

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1837

No. 15.

FRIDOLIN,

Translated from the German, by J. W. [unclear].

We present our readers, this week with the whole of the beautiful ballad, entitled "Fridolin, or the Message to the Forge." The original ballad has, for nearly thirty years, formed the delight of the Germans, and it has furnished the subject of various operas and tragedies. It has been set to a beautiful, simple and affecting melody, by the late regretted Weber. The subject of this ballad is an ancient Alsacian tradition, which is still extant in Lorraine and on the banks of the Rhine; and it is said that Schiller, having heard it repeated at Manheim, made himself master of it, and by the force of his talent, it thus became, in some sort, national.

The translation, though not equal to the vigour of the original, is easy and spirited: and conveys a tolerably just idea of Schiller's powerful delineation.

In beauty's train was never seen
A boy of more engaging mien,
Or more endowed all hearts to win,
Than the fair page, young Fridolin;
His lady was a lofty dame,
The Countess of Saverne by name;
Oh! she was gentle good and mild,
She loved him as a favourite child,
And he loved her with that pure zeal,
Which souls devout for angels feel.

From early dawn to deep in night
He served her with unfeigned delight;
And if the lady bade him rest,
His eyes were d'w'd, his heart oppress'd;
For still he thought his duty vain,
If done without fatigue or pain.

Above the empty pride of birth,
The Countess saw and prized his worth;
She thought not of his low degree,
But of his mind's nobility;
From fairy lips his praises fell,
The sweet reward for doing well.

The huntsman, Robert, saw, with rage,
These favours to a stripling page;
Dark as his fierce and hideous scowl,
The demon hate possess'd his soul:
He watch'd, determin'd to destroy;
The unsuspecting, artless boy;
And one day in his master's ear,
Thus pour'd the subtle poison there:

"How happy is my noble lord!"
The traitor cried with venom'd word;
"Doubt in his bosom cannot dwell,
Nor jealousy, that fiend of hell;
For with so rare a consort blest,
The purest, faithfullest and best,
The serpent-tempter's self must fail
Who dared such virtue to assail."

"What say'st thou, slave!" with frowning brow,
The Count exclaimed, "and thinkest thou
My faith is pinn'd to woman's sleeve,
Whose truth 'twere folly to believe?—
They're changing as the shifting waves,
And he who vaunts their virtue raves;
My faith is built on firmer ground,
And long 't will be ere he is found
Whose lawless passion meets return
From her whose lord's the Count Saverne!"

Robert replied—"The wretch, 'tis true,
Merits, my Lord, but scorn from you;
And though the recreant, vassal-knave
Dares your high dignity to brave,
Lets his loose thoughts and fierce desire,
Even to his mistress' love aspire."—
"Hold!" cried the Count, "of whom you tell,
And does he in this castle dwell?"

"Oh, yes! he daily eats your bread.—
But can it be," the reptile said,
"My noble master's not aware,
Of what to all the household's clear?
'Tis strange! and yet perhaps I'm wrong,
But henceforth I will hold my tongue."
"Speak, or thou diest!" convulsed with rage;
The count exclaimed, "His name?" "The page."

No pen could paint the count's dismay,
While Robert thus went on to say,
"The boy's well-shaped one can't disprove.
And female hearts are prone to love,
And opportunity and youth,
Are dangerous foes to wedded truth;
But then the haughty pride of blood,
Besides the countess is so good;
Yet did your lordship never note
His looks that languishingly dote
Upon her, and that seem to claim
An answer to his amorous flame?"

"And then his verses full of fire,
And sentiment, and soft desire,
Where he avows his love."—"Avows!
And does he thus insult my spouse?"
"Doubtless your lady mild and true,
Thro' pity, hides his fault from you;
But I regret what I have said—
And what have you, my lord, to dread?"

With bursting heart and boiling blood,
The count plunged in the neighbouring wood,
To where his iron-forgers bent
That metal, from earth's caverns rent,
In flames, whose red, terrific light
Perpetual glar'd thro' day and night;
Where fire, water, and man's skill
Subdued the stubborn steel at will.

The count now beckon'd to draw nigh
Two cyclops, that had caught his eye;
Then said: "Slaves listen, and attend!
The first, the very first I send
To you, whose message thus shall run:
The master's orders are they done?
Seize him and hurl him, in a breath,
Into your hottest flames to death!"

The wretches grinn'd with horrid joy,
For in their souls no soft alloy
Of pity dwelt, no tempering glow
To melt their iron hearts to woe;
Forth to the fire, with eager feet,
They speed, to rouse its fiercest heat;
Like demons they exulting wait
The victim of their master's hate.

"Haste, comrade haste, make no delay!"
To Fridolin did Robert say:
"My lord demands you."—Swift as light
The page was in his master's sight;
Who said: "Quick, to the forges run,
And ask if my commands are done."
He bowed, and promised to obey,
But scarce had he began his way,
When justly to himself he thought,
My lady's leave should first be sought;
So he retraced his steps, and came
To ask permission of the dame.

With that sweet voice, whose witching tone
Could move a stoic or a stone,
The countess of Saverne replied:
"My son is ill, I must abide
Beside his infant couch, to save
My first-born darling from the grave:"

Then to the holy mass repair,
My page, and offer up a prayer
For him, and heaven will not despise
A willing heart's pure sacrifice.

With graceful bow, and heart content,
Fridolin from the countess went;
Fleet as an arrow he pursued
His path, impell'd by gratitude.
And now the bell began to toll,
Which vibrates to the sinner's soul.

On sainted ground his steps now trod,
Within the temple of his God;
A silence, solemn and sublime,
There reign'd—for it was harvest time.
No pious hand as yet appear'd
To aid the holy priest rever'd—
Till Fridolin, as quick as thought,
The sacred vests and vases sought,
And offer'd to the holy man
To serve as clerik and sacristan.

His soul was pure and free from guile,
And heaven's own approving smile
Seem'd to endow him with the skill
Required these duties to fulfil:
He well performed his pious part,
His hand was prompted by his heart.

The mass was done, the blessing given
By the meek minister of heaven;
The sacred vessels of the Lord,
By the young clerk were then restor'd:
Each to its proper place with care;
And with a heart as light as air,
A conscience free, and spirits gay,
Forth to the forge he bent his way.

Envelop'd in the stifling smoke,
Thus to two sooty feinds he spoke.—
"The count's commands are they obeyed?"
With looks as hideous as their trade,
They pointed to the gulph of flame,
And grinning said—"We've done the same:
We did the deed like hearts of steel,
The count will thank us for our zeal."

Back to his master now he hies,
But how describe the count's surprise,
To see the beauteous, buoyant page
Return unconscious of his rage!
"Whence comest thou?"—"From my lord's forge:"
And can the burning flames disgorge
Their prey unhurt;—thus thought Saverne;
Then to Fridolin said he, stern:
"Boy, thou hast loitered on the way."
"I did, my lord."—"For what?"—"To pray.

"This morning when I left your sight,
Forgive me, that I thought it right,
Ere I went out first to receive
My lady's orders, and her leave;
She bade me to the mass to go,
And there I pray'd for her and you,
For you, and her, and your sweet heir,
I pray'd, my lord—a grateful prayer."

The count was moved; in his stern heart
Remorse and pity each had part;
He ask'd, conceiving the mistake,
"What answer did the forgermen make?"
"My lord, their words were dark and wild,
They pointed to the flames and smiled:
"We've done the deed like hearts of steel,
The count will thank us for our zeal."

"And met'st thou Robert on thy road?"—
"Nor in the village, field or wood."

Did I the huntsman once espy."—
 "Then God is just," the count did cry.
 "In yon high heaven it was decreed,
 The wretch should die by his own deed."

Thus saying, by the hand he took
 The wond'ring page, and with a look
 Of goodness, and a heart deep moved,
 He led him forth to her he loved.
 The doubt stood trembling in her eye:
 Till from her husband's lips, with joy
 She heard the praises of the boy.
 "Angels," said he, "my sweetest love,
 Angels, that dwell in skies above,
 Are not more pure or free from sin
 Than this fair child, young Fridolin.
 He merits all your kindness dear.
 For he is heaven's peculiar care;
 May God and his good angels still
 Shield him and save him from all ill!"

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NERVOUS MAN. No. 1.

1834. Jan. 20th.—I dreamed that one of my friends died, and though I had important business with him, I was afraid of seeing him; I thought he might be ill of the influenza, and that I should take it. He called on me at night, but I dared not see him, lest he should fall down dead, which would have shocked me.

Jan. 21st.—It was suddenly suggested to me this morning that I should be choked to-day. I therefore ate no breakfast, and fasted till noon, when I thought my throat was growing up. I procured a gargle of Cayenne pepper, a piece of which went the wrong way. I then felt, as sure as destiny, that my end was near. I signed my will, called my family together, who were amazed to see me dripping with a cold sweat; when an old woman, who happened to be in the house, came rudely into the room, and said, "La, meister! what are you doin'? Drink a cup o' cold water, and walk sharp about the room, and ye'll be better anon." I did so, and behold, at night, when I expected to be "laid out," I was quite recovered.

Jan. 22nd.—Awoke this morning, after a troubled sleep, in which I had seen about five hundred fiends, of all sizes, dancing in a large field, among whom were some goat-like bipeds, who led the ring. After breakfast, felt uncommonly calm; thought this boded no good, for as the calm precedes the tempest, and a super-natural invigoration often goes before death, I felt convinced that I should not outlive the day. A violent agitation then followed; all my flesh seemed to heave, and every vein throbbled; I felt as if my muscles had tightened, and thought I should every moment burst, and ordered the new carpet to be taken up, that it might not be covered with blood. But nothing happened, except that I broke three glasses, which fell from my hands.

