

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

BY MRS. AEDY,

"Festivities are fit for what is happily concluded; at the commencement they but waste the force and zeal which should inspire us. Of all festivities the marriage festival appears the most unsuitable; calmness, humility and silent hope, best no ceremony more than this."—Goethe.

Lady, thy merry marriage bells are ringing,
And all around thee speaks of festal mirth.
The loss of one so good and fair is bringing
Methinks strange gladness for her father's hearth;
Yet thou amid the throng art pensive sitting,
And well I know these revels cloud thy bliss,
And that thou deemest such triumph unbefitting
A solemn and important rite like this.

These flowery wreaths, these sounds of excitation,
Some victor's glorious deeds might celebrate,
But thou canst claim no proud congratulation,
Untried, uncertain is thy future fate;
Nor would true friends a brilliant spell cast o'er thee,
Giving to giddy dreams delusive scope,
But rather bid thee view the scene before thee,
With calm humility and silent hope.

Thine is a path by snares and tolls attended,
Yet, lady, in thy prudence I confide,
Thou art not by mere mortal aid befriended,
Prayer is thy stay, and Providence thy guide:
And should thy coming years with ills be laden,
Thou safely may'st abide the storms of life,
If the meek virtues of the Christian maiden
Shine forth as brightly in the Christian wife.

STRANGE STORY.—It is 18 years ago since the commune of Landu, in the department of Gard, was the scene of a most bloody deed. A woman, the mother of several children, was murdered in the night, and her body was found buried in a field close to the house of her brother-in-law, upon whom many other circumstances conspired to fix the guilt of this crime. He was tried, found guilty and condemned to perpetual hard labor. This man was then in his 56th year.—The letters "T. P."—(travaux a perpetuite) were branded on his shoulder, but his last words to that society which cast him from it were "I am innocent."

For twelve years the unfortunate Bertrand continued an inmate of that scene of horrors, a French bagnio, and during the whole of that time his conduct was calculated to gain for him the esteem of his superiors. He never ceased to proclaim his innocence, and his confidence that one day the truth of his declaration would be acknowledged. At the end of the 12th year of his confinement, when he had entered his 68th year, as a reward for his good conduct, the term of his imprisonment was reduced to 12 years, thus affording him the prospect that in the 80th year of his age he might be allowed to turn his back on the gates of his prison.

Bertrand was not, however, satisfied; it was the vindication of his character for which alone he wished to live, and to which he never ceased to look forward with confident hope. On attaining his 70th year, Bertrand was excused from further labor, and confined to the Central House of confinement in Rennes. About three weeks ago a letter addressed to Bertrand arrived from his native village. It was written by an officer of rank, who had been his neighbor, and had frequently befriended him before the fearful stain had been thrown upon his character. This letter informed the prisoner that his innocence would in a short time be openly acknowledged; that by order of the Procureur General a fresh inquiry had been instituted; and that there was no doubt that in a few days his (Bertrand's) innocence would be fully established. "My poor Bertrand," said his correspondent, "you will be restored to society, where I am sure you will conduct yourself as in your happier days. Courage, Bertrand! you will behold again the mountain of Plazzeilles, that of St. Pierre, and my old Chateau de Be."

It had been ascertained that the murder had been committed by the husband of the victim, and that he had buried the body near Bertrand's house, to divert suspicion from himself. The children of the murderer were aware of the truth, but during their father's life they had kept the secret inviolate. On his death, however, they became less reserved; some hints were at first dropped, and public attention having been recalled to the almost forgotten affair of Bertrand, an inquiry was set on foot, the result of which was a complete vindication of his character from the horrid charge that had so long weighed upon it.

Poor Bertrand, however, was not destined to behold again his native mountains, nor his aged wife, nor his friend the officer, to whose zeal he had been mainly indebted for the recognition of his innocence. The formalities required by the French system of centralization before the order for the prisoner's discharge could be made out, occupied several days, and when it reached Rennes poor Bertrand had already been emancipated from captivity. He died on the second day after that on which he received the letter from his friend, and his last words were, "I knew the day would come at length when my innocence would be recognized."—[French paper.]

