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THE PEARL.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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From the Ladies' Companion.

CONSCIENCE.

'If happiness have not the seat and centre in the breast,
We may be wise, be rich, and great, but never can be blessed.'

There is a feeling implanted in the human breast, which makes sympathy a necessary of our existence, and he who carries with him an uncommunicable sorrow, bears a load which becomes more and more painful each hour of his life. Such is my lot.

To relieve the feelings which sometimes seem bursting from my breast, I will attempt to pourtray my sufferings—on this pure unsullied sheet transcribe my crimes. To whom do I write? To myself alone—a second self can only know my temptations, my fall, and the agony I endure. If there was the most remote probability that one human being would ever know my guilt, I could not bear the thought and live. No, no—it shall die with me whatever it may cost to suppress the utterance of my pangs—I must acquire more self-control—I must learn to conceal from all, the dark cloud which comes over my soul.

I have flown from my crowded apartments, where beauty, talent, and fashion are assembled. My wife gives a musical soiree—a band of newly arrived German musicians are there. She never looked more beautiful, nor seemed in better spirits, than when waiting for the assembling party; but I have dashed her enjoyment for the evening. Yes, I—who, were it in my power, would make her life a gorgeous pageant, a fairy dream. As I left the room, she caught a glimpse of my countenance, she perceived my dark hour was upon me—I knew it from her expressive features, and I know that whilst many are listening to the matchless powers of her voice, or her unequal touch of the instrument, whilst others admire her transcendent beauty—her triumphs—her enjoyments are over. She follows in her thought the one who possesses her heart. She would willingly fly to soothe, to sympathize with him; but she knows it is in vain. She knows there are moments when she, even she is excluded from the presence of one who has sacrificed—what she knew, high-souled and proudly virtuous as she is—that her husband is a—a—I cannot write the word which would truly pourtray me. She never shall know it—no, no! the secret is mine, and mine it shall be to the grave. The grave?—beyond the grave—what then?—away, away! such thoughts distract me. I must not, cannot, dwell upon them.

Men call me good—honest. They look up to me as a man of probity, they cite my name among the honourable. Could they look into my soul? what foul corruption they would behold in one they esteem so highly. I feel how unsatisfactory are their commendations, and yet I could not live without them. I crave them as a diseased appetite craves delicious food. Yes, yes, I shall ever walk among them as one without stain or blemish, and transmit to my children an unsullied name. Is there not one, more mighty than man—who sees all—knows all? Let him tell my tale!

Ambition was ever my ruling passion. In my youthful days, what high aspirings, what longings after distinction possessed my soul.—Sometimes I fancied myself a Demosthenes, guiding a charmed multitude by my eloquence; again I imagined I possessed a great political influence, and controlled the destinies of nations; in short, there is no telling the various flights to which my fancy soared in my day-dreams of the future. One by one these imaginings were dispersed by realities, either the want of talent or circumstances controlled my destiny. My way seemed impeded by every obstacle until I found myself obliged to submit, to confine my ambition to the sphere of a merchant. I entered into business with every

advantage, and my restless soul impelled me to endeavor to become the first among merchants—to be cited as the greatest—the wealthiest. My name known in every part of the world where commerce had sent her emissaries. To have my ships traverse every sea—visit every clime—and bring by my power the productions of every nation to my store-houses. After all is not a merchant a sort of prince? How many sue to him for favors, how many depend on him for means of living?—When surrounded by his clerks, the captains of his ships, his porters, in short the numerous persons in his employ, is he not like a king among his subjects? I entered largely into dashing speculations—I was fortunate; and every one looked upon me as a prosperous and successful man. Society—the *voï-distant* first in our city opened its arms to me—fashion sanctioned my admittance, and I became a favorite.

A bright star soon appeared in the circles where I visited. Cornelia Manners was the most admired person I had ever seen—and well she deserved the distinction which accompanied her, for her beauty, her talents, and her accomplishments were of the highest order. She had been educated in Europe, where her father had been many years as minister to a foreign court. She soon attracted a crowd around her, and I resolved to win the prize. When I became more intimately acquainted with her, her many virtues, her noble qualities inspired me with a sincere and lasting attachment. I soon had the happiness of perceiving I was not indifferent to her. Her father too, encouraged my addresses; for he had expended all his property abroad, and wished to see his daughter well established. He knew she had a taste for magnificence, and he had indulged her in the most extravagant habits.—He was therefore pleased to see her bestow her affections on one who seemed prosperously floating on the tide of fortune, and whose love of *style* would probably coincide with her's.

Fortune, with her proverbial fickleness, seemed as if she only meant to hold the enchanting cup to my lip, to dash it away. Just as I had ascertained the enrapturing certainty of possessing the hand of my matchless Cornelia—when her father had graciously sanctioned our attachment—every thing seemed to turn against me. My speculations proved unfortunate; loss succeeded loss. My affairs grew worse and worse every day, until bankruptcy stared me in the face. Bankruptcy? hideous fiend! Could my proud spirit endure to become a broken down merchant!—never, never! To lose Cornelia too—I was nearly distracted.

Just at this crisis, I received letters from England, informing me of the death of a gentleman with whom I had been intimate whilst he was on a visit to this country. He was a generous-good-hearted fellow, but guided by every impulse. His thoughtlessness often brought trouble to those on whom he wished to confer happiness. He was the second son of a noble family; whilst here he became attached to a young girl of respectable connections, though not rich. Governed by his feelings, he married her without consulting his family. Soon after he received intelligence of the death of the elder brother. His mother urged his immediate return to take possession of his title and estate, as he was now the head of his family; her health being extremely precarious, in consequence of her grief for the loss of her eldest son. He departed, assuring his wife he would soon return to claim her and present her to his mother. When he arrived in England, he found his mother's health in such a state, he dared not reveal his marriage, as he knew the blow to her pride would destroy her. He delayed from time to time the communication, whilst the flattering attentions, the allurements of

pleasure, which rank and wealth receive, became more and more fascinating. The recollection of his wife became proportionably fainter—whilst she—but I will not attempt to pourtray the sufferings of a sensitive woman. Her fragile constitution could not bear up against the sickness of hope deferred. She died after giving birth to a daughter. Her husband was duly informed of these events, but he took no notice of the intelligence. He soon after married a lady of rank, and plunged into a whirl of dissipation. In a few years death deprived him of his mother and his lady-wife. The latter left no children. Shortly after he received an injury from a fall from his horse, which terminated his life. Before he died, however, in the loneliness of his bed of sickness, the recollection of his first love, his neglected wife and orphan daughter, preyed upon him. All the reparation in his power was to leave his personal property, which was large, to his child. The title and estates went to a younger brother. To my charge was confided this property. Her maternal grandmother and myself were appointed sole guardians to the little girl, whilst through me only was the intelligence to be communicated. He had the most implicit confidence in my integrity, and every thing was in my power.

'What a fickle jade is fortune,' thought I, after perusing these papers; 'this large fortune is bestowed on an insignificant little girl, who will be insensible to its advantages, and is quite as well off without it, not expecting it, whilst she frowns on me, when every thing is at stake. One good turn might yet retrieve my affairs. Oh, had I this wealth, Cornelia would yet be mine, and I would have the power to make her life what it ought to be.'

The first step in sin was committed. I had broken a commandment—'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.' Instead of driving temptation from me I allowed fancy to pourtray all I could do if this property were mine. Need I describe how by degrees I became familiarized with the idea of applying it to my use, until I determined to borrow it for the present, and at some future time repay it. The family lived so quietly and obscurely, they would never hear of the death of Lord Grammont, and they had long given up all expectation of any thing from him. In short, ambition, love of worldly distinction, the desire to obtain Cornelia, were too great temptations for me, I possessed myself of that property to which I had no right, and my integrity was gone, gone forever! Oh, you who stand vacillating on the brink of crime, beware how you take one step downwards—for there is an impelling power which leads us on and on until we know not to what depths we shall sink.

I continued my business with the same reputation for prosperity. I married Cornelia, and we commenced an establishment exceeding all others in the city for costliness and elegance. Cornelia was fond of *style*, and I placed no limit to her extravagance. No one was better formed to grace our splendid establishment. We do not content ourselves with a vulgar display of wealth, and suppose we have arrived at the summit, because we expend more money than any one else. She possesses an exquisite taste, and every thing is recherche and in good keeping. The most fastidious critic can find no fault with our establishment or our entertainments. I have obtained—I have struggled for—all I have sacrificed so much to procure. Am I happy, am I contented? Let these groans which burst from me when I fly to solitude to relieve my overloaded spirit, be my answer. Oh! what would I not give to have the integrity of my soul restored—to say to myself there is no human being living whom I have injured—to be free from the feeling of conscious dishonesty! I plunge into business—hurry into company, I am always

in a whirl of occupation and amusement, to silence "the still small voice" within me. It is in vain—it is in vain! It ever cries: 'You have wronged the orphan!' 'You have betrayed the trust of a dying friend!' Sometimes for a long period, I drive reflection away by the succession of business and pleasure; but it returns with redoubled force, and my sufferings, seem more intense for the interval of ease.

My wife tries in vain to penetrate my secret; but I drive her away when my dark hour is upon me—her presence only aggravates me. Yes, even she, dear as she is, can afford no relief by her affection. I feel how unworthy I am of her tenderness. I am conscious how she would spurn from her, one no better than a common swindler. Should I listen to her persuasions and unburden myself to her—how her high soul would reject me! She never must know it—no, never! Cost what it will the secret must die with me!

