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# THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO SOLID LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

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## THE RICH AND THE POOR.

Xenophon in his life of Socrates, presents many examples of his mode of conveying instruction to young men. One of these is very pertinent to the present times. Euthedemus a young man, "having collected many of the writings of the most celebrated poets and sophists, was so much elated by it as to fancy himself superior to any other of the age, both in knowledge and abilities; and doubted not to see himself the first man in Athens, whether to manage the affairs of the state or to harangue the people. Socrates frequently drew Euthedemus into conversations. Of one of these the following is given as the termination:

"Pray tell us, may we understand what a popular government is, without knowing who are the people?"

"I should suppose not."

"And who are the people?" said Socrates.

"I include under that denomination," replied Euthedemus, "all such citizens as are poor."

"You know those who are so?"

"Certainly."

"And who are rich?"

"No doubt of it."

"Tell me then, I pray you, whom you think rich; whom poor?"

"I consider those as being poor, who have not wherewithal to defray their necessary expenses," said Euthedemus; "and I esteem those rich who possess more than they want."

"But have you not observed Euthedemus, there are people who, although they have very little, have not only enough to defray their necessary expenses, but manage in such a manner as to lay up a part; while others are in want, notwithstanding their large possession?"

"I own it," said Euthedemus; "and recollect some princes whose necessities have compelled them to deal injuriously to their subjects; even so far as to deprive them of their possessions."

"It will follow then, Euthedemus: that we should place these princes among the poor, and the frugal managers of their little fortunes among the rich, since these may be truly said to live in influence."

"They may," replied Euthedemus; for I am not able to support any thing against your arguments, and indeed, I believe silence for the future will best become me, since, after all I begin to suspect I know nothing."

## THE WEST.

FROM IRVING'S ASTORIA.

On the following morning, (May 26) as they were all on shore, breakfasting on one of the beautiful banks of the river, they observed two canoes descending along the opposite side. By the aid of spyglasses, they ascertained that there were two white men in one of the canoes, and one in the other. A gun was discharged, which called the attention of the voyagers, who crossed over. They proved to be three Kentucky hunters, of the true "dread-nought" stamp. Their names were Edward Robinson, John Hoback, and Jacob Rizner. Robinson was a veteran backwoodman, sixty years of age. He had been one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and engaged in many of the conflicts of the Indians on "The Bloody Ground." In one of these battles he had been scalped, and he still wore a handkerchief bound round his head to protect the part. The men had passed several years in the upper wilderness. They had been in the service of the Missouri Company under Mr. Henry, and had crossed the Rocky mountains with him in the preceding year, when driven from his post on the Missouri by the hostilities of the Blackfeet. After crossing the mountains, Mr. Henry had established

himself on one of the head branches of the Columbia river. There they had remained with him for some months, hunting and trapping, until, having satisfied their wandering propensities, they felt disposed to return to the families and comfortable homes which they had left in Kentucky. They had accordingly made their way back across the mountains, and down the rivers, and were in full career for St. Louis, when thus suddenly interrupted. The sight of a powerful party of traders, trappers, hunters, and voyagers, well armed and equipped, furnished at all points in high health and spirits, and banqueting lustily on the green margin of the river, was a spectacle equally stimulating to these veteran backwoodmen with the glorious array of a campaigning army to an old soldier; but when they learned the grand scope and extent of the enterprise in hand, it was irresistible: homes and families, and all the charms of green Kentucky vanished from their thoughts; they cast loose their canoes to drift down the stream, and joyfully enlisted in the band of adventurers. They engaged on similar terms with some of the other hunters. The company was to fight them out, and keep them supplied with the requisite equipments and munitions, and they were to yield one half of the produce of their hunting and trapping.

The addition of three such staunch recruits, was extremely acceptable at this dangerous part of the river. The knowledge of the country which they had acquired, also, in their journeys and hunting excursions along the rivers and among the Rocky mountains, was all important; in fact, the information derived from them induced Mr. Hunt to alter his future course. He had hitherto intended to proceed by the route taken by Lewis and Clarke in their famous exploring expedition, ascending the Missouri to its forks, thence going, by land, across the mountains. These men informed him, however, that on taking that course he would have to pass through the country infested by the savage tribe of the Blackfeet, and would be exposed to their hostilities; they being, as has already been observed, exasperated to deadly animosity against the whites, on account of the death of one of their tribe by the hands of captain Lewis. They advised him rather to pursue a route more to the southward, being the same by which they had returned. This would carry them over the mountains about where the head waters of the Platte and the Yellowstone take their rise, at a place much more easy and practicable than that where Lewis and Clarke had crossed. In pursuing this course, also, he would pass through a country abounding with game, where he would have a better chance of procuring a constant supply of provisions than by the route, and would run less risk of molestation from the Blackfeet. Should he adopt this advice, it would be better for him to abandon the river at the Aricara town, at which he would arrive in the course of a few days. As the Indians of that town possessed horses in abundance, he might purchase a sufficient number of them for his great journey overlands, which would commence at that place.

After reflecting on this advice, and consulting with his associates, Mr. Hunt came to the determination to follow the route thus pointed out, in which the hunters engaged to pilot him.

The party continued their voyage with delightful May weather. The prairies bordering on the river were gayly painted with innumerable flowers, exhibiting the motley confusion of colors of a Turkey carpet. The beautiful islands also, on which they occasionally halted, presented the appearance of mingled grove and garden. The trees were often covered with clambering grape vines in blossom, which perfumed the air. Between the stately masses of the groves were grassy lawns and glades, studded

with flowers, or interspersed with rose bushes in full bloom. These islands were often the resort of the buffalo, the elk, and the antelope, who had made innumerable paths among the trees and thickets, which had the effect of the mazy walks and alleys of parks and shrubberies. Sometimes, where the river passed between high banks and bluffs, the roads, made by the tramp of buffaloes for many ages along the face of the heights, looked like so many well travelled highways. At other places, the banks were banded with great veins of iron ore, laid bare by the abrasion of the river. At one place the course of the river was nearly in a straight line for about fifteen miles. The banks sloped gently to its margin, without a single tree, but bordering with grass and herbage of a vivid green. Along each bank, for the whole fifteen miles, extended a stripe, one hundred yards in breadth, of a deep rusty brown, indicating an inexhaustible bed of iron, through the centre of which the Missouri had worn its way. Indications of the continuance of this bed were afterwards observed higher up the river. It is, in fact, one of the mineral magazines which nature has provided in the heart of this vast realm of fertility, and which, in connexion with the immense beds of coal on the same river, seem garnered up as the elements of the future wealth and power of the mighty west.

The sight of these mineral treasures greatly excited the curiosity of Mr. Bradbury, and it was tantalizing to him to be checked in his scientific researches, and obliged to forego his usual rambles on shore; but they were now entering the fated country of the Sioux Tetons, in which it was dangerous to wander about unguarded.

This country extends for some days' journey along the river, and consists of vast prairies here and there diversified by swelling hills, and cut up by ravines, the channels of turbid streams in the rainy seasons, but almost destitute of water during the heats of summer. Here and there, on the sides of the hills, or along the alluvial borders and bottoms of the ravines, are groves and skirts of forest; but for the most part the country presented to the eye a boundless waste, covered with herbage, but without trees.

The soil of this immense region is strongly impregnated with sulphur, copperas, alum, and glauber salts; its various earths impart a deep tinge to the streams which drain it, and these, with the crumbling of the banks along the Missouri, give to the waters of that river much of the coloring matter with which they are clouded.

Over this vast tract the roving bands of the Sioux Tetons hold their vagrant sway; subsisting by the chase of the buffalo, the elk, the deer, and the antelope, and waging ruthless warfare with other wandering tribes.

As the boats made their way up the stream bordered by this land of danger, many of the Canadian voyagers, whose fears had been awakened, would regard with a distrustful eye the boundless waste extending on each side. All, however, was silent, and apparently untenanted by a human being. Now and then a herd of deer would be seen feeding tranquilly among the flowery herbage, or a line of buffaloes, like a caravan on its march, moving across the distant profile of the prairie. The Canadians, however began to apprehend an ambush in every thicket, and to regard the broad, tranquil plain as a sailor eyes some shallow and perfidious sea, which, though smooth and safe to the eye, conceals the lurking rock or treacherous shoal. The very name of Sioux became a watchword of terror. Not an elk, a wolf, or any other animal, could appear on the hills, but the boats resounded with exclamations from stem to stern, "voila les Sioux!" "voila les Sioux!" (there are the Sioux! there are the Sioux!) Whenever it was practicable, the night encampment was on some island in the centre of the stream.

## THE EARTHQUAKE IN SYRIA.

The Rev. J. F. Lanneau, in a letter from Jerusalem, to his mother, brothers, and sisters, in Charleston (S. C.) dated on the 13th of January, gives the following particulars of this awful catastrophe:

"How little do we know what a day may bring forth! Had I waited one day longer I might have added as a sixth reason for special and heartfelt gratitude to God, His preserving mercy to me in a time of awful peril.

