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# THE PEARL.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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## THE LOST BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

"A tale of th' olden time  
When he was rich who had a happy home;  
And love, pure virtuous love, a pearl of price,  
Was placed above the show of fashion's gauds,  
And piety was deemed the crown of life."

However much we may boast of our advances in knowledge and improvement in the arts, since the days of our fathers, it is by no means certain that we have advanced in the knowledge of our duties towards heaven, or in the art of living happily on earth. Abundance does not bring content, nor security insure us peace. The passion for excessive wealth, always the ruling one in an age of trade and speculation, has a far more withering influence on the tender and kindly feelings of our nature, those soft emotions whose virtuous indulgence makes so large a portion of the heart's pure happiness, than have dangers, or privations, or even poverty. That devotion to one dear object which constitutes the romance of love, is not cherished where *fortune* is considered an indispensable ingredient in the marriage contract; nor is the domestic union of such a couple cemented by that mutual confidence, those kind, yet unobtrusive attentions, and reciprocal sacrifices to promote the happiness of each other, which confer so much of the real felicity of wedded life, the felicity arising from the *certainly* of being beloved.

Neither riches nor rank influenced the choice of Robert Wilson, when he selected Mary Grant for his wife. Mary was poor and an orphan. Her father died on his passage to New England, whither he was fleeing from a religious persecution that had confiscated his property, and for three long years held him confined in a prison. He at length escaped, and with his wife and child embarked, as he hoped and prayed, for a better land. His prayer was doubtless answered in mercy, for his was not a constitution or mind that could long have struggled with the hardships of the wilderness; he died the day before the vessel entered the harbour of Boston. His wife survived him only two weeks, and the little weeping Mary was thrown upon the charity of strangers in a new world.

They had kind hearts in these old times, and though their own portion was ever so small, our pilgrim ancestors always imparted a share to the needy. Mary found many willing to wipe away her tears, and shelter her in their homes, and finally, in Captain Waldron and his amiable wife, protectors indulgent as parents.

Captain Waldron resided at Dover, New Hampshire, then considered as belonging to the Massachusetts. He found Mary Grant at the house of a friend of his in Boston, and was so interested in her story and appearance, that he carried her home, and, having obtained the consent of his wife, adopted her as his daughter.

Captain Waldron was a man of consequence in Dover, and his wife was considered one of the elite: it was frequently remarked that they would make quite a fine lady of Mary. But the qualifications for ladies were not, at that period, graduated on precisely the same scale at Dover, or indeed in New England, as is now thought indispensable. Mary was called well-educated, and yet she had never been taught dancing, painting or embroidery, nor had she had ever studied French, music or Euclid.

Mary's beauty was not of the kind that is "unchangingly bright;" it was the loveliness of sentiment, the benignity and parity of the soul within, which gave to her countenance its irresistible charm. Her chestnut hair just touched with a golden tint, curled around her lovely meek and fair forehead with a grace and luxuriance which art cannot imitate. The lily might, perhaps, have been thought

to have predominated too much in her complexion, had not the least emotion called the blood so quickly and eloquently to her cheek: and the pensiveness in her soft blue eyes always changed to the lustre of joy, when she welcomed a friend. But while she was invested with all those feminine charms which have such irresistible influence over the hearts of men, it is not strange that she should have been sought by many, nor that when young Robert Wilson had once seen and loved her he should be determined to obtain her.

Robert Wilson was a native of Boston. His father, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, was one of the first settlers of that colony; a true puritan he was, steady and sturdy in his opposition to, and abhorrence of every tenet leaning towards prelacy or popery. He was an ardent, enthusiastic and pious man; but a very proud one. He was proud of the sacrifices he had made, and the persecutions he had endured for conscience sake; and proud that he was accounted a shining light in the colony. And it is probable that the sway he acquired over the stern and strong minds among whom he mingled in the new world was more gratifying to his pride, than the homage of his vassals and dependents would have been, had he not, by his incorrigible nonconformity, forfeited the fair inheritance in England to which he might have succeeded. He was proud, too, of his son, and in that he was excusable; Robert was a son as might justly make a parent glad, if not proud.

Robert had accompanied his father on a journey through most of the settlements in the colony, whither Mr. Wilson went to examine the state of the churches, and endeavour to rouse their zeal and kindle their love. At Dover they tarried several weeks, passing the time mostly at the dwelling of Captain Waldron; and if the father's eloquence failed to warm or gain hearts, the son's persuasions were more successful. But Robert gave his own heart in exchange for Mary's which, no doubt, added much force to his eloquence.

Mr. Wilson beheld their mutual attachments with more complacency than those who knew his pride would have expected. Several reasons contributed to this. The maiden's manners pleased him exceedingly; he saw her always industrious and very attentive to oblige him, and then he very much wished to have Robert married. It was his favourite maxim, that early marriages made men better citizens; and, moreover, there was a fine-piece of land on the banks of the Cochecho which Robert might easily obtain for a farm. Some occurrences in Boston had highly chagrined and disgusted the elder Mr. Wilson—the inhabitants of Dover treated him with vast respect, and he secretly indulged the intention of removing thither, should his son be prospered. So matters were soon arranged to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. Robert's farm was secured, and after he had accompanied his father to Boston, and procured necessaries for beginning the world, he was to return to Dover, prepare a house, and the means of house-keeping, and then he was to be blessed with Mary's hand.

No lover will imagine that Robert would make his stay at Boston of much duration. Despite the many warm friends among his youthful companions, none could supply the void in his heart which his absence from Mary caused; and he was soon seen wending his way back to Dover, equipped to settle in the forest.

In one year from the time of his striking the first blow in the forest, his land wore the appearance of a pleasant cultivated farm. The trees had nearly all disappeared from an area of twenty acres, and the surface was covered and stumps nearly all concealed by a luxuriant harvest. There was the golden wheat, the bearded rye, and tasselled

corn as tall and straight as a company of grenadiers; with pumpkins and squashes innumerable, reposing on the ground quietly ripening in the mellow heats of August.

On a gently rising ground, in the middle of the young plantation stood a small dwelling; I wish I could with propriety, call it a *cottage*, because to many young ladies it would give such a romantic interest to my story—but truth compels me to confess that, although prettier and more comfortable than their *real* cottages, it was not at all like a cottage of the imagination. It was a building twenty feet by twenty four—formed of neatly hewed logs the roof covered with boards, the inside divided into two apartments, with one little closet, and the whole lighted by three small glass windows. On either side of this dwelling rose a large elm tree, and several small ones were on the lawn in front of the house, purposely left standing for ornament, and wild rose bushes and laurel and other flowering shrubs had been spared or transplanted by Robert, to give additional beauty to his rural seat. Thick, dark forests and hills crowned with trees, formed the boundary on every side; but in front of the house the clearing extended to the Cochecho, whose bright waters were seen dancing in the sunbeams, thus affording a charming relief to the eye, after it had dwelt on the gloom of the surrounding wilderness.

To a person always accustomed to the city's elegance or the retreats of ease and opulence, this wild place would doubtless have looked like a dreary prison—gloomy, lonely and terrifying; but to Robert, who would almost call it the creation of his own hands, it was a little Paradise, and when his bird of beauty should be within his bower, he would not have exchanged his home in the woods for those stately halls his mother had often told him of right should have been his habitation.

The wedding day at length arrived. It had always been anticipated by Robert as one that would bring unalloyed happiness: but Mary had often felt a sadness, something like a foreboding of misfortune, come over her mind whenever her marriage was alluded to. She could not tell, even her own heart, the cause of this depression; it was not that she felt any doubt of Robert's character or affection: she loved him better than all the world beside, and trusted in the perfection of his goodness as a catholic does in his saint—nor did she fear to dwell in the wilderness—there had not for a long time been an alarm from the red men. Why is it that, at times, a shadow will fall on the spirit which no efforts of the mind, no arguments addressed to the reason can dispel?

There were great preparations for the wedding. Captain Waldron liked a parade, and his wife liked to show her housekeeping, and the marriage afforded a justifiable occasion to gain popularity by a display of hospitality. Three o'clock was the hour for the ceremony; then followed the feast; and lastly all the wedding guests who had horses were invited to join and escort the young couple to their dwelling.

The Rev. John Reyner officiated as clergyman; and then the whole party sat down to dinner—the long table covered with all good things which the country could supply. At the head of the feast appeared an enormous Indian pudding, served up in a huge pewter platter. The plates were of the same substantial material, all shining like silver from a recent scrubbing—then they had roast beef and lamb, and wild game and fowls, and all the fruits and varieties of the season. But they had no wine nor strong drink of any kind, and the most ultra temperance advocate would have found nothing to censure in the arrangements.

Robert Wilson's house stood about two mile from that

of Captain Waldron's, and more than half a mile from any habitation. This distance was not considered much, but then it was through the thick old woods, and the road was only cut and freed from the obstruction of trees. No carriage could have rolled over the rugged road, but that was no matter, as not a wheel vehicle of any kind, excepting great lumber carts, had ever been seen in Dover. So the gentlemen mounted their goodly steeds, and each gallantly taking a lady behind him, set off, with the bridegroom and bride at the head of the cavalcade in great style, followed by the smiles and good wishes of those who could not join for the lack of steeds. Their progress was joyous and rapid till they entered the winding path through the forest, when a more sober pace became necessary; but Robert's horse being accustomed to the way, still pressed on at a rate which soon carried him several rods in advance of the party. The path just before entering the clearing surrounding his house, approached very near the river, the curve being made to avoid a large rock that rose like a wall on the north side of the road, confining its width to a space barely sufficient for a passage. As Robert was turning this rock, Mary, uttering a wild shriek, was either torn or fell from her seat, the horse bounding forward at the same instant, and while Robert, calling on his wife, was endeavouring to rein his steed, a gun was discharged by an Indian from behind the rock. The ball struck the horse as he was rearing from the effect of the rein on his breast, and he fell backwards upon his rider.

The report of the gun was followed by a loud shout from the wedding party, not that they suspected the cause of the firing—they supposed Robert had reached his home, and that some of the attendants there had fired the gun as a signal for them to hasten.