Five years have passed, and I am still unable to refund my spoils, without retrenching greatly. In short, I have given up all idea of it. When I first appropriated it, I should have started with horror from the thought of never repaying it. I laid the "flattering unction to my soul," that I was only borrowing it, and should soon return principal and interest; but now I have become familiarized with the idea of retaining it—thus do we travel downward in the path of guilt! I cannot repay it without ruin; and what does this little girl want with this large property? She probably leads a calm and quiet life with her grandmother, unmolested by the cares which riches bring. No doubt she has all the comforts of life, and never having known wealth, needs it not. It is very different with Cornelia: she has ever been accustomed to the elegancies of life, and could not live without them. It will not do! Whilst I am reasoning thus, I feel the fallacy of it. Perhaps this girl, this Lousia Seymour, as she is called—how grating is the sound of that name to my ears—it seems as if some fiend were whispering it to me. In the midst of business or pleasure, sleeping or waking, I hear it—I see it written in letters of fire. Perhaps she may need the necessaries of life, whilst I, I am rioting in abundance which belongs to her. But no, no, I will not believe it. She is happy, far, oh, far happier, than he who wronged her of her patrimony. After all, how little is necessary to true happiness! How few things do we really need! how little do riches conduce to that peace of mind which has its seat in the soul. Were it not, oh, were it not for that devouring fiend—ambition, who knows no laws, acknowledges no moral control in its onward path. Why, why cannot I break from this thralldom, and place my desires on what is truly worth obtaining—virtue?

One crime leads to another: I often find myself wishing the death of this girl; and then I should not feel as if there was a being living whom I had wronged. Why, when death is visiting almost every family, taking the young and blooming, why cannot she be called? She the fatherless, the motherless, with no one to mourn for her. Then I could breathe freely—a weight would be removed from my breast. Can it be that I, who am so profuse in my charities, so soft in my feelings—am wishing the death of a harmless, inoffensive being, who has never crossed my path, who knows not of my existence?

A Sunday has passed—a warm, bright spring day—so calm, so still—the bustle of business has ceased—all seems quiet and peaceful. I have been to church. Oh! that I could join in the prayers, and find that peace of mind which all can find but me. I cannot, with an unrequited sin upon my soul! How it bears me down—what an eternal load; sleeping or waking, I am ever conscious of it. The sermon to day, indeed every Sunday, it always seems directed to me. Yes, me—the wronger of the fatherless. The clergyman always looks towards me. Can he divine? Does he know? But these are foolish fancies. Oh! how I wish I could never go to church! Cornelia, however, makes such a point of it, I cannot refuse;

though I am always worse afterward. As I placed my wife in our carriage, the most tasteful and most costly of any in the city—necks were stretched eagerly forth to obtain a smile, a look, or nod from her. The wealthiest, the most distinguished, pressed forward to proffer a hand to me. Was I satisfied then? No! I envied the honest mechanic, as he walked to his home, possessed with an unsullied integrity. I envied the meanest who could say, there lived no human being whom he had injured.

I am blessed with beautiful and healthy children; my wife adores me, for I am a devoted husband and fond father. Men esteem me—they call me a pattern of integrity; I am so in all things but that one act. Yes, as if to redeem my crime as much as possible, I am over-scrupulous in every moral duty—and especially severe in correcting the least apparent dishonesty in all under my control. Do the praises which are poured into my ears, satisfy me? No! they sound like mockery; and yet I cannot live without them. There is a secret consciousness within me, which turns all my blessings into curses, and leaves me a blasted tree—on which the dews of heaven may descend—the sun may shine, but it can never, never blossom again.

I have not sought my pen to relieve suppressed feelings for a long time. I have contrived to drown thought, to banish care. I have been gay—yes gay—the life of the social circle; and I have made Cornelia happy by my good spirits. How her noble countenance is illuminated when she sees me apparently free from care. We have been in a constant round of amusement, and I banished to the depths of my soul all dark reflections—but was it happiness? Was it gaiety which I felt? How different from the tranquil delight of a soul at peace with itself—which I can imagine, but can never feel—no, never, much as I hope for it. My sensations are of a wretch who seeks relief from laudanum for acute bodily pain. The agony of suffering may be lulled, and a wild delirium succeed; but it cannot be called enjoyment. This unnatural state however, is over, and my dark hour is now darker than ever.

I was so fortunate as to possess a young man in my employ, who is the very perfection of men. He was in matters of business a second self. He had the entire control of every thing, and was acquainted with all my concerns, except that one dark spot—which had he known it how he would have despised me—me, one whom he looked on as one of the first of human beings. He was every thing to me, so indefatigable, he seemed to live only to serve me; and I determined to place him in the path of fortune if it were in my power.

One day he informed me he was on the point of marriage. I was pleased to hear it, and resolved to increase his salary. I had been for a longer time than usual in one of my cheerful moods. We were at breakfast one morning, when Cornelia, taking up the newspaper, turned, as is usual with ladies, first to the marriages.

'Ah! Charles Leslie is married!' she exclaimed—knowing the intelligence would interest me.

'Indeed,' said I, 'and what is the fair one's name? Charles did not mention it to me.'

'Lousia Seymour,' said she, reading from the paper.

The cup fell from my hand, I felt as if struck by a thunder bolt. A dark cloud gathered over my face, and I rushed from the room. 'Lousia Seymour!' I cried in fury: 'could he find no other name but that to blast me with? Are there not girls enough for him to marry, but he must seek her in her obscurity? I suppose she will have children too, who will inherit their mother's rights, and I never, never shall be free from the load which oppresses me!'

I felt as if Leslie had done me some wrong, and I was irritated against him. When we met I could scarcely bring myself to congratulate him; and it was done with a very ill grace. From that time, I never treated him with the same friendliness as formerly. His presence constantly irritated me; and my dark hours grew more and more frequent. If Leslie had married that girl on purpose to torment me, I could not have felt

more displeased with him. He never could act afterwards to my satisfaction. I found fault with every thing he did; and when he informed me of the birth of a son, my ire could no longer be restrained. In short he perceived he could not remain with me. He hinted something of the same—and I caught at it with avidity; for I felt, were he out of my sight I might grow calmer, and once more shake off the weight which dragged me down to the lowest depths of despondency. We parted, and I endeavored to dismiss him from my thoughts; for that reason I never inquired his fate—but I missed him every hour, and soon felt I had driven from me a sincere friend. My injustice to him only served to add another sting to my conscience, and my gloom increased. I have succeeded, however, in keeping my feelings under control—I conceal from Cornelia the gnawing worm within me. I am calm—whilst deep, deep in my breast there ever remains a crushing weight—I can never shake off.

It is two years since I parted with Charles Leslie. My children were assembled at home enjoying the Christmas holidays with youthful spirits, devoid of care. Their happiness, their fond affection was like sunshine to my desolate breast. I felt cheered by their innocence, and sparkling vivacity. I spared nothing to make them happy.

On New Year's Eve, as I was returning from my office, where I had been detained later than usual, I remembered I had not yet purchased a gift for my wife. I stopped my carriage at Stewart's, and a variety of elegant articles were displayed. I could not decide, however, until I saw an expensive camel's hair shawl. It was crimson, and I remembered to have heard Cornelia express a desire for one of that color: though she possessed a variety, I knew she had none like that. The price, indeed, staggered even me; however, as the young man displayed it in graceful folds, I imagined how well it would become her queenlike form. I decided to take it, and proceeded homewards with my gift. As I was entering her apartment to offer my present, I perceived a young woman leaving it, whose pale and emaciated countenance attracted my attention. Her apparel was mean and her air dejected: she held by the hand, a pale, half-fed looking boy, a perfect contrast to my own hearty one, who was bounding towards me. A sorrowful countenance always strikes one more forcibly during the holidays when all are cheerful. My wife was speaking to her in a tone of reproof, I overheard her, as I approached, say—

'Indeed, I am very much disappointed. I certainly thought I had a right to expect you would make some exertion to please me.'

'Did you know, Madam,' replied the woman, in a dejected tone, while tears filled her eyes, 'what it was to have a husband in bad health to nurse—and two children ill with the measles—with no one to assist, you would make excuses for me.'

She departed, whilst I passed on to Cornelia's room. 'Who was that woman you were scolding, Cornelia?' said I, entering the room.

'Poor thing!' she replied, 'perhaps I did speak too quickly; but, to tell the truth, I am very much disappointed. She engaged to embroider a merino tunic for Henry to-morrow, and she has just been here to tell me she cannot finish it! He will have to appear on New Year's day in his old one. You know how much he is noticed and admired, he ought to have a new dress. I could have purchased an imported one much cheaper—but this person was in want, and solicited work, and I therefore let her do it, as I had no other work to give her. She is a protegee of mine, whose distress I have often relieved, and I think she might have found some means to oblige me.'

How thoughtless even the best disposed may become, when accustomed to have every wish gratified as soon as formed.

'And who may this interesting looking protegee of your's be?' said I. 'You have never mentioned her before.'

Oh, Henry, I did not care to speak of her to you, Cornelia replied, 'for fear of annoying you. She is Charles Leslie's wife.'

