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# THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1937.

From the Monument.

## THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

The delightful morning of the year, is coming up in smiles from the rosy east; she is spreading upon the face of nature the green garment of exceeding beauty and excellence, and upon the face of man the cheerfulness and gaiety her sweetness is so well calculated to produce. Like a healthful and happy maiden she approaches, tripping lightly over the cold and cheerless winds of winter, softening their severity and shedding light and loveliness in place of the darkness, dreariness, and gloom, that have reigned their season over the brightening hemisphere. The soil irradiated by her vivifying smile, becomes verdant beneath her footsteps, the branches of the trees swell and send forth their buds and blossoms, the vines and shrubs shoot up and show their fair leaflets and tendrils which gather strength and greenness from the warmth of the sun, and every passing breeze.

It is delightful to go forth into the fields, and gaze upon their freshness—to wander on some broad and bushy slope, or in the thick forest, and survey the change that is coming as it were "over the spirit of their dream;" it is but a little month since the icy fetters of the grim winter were upon them, and they seemed to shrink as if by instinct from the despotism of the unfeeling frost king, for he sat enthroned like a desolating tyrant and scattered his light and mildew upon all their borders.

How the spirit of man revives with the coming of spring? How his soul is cheered, and how he seems to start afresh in the journey of life? The farmer is not alone in his enjoyment of the beauties of his favorite nature; the man of business finds respite from his daily toil, and the perplexities which his contact with the bustling world brings upon him, in a ramble through the field and the forest—the gentleman of leisure and luxurious ease, relieves the monotony of his pleasures in a visit to the country residence of his friend, and even the perplexed and unpitied editor whose life has been very unjustly compared to a scene of worry and vexation, can lay down his "gray goose quill," for an hour or two, and crawling like a tortoise from his shell, his way to some lonely haunt to feed for the times on the floods of inspiration as they come down thick upon him; and how eagerly does he contrast the dull and dismal employments of the seemingly long and dreary seasons through which he was engaged in the pursuit of his confining avocation—with that hour of freedom—of emancipation—of supreme delight? It is he that is compelled to find sermons in the trees and brooks, and good in every thing.

And the ladies—"sweeteners of life and solders of society," how they come forth like other flowers when the spring animates their drooping spirits and revives their chilled and frozen fancies. Like editors the dear delicate creatures are housed up all winter,—some of them at least—and when the mild days come, so fair—so inviting, how can they resist the temptations they present? How can they help going forth to taste the sweets of nature and talk of pleasures yet to come? Have they not been singing for weeks, "spring time of the year is coming." And when it dawns upon the sky, shall they hide their sweet faces or only look out upon the brightness around, from the same dormitory in which they have been shivering for months? O no,—let them come out and show themselves and thus assist their sister flowers in dispelling the chilliness of winter. They are doubtless the finest and most valuable the spring possesses, and if there are benefits arising from the winds and suns of this happy season let the ladies enjoy them.

But while we rejoice at the approach of spring, and indulge in a few rough epithets in regard to the winter, call-

ing him destroyer—desolator etc, we must not, nay, we cannot forget, the many pleasant scenes and circumstances through which we passed during his reign. The friendships made—the bonds of love cemented—the happy firesides where the gay and giddy met and where the laugh rung "loud and free," have recorded many bright lines upon the page of memory, which winters yet to come may not efface. Through the long avenue of life they will follow us, and in death some of them will be vivid and remembered with satisfaction. Full many a scene of plighted love and consummated hope the old fellow has looked upon, and the actors will recur to him with pleasure for many years to come. And alas! alack!! many a poor soul will recollect the winter of "thirty seven," with a sad heart; on many a moonlight night when it was cold enough to chill the very blood in his veins, he has walked out with his "lady love" and whispered the "pains of bliss" that ran mad riot through his heart, and she has sighed as well understood response; unfortunate swain full often he pressed her lily hand while it was cold as marble, and when it was returned, and he had every reason to suppose that she was fairly "wooed and won," but traitress like she has forgotten now the sacred and solemn promise

"By moonlight that she made."

and the forsaken Adonis is left to feed upon his regret; we would hope for his sake that the spring may cheer his heart and lift him to another hope.

Farewell old winter, we've enjoyed all we can of thee, and thou art gone—sleep quietly with the years that cluster at thy side and around thee, and while thou dost send pleasant memories back to those yet doomed to live, may this bright spring cancel all the sorrows thou has left.

## MILTON AND SHAKESPEARE.

By Robert Fletcher.

The name of Milton is his monument. It is venerable, national, and sacred; and yet, with whatever glory invested, it is inscribed, and not unworthily, upon this volume.

To her great poet England has done justice. His renown equals his transcendent merits. His name is a synonyme for vastness of attainment, sublimity of conception, and splendour of expression. A people profess to be his readers. His poetry is in all hands. It is in truth a fountain of living waters in the very heart of civilization. Its tendency is even more magnificent than its composition. Combining all that is lovely in religion, with all that in reason is grand and beautiful, it creates, while it gratifies, and at the same time purifies, those tastes and powers that refine and exalt humanity. It is almost of itself, not less by the invigorating nature of its moral than of its intellectual qualities, sufficient to perpetuate the stability of an empire. Constituting a most glorious portion of our best inheritance, his poetical writings are, emphatically, national works; and as such, long may they be revered and esteemed amongst us! "They are of power," to use his own words, "to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility." They will be lost, only with our language:—the tide of his song will cease to flow, only with that of time. Having won, he wears, the brightest laurels; and by the acclamation of ages, rather than the testimony of individuals, his seat is with Homer and Shakespeare on the poetic mount. To apply again his own language to his own achievements, he has sung his "elaborate song;"—he has performed the covenant of his youth, "to offer at high strains in new and lofty measures;"—his devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, "who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire

of his altar to touch and purify his lips, that his words may please," has been heard and answered!

England is invested with supremacy in literature, and is not indebted for her imperial precedence to any of her sons. Great as is the number of her gigantic minds, two men she has reared and ripened, Milton and Shakespeare, whose achievements alone have raised her to a towering pre-eminence among the nations. Neither the ancients nor the moderns can match these Englishmen. Make the selection from any age, from the bright eras of the past, from the Greek or Roman constellations, to the later luminaries, and theirs will be found to be the brightest names that Time wears in his gorgeous belt. To them an Englishman points, and by them settles the supremacy of his country. Without them we might claim equality with other kingdoms; with them we are entitled to superiority. When you think of England, you think of Shakespeare—you think of Milton—they are England. Other nations have heroes, and philosophers, and critics, and scholars, and divines, equal to our own, but they have not Shakespeare and Milton:—we have, and surpass them. Nature gave them to England, and no reverse of fortune can rob us of them. Their works are landmarks, pillars of truth, on these the high places of the earth—and they will be identified with our soil, when our institutions may have been swept from it, and when our political supremacy may have passed away. But with their works in our hands, and with our Bible, read, and believed, and revered, and upheld, in cottage and in palace, we need not fear the loss of our heritage—the luxury that enfeebles—the vice that enslaves—the wealth that corrupts—the anarchy that overwhelms:—intelligence and piety, wisdom, and religion, and power, will be cherished and perpetuated for generations;—and with those who love these things, and bear the ark of British freedom, we leave, for their guidance and delight, this Book.—*Introductory Review to Milton's Prose Works.*

From the North American Review.

## THE THAMES AT NIGHT.

More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Richmond-hill and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a rural silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for the first time, can hardly believe, that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks perhaps the coachman, what stream that is; and the coachman answers with a stare of wonder and pity, "The *Tems*, sir." Pleasure boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water-lilies on a bosom. On its banks are villages, and church-towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song.

"In sepulchres unheard and green."

In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along shore, and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps, with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro, and heavy-laden juggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose, flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into the moonlight like a leafless forest. A distant sound of music floats on the air, a soft and mellow flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound, and is like a shooting star, a light comes gliding down the river, like a cloud above which glides a star. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices, a murmur,

laughter, and singing,—mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, “the clashing and careering streams of life hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity.” And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes—one, two. Far distant, from some belfry in the suburbs, comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then close at hand the great bell of St. Paul’s, with a heavy, solemn sound—one, two. It is answered from Southwark; then at a distance like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapours of morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and housetops, and seems to follow you with speed, as you float down the river, between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky, almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moonlight and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, toward which we are swiftly gliding; and dimly seen in the uncertain twilight, behind you rises

“A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping  
In sight, then lost amid the forestry  
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy;  
A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown  
On a fool’s head,—and there is London town.”