Their shots intimidated the savages, who precipitately fled with their prisoner, without attempting to scalp her unfortunate husband.

The party rode joyously up; but who can describe their consternation and horror, on finding Robert stretched, apparently lifeless, on the ground, covered with the blood of his horse, which they mistook for his own, while the bride was no where to be found. Calamities never fall with such an overwhelming force as when they surprise us in the midst of security and happiness. From that party, lately so joyous, was now heard nothing but exclamations of fear, or lamentations over the fate of the youthful pair, or execrations against the enemy. The men were, all of them, unarmed; they could not, therefore, pursue the Indians with any hope of rescuing Mary; but having ascertained that Robert was still living, they bore him back to the dwelling of Captain Waldron, from whence he had so lately gone forth in all the flush of youth and joy.

There was no sleep that night in Dover. The inhabitants seemed panic struck. They crowded to the fortified houses—mothers pressing their children closer to their bosoms, as they listened in breathless terror, often fancying that they heard the stealthy tread of the savages; and trembling in agony as they thought of their horrible yells. But the night passed away without alarm, and a bright morning sun soon dissipated their imaginary terrors. Robert had nearly recovered from the effects of his fall; and though his cheek was pale, there was a starness in his dark eye that told his spirit was unquelled. It was his determination to seek his wife; and several young men, after they found that his resolution could not be altered volunteered to accompany him. They went first to the rock: from thence they followed the Indians nearly a mile into the woods; but for a long time no farther traces could be found.

After searching many hours they were joined by a praying Indian, as he was called. Mendowit, learned the English language and became a convert to christianity, soon after the colonists settled in Boston. He had received many favours from the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and had loved Robert from his infancy. He had lately wandered to Dover and spent the summer hunting and fishing around Robert's farm.

Mendowit soon discovered the trail of the hostile In-

dians. They had returned on their own steps, after the departure of the wedding party, and kept the narrow path till it joined the more open one; and then they struck off through the wilderness. After following about three miles their encampment was discovered. Mendowit examined it attentively, and also the direction the savages had taken.

"How many are there?" asked Robert.

"Two, besides the captive;" replied Mendowit.

Robert's cheek became paler, as he endeavoured to pluck from a bush a fragment of lace and gauze which he knew had belonged to Mary's bridal dress. Finding the fragments in his bosom, he enquired where Mendowit thought the hostile Indians were retreating.

"They are Mohawks," returned the other; "I know by the track of their moccasins; and they will go to their tribe on the great river or the lakes."

"They shall not!" exclaimed Robert, stamping with fury, "I will pursue them; I will rescue Mary, or die with her. Mendowit, you know the paths of the woods—will you go with me?" And here he enumerated several articles he would give him, a gun, powder, etc. etc.

"They will go through the hidden paths of the Agiocochook,"\* remarked the Indian, thoughtfully.

"We can overtake them before they reach the White Mountains!" said Robert, eagerly, "You shall have the best gun I can purchase in Boston Mendowit, and my horn full of powder, and a new knife."

These were powerful temptations to the Indian; but a more powerful one was the ancient and inveterate hatred he bore the Mohawks. Revenge is an indextinguishable passion in a red man's breast. Mendowit was a christian, so far as he could be, without ceasing to be an Indian; but his new principles could never eradicate his early prejudices nor subdue his ruling passion. Now, these Mohawks had injured a christian friend, and the indulgence of his hatred towards them assumed, in his view, a christian virtue. But there was one obstacle to his accompanying Robert. Mendowit concluded that these Indians would retreat through what is now called the "Notch," of the White Mountains; and of that pass he had a superstitious dread. But Robert urged him with so many persuasions, offered him so many rewards, and suggested also the certainty of overtaking the Mohawks long before they reached Agiocochook, that Mendowit finally consented.

The sun was just setting when this arrangement was concluded. To follow the Indian trail during the night was impracticable; and Robert, now that there seemed a possibility of recovering Mary, became reasonable enough to listen to the advice of his friend, and consent to stay till the ensuing morning. The night was mostly spent in preparations for his adventure, or in listening to the advice of Captain Waldron, who thought himself especially qualified to judge of the best method of proceeding in the attack of Indians.—*To be continued.*

#### GAMING.

From an article entitled "The Anatomy of Gaming," by Nimrod, in the last number of Fraser's Magazine, we extract the following racy anecdotes and remarks:

"In the reign of George III., and especially between the year 1771 and the beginning of the American war, there were desperate doings in the gambling world; and among the principal performers at the hazard-table and at faro were several of the most talented men of those days. On the authority of Lord Lauderdale, the immense sum of five thousand pounds was staked on a single card at faro; and, on authority equally credible, we find the appalling fact of Mr. Fox having played at hazard for twenty two consecutive hours, losing at the rate of five hundred pounds in each hour! So infatuated, indeed, was this justly celebrated, though too often ill-judging man with the passion for deep play, that he was once heard to declare, the greatest pleasure in life was to play and win; the next, to play and lose. The desperate doings of the

Duke of Bedford have already been alluded to; but the Coryphæus of his day, at the gaming-table, of this age at least, was the once noted Major Aubrey, no less distinguished for his love for, than for his skill in, almost every game that was in vogue; and who, in the circle in which he moved, might with much truth have been styled, *'Omnium qui sunt, fuerunt, erunt facile, princeps,'* there being reason to believe his equal has never yet been seen, neither are we likely to see him. Indeed, it is related of him that, on his first hearing the rattling of the dice-box, he exclaimed, as Charles XII. of Sweden did when he first heard the whistling of bullets, *'This henceforward shall be my music.'* Here, however, the simile between the amateurs ceases; for the king was killed by his music, and Aubrey lived for many years in great splendour by his. He won and spent three fortunes by gaming; ending his adventurous life, however, in nearly the same condition as when he commenced it, with a small annuity which he had had the prudence to place out of the reach of fortune. But it would appear that Aubrey was born to become the sport of the fickle goddess. On his passage to India, when a very young man, and during which he first became infatuated with the love of play, the ship in which he sailed took fire, when he jumped overboard, and saved his life by floating on a hencoop till picked up by a boat—surrounded by sharks, as he afterwards was in life! We find in his character, however, a strikingly practical illustration of that position of Mr. Fox, which we have already quoted touching the pleasures of the gaming-table not being confined to the object of gain. *'Will any one play at any thing!'* he has often been heard to exclaim, on the lighting up of the card rooms at Newmarket; and he once absolutely lost twenty-five thousand pounds at billiards, a game at which he was a mere mazzette. In fact, in his more advanced years, he declared that the excitement of play was essential to his existence, his favourite toast being, *'Play; like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die.'* Still, no imputation of unfair play ever attached to the character of this extraordinary man, even in those extraordinary days, which were those of the first Lord Barrymore, Sir John Lade, and others, whose splendid patrimonies were absolutely devoured by the sharks of the times—that of the first named nobleman, I believe, in a little more than three years.

"Although the love of excitement is strongly implanted in our nature, and, when under proper restraint, is a most estimable and useful quality, it becomes a frightful tyrant if suffered to get the mastery of the mind, as it too commonly does when greatly stimulated by play; it then becomes a passion which takes possession of the whole mind, and, with an Eastern jealousy, allows no kindred passion near its throne. So terrible, indeed, is it in its tyranny, that, in many cases, the wretched victim has no refuge from its fury unless it be in a mad-house or the grave.

"It has been forcibly said, that we might as well expect to see grass growing out of a flint-stone, or honey from the scarabæus, as one spark of virtue in the breast of a thorough gamester; and I am almost ready myself to subscribe to the reality of this sad portrait of human nature. At all events, I am assured of this: Gaming is the nursery of covetousness and dissimulation, inducing to fraud, quarrels, forgery, disgrace, and death; and by what other passion, either natural or acquired, can so much be said in dispraise? There surely must be some enchantment in it to give it such a power over the human mind, which, we are well aware, even in its highest form, has not been able to make a stand against it. In fact, the devoted gamester may apply to the object of his pursuit the words which Cowley applies to his mistress, and with still more truth:

"Thou robb'st my days of business and delights;  
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights;  
Ah, lovely thief! what wilt thou do?  
What! rob me of heaven too!  
And e'en my prayers dost from me steal,  
That I, with wild idolatry,  
Begin to God and end them still in thee."

"It is to this wreck of character, this destruction of all claim to sympathy in distress, that the number of suicides,

\* Agiocochook—the Indian name of the White Mountains.

from losses sustained by play, is to be attributed. Three fourths of the cases of *folo de se* in the French capital are to be traced to this cause: in fact, they are almost every day scenes. It is not long since a man discharged a pistol into his mouth at a gaming table in Paris, when the play did not even cease whilst the scullered brains of the victim were being cleared away by the servants!"

## TRANSLATABLE PUNS.

Addison has given an excellent test by which we may know whether a piece of real wit has been achieved, or merely a pun perpetrated. We are to endeavour to translate the doubtful production into another language: and if it passes through this ordeal unharmed, it is true wit; if not, it is a pun. Like most tests, however, this fails occasionally; for there are some few puns that in spite of the prohibitory law, can smuggle themselves into the regions of true wit,—just as foreigners, who have perfectly learned the language of a country, can enter as natives, and set alien acts at defiance.

We will give two or three examples of these slippery fellows, who, to use a modern phrase, have succeeded in driving a coach-and-six through Addison's act.

The lectures of a Greek philosopher were attended by a young girl of exquisite beauty. One day a grain of sand happened to get into her eye, and, being unable to extricate it herself, she requested his assistance. As he was observed to perform this little operation with a zeal which, perhaps, a less sparkling eye might not have commanded, somebody called out to him, in Greek, "Do not spoil the pupil."

Cicero said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, *Hoc est vere colere monumentum patris*—This is really cultivating one's father's memory.

A punster being requested to give a specimen of his art, asked for a subject. "The King." "The king is not a subject," he replied. This holds good in French likewise—(Le roi n'est pas un sujet.)

The two last belong to a class which is, perhaps, more extensive than is commonly supposed; where the two senses of the word are allied by an easy metaphor, and may consequently be found in more than one language. We will give another of the same kind.

