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# THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1887.

No. 25.

## NATURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

From the *Knickerbocker*.

Illum'd by red-tinged skies, stand glittering  
On tender blade the dew ;  
And undulates the landscape of the spring  
Upon the clear stream's blue.

Fair is the rocky rill, the blossom'd tree,  
The grove with gold that gleams :  
Fair is the star of eve, which close we see  
To yonder purple realms.

Fair is the meadow's green, the dale's thick bush,  
The hill's bright robe of flowers,  
The alder-stream, the pond's surrounding rush,  
And lilies' snowy showers.

Oh! how the host of beings are made one  
By Love's enduring band !  
The glow-worm, and the fiery flood of sun,  
Spring from one Father's hand.

Thou beckonest, Almighty, if the tree  
Lose but a bud that's blown ;  
Thou beckonest, if in immensity  
One sun is sunk and gone !

From Ward's Miscellany.

## A SWISS TRADITION.

In the course of an excursion, during the autumn of last year, a traveller through the wildest and most secluded parts of Switzerland took up his residence, during a stormy night, in a convent of Capuchin friars, not far from Altorf, the birth-place of the famous William Tell. In the course of the evening one of the fathers related, in an impressive manner, the following tradition, which, in some of its characteristic features, bears a striking resemblance to Lord Byron's drama, "Manfred."

"His soul was wild, impetuous, and uncontrollable. He had a keen perception of the faults and vices of others, without the power of correcting his own ; alike sensible of the nobility, and of the darkness of his moral constitution, although unable to cultivate the one to the exclusion of the other.

"In extreme youth, he led a lonely and secluded life in the solitude of a Swiss valley, in company with an only brother, some years older than himself, and a young female relative, who had been educated along with them from her birth. They lived under the care of an aged uncle, the guardian of those extensive domains which the brothers were destined jointly to inherit.

"A peculiar melancholy, cherished and increased by the utter seclusion of that sublime region, had, during the period of their infancy, preyed upon the mind of their father, and finally produced the most dreadful result. The fear of a similar tendency in the minds of the brothers, induced their protector to remove them, at an early age, from the solitude of their native country. The elder was sent to a German university, and the younger completed his education in one of the Italian schools.

"After the lapse of many years, the old guardian died, and the elder of the brothers returned to his native valley ; he there formed an attachment to the lady with whom he had passed his infancy ; and she, after some fearful forebodings, which were unfortunately silenced by the voice of duty and of gratitude, accepted of his love, and became his wife.

"In the meantime, the younger brother had left Italy, and travelled over the greater part of Europe. He mingled with the world, and gave full scope to every impulse

of his feelings. But that world, with the exception of certain hours of boisterous passion and excitement, afforded him little pleasure, and made no lasting impression upon his heart. His greatest joy was in the wildest impulses of the imagination.

"His spirit, though mighty and unbounded, from his early habits and education naturally tended to repose ; he thought with delight on the sun rising among the Alpine snows, or gliding the peaks of the rugged hills with its evening rays. But within him he felt a fire burning for ever, and which the snows of his native mountains could not quench. He feared that he was alone in the world, and that no being, kindred to his own, had been created ; but in his soul there was an image of angelic perfection, which he believed existed not on earth, but without which he knew he could not be happy. Despairing to find it in populous cities, he retired to his paternal domain. On again entering upon the scenes of his infancy, many new and singular feelings were experienced—he was enchanted with the surpassing beauty of the scenery, and wondered that he should have rambled so long, and so far from it. The noise and the bustle of the world were immediately forgotten on contemplating

"The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

A light, as it were, broke around him, and exhibited a strange and momentary gleam of joy and of misery mingled together. He entered the dwelling of his infancy with delight, and met his brother with emotion. But his dark and troubled eye betokened a fearful change, when he beheld the other playmate of his infancy. Though beautiful as the imagination could conceive, she appeared otherwise than he expected. Her form and face were associated with some of his wildest reveries,—his feelings of affection were united with many undefinable sensations—he felt as if she was not the wife of his brother, although he knew her to be so, and his soul sickened at the thought.

"He passed the night in a feverish state of joy and horror. From the window of a lonely tower, he beheld the moon shining amid the bright blue of an Alpine sky, and diffusing a calm and beautiful light on the silvery snow. The eagle owl uttered her long and plaintive note from the castellated summits which overhung the valley, and the feet of the wild chamois were heard rebounding from the neighbouring rocks ; these accorded with the gentler feelings of his mind, but the strong spirit which so frequently overcame him, listened with intense delight to the dreadful roar of an immense torrent, which was precipitated from the summit of an adjoining cliff, among broken rocks and pines, overturned and uprooted, or to the still mightier voice of the avalanche, suddenly descending with the accumulated snows of a hundred years.

"In the morning he met the object of his unhappy passion. Her eyes were dim with tears, and a cloud of sorrow had darkened the light of her lovely countenance.

"For some time there was a mutual constraint in their manner, which both were afraid to acknowledge, and neither were able to dispel. Even the uncontrollable spirit of the wanderer was oppressed and overcome, and he wished he had never returned to the dwelling of his ancestors. The lady was equally aware of the awful peril of their situation, and without the knowledge of her husband, she prepared to depart from the castle, and take the veil in a convent situated in a neighbouring valley.

"With this resolution she departed on the following morning ; but in crossing an Alpine pass which conducted, by a nearer route, to the adjoining valley, she was enveloped in mists and vapour, and lost all knowledge of the sur-

rounding country. The clouds closed in around her, and a tremendous thunder-storm took place in the valley beneath. She wandered about for some time, in hopes of gaining a glimpse, through the clouds, of some accustomed object to direct her steps, till, exhausted by fatigue and fear, she reclined upon a dark rock, in the crevices of which, though it was now the heat of summer, there were many patches of snow. There she sat, in a state of feverish delirium, till a gentle air dispelled the dense vapour from before her feet, and discovered an enormous chasin, down which she must have fallen if she had taken another step. While breathing a silent prayer to Heaven for this providential escape, strange sounds were heard, as of some disembodied voice floating among the clouds. Suddenly she perceived, within a few paces, the figure of the wanderer tossing his arms in the air, his eye inflamed, and his general aspect wild and distracted ; he then appeared meditating a deed of sin ; she rushed towards him, and, clasping him in her arms, dragged him backwards, just as he was about to precipitate himself into the gulf below.

"Overcome by bodily fatigue and agitation of mind, they remained for some time in a state of insensibility. The brother first revived from his stupor ; and finding her whose image was pictured in his soul lying by his side, with her arms resting upon his shoulder, he believed for a moment that he must have executed the dreadful deed he had meditated, and waked in another world. The gentle form of the lady was again reanimated, and slowly she opened her beautiful eyes. She questioned him as to the purpose of his visit to that desolate spot : a full explanation took place of their mutual sensations, and they confessed the passion which consumed them.

"The sun was now high in heaven, the clouds of the morning had ascended to the loftiest Alps, and the mists—into their airy elements resolved—were gone. As the god of day advanced, dark valleys were suddenly illuminated, and lovely lakes brightened like mirrors among the hills, their waters sparkling with the fresh breeze of the morning ; the most beautiful clouds were sailing in the air, some breaking on the mountain-tops, and others resting on the sombre pines, or slumbering on the surface of the unilluminated valleys. The shrill whistle of the marmot was no longer heard, and the chamois had bounded to its inaccessible retreat. The vast range of the neighbouring Alps was next distinctly visible, and presented to the eyes of the beholders 'glory beyond all glory ever seen.'