"The first day of January, 1837, will ever be a memorable one to the people of this land.—About sunset on that day (the Sabbath,) a severe shock of an earthquake was felt in this city, and throughout the whole length and breadth of the Holy Land, which has laid several towns in ruins, and destroyed many of their inhabitants. Our little missionary family were preparing to sit around the tea table, when suddenly the massive walls of our dwelling were shaken to their foundations, and threatened us with immediate destruction. But blessed be God, the shock though severe enough to throw down the tops of the Turkish Minarets on Olivet, and Mount Zion, and a part of the City walls, was but momentary, and so far as Jerusalem and the immediate neighborhood are concerned, very little injury was sustained. But the tidings which continue to come to us from the country north, is awful and distressing indeed. Nablous near the site of the ancient capital of Samaria, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Safet have each suffered severely. Reports have of course been exaggerated, and as yet authentic information has not been received. We have reason however to believe that 40 or 50 persons have perished amid the ruins of fallen houses in Nablous. A few days since a letter from Nazareth stated, that half of the Roman Catholic Convent there and a part of its splendid chapel had been thrown down, several other houses destroyed, and some lives lost. Tiberias and Safet, both holy cities of the Jews, are said to be almost entirely ruined and great numbers killed.—This intelligence has been peculiarly afflictive to the descendants of Abraham here. When the information arrived they all repaired to their synagogue and sat all day on the floor mourning and weeping, and bitterly lamenting this judgement of heaven, which they consider as sent upon them for their sins.

The Jews have dispatched messengers with clothing and money to assist in burying their dead at Tiberias, and we hope soon to have a definite and particular account of this heart rending catastrophe. Since the heavy shock on the 1st we have had four or five other slight ones, and the people are still alarmed and fearful of the repetition of them. There are not wanting Prophets, confined principally to the Jews, who predict another and a more severe one but they are not agreed as to the time when it will occur. The predictions vary from 17 to 24 days. After the last earthquakes here, in 1834, it was predicted by one of these Seers, that on a certain day, the whole city would be destroyed. The day arrived, and multitudes of Moslems, Jews, and Christians who were apprehensive that the prophecy might prove true left the city, and remained in the fields until night came on, when there being no signs of the predicted destruction, their confidence was restored sufficiently so as to allow them to return to their homes. Whether the fallacy of the prophecy then, will allay the fears of the people now, under similar circumstance, remains to be tested. So far as I have been able to learn, I think that but few will be found credulous enough to place any dependence upon their present predictions."

"I have not time to mention one half the reports to which this calamity has given rise. Would that I could say, that it had made any serious impression upon the minds of this ignorant, deluded, and perishing people. But alas, we fear that none have laid it seriously to heart, and drawn from it that lesson which it was undoubtedly designed to enforce.

"But I must close; I shall write again as soon as we receive more particular information concerning the effect of the earthquake."

## TIME.

By the Rev. J. H. Clinch.

I.

I STOOD in thought beside an arrowy stream,  
Holding its way through many a flowery mead  
And woodland, where alone the fitful gleam  
Of the sun pierced the gloom — then, quickly freed  
From forest twilight, with a noisy speed  
It dashed and bubbled onward down a slope  
Where rocks arose its rushing to impede,  
But rose in vain, like terrors against Hope  
Or foes against Despair, where spears a path must ope.

II.

On, on it flew, o'er every barrier springing  
With mighty impulse and with headlong leaps,  
To where, the ceaseless hymn of Nature singing,  
Ocean's eternity of waters keeps  
Perpetual music, and the voice of deeps  
Calleth to deep; — the wild brook swept away  
To mingle with those tides where darkness sleeps  
Far down in their abysses, and a ray  
Entrance hath never found from the serene of day.

III.

And as the stream passed on, the dewy flowers  
That decked its marge their silky petals threw  
Upon its eddying waters, and the showers  
Of pattering rain, when gusts of autumn blew,  
Bade the tall trees their leaves by thousands strew  
Upon its heaving bosom — and the bank,  
Where with sharp turn the impetuous torrent flew  
In foamy eddies onward, piecemeal sank,  
Borne by the flood to fill the caves of ocean dank.

IV.

And ever and anon some goodly tree,  
By woodsman's axe subdued or slow decay,  
Swept by to ocean's broad eternity,  
Rolling and plunging on its foamy way,  
And spurning from its knotted limbs the spray  
E'en like a drowning giant; now a rock  
Grasping in vain its desperate course to stay —  
And now some root which reeds before the shock,  
And now smooth bending reeds which all its efforts mock.

V.

In that swift brook I saw the flight of Time —  
Of Time which, like a tributary tide,  
Empties its waters into that sublime  
And mighty torrent which shall ever hide  
Its source in clouds and darkness — and the wide  
Extension of whose stream forbids all sense  
A limit to define on either side —  
A shoreless ocean wrapped in vapours dense —  
For ever to roll on — mysterious — dim — immense.

VI.

Time's stream flows into that eternity —  
Eternity its secret source supplies —  
And as its troubled billows swiftly flee,  
Passing Earth's shifting scenes and changeable skies,  
It bears to that far ocean as its prize  
The dewy flowers of youth — the searer leaves  
Of manhood — and at times her agonies  
A dying nation o'er its current heaves,  
As, like the shattered tree, her wreck Time's flood receives.

VII.

The monument or pyramid that seemed  
Ere perennius when it first arose —  
The castle-towers where War's red beacon boomed,  
Frowning defiance on a thousand foes —  
Have slowly crumbled to the noiseless blows  
Of Age's ceaseless hand — and one by one  
Have sunk beneath the tide that ever flows  
To bear them to Oblivion's chamber dun,  
E'en like the streamlet's bank, where eddying waters run.

VIII.

On hastes Time's current, with perpetual sweep,  
Spurning all interruption: — Strength may fling  
His rocky barriers in its torrent deep —  
Pleasure's bright flowers and rank weeds clustering  
May seek to check its progress. Fame may bring  
Her garlands to its eddies, and essay  
To plant them in the waters, till they spring  
Into far spreading palms — and Wealth may lay  
Broad dams of golden sand, its onward course to stay

IX.

All, all in vain! — in foamy letters traced  
Labiter et labiter tells its tale,  
And man, borne downward by its ceaseless haste,  
May e'en outrun the current, for the gale  
Aids the descending voyager — but to sail  
Upward against the tide to none is given; —  
The strongest anchor in that stream is frail,  
And none may pause — all, all are onward driven —  
Happy, whose compass points untremblingly to Heaven.

Dorchester, Mass.

J. H. C.

## VULGARITY.

If we are not the most elegant and refined people on the face of the earth, it is not for want of preceptors. But as many doctors are symptomatic of sickness, so there is too much reason to apprehend that many instructors in good behaviour are indicative of a deplorable natural and national deficiency in that particular. When we consider what things are taught, it is alarming to think how much is to be learnt. Many persons of both sexes fancy that they perform a thousand common operations tolerably well, of the true and proper manner of performing which, they are, if we are to believe the professors, utterly and shamefully ignorant. The other day, there was an artist (M. Vestris) who, for half-a-guinea a lesson, taught persons of honour how to eat soup. This man, who was born with the organ of spoons, whatever it may be, extraordinary developed, on coming into the world discovered that nobody knew how to eat soup—that is, how to eat soup as soup should be eaten—with an air, with an indescribable something which is only to be taught by a master, at half-a-guinea a lesson. He accordingly proclaimed himself skilled in the science of the spoon, set a high price upon his talent and was employed by all the first persons of fashion, who thus confessed the former error of their soup-eating. Whose this individual's pupils gave origin to the slang use of the word *spoony*, we know not; nor can we determine whether he was the first man to whom the proverb was applied, "he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth;" but certainly he was a striking example of the good luck expressed by it, for he amassed a considerable fortune by his peculiar talent, and went about spooning in his chariot. There was another genius, who perceived that no ladies know how to get into their carriages. He proclaimed the fact to the world, and denounced the practices of scrambling, scuttling, or being thrust in by the footman; he bewailed the accidental discovery of thick ankles, and the too obviously intentional display of neat ones, giving his disciples to understand that he could show them how to prevent the first unwilling exposure, or to give the appearance of the most elegant accident to the last disclosure. The women of fashion were readily convinced that they did not know how to get into their carriages, and the professor was in general requisition; among his pupils he had the honour of numbering the late Princess Charlotte of Wales. Another superior spirit discovered that mankind had been eating salad for ages without understanding how to make it. He went from house to house in his chariot, instructing persons of quality to dress salad at half-a-guinea a lesson; and great was the rage for triturating hard eggs, and effecting a smooth mixture of the well-ground material, with amalgamated oil and vinegar. Before the advent of this man, no one knew how to make salad. But it were tedious to specify examples. Is there not Captain Clius now teaching mankind for the first time how to walk? And is there not Mr. Theodore Hook unceasingly teaching us how to eat and drink like the quality? And is there not the author of a book now before us who teaches us "to speak pretty," as they say in the nursery? The melancholy truth is, that we must be in a frightful state of barbarity. Do any other people in the world need all this schooling in genteel behaviour? Do other people learn the nice conduct of a silver spoon after they have arrived at years of discretion? Do ladies of other nations require instruction in the art of stepping into their carriages? Do the gourmands of other civilised countries confess that their forefathers have dressed their salads for ages in ignorance of the true principles of mixing them? Are the French, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Germans, and other old people, just about to learn to walk? Do they need a Mr. Hook to teach them the polite course, method, and manner of eating and drinking; and a book in two hundred and sixty-eight pages, expressly, "for the use of those who are unacquainted with grammar?"—*Atlas*.

MOORISH CONCERN.—The Moors consider Spain as a country to which they still have a right to aspire; and many families in Morocco and Tetuan to this day preserve the key of the houses of their ancestors in Castile, Arragon, Leon, &c. and hope one day to use them again.

**EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.**—At the close of a series of lectures on Egyptian Antiquities, lately delivered at Exeter Hall, by Mr. Pettigrew, that gentleman unrolled a mummy, which had been presented for the occasion by Mr. Jones, of the Admiralty. This operation excited a marked feeling throughout the whole of the numerous auditory, including many individuals of distinction in the literary circles. In the commencement, Mr. Pettigrew noticed that the inscription on the outer case was different from that on the inner case containing the mummy. Both stated the party to have been a female; but the names and genealogies were different, and the latter stated the mother of the deceased to be living when her daughter died. It might be that the wrappings would settle the point; which, however, they did not, for no name was found on them, as often occurs. The mummy was Greco-Egyptian, and embalmed after the ancient manner—the bowels being extracted by an incision on the left flank, and the brains, probably, through the nostrils as the nose was much broken. The legs were separately bandaged, and the ankles bound by stripes of painted linen, about half an inch in breadth. The figures were not hieroglyphic, but simply ornamental.—Bands of the same kind surrounded the arms, which were crossed upon the breast; and a similar circle went round the neck. On each knee was a thin piece of gold, resembling the lotus flower; over each eye the providential eye of Osiris, of the same material; and another golden ornament upon the top of the ridge of the nose. There were rings on the fingers; but the opportunity was not sufficient for examining them, nor time for proceeding to the careful and laborious unrolling of the body to the end. The upper wrappers were not voluminous, and of coarse nankeen colored linen. Then came a complete envelope of asphaltus, and below that, the usual disposition and extent of linen rolls. On the soles of the feet were slight sandals, transversely striped black, white and red, exactly like those painted on the bottom of the inner case. The finger and toe nails were gilt; and, altogether, the subject presented many objects for further investigation and study.—[Literary Gazette.]

## PRAYER.

From Chrysostom.

"Prayer is an all-sufficient panoply—an enduring treasure—an exhaustless mine—a sky unobscured by clouds—a haven unruffled by the storm—it is the root, the fountain, the mother of a thousand blessings. I speak not of the prayer which is cold, feeble, void of energy—but of that which is the child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of a soul converted—born in a blaze of unutterable inspiration, and winged like lightning for its native skies.

"The power of prayer hath quenched the violence of flames—stopped the mouths of lions—hushed anarchy to rest—extinguished wars—calmed the fury of the elements—expelled demons—healed diseases—burst the chains of death—opened the gates of heaven. It hath rescued cities from destruction—stayed the sun and moon in their course—arrested the thunder-bolt's progress, and in a word, destroyeth whatever is an enemy of man. I repeat; that I speak not of the prayer of the lips, but of that which ascends from the recesses of the heart. Surely nothing is more potent than such prayer; yea, nothing is comparable to it. The monarch robed in gorgeous habiliments is less illustrious than the kneeling suppliant, ennobled and adorned by communion with his God. How exalted, how glorious the privilege—when angels are present and archangels throng around, when the cherubim and seraphim encircle the throne with their blaze—that a mortal may approach with calm and unrestrained confidence, and hold free converse with the Majesty of heaven! O! what honor was ever conferred like this! When a true Christian stretches forth his hand in fervent prayer to God, in that moment he passes beyond terrestrial things, and on the wings of intellect and holiness, traverses the realms of life. He contemplates celestial objects only, and realizes not the present state. Could we but pray with this fervency—with a soul roused—a mind awakened—

an understanding quickened—then, were Satan to appear, he would quickly flee, and were the gates of hell to yawn upon us, they would be instantly closed.

"Prayer—'tis the haven of rest to the ship-wrecked mariner—the anchor of hope to those sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of diseases, and a guardian of health. At once it secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the fear of our calamities. O prayer! blessed prayer! Thou art the unwearied conquerer of human wo, the firm foundation of human happiness, the full source of permanent and satisfactory joy. The man who continually prays, though languishing in extreme indigence, is richer than all beside; while the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated on a monarch's throne, is of all men the most destitute.

## DEATH OF A FRIEND.

By T. H. STOCKTON.

Some months since, during an agreeable visit at Baltimore we had the pleasure of a short acquaintance with the lovely and interesting female whose obituary is recorded below. One conversation with the deceased on the subject of religion we shall not soon forget: it was deeply interesting to us, as it was connected with a piety so cheerful and a life so amiable and consistent. We wish that our young readers could have seen Martha in her father's splendid mansion, surrounded by every earthly fascination, herself in all the bloom of health and beauty, and yet a happy disciple of the meek and lowly Saviour; they would no longer doubt the blessedness of those who in early life, chose the better part, and mind the one thing needful. Youthful piety we love and admire, and especially when its possessor is of a gentle and blithe disposition—Christianity then appears in so inviting and attractive a form. And thus did Miss Clark adorn the religion of heaven in life, while in death it was her support and consolation. A few months ago, we parted with her in health, but she is now a tenant of the tomb. Well, her sleeping dust is watched by her Redeemer, and at the appointed hour shall come forth at his mandate, fairer than the fairest flower—swifter than the lightning's flash—purer than the unspotted firmament of heaven—brighter than the morning star—more illustrious than the angels—like the body of Jesus Christ! How many of our fair readers will follow in Martha's train? We hope all. *Ed. Pearl.*

Died, Monday, June 26th, at 5 o'clock, A. M. in the 20th year of her age, MARTHA W. CLARK, daughter of Mr. John Clark, of this city.

It would be pleasing to dwell on the general character of our young sister and show her fitness for the duties and enjoyments of earth; but it is more pleasant to remember that when these were suspended by sickness and interrupted by pain, she gave the best evidence that she was equally prepared for the nobler employments and purer felicities of heaven.

Invested with many natural attractions, educational accomplishments, and social advantages, with apparently little of evil to regret and much of God to anticipate; she might have been regarded, by a lover of the world, as one to whom protracted years would have proved the highest blessing. Not so with herself.—Knowing, by her own experience, that "the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth," she found it better than health to waste with disease; and better than repose to endure suffering; and better than life with all its promises, to gather the blossoms of youthful bliss about her, and wither as they withered, and languish and die. Death, to her, in the faith of her friends and her own faith, was gain—the gain of complete and immortal excellence.

When I first visited her in affliction, she expressed some doubt of her acceptance with God. Recollections, of too much conformity to the world overshadowed her soul. She did not clearly discern the brightness of her Father's countenance. But the garden of her heart was fruitful, though shaded. There flourished especially the violet-like graces—patience, meekness, and resignation. I cherish this remembrance as affording one of the finest examples for imitation in the time of debility and weariness. It was not long before the gloom passed away; for prayer rose higher than the cloud and prevailed with God. Then his glory beamed forth, and the drooping flowers of affection were lifted and refreshed by the breathings of his Spirit. All the precincts glowed in the light and grew sweet with grateful incense. She rejoiced in her Redeemer and triumphed in the God of her salvation.

Her young companions and others may be profited by

some of her observations, and therefore I copy a few: "Aunt, what are my two or three months sickness compared to what my precious Saviour suffered for me! How blessed have I been! How much pain, excruciating pain, might I have had, but for His goodness! I shall soon be freed from this world of sickness and sorrow." Again: "Oh, how I long to go and be with my Heavenly Father! I love all my friends, I love every body. My dearest Mother I love dearly; but I love my Saviour better than all. I can part with every one. I want to go." She asked her mother if she did not love the Saviour and want her to go to Him; He was so good, so kind. The reply was: "Yes, but it is so hard to part with you." She then said: "Ma, it will only be for a short time, and then you will come to me! Oh that I was certain all my brothers and sisters would meet there. I have two sisters there and many dear friends! Oh that I could have all there." "This," it is remarked, "seemed to be her greatest cause of anxiety." May it be remembered by them for whom it was felt. Her aunt alluded to the dreadful night she had spent. She said: "I shall very soon be where there is no pain." She then continued: "I was thinking when I saw L—— at the glass, how trifling that would appear to her, if she was placed in the same situation that I am. Oh that she would love her Saviour more! Oh that I had strength to praise him and tell of Him to the whole world." Doubtless she now rests in the world that is bright with his glory and full of His praise—There may we all rest—Amen.

Baltimore.

Methodist Prot.

**DAUGHTERS.**—Let no father impatiently look for sons. He may please himself with the ideas of boldness and masculine energy and mortal or martial achievements; but ten to one he will meet with little else than forwardness, reckless imperiousness and ingratitude. "Father, give me the portion which falleth to me," was the imperious demand of the profligate prodigal who had been indulged from his childhood. This case is the representation of thousands—the painter who drew his portrait, painted for all posterity. But the daughter—she clings like the rose leaf about the stem to the parent home, and the parental heart; she watches the approving smile, and deprecates the slightest shade on the brow; she wanders not on forbidden pleasure grounds; wrings not the heart at home with her doubtful midnight absence; wrecks not the hopes to which early promises have given birth, nor paralyzes the soul that doats on the chosen object.

"Why did you not take the arm of my brother, last night?" said a young lady to her friend, a very intelligent girl about 19, in a large town near lake Ontario. She replied, because I know him to be a licentious young man." "Nonsense," was the answer of the sister—"if you refuse the attentions of all licentious men, you will have none, I can assure you."—"Very well," said she, "then I can dispense with them altogether—for my resolution on this point is unalterably fixed." How long would it take to revolutionize society, were all young ladies to adopt this resolution?

**ALBANIAN WOMEN.**—The Albanian women have a custom which at any rate prevents a portion of deceit and disappointment in regard to marriages. The younger females "wear a kind of skull-cap, composed entirely of pieces of silver coin, paras and piastres, with their hair falling down in braids to a great length, and also strung with money. This is a very prevailing fashion: and a girl, before she is married, as she collects her portion, carries it on her head."—*Hobhouse's Journey through Albania.*

Young men in the conduct and management of actions embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet, fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees, pursued some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly, care not to be innovators, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first, and that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them.—*Bacon.*

## STANZAS.

Oh breathe no more that simple air—  
 Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,  
 To me the only tale they tell  
 Is cold despair!  
 I heard 't once from lips as fair,  
 I heard it in as sweet a tone—  
 Now I am left in earth alone,  
 And she is — where?