Erskine was reproached with his propensity to punning, and was told that puns were the lowest kind of wit. "True," said he, "and therefore they are the foundation of all wit."

Madame de Lamotte was condemned to be marked with a hot iron on both shoulders, as well as to perpetual imprisonment, for her frauds in the affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. At the end of ten months however, she made her escape from l'hospital, where she was confined, by the aid of a *sœur*, who said, when quitting her, "Adieu, madame, prenez-garde de votre faire remarquer." (Farewell, madam, take care not to be remarked.)

A French editor, when quoting this, observes, "Nous ajouterons qu'il faut bien avoir la fureur de dire de tristes bons-mots pour en faire sur pareil sujet."

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state, M. de G——, who squinted terribly, asked Talleyrand how things were going on. "Mais comme vous voyez, monsieur," (Why, as you see, sir.)

Another pun, attributed to the same great master, is not only translatable, but is much better in English than French. During the reign of Bonaparte, when an arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, Talleyrand asked a certain general what was meant by calling people *pequins*. "Nous appellons pequin tout ce qui n'est pas militaire," said the general. (We call every body who is not a soldier a *pequin*—a miserable creature.) "Eh! oui," replied Talleyrand, "comme nous autre nous appellons militaires tous ceux qui ne sont pas civils." (Oh! yes! as we call military all those who are not civil.)—*Book of Table Talk.*

SCENE AT A COUNTRY CHURCH.—We shall never forget a scene in which deep pathos was a principal characteristic, which we once beheld, at a country church, in one of the thinly-populated, humble towns of western New-York. A pious clergyman, of the Baptist denomination, whose 'three-score years and ten' had turned his hair to snow, and given to his limbs the tremulousness of age, was to preach his farewell discourse to his little congregation, over whom he had presided for nearly half a century. The place itself, and the time, were accessaries to the 'abiding effect' which was left upon the minds of all who were present. It was the afternoon of a mild October-day, and the sere leaves of the trees which shaded the church were falling in slow eddies by the open windows. After recapitulating his long labors among them—his teachings 'publicly, and from house to house'—his attendance upon the marriage festivals of those whom he had afterward consigned to the grave with bitter tears—the baptisms and funerals he had celebrated—after these affectionate reminiscences, which touched an answering chord in the bosom of every hearer—he adverted to that day wherein all the actors in the drama of life must enter at the last scene, to complete and make up the sublime catastrophe, and warned them to prepare for its momentous solemnities. 'For myself,' said he, 'I can say, standing upon a narrow point between two worlds, that I account myself as nothing, until I was my Saviour's, and enrolled in the register of Christ.' And raising his trembling, attenuated hands to heaven, his dim eyes streaming with tears—for, though he had struggled against emotion, his feelings now overcame him—he repeated these lines, in the most melting cadence:

'Ere since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming Love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die:  
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, faltering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave!

The look which followed these touching stanzas—the subdued emotion, the pious hope, which beamed in the countenance of the venerable father—will never fade from the memory of those who heard him. The heart of the speaker was poured forth; he was embodied Pathos.

For the Pearl.

## CHRISTIAN CO-OPERATION.

Man is a dependant and relative being. In whatever character we view him, he is still the slave of circumstance; his means of comfort and power over trouble depend upon others rather than upon himself, and the more intimate our acquaintance with him becomes, the more do we regard him as the member of a body whose well-being depends upon the union and soundness of its constituent parts. Were we to continue this train of reflection, we should soon admire and adore the goodness of our God in his display of creative wisdom; his ways are, indeed, not our ways, nor are his thoughts our thoughts. It will be evident to every rational mind, that He who made man dependant, has also endued him with a perception of the necessity of that reciprocity of feeling which is the very life and main-spring of society. By this, he is in some measure constrained to do unto others as he would have them to do unto him. Hence too, arises that mutual attraction of kindred minds which induces them to hope for the accomplishment of their designs in a manner more effectual than their single efforts could possibly produce. If from individuals we take a survey of the world at large, we shall soon find that civilization, science, arts and commerce, have attained an unprecedented eminence, and that Britain is universally hailed as the glory of all lands. Were a simple unsophisticated mind called upon to determine the immediate cause of this rise, he would declare it to be the result of united effort. He would point to Co-OPERATION as the word emblazoned on every achievement; he would tell you that no nation owes its grandeur to one cause, but many; its affluence, not to one people, but to the assistance of many; he would remind you that commerce owes not her eminence to staying at home, but

to boldly venturing beyond the seas, and insinuating herself with nations that were previously strangers to her; nor could you deny that consultation is the main-spring of action, and action the parent of renown.

We can have no difficulty in connecting the progress of commerce with the advancement of arts and sciences, nor can it be denied that science is inseparably united with civilization. To what then, we would ask, does civilization owe its refinement? To what but the influence of the religion of the Bible. To that wisdom, which is 'first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.' A parity of reasoning will make the analogy we aim at evident as well as complete; and those who call the grand scale of action in the world, 'the result of united effort,' will also confess, if they are men of candour, that the same energy and the same unanimity of pursuit will effect much towards making the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ. We all believe the God of our united worship to be a God that worketh by means; and confessing this, we only want the co-operation of an active principle of faith to adopt the resolution which animated the bosom of Nehemiah of old—"The God of Heaven he will prosper us, therefore we his servants will arise and build."—When will Christians universally, thus co-operate to extend the dominions of the Prince of peace? SIGMA.

FEMALE PIETY.—Upon examining into the religious portion of our female society, we feel as if we were trespassing on hallowed ground. So highly do we estimate their importance as a class, that we cannot help regretting that so many among professing Christians are wanting in that spiritual elevation, that beautiful consistency of character, which should make them, in their own proper spheres, bright and shining stars. We fear that with some, their benevolent societies, their tract distributions, and the frequent attendance at various meetings, are the 'tithes of mint, anise, and cummin,' which lead them to neglect that personal piety, and those untransferable domestic obligations, upon which so much of their right influence depends. Let such remember that to keep themselves 'unspotted from the world' is the concluding clause of that precept which enjoins them to 'visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction.' We would not wish to check the flowing of the smallest rill of active benevolence; yet we are persuaded, that much more good might be effected, if to this virtue were added the other gems in the christian's coronet. The 'love of the world,' with its corrupting influences, is almost as frequently seen in the houses of the wealthy, among the professedly religious, as in those of the gay and the fashionable. This ought not to be; for surely if it be the duty of any class to endeavor to stem the torrent of extravagance, display, and Mammon-idolatry, it is of those who are commanded 'not to lay up their treasures upon earth,' and who have promised to renounce the world and its follies.—*Knickerbocker.*

MORNING.—To walk abroad among rural scenery on a fine sunny morning, is to ramble in the temple of the Deity, and witness the creative process; every day, almost every hour, witnesses some change; buds, blossoms, leaves and flowers are woven by unseen hands, painted by invisible artists, and perfumed from the 'vials of odors sweet'—we look on them in the morning with surprise and pleasure, while the first dew and the sunbeams are visiting them. What an admirable and perfect taste must He have who performs all this! There is no noise—no useless display; the Creator there teaches modesty to his creatures. His goodness is also visible—the blossoms soon perish, but their hue and fragrance are the breathings of a benevolent mind.

Look at the multitudes of little heaps of sand that lie in your paths, and suffer your eye to rest for a moment upon the busy and apparently happy insect that brings out his grain of sand. Nothing seems too minute and insufficient for the Almighty to put his hand upon and invest with faculties of intelligence and happiness.—*Bost Cour.*

## FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

Farewell to thee, sweet summer,  
Thou art almost past away,  
And wither'd are thy roses  
So lately fresh and gay :

Or if in sunny bowers  
Some few may yet be found,  
They too will soon be faded,  
And scattered o'er the ground.

Farewell to thee, sweet summer,  
Thy singing birds have flown,  
Thy soft and fragrant breezes  
Have been exhal'd and gone.

And with thee have departed,  
The cherish'd hopes of years,  
And fair and brilliant visions,  
Have been erased by tears.

Some long indulged imaginings  
Have faded in thy beam,  
And many drops of anguish,  
Commingle with thy stream.

And there are human bosoms,  
Which at thy natal day,  
Were beating high with gladness,  
And now are sorrow's prey.

And some around whose temples,  
The light of youth was shed,  
Are now entomb'd in darkness,  
And slumbering with the dead.

Some have their fates united  
Beneath thy genial ray,  
And friendships have been plighted,  
And others cast away.

But thou art gone sweet summer,  
With all thy joys and cares,  
Thy records of affection,  
Thy offering of tears.

My heart thou leav'st in sadness,  
With blighted hopes around,  
And when thou next returnest,  
I may not here be found.

But when earth gladly hails thee,  
Rejoicing wood and dell,  
My lonely grave may meet thee,  
Sweet summer, fare-thee-well !

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NERVOUS MAN.

No. II.

Feb. 2.—My great toe fomented with poppy-heads, fourteen hours. All said nothing ailed it; but as I had a dream that my great toe was nibbled by a rat, in bed, could not believe Mrs. N., nor the children and servants. Observed Crow (the pet spaniel belonging to my wife) looked amazed, wanted to lick the toe; on which, as it felt chill, and looked flabby, I ordered the leech woman to put ten leeches. Went to bed at two o'clock the next morning, but did not sleep; for the great toe seemed to fill every place. I saw great toes of all sizes, some spinning round, others racing together; some shooting up into the air, and others falling down; and wherever my eyes turned, I thought I saw my great toe, to which many of the others paid a sort of homage. Felt somewhat pleased at that.

Feb. 3.—Had the toe poulticed with linseed; kept up the foot all day; ordered two pairs of crutches—one black, for the house, the other mahogany, to go to church with on Sunday. N. B. Ordered the mahogany ones to have painted on them, in gilt letters, "Cursed be he that causeth the lame to go out of his way." Studied anatomy of the foot, that I might give scientific answers to those who inquired after my toe. Wrote down about twenty different answers to questions that I supposed might be asked. Scorned to send for the doctor, believing they were all quacks: for as women formerly practised the art of medicine, when our forefathers were such prodigies of

valour and physical strength, thought the doctors the cause of many diseases which they undertook to cure.

