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THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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THE LOST DAHLIA.

BY MISS MITFORD.

If to have "had losses" be, as affirmed by Dogberry in one of Shakspeare's most charming plays and corroborated by Sir Walter Scott in one of his most charming romances (those two names do well in juxtaposition, the great Englishman! the great Scotsman!)—If to have "had losses" be a main proof of credit and respectability, then am I one of the most responsible persons in the whole county of Berks. To say nothing of the graver matters which figure in a banker's book, and make in these days of pounds, shillings, and pence, so large a part of the domestic tragedy of life—putting wholly aside all the grander transitions of property in house and land, of money on mortgage, and money in the funds (and yet I might put in my claim to no trifling amount of ill luck in that way also, if I had a mind to try my hand at a dismal story)—counting for nought all weightier grievances, there is not a lady within twenty miles who can produce so large a list of small losses as my unfortunate self.

From the day when, a tiny damsel of some four years old, I first had a pocket handkerchief to lose, down to this very night—I will not say how many years after—when, as I have just discovered, I have most certainly lost from my pocket the new cambric kerchief which I deposited therein a little before dinner, scarcely a week has passed without some part of my goods and chattles being returned missing. Gloves, muffs, parasols, reticules, have each of them a provoking knack of falling from my hands, boas glide from my neck, rings slip from my fingers, the bow has vanished from my cap, the veil from my bonnet, the sandal from my foot, the brooch from my collar, and the collar from my brooch. The trinket which I liked best, a jewelled pin, the first gift of a dear friend (luckily the friendship is not necessarily appended to the token), dropped from my shawl in the midst of the high road; and of shawls themselves, there is no end to the loss. The two prettiest that ever I had in my life, one a splendid specimen of Glasgow manufacture—a scarlet hardly to be distinguished from Cashmere—the other a lighter and cheaper fabric, white in the centre, with a delicate sprig, and a border harmoniously compounded of the deepest blue, the brightest orange, and the richest brown, disappeared in two successive summers and winters, in the very bloom of their novelty, from the folds of the phaeton, in which they had been deposited for safety—fairly blown overboard! If I left things about, they were lost. If I put them away, they were lost. They were lost in the drawers—they were lost out. And if for a miracle I had them safe under lock and key, why, then, I lost my keys! I was certainly the most unlucky person under the sun. If there was nothing else to lose, I was fain to lose myself—I mean my way; bewildered in these Aberleigh lanes of ours, or in the woodland recesses of the Penge, as if haunted by that fairy, Robin Goodfellow, who led Herminia and Helena such a dance in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Alas! that there should be no Fairies now-a-days, or rather no true believers in Fairies, to help us to bear the burthen of our own mortal carelessness.

It was not quite all carelessness, though! Some ill luck did mingle with a great deal of mismanagement, as the "one poor happ'orth of bread" with a huge gallon of sack in the bill of which Poins picked Falstaff's pocket when he was asleep behind the arras. Things belonging to me, or things that I cared for, did contrive to get lost, without my having any hand in the matter. For instance, if out of the variety of "talking birds," starlings, jacksnaws, magpies, which my father delights to entertain, any one particularly diverting or accomplished, more than usu-

ally coaxing and mischievous, happened to attract my attention, and pay me the compliment of following at my heels, or perching upon my shoulder, the gentleman was sure to hop off. My favourite mare, Pearl, the pretty docile creature which draws my little phaeton, has such a talent for leaping, that she is no sooner turned out in either of our meadows, than she disappears. And Dash himself, paragon of spaniels, pet of pets, beauty of beauties, has only one shade of imperfection—would be thoroughly faultless, if it were not for a slight tendency to run away. He is regularly lost four or five times every winter, and has been oftener cried through the streets of Belford, and advertised in the county newspapers, than comports with a dog of his dignity. Now, these mischances clearly belong to the class of accidents commonly called casualties, and are quite unconnected with any infirmity of temperament on my part. I cannot help Pearl's proficiency in jumping, nor Dash's propensity to wander through the country; neither had I any hand in the loss which has given its title to this paper, and which, after so much previous dallying, I am at length about to narrate.

The autumn before last, that is to say, above a year ago, the boast and glory of my little garden was a dahlia called the Phœbus. How it came there, nobody very distinctly knew, nor where it came from, nor how we came by it, nor how it came by its own most appropriate name. Neither the lad who tends our flowers, nor my father, the person chiefly concerned in procuring them, nor I myself, who more even than my father or John take delight and pride in their beauty, could recollect who gave us this most splendid plant, or who first instructed us as to the style and title by which it was known. Certes never was blossom-fancier named. Regular as the sun's face in an almanack, it had a tint of golden scarlet, of ruddy yellow, which realised Shakspeare's gorgeous expression of "flame-coloured." The sky at sunset sometimes puts on such a hue, or a fire at Christmas when it burns red as well as bright. The blossom was dazzling to look upon. It seemed as if there were a light in the leaves, like that coloured lamp of a flower, the Oriental Poppy. Phœbus was not too glorious a name for that dahlia. The Golden-haired Apollo might be proud of such an emblem. It was worthy of the god of day; a very Phœnix of floral beauty.

Every dahlia fancier who came into our garden, or who had had an opportunity of seeing a bloom elsewhere (and, sooth to say, we were rather ostentatious in our display; John put it into stands, and jars, and baskets, and dishes; Ben stuck it into Dash's collar, his own button-hole, and Pearl's bridle; my father presented it to such lady visitors as he delighted to honour; and I, who have the habit of dangling a flower, generally a sweet one, caught myself more than once rejecting the spice clover and the starry jessamine, the blossomed myrtle and the tube-rose, my old fragrant favourites, for this scentless but triumphant beauty); every body who beheld the Phœbus begged for a plant or a cutting; and we, generous in our ostentation, willing to redeem the vice by the virtue, promised as many plants and cuttings as we could reasonably imagine the root might be made to produce—perhaps rather more; and half the dahlia growers round rejoiced over the glories of the gorgeous flower, and speculated, as the wont is now, upon seedling after seedling to the twentieth generation.

Alas for the vanity of human expectations! February came, the twenty-second of February, the very St Valentine of dahlias, when the roots which have been buried in the ground during the winter are disinterred, and placed in a hotbed to put forth their first shoots previous to the grand operations of potting and dividing them. Of course

the first object of search in the choicest corner of the nicely labelled hoard was the Phœbus; but no Phœbus was forthcoming; root and label had vanished bodily! There was to be sure, a dahlia without a label, which we would gladly have transformed into the missing treasure; but as we speedily discovered a label without a dahlia, it was but too obvious that they belonged to each other. Until last year we might have had plenty of the consolation which results from such divorces of the name from the thing; for our labels, sometimes written upon parchment, sometimes upon leather, sometimes upon wood, as each material happened to be recommended by gardening authorities, and fastened on with pack-thread, whip-cord, or silk twist, had generally parted company from the roots, and frequently become utterly illegible, producing a state of confusion which most undoubtedly we never expected to regret: but this year we had followed the one perfect system of labels of unglazed china, highly varnished after writing on them, and fastened on by wire; and it had answered so completely, that one, and one only, had broken from its moorings. No hope could be gathered from that quarter. The Phœbus was gone. So much was clear; and our loss being fully ascertained, we all began, as the custom is, to divert our grief and exercise our ingenuity by different guesses as to the fate of the vanished treasure.

My father, although certain that he had written the label, and wired the root, had his misgivings about the place in which it had been deposited, and half suspected that it had slipped in amongst a basket which we had sent as a present to Ireland; I myself, judging from a similar accident which had once happened to a choice hyacinth bulb, partly thought that one or other of us might have put it for care and safety in some such very snug corner, that it would be six months or more before it turned up; John, impressed with a high notion of the money-value of the property, and estimating it something as a keeper of the regalia might estimate the most precious of the crown jewels, boldly affirmed that it was stolen; and Ben, who had just a demele with the cook, upon the score of her refusal to dress a beef-steak for a sick greyhound, asserted, between jest and earnest, that that hard-hearted official had either ignorantly or maliciously boiled the root for a Jerusalem artichoke, and that we, who stood lamenting over our regretted Phœbus, had actually eaten it, dished up with white sauce. John turned pale at the thought. The beautiful story of the Falcon, in Boccaccio, which the young knight killed to regale his mistress, or the still more tragical history of Couci, who minced his rival's heart, and served it up to his wife, could not have affected him more deeply. We grieved over our lost dahlia, as if it had been a thing of life.

Grieving, however, would not repair our loss; and we determined, as the only chance of becoming again possessed of this beautiful flower, to visit, as soon as the dahlia season began, all the celebrated collections in the neighbourhood, especially all those from which there was any chance of our having procured the root which had so mysteriously vanished.

Early in September, I set forth on my voyage of discovery—my voyages, I ought to say; for every day I and my pony-phaeton made our way to whatever garden within our reach bore a sufficiently high character to be suspected of harbouring the good Dahlia Phœbus.

Monday we called at Lady A.'s; Tuesday at General B.'s; Wednesday at Sir John C.'s; Thursday at Mrs. D.'s; Friday at Lord E.'s; and Saturday at Mr. F.'s. We might as well have staid at home; not a Phœbus had they, or any thing like one.

We then visited the nurseries, from Brown's, at Slough

a princely establishment, worthy of its regal neighbourhood, to the pretty rural gardens at South Warborough, not forgetting our own most intelligent and obliging nurseryman (Mr Sutton of Reading—Belford Regis, I mean) whose collection of flowers of all sorts is amongst the most choice and select that I have ever known; hundreds of magnificent blossoms did we see in our progress, but not the blossom we wanted.

There was no lack, heaven knows, of dahlias of the desired colour. Besides a score of "Orange Perfections," bearing the names of their respective growers we were introduced to four Princes of Orange, three Kings of Holland, two Williams the Third, and one Lord Roden. We were even shown a bloom called the Phœbus, about as like to our Phœbus "as I to Hercules." But the true Phœbus, "the real Simon Pure," was as far to seek as ever.