THE SOLDIER’S RETURN.

The following beautiful instance of filial affection, deserves to be handed down to the latest generations:—“Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burg of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention, said one of them, we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was right opposite the prison. Whilst we were thus occupied, a gentleman came upon horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window, when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the streets.

After having saluted him, he took hold of the hammer, struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at the adventure:—“This work seems to me very painful for a person of your age: have you no sons who could share in your labor, and comfort your old age?” “Forgive me, Sir: I have three lads who inspired me with the brightest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.” “Where are they then?” “The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India, in the service of the Honorable Company. The second has likewise enlisted in the hope of rivalling his brother.” The old man here paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. “And what has become of the third?” “Alas! he became a security for me—the poor boy engaged to pay my debts and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is in prison!” At this recital, the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he returned to the old man, and resumed the discourse.—“And has this oldest, this degenerate son, this captain, never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?” “Ah! call him not degenerate: my son is virtuous: he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than what was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.”

At that moment, a young man, passing his head through the bars of a window in the prison, began to cry, “Father, if my brother William is alive, that is he who speaks with you.” “Yes, my friend, it is he, replied

the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man’s arms, who like one beside himself, attempted to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying “Where is he then? Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me, and embrace your mother!” The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, to witness this most affecting scene. Mr. Wilson, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and addressed the gentleman thus: “Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance, and request the favor of you and your’s to dinner at the inn.”—The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness; but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink, until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant, he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after, his brother joined the party.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. “Gentlemen, (said he) to-day I feel in its full extent, the great kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver; but I requited his attentions badly—for, having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company, when about 18. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the commanding officer. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard, and I rose step by step to the rank of Captain. By dint of economy and the aid of commerce, I honorably amassed a stock of £30,000, and then I quit the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him.

After dinner, the captain gave his father £200 to supply his most pressing wants; and secured to him, as well as to his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his brothers. Besides, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances—and, after having distributed £50 among the poor, he gave an elegant dinner to the principal inhabitants of the burg. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord Clifton.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

THE GREAT TEACHER.

Never man spake like this man. So Nicodemus thought, when, in reply to his complimentary address, he laid down the fundamental doctrine of his gospel, and said, “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.” So Nathaniel thought, when casting at him his mild and piercing eye, he said, “Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee.” So Zaccheus thought when he climbed up into the sycamore tree, because Jesus was to pass that way; and he turned unto him and cried, “Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to day I must abide at thy house.” So Peter thought, when he would have reproved his master; but the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, and said “Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of man.” So the scribes and pharisees thought, when he took off the mask of hypocrisy by which they sought to impose upon the people, and exhibited their character in all its true, and odious, and disgusting colours, and thundered out the anathema, “Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?” So Pilate thought, when in reply to his question—half, perhaps, in veneration, and half in scorn, “Art thou a king?” he answered, “Thou sayest that I am a king.”

No matter where—no matter when—no matter what he said—whether in the temple, surrounded by the doctors of the law, hearing and asking them questions, or whether on the deck of the vessel, surrounded by the fishermen of

Galilee; or whether in the towns, and cities, and villages, and Judaea, healing the sick and raising the dead; or whether at the tribunal of Pilate, the object of contempt and scorn—“never man spake like that man.” There was a power and an authority, and an influence, in all he said that none could gainsay or resist. The grabbling scribes heard him and they were confounded. The haughty pharisees heard him, and they were abashed. The frantic demoniac heard him, and he was still. The diseased heard him, and felt impulses of health bent in all his veins. The dead heard him, and broke his silence and rose. “Never man spake like this man.” And yet the power and authority which he spoke was not that which thrones, and sceptres, and diadems could confer—it was not the power and authority of racks, and gibbets, and dungeons—it was not the power and authority of the princes and potentates of the world, who send the thunders of their artillery against all who dare to resist their mandate. No; it was the power of light beaming upon the understanding—it was the power of truth making its way to the conscience—it was the power of God speaking to mortals by his Son.—*Lt. Raffles.*

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

What is a spirit? Philosophy tells us it is something distinct from matter. Matter can be examined, can be analyzed: matter is known to possess certain positive qualities—solidity, extension, divisibility and so on. Philosophy will go into the examination of matter, and the laws of matter, and almost the whole encyclopedia of science is confined to the range of material existence. Astronomy expatiates amidst those huge masses of matter that move in solemn and silent pomp over the surface of the beautiful canopy above. There is the region of astronomy, with all its sublime, and all its glorious conceptions; but it is matter and subject to the laws of matter; for all the movements of those mysterious bodies are regulated by certain laws, which do not touch spirit. And when you have said all you can about the centrifugal and centripetal forces, when you have gone far into the arcana of these wonderful subjects, you have only touched matter; you have not found a single law or principle that touches spirit. You come down; you range over the surface of the earth: and though you may be acquainted with every thing, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, it is matter—matter vegetated—matter in diversified forms. You come to chemistry; you examine the various minerals, and so on; you go into the bowels of the earth, and explore its various strata; it is still matter. Let us pursue philosophy, and follow it into its deepest recesses, whether lofty or profound; let us go through the whole range of science—it is material. You take up the mysterious body of man: let it be dissected; let its anatomy be displayed to us, its mysterious structure unfolded—it is only the science of matter.

What is spirit. Tell me. We have treatises on the powers of the human mind; and we are told of perception, of intelligence, of volition, and of the various attributes that distinguish spirit from matter. What is spirit? Nobody can tell. The spirit! My spirit! Why, it is the seat of thought; it is the region of intelligence; it is the throne in which all affection is seated; it is the centre whence issues all that renders man agreeable to man. It is there that the Holy Ghost takes up his abode; it is there he pours forth his light; it is there he breathes his influence; it is there he exerts his power. And, my brethren, it is the spirit, after all, that constitutes the man.—*Theophilus Lessey.*

LIFE.—Life itself is a wonder, and in its principles, inexplicable: its preservation is not less so. Apparently it depends on the circulation of the blood through the heart, the lungs, and the whole system, by means of the arteries and veins; and this seems to depend on the inspiration and expiration of the air, by means of the lungs. While the pulsations of the heart continue, the blood circulates, and life is preserved. But this seems to depend on respiration, or the free inhaling of the atmospheric air, and expiration of the same. While therefore, we freely breathe; while the lungs receive and expel the air, by respiration of

breathing, and the heart continues to beat, thus circulating the blood through the whole system,—life is preserved. But who can explain the phenomena of respiration? And by what power do the lungs separate the oxygen of the air, for the nutrition, perfection, and circulation of the blood? And by what power is it that the heart continues to expand, in order to receive the blood; and contract in order to repel it, so that the circulation may be continued; which must continue in order that life may be preserved? Why does the heart not get weary, and rest? Why is it that with incessant labour, for even threescore and ten years, it is not exhausted of its physical powers, and so stand still?—These are questions which God alone can answer satisfactorily, because life depends on him, whatsoever means He may choose to employ for its continuance and preservation.—

Dr. A. Clarke.

### LOQUACITY OF A TOWN PUMP.

“Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of ‘town-treasurer’ is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

“At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night’s potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund air! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely kisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children’s food, for a swig half

so delicious?—Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people, who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter: but, when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away, again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?”

“Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

“Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks, into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town-Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected every where, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champion of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

“There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know, they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth’s fever, or cleanse its stains.

“One o’clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell is to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go, and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—**‘SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP!’**”

### THE AGE OF BENEVOLENCE.

This, above all others, is an age of benevolence—a benevolence which beholds and commiserates every form of suffering endured by every member of the human family, which knows no geographical limitation, but goes forth on its errand of mercy throughout the earth, recognizing no distinction of object, but labouring with equal kindness to relieve the wants of a beggar, or redeem a nation from bondage. This novel class of human effort, is “the glory of the age,” before which all that was done or attempted by ancient times is comparatively worthless.

Whoever will, for a moment, contemplate the countless forms in which this benevolent spirit is manifested; the increasing multitude of its objects; the complex machinery which it sets in motion; the almost infinite diversity of the means and agencies which it employs, will be ready to confess that, to comprehend its designs, enter into its spirit, and assist in executing its purposes, but still more to extend and improve its system, devise for it new and more efficient modes of operation, and sustain its onward march with the accelerated movement of society, is enough to keep in full action the energies of the strongest intellect.

