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# THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

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## OLIVER TWIST AND THE PICKPOCKET. BY BOZ.

For eight or ten days Oliver remained in the Jew's room, picking the marks out of the pocket-handkerchiefs, (of which a great number were brought home,) and sometimes taking part in the game already described, which the two boys and the Jew played regularly every day. At length he began to languish for the fresh air, and took many occasions of earnestly entreating the old gentleman to allow him to go out to work with his two companions.

Oliver was rendered the more anxious to be actively employed by what he had seen of the stern mortality of the old gentleman's character. Whenever the Dodger or Charley Bates came home at night empty-handed, he would expatiate with great vehemence on the misery of idle and lazy habits, and enforce upon them the necessity of an active life by sending them supperless to bed: upon one occasion he even went so far as to knock them both down a flight of stairs; but this was carrying out his virtuous precepts to an unusual extent.

At length one morning Oliver obtained the permission he had so eagerly sought. There had been no handkerchiefs to work upon, for two or three days, and the dinners had been rather meagre. Perhaps these were reasons for the old gentleman's giving his assent; but, whether they were or not, he told Oliver he might go, and placed him under the joint guardianship of Charley Bates and his friend the Dodger.

The three boys sallied out; the Dodger with his coat-sleeves tucked up and his hat socked as usual, Master Bates sauntering along with his hands in his pocket, and Oliver between them, wondering where they were going, and what branch of manufacture he would be instructed in first.

The pace at which they went was such a very lazy, ill-looking saunter, that Oliver soon began to think his companions were going to deceive the old gentleman, by not going to work at all. The Dodger had a vicious propensity, too, of pulling the caps from the heads of small boys and tossing them down areas; while Charley Bates exhibited some very loose notions concerning the rights of property, by pilfering divers apples and onions from the stalls at the kennel sides, and thrusting them into pockets which were so surprisingly capacious, that they seemed to undermine his whole suit of clothes in every direction. These things looked so bad, that, Oliver was on the point of declaring his intention of seeking his way back in the best way he could, when his thoughts were suddenly directed into another channel by a very mysterious change of behaviour on the part of the Dodger.

They were just emerging from a narrow court not far from the open square in Clerkenwell, which is called, by the strange perversion of terms, "The Green," when the Dodger made a sudden stop, and laying his finger on his lip, drew his companions back again with the greatest caution and circumspection.

"What's the matter?" demanded Oliver.

"Hush!" replied the Dodger. "Do you see that old cove at the book-stall?"

"The old gentleman over the way?" said Oliver. "Yes, I see him."

"He'll do," said the Dodger.

"A prime plant," observed Charley Bates.

Oliver looked from one to the other with the greatest surprise, but was not permitted to make any inquiries, for the two boys walked stealthily across the road, and slunk behind the old gentleman towards whom his attention had been directed. Oliver walked a few paces after

them, and, not knowing whether to advance or retire, stood looking on in silent amazement.

The old gentleman was a very respectable looking personage, with a powdered head and gold spectacles; dressed in a bottle-green coat with a black velvet collar, and white trousers, with a smart bamboo cane under his arm. He had taken up a book from the stall, and there he stood, reading away as hard as if he were in his elbow-chair in his own study. It was very possible that he fancied himself there, indeed; for it was plain, from his utter abstraction, that he saw not the book-stall, nor the street, nor the boys, nor, in short, anything but the book itself, which he was reading straight through, turning over the leaves when he got to the bottom of a page, beginning at the top line of the next one, and going regularly on with the greatest interest and eagerness.

What was Oliver's horror and alarm as he stood a few paces off, looking on with his eye-lids as wide open as they would possibly go, to see the Dodger plunge his hand into this old gentleman's pocket, and draw from thence a handkerchief, which he handed to Charley Bates, and with which they both ran away round the corner at full speed!

In one instant the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, and the watches, and the jewels, and the Jew, rushed upon the boy's mind. He stood for a moment with the blood tingling so through all his veins from terror, that he felt as if he were in a burning fire; then, confused and frightened, he took to his heels, and, not knowing what he did, made off as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground.

This was all done in a minute's space, and the very instant that Oliver began to run, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief, turned sharp round. Seeing the boy scudding away at such a rapid pace, he very naturally concluded him to be the depredator, and, shouting "Stop thief," with all his might, made off after him, book in hand.

But the old gentleman was not the only person who raised the hue and cry. The Dodger and Master Bates, unwilling to attract public attention by running down the open street, had merely retired into the very first doorway round the corner. They no sooner heard the cry, and saw Oliver running, than, guessing exactly how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude, and, shouting "Stop thief!" too, joined in the pursuit like good citizens.

Although Oliver had been brought up by philosophers, he was not theoretically acquainted with their beautiful axiom that self-preservation is the first law of nature. If he had been, perhaps he would have been prepared for this. Not being prepared, however, it alarmed him the more; so away he went like the wind, with the old gentleman and the two boys roaring and shouting behind him.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" There is a magic in the sound. The tradesman leaves his counter, and the carman his wagon; the butcher throws down his tray, the baker his basket, the milk-man his pail, the errand-boy his parcels, the schoolboy his marbles, the paviour his pick-axe, the child his battledore: away they run, pell-mell, helter-skelter, slap-dash, tearing, yelling, and screaming, knocking down the passengers as they turn the corners, rousing up the dogs, and astonishing the cats; and streets, squares, and courts re-echo with the sound.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" The cry is taken up by a hundred voices, and the crowd accumulate at every turning. Away they fly, splashing through the mud, and rattling along the pavements; up go the windows, out run the people, onward bear the mob: a whole audience desert Punch in the very thickest of the plot, and, joining the

rushing throng, swell the shout, and lend fresh vigour to the cry, "Stop thief! stop thief!"

"Stop thief! stop thief!" There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast. One wretched, breathless child, panting with exhaustion, terror in his looks, agony in his eye, large drops of perspiration streaming down his face, strains every nerve to make head upon his pursuers; and as they follow on his track, and gain upon him every instant, they hail his decreasing strength with still louder shouts, and whoop and scream with joy "Stop thief!"—Ay, stop him for God's sake, were it only in mercy!

Stopped at last. A clever blow that! He's down upon the pavement, and the crowd eagerly gather round him; each new comer jostling and struggling with the others to catch a glimpse. "Stand aside!"—"Give him a little air!"—"Nonsense! he don't deserve it."—"Where's the gentleman?"—"Here he is, coming down the street."—"Make room there for the gentleman!"—"Is this the boy, sir?"—"Yes."

Oliver lay covered with mud and dust, and bleeding from the mouth, looking wildly round the heap of faces that surrounded him, when the old gentleman was officiously dragged and pushed into the circle by the foremost of the pursuers, and made this reply to their anxious inquiries.

"Yes," said the gentleman in a benevolent voice, "I am afraid it is."

"A fraud!" murmured the crowd. "That's a good un."

"Poor fellow!" said the gentleman, "he has hurt himself."

"I did that, sir," said a great lubberly fellow stepping forward; "and precious I cut my knuckle agin' his mouth. I stopped him, sir."

The fellow touched his hat with a grin, expecting something for his pains; but the old gentleman, eying him with an expression of disgust, looked anxiously round, as if he contemplated running away himself; which it is very possible he might have attempted to do, and thus afforded another chase, had not a police officer (who is always the last person to arrive in such cases, at that moment made his way through the crowd, and seized Oliver by the collar. "Come, get up," said the man roughly.

"It wasn't me indeed, sir. Indeed, indeed, it was two other boys," said Oliver, clasping his hands passionately, and looking round: "they are here somewhere."

"Oh no, they aint," said the officer. He meant this to be ironical; but it was true besides, for the Dodger and Charley Bates had fited off down the first convenient court they came to.—"Come, get up."

"Don't hurt him," said the old gentleman compassionately.

"Oh no, I wont hurt him," replied the officer, tearing his jacket half off his back in proof thereof. "Come, I know you; it wont do. Will you stand upon your legs, you young devil?"

Oliver, who could hardly stand, made a shift to raise himself upon his feet, and was at once lugged along the streets by the jacket collar at a rapid pace. The gentleman walked on with them by the officer's side; and as many of the crowd as could, got a little a-head, and stared back at Oliver from time to time. The boys shouted in triumph, and on they went.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

There is no living creature that gives us such an idea of happiness as a bird, as it skims on light wing along the ether, lights among flowery shrubs, or upon the springy bough of a lofty tree, or dresses its plumage by a fountain or a stream.

## THE SUCCESS OF IVANHOE.

If literary success could have either filled Scott's head or hardened his heart, we should have no such letters as those of December, 1819. Ivanhoe was received throughout England with a more clamorous delight than any of the *Scotch novels* had been. The volumes (three in number) were now, for the first time, of the post 8vo. form, with a finer paper than hitherto, the press-work much more elegant, and the price accordingly raised from eight shillings the volume to ten; yet the copies sold in this original shape were twelve thousand.