Jan. 23rd.—At breakfast, I noticed one of my nails was blue, and felt certain it was premonitory of the cholera. Sent for the doctor, who cruel man, broke into boisterous laughter, told me to put on my thick boots, walk six miles, and left by wishing me good morning. I put on my boots; but I had read the day before of a gentleman who dropped down dead as he left his door, and I thought I should do the same. I tried, however, to go, but I felt a crack in my breast, and I thought one of the vital muscles was broken, so I returned to the house, as my servant told me, "white as paint." This confirmed my suspicion, and I got all my medical books down, and concluded that I had the *angina pectoris*, and that, therefore, I ought not to walk.

Jan. 24th.—Dreamed that I should be choked with a fish bone. It so happened that we had fish for dinner; dared not eat any. Thought it must then apply to some of my children, or to Mrs. N.; and, as one of my sons was seized with a cough after dinner, felt convinced that I was right. Examined his throat, and saw what I considered a bone, sticking in one of my tonsils; but all the family said they could see nothing, and the cough went off. At tea, I suspected the water was poisoned, scolded the maid, who gave me notice to quit; but as I vomited much that night thought I was right.

Jan. 25th.—After breakfast, thought I would ride. Had the horse saddled, but as he had been well fed, with no work, he capered; and as I saw, in my mind's eye, in a moment, the following obituary in the next paper, I dismounted, gave a man half-a-crown to lead him home, and reached it myself, all trepidation:—"Last Saturday, by a fall from his horse, Mr. J. N.—, aged 47, much respected. He has left a large family." After tea, I thought the room was full of silver bubbles, and supposed I was going blind. Sent for the doctor, who ordered me to bed, and went out in a huff.

Jan. 26.—Changed my doctor, sold my horse, bought another, which was about seventeen years old. As he was warranted quiet, tried him in harness, and he would not pull, but ran back. Sold him, with £5 loss, and determined to keep no more. Towards evening, it was suddenly impressed on me that I had a brain fever. Had my head shaved, and leeches applied; sent for my new doctor, who laughed to see me bald, ordered me a warm wig immediately, with a cordial, and to bed. Felt my pulse all night, for I could not sleep; examined my tongue, thought it was blue, got my son to examine with a microscope; and, as well as I could, I did it at the glass, and thought it was covered with animalculæ. I washed my mouth with Cayenne water, examined again, and behold my mouth was all blisters.

Jan. 27th.—Could not eat for soreness of mouth. Took a little laudanum, which sent me to sleep, when I fancied all the world was in a dance. Trees jumped out of the ground, the stars darted out of the sky, and I saw Orpheus fiddling, surrounded by bears and elephants, and dancing pigs and camels. When I awoke I began to moralise on the follies of mankind, and thought it a sin to shave. Told Mrs.—I had made a vow to shave no more.

Jan. 28th.—After breakfast, for which I had given orders that I would have some boiled turnips and a gammon of bacon, served up in the old trenchers that belonged to my great grand-mother, and which had been in our kitchen, unused, for the last fifteen years; the barber came. I paid his bill, denounced his craft, gave him all my old razors, and told my son to clear the warehouse from all such modern follies. Looked at all the old portraits, with beards, in my books, and sent for Mr. P., the portrait painter, to see if he could not put a beard on a painting of myself, which he had not long before executed. He promised to do it.

Jan. 29.—At breakfast, I perceived one of my finger nails bent upwards, and thought it a sign of consumption. Sent for the doctor, told him I had found out what ailed me, and desired him to sound me with his stethoscope; I watched his face; he shook his head, and I fainted, because I perceived he admitted my conjectures, and I knew I was not fit to die. He dashed cold water all over me, and I soon recovered, and heard him telling Mrs. N.: "His lungs are as sound as a bell, and ring like brass."—"But, Doctor," said I, "did you not shake your head?" "Yes, I did, sir, but you see my hair is long, and it was falling into my eyes, and was tickling me just then."

Jan. 30th.—This morning I thought I had a spinal disease, and reclined nearly all the day. Had it examined by the doctor, and my servant man rubbed it for an hour with the flesh-brush; felt very alarmed, and determined to write to Mr. St. John Long. After tea, changed my mind, and thought I would visit the south of France. Before bed-time, changed again, and thought I would go with the whale fishers next season, and wrote to Hull for terms. Fancied I could eat a steak for breakfast, from a young horse's rump, and gave orders accordingly.

Jan. 31st.—Awoke with thoughts about the elements of moral metaphysics. Every one appeared wrong. Made new governments, discovered the longitude, and a way to the moon; formed several new sciences, one of which was, that every person was to be found out from the signs of the nose. This I called Nosology. Proposed to write a new encyclopedia, and felt assured that I was born for something great, and that Providence was leading me though this original experience to qualify me to bring about a new order of things. Felt thankful and better.

Feb. 1st.—Arose with a stiff knee, and concluded that

it was a white swelling; sent for the leech woman, who told me of many sad cases, and said the leeches would be always used by the doctors, but that they were all rogues, and this simple remedy would break up the craft. Thought the woman seemed honest, and told her to put on what she thought best; and she applied twenty-five leeches, at sixpence each; but it appeared afterwards that my leg was only asleep, from having been pressed by the other. At night, cut my great toe nail, which was pared too close, and thought it would mortify, so could not sleep till seven next morning, when I arose at ten, and breakfasted on black pudding and ale.

From Laborde's Journey to Mount Sinai and Petra,

MOUNT SINAI.

Continuing our course towards the north, we arrived within sight of Sinai, by a series of valleys, which expand or become narrow according to their composition and the rapidity of the currents that flow through them. After passing a considerable ridge of the mountain which forms the two grand outlets of the peninsula (one, that of Wady Cheick, which takes its course with Feiran into the Gulf of Suez; the other, that of Zackal, which descends towards the Gulf of Akaba), we perceived the convent of St. Catherine, standing silently in the midst of the majestic mountains by which it is commanded. On the left rises Mount Horeb, a prolongation of Sinai; and in the distance extends the plain where the people of Israel encamped on their journey through the wilderness. When we entered the convent, we were surprised, after having just quitted the desert, where we had seen only a wretched and unsettled people, to find the interior so neatly arranged and in such excellent order, and inhabited by so many cheerful and healthy monks. Ascending to their apartments, we beheld from them that magnificent prospect to which no artificial addition has been made to increase the charm of reality. The air of tranquillity, however, which we observed, is far from being uniform; clouds frequently lower over this peaceable horizon.

In order to complete my pilgrimage, it was necessary that I should ascend Mount Sinai. None of the monks were disposed to accompany me; they lent me therefore one of their Arabian servants a sort of Helots among the Bedouins, to be my guide, as well as to carry the provisions which were necessary for this fatiguing journey. I fastened myself to the rope, and the windlass being turned round, I was gently deposited at the foot of the walls of the convent. The rope was rapidly drawn up again, to assure the poor monks that they were perfectly isolated in the midst of this hostile desert. The window, which is the only entrance,—the cord, which is the only communication with the external world,—give to the whole of this building a grave and solemn appearance. When I was drawn up by means of this machine, I felt the same impression as if I heard the creak of the hinges of a large door which closes on the visitor who enters through curiosity a state prison. This peculiarity appears to have existed from the time when the monks were obliged to protect themselves from the repeated hostilities of the surrounding Arabs.

Mount Horeb forms a kind of breast, from which Sinai rises. The former alone is seen from the valley, which accounts for the appearance of the burning bush on that mountain and not on Sinai (Exod. iii. 1. 2). Our course towards the summit of Sinai lay through a ravine to the south-west. The monks had arranged a series of large slabs in tolerably regular order, which once formed a convenient staircase to the top of the mountain. The ruins, however, have disturbed them, and, as no repairs had been for a long time attended to the stairs were in many places in ruins. Just before reaching the foot of Sinai, immediately after quitting Horeb, the traveller sees a door built in the form of an arch; on the keystone of the arch a cross has been carved. We passed another similar door before arriving at a small level spot, whence we discovered the summit of Sinai, and the two edifices which surmount it. The nearest building is the chapel of the convent, the farther one is the mosque. In the distance of the design is seen the chapel of Elias in ruins; and in the foreground the fountain and the cypress, which give

some degree of animation to these rocks, whose grandeur is entirely lost by being compressed within so limited a space. The superior of the Franciscans found two cypresses and three olivetrees in this place, but the cypress alone still survives. We climbed with difficulty to the top of Sinai, resting on each cliff or salient part of the rock to which some traditions have been annexed by the inventive faculty of the monks, who have communicated them to the Arabs, always ready to listen to narratives of this description. Arrived on the summit, I was surprised by the briskness of the air. The eye sought in vain to catch some prominent object amid the chaos of rocks which were tumbled round the base, and vanished in the distance in the form of raging waves. Nevertheless, I distinguished the Red Sea, the mountains of Africa, and some summits of mountains which I easily recognised by their shapes: Schommar being distinguishable by its rounded masses, Serbal by its shooting points, and Tih by its immense prolongation. I visited the ruins of the mosque and of the Christian Church, both of which rebuke, on this grand theatre of the three religions that divide the world, the indifference of mankind to the creed which they once professed with so much ardour. Descending by the ravine which separates Sinai from Mount St. Catherine, we found, amidst the numerous traces of the veneration formerly paid to all these places, the stone from which Moses caused water to spring forth by the command of God. (Exodus. xvii. 1-6. This ravine, placed out of the course usually taken by travellers and pilgrims, has necessarily escaped their examination. It deserves, however, to be visited, even at the risk of all the fatigue with which such a journey would be attended, although the traveller had no other object in view than to admire those magnificent rocks, the profound silence that reigns amongst them, and the ruins of those modest hermitages, which remind us of the ages when religious enthusiasm led pilgrims far from their native land, and a pious resignation taught them to live happily, or at least tranquilly, in the midst of this vast solitude.