How have those well known sounds renewed  
 The dreams of earlier, happier hours,  
 When life — a desert now — was strewed  
 With fairy flowers!  
 Then all was bright, and fond, and fair—  
 Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,  
 And heart and hope are with the dead,  
 For she is — where?

Can I then love the air she loved?  
 Can I then hear the melting strain,  
 Which brings her to my soul again  
 Calm and unmoved?  
 And thou to blame my tears, forbear,  
 For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,  
 Remembrance whispers, 'Such was she!'  
 And she is — where?

T. D.

## ADVENTURE OF LEWIS WETZEL.

Amongst the heroes of American border warfare, Lewis Wetzel held no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood, and familiar with all the varieties of forest adventure, from that of hunting the beaver and the bear, to that of the wily Indian, he became one of the celebrated marksmen of the day. His form was erect, and of that height best adapted to activity, being very muscular, and possessed of great bodily strength. From constant exercise, he could, without fatigue, bear prolonged and violent exertion, especially that of running and walking; and he had, by practice, acquired the art of loading his rifle when running at full speed through the forest; and wheeling on the instant, he could discharge it with unerring aim, at the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a dollar. This art he has been known more than once to practise with fatal success on his savage foes.

A marksman of superior skill was, in those days, estimated by the other borderers, much in the same way that a knight templar, or a knight of the cross, who excelled in the tournament or the charge, was valued by his contemporaries in the days of chivalry. Challenges of skill often took place; and marksmen who lived at the distance of fifty miles or more from each other, frequently met by appointment, to try the accuracy of their aim, on bets of considerable amount. Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide, as the most expert and unerring shot of the day. It chanced that a young man, a few years younger than Wetzel, who lived on Dankard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela River, which waters one of the earliest settlements in that region, heard of his fame; and as he also was an expert woodman, and a first-rate shot, the best in his settlement, he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of skill. So great was his desire, that he one day shouldered his rifle, and whistling his faithful dog to his side, started for the neighbourhood of Wetzel, who at that time, lived on Wheeling Creek, distant about twenty miles from the settlement on Dankard's Creek. When about half way on his journey, a fine buck sprang up just before him. He levelled his gun with his usual precision, but the deer, though badly wounded, did not fall dead in his tracks. His faithful dog soon seized him and brought him to the ground, but while in the act of doing this, another dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master making his appearance at the same time from behind a tree, with a loud voice claimed the buck as his property, because he had been wounded by his shot, and seized by his dog. It so happened that they had both fired at once at this deer, a fact which may very well happen where two active men are hunting on the same ground, although one may

fire at the distance of fifty yards, and the other at one hundred. The dogs felt the same spirit of rivalry with their masters, and quitting the deer, which was already dead, fell to worrying and tearing each other. In separating the dogs, the stranger hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "strike my dog, strike myself," arose in full force, and without further ceremony, except a few angry words, he fell upon the hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist. Discovering that he was no match at this play, the young man appealed to the trial by rifles, saying it was too much like dogs, for men, and hunters, to fight in this way. The stranger assented to the trial, but told his antagonist that before he put it fairly to the test, he had better witness what he was able to do with the rifle, saying that he was as much superior, he thought, with that weapon, as he was in bodily strength. He bade him place a mark the size of a shilling on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running a hundred yards at full speed, he would load it as he ran, and wheeling would discharge it instantly to the centre of the mark. The feat was no sooner proposed than performed; the ball entered the centre of the diminutive target: astonished at his activity and skill, his antagonist instantly inquired his name. Lewis Wetzel, at your service, answered the stranger. The young hunter seized him by the hand with all the ardour of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority. So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill and fine personal appearance, that he insisted upon his returning with him to the settlement on Dankard's Creek, that he might exhibit his talents to his own family, and to the hardy backwoodsmen, his neighbours. Nothing loath to such an exhibition and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel consented to accompany him; shortening the way with their mutual tales of hunting excursions and hazardous contests with the common enemies of the country. Amongst other things Wetzel stated his manner of distinguishing the footsteps of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with mocassins, and intermixed with the tracks of savages. He had acquired this tact from closely examining the manner of placing the feet; the Indian stepping with his feet in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground; while the white man almost invariably places his feet at an angle with the line of march. An opportunity they little expected, soon gave room to put his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's home, which they did that day, they found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family murdered and scalped, except a young woman who had been brought up in the family, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages. Wetzel soon discovered that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man; a fact not uncommon in those early days, when, for crime or the love of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted on trial into their tribe.

As it was past the middle of the day, and the nearest assistance still at some considerable distance, and there were only four to contend with, they decided on instant pursuit. As the deed had very recently been done, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, and perhaps before they could cross the Ohio River, to which the Indians always retreated after a successful incursion, considering themselves in a manner safe when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time occupied wholly by the Indian tribes.

Ardent and unwearied was the pursuit, by the youthful huntsmen; the one, excited to recover his lost mistress, the other, to assist his new friend, and to take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen—slaughter and avenge being the daily business of the borderers at this period [1782-84]. Wetzel followed the trail with the unerring sagacity of a bloodhound, and just at dusk traced the fugitives to a noted war-path, nearly opposite to the mouth of Captina Creek emptying into the Ohio, which

much to their disappointment, they found the Indians had crossed, by forming a raft of logs and brush, their usual manner when at a distance from their villages. By examining carefully the appearances on the opposite shore, they soon discovered the fire of the Indian camp in a hollow way, a few rods from the river. Lost the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians, and give notice of pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, being both of them excellent swimmers; fastening their clothes and ammunition in a bundle on the tops of their heads, with their rifles resting on their left hip, they reached the opposite shore in safety: after carefully examining their arms, and putting every article of attack or defence in its proper place, they crawled very cautiously to a position which gave them a fair view of their enemies, who, thinking themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around their fire, thoughtless of the fate that awaited them. They instantly discovered the young woman, apparently unhurt, but making much moaning and lamentation, while the white man was trying to pacify and console her with the promise of kind usage, and an adoption into the tribe. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing and rushing instantly upon them. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait until daylight appeared, when they could make the attack with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party; but if they attacked in the dark, a part of them would certainly escape.

As soon as daylight dawned, the Indians arose and prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegade, and Wetzel an Indian, they both fired at the same time, each killing his man. The young man rushed forward knife in hand, to relieve the young woman, while Wetzel reloaded his gun, and pushed in pursuit of the two surviving Indians, who had taken to the woods, until they could ascertain the number of their enemies. Wetzel as soon as he saw that he was discovered, discharged a rifle at random, in order to draw them from their covert. Hearing the report, and finding themselves unhurt, the Indians rushed upon him before he could again reload: this was as he wished; taking to his heels, Wetzel loaded as he ran, and suddenly wheeling about, discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest, but unsuspecting enemy. The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion, and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all energy, the prospect of prompt revenge being fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready, when suddenly turning, he shot his remaining enemy, who fell dead at his feet. After taking their scalps, Wetzel and his friend, with their rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement. Like honest Joshua Fleehart, after the peace of 1795, Wetzel pushed for the frontiers on the Mississippi, where he could trap the beaver, hunt the buffalo and the deer, and occasionally shoot an Indian, the object of his mortal hatred. He finally died, as he had always lived, a free man of the forest.—*Silliman's American Journal.*

A RUSSIAN BATH.—The room into which I was ushered was a small neat dressing-room, warmed at a temperature of eighty degrees of Fahrenheit (which might be increased or diminished at pleasure by opening the door of the bath-room, or the window of the dressing-room), and furnished with a sofa, chairs, &c. I undressed immediately, and walked into the bath-room, the floor of which, although only at a temperature of 100 degrees, seemed to me insufferably hot. In one corner of this room stood a large stove, which reached almost to the ceiling. On the side of this stove were four wooden shelves or stages, one above another, each furnished with a rest for the head. The temperature increases as you ascend. Whether I was not fully aware of this or whether in my agitation I had forgotten it, I do not know; but so it was, that before I had been in the room a minute, I found myself on the highest shelf, from which I made I believe hardly more than one step to the floor, for the heat seemed at that time un-

endurable, even for a moment: the truth is, that until the perspiration is completely established, a sensation of fever is felt: with burning of the head and throbbing of the arteries; but when the pores are once opened, every uneasy sensation ceases, and you mount from stage to stage, wishing every two or three minutes for an increase of heat, until at last you actually find yourself, as I did, lying on the highest stage of all, at a temperature of 124 degrees, without feeling the slightest inconvenience. On the shelves which surround the room there is an array of bright brass basins; and on one side are two brass cocks, which supply cold and warm water, and a pipe with a large rose, which acts as a shower-bath. I went to the bath many times after this, and feeling much more at my ease, I proceeded regularly in the operation. First I mounted one of the lower shelves, and after remaining there a few minutes, I descended to the floor and washed the whole of my body in cold water. I then lathered myself from head to foot with soap, rubbing every part of the body with a handful of the soft inner bark of the linden tree. After a second sprinkling of cold water I mounted to the highest stage, and immediately the perspiration streamed from every pore in such profusion that I could hardly believe I had wiped myself dry before I mounted the stage. So case-hardened had I now become, that I sat some minutes on the top of the stove at a temperature of 132° without feeling more inconvenience than I had experienced when I first entered the bath-room. But I found afterwards that I had by no means felt the highest degree of heat which a Russian bath is capable of affording; for when I was in one at Moscow, our Italian *valet de place* suddenly entered the room, and seizing a large vessel of water, dashed the contents into the furnace, which is filled with hot cannon balls. Unfortunately I had not then my thermometer by me, but from the sensation I experienced, I should think the heat for two or three seconds could not have been much less than 170°.—*Rev. R. B. Paul's Journal.*

#### A BLIND HARPER.

The following is the description which Dr. E. D. Clarke gives of a blind female harper, of Aberystwith, and of the first effect of the native music of the country upon his feeling.