I ought to have mentioned sooner, that the original intention was to bring out Ivanhoe as the production of a new hand, and that, to assist this impression, the work was printed in a size and manner unlike the preceding ones; but Constable, when the day of publication approached, remonstrated against this experiment, and it was accordingly abandoned.

The reader has already been told that Scott dictated the greater part of this romance. The portion of MS. which is his own appears, however, not only as well and firmly executed as that of any of the Tales of My Landlord, but distinguished by having still fewer erasures and interlineations, and also by being in a smaller hand. The fragment is beautiful to look at—many pages together without one alteration. It is, I suppose, superfluous to add, that in no instance did Scott re-write his prose before sending it to the press. Whatever may have been the case with his poetry, the world uniformly received the *prima cura*, of the novelist.

As a work of art, Ivanhoe is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts, whether in prose or in verse; nor have the strength and splendour of his imagination been displayed to higher advantage than in some of the scenes of this romance. But I believe that no reader who is capable of thoroughly comprehending the author's Scotch characters and Scotch dialogue will ever place even Ivanhoe, as a work of genius, on the same level with Waverley or the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

There is, to me, something so remarkably characteristic of Scott's mind and manner in a particular passage of the Introduction, which he penned ten years afterwards for this work, that I must be pardoned for extracting it here. He says:—"The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, verily Virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

The introduction of the charming Jewess and her father originated, I find, in a conversation that Scott held with his friend Skene during the severest season of his bodily sufferings in the early part of this year. "Mr. Skene," says that gentleman's wife, "sitting by his bedside, and trying to amuse him as well as he could in the intervals of pain, happened to get on the subject of the Jews, as he had observed them when he spent some time in Germany

in his youth. Their situation had naturally made a strong impression; for in those days they retained their own dress and manners entire, and were treated with considerable austerity by their Christian neighbours, being still locked up at night in their own quarter by great gates; and Mr. Skene, partly in seriousness, but partly from the mere wish to turn his mind at the moment upon something that might occupy and divert it, suggested that a group of Jews would be an interesting feature if he could contrive to bring them into his next novel." Upon the appearance of Ivanhoe, he reminded Mr. Skene of this conversation, and said, "You will find this book owes not a little to your German reminiscences." Mr. Skene adds: "Dining with us one day, not long before Ivanhoe was begun, something that was mentioned led him to describe the sudden death of an advocate of his acquaintance, a Mr. Elphinstone, which occurred in the *Outer-house* soon after he was called to the bar. It was, he said, no wonder, that he had left a vivid impression on his mind, for it was the first sudden death he ever witnessed; and he now related it so as to make us all feel as if we had the scene passing before our eyes. In the death of the Templar in Ivanhoe, I recognised the very picture—I believe I may safely say the very words."\*

By the way, before Ivanhoe made its appearance, I had myself been formally admitted to the author's secret; but had he favoured me with no such confidence, it would have been impossible for me to doubt that I had been present some months before at the conversation which suggested, and indeed supplied all the materials of, one of its most amusing chapters. I allude to that in which our Saxon terms for animals in the field, and our Norman equivalents for them as they appear on the table, and so on, are explained and commented on. All this Scott owed to the after-dinner talk one day in Castle-street, of his old friend Mr. William Clerk, who, among other elegant pursuits, has cultivated the science of philology very deeply.

I cannot conclude this chapter without observing that the publication of Ivanhoe marks the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history as the literary favourite of his contemporaries. With the novel which he next put forth, the immediate sale of these works began gradually to decline; and though even when that had reached its lowest declension, it was still far above the most ambitious dreams of any other novelist, yet the publishers were afraid the announcement of any thing like a falling-off might cast a damp over the spirits of the author. He was allowed to remain, for several years, under the impression that whatever novel he threw off commanded at once the old triumphant sale of ten or twelve thousand, and was afterwards, when included in the collective edition, to be circulated in that shape also as widely as Waverley or Ivanhoe. In my opinion, it would have been very unwise in the book-sellers to give Scott any unfavourable tidings upon such subjects after the commencement of the malady which proved fatal to him, for that from the first shook his mind; but I think they took a false measure of the man when they hesitated to tell him exactly how the matter stood, throughout 1820 and the three or four following years, when his intellect was as vigorous as it ever had been, and his heart as courageous; and I regret their scruples (among other reasons), because the years now mentioned were the most costly ones in his life; and for every twelvemonth in which any man allows himself, or is encouraged by others, to proceed in a course of unwise expenditure, it becomes proportionably more difficult, as well as painful for him to pull up, when the mistake is at length detected or recognised.—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.*

\* See Waverley Novels, vol. xvii p. 379.

**WOMAN.**—To a young man whose feelings are fresh and yet unblasted by worldly experience, there is a charm even in the most unimpassioned intercourse with the other sex—Woman! To him how vast a charm is comprised in the narrow compass of a word. In this single abstraction, unconnected it may be with any individual reality, are united all his purest dreams of happiness, all his brightest conceptions of imaginary beauty—without a thought of grossness or sensuality comes to contaminate his fancy or heart.

## MEMORY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Ah! what is life? a little bloom;  
Sweet looks and converse sweet beguile;  
Anon, the winding sheet and tomb  
Are all that's left of bloom and smile.  
About my heart green memories throng,  
Of joys that whilom tarried there;  
Poor heart! thou could'st not keep them long,  
As "winged dreams" they winged were.

As one who, when the sun goes down,  
Still lingers on the rosy west,  
Shaping the shady clouds, to crown  
Some vision on the dreamer's breast:  
So I, in mem'ry's sunset sky,  
Do shape and fashion things as bright;  
And build me bowers, that seem to lie  
Beyond the reach of woe and night.

*Metropolitan for October.*

## THOUGHTS ON COMMONPLACE SUBJECTS.

SOIREES.

We are friends to soirees. There are a prodigious improvement upon public dinners, though not as yet capable of superseding these assemblages. Perhaps this sheet goes into the hands of thousands of people in England who do not rightly comprehend what we mean by soiree. Soiree (pronounced swarrey) is a French word signifying evening party. Social evening meetings among private persons have been for a number of years known in this country by this suitable foreign appellation, but lately the term has been applied to assemblages of a large or public nature, in which a desire for rational amusement, the acquisition of some kind of interesting intelligence, or the inculcation and exchange of moral sentiment, have formed the object of meeting. We do not know how far these public soirees have come into fashion in the large English towns, but we know that for the last year or two they have been pretty frequent, and become exceedingly popular, in the principal towns in Scotland. The credit of originating them, and bringing them into general appreciation, rests, we believe, in a great measure with the Scottish dissenters, who are generally disposed to encourage the great object of moral improvement which the temperance societies have in view—at least, they have come prominently forward on all occasions to promote the cause of abstinence from intoxicating fluids. Soirees are, in our opinion, the very kind of thing which is calculated to extirpate drunkenness; for in taking away one kind of gratification—the base gratification of drinking—they give another, which is of an innocent and improving quality; and this is an important point in the cause of social advancement.

There is one feature in the character of the soiree entertainment, which is eminently deserving of notice. The party, which may consist of several hundreds of persons, is composed of both sexes. The humanising influence of woman is present. There is the respectable tradesman with his wife and daughters; there is the young mechanic or shopkeeper with his sweetheart, she whom he delighted to honour; there are the young and old; and there are also the different ranks of persons—clergymen, masters, and servants, all met in the "bond of peace" and harmony of feeling. The refreshments consist of tea, coffee, and some light affair of confectionary or fruit, with a due supply of lemonade or other liquid equally simple, the whole causing an expense of not more than a shilling a head. With these trifles for physical solacement, the company, who are quite lively and chatty with each other, are ever and anon entertained with a speech on some subject of interest; the amusement being varied with pieces of vocal music executed by a few of the best singers in the company. In short, all is as it should be. Every one goes home satisfied with what he has heard and seen. There has been no excess; and several hours have been agreeably and profitably spent in what is felt to be real enjoyment.

Surely it is by this kind of means that social advancement is to be promoted. There can be no doubt as to the fact that such entertainments encourage a love of harmless recreation. As they have been hitherto arranged, they do not afford the same scope for delivering speeches or sentiments that health-drinking assemblages always offer, but this deficiency may perhaps yet be supplied when the fashion of soirees comes more into vogue. We should hope that the practice of drinking healths will at any rate never be permitted to intrude into these now well-regulated meetings. A great step has been already gained in the improvement of popular usages, and care must be taken to avoid making a retrograde movement. In the hands of a miscellaneous class of persons, soirees might also have a tendency to degenerate into something less respectable than they are at present; indeed, we feel assured that in some places, where education has as yet made little progress, such meetings would, in all likelihood, terminate in disorder and mischief, instead of producing concord and peaceful moral improvement. We, however, hope for better things from the judicious managers of the soirees which are occasionally taking place in Edinburgh and the other large towns in the north, and that the practice will spread on a well regulated principle.