We delight to contemplate this beautiful feature of our age, beholding in it a development of the glorious principles of Christianity, which, with a power like that which awoke Lazarus from the slumbers of death, has animated the great heart of humanity, and made it alive with benevolence.

WONDERS OF STEAM.—As such an example I will mention the application of the law of expansibility in steam to the propulsion of machinery—quoting the words of the great orator of the north.

Speaking of steam, he says, “Everywhere practicable, everywhere efficient; it has an arm a thousand fold stronger than that of Hercules, to which human ingenuity is capable of adapting a thousand times as many hands as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found in triumphant operation on the sea, and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship,

‘Against the wind, against the tide,  
Still steadies with an upright keel.’

It is on the river, and the boatman may repose upon his oars; it is on the highway, and is beginning to exert itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is in mines a thousand feet below the earth’s surface; it is in the mill and in the workshops of the trades. *It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it hammers, it draws, it carries, it lifts, it spins, it weaves, it prints.* It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artisans, ‘leave off your manual labour; give over your bodily toil; apply but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will assume the toil, with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness!’ What further improvement may be made in the use of this astonishing power it is impossible to predict, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears, beyond which its further advance is seen to be impossible. If its power were now to be annihilated—if we were to miss it on the water and in the mill—it would seem as if we were returning to rude ages.”

THE CHRISTIAN STUDENT.—Moral and physical science are to him connected in a lasting and indissoluble union. He enriches his theology with the treasures of physical science. Theology is, with him, the beginning, middle, and end of his researches. Not the theology of the schools, or of the dark ages, or of any who would lord it over God’s heritage; but the theology which is chanted by the waves, and illuminated by the stars, and pictured forth in the history of his race; the theology which, having hovered in peerless majesty over the peculiar people, sprang strong from immortality from the fires of their holy temple. Next to God, his study is Man; next to man, his study is Nature.—*Monthly Repository.*

THE CHILD'S WISH FOR SPRING.

The flowers of spring—why don't they come?  
I've sought the garden day by day—  
I've sigh'd on every tardy plant,  
And brush'd the chilly dew away.  
I've tried to breathe it into life,  
And make its pretty leaves come forth;  
And when a tear fell on its stem,  
'Twas frozen by the wintry north.

The flowers of spring—why don't they come?  
I want to braid them in my hair;  
I seek the woods and meadows wide,  
But cannot find the truants there.  
The tall trees spread their naked arms,  
The hawthorn is not clothed in green;  
The brook goes sadly wandering on,  
Moaning where flowers once have been.

The flowers of spring—why don't they come?  
They answer not the season's call;  
Where are the wreaths we used to twine  
To deck our May-day festival?  
The honey-bee in vain goes forth  
To gather sweet stores for its home;  
The incense of the fields is lost—  
The flowers of spring—why don't they come?

J. H. H.

DONA MARIA—THE BEAUTIFUL VICTIM.

By the Author of "Scenes in Spain," just from the Press.

Dona Maria de Pineda was native of Spain, and, I believe of the gay land of Andalusia. Her parentage was respectable, with a tinge of noble blood: and nature had endowed her with personal beauty and mental powers above the common standard. She had been married at an early age to an officer in the Spanish army, by whose death she was left a widow, but, as I believe, without children. At the time of his death she numbered but a little more than twenty-five years, and was still in the possession of all those graces of spirit and person, which, as found in the native of Andalusia, are irresistible. She was living quietly in Granada, under the circumstances I have mentioned, when one illumined day the justitia, that terror of the opposed Spaniard, appeared at the door; and having demanded admittance in the name of the absolute king, proceeded to search the house in which she lived, and with peculiar jealousy the apartments which the unfortunate Dona Maria occupied. The scrutiny of these detestable commissioners of despotism—for in Spain what character is so utterly despised and so utterly despicable as that of the Alguazil and the Escribano?—was at first unsuccessful, but at length they discovered in a closet, in a corner obscurely lighted and well suited to the purposes of concealment, an unfinished piece of embroidery, in the form of a pennon or standard, and bearing those three odious colours under which freedom had so recently triumphed in France. This emblem of emancipation was greedily dragged from its hiding place by the eager Justitia. Its being found in her apartment was sufficient to stamp her as a traitor to her king and country; and the helpless Dona Maria was hurried to prison, and there placed in rigorous confinement.

The reader will probably remember, that about this time, that is, the summer of 1831, there was a great excitement and anxiety on the part of the Spanish government; for not only had the late successful struggles in France roused the spirits of the heart-sick friends of liberty in the Peninsula, but overt acts of resistance had been committed by the partisans of Torrijos in the south and of Mina on the northern frontier. The governor too had been very recently assassinated in broad day-light in the streets of Cadiz. These efforts, ill-devised and worse executed, while they injured the cause they were intended to foster, re-kindled the slumbering fury of absolutism. Numerous arrests were made in every part of Spain. The slightest whisper of discontent became treason, and suspicion usurped the place of evidence. Fathers were torn from their children, husbands from their wives; and even the tender sex was included in the anathemas, that went forth against all who dared to espouse the word or even think of liberty.

At such a time no wonder that the phials of the royal wrath should be poured upon the head of one who had

dared to harbor the odious tri-color of France. To answer this damning charge Dona Maria was soon brought to the bar, and the fact of the flag having been found in her apartment being established, she was condemned to death as guilty of high treason. In countries that have wantonly cherished free principles, it would have cost a world of trouble to arrive at such a result; for the public prosecutor would have been put to the idle inconvenience of proving some overt act, besides combating with a jury of the criminal's peers, against the womanish principles that justice should be administered in mercy, and that innocence should be presumed until guilt be established. But Spanish justice, unembarrassed by those benignant notions by which human life is guarded in other countries, leaps readily over the feeble barriers of common sense and humanity; and, strong in the spirit of revenge, thinks only of the outraged rights of absolutism, which proscription has sanctioned and the Divinity himself bestowed. It was whispered among the terrified Liberals that the flag had been put in the apartment by the way hands of the police, or, as some would have it, at the instigation of a judicial officer; who, having, like the foul-hearted Angelo, looked with longing eyes on her beauty and been foiled in his plans, had plotted her ruin. But though it were certain that the police had committed the crime it affected to detect, or that he who was appointed to punish the villany of others was the worst of villains himself, yet who would dare to stain the spotless purity of a Spanish Alguazil, or whisper to the ear of royalty the profligacy of its own delegate! The fate of Dona Maria was sealed beyond the possibility of redemption.

Convinced of the hopelessness of pardon, she is said to have looked forward to death with quiet fortitude. On the evening before the fatal day which was to conduct her to an ignominious execution, she wrote letters to her dearest relatives and friends, exhorting them to bear the misfortune which awaited them with the same energy which she herself felt. This duty occupied her till a late hour of the night, when she laid down and slept tranquilly till the morning. When she rose she made her toilette with more than usual care, arranging her hair with her own hands, and adjusting her attire as deliberately as if she were not going forth to death, but to some scene of holiday enjoyment.

I passed hastily along, half ashamed to be seen going to witness so horrible a tragedy. After turning and winding through many narrow and crooked streets, directed by the scanty current of foot passengers, I suddenly emerged, through a time-worn arch or portal, upon the large open place known as the Square of Elvira. Here was assembled a multitude of people, who were not, however, concentrated in one dense mass, but scattered in groups over different parts of the square. They were, almost without exception, of the lowest orders, for the better classes had kept within their houses, and were scarcely seen in the streets during the whole morning. There were grave peasants wrapped in their dusty cloaks in defiance of the noon day sun; swarthy black-haired gipsies, the women holding ragged children by the hand; or infants slung on their backs; and peasant women from the Vega, dressed in their holiday finery and with roses in their hair, but whose countenances accorded better with the solemnity of the occasion. These were blended with pale-faced artisans from the city, and the usual materials that constitute the mass at such scenes in all countries. But all were grave and even dejected. Not a word was heard out the distant and almost inaudible chant of a monk on the scaffold. The importunate beggar had ceased to ask alms, and even the garrulous carrier was hushed.

