

STANZAS.

I will not regret, for my heart's full of glee,  
Tho' the world in its coldness is frowning on me,  
I've the light of thy smile—  
And while all my own is that bright sunny ray,  
The world and its scorn it will more than repay,  
And all its sorrow beguile.

He said he would woo me with wealth and with power,  
With the richest of beautiful gems for my dower,  
Did he speak to my heart?  
In the proud scenes of splendour does happiness dwell—  
Will gold e'er repay the pure feelings we sell,  
When from Truth we depart?

Of affection he spoke not in wooing me so,  
Did he think that for riches my heart I'd bestow,  
Unheeding thy sigh!  
No, give me a home with a sweet loving hearth,  
An affectionate smile, and my life will be mirth,  
There I'll live and I'll die!

Then regret not, my own, that you won me to part  
From the home of my childhood, the friends of my heart,  
Ah! do not regret!  
No clouds can overshadow me with thee by my side,  
Still blest as when blushing I knelt as thy bride,  
I worship thee yet!

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DIARY.

- At 16 years, incipient palpitations toward the young ladies.
- 17, Blushing and confusion in conversing with them.
- 18, Confidence in conversing with them much increased.
- 19, Angry, if treated by them as a boy.
- 20, Very conscious of his own claims and manliness.
- 21, A looking glass indispensable in his room to admire himself.
- 22, Insufferable puppyism.
- 23, Thinks no woman good enough for him.
- 24, Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.
- 25, The connection broken off, from self-conceit on his part.
- 26, Conducts himself with much superiority toward her.
- 27, Pays his addresses to another lady, not without the hope of mortifying the first.
- 28, Mortified and frantic at being refused.
- 29, Rails against the fair sex in general.
- 30, Morose and out of humor in all conversations on matrimony.
- 31, Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.
- 32, Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.
- 33, Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.
- 34, Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a chicken.
- 35, Falls deeply in love with one of seventeen.
- 36, Au dernier desespoir—another refusal.
- 37, Indulges in every kind of dissipation.
- 38, Shuns the best part of the female sex.
- 39, Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.
- 40, A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no Spring shoots.
- 41, A nice young widow perplexes him.
- 42, Ventures to address her with raised sensations of love.
- 43, Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.
- 44, The widow jilts him, being cautious as himself.
- 45, Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.
- 46, Becomes gouty, and nervous symptoms begin to appear.
- 47, Fears what may become of him when old and infirm.
- 48, Thinks living alone irksome.
- 49, Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.
- 50, A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.
- 51, Much pleased with his new housekeeper as nurse.
- 52, Begins to feel some attachment to her.
- 53, His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.
- 54, Is in great distress how to act.
- 55, Completely under her influence, and very miserable.
- 56, Many painful thoughts about parting with her.
- 57, She refuses to live with him any longer solo.
- 58, Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess.
- 59, Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and intends espousing her.
- 60, Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favor, and makes his exit.

AN ENVOUS OLD LADY.—There is a rich old woman, who resides in Hartford County, Md., who has a most unhappy disposition. On one occasion she was heard to say that she begrudged poor people the itch, as it seemed to afford them so much satisfaction to scratch themselves.

IF AND HIS PROGENY.—If every one were honest, we need not lock the doors.

If everybody would mind just his own business, there would be more business done.

If we talk less about other people, other people would talk less about us.

If there were fewer novels in the world, there would be fewer numsculls.

If the mistress would scold less she would have less need of scolding.

If you often charge servants with lying, they will soon become liars, if they are not so already.

If students would read less, and think more, there would be a large number of really great men in our community.

If my child were to be a shoe-black all his life, I'd give him a classical education.

If young ladies now-a-days did not become women at thirteen, men would have better wives.

If you want to get rich, work hard and spend little.