For the Pearl.

#### PARAPHRASE OF HEBREWS VII.

1. For the antecedent, this typical King of Justice and Peace, a Priest of JEHOVAH; who met with the Father of the faithful Multitude; (which is the Church of the Lord) who was returning from his victory over AMRAPHEL, King of Shinar, ARIOCH, King of Ellasar, CHEDORLAOMER, King of Elam, and TIDAL, King of the Goin, and gave him his benediction; To whom even the FATHER of the faithful
- 2 gave a tithe of his spoils. He being designated MELCHIZEDEC, [King of Justice] and MELCHISALEM, [King of Peace] is revealed to us without ancestry or genealogy or pedigree; whether as a King or Priest, both of which he was: without record of his coronation or inauguration; or birth or death; but as a type of the Son of GOD: who abideth a Priest for ever, after the pattern, of this mystical ordination of MELCHIZEDECK.
4. Let us contemplate the greatness of this Priest: to
5. whom that most venerable Patriarch gave his tenth. At present Levites, who are also Priests, have legal permission to receive tithes for their own support, of the sons of JUDAH, the offspring of ABRAHAM; but then, he whose pedigree is unknown, received tithes from this Patriarch, and authoritatively pronounced a benediction upon him who was the subject
7. of the divine promise. Now, evidently, the superior is not endowed of the inferior—but the contrary; he therefore manifested his superiority both as Priest and King. And at this time, Priests who are mortal
9. men, receive tithes, but then he, who only hath life and
10. immortality typically received them. And if I may consider the matter agreeably to this light,—the Levitical Priests may be affirmed to have paid tithes to CHRIST, in the person of his type: by their great progenitor ABRAHAM.
11. We also find, that the Children of Israel, received the Law in reference to the Levitical Priesthood: but if this were a perfect order, was there any necessity that another order should be instituted? and that this of the family of Aaron should become obsolete? Yet thus it is. For the Priesthood is superseded; and
12. its ceremonial abolished. For the true MELCHIZEDECK, of whom these things are related, and in whom they are fulfilled, belongeth to a tribe, which,
13. notwithstanding it was a royal tribe, had no sacerdotal character. For it was of the tribe of JUDAH that our HIGH PRIEST came; concerning which MOSES prescribed nothing referrible to the Priesthood. It then conclusively appears, that inasmuch as another High Priest hath arisen: the antetype of MELCHIZEDECK, that he is thus constituted, not by any tempora-

ry institution; but by a pre-ordination of unlimited duration agreeably to the divine decree: "Thou, according to the ordination of MELCHIZEDECK, art ordained a Priest for ever!" Here then, is the annulling of the late HIERARCHY; owing to its imbecility and inefficiency; it not being able to procure by its multiplied oblations the pardon of sin, and both it, and its ceremonial, having perfected nothing beyond the superinduction of this better hope, (founded on the promise,) through which we are enabled to come with confidence to GOD'S throne of grace. Further, your Priests were ordained without the solemnity of an oath; but ours by the oath of JEHOVAH: who pronounced the fore-mentioned decree, five hundred years after the promulgation of the Law. Not, therefore, without an oath was our MELCHEZIDECK ordained. All the additional security of which, appertains to our superior covenant.

Again, that order of Priesthood was consummated in a multitude of individuals; each succession being deprived through its mortality. But now mortality is swallowed up of life, for our immortal High Priest hath his order consummated in himself. It is therefore a just conclusion: That he is qualified to save,—completely, and for ever, all those who intercede with GOD through HIM: because he is alive for evermore, to make to GOD an acceptable oblation for them. And observe, how admirably suited to our Christian wants is such an HIGH PRIEST; who is holy—we unholy; innocent—we guilty; unspotted—we defiled; separated from sinners—we the most sinful; and exalted above every name that is named, to be to us a PRINCE and a SAVIOUR. Who is not obliged like your Priests to offer up daily a sacrifice because of his sins, and another because of the people's Priests of the Law,—mortal men,—encompassed with infirmity. For all those offerings he hath completed and transcended at once; by his one offering of himself. For JEHOVAH himself, who is superior to every law, hath by his immutable oath, constituted his divine Son an High Priest for us; who is altogether perfect: and (agreeably to the terms of the inaugural oath,) endureth for ever. Would you then apostatize from Christianity to Judaism; you must renounce perfection, for imperfection; and immortal privileges, for those which are to be speedily abolished.

TEULON.

#### HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

LORD CARNARVON.

In Lord Carnarvon's remarkable volumes on "Portugal and Galicia," he relates the following occurrence as taking place at Setuval, in the south of Spain, during an insurrectional burst against the constitution, and in favour of Don Miguel:—

On an open space adjoining the town an enormous concourse of people were assembled. Night had long set in, but we saw by the glare of the lamps the crowd collected most densely around a regimental band, which was playing, with amazing spirit, the ultra-royalist hymn; but even this favourite tune was often drowned by the deafening shouts of, "Miguel the First, the absolute, the most absolute King! and death to the Malleardos, death to the infamous Constitutionals!" It was evident that the designs of the Miguelites in promoting this meeting had been crowned with success. The popular enthusiasm was at its height, and characterised by such extreme ferocity, that I could not behold it without awe, or hear the deadly imprecations heaped upon the Constitutionals without feeling that a terrible hour of vengeance was at hand. I have mingled much in revolutionary scenes, but never before or since have I seen the human face distorted by such a variety of horrible passions,—passions cradled in fanaticism, nursed in silence and in gloom, but now roused to madness, and ready to break down every barrier opposed to their gratification. Every passing occurrence administered to their hate, and furnished matter for hateful

illustration. If a rocket went up ill, the people called it a "Constitutionalist,"—a declaration received with yells expressive of the utmost detestation and contempt; if it rose well they cried out that even thus should their knives be sent into the hearts of the accursed Freemasons; and then they expressed fervent wishes that their traitorous heads were burning in the wheel of the rocket. In short, among that assembled multitude all seemed alike transported by one common love for the Infant, by one common hatred to their opponents, and by one pervading sentiment of unlimited and almost frenzied devotion to the church. They were inflamed by music and the spirit-stirring hymn; by wine, which gave an appalling character of desperation to their gesture; and by religious zealots, who whispered, in each pause of the storm, that every blow they struck was struck for God. It is difficult to describe the effect produced at intervals by the sudden glare of the fireworks dispersing the gloom, and lighting up, though but for an instant, their stern and excited countenances. Those momentary gleams showed each man his neighbour's passion, and strengthened his own from a sense of the general sympathy, so that every moment their expressions of vengeance became fiercer, and their shouts more vehement and unintermitted.

At length they raised the cry of "Death to the English!" My host had long before urged me to quit the scene, but the deep interest with which I viewed these tumultuary proceedings fixed me spell-bound to the spot. Had my British origin been discovered, my situation might have been very unpleasant; but the same dark face which in Spain convinced the authorities that I was a native outlaw, effectually shielded me at Setuval from the suspicion of being an Englishman; still my foreign accent might have betrayed me had I been compelled to speak, and I felt on many grounds the necessity of retiring, for the people were ripe for violence; and their leaders, seeing that the time for action had arrived, bade the music cease. The crowd that had been long pent up, chafing like a mighty stream within a narrow channel, now overflowed on all sides, bearing down on Setuval, to carry their revolutionary intentions into effect. In trying to disengage myself from the turmoil, I observed that I was often recognised as a stranger, though not as an Englishman. Many fierce inquiring glances were bent upon me, many persons seemed inclined to stop me, and were only prevented by the hurried movements of the multitude, which pressed on, rank after rank, like the waves of the sea; once, indeed, a savage-looking fellow, rendered still more fierce by intoxication, seized me by the coat, and declaring that I was a freemason, desired me to shout for the absolute king. My actual position was not agreeable; for my host had warned me, that although I might pass through the crowd unmolested, still if a mere urchin raised the cry of "freemason" against me, the people, in their irritated state, might fall upon me, as a pack obeys a single hound; no well-known Constitutionalist would that night, he assured me, trust himself on that plot of ground for all the treasures of the British exchequer. But the danger of real, was but momentary, for disordered by wine, and forced onwards by the irresistible pressure of the crowd, my assailant lost his hold before I had time to reply. Extricating myself from the crowd, I took refuge in a knoll of trees behind the chapel, where I saw groups of men careering around with shouts and gesticulations absolutely demoniac, and rather resembling enraged wild beasts than rational beings; and still as I made the best of my way to the inn by a circuitous path, I heard the loud beat of the drum and the infuriated cries of the people, as they rushed to attack the dwellings of the Constitutionals, who were, however, generally speaking, prepared for the tempest, and had fled from their houses some hours before the rising of the gale.—*Ward's Miscellany.*

INSTINCT OF PIGEONS.—A Leigh journal gives a remarkable instance of the instinct of pigeons: A pigeon fancier of Verviers went to Turin in 1832, taking with him a number of these birds, which he let loose. A short time ago one of these winged messengers returned safely to Verviers after five years absence.

