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THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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THE LISBONESE.

By the Author of "The Provost of Bruges."

It is many years ago, yet the recollection is in my mind as fresh as the occurrences of yesterday. I was standing on the terrace in front of Greenwich Hospital, looking at the wrecks of the gallant fellows who had, for so many years, borne their country's flag through "the battle and the breeze," now hobbling about with such limbs as fate had left or the doctor supplied them; and exercising all my ingenuity to trace, through their quaint sober uniforms and venerable grey hairs, the fiery heroes of a thousand combats. The struggle in the Peninsula was then at its height, and a vessel with Portuguese colours was passing up the river. I made some remark on the subject to an old pensioner who was standing by me. He was a very old man, with a quiet expression of benevolence in his face, and something in his manner that seemed to stamp him a shade above the common sailor.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "I have seen strange things in the country she comes from! I was at Lisbon in the great earthquake in fifty-five."

"Indeed!" said I. "That was an event not to be forgotten."

"It was, sir; but from more causes than the earthquake,—to me, that is."

"How so?" I inquired.

"Why, you see, sir, it's quite a story; but, poor thing, I like to talk about her; so, if you'll sit down on this bench, you shall have it from first to last."

"As I told you, I was in the city when the earthquake began, and a terrible thing it was to be sure. The houses swayed up and down, just for all the world like a ship at anchor in a heavy swell; and then it got worse and worse all down they came, first one, then another, then a whole street; and the poor creatures ran out by thousands, and the walls full and buried them, and the earth opened and swallowed them,—and the noise was like that of the last day—crashes of ruin and destruction—shrieks, groans, and prayers, all mixed up in one horrible din, till you could not tell which was loudest. Many a voice was then lifted to heaven that never prayed before,—and the un-aided prayer was buried with them in the openings of the earth or the ruins of the houses. Some went mad and stood and laughed as the roofs nodded above them,—and the laugh was stopped as the prayer had been; some stood still with children in their arms, hugging them to their bosoms with their heads bent over them, till they found a common grave. And then the fire began; for tapers at the altars, and the lights in the houses set to whatever fell on them, till a thousand flames completed the horror of that dreadful day.

For my own part, staggering along the heaving streets, at every other step, thrown on the ground, with brand stones rattling round me on all sides, I scrambled. I did not know where. It was not exactly fear, for a sailor, you know, sir, is not used to lose his bearings from such a cause; but the darkness, and the dust, and the smoke made such a confusion, one born in the world could not have found his way, to say nothing of a stranger. However, as I was saying, scrambling to make my way somewhere, any where indeed where there was air and no houses, I ran against a lady with a child in her arms. She was young, and as beautiful a creature as I ever saw. I cast my eyes on her. She hurried past me, and, at that moment, the earth gave a shudder, and I heard a crash louder than all the uproar. I thought it must be the earthquake, and turned round; when I found the earth had split in a chasm between us, even on the very spot where, a moment before, we had both been standing; and there

she was, balancing upon the brink of it, with the child held up above her head. The ground was crumbling under her, but where I stood it was still firm. I held out my arms—she said something to me in Portuguese which I did not understand, but I knew she was asking me to take care of the child; and I told her I would—I swore it! Nature, you know, sir, is alike in all languages—so she understood me, and giving one wild kiss to the little one's lips, with desperate strength she threw it across the chasm. She saw the child was caught in my arms, and she clasped her hands and threw up her beautiful eyes to heaven, when a fresh shake of the earth tumbled down a large building behind her, and she rolled with it into the yawning gulf—never to rise again in this world. Perhaps you may imagine what I felt—what I did I do not know; but, after an hour of wandering and escapes more than I could count, I found myself in the open country, and, for the present at least, safe. I went on my knees to thank God, and bade the little creature do the same; but she did not stir, and, as I laid her on the grass, I found a deep wound on her head, and the blood clotting her long beautiful black hair; but still she breathed. To make short of a long story, we got at last on board the ship again, and the doctor, after examining the wound, said there was no harm done, and that she would soon be as well as ever.

"She was a lovely little girl of about six years old; and as we were to sail directly, they wanted to send her ashore again, to try if any of her family could be found. But I thought of the vow I had made to her poor mother, which I am sure she understood; and I determined not to part with the sick wounded little thing, that I loved now as if she had been my sister; so I spoke to the captain, who was a very good man, and, moreover, had children of his own, and he agreed to let me take her to England with us. Well, sir, home we got, and it was astonishing how soon the little darling began to speak English. You could see she liked it, bless her! And now, as she was a young lady,—for she said her father, who had died about a year before, was Don somebody or other,—it was such a long name we never any of us could speak it, so we told her to call herself Jackson, which is my name; but, somehow, she always liked her long Portuguese name best, so you see, sir, how early prejudices grow—in foreigners, that is to say. Well, as I said, seeing she was a young lady, and we had undertaken her education, I thought we ought to do it as genteelly as we could; so I took her to a cousin of mine who kept a public house in Wapping, a very nice motherly woman—poor Sally!—she's dead and gone too, long ago!

"Well, sir, she treated her as if she had been her own child; and because she thought the company of the house was too rough and rude for her, she sent her to a very genteel boarding-school in Mile End, and it was wonderful how the little thing took to her learning; so that when I came back from my next voyage, she could not only speak English quite well, but read any book she saw. And there I found that with her little pocket money she had bought Portuguese books, and, at all her spare time, used to be poring over them, instead of playing like other children. Poor thing! it was the only tie that was left between her and her native land; for it is a strange thing, sir, but I've often found foreigners, even Frenchmen, love their own country just as well as if it had been old England!

"Well, sir, years passed on, and she was sixteen, and a sweeter or more beautiful creature you never set eyes on. She was as kind and gentle as an angel, and so fond of me! and I am sure I loved her better than my own life,—not in the way of sweethearting, for though I was a pretty looking fellow enough then, nobody could forget for a

moment that she was a young lady. But then I had saved her life, you know, sir,—and we used to talk about her poor mother that was gone; and then she made me learn a little Portuguese that she might speak in her own tongue to me; for her father's land seemed always uppermost in her thoughts. At last I joined a merchant ship that was to sail for Lisbon, and then the long-nursed wish of her heart came out, and she begged so hard to go with me, that I could not find courage to refuse her, but got her a passage in the vessel. And oh, sir, the grief that there was among the women when she went! You know, sir, they are kind, soft-hearted creatures, and I thought they never would have done crying. However, go we did, and a very pretty voyage we had.

"When we came in sight of Lisbon, I shall never forget how the poor dear looked! She was as pale as a ghost, and trembled all over; and while her eyes seemed to devour the shore, her lips were white, and quivering, murmuring Portuguese words, that I could not catch the meaning of, except now and then her mother's name. Well, sir, to make short of it, we landed, and I got leave to go with her over the town, to see if we could find any body we knew. Poor dear, I thought she would have fainted when she set her foot on the land, she trembled so; for she was a weak delicate little creature. But oh—what a change we found since we left there! Where the earthquake had been, there was the grand Black Horse Square, and all the straight regular streets that the marquis of Pombal had built, and we did not know where we were. However, she soon began to ask, and found that her uncle, Don —, confound his long name, I never could think of it, and I am sure it is not worth remembering—but he was living in a grand house they pointed out to us—so there we went. Well, sir, we found him with a parcel of fine servants round him, but we did not care for that, and we told him who we were; and,—would you think it, sir?—he would not believe us! The fact was, it did not suit him to believe us; for, supposing her dead, he had seized on all her property, and was enjoying it. So the old scoundrel called us impostors—called me and his own brother's beautiful child impostors, and threatened to send for a constable! You may guess my blood began to rise, and as for her, poor thing! she stood speechless and trembling; for, in her innocence, she had never dreamt of this, nor, to tell the truth, had I either. Well, just at this moment a great old mastiff dog came into the room. 'Oh, Basto!' cried she, bursting for the first time into a flood of tears, 'I am sure you don't forget me!' Would you believe it, sir?—the old brute looked at her and growled—did not know his old master's child! No English dog would have done that, sir! However, she was so overcome at the sight of her father's old dog, that she threw her beautiful body on the ground, and clasping her white arms round the beast, hugged him to her heart. He bit her, sir! I can hardly speak it—but he bit her! I saw his teeth enter her soft flesh—I saw the blood trickle down! I can't tell you, sir, what I felt at that moment. Even after all these years my blood is in a boil talking of it. I flew at the beast, and before you could count two, dashed his brains out.

"The old Don swore in Portuguese—I stormed in English. It was well some of the servants got between me and him. I believe I knocked down two or three of them, but I don't know. I caught the darling up to my arms, for she had fainted, and I carried her to the ship. We put her to bed, but nothing could recover her from the shock. There was all her little dream of ten years gone in a moment—and so cruelly gone too! She was struck to the heart. She lay quite still and noticed no-

thing. She never cried, nor spoke, nor ate, nor slept. I watched by her day and night, and every day she got weaker and weaker,—hang it, sir—I can't talk about it—she died! At first I said the earth of that rascally country never should hold her. But then I thought how she had loved it; and that perhaps she would not be happy any where else;—so, as the priests would not let her be buried in consecrated ground, because we had made a regular-built christian of her, I, and some of my shipmates, (for they all loved her) clubbed together and bought leave of a farmer to bury her on the side of a hill by his garden. So we laid her in the ground with her face towards England; for I thought she would like, poor thing! to be turned to that land that had been a home to her, and would have been again when her own refused her; and we said a prayer over her—a parson might have said a better, perhaps, but not an honest, I am certain:—and we planted the sweetest flowers we could find round her grave; and giving the farmer money, made him swear a solemn oath never to neglect it, or let it go to ruin—and I believe he kept his promise. Talk of consecrated ground, sir!—that girl's body would have consecrated Constantinople!”