Charles Leslie's wife! Had a stroke from Heaven oblituated me down, I could not have felt more overwhelmed. I sank into a seat breathless, whilst my tumultuous thoughts overcame me. What—she, the rightful inheritor of the wealth which supplied my own and my wife's extravagance, by menial labour supporting a scanty maintenance. Conscience, remorse, could no longer be silenced—all my injustice stared me in the face, and I loathed, I detested myself. What, she contending with want, with sickness, whilst we indulged in every luxury! Oh, what would I not have given to have exchanged my costly abode for the meanest hovel—to take from me the load of guilt which crushed me. I tossed the five hundred dollar shawl to the furthest end of the room. My agitation was so great as to alarm Cornelia—she gazed at me with a look of anxious astonishment. I clasped my hands over my face, whilst deep and bitter groans burst from my oppressed breast. All I had suffered through so many years seemed concentrated in the agony of that moment. At length I raised my head—Cornelia had seated herself opposite to me—her eyes were fixed on mine.

'My husband,' said she, in a tone of determination, 'some secret grief has long oppressed you, which you have ever refused to communicate to me. The time has come when I must know it—whatever it is. It is right, it is necessary for you to unburden yourself to me. I am your wife, I ought to know it—I desire to know it—I must know it.'

She ceased speaking. I felt impelled to obey her—for in her I seemed to behold Truth personified—a power I could not resist.

'I will tell you all, Cornelia,' I said, 'but the tale will annihilate you—will kill me, for you will spurn me. But my agony is so great, that I feel now as if even your contempt could not bring an additional pang.'

I then rapidly, concisely told her my tale. She listened with calmness, for she had wrought herself up to bear it, whatever it might be; but as I proceeded, her features were fixed, she became paler and paler, until she assumed a marble-like whiteness, and she looked like a breathing statue. I finished—a long pause ensued. She stirred not—spoke not. At length, starting up, she said, and her voice was deep toned and hollow:

'A great wrong has been done, Henry, and there is but one way to act now. Reparation must be made—full, complete and immediate.'

'I wish it,' said I, 'from my soul I wish it. Cornelia, but how—how?'

She was hastily putting on her bonnet, and proceeded to wrap her cloak around her.

'Where are you going, Cornelia?' I asked, gasping for breath.

'To Charles Leslie,' she replied.

'To expose me?' I cried. 'To blast our children with their father's shame—just as they are entering life.'

Her lips quivered at the name of her children, and an expression passed across her countenance which revealed the agony of her spirit.

'It must be done,' she said, whilst her voice faltered—'there is no alternative; but I will trust to Leslie. If it can be, the world shall not know the circumstances for our children's sake; and you, Henry, you will feel better, happier when all is over, than you can ever hope to do, if you go on thus.'

'It is almost dark, Cornelia,' I said, 'it commences to snow. I will ring for your carriage.'

'No, no,' she replied, 'it is better for me to go thus. Oh, Henry, how I reproach myself for my unthinking extravagance. It is I—it is I, who am the cause of this! It is the value I placed on the baubles, which surround me' added she, casting a glance around her apartment, more fitted for an Eastern Sultana than an American matron, 'that has brought this upon us. Yes, yes—I see it all now. The scales have dropped from my eyes, and how poor, how valueless, do these outward trappings of life appear, now I know the sacrifice they have cost you.'

She departed. I was left to my own reflections. Need I describe what I suffered during her absence? I remained motionless in the same seat; but how much I lived and endured in that hour. Many may pass through a long life, and their all of sensation and suffering would not be equal to what I experienced then. They may speak of the agony of the rack, but what corporeal pain can compare with mental suffering?

Cornelia returned at length! 'Leslie is all that we wish him,' she said, 'he will arrange every thing, so that they may possess their own, and the world not know the circumstances. Our children will be spared from inheriting a tainted name.'

Two years have passed, and what an alteration in our situation since last I penned my thoughts. We are now residing in a small two-story house in Brooklyn. One female domestic is our only servant. My wife divides her time between household affairs and instructing the girls, and their progress is greater than when they were at a French boarding-school, at an expence of eight hundred dollars each. We are happier: as for myself infinitely happier, since I have surrendered principal and interest—yes, to the last cent, of my ill-gotten spoil. The world the gay and fashionable world, have deserted us; but Cornelia is left to me, and I have nothing more to wish. She made every arrangement for the change in our life. I was passive in her hands. She sustained my often faltering resolution, and strengthened me from the wild suggestions of despair. She supported every thing with unshrinking fortitude, though she could not give up at once, all those luxuries and elegancies, she had long prized so high, without some womanly feeling of regret, and above all, she could not be insensible to the coldness and heartlessness with which she was shaken off by those who had once worshipped her as a 'bright particular star,' by those too, to whom she had given her warm affection, without many a bitter pang. It is, however, all over now.—Her spirit is too noble to cling to the earth—she has found a consolation in the only true source of happiness.

Something is left to us—and I have obtained a situation which brings me in a salary of twelve hundred a year: my spirit is calm, for Cornelia has led me to the path of peace—has taught me the consoling power of religion—has shown me the purity and beauty of virtue. But this calm, this peace was not procured at once. No: The soul cannot pass at once from a state of guilt to a state of innocence. Many were the dark moments, the hours of agony I passed through, before I could hope for forgiveness from that power on whose immutable laws of justice I had trampled—from whose suggestions of conscience I had turned, so long. Now I am happy, there is peace within, and I can glide serenely to my grave, by the 'world forgotten and the world forgot.'

E. S.

HOW TO PROMOTE RELIGION.

The modes of doing good in society are various. We should sharpen our discernment to discover them; and our zeal to put them in practice. If we cannot open men's eyes to the truth of religion by our arguments, we may perhaps open them to its beauty by our moderation. Though he may dislike christianity in itself, he may, from admiring the forbearance of the christian, be at last led to admire the principle from which it flowed. If he have hitherto refused to listen to the written evidence of religion, the temper of her advocate may be a new evidence of so engaging a kind, that his heart may be opened by the sweetness of the one to the varieties of the other. He will at least be brought to allow that that religion cannot be very bad the fruits of which are so amiable. The conduct of the disciple may in time bring him to the feet of the master. A new combination may be formed in his mind. He may begin to see what he had supposed antipathies reconciled, to unite two things which he thought as impossible to be brought together as the two poles—he may begin to couple candour with christianity.

But if the mild advocate fail to convince, he may persuade, even if he fail to persuade, he will at least leave on

the mind of the adversary such favourable impressions, as may induce him to inquire farther. He may be able to employ on some future occasion, to more effectual purpose, the credit which his forbearance will have obtained for him: whereas uncharitable vehemence would probably have forever shut the ears and closed the heart of his opponent against any further intercourse.

HANNAH MORE.

STUDIES OF GREAT MEN.

Observe whether the great lights of the world, of whatever age and nation, have not united the things of the spirit with those of the senses in their contemplations. Zoroaster made the study of the elements subservient to worship. Pythagoras came down from contemplating the starry skies to expatiate on the immortality of the soul. Solon founded his moral on natural law; and Moses used the learning of the Egyptians as a qualification for the service of the God of the Hebrews. It was his broad gaze over the expanse of nature, and his penetrating glance into the intimate connexions of things, that made Socrates the sun of the heathen world, and enabled him to intimate what invisibly exists from what visibly appears. Plato studied geometry and poetry in conjunction,—travelled into Sicily to examine its volcanos, and into Egypt to master its mathematical sciences,—and then returned to discourse of the realities of which these were the shadows,—of the eternal principle which dwells alone, and sends its emanations hither and thither, through the universe. His stern pupil, at whose feet the world lay for centuries, founded his logic on his search "after every star that heaven can show, and every herb that sips the dew." The Stoic philosophy was based on the observation of the immutability of the laws of the universe; and it was this harmonious flow of the tide of being, which filled the soul of Epicurus with serenity and love. Archimedes united metaphysics with his deepest researches into matter. The service which Bacon rendered to mankind, was the furnishing philosophical principles to the pursuit of physical science; and Newton spiritualized his mighty discoveries by a perpetual reference of all that is, to Him who made it.—*Monthly Repository.*

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love: all his perfections and procedures are but so many modifications of his love. What is his omnipotence but the arm of his love? What his omniscience but the medium through which he contemplates the objects of his love? What his wisdom but the scheme of his love? What are the offers of the gospel but the invitations of his love? What the threatenings of the law but the warnings of his love? They are the hoarse voice of his love, saying, "Man! do thyself no harm." They are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition, to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin. What was the incarnation of the Saviour but the richest illustration of his love? What were the miracles of Christ but the condescensions of his love? What were the sighs of Christ but the breath of his love? What were the prayers of Christ but the pleadings of his love? What were the tears of Christ but the dew-drops of his love? What is this earth but the theatre for the display of his love? What is heaven but the Alps of his mercy, from whose summits his blessings, flowing down in a thousand streams, descend to water and refresh his church situated at its base.—*Dr. Waugh.*

HYPOCRISY.—The mask will one day be torn from every deceiver. Ottocar King of Bohemia refused to do homage to the Emperor Rudolph, until, being chastised by the armies of the latter he yielded so far as to agree to do homage in his private tent. The emperor agreed. Just as the king knelt before him, the tent was suddenly drawn away by the cords, and Ottocar was discovered on his knees to the whole army.

A CONSTRUCTIVE COMPLIMENT.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her. "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks; why are we forbid to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

From the American Monthly Magazine.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

Oh, tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair,
It breathes on my lips, and it fans my warm cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and light,
And yet I cannot touch it, because I've no sight.