Learnedly did I descant with the learned in dahlias, over the merits of my lost beauty. "It was a cupped flower, Mr Sutton," quoth I, to my agreeable and sympathizing listener (gardeners are a most cultivated and gentlemanly race); "a cupped dahlia, of the genuine metropolitan shape? large as the Criterion regular as the Springfield River, perfect as the Mary with a long bloom stalk like those good old flowers, the Countess, of Liverpool and the Widnall's Perfection. And such a free blower, and so true! I am quite sure that there is not so good a dahlia this year. I prefer it to 'Corinne' over and over." And Mr Sutton assented and consoled, and I was as near to being confirmed as any body could be, who had lost such flower as the Phœbus.

After so many vain researches, most persons would have abandoned the pursuit in despair. But despair is not in my nature. I have a comfortable share of that quality which the possessors are wont to call perseverance—while the uncivil world is apt to designate it by the name of obstinacy—and do not easily give in. Then the chase, however fruitless, led, like other chases, into beautiful scenery, and formed an excuse for my visiting or revisiting many of the prettiest places in the country.

Two of the most remarkable spots in the neighbourhood are, as it happens, famous for their collections of dahlias—Stratfield-saye, the seat of the Duke of Wellington, and the ruins of Reading Abbey.

Nothing can well be prettier than the drive to Stratfield-saye, passing, as we do, through a great part or Heckfield heath, a tract of wild woodland, a forest of rather perhaps a chase, full of fine sylvan beauty—thickets of fern and holly, and hawthorn and birch, surmounted by oaks and beeches, and interspersed with lawny glades and deep pools, letting light into the picture. Nothing can be prettier than the approach to the duke's lodge. And the entrance to the domain, through a deep dell dark with magnificent firs, from which we emerge into a finely wooded park of the richest verdure is also striking and impressive. But the distinctive feature of the place (for the mansion, merely a comfortable and convenient nobleman's house, hardly responds to the fame of its owner) is the grand avenue of noble elms, three quarters of a mile long, which leads to the front door. It is difficult to imagine any thing which more completely realises the poetical fancy, that the pillars and arches of a Gothic cathedral were borrowed from the interlacing of the branches of trees planted at stated intervals, than this avenue, in which nature has so completely succeeded in outwitting her hand-maiden art, that not a single trunk, hardly even a bough or a twig, appears to mar the grand regularity of the design as a piece of perspective. No cathedral could be more perfect; and the effect, under every variety of aspect, the magical light and shadow of the cold white moonshine, the cool green light of a cloudy day, and the glancing sunbeams which pierce through the leafy umbrage in the bright summer noon, are such as no words can convey. Separately considered each tree (and the north of Hampshire is celebrated for the size and shape of its elms) is a model of stately grandeur, and now just at perfection, probably upwards of thirty years old. There is scarce a clump in the kingdom such another avenue.

On one side of this noble approach is the garden, where under the care of the skilful and excellent gardener, Mr Cooper, so many magnificent dahlias are raised, but where, alas! the Phœbus was not; and between that and the mansion is the sunny shady paddock, with its rich pasture and its roomy stable, where, for so many years, Copenhagen, the charger who carried the duke at Waterloo, formed so great an object of attraction to the visitors of Stratfield-saye. Then came the house itself, and then I returned home.

Well! this was one beautiful and fruitless drive. The ruins of Reading Abbey formed another as fruitless, and still more beautiful.

Whether in the "palmy state" of the faith of Rome, the pillared aisles of the Abbey Church might have vied in grandeur with the avenue at Stratfield-saye, I can hardly say; but certainly, as they stand, the venerable arched gateway, the rock-like masses of wall, the crumbling cloisters, and the exquisite finish of the surbases of the columns and other fragments, fresh as if chiselled yesterday, which are re-appearing in the excavations now making, there is an interest which leaves the grandeur of life, palaces and their pageantry, parks and their adornments, all grandeur except the indestructible grandeur of nature, at an immeasurable distance. The place was a history. Centuries passed before us as we thought of the magnificent monastery, the third in size and splendour in England, with its area of thirty acres between the walls—and gazed upon it now!

And yet, even now, how beautiful! Trees of every growth mingling with those grey ruins, creepers wreathing their fantastic garlands around the mouldering arches, gorgeous flowers flourishing in the midst of that decay! I almost forgot my search for the dear Phœbus, as I rambled, with my friend M Malone, the gardener, a man who would in any station be remarkable for acuteness and acquirement, amongst the august remains of the venerable abbey, with the history of which he was as conversant as with his own immediate profession. There was no speaking of smaller objects in the presence of the mighty Past!

Gradually chilled by so much unsuccess, the ardour of my pursuit began to abate. I began to admit the merits of other dahlias of divers colours, and actually caught myself committing the inconstancy of considering which of the four Princes of Orange I should bespeak for next year. Time, in short, was beginning to play his part as the great comforter of human affliction, and the poor Phœbus seemed as likely to be forgotten as a last year's bonnet or a last week's newspaper—when, happening to walk with my father to look at a field of his, a pretty bit of upland pasture about a mile off, I was struck, in one corner where the manure for dressing had been deposited, and a heap of earth and dung still remained to be spread, I suppose, next spring, with some tall plant surmounted with bright flowers. Could it be?—was it possible?—No!—Yes!—Ay, certainly, there it was, upon a dung-hill—the object of all my researches and lamentations, the identical Phœbus! the lost Dahlia!

THE SEA.

The mean depth of the sea is, according to La Place, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth, it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. If the volume of the ocean were augmented only by one-eighth, considerable portions of the present continents would be submerged and the seasons would be changed all over the globe. Evaporation would be so much extended, that rains would fall continually, destroy the harvest, and fruits, and flowers, and subvert the whole economy of nature.

There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in our whole system than the process by which the fields are irrigated from the skies—the rivers are fed from the mountains—and the ocean restrained within bounds, which it never can exceed so long as that process continues on the present scale. The vapour raised by the sun from the sea, floats wherever it is lighter than the atmosphere; condensed, it

falls upon the earth in water; or, attracted to the mountains, it gathers on their summits, dissolves, and perpetually replenishes the conduits with which, externally or internally, they are all furnished. By these conduits the fluid is conveyed to the rivers which flow on the surface of the earth, and to the springs which lie deep in its bosom, destined to supply man with a purer element.

If we suppose the sea, then, to be considerably diminished, the Amazon, and the Mississippi, those inland seas of the western world, would become inconsiderable brooks; the brooks would wholly disappear, the atmosphere would be deprived of its due proportion of humidity; all nature would assume the garb of desolation; the bird would droop on the wing, the lower animals would perish on the barren soil, and man himself would wither away like the sickly grass at his feet.

He must indeed be incorrigibly blind or scarcely elevated in the scale of reason above the monkey, who would presume to say, or could for a moment honestly think, when duly informed on the subject, that the machinery by which the process of evaporation and condensation has been constantly carried on upon earth for so many centuries, exhibits no traces of Divine science and power, and especially of benevolence towards the countless beings whose subsistence and happiness absolutely depend upon the circumstance of the waters of the ocean, earth, and air, uniformly preserving the average of their present mutual proportions — *Quarterly Review*.

THE PICTURE OF REPENTANCE.—She is a virgin, fair and lovely; sorrow might seem to stain her beauty, yet indeed, increaseth it. You shall see her ever sitting in the dust, her knees bowing, her hands wringing, her eyes weeping, her lips praying, her heart beating. She comes out before God, with meat between her teeth, but her soul is humbled with fasting. She is not gorgeously attired—sackcloth is her garment. Not that she thinks these outward forms will content God but only are the remonstrances of pure sorrow within. And indeed, at that time, no worldly joy will down, only pardon and mercy in Jesus Christ. She hangs the Word of God as a jewel at her ear, and binds the yoke of Christ as a chain about her neck. Her breast is sore with the stocks of her own penitent hands, which are always lifted up to heaven, or beating her own bosom. Sorrow turns her *lumina into flumina*, her eyes into fountains of tears. The ground is her bed, she eats the bread of affliction, and drinks the waters of anguish. Her voice is hoarse with crying to heaven, and when she cannot speak, she delivers her mind in groans. The windows of all her senses are shut against vanity. She bids charity stand the porter at her gates, and she gives the poor bread even while herself is fasting. She could wash Christ's feet with as many tears as Mary Magdalen, and, if her estate could reach it, give him a costlier unction. She thinks every man's sin less than her own, every man's good deeds more. Her compunctions are unspeakable, and known only to God. She has vowed to give God no rest, till he have compassion upon her, and seal to her feeling the forgiveness of her sins. Now mercy comes down like a white and glorious angel, and lights on her bosom. The message which mercy brings to her from the King of heaven is, "I have heard thy prayers, and seen thy tears." The Holy Ghost descends as the spirit of comfort and dries her eyes. Lastly, she is lifted up to heaven, where angels and cherubins sing to her tunes of eternal joy, and God bids immortality set her upon the throne of glory.—Adams.

What avails all the pomp and parades of life which appear abroad, if, when we shift the gaudy flattering scene the man is unhappy where happiness must begin, at home! Whatever ingredients of bliss Providence may have poured into his cup, domestic misfortunes will render the whole composition distasteful. Fortune and happiness are two very distinct ideas; however some who have a false idea of life and a wrongness of thinking may confound them. — *Seed*.

DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY.

From the London Globe June 20.—The London Gazette Extraordinary, published this morning, contains the following melancholy announcement of the Demise of his late most Gracious Majesty, WILLIAM THE FOURTH. Whitehall, June 20, 1837.—A bulletin, of which the following is a copy, has been received by Lord John Russell, one of His Late Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State:—

WINDSOR CASTLE, June 20, 1837.

"It has pleased Almighty God to release from his sufferings, our most Excellent and Gracious Sovereign, KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

"His Majesty expired at twelve minutes past 2 o'clock, A. M. this day."

"MATTHEW JOHN TIERNEY

"WILLIAM FREDERIC CHAMBERS.

"DAVID DAVIS."

We deeply regret to have to state, that His Majesty expired about twelve minutes past two o'clock this morning. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present, as were also several members of the King's family. Immediately after the decease, the Archbishop of Canterbury left Windsor Castle for Town.