## LINES.

"The heavens declare the glory of God."

Ye mighty spheres, in ceaseless order rolling  
Around the eternal Power from whom ye came,  
Of him, the all-creative, all-controlling,  
The majesty and glory ye proclaim!

Bright stars, in this poor world in beauty gleaming,  
He out of gloomy chaos bade you rise!  
His spirit, on the abyss of darkness beaming,  
Conceived your forms and led you to the skies.

What eye hath seen the limits of your dwelling?  
What ear hath heard your mystic melody?  
And who can tell what orbs, e'en you excelling,  
Adorn the bosom of infinity?

These are thy glories, everlasting Being,  
There are thy works, mysterious Deity!  
And yet thou condescendest, God all-seeing,  
To smile upon a trembling worm like me!

Clearspring, Md.

J. M. J.

## THE WOOL-GATHERER.

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

Continued from Page 165.

Robin the farmer was hurt in the tenderest part that day when his laird went by his door, and took shelter in the wool-gatherer's cot; and, on going in, he mentioned it in such a way, that his old-maiden sister, Meg, took note of it, and circulated it among the men-servants, with strong injunctions of secrecy. Little wist the old lady of what was going on! She dreamed not once of a beautiful stranger among the cottagers at Todburn (the name of Robin's farm), that was working such delay, else woe would have been to her and all concerned. At length, however, by an accidental circumstance, she did hear of Lindsey's proceedings, and forthwith took it upon her to order Robin to turn the fair unknown and her infant out of their humble residence. All this, of course, was done without the knowledge of the young laird.

"We must now follow the fortunes of the ejected wool-gatherer. Distressed beyond measure with being summarily ordered to leave the spot, she tied a few necessaries of clothing in a bundle, and carrying that and little George with her, bade farewell to Todburn. As with a heavy heart, and tears running down her cheeks, she bent her way with her burden, she was noticed by a youth named Barnaby, a lad who herded a few sheep for Robin, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of good nature. 'What ails you, Jeany?' said he; 'where are you gaun this wild gait. Hae ye been obliged to leave your ain wee house for want o' meat?' 'I had plenty of meat,' replied Jeany, 'but your master has turned me out of my cot at an hour's warning; he would not even suffer me to remain overnight, and I know of no place to which I can go.'

'O, the auld hard-heartit loon! Heard ever ony body the like o' that? What ailed him at ye? Hae ye done ony thing, Jeany, or said ony thing wrang?' 'It is that which distresses me. I have not been given to know my offence, and I can form no conjecture of it.'

'If I had a hame, Jeany, ye should hae a share o't. I dinna ken o' ane I wad make mair welcome, even though I should seek a bed for mysel. War ye at my father's cottage, I could insure you a month's good hamely lodging, but it is far away, an' a wild road till't. If ye like, I'll gang that length wi' ye, an' try if he'll put ye up a while till we see how matters turn.' Jane was now so much confused, that, not being able to form any better plan for the present, she arose and followed her ragged conductor.

Passing over the narration of the journey, in quest of the proposed temporary home, we take up the story at the point where the wanderers approach the cottage of Barnaby's father. Strangers seldom approached that sequestered spot—passengers never. While yet at a good distance, the travellers saw Barnaby's mother standing at id her burly boys at the end of the cottage, watching their approach, and they heard her calling distinctly to her husband, 'Aigh! von's our aye Barny, I ken by auld Help's motions; but wha she is that he's bringing wi' him, is ayont my comprehension.'

She hurried away in to put her fire-side in some order, and nought was then to be seen but two or three bare-headed boys, with their hair the colour of peat-ashes, setting their heads always now and then by the corner of the house, and vanishing again in a twinkling. The old shepherd was sitting on his divot-seat, without the door, mending a shoe. Barnaby strode up to him. 'How are ye the night, father?'

'No that ill, Barny lad—is that you? How are ye yoursel?' said a decent-looking middle-aged man, scratching his head at the same time with the awl, and fixing his eyes, not on his son, but on the companion that he had brought with him. When he saw her so young, so beautiful, and the child in her arms, the inquiring look that he cast on his son was unutterable. Silence reigned for the space of a minute. Barnaby made holes in the ground with his staff—the old shepherd began again to sew his shoe, and little George prattled to his mamma. 'An' how hae ye been sin' we saw ye, Barny?' 'Gaylys.' 'I think ye hae brought twa young strangers wi' ye?' 'I wat have I.' 'Whar fell ye in wi' them?' 'I want to speak a word to you, father.' The old shepherd flung down his work, and followed his son round the corner of the house. It was not two minutes till he came back. Jane had sat down on the sod-seat.

'This is a pleasant evening,' said he, addressing her.

'It is a very sweet evening,' was the reply. 'Ye'll be weary; ye had better gang in an' rest ye.' She thanked him, and was preparing to go. 'It's a muckle matter,' continued he, 'when folk can depend on their ain. My Barny never deceived me a' his life, an' ye are as welcome here as heart can mak ye. The flower in May is nae welcomer than ye are to this bit shieling, and your share of a' that's in it. Come your ways in, my bonny woman, an' think nae shame. Ye shall never be lookit on as either a beggar or borrower here, but just ane o' oursels.' So saying, he took her hand in both his, and led her into the house. 'Wife, here's a young stranger our son has brought to bide a while wi' ye; mak her welcome i' the mean time, an' we'll be better acquaintit by and bye.' 'In troth I sal e'en do sae. Come awa in by to the muckle chair. Whar is he himsel, the muckle duddy fettered gouk?' It was a happy evening; the conversation was interesting, and kept up till a late hour; and when the old couple learned from Jane of the benevolent disinterested part that their son had acted, their eyes glowed with delight, and their hearts waxed kinder and kinder. Before they retired to rest, the old shepherd performed family worship, with a glow of devotional warmth which Jane had never before witnessed in man. The whole economy of the family was of that simple and primitive cast, that the dwellers in a large city never dream of as existing. There was to be seen contentment without affluence or ambition, benevolence without ostentation, and piety without hypocrisy; but at the same time such a mixture of gaiety, good sense, and superstitious ideas, blended together in the same minds, as was altogether inscrutable. It was a new state of existence to our fair stranger, and she resolved to prove it to the best advantage.

But we must now leave her in her new habitation, and return with Barnaby to the families of Earhall and Todburn. Lindsey went up the water every day fishing as he had done formerly, but was astonished at observing from day to day, that his fair wool-gatherer's cottage was locked, and no smoke issuing from it. At first he imagined that she might have gone on a visit, but at length began to suspect that some alteration had taken place in her circumstances; and the anxiety that he felt to have some intelligence, whether that change was favourable or the reverse, was such that he himself wondered at it. He turned his eyes to the other cottages and to the farm-house, but lacked the courage to go boldly up to any of them, and ask after the object of his thoughts. An accidental meeting with Barnaby soon revealed the mystery. His sense of justice was now roused, and his feelings at once suggested that reparation should be made to the injured party. Calling Robin before him, and reproving him for his harshness, he warned him, that if the young woman

was not found and restored to her rights in less than a fortnight, he need not be surprised if he were some day removed on as short a notice.

Robin felt that he had got himself into a serious dilemma. That night, before he dismissed his servants to their beds, he said, 'Lads, my master informs me that I am to be plaguit wi' the law for putting away that lassie Jeany an' her bit brat atween term days. I gie ye a' your liberty frae my wark until the end o' neist week, if she be not found afore that time, to search for her; and whoever finds her, and brings her back to her cottage, shall have a reward o' twenty guineas in his loof.'