"In the meantime a change had taken place in the feelings of the mountain-pair, which was powerfully strengthened by the glad face of nature ; the glorious hues of earth and sky seemed indeed to sanction and rejoice in their mutual happiness. The darker spirit of the brother had now fearfully overcome him ; the dreaming predictions of his most imaginative years appeared realised in their fullest extent, and the voice of prudence and of nature was inaudible amidst the intoxication of his joy. The object of his affection rested in his arms in a state of listless happiness, listening with enchanted ear to his wild and impassioned eloquence, and careless of all other sight or sound.

"She, too, had renounced her morning vows, and the convent was unthought of and forgotten. Crossing the mountains by wild and unfrequented paths, they took up their abode in a deserted cottage, formerly frequented by goat-herds and the hunters of the roe. On looking down, for the last time, from the mountain-top, on that delightful valley in which she had so long lived in innocence and peace, the lady thought of her departed mother, and her heart would have died within her, but the wild glee of

the brother again rendered her insensible to all other sensations, and she yielded to the sway of her fatal passion.

"There they lived, secluded from the world, and supported, even through evil, by the intensity of their passion for each other. The turbulent spirit of the brother was at rest; he had found a being endowed with virtues like his own, and, as he thought, destitute of all his vices. The day-dreams of his fancy had been realised, and all that he had imagined of beauty or affection was embodied in that form which he could call his own.

"On the morning of her departure the dreadful truth burst upon the mind of her wretched husband. From the first arrival of the dark-eyed stranger, a gloomy vision of future sorrow had haunted him by day and by night. Despair and misery now made him their victim, and that awful malady which he inherited from his ancestors was the immediate consequence. He was seen, for the last time, among some stupendous cliffs which overhung the river, and his hat and cloak were found by the chamois hunters at the foot of an ancient pine.

"Soon, too, was the guilty joy of the survivors to terminate. The gentle lady, even in felicity, felt a load upon her heart; her spirit had burned too ardently, and she knew it must, ere long, be extinguished. Day after day the lily of her cheek encroached upon the rose, till at last she assumed a monumental paleness, unrelieved save by a transient and hectic glow; her angelic form wasted away, and soon the flower of the valley was no more.

"The soul of the brother was dark, dreadfully dark, but his body wasted not, and his spirit caroused with more fearful strength. 'The sounding cataract haunted him like a passion.' He was again alone in the world, and his mind endowed with more dreadful energies; his wild eye sparkled with unnatural light, and his raven hair hung heavy on his burning temples. He wandered among the forests and the mountains, and rarely entered his once-beloved dwelling, from the windows of which he had so often beheld the sun sinking in a sea of crimson glory.

"He was found dead in that same pass in which he had met his sister among the mountains; his body bore no marks of external violence, but his countenance was convulsed by bitter insanity."

From the Cottage Magazine.

#### EXTRAORDINARY PROVIDENCE.

Thomas Hownham, the subject of the following providence, was a very poor man, who lived in a lone house or hut upon a moor, called Barmour Moor, about a mile from Lowick, and two miles from Doddington, in the county of Northumberland. He had no means to support a wife and two young children, save the scanty earnings obtained by keeping an ass, on which he used to carry coals from Barmour coal-hill to Doddington and Wooler; or by making brooms of the heath, and selling them round the country. Yet, poor and despised as he was in consequence of his poverty, in my forty years' acquaintance with the professing world, I have scarce met with his equal, as a man that lived near to God, or one who was favoured with more evident answers to prayer. My parents then living at a village called Hanging Hall, about one mile and a half from his hut, I had frequent interviews with him, in one of which he was very solicitous to know whether my father or mother had sent him any unexpected relief the night before. I answered him in the negative, so far as I knew; at which he seemed to be uneasy. I then pressed to know what relief he had met with, and how? After requesting secrecy, unless I should hear of it from some other quarter (and if so, he begged I would acquaint him,) he proceeded to inform me, that being disappointed of receiving money for his coals the day before, he returned home in the evening, and, to his pain and distress, found that there was neither bread nor meal, nor any thing to supply their place, in his house; that his wife wept sore for the poor children, who were both crying for hunger; that they continued crying until they both fell asleep; that he got them to bed, and their mother with them, who likewise soon went to sleep, being worn out

with the sufferings of the children and her own tender feelings.

Being a fine moonlight night, he went out of the house to a retired spot, at a little distance, to meditate on those remarkable expressions in Hab. iii. 17, 18: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation." Here he continued, as he thought, about an hour and a half; and in a sweet, serene, and composed frame of mind, he returned into his house; when, by the light of the moon through the window, he perceived something upon a stool or form (for chairs they had none) before the bed; and after viewing it with astonishment, and feeling it, he found it to be a joint of meat roasted, and a loaf of bread, about the size of our half-peck loaves. He then went to the door to look if he could see any body; and after using his voice as well as his eyes, and neither perceiving nor hearing any one, he returned in, awoke his wife, who was still asleep, asked a blessing, and then awoke the children, and gave them a comfortable repast. Such was his story; but he could give me no further account.

I related this extraordinary affair to my father and mother, who both heard it with astonishment; but ordered me to keep it a secret as requested; and such it would have ever remained, but for the following reason. A short time after this event, I left that country; but on a visit about twelve years after, at a friend's, the conversation, one evening, took a turn about one Mr. Strangeways, commonly called Strangunge, a farmer, who lived at Lowick-Highsteed, which the people named Pinch-me-near, on account of this miserly wretch that dwelt there. I asked what had become of his property, as I apprehended he had never done one generous action in his lifetime. An elderly woman in the company said I was mistaken; for she could relate one which was somewhat curious. She said that she had lived with him as a servant or housekeeper; that about twelve or thirteen years ago, one Thursday morning he ordered her to have a whole joint of meat roasted, having given her directions a day or two before to bake two large loaves of white bread. He then went to Wooler market, and took a bit of bread and cheese in his pocket as usual. He came home in the evening in a very bad humour, and went soon to bed. In about two hours after, he called up his man-servant, and ordered him to take one of the loaves, and the joint of meat, and carry them down the moor to Thomas Hownham's, and leave them there. The man did so; and finding the family asleep, he set them at their bed-side, and came away.

The next morning her master called her and the man-servant in, and seemed in great agitation of mind. He told them that he intended to have invited a Mr. John Mool, with two or three more neighbouring farmers (who were always teasing him for his nearness), to sup with him the night before; that he would not invite them in the market-place, as he purposed to have taken them by surprise near home, as two or three of them passed his house; but a smart shower of rain coming on, they rode off, and left him before he could get an opportunity; that going soon to bed, he did not rest well, fell a dreaming, and thought he saw Hownham's wife and children dying of hunger; and he awoke and put off the impression; that he dreamed the second time, and endeavoured again to shake it off; but that he was altogether overcome with the nonsense the third time; that he believed the devil was in him; but that since he was so foolish as to send the meat and bread, he could not now help it, and charged her and the man never to speak of it, or he would turn them away directly. She added, that since he was dead long ago, she thought she might relate it, as a proof that he had done one generous action, though he was grieved for it afterwards. Surely this was a wonderful instance of God's special interposition in behalf of his own children, plainly shewing us that when he becomes the God of grace, he also becomes, in a peculiar manner, the God of providence to his people. The infidel or sceptic may sneer

at the above account as incredible; and denounce it as a fiction got up by some fanatic or enthusiast; and, alas! the worldly-minded and formal professor of Christianity will be apt to join both the former in his ridicule, or, at any rate, may say, this is carrying the doctrine of God's particular providence rather too far: but the sincere and genuine Christian will be prompted by this affecting story to a higher and holier admiration of that gracious God and Father who "feedeth the young ravens when they call upon him," and therefore can "give bread to his people," and supply their temporal wants in a way which shall call forth their deepest gratitude, and add to his own glory. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things (needful) shall be added unto you;" and "they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing."