And music—what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell,
While thrilled to my heart with the deep-going strain,
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.
Now what the bright colors of music may be,
Will any one tell me? for I cannot see.

The odors of flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?
Are these shining angels that come to delight
A poor little child that knows nothing of sight?
The face of the sun never comes to my mind,
Oh! tell me what light is, because I am blind!

H. F. G.

SAVAGES IN FRANCE.

A recent French scientific journal presents a curious detail of the habits and manners of a set of men, natives of France, whom the writer calls, properly enough *demi-savages*; and he remarks on the curiosity which leads Europeans to journey to great distances, in order to study extraordinary races of mankind while at home they have in the midst of their own civilized communities, classes of men equally extraordinary, whose peculiarities are wholly unknown. The author of the account is of opinion that France is not the only country in Europe possessing such savages within her borders, and is convinced that her neighbours might find in their more remote corners, many bodies of men equally wild in their habits. This appears somewhat doubtful, at least with regard to this country; we will say nothing of Italy or Germany, but we think it would be difficult to find in any part of England a set of men so wholly uncultivated as those described by him.

These half savages live in the south eastern extremity of France, near to the Italian frontier, more than half surrounded by the Mediterranean. There is little traffic through their country, the only large road in the department, which leads from Marseilles to Antibes, passing northward of the tract inhabited by them, and having no branches of any magnitude through it. Their only occupation, beyond that of cultivating a little ground or keeping goats, is charcoal-burning, a trade which seems on the continent to be almost entirely abandoned to the more uncivilized portion of the community.

The huts of these people are built of either mud or stones; the construction is as coarse and clumsy as can be imagined, and they have only one apartment. There is, however, a semblance of division; the floor is marked off into three distinct compartments, one of which may be termed the parlour, another the bed-room, and the third is the stable. The parlour is provided with a couple of stones, which serve as a fire-place; three or four larger stones are the seats of the inhabitants, and in a few huts, better furnished, logs of wood are found serving them for this purpose. There is no chimney, but only a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. The middle division of the floor is the bed-room; it is strewed with straw or dried leaves, which are very rarely changed; and upon this couch the whole family, father, mother, and children, sleep promiscuously. But the luxury of a roof is enjoyed only in the winter; during summer all the population sleep without any covering; and to very many the bed-room is wholly superfluous, as they invariably sleep in the open air, whatever may be the degree of cold, or inclemency of the weather. The third division is appropriated to the asses, who are under sufficient discipline not to cross over the line of demarcation, which divides their apartment from that of their masters.

These people are as unaccustomed to cleanliness as they

are to luxury; their dwellings, as well as their persons, are disgustingly dirty; their ragged hair hangs in thick masses over their shoulders, and their beards are never touched until their length becomes inconvenient, when a knife or other cutting instrument is employed to remove the superfluity. Their dress is of coarse stuff, fashioned with little care. "I saw," says the writer, "one of these men on a market-day at Frejus, go to the stall of a cloth merchant, and purchase a piece of coarse stuff; he then with a knife which hung at his girdle made two great holes in it through which he thrust his arms and then fastened this grotesque tunic by the help of two large wooden skewers."

During the summer these people generally take their rest in the daytime; they may be occasionally seen on the top of a frowning rock, supported by a great stick, covered up with skins, and perfectly immovable. Their nights are passed in the woods among the rocks, guarding their goats from the attacks of wolves, which are numerous in these forests; their shrill and savage cries frequently terrify the timid stranger who may have occasion to pass through this wild country.

They appear to have but few ideas, as might be expected from men utterly without any sort of education. When addressed by strangers at fairs or other places where their necessities compel them to resort, their reply is yes or no, or still more frequently a gesture expressive of impatience, or else an idiot stare. Among themselves they rarely converse; a gloomy silence prevails in their dwellings and in their forests, interrupted only by the sharp cries and howlings in which they seem to take delight.

These people are not accused of ferocity, nor do they appear to molest in any way their civilized neighbours, or the strangers whom chance may bring amongst them; they are merely ignorant, and that not only of such culture as is imparted by instruction, but as a consequence of their position, of even such information as the most uneducated man must acquire who lives amongst those who are more fortunate. But these men have had the advantage of neither precept nor example. The only ideas they retain of anything beyond their immediate wants, are a belief of a number of ridiculous omens, such as a few centuries ago were almost universally received, but which are now worn out everywhere except among those who have receded from civilization.

The account from which we draw our information, states that some little moral improvement is taking place amongst these men, from the benevolent exertions of the neighbouring curates; a chapel or two has sprung up here and there on the borders and some few are induced to attend to the instruction communicated in them; by such means, on a more extended scale, aided by the formation of roads through the country, these people may probably be soon brought to a state of civilization, and France will throw off the reproach of possessing inhabitants so much depressed below the general standard of European cultivation.

NOBLE HEARTED ABOLITIONISTS OF AMERICA

I think the abolitionists of the United States the most reasonable set of people that I ever knew to be united together for one object. Among them may be enjoyed the high and rare luxury of having a reason rendered for every act performed, and every opinion maintained. The treatment they have met with compels them to be more thoroughly informed, and more completely assured on every point on which they commit themselves, than is commonly considered necessary on the right side of a question, where there is the strength of a mighty principle to repose upon. The commonest charge against them is that they are fanatical. I think them, generally speaking, the most clear-headed, right-minded class I ever had intercourse with. Their accuracy about dates, numbers, and all such matters of fact, is as remarkable as their clear perception of the principles on which they proceed. They are, however, remarkably deficient in policy—in

party-address. They are artless to a fault; and probably, no party, religious, political or benevolent, in their country, ever was formed and conducted with so little dexterity, shrewdness, and concert. Noble and imperishable as their object is, it would probably from this cause, have slipped through their fingers for the present, if it had not been for some other qualities common among them. It is needless to say much of their heroism; of the strength of soul with which they await and endure the inflictions with which they are visited, day by day. Their position indicates all this. Animating as it is to witness, it is less touching than the qualities to which they owe the success which would otherwise have been forfeited through their want of address and party organization. A spirit of meekness, of mutual forbearance, of mutual reverence, runs through the whole body; and by this are selfish considerations put aside, differences composed, and distrust obviated, to a degree which I never hoped to witness among a society as various as the sects, parties, and opinions which are the elements of the whole community. With the gaiety of heart belonging to those who have cast aside every weight; with the strength of soul proper to those who walk by faith; with the child-like unconsciousness of the innocent; living from hour to hour in the light of that greatest of all purposes—to achieve a distant object by the fulfilment of the nearest duty—and therefore rooting out from among themselves all aristocratic tendencies and usages, rarely speaking of their own sufferings and sacrifices, but in honour preferring one another, how can they fail to win over the heart of society—that great heart, sympathising with all that is lofty and true?—Miss Martineau.

ROMAN WOMEN.—There are many admirable traits in the general character of the women of ancient Rome, which in this age of refinement are truly worthy of imitation. Without encroaching upon the privileges, or hardy occupations of man, they were restrained by no affectation of delicacy from pursuing even the most laborious employments within the domestic sphere. A well regulated household was their highest ambition, and no woman was accounted worthy of the title of wife who was ignorant of the duties of her station. The next object of importance was their strict and unremitting attention to the health and instruction of their offspring, promoting the former by exercise and temperate diet, and the latter by examples of morality and enforcing a constant application either to study or some useful employment, whereby both their mental and physical powers acquired strength. Children of both sexes were alike committed to the mother's care, and the boy, on discarding the *toys* of childhood, was submitted to the still more rigid discipline of his father, with a mind prepared to profit by the councils of the hero or the sage, and with a frame fitted to encounter toil and danger. The Roman women were ardent in friendship, sincere in love, and chaste from principle.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Joy cannot claim a purer bliss
Nor grief a dew from stain more clear,
Than female friendship's meaning kiss,
Than female friendship's parting tear.
How sweet the heart's full bliss to pour
To her, whose smile must crown the store!
How sweeter still to tell of woes
To her, whose faithful breast would share
In every grief, in every care,
Whose sigh can lull them to repose!
Oh! blessed sigh! there is no sorrow;
But from thy breath can sweetness borrow;
E'en to the pale and drooping flower
That fades in love's neglected hour;
E'en with her woes can friendship's power
One happier feeling blend;
'Tis from her restless bed to creep,
And sink like wearied babe to sleep,
On the soft couch her sorrow steep,
The bosom of a friend.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

"The hand that wiped away the tear of want,
The heart that melted at another's woe,
Were his, and blessings followed him."

David Wentworth had the kindest of hearts. There was neither mete nor bound to his benevolence, except inability. And happy were any man who had a title of the prayers that were offered up for the welfare of my friend, by the unfortunate and wretched whom his hand had relieved.

I speak of prayers—for it was the only reward he sought and of course the only reward he obtained, I mean here—but I forget.

David was paying attention to an excellent young lady of his native city. She was wealthy, beautiful and accomplished, and consequently had many suitors. Among them were rich, and noble (in extraction I mean) and handsomer men than David, but *n'importe* there was a kind of frank-hearted, straightforwardness about my friend that could not fail to carry him somewhere near the heart of his mistress, even if an emperor had been his rival.