THE ROYAL OLIVE TREE.—The following is a copy of the letter which accompanied the olive tree to her Majesty from Mr. Hamilton, of Annandale-cottage, Dublin.

“May he, for whose sole honour I assume the Motto on my seal, (*Gloria Deo soli*), and for years have used the golden pen which was conferred on me by some approving fellow-citizens, bless with a favourable issue my appeal to that young Queen, who is beloved and revered by me, my household, and my nation.

“I humbly pray you, Royal Lady, to accept an olive stem which came to me from the holy city of Jerusalem, through the British consuls resident at Jaffa and Beyrout. It springs from soil and stones on which some precious blood or tears may possibly have fallen, and is the emblem of that ‘permanent and universal peace’ which you, my liege, have now the power to promote between nations, parties, sects, and individuals.

“The plant was so very old when it was taken up, so long exposed to the eastern summers' heat, and to the briny surges of the ocean on the deck of the ship *Eleanor Gordon*, bound to London from Beyrout, that it was replanted in the box which now contains it, with but little prospect of its growth, yet it put forth a dozen clustered buds, which now are vigorous and leafy, when you were qualified by law to govern many nations, and to possess great influence on all.

“Let Israel's olive find protection near your throne, for the sake of Him who will yet make ‘queens the nursing mothers’ of his people; let ‘the stones’ of Sion be as pleasing objects in your sight; let your compassion be excited always by ‘the earth thereof;’ and may you, illustrious lady, be as ‘a verdant olive tree’ in the house of that great King who has promised in due time ‘to raise up a profitable ruler.’—Eccles.

“With the humble expression of my duty, I have the honour to be, august and gracious Sovereign, your Majesty's most faithful, affectionate, and respectful subject and servant.

“JOSEPH HAMILTON.”

FEMALE EDUCATION.—If, in conducting the education of a female, care be taken to impress upon her mind, that the most proper sphere for woman to shine in is the domestic circle; if example and precept combine to prove that the literary acquirements with which she is endowed are not intended to form a means of display, or to supersede the acquisition of *domestic knowledge*; if Christian humility be instilled as a counterpoise to feminine vanity.—then will literature become a source of genuine pleasure to herself, and enable her the better to fulfil the duties of daughter, sister, wife, or mother.—*Duties of Woman, arising from her Obligations to Christianity, by Mrs. Riley.*

For the Pearl.

MY GRANDMAMMA.

Whom did my heavenly Father send
To be a feeble infant's friend?
And who herself did freely lend?
My Grandmamma.

Who was it that with tender care
My much-lov'd mother's task did bear,
And her maternal feeling share?
My Grandmamma.

Who gave to her that precious life
From which I did my own derive,
For whom I must in duty strive?
My Grandmamma.

Who did my early friend appear?
Who, when I cried, would wipe the tear,
And kiss my lips, and call me dear?
My Grandmamma.

Who fed me when I needed food;
And, as with years my strength improv'd,
Still, still, my kind protectress stood?
My Grandmamma.

Who taught my feet to trip along?
Who taught to speak my infant tongue?
What grateful thanks to thee belong?
My Grandmamma.

Who, to sustain life's feeble thread,
Watch'd me when sleeping on her bed,
When sickness made me droop my head?
My Grandmamma.

Who first instructed me to run
In wisdom's ways, and vice to shun,
And check'd me when I wrong had done?
My Grandmamma.

Thy acts of kindness strike my mind:
The more I seek the more I find,
And many yet are left behind,
My Grandmamma.

O Gratitude, I ask of thee,
Let not my heart e'er thankless be
To her who took such care of me!
My Grandmamma.

In this wide world of grief and pain,
How long soever I remain,
Where shall I find such love again?
My Grandmamma.

What trouble hast thou borne for me!
And shall I not unwearied be
In doing all I can for thee?
My Grandmamma.

How can I make a just reward?
Accept my love and kind regard—
'Tis all I have, or can afford;
My Grandmamma.

Should I neglect thee, how could I
Expect from Mischief's power to fly—
To live in peace, or peaceful die?
My Grandmamma.

Can I forget thee? Surely no:
But sweet remembrance oft shall show,
As through life's untried paths I go,
My Grandmamma.

I'll think of thee, e'en when I play;
I'll love thee better ev'ry day;
And, when night comes, for thee I'll pray,
My Grandmamma.

Round my fond heart thou shalt entwine;
In all thy joys I'll gladly join;
Thy pains, through life, shall all be mine,
My Grandmamma.

I would console thy rip'ning years,
Or soothe thy sorrows with my tears,
Whose kindness every day appears,
My Grandmamma.

Let wisdom guide my early choice
To obey the dictates of thy voice:
In pleasing thee I will rejoice,
My Grandmamma.

Shouldst thou be torn from me away,
Oft to thy resting place I'll stray,
And there with grateful tears I'll say—
My Grandmamma.

Yes, if thou should from us depart,
Thy name should gratitude impart,
And be engraved upon my heart,
My Grandmamma.

For favours such as I receive
I'll honour thee long as I live;
Then God to me long life will give,
My Grandmamma.

May'st thou, of health and peace possess,
With long-continued life be blest,
And heaven be thy eternal rest,
My Grandmamma.

In youth, in manhood, or in age,
Thy name, inscribed on memory's page,
Shall thy dear Henry's love engage,
My Grandmamma.

W. F. TEULON.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND AND WILLIAM PENN.

When William Penn was about to sail from England to Pennsylvania, he went to take leave of the King, and the following conversation occurred:—

‘Well, friend William,’ said Charles, ‘I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself.’ ‘Yes I have,’ replied William, ‘and I have just come to bid thee farewell.’ ‘What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?’ ‘The best security in the world,’ replied Penn. ‘I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against these cannibals but in a regiment of good soldiers with their muskets and bayonets; and mind, I tell you beforehand, that with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a soldier with you.’ ‘I want none of thy soldiers,’ answered William, ‘I depend on something better than thy soldiers.’ The king wished to know what that was. ‘Why, I depend on themselves, on their own moral sense, even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men.’ ‘I fear, friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America.’ ‘Why not to them as well as to others?’ ‘If it had appeared to them,’ said the king, ‘they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.’ ‘That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come on shore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on all that they had. In return for the hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country, and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves? Now, is it to be wondered at that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that burning with revenge they should have committed some excesses?’ ‘Well, then, I hope, friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.’ ‘I am not afraid of it,’ said Penn. ‘Ay! how would you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?’ ‘Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.’ ‘No indeed, how then will you get their lands?’ ‘I mean to buy their lands of them.’ ‘Buy their lands of them! Why man you have already bought them of me.’ ‘Yes I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get my good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands; no, friend Charles, no right at all; what right hast thou to their lands?’ ‘Why the right of discovery; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.’ ‘The right of discovery! A strange kind of right, indeed. Now, suppose, friend Charles, some canoe-loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of them?’ ‘Why—why—why,’ replied Charles, ‘I must confess I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.’ ‘Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles, and

suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, dost thou not think it horribly cruel? The king assented to this with marks of conviction. William proceeded—“Well, then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor in an heathen? No, I will not do it, but I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby ensure his blessing on my colony.”

Pennsylvania soon became a flourishing colony, and existed for seventy years, the period when the quakers held the government, without any force beyond that of the constable's staff, and during that seventy years it was never invaded by any hostile power.—*Life of William Penn.*

DONT BE A TALKER.

One half the mischief in the world is done by talking. And one half the difficulty we get into as we go along through life, is the result of our saying what we might just as well not said. There's much wisdom in the old maxim, “keep your mouth shut and your ears open.” There is, rely up on it.

I do not know any body in any situation or profession in life, to whom this advice is not applicable. It is sometimes said that the lawyers live by talking; that talking is their trade, and so on, but the fact is, that lawyers are as apt to talk too much as any body, and to suffer as much by it; to spin out a long argument, they necessarily fall into the habit of dealing more in fancy than in facts, saying things about parties and witnesses that do much harm and no good, and their reputation for candor will generally diminish in the same proportion as that for loquacity increases. To hear some men at the bar you would suppose that if they were held up by the feet, the words would run out of their mouth by mere force of gravity, for a week at a time, without troubling their brains at all.

A preacher may talk too much. One of the best sermons in the world was the sermon on the Mount. You may read it as reported in fifteen minutes. And though its style and powers are unapproachable, its brevity might well be often imitated.

Our legislators talk too much. About nine tenths of all the speech-making in Congress and the legislature, is the mere sounding brass and tinkling symbol of vanity and egotism. Your really sensible men, such as Benjamin Franklin and Roger Sherman—never got up unless they had something to say, and always sat down as soon as they had said it.

Our politicians talk too much. It is really refreshing, and as uncommon as it is refreshing to hear a sensible man talk sensibly on this topic for fifteen minutes. But if one listens to the street rant of the day, the whole science of politics seems to have become twisted into a Chinese puzzle, that nobody can find the beginning nor the end of.

When I find a neighbour caught in the meshes of a slander suit, I feel more sympathy than indignation. He has probably said, in a moment of excitement, what his cooler judgment would have restrained, what he does not deliberately approve himself, and probably is sorry for. But the thing is said, his pride is up, and he has in the end to open his pocket for having opened his mouth. If he will listen to my short lesson, he will not be caught in such a scrape again, *Don't talk too much.*

When I hear a man and his wife do not live happily together; read of an application for a divorce—am told of agreements for separations, or any thing of that kind, I am always suspicious that I know the cause, that I perfectly understand the true secret of the difficulty. Mister is occasionally potulant and buffy, and madame lectures instead of humours him. Each party stands upon martial bill of rights, until it ends in a legal bill of divorce. There is no interfering in such matters. But I wish I could whisper in the ear of every husband and every wife too, *Don't talk too much.*

Some young people have a notion that they can talk each other into matrimony. It is a mistake; in such a delicate matter as this, the tongue had better be contented with playing a subordinate part. The eye can tell a better story—the language of actions will make a better impression—the love that grows up in silent sunshine, which congenial hearts reflect upon each other, is the healthiest and most enduring. The manner will always sink deeper than the language of affection. But this is a matter which people are so bent upon managing in their way, that I doubt whether my advice will be worth the ink and the paper.