All eyes were directed to the centre of the square where a wooden platform had been raised, upon which a young woman was seated; her dark brown hair was smoothly divided over her pale forehead and I fancied I could discern, even at the long distance which separated us, the traces of that beauty which I had heard so much praised. A friar of the order of mercy, in white flannel robes, with a girdle of rope, a long rosary, and having the crown of his head shaven, was seen holding up a cross before her, upon which was nailed the image of the suffering Saviour. Dis-

posed in a hollow square round the platform, to cut off the hope of rescue or escape, a company of foot-soldiers were posted with fixed bayonets; without them was a troop of cavalry, their drawn sabres and steel caps glittering in the sun. I had scarcely passed some two or three minutes in looking around upon this gloomy scene, when a man vulgarly dressed was seen to ascend the platform. It was undoubtedly the executioner. A sensation of heart-sick misery came over me; for an instant indeed, the thought flashed upon me that if a thousand, nay, but a hundred resolute arms could be raised for the rescue, that unfortunate woman might live. But where were they? She had but a few fast fleeting moments left, and her death was as certain as the course of yonder sun towards the mountains of Loxa. I turned sadly away, and left the Square of Elvira without daring to look back. Very soon after Dona Maria expired, adding another name to the bloody record of the victims of absolutism.

THERE IS GOOD IN BEAUTY.

By Mrs. Emma Willard.

Some may ask, and what has beauty and elegance to do with virtue and religion? I would answer as Weeley did concerning harmony, let us take it to serve God with—it has long enough been used in the service of his adversary. It is never worth while for us to be wiser than our Maker. He made his whole intelligent creation to feel that there is a charm in beauty, a high enjoyment in its contemplation; and he made beautiful objects—an evident token that there is good in beauty and elegance. The pious divine while he admonishes his hearers of the vanity and folly of ornamenting their dwellings or their persons, yet paints the heaven, to which he would have them aspire, as a place of the most magnificent splendour; and the angels, to whose high communion they may hereafter be admitted, as beings of perfect loveliness.

Since God, (as says the Greek poet,) has given to woman beauty as a compensation for her want of strength; since it is a plain matter of fact that it is a source of satisfaction to the beholder, and a means of influence to the possessor; and since we may safely reason on the ground that truth and right are ever, by the constitution of things, in perfect harmony, then it cannot but be right to teach what is true. Teach, then, fearlessly, to young women, that there is good in beauty: but tell them they must look first to the works of God for a standard, and next, to the productions of those masters of the pencil and the chisel who have made it their study. Tell them at the same time that they must guard their health if they would preserve their beauty: and especially must they be placid in temper, kind, compassionate, and benevolent, if they would have the best of all beauty, that of expression. They must also be neat in their attire, and let it be suited to their style of person. The gaudily dressed woman has evidently wrong ideas of female beauty. She forgets that it is the woman herself who is, in this respect, the chief object of God's terrestrial creation, and rests her claims to admiration on such inferior things as silks, laces, and jewels.

Thus far I speak of that common and natural beauty which belongs generally to the sex. There is, possessed by a few individuals, a share beyond this. Each particular woman, however, should be cautious how she indulges the thought that she is one of this number. Strange mistakes have been made in this way, and ridiculous airs, and disappointed expectations have been the consequence. This error it is very easy to fall into. Self-love is one great magnifier: and parental love another. Then the young Romeo always thinks his Juliet is peerless; and she, instead of regarding his opinion as a proof of his love, or of his desire to please, considers it good evidence of her own surpassing charms. Besides this, there are too many who can say or insinuate what they know to be false, from recklessness or self-interest.

Although personal beauty has its value, if it is not now, as in former days, considered as containing within itself the acme of female perfection. Beauty, in the dame, and personal prowess in the knight, were formerly considered

as the grand excellencies of each. But in the progress of mental cultivation, intellectual and moral force in man, constitutes a far higher claim to consideration than that of bones and sinews; and she, woman, who, in these times, has beauty of person and barrenness of mind, will be looked upon as a fine picture, and passed by, while she who possesses the higher attributes of mental excellence and moral beauty, will interest the more, the more she is known; and while the first will have gazers and flatterers, the latter will have lasting admirers and warm friends.

### MODERN LITERATURE.

By *W. E. Channing.*

The character of the age is stamped very strongly on its literary productions. Who that can compare the present with the past, is not struck with the bold and earnest spirit of the literature of our times. It refuses to waste itself on trifles, or to minister to mere gratification. Almost all that is written has now a bearing on great interests of human nature. Fiction is no longer a mere amusement; but transcendent genius, accommodating itself to the imaginative and excitable character of the age, has seized upon this province of literature, and turned fiction from a toy into a mighty engine, and, under the light tale, is breathing through the community either its reverence for the old or its thirst for the new—communicates the spirit and the lessons of history—unfolds the operation of religious and civil institutions—and defends or assails new theories of education or morals, by exhibiting them in life and action. The poetry of the age is equally characteristic. It has a deeper and more impressive tone than comes to us from what has been called the Augustan age of English literature. The regular, elaborate, harmonious strains which delighted a former generation, are now accused, I say not how justly, of playing too much on the surface of nature and of the heart. Men want and demand a more thrilling note, a poetry, which pierces beneath the exterior of life to the depths of the soul, and which lays open its mysterious workings, borrowing from the whole outward creation fresh images and correspondences, from which to illuminate the secrets of the worlds within us. So keen is this appetite, that extravagancies of imagination, and violations both of taste and moral sentiment are forgiven, when conjoined with what awakens strong emotion; and the most stirring is the most popular poetry, even though it issue from the desolate soul of a misanthrope and a libertine, and exhale poison and death.

### THE GREAT AND GOOD NEVER DIE.

By *Daniel Webster.*

How little is there, of the great and good, which can die! To their country they live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for awhile, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died, but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and yet move on, in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

**POWER OF IMAGINATION.**—An honest New England farmer started on a very cold day in winter, with his sled and oxen into the forest half a mile from home, for the purpose of chopping a load of wood. Having felled a tree, he drove the team alongside, and commenced chopping it up. By an unlucky hit he brought the whole bit of the axe across his foot, with a sliding stroke. The immense gash so alarmed him as nearly to deprive him of all his strength. He felt the warm blood filling his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in rolling himself on the sled and started the oxen for home. As soon as he reached the door he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife and daughter with much effort succeeded in lifting him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from his leg. He was laid carefully on the bed, groaning all the while very bitterly. His wife hastily prepared dressings and removed shoe and sock, expecting to see a desperate wound when lo! the skin was not even broken. Before going out in the morning he had wrapped his feet in red flannel to protect them from the cold: the gash laid this open to his view, and he thought it flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake all the pain and loss of power which attends a real wound followed. Men often suffer more from imaginary evils than from real ones.

### THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Where does the Spirit of Beauty dwell?  
Oh, said one, if you seek to know,  
You must gaze around, above, below,  
For earth and heaven and ocean tell,  
Where the spirit of Beauty loves to dwell.  
But see, she comes with the early spring,  
And winnows the air with her fragrant wing,  
Clothing each meadow and hill and tree  
In the bloom of rich embroidery.  
Ask her now ere she pass away  
Where on the earth she delights to stay,  
And the Spirit will pause, while earth and sky  
Ring with the tones of her glad reply—

“Seek for me in the blue hare bell,  
In the pearly depths of the ocean shell,  
In the vesper flush of the dying day,  
In the first faint glow of the morning ray;  
I sleep on the breast of the crimson rose  
And hide in the stately lily's snows;  
I am found where the crystal dew-drops shine,  
No gem so bright in a diamond mine;  
I bloom in the flower that decks the grave,  
And ride on the crest of the dark green wave;  
I'm up and away o'er earth and o'er sea,  
Till there is not a spot from my presence free.

“I am seen in the stars, in the leaf enshrined,  
And heard in the sigh of the whispering wind;  
On the rippling breast of the winding stream;  
In the mellow glow of the moon's mild beam:  
I fan the air with the bird's light wing,  
And lurk in the grass of the fairy ring;  
My tints in the rainbow arch are set,  
And I breathe in the fragrant violet;  
Look where you may, you will find me there,  
For the Spirit of Beauty is every where.