#### LITERARY REMUNERATION.

"As a proof of the uncertainty of literary remuneration," says the London correspondent of the Evening Star, "I would instance the example of 'Boz.' When he commenced the Pickwick papers, he was almost unknown, and was living on five guineas per week, as reporter on the Morning Chronicle. Chapman and Hale having, with some difficulty, been persuaded to become the Pickwick publishers, agreed to give him ten pounds a month for each number, or one hundred and twenty pounds for the whole work. After the second number, the sale became so immense as to induce the publishers to give him seventy pounds a month; and, since number ten, he has had one half of the profits, including those of the first numbers. By the Pickwick papers alone, he will net between two and three thousand pounds. Nor is this all: he was paid two guineas a column for Watkins Tottle and other 'Sketches by Boz,' which appeared in the Morning Chronicle. For a column of such sketches now, he would have ten guineas from any magazine. He has, of course, cut reporting, and instead of some three hundred pounds a-year which he made eighteen months ago, is in receipt of at least three thousand pounds. To ensure him exclusively for himself, Mr. Richard Bentley, the publisher, allows him the sum of one thousand pounds a year as editor of Bentley's Miscellany, and twenty guineas per sheet also, for whatever he writes in it. If this is not turning a very popular name to good account I know not what is. Of Bentley's Miscellany the good luck has been astonishing; in fact, without precedent. It has almost shelved the New Monthly out of market. It is a shilling cheaper, which is one cause; the New Monthly being three shillings and sixpence per number, while Bentley's Miscellany is only two shillings and sixpence; and it has more illustrations, which is another. The New Monthly has merely a portrait of some author, while Bentley's has either two or three illustrations by Cruikshank, which, being engraved on copper by himself, are of as much value as original sketches. At this day, each of Hogarth's plates as he engraved himself, fetch twice or thrice what impressions from the other plates bring. I know not how popular the Pickwick papers may be in America, but in England they are all the rage. The quaint similes of Samuel Veller are in every one's mouth, and half a dozen dramas have already been founded on the work. A new one, by the way, is coming out at the New Strand Theatre, in which J. W. Hammond will appear as Sam Veller. He is pronounced by 'Boz' to be the only man for the character. You lose one half the fun by not having the laughable illustrations which accompany the letter press in the original edition. The first number was illustrated by Seymour, a man who was fast rivalling the fame of Cruikshank. Some mess or other about a protested bill annoyed him so much that he cut his throat. Since then, the illustrations have been furnished by R. W. Buss, a clever artist. There are some two score of Pickwick clubs in London, all founded, of course, since these admirable papers commenced. In Liverpool there are five, one of which is on a very extended plan. Each member bears the name of one of the characters in the Pickwick papers, and is habited exactly according to the description therein contained. Fines are leviable if a mem-

her calls another by his real instead of his Pickwickian name. Of any breach of Pickwickian etiquette, Mr. Pickwick's double is the judge; and of any offence, *contra bonos mores* the substitute for the Reverend Mr. Stiggins is the referee. The gentleman to whom, by acclamation, the character of Samivel was assigned, is said to have much of the wit of the real Sam. As the meetings are very exclusive, membership being the only qualification for admission, and your correspondent is not a member, he can say no more concerning this redoubtable club. At the Liverpool theatre last night, a farce called "The Pickwickians," was produced, and went off with great success. It had been acted at the Adelphi. Reeve's personation of Samivel was superb.

### THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

A working man needs a working wife, but, of the qualities of mind, manners, and morals, she cannot run too high in the scale. There is an error prevalent concerning this. Giles says, "I do not want a wife with too much sense."—Why not? Perhaps Giles will not answer, but the shrug of his shoulders answers; "Because I am afraid she will be an overmatch for me." Giles talks like a simpleton. The unfortunate men who have their tyrants at home are never married to women of sense. Genuine elevation of mind cannot prompt any one, male or female, to get out of his or her proper sphere. No man ever suffered from an overplus of intelligence, whether in his own head, or in his wife's.

A proper self-respect would teach every noble-hearted American, of whatever class, that he cannot set too high a value on the conjugal relation. We may judge of the welfare and honor of the community by its wives and mothers. Opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and even accomplishments, are happily open to every class above the very lowest, and the wise mechanic will not fail to choose such a companion as may not shame his sons and daughters in that coming age, when an ignorant American shall be as a fossil fish.

Away with flouting, giggling, dancing, squandering, peevish, fashion-hunting wives! The woman of this stamp is a poor comforter, when the poor husband is sick or bankrupt. Give me the housewife, who can be a "help-mate" to her Adam!

For nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.

I have such a mechanic's wife in my mind's eye; gentle as the antelope, untiring as the bee, joyous as the linnnet, neat, punctual, modest, confiding. She is patient, but resolute, aiding in counsel, reviving in troubles, ever pointing out the brightest side, and concealing nothing but her own sorrows. She loves home, believing with Milton, that

The wife, where danger and dishonor lurk,  
Safes, and seemliest by the husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

The place of woman is eminently at the fireside. It is at home you must see her to know what she is. It is less material what she is abroad, but what she is in the family circle is all important. It is a bad merchandise in any department of trade to pay a premium for other men's opinions, in matrimony he who selects a wife for the applause or wonder of his neighbor, is in a fair way towards domestic bankruptcy. Having got a wife, there is but one rule—*honor and love her*. Seek to improve her understanding and her heart. Strive to make her more and more such a one as you can cordially respect. Shame on the brute, in man's shape, who can affront or vex, not to say neglect, the woman who has embarked with him for life "for better, for worse," and whose happiness, if severed from his smiles, must be unnaturally monstrous. In fine, I am proud of nothing in America so much as of our American wives.

"Why do you use so much tobacco?" said a gentleman to another the other evening, at a whist party. "Because I chew," was the witty reply.

### PEACE TO OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY MRS. ABBY.

Peace to our absent friends—within this hall  
Of proud festivity, and sparkling mirth,  
Does not each heart some former hour recal,  
And linger fondly on some distant hearth?  
Yes, tender memories rest our smiles beneath,  
And silently the listening throng attends,  
While to my trembling late I softly breathe  
These simple words—peace to our absent friends.

The present rarely satisfies the heart,  
'Tis all too bright, too burning in its blaze,  
But thought supplies the want—before us start  
Scenes of the past, and forms of other days:  
Veiled in an indistinct and shadowy light,  
Some radiance with their darkest trial blends,  
And 'midst companions gifted, gay, and bright,  
We gently sigh—peace to our absent friends.