THE CEDARS AND STREAMS OF LEBANON.—The Scriptures contain frequent references to the fountains, wells, and streams of Lebanon, as well as to its cedars and other trees. To those who are acquainted with the local scenery of the tract where they are found, the allusions of the prophets appear very striking. We learn from Hosea (xiv. 7) that Israel shall one day be as the "wine of Lebanon;" and its wine is still the most esteemed of any in the Levant. What could better display the folly of the man who had forsaken his God, than the reference of Jeremiah (xviii. 14) to the "cold flowing waters" from the ices of Lebanon, the bare mention of which must have brought the most delightful associations to the inhabitants of the parched plain? The Psalmist (xxix. 5) declares that "the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon" and a more sublime spectacle can scarcely be conceived, than the thunder rolling among these enormous masses, and the lightning playing among the lofty cedars, withering their foliage, crashing the branches that had stood the storms of centuries, and with the utmost ease hurling the roots and trunks into the distant vale. But by Isaiah the mountain is compared to one vast altar, and its countless trees are the pile of wood, and the cattle upon its thousand hills the sacrifice; yet, if a volcanic eruption were to burst forth from one of its summits, and in torrents of liquid fire to kindle the whole at once, even this mighty holocaust would be insufficient to expiate one single crime, and the sinner is told, that "Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof for a burnt-offering" (Isa. xl. 16). The trees of Lebanon are now comparatively few, and with them are gone the eagles and wild beasts, to which they afforded shelter; and it is of its former state, and not of its present degradation, that we are to think, in reading the glowing descriptions of the prophets. "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary and I will make the place of my feet glorious" (Isa. lx. 13).—Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.

SUMMER EVENING.

Continued from page 91.

The brook, the hedge, the rose, the plants, the tower,
The dappled plain, the grove, the flowery mead,
The sombre shades, the cool sequestered bower,
Betray the paths where lovers choose to tread.
Th' expressive word—nor less expressive sigh,
The chaste embrace, fond kiss, and parting tear,
Whether in joy or doubt escaped the eye,
Impelled by love, were consecrated here.
With arms entwined, and steps of gentlest pace,
They tread the lawn—or solitary lane
Sensibly meeting in each others face
The leading source of pleasure or of pain.
'Bespeak me happy'; Albert whispers there,
The secret hope attends his prayer sincere.
Oh Emeline! may heaven thy heart prepare
To name me thine: now and for ever dear!
Th' unconscious glance, the clear expressive brow,
The more expressive windows of her soul,
And coral lips, all speak, though silent now;
Speak the pure passion that commands the whole
Heart beats to heart,—responding sigh to sigh,
Recording feelings scarcely else confessed;
The blissful moments all transported fly,
Till deepening shades recall the world to rest.
The rich perfumes arise, and spread abroad,
Collectively we taste them in the air,
Reviving fragrance, health's secure abode;
Th' expenses of our spirits to repair.
O leave the town, where sickness lurks unseen:
And taste th' ambrosial essence of the flowers.
Come, share the country clothed in living green,
Come, feast your senses, and renew their powers.
Those glowing souls, induced at last to part
Have gained the highway side, where dwells the fair;
The choice of all that's precious to each heart,
Makes parting now, a task not slight to bear,
Hard the expression of the sad farewell,
Nor comes the moment when to turn away;
Art cannot picture, eloquence not tell,
The smartful pains such retrospects convey.
At last resolved,—each gives the wistful smile
Gives the last, tender, soul attracting, word.
Young Albert's arms, attend her o'er the stile;
His heart attends where its complaint is heard.
Be constant still! And still remember me,
Adieu! Dear Emeline! For ever thine,
No power on earth shall turn my love from thee.
Adieu! Adieu! Be thou for ever mine!
He now returns:—if 'tis indeed himself
When, as he left his dearest half behind,
T'other's in her absorbed:—so quite bereft
What is he more than shadow of his kind?
Now roaming heedless of the objects near,
Lost to himself and all but Emeline;
Possess in turns with joy, with hope and fear
While love prevails, in constant flame within.
Above his head, upon the trembling spray
The Nightingale pours forth her charming song,
Give ear! To her sweet notes devotion pay,
For love doth her fall melody prolong!
That faithful bosom warmed with social fire
Expands with all the joys a bird can feel;
Whilst to the cherished object of desire
She carols forth her lays with lively zeal.
Thou pride of British songsters, charming bird!
Thou much admired, thou sweet Philomela
Melifluous strains, as aye by mortals heard
Scape from thy throat in thrilling melody.
Thy song reminds me of meandering Thames
"Though deep yet clear—though gentle yet not dull,"
Though small thou art, great praise thy sonnet claims
"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing fall."
Sweet Bird remain! And warble sleepless there:
And let the hills and vales return thy lays;
Let man resemblance to thy conduct bear
Nor think he stoops to sing his Maker's praise.

TEULON.

THE FATE OF AN ADMIRAL.—The *Naval Magazine* for July contains a French account of the battle of the Nile, wherein the following appalling scene is described:—"The admiral's ship still fought, though her masts, embraced by the flames, tottered to their fall: she yet gave to her companions in arms an example of a glorious defence: the sailors of *l'Orient* behaved in the face of fire as did the crew of *le Vengeur* in the face of the waters. When the flames took possession of the second deck they retreated to the lower deck, and continued to defend themselves with the same obstinacy; but the conflagration pursued them to this new asylum; the cannon are once more loaded, a voice announces that the fire has reached the gun-room; the moment is extreme. While some of the sailors hastened to bring up such of the wounded as there might be a hope of saving, the last broadside burst from the battery, and its defenders, rushing through the ports, leaped into the sea. The hold of *l'Orient* was then witness to an act worthy to crown this heroick catastrophe. The young Casa-Bianca, when all was over, left the scene of combat and hastened to the apartment for the wounded, where his father was; there was no hope of saving the life of this brave captain. A sailor strove in vain to tear this child from the vessel about to be blown in the air. 'No, no,' cried he, throwing himself into the arms of his father, who, weeping, would have repulsed him, 'this is my place father, let me die with you.' The sailor fled: the next moment a frightful explosion is heard; an immense column of fire is seen to rise in the air; everything seems enkindled by this dazzling light; the fleet, the sea, the shore, desert, and then relapses into obscurity and silence. Nothing is now seen but the dim flashing, which so much light leaves in the eyes, and nothing is heard but a dull tinkling, the noise of the fragments, and the splashing of the cannon as, having been thrown toward the heavens, they fell one by one into the sea. The two fleets, struck with stupor, seemed for the moment to forget the battle, and it was near a quarter of an hour after this catastrophe before it was renewed." The noble sacrifice of filial affection on the part of young Casa-Bianca, here described, has been since immortalized in the well-known lines beginning,

"The boy stood on the burning deck," etc.

BRIDGE OF THE NILE. The construction of the gigantic bridge of the Nile, so long projected, is at length about to commence, and will be completed, it is said, in less than six years. This colossal work is to be erected at the point of the Delta, five leagues below Cairo, at that part of the river where it divides into two branches. During winter and a part of spring the waters of the Nile are too low to be turned to the account of agriculture; the bridge will therefore be made to form a kind of lock, to keep the waters at all times at the necessary elevation. The husbandman will thus be spared an infinity of labour, and will only have to direct the irrigation into the canals of absorption. The preliminary works of rectifying the bed of the river, raising dykes, and digging the lateral canals, will require 24,000 labourers, besides which, the arsenal of Alexandria is to supply 340 smiths and 650 carpenters. As Egypt cannot easily furnish so great a number of arms, it is in contemplation to employ four or five regiments of infantry upon the works. The stones are to be transported by a railroad, to extend to the mountains of Mokatam, which are two leagues distant from the Nile.

"Mamma," said a child, my Sunday-school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a little while, that we may prepare for a better world—but mother, I do not see any body preparing. I see you preparing to go to see the country—and aunt Eliza preparing to come here. But I don't see any one preparing to go to heaven. If everybody wants to go there, why don't they try to get ready?"

The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage are presages of our future glory, as shadows indicate the sun.

COUNTRY LODGINGS.

(Concluded from page 109.)

Every thought of the Count Choynowski was engrossed by the fair Helen; and we saw with some anxiety that she in her turn was but too sensible of his attentions, and that every thing belonging to his country assumed in her eyes an absorbing importance. She sent to London for all the books that could be obtained respecting Poland; ordered all the journals that interested themselves in that interesting, though apparently hopeless cause.

It was clear that the peace of both was endangered, perhaps gone; and that it had become the painful duty of friendship to awaken them from their too bewitching dream.

We had made an excursion on one sunny summer's day, as far as the Everley Hills. Helen, always impassioned, had been wrought into a passionate recollection of her own native country, by the sight of the heather just bursting into its purple bloom; and M. Choynowski, usually so self-possessed, had been betrayed into the expression of a kindred feeling by the delicious odour of the fir plantations, which served to transport him in imagination to the balm breathing forests of the North. This sympathy was a new, and a strong bond of union between two spirits but too congenial; and I determined no longer to defer informing the gentleman, in whose honour I placed the most implicit reliance, of the peculiar position of our fair friend.

Detaining him, therefore to coffee, (we had taken an early dinner in the fir grove,) and suffering Helen to go home to her little boy, I contrived by leading the conversation to capricious wills, to communicate to him, as if accidentally, the fact of her forfeiting her whole income in the event of a second marriage. He listened with grave attention.

"Is she also deprived," inquired he, "of the guardianship of her child?"

"No. But as the sum allowed for his maintenance is also to cease from the day of her nuptials, and the money to accumulate until he is of age, she would, by marrying a poor man, do irreparable injury to her son, by cramping his education. It is a grievous restraint."

He made no answer. After two or three attempts at conversation, which his mind was too completely pre-occupied to sustain, he bade us good night, and returned to the Court.