If you want to render your husband unhappy, blame him for everything he does, right or wrong; scold him for doing this or that, before you know whether he did it.—*Western Luminary.*

THAMES WATER.—“Did you ever drink any Thames water, squire? said the Clockmaker; because it is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. When I returned from Poland, in the hair spekelation, I sailed from London, and we had Thames water on board. Says I to the captain, says I, I guess you want to pyson us, don't you, with that are nasty, dirty, horrid stuff? how can you think o' takin' such water as that? Why, says he, Mr. Slick, it does make the best water in the world—that's a fact; yes, and the best porter too;—it farments, works off the scum, clarifies itself, and beats all natur';—and yet look at all them are sewers, and drains, and dye stuffs, and factory-wash, and onmentionables that are poured into it;—it beats the bugs, don't it? Well, squire, our great country is like that are Thames water,—it does receive the outpourin's of the world,—homicides and regicides, jail-birds and galley-birds,—poorhouse chaps and workhouse chaps,—rebels, infidels, and forgers,—rogues of all sorts, sizes, and degrees,—but it farments, you see, and works clear; and what a 'most a beautiful clear stream o' democracy it does make,—don't it? Not hot enough for fog, nor cold enough for ice nor limey enough to fur up the bylers, nor too hard to wash clean, nor raw enough to chop the skin,—but gist the thing; that's a fact.”—*Sam Slick.*

AN ADVERTISEMENT.—It will be perceived that we have a little advertising patronage, if the reader cast his eye below. We have inserted this advertisement gratis. We have only taken it on trial. Should we find it convenient to put more of them into our columns, we shall charge the usual rates.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS !!!

DOCTOR HUGPURSE, from Paris, where he has performed over one thousand cures, and snatched an infinite number of his fellow-creatures from the brink of the grave, begs most respectfully to state to the citizens of Boston and vicinity that he has for sale a small quantity of his

DISEASE-DESTROYING PILLS!!!!

These pills are about the size of a large pea, of a beautiful green color, and perfectly safe, as they contain not a particle of MERCURY !!!

Three of them should be taken fasting, early in the morning. Nothing should be eaten for two weeks after the pill have been received into the stomach, as the least article of food within that period might prove fatal. After taking this very

VALUABLE AND SAFE MEDICINE,

should symptoms of lock-jaw, inflammation of the brain or enlargement of the heart follow, recourse should immediately be had to Dr. Hugpurse's

IMPERIAL LIFE-PRESERVING POWDERS,

which have been known, in a number of instances, to wrest persons in the last stage of disease from the silent grave. These powders are perfectly safe, but great care must be taken to keep the feet dry and warm for five months after taking them, for which purpose, Dr. Hugpurse's

IMPERIAL MOCCASINS !!!

will be found an indispensable requisite. Thousands of persons perish annually, for want of these moccasins. They are a rare and beautiful article, and may be had at the sign of the Ensnared Pigeon, where are to be sold more than three hundred medicines, all of which are indispensable to the preservation of human life, and to be without which is, in the head of a family, a crime little short of murder.—*Eglantine.*

AN ALLIGATOR TEAM.—The captain of a steamboat, engaged in the Red River trade, has informed us—although we are inclined to think he was joking—that a wealthy individual, up that way, has tamed and trained a couple of alligators so that they will swim in harness, and haw and gee about as regular as oxen. So well, indeed, have they been broken, that their owner frequently tackles them up, hitches them to a “dug out,” and cruises about the bayous and ponds, when the water is too high to admit of his going on horseback. On a late occasion, while sailing along quietly, under the banks of a bayou, with his “critters,” harnessed abreast, he was seen by a hunter who sang out,

“I say, there! hallo! drap your dug out astern, and give me a chance to plug one of them varmints.”

“Don't shoot this way—take care, don't you see I'm after them?” said the owner as the backwoods-man levelled his rifle.

“I see you're after 'em, and you'll see a ball follerin' on the same trail in less than two minutes. Look out for yourself, stranger; here goes for a crack at the varmint, this way.”

“Stop! hold up your rifle. That's my team that you are aiming at. Look at the harness, there, just on the top of the water. They are hitched to the canoe, and I am on a little jaunt out back, to look at, and enter some lands.”

“Well, I declar'!” said the old hunter, “if that don't beat all the doin's I've heer'd on way in the thick settlements, I reckon you understand animal magnetism, as they call it, a few.”

“I understand training alligators.”

“Well, you can pass—hope you'll have a pleasant excursion.”