A GROWING STORY.—Our readers are all unquestionably aware that stories sometimes increase with astonishing rapidity, and that a mighty growth of the marvellous, in a short time, arise from an exceedingly small beginning. But as all may not

be acquainted with the precise mode of culture, which will bring them forward with more than the rapidity of cucumbers in a hot-house, we hope they will feel themselves highly obliged to us for endeavoring to enlighten them in this matter; and to show our disposition to serve them in so important a particular, we subjoin the following specimen.

"Have you heard," said Mrs. Wiggins, "that Mathew McMixon and his wife have fallen out?" "No, I have not," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Well, it's as true as you're alive," said Mrs. Wiggins, laying her finger beside her nose in token of silence.

Mrs. Spriggins lost no time in calling upon her neighbor Higgins. "Have you heard, said she, "that Mathew McMixon and his wife have fallen out of bed?" "No, I have not," replied Mrs. Higgins. "Well, it's as true as I'm here," returned Mrs. Spriggins, "for I just had it from Mrs. Wiggins." She likewise put her finger beside her nose, in token that it was not a matter for every body to know.

Mrs. Higgins went directly to her neighbor Figgins, and before she had fairly recovered breath, began: "Have you heard how that Mathew McMixon and his wife have fallen out of the window?" "No; is it possible?" said Mrs. Figgins. "It's as true as I draw the breath of life," said Mrs. Higgins, still panting with exertion, "for Mrs. Spriggins told me not two minutes ago, that she had just heard it from Mrs. Wiggins."

Mrs. Figgins went forthwith to see her neighbor Twiggins. She had scarcely seated herself when she said, "Have you heard how that Mathew McMixon and his wife have fallen out of the chamber window?" "No, you don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Twiggins.—"Yes, it's as true as the book of Genesis," said Mrs. Figgins, "for I just heard it from Mrs. Higgins, who got it not two minutes ago from Mrs. Spriggins, who had it a minute before from Mrs. Wiggins."

Mrs. Twiggins now took her turn, and with the advantage of a glib tongue and a pair of active feet, soon reported all over the town, that "Mathew McMixon and his wife had both broken their necks by falling out of a three story window." And she gave for her authority, her neighbor Mrs. Figgins, who had quoted Mrs. Higgins, who had referred to Mrs. Spriggins, who had had the authority of Mrs. Wiggins, who was said to have been an eyewitness of the fact.

ETERNITY.—That the conception of eternity may be more distinct and affecting, it is useful to represent it under some temporal resemblances that sensibly, though not fully represent it. Suppose that the vast ocean were distilled drop by drop, but so slowly that a thousand years should pass between every drop, how many millions of years were required to empty it? Suppose this great world in its full compass from one pole to another, and from the top of the firmament to the bottom, were to be filled with the smallest sand, but so slowly that every thousand years only a single grain should be added, how many millions would pass away before it were filled? If the immense superficies of Heaven, wherein are innumerable stars, the least of which equals the magnitude of the earth, were filled with figures of numbers without the least vacant space, and every figure signified a million, what created mind could tell their numbers, much less their value? Having these thoughts I reply—the sea will be emptied drop by drop, the universe filled grain by grain, the numbers written in the heavens will come to an end, and how much of eternity is thus spent? Nothing, for still infinitely more remains.—*Fuller's Sermon.*

OF RICHES.—I cannot call riches better than the "baggage" of virtue; the Roman word is better, "impedimenta." For as the baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit. So saith Solomon; "Where much is, are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight off with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches; there is a custody of them; or a power of dole and donative of them; or a fame of them; but no solid use to the owner. Do you not see what feigned prizes are set upon little stones and rarities? And what works of ostentation are undertaken, because there might seem to be some use of great riches? But then you will say they may be of use to buy men out of dangers and troubles. As Solomon saith, "Riches are as a strong hold in the imagination of the rich man." But this is excellently expressed, that it is in imagination, and not always in fact. For certainly, great riches have sold more men than they have bought out.—*Lord Bacon.*

JOHN KNOX.—"The house of Knox," says the well known G. Thornburn, "is now occupied by two barbers—one below, the other up stairs. I got shaved on the ground floor, and paid one penny. Next day, as I was curious to see as much as possible of this notable house, I got shaved up stairs, and they charged me two pence. 'How is this,' said I, 'your neighbor below charged me only a penny yesterday.' 'O ho!' said he, 'but this is the very room that John Knox used to study his sermons in, and that is the very winnock that he used to preach on to the folks on the streets.' 'Well,' said I, 'this being the case, I think, myself, it is worth a penny.'