Feb. 4th.—Rose at three o'clock, ordered the servants to get up and breakfast at five, after the good old fashion. Servants gave me notice to quit. Ordered dinner at ten o'clock, A. M. Put up all the plate in the iron chest; sent out the man to buy three dozen of wooden spoons; proposed to Mrs. N. to abolish the use of forks, as a modern innovation, because they looked finical, and, moreover, seldom got well cleaned. About two o'clock Mrs. N. had tea, when Mr. R. (our clergyman) and his wife, called to take a friendly dinner with us, as we had been used to dine at three o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. R. much surprised. Mrs. R. had tea with my wife; while Mr. R. held a long and learned dispute with me about singularity. Poor man! he is a conformist to the world.

Feb. 5th.—Received letters from Hull, containing terms for a voyage to the Whale Fishery: sums, 100 guineas for self, and 170 if a man servant with me. Ordered Joseph to pack up, ready to sail on the 19th instant. Laid out £49 10s. 10d. in suitable clothing, and got four folio manuscript volumes, ready to continue the journal, and three quarts of ink. Sent for Mr. Best to teach me how to sketch, as I contemplated publication of my travels, in a handsome quarto, with plates. Wrote to a publisher in London.

Feb. 6th.—Seven letters from friends came this morning; burnt them all, as they tried to dissuade me from my journey. Answered none of them, as it does not become a man to be warped from his purpose. Mrs. N. in tears all day, and the children very low; but thought it necessary for my health, and I felt that the world ought to know more about North Pole subjects. Had my crutches packed up carefully lest the toe should relapse, for it had certainly become better.

Feb. 7th.—When I awoke, felt as if my head had grown so large that I could never lift it up without help. Would have Mrs. N. get up at five o'clock, to make room for my head, which I thought was enlarging, and would want all the bed. At eight o'clock, James announced breakfast, but I could not get through the door. Ordered Joseph therefore to take out the sash, and let me down by a ladder. I thus got down into the yard, my head just clearing the jambs; but, alas! could not get in at the house door. Took out another sash; and not having foreseen such a calamity, abandoned the voyage, which pleased Mrs. N. greatly. N. B. Returned the same way to bed.

Feb. 8th.—Awoke by a tickling of the nose; believed it to be a carbuncle. Searched the medical books, and sent for the leech-woman, who applied twelve of Nature's physicians. Searched the medical books again! but the abominably unintelligible stuff which the physicians call technical language confounded me. Had a poultice to my nose, and read Aristotle and "*Boetius Consolatione Philosophie*," admired their depth, and pitied the shallow scholarship of modern times. Begun a translation of the fathers, which I possess in about one hundred and twenty-four folio volumes, which I propose to publish, with notes, in a hundred octavos, for the benefit of youth. Wrote to Mr. M., and drew up a prospectus.

Feb. 9th.—As I was gazing, at breakfast time, thought my jaw was locked; wife and all about said it was not, but was sure they were wrong. Could speak, however, and sent for the leech-woman, who seemed alarmed, desired to see my toe, and shook her head. I fainted; and when I revived, Sarah was bathing my head in cold water, and the quack doctor (an M.D. though) was sitting with the family at breakfast, talking about my systems of government for the day;—before, I had made seventeen new forms, which I had read to the family. Doctor ordered no tea, and to go out; but my head was too large to get out conveniently, as my toe felt singular, and Joseph would not carry the crutches, could not go.

Feb. 10.—Awoke very cold; had a pain in my teeth; sent for the dentist, who drew three, and lanced the others, and ordered me to keep comfortably warm. Drew out a plan of a treatise on the teeth, founded on

new principles; and another, to show the connexion between galvanism and theology. Counted the title pages of projected works to be finished by me, and found them fifty-four. Towards evening had a trance, in which my wife appeared to be multiplied into ten or twelve forms, and instead of eight children, there appeared to be about eighty or ninety in the room, and every thing else about me seemed to be tenfold. Proposed to fast to-morrow, and to inquire into the moral design of this marvel.

Feb. 11th.—Rose at three A. M., and then drew out a plan for the morning study, as a preparative for inquiring into the design of the aforesaid trance. Plan was

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|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Nature of being            | 7. Miracles.          |
| 2. ——— metaphysics.           | 8. Dreams.            |
| 3. Corpuseles.                | 9. Second sight.      |
| 4. Organic laws.              | 10. Presentiments.    |
| 5. Mental agencies.           | 11. Ideality.         |
| 6. Supernatural intervention. | 12. Symbolical truth. |

Ate a biscuit at ten, and drank a glass of cold water, and spent the rest of the day, in the investigation, and concluded that the vision meant that all things are of ten times more consequence than they are thought to be. Felt comforted, read the communion service, and thought of entering the church.

Feb. 12th.—Made a new will; counted the wooden spoons, found only six left; left off garters, because they promote white swellings; shaved off my eyebrows, because apt to catch the candle, counted my teeth, and made a model of a new pair of wings, to fly with. Thought if I could only substitute a whale muscle for the pectoral muscle of the birds, could reach the moon. Wrote to Hull, to get about twenty yards of that material, by the earliest opportunity. Received a letter offering me the presidency of——. Declined it, as my toe might not bear the climate, and supposed my head would enlarge again on shipboard, and then all would be lost.

Feb. 13th.—Turned all my servants away, and wrote to London for a French cook, and to Bristol, for a "nigger boy," to wait; experimented about the longitude and universal motion; made three new discoveries, one being an automaton image, to go on errands, for which I have taken out a patent, as I am weary of those worms of life, the servant tribe. Fancied I was descended from William the third: sent to the Herald's Office, to search. Thought candles likely to bring on the *gutta serena*, so would not have any burnt, and ordered the chandler to send no more. N. B. My wife and Sarah look very ill, must be examined to-morrow by the leech-woman; think they have a complaint in the kidneys. Before I went to bed, felt as if I should burst; read the medical books, concluded I was dropsical, and thought I would let the water out of my leg with my penknife; but when I tried it only bled, which frightened my wife, who sent for the doctor, but I would not see the rogue.

WOMAN AT THE COUCH OF SICKNESS.—I love to see her by the couch of sickness—sustaining the fainting head—offering to the parched lip its cordial—to the craving palate its simple nourishment: treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid, when he says:

"Let me not have this gloomy view,  
About my room, about my bed,  
But blooming roses, wet with dew,  
To cool my burning brow instead."

Disposing the sunlight upon the pale forehead—bathing the hair with ointments—and settling upon it from the summer casement, the breath of Heaven! How lovely are such exhibitions of ever during constancy and faith! How they appeal to the soul!—like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, "dropping with sweet smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock!"—*Knickerbocker*.

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says "the foundation of domestic happiness, is faith in the virtue of women; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God."

## THE BEST BOON.

Of all the boons which God has bestowed on our apostate and orphan race, we are bound to say that the BIBLE is the noblest and most precious. We bring not into comparison with this illustrious donation the glorious sunlight, nor the rich sustenance which is poured forth from the storehouse of the earth, nor that existence which allows us, though dust, to soar into companionship with angels. The Bible is the development of man's immortality—the guide which informs him how he may move on triumphantly from a contracted and temporary scene, and grasp destinies of unbounded splendor—eternity his lifetime, and infinity his home. It is the record which tells us that this rebellious section of God's unlimited empire is not excluded from our Maker's compassions; but that the creatures who move upon its surface, though they have basely sepulchred in sinfulness and corruption the magnificence of their nature, are yet so dear in their ruin to Him who first formed them, that he bowed down the heavens in order to open their graves. O! you have only to think what a change would pass on the aspect of our race if the Bible were suddenly withdrawn, and all remembrance of it swept away, and you arrive at some faint notion of the worth of the volume. Take from Christendom the Bible, and you have taken the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided. Ignorant of the nature of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners, tossed on a wide ocean, without a star to guide, and without a compass by which to steer. The blue-lights of the storm-fiend would burn ever in the shrouds; and when the tornado of death rushed across the waters, there would be heard nothing but the shriek of the terrified, and the groan of the despairing. It were to mantle the earth with more than Egyptian darkness; it were to dry up the fountains of human happiness; it were to take the tide from our waters and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens, and leave them in sackcloth, and the verdure from our valleys, and leave them in barrenness; it were to make the present all recklessness, and the future all hopelessness—the maniac's revelry, and the fiend's delight, if you could annihilate that precious volume which tells us of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality, and instructs in duty, and woo's to glory. Such is the Bible.

Prize it, ye youth, and study it more and more.—Prize it, ye aged, for it guides to the New Jerusalem. Prize it, every one of you, as ye are intelligent and immortal beings—for "it giveth understanding to the simple."

MELVILLE.