Here we had, for the first time since we entered Wales, the pleasure of hearing the music of the country, in its pure state, from a poor blind female harper. She could speak no English, nor play any English tunes, except *Captain Mackintosh* and the *White Cockade*. There was so much native simplicity in her appearance, and the features of sorrow were so visible in her countenance, that no one could behold her unmoved. She was led in by the waiter, dressed after the style of her countrywomen, in a coarse woollen gown, and a hat of black beaver. She had seated herself in a corner of the room, and by an involuntary motion, I drew my chair close to hers. A predilection for Welsh music would alone have disposed me to listen to the harp; but our blind minstrel, with her untaught harmony, called forth all our admiration, and attention became the tribute of pity. When she touched the strings, she displayed all the execution and taste of the most refined master. Her mode of fingering was graceful, light, and elegant; her cadences inexpressibly sweet. We had never before heard such tones from the harp. She ran through all the mazes of Welsh harmony, and delighted us with the songs of the bards of old. She seemed to celebrate the days of her forefathers, and fancy led me to interpret the tenour of her melody. It sung the fall of Llewellyn, and broke forth in a rapid tumultuous movement, expressive of the battles he had fought, and the laurels he had won.

All at once she changed the strain; the movement became slow, and melancholy—it was a dirge for the memory of the slaughtered bards, the departed poets of other times. An air was introduced after a momentary pause, which vibrated upon our very heart-strings. With trembling hands, and in a tone of peculiar melody, she told us the sad tale of her own distress. She sung the

blessing of light, and portrayed in cadences the sorrows of the blind.

Without any support but her harp, deprived of her sight, friendless, and poor, she had wandered from place to place, depending entirely upon the charity of strangers. We were told that she contrived to obtain a decent livelihood by her talents for music, nor did we wonder at it, for who can refuse pity to the sufferings of humanity, when the voice of melody breaks forth in its behalf?—[*Bishop Otter's Life of Dr. E. D. Clarke.*]

#### CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

AN EXTRACT.—By J. G. Percival.

There is a mourner, and her heart is broken;  
She is a widow—she is old and poor:  
Her only hope is in that sacred token  
Of peaceful happiness, when life is o'er:  
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure—begs no more  
Than heaven's delightful volume, and the sight  
Of her Redeemer. Skeptics! would you pour  
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight  
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?

She lives in her affections; for the grave  
Has closed upon her husband, children: all  
Her hopes are with the arms she trusts will save  
Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,  
Though she has never mounted high, to fall  
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring  
Of her meek, tender feelings cannot pall  
Her unperverted palate, but will bring  
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave  
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er  
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave  
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore  
Of matted grass and flowers—so softly pour  
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,  
Long bowed before her Maker; then no more  
She muses on the grief of former days;  
Her full heart melts and flows in heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes  
Of saints look pity on her: Death will come—  
A few short moments over, and the prize  
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb  
Becomes her fondest pillow: all its gloom  
Is scattered: what a meeting there will be  
To her and all she loved here, and the bloom  
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee—  
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

#### A CLASSICAL TRIFLE.

James I. is said to have told his English subjects, during some of the explosions of pedantic flattery with which they hailed his accession to the throne of the Tudors, that, in his pronunciation of the vowels in the Latin tongue, he followed the example of his old teacher, "Maister George Buchwannan, who was weel kent to be ane of the greatest scholars of his time." That is to say, the king pronounced the Latin *a* with its broad sound, as in *war*, *bar*, &c.; not with its soft sound, as in *day*, *way*; which mode the English did then, and do still use. In like manner, he gave *e* sound of the soft *a*, while the English sounded it as in *these*; the *i* was sounded by James as the *e* in the same word *these*, and by the English it was pronounced with the full sound of the word *eye*, or of the *i* in *size*; and so on. Now, it is curious, that till this day the English and Scotch differ upon this score, each retaining their distinct mode of pronouncing the Latin vowels, and many are the quarrels which they have had upon the subject. It happens very oddly, that we have a record which shows that the Scottish scholars themselves, at a period very shortly antecedent to the time of George Buchanan, pronounced the Latin vowels as the English do now, and have all along done. Sir David Lindsay, an accomplished scholar, chanced to use several Latin words at the end of lines in his poems, which exhibit his mode of sounding the vowels from the words that rhyme to them. For example, in "the Three Estates," scene 1st,

Because I haif been to this day  
Tanquam tabula rasa,  
That is as meikill as to say  
Redlie for gude or ill.

The *a* in *day* and *say* could never, at any period, be pronounced *daa* or *sa*; and it is therefore plain that honest David Lindsay of the Mount, "Lord Lion King-at-arms," sounded his *a*'s as Anglified—ly as the most thorough-bred Oxonian could desire. In another place we find *sapientia* rhyming to *say*, and more instances of a similar kind might no doubt be found in the old Scot. As for the pronunciation of the *e*, in one line we discover the *et* in *manducet* rhyming to *eat*; and surely our ancestors never sounded this word *ait*, as the Irish of the present day are wont to do. So far all goes in favour of the English Latinists, but with the third vowel, the *i*, the tables are turned. Here Sir David favours the adversary. The last *i* in *Domini* rhymes to the *e* in the French words *qualite* and *chastite*, the sound of which approaches nearly to the Latin *i* of the Scotch, but never can be sounded like the English *i*.

The majority of vowels here is in favour of the English mode; and in strict justice we are bound to conclude, from Sir David Lindsay's evidence, that the early Scottish mode was nearer to that of England than to that of Scotland, as it has been in vogue since King James's time. Perhaps, all the length-we ought to go is to conclude, that even in Lindsay's time it was a controverted and undecided point, and that the poet might be inclined to adopt either as it suited his verse for the time.

A SCARCITY OF EVIDENCE.—Some time ago, a justiciary trial took place at the Glasgow circuit court, of a girl, for inflicting a serious wound on an aged female. It was suspected that the whole affair was got up with a view to ruin the culprit. The evidence of the person who had suffered the injury was first taken. In the cross-examination she was asked,—“Well, you say it was the prisoner who inflicted the wound?”—“Yes, I did.”—“You're sure of that now?”—“Sure, as my name is what it is.”—“Did any body see her do it?”—“My own tochter Mary heard the quarrel, and she might have seen it, but she had gone to the barn for strae to the cow.”—“Did you not make a noise?”—“Oh yes, made a noise as loud as I could, but nobody heard it.”—“was there no dog in the house to protect you? in the farmhouses you usually have dogs.”—“Oh, yes, there was a tog, too, and a very good tog he was; but he was an English tog, an did not understand the language.”—*Laird of Logan.*

RECIPE FOR MAKING EVERLASTING SHOES.—A nobleman of Gascony (for all Gascons are nobleman) complaining that his pumps did not last long enough, the humble shoemaker, asked him of what stuff his lordship should like to have them made. “Make the vamp,” said he, “of the throat of a chorister; the quarter of the skin of a wolf's neck; and the sole, of a woman's tongue.” The astonished Crispin made bold with a second question, in the shape of a timid and hesitating “*Pourquoi?*” “Why you blockhead,” replied the wag, “because the first never admits water; the second, because it never bends on either side; and the last, because, although always in motion, it never wears out.”

A SAD CASE OF DISTRESS.—A man in the last stage of destitution came before the sitting magistrate at Lambeth Street, and stated, that having, by the operation of the New Poor Laws, been suddenly deprived of parish assistance, he was reduced to such extremity, that, if not instantly relieved, he must be driven to a deed that his soul abhorred. The worthy magistrate instantly ordered him five shillings from the poor-box, and, after a suitable admonition against giving way to despair, asked him what dreadful deed he would have been impelled to, but for this seasonable relief. “To work!” said the man, with a deep sigh, as he left the office.—*Comic Almanack.*

CANDOUR.—An honest brewer divided his liquor into three classes—strong-table, common-table, and lamentable. This, at least, was honest.

For the Pearl.

## A LESSON ON BURNS.

The frequency and evil consequences of those accidents, which are the effect of extreme degrees of heat, applied to the surfaces of the human frame, external or internal, demand a share of attention, not merely from those men who make therapeutics their study and practice, but from all persons, in whatever situation and circumstances; particularly the superintendants of families, and other collective bodies of persons, whether of adult or infant age. The attention I speak of is a practical acquirement of considerable utility; enabling the possessor to employ innocent and efficient means for the prevention, cure, or at least relief, of some of the worst calamities which our feeble nature is heir to. In order that I may be serviceable in eliciting and fixing a few ideas on the subject of burns, which may prove serviceable to your readers, I proceed to offer a few remarks on this subject.

Water, at or near to the boiling heat, heated metals and inflamed clothes, are the most common occasions of sores of this description. The parts most frequently injured are the extremities, and the face; but from the latter course severe burns are frequently common to nearly the whole skin; and when one falls into a large containing vessel of heated liquor, the burn may be more unlimited in extent, though not so severe and replete with danger.