It must be gratifying to hear that His Majesty died without pain. His Family took their leave of him about 12 o'clock yesterday, when he was perfectly sensible.

We are enabled to give the following particulars of what has taken place this morning:—

Half-past nine o'clock.—Viscount Melbourne having received a communication, attended on her Majesty the Queen, at Kensington Palace, at nine o'clock this morning to have an audience.

The following is a copy of the special communication made by the Secretary of State to the Lord Mayor, of the lamented Death of His Majesty, which was posted at the Mansion House between ten and eleven.

"WHITEHALL, half-past 10 o'clock, June 20, 1837.

"My Lord,—It is my painful duty to inform your Lordship of the Decease of His Gracious Majesty King William the Fourth. The melancholy event took place at Windsor Castle, at twelve minutes past two o'clock a. m. this day, when it pleased the Almighty God to release the late King from the sufferings which he had borne with the most exemplary fortitude and patience.

"I have to request that your Lordship will give direction for tolling the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's, &c. &c.

"J. RUSSELL."

The disease of which His Majesty died was no doubt a general breaking up of the system. Throughout the whole of the past week he was in a very weak state, and it was only by the aid of brandy and other stimulants, that he was kept alive on Saturday. Notwithstanding the extreme caution observed in drawing up the bulletins, the medical attendants themselves saw almost from the commencement, that the case of the royal sufferer was hopeless.

Summonses were issued in the course of the morning, for the immediate attendance of the Peers in the House of Lords.

St. JAMES'S PALACE.—The Duke of Cumberland (now King of Hanover,) slept at Windsor last night, and this day at 8 o'clock, arrived at his apartments at St. James' Palace. He came unattended, in a carriage and four. The King of Hanover has now ceased to be a peer of the realm, and takes his departure from England in a steam vessel to-morrow, to assume the throne of his dominions. On his arrival in Hanover, the Viceroyalty of the Duke of Cambridge as a matter of course ceases. The latter Royal Duke is now on his way to England, and hourly expected. His arrival was looked for yesterday.

Shortly after ten o'clock, Mr. Martins, the Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain, left St. James' Palace express for Windsor, to receive directions respecting the Funeral of his Majesty. He stopped at the garden gate and conversed for some minutes with Sir Benj. Stephenson, who we regret to say, was looking seriously indisposed.

A considerable crowd began early to assemble about the avenues of the palace, particularly in the Park at the Royal private entrance, in expectation of seeing her Majesty.

At ten precisely the Baron Lyndhurst drove into the entire Courtyard, and went into the apartments of His Majesty the King of Hanover, where he remained some time, no doubt in consultation on the present aspect of affairs.

Half-past ten.—Up to this time no intimation of the wishes of her Majesty has been received at the palace: the crowd of persons, most of them respectably attired citizens, are increasing.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral began to send forth its solemn tones, conveying the mournful intelligence of the King's Death, and the bells of Westminster Abbey and all the principal churches of the metropolis, joined in the dismal peal. The Royal standard floated from some of the public buildings, churches, and shipping in the port of London, half-mast high.

MEETING OF THE CABINET.—A Cabinet Council assembled this forenoon, at the Foreign Office, which was

attended by Lord Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord John Russell, and all the members of the Cabinet.

At eleven o'clock the Council Chamber in the Throne room at St. James' Palace was laid out in the form prescribed for holding privy councils. The Royal pages were in attendance, with the Exon and Yeomen of the guard. The privy council was held at Kensington this day, at eleven o'clock, to proclaim the Queen, which was done in the usual style, and with the usual formalities, with but one exception, viz. that the style and title of the Sovereignty of Hanover, was of course omitted.

A number of privy Councillors were present, amongst whom were the Queen's Ministers and other great officers of State of the household of his late Majesty: we noticed Sir R. Peel arrive in a carriage with five other privy councillors.

Lord Kenyon also paid a visit of some duration about eleven o'clock to His Majesty, the King of Hanover.

The guard mounted at the customary hour, eleven o'clock. The spectacle usually one of an animating nature was particularly sombre, as they marched on without the beat of drum, in slow movement: the form of the relief was gone through in the same gloomy manner. This will be the case we understand until after the Funeral of His Majesty which will take place about the middle of next month.

HOUSE OF LORDS, June 20.—The House of Lords met this morning at half-past ten, and was occupied for a short time in administering the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria, until nearly eleven, when the House was adjourned until three.

The Lord Chancellor was the first sworn, and took his seat on the woolsack. Lords Lansdowne, Strangford, Ilchester, Kenyon, Shaftesbury.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, June 20.—The members of this House began to assemble at 12 o'clock. By half past twelve from 100 to 150 members had assembled on the ministerial side of the House, but very few were present on the opposition benches.

At a quarter before one the speaker entered the House, and himself took the oath of allegiance to the Queen Alexandrina Victoria. After which the oath was administered by the Clerk of the House to a large number of members, commencing according to the usual form with the member for the city of London.

An additional table was placed in the centre of the House for the convenience of the administration of the oath, and the members advanced round it in lines and severally took the oath. Among those sworn were Lord W. Bentinck, Sir A. L. Hay, Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Moebuck, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Brotherton, Sir Robert Peel, Sir E. Knatchbull, Sir R. Fergusson, Lord Pollington, Sir E. Wilmot, Sir J. Becket, Sir J. Elley, Sir Oswald Moseley, Lord Chandos, Sir J. Y. Baller, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Hume, Mr. Charles Butler, &c. &c. The ceremony of swearing in lasted all the afternoon.

THE PROCLAMATION.—A general expectation prevailed among the populace that the proclamation of the Queen Alexandria Victoria would take place this afternoon, and crowds of persons assembled at Charing Cross, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange, anxious to witness the solemnity. This formality however, will not take place till to-morrow.

WINDSOR, Monday Evening, eight o'clock.—This has been one of the most anxious and truly melancholy days I ever witnessed at Court. In the early part of the day it was understood that His Majesty was decidedly worse, and that no further hopes could probably be entertained of his recovery; and since that time his demise has been hourly expected. The King summoned all his family into his presence in the morning, and took an affectionate farewell of them, and those only who have experienced the loss of a kind and affectionate father, can judge of the sorrowful scene. His Majesty is perfectly sensible, and awaits his approaching dissolution with the most Christian resignation and fortitude. All are in tears from the highest to the lowest of the household, every one being accustomed to regard him not only with the reverence due to the Monarch, but with the feelings entertained towards a dear and affectionate father. The whole town was thrown into great excitement at two o'clock this afternoon by a false report that His Majesty was no more. Expresses were immediately despatched to London from persons in Windsor. The alarm was spread along the road between Windsor and London, and it was not till nearly an hour had elapsed that the report was ascertained to be unfounded, and other messengers dispatched to contradict the former report. An express was sent off about four days ago for the Duke of Cambridge, and His Royal Highness is no doubt on his way to England.

WINDSOR, Half-past eleven o'clock.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland arrived at one o'clock and left a quarter before seven; and his brother the Duke of Sussex arrived at half past nine o'clock at night, and left at eleven.

WINDSOR, Tuesday Morning, half-past two o'clock.—The melancholy forebodings of yesterday have been realized. King William the Fourth has ceased to exist. His Majesty breathed his last within a few minutes of two o'clock. The Queen sustained the last shock with greater fortitude and composure than could have been expected. Her resignation is that of a Christian woman who has the consolation to reflect that her duty to the deceased husband has been fully discharged. The Queen has been in the sick chamber during the whole night, and up to the moment of his Majesty's decease. Her fatigue has been excessive, as for several days the King has been unwilling to take medicine or nourishment, except from her hand or that of Dr. Davies. Her strength has been wonderfully sustained, but it is generally apprehended here, that now the trial being over, her Majesty's health will be found to have suffered from the long continuance of mental anxiety and bodily fatigue which she has undergone. A government messenger is just about to set off, to convey the melancholy tidings to the members of the Royal family who are in town, and to Lord Melbourne.—Post.

ANECDOTE ARISING OUT OF A PORTUGUESE CUSTOM.—The Portuguese frequently adopt the children of other persons, educate them, and sometimes promote their future fortunes. The Infanta Regent, possessing the national taste, applied to an Irishwoman, who, forthwith, accommodated her royal highness with her own daughter, thriving young girl, two years of age. The agreement was deliberately made, and the article in question sold and delivered. The mother, however, whose notions concerning the transfer of property were not peculiarly clear, returned after a short time, and wished to enter again into possession; to this the Infanta naturally demurred, and such a tumult of Irish ejaculations ensued, as had probably never before assailed the ears of any royal personage.

In this emergency, an officer was requested to march his military person to the palace, where he found our heroine of the Emerald Isle, fiercely expostulating amidst a host of large black Brazilian women, who were screaming in chorus around her. Yet nothing daunted was the dame. "No one shall part me and my child," was still the burden of her song. A golden argument at length induced her to mitigate such unreasonable claims, and a satisfactory treaty of peace was included. She was allowed to retain her child during that night, and was provided with good lodgings, a good supper, and a sentinel at her door, to prevent either warlike or fugitive proceedings. I accompanied my friend in the evening to her room; she was then in the highest good humour, and greatly flattered by the notice taken of her blue-eyed child. On the following morning the little girl was conducted to the palace, according to agreement, while the mother was deposited on a donkey and peaceably removed.—Portugal and Gallicia.

From the Louisville Journal.

A MISSISSIPPI AFFAIR.—By a letter from Mississippi, we have an account of a rencounter which took place in Rodney, on the 27th ult., between Messrs. Thomas J. Johnston and G. H. Wilcox, both formerly of this city. In consequence of certain publications made by these gentlemen against each other, Johnston challenged Wilcox. The latter declining to accept the challenge, Johnston informed his friends at Rodney that he would be there at the term of the court then not far distant, when he would make an attack upon him. He repaired thither on the 26 and the next morning the following communication was read aloud in the presence of Wilcox and a large crowd:

RODNEY, June 27, 1837.