The man now stirred up his team, and was soon under way, at a rate which would leave a common high pressure steamboat out of sight in no time.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ITALIAN Gesticulation.—When Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment, in the gestures of their bodies. You never see, among them, two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back, and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they resolve to oppose a bill in Parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or to determine to protest one in the city. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by honourable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence, with a statue-like stillness of limbs, unless the right arm escape, to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict, from time to time, a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy. Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a cafe, in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk together along the noisy street of Toledo, at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing, musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words.—*Dublin Review.*

AMERICAN SPRINGS.—“There a strong similarity between the native and his climate; the one is without youth, and the other without spring, and both exhibit the effects of losing that preparatory season. Cultivation is wanting. Neither the mind nor the soil is properly prepared. There is no time. The farmer is compelled to hurry through all his field operations as he best can, so as to commit his grain to the ground in time to insure a crop. Much is unavoidably omitted that ought to be done, and all is performed in a careless and slovenly manner. The same haste is observable in education, and is attended with similar effects; a boy is hurried to school, from school to a profession, and from thence is sent forth into the world before his mind has been duly disciplined or properly cultivated. When I found Mr. Slick at Windsor, I expressed my regret to him that we could not have met earlier in the season; but really, said I, they appear to have no spring in this country. Well, I don't know, said he; I never see'd it in that light afore; I was athinkin' we might stump the whole universal world for climate. It's generally allowed, our climate in America can't be no better. The spring may be a little short or so, but then it is added to t'other eend, and makes almost an everlasting fine autumn. Where will you ditto our fall? It whips English weather by a long chalk, none of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat-cuttin' weather, but a clear sky and a good breeze, rael cheerfulsome. That, said I, is evading the question; I was speaking of the shortness of spring, and not of the comparative merit of your autumn, which I am ready to admit is a very charming portion of the year in America.”—*Sam Slick, Second Series.*

WOMEN.—Women are like the sea, which is always changing, yet remains at the same temperature; while men, like the earth, though externally unmoved, fluctuate between heat and cold.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <i>Halifax</i> , A. & W. McKinlay.         | <i>River John</i> , William Blair, Esq.      |
| <i>Windsor</i> , James L. Dewolf, Esq.     | <i>Charlotte Town</i> , T. Desbrisay, Esq.   |
| <i>Lower Horton</i> , Chs. Brown, Esq.     | <i>St. John, N.B.</i> , G. A. Lockhart, Esq. |
| <i>Wolfville</i> , Hon. T. A. S. De Wolfe, | <i>Sussex Vale</i> , J. A. Reeve, Esq.       |
| <i>Kentville</i> , J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.  | <i>Dorchester</i> , C. Milner, Esq.          |
| <i>Bridgetown</i> , Thomas Spurr, Esq.     | <i>Sackville</i> , Joseph Allison, and       |
| <i>Annapolis</i> , Samuel Cowling, Esq.    | J. C. Black, Esqrs.                          |
| <i>Digby</i> , Henry Stewart, Esq.         | <i>Frederickton</i> , Wm. Grigor, Esq.       |
| <i>Yarmouth</i> , H. G. Farish, Esq.       | <i>Woodstock</i> , John Bedell, jr. Esq.     |
| <i>Amherst</i> , John Smith, Esq.          | <i>New Castle</i> , Henry Allison, Esq.      |
| <i>Paradise</i> , C. E. Batchford, Esq.    | <i>Chatham</i> , James Cain, Esq.            |
| <i>Port Lawrence</i> , M. Gordon, Esq.     | <i>Carleton</i> , Jos. Meagher, Esq.         |
| <i>Economy</i> , Sias H. Crane, Esq.       | <i>Bathurst</i> , William End, Esq.          |
| <i>Pictou</i> , Dr. J. W. Anderson.        | <i>St. Andrews</i> , R. M. Andrews, Esq.     |
| <i>Truro</i> , John Ross, Esq.             | <i>St. Stephens</i> , Messrs. Pengree &      |
| <i>Antigonish</i> , B. N. Henry, Esq.      | Chipman.                                     |

Published every Friday evening, at the Printing Office of W. CUNNABELL, South end of Bedford Row, and opposite the Apothecaries' Hall, where Books, Pamphlets, Bank Checks, Cards, Circulars, Posting and Shop Bills, etc. etc. will be neatly printed.