When heat has by any medium been communicated to the skin, so as to occasion injury, it will frequently happen that there is little uniformity in the appearance of the burn. Parts of it will be distinguished by a deep crimson blush, with very little swelling, but considerable tenderness: other parts will discover a separation of the cuticle from the skin beneath, and a collection of fluid, (pellucid or milky,) resembling a common blister, as produced by the plaster, while other parts will manifest an eschar of dried integument of a brown or black colour, devoid of life. These several appearances are sometimes descriptive of the entire sore; indeed the greater number of burns agree in character with the first mentioned. The danger attendant on a burn depends not altogether on its extent or severity, but much upon the state of the nervous system at the time of its occurrence, and other circumstances regulating the degree of fright occasioned; and in ordinary, more is to be apprehended from the consequences of such fright, than from the simple burn. Various species of fever, with nervous and mental derangement frequently resulting. I have known the decease of the patient to occur under such circumstances, when it had happened that the burn had been of but little extent or severity; and even the healing process had gone on favorably. A bad state of health from any cause, is farther to be regarded as greatly enhancing the liability to danger from burns.

The cure is to be attempted as early as possible, by means well calculated to remove the morbid effects of heat. I say as early as possible; for inferior means applied early, will do more good than superior ones after the disorder has had some scope. The means must be, 1st,—those of local application, to remove the partial effects; and 2d,—of constitutional, to remove those which are general.

In regard to the first, a vast variety of ointments and plasters have been recommended, in the most pertinacious manner, but in my opinion with no measure of propriety. My reason for placing so general an objection against them is, that they do not promote, but rather oppose exhalations of water combined with heat, from the diseased surface, which is the very process by which the cure is best promoted. Free applications of dry materials, as carded cotton, wheat flour, or chalk powder, have been sometimes adopted; but such things are objectionable, as standing in the place of better remedies, as being cumbersome and excitant of pain, and as carrying the sore a stage beyond what the case itself requires: viz. to suppuration. The principal means of cure have been evaporating fluids, as water, or water containing vinegar, alcohol, or salt, or in the form of vegetable juices, infusions or pulps. Of the last variety, scraped potatoes have been very popular; essential oils, as that of turpentine. The principle of application for all these is just, but the mode thereof is not. The principle is that of conveying the excess of heat out of the burn by means of a vapour formed at the expense of that heat, and the fluid brought into contact with it. But the mode is deficient, as comprising fluids of an acrid or excitant quality; which are not ready in general for the purpose; and which are procured by tedious and expensive processes. These too are always applied cold, and thus, by a revulsive agency, produce changes of too abrupt a nature; and a complication of diseased and healthy actions in the system, mostly productive of a sympathetic fever; a fever in many instances fatal, not merely to the comfort, but to the life of the sufferer. Such being the difficulties of practice, when a burn of any kind is done, what course shall we take? What method of relief shall we adopt? I will, in answer to these enquiries, endeavor to point out a method not open to the foregoing objections; a method that shall be easy, prompt, and effectual, to secure the desired end. Warm water is the efficient instrument of the cure. If the patient is so burnt as to cause

any adherence of the clothing to the skin, let it be freely applied by means of saturated flannels to the parts, (whether but a small spot, or the greater part of the surface of the body;) until without any force you can separate the one from the other. This being done, wherever the skin is destroyed or broken, line it with Jaconet muslin wrung out of warm salad-oil, but if this is not at hand, any other kind will serve the purpose, or even lard or butter. Next cover the whole surface of the burn, and a little beyond it, with flannel wrung out of water that is blood warm, after which the patient is to be enveloped in a blanket, and laid in the most easy position. From this period the lining of the sore is to be kept constantly wet with the proposed remedy: warm water being as often as is necessary (to secure this state) sprinkled or, poured upon the surface of the flannel. *This proceeding is to be persisted in until the patient is free from inflammation and pain;* which will usually take place in a few hours; and is commonly expressed by saying, "the fire is out of it." The state of the parts may now be examined, without any of the dragging, peeling and excruciating of the sensible surface which commonly takes place, and this procedure repeated in all its particulars: by means of which a happy cure will shortly crown the exertion. If, however, there are parts which are burnt to any considerable depth, they may at the second dressing have an emollient poultice applied to them; instead of the muslin, composed of wheat flour 2 measures, olive oil 1 measure, water 2 measures; all warmed apart, then mixed in this succession and directly laid on in sufficient quantity to keep moist enough forty-eight hours. This useful application needs no substitute until the sores, however bad, are perfectly healed: or at least, filled up, so as to permit a return to the use of the oiled muslin, or dry lint, under which the skin will be recovered in an unblemished state. This method, simple as it appears, will accomplish a cure with ease, and expedition, and as we may say in reference to such matters *Experimentia est magister optimus*, and as the liability to such casualties is considerable, I have thought it a proper subject to introduce to the notice of your readers.

For the prevention of burns the following maxims will be found useful.

1st. Never permit children to play with, or close by the fire; or to take a drink from the spout of a tea-pot or teakettle, or to have any thing to do with the mantle shelf.

2nd. Adopt as a mode of punishment the plunging of a hand or foot, in water as hot as it can be borne without injury—this will give them a proper sensation and dread of the fire.

3rd. Permit them in winter to wear frocks, &c. of woolen manufacture.

4th. Instruct each, if it should catch fire to lie down on the ground, and roll over and over, and if another child have caught, to roll the hearth rug, carpet or blanket round it, and to ensure presence of mind, catechise them as follows,

If your frock was to catch fire, what ought you to do?  
Why would you not run to the door, and call for help?  
If your sister caught fire, what would you do to her?  
Why would you wrap her up in this manner?  
Why would you leave her head out of the wrapper?  
Why would you not wrap her in a sheet or counterpane?

If there was no carpet or blanket at hand, what would you do?

5th. In mixing hot and cold liquids cleansing, or brewing, &c. always pour out the latter first.

6th. In visiting stores, stables, &c. at night, always make use of a lantern.

TEULON.

## ENGLAND AND HANOVER.

Among the important political changes arising from the decease of our late beloved monarch, the disseveration of the continental dominions of the British crown from the rule of the present sovereign is not the least remarkable. In consequence of the *salique* law prevailing in the kingdom of Hanover the empire of Victoria I. does not extend to that country, and the rights and duties of its monarchy have already devolved on the Duke of Cumberland. That intimate connexion which has prevailed between Great Britain and Hanover since the accession of George I. has now, for the first time, ceased, and all the probabilities are against the return of both nations under the same head. It is only in case of the Queen's dying without issue that the union would again take place. Ernest I. of Hanover would then become King of Great Britain, though the authority of our young queen could not, in any case, extend again to Hanover, the son of the king being the legal heir to that throne. The Duke of Cumberland, now Ernest of Hanover, is the first king of that country independent of a foreign power; and it is not a little remarkable that, while, as a subject of this realm, he took the oath of allegiance to the queen to-day, he may, in the interests of his new subjects, be in a condition to declare war against Great Britain at some future period. In taking that oath he has followed the example of George II. who, when his father was elector of Hanover, and he heir, as second in succession, to the throne of England, came

to this country to be created Duke of Cambridge, and to swear allegiance, as a British subject, to Queen Anne.

How far the influence of Great Britain on the continent of Europe may be affected by the separation of these two crowns is a matter of opinion, on which many will differ. Some will consider that we are happily relieved from an obligation that was often a source of great annoyance, and generally unproductive; while others will contend that the right to interfere on behalf of Hanover was a matter of great moment, amply compensating for minor inconveniences. We are certain that the influence of Great Britain on the continent is derived from much higher sources—its wealth, its power, its integrity—and that, whatever benefits have heretofore arisen from the Hanoverian connexion will still be continued by the affection which the illustrious personage who has now assumed the sceptre will ever entertain for his native country. —*Morning Post.*

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1837.

By the Pictou, New York papers have been received in town, containing English dates to the 24th of June. The most important items we give below.

**FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN PARIS.**—Some 300,000 spectators were assembled in the Champ de Mars, to witness the military spectacle, got up in honour of the marriage of the Duke of Orleans. The *Champ de Mars* is a vast enclosure, surrounded by a ditch, the entrance to which is only through large iron gateways. The centre is a low open plain, rising from which the ground has a gradual and gentle slope, until it attains the level of the surrounding streets. The open space is without trees, the slope and elevation are shaded with very fine ones. On this slope and elevation, and among the trees, were collected 300,000 persons, while the troops manœuvred below, and went through a sham fight. During this, some of the rockets and other fire works, taking a wrong direction, wounded some of the spectators, and in part of the field two men fell from a tree and were killed on the spot. It was not, however, until the breaking up of the spectacle, about 10½ o'clock, that the main catastrophe ensued. The crowd, anxious to disperse, rushed to the gates. At first the exit was easy and regular, but as soon as the mass from behind pressed impatiently on, the jam became terrific—alarm seized upon the crowd—men, women and children, uttering frightful cries, were trampled under foot—and for more than a quarter of an hour, especially at the gate of the Military School, this horrible scene was continued, and the crowd got out only by passing over the bodies of the dead and the wounded.

Twenty-four persons, 12 men and 12 women, were killed on the spot, two women carried to their homes, expired almost immediately, and there were more than one hundred and fifty wounded! of whom 40 very seriously. It is feared that in addition to this list, others at the lower end of the enclosure, and in passing out at the bridge of *Jena*, may have been precipitated into the Seine, as there had been many inquiries for persons missing, who are neither among the wounded nor the dead.

The Gazette de France mentions a report, that it was in contemplation to establish a professorship of Protestant theology in the University of Paris. This of course is connected with the protestantism of the Duchess of Orleans.