Mr. Johnson informs Mr. Wilcox, that at about 1 o'clock of this day, he will be on the common opposite the Presbyterian Church of this town, waiting and expecting Mr. Wilcox to meet him there.

I pledge my honor that Mr. Johnson will not fire at Mr. Wilcox until he arrives at a distance of a hundred yards from him, and I desire Mr. Wilcox, or any of his friends, to see that distance accurately measured.

Mr. Johnson will wait there thirty minutes.

J. M. DUFFIELD.

Mr. Wilcox declined being a party to any such arrangements, and Mr. D. told him to be prepared for an attack. Accordingly, about an hour after this Johnston proceeded towards Wilcox's office, armed with a double-barrelled gun (one of the barrels rifled,) and three pistols in his belt. He halted about fifty yards from W's door and levelled his gun. W. withdrew before Johnston could fire, and seizing a musket returned to the door and dashed. Johnston fired both barrels without effect. Wilcox then seized a double-barrelled gun and Johnston's musket and both again fired: Wilcox sent twenty three buck shot over Johnston's head, one of them passing through his hat and Wilcox was slightly wounded on both hands, thigh and leg. Here the affair terminated.

THE STEAMBOAT.

Early in last autumn I had occasion to travel in the north and mingle much with all sorts of men and women. Sometimes disgusted with open and hardened wickedness, or pained by thoughtless levity, and almost wondering at the strange humours and inconsistencies of my fellow creatures shown in endless variety of characters; I mourned and laughed by turns. Sometimes refreshed and delighted by the genuine feeling, and pure christian simplicity, and active christian principle exhibited in all the beauty of holiness, I went on my way, gleaning, as I hope, something profitable for my own heart, and full of interest to the beloved fireside circles at home.

From the large, noisy, busy town of Newcastle, I wandered along the coast to the ruins of Tynemouth Abbey; and, in meditative musing on days gone by, suggested by the venerable remains before me, I scarcely perceived the approach of evening, till the darkening horizon, where but one stream of golden light remained to tell how gloriously the blessed sun had sunk to his repose, warned me to retrace my steps. The screaming sea-bird seemed to reproach me as an intruder on her solitary way—the great ocean heaved darkly on, rolling forth volumes of mighty sound—making the sublimest of music. I could gaze on it, and listen to it for ever! “The sea is His, and He made it.”—Surely it speaks in a special manner His wonders and His love. I marvel at those, I pity those, who see in it nothing but a dull and wearisome monotony, I could not make such understand me. Peace be with them! They have, I hope, their enjoyments—they shall not laugh, or frown me out of mine.

Darkness gathered around me, the way was long and dreary, and, to expedite my return, I embarked at Shields on board a steamboat. The deck was crowded with a noisy and motley group of colliers and market people, and I took refuge in the cabin below. There, in a dark corner, sat three poor women, who quietly and respectfully made room for me beside them. One was a Quaker; she had retired with characteristic modesty from the confusion that reigned above, and sat the picture of neatness and peacefulness—her hands folded across her gray shawl—waiting her emancipation from so uncongenial a situation. Her right hand neighbour had a sickly infant on her knee, which she sadly mismanaged, and in piteous cries it spoke the severities of its little sorrows. There was something in the appearance of the third female that deeply interested me.—She was deadly pale, her garb was of the poorest kind, and her wo-struck, though peaceful countenance, told of many sorrows meekly borne. In her hand she held a basket of tracts and little books for sale.

At the time of my entrance, she was endeavoring to pacify her neighbour's child, and to infuse some common sense into its mother. I joined my endeavours to hers, but in vain.—“Well, sir,” she said, “it is sometimes a blessed thing to hear them cry, it shows there is strength to's ruggie. I have seen them when they could only moan—when I should have blessed the Lord for one such cry as this.” “Our friend,” said the Quaker, “has been sorely afflicted, but I tell her the Lord is surely with her, for she bows with the spirit of meekness.”

I asked her story, it is the story probably of hundreds. She told it with all the simplicity of truth—with all the earnestness of misery.

“My husband was a book-binder, but his health left him. He worked in his bed when he was too weak to set up. We sold our furniture to pay his doctor—but all would not do. He lay helpless in his bed for weeks with hardly a rag to cover him. I, and my seven little ones, did what we could to earn a morsel of bread—my poor John could do no more! It was the Lord and he was very merciful, for he sent a kind lady, who put my husband into the Infirmary. There he is well looked after, though if it had so pleased God I could love to nurse him myself. Oh! if he come back to me in health, I shall have more than I can desire or deserve.

“About a month ago, three of my little ones fell ill of a cough—they fell sick one by one—they lay day and night—I would have given my life to ease

their pain—but it was not to be so; I saw them die one by one, and they looked peaceful when death was on them! I laid them side by side in the same grave and I tried to say ‘They are taken from the evil to come!’ ‘I shall go to them, though never can they return to me.’” She stopped, and with the back of her hand quietly wiped away the tears from her eyes. I laid my hand on hers, and said, “Your dear children are happy, far beyond what even you could desire for them. They are in the hands of God; and He is with you in all your trouble. Underneath you is His everlasting arm, supporting you. This is his doing. He must do well. Whom he loveth he chasteneth.”

“I know it, I know it!” she exclaimed. “Thank you, sir, for those blessed words. Yet ungrateful as I am, I cannot yet love his correction. I fear I do not say from my heart, ‘Thy will be done’—not mine. I have yet another precious child sick at home, the pride of my heart, and a blessed daughter she has been to me, but I believe she must go, for death is in her sweet face. I thought when I left her this morning, I should hear her speak no more but I was forced to seek a morsel of bread for her and myself. And why should I desire to hear more words from her in this world? They cannot be better than her last. ‘Dear mother,’ she said, and smiled, all-suffering as she was, ‘perhaps I shall be gone to heaven before you come back; but I shall find Jesus Christ there, and I will pray him to come and comfort you, and take care of you.’

“Oh! sir, you are a kind Christian; if you have little ones at home, do not love them too well! May you find them again in health, and never know how hard it is to see their little dying agonies and kiss their cold lips for the last time! Yet do not think I complain, I have much, much more than I deserve. Sometimes I have thought my heart would break, but it was wicked to doubt—for God has never failed, in my greatest need, to raise up friends; and when I think of a happy eternity to come, I feel that the sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared to it.”

She ceased—and, shall I be ashamed to own it? my tears flowed fast; yet I scarcely blessed the Christian's God, who can make his servants to triumph even over misery like this.—“Godliness is,” indeed, “profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come.”

Our little voyage was done. The time had been short. Yet our hearts were warmed with a kindness as of many years standing. With the sincerest interest and respect I assisted my poor friend to disembark, and at parting put a few shillings into her hand, for the use of her invalid. “There,” she exclaimed, “did I not say right? the friend in need is sent me again.—Sir! He will bless you, who receives the cup of cold water as given to himself. I will praise Him for you and for me: He will hear the blessing of her who was ready to perish. Oh, may heaven bless you now and for ever.”

She returned to her sad home and her dying child—sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.” I, to my solitary inn, where, in the visions of the night, my meditations were sweet for they rested on the reward of Christian sorrows meekly born, on purified affections—on holiness, and happiness, and heaven! Some struggling rays of comfort break through the deepest gloom, even in this dark valley; one by one, the rolling threatening clouds disperse—the Sun of Righteousness, himself, breaks forth at last, and all is meridian day!

Reader, are your best affections set on things above? If not, oh! where will your trembling soul find refuge in the bitter day of sorrow, in the awful hour of death? Lose not a moment, for “why will ye die?” Seek peace and secure happiness in the word and ways of God. He will not cast you out.

If you have laid up your treasure and fixed your heart in heaven, blessed are you;—you need no words of mine; you know and follow the paths of pleasantness and peace! Yet a little while, it may be, you must struggle ‘and fight the good fight.’ The Christian armour brightens with the using. Victory, glorious victory, shall be yours, for the

Lord is your shield! ‘Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things’ laid up for you. Rejoice then—always rejoice. You have waited for him, and in the day when the ‘Lord of hosts maketh up his jewels,’ you shall be his.

A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend steps, from stone to stone
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgement gone,
And hear in the calm air above
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!
Across the silence seem to go,
With dream-like motion, wavering slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved long, long, ago!
Gliding across the sad retreat,
How beautiful their phantom-feet!
What tenderness is in their eyes,
Turned where the poor survivor lies,
‘Mid monitory sanctities!
What years of vanished joy are fanned,
From one uplifting of that hand
In its white stillness! when the Shade
Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade
From our embrace, how dim appears
This world's life through a mist of tears!
Vain hopes! blind sorrows! needless fears!
Such is the scene around me now:
A little Churchyard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's Summer rill;
A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet, the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still!
With what a persuasive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall
The rose-tree's clustered arches! See
The robin-redbreast warily,
Bright, through the blossoms, leaves its nest;
Sweet ingrate! through the Winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy
Through all the sunny summer-hours,
He hides himself among the flowers,
In his own wild festivity.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool
Hangs half the darkened churchyard o'er,
From thy green depths so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous sycamore!
Oft hath the holy wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head
Bowed at that awful sacrament.
Now all beneath the turf are laid
On which they sat, and sang, and prayed.
Above that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven with all its dreams,
While in the belfry, deep and low,
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
The Dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song, half bliss, half woe,
The voice so lonely seems!—WILSON.

FAMILY PRIDE.—The most lasting families have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their Spring and Summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death; they flourish and shine, perhaps, for ages; at last they sicken: their light grows pale, and, at a crisis when the offsets are withered, and the old stock is blasted, the whole tribe disappears. There are limits ordained to everything under the sun. Man will not abide in honour. Of all human vanities, family pride is one of the weakest. Reader, go thy way; secure thy name in the book of life, where the page fades not, nor the title alters nor expires—leave the rest to heralds and the parish register.—Borlase.

A LETTER.—Every incident about a letter has something connected with the past, the future, the unseen, the unknown; things the most simple and natural, that touch the tenderest, the sweetest sympathies of our common souls; and things the most awful, mysterious, and sublime, which awaken “the thoughts that travel thro’ eternity,” the “feelings that lie too deep for tears.”