It may be a singular conceit, but I'll tell you what I like. I like to look at the quiet, contemplative thoughtful old man, who sits in his arm-chair, his chin resting between his thumb and finger, reading Seneca through a pair of spectacles. He likes old fashioned ways, old friends, old books. That old man makes no noise in the world, because he's a regular thinker. You give him your opinion about men and things and he hears it, tell him facts and he examines and satisfies himself about them. Ask his opinion, and if you get it, it will come as slow and as cautiously as if he believed it to be worth something. And so it is. He goes upon the principle that a man is not bound to speak—but if he does speak he is bound to say just exactly what is right; and until he is sure of saying that, he says nothing. What a world would this world be, if we were all quiet old men in spectacles, and thought a great deal more than we talked.—*Trenton True American.*

THE JOYS OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.—A life of sound religious principle has its joys. It is not that cold, dreary, inanimate tract of country which it is so often described to be. Let the picture be drawn with candour and impartiality, and, amidst a few fleeting clouds, there will be much sunshine to gild the scenery. The evening, more particularly, of a religious life must ever be painted in glowing colours. And if the life of a real Christian could be analysed, it would be found to contain more particles of satisfaction than the life of any other man. But make, I entreat you, the experiment for yourselves; and you will find that the “ways of religion are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” And if they be so in this world, what joys will they not lead you to in the world to come! There every cloud will be dispelled, every mist dispersed; the veil will be drawn aside; we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but shall see God face to face. We shall rest from our labours; all tears will be wiped from all faces; and nothing will be heard but thanksgiving and the voice of melody. Then we shall look back upon the many trials, temptations, and vicissitudes of this life, as the Israelites, when arrived in the earthly Canaan, looked back upon the bondage of Egypt, the terrors of the wilderness, and the passage of the Red Sea. We shall commune together of those things which have happened. “Did not our hearts burn within us while our great Leader, the Captain of our salvation, talked with us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?” Did not we then anticipate that which we now actually enjoy? Blessed for ever be God the Father who hath given us this glorious inheritance! For ever blessed be God the Son, who hath purchased it with his own blood! Blessed through all eternity be God the Holy Ghost, who hath sanctified us, and made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in light.—*Rev. R. P. Beachcroft.*

WAR AS IT IS.—How little do young men know of war and all its miseries! I do not wish to disgust young fellows with the military profession, as, with all its drawbacks, I prefer it to any other; but how apt a young man is to be led away when he sees an officer at home without his arm, to say to himself, “How I should wish to look like that officer!” He forgets the starvation endured before going into action, the cold and bitter nights spent in drenched clothes, in wet fields in bivouac; the momentary forgetfulness of all misery in action, until the shoulder-

bone, by a shot, is splintered into bits; then the little sympathy felt, every one being for himself; then the excruciating pain endured by the shaking of the bullock-waggon, or the want of care in carrying him away, the little bones coming through the skin, making him shriek with agony; then the time he is allowed to lie on the cold floor of a church, until the surgeon comes to dress him in turn; then the pain of amputation, and, when that is over, the necessity of shutting his ears to the screams of the dying, and his eyes to the corpses of those carried past him, who, a few minutes before, had suffered an operation similar to his own. This appears to him very shocking; but this is nothing compared to the disgust which he experiences in the dressings, washings, splinterings, bandagings, and cuttings out, which are the daily, nay hourly, detail of military surgery. Of the foul air caused by so many confined in the same spot, and suffering the same inconvenience, some idea may be formed; but no description can be given. Worst of all, too, the patient is obliged to witness the deaths of many around him, who, almost before the breath is out of their bodies, are robbed, and have their effects distributed among their attendants, most of whom volunteer this service, to have an opportunity of plundering the dead and dying. Often, when a patient is thirsty, these attendants are too hardened or too drunk to be able to give him drink, and very possibly offer him the nearest liquid to them, probably something which was intended for a wash. Or while the expiring man is saying his prayers, a wretch is holding up his head with one hand, while he is stealing the dollars of the dying man with the other. This was the daily scene for many days in the hospitals at Oporto, after the 29th, until they were to a certain degree emptied by death.—*Shaw's Memoirs in Spain and Portugal.*

HOUSE OF THE DEAD.—While walking out, one evening, a few fields' distance from Deir el Kamr, with Hanna Deomani, the son of my host, to see a detached garden belonging to his father, he pointed out to me, near it, a small, solid, stone building, apparently a house; very solemnly adding, “*Kabbar beity,*” “the sepulchre of our family.” It had neither door nor window. He then directed my attention to a considerable number of similar buildings, at a distance: which, to the eye, are exactly like houses; but which are, in fact, family mansions for the dead. They have a most melancholy appearance, which made him shudder while he explained their use. They seem, by their dead walls, which must be opened at each several interment of the members of a family, to say, “This is an unkindly house, to which visitors do not willingly throng: but, one by one, they will be forced to enter; and none who enter, ever come out again.” Perhaps this custom, which prevails particularly at Deir el Kamr, and in the lonely neighbouring parts of the mountain, may have been of great antiquity, and may serve to explain some Scripture phrases. The prophet Samuel was buried “in his house at Ramah” I Sam. xxv. 1: it could hardly have been in his dwelling-house. Joab was buried in his own house in the wilderness (I Kings, ii. 34.) This is “the house appointed for all living,” (Job, xxx. 23.) Possibly, likewise, the passages in Proverbs, ii. 18, 19, vii. 27, and ix. 18, may have drawn their imagery from this custom. “He knoweth not that the dead are there:—her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again.—*Rev. W. Jowett.*”

EYES.—Dr. Franklin observed, the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, or fine furniture.

TO A LADY.

Who hinted her wish for a new thimble and a copy of Verres.

I send a thimble
For fingers nimble,
Which I hope it will fit when you try it:
It will last you long,
If it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY MRS. ARDY.

Harp of soft melody, when silent sitting,
I strive to lift my thoughts from wordly things,
I love to hear the gales of evening fitting
In low awakening murmur o'er thy strings.

No hand is nigh—again the breezes tremble,
Imparting to thy heavenly music birth;
Would that my feeble heart could thee resemble,
Yielding no answer to the spells of earth!

Would that, by human lures and hearts unshaken,
My spirit thus from thralldom could arise;
Resist the power of man its depth to waken,
And only give its breathings to the skies.

FLORA MACDONALD.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

During the visit of George the Fourth to Scotland, in the year 1822, men of all clans and tartans, from mainland and isle, hurried to Edinburgh to see their royal visitor—offer him service, or render homage for their lands according to the spirit of ancient tenures. The king, on the third day of his arrival, exhausted by prolonged visits, and the civilities of etiquette, saw the sun go down, and the moon get up, with something like pleasure; and imagined that the toils of royalty were done for the day. The hope was formed but to be disappointed. A strange voice was heard in sharp altercation with the lord in waiting, saying, "I have come from a distant isle, and the king will see Donald Maclean; for he has something to show him that he would not miss the look of for the best diamond in his crown." The king and Sir Walter Scott, who was his majesty's chief man during his stay, exchanged looks and smiles; it was but a wave of the hand, and the islander stood in the apartment.

He was in full costume, wore a bonnet and plume, great breadth of tartan, carried a handsome dirk at his belt, and held in his hand a small instrument of chased silver, resembling a harp, with the strings of which he seemed familiar.

"Ha! Maclean," exclaimed Sir Walter, recognising the stranger at once; "who so welcome as Donald of the harp? Your majesty has heard all kinds of music since your coming, but none in sweetness to rival that of my brother Makkar here, whose touch, like that of Glasgerion,

"Can harp a fish out of the water,
And water out of a stone."

"Your praise suits the lowlander rather than the highlander now," said Maclean, bowing to the far-famed minstrel. "I brought my harp but as a comrade from whom I am unwilling to part; not to help me with my message, which is plain and prosaic."

"Out with thy tale, then," said his majesty, with something akin to impatience in his tone; "I expected poetry, from this preamble."

"The highlander dropped his harp, and producing a piece of oak from the folds of his plaid, held it up, and said, "This bit of oak, black, you see, as ink, as hard as iron, and as salt as a slice of Lot's wife, bears a strange story with it. It once formed part of as gallant a fleet as ever breasted brine: there were brave soldiers, and proven leaders on board; with half the strength and talent of a mighty kingdom; yet it was attacked, and stricken, and scattered: what the battle spared, the tempest took; and this shred of wood, fished up from the bottom of a highland bay, is all that is left to intimate that the fate of the Spanish Armada was but typical of what, in your majesty's day, befel the invading fleets of a spirit mightier far than that of Philip. As a relic of British triumph, I lay it at our monarch's feet." So saying, he placed the fragment at the king's feet, and bowing, turned to be gone.

"Stay, sir," said his majesty, "we part not so; as your present reminds me of my people's victories, so wish I to remind you that the king of England makes the gift welcome, and will place it in his royal armoury."

The islander drew himself proudly up, as he said, boldly, "I have made a mistake—it was to the king of

Great Britain I brought this gift; Sir Walter, where is he to be found?"

The king smiled, and holding out his hand to the other, said, "I bow to your rebuke; and now I can account for the darkening brows and kindling eyes of many chiefs who had not the kindness, like my friend Maclean, to remind me that in not including in my dominions this brave and ancient kingdom, I was resigning a noble half of my empire."