## REMARKS ON TIME.

Time and change are great, only with reference to the faculties of the beings which note them. The insect of an hour, which flutters, during its transient existence, in an atmosphere of perfume, would attribute unchanging duration to the beautiful flowers of the cistus, whose petals cover the dewy grass but a few hours after it has received the lifeless body of the gnat. These flowers, could they reflect, might contrast their transitory lives with the prolonged existence of their greener neighbours. The leaves themselves, counting their brief span by the lapse of a few moons, might regard as almost indefinitely extended, the duration of the common parent of both leaf and flower. The lives of individual trees are lost in the continued destruction and renovation which take place in forest masses. Forests themselves, starved by the exhaustion of the soil, or consumed by fire, succeed each other in slow gradation. A forest of oaks waves its luxuriant branches over a spot which has been fertilised by the ashes of a forest of pines. These periods again merge into other and still longer cycles, during which the latest of a thousand forests sinks beneath the waves, from the gradual subsidence of its parent earth; or in which extensive inundations, by accumulating the silt of centuries, gradually convert the living trunks into their stony resemblances. Stratum upon stratum subsides in comminuted particles, and is accumulated in the depths of the ocean, whence they again arise, consolidated by pressure or by fire, to form the continents and mountains of a new creation. Such, in endless succession is the history of the changes of the globe we dwell upon;

and human observation, aided by human reason, has, as yet, discovered few signs of a beginning—no symptom of an end. Yet, in that more extended view which recognises our planet as one amongst the attendants of a certain luminary; that sun itself, the soul, as it were, of vegetable and animal existence, but an insignificant individual among its congeners of the milky way;—when we remember that cloud of light, gleaming with its myriad systems, is but an isolated nebula amongst a countless host of rivals which the starry firmament, surrounding us on all sides, presents to us in every varied form; some as uncondensed masses of attenuated light; some as having in obedience to attractive forces, assumed a spherical figure; others, as if further advanced in the history of their fate, having a denser central nucleus surrounded by a more diluted light, spreading into such vast spaces, that the whole of our own nebula would be lost in it: others there are, in which the apparently unformed and irregular mass of nebulous light is just curdling, as it were, into separate systems; whilst many present a congeries of distinct points of light, each perhaps, the separate luminary of a creation more glorious than our own. When the birth, the progress, and the history of sidereal systems are considered, we require some other unit of time than even that comprehensive one which astronomy has unfolded to our view. Minute and almost infinitesimal as is the time which comprises the history of our race compared with that which records the history of our system, the space even of this latter period forms too limited a standard wherewith to measure the footmarks of eternity."—*Babbage's Ninth Bridg. Treas.*

## JOHNSON AND MILTON.

BY ROBERT FLETCHER.

With an eye for no beauty, an ear for no music, a heart for no ecstasies, a soul in no unison with the sympathies of humanity, Dr Johnson was fitly doomed to be the giant drudge of the Della Cruscan school; a thunderer, and yet his own Cyclops, whose task it was to forge the bolts of destruction and whose glory to hurl them. Who that (and what numbers!) have formed their estimate of Milton's Prose works from his account of them, would have any idea of their real merits? If his report be fair and true, well might we exclaim with Manoah in the Samson Agonistes,

Oh! miserable change! Is this the man,  
That invincible Samson, far renowned,  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to angels walked their streets,  
None offering fight; who single combatant,  
Duell'd their armies, ranked in proud array,  
Himself an army: now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward armed  
At one spear's length.

Johnson's life of Milton is a most disingenuous production. It is the trail of a serpent over all Milton's works. Nothing escaped the fang of detraction. Nothing in purity of manners and magnanimity of conduct, nothing in the sanctity of the bard, in the noble works, and yet nobler life, of the man, could shield his immeasurable superior from cowardly and almost savage malignity. He has treated his very ashes with indignity. He made himself merry with the mighty dead. He trampled, upon his memory and his grave. And who can deny that the traducer knew full well, that the heart of his countryman, then mouldering in the dust of death, had ever beaten high with the sublimest emotions of love to his country and to his God, and that the then powerless hand of our mightiest minstrel, could not be convicted of having ever penned a line which did not equally attest the purity of his motives and the splendour of his genius. But Johnson's misrepresentations and calumnies, have had their day; and inconceivably injurious though they have been to the honour of John Milton, sure we are that the time is fast approaching, yea now is, when the man as well as the poet shall be redeemed from obloquy—not by any interpretation of his opinions however honest, or estimate of his character however correct, nor even by the paregyric of his admirers however eloquent (and some of surpassing merit have lately been pronounced); but the great achievement shall be won by himself and by himself alone. With his own strong axe shall he hew down, not merely

his adversaries, but their errors. Let him but be heard. The charges against him are in all hands; here in this one volume is to be found their triumphant, but neglected, refutation.—*Introductory review to Milton's Prose Works.*

## MONEY.

"Who," says Cobbet, in the third letter of "Advice to Young Men," is to tell whether a girl will make an industrious woman? How is the purblind lover, especially able to determine whether she whose smiles and dimples, and whose bewitching lips have bereft him of his senses: how is he to be able to judge, from any thing that he can see, whether the beloved object will be industrious or lazy? Why, it is very difficult." There are, however, certain outward signs, which, if attended to with care, will serve as pretty sure guides. First, if you find the tongue, I do not mean silence; I do not mean an absence of talk, for that in most cases is very good; but I mean a slow and soft utterance; a sort of sighing out of the words, instead of speaking them; a sort of letting the sounds fall out as if they were sick at the stomach. The pronunciation of an industrious person is generally quick, distinct, and the voice, if not strong, firm at least. Not masculine, as feminine as possible; not a croak nor a bawl, but a quick, distinct, and sound voice. Look a little also at the labours of the teeth, for those correspond with the other members of the body, and the operations of the mind.—Get to see her at work upon a mutton chop, or a bit of bread and cheese, and if she deal quickly with these you have a pretty good security for that activity, that stirring industry, without which a wife is a burden instead of help. Another mark of industry is a quick step, and a somewhat heavy tread, showing that the foot comes down with hearty good will. I do not like and I never liked your sauntering soft stepping girls, who move as if they were perfectly indifferent to the result.—*Phrenology by Robert Macknish.*

## A BROTHER'S LOVE.

There is something transcendently virtuous in the affections of a high hearted brother towards his gentle and amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty—he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows upon himself. He can press her bright lips and her fair forehead, and still she is unpolluted—he can watch the blush steal over her features when he tells her of her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her overloaded heart. With woman there is a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for her brother. She looks upon him as one fitted to brave the tempest of the world, as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged or oppressed; as one whose honor is connected with her own; and who durst not see her insulted with impunity. He is to her as the oak is to the vine, and though she may fear all others of mankind, she is secure and confident in the love and countenance of her brother. Nothing affords man such satisfaction, and nothing entwines a sister so affectionately among his sympathies and interests as profound reliance on her virtue, and strong convictions of her diffidence and delicacy. As these two latter are far the most delicious qualities of a beautiful female, so are they the strongest spells for enticing away the affections of the other sex. A female without delicacy is a woman without principle; and as innate and shrinking perception of virtue is a true characteristic of a pure hearted creature, so it is the most infallible union between hearts that truly beat in response to each other. There is more tenderness in the disposition of woman than man; but the affection of a brother is full of the purest and most generous impulses; it cannot be quenched by aught but indelicacy and unworthiness, and it will outlive a thousand selfish and sordid attachments. A deep rooted regard for a gentle creature born of the same parents with ourselves, is certainly one of the noblest feelings of our nature, and were every other feeling of human nature dead save this, there would still a bright hope remain that the fountain of virtue and principle was not yet sealed.—*Philad. Album.*

From Miss Martineau's Society in America.

LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

"The more (she says) one sees of the people, and the less of their books, the stronger grows the hope of the stranger. \* \* \*

"The best productions of American Literature are in my opinion, the tales and sketches in which the habits and manners of the people of the country are delineated with exactness, with impartiality of temper, and without much regard to the picturesque. Such are the tales of Judge Hall of Cincinnati. Such are the tales by the author of 'Swallow Barn'; where, however, there is the addition of a good deal of humour, and a subtraction of some of the truth. Miss Sedgwick's tales are of the highest order of the three, from the moral beauty which they breathe. This moral beauty is of a much finer character than the *bonhomme* which is the charm of Irving's pictures of manners. She sympathises where he good-naturedly observes; she cheerily loves where he gently quizzes. Miss Sedgwick's novels have this moral beauty too, as has every thing she touches: but they have great and irretrievable faults, as works of art. Tale-writing is her forte: and in this vocation, no one who has observed her striking progression will venture to say what she may not achieve. Among the host of tales which appear without the names of their authors are three, which strike me as excellent in their several ways: 'Allen Prescott,' containing the history of a New England boy, drawn to the life, and in a just and amiable spirit: 'The New England Housekeeper,' in which the *menage* of a rising young lawyer with its fresh joys and ludicrous perplexities is humorously exhibited; and 'Memoirs of a New England village Choir,' a sketch of even higher merit. Irving's writing have had their meed. He has lived in the sunshine of fame for many years, and in the pleasant consciousness that he has been a benefactor to the present generation, by shedding some gentle, benignant, and beguiling influences on many intervals of their rough and busy lives. More than this he has probably not expected: and more than this he does not seem likely to achieve. If any of his works live, it will be his 'Columbus;' and the later of his productions will be the first forgotten. Cooper's novels have a very puny vitality. Some descriptions of scenery, and some insulated adventures, have great merit: but it is not human life that he presents. His female characters are far from human; and in his selections of the chances of mortal existence, he usually chooses the remote-st. He has a vigour of perception and conception, which might have made him, with study and discipline, a great writer. As it is, he is, I believe, regarded as a much-regretted failure. The Americans have a poet. Bryant has not done any thing like what he can and will do: but he has done some things that will live. Those of his poems which are the best known, or the most quoted, are smooth, sweet, faithful descriptions of nature, such as his own imagination delights in. I shall always remember the voice and manner with which he took up a casual remark of mine, about sights to be seen in the pine-barrens. When the visitors had all departed, his question, 'And what of the pine-barrens?' revealed the spirit of the poet. Of his poems of this class, 'The Evening Wind' is to me the most delicious. But others—'The Past,' and 'Thanatopsis'—indicate another kind, and a higher degree of power. If he would live for his gifts, if his future years could be devoted to 'clear poetical activity,' 'looking up,' like the true artist, 'to his dignity and his calling,' that dignity and that calling may prove to be as lofty as they, no doubt, appeared in the reveries of his boyhood; and he may be listened to as lovingly over the expanse of future time, as he already is over that of the ocean. The Americans have also a historian of promise. Mr. Bancroft's 'History of the United States' is little more than begun: but the beginning is characterised by an impartial and benevolent spirit, and by the indications which it affords of the author's fidelity to democratic principles; the two primary requisites in a historian of the republic. The carrying on the work to a completion will be a task of great toil and anxiety; but it will be a most important benefit to society at large if it fulfils its promise. The periodical literature of the United States is of a very low order. I know of no review where any thing like impartial, enlightened criticism, is to be found. The *North American Review* had once some reputation in England; but it has sunk at home and abroad, less from want of talent than of principle. If it has any principle whatever at present, it seems to be to praise every book it mentions, and to fall in as dexterously as possible with popular prejudice. The *American Quarterly*, published at Philadelphia, is uninteresting from the triteness of its morals, and a general dearth of thought, amidst a good deal of cleverness. The *Southern Review*, published at Charleston—some time ago discontinued, but, I believe, lately renewed—is the best specimen of periodical literature that the country has afforded. After the large deductions rendered necessary by the faults of southern temper, this review maintains its place above the rest; a rank which I believe, undisputed."

PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY.

"It is philosophy in its highest and noblest sense; scientific without the jargon of science; profound but so clear that its depth is disguised. There is nothing of the 'budge Dutch' here; speculations, which will convince, if caught will, that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; are made familiar as household words. They are brought home to the experience of every man, the most ordinary observer on the facts of nature with which he is daily conversant. A thicker clothing, for instance, is provided in winter for that tribe of animals which are covered with fur. Now, in these days, such an assertion would be backed by an appeal to some learned Rabbi of a Zoological Society, who had written a deep pamphlet, upon what he would probably call the *Theory of Hair*. But to whom does Paley refer us? To any dealer in rabbit skins. The curious contrivance in the bones of birds, to unite strength with lightness, is noticed. The hore is larger, in proportion to the weight of the bone, than in other animals; it is empty; the substance of the bone itself is of a closer texture. For these facts, any operative, would quote Sir Everard Home or Professor Cuvier, by way of giving a sort of philosophical eclat to the affair, and throwing a little learned dust in the eyes of the public. Paley, however, advises you to make your own observations when you happen to be engaged in the scientific operation of picking the leg or wing of a chicken. The very singular correspondence between the two sides of any animal, the right hand answering to the left, and so on, is touched upon, as a proof of a contriving creator; and a very striking one it is. Well! we have a long and abstruse problem in chances worked out to show that it was so many millions, and so many odd thousands to one, that accident could not have produced the phenomenon: not a bit of it. Paley (who was probably scratching his head at the moment) offers no other confirmation of his assertion, than that it is the most difficult thing in the world to get a wig made even, seldom as it is that the face is made awry. The circulation of the blood and the provision for its getting from the heart to the extremities, and back again, affords a singular demonstration of the Maker of the body being an admirable Master both of mechanics and hydrostatics. But what is the language in which Paley talks of 'his process'—technical—that mystical nomenclature of Dioscorus which frightens country patients out of their wits, thinking as they very naturally do, that a disease must be very horrid which involves such very horrid names? Hear our anatomist. "The aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main-pipe of the water-works at London Bridge; and the roaring in the passage through that pipe is inferior, in impetus and velocity, to the blood gushing from the whale's heart." He cares not whence he fetches his illustrations, provided they are to the purpose. The laminae of the feathers of birds are kept together by teeth that hook into one another, 'as a latch enters into the catch and fastens a door.' The eyes of the mole are protected by being very small, and buried deep in a cushion of skin, so that the apertures leading to them are like pin-holes in a piece of velvet, scarcely pervious to loose particles of earth. The snail without wings, feet, or thread, adheres to a stalk by a provision of sticking-plaster. The lobster as he grows, is furnished with a way of uncasing himself of his buckler, and drawing his legs out of his boots, when they become too small for him. In this unambitious manner does Paley prosecute his high theme, drawing, as it were, philosophy from the clouds.—*Quarterly Review*.

PHRENOLOGY.—Meeting a votary of this science one day at a bookseller's, he began to expatiate on its beauties. From theory he proceeded to practice, by making an analysis of my bumps. Tired of the manifestation, I turned him over to the head of the bookseller, who was standing by, professing to be a better judge of another man's qualities than of my own. Now, this bookseller was a singularly devout man, and the phrenologist instinctively sought the bump of veneration, as the other bowed his head for him to feel it. The moment the finger of the phrenologist touched the head, however, I saw that something was wrong and I had the curiosity to put my own hand to the skull. In the spot where there should have been a bump, according to the theory, there was positively a hollow. I looked at the phrenologist, and the phrenologist looked at me. At this moment the bookseller was called away by a customer, and I said to my acquaintance, "Well, what do you say to that?" "Say! that I have no faith in the fellow's religion."—*Cooper's England*.

STATISTICS WORTH KNOWING.—In G. Britain, says the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, the number of individuals in a state to bear arms, from the age of fifteen to sixty, is 2,744,847. The number of marriages is about 98,030 yearly; and it has been remarked, that in sixtythree of these unions there were only three which had no issue. The number of deaths is about 332,708 yearly, which makes nearly 25,592 monthly, 6,398 weekly, 914 daily, and 40 hourly. The deaths among the women are in proportion to those of the men as 50 to 54. The married wo-

men live longer than those who continue in celibacy. In the country, the mean term of the number of children produced by each marriage is four; in towns, the proportion is 7 for every 2 marriages. The number of married women is to the general number of individuals of the sex as 1 to 3; and the number of married men to that of all the individuals of the male sex as 3 to 5. The number of widows is to that of widowers as three to one; but the number of widows who marry again is to that of widowers in the same case as seven to four. The individuals who inhabit elevated situations live longer than those who reside in less elevated places. The half of the individuals die before attaining the age of seventeen years. The number of twins is to that of ordinary births as 1 to 65. According to calculations founded upon the bills of mortality, one individual only in 3,126 attains the age of 100 years. The number of births of the male sex is to that of the female sex as 96 to 95.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1837.

AUTUMN.—The youthful spring has many charms for man—summer suns are pleasant and cheering—and winter with his ice-chained waters and frozen breath is not without its delights—but the mellowed autumn is our favorite season. Yes, autumn with its yellow corn, its ripened fruits, its teeming granaries, and its harvest home, we greatly love and admire. In the spring when we behold the husbandman going forth to his labour, scattering the precious seed on the newly-tilled soil, we feel a portion of his anxiety as to the ultimate result of his arduous toils—his is the painful conviction that all his labours may be destroyed by blasting, by mildew, by insects, and a variety of other casualties, and perplexity settles on his brow. Not so in the autumn—industry now gathers its full reward—the heart of the labourer thrills with gladness as his sickle cuts the loaded grain—with the abundant treasures of the earth before him he rejoices, and we are the partakers of his joy. Our sympathy with human nature in its griefs and joys is one great reason for our preference of this delightful season. To see the countenance of others brightened up with contentment and gratitude awakens within us emotions of a most pleasing nature.

To behold others happy, augments our own enjoyment. But man is not alone in his rejoicing, nature rejoices also in the autumn. It is the time of her smiles. She clothes herself in the drapery of gladness—she speaks in accents of kindness and causes the hills and the vales to become vocal with praise. With what inimitable simplicity of language does the royal poet of Israel, expatiate on the triumphs of autumn:

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it;  
Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of  
God which is full of water:  
Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast  
so provided for it.  
Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly;  
Thou settlest the furrows thereof;  
Thou makest it soft with showers;  
Thou blessest the springing thereof.  
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,  
And thy paths drop fatness.  
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness;  
And the little hills rejoice on every side.  
The pastures are clothed with flocks;  
The valleys also are covered over with corn;  
They shout for joy, they also sing.

Yes, it is now the fields are joyful and all the trees of the wood rejoice. Nature now puts forth all her luxuriance and glory—the perfection of her hand is visible in every thing she touches. How beautiful the smiling fruit! How lovely the appearance of the waving corn! How exquisite the garniture of nature, thus seen in its fulness of perfection! Who would not love the Autumn? But the autumn of 1837 how eloquently it speaks of the love and faithfulness of God. He has promised that 'whilst the earth remaineth, seed-time, and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.' The present month is the fulfilment of the word of the Most High. Already it has dispersed the fears of many and revived hope in the breasts of thousands in this province. What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits? we trust and believe has been the general inquiry. May we be permitted to suggest that as the

blessings of heaven have been public, the expression of gratitude should be public also. A great and good man has remarked that 'famines, though rarely happening, are every where recorded; innumerable years of abundance are scarcely ever registered!' And he adds:—'Such is the perverseness and ingratitude of man! Will this apply to the people of Nova Scotia? Shall no register be kept on the tablet of our hearts of this eminently fruitful season? Shall it be permitted to pass by without some general manifestation of thankfulness to our heavenly benefactor? For the sake of our common religion, we hope not.'

**OUR INCREASING LIST.**—The large addition of subscribers to our list which we have lately received, induces us once more to tender our thanks to our kind patrons for the encouragement they have so generously afforded us. To our many friends in the sister province of New-Brunswick, and more especially the inhabitants of St. John and Fredericton, we offer our best thanks, whilst we express our hope that they will not find the Pearl unworthy of their continued support. Our best efforts will not be spared to render it increasingly interesting, and we expect shortly in the enlargement of our sheet and alteration of our plan in one or two departments of our labours, to meet the wishes of all our subscribers. Some disadvantages we have hitherto laboured under, we believe time and experience will tend to remove. At any rate we shall do what we can innocently to amuse and instruct all classes of our readers.

**LATEST NEWS.**—We are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Caldwell for the London Morning Post of the 14th of August. Its columns are chiefly occupied with accounts of the general election—the returns not yet made were for Scotland 4, and Ireland 89. Mr. O'Connell has been returned for Dublin and Mr. Hume for Kilkenny. An extract in the Post from the Spectator we copy below:—

The elections in England and Wales are over; and the result is a Tory majority of forty-two votes. The returns from Ireland and Scotland, when completed, will probably throw the balance on the other side, and give the Liberals in the next Parliament a majority not exceeding ten.

The contests in the English counties have been most disastrous to the Liberals. They have lost—

Seat	Seat
1 in Middlesex	1 in North Hampshire
1 in East Surrey	1 in the Isle of Wight
1 in South Nottinghamshire	1 in East Cornwall
1 in East Sussex	1 in North Yorkshire
2 in West Norfolk	1 in East Yorkshire
1 in North Durham	1 in West Suffolk
2 in East Worcestershire	1 in Glamorganshire
1 in North Devonshire	1 in Carmarthenshire
1 in Huntingdonshire	1 in Flintshire
1 in West Somersetshire	1 in North Staffordshire
1 in North Leicestershire	

In all, twenty-three seats, equal on a division to forty-six votes. They endeavoured to substitute Liberal for Tory Members in the following counties:—

West Surrey	South Hampshire
East Surrey	East Kent
North Northamptonshire	Buckinghamshire
South Lancashire	Oxfordshire
North Nottinghamshire	North Warwickshire
South Devonshire	East Norfolk
East Suffolk	Breconshire
South Essex	East Cumberland

In every instance they were defeated, except in the last. Two thorough Liberals, not milk-and-water Whigs, are returned for East Cumberland: and Graham, the apostate is kicked out. This is our solitary victory in the English counties; and gained, be it observed, by men of strong opinions. In the other thirty-six contests the Liberals were beaten. There is the naked truth, which nothing can varnish over.