To a letter belong,—taking it under the most usual circumstances which give birth to documents of this kind—a name, a place, an occasion, and a date. What is the name? That by which an insulated individual (the writer) was known on earth from all his contemporaries; and that by which (speaking after the manner of men) he will be summoned to appear at the bar of God, in the day of judgement, to give an account of the deeds done in the body. What is the place? The locality, where he dwelt for a season, where generations had died before, and generations will live after him, to the end of time. What is the occasion? One of those daily occurrences, the things that happen to all, of which, in the bulk, we think almost nothing, but which, to each in turn, when the particular application falls upon himself, his family, his friends, his countrymen, or any class of persons to whom he is affectionally allied, or generously attached, may be of more pressing importance while it lasts, than anything else in the world. What is the date? A visible memorial of one of the days of the years of man on the earth, perhaps the only existing register of that particular day, which came in its course, and went, when its errand was accomplished, whether all the days, and years, and ages of time, depart in peace, to await the arrival of that day when its account must be given in before the tribunal of the judge of quick and dead.

The date of such an undistinguished day is also a visible memorial of what happened within the course of its twenty-four hours to every living man, including whatever he did, or said, or thought, or felt, or suffered. It is more than this; it is a memorial of all that was enjoyed in heaven, endured in hell, or transacted throughout the whole universe of God, in providence, and in his grace, by Himself or by his creatures; and it is the memorial of a day, which has left upon every day that has succeeded, or shall follow it to the end of time, the influence, which however unappreciably small or great to finite minds, are yet distinctly estimated by Him, to whom all things are known in their beginning, connexions, and issues.

This may be deemed revelation and hallucination by “economists and calculators,” who busy themselves wholly with things present and passing, but that man has within him powers and faculties unawakened and unapprehended, who cannot thus, by association, connect himself with all created beings and intelligences, especially those of his own species, of whom he can gain any knowledge by research on earth, or revelation from heaven; through all the things that are seen, discerning their essences and traces of things that are not seen, feeling, meaning, that the dignity and value of the former must be precisely in proportion to the relationship which they bear to the latter; for the things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal.—*J. Montgomerie.*

THE LILAC.—The common lilac was, lately, thought to be exclusively a native of Persia, but within the last few years, it has been found by Dr. Barton in Transylvania. The blue and the white varieties were cultivated by Gerard and Parkinson, in 1597, under the name of the Blue Pipe and White Pipe; and, apparently, confounded with *Philadelphus*, which was also called the Blue and White Pipe Tree. The first time the lilac was made known to European botanists was by a plant brought from Constantinople to Vienna by the ambassador Busbequius, toward the end of the sixteenth century. From the plant being very showy, of the easiest culture, and extremely hardy, it soon spread rapidly throughout the gardens of Europe. In some parts of Britain and various parts of Germany, it is mixed with other shrubs, or planted alone, to form garden-hedges; and, as a proof of its hardiness, we may mention that there are hedges of it by the road sides in the neighbourhood of Ulm and Augsburg, in the elevated, and consequently cold, region of Bavaria.

For the Pearl.
ELEGY.

On the death of KING WILLIAM the Fourth;
of Great Britain.

Oh Britain! again thou art summoned to mourning,
For now thy Fourth William death's victim doth lie;
The garments of conquest, and royalty scorning,
The victor exclaimeth “thou also must die!”

'Tis mournful to tell of our Kings as departed,
Their virtues and splendors thus shrouded in gloom;
It distresses the sons of the brave and true hearted,
To see England's princes go down to the tomb.

The great house of Brunswick, contributes a number
To tread the deep valley of sombre death-shade;
Admonishing mortals, in voice as of thunder
To watch and prepare for the home of the dead.

Our generous, and brave, and right-naval monarch,
His mandate can rule us no more, for at last
He's gone to the bed of his fathers with honour;
And with ripeness of days he descends to the past.

But yet he's immortal, we trust that he liveth!
That the prayers of the righteous for him have prevailed;
That he's gone to the throne which no heritor leaveth,
To the crown which no changes have ever assailed.

While the voice of his flock, the voices of millions,
Cries, “rest thou in peace” in the tomb of the brave;
And the Willows and Cypress, weep over our William,
May kind Heaven, that flock our much loved country save!

Oh great Kings of Kings; our late sovereigns elector,
Remember our need and look down from thy throne;
Remember our nation! still be her protection,
And pardon her error, and keep her thine own!

Oh still let her live, as the land that thou lovest;
And carest for, while the sun soars and declines;
The men of her counsel be those thou approvest,
Men after thine own heart, the strength of our times.

Remember we pray thee, thou fountain of honour,
The Virgin our Queen from the throne of thy love;
May thy choicest of blessings be shower'd upon her,
On her let thy favor descend from above.

As our Hephzibah, Lord delight in her for ever—
Let her live in thy sight, and lengthen her days;
And in them make peace to flow down as a river,
And justice abound as the waves of the seas.

Like Esther, may she be intrepid in saving
The people of God from their subtlest foes:
And smite thro' the proud, whose vice is depraving
The home of our sires, where true liberty grows.

Oh counsel her counsellors, let them be gifted
With wisdom, who sit on the senator's form:
Make her officers peace, and be they uplifted
By righteousness all, and their country adorn.

Let mercy and truth, at her glad coronation
Descend, and embrace, and remain in her court;
Her cities make praise, and her bulwarks salvation.
Jehovah's Salvation be ever our fort!

Thy word may she study,—and may it enlighten
With wisdom her judgement, with prudence her way;
And year after year, may her annals still brighten
With bloodless achievements, which fame shall display.

The Kingdom,—the Queen of thy gracious election,—
The Church, with her banner of meekness and truth
We humbly commend to thy mighty protection
As the dew from the womb of the morn be her youth.

Long, Long, may she live by thy highest permission
And rule in the land of the brave and the free,
Thy people and heritage henceforth enriching
At home and afar, on the land or the sea.

And may the queen dowager, great William's consort
Have comfort of heaven, and live and be blest;
By viewing thy people continually prospered
While growing in meekness for heavenly rest.

England! loved England! awake to thy duty!
Wise!—thy best counsellors love and obey!
Thou shalt thou be seen most transcendent in beauty,
In shining brightness, never doomed to decay.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST APPARENT EVEN IN HIS
HUMILIATION.

His birth was lowly, but it was celebrated with Hallelujahs by the heavenly host in the air above; he had a poor lodging; but a star-lighted visitants to it from distant countries. Never prince had such visitants so conducted. He had not the magnificent equipage that other kings have, but he was attended with multitudes of patients, seeking and obtaining healing of soul and body; that was more true greatness, than if he had been attended with crowds of princes; he made the dumb who attended him to sing his praises, and the lame to leap for joy, the deaf to hear his wonders, and the blind to see his glory: he had no guard of soldiers, nor magnificent retinue of servants; but as the centurion who had both, acknowledged, health and sickness, life and death, took orders from him. Even the winds and storms which no earthly power can controul, obeyed him; and death and the grave durst not refuse to deliver up their prey when he demanded it. He did not walk upon tapestry; but when he walked on the sea, the waters supported him; all parts of the creation, excepting sinful men, honored him as their Creator; he kept no treasure, but when he had occasion for money, the sea sent it to him in the mouth of a fish; he had no barns nor corn-fields, but when he was inclined to make a feast, a few loaves covered a sufficient table for many thousands. None of all the monarchs of the world ever gave such an entertainment.

By these, and many such things, the Redeemer's glory shone through his humiliation, in the several parts of his life. Nor was it wholly clouded at his death; he had not, indeed, that fantastic equipage of sorrow that other great persons have on such occasion. But the frame of nature solemnized the death of its Author; heaven and earth were mourners; the sun was clad in sackcloth; and if the inhabitants of the earth were unmoved, the earth itself trembled under the awful load; there were few to pay the Jewish compliment of rending their garments, but the rocks were not so insensible; they rent their bowels; he had not a grave of his own, but other men's graves opened to him. Death and the grave might be proud of such a tenant in their territories: but he came not there as a subject, but as an invader, and a conqueror: it was then the king of terrors lost his sting; and on the third day the Prince of Life triumphed over him, spoiling death and the grave.

CELEBRITY OF CRIMINALS.—It has often been a matter of serious consideration to me, how much the natural love of distinction in man must be flattered by the sudden celebrity to which even the worst criminal stands forth, who is eminent for nothing but the greatness of his crime. He has perhaps lived a life of obscurity and want, till by some hideous act of atrocity he becomes the temporary hero of the day. Every newspaper is then thought insipid that has not a column devoted to him; his most trifling actions become objects of intense and universal interest; we are told how he eats, and drinks, and talks, and sleeps. He is visited by the most eminent Christians; he is assured of the certainty of future blessedness. When the day of execution arrives, crowds assemble to witness his conduct and to admire his heroism. The sympathy of thousands is excited,—all gaze in breathless expectation to hear the least sound of his voice, and he dies like a martyr rather than a criminal.

There is a degree of vanity in our nature which the approach of death can scarcely overpower; and if there be a temptation to hypocrisy, or an occasion when hypocrisy is dangerous to the salvation of all, it is on such occasions as these, when a multitude beholds the greatest of criminals almost canonized as a saint;—the least relic of him is carefully treasured,—the very rope on which he was suspended becomes an object of inestimable value; and we saw, on a late occasion, that when the offender became sufficiently notorious, he was finally represented on the stage. Consider how many hundreds are longing for celebrity; how willingly men will sacrifice their lives for fame, and that a few would rather be thus known for their crimes, than not known at all.—*SINCLAIR'S Modern Ac-*

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1837.