A long conversation then ensued on the best means of recovering her; but Barnaby did not wait on this, but hastened away to the stable loft, where his chest stood at the head of his bed, dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, and went without delay to the nearest stage where horses were let out for hire, got an old brown hack equipped with a bridle, saddle, and pad, and off he set directly for his father's cottage, where he arrived next morning by the time the sun was up. Safely did he reach the glen, at the head of which his father's cottage stood, with its little kail-yard in the forkings of the burn; there was no dog, nor even little noisy pup, came out to give note of his approach, for his father and canine friends had all gone out to the heights at a very early hour to look after the sheep. The morning was calm and lovely; but there was no sound in the glen save the voice of his mother's grey cock, who was perched on the kail-yard dyke, and crowing incessantly. The smoke was issuing from his mother's chimney in a tall blue spire that reached to the middle of the hill: but when there, it spread itself into a soft hazy cloud, and was resting on the side of the green brae in the most still and moveless position. The rising sun kissed it with his beams, which gave it a light woolly appearance, something like floating down; it was so like a vision that Barnaby durst scarcely look at it. 'My mother's astoor,' said he to himself, 'I ken by her morning rock; she'll be working up an' down the house, an' putting a' things to rights; an' my billies they'll be lying grumpling and snoring i' their dens, an' Jeany will be lying waking, listening what's gaun on, an' wee George will be sniffing an' sleeping sound in her bosom.'

Jane was very happy at meeting with her romantic and kind-hearted Barnaby again, who told her such a turn of affairs had taken in her favour, and all that the laird had said to him about her, and the earnest inquiries he had made, and likewise how he had put Robin to his shifts. She had lived very happy with these poor honest people, and had no mind to leave them; indeed, from the day that she entered their house, she had not harboured a thought of it; but now, on account of her furniture, which was of considerable value to her, and more particularly for the sake of Barnaby's reward, she judged it best to accompany him. So, after they had all taken a hearty breakfast together, at the same board, the old Shepherd returned thanks to the Bestower of all good things, and then kissing Jane, he lifted her on the horse behind his son.

As soon as Lindsey heard that Jane and her child George had arrived safely at their cottage, he resolved on having the mystery cleared up that hung over the unfortunate pair. They were asked to dinner at the Hall, along with Robin and his sister Meg, and an opportunity was given for Jane to tell the incidents of her life.

'The events of my life, sir,' said she, 'have been, like the patriarch's days, few and evil, and my intention was, never to have divulged them in this district—not on my own account, but for the sake of their names that are connected with my history, and are now no more. Nevertheless, since you have taken such an interest in my fortunes, it would both be ungrateful and imprudent to decline giving you that satisfaction. Excuse me for the present in withholding my family name, and I will relate to you the incidents of my short life in a very few words.'

'My father was an eminent merchant. Whether ever he was a rich one or not, I cannot tell, but he certainly was looked upon as such, for his credit and dealings were very extensive. My mother died twelve years ago, leav-

ing my father with no more children than another daughter and myself. I received my education in Edinburgh along with my sister, who was two years older than I. She began to manage my father's household affairs at thirteen years of age, and I went to reside with an aunt in East-Lothian, who had been married to a farmer, but was now a widow, and occupied a farm herself.

Whether it originated in his not finding any amusement at home, or in consciousness of his affairs getting into confusion, I know not, but our father about this time fell by degrees from attending to his business in a great measure, and sank into despondency. My sister's letters to me were full of regret; my aunt being in a declining state of health, I could not leave her for some months. At last she died, leaving me a legacy of five hundred pounds, when I hastened home, and did all in my power to assist my sister in comforting our father, but he did not long survive, and dying insolvent, we not only lost our protector, but had nothing to depend on save my little legacy and our own industry and exertions. We retired to a small lodging; none of our friends thought proper to follow us to our retreat; and now, bereaved as we were of our natural protector, we could not help perceiving that we were a friendless and helpless pair. My sister never recovered her spirits; a certain dejection and absence of mind from this time forth began to prey upon her, and it was with real sorrow and concern that I perceived it daily gaining ground, and becoming more and more strongly marked. I tried always to console her as much as I could for our loss, and often, to cheer her, assumed a gaiety that was foreign to my heart; but we being quite solitary, her melancholy always returned upon her with double weight. About this time I first saw a young officer with my sister, who introduced him carelessly to me as the captain. She went out with him, and when she returned, I asked who he was. "Bless me, Jane," said she, "do you not know the captain?" I was angry at the flippancy of her manner, but she gave me no further satisfaction.

At mention of this officer, Lindsey grew restless and impatient, changing his position on the seat every moment. "Things went on in this manner," continued Jane, "for some time longer, and still my sister grew more heartless and dejected. Her colour grew pale, and her eye heavy, and I felt seriously alarmed on her account.

"For nine or ten days she went out by herself for an hour or so every day, without informing me where she had been. But one morning, when I arose, my sister was gone. I waited until noon before I took my breakfast; but nothing of my sister appearing, I became distracted with dreadful apprehensions. Days passed over, and she was still absent. At length I received intelligence of her being very ill, and lying at an inn on one of the roads from Edinburgh. Hurrying to the place, I entered her apartment, breathless and impatient. But how shall I relate to you the state in which I found her! My heart bleeds to this day, when remembrance presents me with the woeful spectacle! She was lying speechless, unable to move a hand or lift an eye, and posting on, with rapid advances, to eternity, having some days before given birth to this dear child on my knee."

At this moment the eyes of all the circle were fixed on Jane, expressing strongly a mixture of love, pity, and admiration. Lindsey could contain himself no longer. He started to his feet, stretched his arms towards her, and, after gasping a little for breath, "What?" said he, sighing, "are you not then the mother of little George?"

"A poor substitute only for a better, sir; but the only parent he has ever known, or is likely to know."

"And you have voluntarily suffered all these privations, trouble, and shame, for the sake of a poor little orphan, who, it seems, is no nearer akin to you than a nephew? If ever the virtuous principles and qualities of a female mind deserved admiration—But proceed. I am much to blame for interrupting you."

"I never for another moment departed from my sister's bed-side until she breathed her last, which she did in about thirty hours after my arrival. I now hired a nurse for the child; and it being term time, gave up my house, and sold all my furniture, save the little I have still, and came here

to reside. I had no ambition but that of bringing up the child by my industry. Who his father is, remains a profound, and to me unaccountable mystery."

Here Lindsey again sprang to his feet. "There is some thing," said he, "occurs to my mind—the most extraordinary circumstance—if it really be so. What is the boy's surname?" Jane hesitated, and said that she could not think of divulging that so as to make it public, but that she would trust to his honour, and tell it him in his ear. She then whispered the name M——y. "What!" said he aloud, forgetting the injunction of secrecy, "of the late firm M——y and Reynolds?" "The same, sir." Making frantic exclamations, Lindsey hurried from the room, and immediately returned with an open letter in his hand. "Here is the last letter," said he, "ever I received from my brave and only brother; a short extract from which will serve fully to clear up the whole of this very curious business.

He then read as follows:—"Thus you see, that for the last fortnight the hardships and perils we have encountered have been many and grievous, but to-morrow will be decisive one way or another. I have a strong prepossession that I will not survive the battle; yea, so deeply is the idea impressed on my mind, that with me it amounts to an absolute certainty; therefore, I must confide a secret with you, which none in the world know, or in the least think of, save another and myself. I was privately married before I left Scotland to a young lady, lovely in her person, and amiable in her manners, but without any fortune. We resolved, for reasons that must be obvious to you, to keep our marriage secret, until I entered to the full possession of my estate, and if possible till my return; but now (don't laugh at me, my dear brother), being convinced that I shall never return, I entreat you, as a last request, to find her out and afford her protection. It is probable that by this time she may stand in need of it. Her name is Amelia M——y, daughter to the late merchant of that name of the firm M——y and Reynolds. She left her home with me in private, at my earnest request, though weeping with anguish at leaving a younger sister, a little angel of mercy, whom, like the other, you will find every way worthy of your friendship and protection. The last letter that I had from her was dated from London, the 7th of April, on which day she embarked in the packet for Leith, on her way to join her sister, in whose house, near Bristo-Port, you will probably find her. Farewell, dear brother. Comfort our mother; and oh, for my sake, cherish and support my dear wife!"

The old lady now snatched little George up in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and shed abundance of tears over him. "He is indeed my grandson!—he is! he is!" cried she, "my own dear George's son, and he shall henceforth be cherished as my own."

"And he shall be mine too, mother," added Lindsey, "and heir of all the land which so rightly belongs to him. And she, who has so disinterestedly adopted and brought up the heir of Earlball, shall still be his mother, if she will accept of a heart that renders her virtues every homage, and beats in unison with her own to every tone of pity and benevolence."

Jane now blushed deeply, for the generous proposal was just made while the tears of joy were yet trickling over her cheeks on account of the pleasing intelligence she had received of the honour of her regretted sister, and the rank of her child. She could not answer a word—she looked steadfastly at the carpet, through tears, as if examining how it was wrought—then at a little pearl ring she wore on her finger, and finally fell to adjusting some of George's clothes. They were all silent.

"By my certy, laird!" said Meg, "but ye hae made her a good offer! an' yet she'll pretend to tarrow at takin't! But ye're sure o' her, tak my word for it. Ye dinna ken women. The young hizzies mak aye the greatest fike about things that they wish maist to hae!"