The Post speaks of Don Carlos as 'free to march where he pleases,' and says he is probably by this time on the borders of Castillo.' A part of the Carlist army at latest dates had entered Segovia, one of the richest cities in Spain and not forty English miles from Madrid.

**ST. JOHN, N. B., Sept. 10.**—The county election closed. Representatives, Messrs. Simonds, Partelow, Wilmot and Jordan. The City poll continued open, Candidates, Messrs. Woodward, Burns, Hooper and Barlow; Bennet resigned.

From the Acadian Telegraph.

**FOREIGN.**—The Mortality by Yellow Fever, in Sierra Leone, has reached a dreadful height. Europeans, of the Army and Navy, and residents, had suffered severely. The Cholera has been making great ravages in the south of Europe. Apprehension was extreme. It was within a few miles of Rome. Public prayers had been offered in Paris, that the cholera should be averted from that city.

Sicily was in insurrection against the Neapolitan government.

It was discussed in Hanover, whether or not the crown Prince could succeed to the throne. The sight of one of his eyes is hopelessly gone, to save that of the other is considered almost hopeless. A state of total blindness is supposed sufficient to prevent his accession, and to sanction a government by a Regency.

**Important to Travellers.**—In consequence of a trial at the September Term of the Supreme Court, held at Picton, the Captain of the Cape Breton Steamer requires all passengers to exhibit the pass of the Provincial Secretary, or give security, to prevent him from loss on their account. The Captain was sued for £1 14s, a debt due by an itinerant dancing master, who had left the Province in his vessel. The sum was recovered. The statute under which the action was brought was supposed to apply to the Town of Halifax only. Leave was given to argue the question at the Halifax Michaelmas Term. The consternation which ensued among travellers, on the sudden issuing of the Captain's Placard, is described as extreme and ludicrous. It is too bad that a dancing master should thus become such a bar to locomotion.

An Agricultural Fair is to be held at Windsor, N. S. on the 3d and 4th of October.

The weather still continues splendid. Rain at nights for the after grass,—Sun and light winds during the day for the Grain. A finer harvest, it is said, has not been experienced in Nova Scotia, during the last twenty years. Much gratitude should be the consequence.

**BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.**—Fourteen reapers, and five women and a boy, gathering, were at work during the week, in a field of Wheat, on Mr. Collins' farm.

**MARRIED.**

On Saturday evening, by Rev. John Martin, Mr. Edward Shaffer Bedford Basin, to Miss Mary Ann Eggar of this town, At Guysboro, July 19, by the Rev. Robert Cooney, Wesleyan, Missionary, Mr. George Jones, to Miss Anne Sparks, both of that place.

At Horton, by the Rev. George Struthers, on Wednesday the 13th Sept. Mr. George McLennan Clarke, of Cornwallis, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. James Stephens, of the former place, previous to which ceremony, Mr. Stephens had two other children baptized.

While hymen holds his burning torch,  
To light the swains and maidens on,  
Reader, don't halt outside his porch,  
But enter in as they have done.

On reading the above:

Consider, vent'rous youths, before too late;  
Like death's, there's no re-passing hymen's gate.

**DIED.**

On Sunday last, after a short but severe illness, Mr. Samuel Davis, aged 50 years.

Last evening, after a painful illness, Mr. Henry Barkman, aged 44 years, funeral on Sunday, at 1 o'clock, from the residence of his sister, Miss Barkman, Barrington Street—friends and acquaintances of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

In November last, on board ship Cambridge on her voyage from London to the East Indies, William R. Thompson, aged 30 years, a native of this place.

At Londonderry, on the 27th Aug. Mrs. Mary Fulton, relict of the late Samuel Fulton, in the 96th year of her age. She enjoyed the exercise of her mental faculties to the last.

At Windsor, on the 31st ult. Mr. James Clark, a native of Banffshire, Scotland, in the 62d year of his age.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**ARRIVALS.**

Saturday, Sept. 16.—Packet brig Acadian, Lane, Boston, to J. Clark, D. & E. Starr, & Co. and others; schrs Nancy, and Mary Louisa, Sydney; Mary, Margaret, Magdalen Islands, to J. Allison & Co.; schr. Chance, Tanner, Labrador, to the master.

Sunday, brig Grand Turk, Young, Bermuda, to Frith, Smith & Co.; schrs. Dolphin and Two Brothers, Arichat; schrs. Brothers, Elizabeth, Margaret, Fancy, Fanny, Emily, Morning Star, Albion, and New Commerce, all from Sydney; schr. Mary Ann, Digby; Seaflower, Arichat; Margaret, Guysboro; Acadian, Sydney; Nancy, Vigueau, Miramichi, to S. Cunard & Co; Olive Branch, Bushau, Magdalen Isles, to D. & E. Starr and Co; Superb, Smith. P. E. Island; George Henry, Denstadt, Gaspe, to A. & J. McNab; Henrietta, Boudroit, Quebec, to A. Murison.

Monday, Am. brig. Norfolk, Matthews, Philadelphia, to J. Clark; schr. Hazard, Crowell, Gaspe, to D. and E. Starr and Co.; new schr. Two Brothers, Antigonish, to T. Ring.

Tuesday, brig Corsair, Thompson, Liverpool, G. B. 34 days; schr. Robert Noble, Smith, Falmouth, Jam, 36 days, to J. L. Starr; schr. Planet, McLennan, Whitehead—brought the captain, crew and materials of the Am. brig. Pallas, cast away at Whitehead.

Wednesday, brig Persa, Pengilly, Penco, Porto Rico, 15 days, to T. and C. Kinneair; Mail Boat Margaret, Boole, Bermuda, 8 days; schr. Britannia, Covil, St. John, N. B. 8 days, to S. Cunard & Co.

Thursday, Mail Boat Velocity, Healy, Boston, 23 days—Wednesday, off Liverpool, passed the Buoy Boat, for St. John, N. B. brig. Farrer, Hatchard, Trinidad, 16 days, to Saltus, and Wainwright. Matilda, Hannam, Berbice, 25 days, 17 from Barbadoes, to D. and E. Starr & Co. Schr. William, Cullerton, Rumkey, to J. H. Reynolds. On the night of the 18th, carried away a topmast; J. Raigen, seaman, fell with topmast, and was killed. Schrs. Edward and Margaret, Meagher, Labrador, to J. Meagher; Nautilus, Duncan, Hamburg, to G. P. Lawson.

**CLEARANCES.**

Sept. 11th, brig Pleiades, Durkee, B. W. Indies, by M. B. Almon; Perseverance, Williams, by J. Fairbanks. 19th Louisa, Abell, Antwerp, by Fairbanks & Allison. 20th, Planet, McLean, Portland, N. U. by J. Ross; Mary, Gariett, Miramichi, to H. Fay and others; Coquette, Wingwood, St. John's N. F. by H. Braine.

**Evening Sales by Auction,**

AT R. D. CLARKE'S

WAREROOMS,

Every THURSDAY EVENING, commencing a half past Seven o'clock.

FOR the Sale of BOOKS, SILVER, GILT and PLATED WARE, JEWELLERY, WATCHES, Fancy, Ornamental, and other GOODS. Terms, always cash.

Articles for Sale must be sent the day previous to the Sales. Liberal advances will be given if required. August 4.

**Agricultural Fair.**

NOTICE is hereby given, that a fair will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday the 3rd and 4th of October next, at the Fair ground at Windsor, for the exhibition and sale of

HORSES, HORNED CATTLE,

SHEEP AND SWINE, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, & Seeds and Agricultural Produce.

As this Fair has been revived for the encouragement of the Farmer, to afford him a more extensive market, by collecting together the Producer and the Consumer, and the Buyer and the Seller, it is obvious that it cannot be sustained, without the cordial co-operation of those for whose benefit it is designed. The patronage therefore of the practical Farmer is respectfully and earnestly solicited. It is also hoped, that the Market will be countenanced by the friends of agriculture from the Metropolis and elsewhere. By order of the President,

E. HARDING,

Clerk of the Peace for Hant's County.

Note.—This Fair, which was unavoidably postponed last Spring, in consequence of the great Agricultural distress existing at that time, and the extraordinary backwardness of the season, will positively take place as above advertized.

Printers of the Colonial Papers will confer a favour by giving publicity to this Notice. Windsor, September 13.

**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 syncrasies; 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.

**Canvas, Pork, Beef.**

EDWARD LAWSON, AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER,

HAS FOR SALE AT HIS STORE,

300 BBLs. NOVA SCOTIA PORK,

most approved brands.

25 bbls BEEF, 10 puns. HAMS,

100 bolts bleached Canvas, No. 1 to 6.

25 boxes Sx10 GLASS,

15 casks Epsom Salts,

20 casks White and Red WINES, 18 Gallons,

Boxes Starch and Soap, Harness, Leather, Calf skins,

Blacking, Lines, Twines, Paints, &c.

July 14.



## THE DELUGE.

"Ah! what a sign it is of evil life,  
When Death's approach is seen so terrible."

SHAKESPEARE.

The judgment was at hand. Before the sun  
Gathered tempestuous clouds, which blackening, spread,  
Unto their blended masses overwhelmed  
The hemisphere of day; and, adding gloom  
To night's dark empire, swift from zone to zone  
Swept the vast shadow, swallowing up all light,  
And covering the encircling firmament  
As with a mighty pall! Low in the dust  
Bowed the affrighted nations, worshipping.  
Aton the o'ercharged garners of the storm  
Burst with their growing burden, fierce and fast  
Shot down the ponderous rain, a sheeted flood,  
That slanted not before the baffled winds,  
But, with an arrowy and unwavering rush,  
Dashed hissing earthward. Soon the rivers rose,  
And roaring fled their channels; and calm lakes  
Awoke exulting from their lethargy,  
And poured destruction on their peaceful shores.