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

And so the sceptre has departed from our most gracious and beloved sovereign, King William the Fourth. The idol of his country—the father of his people—the cherished and adored monarch of millions, is no more. Our hearts are filled with sorrow as we write the melancholy sentence. We feel it a painful duty to record the demise of so eminent a prince, and so good a king, as his late majesty. With intense interest do we remember his fine appearance and erect bearing, as he moved slowly along at the head of the funeral procession of his august relative, George the Fourth, amid the flare of a thousand torches, the beating of muffled drums, and the overpowering strains of the most splendid private band in the world. Many were the hearts which throbbed on that memorable night, and with the first melting strains of the instruments in the distance, the gush of tears came involuntarily to ten thousand eyes—even the Soldiers on duty were affected, and many brave fellows who had stood unmoved before the fire of the enemy in a hundred battles, were unmanned, and sobbed and wept like children. Of this fact we were eye witnesses, and never before was our patriotism so feasted and ennobled, as by this truly British sight. But man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live; and thus the royal personage who commanded so much attention on the sad occasion mentioned, has had the like obsequies paid to his memory. Slowly and solemnly have his royal brothers with all the nobility of England, followed him to the tomb of his ancestors—and there have been the blazing of flambeaus—the affecting peal of the funeral drum—the deathlike solemnity of the midnight music—and the briny tears have streamed down myriads of British cheeks, and many have been the hearts whose deep and powerful emotions, have told with a volume of power that William the Fourth is no more. Great Britain may well clothe herself in sackcloth—her mountains and vales become vocal with grief—and all her sons and daughters sigh to the sorrowing winds, for her favourite she delighted to honour is smitten to the dust—her popular sailor king no longer smiles from his throne—her royal William is registered with the mighty dead.

Perhaps no king ever acquired in so short a time, such unbounded popularity as William the Fourth. From the commencement of his reign to its close, the full tide of public favour continued to follow in his wake—his name was never uttered but with enthusiasm, and his presence was always the signal for the triumphant shouts of the populace. Many of the great acts of his reign will occupy a large portion of the pages of British history—but there is one, if possible, casting into the shade all the rest, and with which the royal name of William the Fourth, will be associated in the minds of successive generations:—we refer to that magnificent display of British feeling and British generosity which melted away the fetters of tens of thousands of human beings, proclaiming that slavery should no longer exist amongst British freemen. Yes, the great name of William the Fourth and the glorious extinction of slavery in the British dominions, will be inseparably united, and form a sacred halo of glory encircling our happy and prosperous country. It is not our province to enter into the particulars of the political character of the illustrious dead; all we have to say in this respect is, that all parties, however conflicting their sentiments on other subjects, will agree in the belief, that his late majesty in all his civil proceedings, had the good of his subjects continually in view. To two sources, however, we attribute his great and increasing popularity—the first with regard to his character, and this we believe we shall define in its truest light, when we say that he was a genuine Englishman. Free and open as the day, he was formed in the mould of Britain. There was a heartiness about him, unconnected with frigid formality—a frankness so unusual in a monarch—and the *suaviter in modo* in all his native manners, made up so large a portion of his character,

that his subjects could not but love and adore him. Immediately on his accession to the throne, he issued his royal orders for the opening of the beautiful gardens and terraces attached to Windsor Castle, for the free and constant use of the public, and for many most sweet and lovely walks we have been indebted to the bland and truly noble conduct of his majesty: not unfrequently also have we been disturbed in our studies at Windsor by the popular huzzas of the multitude enthusiastically greeting their favourite king as he has passed in their midst without pomp, and unattended by an imposing retinue of guards and servants. We venture to predict that the public journals of the day in Great Britain, will be filled with numerous amiable traits in his character, and with so many pleasing actions of his life, as will attest the correctness of our remark, that William the Fourth was in deed and in truth, a genuine Englishman. We conceive a second cause of his popularity, was his early connection with the British navy. While in this severe school of discipline he mingled with all classes of persons—saw life under all its aspects, and visited the different countries of the globe. That this connection essentially fitted him to become a popular king, we have no doubt—as a sailor having become familiarized to people of all climes and stations, he could not as a sovereign look coldly upon or stand aloof from his own subjects. But we find that we are exceeding our limits by these hasty observations, and must therefore bring them to a close.

And now the most illustrious monarchy in the world is governed by a youthful Princess, “beautiful in person and brilliant in intellect.” What an epoch in the history of our Country! We can conceive that our fair monarch of eighteen already identifies herself with the great nation which she was born to govern—that her youthful heart ruffles with emotions of trembling ecstasy at the thought that it is her province to live entirely for others;—and that she anticipates a long series of years, composed of successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. And who does not wish Queen Victoria all the glory of a happy and useful reign. As a friend remarked to us, the fact of a female with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, swaying so mighty a sceptre, will produce another age of chivalry. But with our respectable cotemporary we pray, fervently pray—“may He who alone can direct the councils of princes, watch over and guide those of the youthful monarch, to whom He has committed the destinies of the foremost nation of the world.” To this we only add, our hearty Amen and Amen.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON QUACKERY.—Closely connected with the subject of our leader for last week which contains an exponeiment of a specimen of what we may term *surgical quackery* is an animadversion of the fallacies and fatalities of quackery in medicine, or rather in medicines—for in medicine as a science we may hope it is comparatively unknown. On this topic we confess it is difficult to write without too large a display of either temporization or indignation. Yet it should not pass unnoticed or unchastised, as being a palpable, enormous, and expensive evil—as betraying a criminal cupidity and credulity in society—and as carrying decay and death in its train. The puffing, falsifying advertisements and reports of cures that daily grace, we should have said disgrace, the columns of our newspapers—many of them professedly religious, are proofs of this cupidity and credulity. And what if long lists of names (said to be of the first respectability authenticate these cases) is it not a fallen or mistaken respectability which is thus awkwardly associated; and does it not aggravate the evil to find the persons of any respectability will pander their names to the support of a system (if such a heterogeny deserves the name of a system) of such a villanous extraction or design, having avarice alone for its basis and mode of secrecy for its watchword—and reckless of consequences for its motto. “But” say the friends and patrons of the system “it is undeniable that many of our most important cures have been effected by such and such quack medicines;—

admitted there were a hundred such, all well authenticated—what is the value of this proof?—and what does it afford but a hundred fold motive to the indiscriminate and universal use of this *laudanum*. This is conceded by its advocates. Now as a genteel set off for the numerical value of this century of cases, we will presume to set down four thousand and nine hundred cases, not reported, and contributing nothing to the reputation of the medicine;—and if from this we deduct a clear four thousand (which is more than conscience will allow) for indifferent cases, there is a remainder of nine hundred in which positive injury if not mortality has been inflicted—inflicted we will say upon themselves, by their credulity leading them to swallow (perhaps wholesale) unknown poisons. Are medicines purchased of respectable druggists, and prepared with the greatest care poisons then? They are, unless by medicines you intend inert substances, such as gum arabic or bread pills which are equally powerless to do harm or good, for medicines capable of effecting a cure must be active; and as they are not endowed with discriminating intelligence they are equally active when improperly given, and allowing that every person to whom the medicine in question is given is really diseased (which is not competent to know of himself) the chance is not one to two hundred in favour of its being the specific disease for which the medicine is intended. “Oh but they are not intended for any particular disorder, for we should not think it worth while to sell them if this was all they were good for—far from this our Panchymagogum intended to cure the several ills that flesh is heir to:—and would to heaven they were ten times as many that we might have scope for our collocative genius I assure you, my dear sir, that all diseases, of cold and heat, deficiency, abundance and redundancy; antibilious, bilious, and atrabilious, dysenteric, enteric, and mesenteric all formations, inflammations, &c. whether occasioned by fire or mere heat, natural or unnatural, inherited, conceived or received from the times of that prince and paragon of the initiated Signor Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus down to the luminous period of our own Ananias.”

Now if this is not nonsense, it is lunacy—as well may you profess to have found the resting place for the fulcrum of Archimedes—the north west passage—perpetual motion, or the philosopher’s stone, as this elixir of immortality. It is task enough for our faith to believe in any one medicine as a cure for some one disorder—but for one medicine or association of medicines to cure 1. 2. 3. 4. or any number of disorders—demands a credulity that is accustomed to sorcery and falsehood as its proper food—and which would not refuse to believe, or rather swallow, any thing, except because of its being true.

To be serious, we and our posterity, are endangered from this vile source, and we ought to have our minds made up on the subject, and learn as men to distinguish between the man of science, and the garrulous pretender to occult power, to entrust the care of our health to the former only, the authorized agent of divine providence—and to reprobate the latter not as asking our money, or our life, but forsooth both of them. For our part we will neither buy nor sell, swallow nor circulate, advertise nor countenance such Kill-me-quiet-lies as we have set them down for.

Items of news, &c. from the Acadian Telegraph.

The Queen Regent of Spain has granted to Captain W. Jones, of H. M. S. Vestal, the cross of Charles the 3rd—of the highest of the Spanish “orders”, as a testimony of the value which her majesty attached to his conduct in terminating the difficulties at Cuba in the latter part of 1836.

The Rev. Mr. Riehey, who was a resident for some years of Halifax, and was well known and generally respected here, has been for some time Principal of the Upper Canada Academy. Late papers furnish lengthy accounts of interesting and satisfactory examinations of the Academy, which reflected much credit on the Principal.

The Connecticut Legislature has passed a Bill for the abolition of Imprisonment for Debt.

The Queen has dropped her first name Alexandriana, and signs, Victoria, only. Her Majesty has been proclaimed in London with the usual formalities. Lord Melbourne presented a Message from her Majesty to the House of Lords, on the 22nd.—it merely stated, that under circumstances, no new measures would be recommended to Parliament, except those necessary for carrying on the public service until the assembling of the new Parliament. The oaths of Allegiance were taken by both Houses. At the Privy Council assembled at Kensington Palace on the 20th, her Majesty made a declaration,—alluding to the death of her Uncle,—her own youth,—her dependence on Divine Providence,—her reliance on Parliament,—her respect for the constitution,—her resolution to maintain the established Religion, to secure religious liberty to all, and to promote by all means in her power the welfare and happiness of all classes of her subjects.—God save the Queen.

The settlement for the Queen Dowager Adelaide, will be £100,000 a year, and the Houses of Marlborough and Bushy.