The next morning we heard that he had left Upton, and gone, they said, to Oxford. And I could not help hoping that he had seen his danger, and would not return until the peril was past.

I was mistaken. In two or three days he returned, exhibiting less self-command than I had been led to anticipate. The fair lady, too, I took occasion to remind of this terrible will, in hopes, since he would not go, that she would have had the wisdom to have taken her departure. No such thing; neither party would move a jot. I might as well have bestowed my counsel upon the two stone figures on the great gateway. And heartily sorry, and a little angry, I resolved to let matters take their own course.

Several weeks passed on, when one morning she came to me in the sweetest confusion, the loveliest mixture of bashfulness and joy.

"He loves me!" she said; he has told me that he loves me!"

"Well?"

"And I have referred him to you. That clause——"

"He already knows it." And then I told her, word for word, what had passed.

"He knows of that clause, and he still wishes to marry me! He loves me for myself! Loves me, knowing me to be a beggar! It is true, pure, disinterested affection!"

"Beyond all doubt it is. And if you could live upon true love——"

"Oh, but where *that* exists, and youth, and health, and strength, and education, may we not be well content to try to earn a living *together*?—think of the happiness comprised in that word! I could give lessons;—I am

sure that I could. I would teach music, and drawing and dancing—anything for him! or we could keep a school here at Upton—anywhere with him!"

"And I am to tell him this?"

"Not the words!" replied she, blushing like a rose at her own earnestness; "not those words!"

Of course, it was not very long before M. le Comte made his appearance.

"God bless her, noble, generous creature!" cried he, when I had fulfilled my commission. "God for ever bless her!"

"And you intend, then, to take her at her word, and set up school together?" exclaimed I, a little provoked at his unscrupulous acceptance of her proffered sacrifice. "You really intend to keep a lady's boarding-school here at the Court?"

"I intend to take her at her word, most certainly," replied he, very composedly; "but I should like to know, my good friend, what has put it into her head, and into yours, that if Helen marries me she must needs earn her own living? Suppose I should tell you," continued he smiling, "that my father, one of the richest of the Polish nobility, was a favorite friend of the Emperor Alexander; that the Emperor Nicholas continued to me the kindness which his brother had shown to my father, and that I thought, as he had done, (gratitude and personal attachment apart,) that I could better serve my country, and more effectually ameliorate the condition of my tenants and vassals, by submitting to the Russian government, than by a hopeless struggle for national independence? Suppose that I were to confess, that chancing in the course of a three year's travel to walk through this pretty village of yours, I saw Helen, and could not rest until I had seen more of her—supposing all this, would you pardon the deception, or rather the allowing you to deceive yourselves? Oh, if you could but imagine how delightful it is to a man, upon whom the humbling conviction has been forced, that his society is courted and his alliance sought for the accidents of rank and fortune, to feel that he is, for once in his life, honestly liked, fervently loved for himself, such as he is, his own very self,—if you could but fancy how proud he is of such friendship, how happy in such love, you would pardon him, I am sure you would; you would never have the heart to be angry. And now that the Imperial consent to a foreign union—the gracious consent for which I so anxiously waited to authorize my proposals—has at length arrived, do you think," added the count, with some seriousness, "that there is any chance of reconciling this dear Helen to my august master? or will she continue a rebel?"

At this question, so gravely put, I laughed outright. "Why, really, my dear count, I cannot pretend to answer decidedly for the turn that the affair might take; but my impression—to speak in that idiomatic English, more racy than elegant, which you pique yourself upon understanding—my full impression is, that Helen having for no reason upon earth but her interest in you, rattled from Conservatism to Radicalism, she will, for the same cause, lose no time in rattling back again. A woman's politics especially if she be a young woman, are generally the result of feeling rather than of opinion, and our fair friend strikes me as a most unlikely subject to form an exception to the rule. However, if you doubt my authority in this matter, you have nothing to do but to inquire at the fountain-head. There she sits in the arbour. Go and ask."

And before the words were well spoken, the lover, radiant with happiness, was at the side of the beloved.

LIGHTNING AND CHAIN CONDUCTORS.—The Melville monument at Edinburgh was struck by lightning on Friday morning. The conductor was a chain, the greater part of which was found at the bottom of the monument after the accident, quite hot, and having a calcined appearance. The chain in its fall had forced open an iron door leading to the outer plinth at the top of the monument, and just below the statue; it had also dislodged some stones at the top of the monument; but it was clear that the conductor had saved the monument, for no mark of the lightning was found on the stone or iron other than itself.

CURIOUS ASTRONOMY.

The Greenlanders believe that the sun and moon are sister and brother. They, with other children, were once playing together in the dark, when *Aninga* behaving rudely to his sister *Malina*, she rubbed her hands in the soot about the extinguished lamp, and smothered his face, that she might discover by day-light who was her tormentor; and thus the dusky spots on the moon had their origin; for she, struggling to escape, slipped out of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun. He followed up into the firmament, and was transformed into the moon; but as he has never been able to rise so high as she, he continues running after her, with the vain hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry, in his last quarter, he sets out from his house a seal-hunting, on a sledge drawn by four great dogs, and stays several days abroad to recruit and fatten; and this produces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die, and *Malina*, in revenge, rejoices when the men die: therefore the men keep at home during the eclipse of the sun, and the women during an eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, *Aninga* prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the females, and steal provisions and skins, nay even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods; and the men carry kettles and chests to the top of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky. During an eclipse of the sun, the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of their dogs; and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come; for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenland logic, they must have a quicker foresight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute, (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment,) then the dissolution of all things must be at hand.

From the Saturday Courier.

ECCENTRICITY OF DR. BEECHER.

Genius often appears to be accompanied with an unusual share of eccentricity. Nature, perhaps, in order in some degree to counterbalance the value of this gift, while she gives it the brilliancy, also attaches to it a portion of the erratic properties of the comet. It may indeed usually be the fact that those who are most highly endowed in intellectual powers, actually possess more of the elements of singularity than belong to others; or it may be that their elevation brings forth their peculiarities to public notice, and exposes them more to the gaze of the world, thus inculcating the idea that eccentricities which belong to every station of life, and grade of mind, are the common concomitant of genius alone.

Speaking of eccentricity reminds me of Dr. Beecher, the eminent orthodox divine, who some years since emigrated from the Athens of the east to the metropolis of the west. He is a man of undoubted and commanding abilities with an intellect vigorous, original, and ever brilliant, and a fund of rare and extensive attainments. Yet never was there a more eccentric being. From the anecdotes in circulation respecting him, we should be inclined to believe, that if ever a man needed a *flapper* it is he. For in absence of mind, he is unparalleled, and his abstraction often gives rise to ludicrous occurrences. It is said that it is not unusual for him to ride down from his seminary to the city, and walk back leaving his horse and carriage standing in the streets, through sheer forgetfulness. The citizens, indeed, are so much accustomed to his odd ways, that as a matter of course they take upon them the care of his deserted beast and vehicle, when left in this situation.

In the earlier part of his ministerial career, when settled in a country town in Connecticut, though he had not attained his present celebrity, he exhibited many of his singularities. Returning one day from fishing, (an amusement of which he was very fond) his ears were saluted with the sound of his own church bell. On enquiring with some surprise of one of the congregation whom he

met, the occasion of the ringing, he was reminded that he had appointed a preparatory lecture upon that day. The congregation had already assembled, and there was no time to be lost, and attired in his sporting garb, he hurried to the church, threw down his fishing rod at the door, deposited his fish in his pocket and entered the pulpit. He arose after the usual preparatory exercise and announced for his text, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." It is said by those who heard him, that never in his most palmy days, did he excel the extemporaneous discourse which he delivered upon this occasion.

Dr. B.'s chief forte is reasoning. In desultory debate especially on metaphysical subjects, he is invincible. I have heard an anecdote of him in this particular, which reminds me strongly of the incidents in the fiction of 'Tremaine.' A young lawyer of fine abilities, and an acute and inquiring mind, but a confirmed infidel, after having tested his prowess in religious debate with many other preachers, sought an interview for this purpose with Dr. B. He made known his desire, and was politely received. The Doctor conducted him into his cellar, took his saw, commenced sawing wood, carrying on the argument in the intervals. The exercise, he remarked, by quickening the circulation of his blood, gave a peculiar flow to his spirits, and force and quickness to his ideas. The conference was thus carried on at different interviews for several days, and resulted in complete triumph in favour of the Doctor. His antagonist was driven from all his infidel positions, and brought to a sincere belief in the religion he had opposed. He left his profession for the purpose of entering upon that of the ministry, and became the pupil of the author of his conversion. B.

TURKISH CEMETERIES.

The superiority of the Turkish cemeteries over those of Europe may be accounted for in several ways. Their head stones are more picturesque and various—their situation better chosen—and, above all things the Mussulman never disturbs the ashes of the dead. There is no burying and re-burying on the same spot, as with us. The remains of the departed are sacred.

When a body is committed to the earth, the priest plants a cypress at the head; and another at the foot, of the grave; and hence those far-spreading forests, those bough over-canopied cities of the dead, which form so remarkable a feature in Turkish scenery. Should only one tree in six survive, enough still remain to form a dense and solemn grove; but the Turks have a singular superstition with regard to those that, instead of lancing their tail heads towards the sky, take a downward bend, as though they would fain return to the earth from whence they sprang; they hold that these imply the damnation of the soul whose mortal remains they overshadow; and as, from the closeness with which they are planted, and their consequent number, such accidents are by no means rare, it must be at best a most uncomfortable creed.