Oh! is our tenderness by theirs repaid,  
And do they pine lost moments to regain,  
And wish each look recalled, each word unsaid,  
That ever chanced to give our spirits pain?  
Yes, doubt it not—though cold and severed long,  
Pride to the power of time and distance bends,  
Forgotten is the slight—repaired the wrong—  
The heart still sighs—peace to our absent friends.

And if we feel a fellowship so blest  
In the dear communings of earthly love,  
How fondly the believing heart must rest  
On the bright time when friends shall meet above!  
Say, have I saddened ye, gay, thoughtless crowd?  
Yes, Nature's voice the force of art transcends,  
And ever can I melt the cold and proud  
By this soft spell—peace to our absent friends.  
*Metropolitan for October.*

### KOSCIUSZKO AND HIS LADY LOVE.

From "Delineations of his Public and Domestic Life."

"The maiden to whom the Polish hero gave his heart, was daughter to one of the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, and therefore raised, by birth, above Kosciuszko. But true love is a true leveller—its alchemy detects merit in the meanest station, and its power of affinity can overcome material obstacles. The lady Louisa Sosnowski returned the love of the poor officer as the truth and fervency of his attachment deserved—but a life of happiness was not for him. How different would have been his history had the grand wish of his heart been achieved! But the disappointment of his hopes in love, consecrated his whole soul to freedom and the happiness of man.

"The young lady first confided her attachment to her mother; and then Kosciuszko, with tears, and kneeling at the father's feet, confessed his pure but unconquerable passion. The parents, blinded by hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the idea that the splendour of their ancient house should be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an officer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse between the impassioned lovers; and, to insure the observance of their prohibition, placed spies upon all their steps. But love found means to deceive the Argus eyes placed over them, and knit two young hearts closer and closer to each other.

"Kosciuszko, now driven to despair, proposes an elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and the happiest result promises to crown their hopes. Under the shade of a dark night they effect their escape from the castle; attain, seemingly unpursued, to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their mutual congratulations and the bright hopes of union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a sudden noise startles the lovers from their dreams of bliss; the marshal's people surround and attempt to seize them; Kosciuszko draws his sword, and desperately strives to defend his beloved. A sanguinary conflict ensues, but the issue could not be doubtful. Kosciuszko, wounded, exhausted, senseless, sank to the ground, and the lady Louisa was dragged back to her paternal home.

"When, after three hours swoon, Kosciuszko regain-

ed his consciousness, he crawled, feebly and despairingly, to the nearest village, where one of his friends was quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision of happiness but its recollection, and a white handkerchief, which his idol had dropped in her agony. This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom, not even in the hottest battle, and death only could part him from it.

"Kosciuszko formed no second attachment; and although, in after years, several advantageous matches were proposed to him, both in Poland, and France, he never could be prevailed upon to marry. Even to an advanced age he remained faithful to the love of his youth, and spoke of the object of his only passion with all the fire of early life."

Extract of a Sermon by the Rev. William Jay.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS. Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his process accomplished and his face turned towards home, it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O! the joyful re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold, the man of science drops the labours and painfulness of research; closes his volume, smoothes his wrinkled brow; leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, and yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush, that hath a father's heart,  
To take, in childish play, a childish part;  
But bends his sturdy neck, to play the toy,  
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade—What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his care; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the labourer; he has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he seats himself and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with head uncovered around his garden, enters again and retires to rest! and the rest of a labouring man is sweet whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely dwelling—who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joy and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with proud disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor."

THE TRUE POSITION OF WOMAN.—It is to the religion and ordinances of Jesus that woman turns with delight, as a refuge from tyranny, a model for imitation, and a prize for exertion. There he finds her position in the scale of God's accountable creatures accurately determined. Not the equal of man, save in his highest hope, and in the method of attaining it. Not his competitor in the field or the senate. Not his idol, elevated on the giddy pinnacle of flattery, and approached with the intoxicating incense of adulation; but his friend, his companion, his helpmate, the sharer of his sorrows, the soother of his cares, the guide of his infancy, the comfort of his old age.—*Duties of Woman, arising from her Obligation to Christianity, by Mrs. Riley.*

## THE HUNTERS OF THE PRAIRIE, OR THE HAWK CHIEF.

BY JOHN T. IRVING.

There is about these pages the same charm that belonged to those of the older travellers—the charm of wild adventure, and of novel scenes. Belonging to the school of Mr. Cooper, modelled obviously on his style in every way, yet the interest kept up to the last, shews that the ground is far from exhausted; and Mr. Irving carries us completely along with him. In proportion as society becomes more and more artificial, and the pathway of every individual is chalked on in the beaten track, works like the one now before us have a delight especially their own. They carry us back to those early periods, by a knowledge of which alone can we trace the efforts that civilisation has made in its progress. They gratify, too, the love of adventure almost universal to the young; and teach, too, that most useful of lessons, that we are not to measure every thing by our own standard. The Hawk Chief is a fine specimen of a race that will soon be only a tradition; and he is surrounded by a spirited group of hunters, trappers, rangers—wild inhabitants of the wildest scenes. We must premise, that an infinite variety of escapes and dangers, in which an Indian girl has taken a prominent part, lead to the following result.

"In the centre of the lodge sat a single Indian female, surrounded by a ring of warriors. Upon her the angry looks of all were riveted. It was Nahtourah; she was bound with leathern thongs. The haughtiness which at times lighted up her otherwise soft and feminine features, had disappeared, and she now seemed in the lowest and most heart-breaking despondency. Her hair was dishevelled, her features were wet with tears, not a trace of her bold carriage was left. Once, and but once, she raised her head and ran a wistful glance round the assemblage. She encountered not a face that did not scowl upon her; and, with a despairing gesture she drooped her eyes to the ground. The silence which for nearly an hour had filled the building, was now broken by the medicin,\* who slowly rose. The hush grew intense; the stillness was so wrapped, that it seemed that not a breath was drawn, though every furrowed face was kindled into excitement. The medicin cast a keen and half-triumphant look upon the girl, then directed his attention to the assembly. 'The Pawnee said he' are sitting in council; but the places of many are empty. Where are the warriors? Ask the wolves and the ravens that are tearing their limbs, and the white man who laughs as he looks at their white bones.' The speaker paused to watch the effect of his words. A low fierce murmur sounded through the building. The medicin saw that the feelings of the warriors were with him, and seized the moment to confront his victim. 'Woman!' said he sternly to Nahtourah, 'there has been a serpent in the Pawnee village, and its bite has been full of poison.' Nahtourah raised her eyes, and murmured, scarce audibly, 'Nahtourah hears, but she does not understand.' 'Then, let her listen. The pale faces escaped; who loosed the cords that bound them? They had horses; where did they find them?' Nahtourah was silent. 'Who has brought desolation upon the Pawnee village? Who has swept away the warriors of the tribe? Who has brought the curse of Wahcondah upon us?' With an appearance of effort, the Indian maid calmed the emotion that agitated her. 'Will the great medicin listen to Nahtourah?' said she, in a subdued tone. 'The ears of the medicin are shut,' said the other, coldly. Just then the long and distant howl of wolves was heard. 'Do you hear that cry?' said the medicin, sternly. 'Tis a wolf hastening to the spot where the Pawnee is lying; his hand is still; his voice is hushed; he cannot drive away the wolf that tears his limbs: he is dead.' The girl saw that she was sealed. She knew that she had been abandoned to the fate of the white man. She had no defence to offer, save to give for Sharatack; and he by some strange