**Steamboats between England and Portugal.**—*Quick Work.*—The steam-packet *Iberia*, belonging to the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company, left Falmouth with passengers on the 22d May last, and landed them at Oporto, in the space of sixty hours. The steam-packet *Braganza*, belonging to the same line, left soon after for Falmouth, where she arrived on the 28th of May, after a passage of seventy hours, bringing many letters from passengers by the *Iberia*, which were received by their friends in England, announcing their arrival at Portugal, one hundred and thirty-five hours after their embarkation at Falmouth. The man who had predicted such a result of steam navigation ten years ago would have been deemed mad.—*Journal du Havre.*

**SPAIN.**—The victory of Baron De Moer is confirmed. Don Carlos, at the head of a Corps of 4000 men, had fled precipitately towards Solsona.

Great discontent prevails in the Spanish army, among the English Legion; and much dissatisfaction is expressed at General Evans' leaving the Continent. A large meeting of the officers was held at St. Sebastian on the 8th, to devise means to make the Spanish Government pay the balance of wages and salary due to them.

From the London Times, June 28.

The money business in the city has seldom occupied so little attention as it has done to day, and even the American houses have ceased to be a subject of remark; every one is occupied more or less in watching the first incidents of the new reign. Much astonishment is expressed at the statements which are so currently made of an approaching dissolution of Parliament without completing any of the important measures which have been so long under discussion. The proposition of taking a vote of credit alarms a great many persons with the notion that something is seriously wrong in the state of the public revenue, for such a proceeding has not been adopted for many years, and is without example, unless when the country is at war, or under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. There is much desire, therefore, to have the budget brought forward, in order that this difficulty may be explained; and in general, the notion of dissolving Parliament, while these and other matters relating to our commercial as well as our financial system are unsettled, is severely condemned. The difficulty of employing money safely and profitably in the present state of private credits, is nevertheless bringing capital into the funds for investment, and Consols have experienced a trifling advance; the last quotation to day was 91½ for the account. The premium on Exchequer Bills also advanced, and left off at 82s. to 84s.

LATEST.

The Halifax has furnished Liverpool dates to June 28, London to the 26th. Lord J. Russell declared the necessity of introducing a Bill this session to enable the Governor of Lower Canada to take the supplies from the public Chest. A variety of Parliamentary business had been advanced. The approaching elections occupied much attention. One battle cry, at Liverpool, is, *Vote for the Queen, another, - Down with the O'Connell and Coburg factions.* This latter seems grossly disrespectful at this time. Her Majesty had placed the Marchioness of Lansdowne at the head of her household.

We see nothing else of importance. - Tel.

**HER MAJESTY** was proclaimed this day, Friday, at 3 o'clock, in Halifax. The very impressive ceremony commenced in the Council Chamber, in the presence of his Excellency, many officers of both services, heads of departments, members of the Legislature, and a concourse of other inhabitants. The Proclamation was repeated in front of the Province Building; on the Parade, in a hollow square of the Military; at Government House, Market Square, Dockyard, and other places. We noticed the Green Flag of the Irish Society floating in front of Mason Hall as the procession passed. Much enthusiasm was exhibited by all who attended; his Excellency commenced the cheers from the throne, in the Council Chamber, and they were heartily repeated at every post of proclamation. David Shaw Clarke, Esq. read the Proclamation, at each place, in a distinct and dignified tone. This is the third sovereign which Mr. Clarke has had the honour of proclaiming. - Ib.

**DREADFUL ACCIDENT.**—The Scaffolding and part of the Bridge, erecting between Portland and Carleton N. B., fell on the morning of August 8. The work-men were just returning from breakfast. Upwards of 20 were upon the scaffolding, but about 10 escaped. Five are reported dead, one missing, and four badly wounded, but it was supposed that this did not include all the sufferers. The scaffolding was suspended between the Towers and Abutments, the supporting chains gave way, and the whole mass of Wood and Iron went down with a tremendous crash.

We call the special attention of all our readers, to an original and highly useful article; on the subject of *burns*, by Dr. Teulon, in our previous page. The method of cure proposed is so simple and easy, that it may be adopted without delay on almost all occasions. As far as our medical reading extends, we should say that it would be difficult to point out a piece on burns, recommending a mode of treatment, at once so safe and practicable. We hope that Dr. T. will frequently enrich our columns with his valuable communications.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening 1st inst., by the Rev. Fitzgerald Uniacke, Mr. Wm. Muncey, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Mr. Christian Brehm.  
At Dartmouth, on Sunday evening, 30th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Thomas Mitchell Leonard, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr. John Elliot.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. Ann Brennan, widow of the late Mr. Edward Brennan, - an old and respectable inhabitant of this town.  
On Sunday the 6th instant, after a short but severe illness, in the 13th year of his age, William, eldest son of Thos. C. Hammill, Esq. of Demerara.  
In the Poor's Asylum, Elizabeth Patterson, aged 52 years, a native of Halifax. Also, John Bremner, aged 45, a native of Halifax. - At Demerara on the 7th July, Capt. H. Bates, of the brig Abeona, of this port, one of our most respectable Shipmasters. His death is deeply regretted by all who knew him. He has left a wife and four children to lament his loss.  
On Monday last, at the residence of Michael O'Mara, after a lingering illness, James Lyons, shoemaker, aged 47 years, of the county of Waterford, Ireland - an industrious, honest, sober man.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

At HALIFAX.—Friday, August 4—Brigt. Transit, Milgrove, Barbadoes and St. Vincent, 15 days, to J. & M. Tobin; Rob Roy, Smith, Montego Bay, Jam. 23 days, to Frith, Smith & Co.; Mail packet Lady Ogle, Stairs, Boston, 55 hours.  
Saturday, August 5—Schr. Speculator; Lunenburg, new brig Granville, Doane, Granville, N. S. 5 days, to T. & L. Piers; schr. Victory, Banks, St. John, N. B. 7 days, to J. W. Young.  
Sunday, August 6—Barque Ocean, Swinford, Liverpool, G. B. via New York, 6 days, to D. & E. Starr & Co. and S. Binney; schrs. Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth, N. S. 2 days, to the master; Nile Vaughan, St. John, N. B. 10 days, to master; Margaret, George, Bermuda, 10 days, to Frith, Smith & Co.; Meridian, Trask; St. Vincent and Turks Island, 18 days, to master; Morning Star, Little Harbour; Susan, Bridgeport; Bee, Sydney; Margaret, do.; Bachelor, Cape Negro; Wm. Henry, Barrington; Mary, Dover.  
Monday, August 7—Am. brig Cordelia, Jones, Boston, 55 hours, to J. Clark, D. & E. Starr & Co. and others; brig Herald, Place, Demerara, 19 days, to Frith, Smith & Co.; schr. Broke, Cann, Yarmouth, Salian, Potter, St. John, N. B.; Mary, Gerol, St. John's N. F. 16 days, to J. Fairbanks.  
Tuesday, August 8—Am. schr. Evelina, Cooley, Bay Chaleur—bound to Eastport; Alicia, Curry, Miramichi, 6 days, to master.  
Wednesday, H. M. S. Comus, Hon. P. P. Carey, Port Royal. Schr. Ant, Miramichi. Britannia, Lovell, St. John, New Brunswick.  
Thursday, Schr. Eliza, Pictou, Fly, and Enterprise, Arichat. Favorite, Canso. Starr, Miramichi.  
Friday, Ship Halifax, Cleary, Liverpool, G. B. 42 days, to Packet Company and others. Schrs. Canso, Canso. Barbet, Torbay.

CLEARANCES.

At HALIFAX.—July 4.—Brigt. Lady Chapman, Gilbert, B. W. Indies, by J. & M. Tobin, John, Young, do., by W. Donaldson. 7th, schr. Sable, Hammond, St. John, N. B. by J. Allison & Co. W. J. Starr and others; brig. Eclipse, Arestrup, B. W. Indies, by Saltus & Wainwright, brig. Clitus, Howie, Chaleur Bay. 8th, ship Jean Hastie, Robertson, Liverpool, G. B., by J. Leishman & Co. schr. Mary, Garret, Miramichi. 9th, Gibsey, Stowe, Bermuda. brig London Packet, Harvey, Jamaica.  
At Bridgeport, 19th July, Am. schr. Gizard, Duell, Boston. 20th, Enterprise, Downey, Newfld. 21st, Collector, Whelan, do. Hawkebury, Broward, Boston. 22d, Tryon, Lynch, St. John's, N. F. Charlotte, Slattery, Shelburne, N. S. 24th, Sisters, Labie, St. John's, N. F.; George, Utley, Yarmouth, N. S. Maria, Gerrior, Boston. 25th, Mary, Kennedy, Halifax. Rising Sun, Landrie, Boston.

PASSENGERS.

In the Heron for West Indies, Mr. Burgess.—In the Emily for do., Messrs. Salter and Bragon.—In the Transit, from Barbadoes, Captain Hughes and child.—In the Rob Roy, from Montego Bay, Mr. Gibbs, and Mrs. Bernard and child.—In the Cordelia, from Boston, Rev. J. M'Intosh, S. Dunn, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Blades, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Hines, and 9 in the steerage.

CARD.

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

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH SEED STORE.

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

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

E. BROWN, Agent.  
Brunswick St. August 12. 4w.

A meeting of the Halifax Temperance Society, will be held on Monday evening next, at half past seven o'clock—in the Methodist School room (the Acadian School Room not being attainable) a punctual attendance of members is requested. By order of the President.  
Wm. BROWN, Secretary.

LAST NIGHT!!!

THE THEATRE will be open this evening for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Hood.—The evening's entertainment will comprise: Jocko, the Brazillian Ape; Cobbler and his daughter; Grecian Exercises, Tunbling, &c. &c. &c.

SALES at AUCTION.