"Indeed, sir," said Jane, "you overpower me. I am every way unworthy of the honour you propose for my acceptance; but as I cannot part with my dear little George, with your leave I will stay with my lady, and take care of

him." "Well, I consent that you shall stay with my mother as her companion. A longer acquaintance will confirm that affection, which a concurrence of events has fortified so strongly to excite."

It was not many months until this amiable pair were united in the bonds of matrimony, and they are still living, esteemed of all their acquaintances. Barnaby's kindness was not forgotten. He has been appointed the laird's own shepherd, and overseer of all his rural affairs.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,  
Is equal warning given;  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven.

Death rides on every passing breeze;  
He lurks in every flower;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril, every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly toward the tomb;  
And yet shall earth our hearts engage  
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, christian, turn! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given;  
The bones that underneath thee lie,  
Shall live for hell or heaven!

THE JEWS AT LEGHORN.—This wandering and excommunicated race form no inconsiderable part of the resident population in Leghorn, being estimated at twenty-five thousand out of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Their synagogue is a spacious building, but not otherwise remarkable than for the extraordinary number of lamps in it. Except the latticed galleries for the females, there is little to indicate its purpose, and very little indeed of that respect due to a place of worship is to be seen in the behaviour of those who frequent it. Although a rabbi was reading part of their ritual, instead of paying the slightest attention to him, those around me were conversing together on ordinary topics, just with as much indifference as if they had been in the open street, or in any other place than a house of prayer; nay, some of them were talking over matters of business, so that it was impossible not to be forcibly reminded of the words of our Lord, who had reproached their forefathers for similar profanity, and for converting the sanctuary of their religion into "a den of thieves." What singular inconsistency, that a people who so pertinaciously adhere to ordinances which subject them to many privations and inconveniences, possess so little of the real devotional spirit of religion.—*Rae Wilson.*

SCRIPTURE.—The holy Scriptures are a treasure which is offered and given to all. Like the light of heaven, it is capable of being divided without being exhausted. Unlike the riches of this world—which, while they bestow opulence upon some, leave the rest of mankind in poverty,—these communicate abundance, without any diminution of their own stores. Every one may profit by them, without inflicting injury upon another. It is not absolutely necessary to salvation to possess the whole of them; the smallest portion is a fertile source of wealth, like those gushing fountains which, the more freely they are used, the more plentifully send forth their salutary streams. This fountain of Scripture derives its origin and its efficacy from the Holy Spirit alone.—*St. Chrysostom.*

## STEAM-BOAT EXPLOSIONS.

The number of explosions of the boilers of steam-boats which have taken place lately, is exceedingly discreditable. A steam-boiler should not blow up any more than a common tea-kettle, if properly managed. Bad materials or workmanship in the first place, and carelessness or ignorance in the second, are the sole cause of these accidents. Some time ago (in No. 261) we explained the manner in which such explosions usually take place, which is by the over-great elaboration of steam from the water which is hastily propelled into the almost empty and red hot boiler, just as the boat is going to start. The valves cannot, or do not, let off the spare steam fast enough, and the weakest part of the boiler consequently gives way. We accuse the Mahomedans of trusting to fate in every thing, of giving themselves no concern about the proximate causes of things, of ascribing all the ills of life to the decrees of Providence, and there letting the matter rest. We are afraid that the mass of the people in our own country are not much better than Mahomedans, in these respects. They, and the persons they select to legislate for them, go on from day to day, and year to year, seeing all the time hundreds of their fellow-creatures sent to the bottom of the sea in rotten and worn-out ships, or blown to the air and scalded to death in steam-vessels, without making the smallest effort—a little newspaper fuss at every accident excepted—to prevent these evils from occurring in future. We should like to see a little more alacrity in setting these things to rights. Coffin ships, as a certain class of trading vessels are appropriately termed, should not be permitted to take on board either goods or passengers, with the hollow pretension of taking them to foreign countries; and no steam vessel should be allowed on any account to leave its station, without being duly licensed as of warrantable materials and machinery, and under the management of a captain and engineer thoroughly versed in the duties of their profession. With regard to the more urgent of these measures, a preventive, as far as is practicable, for steam-boat explosions, the evil will by and by cure itself to a considerable extent—not by a public demonstration of dissatisfaction, which would cost too much trouble, but simply—by a great number of persons refraining from going on board any of this description of vessels. Panic is one of the most catching of all things, and a few more explosions will help wonderfully to deter people from trusting their lives to such precarious vehicles. If the managers of respectable steam-boat companies have a due regard for their own honour or profit, they will be the most eager to demand such a legislative enactment as we have pointed out.—*A late number of Chamber's Journal.*

**POISONOUS FLY.**—Near this place (Babakaly, on the Danube) we found a range of caverns, famous for producing the poisonous fly, too well known in Servia and Hungary under the name of the Golubacser fly. These singular and venomous insects, somewhat resembling mosquitoes, generally make their appearance during the first great heat of summer, in such numbers as to seem like vast volumes of smoke; their attacks are always directed against every description of quadruped, and so potent is the poison they communicate, that even an ox is unable to withstand its influence, for he always expires in less than two hours. This results, not so much from the virulence of the poisons, as that every vulnerable part is simultaneously covered with these most destructive insects; when the wretched animals, frenzied with pain, rush wild through the fields till death puts a period to their sufferings, or they accelerate dissolution by plunging headlong into the rivers. The shepherds of these countries, taught by experience the time of their approach, avoid every part of their flocks and herds, unprotected by nature, with a strong decoction of wormwood; to which, it appears, these flies have a great antipathy. In addition to this, the shepherds keep immense fires constantly blazing; around which the poor animals, aware of their danger, tremblingly and patiently congregate. Kind nature has, however, mercifully ordained that their existence shall be most ephemeral; for the slightest variation in the weather is sufficient to destroy the whole swarm; hence they seldom live beyond a few days. The probable supposition however is, that when the Danube rises, which it always does in the early part of summer, the caverns are flooded, and the water remaining in them becomes putrid, and produces, during the heat of summer, this most noxious fly.—*Spencer's Circus.*

**THE STUDY OF INSECTS.**—Is any thing that proceeds from the hands of the Great Creator too insignificant for man to investigate? A moment's reflection will apprise us that the most minute insect must necessarily be as fully perfected in its structure, in its wonderful apparatus of nerves, muscles, respiratory organs, and organs of the senses, and all their functions, and its system of circulation, (proved by recent discoveries,) as the largest, and, according to its rank in nature, the most gigantic animal, over which it possesses an infinite superiority of muscular strength; and when we find that there are insects scarcely discoverable without a lens, must we not exclaim, with

wonder and admiration, at the stupendous power evinced in their construction, and should not this stimulate us to learn as much as we can concerning these miracles, that we may be better able to appreciate the marvellous power displayed in their creation, although we can scarcely hope to arrive at the perfect comprehension of their least attributes, the complexity of their organization when even most simple, the multiplicity of their instincts, the quality of those instincts, and their very powerful agency in supporting the universal equilibrium of nature? Who then is bold enough to say, even to what his arrogance and assumption have dared to style a contemptible insect, "Thou art beneath my notice," when he feels that the pigmy might reply, "Thou, with all thy boasted superiority, dost not comprehend me!" Humility is the crown of humanity, and let us follow the words of Solomon, and learn wisdom from the Ant.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

**THE MALE AND FEMALE GLOW-WORM.**—Viewed when at rest, no portion of his eyes is visible, but the head is margined with a horny band, or plate, being a character of one of the genera of the order *coleoptera*, under which the eyes are situate. This prevents all upward vision; and blinds, or winkers, are so fixed at the sides of his eyes, as greatly to impede the view of all lateral objects. The chief end of this creature, in his nightly peregrinations, is to seek his mate, always beneath him on the earth; and hence this apparatus appears designed to facilitate his search, confining his view entirely to what is before or below him. The first serves to direct his flight, the other presents the object of his pursuit; and as we commonly, and with advantage, place our hand over the brow, to obstruct the rays of light falling from above, which enables us to see clearer an object on the ground, so must the projecting hood of this creature converge the visual rays to a point beneath. This is a very curious provision for the purposes of the insect, if my conception of its design be reasonable. Possibly the same ideas may have been brought forward by others; but, as I have not seen them, I am not guilty of any undue appropriation, and no injury can be done to the cause I wish to promote, by detailing again such beautiful and admirable contrivances.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

**DIAMOND.**—The diamond is pure carbon, or charcoal, crystallised. It is among the rarest of all known substances, and carbon is among the most abundant. We can have a roomful of pure carbon for sixpence, but a bit of crystallised carbon the size of half your thumb is worth many thousand pounds. You drink diamonds when you drink soda-water; but you drink them in the form of gas. Mr. Faraday has succeeded, by immense pressure, in reducing carbon from the gaseous to the liquid state; but it must be kept in a glass tube, hermetically sealed. The moment it comes in contact with the atmosphere, it again assumes the gaseous form. Diamond requires great heat to burn it; but, when it does burn, it consumes utterly. Its whole substance changes into a kind of gas which is pumped into soda-water, and is produced naturally in champagne.