fatality, was absent. But the utter prostration, which at first had paralysed her energies, passed away, and her eye kindled as she tauntingly replied, 'Why is the Pawnee dead? The white man hunted him. The Pawnee fled. He turned not on his pursuer, for his arm was like a woman's; his heart was water; he was a coward.' 'He was killed,' replied the medicin, sternly. A warrior dies; a coward escapes.' 'A deer that runs is killed by a shaft, as well as the fierce bear that fights,' was the response of the now undaunted girl. 'There were deer among the Pawnees; they were shot in the back.' The medicin, for a moment, was silenced. But a low and fierce hiss was distinctly audible from the assembly. In the lodge were the Otoes, who had mediated between them and the whites; and the open taunt thus given in the presence of these members of a rival tribe, increased the bitterness of their envenomed feelings. In the midst of the pause, an aged warrior rose. 'The maiden has betrayed her tribe,' said he; 'she has brought death among the Pawnees: let her die!' A savage murmur of assent ran through the lodge, which was succeeded by a dead stillness. At that moment there was an agitation among the crowd nearest the door. It opened, and a warrior entered and stalked to the centre. A slight exclamation of joy escaped the prisoner, for, at a glance, she recognised the proud lineaments and noble form of the Hawk Chief. Slowly and calmly his eye moved from face to face, until it rested upon that of the medicin. Their look met for an instant, but that of the medicin drooped and shrank from his piercing gaze. From him it wandered to Nahtourah, and its expression softened as it rested upon her. 'Why is the Indian maiden a prisoner among her own people?' said he to the medicin. 'She is a Pawnee; wherefore is she bound like an enemy? A wild beast preys not on its kind.' The medicin was aware that the assemblage was on his side; and his hardihood returned. He replied boldly: 'There is white blood in the veins of Nahtourah; she has turned from her nation, and become a pale face.' The lip of the Hawk Chief curled, as he answered, 'The great medicin sings to the ear of Sharatack: his words fall to the ground.' Speech could not have conveyed the feeling of hate and cowardice more clearly than the black scowl that swept over the face of the medicin, as he heard these words, which, in the Indian language, convey a direct accusation of falsehood. He, however, answered in those tones of moderation which are often assumed as a veil for fear. 'My brother is young,' said he; 'he speaks fast; his words come only from his mouth.' The Hawk Chief answered calmly, 'The words of Sharatack are not songs. Listen! The great medicin would have Nahtourah die. It is well. When Nahtourah dies, the knife of Sharatack shall be red with the blood of the medicin. I have spoken.' As he finished, he drew himself up, and stepped back, as if to make room for the Indian to pass forward to his victim. The medicin was irresolute; he cast a quick but keen glance round the building, to learn from the swarthy faces whether he was likely to be supported in his sacrifice. He saw with instinctive quickness, that though many of the older portion of the audience, influenced perhaps, by his sacred character, were disposed to favour him, yet, that the bold bearing of the Hawk Chief had produced a revolution in the younger and more fiery members of the council. After pausing for a moment, he addressed the Hawk Chief:—'My brother speaks words of fire. He knows not what he says; he speaks for one who has betrayed her tribe—for one who has brought death into the lodge of the Pawnee.' The face of the Hawk Chief grew troubled. He folded his arm and bent his eyes to the ground. 'Let the medicin speak,' said he; 'Sharatack will hear.' With a look of malignant joy, the Indian priest hastened to recount the release of the whites by Nahtourah. He related how Nahtourah had guided them on their escape, and furnished them with horses. Every thing that could tend to criminate and excite feelings against her, was dwelt on by the crafty priest. The countenance of the young chief was unmoved throughout the whole recital. When it was finished, Sharatack made

two steps towards the girl. 'Nahtourah!' said he, in a tone whose softness, at that moment, so strongly contrasted with the stern words lately addressed to her, that it sounded like music to her ears. The girl raised her head, and fixed her eyes fondly on his face. 'Did Nahtourah cut the bonds of the white man?' asked he: 'did she set the pale face free?' Nahtourah's head sank heavily upon her breast, and she made no reply. 'Speak Nahtourah!' said Sharatack, somewhat sternly; 'are the words of the medicin true?' Nahtourah sank at the feet of her interrogator, as she murmured, 'They are true!' The Hawk Chief drew back, apparently unmoved; but one might have observed a momentary tremulousness of features, that instantly disappeared. He stood in silence, with his gaze bent steadily on the prostrate girl. He was aroused by the voice of the medicin. 'Sharatack has heard the maiden; shall she die?' 'Sharatack was a prisoner,' replied the Indian gloomily. 'The stake was waiting for him—Nahtourah risked her life to set him free.' 'Who placed the snare that caught Sharatack?' demanded the medicin. 'It was Nahtourah! Who has robbed us of warriors strong in fight, and voices wise in counsel? Nahtourah! What says the hawk of his tribe? shall she not die?' The frame of the young chief was for a moment convulsed; but in an instant his expression changed to fixed calmness, as he replied, 'The medicin is right; let her go!' Nahtourah had raised her eyes to the face of the speaker; but when she heard these words of condemnation, she sank down, as if smitten by some sudden and overpowering blow. 'She will die; Nahtourah will die!' murmured she; 'Sharatack has spoken—she will die!' The medicin approached her. 'Has Nahtourah heard the words of the council?' demanded he. 'She has heard enough!' replied the girl. 'She has heard the words of Sharatack, and she will die.' 'Tis well,' replied the medicin coldly; 'the dead are waiting for her.' The Hawk Chief had drawn back as the medicin approached his victim. The form and features of the young warrior were muffled, except the upper part of his face; but from above his robe, his eyes were bent upon the medicin like coals of fire. The priest gathered the long hair of the girl in one hand, then thrusting the other beneath his robe, drew forth a knife. With a sudden jerk he threw back the head of the girl as to leave bare her bosom, and raised the glittering blade. But at that instant a yell, wild and unearthly, rang through the lodge. The medicin lay grovelling, on the ground, and Nahtourah was raised high up on the breast of Sharatack. He stood in the middle of the council-chamber, and glared upon the awed crowd. In his hand he held his tomahawk; his form swelled, and every feature was alive with passion. 'Nahtourah shall not die!' said he, in tones of smothered fury. 'Let the medicin beware! Nahtourah is the wife of Sharatack. The hawk has talons.' The priest rose from the ground, drew back from the neighbourhood of the warrior who had levelled him, forced his way through the crowd, and fled the lodge. A short silence followed the departure of the priest, who was rather feared than loved by the savages, and they were, therefore, more disposed to admire one who disregarded a power that overawed themselves. At length an old Indian rose. 'Nahtourah released the pale-faced prisoners. She merits death. 'Tis clear. But Sharatack has claimed her for his wife. 'Tis well! He is a great warrior. Her children will be warriors of the tribe. Are my words good?' A murmur of assent ran from mouth to mouth. Then, one after another the warriors rose, as if all business were concluded, and quitted the council-chamber, leaving Nahtourah and Sharatack. The young chief cut the bonds that bound the girl, and holding her before him at arm's length, gazed steadily in her face. 'The old warrior spoke well,' said he; 'Sharatack has taken an enemy to the Pawnees for his wife! will she love him?' With a glad cry the girl sprang forward, threw her arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek to his breast."