"Donald," said Sir Walter, "I must have you to stand to my friends Wilkie, or Allan, for a picture of the Raid of Redswaie; for you realized the image I have ever formed in my mind of the proud warren:

"He raise and raxed him where he stood,
And bade them watch him wi' his marrows."

"But, my friend, his majesty expected a more poetic exhibition of your powers. Has that morsel of black oak no wild legend linked to it?"

"Our highland legends," replied Maclean, "have been too coldly received by Saxon gentlemen to induce me to try one on a king. The heroic strains of Ossian, admired every where abroad, are laughed at in England. But why not relate a romance about this bit of oak yourself, Sir Walter? You can match ten highland harpers in the art of making something out of nothing."

"Maclean has you there, Sir Walter," said the king; "in truth you have charmed the world with so many brilliant fictions in your own name, that, like the black knight in Ivanhoe, men say you are content to achieve marvels in a mask. Give us the tradition of Maclean's oak, were it but to show, which, by-the-bye is needless, that your genius is never at a loss."

"Your majesty's wish is a command," said Sir Walter, "but I fear I shall so handle a highland legend as to induce my brother Makkar to interpose, and tell the tale himself."

With that glimmer in the eyes, and pursing of the mouth which, in Sir Walter, always announced something of the mingled serious and comic, and seemingly with no very good-will to the task, he began:

"One sunny day, my liege, of this present summer, a strange ship was observed standing towards the shore of a little isle, which, though belonging to Britain's crown, your majesty may never have heard named."

"Heard named!" muttered Maclean, "the isle of Tobermorrie is famous in tale and song."

"The clearest eyes in the isle," continued Sir Walter, "began to examine the make and the rigging, nor did a closer approach afford better knowledge; for first one anchor, and then another was dropt into the bay, and the mariners, like men whom the shore rather menaced than invited, seemed resolved to keep on board, and hold intercourse with no one. Various were the surmises, which the coming of this ship occasioned; for a vessel of any mark is a sort of marvel among our western isles."

"A small marvel!" murmured Maclean? "as if we had not the fleets of the Norsemen, and as if we had forgot the destruction of the Florida, the best ship of the Armada."

"Various, my liege," pursued Sir Walter, "were the surmises which this ship occasioned: a Macraw, who kept a small still in one of the caverns of the coast, trembled for his dearest of distillations, and declared the vessel to be an excise cutter, come to extinguish the little freedom still abiding by traffic. A Macgillary who had retired, (I use a mild word) from one of your majesty's marching regiments, without consulting the colonel, looked upon it as an armed schooner on a cruise for deserters, and took to the hills accordingly. A Cameron,—I know not how he came there,—who fondly believed that the line of the Pretender was immortal, tossed his bonnet, and began to whistle as he marched among the heather, the air of 'You're welcome, Charlie Stuart;' while Maggie Macdonald, a reputed witch from the headland of Mull, exclaimed, 'A shadow and not a ship—a demon and not the work of men's hands; for see, it has dropt anchor over the spot where the Florida, with all her treasures, lies in fifty fathom of water—a spot haunted by the spirit of

the princess of Andalusia; I have seen her corpse-lights myself."

"That's all truth," exclaimed the islander; "I should like to hear how you came to know that, Sir Walter?"

"My ears, Maclean, hear further," replied Scott, "than you are aware of; the lowlands are not without even spiritual intelligence: would you monopolize for your highlands and isles all such intercourse? Content you, man, with the second sight, allow us humbler folk of the south, to discover upland legends in our own way. But to my story—Maggie Macdonald's opinion did not go uncontradicted; a Maclean, who was beside her, exclaimed, 'It is an English ship, come with a diving bell to pick up all the red gold out of the Florida; but it serves our isle right to rob her—she has never done luck since she took to the heather with Prince Charlie.'"

"I wish to say no word of offence," cried the islander; "but may a Saxon knife cut my highland lugs, and mend a gauger's brogues with the bits, if you, or any body else, ever heard such words from the lips of Donald Maclean. So put that in your sporan, Sir Walter."

"Well, then, even tell the story yourself," replied Scott, internally enjoying the islander's anger, and his majesty's wonder.

"By all the water in the blessed well of Tobermorrie, I shall e'en do that same; for I see you are bent on making mirth of as fine a tradition as isle or mainland contains."

"But Maclean," said his Majesty, "as this is to be a poem, will you not in the spirit of a true minstrel, accompany it with the music of your harp."

The islander coloured as he replied, "This harp belonged to Flora Macdonald, and the strings have continued mute since she touched them to soothe the miseries of one whose high courage, and daring deeds, deserved not the fortune of an outcast."

"You may speak out, Maclean," said the king; "I feel for the misfortunes of one whose blood was the same as my own; and it was one of the first acts of my reign to place a noble monument over the dust of our unfortunate princes."

"And right glad were you of the opportunity, sire," answered Maclean; "but I wrong you; for the gallant, some say misguided men, who in battle and in exile died and suffered in the cause of the Stuarts, your majesty has shown a sympathy, unfelt by the earlier princes of your house. The sea, the shore, and the two-edged sword, were the friends of your throne, and I murmur not against the decrees of Heaven."

"Yet a Maclean hesitates to touch his harp at the bidding of his prince," said his majesty. "Sir Walter, the loyal spirit of verse resides but in your own bosom."

"Verse—true verse, is ever loyal, sire," said the islander, "and it is to be found every where in the north; but it lies with us, as gold lies in the mine; it wants the popular impress which your majesty's lineaments give to make it pass current. I have not Sir Walter's excellence in the art of harmonious rhyme; but since I have promised it, I shall tell the tale of that Flora Macdonald, called in our land, Flora the First, at which the introduction of Sir Walter pointed; but your majesty will excuse my imperfect English—I must translate as I speak, and I cannot always find a southern substitute for our heroic highland."

"One evening of that year in which the Spanish Armada visited the shores of our isles, my ancestress, Eupheme Macdonald, sat by the side of the blessed well of Tobermorrie, to dip, on the rising of the moon, the eldest son of the chief of the Macleans, on whose bloom a sea-elf was supposed to have breathed. As she sat with the child in her lap, looking on the fountain, the water became shaken and agitated; and something was presented to her sight which caused her to shriek, and, without biding the rising of the moon, to hasten with the child to the chamber of her mistress. Now Eupheme was a relation of the lady, and had nursed her when a child; so she procured ready admittance, and could speak her mind without fear: 'O

may all the saints of the house of Macdonald be near you!" cried Eupheme; "for misery is about to befall you."

"What misery can befall me, woman?" exclaimed Flora, for she was as haughty as she was beautiful; "is not this castle strong, and the Maclean brave?"

"Both, both," answered the other; "but in your strength lies your ruin. It was no vain vision, but the saint that presides over the blessed well, which appeared to me to-night; her signs and mutterings to me were of danger—danger, Flora, from the sea; and what danger can come from the sea which aims not at your peace; for, alas! you know how many ladies sighed that day you became a bride."

"Foolish old woman!" replied the lady Flora, "do you doubt Maclean's faith, or mine? Go look in the well again, and see a more agreeable vision."

"It shall not need," replied Eupheme; "the vision is about to be fulfilled." As she spoke, a low, deep, sullen sound came rolling landward; the waves began to raise and sparkle in the moonlight, and as Lady Flora rose and stood at her window, the foaming spray was thrown as high as the turret tops.

"Hark!" she said, in a low voice, "yonder is the thunder."

"Ah, it is thunder, lady," answered her attendant; "but it is of man, not of God; it is the sound of artillery, and intimates that souls are in jeopardy. See, a beautiful ship driven towards us by the demon of the blast! But the mermaids of Mull shall soon sing in her timbers as she lies in the bosom of the deep."

"Now all the hosts of heaven forbid!" exclaimed Lady Flora, stretching her hand to a silver call with which she summoned her attendant; "Maclean and his brave people shall save these perishing souls."

"You will perish then yourself, lady," said Eupheme, laying her hand on the silver pipe. "Shall I speak as prophetes never spoke before—I mean plainly? That ship is one of the Spanish Armada, and holds in her bosom the sole enemy of your peace. In that ship sails an Andalusian princess, who, twelve months ago, dreamed in a dream, that a chief of heroic look and beauty appeared to her, and holding out his hand, saved her from the sea, and crowned her a queen among his isles. How I know it, you may guess if you choose,—but that chief is the Maclean: thither is she come, on the wings of love, and in her father's ship, to seek and find him; and when she comes, such is her beauty, that to see her is to love her."

"I fear her not," exclaimed Lady Flora; "let her come and welcome, in all her loveliness; I can trust in the honour of him who preferred me to all the other dames of Caledonia."

"Then, lady, you are lost!" said Eupheme, with a sigh; "Maclean is fated to love her, should he once behold her; but he shall not behold her! All the winds of Mull and Tobermorie obey me."

"Stir not—speak not, I order you, on your life, old woman," exclaimed Lady Flora; and as she spoke, the ship, urged to supernatural speed, came plunging into the bay, and anchored close to the castle wall.

"The chief of the Macleans, as the ship anchored in the bay, took to his barge, and offered his services on board."

"Our mistress," said one, in the Spanish tongue, "will be on deck in an instant, and thank you in person."

"As these words were uttered, a young lady, of surpassing beauty, clad in green velvet, bedropt with gold, and carrying this little silver instrument in her hand came suddenly on deck. Her colour went and came the moment that she saw him; her knees shook, and had he not supported her in his arms, she would have fallen. She whispered a word or two to an aged attendant, on which all the ship's company raised a shout of—'He is found, he is found!' And looking in Maclean's face, she said, 'The vision did not flatter thee. I come to make thee a prince, and carry thee from this cold, barren isle, to the fruitful vales and vine-clad hills of my native Andalusia.'