**A WORD OF ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**—Some time ago, we heard of the death of a very fine child of two or three years of age, in consequence of the ignorance of the mother, in a matter with which every one ought to be well acquainted. An eruption of some kind appeared on the head of the child, and the foolish parent not being aware that out-breakings of this description are modes of relief wisely established by nature for clearing the constitution of its impurities, resorted to a remedy which drove the eruption inwards, and thus led to the death of the infant. We wish that the mentioning of this fact may have the effect of impressing upon mothers the extreme danger of their endeavouring in any way to check the progress of external eruptions on their children. Measles, small-pox, and all similar appearances on the surface of the body, are nothing more than the demonstrations of nature in throwing disease outwards from the vital parts of the system; and the more they make themselves seen, the better.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 11, 1837.

And here we are again, gentle Reader, about to impart the finishing hue to our weekly summary of literary pearls: again to overspread a thousand fair minds with a renewed ray from Gutenberg's dazzling Luminary; and to add another sheet to our increasing file. What topic shall we choose to occupy your time and ours? Shall we walk with you in this bracing autumnal weather, and reconcile your nerves to the warning touch of stern ungenial winter, or fly to the ice-bound regions of the north, and sketch

\* The Press.

the adventurous wanderings of men who braved the arctic frost to pacify an all absorbing spirit of discovery? Shall we tell you of the earthquakes of Peru and Chili, or open to your view the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum? or shall we relate the progress of christianity in rescuing the Hindoo from the Ganges, reclaiming the intemperate from their evil habits, and striking the manacles from the slave? "All, all, or either," reply the ready volumes on the shelves before us, and most heartily does our inclination reiterate the call: but the warnings of flying time and diminishing space overhelm the sound. Yet we cannot quit our readers thus—we cannot throw these cogitations subjectly to the wind; and therefore seek both relief and brevity, in the multitudinous assemblage of the world's literature, by which, in chaotic confusion we are surrounded.—Ah! what have we here, enclosed in a pink cover? "The Literary and Historical Journal." 'Tis well, we shall look no further, but close our rhapsody with a few lines of sober review.

The first number of the above work, published by Mr. John Croskill, at St. John, and which we have just received; is prefaced by an advertisement stating, that in consequence of a sudden attack of illness he has been obliged to relinquish his undertaking; but that not wishing to abuse public confidence, "he had made arrangements for the publication of a few of the articles which he had hastily prepared" as a specimen of his intentions. Notwithstanding the disadvantages incident to the number before us, of which the advertisement complains, it fully equals the professions of the prospectus, being neatly printed, and embracing one or more articles under each of the proposed heads. Twenty articles are named in the table of contents, chiefly original or re-written: those worthy of notice are as follows, *v. z*: The rise and progress of New Brunswick, the Prince's Lodge, Letters of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Essay on Elocution, the Ferryman's Daughter, Affecting Epistle, the Dey of Algiers, Biography—Kosciusko, Men and Manners—the New Zealanders, and a variety of Poetry. Among the latter is an Elegy on the death of William the IVth., which we believe is from the pen of the Editor. It concludes thus:

"The scene is over—life has fled;  
Majesty in death is laid—  
A mournful emblem of the truth,  
The 'choicest flowers fade:'  
Affliction's tears o'erwhelm the throng  
That to his name and house belong.

"Why weep ye! 'tis his body sleeps  
In the cold, silent tomb;  
His spirit's left the mortal clay—  
Recall'd by God's beloved Son:  
For, hark! they whisper—Angels say'  
'Come and repose in perfect day—

"Quit thy frail tenement, and soar  
Aloft in heaven's bright sphere:  
We thy Redeemer's messengers  
Are to conduct thee there:  
Angelic host! celestial love!  
They waft him to the realms above.

Replendent light! the portals ope  
With silvery sound, and forth,  
Issue Heaven's legions—swift and bright,  
'Welcome to new and holy birth:  
Redeeming love the ransom's paid—  
Thy peace with God the Lamb has made.' "

This number contains some few typographical errors, attributed in the advertisement to a necessary want of revision, but judging from the whole, the work if continued would be an acquisition to Provincial Literature; and we are only sorry, that owing to his late illness, the enterprising and spirited Editor has been obliged to abandon the further publication of "the Literary and Historical Journal of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." We hope that Mr. Croskill will soon be able to resume his labours, in the event of which, we most heartily concur in wishing him every success.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, 1st Nov. by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. John LeCrow, to Miss Mary Smith, both of this place.  
On Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Willis, Mr. Jonas Archibald, to Miss Elizabeth McDonald, both of St. Mary's.  
On Tuesday the 31st of Oct. by the Rev. George E. Morris, Mr. Isaac Withrow, of Rawdon, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, eldest daughter of Benjamin Smith, of Douglas.  
At Granville, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Mr. Charles W. Parker, to Miss Margaret Troup.

DIED.

On Friday last, Jane Unity Earle, second daughter of the late Mr. John Earle, of H. M. Navy Yard. Her amiable disposition and exemplary manners, endeared her to a large circle of friends, who deeply deplore her loss.  
At Boston, on Monday morning, 23rd Oct. George L. Deblois, Esq. Merchant of that City, aged 55 years, a native of Halifax; a kind and affectionate husband, a tender parent, and an honest man.  
At Boston, Elisha Calkin, son of Mr Elisha Smith, formerly of Liverpool, N. S.  
At Falmouth, on the 30th Oct., after a short illness of 2 weeks, which he bore with christian fortitude, Jacob Taylor, aged 19 years, son of Nathan Taylor.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Nov. 4.—Schr. Victory, Banks, St. Andrews, 13 days—lumber, to the master; Placid, Harrison, Demerara, 30 days—rum and molasses, to W. Fryor & Sons; Am. Packet brig Acadian, Luna, Boston, 54 hours—flour, onions, apples, stoves, &c. to J. Clark, D. & E. Starr & Co. and others; brig. Sarah, Evening, Demerara, 44 days—rum and molasses, to J. Leishman & Co.; President, Odell, Burin, N. F. 11 days—dry fish, to Creighton & Grassie, and the master.  
Sunday.—Brig. Pictou, Doane, New York, 8 days—flour, apples, &c. to R. D. Clarke and others; H. M. Frigate Rainbow, Capt. Bennett, Bermuda, 14 days.  
Monday.—Schr. Industry, Falt, Boston, 8 days—flour, &c. to R. D. Clarke and others.  
Tuesday.—H. M. S. Comus, Com. Carey, Nassau, 21 days; spoke and supplied with provisions, on the 2d Nov. brig Sylph, Wainwright, 32 days from Demerara bound to Halifax. Mail packet Lady Ogle, Stairs, Boston; brig. Rob Roy, Smith, Demerara, 36 days—rum and sugar, to W. Pryor, jun.  
Wednesday.—Brig Fanny, Brown, Demerara, 25, and St. Kitts, 17 days—ballast, to A. Bluck—left at Demerara, brig Abconna, to sail in 7 days and schr. Bachelor to sail in 3 days.  
Thursday.—Brig Columbus, Bowne, New York, 18 days, timber, flour, wheat and apples, to S. Conard & Co. schr. Dove, Thornburn, Labrador, 14 days, fish, oil, etc. to W. & J. M. Neil, Angelique, Doyle; Charlotte Town, 14 days, Produce—Nancy, New London, 15 days, Oysters.  
Friday.—Schr. Lark, St. Mary's, lumber; Sarah, Annapolis, Produce; Enterprise, Charlotte Town, Produce; James William, do; Isabella, do; Schr. R. M. C. Peart, Quebec, via Guyborough, 14 days, flour, apples, fish, to Fairbanks & Allison; Mary Jane, St. John N. B. 14 days, salt, to D. & E. Starr & Co; Barbet, Sydney, via. Torbay, fish and coal; Collector, Bridgeport, coal; Am. schr. Boyne, Norfolk, 25 days, staves, to G. P. Lawson; Govt. schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 2 days, deals.

CLEARED.

Nov. 3.—Schr. Reform, Pride, Fortune Bay, N. F. salt, &c. by Fairbanks & McNab; Sable, Hammond, St. John N. B. assorted cargo, by the master and others; Lucy, Archer, Dominica, dry and pickled fish &c. by M. B. Almon; Joseph Smith, Babin, Richibucto, molasses, tobacco, &c. by S. Binney, and others; Neptune, Bodeau, Chaleur Bay, assorted cargo, by the master. 7th—Lady, Doyle, Magdalen Islands—salt, &c. by D. & E. Starr & Co. 8th—brig. Atlantic, Lewis, Jamaica—fish, shingles, &c. by M. B. Almon.