If Mr. Cooper will not give us any more Indian annals, we congratulate the public that the mantle has fallen on such worthy shoulders as those of Mr. Irving.

\* The medicin, a French term for physician, is a half-Indian character in an Indian tribe, supposed to heal the sick much by incantations as by the use of simples."

† "The Great Spirit,"

## ON LAUGHING.

And laughter holding both his sides.—MILTON.

If you were to ask a learned physician to explain to you the peculiar sensation termed laughter, it is more than likely he would astonish you with an amazing profundity of erudition, ending in the sage conclusion that he knows nothing more about the matter than that it is a very natural emotion of the senses, generally originating with a good joke, and not unfrequently terminating in a fit of indigestion. If he happened to be—as there are many—a priggish quack, it is not unlikely he would add, as a sequel, that it was an most unmannerly indulgence, particular favouring a determination of blood to the head, and decidedly calculated to injure the fine nerves of the facial organ. If on the contrary he should be a good, honest follower of Galen, he would not fail to pronounce it the most fearful enemy to his profession, as being altogether incompatible with physic and the blues; and, by way of illustration, he might go so far as to read a chapter of Tom Hood's best, in order to prove the strength of his position.

Laughter—good, hearty, cheerful-hearted laughter—is the echo of a happy spirit, the attribute of a cloudless mind. Life without it were without hope, for it is the exuberance of hope. It is an emotion possessed by man alone, the happy light that relieves the dark picture of life.

We laugh most when we are young. The thoughts are then free and unfettered; there is nothing to bind their force impulse, and we sport with the passions with the bold daring of ignorance. Smiles and tears, it has been observed, follow each other like gloom and sunshine; so the childish note of mirth treads on the heels of sorrow. It was but yesterday we noticed a little urchin writhing apparently in the agony of anguish; he had been punished for some trivial delinquency, and his little spirit resented it most gloriously. How the young dog roared. His little chest heaved up and down, and every blue vein on his pure forehead was apparent, bursting with passion. Anon, a conciliatory word was addressed to him by the offended *superiorite*, a smile passed over the boy's face, his little eyes sparkling through a cloud of tears, were thrown upward, a short struggle between pride and some more powerful feeling ensued, and then there burst forth such a peal of laughter, so clear, so full, so round, it would have touched the heart of a stoic.

Our natural passions and emotions become subdued or altogether changed, as we enter the world. The laugh of the schoolboy is checked by the frown of the master. He is acquiring wisdom, and wisdom—ye gods, how dearly bought!—is incompatible with laughter. But still, at times, when loosened from his shackles, the pining student will burst forth as in days gone by; but he is no longer the cue and action for passion he then had; the cares of the world have already mingled themselves in his cup, and his young spirit is drooping beneath their influence. The laugh of boyhood is a merry carol; but the first rich blush has already passed away. The boy enters the world full of the gay buoyancy of youth. He looks upon those he meets as the playmates of other hours. Experience teaches him her lessons; the natural feelings of his heart are checked; he may laugh and as formerly, but the spell, the dreams that cast such a round his young days, are dissipated and broken.

There are fifty different classes of laughers. There is the smooth-faced, politic laugh, your laughter by these brings are generally found within the precincts of a court, at the heels of some great man, to whose object they shape their passions as a model. Does his ship say a *bon mot* it is caught up and grinned at in every possible manner, till the powers of grimace exhausted, his lordship is pleased to change the subject and take a different chord. And it is not astonishing. Who would refuse to laugh for a pension of two hundred a year? When gratitude demands it,

There is then your habitual laughers, men who laugh by without rhyme or reason. They are generally the smooth-faced gentlemen, who eat hearty suppers and are free-and-easies. They will meet you with a smile on their countenance, which, before you have said

three sentences, will resolve itself into a simper, and terminate finally in a stentorian laugh. These men may be truly said to go through life laughing: but habit has blunted the finer edges of their sympathies, and their mirth is but the unmeaning effusion of a weak spirit. These personages generally go off in fits of apoplexy, brought on by excessive laughter on a full stomach.

There is then your discontented, cynical laugh, who makes a mask of mirth to conceal the venom of his mind. It is a dead fraud, that ought not to be pardoned. Speak to one of these men of happiness, virtue &c., he meets you with a sneer, or a bottle-imp kind of chuckle; talk to him of any felicitous circumstance, he checks you with a sardonic grin that freezes your best intentions. He is a type of the death's head the Egyptians placed at their feasts to check their exuberant gaiety.

There is then your fashionable simperer, your laugh, *a-la-mode*, your inward digester of small jokes and tittle-tattle. He never laughs, it is a vulgar habit; the only wonder is, that he eats. People, he will tell you, should overcome these vulgar propensities; they are abominable. A young man of this class is generally consumptive; his lungs have no play, he is always weak and narrow chested; he vegetates till fifty, and then goes off overcome with a puff of *eau de rose* or *millefleur* he has encountered accidentally from the pocket handkerchief of a cheesemonger's wife.

Last of all there is your real, good, honest laugh, the man who has a heart to feel and sympathise with the joys and sorrows of others, who has gone through life superior to its follies and has learnt to gather wisdom even from laughter. Such are the men who do honor to society, who have learnt to be temperate in prosperity, patient in adversity, and who, having gathered experience from years, are content to drink the cup of life, mingled as it is, to enjoy calmly the sweeter portion, and laugh at the bitter.

There is a strange affinity in our passions. The heart will frequently reply to the saddest intelligence by a burst of the most unruly laughter, the effigy of mirth. It seems as though the passion, like a rude torrent, were too strong to pursue its ordinary course, but, breaking forth from the narrow channel that confined it, rushed forth in one broad impetuous stream. It is the voice of anguish that has chosen a different garb, and would cheat the sympathies. But we have ourselves been demonstrating the truth of our last proposition, for we have been writing on laughter till we have grown sad. But what says the old song?

To-night we'll merry, merry be,  
To-morrow we'll be sober.

But sadness, after all, is joy deferred.

## WEDDING RINGS.

Inquiries into such of our popular customs as appear to owe their existence to times long gone by, have often afforded me an interesting and, I may add, in most cases a profitable amusement, during the hours of relaxation from severer studies.

The use of a ring in the nuptial ceremony is one of those established customs which lay claim to very ancient origin. We find that with the Romans it was usual to present one to their betrothed wives even before the day of marriage, as appears from the following passage in Juvenal.—

*"Digito pignus fortasse dedisti."*

"Perhaps you have already put the ring upon her finger."

Pliny informs us that the ring used on such occasions was a plain one, unadorned with jewels, and made of iron; but Tertullian observes, that at one time it was made of gold, which being the purest metal, and continuing the longest without rust or tarnish, might perhaps indicate that permanent affection which ought to subsist between married persons: and for the same reason, no doubt, the ring was selected as a gift in preference to other ornaments, the circle being that figure which the ancients used as an emblem of eternity.