"Such was the influence of her melodious tongue, and large lustrous eyes," said the chief, in relating the wild

tale in after years, "that I saw nothing but her, and all memory of my own Flora Macdonald vanished."

"The Lady Flora fainted as she beheld this from her window; while Eupheme turned east, and west, and north, and south, and muttered words in the Mull tongue, at which those who strove to restore their mistress shuddered. The wind, awakened by accident, or by her spells, rushed suddenly down, and the ship of the princess spun round for a moment, like a feather on an eddy, and went down, head-foremost."

"Thou shalt be burnt for this deed," exclaimed Lady Flora, as she recovered, and heard the loud cry of so many soul perishing.

"I care not," said the witch, for my chief is safe. Here comes the Maclean with the Spanish syren's harp, and not a hair of his head is moist."

"My tale is done, sire. Though some would add, that when the late divers visited the sunken ship, they saw the princess lying asleep, in all her virgin beauty, on deck, with two mermaids keeping watch over her slumbers."

From the Friendship's Offering for 1838.

REMEMBRANCE.

I ought to be joyful, the jest and the song
And the light tones of music resound through the throng;
But its cadence falls dully and dead on my ear,
And the laughter I mimic is quenched in a tear.

For here are no longer, to bid me rejoice,
The light of thy smile, or the tone of thy voice,
And, gay though the crowd that's around me may be,
I am alone, when I'm parted from thee.

Alone, said I, dearest? O, never we part,—
For ever, for ever, thou'rt here in my heart;
Sleeping or walking, where'er I may be,
I have but one thought and that thought is of thee.

When the planets roll red through the darkness of night,
When the morning bedews all the landscape with light,
When the high sun of noon-day is warm on the hill,
And the breezes are quiet, the green leafage still;

I love to look out o'er the earth and the sky,
For nature is kind, and seems lonely, as I;
Whatever in nature most lovely I see,
Has a voice that recalls the remembrance of thee.

Remember—remember—Those only can know
How dear is remembrance, whose hope is laid low;
'Tis like clouds in the west, that are gorgeous still,
When the dank dews of evening fall deadly and chill;

Like the bow in the cloud that is painted so bright,—
Like the voice of the nightingale, heard through the night,
Oh, sweet is remembrance, most sad though it be,
For remembrance is all that remaineth for me.

TARTAR PRAYING-MACHINES.

The following is an account given by a traveller relative to a Buriat temple, near Selingsinsk.

"The place of worship consists of about a dozen wooden buildings, of different sizes, placed near to one another. Their ideas of matter and motion have led to cheap modes of praying. The buriat procures a prayer, written on a long slip of paper, and suspends it where it will be moved by the wind or passengers, or rolls it round the barrel of a small windmill, such as is frequently placed in gardens to frighten birds. One stage contained about a hundred of these praying-mills; and so many prayers were pendant from the roofs of the chapels, that no one could move a step therein without also moving petitions. On the outside of the door stood a pole, to which was fastened a piece of coarse rag, upon which was written a prayer. The rag being agitated by the air is kept constantly in motion, and thus ascending to the god, spares the lama, whose duty it is to pray always, the trouble of so doing. He was employed counting his beads and turning a instrument of which a short account is necessary. It was a slightly constructed barrel, placed on a stand supported by four legs. This barrel, we were told, contained prayers. On the outside was a string, which when pulled by the lama, turned the barrel, and thus he offered the prayers which it contained. Speaking of other places of worship," he says, "We saw lamas here as well as at the other temples, who cut the wooden blocks for printing their

prayers. The board is fifteen inches long, and four broad. The letters are cut neatly, and on both sides the board. The lines are lengthways, six on each side; a man can finish such a book in five or six days. There was a similar board, but of larger dimensions, and used for a particular purpose, hung up in our room. It measured eighteen inches by thirteen, and was filled with repetitions of the word om-ma-in-bad-mo-hom, which signify, Lord, have mercy upon us. It is used for printing on a particular sort of their white cloths, called hadek; and several of these pieces so printed, are suspended on ropes and poles, round the graves of the deceased lamas, and other persons of consequence.

"We visited the grave of an old lama. There were, perhaps, one hundred of such printed cloths waving in the air, upon the poles beside the grave; and as each cloth contains 600 repetitions of the prayer, 60,000 were thus offered for the lama every moment.

The missionaries write, "There were shewn to us several bones of calves, which had been formerly offered in sacrifice to their gods, on which were written prayers, in the Mongolian and Thibet languages. We were told that these prayers were a kind of soul mass, or requiem for the dead. Such prayers, together with the performances of other ceremonies, at the burial of a taischi, or other rich buriat, are usually purchased by the third part of the deceased's cattle. The burial of a taischi lately deceased, cost about two hundred thousand rubies, or ten thousand pounds sterling; a handsome legacy for the lama."

Unless we pray with the Spirit, and understanding also, what are we better than the Tartar praying-machines?

FEMALE EDUCATION.—One of Daniel De Foe's projects was an academy for the education of women; on the evils resulting from the want of it, he expressed his opinion in the following terms:—"A well-bred woman and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to do but rejoice in her and be thankful. On the other hand, suppose her to be the same woman, and deprived of the benefit of education, and it follows thus: If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy; her wit, for want of teaching, renders her impertinent and talkative; her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse; and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud. If she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold. If she be proud, want of discretion (which is ill breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous."

RACHEL'S GRAVE.—The day following, we rode towards Bethlechem, which stands about six miles south from Jerusalem. Going out at the gate of Joppa, and turning on the left hand by the foot of Mount Sion, aloft on whose uttermost angle stood the tower of David (whose ruins are yet extant), of a wonderful strength and admirable beauty, adorned with shields and the arms of the mighty. Below, on the right hand of the way in our passage, is a fountain, north of which the valley is crossed with a ruinous aqueduct, which conveyed water unto the Temple of Solomon. Ascending the opposite mountain, we passed through a country hilly and stony, yet not utterly forsaken of the vine, though only planted by Christians, in many places producing corn, here shadowed with the fig tree, and there with the olive. About a mile further, west of the way, and a little off, stands the sepulchre of Rachel (by the Scripture affirmed to have been buried hereabout), if the entireness thereof do not confute the imputed antiquity, yet kept perhaps in repair by her offspring, as a monument of venerable memory. Below it, on the side of a mountain, stands the ruins of that Rama, whereof the prophet Jeremiah speaks. *Sandys's Travels.*

DIRECTIONS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF SLEEP.

As nothing can contribute more to the healthy exercise of the faculties of mind and body, during the hours of labour, than a proper attention to the management of sleep, during the period allocated to repose, we are sure our readers will feel obliged by our laying before them the following remarks on this subject by the celebrated Dr. Abercrombie :

"The chamber in which we sleep should be always large, high-roofed, and airy. In modern houses, these requisites are too much overlooked; and the sleeping apartments sacrificed to the public rooms, which are of great dimensions, while the bed-rooms resemble closets more than any thing else. This error is exceedingly detrimental to health. The rooms wherein so great a portion of life is passed should always be roomy, and, if possible, not placed upon the ground floor, because such a situation is apt to be damp and worse ventilated than higher up.

"The next consideration applies to the bed itself, which ought to be large, and not placed near to the wall, but at some distance from it, both to avoid any dampness which may exist, and admit a free circulation of air. The curtains should never be drawn closely together, even in the coldest weather. Some space ought always to be left open; and when the season is not severe, they should be removed altogether. The Mattress, or bed, on which we lie, ought always to be rather hard. Nothing is more injurious to health than soft beds; they effeminate the individual, render his flesh soft and flabby, and incapacitate him from undergoing any privation. The texture of which the couch is made, is not of much consequence, provided it be not too soft: hence, feather-beds, or mattresses of hair or straw, are almost equally good, if they are suitable in this particular. I may mention, however, that the hair mattress, from being cooler, and less apt to imbibe moisture, is preferable, at least during the summer season, to a bed of feathers. Those soft yielding feather beds, in which the body sinks deeper, are highly pernicious, as they keep up an unnatural heat, and maintain, during the whole night, a state of exhausting perspiration. Air beds have been lately recommended, but I can assert, from personal experience, that they are the worst that can possibly be employed. They become very soon heated to a most unpleasant degree; and it is impossible to repose upon them with any comfort: the same remark applies to air-pillows, which I several times attempted to use, but was compelled to desist, owing to the disagreeable heat that generated in a few minutes.

"The pillow, as well as the bed or mattress, should be pretty hard: When it is too soft, the head soon sinks in it, and becomes very hot and unpleasant.

"With regard to the covering, there can be no doubt that it is most wholesome to lie between sheets. Some persons prefer having blankets next their skin, but this, besides being an uncleanly practice, is hurtful to the constitution, as it generates perspiration, and keeps up a heat which cannot but be injurious.

"A common custom prevails of warming the bed before we go to sleep. This, also, except with delicate people, and during very cold seasons, is pernicious. It is far better to let the bed be chafed by the natural heat of the body, which, in most cases, even in the very severe weather, will be sufficient for the purpose.

"We ought never to sleep overloaded with clothes, but have merely what is sufficient to keep up a comfortable warmth, and no more. When this is exceeded, we straightway perspire, which not only breaks the sleep, but has a bad effect upon the system.

"When a person is in health, the atmosphere of his apartment should be cool; on this account fires are exceedingly hurtful, and should never be had recourse to, except when the individual is delicate, or the weather intolerably severe. When they become requisite, we should carefully guard against smoke, as fatal accidents have arisen from this cause.