The young lady hit upon a project to put the characters of her lovers to a test. She had come across a poor widow with a family in distress, in one of her benevolent excursions, and the idea occurred to her that it would be a good opportunity to ascertain the stuff her lovers' hearts were made of. Letters were forthwith indited, setting forth the good woman's tale, and forwarded to the different gentlemen in the widow's name requesting an answer and assistance.

The first reply was a lecture on idleness and begging, and concluded with the information that the writer was not accustomed to give to those he did not know. This was from \$10,000 a year. The second advised her to apply to some of the benevolent societies whose business it was to relieve those who were truly in want. This was from one who had a great reputation for benevolence—who had taken a leading part in several charitable associations, and whose pharisaical liberality had been blazoned in the Gazette. The lady thought, that interested as he was in the success of these institutions, he displayed a very commendable reluctance about taking the business out of their hands. A third from a good hearted and generous kind of fellow—enclosed her a five dollar bill with his compliments. Several took no notice of the good woman's petition. But there was another answer which the lady read with far different feelings. It was from David—from \$800 a year—and I need not say like himself kind and consoling. It spoke of the writer's narrow means, and also of the course he had adopted, of never giving unless persuaded of the object and concluded by requesting an interview. "If," said he, "I find myself otherwise unable to afford the assistance you require, I trust I may be of service in interesting others in your behalf."

Nor was this mere profession. For it was but a few weeks before the widow found herself comfortably located, and engaged in a thriving little business, commenced by the recommendation, and carried on by the aid of my friend. All this was done in genuine Scripture style. There was no sounding of any trumpets—and the right hand knew not the doings of the left. But his lady love was a silent observer of his conduct, and he received many a kind glance from that quarter, of which he little suspected the cause. She began to think that the homage of a spirit like his was not a thing to be despised, and she felt something very much like a palpitation of the heart, as she questioned herself respecting his intention.

Such was the train of thought which was one evening, as is often the case, interrupted by a call from the person who had been its cause. Hour after hour passed by that night, and still David lingered. He could not tear himself away. "She is a most fascinating creature," thought he, "and good as she is beautiful. Can she ever be mine?" And a cloud came over his features and he sat for a moment in silence. "This suspense must be ended," he at length thought. He started as the clock told eleven.

"You will think me insufferably tedious," said he with a faint smile, "but I have been so pleasantly engaged as to take no note of time. And the sin of this trespass upon the rules of good breeding must lie at your door. Besides I have lengthened this visit," he continued after a pause, "under the apprehension that as it has been the happiest, it might also be the last, it shall ever be my good fortune with Miss H."

The lady looked at him with much surprise.

"Nay," said he, "the rest is with yourself. Will you forgive my presumption? I know that others, perhaps more worthy of you, at least nobler and higher in the world's esteem, are striving for the honor of your hand. And yet I cannot restrain myself from making an avowal, which though it may be futile, it is yet but a deserved tribute to your worth." And he popped the question.

The lady did not swoon nor turn pale. But a flush of gratification passed over her face, and lighted her eye for a moment.

She frankly gave him her hand and looked up archly in his face. "The friend of the fatherless and widow," said she, (David blushed,) "cannot fail to make a constant lover and a worthy husband."

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

Selected from the Young Lady's Friend.

Brothers will generally be found strongly opposed to the slightest indecorum in sisters; even those who are ready enough to take advantage of freedom of manners in other girls, have very strict notions with regard to their own sisters. Their intercourse with all sorts of men enables them to judge of the construction put upon certain actions, and modes of dress and speech, much better than women can; and you will do well to take their advice on all such points.

I have been told by men, who had passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of pureminded sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home engagement, of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feeling which they could not share with those trusting and loving friends; they have put aside the wine cup and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good-night.

So many temptations beset young men, of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that your brothers' evenings should be happily passed at home, that their friends should be your friends, that their engagements should be the same as yours, and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle.

There is no reason in the world why any one who is not unhappy, should sit in the midst of gay companions, with a face so solemn and unmoved, that she seems not to belong to the company; that she should look so gloomy and unforbearing that strangers should feel repulsed, and her best friends disappointed. If you cannot look entertained and pleasant, you had better stay away, for politeness, requires some expression of sympathy in the countenance as much as a civil answer on the tongue.

If the natural feelings of modesty are not sufficient to guard you from all personal familiarity with the young men of your acquaintance, let good breeding, and good taste, aid you in laying down rules for yourself on this head.

Do not be afraid to refuse the acquaintance of a known libertine, it is a tribute which you owe to virtue, and if generally paid, would do more to purify society, and keep the moral standard of it high, than the laws of the land or the eloquence of the pulpit.

If you have a proper self-respect, you will not be lavish of your company to any one.

If one person is becoming uppermost in your thoughts, if his society is more and more necessary to your happiness, if what he does and says seems more important than that of any one else, it is time to be on your guard, time to deny yourself the dangerous pleasure of his company, time to turn your thoughts resolutely to something else.

If you attach an undue importance to the acquaintance of gentlemen, it will most certainly show itself in your manners and conversation, and will betray a weakness that is held in especial contempt by the stronger sex.

The following toast was given at a late Railroad celebration in Carlisle, Pa.

WOMAN—The Morning Star of our youth—the Day Star of our manhood—the Evening Star of our age. God bless our Stars.

Fortitude in adversity, and moderation in prosperity: eloquence in the senate, and courage in the field; great glory in renown, and labor in study; are the natural perfections of great minds.

A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts forever.

Nor bathing with cool water, nor a necklace of pearls, nor anointing with sanders, yieldeth such comfort to the body oppressed with heat, as the language of a good man, cheerfully uttered, doth to the mind.

Time may bear us on like a rough trotting horse, and our journey may have its dark nights, its quagmires, and its jack'o lantern—but there will come a ruddy morning at last, a smoother road, and an easier gait.

WITTY REPLY.—A gentleman once made a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world. "Sir," said he, "it is quite impossible that one man should know the whole world, but it is quite possible that some one may know himself."

'I make it a point said a very irritable lawyer, to another, to make my peace with all the world when I retire to my bed.' 'Wonderful' was the answer; 'I have always taken you for a very industrious man and now I am convinced of it for you must really go through a great deal of labor, and particularly about bed time.'

A loving heart incloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden. Hope, is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness, whether it has come or not.

Do every thing so as to have thine own approbation; this is the firm foundation of inward peace.

Gaming is a magical stream; if you but wade enough into it to wet the soles of your feet, there is an influence in the water which draws you irresistibly in deeper and deeper, till you are sucked into the roaring vortex and perish.

The difference between war and peace has been well defined by one of the ancients: 'In the time of peace the sons bury their fathers; in the time of war the fathers bury their sons.'

We soon forget not only our sorrow but the lessons we learned from them.

An English paper tells a good story of a clergyman, who, having received a public document which was ordered to be read in all the churches, and which was particularly obnoxious to the people, very shrewdly told his congregation that though he had positive orders to read the declaration, they had none to hear it—they might therefore leave the church. They availed themselves of the hint, and the clergyman read the document to empty pews!

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives its views first.

For the Pearl.

The following address was read by Beamish Murdoch, Esq. President of the Halifax Temperance Society—at a meeting of the Committee on Monday evening 28th August.

TEMPERANCE.

Gentlemen of the Committee,—

On your entering upon the duties of that office, to which you have been appointed by the unanimous voice of this Society—it seems necessary that the task you have voluntarily undertaken to perform, should be thoroughly understood.

The following statement of duties is not produced by a dictatorial spirit on the part of those who make it: but by an earnest desire to benefit the cause in which we all are, or ought to be, heartily engaged. Members of committee, and Junior ones especially, may not be aware, that on accepting office, they should be more than ordinarily circumspect in their conduct both in private and public; that the opponents of the Temperance Reform may not gain any advantage, nor be able to triumph through the errors of those, who are probably seriously devoted to the advancement of this benevolent work.

The objects of the Society must be accomplished (under the divine blessing) by means, the most obvious, are the activity and zeal of its officers.

The Chairman and Secretaries cannot be expected under ordinary circumstances, to do much more than to organize meetings, conduct the routine business of notices, &c. with the care of making public occasionally the proceedings of the Society—lists of members, comparative progress, etc. Very important duties therefore, devolve on the members of the committee, and unless they consider their office something more than nominal, the society must be paralyzed in its efforts, and lose ground in lieu of making advances.

It appears to be the necessary duty of a committee man: 1st. To attend every meeting of the Society unless prevented by actual illness, and endeavour to prevail on all others, whether members or not, to do the same—committee meetings should also be punctually attended.

2nd. To add to the numbers of members as far as he is able: and to facilitate increase,—the distribution of Tracts and papers on the subject of Temperance becomes his imperative duty.

3rd. The list of names handed to him by the Secretary, should be considered as a commission—and be carefully preserved; be produced at every meeting of the Society, and the additions be taken by the Secretary for insertion in the Society's Books.

4th. To visit where there is any prospect of making converts, particularly among the labouring classes and seafaring people; and not to go singly, but with two or three others, members or committee men, that their arguments, which should always be in kindness and without temper, may have more weight.

Finally:—Whenever occasion suggests any thing for the good of the cause, to communicate frankly with the other officers of the society: to endeavour by amicable concessions and good will to check discord; also, to study carefully the principles of Temperance, in order to be able to defend the cause with sound reasons, when prudent or necessary so to do.