It is further remarkable, that the ring is to this day placed on the same finger of the same hand, on which it was worn by the Roman matrons. The reasons given;

why the fourth finger of the left hand is chosen for this purpose, are various; some supposing the ring to be least exposed to injury and at the same time most conspicuous when on that finger; thus Alexander ab Alex. "Former ages placed the wedding ring on the left hand, that it might not be worn in pieces:" whilst other think that it was worn there under the idea of a nerve proceeding from that finger to the heart. This latter opinion seems most favoured by those authors who have noticed the custom; particularly Aulus Gellius, who has a passage in the tenth book of his "Attic Nights," to this purport:—"Apion says, that, in dissecting bodies, previous to their being embalmed, the Egyptians have found a nerve running to the heart, from the finger we have mentioned, and from none else, wherefore it seems proper that this, being so intimately connected with the heart, should be distinguished from the rest by such an ornament." Of these two reasons, however, the former is without dispute the more probable, especially as the latter is founded on an anatomical error.

The Jews, also, had a custom of this sort in their marriages, as well as the Romans, which I believe is continued by their descendants to the present day; and what is more worthy of notice, they made use of rings bearing some short and applicable motto, generally the words, *Muzal tob*; that is, "Be it done in a good hour;" an admonition which may prove as useful in our days, as it was thought appropriate when first inscribed on the ring of a Jewish bride.

Thus it appears, that we still retain, in all its peculiarities, a custom of universal use amongst the Romans and the Jews, to the latter of whom the invention may be attributed, if not with certainty, at least with great probability; one thing we may be assured of, from the knowledge we have of that once-favoured people, that they would not be likely to adopt such a custom in imitation of those by whom they had been subjugated, whilst, on the other hand, it cannot be supposed that the Romans, fully aware of the rank which the Jews once held in the scale of nations, would think an imitation of their ceremonies derogatory to their own dignity.

What were the emblematical significations of the "wedding ring," has been shown above, but its real use was as the token of a covenant made between the parties, and binding them to each other for life; in this sense we retain it, and with this signification it was used by the primitive Christians.

The actual as well as the allegorical meanings of the "wedding ring" still continue, though their institutions are no more remembered; and notwithstanding the inscription, *Muzal tob*, no longer appears upon it, yet its import ought to remain firmly impressed upon the mind. Engagements which are to last for life should be made "in a good hour;" they should be undertaken with cautious reflection. Were this always attended to, I am enthusiast enough to believe that they who entered on the married state, would find it a real Utopia; as the beginning would be propitious, so its continuance would be happy.

**CHEERFULNESS.**—Cheerfulness, which is a quality peculiar to man—a brute being capable only of enjoyment—opens like Spring, all the blossoms of the inward man: a discontented God were a contradiction, and salvation is an eternity older than damnation. Try for a single day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind—be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper of clear self-possession—and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction, with that on which you have allowed it to grow up—and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate—truly you will wonder at your own improvement.—*Blackwood.*

**BOASTING.**—Dean Swift says, "It is with narrow-hearted people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

## THOUGHTS ON THE STRUCTURE OF FISHES.

Who would imagine that there would be such creatures as fishes, if he did not see them? Had the philosopher been acquainted only with those creatures which tread upon the ground, and breathe in the same manner that terrestrial animals do, and had it been insinuated to him, that there was a sort of creature in the sea, so formed as to live, move, be healthy and sprightly, and perform every animal function with ease and pleasure, would he not have rejected the notion as a philosophical dream? and, arguing from the effects which an immersion for a considerable season under the water has upon us, would he not pronounce the thing impossible? And yet so it is, that by a peculiar construction of the organs of inspiration at their gills, the air is taken in, while the water is excluded. And as every creature of the brutal kind comes into the world with a sort of clothing, the author of nature has in this respect provided for this part of his great family, and adapted it to their peculiar situation. Some are, as it were, clothed in buff, while dressed in a thick outward skin, and others are covered with a coat of mail. Thus the crab, lobster, oyster, and all the testaceous sort, appear in a massy armour, which, though it is not destined for much motion, yet it secures them, and providence brings them their food. Others have a still lighter and more portable coat—this the scaly sort bear about with them. This, as an upper garment, they seem to have the power of opening and shutting, according to the season, and other circumstances. The roots of these scales are inserted in a fatty substance, which, with an oiliness besmearing the outside, helps to defend them from that cold which many times prevails to an extremity in their native regions.

But to a philosopher who had never seen a fish, it would be a great objection against such existences, that the same sort of eyes would not suit them that other creatures have, as the medium of vision is different, and the refraction of the rays of light peculiar, as passing from a rarer to a denser element. Here he will find, that Providence, always wise, has taken peculiar care. This care is discernible and admirable in the frog, birds, spiders, moles, who have all of them eyes different from us, and from each other, according to their places of residence, and methods of subsistence, and the same provision is worthy our regards in the fish, for their organs are so constructed, as to enable them to correspond to all the convergences and divergences of rays, which the variations and wavings of the watery medium, and the refractions thereof, may occasion. So that we may say as Job, "Ask fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." "and the voice of the Lord hath wrought this?"

There is a wonder in the motion of the fish, I mean especially the round sort, which, the more it is attended to, appears the more surprising; whether, at one time, I view them shooting forward as an arrow from the string, or, at other times, easily rising to the surface, and, upon every surprise, darting as quick to the bottom; now turning to the right, then to the left, and all this with an agility which the most accomplished person among us cannot imitate. Their progressive motion is owing partly to their shape, but chiefly to the soft, flexible, and elastic muscles of the tail. What we call the fins, though mistaken by some as if concurring to progressive motion more than they do, subserve noble and necessary purposes. If it were not for these little muscular membranes from the breast to right and left, the poor creature would have no steadiness at all, but would reel here and there, and perhaps turn upon its back; but thus furnished, it turns one way or another to provide its food, or avoid impending danger; and while doing so, with what dexterity will it drop one of its fins while the other is employed, as the waterman upon the Thames, when turning his boat to or from shore, will work one oar while the other is idle.

The rise and fall of the fish in the water is still more wonderful. We all know that in every fluid, whether air or water, every body will sink or rise, according to its specific or comparative gravity. Now, I apprehend, that the weight of the fish in its natural state, being greater than so much water, it must necessarily sink, and could not possibly rise any more. To prevent this in the round sort of fish, the wise and kind Creator has implanted an air-bladder in the belly of the creature, which it has a power, by the external muscles, to contract or dilate at pleasure, and so increase its specific gravity to one degree or another, and by this means, to keep what course it pleases, whether high or low. You know many have made the same experiment that Bellini did; they have cut the poor creature open, and taken out this inflated bladder, and the consequence has been, that though it lived many weeks, it sunk to the bottom, and was not able to mount at all. On the whole, who can forbear crying out on this, as on many occasions, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all." I could not forbear on this occasion, entreating, that a rational and divine wisdom may be equally implanted in my breast, that I may be fitted for every occupation which my sphere in life calls for; and particularly, may I be enabled to stretch

myself in the exercise of a holy desire, and thus ascend upward.