He said Queen Mary told her courtiers she was more afraid of the prayers of John Knox than an army of 10,000 men! She was a deep, dissembling, politic woman. On one occasion, having a difficult matter to manage with John, she treated him in a most gracious manner, seating him by her on the sofa, holding his hand in her's, etc. She rather got the best of the bargain—for John afterwards remarked to one of his friends, "What a pity the devil should have his abode in sic a piece o' bonny painted clay."

A SIGN.—A teacher who hired a house in which to instruct pupils in the languages, procured a brick from the Tower of Babe which he placed over his door for a sign, in the same manner that apothecaries hang out a pestle and mortar.

Among the old Puritan books were the following: 'A Back Door for the Christian to escape through when pursued by the Roaring Lion'; 'A Bull Dog to guard the Ark of Salvation'; 'A pint of Spiritual Brandy to comfort the Believer's Stomach'; 'A Tit Bit from the Lord's Table, dressed by that Cunning Cook of Jesus, Redeemed Fish.'

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

To be sold at Private Sale the following highly valuable Real Estate,

ALL THE DWELLING HOUSE, Lot of Land and appurtenances formerly owned and occupied by the late Hon. James Fraser, deceased, consisting of the dwelling house and Lot fronting in Water street, measuring forty six feet six inches in front by one hundred and thirty six feet in depth—also the lot of land in rear thereof, fronting westwardly on Argyle street, and measuring in front sixty three feet by sixty four in depth. These premises will be sold either together or in separate Lots, at the desire of purchasers.

Also, The Warehouse and buildings formerly occupied by Messrs. Fraser and Co. as a store and counting house, situate in the middle range of buildings on Marchington's Wharf, adjoining the property of the late John Barron.

Also, a lot of ground in the south range of Marchington's wharf, adjoining the Ordnance property, measuring twenty two feet in front by twenty six feet in depth.

The terms and particulars may be known on application at the office of the Subscriber, who is authorized to treat for the sale of the above premises.

JAMES F. GRAY.

February 2.

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND STAVES.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale 150 M. Pine spruce and Hemlock Lumber; 150 M. Miramichi Shingles; 100 M. Pine Shipping Shingles, and 20 M. Oak Staves.

ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23. 1837.—6w.

SUPERIOR HAVANA CIGARS, &c.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

20,000 first quality Havana CIGARS,
Boxes first quality Eau de Cologne,
Boxes second quality Eau de Cologne,
Lavender Water,
Transparent, Rose, and Almond Soap,
Military shaving Soap,
A few handsome bird Cages, &c. &c.

LOWES & CREIGHTON.

January 6th, 1838.

4w

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION

ESTABLISHMENT.

THE necessity which has for some time existed in Halifax, of having an AUCTIONEERING ESTABLISHMENT, where Goods not could be promptly sold and settled for, has induced the Subscriber to come forward, in the hope that the concern which he is about to establish, will meet with that public patronage which he believes on trial it will fully merit. The Business will be conducted on the following system.—All Goods sent for public Sale, will positively be sold—no articles being put up, which are either limited or allowed to be withdrawn—all purchases to be paid for on delivery, and the proceeds to be handed over to the owner on the day succeeding the Sale; and as these regulations will be rigidly adhered to in all instances, the Subscriber trusts that they will be found advantageous for both Buyer and Seller, as the former may rely that the Sale will be positive, and the articles themselves will always command a fair price from the competition which such a system must produce; and the fact that the money will be forthcoming on the day succeeding, will recommend itself to the favorable notice of those who may be inclined to patronize it. Business will be commenced on Thursday next, the First day of February, and parties wishing to send Articles will please leave a Note of them previous to that time, in order that they may be properly advertised, and they may rely that confidence will at all times be strictly preserved. Articles will also be received for Private Sale; and as the premises occupied by the Subscriber are in a central part, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Town, quick Sales may be reasonably expected. The smallest favor will be carefully attended to.

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Street

The usual assortment of Groceries and Liquors kept constantly to hand.

Jan 26.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

Will be published every Saturday morning, at the printing office of Wm. Cunneen, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and table.

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