The appearance of monetary affairs was decidedly favourable. A New York correspondent says, that the news from Liverpool had given much encouragement in New York,—and that they believed the worst was over in both countries.

An extensive fire, occurred near London, Lower Deptford Road, on the night of the 22nd. The mills of Mr. Thorne were consumed,—the loss is said to be immense.

Another infamous plot against the life of the King of France has been discovered. Several arrests were made.

General Evans had left Spain for London. Much discontent existed in the British Legion. The Queen's cause seems ascending, but slowly. Don Carlos had been defeated in engagements of which the particulars do not appear.

Intelligence from Constantinople states that the American Schooner of War, Shark, with the Charge d' Affairs, Commodore Porter, on board, passed the Hellespont, in contempt of the treaty between the Porte and Russia.

The death of His Majesty will not cause an election in Nova Scotia. An act to prevent such a contingency, which passed in a former session, had received the Royal Assent.

WAR has been declared by Buenos Ayres against Peru.

To-morrow evening at seven o'clock, a sermon will be preached in the Methodist Protestant Church, Dutch Town, and a collection made on behalf of the distressed passengers on board the Panther.

Halifax, N. S. August 3, 1837.

To the Editor of the Acadian Telegraph.

SIR,—In your last paper I was pleased to notice some observations on the subject of the Passengers on board the Panther, although I was sorry to see you confounded the case of the Woodbury with that of the Panther. The passengers who wished to go away in the Cordelia were those from the Woodbury.

My object in writing these lines is simply this: The poor creatures now in the Panther are in a most deplorable state, bordering upon actual starvation. Some provisions have been kindly supplied to them by order of Sir R. George, but still not in sufficient quantities to keep them from suffering acute hunger. Many of them have, more than once since the Panther has been in this harbor, been without food for upwards of forty-eight hours!! Very few of them have any money, and their agreement with the captain was for them to find themselves in provisions, (save wood and water.)

Now are these poor strangers to be allowed to starve? They do not ask to eat the bread of idleness, but complain bitterly that they cannot be permitted to labor, and attempt to gain their livelihood by labour. Could not some scheme be devised for raising money to feed these poor Emigrants? Perhaps a collection might be made for them next Sunday, in the various Churches and Chapels in Halifax. Let only a small sum be contributed by each, and how much suffering would be averted. If any one doubts the extent of suffering on board, let them appeal to the Health Officers. Editors of papers would oblige by inserting the above.

We understand that a collection will be made to-morrow, in several of the churches in town, on the behalf of the sufferers on board the Panther, and that a committee from each of the churches will meet on Monday evening, at half past 7 o'clock, in the Acadian School Room, to devise means for their immediate relief.—Ed. Pearl.

MARRIED.

At Dartmouth, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Garie, Mr. John Skerry, Jr., to Miss Johanna Murray, both of Dartmouth. At Truro, on the 17th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Wm. Henry, to Miss Patience Joyce, of Truro. At Onslow, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. John J. Baxter, Mr. J. N. Parry, of Londonderry, to Miss Lydia Nichols, both of Truro. At St. John's, N. F. on the 27th June, by the Rev. E. Troy, Capt.

Wm. Phelan, of the schr. Collector, of Halifax, to Anastatia, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Molley, of Burin. On the 11th inst, by the Rev. John Burton, Mr. George Austen, to Miss Mary Ann Morrison, both of this town.

DIED.

On board schr. Deposit, of Boston, from Havana for Savannah, 3d July, of fever, Mr. Samuel Spinney, mate, a native of Nova Scotia.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AT HALIFAX:

Friday, July 28—Ship Jean Hastie, Robertson, Demerara, 20 days to J. Leishman & Co.; brig Humming Bird, Godfrey, Trinidad, 15 days, to Salsus & Wainwright; Jaques, Geach, New Orleans, 27 days, to W. B. Hamilton.
Saturday, July 29—Spanish schr. Lacero, Juan, Matanzas, 15 days, to Creighton & Grassie; Grasshopper; Landry, St. John's, 13 days, to Wm. Pryor & Sons; Snowbird, Shelburne, brig Good Intent, Crocker, Berbice, 22 days, to W. B. Hamilton & Co.; Pleiades, Durkee, Montego Bay, 42 days, bound to Quebec.
Sunday, July 30—Schr. Lucy, Pugwash, Lively and Malony, Aribat; barque Exporter, Anwell, London, 56 days, to S. Cunard & Co. and others.
Monday, July 31—Brig Herald, Berwick, Quebec, 12 days, to Fairbanks & Allison; schr. Eight Sons, Jacobs, St. John's, N. F. 8 days, to J. Fairbanks; Dolphin, Boudrot, do. 10 days, to do.; Sable, Hammond, St. John, N. B. 6 days; Amethyst, Hilton, St. Andrews, 3 days, to S. Binney; Phoenix, Gage, Hamburg, 55 days, to M. B. Almon and G. P. Lawson; St. Lawrence, Marmand, New York, 7 days, to G. P. Lawson and S. Cunard Co.; ship Tyro, Ellis, Canton, 140 days—7000 chests Teas, to S. Cunard & Co. Schrs, Mary Ann, St. George's Bay, N.F. to Archibald & Wilkie; Surprise, Yarmouth. Tuesday, Charlotte, Sydney. Mary, Pictou. John Henry, Le Have. Elizabeth, St. Mary's.
Wednesday, Schr Lark, brier Island, La Reine, Sydney.
Thursday, Transport Stakesby, Cork, and St. John's, N.F. brig Clitus, Cork. Schrs Van, Shelburne, True brothers, Liverpool, N. S. Elizabeth, St. John, N. B. Pictou, New York — days, Tobacco, Corn brooms, &c. to J. H. White, J. M. Chamberlain and others.
Friday, Schr Lady, St. John's, N.F. to J. Fairbanks.

CLEARANCES.

AT HALIFAX.

Friday, July 28—Royal Adelaide, Bigg, West Indies, by J. & M. Tobin, brig Halifax, O'Brien, West Indies, by J. Leishman & Co.; schrs. William, Barrett, St. Kitts, by Boggs & Hartshorne; Bahama, Hudson, Nassau, by Deblois & Merkel. 29th, brig Bermudian, Newbold, West Indies, by J. & M. Tobin; schr. Sarah, Tooker, St. John, N. B., by Charman & Co.; Willing Lass, Watt, Chaleur Bay, by S. Cunard & Co.; Mary, Pinel, Jersey, by Creighton & Grassie. Bermudian, Newbold, B. W. Indies, by J. & M. Tobin. 29th Schr Sarah, St. John, N.S. by Charman & Co. 31st, brig Sir P. Maitland, Cork, by C. West & Son. Acadian, Boston, by J. Clark. Schrs Industry, Boston, by Master and H. Fay. Courier, Boston, by Master. Sisters, Boston, do. Hugh Denoon, St. John, N. F. W. Pryor, Jr. and others. Robust, Miramichi; J. & M. Tobin, &c. Aug. 2, brig Emily, W. Indies, J. Leander Starr. 3d, John Bartlett, Philadelphia, Heron, W. I.—La Reine, Boston. Nimble, W. I.

PASSENGERS.

In the Hotspur, from Woolwich, Capt. Walsh, Lieuts. Wilkins, Broughton, Pack, Parker, and Dr. Dassauville, R. A. — In the Gipsy from Bermuda, Mr. Walwright, senr. — In the Jean Hastie from Demerara, Capt. Hamill, (Army) lady and family. — In the Humming Bird from Trinidad, Capt. Hodgson. — In the James, from New Orleans, Mr. C. Hamilton. — In H. M. Packet Swift for Falmouth, Capt. Courtenay, R. N. — In the Dispatch for Newfoundland, Hon. J. Bland, Lady and Family. — In the Herald, from Quebec, W. B. Fairbanks, Esq., and Mr. McKenzie. — In the Stakesby, Major Trydell, Lady and family, 83d Regt. Comy. Lamont, Lady and Family; 20 officers and 71 men of 34th—20 Officers, 42 men, 86th,—2 Officers 71 men 43d,—4 Officers 80 men of 83d. In brig Clitus, Cork, 43 days, 106 passengers. In Acadian for Boston, Hon. S. B. Robie, Lady, and Servant, R. J. Cochran, Esq. Mrs. Buckley, Messrs. Mc. Kenzie, James Cochran and 20 in the steerage.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF HALIFAX AND ITS VICINITY.

MR. WM. F. TEULON, of London (late from Liverpool, N. S.) Practitioner in Medicine, Obstetrics, being desirous of establishing in this Town, in the practice of the above departments; respectfully invites the attention and support of its community, hoping to realize, as the result of many years professional study and experience—and through a diligent and scientific attention to the pathological state and requirements of his friends, especially in the Diseases of Women and Children, the perpetuity and increase of their confidence and favours. Genuine Pharmacopœian Medicines will be kept on sale next door to Mr. H. Bell's Brewery. Aug. 5.

LUMBER AND SHINGLES.

THE Subscriber has for sale at his wharf, in Upper Water Street, 100 M. feet best pine LUMBER. Also, 400 M. best prime Miramichi SHINGLES, previously advertised. ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS. August 5, 1837—4w.

WANTS SITUATIONS,

A PERSON, as Gardener and Steward and useful man about house, well recommended,—also 2 Grooms,—Also a General Servant, could act as Butler, &c.—The above persons are late from Ireland. Apply at this office. August 4.

THE BOSTON AMPHITHEATRE

Under the Management of

MR. H. H. FULLER.

WILL give a variety of splendid Entertainments at Halifax, on Citadel Hill; and as every arrangement will be made for the comfort of the audience, the Manager hopes to receive the patronage of the Inhabitants.

Halifax, on CITADEL HILL, on FRIDAY the 4th August, to be exhibited for

EIGHT DAYS ONLY!

Doors open at half-past 2 o'clock, P. M. and performance at 3, P. M.

Price of admission—Box, 3s. 1d; Pit, 1s. 10d. Children, half-price. July 21.

The Performance will commence with the

GRAND ENTREE,

Led by Mr. FULLER. Clown, Mr. ASTEN.

