on which they noted such things as they wished to preserve from oblivion. The Staffordshire clog, or log, mentioned in Dr. Plot's history of that county, is the same as the wooden almanack used among the An-*

*cient Britons. From this originated the log book now universally kept by sailors on board ship. There is an instrument similar to it, called a tally, or a piece of wood cut with indentures, or notches, in two corresponding parts, of which one was kept by the debtor, and one by the creditor; this was formerly the general way of keeping accounts. Hence came the tally office, and tellers (of the Exchequer.) The word tally is supposed to be derived from the Welsh word, talu, to pay, or from the French word, tallie.*

#### HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER 9, 1836.

**INQUESTS.**—At the North West Arm, on Sunday last, an Inquest was held on the body of Wm. Dyer, the Messman of the 85th Regt. whose body had, on the previous night, been found near Melville Island. It appeared that the deceased had, on Friday and Saturday, been nearly the whole day sauntering about, pretending to those who enquired of him that he was searching for a poney of his Master's, which had been lost, the whole of which story appeared, from the testimony of his comrade, to be either a fabrication or delusion—the deceased having no poney in charge, and having evinced for the last two days, symptoms of derangement. From the circumstances attending the act, it appeared to have been designed, and the Jury returned a verdict—that the deceased had drowned himself while insane.

On Tuesday, another Inquest was held at the Naval Hospital, on the body of John Coleman, who was captain of the mizen-top on board H. M. Ship Champion, and had fallen on the previous day from the mizen-top-sail yard to the deck, in consequence of his cutting a rope which was conveying the top-gallant-mast to the deck, and which occasioned the weight of the mast to throw him over. The Jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

☞The Mail for England, by H. M. Packet Briseis, will be closed on, Saturday afternoon next, at 5 o'clock.

#### MARRIED.

On Saturday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Crawley, Mr. Hants Masters, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Carter, both of this place.

On Tuesday Evening last, by the Rev. Fitzgerald Uniacke, Mr. George A. S. Croighton, to Sarah Cecilia Jane youngest daughter of William H. Roach, Esq.

Last Evening, by the Rev. Fitzgerald Uniacke, Mr. Peter Shoreburg, to Miss Sarah Fox, both of this Town.

Same evening, by the Rev. James Mackintosh, Captain James Berwick, of Scotland, to Miss Lucy Anderson, of this Town.

At New York, by the Rev. Mr. Mead, Mr. George Kelly, of Halifax, to Miss Maria Elizabeth McDermot, of that place—

#### DIED.

At Falmouth, on the 11th July, John Johnston, Esq. of Halifax, N. S. aged 46 years. For many years he represented the County of Annapolis in the Colonial Legislature, and was an enlightened advocate of civil and religious liberty. Although surrounded by many circumstances of a painful nature, he died in the enjoyment of that peace which passeth all understanding.—[Falmouth Packet.]

On board the Acadian, on the 28th ult. on his passage to Boston, whither he was proceeding for the benefit of his health, William Dickson, Esquire, Barrister, of St John's, N. F. His remains were landed at Boston.