Where the acacia trees blossom in their beauty, and shed their withered flowers upon a plain of graves on the right hand, immediately in a line with the European cemetery, is the burial ground of the Armenians. It is a thickly-peopled spot and as you wander beneath the leafy bows of the scented acacias, and thread your way among the tombs you are struck by the peculiarity of their inscriptions. The noble Armenian character is graven deeply into the stone! name and date are duly set forth; but that which renders an Armenian slab (for there is not a head-stone throughout the cemetery) peculiar and distinctive, is the singular custom that has obtained among this people of chiselling upon the tomb the emblem of the trade or profession of the deceased.

Thus the priest is distinguished even beyond the grave by the mitre that surmounts, his name—the diamond merchant by a group of ornaments—the money-changer by a pair of scales—the florist by a knot of flowers—besides many more ignoble hieroglyphics, such as the razor of the barber, the shears of the tailor, and others of this class; and, where the calling is one that may have been followed by either sex, a book, placed immediately above the appropriate emblem, distinguishes the grave of the man.

Nor is this all: the victims of a violent death have also their distinctive mark—and more than one tomb in this extraordinary burial place presents you with the headless trunk of an individual, from whose severed throat the gushing blood is spirting upwards like a fountain, while the head itself is pillowed on the clasped hands! Many of the more ancient among the tombs are richly and elaborately wrought, but nearly all the modern ones are perfectly simple; and you seldom pass the spot without seeing groups of people seated upon the graves beneath the shadow of the trees, talking, and even smoking. Death has no gloom for the natives of the East.

The Turkish cemetery stretches along the slope of the hill behind the barrack, and descends far into the valley. Its thickly planted cypresses form a dense shade, beneath which the tall head-stones gleam out white and ghastly. The grove is intersected by footpaths, and here and there a green glade lets in the sunshine, to glitter upon many a gilded tomb. Plunge into the thick darkness of the more covered spots, and for a moment you will almost think that you stand amid the ruins of some devastated city. You are surrounded by what appear for an instant to be the myriad fragments of some mighty whole—but the gloom has deceived you—you are in the midst of a Nekropolis—a City of the Dead. Those chiselled blocks of stone that lie prostrate at your feet, or lean heavily on one side as if about to fall, and which at the first glance have seemed to you to be the shivered portions of some mighty column—those turban-crowned shafts which rise on all sides—those gilt and lettered slabs erected beside them—are memorials of the departed—the first are of ancient date; the earth has become loosened at their base, and they have lost their hold—the others tell their own tale; the bearded Moslem sleeps beside his wife—the turban surmounting his head stone, and the rose-branch carved on hers, define their sex, while the record of their years and virtues is engraven beneath. Would you know more? Note the form and folds of the turban, and you will learn the rank and profession of the deceased—here lies the man of law—and there rests the Pasha—the soldier slumbers yonder, and close beside you repose the ashes of the priest—here and there, scattered over the burial-ground you may distinguish several head-stones from which the turbans have been recently struck off—so recently that the severed stone is not yet weather-stained; they mark the graves of the Janissaries, desecrated by order of the Sultan after the extinction of their body; who himself stood by while a portion of the work was going forward; and the mutilated turbans that are half buried in the long grass beside these graves are imperishable witnesses to their disgrace—a disgrace which was extended even beyond the grave, and whose depth of ignominy can only be understood in a country where the dead are objects of peculiar veneration.

Those raised terraces inclosed within a railing are family burial-places; and the miniature column crowned with a fez, painted in bright scarlet, records the rest of some infant Effendi. At the base of many of the shafts are stones hollowed out to contain water, which are carefully filled, during the warm season, by pious individuals, for the supply of the birds, or any wardering animals.

The Turks have a strange superstition attached to this cemetery. They believe that on particular anniversaries sparks of fire exude from many of the graves, and lose themselves among the boughs of the cypresses. The idea is at least highly poetical.—From Miss Pardoe's *Turkey in 1836*.

HONORING THE APOSTLES.—Surely I have entered on the register the strangest name imaginable. A mason's wife, and belonging to the next parish, presented her urchin. What took place is exactly as follows: 'Say the name, madam,' said I, with my finger in the water. 'Acts, sir,' said she. 'Acts!' said I. 'What do you mean?' 'Thinks I to myself, I will ax the clerk to spell it. He did—Acts—so Acts was the babe, and will be, while in this life, and will be doubly, trebly so registered if it ever marries or dies. Afterwards, in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a

name. Her answer, verbatim—'Why sir, we be religious people, we've got vour on 'em already, and they be Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and so my husband though he'd compliment the apostles by calling this one Acts.' Complimenting the apostles with this little dab of living mortar was too much; even I could not help laughing. I have no doubt she will go on to Revelations, they being particularly religious people.—Blackwood.

[From the Scotsman.]

SCIENCE—NEW AND BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.

When in London a few days ago, we learned that an eminent scientific gentleman is at present engaged in maturing an invention which promises to lead to the most astonishing results, and to exert a vast influence on the future progress of society. It is an *Electric Telegraph*, the powers of which as much surpass those of the common instrument bearing that name, as the art of printing surpasses the picture writing of the Mexicans. The Telegraph consists of five wires, enclosed in a sheath of India Rubber, which isolates them from each other, and protects them from the external air. A galvanic pile or trough is placed at the one end of the wires, which act upon needles at the other; and when any of the wires, is put in communication with the trough, a motion is instantly produced in the needle at the other extremity, which motion ceases the moment the connection between the wire and the trough is suspended. The five wires may thus denote as many letters; and by binary or ternary combinations, the six-and-twenty letters of the alphabet may easily be represented.—By a simple mechanical contrivance, the communication between the wires and the trough may be established and stopped as the keys of a piano forte are touched by the hands of a practised musician, and the indications will be exhibited at the other end of the chain of wires as quickly as they can be read off. In the experiments already made, the chain of wires has been extended to a length of five miles, (by forming numerous coils within a limited surface;) and the two ends being placed near each other, it is found that the transmission of the electricity is, so far as the human senses can discern, perfectly instantaneous.—Little doubt is entertained that it may be conveyed over a hundred or a thousand miles with the same velocity; and the powers of the instrument promise to be as great as its action is rapid. It will not be confined, like the common telegraph, to the transmission of a few sentences or a short message, and this only in the daytime, in clear weather, and by repeated operations, each consuming a portion of time, for while it work by night or by day, it will convey intelligence with the speed of thought, and with such copiousness and ease, that a speech slowly spoken in London might be written down in Edinburgh, each sentence appearing on paper within a few minutes after it was uttered four hundred miles off! There may be practical difficulties attending its operation as yet unknown but we speak here of what intelligent men acquainted with the experiments now in progress, look forward to as their probable result. If the promise these experiments hold out be realized, the discovery will be perhaps the grandest in the annals of the world; and its effects will be such as no efforts of the imagination can anticipate. A capital like London, with these electric nerves ramifying from it over the whole country, would be truly the *sensorium* of the empire. Men a thousand miles from each other would be enabled to confer as if they were in the same apartment, or to read other's thoughts as if they were written in the sky. It would supersede the post, even though carried with railroad speed. Compared with it, the winged winds that "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," would be lazy messengers. In a despotic country, it would invest the Prince with something like omniscience; and in a free state, spread a thought or an impulse from one extremity to the other in an instant, and give the people a power of simultaneous action which would be irresistible. It is proper to add that the author must not be answerable for our account of his invention, as we had no communication either with himself or any of his friends. Our informant, however, was a man of science.

D E W.

All have been struck with the beautiful phenomenon of dew, and must have had frequent occasion to observe its beneficial effects. A single dew-drop, so beautifully pure and clear, and so lustrous in the morning sunshine, is an object well worthy our attention and admiration. And when we see the fields and lawns, with their innumerable plants, strewn with "orient pearl," and sweetly refreshed by the copious moisture, so as to be prepared for the scorching heat of day, can we fail to be delighted by the beauty of the scene, and profoundly impressed by the inimitable skill with which all vegetation is thus watered and revived?

If we inquire into the causes of dew, and the periods of its more abundant formation, we shall find the same marks of creative skill and benevolence that meet us in every other field of physical research. In all substances heat exists in a greater or less quantity; and from these it radiates in all directions, like light from a luminous body. Thus there is a constant and mutual interchange of heat between all kinds of bodies on the earth's surface, and consequently a tendency to a universal equalisation of temperature. Heat is also given off from bodies by conduction; but conduction strictly speaking, is only a particular, though a very remarkable, case of radiation. The process of conduction, moreover, is much less general and important than of direct radiation, which, in the great operations of nature, is the chief means of transmitting heat from one substance to another. A great portion of the solar heat absorbed by the earth in the course of the day, is radiated into the cooled air during the night; and the radiation proceeds till the surface of the ground is at a lower temperature than the surrounding atmosphere, provided only the sky be serene. If the sky be cloudy, most of the radiated heat is retransmitted from the clouds to the earth, so that the temperatures of the earth and atmosphere remain nearly equal. When the heat is not radiated back, but allowed to escape into the higher regions of the atmosphere and the exposed surface of the earth, and of the substances upon it, thereby becomes colder than the air, it results from the principle of the condensation of vapour by cold, that a deposition of the invisible moisture floating in the air takes place. This moisture generally exists in the greatest quantity when the heat of the sun is powerful and continued; and at nightfall it is ready to be condensed into visible globules by the relatively cold substances with which it every where comes in contact. These globules of condensed vapour form what is called dew, and should be carefully distinguished from the moisture which is formed into clouds, and which visibly descends in the shape of rain or fog. Thus, dew cannot properly be said to fall, as it has been erroneously supposed to do. It is merely caused by the condensation of moisture contained in the air that is in contact with a cold substance; and its formation is strictly analogous to that of the moisture which appears on the inside of windows when the external air is suddenly chilled,—of that which appears on a cold stone or piece of metal when we breathe upon it,—or of that which is observed on a glass of cold spring water, in a warm room.