Having in view a great moral benefit, to be conferred first on ourselves, and next on those around us, we should not suffer ourselves to be discouraged by appearances, however gloomy or lowering. The united perseverance of even a few resolved minds, bent on an honourable object which conscience will at all times approve, if governed by prudence, strengthened by zeal, and conducted with method and order, must lead inevitably to the most gratifying results. If we could do no more than to preserve in our minds the good resolutions, and in our personal habits the self denying practices enjoined by the pledge of the Institution—how delightful and pleasing will be our reflections in the closing period of life, when we reflect that we have not only secured ourselves from many evils that necessarily attend on an opposite course; but that we have in our day and generation, as far as we could, set an example of good conduct, and tried our utmost to diffuse moral light and moral good among our fellow men. This we can secure without doubt, by pursuing that wisdom in whose right hand is length of days, and in her left riches and honour; and as to the more distinguished blessings, and more glorious results that are hoped and wished for in the general and extensive reign of Temperance, let us do our part, and leave the result in the hands of the Almighty disposer of events.

AUGUST—The month of the great Cæsar—is here. The summer has reached her last moon. Already her fresh living beauty wears the shadow of change on her green trees and gay flowers. But still Summer is lovely—more refined and touching in the character of her beauty appears her gentle approaches to decay than even, in the full burst of brightness, which the laughing June diffuses around. Like the tender smile on the cheek of some fair girl, where the seal of Consumption is only shown by the peculiar delicacy of the beauty it is perfecting for the grave,

so the flowers and foliage of August are rendered lovelier to our heart by the softness of the shadow over their bloom, which whispers they must soon pass away. Must, but not yet. Much remains to enjoy. The ripe fruits are now to become, in their turn, a beauty and a blessing. As the dreams and hopes of childhood and youth are succeeded by the happiness of real friendships and loves, and the pleasures of social intercourse and benevolent virtues, so the buds of the Spring, and fresh verdure of the early summer give place to the richer maturity of the vegetable creation; thus assuring us that the harvest time will be the crowning grace in the beauty of the seasons.

Who that has the privilege of witnessing the progressive changes of Nature can feel ennuï?—And has not the quiet pleasure of a secluded residence in the country, this charming season, been more truly happy to many a family, whose broken fortunes have compelled them to study economy instead of straining to appear among the *haut ton*, than they have heretofore enjoyed in their Summer tours to the Springs, or a residence at a crowded fashionable watering place?

Oh! it is thoughtful of peace, that best position of the soul's happiness, to reflect on the stability of those blessings which no change of outward circumstances can wrest from the person who has health, liberty, a clear conscience and a heart to appreciate the riches of Nature;—for

“Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her! 'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy, for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of common life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all that we behold
Is full of blessings.”

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1837.

By her Majesty's Packet Hope which arrived here on Wednesday, we have received our file of London papers to the 2nd of August. Those items of most interest to the generality of our readers, will be found below:—

LONDON JULY 17.

THE PROROGATION—BY THE QUEEN.

The novelty of a Queen of England going to meet Her Parliament was not the least attractive inducement to the immense crowds who assembled at an early hour.

The Queen, accompanied by the Grand Officers of State reached the House of Lords amid the acclamations of the people, at two o'clock, and having entered the House, the Commons were summoned to the bar as usual, when Her Majesty read the following most gracious

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

“My Lords and Gentlemen,

“I have been anxious to seize the first opportunity of meeting you, in order that I might repeat in person my cordial thanks for your condolence upon the death of his late Majesty, and for the expression of attachment and affection with which you have congratulated me upon my accession to the throne. I am very desirous of renewing the assurance of my determination to maintain the Protestant religion as established by law—to secure to all, the free exercise of the rights of conscience—to protect the liberties and to promote the welfare of all classes of the community.

“I rejoice that in ascending the throne I find the country in amity with all Foreign powers; and while I faithfully perform the engagements of the Crown, and carefully watch over the interests of my subjects, it shall be the constant object of my solicitude to enjoy the blessings of peace.

“Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“I thank you for the liberal supplies which you have granted for the public service of the year, as well as for the provision which you have made to meet the payments usually chargeable for the civil list.

“I will give directions that the public expenditure in all its branches be administered with the strictest economy.

“My Lords and Gentlemen,

“In taking leave of this Parliament, I return you my thanks for the zeal and assiduity with which you have applied yourself to the public business of the country.

“Although your labours have been unexpectedly interrupted by the melancholy event which has taken place, I trust they will have the beneficial effect of advancing the progress of legislation in a new Parliament. I perceive with

satisfaction that you have brought to maturity some useful measures, amongst which I regard with peculiar interest the amendment of the criminal code, and the reduction of the number of capital punishments. I hail this mitigation of the severity of the law as an auspicious commencement of my reign.

“I ascend the Throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed on me, but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence on Almighty God—It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord.

“Acting upon these principles I shall upon all occasions look with confidence to the wisdom of Parliament, and the affections of my people, which form the true support of the dignity of the Crown, and ensure the stability of the Constitution.”

Lord John Russell, by command of her Majesty, had forwarded a despatch to Lord Mulgrave, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. As this is the most decided political expression of her Majesty, which has appeared since her accession, we copy it here.

Whitehall, July 18.

“My Lord—In confiding again to your Excellency the important charge of administering the affairs of Ireland in her Majesty's name, the Queen has commanded me to express to your Excellency her Majesty's entire approbation of your past conduct, and her desire that you should continue to be guided by the same principles on which you have hitherto acted.

“The Queen willingly recognizes in her Irish subjects a spirit of loyalty and devotion towards her person and government.

“Her Majesty is desirous to see them in the full enjoyment of that Civil and Political equality to which, by recent statute, they are fully entitled; and her Majesty is persuaded that when invidious distinctions are altogether obliterated, her Throne will be still more secure, and her People more truly united.

“The Queen has seen with satisfaction the tranquillity which has lately prevailed in Ireland, and has learned with pleasure that the general habits of the people are in a state of progressive improvement, arising from their confidence in the just administration of the powers of government.

“I am commanded to express to you her Majesty's cordial wishes for the continued success of your Administration, and your Excellency may be assured that your efforts will meet with firm support from her Majesty.

“The Queen further desires that you will assure her Irish subjects of her impartial protection.

“I have, &c.

(Signed) “J. RUSSELL”

INSURRECTION IN PORTUGAL.—On Saturday a letter was received in London from Lisbon, dated the 22nd of July, containing the following cautiously worded proclamation issued by the Queen:—

“PROCLAMATION.

“Portuguese! It is with grief that I see disturbed the repose and happiness of my beloved people: the scourge of civil war again threatens the country. Superior to the hatred and passions of parties, who improperly make use of my name against the national cause, I perceive in concord and reconciliation alone the means of preserving the country from the precipice which is opening before us. Portugueses! I call you to concord and reconciliation, in order not to be obliged to proceed with all the rigour of the laws for the preservation of that order and tranquillity, without which no people will be happy.

“THE QUEEN.

“Palace of Necessidades, July 21, 1837.”

The latest accounts from Lisbon seem to attach much more importance to this insurrection in favour of the Charter of Don Pedro than it was at first viewed with. The insurrection was evidently spreading, and an estimate of the extent of its ramifications may be formed from the fact of its having broken out simultaneously at Estramos, which is in the south of Portugal, and at Valencia, in the North. Although the authorities at Lisbon pretended to attach but little importance to this movement, the extraordinary character of the measures which they had recourse to indicates that they must have viewed it with considerable apprehension.

SPAIN.—Colonel Lacey, of the artillery, is, it is said, to proceed immediately to Spain to settle, if possible, in an amicable manner, the differences between the Queen and Don Carlos; and, if unsuccessful, to intimate that British troops will be employed to put an end to the continued and fruitless destruction of human life. Colonel Lacey is to be accompanied by a small Staff.—*Observer.*

By the Charter of appointment of the hereditary Lord high Chamberlain of England, he has the right to the dress worn by the Sovereign at each coronation, in which he is to appear on the first court after that august ceremony. Query: Will the noble lord who succeeds to this high office be bound literally to fulfil the terms of his charter?—*Country Paper.*

HANOVER.—Paris, July 24, Halfpast Four.—I understand, from very good authority, (though I am delicate in pledging myself for the truth of any information which I have not the means of proving,) that accounts have just been received by express from Hanover, stating that a very violent agitation prevails there among all classes of people, and that the principle personages had met for the purpose of addressing the great powers of Europe. The date of these despatches is not given; but my informant assures me that he has seen them.—*Letter in the Post.*

THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD was very unexpected; he had only just returned from attending his Parliamentary duties; and, although indisposed, his illness was not considered of any importance, and he had appointed the times and places for holding his visitations and confirmations for the present year. On Sunday morning, however, he was seized with inflammation; and, notwithstanding the best medical advice, died at seven the following morning. His lordship was in his 56th year.

THE TWO QUEENS.—When his late Majesty, William the Fourth, went first in State to Parliament, after he had ascended the throne, Queen Adelaide and a number of distinguished ladies assembled in the garden facing St. James's Palace overlooking the park. After the royal procession had passed, the public recognised her Majesty, when a general cry of "The Queen! the Queen!" followed by loud cheers, ensued; on which her Majesty took the Princess Victoria in her arms and placed her on the wall, which seemed to say, "Behold your future Queen." On which thousands rent the skies with their voices, and many a heart breathed out, "God bless you both."—*From an eye-witness of the interesting scene.*

Mr. Buckingham has issued an address to the public, in which he takes leave of us for several years, and announces his intention to make a voyage of prodigious extent, throughout North and South America, the eastern seas and settlements, China, Syria, Turkey, &c. &c. His object is to diffuse civilisation, and improve every country, by impressing the doctrines of Temperance, education, mercy, and peace. He promises to publish a narrative of his progress two or three times a year, as occasion may require and opportunity admit.