BY DEBLOIS, & MERKEL.  
On MONDAY NEXT, at twelve o'clock: at the House opposite St. Paul's Church.  
**THE HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE of**  
**MRS. HICKEY**, consisting of Tables, Chairs, Sofa, CARPET, Bedsteads; Window and Bed Curtains, Looking Glass, PIANO FORTE, &c.  
August 11.

DEBLOIS & MERKEL.

ARE directed to sell by Public Auction; on Tuesday next, at 12 o'clock, at the store of W. F. Black, Esqrs. the following articles without reserve:—

**BOHEA TEA**, in chests, half chests, and quarter chests, 42 bbls. Superfine Flour, Pearl and Ground Barley in bags, Raisins in Boxes and half Boxes, Port Wine in Hhds. and quarter casks, Loaf Sugar, 40 bbls. London Brown Stott, in wood.  
Also.—To close a consignment, 20 ps. No. 495 Padding Canvass, 64 ps. Irish Downlass from 25 to 32 inches wide, 12 ps. striped bedding, 12 ps. white Sheeting, 27 pieces Russian Duck.  
August 11.

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

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

FOR the Sale of BOOKS, SILVER, GILT and PLATED WARE, JEWELLERY, WATCHES, Fancy, Ornamental, and other GOODS. Terms, always cash. \* Articles for Sale must be sent the day previous to the Sales. Liberal advances will be given if required.  
August 4.

THE BOSTON AMPHITHEATRE.

Under the Management of MR. H. H. FULLER.  
WILL give a variety of splendid Entertainments at Halifax, on Citadel Hill; and as every arrangement will be made for the comfort of the audience, the Manager hopes to receive the patronage of the Inhabitants.  
Halifax, on CITADEL HILL, on FRIDAY the 4th August, to be exhibited for  
**EIGHT DAYS ONLY!**  
Doors open at half-past 2 o'clock, P. M. and performance at 3, P. M.  
Price of admission—Box, 3s. 1½d; Pit, 1s. 10½d. Children, half-price.  
July 21.

The Performance will commence with the **GRAND ENTREE**, Led by Mr. FULLER. Clown, Mr. ASTEN.  
**Grecian Exercises**, By Mr. POTTER, who is unrivalled in this country in his profession.  
QUANG COELIS will appear, and go through the **Chinese Contortions**, Grand Alemande, by Mr. & Mrs. Asten. GROUND AND LOFTY TUNBLING.  
**COMIC SONGS**,—By Mr. RIPLY.  
TIGHT WIRE; By Mr. HOOD, The milk-white Mare MEDORA will go through astonishing performances.  
PEASANT'S FROLIC,—By Mr. HOOD.  
Clown's Act of Horsemanship,—By Mr. Asten.  
**SONG**,—Mrs. HOOD.  
The whole to conclude with **BILLY BUTTON'S UNFORTUNATE JOURNEY TO BRENTFORD!**

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

## LIFE AND DEATH.

When the imperial despot of Persia, surveyed the myriads of his vassals, whom he had assembled for the invasion and conquest of Greece, we are told by the father of profane history, (Herodotus) that the monarch's heart, at first distended with pride, but immediately afterwards sunk within him, and turned to tears of anguish at the thought that within one hundred years from that day, not one of all the countless numbers of his host would remain in the land of the living.

The brevity of human life, had afforded a melancholy contemplation to wiser and better men than Xerxes, in ages long before that of his own existence. It is still the subject of reflection or of Christian resignation to the living man of the present age. It will continue such, so long as the race of man shall exist upon earth.

But it is the condition of our nature to look before and after. The Persian tyrant looked forward, and lamented the shortness of life; but in that century which bounded his mental vision, he knew not what was to come to pass, for weal or wo, to the race whose transitory nature he deplored, and his own purposes, happily baffled by the elements which he with absurd presumption would have chastised, were of the most odious and detestable character.

Reflections upon the shortness of time allotted to individual man upon this planet, may be turned to more useful account, by connecting them with those that are to come. The family of man is placed upon this congregated ball to earn an improved condition hereafter by improving his own condition here—and his duty of improvement is not less a social than a selfish principle. We are bound to exert all the faculties bestowed upon us by our Maker, to improve our own condition, by improving that of our fellow men, and precepts that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, and that we should do to others, as we would that they should do unto us, are but examples of that duty of co-operation to the improvement of his kind, which is the first law of God to man, unfolded alike in the volumes of nature and of inspiration.—By John Quincy Adams.

**CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.**—Self-torture, under almost all superstitious religions, is supposed to confer on the sufferer a peculiar merit. Though not carried to the same extravagant height in China as in India, it is still extensively practised, and is made subservient to the interests of spiritual begging. Nienhof heard of a reputed saint, who continually wore iron chains, till the flesh became a receptacle for worms, which he saw with pleasure deriving nourishment from his person. The same traveller observed a man, who, muttering to himself, violently struck his head against a stone; and two others who furiously beat their heads against each other. These last operations were considered as establishing a decided claim for alms. Le Comte met with a young aspirant, who had shut himself up, and was carried about in a sort of sedan-chair, the interior of which was set round with nails, so that he could not move on the one side or the other without being wounded. He persuaded the people that these spikes, in proportion to the tortures which they inflicted, acquired a supernatural virtue, rendering them well worth the moderate price of sixpence. The Frenchman, having some of them tendered to him, endeavoured, in a discourse of some length, to expose the wild delusion under which the youth laboured, exhorting him to renounce it. The other replied, with true Chinese equanimity, that he felt exceedingly obliged for so much good advice, but would be still more indebted to him if he would purchase a dozen of his nails, the spiritual value of which he continued to extol in the most extravagant terms.—The priests of Fo, and particularly the ministers of the idol-temples, appear also to claim the power of bestowing temporal good and evil, and particularly of curing diseases—pretensions which, of course, prove often fallacious. A man, whose favourite daughter was ill, had paid large sums at a neighbouring temple, and obtained, in return, promises of a speedy recovery, which were so far from being realised, that the disease continued to make progress till it came to a fatal termination. The father, in despair, being deterred upon revenge, raised an action at law against the god, arguing that having received much money under promise of effecting the cure, he had either pretended to a power which he did not possess, or having that power, had not exerted it; in either case the fraud was manifest. As the judge, however, delayed proceedings until he should receive instructions from court, many remonstrances were made to the plaintiff upon the danger of prosecuting his suit against this supernatural defendant; but grief had made him reckless. A subpoena was therefore issued against the god, and the charges being fully proved, he was vanquished the kingdom, and his temple demolished.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

**CURREN'S INGENUITY.**—A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterward, he resorted to mine host for the bailment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wandered

what hundred was meant, and was quite sure that no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honour of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice. 'Have patience, my friend,' said the counsel; 'speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with another person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me.' We must imagine and not commit to paper the vociferations of the honest dupe at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it, and returned to his legal friend, 'And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again. But how is that to be done?'—'Go and ask him for it when he is alone,' said the counsel, 'Ay, sir, but asking wont do, Ize afraid, without my witness, at any rate.'—'Never mind—take my advice,' said the counsel; 'do as I bid you, and return to me.' The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession. 'Now, sir, I suppose I must be content; but I don't see as I'm much better off.'—'Now, then, take your friend with you and ask for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him.' The wily landlord was taken off his guard, and the honest countryman returned exultingly, with both hundreds in his pockets.

Rouelle, the celebrated French chemist, was remarkable for his extraordinary absence of mind. One day in the absence of his assistant, being left to perform his experiments before a large class, alone, he said, "Gentlemen you see this caldron upon this brazier. Well, if I were to cease stirring a single moment, an explosion would ensue, which would blow us all into the air." This was no sooner said than he forgot to stir; and his prediction was accomplished; the explosion took place with a horrible crash, all the windows of the laboratory were smashed to pieces, and two hundred auditors whirled away into the garden; fortunately no serious injury was received, the greatest violence of the explosion being directed to the chimney. The forgetful stirrer himself escaped with the loss of his wig only.

## NOTICE.

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

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

July 31, 1837.

## NOTICE.

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

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

July 31.

**HUGH CAMPBELL,**

No. 18, Granville St.

**RESPECTFULLY** acquaints the Public, that he has received by the late arrivals from Great Britain, a Supply of the following articles, which he sells at his usual low terms.

**CHAMPAGNE**, Claret, Burgundy, Hock: Santerre, Vin-de-Grave, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherries, fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe, Bucellas, Muscatel and Malaga

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

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy. Curacoa and Mareschino. Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout, Edinburgh and Alloa **ALES**—Hodgson's pale do. Fine light Table do., and Ginger Beer.

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

Soda and wine Biscuit with a general assortment of Groceries usual in his line.

Halifax, June 17.

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

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

**PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.**

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

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

**MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL**  
**ACADEMY.**

THOMAS BURTON,

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

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

July 8.

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

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

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

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

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

PRINTING INK, in Kegs.  
June 17, 1837.

**Canvas, Pork, Beef.**

EDWARD LAWSON,

**AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER,**

HAS FOR SALE AT HIS STORE,

**300 BBLs. NOVA SCOTIA PORK,**

most approved brands.

25 bbls BEEF, 10 puns. HAMS,

100 bolts bleached Canvas, No. 1 to 6.

25 boxes 8x10 GLASS,

15 casks Epsom Salts,

20 casks White and Red WINES, 19 gallons,

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

Blacking, Lines, Twines, paints, &amp;c. July 14.

**CARD.**

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

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

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

**IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE.**

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

**LOWES & CREIGHTON,**

Grocers, &amp;c.

Corner of Granville and Buckingham Streets.  
June 8, 1837.

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

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