It has been ascertained by experiment, that dark coloured bodies radiate heat, and therefore cool, with greater rapidity than bodies of a light colour. A dark or green substance, if it be exposed to the night air, will be covered with dew, while substances of a brighter colour, in similar circumstances, will remain almost dry. If the surfaces of the latter be smooth or polished, their radiation will be still less perfect, and their dryness consequently greater. In our morning walks we frequently see the green grass and bushes plentifully bedewed, while the light materials of the road remain untouched. Here we perceive a new and beneficial effect of the prevailing colour of vegetables. Green is not only a lively and beautiful colour, and least hurtful to the eye, but green substances are among the best radiators of heat, and are therefore most liable to condense the moisture of the surrounding air. Thus the leaves of plants, which require a constant supply of moisture, being mostly of a green colour, are admirably fitted to procure it.

In warm and settled weather, when the hot day is succeeded by the calm clear night, dew is most abundant. Now, it is just then that it is also most necessary; for the heat of the sun, unmitigated by any cloudy screen, increases greatly the general evaporation, and there is no rain to compensate for the increased quantity of moisture of which plants are thereby deprived. In cloudy weather, when the solar heat is mitigated, and rain is more abundant, dew is less necessary to the health and nourishment of plants; and it is precisely such weather that is most unfavourable to its formation. The clouds, as we have already seen, radiate back the heat transmitted from the earth, and thus prevent the temperature of the ground from sinking to the dew-point. Frequently, when a clear nocturnal sky is suddenly covered with clouds, the dew already formed is evaporated, as the temperature of the earth is increased by the counter-radiation from above. And, again, should the clouds clear away, and the sky become serene, dew immediately begins to form. Thus,

there is not unfrequently an alternate formation and evaporation of dew in the course of the night, as the aspect of the sky fluctuates between clear and cloudy. In covered or shady spots, it has been observed, that there is always the least dew. The shade or covering radiates back the heat, and thereby keeps up the temperature of the ground below. Thus, in the recesses of the wood, where on account of the impervious shade, there is least evaporation during the day, little or no dew is formed upon the rank grass, which is otherwise well provided with moisture: so little superfluity of means is there in the works of nature. In the production of any given effect there is an economy of resources which, while it greatly enhances to our apprehension the wisdom and skill of the Creator, is well fitted to teach us a useful moral lesson.

Most of the grand phenomena and aspects of nature are mentioned in scripture, and so applied as to teach or illustrate some important lesson. They are spoken of as declaring the glory of God in creation; they are employed to represent his dealings with the children of men. The snow, the hail, the thunder, and the storm, are appealed to as grandly shewing forth his power, and terrible majesty; the wind, "that bloweth where it listeth," the early and the latter rain, and the gently dropping dew, are used as appropriate images of the blessings continually showered down from on high, and especially of the influence of the Holy Spirit upon the soul. The Bible, designed to be an intelligible record of divine instruction, abounds in imagery borrowed from material nature, and expressly adapted to arrest and charm the attention. It contains many beautiful allusions to the phenomena of dew.

The beneficial effects of dew, in reviving and refreshing the entire landscape, have already been adverted to. How frequently do we observe the aspect of the fields and woods improved by the dew of a single night. In the summer season especially, when the solar heat is most intense, and when the luxuriant vegetation requires a constant and copious supply of moisture, an abundant formation of dew often seasonably refreshes the thirsty herbs, and saves them from the parching drought. In Eastern countries, like Judea, where the summer is fervid and long continued, and the evaporation excessive, dew is both more needed, and formed in much greater abundance, than in our more temperate climate. There it may be said to interpose between the vegetable world and the scorching influence of a powerful and unclouded sun,—to be the hope and joy of the husbandman, the theme of his earnest prayer and heartfelt gratitude. Accordingly, the sacred writers speak of it as the choicest of blessings wherewith a land can be blessed; while the want of it is with them almost synonymous with a curse. Moses, blessing the land of Joseph, classes the dew among "the precious things of heaven." (Deut. xxxiii. 13); and David, in his lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, poetically invoking a curse upon the place where they fell, wishes no dew to descend upon the mountains of Gibeon. The Almighty himself, promising, by the mouth of one of his prophets, to bless his chosen people, says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon" (Hosea, xiv. 5). Here the refreshing and fertilising effects of dew beautifully represent the prosperity of the nation which God specially favours and protects. The dew is also employed by the prophet Micah to illustrate the influence of God's people in the midst of an evil world, where he says, that "the remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people, as a dew from the Lord" (Micah, v. 7). What emblem more expressive of that spiritual life, in some of its members, which preserves a people from corruption and decay!

Another beautiful application of the dew in Scripture, is its being made to represent the influence of heavenly truth upon the soul. In the commencement of his sublime song, Moses employs these exquisite expressions,—"My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass" (Deut. xxxii. 2). Similar passages might be quoted from the sacred writers, wherein, by a felicity of comparison that all must at once acknowledge, the word and ordinances of God are likened to the dew of the field. How strikingly the reviving effects of dew upon the parched and thirsty vegetation of the sun-scorched plain typify the moral and spiritual freshness diffused by the word preached in its purity, and received with faith and love! As the dew of a night will sometimes bring back beauty and bloom to unnumbered languishing plants and flowers, and spread a pleasant freshness over all the fields, so will some rich and powerful exposition of revealed truth, or some ordinance dispensed with genuine fervour, not unfrequently enliven and wholly refresh a Christian congregation, or even spread a moral verdure over a large portion of the visible church. If the soul be stained in its intercourse with the world,—if, like the grass on the wayside that is covered with dust, it contract impurity in the beaten paths of life, the word of God falls upon it with a refreshing influence, like the dews of night upon that grass, to wash it, and to wipe away all marks of contact with surrounding corruption. If it be scorched by the withering sun of persecution, and pine for spiritual nou-

ishment and support, that same word bedews it with the sweetest influences, and affords its sustenance in richness and salubrity, like that of the heavenly manna itself.

But let us not forget that the word of God sheds a healing influence only when it is rendered effectual by the Spirit of all truth. The Spirit worketh through the instrumentality of the word; silently, secretly, and powerfully worketh; falling gently, operating unseen, and diffusing refreshment around, like the balmy dews of night. Of the Spirit's agency the dew is, indeed, the finest and aptest illustration. As dew to the parched and drooping flower, so is the Spirit shed upon the Christian's soul; as the "dew of Hermon," or "the dew that descends upon the mountains of Zion," spreading freshness and beauty over the whole surface of the ground, so is the same Spirit poured out in rich abundance upon the Church, the spiritual Zion, in times of reviving and refreshing from the Lord.

As we spring from our couch, therefore, on the bright summer morning, and walk joyfully forth into the fragrant fields, to breathe the inspiring air, fast our eyes upon the glowing mixture of colours in which all nature is arrayed, and listen to the sweet and various music that ascends from every grove, let us not fail to derive a high spiritual lesson from the dew that is so thickly strewn upon the grass beneath our feet. Distilled in the silent night by the reciprocal influences of heaven and earth, it bathes and refreshes each blade and flower with its stainless moisture. Let us regard it as the chosen image of God's choicest blessing, the cleansing and sanctifying influence of his spirit upon the heart of man.—*Dr. Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

NATIONAL DEBT.

[From Tuesday's Gazette.]

The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, having certified to the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, in pursuance of the act 10 Geo. 4, c. 27, sec. 1, that the actual surplus revenue of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, beyond the actual expenditure thereof, for the year ended 5th day of April, 1837, amounted to the sum of £1,862,823 5s. 7d.

The commissioners for the reduction of the national debt hereby give notice that the sum of £465,705 16s. 4d. (being one-fourth part of the said surplus of £1,862,823 5s. 7d.) will be applied under the provisions of the said act, between the 7th day of July, 1837, and the 10th day of October, 1837, to the following purposes, viz—

To be applied to the purchase of stock	£165,705 16 4
To be applied to the purchase of Exchequer Bills, made out in pursuance of the act 57 Geo. 3, c. 48	300,000 0 0
	£465,705 16 4

Add interest receivable on account of donations and bequests to be applied to the purchase of stock	3,275 4 11
	£468,981 1 3

S. UIGHAM, Comptroller-General.

National Debt-office, July 3.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1837.

THOMSONIANISM.—In order to enlighten our readers on the subject of medical science, we now recur to Doctor Thomson's theory, invented by himself, for the general benefit of mankind. We give the gist of the theory as discovered by Doctor Thomson, in his own words.

"I found, after maturely considering the subject, that all animal bodies are formed of the four elements, earth, air, fire and water. Earth and water constitute the solids, and air and fire, or heat, are the cause of life and motion. That cold, or lessening the power of heat, is the cause of all disease; that to restore heat to its natural state was the only way in which health could be produced; that the constitutions of all mankind being essentially the same, and differing only in the different temperament of the same materials of which they are composed; it appeared clearly to my mind, that all disease proceeded from one general cause, and might be cured by one general remedy; that a state of perfect health arises from a due balance or temperature of the four elements; but if it is by any means destroyed, the body is more or less disordered. And when this is the case, there is always an actual diminution or absence of the element of fire or heat; and in proportion to this diminution or absence, the body affected

by its opposite, which is cold. And I found that all the disorders which the human family were afflicted with, however various the symptoms, and different the names by which they are called, arise directly from obstructed perspiration, which is always caused by cold, or want of heat; for if there is a natural heat, it is impossible but there must be a natural perspiration."

Here we are gravely informed that "cold is the cause of disease." And yet people live in Lapland and die under the equator. The principal remedies of Thomson are the following. We prefix the numbers and names by which they are known.—No. 1. Lobelia. No. 2. Capsicum, or red pepper. No. 3. The bark of the root of the bayberry, and the inner bark of the hemlock tree. No. 4. A spirituous infusion of bitter herb (Balmony,) barberry bark and poplar bark. No. 5. A decoction of poplar bark, bayberry, and peach meats, or cherry stone meats, with sugar, etc. No. 6. High wines, myrrh, cayenne, and some spirits of turpentine. *Composition powder.* Bayberry, hemlock, ginger, cayenne, and cloves. *Nerve powder.* The root of the lady's slipper. This brief account of the general cause of all disease, and the general remedy for its removal, shows forcibly on what little foundation a system of empiricism may rest, by which, notwithstanding, thousands of credulous individuals may be daily gulled, to the advantage of few except the too often designing and mercenary pretenders.