"Nothing is so injurious as damp beds. It becomes, therefore, every person, whether at home or abroad, to look to this matter, and see that the bedding on which he lies is thoroughly dry and free from even the slightest moisture. By neglecting such a precaution, rheumatism, colds, inflammations, and death itself may ensue. Indeed, these calamities are very frequently traced to the circumstance of the person's having incautiously slept upon a damp bed. For the same reason, the walls and floor of the room should be dry, and wet clothes should never be hung up, as the atmosphere is sure to become impregnated with a moisture which is highly pernicious. In like manner, we should avoid sleeping in a bed that has been occupied by the sick, till the bedding has been cleansed and thoroughly aired. When a person has died of any infectious disease, the clothes in which he lay ought to be burned; and this should be extended to the bed or mattress itself. Even the bedstead should be carefully washed and fumigated.

"On going to sleep, all sorts of restraints must be removed from the body; the collar of the night shirt should be unbuttoned, and the neck cloth taken off. With regard to the head, the more lightly it is covered the better

on this account, we should wear a thin cotton or silk night cap; and this is still better if made of net-work. Some persons wear worsted, or flannel caps, but these are exceedingly improper, and are only justifiable in old or rheumatic subjects. The grand rule of health is to keep the head cool, and the feet warm; hence, the night cap cannot be too thin. In fact; the chief use of this piece of clothing is to preserve the hair, and prevent it from being disordered and matted together.

"Sleeping in stockings is a bad and uncleanly habit which should never be practised. By accustoming ourselves to do without any covering on the feet, we will seldom experience any uneasy feeling of cold in these parts, provided we have a sufficiency of clothing about us, to keep the rest of the system comfortable; and if, notwithstanding, they still remain cold, this can easily be obviated by wrapping a warm flannel-cloth around them, or by applying to them, for a few minutes, a heated iron, or a bottle of warm water.

"The posture of the body must also be attended to. The head should be tolerably elevated, especially in plethoric subjects: consequently, the bolster or pillows must be suitable to this purpose. The position, from the neck downwards, ought to be as nearly as possible horizontal. The half sitting posture, with the shoulders considerably elevated, is exceedingly injurious, as the thoracic and abdominal viscera are thereby compressed, and respiration, digestion, and circulation, materially impeded. Lying upon the back is also improper, in consequence of its bad effect upon the breathing, and tendency to produce night-mare. Most people pass the greater part of the night upon the side, which is certainly the most comfortable position that can be assumed in sleep. According to Dr. A. Hunter, women who love their husbands generally lie on the right side. On this point, I can give no opinion. I have known individuals who could not sleep except upon the back, but these are rare cases."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER 2, 1837.

HUMAN LIFE.—The superlative excellency of the Christian religion forms a legitimate subject of eulogy, and admiration. To dwell upon its ennobling immunities, or to sketch its seraphic pleasures, is the work of the evangelist, and not the duty of the public journalist. Into the fair and beautiful garden of christianity, within whose limits we cannot move a step without plucking flowers and beholding fruits of immortal growth, it is not our intention, at present, to enter. We wish, however, to set before our readers a new and interesting confirmation of the scriptural declaration that 'godliness hath the promise of the life that now is.' Beyond all dispute it is evident that from the evil habits which plunge thousands into penury and want, the devout man will be preserved by the principles of his faith. He will not be slothful and inactive in his vocation, for his religion imperiously requires him to be diligent in business. Taught by the wisdom that is from above, to 'do justly,' vanity and ostentation will not induce him to follow those expensive practises which are above his situation and income. The gross injustice of affecting a station above him, and allowing his expenditure to exceed his means, the man of genuine piety will never be guilty of. Nor will he follow those lax and slovenly habits of management, or rather mismanagement, which bring so many into difficulties, for one branch of his faith will speak to him on this wise, 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.' When in addition to all this we remark that the good man will be just and upright in all his transactions, we shall distinctly perceive that the natural tendency of godliness is to confer the blessings of the life that now is, to all its votaries. Without any miraculous agency on the part of the Deity, all the things of this life will be added to the man who seeks the kingdom of God and his righteousness. But our present object is to show that godliness has the fair prospect of long life—that religion is a friend to human existence. Of her it may well be said in the beautiful language of the wise man, 'Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour.' The calmness and equanimity of mind—the temperate habits—and the sound moral conduct which christianity produces, are eminently favorable to a protracted existence. That these lovely fruits of religion do tend to prolong human life, has been satisfactorily proved by the amiable Society of Friends. They

have discovered that human life with those who are habitually temperate, mild and moral, is, on the average, ten per cent. longer in duration than with the mass of society. So convincing are the proofs which have been adduced in support of this position, that a Life Insurance Company has lately been organized in London, having for its leading object the insurance of the lives of religious persons, effecting their policies ten per cent lower than those of the public in general. So much for the simple and unsophisticated religion of the Bible. Although uttered by the father of lies, yet it is true that 'all that a man hath will he give for his life.' Christianity does not contradict this great principle of our common nature—she does not wage unnatural warfare with our constitution—she does not lessen the worth of the life of man. No, but she stamps an increase of value on it—makes it abundantly more effective—renders it more durable and happy.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LATER FROM EUROPE. The N. Y. Journal of Commerce has received London papers to October 1 th, and Liverpool to the 12th inclusive. The returns of revenue for the quarter ending Oct. 10th, exhibited a nett decrease on the quarter of £1,187,702.

SPAIN.—Bayonne, Oct. 7. An expedition, which partly succeeded, left St. Sebastian on the 3d, in order to surprise Guetaria, and returned on the 4th with a considerable booty. Lord John Hay co-operated in this expedition with the naval forces under his command. It was stated at St. Sebastian that Don Carlos had re-entered Navarre.

PORTUGAL.—The infant prince of Portugal was christened on the 1st October by the name of Pedro d' A-cantara. The Cortes had decided in favour of two legislative chambers. The capital remained quiet.

According to a Belgian paper, balloons will in future be steered as easily as ships, the art of directing them having at length been discovered by a William Von Eschen of Brussels.

PROVINCIAL.

The version of the *Vindicator* and the *Minerve* on the late riot are directly opposite to those of the *Herald* and *Gazette*. According to this new version the Sons of Liberty while holding their meeting in a yard, were repeatedly assailed with stones from without by the Tories. Their business concluded, they left the yard, when a crowd of Tories attacked them in a furious manner with sticks, stones, and other sorts of weapons. Thus assailed, the Sons of Liberty defended themselves in gallant style, routed their opponents, and compelled them to beat a retreat. The conquerors are then represented as repairing peaceably to their dwellings. After this the routed Tories rallied, brave as lions, and in the presence of the Troops damaged the windows and window-blinds of Mr. Papineau's dwelling, and concluded their crusade against rebellion and anarchy by demolishing the printing apparatus of the *Vindicator* office to the amount of £500. The soldiers it is said were quiet spectators during all these ravages. Bewildered by such opposite accounts, a stranger may well ask, Where is truth? Where is even-handed justice?

Three persons of the *Canadian* party have been committed to jail—Messrs. Chasseur, Lachane and Legere.

Two of the regiments of Militia in Upper Canada have proffered their services to the Governor, "to serve against the revolutionists of Lower Canada."

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of the county of Middlesex, Upper Canada, it was resolved "that meetings of the people assembled with the avowed purpose of passing resolutions on abstract principles of government, instead of petitioning the Legislature, are contrary to the spirit of the British Constitution."

Mr. Richard McFurlan of Fredericton, N. B. takes great satisfaction in publishing to the inhabitants of the world that he has found out the PERPETUAL MOTION. The invention is so constructed that without doubt it will answer to propel machinery to any extent, without wind, water, steam or air. It is at once simple and wonderful. Farewell to the puny efforts of the steam engine and the electro-magnetic power. Perpetual motion for ever!

A Steam Boat for Carleton Ferry is spoken of by the N. B. papers. The Corporation contemplate erecting proper landings on each side of the Ferry, for the safe landing of passengers and carriages.

The Nova Scotia has performed her first trip. She is admired for her elegance and celerity. It is stated that she sailed about 16 miles in one hour and four minutes.

A gentleman from the United States had arrived at St. John to contract for a new Steam Boat to ply on the waters of Demerara.

The St John Hotel is said to be a splendid establishment. The few entertainments already given, have produced universal satisfaction.

The differences of the Council and House of Assembly of Newfoundland concerning the Supply Bill were not adjusted up to the 10th ultimo.

On Wednesday Evening last, Mr. George L. O'Brien continued his lectures on Mechanics. The lecturer confined his observations to the powers and properties of the wheel and axle, and the pulley. The lecture elicited from some of the members of the Institute unqualified praise, and was heard with marked attention.

The Piclou Mines are again on fire. The river was, we understand, turned into them last week. The Hon. S. Cunard left town for Pictou on Sunday.—*Novascotian*.

A case of Small Pox has occurred in the vicinity of Bridgetown.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Laughlan, Mr. Patrick Loneragan, to Catherine, youngest daughter of Mr. Peter Morrissey.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. James Forbes, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Laidlaw, of Musquodoboit.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. John Smith, to Miss Mary Ann Schultz, both of this town.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. Alexander Murray Kessock, of this town to Miss Fanny Williams, of Musquodoboit.

DIED.

Suddenly, on Wednesday last, Major Thomas Fortye, Barrack Master in this garrison. His remains were interred with military honours on Saturday last.

At the Three Mile House, on Sunday 12th inst., Henry Allison, infant child of George J. Hays.

At Guyabourgh, on the 19th inst., Isaac Wydo, Esq., much respected by all who knew him, leaving a large family to lament the loss of an affectionate husband and tender parent.

On the 18th Oct. after a short but painful illness, which he bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mr. William McKay, aged 49, he has left a family of six children to lament the loss of a kind and affectionate father, much and deservedly regretted by all who knew him.

Suddenly, at Boston, on the 11th inst., Thomas E. Fessenden, Esq., Editor of the New England Farmer, a gentleman highly esteemed.