[*Foreign Jour.*]

**BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.**—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of Eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothing—else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are for ever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with beauty that is not of earth, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which ‘hold their festival around the midnight throne’ are set above our limited faculties—for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands on the mighty ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence for ever.—*Bulwer.*

### WASPS, THE FIRST PAPER-MAKERS.

The wasp is a paper maker, and a most perfect and intelligent one. While mankind were arriving at slow degrees, at the art of fabricating this valuable substance, the wasp was making it before their eyes, by very nearly the same process as that by which human hands now manufacture it with the best aids of chemistry and machinery. While some nations carved their records on wood, and stone, and brass, and leaden tablets, others, more advanced, wrote with a style on wax; others employed the inner bark of trees, and others the skins of animals rudely prepared, the wasp was manufacturing a firm and durable paper. Even when the papyrus was rendered more fit, by a process of art, for the transmission of ideas in writing, the wasp was a better artisan than the Egyptians; for the early attempts at paper-making were so rude, that the substance produced was almost useless, from being extremely friable. The paper of the papyrus was formed of the leaves of the plant, dried, pressed, and polished; the wasp alone knew how to reduce vegetable fibres to a pulp, and then unite them by a size or glue, spreading the substance out into a smooth and delicate leaf. This is exactly the process of paper making. It would seem that the wasp knows, as the modern paper-makers now know, that the fibres of rags, whether linen or cotton, are not the only materials that can be used in the formation of paper, she employs other vegetable matters, converting them into a proper consistency by her assiduous exertions. In some respects she is more skillful even than our paper-makers, for she takes care to retain her fibres of sufficient length, by which she renders her paper as strong as she requires. Many manufacturers of the present day cut their material into small bits, and thus produce a rotten article. One great distinction between good and bad paper is its toughness; and this difference is invariably produced by the fibre of which it is composed being long, and therefore tough, or short, and therefore friable.

The wasp has been laboring at her manufacture of paper, from her first creation, with precisely the same instrument and the same materials; and her success has been unvarying. Her machinery is very simple, and therefore it is never out of order. She learns nothing, and she forgets nothing. Men, from time to time, lose their excellence in particular arts, and they are slow in finding out real improvements. Such improvements are often the effect of accident. Paper is now manufactured very extensively by machinery, in all its stages; and thus, instead of a single sheet being made by hand, a stream of paper is poured out which would form a roll large enough to extend round the globe, if such a length were desirable. The inventors of this machine, Messrs. Fourdrinier, it is said, spent the enormous sum of £40,000 in vain attempts to render the machine capable of determining with precision the width of the roll; and, at last, accomplished their object, at the suggestion of a bystander, by a strap revolving upon an axis, at a cost of three shillings and sixpence. Such is the difference between the workings of human knowledge and experience, and those of animal instinct. We proceed slowly and in the dark; but our course is not bounded by a narrow line, for it seems difficult to say what is the perfection of any art. Animals go clearly to a given point; but they can go no further. We may, however, learn something from their perfect knowledge of what is within their range. It is not improbable that, if man had attended, in an earlier state of society, to the labors of wasps, he would have sooner known how to make paper. We are still behind in our arts and sciences, because we have not always been observers. If we had watched the operations of insects, and the structure of animals in general, with more care, we might have been far advanced in the knowledge of many arts which are yet in their infancy; for nature has given us abundance of patterns. We have learnt to project some instruments of sound by examining the structure of the human ear; and the mechanism of an eye has suggested some valuable improvements in achromatic glasses.

What is man's history? born, living—dying—  
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave—  
Struggling with storm-winds, over shipwrecks flying,  
And casting anchor in the silent grave.

## DREAMS.

What are dreams? To me they appear like the echo of memory, thought's illumined shade, the magic glass of distant, faded scenes which have not yet become realities, and the apparition of events which have risen and operated on the mind in our waking hours. I have often reflected on the nature of a dream that is capable of affording to the imagination so much variety. Methinks it is a privilege to dream—to wander back to the blissful scenes of childhood, retread the path of early life, and enjoy again, in the hours of repose, those parted blessings which length of life to the awakened senses can never restore. Dreams, regardless of distance, enable us to see and converse with absent friends from whom we have been long separated, restore bloom to the cheek, brightness to the eye, animation to the form and language to the lips of those who have long slumbered in the tomb. O how have I been disappointed when exchanging the promises of a dream for the sober reality of reason! How oft are love's vows repeated, friendships revived, joys awakened and hopes excited in dreams, and how contradictory may be the next slumber! One brings back to imagination scenes we can never again in reality enjoy, restore the absent, brings back the dead, causing us to forget they are not of earth, and the next may transport the friend who is now with us to the extremity of the globe, while death is laying his icy finger on another. How much of our time is carried away with extravagant ideas! How many hopes bloom in slumber which wither in the morning light! O what have dreams made me? The possessor of immense wealth, the paragon of wit and beauty, the vogue of fashion, the exulting rival, the idol of affection, the decorated bride, and, again, the victim of death, disappointment, pain, poverty, slander, fear and anxiety. And where has not the illusion carried me? To the last struggle with death and all its excitements—to the cold tenements of earth, anon conducting me to the paradise of perfection, far within the blue borders of outer heaven—left me on the broad bosom of ocean, to plead with the waves for life—led me through secret caverns, amid the ruins of desolated abbeys or haunted castles, till the imagination has become so excited as to break the bands of slumber. And I have always observed that dreams, whether pleasant or otherwise, leave upon the mind a corresponding sensation for some time after the illusion has ceased.—*Mary L. Horton.*

**ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.**—We cannot take even a cursory survey of the host of living beings profusely spread over every portion of the globe, without a feeling of profound astonishment at the inconceivable variety of forms and constructions, to which animation has been imparted by creative Power. What can be more calculated to excite our wonder, than the diversity exhibited among insects, all of which, amidst endless modifications of shape, still preserve their conformity to one general plan of construction. The number of distinct species of insects already known and described, cannot be estimated at less than 100,000; and every day is adding to the catalogue. Of the comparatively large animals which live on land, how splendid is the field of observation that lies open to the naturalist! What variety is conspicuous in the tribes of quadrupeds and of reptiles; and what endless diversity exists in their habits, pursuits, and characters! How extensive is the study of birds alone; and how ingeniously, if we may so express it, has Nature interwoven in their construction every profitable variation, compatible with an adherence to the same general model of design, and the same ultimate reference to the capacity for motion through the light element of air. What profusion of being is displayed in the wide expanse of the ocean, through which are scattered such various and unknown multitudes of animals! Of fishes alone the varieties, as to conformation and endowments, are endless. Still more curious and anomalous, both in their external form and their internal economy, are the numerous orders of living beings that occupy the lower divisions of the animal scale; some swimming in countless myriads near the surface, some dwelling in the inaccessible depths of the ocean; some attached to shells, or other solid structures, the productions of their own bodies, and which, in process of time, form, by their accumulation, enormous submarine mountains, rising often from unfathomable depths to the surface. What sublime views of the magnificence of the creation have been disclosed by the microscope, in the world of infinite minuteness, peopled by countless multitudes of atomic beings, which animate almost every fluid in nature! Of these a vast variety of species has been discovered, each animalcule being provided with appropriate organs, endowed with spontaneous powers of motion, and giving unequivocal signs of individual vitality.

Thus, if we review every region of the globe, from the scorching sands of the equator to the icy realms of the poles, or from the lofty mountain-summits to the dark abysses of the deep; if we penetrate into the shades of the forest, or into the caverns and secret recesses of the earth; nay, if we take up the minutest portion of stagnant water, we still meet with life in some new and unexpected form, well adapted to the circumstances of its situation. Wherever life can be sustained, we find life produced. It would almost seem as if Nature had been thus

lavish and sportive in her productions, with the intent to demonstrate to man the fertility of her resources, and the inexhaustible fund from which she has so prodigally drawn forth the means requisite for the maintenance of all these diversified combinations, for their repetition in endless perpetuity, and for their subordination to one harmonious scheme of general good.