TALLEYRAND.—It was yesterday rumoured that alarming accounts as to the health of Prince Talleyrand had been received from Valencay. The *Message* states that the illness of Prince Talleyrand is so serious that his physicians despair of saving him. As long as the gout and paralysis were confined to his legs they were able to contend with them, but they have now attacked the vital parts. The Prince is 84 years of age.—*Galignani.*

LUXURIOUS OMNIBUS.—A novel, commodious, and elegant description of omnibus is about to make its appearance in Paris, offering to each passenger the advantage of an arm chair, with an elastic cushion, which, in summer, will be replaced by a cane seat. In the winter the passengers will have heated plates of iron under their feet. Independently of the tax laid upon every public carriage, the inventors of the new vehicle offer to the city of Paris and hospitals a retribution which in a few years, will amount to about 400,000 francs. It is consequently expected that the prefect of police will allow the new vehicle to be started immediately.

From the Acadian Telegraph.

LAUNCH.—On Wednesday morning, a fine ship, about 500 tons burthen, built by Mr. Lyle, Dartmouth, for Messrs. Cunard, was launched. She went off in excellent style, and was immediately towed by the Halifax and Dartmouth steamer, to Messrs. Cunard's wharf. A large number of persons assembled to witness the interesting ceremony. The ship was named the *Lady Paget*. Her workmanship caused much praise to the builder, and eulogy on the enterprising spirit of her owners was not wanted. The *Lady Paget* is fitted with a patent Windlass, which seems to add greatly to the efficiency and safety of the labour of a crew; the windlass is worked similar to a Fire Engine.

We get the following extract from MR. KEEFLER'S READING ROOM, a source which we have had to thank repeatedly for late intelligence and interesting particulars.

Extract from Log of brig *Emerald*, Capt. Beckwith, arrived Thursday, 22 days from Montego Bay, Jamaica. August 21.—Lat 31°, 30° N. Long. 78°, 20° W. spoke ship Dunlap, of Belfast, Capt. Giffney, 21 days from Campeachy,—for Liverpool, all well. August 23rd. At 9 A. M. Lat. 34, 27 N. Lon. 74, 56

W. saw a wreck ahead. Stood for her, and found her to be the *Rosebud* of Glasgow, with both masts, binnacle rails, and bulwarks gone,—a Jury mast up forward. Hove to and sent on board, and found her, without a living thing on board, loaded with Sugar, Coffee, Tobacco, Segars and Logwood! Weather being very fine, wind light and ahead, resolved to save what we could of her cargo. Lay by her all night and took from her a number of Bags of Coffee, several cases of Segars, and Bales of Tobacco, and on the 24th, at noon, having as much as we could conveniently stow, set fire to the wreck, thinking it dangerous to leave her afloat as she was right in the track of vessels coming from the Southward. The crew had been taken off by some other vessel, as there was nothing left in the cabin, and all the moveables were gone. We could not tell where she was from, except judging by the cargo. Took an extract, relating to the weather, from the log slate of the *Rosebud*.

Aug. 27, at 9, A. M. Lat. 38, 20 N. Lon. 70, 5 W. passed a large mast with yards, topmast and topgallant mast, and sails and rigging attached. Mast and yards painted white.

MARRIED.

At Horton, on Tuesday the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Somerville, Hugh L. Dickey, Esq. of Cornwallis, to Miss Matilda Susanna daughter of the late Captain Samuel Avery, of Horton.

DIED.

In the Poor's Asylum, Robert Milner, aged 76, a native of Halifax. Richard Blackburn, aged 52, a native of England. Mary Ann Rogers, aged 25, a native of Halifax. Peter Egan, aged 60, a native of England. Patrick Walsh, aged 50, a native of Ireland. On Monday evening, Mrs. Catharine Allison, aged 37 years. At Liverpool, N. S. on Friday the 21st July, in the 72d year of his age, Mr. Israel Cole, senr. after a lingering illness. On Wednesday morning last, Ambrose Dunlap, of this town, in the 23d year of his age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AT HALIFAX.—Sunday, August 16.—Schr. *Industry*, Fairbank, Boston, 8 days, to J. Clark and others; Mail Boat *Magaret*, Boole, Bermuda, 7 days; *Amethyst*, Hilton, Yarmouth, to J. T. Bolton; *Victory*, Darby, Sable Island; Ship *Peruvian*, Hare, London, 33 days, to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others. Monday, Aug. 20.—Schr. *Willing Lass*, Watt, Miramichi, to S. Cunard & Co. Tuesday, August 22.—Am. Brig *Cordelia*, Jones, Boston, 4 days to D. & E. Starr & Co., J. Clark, and others; Schr. *Trial*, Barclay-Burin, N. F. 8 days; to A. Black; John Henry, Myers, St. George's Bay, 6 days to W. & L. McNeil. Wednesday, Aug. 30.—Brig *Dove*, Walker, Wilmington, to G. Handley; schr. *Sable*, Hammond, St. John's N. F., to the master; schr. *Carleton Packet*, Landry, Bay Chaleur, to J. & M. Tobin. H. M. Packet brig *Hope*, Lieut. Rees, Falmouth, 25 days, schr. *Margaret*, Furlong, Newfoundland. Thursday, August 31.—Schr. *Two Sons*, Barrington, Elizabeth, St. Mary's, Endeavour, Liverpool, N. S. Eveline, Baker, Philadelphia, to J. Clark. *Emerald*, Beckwith, Jamaica, for Quebec. schr. *Margaret*, Atkins, New York, 6 days, to D. & E. Starr and others. Friday,—brigs *Argo*, Hughs, Trinidad, to Pryor & sons. schrs *Margaret*, St. Mary's, Williams, Canso, Dolphin, Sydney.

CLEARANCES.

Friday, Aug. 25.—*Caroline* Joncas, Quebec. Superb, Smith, P. E. Island, by D. & E. Starr & Co. brig *Herald*, Berwick, Kingston, Jamaica, by Fairbanks & Allison. schr. *Favourite*, Crowel, St. Stephens, by do. 26th, Am. brig *Norfolk*, Matthews, Philadelphia, by J. Clark. schr. *Ant*, Flockhart, Jamaica, by H. Lyle. Star, Kelley, Magdalen Islands, by Fairbanks & Allison. brig *Nancy*, Bichan, West Indies, by J. Strachan. schr. *Hartford*, Bateau, Quebec. ship *Peruvian*, Hare, St. John N. B., by D. & E. Starr & Co. brig *Acadian*, Lane, Boston, by J. Clark. At Yarmouth, August 19.—Ion, Brown, brown, St. John. 21st, brig. *Redbreast*, Lovitt, B. W. Indies. 22d, schr. *Matilda*, Weston, St. Stephens. Mary, Hemcon, do. 23d, schr. *Broke*, Cann, Halifax. brig. *Condor*, Rogers, St. Andrews.

PASSENGERS.

In the *Peruvian* from London, Messrs. Lovett, Raymond, and Dr. Rail, St. John, N. B. Mr. Cassele, Dr. Fugo, R. A. and Ensign Darrell, 85th Regt. In the *Industry*, from Boston, Dr. Slocumb, Mr. Willis, Mrs. Cralman, Mrs. Shoffenburg, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Heffer, Mrs. Hisco, Mrs. Miss, and Master Kaulback, and 8 in the steerage.—In the *Cordelia*, Messrs Walrin, of Barbadoes, Mr. Forsyth, of Pictou, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Ring, and Mrs. Buckley.—In the *Industry*, 18 passengers.—In her M. Packet *Nightingale*, for Falmouth, John Robertson, of St. John, N. B. Lewis Bliss, Esq. and Mrs. Reid.—In her Majesty's Ship *Vestal* for Portsmouth, the Rt. Rev. and Hon. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia and Lady, the Misses Inglis, Commodore Sir Thomas Usher, the Misses Usher, and Mr. and Mrs. Mouchette.

Evening Sales by Auction, AT R. D. CLARKE'S

WAREROOMS, 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.

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. WINES.

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

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.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE COLONIAL HERALD, AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER, A Loyal, Constitutional and Independent Weekly Newspaper.

In submitting a new weekly newspaper to the judgment of the public, it becomes a duty incumbent upon its conductors to state candidly and fairly what are the objects contemplated by its publication.

The professions of Prospectuses are generally and justly regarded with considerable suspicion, therefore we shall for the present make no formal avowal of our Politics—these shall be gradually unfolded as events arise; but we have no hesitation in stating, that our design is, to establish a Journal absolutely and essentially free, bold and uncompromising, ready at all times to support sound principles and useful measures, regardless of Party, and regardless alone of Truth and Honesty—having ever before us the sound maxim, that "that alone is the best policy which secures the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

To go into the whole range of subjects which will necessarily form the contents of such a work as the present, would be tedious and uninteresting. Selection, in a Weekly Paper, is the art in which its conductors ought to excel; and perspicuity of statement and expression, combined with a luminous arrangement of matter, ought to be the aim of their labours. In the news department it shall therefore be our constant object, to present a faithful chronicle of Public events, whether foreign or domestic, literary or political, condensed and arranged in such a manner as to comprise every thing important in the fewest words, compatible with clearness and fidelity.