THE TELEGRAPH AND QUACKERY.—We feel it to be our imperious duty to honour with a brief notice a very testy and dictatorial article in the Telegraph of yesterday. Of some individuals it has been said, that if you ask them for bread they will give you a stone: must we not number the editor of the Telegraph amongst this singularly perverse class of human beings? We leave the public to judge. An article against quackery in general appeared in our 9th No. but in this piece our animadversions were levelled against all systems of empiricism, and not against any one particular monstrosity. Shortly afterwards the Telegraph noticed this article in the following kindly words

"The chapter on Quackery [in the Pearl,] to which we are referred, consists, if we recollect aright, in a general denunciation similar to part of the communication of Energetes. Surely we would not go to such for answers. Bad names prove nothing, except the feelings of the utterers."

This gratuitous attack we took in good part, not offering a syllable in reply. Last week, however, a quack publication, the organ of Thomsonianism, came to hand from South Carolina—we descanted on this system and its twin-brother Morisonianism in terms of "virtuous indignation," and with respect to a former notice we said, "All this the Telegraph may again politely tell us is but assertion etc." This reference to our worthy contemporary in connection with a plain declaration to treat all such abominations according to our estimate of their enormity, is the sum and substance of our grievous offence against "the plain, painstaking Telegraph." Immediately the very cool, sober, argumentative editor of that 'earthly' paper mounts his magisterial throne and begins to fulminate his wonderful edicts on style, temper, and newspaper controversy in general, expecting, of course that, with all due docility we should sit at the feet of this great Gamaliel.

Here is our reply to the dogmatism of the Telegraph. First—as to the complaint of our "common and colloquial style," we are surprised to find such "out-and-out" remarks "lugged into" a controversy on the subject of "green-market phraseology," [the vegetable pills of Morison] for they are "so easily set aside by the questions What do they amount to? What do they prove?" on a question of medical science. It is unwise for those who dwell in glass houses to sling stones at their neighbours. Second—as to the temper of our pieces we are astonished at the one-sided remarks of the editor of the Telegraph—his first Morisonian friend charges the Doctors 'indirectly at least,' with manslaughter, and his second pill correspondent advised the public to have nothing to do with the doctors: 'excellent spirit this' cries our bro-

ther of the Telegraph:—his third doughty champion of the vegetable creed charges, 'indirectly at least,' the Faculty with consummate cruelty and knavery in his sweet tempered effusion: "Morisonianism expects to see, in this Province, ESCULAPIANISM and its offspring, DISEASE, lie low in the dust together:" "good, very good" implies the silence of our friendly antagonist—"we have so much respect for the medical profession" that we are not disposed to utter a syllable against this mild charge of our Hygeian Professor." Again—the editor of the Telegraph once "indulged in some virtuous indignation" against the dispensers of the vegetable pills—moreover, "he was until very lately a CORDIAL HATER of Morisonianism, but IGNORANTLY." He, however, has experienced "a mitigation, if not a revulsion of feeling" on the subject; nay, more, "his prejudice has been shaken by testimony of those who cannot be interested" and hence his piteous wailings at our cordial hatred of and virtuous indignation against Morisonian quackery. Such marvellous consistency comes with an admirable grace from our 'matter of fact' Telegraph. But why complain of what the Telegraph in the exuberance of its candour and mildness, is pleased to designate 'abuse,' when the lovers of quackery are so foud of such a precious article—"it is the very thing they want." We believe it, and hence their prodigious admiration of 'Morisoniani.'

Now comes a wonderful piece of medical information, for which we tender our hearty thanks to our compassionate brother of the Telegraph: gamboge pills "are good in their way." Very well—when did we assert the contrary? "The evil of the system lies in the indiscriminate and general use which it recommends—the practice of taking these pills on every trifling occasion and of adding to the doses is what should be condemned, as producing most extensive and dangerous effects." Such "common sense and argument" will be found in our very abusive statement of last week. As genuine articles of the Materia Medica we have no objection to the vegetable pills—stripped of their peculiarity as quack medicines they may be useful and proper. But we wrote against quackery—against the recommendation of these pills in all diseases, for 'bald heads' and broken bones, and no matter what—against their general use as "universally applicable from the babe to the hoary head"—against the practice of adding to the doses which Morison and his friends so urgently recommend—"5000 pills in three years," and 'eighty in a single day.' The Telegraph affects to complain of our lack of argument, and yet he says all this is argument. One week, it is abuse—the next, it is argument. In adopting the words of Dr. Adam Clarke, we did not call the bounties of our Creator, 'truly infernal composts' but we did thus designate the quack medicines of Morisonianism. By Morisonianism we mean one vegetable remedy for all disorders—taken on every trifling occasion—and continued by adding to the doses. Are we wrong in employing those strong terms against such quackery? Let us hear the Telegraph: "If they are a noxious deception, the fraud is an abominable one." How mild this language—but one remove from our abuse—worthy of being linked in indissoluble union with it—and what we now join together let no man put asunder, "abominable fraud" and "truly infernal composts." Need we say, that upon a thorough investigation of the matter, (and not ignorantly) we believe them to be a 'noxious deception.' Truth compels us to say this—and calling things by their proper names we designate them accordingly. We still ask for argument in favour of Morisonianism. As for referring us to 'bundles of testimonials, mouths of disciples, and the books of the system,' we only smile at such references. Just so would the farfamed Doctor Solomon have answered a plain request for argument. But we are not inclined to travel over a continent of mud in order to exhibit specimens of sophistry.

In conclusion 'if we did not fear to offend we would tell the editor of the Telegraph, to exhibit candour and argument, if he desires that either his praise or censure should have due weight.'

DESTRUCTIVE STORM AT SHEDIAC.—We copy the following extract of a Letter, dated Shediac, August 24th, from the last St. John Courier:—N. S.

"On Saturday last, we were visited by one of the most destructive storms ever known in this Province. The violence of the wind, with hail and rain, carried almost every thing before it, and the suddenness prevented any preparations against it. Every house within one mile, north and south of me, is more or less damaged—the church included. The windows situated at the west were wholly broken in, and the rain and hail thrown to the further extremes of the buildings. Some hail stones, which I afterwards examined, measured one inch and a half across—many were flat and square, and in some places they lay three and four inches on the ground. Up the Shediac river the whole country is laid waste. Those who were anticipating a plenty at hand, after a long series of half starvation, are now wholly destitute. Much grain and potatoes are ruined in this place; and at Scoodic the crops are materially injured."

From the Acadian Telegraph.

LATEST.—The Picton Bee of Sept. 13, states the reception of Liverpool dates to August 15.

The only information furnished by the Bee is the following:—The Elections for England, Wales and Scotland had terminated,—Ireland had still to return 16. The results as regards the two political parties of the country, as far as could be ascertained, were, England and Wales, Tories, 260,—Whigs, 240,—Scotland, Tories, 19,—Whigs, 34,—Ireland, Tories, 27, Whigs, 66. Total, Tories 306, Whigs 340.

The revolution in Portugal, founded on Don Pedro's charter, was gaining ground. The capture of Lisbon and flight of the Queen were anticipated.

Greely, the Maine Agent, is in Prison again. American troops had marched to the Madawaska; a party of the 43d had been sent from Fredericton to watch their movements.

MARRIED.

At Sackville, on Thursday evening, 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr Charles Heffer, to Miss Lucy Houghton, both of Sackville. In Aberdeen in July last, by the Rev. Abercrombie L. Gordon, J. Combie, Cabinet Maker, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Peter McCondachie, merchant, formerly of Sheet Harbour.

At Montreal, on the 22d ult, by the Rev. Doctor Bethune, Wm. Douglas, Esq. Merchant, of that city, to Mary Susan, daughter of the late John Dupuy, Esq. of Halifax.

DIED.

At Aylesford, on the 23d ult, after a lingering illness which he bore with resignation, Mr. Alexander Patterson, the 4th, in the 36th year of his age, leaving a disconsolate widow and five children to lament their loss.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. William Liswell, in the 31st year of his age.

Died on Sept. 1, in the barge Heroine, on his passage from St. Kitts, Mr. Thomas McGrath, late master of the Lady Smith, 41 years of his age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

At Halifax, Saturday, Sept. 9, Schr. Rosanna, Liverpool, N.S. Sunday, Mail Packet Lady Ogle, Stairs, Bermuda; brig. Hilgrove, Bell, Bermuda, to Saltus and Wainwright, H. M. schr. Skipjack, Lieut. Robinson, St. John's, N. F.; schr. Prudent, Billingsby, Bermuda, to Master; Perseverance, Williams, St. Thomas, to W. J. Starr; Trial, McFarlane, P. E. Island; Am. schr. Atlantic, Tucker, bound to United States.

Monday, Am. schr. Solon, Pierce, bound to Bristol. U. S. put in for water.

Tuesday, Brig Greyhound, Bremner, Demerara, to J. Allison and Co.

Wednesday, schr. Bahamian, Hudson, Nassau, N. P. 14 days, to Deblois and Merkel

Thursday, brig Standard, Burrows, Norfolk, 6 days, to J. & M. Tobin. Friday, brig. Reward, Lyle, Kingston, 25 days, to H. Lyle; schr. Mariner, Gerrard, Sydney, schr. Speculator, Frederick, Lunenburg; schr. Eliza, Sydney; schr. Dolphin, Sydney; schr. Barbara, Gerrier, Gaspe, Allison and Co.; schr. Queen Victoria, Pope's Harbour; schr. Thorn, Canso, to Fairbanks and McNab.