The vegetable world is no less prolific in wonders than the animal. In this, as in all other parts of creation, ample scope is found for the exercise of the reasoning faculties, and abundant sources are supplied of intellectual enjoyment. To discriminate the different characters of plants, amidst the infinite diversity of shape, of colour, and of structure, which they offer to our observation, is the laborious, yet fascinating, occupation of the botanist. Here, also, we are lost in admiration at the never-ending variety of forms successively displayed to view in the innumerable species which compose this kingdom of nature, and at the energy of that vegetative power, which, amidst such great differences of situation, sustains the modified life of each individual plant, and which continues its species in endless perpetuity. Wherever circumstances are compatible with vegetable existence, we there find plants arise. It is well known that, in all places where vegetation has been established, the germs are so intermingled with the soil, that whenever the earth is turned up, even from considerable depths, and exposed to the air, plants are soon observed to spring, as if they had been recently sown, in consequence of the germination of seeds which had remained latent and inactive during the lapse of perhaps many centuries. Islands formed by coral-reefs, which have arisen above the level of the sea, become, in a short time, covered with verdure. From the materials of the most sterile rock, and even from the yet recent cinders and lava of the volcano, Nature prepares the way for vegetable existence. The slightest crevice or inequality is sufficient to arrest the invisible germs that are always floating in the air, and affords the means of sustenance to diminutive races of lichens and mosses. These soon overspread the surface, and are followed, in the course of a few years, by successive tribes of plants of gradually-increasing size and strength; till at length the island, or other favoured spot, is converted into a natural and luxuriant garden, of which the productions, rising from grasses to shrubs and trees, present all the varieties of the fertile meadow, the tangled thicket, and the widely-spreading forest. Even in the desert plains of the torrid zone, the eye of the traveller is often refreshed by the appearance of a few hardy plants, which find sufficient materials for their growth in these arid regions; and in the realms of perpetual snow which surround the poles, the navigator is occasionally startled at the prospect of fields of a scarlet hue, the result of a wide expanse of microscopic vegetation.—*ROGET'S Bridgewater Treatise.*

**EARLY FLOWERS OF SPRING.**—The love of flowers seems a naturally-implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive: the cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa, its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis: we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality, that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charms us, for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn; no it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season: to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise: to youth, they are expanding beings, opening years, hilarity and joy; and the child let loose from the house, riots in the flowery mead, and is

“Monarch of all he surveys.”

There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket wreathed with butter-cups, orchises, and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours, in harmony and good-will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

**ANECDOTE OF ROBERT BURNS.**—The following is a striking, and we believe, original anecdote of Burns:—“I well remember (says the Rev. Henry Duncan, in his ‘Philosophy of the Seasons’) with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a schoolboy, I

enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of a dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardour and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and, when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful listener.

The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which as it threw a new light into my mind, I shall never forget. ‘Man,’ said he, ‘is the god of the dog. He knows no other he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! With what reverence he crouches at his feet, what love he savours upon him, with what dependence looks up to him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him! His whole soul is wrapped up in his god: all powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to service; and these powers and faculties are amenable to the intercourse. Divines tell us that it ought just to be with the Christian; but the dogs put the Christian to shame.’

**FORMATION OF COAL AND IRON.**—The impetus of coal and iron in administering to the supply of our daily wants, gives to every individual amongst us almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern of which few are conscious, in the geological events of those distant eras. We are all brought into immediate connection with all the vegetation that clothed the earth before one-half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the earth and atmosphere, by which they are nourished; but treasured up in subterranean storehouses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which, in these latter ages, have become the sources of heat, light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is now shining with the light of gas, derived from that has been buried, for countless ages, in the deep dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food, maintain our forges, and the extraordinary power of steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient and extinct species, which were swept from the earth at the formation of the transition of strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which are constructed by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from a fuel, by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved on the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous matter that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval water, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron—those two fundamental elements of art and industry, which contribute more than any other mineral productions of the earth to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind.—*Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise.*

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1837.

**OUR FIRST APPEARANCE.**—At length we are at the Editor's table. Before us, scattered in chaotic confusion, are books and papers of almost every form and description under heaven—in the midst of this vast mass of folly and wisdom is a beautiful bronze mirror, and the jetty fluid which it contains, shining in the rays of the sun, seems to invite our attention and our regard.—And now the finishing stroke has been put to our grey goose quill and its polished nib appears to prove the virtues of the liquid they are destined to and to control. But let us at once invoke all our powers and summon up all our courage, in order to make a first appearance. To your profound stoics, alike terrified by fear or love, we make not our sympathetic appeal; your men of real modesty, we ask to conceive our situation at the present moment,—studying ease and in good humor while every pulse of our heart throbs with anxiety—smiling with all the pleasantry of the gay, filled with all the dread of the hypochondriac—trembling with the terrors of the tribunal before which we are to appear, and yet putting on the appearance of a frigid insensibility. O the rich enjoyment of a first appearance in editorial columns! Gentle reader, and we fully accord to you this appellation, for we doubt are touched at our manifold distresses; we assume no small task, for the first time to make a graceful print. We know not what it is to make a man

from the forum, but for the sake of the timid and fluttering, we sincerely hope it is not near as formidable as the writing of a maiden editorial. As some bright and sunny streaks of hope are generally seen through the thick gloom of misfortune, so our grief is intermingled with some little consolation. We comfort ourselves with these sage reflections—and first, though our ponderosity has not increased, yet by some magic spell our individuality has multiplied—we have left the singular and taken refuge in the plural number: not that we have proved the doctrine of the metempsychosis to be true, and yet we have transmigrated from *I* to *We*, and ever after in our new multiple character we shall announce the decrees and laws which are to govern and renovate the world. Now we think it no little gratification to assume the dignity and importance of the plural number. And second, our editorial brethren whose frown might wither but whose smile would animate and encourage us, have waded through the same troublesome waters with ourselves—now, who so considerate of the distresses of others as those who have suffered themselves; or who so likely to make all due allowances for the deficiencies of a newly initiated brother scribe (pardon us, we have forgotten our plural number) as those who have their own beginnings to refer to in contrast with their present mature efforts as an incontrovertible proof that practice will correct the failings incident to inexperience. The power of sympathy is always alleviating, and so it is consolatory for us to feel the most perfect assurance that the censors of the press will extend their friendly regards, whilst we are struggling among the billows between life and death. And third, which is our last place, although we have not the vanity to suppose we shall please all our readers, yet on La Place's doctrine of probabilities, we ground our strong belief that we shall amuse and satisfy some of our subscribers, and so make them our firm and fast friends. The certain prospect of an increase of friends, in a great measure reconciles us to the misery of a first appearance.

The reader may now expect at our hands, our bill of future entertainment. Such a bill, gentle reader, we have not prepared, and for these two reasons: our *sine que non* with regard to promises will be found in our prospectus on the last page—and as to saying what shall come next, we have too much regard for our friends to pall their curiosity or lessen their surprize by presenting any such information. And thus endeth our first chapter, and with it the dismal dread of our first appearance.

Some ornamental type we have ordered has not yet come to hand—upon its reception our little publication, we hope, will appear more *pearly* than the present number. We wish it to shine brilliantly as a diamond of the first water. To many of our friends, according to their desire, we have sent the Pearl, and hope it will immediately receive their sanction and support. Don't be afraid friends of furnishing our list with too many names.

**THE TRIAL OF GREENACRE.**—The London papers contain enlarged reports of the trial of James Greenacre for the murder of Hannah Brown. Among the inhabitants of London and its suburbs an extraordinary degree of excitement prevailed during the trial. The Justice Hall of the Old Bailey was besieged by hundreds of individuals for admission, amongst whom were a great number of persons of distinction. To the gallery the price of admission was from one to five guineas, while the seats in the body of the court were let to a very large amount. So foul and barbarous, and so revolting in its details was this murder, that when it became known to the crowds outside of the court, that the verdict was against the prisoner, their huzzas were of the most deafening description. The people on the stairs leading to the court cheered the jury and waved their hats as if they had heard the news of a victory, while the dense crowd in the street, by one loud and general huzza responded to the shouting within. We do not wonder at this popular outbreak of feeling and yet we are deeply sorry to read of its manifestation. But we turn from the outraged feelings of the excited multitude,

to the calm, dignified, and we will add, christian address of the Recorder.