Grecian Exercises,

By Mr. POTTER, who is unrivalled in this country in his profession.

QUANG CÆLIS will appear, and go through the

Chinese Contortions,

Grand Alemande, by Mr. & Mrs. Asten.

GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.

COMIC SONGS,—By Mr. RIPLEY.

TIGHT WIRE, By Mr. HOOD,

The milk-white Mare MEDORA will go through astonishing performances.

PEASANT'S FROLIC,—By Mr. HOOD.

Clown's Act of Horsemanship,—By Mr. Asten.

SONG,—MRS. HOOD.

The whole to conclude with

BILLY BUTTON'S UNFORTUNATE JOURNEY TO BRENTFORD

On its return from Halifax will visit the following places:—At Newport, 14th of August; Windsor, 15th and 16th; Wolfville, 17th; Kentville, 18th and 19th; Chester, 21st; Mahone Bay, 22d; Lunenburg 23d and 24th; Petit le Rivere, 25th; Mill Village, 26th; Liverpool 28th and 29th.

SALES at AUCTION.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

On TUESDAY next, the 5th instant, at 12 o'clock:

AT the ORDNANCE YARD, by order of the Store-keeper,

A quantity of ORDNANCE Stores.

August 4.

Evening Sales by Auction,

AT R. D. CLARKE'S AUCTION WAREHOUSES,

Every THURSDAY EVENING, commencing at 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.

NOTICE.

THE PARTNERSHIP lately existing under the Firm of DEBLOIS, MITCHELL & CO., being this day dissolved, in consequence of the death of MR. SAMUEL MITCHELL, all persons indebted to the said Firm, or to the late Firm of DEBLOIS & MITCHELL, are requested to make immediate payment to the surviving Partners.

S. W. DEBLOIS, J. W. MERKEL.

July 31, 1837.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS beg respectfully to acquaint their Friends and the Public in general, that the COMMISSION & AUCTION BUSINESS, heretofore conducted under the above Firm, will in future be managed by the Subscribers, in the Names of DEBLOIS & MERKEL, and they hope for a continuation of that patronage enjoyed for so many years by the several establishments with which their Senior has been connected.

S. W. DEBLOIS, J. W. MERKEL.

July 31.

THE BELOVED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I think on thee, when the last glittering rays
From ocean gleam;
I think on thee, when the moon's glimmering gaze
Paints every stream.

I see thee on the distant way, the while
The dust appears:
At dead of night, when on the narrow stile
The wanderer fears.

I hear thee, when with hollow roaring on
The wave has rush'd;
To list, in stilly woods, I oft have gone,
When all is hush'd.

I am with thee—be thou however far—
To me thou'rt near;
The sun sinks down—soon lightens up each star—
Oh! wert thou here!

GREAT WILD BULL HUNT IN POLAND.—Since the brilliant chases of the urus (a sort of bison, of Poland,) of King Augustus III.'s time, in the forest of Bialowicz, of which the fame has been perpetuated by an obelisk with many sounding inscriptions, erected in 1753, in the centre of that ancient forest, these countries have no longer been frequented by hunters, and the sport itself has been proscribed, even under pain of death. Very recently, however, a grand hunt took place, and by appointment of the Russian government, at Bialowicz. The governor-general of the province, Prince Dolgorukow, had fixed the time for the 12th of October (1836), and upon that day arrived from Wilna at the rendezvous, where a great number of hunters and spectators had already assembled. The Chasseurs and Traqueurs mustered nearly 2,000. Some days before they had tracked, and concentrated within the warren, a quarter of the forest forming an angle between two rivers, a troop of about twenty bisons; and to prevent these wild animals from escaping, a circle of fires was kept constantly burning for several days and nights. At eleven in the morning Prince Dolgorukow arrived at the place of meeting in the very heart of the forest, and, after a plentiful breakfast, took his place upon a spacious stage, which had been raised of the white fir for his accommodation and that of his visitors. A signal being given, the trackers proceeded to rouse the brutes. Some time, however, elapsed before the game made its appearance, and it began to be feared that the whole would end in disappointment; when all at once three bisons rushed from the cover, and made, at a full gallop and in a direct line, towards the platform. They had reached with great impetuosity within 200 yards, when one of the chasseurs indiscreetly fired at the leader, but the ball missed, and had only the effect of spoiling sport, for the animals, affrighted, turned about and fled to cover. The sport again flagged for a time, and the prince was beginning to despair, when suddenly emerging from a dense part of the forest, within fifty yards of the stage, another troop of enormous ones, having at their head a male of immense size, and whose long beard floated in the wind were perceived. The animals directed their course towards the spectators; but the leader was soon struck by a bullet from a gun fired by the prince himself, and this, succeeded by three other shots from princes on the stage, made the bull reel some 200 paces, where he fell and was killed. The general shout by which this feat was accompanied, proved that the greatest of the wanderers in the ancient forest of Bialowicz had then been prostrated. The chase soon after terminated; but a few particulars respecting these animals, which are but little known, may not be uninteresting. It appears that they feed almost exclusively upon a wild herb called *tomka*; for, in the severe winters, when this fails them, they perish in great numbers. This is the reason why they are only to be met with in this forest, which, because of the abundance of the grass in question, is called "green" by the country people. As a sort of memorial of this famous hunting-match, every body present carried away a fist full of this grass, which has a strong smell, and something of an almond taste, particularly when dried. In cutting up the ure, the hunters remarked about the head a strong scent of musk, the brain being, it is known, the chief depository of that substance. The flesh may be eaten, though it has a wild flavour: the party partook of it. The skin is very strong, but wants suppleness. —*Journal de Frankfort.*

ALFRED THE GREAT.—During the retreat of Alfred the Great, at Atholney, in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle there, and requested alms; when his queen informed him that they had only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food. Though with little hope of success, the king replied, "Give the poor Christian one-half of the loaf." He who could feed five thousand men

with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our necessities." Accordingly the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity was soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

GEORGE HERBERT.—In one of his walks from Bemerton to Salisbury (whither he went twice a-week to attend the cathedral service), Mr. Herbert espied a poor man, with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which he perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed? but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was, "The thought of what I have done will prove music to me at midnight; and the occasion of it would have made discord in my conscience whensoever I should pass by that place; for if I am bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound to practise what I pray for; and though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion." In another of his walks he overtook a gentleman of Salisbury, and in this walk took a fair occasion to talk with him, and begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith, and said, "I do this the rather, because, though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithes from you by the hand of your tenants; and, sir: I am the bolder to do it, because I know there are some sermon-hearers that are like those fishes that always live in salt water, yet are always fresh." After which expression Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety: and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton; and long after mentioned the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration and praised God for the occasion of knowing him.—*Walton's Life.*

HUGH CAMPBELL,

No. 18, Granville St.

RESPECTFULLY acquaints the Public, that he has received by the late arrivals from Great Britain, a Supply 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, Muscatel and Malaga

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

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy. Curacao and Mareschino.

Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout, Edinburgh and Alloa 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 Barley and Groats, Cocoa, and West India Coffee.

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

TO LET.

THE Premises lately occupied as a Printing Office, and Dwelling, in Argyle Street, opposite the New Engine House. Possession given immediately. Enquire at the office of this Paper, opposite Messrs. Hunter & Chamber's Store. July 28.

IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE.

THE attention of the Public is called to the above article. By the new and improved process of roasting which, the whole of the fine aromatic flavor of the berry is retained. Prepared and sold by

LOWES & CREIGHTON,

Grocers, &c.

Corner of Granville and Buckingham Streets. June 3, 1837.

Canvas, Pork, Beef.**EDWARD LAWSON,****AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER,**

HAS FOR SALE AT HIS STORE;

300 BBL. NOVA SCOTIA PORK,

most approved brands.

25 bbls BEEF, 10 puns. HAMS,

100 bolts bleached Canvas, No. 1 to 6.

25 boxes 8x10 GLASS,

15 casks Epsom Salts,

20 casks White and Red WINES, 18 gallons,

Boxes Starch and Soap; Harness, Leather, Calf skins, Blacking, Lines, Twines, aiats, &c. July 14.

MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL ACADEMY.**THOMAS BURTON,**

BEGRS leave to notify to his friends and the public, that he has opened an Academy in

Brunswick-Street, opposite the New Methodist Chapel, where he intends instructing youth of both sexes, in the following branches of education, viz. Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, generally. Likewise, Maritime and Land Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the Italian and modern methods of Book-keeping by double entry. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals, and advancement of such pupils as may be committed to his care. July 8.

C. H. BELCHER.**BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,**

OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX.

HAS received by the Acadian from Greenock, Part of his Importations for the Season—the remainder expected by the Lotus from London.

BOOK-BINDING in all its branches executed in the neatest manner.

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

PAPER HANGINGS and BORDERINGS, a neat assortment, handsome patterns and low priced. A further Supply of these Articles, of rich and elegant patterns, expected from London.

PRINTING INK, in Kegs.

June 17, 1837.

HENRY G. HILL,**Builder and Draughtsman.**

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has discontinued the Cabinet business, and intends to devote his time exclusively to

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.

He begs to offer his grateful acknowledgments to those who have hitherto patronised him, and now offers his services as an Architect, Draughtsman and Builder, and will be prepared to furnish accurate working plans, elevations 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.

CARD.

DR. RUFUS S. BLACK, having completed his Studies at the Universities of Edinburgh and Paris, intends practising his profession in its various branches in Halifax and its vicinity.

Residence for the present, at Mr. M. G. Black's, Corner of George and Hollis Streets.

R Advice to the Poor, gratis. Sw. July 8.

For Freight or Charter.

THE BRIGT. ELIZABETH, coppered, 121 tons, carries a large cargo, apply to

EDWARD LAWSON,

July 28.

Broker.

PRINTED every Saturday, for the Proprietor. By Wm CUNNABELL, at his Office, corner of Hollis and Water Streets, opposite the Store of Messrs. Hunter & Chambers. HALIFAX, N. S.

TERMS.—Fifteen Shillings per annum—in all cases one half to be paid in advance. No subscription taken for less than six months.