CLEARANCES.

Sept. 8th, brig Abeona, Townseld, B. W. Indies, by J. U. Ross, schr. Carleton Packet Laundry, Bay Chaleur, by J. and M. Tobin; and others; Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, St. John B. by W. M. Allan; Emily, Crowell, Newfoundland, by Fairbanks and Allison. 11th, brig Albion, Leslie, Miramichi, by Deblois and Merkel; schr. Alert, Scott, B. W. Indies, by Saltus and Wainwright; Spanish brig Casl-open, Matas, Brazil, by Creighton and Grassie; 12th, schr. Margaret, Furlong, Newfoundland, by P. Furlong, 15th, Schr. Margaret, Dosue, B. W. Indies, by G. P. Lawson; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. by W. Barss; barge Iolas, McKessock, Montreal, by S. Binney.

PASSENGERS.

In the Roseway from Boston, Rev. Mr. Walsh, and Mr. Tarat.—In the Cordelia for Boston, Hon. S. Cunard, and 4 in the steerage.—In the Packet for England, Mr. B. Hackett.—In the Lady Ogle from Bermuda, Rev. Mr. Uniacke.—In the Hilgrove from Bermuda, Mr. Wainwright, Lady and family.

A meeting of the Halifax Temperance Society, will be held in the Acadian School Room, on Monday evening next, at half past seven o'clock. By order of the President,
W. BROWN, Sec.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The following account is extracted from a document, published by order of the House of Commons, containing a detail of the number of Acts of Parliament passing during twenty-eight sessions, with the number of hours of sitting of each session, and the divisions at which the largest number of members were present. In 1806, the house sat 645 hours, during which 158 public and 226 private acts were passed. In 1807, there were two sessions, which sat 706 hours, and passed 134 public and 286 private acts. The average number of public acts passed from 1806 to 1826, was about 120, and in no year less than 100; in 1831 there were only 60. In 1815, there were 196 public acts passed, which was the greatest number passed in any session. The smallest number was passed in the first session of William IV., when only 27 public and 80 private acts passed the legislature. The greatest number of days on which any session continued to sit was in 1812, when the number was 137; in 1813, it was 136; and in 1811, it was 135. The shortest session was that of 1807; which sat only 45 days. The sessions which sat the greatest number of hours was that of 1831, which sat 198 hours: the session of 1821 sat 861½ hours. The following are the divisions at which the largest number of members were present:—

March 11, 1818, Indemnity Bill, and suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act	308
June 11, 1824, Condemnation of Missionary Smith	344
March 29, 1808, At a ballot	355
May 30, 1806, Clause in the Mutiny Bill	381
April 22, 1814, Lord Morpeth versus the Speaker	385
May 17, 1830, Jews' Relief Bill	398
May 25, 1815, The War against Buonaparte	428
Feb. 26, 1828, Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts	435
March 18, 1816, The property Tax	443
Dec. 31, 1811, On the Creation of Peers by the Prince Regent	449
April 24, 1823, Reform of Parliament	454
June 2, 1817, Election of the Right Hon. Manners Sutton as Speaker	470
March 1, 1825, Roman Catholic Claims	485
April 3, 1807, Dismissal of the Administration	489
March 15, 1809, On the Motion relating to the Conduct of the Duke of York	497
April 30, 1822, Roman Catholic Peers in Parliament	498
May 24, 1813, Roman Catholic Bill	501
March 19, 1810, On the Scheldt Expedition	509
June 26, 1807, Address to the Crown	510
April 24, 1812, Roman Catholic Question	519
June 22, 1820, Resolution regarding the Trial of Queen Caroline	520
Jan. 26, 1821, Resolution in reference to the introduction of the Queen's Name in the Liturgy	524
March 18, 1829, Roman Catholic Relief Bill	531
Nov. 14, 1819, Address to the Crown	536
May 18, 1819, Motion for a Committee on the State of the Nation	540
March 6, 1827, Roman Catholic Claims	555
July 6, 1831, Reform Bill	603
March 22, 1831, Second Reading of the first Reform Bill brought in by Lord John Russell	608

MAN TRAPS.—Thieves sometimes catch themselves, as the following incident will show:—A gentleman living not very far from me, had his orchard repeatedly robbed, and bidding defiance to prohibitory acts, had an old man-trap repaired, and set up in his orchard. The smith brought it home, and there was a consultation as to which tree it should be placed under; several were proposed, as being all favourite bearers, at last the smith's suggestion as to the *locus quo* was adopted, and the man-trap set. But the position somehow or other did not please the master, and as tastes occasionally vary, so did his and he be thought him of another tree, the fruit of which he should like above all things to preserve. Accordingly scarcely had he laid his head upon his pillow when the change was determined on, and ere long the man-trap was transferred. Very early in the morning the cries of a sufferer brought master and men into the orchard, and there they discovered—the smith.—It being unlawful to set man-traps and spring-guns, a gentleman once hit upon a happy device. He was a scholar, and being often asked the meaning of mysterious words compounded from the Greek, that flourish in every day's newspaper, and finding they always excited wonder by their length and terrible sound, he had painted on a board, and put up on his premises, in very large letters, the following—"Tondapamubomees set up in these grounds;" it was perfectly a "patent safety."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TENDERNESS TO ANIMALS.—To all the brute creation the Turks are not only merciful but ministering friends and to so great an extent do they carry this tenderness towards the inferior animals, they will not kill an unweaned lamb, in order to spare unnecessary suffering to the mother; and an English sportsman, who had been unsuccessful in the chase, having, on one occasion, in firing off his piece previously to disembarking from his carque, brought

down a gull that was sailing above his head, was reproached by his rowers with as much horror and emphasis as though he had been guilty of homicide.

I have elsewhere remarked on the singular impunity enjoyed by the aquatic birds which throng the harbour of Constantinople, and sport among the shipping; on the divers, that may be knocked down by the oar of every passing carque, so fearless are they of human vicinity; and the gulls, which cluster like pigeons on the roofs of the houses—on the porpoises that crowd the port, and the dogs that haunt the streets. It may not be unamusing to state the forfeit inflicted on an individual for destroying one of these animals, as it is both curious and characteristic. The dead dog is hung up by the tail in such a manner as to suffer his nose to touch the ground; and his murderer is compelled to cover him entirely with corn or millet seed, which is secured by the proper authorities, and distributed to the poor. This ceremony generally costs the delinquent about a thousand piastres.—*Miss Pardoe.*

ECCENTRIC BURIAL.—Died at primrose Cottage, High Wycombe, Bucks, on the 24th of May last Mr. John Guy aged 64. His remains were interred in a brick grave, in Hudgeden Churchyard, (near Wycombe.) On a marble slab, on the lid of his coffin, was the following inscription:—

"Here without nail or shroud, doth lie
Or covered by a pall, John Guy.
Born May 17th, 1773.
Died.—24th, 1837."

On his grave-stone the following lines are inscribed:—

"In coffin made without a nail,
Without a shroud his limbs to hide;
For what can pomp or show avail,
Or velvet pall, to swell the pride,
Here lies John Guy beneath this sod,
Who loved his friends and fear'd his God."

This eccentric gentleman was possessed of considerable property, and was a native of Gloucestershire. His grave and coffin were made under his directions more than a twelvemonth since; the inscription on the tablet on his coffin, and the lines placed upon his grave-stone, were his own composition. He gave all necessary orders for the conducting of his funeral, and five shillings were wrapped in separate pieces of paper for each of the bearers. The writer of this communication inspected the coffin, and attests the singular beauty and neatness of the workmanship; it indeed looked more like a piece of cabinet-work intended for a drawing-room than a receptacle for the dead. W. H.

COOK-OMOTION.—Sir Samuel Morland, who lived at Vauxhall House, in 1675, had a coach with a moveable kitchen, with clock-work machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks, or roast a joint of meat. When he travelled, he was his own cook. Sir Samuel was as eccentric in his tastes at home as abroad; the side-table in his dining-room was supplied with a large fountain and the glasses stood under little streams of water.

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, Hoek: }
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 Bar-
ley and Groats, Cocoa, and West India Coffee.

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

IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE

THE attention of the Public is called to the above ar-
ticle. 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.

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, Read-
ing, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Mathe-
matics, generally. Likewise, Maritime and Land Sur-
veying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the
Italian and modern methods of book-keeping by double
entry. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals
and advancement of such pupils as may be committed to
his care. July 8.

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.

C. H. BELCHER.

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING,
HALIFAX.

HAS received by the Acadian from Greenock, Part of
his Importations for the Season—the remainder ex-
pected 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 as-
sortment, handsome patterns and low priced. A fur-
ther Supply of these Articles, of rich and elegant patterns
expected from London.

PRINTING INK, in Kegs.
June 17, 1837.

CARD.

MR. WM. F. TEULON, Practitioner in Medicine,
Obstetrics, &c. having now spent one year in Hal-
ifax, 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 re-
quests 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 system; normal and dis-
eased, 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 con-
fidence, and a love of the science and art of healing,
which he would not willingly exchange for any of the
gifted acquirements of life, but to give these efficiency he
must secure the favours and confidence of a number.
With this laudable object before him he respectfully in-
vites their attention, and promises to use his studious en-
deavours to emulate the conduct of those worthy mem-
bers 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 con-
vincing proof of the known superiority of New England
Seeds in this climate. The Store will be re-opened next
Spring with a more extensive and general assortment; and
in the mean time, any demands for articles within the
reach of the Boston House, transmitted either to Messrs.
J. Breck & Co. of that City, or to the Subscriber in Hal-
ifax, will receive the most prompt attention.

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

E. BROWN, Agent.

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.