**SENTENCE ON GREENACRE.**

The Recorder, after a pause, to recover self-possession in a tremulous tone, and deeply affected, looking at the prisoner, thus addressed him:—  
“James Greenacre, after a protracted trial, which has occupied two entire days, upon a patient and impartial investigation of the circumstances by a jury of your country, they have found themselves compelled to pronounce you guilty of the heinous offence charged in the indictment. You have been convicted upon clear and satisfactory evidence of the dreadful crime of murder. The appalling details of your dreadful case are fresh in the recollection of all those who are within the sound of my voice, and will be held in the memory, and, may I not add, in the execration of mankind, and go down to succeeding generations. You have indeed acquired an odious celebrity—an awful notoriety in the annals of crime. The measures to which you have been permitted by Providence to resort for the concealment of your dreadful crime were attended for a season with partial success, but it was only permitted that, during the short interval, accumulated evidence and irrefragable proofs of guilt should be adduced. During that period, the amputated limbs and the severed trunk have been united to the bloodless head of your wretched victim. It has been proved that one of the injuries on the head was inflicted, in all probability, in the lock of the canal where it was cast. But it has been proved you must have inflicted mortal injuries and imbrued your hands in the life blood of your ill-fated victim, before life was extinct. The horrible spectacle which the mutilated remains presented, proved the fact that slaughter must have been committed, and that death was not occasioned (as you insinuate) by accident. Science has been called into aid. It has been proved to a demonstration that the contusion on the eye was inflicted before the death of the unfortunate woman, and it is plain your hands were in the blood of the wounds you inflicted. The horror of contemplating this spectacle compels me to draw a veil over this part, and refrain from recapitulating the particulars of your frightful and heinous sin. It may be considered better to consider what benefit may be derived in a moral point of view from your great transgression through the agency of an Almighty Power. Your offence, in the first place, excited alarm; and the mystery in which it was enveloped, and the publicity and detail which were given—the means of the family of the deceased having their attention directed to it—was the cause of her identification, and the apprehension of the delinquent, and bringing him to the bar of public justice. This shows that, however guilt may for a time be hidden, sooner or latter the guilty will be discovered and brought to condign punishment.

Let me now entreat you to turn to the contemplation of the great change which awaits you, and to occupy every moment of the short interval in applying to the throne of Grace; so that by penitence and prayer you may seek—(haply find)—through the merits of your Redeemer, the accepted sacrifice for the sins of erring mortals, that forgiveness in another world which you cannot receive in this.

**GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE.**—The London religious anniversary meetings of the present year for the month of May were ushered in with a general meeting for prayer called by twenty one ministers of the different religious denominations. Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Calvinistic and Wesleyan Methodists assembled in Surrey Chapel and unitedly implored the blessing of Heaven upon the efforts of the churches to promote the salvation of the world. This is as it should be, and we regard it as affording a delightful presage that the great law of christian charity is yet to be developed on a more extended and glorious scale in all the British Churches.

**MARRIED.**

At Boston, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Lord, Mr. Charles Currier, to Miss Hannah Allen, third daughter of the late Mr. Richard Stayner, of this town.  
At New York, on the 9th inst. Mr. Richard Nugent, Printer, to Miss Elizabeth McFarlane, both of Halifax.

**DIED.**

On Saturday 27th inst., Lemuel Truske, youngest son of the late James McCurdy, aged 8 years.  
On Windsor Road, on Sunday last, Mr. John Fitzmaurice in the 64th year of his age.  
On Tuesday Sarah, eldest daughter of the late John Boyd, Esqr.  
On Saturday morning last, Mr. Robert Oakes, aged 78.  
At St. John, N. B. on the 21st May, Lieut. T. G. Marley, of the Royal Artillery, aged 27 years.  
In the Poor's Asylum, June 1, Patrick O'Bryan, aged 30 years.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**ARRIVED.**

Friday, 26th—Schr. Waterloo, Eisan, Miramichi, 8 days; Susan Sydney; Dart, Liverpool, N. S.; Elizabeth, Arichat; brig Maria, Jones, Liverpool, 50 days; Standard, Burrows, Bermuda, 7 days.  
Saturday—Schr. Waterwitch, Guysboro'; Messenger, ...

Miramichi 9 days; James, Drew, Magdalen Islands; Matilda, P. E. Island.  
Sunday—Schr. Britannia, Richibucto, 8 days; H. M. Brig Cruiser, Com. Willis, Bermuda, 8 days; schr. Willing Lass, Bathurst; ...  
Monday—Schr. Broke, Cann, Yarmouth; Sable, Harmond; St. John, N. B. 4 days; brig Jane, Hubert, Kingston; Jam. 26 days.  
Tuesday—Brig Acadian, Lane, Boston, 36 hours; schr. Ben, Forrest, St. John's N. F.; schr. Pride, Snadden, Demerara, via Nevis, 32 days.  
Wednesday—Mail Boat Lady Ogle, Bermuda, 9 days; Passenger Lieut. Wright, 30th Regt.  
Thursday—Packet Brig. Pandora, Lieut. Innes, Falmouth, 23 days; Mail Boat Velocity, Healy, Boston, 4 days; brig. Ada, Burns, Trinidad, 24 days; Don, Toole, Waterford, 31 days; 108 Passengers; Eagle, Buchanan, Waterford, 38 days; 106 Passengers; brig Sarah Fleming, Davison, New Castle, 48 days; schr. Royal Miner, Boston 4 days, schr. Eanny, Terrio, Boston, 4 days.  
Friday, Schr. Four Sisters, Picton; Barque Acadian, Auld, Greenock, 35 days; Passengers Mr. A. Murison, Lady and daughter, Dr. Black. Schr. Adele, Wilson, Restigouche N. B. 3 days.  
Saturday, Brig. Harriet, DeRoche, Sydney, C. B. 7 days.

**CLEARED.**

Friday 26th, Adelaide, Murray, Bay Chaleur; 27th, Sarah, Tooker, St. John, N. B.; Royal William, Faircl, West Indies; Schooner Amethyst, Hilton, St. Andrews N. B.; William Allan, Cooke Picton; brig Goshawk, Lea, West Indies; schr. Mary Allard, Bay Chaleur; brig Mary Mitcheson, Miramichi; Esperance, Degruffe, Miramichi. 30th, schr. Mermaid, LaVache, Montreal; brig Daphne, Dickenson, Demerara. 31st Schr. Emily, LeBlanc, Quebec; schr. William Walker, Branscomb, St. Andrews, N. B.

**MEMORANDA.**

At Falmouth 13th April, H. M. Packet Barque Skylark, Ejeut. Ladd, hence.  
Greenock 29th April, sailed Barque Acadian, Auld, Halifax, and Chebuco.  
Liverpool; G. B., sailed 27th April; ...  
At Picton, 19th inst—Barque EVER 10—Kenzie, Liverpool.  
At Yarmouth, May 22— ...  
At Quebec, May 15—schr. Active, hence; 16th Lady do.  
At Philadelphia, May 9—Schr. Argon, Baker, hence.  
Gravesend, April 14—Sailed, Lotus for Halifax.  
At Leghorn, March 25—Schr. Splendid, hence.  
At Bay Chaleur, April 22, ship C. R. C. Jersey, 26 days.  
The Catherine left at Trinidad, brig Ann, Lurney, to sail next day.  
The Halifax left at New York schr. Sybella, to sail in 5 days.

**ALEXANDER McLEOD,**  
No. 3, George-Street.

Respectfully acquaints the Public, that he has received by the late arrivals from Great Britain, a Supply of the following articles, (in addition to his former extensive Stock) which he can with confidence recommend.

**CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock, Santerne, Vide-de-Grave, Pale and Red Constantia, Blackburn's and others sup. Maderia, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherries, Fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe, Bocellas, 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. Booth's celebrated Cordial Gin, or cream of the vale Assorted Liguers, Cherry Brandy, Curaco and Mareschino, Guinness's celebrated Dublin PORTER, unequalled for the richness of its quality and fine flavour, Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout, Edinburgh and Alloa ALES—Hodgson's pale Ale, Fine light Table do., superior bottled C. I. D. E. R. and Ginger Beer. Westphalia and Nova-Scotia superior flavored Hams; Cheshire, Wiltshire, double and single Gloucester, and Annapolis Cheese, double and single refined London and Scotch Loaf Sugar, Turkey figs, imperial French Plums, muscatel and bloom Raisins, Almonds, assorted preserved Fruits, preserved Fresh Meats, and Milk; a general assortment of Pickles and Sauces, Olive Oil, do for lamps, Robinson's patent Barley and Groats, Try's approved Cake and Paste Chocolates, Cocoa and Brona, Mocha, and West India Coffee, superior Spanish Cigars, an assortment of Elegant CUT GLASS, latest patterns, consisting of—rich cut glass Decanters and Wines, Claret Jugs, &c. Soda and Wine Biscuit, with a very general assortment of GROCERIES.  
Halifax, June 3, 1837.**

**IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE.**

THE attention of the Public is called to the above article. By the new and improved process of roasting which, the whole of the fine aromatic flavor of the berry is retained. Prepared and sold by **LOWES & CREIGHTON,** Grocers, &c. Corner of Granville and Buckingham Streets. June 3, 1837.