At the Poores' Asylum, John Bryden, aged 99, a native of Scotland.

At Cornwallis, on the 10th inst. Content Burbridge, relict of the late James Burbridge of that place. In the 74th year of her age.

On the 26th inst. Jane Kerwick, aged 17 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Nov. 25—Schr. Waterloo, Eisan, Burin, 8 days—dry fish, to A. & J. Mc'Nab; brig. Reindeer, Morrison, Burin, N. F. 8 days—dry fish and molasses, to W. B. Hamilton; schr. Edward & Samuel, do.—dry fish, to J. Strachan; Medora, Peters, Quebec, 21 days—provisions, bound to St. John, N. B.; Brothers, Eisan, Pictou, 7 days—coal, beef, &c.; Annandale, P. E. Island, 9 days; Mary, do. 16 days—produce; ship Wm. Hardman, Michaels, Newcastle 58, and Longhope, 53 days—wheat, earthenware, coal, &c. to Fairbanks & Mc'Nab; schr. Deshaux, Bedeque—grain; Alicia, Currie, Miramichi, 10 days—dry fish, &c. to S. Cunard & Co.

Sunday, Nov. 26—Schr. Ant, Flockhart, Kingston, 54, and Matanzas, 21 days—ballast, to H. Lyle—Mate died and lost a man over board. Put into Matanzas for a bowsprit; Govt. schr. Victory, Darby St. John, N. B. 40 hours.

Monday, Nov. 27—Schr. John, Pictou—butter, pork, &c.; Liveley Arichat—dry fish, and salmon; Jolly Tar, Vigneau, P. E. Island, 2 days—produce. Barque Liverpool, 47 days from Liverpool.

Tuesday, Nov. 28.—New brig—Griffith, Bay Verte and Pictou, 14 days—ballast, to D. & E. Starr & Co; schr. Richard Smith, Sydney, 9 days—coals; Dolphin, Boudrot, P. E. Island 10 days—produce; Unlacke, Arichat—800 qtls. lsh.

Wednesday, Nov. 29.—Caroline, Setter, St. John, N. B.—sail to B. Smith; schr. Rising Sun, Morrissey, St. John's N. F.—fish, to Frith Smith, & Co. Left brigantine Ann and Hannah, loading for Halifax; the brig. Dove had sailed for Harbour Grace; schr. Glide, Berry, Cape Negro—reports the loss of the ship Sir Robert Dick, from London, bound to St. John, on Half Moon Rock, near Cape Negro—five of the crew drowned; schr. Dove, Marmad, Sydney and Arichat. Left at Arichat, the Lady, Richmond and Shannon, from Quebec, for this port—on Monday afternoon saw the wreck of a schr. inside of Country Harbour Ledges. Spanish brig Malaga, Ceranaco, Havans, 21 days—coffee, cigars, &c. to Creighton & Grassie.—On Saturday night last, while the Malaga was lying too in a gale, she was run foul of by a topsail schooner the schr. is reported to have sunk immediately—sil on board perished. Schr. Hannah, More, St. John's N. F. 13 days—ballast, bound to Liverpool, N. S.

Thursday, Nov. 30—Schr. Perseverance, Williams, Demerara, 20 days—rum and molasses, to J. Fairbanks; the schr. Margaret, Donne, sailed in company for Halifax;—left schr. Margaret, Milgrove, and brig. Hypolite, from hence; schr. Eliza Ann, Hendrick-St. Andrews, via Barrington, 3 days—lumber, to Fairbanks & Allison.

Friday—Schr. John Ryder, Wilson, St. John, N. B. 14 days, lumber, to G. P. Lawson; Olive Branch, Bouchier, Quebec, 20 days, flour etc. to J. Clark; Jessie, Pickle, P. E. Island, 10 days; Leander, Pugwash, lumber; Mary, Bridgeport, coals and fish; Nancy, Hanaway, Sydney, dry and pickled fish; Catharine and Margaret, St Mary's lumber; Hugh Deacon, Brookman, Sydney, 10 days, coal; Hope, Bruce, Shelburne.

CLEARED.

Nov. 22d.—Schr. Mary Jane, Spence, St. John, N. B. flour, pimento, &c. by S. Binney and others; Jesse, McInnis, P. E. Island—merchandise, by the master; 24th, schr. Priscilla, P. E. Island, merchandise, by the master; 25th, schrs. Albion, More, and James William, Vigneau, P. E. Island; 27th, schr. Rambler, Campbell, do.; Planet, Williams, New York—salmon, by W. Donaldson. 28th, ship Hebe, Wright, St. John, N. B.—wheat, flour, wine, brandy, &c. by A. Murison and W. M. Ahan; schr. Cinderella, McNeil, Newfoundland—flour, molasses, coffee, &c. by J. McNeil.

MEMORANDA.

Schr. Perseverance, in lat. 40 30 N. long. 62 W. lost her deck load; fell in with the wreck of the schr. Wentworth, Kinney, of Yarmouth, N. S. capsized in a gale on the 21st Sept, took off the master and crew carried them to Demerara. Spoke, 28th Oct., lat. 22 N. lon. 58. W., brig Rose, Kinney, from St. Andrews for Berbice, with loss of deck load and topmasts.

The schr. Margaret, Milgrove, hence at Demerara, fell in with on the 26th ult. lat. 31 20 N., long. 59 W. the wreck of the William of Frankford, lumber laden, nothing standing but the bowsprit; the mainmast gone by the deck, the foremast two feet above, broke off; the bow of a yawl and the starboard bow-er anchor were all that remained about the deck. From her appearance it was supposed the crew had been taken off.

At Berbice Oct. 8—Brig Hugh Johnson, hence. Shelburne, 27th Nov. Ship Sir E. H. Dick, from Liverpool, G.B. for St John N B. went ashore on Half Moon, Cape Sable, on Tuesday evening. Ship total wreck; eighteen men escaped safe, 5 were drowned in endeavouring to reach the shore in a boat.

AUCTION.

BUTTER.

BY JAMES COGSWELL,

At Noble's wharf, on Monday next at 12 o'clock. 60 TUBS first quality BUTTER,—Just arrived from Cape Breton. Dec. 2.

HATS! HATS!

GENTLEMEN'S best London BEAVER HATS, newest shapes.

—ALSO—

An assortment of handsome MERINOS, for cloaks and dresses, figured and plain, for sale at low prices, by Dec. 2. (4w.) J. M. HAMILTON.

SCHR. BOYNE FROM NORFOLK.

FOR SALE,

The cargo of the above vessel— 45 M. White Oak Hhd. Staves, 15 M. do do Heading, 5 M. Red Oak hhd. Staves, GEORGE P. LAWSON. Dec. 2.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for Sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacKinlay, and Mr. J. Munro, and at the Printing Establishment of W. Cunnabell, Sackville Street, opposite the South end of Bedford Row.

CUNABELL'S NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK, For the Year 1838.

CONTAINS, besides the usual lists, and Astronomical, Chronological, and Miscellaneous matter, Mathematical Answers and Questions, DAILY NUMBER very useful in calculations, Agricultural and Statistical Information, EQUATION TABLE, Charades, Answers and Questions, and COPIOUS INDEX, &c. &c.

Dec 1, 1837.

SALE at AUCTION.

BY R. D. CLARKE.

ON MONDAY EVENING next at 7 o'clock, a variety of Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Gold and Silver WATCHES, Jewelry, &c.

As this sale will be positive, and without any reserve, great bargains may be expected.

AT PRIVATE SALE, An extensive assortment of STOVES, of every variety.

MR. CLARKE requests that all demands against him be immediately sent in; and will feel obliged by an early payment of all sums due him.

December 2.

SALE OF TEAS.

A PUBLIC SALE OF TEAS will take place at the Warehouse of the Agents of the Hon. East India Company on Friday the 22nd of December, at 11 o'clock. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the Sale.

S. CUNARD & CO.

Agents, to the Hon. East India Company. Halifax, Nov. 25th, 1837.

THE SUBSCRIBER,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and customers, that owing to his bad state of health, he intends bringing his business to a close. He has now on hand a large and extensive Stock of

WINES, LIQUORS, GROCERIES, &c.

Which he offers for Sale at the undermentioned Prices, for Cash only. He also wishes to inform those that are indebted to him, either by Note of Hand or Book Account, prior to 1837, if not paid before the 31st December they will be placed in the hands of an Attorney, and sued for without distinction.

His Stock consists of the following Articles, viz:— Gunpowder Tea at 5s. 9 per lb.; Green Tea, 2s. 6d; Souchong, 3s. (warranted); Congo 2s. to 2s. 6d; Bohea 1s. 6d; Loaf Sugar, 9d; moist do. 5d; Mustard, 1s. 3d; Raisins 6d; half boxes Raisins, 9s; Currants, 10d; Coffee, 10d; English Cheese, 1s. 2d; Annapolis Cheese, 10d; Chocolate 9d; Ketchup, fish Sauces, &c. 2s. per bottle; English Candles 1s. per lb.; Halifax do. 11d; Starch, 10d; Vermicelli, 1s.; Macaroni, 1s. 3d; smoked Hams, 9d; Salt, 2s. per bushel; Havana Segars 7s. 6d. per hundred; Manila Sheroots, 7s. per hundred; Cognac, Brandy, 9s. to 10s. per gal.; Hollands, 7s. 6d.; Whiskey, 10s.; Port Wine, 7s. 6d.; best Port Wine, 30s. per dozen; Gold Sherry, 27s. 6d per doz.; Teneriffe, 20s. per doz.; Sicily Madeira, 20s. per dozen; Bucellas, 18s. per dozen; Champagne, 60s. per dozen; Scotch Ale, 10s. per doz. London Porter 10s. per dozen; with sundry other articles too numerous to mention.