Independent of our own selections, our columns shall always be open to receive such communications as may tend to give our Paper an Agricultural character. It shall be our ambition to secure for our Journal, among Agriculturists, a friendly reception, and to make it the humble instrument of promoting the comfort and happiness of the practical Farmer.

Original communications, particularly if calculated to convey information and instruction, will be promptly attended to; while the utmost possible care will be taken to exclude from our pages every thing offensive to religious or moral feeling. With no other ends to serve than those of Justice and Truth—no ambition but to be useful—we put forward our claims to a share of public favour; and from the kindly disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking, we have no doubt that our expectations of its success will be realized.

Published by J. B. COOPER & Co., at their Office, corner of Pownal and Water Streets, Charlottetown. Terms, 15s. per annum, payable half-yearly in advance.

Subscriptions received at this Office

CURIOUS ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

A rencontre which Barras had with a bear is worth narrating. It seemed that he had discovered a cavern, in which a bear had taken up his winter quarters, and from which he immediately determined to dislodge him. Single-handed he did not dare to attempt this, and accordingly he chose one of his most hardy companions to join him in the attack. The place which the bear had chosen for his retreat was an almost inaccessible cave on the side of the Pic du Midi, and among its darkest forests. When the two hunters arrived at the entrance of the cave, they consulted as to the best mode of rousing the animal, and getting him to leave it. Barras proposed that he should enter the cave, and wake him, while his companion stood guard without. This extraordinary mode of disturbing the bear's slumbers was adopted, and the sentry having sworn by the blessed Virgin to stand by his friend, the other prepared to enter the cave. For a considerable distance the cavity was large enough to permit of the daring hunter walking upright, but decreasing in height, he had to grope his way upon all fours. While proceeding in this manner, the bear, roused by the slight noise which the hunters had made at the entrance of his chamber, was heard approaching. To turn and run away was hopeless; the bear was too near to permit of this being attempted, so that to throw himself on his face and, take the chance of the animal's passing over him, was the only chance of escape. Barras did so, and the bear walked over him without even saluting him with a growl. His companion at the mouth of the cave did not get off so easily, for, expecting that he would certainly have some warning of the approach of the animal, he was not altogether prepared for the encounter when he appeared, and ere he had time to lift his gun to his shoulder, he was folded in the deadly embrace of the giant brute. Within a few yards of the cave, the precipice was several hundred feet in depth, and in the struggle both bear and man rolled over it together. Barras, eager to aid his friend, followed the bear after it had passed over him, but reached the mouth of the cave just as the bear and his comrade were disappearing over the edge of the precipice. Horror-struck at the dreadful fate of his friend, and without the slightest hope of saving him, Barras rushed forward to descend the mountain-side, and rescue, if possible, his wretched body; when the first glance into the gorge below revealed to him his friend dangling by his clothes among the branches of a thick shrub, which, growing out of a fissure in the precipice, had caught him in his fall, while the bear, less fortunate, had descended to the bottom. To release his friend from his precarious situation was no easy matter; but by the aid of the long sashes which the mountaineers almost always wear, he at last effected it, and drew him to the platform from which he had been so rudely hurled. The bear had lacerated him severely, but he was no sooner on his legs than, expressing his confidence that the bear must have been killed by the fall, he proposed descending to the foot of the precipice to ascertain the result. This with much difficulty they effected, and to their great satisfaction, as well as profit, found among the rocks below the object of their search, in the last agonies of death. Sure of their prize, they returned to the Eaux Chaudes, the wounded man greatly exhausted by loss of blood; and Barras returning next morning to the field of battle, accompanied by a band of villagers, triumphantly carried off the spoil. The occasion upon which Barras related this adventure to me was a very appropriate one; we were then crouching together under a fallen pine of great size, watching a bear pass. I asked him how he relished the bear walking over him in the cave; he said that he knew his life depended on his remaining perfectly quiet; and he drew his large bony hand down my back, by way of indicating the feeling which the tread of the animal gave him.—*A Summer in the Pyrenees, by Hon. J. E. Murray.*

UNPARALLELED MAGNANIMITY.

During the first winter that I passed at Vienna, in 1778, I became acquainted with the count and countess Podotski. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of high rank, whom I have seen on the continent. Her husband a great Polish nobleman, hereditary cup-bearer, or "grand echançon" of the crown, had become in some measure an Austrian subject, in consequence of the first partition of Poland, which took place in 1772. His patrimonial estates lying principally in that southern portion of the kingdom which fell to the share of Maria Theresa, he of course repaired frequently to Vienna; between which capital and Warsaw he divided his time. During the winter of 1776, as the count and countess Podotski were on their way from Vienna to Cracow, the wolves which abound in the Carpathian mountains, rendered more than ordinarily bold and ferocious, in consequence of the severity of the season; descending in great numbers, began to follow the carriage between the two little towns of Oswieczk and Zator; the latter of which places is only a few leagues distant from Cracow. Of two servants who attended him, one had been sent forward to Zator, for the purpose of procuring post-horses. The other, a Heyduc, to whom he was much attached on account of his fidelity,

finding the wolves rapidly gaining ground on them, rode up, and exhorted the count to permit him to abandon to these animals his horse; as such a prey would naturally arrest their impetuosity, and allow time for the count and countess to reach Zator. Podotski immediately agreed to the proposal; and the Heyduc, mounting behind the carriage, left his horse, who was soon overtaken, and torn in a thousand pieces.

They continued their journey meanwhile with all possible speed, in the hope of getting to the town, from which they were at an inconsiderable distance. But, their horses were bad; and the wolves, became more ravenous, as well as eager, by having tasted blood, already were nearly up with them. In this extremity, the Heyduc said to his master, "There is only one way left to save us. We shall all be devoured in a few minutes. I am ready to sacrifice myself, by going to meet the wolves, if you will swear to be a father to my wife and children. I shall be destroyed; but, while they are occupied in falling upon me, you may escape." Podotski, after a moment's reluctance to accept such an offer, pressed nevertheless by the prospect of imminent destruction to them all, and seeing no prospect of any other means of extrication, consented; and assured him, that if he were capable of devoting himself for their common preservation, his family should find in him a constant protector. The Heyduc instantly descending, advanced to meet the wolves, who surrounded and soon despatched him. But, his magnanimous sacrifice of himself, by checking the ardour of their pursuit, allowed count Podotski time to reach the gates of Zator in safety. I believe count Podotski most religiously fulfilled his engagement, to befriend the family of his faithful servant. I cannot say that I have heard him relate this story, himself; but I have received it from those persons who knew its authenticity, and who recounted it to me at Vienna, while the count was engaged in the same room at play, in the hotel of the French ambassador, the baron de Breteuil only about two years after it took place. An instance of more prompt, cool, and generous self-devotion, is perhaps not to be found in the history of mankind; nor ought its value to be in any degree diminished by the consideration, that even if the Heyduc had not acted as he did they must all probably have perished together.—*Wrazalls Historical Memoirs.*

PROFESSOR PORSON.—We have seldom read a better story, to say the least of it than the following. As to the facts of it, we can only say that the statement rests on the authority of the author of "Lacon," whence it is extracted:—Porson was once travelling in a stage-coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused our slumbering professor from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "Oh, sir," replied our tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, sir, that it is some time since you were at college." The professor, applying his hand to his great-coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the leaves for some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then, perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good to find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success. The titling of the ladies informed him that he had got into a hobble. At last, "Bless me, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember that the passage is in Aeschylus." The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Aeschylus, when our astonished fleshman vociferated, "Stop the coach—holloah, coachman, let me out, I say, instantly—let me out! there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket."

MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL
ACADEMY.

THOMAS BURTON,

BEGS 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.

CARD.

MR. WM. F. TEULON, Practitioner in Medicine, Obstetrics, &c. having now spent one year in Halifax, returns thanks for the attention and favors which he has experienced from the public during this term. At the same time he is obliged to acknowledge that owing to the healthy state of the Town, and other causes his support has been very inadequate, — he therefore requests the renewed exertions of his friends, as having with a family of seven experienced great difficulties; but which might soon be overcome if he had a sufficiency of professional engagements. Having practised the duties of his profession three years in this peaceful Province, and nine years in a neighbouring colony, previous to which he had assiduously studied for several years in the metropolis the human sciences; normal and diseased, and the arrangements of Divine Providence in reference to the preservation and regeneration of health in the respective functions; he has obtained a habit, a confidence, and a love of the science and art of healing, which he would not willingly exchange for any of the gifted acquisitions of life, but to give these efficiency he must secure the favours and confidence of a number. With this laudable object before him he respectfully invites their attention, and promises to use his studious endeavours to emulate the conduct of those worthy members of the profession, who have proved its ornaments; and not that only, but the ornaments of civil and scientific life; and also of Humanity.

W. F. Teulon General Practitioner; next House to that of H. Bell, Esq. M. P. A. Aug. 18.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH SEED STORE.

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

ON HAND—a stock of Timothy, Red-top, and Clover—first quality.

E. BROWN, Agent.

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.

C. H. BELOHER,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING,
HALIFAX.

HAS received by the Arcadian 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.

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.

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

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.