**MIRAMICHI SHINGLES.**

210 M. best prime Shingles for sale by the Subscriber **ROBERT H. SEYMOUR** June 3, 1837. — 6w.



From the Athenaeum.

## PERSIAN MARRIAGE PRELIMINARIES.

When the parents of a youth consider themselves in a condition to maintain a daughter-in-law, they resolve accordingly; the youth is seldom consulted. The next step is to fix on a family with whom, from parity of rank and circumstances, a connexion might, with propriety, be formed; and, having obtained the consent of the parents to give their daughter in marriage, the nearest female relations of the intended bridegroom call at the house and have some conferences with the female guardians of the young lady. By the manner and the form of the call, the object of the visit is always understood, and the black-eyed catelope herself invariably steals away, and never appears before the Dallalas (mediators) until the whole affair, so far as the family arrangements are concerned, is nearly concluded. This was formerly (and is still, to some extent) the point, on arriving at which, the two families forthwith decide on the marriage of the young couple; but the new fashion is, to allow the intended bride and bridegroom to have some interviews, and to encourage them to declare their own inclinations on the subject after they have become known to each other, and the fair one is first consulted. A day is then appointed for this purpose, and the meeting generally takes place in some public gardens, in a mosque, in the Rokah (the sanctuary) of some saint, or in some similar place. A party of ladies, consisting of the members of both families, accompany the young Hoory (veiled of course, but so veiled that she can see very clearly) to the appointed spot, where they meet the young man, who is also in company with one or more of his intimate friends. The youth is pointed out to the lady at some convenient distance, and she then declares her opinion of him: if this be unfavourable, she is generally candid and resolute; if otherwise, she usually blushes, looks down, and remains silent. The young man's chance comes next, and he is first introduced to the fair one at her house, and, on the first occasion, among her female relations. The lady still appears in a veil, but she generally contrives to drop something—her handkerchief, her bracelet, a ring, or some such trifle—which she pretends to look for. Her veil, which is loosely pinned for the occasion, then falls off, and the anxious gallant is blessed with the auspicious sight of her. Then comes the day of Sheereeny Khoran, or sweetmeat-eating, which is a day of joviality, followed by the Angushtar-Baran, or the ring-wearing day, which precedes the marriage day from one to six months or more, during which period Namuzad-Bazy, or courtship, is occasionally allowed.

**A SITUATION OF EXTREME HORROR.**—'I once,' says a celebrated writer, 'read a most horrible story of some French travellers, who attempted to explore the vaults of the Egyptian pyramids, which revives some of those terrifying obstructions we sometimes meet with in disturbed dreams. These persons had already traversed an extensive labyrinth of chambers and passages. They were on their return; and had arrived at the most difficult part of it, a very long and winding passage, forming a communication between two chambers—its opening narrow and low. The ruggedness of the floor, sides and roof rendered their progress slow and laborious, and these difficulties increased rapidly as they advanced. The torch with which they had entered became useless, from the impossibility of holding it upright, as the passage diminished its height. Both its height and width at length, however, became so much contracted, that the party was compelled to crawl on their bellies. Their wanderings in these infernal passages—for such, in their fatigue of body and mind, they deemed them—seemed to be endless. Their alarm was already great, and their patience already exhausted, when the headmost of the party cried out that he could discern the light at the exit of the passage, at a considerable distance ahead, but that he could not advance any farther, and that in his efforts to press on, in hopes to surmount the obstacle without complaining, he had squeezed himself so far into the reduced opening, that he had no longer strength to recede. The situation of the whole party was now so desperate, that their fate was beyond the power of

direction or advice; while the wretched leader, whether from terror or the natural effect of his situation, swelled so that, if it was before difficult, it was now impossible for him to stir from the spot thus miserably occupied. One of the party at this dreadful and critical moment proposed, in the intense selfishness to which the feeling of vital danger reduces all, as the only means of escape from this horrible confinement, this living grave, to cut in pieces the wretched being who formed the obstruction, and clear it by dragging the dismembered carcase piecemeal past them. He heard this dreadful proposal, and contracting himself with agony at the idea of this death, was reduced by a strong muscular spasm to his usual dimensions, and was dragged out, affording room for the party to squeeze themselves past over his prostrated body. The unhappy creature was suffocated in the effort, and was left behind a corpse.'

## DAYS SHOULD SPEAK.\*

By the Rev. J. H. Clinch.

Days should speak in trumpet tone,  
Telling of advantage gone,  
Talents hid or basely used,  
Blessings wrested or abused.

Days should speak with warning voice—  
Speak of mortals' senseless choice,  
Still by airy trifles caught,  
Leaving solid joys unbought—

Speak of present blisses prized,  
Speak of future joys despised,  
Until Earth a home we deem—  
Heaven a visionary dream.

Days should speak with words of fear,  
Till the cold and careless hear  
How light-winged the moments are,  
Linked to Time's swift, silent car.

Days should speak and bid us mark  
How between the Future dark  
And the Present, brief and few  
Are the hours we hurry through.

If the loud-voiced, passing days  
Thus their warning tones would raise,  
Man at length would learn to see  
Time is not eternity.

\* Job.

**VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.**—There is not, among the numerous examples that occur of the provident economy of nature, in the vegetable part of the creation, a more remarkable instance of contrivance adapted to circumstances, and of means suited to the end, than what is evidently displayed in a plant which is commonly met with in Ceylon and other islands of the east, which has obtained the appropriate name of the pitcher plant. Being the inhabitant of a tropical climate and found on the most dry and stony situations, Nature has furnished it with the means of an ample supply of moisture, without which it would have withered and perished. To the footstalk of each leaf, near the base, is attached a kind of bag shaped like a pitcher, of the same color as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a redish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted and inmoveable on a kind of hinge or strong fibre, which passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open when the weather is showery, or dew falls, which would appear to be just contrary to what usually happens in nature, though the contraction is probably occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere, and the expansion does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation from taking place. The water having gradually absorbed through the handle into the footstalk of the leaf and sustenance to the plant, as soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids open to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withdraws all the covers, the pitcher standing open.

A barrister, blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said, "Gentlemen, in my argument I shall use nothing but what is necessary." "Then," replied a wag, "take out one of the glasses of your spectacles."

**THE RETORT COURTEOUS.**—When D' Aubigou appeared at the court of Catherine of Medicis, through the Queen's maids of honor, whose united ages amounted at least to 145 years, perceiving him new to the place, desirous of diverting themselves with his embarrassment, one of them attacked him by asking, "What are you contemplating so seriously, Sir?"—"The antiquities of Court, Madams," replied D' Aubigou.

## THE PEARL.

A SELECT LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, RELIGIOUS, AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Although Nova Scotia is not behind her sister province in the variety and general excellence of her periodical publications, yet to this hour she does not possess a single respectable journal, devoted chiefly to the diffusion of literary and scientific information. To supply the urgent want exists, and which has long been felt by the advocates of general education, it is intended shortly to commence a weekly publication, the leading object of which will be to promote the interests of literature and popular science in connexion with the exalted truths of our holy religion.

1. It will be entitled THE PEARL, a Select Literary, Scientific, Religious, and Miscellaneous Journal.

2. Its columns will be enriched with essays and notices on the wonders of nature, the works of art, the sciences, and on every branch of philosophy and literature more immediately adapted for dissemination in this and rising province. In this department, in addition to original articles, which it is expected, will be supplied by several literary gentlemen who have kindly promised their aid, the Pearl will embody a vast fund of useful knowledge collected from the best and latest British and American works.

3. The sacred verities of our common christianity will occupy a portion of the pages of the Pearl. Belonging, however, to no religious, much less any political party, it will know nothing of the minor differences which divide and distract the christian world: Not tied down to advocate the cause of any particular community, it will embrace as wide as the interests of humanity, and anxiously endeavoring to narrow the grounds of dispute, by drawing the attention of all parties to those catholic and fundamental principles in which all evangelical christians concur, the Pearl it is confidently hoped, will be a powerful means cementing the friendship of the good, and of promoting harmony and love amongst all the professors of the christian religion.

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