He also offers TO LET, that well known excellent WHARF and STORE, (now partly occupied by Messrs. Curzon & Co.) possession given immediately. The Wharf is nearly new; it extends 144 feet from the rear of the Dwelling House to the water, and is 67 feet in breadth, with a Dock of 21 feet wide on the north side; at the end there is water sufficient for a large ship to lay, or heave down at; the Store is 40 feet by 38, and in good repair; it would make an excellent Fish Store, or a Cooper's Shop for a Whaling Fishing Establishment. For further particulars, please apply to

RICHARD MARSHALL.

December 2, 1837.—4w.

BESSONETT & BROWN,

HAVE received by the late arrivals—Bar, Bolt, Plough Plate and Sheet Iron, German, Cast and Blistered Steel, Plough Share Moulds, Anvils, Vices, Bellows and Sledges,

- 60 casks Nails
- 25 boxes tinned plates
- 1 case Scotch Screw Augers
- 1 case Ensigns
- 30 Canada Stoves, single and double
- 350 Iron Pots
- 160 Camp Ovens
- 220 Oven Covers
- 60 hanging frying Pans
- 14 packages assorted Hardware
- 1 cask Glue
- 120 kegs best White Lead
- Red, black and green paints
- 3 casks Shot
- Lines, Twines, and shoe Thread
- 1 bale hair Seating

Raw and boiled Linseed Oil, window Glass, and Putty, Whiting &c. Which, with their former assortment, they offer at moderate prices, at their shop, head of Marchington's Wharf—North of the Ordnance.

Nov. 17.

6w.

THOU OFT HAST ASKED,

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Thou oft hast asked, why ever o'er
My brow the shade of gloom is cast?
I'll tell thee now, thou'lt ask no more,
That question wakes to life the past,
And memories, like a wailing train
Of spectres, sweep across my soul,
And dark thoughts, like a mournful strain
Of music, o'er my spirit roll.

I have been happy once, but now
The hand of grief is on my heart;
Alas! that hopes which brightest glow,
Should be the soonest to depart.
I loved a girl—and she was fair
Beyond the visioned—beautiful;
And when her sweet voice sang an air,
Its power the darkest soul could lull.

But what to me her beauty now,
Or what her voice of melody?
No more for me her dark eyes glow;
No more her songs are breathed for me,
For she was false, and since that hour,
From my sad soul all joy hath fled;
E'en hope hath lost its witching power;
My heart within my breast is dead.

She shines amid the gay and young
The brightest of the brightest there,
But I have shunned the festive throng,
I would not have them mark my care;
For grief hath written on my brow,
How in my heart and in my brain,
Her ceaseless spell is working now
Undying agony of pain.

PICKWICKIANA.

ON PRINCIPLE.

"I takes my determination on principle, sir," remarked Sam, "and you takes yours on the same ground; vich puts me in mind o' the man as killed his-self on principle, vich o' course you've heard on, sir. Mr. Weller paused when he arrived at this point, and cast a comical look at his master out of the corners of his eyes.

"There is no of course in the case, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, gradually breaking into a smile, in spite of the uneasiness which Sam's obstinacy had given him. The fame of the gentleman in question never reached my ears."

"No, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Weller. "You astonish me, sir; he was a clerk in a gov'ment office, sir."

"Was he?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes, he was, sir," rejoined Mr. Weller: "and a werry pleasant gen'l'm'n too—one o' the precise and tidy sort, as puts their feet in little Indian-rubber fire buckets, ven its vet veather, and never has no other bosom friends but hare-skins; he saved up his money on principle, wore a clean shirt ev'ry day on principle, never spoke to none of his relations on principle, 'fear they shou'd want to borrow money of him; and was altogether in fact, an uncommon agreeable character. He had his hair cut on principle vance a fortnight, and contracted for his clothes on the economic principle—three suits a year, and send back the old vuns. Being a werry regular gen'l'm'n he din't ev'ry day at the same place, vere it was one-and-nindepence to cut off the joint; and a werry good one-and-nindepence worth he used to cut, as the landlord often said, vith the tears a tricklin' down his face, let alone the way he used to poke the fire in the winter time, vich was a dead loss o' four pence-ha'penny a day, to say nothin' at all o' the aggravation o' seein' him do it. So uncommon grand vith it too! 'Post arter the next gen'l'm'n, he sings out ev'ry day van he comes in. 'See arter the Times, Thomas; let me look at the Mornin' Herald, ven it's out o' hand; don't forget to bespeak the Cronicle; and just bring the 'Tizer vill you; and then he'd set vith his eyes, fixed on the clock, and rush out just a quarter of a minute afore the time to vaylay the boy as was a comin in vith the evein' paper, vich he'd read vith sich intense interest and perseverence, as vorked the other customers up to the werry confines o' desperation and insanity, specially one i-rascible old gen'l'm'n as the vaiter was always obliged to keep a sharp eye on at sich times, 'fear he should be tempted to commit some rash act vith the carvin' knife. Vel, sir, here he'd stop, occupyin' the best place for three hours, and never takin' nothin' arter his dinner, but sleep, and then he'd go avay to a coffee-house, a few streets off, and have a small pot o' coffee and four crumpets, arter vich he'd walk home to Kensington and go to bed. One night he was took werry ill; sends for the doctor; doctor comes in a green fly, vith a kind o' Robinson Crusoe set o' waps as he could let-down ven he got out, and pull up arter him ven he got in, to perwent the necessity o' the coachman's getting down, and there he sits vith the public, by lettin' 'em see that it was only a livery coat he'd got on, and not the trousers to match. 'Wot's this matter?' said the doctor. 'Wery ill, says the patient. 'Wot have you been a eatin' of?' says the

doctor. 'Roast weal,' says the patient. 'Wot's the last thing you devoured?' says the doctor. 'Crumpets,' says the patient. 'That's it,' says the doctor. 'I'll send you a box of pills directly, and don't you never take no more o' them,' he says. 'No more o' wot?' says the patient. 'Pills?' 'No, crumpets,' says the doctor. 'Wy?' says the patient, starting up in bed; 'I've eat four crumpets ev'ry night for fifteen year on principle.' 'Vell, then, you'd better leave 'em off on principle,' says the doctor. 'Crumpets is wholesome, sir,' says the patient. 'Crumpets is not wholesome, sir,' says the doctor, wery fiercely. 'But they're so cheap,' says the patient, comin' down a little, 'and so wery fillia' at the price.' 'They'd be dear to you at any price; dear if you was paid to eat 'em,' says the doctor. 'Four crumpets a night,' he says, 'vill do your business in six months!'—The patient looks him full in the face, and turns it over in his mind for a long time, and at last he says, 'Are you sure o' that 'ere, sir?' 'I'll stake my professional reputation on it,' says the doctor. 'How many crumpets at a sittin, do you think 'ud kill me off at once?' says the patient. 'I don't know,' says the doctor. 'Do you think half-a-crown's vurth 'ud do it?' says the patient. 'I think it might,' says the doctor. 'Three shillin's vurth 'ud be sure to do it, I s'pose?' says the patient. 'Certainly,' says the doctor. 'Wery good,' says the patient; 'good night.'—Next mornin' he gets up, has a fire lit, orders in three shillin's vurth o' crumpets, toasts 'em all, eats 'em all, and blows his brains out."

"What did he do that for?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, abruptly; for he was considerably startled by this tragical termination of the narrative.

"Wot did he do it, for, sir!" reiterated Sam. "Wy, in support of his great principle that crumpets was wholesome, and to show that he vouldn't be put out of his way for nobody!"—Boz.

Miss Edgeworth was one evening busy writing beside her futher, when a servant brought in the tea-equipage. The authoress measured the due spoonful into a china cup, then "turned on" the boiling water into the teapot, let it stand the time proper for infusion; put into other cups their cream and sugar, pouring thereon, what? In her literary abstraction she had omitted to put in the hyson, so that the draught she now offered her parent was very milk and waterish indeed. "Were you writing on Irish bulls that you made such a blunder, Maria?" asked the Sire. "No, papa," returned his witty girl, "'twa Irish Absent-tee-ism."

ENGLISH ANNUALS, 1838.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Others are shortly expected. Nov. 11.

TO FAMILIES.

THE SUBSCRIBER has for sale at his Warehouse, Warehouse Street, half barrels Superfine FLOUR, for Family use.

New-town PIPPINS, Baldwin and other Winter Apples. Boxes, half boxes, and Gr. boxes RAISINS, Superior BATTING for Quilts,

An extensive assortment of Franklin, Cooking, Hall and Shop STOVES. R. D. CLARKE. November 10.

BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1838.

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

JUST RECEIVED,

On Consignment from New York, per brig. Pictou.
200 Half Boxes, } Best Bunch Muscatel
250 Qt. do. } RAISINS,
Which will be Sold Low.

A. S. O.

Per Acadian and Industry from Boston,
Boxes RAISINS, do. soft shell'd Almonds, Franklin and
Cooking STOVES, of most approved Patterns.

B. WIER,
STORE, Opposite Mr. Hugh Campbell's. Nov. 11. 4w

AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS.

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

BRITISH MANUFACTURE,

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

November 11.

ROBERT NOBLE.

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

FALL GOODS.

J. N. SHANNON

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

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

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

November 3.

3w.

FALL GOODS.

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

November 11.

4w

J. M. HAMILTON.

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

AN assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig. Acadian from Boston, for sale at low prices—by

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oct. 14—Sm.

TO LET.

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

APPLES AND ONIONS.

50 BARRELS Prime American Apples,
50 do. Onions; in shipping order,
Nov 17 2w For sale by B. WIER.

THE PEARL.

Is Published every Saturday, for the Proprietor, by Wm. Cunnahall, at his Office, Sackville Street, south end of Bedford Row. Terms, 15s. per annum—half in advance.