MEMORANDA.

The (Coaster) Schr. Eliza, of Halifax, missed stays at 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and ran against Gull Rock, near Sambro Light—she sunk soon afterwards, the crew were saved.  
The Schr. Pride, Selion, of Halifax, was to leave Savannah le Mar for New York 28th Sept.  
At Demerara, brig Fanny, Brown, hence discharging.  
The Am. brig Acadian, in beating up the harbour on Friday night at 10 A. M. it being very dark while going in stays, came in contact with a light coaster running before the wind. The A. had her bowsprit head, &c. carried away, and was obliged to anchor to prevent her going on shore. The schr. after getting clear proceeded down the Eastern Passage, she was damaged considerably—name unknown.  
The Sarah was boarded by a Pirate brig on the 8th ult. in lat. 23, lon. 64, the Captain of which took some provisions from her.

Just Published,

And for sale at the several Book Stores in Town,  
A WORK ENTITLED,

SACRAMENTAL EXERCISES, chiefly in the language of Holy Scripture. Intended to furnish the Christian Communicant with a profitable Spiritual Exercise, during the period of the dispensation of the Divine Ordinance. By W. F. Teulon.

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS.

THE subscriber begs to announce to his customers and the Public, that by the Thalia from London, and Westmoreland and Jean Hastie from Liverpool, he has received his SUPPLY of

BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

Suitable for the season; which he offers for sale at low rates, and the orders of his Country friends will be executed with care and despatch.  
ROBERT NOBLE.

November 11.  
N. B.—He has received from Greenock via Liverpool, a supply of Cordage, from the Ropewalk of Muir's & Co. (late McNab's,) which can be warranted of the very first quality—fine hemp and little tar.  
3w

JUST RECEIVED,

On Consignment from NEW YORK, per brig. Pictou.  
200 Half Boxes, } Best Bunch Muscatel  
250 Qr. do. } RAISINS,  
Which will be Sold Low.  
Also,  
Per Acadian and Industry from Boston,  
Boxes RAISINS, do. soft shell'd Almonds, Franklin and Cooking STOVES, of most approved Patterns.  
B. WIER,  
STORE, Opposite Mr. Hugh Campbell's. Nov. 11. 4w.

FALL GOODS.

THE subscriber has received by the ships Thalia and Jean Hastie, his Fall Supply, among which are:—Carpetings, Blankets, Petershams, Flushings, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, plain and figured Merinos, Gros de Naples, Bombazines, Crapes, Plaids, Ribbons, Hosiery, blond, tartan, and cotton felled Shawls, twilled and printed Cottons, Homespun, Shirtings, etc. which with his previous well selected Stock are now offered for sale at low prices.  
November 11. 4w J. M. HAMILTON.

CUNNABELL'S

NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK.

THE Proprietor of the above named Almanack thanks the Public for the decided patronage which his numbers have received. The ALMANACK, FOR 1838.

has been delayed by the late Calamitous Fire, but it will be issued in a few days. It will contain, beside the usual lists, and Astronomical, Chronological, and Miscellaneous matter.—MATHEMATICAL ANSWERS AND QUESTIONS,—DAILY NUMBER, very useful in calculations,—AGRICULTURAL and STATISTICAL INFORMATION,—CHARADE ANSWERS AND QUESTIONS, and COPIOUS INDEX. Most of these are peculiar to CUNNABELL'S NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK, the patrons of which are requested to give a few days indulgence, this year, as respects the comparative lateness of its appearance.  
November 10,

BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1838.

IS now Published and may be had of the Subscriber, and of others throughout the Province. Containing every thing requisite and necessary for an Almanack, Farmer's Calendar, Table of the Equator of Time, Eclipses, Her Majesty's Council; House of Assembly; Officers of the Army, Navy, and Staff of the Militia; Officers of the different Counties; Sitings of Courts, &c. arranged under their respective heads; Roll of Barristers and Attorneys, with dates of Admission; Roads to the principal towns in the Province, and the route to St. John and Fredericton, N. B.; Colleges, Academies and Clergy, with a variety of other matter.  
Nov. 11.

TO FAMILIES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has for sale at his Warehouse, Water Street, half barrels Superfine FLOUR, for Family use.  
New-town PIPPINS, Baldwin and other Winter Apples. Boxes, half boxes, and Qr. boxes RAISINS, Superior BATTING for Quilts, An extensive assortment of Franklin, Cooking, Hall and Shop STOVES.  
R. D. CLARKE.  
November 10.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the members of the Halifax Temperance Society, will be held in the Methodist School Room on Monday evening next, at half past seven o'clock. A full attendance of Members is desirable, as matters important to the Society will be submitted for their consideration.

By order of the President,  
W. M. BROWN, Secretary.

AUCTION

BY D. & E. STARR & CO.

At the Establishment of the Subscriber, on Monday the 13th inst. at 11 o'clock.

THE whole of his Extensive Stock of DRY GOODS, consisting of Broad Cloths, Flushings, Petershams, Flannels, Baizes, Serges; Plaid, Merinos; Blankets, Printed Cottons, grey and white Shirtings, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Silks, etc. &c.

Terms of Sale,

All sums under L25, cash. L50, 3 months. L100, 4 do. L200, 4 and 6 do.  
By approved Notes.  
HENRY MIGNOWITZ.

ENGLISH ANNUALS, 1838.

C. H. BELCHER, has received the following Splendid Annuals for 1838—viz.—Flowers of Loveliness,—Twelve Groups of Female Figures, Emblematic of Flowers; designed by various artists, with poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY, with beautifully finished engravings, from drawings by the first artists. Edited by the Countess of Blessington—splendidly bound.

Heath's Picturesque Annual, containing a Tour in Ireland, by Leitch Ritchie, with nineteen highly finished Engravings from drawings by T. Creswick and D. McClise, elegant, bound in green.

Jennings' Landscape Annual, containing a Tour in Spain and Morocco, by Thomas Roscoe, Illustrated with twenty-one highly finished Engravings from drawings by David Roberts.

The Oriental Annual, or scenes in India, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. with twenty-two Engravings from drawings by William Daniell.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath; a Christmas and New Year's Present, with Eleven elegant Engravings—elegantly bound.

This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering, Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words, Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence, And says—Forget me not!

Forget me Not: A Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, elegantly bound, and embellished with Eleven elegant Engravings—

'Appealing, by the magic of its name, To gentle feelings and affections, kept Within the heart, like gold.'—L. E. L.

Others are shortly expected.

Nov. 11.

TO LET.

Three Comfortable well finished Rooms, with a Fire Place in each, over Mr Wier's Store, near the Ordnance. Apply at this Office, or on the premises.  
Nov. 10.

FALL GOODS.

J. N. SHANNON

HAS received, by the Thalia, John Porter, Westmoreland and Jean Hastie,

HIS usual supply of Woollen, Silk, Cotton and Linen Goods:—

Comprising a good assortment of Black and coloured Cloths, Cassimeres, Petershams, Pilot Cloth, Merinoes, Blankets, Druggets, Black and Coloured Gros de Naples, Black Bombazines, Ribbons, Braids, Hosiery, Gloves, Boots & Shoes, White and Grey Cottons, Printed, Lining and Furniture do, Dimities, Stripes, Checks, Muslins, Cotton Warp, Moleskin,—Pot and Grey Paper, Coloured Threads, Irish Linens, Lawns, Sheetings, Superfine Carpetings, Osnaburghs, Table Cloths, Fill'd, and Rob Roy Shawls and Handkerchiefs, Shawl Dresses, Homespun, Cravats, Bishop Lawns, together with a good supply of Haberdashery, &c. &c. all of which are offered at low prices. Cotton Batting, to be had as above.  
November 3. 2w.

SELLING OFF,

AT VERY REDUCED PRICES!!!

JOHN F. MUNCEY.

BEGS RESPECTFULLY to announce to his friends and the Public, that, with a view of closing his business for the season, preparatory to leaving for Great Britain, for the selection of a NEW STOCK for the ensuing Spring, the remainder of his Stock of GOODS, consisting of a general assortment of British Manufactured Goods, all of this year's importation, will be offered for sale at Very Reduced Prices, commencing on Monday next, the 23d instant.

STORE in Granville Street, opposite the Warehouse of Mr. Henry Mignowitz.  
Oct 20.



## 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 flames his servants; 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 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, Obstetrics, &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.

An assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig Acadia from Boston, sale at low prices—by

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

October 14—3m.

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