The lightning flickered in the deluged air,  
And feebly through the shout of gathering waves  
Muttered the stifled thunder. Day nor night  
Ceased the descending streams; and if the gloom  
A little brightened, when the lurid morn  
Rose on the starless midnight, 'twas to show  
The lifting up of waters. Bird and beast  
Forsook the flooded plains, and wearily  
The shivering multitudes of human doomed  
Toiled up before the insatiate element.

Oceans were blent, and the leviathan  
Was borne aloft on the ascending seas  
To where the eagle nestled. Mountains now  
Were the sole landmarks, and their sides were clothed  
With clustering myriads, from the weltering waste  
Whose surges clasped them, to their topmost peaks,  
Swathed in the stooping cloud. The hand of Death  
Smote millions as they climbed; yet denser grew  
The crowded nations, as the encroaching waves  
Narrowed their little world.

And in that hour  
Did no man aid his fellow. Love of life  
Was the sole instinct; and the strong-limbed son  
With imprecations smote the palsied sire  
That clung to him for succor. Woman trod  
With wavering step the precipice's brow,  
And found no arm to grasp on the dread verge  
O'er which she leaned and trembled. Selfishness  
Sat like an incubus on every heart,  
Smothering the voice of love. The giant's foot  
Was on the stripling's neck; and oft Despair  
Grappled the ready steel, and kindred blood  
Polluted the last remnant of that earth  
Which God was deluging to purify.  
Huge monsters from the plains, whose skeletons  
The mildew of succeeding centuries  
Has failed to crumble, with unwieldy strength  
Crushed through the solid crowds; and fiercest birds  
Beat downward by the ever rushing rain,  
With blinded eyes, drenched plumes, and trailing wings,  
Staggered unconscious o'er the trampled prey.

The mountains were submerged; the barrier chains  
That mapped out nations sank; until at length  
On a Titan peak alone o'ertopped the waves,  
Beaconing a sunken world. And of the tribes  
That blackened every alp, one man survived;  
And he stood shivering, hopeless, shelterless,  
Upon that fragment of the universe!  
The surges of the universal sea  
Broke on his naked feet. On his gray head,  
Which fear, not time, had silvered, the black cloud  
Poured its un pitying torrents; while around  
In the green twilight dimly visible,  
Rolled the grim legions of the ghostly drowned,  
And seemed to beckon with their tossing arms  
Their brother to his doom.

He smote his brow,  
And maddened, would have leapt to their embrace,  
When lo! before him, riding on the deep,

Loomed a vast fabric and familiar sounds  
Proclaimed that it was peopled. Hope once more  
Cheered that wan outcast, and imploringly  
He stretched his arms forth toward the floating walls,  
And cried aloud for mercy. But his prayer  
Man might not answer, whom his God condemned.  
The ark swept onward, and the billows rose  
And buried their last victim.

Then the gloom  
Broke from the face of heaven, and sunlight streamed  
Under the shoreless sea, and on the roof  
That rose for shelter o'er the living germ  
Whose increase should repopulate a world.

New York.

J. BARBER.

VOLTAIRE possessed a young eagle to which he was  
extremely attached. The petted bird one day fell ill,  
which gave its master the greatest anxiety on its account:  
every morning and evening he asked the servant, to  
whom the care of it had been entrusted, how it was, and  
gave her the necessary directions for its nursing. Madeline,  
however, came one morning, and, with a smile on  
her mouth, said, "Sir, your eagle is now recovered."—  
"Ha! has he? how glad I am!"—But, sir, he is dead, I  
mean.—"What, dead! and you bring me the news with a  
smile on your countenance?"—"Alas, sir, he was so  
thin and lean, is it not better that he should have died?"  
—"A fine reason you give me then," roared the exasperated  
Voltaire, starting from his chair, "a fine reason! So,  
I presume, you would have me done away with, because  
I am thin. Only think of that hussey, to give me the news  
of my poor eagle's death, laughing, and because he was  
thin! Do you imagine that it is only big, fat, unwieldy  
'betes' like you, that have a right to live? Away, away!  
begone out of my sight. If you mean to kill all those that  
are thin, go and find employment with persons as fat as  
yourself."

Madame Denis, who saw her uncle in such a passion,  
pretended to dismiss the servant, but merely ordered her  
to conceal herself in one of the outhouses. Voltaire, at  
the end of three months, happened to speak of this ser-  
vant. "She has been very unfortunate," said his niece,  
"she has not been able to find a place, as it was generally  
known that you had dismissed her."—"That was her  
fault,—why did she laugh at the death of my eagle, be-  
cause he was thin? But, still, she ought not to starve.  
Let her return—but let her never meet my eye." So  
Madeline came forth from her hiding-place, and took es-  
pecial care that her master should not see her. This,  
however, was a difficult matter: she met Voltaire one day  
in a narrow path: Madeline cast her eyes down, and at-  
tempted to mutter a few words of apology, but Voltaire  
interrupted her, and said: "Well, we won't speak of it  
any more; but, recollect, that all those that are thin are  
not to be killed."

DUTCH INDUSTRY.—A Dutch painter would feel as  
much ashamed to represent the ladies of the land idle, as  
they would to be caught slumbering over their knitting or  
their embroidery. Hence in all the pictures of the States  
there is no idleness; the women are busied generally in  
some becoming office, and the men are either at work or  
the wine cup; they keep moving. They have no men  
sitting and neither working nor thinking, like some of our  
island portraits; nor have they such a thing as a pattern-  
lady—on whose fine shape dress-makers display their  
costliest silks and rarest fashions.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, who was a man of com-  
mon and uncouth notions, was in the habit of spending his  
afternoons, drinking beer and smoking a pipe in a little  
island on the Spree. A few of his ministers were gene-  
rally invited to meet him at the low tavern, and there they  
used to discuss on various political topics. In one of  
these meetings a minister of the Emperor Charles VI. sat  
between his majesty and his prime minister. The King's  
wrath had been excited by an answer made by the Aus-  
trian, and as his fist was more ready for a reply than his  
tongue, he gave him a box on the ear. M. de Stehendorf,  
without hesitation, gave a sounder one still to the Prussian  
minister, and said, "Pass it on." H. M.

COOKING BY GAS.—Mr. Sharp, of Northampton, late-  
ly delivered a lecture to the members of the Mechanics'  
Institution, at Winchester, on the process of cooking by  
gas. This he explained by means of an apparatus, in one  
compartment by which a piece of beef, weighing 20 lbs.,  
was roasting, underneath which was a Yorkshire pudding.  
In another division was a leg of mutton, weighing 12 lbs.,  
also roasting, and some rhubarb tarts baking. In another  
vessel were a ham, weighing 12 lbs., two large plum pud-  
dings, a piece of salmon, 10 lbs., two couple of fowls,  
and potatoes. At the conclusion of the lecture, the supper  
was dished up and placed on the table by the ingenious  
inventor, and partaken of by about 50 of his auditors.—  
*Morning Herald.*

## HUGH CAMPBELL,

No. 18, Granville St.

RESPECTFULLY acquaints the Public, that he has re-  
ceived by the late arrivals from Great Britain, a Sup-  
ply of the following articles, which he sells at his usual low  
terms.

CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock:  
Santerne, Vin-de-Grave, Blackburn's  
and others sup. Madeira, Fine old  
Brown, and pale Sherries, fine old Port,  
Marsala, Teneriffe, Bucellas, Musca-  
tel and Malaga } WINES.

Fine old Cognac pale and colored, BRANDIES,  
Do. Hollands, fine old Highland Whiskey,  
Do. Irish Whiskey, fine old Jamaica Rum, direct from  
the Home Bounded Warehouse.

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy.  
Curacoa and Mareschino.

Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout,  
Edinburgh and Allow ALES—Hodgson's pale do  
Fine light Table do., and Ginger Beer.

Nova Scotia superior flavored Hams; Cheshire and  
Wiltshire Cheese, double and single refined London and  
Scotch Loaf Sugar, muscatel and bloom Raisins, Almonds,  
assorted preserved Fruits, a general assortment of Pickles  
and Sauces, Olive Oil, for lamps, Robinson's patent Bar-  
ley and Groats, Cocon, and West India Coffee.

Soda and wine Biscuit with a general assortment of Gro-  
ceries usual in his line. Halifax, June 17.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH SEED  
STORE.

THE Season for the sale of Garden Seeds being now over  
the subscriber acknowledges, with thanks, the patronage  
the Public have afforded this Establishment—the most con-  
vincing proof of the known superiority of New England  
Seeds in this climate. The Store will be re-opened next  
Spring with a more extensive and general assortment; and  
in the mean time, any demands for articles within the  
reach of the Boston House, transmitted either to Messrs  
J. Breck & Co. of that City, or to the Subscriber in Hal-  
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ON HAND—a stock of Timothy, Red-top, and  
Clover—first quality.

E. BROWN, Agent.

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BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,  
OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING,  
HALIFAX.

HAS received by the Acadian from Genock, Part of  
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the neatest manner.

BLANK BOOKS of all kinds constantly on hand, or  
made and ruled to patterns.

PAPER HANGINGS and BORDERINGS, a neat as-  
sortment, handsome patterns and low priced. A fur-  
ther Supply of these Articles, of rich and elegant patterns  
expected from London.

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June 17, 1837.

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Builder and Draughtsman.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public  
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PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.

He begs to offer his grateful acknowledgments to those  
who have hitherto patronised him, and now offers his ser-  
vices as an Architect, Draughtsman and Builder, and  
will be prepared to furnish accurate working plans, eleva-  
tions and specifications for buildings of every description,  
and trusts by strict attention to business to insure a share  
of public patronage.

Residence, nearly opposite Major McColla's.  
† Carpenter's shop—Argyle-street. June 10.

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