The fecundity of the fish claimed my attention, as God hath hereby so wondrously provided for the inhabitants of both elements. The fruitfulness of many land animals is remarkable; and yet, what is this to the multiplication of that species of creatures which I am now dwelling upon? Here is an instance and emblem of thy liberality, O thou God of Providence! when thou didst pronounce thy benediction on the works of thine hand, thou didst distinguish the fish from the rest, and put an emphasis upon it: and while thou didst give a commission to other creatures to be fruitful and multiply, thou didst direct "the water to bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." And O how great, how energetic, is the influence of this blessing, even to this day! Indeed, in the early ages of the world it was so taken notice of, that it became proverbial in this way to express a peculiar, a more than ordinary increase of people, so that Jacob (Gen. xlviii. 16, Heb. version) prays that Ephraim and Manasseh may multiply like fishes. From such an increase, what provision is made for thousands! Though every year produces a large harvest, yet there is no deficiency—the destruction vast! the multiplication more astonishing—the survivors of the species are abundantly sufficient to recruit, though the fisheries are so many, and carried on with increasing toil, numbers and art.

Richard Pearsall.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 25, 1837.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Although the weather of last Thursday was exceedingly unpropitious to the interesting object for which the day was set apart, yet the general attendance in the several places of divine worship in town, was highly creditable to the piety of the community. Too generally such appointed days are observed only nominally—the outward attitudes of devotion are preserved, but the spirit is not duly impressed with the weight of mercy and obligation resting upon it. We do not indeed flatter ourselves that on the late day of thanksgiving, all who attended the house of prayer, and bended the knee, and uttered the voice of praise and gladness, were true, heartfelt worshippers, but we do believe that a general sense of the goodness of our heavenly Father pervaded all ranks and classes of society. Many there were who entering deeply into the correct sentiment of the Psalmist, "O Lord thou preservest man and beast," were ready to address their fellows in those beautiful words, "O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard: which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved." Nor did they confine their ascription of praise to God, for their 'creation and preservation,' the tribute of their gratitude included 'all the blessings of this life.' Of thousands, it is believed, the language of the prophet was applicable: "They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest." We were witnesses of the gratitude which sparkled in the eyes, and beamed from the countenances, and vibrated on the tongues of many of our fellow townsmen, and the manifestation thrilled our bosoms with delight. Nor can we here refrain from testifying to the high pleasure we derived from the appropriate remarks of the different editors of the provincial papers—on other subjects there may be disagreement, but on the duty of thanksgiving there was no dissenting voice. We quote from the *Times*: "Looking back but a short distance of time, when paleness and terror blanched many a cheek, when the rattle of the death-cart wheels sounded through the long hours of the night, and the devastating cholera afflicted this community, we have reason to be thankful for three years in which health has been prevalent, crowned now with a season of agricultural plenty. At such a period of public blessings we should prostrate our hearts before the Almighty giver, and while returning thanks we should remember that communities are visited with severe inflictions for their offences, and endeavour by good resolutions now seriously adopted, to prevent the recurrence of scourges which may yet impend over us."

The sentiment advanced in the latter part of this citation is so in accordance with revealed truth, that it will find a cheerful response in every devout mind. Not less excellent are the observations of the *Novascotian*:—"We have

all much to be thankful for—and we trust that while our hearts overflow with gratitude to our Heavenly Father, we shall not forget our earthly brethren. Let us remember that, in proportion as we have received, we ought to be ready to bestow—that God loveth a cheerful giver—that the poor who are with us always have always a claim upon our sympathy, and that the best thanks we can render to the Deity are to give freely to the destitute. Let the day be indeed one of Thanksgiving—let the rich bless the name of Him who has enabled them to prosper, and the poor thank God that the rich have administered to their necessities and gladdened their heart." Long may these views and impressions exist amongst us.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF MONTREAL, has addressed an elaborate pastoral letter to the several churches of his Diocese, on the political agitation which now exists in Lower Canada. It deploras the dissension, which have arisen among the citizens—recommends submission to the Sovereign—and concludes by exposing in a few words the miseries of a violent revolution. The letter has been drawn up by an able hand, for the writer has drawn support from the Apostles, and the fathers of the Church, from His Holiness, from Lamennais, from the National Convention, and from Jean-Jacques-Rousseau.

AT CHAMBLEY the Cure attempted to read the letter of the Bishop of Montreal, when the people left the Chapel in a body, and at the door passed resolutions against the interference of their Bishop with their political matters.

THE NEW YORK ALBION of the 11th inst. contains the account of a street fight between some of the Sons of Liberty and the members of the Doric Club, which happened on the 5th of November. The Montreal Herald represents the members of the Doric Club as completely victorious in the affray, when these triumphant friends of order and of the constitution very orderly and constitutionally entered the Vindicator Office, and commenced the work of demolition, by casting all the printing materials into the street.

AT QUEBEC a patrol has been formed, for the protection of property and preservation of peace.

The Lower Canada papers are very complaisant and genteel in their language on the subject of the present crisis. They belabour each other in regular Shakspearian style. The Vindicator of the 27th of Oct. calls the Patriot, 'traculent TOM DALTON's Patriot,' and concerning the transfer of all the troops from the Upper to the Lower province, says

"— E'en let them come,  
Our proved revenge has stomach for them all."

To this the *Mercury* with ineffable dignity replies—"Bow, wow, wow,—this is valiant marking indeed from the Vindicator, the 'canis ignavus' of the pack of even curs with which he hunts." The *Mercury* of the same date designates Dr. Nelson, chairman of the meeting of the Six Counties, 'the silly dunder-pate renegade.'

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK Auxiliary Bible Society was held at St. John on the 11th inst. The speakers were Rev. Mr. Andrew, Mr. J. Tennent, Rev. Stephen Bainford, Rev. Mr. Wilson, Judge Parker, Rev. Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. G. Blatch.

The *Western Stage* has commenced running from John to St. Andrews and Eastport. The journey, it is said, will be performed in ten hours. The mails from the United States, by this conveyance will be brought to John three times in each week.

SYDNEY COUNTY ELECTION.—Mr. Forrestal has been duly returned by a majority of 80. The election closed on Friday.—*Novascotian*.

**A TRESPASSER SHOT.**—Extract of a Letter from Windsor:—"I suppose you have heard of the murder at our Toll Gate. The Keeper on the Falmouth side, shot a fellow attempting to pass the Gate by climbing it, on Sunday last. The ball took effect, and killed him on the spot. It turned out to be a thief who had just stolen two sheep, and was about to pay a visit to Windsor, in the shape of a HUGER BEAN! I suppose he must have been prowling about the farm yards, and been driven down to the Dykes by dogs."—N. S.

Lord Glenelg has acceded to the desire expressed by the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, and a full-length portrait of His Lordship is to be taken at their expense.—*Id.*

The St. John Hotel was opened yesterday. When are we to have one?—*Id.*

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—Mr. Geo. L. O'Brien read an excellent paper last evening, on the powers and properties of the Lever.—*Id.*

The remains of DOCTOR HEAD were interred on Saturday last. A long train of mourners followed the coffin, then the Militia officers in full uniform,—next the Irish Society in procession, and numerous citizens brought up the rear. The Doctor was a well known, useful, and charitable member of society,—his death leaves a blank which will be felt by many. Death strikes down one after another of the pillars of society, and the survivors forget that they will see them no more; by and bye time obliterates the traces of their existence, and Death is not thought of until he knocks at some other doors.

"Life following life, a constant series keep,  
As wave on wave upon the breezy deep." *Tel.*

**MARRIED**

On Sunday last, at Lawrence Town, by the Rev. James Morrison, Mr. Cagable Ball, to Miss Martha Wallace, both of that place.

At Granville, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Mr. Charles W. Parker, to Miss Margaret Troop.

At St. John, N. B. on the 5th inst. by the Rev. S. Bancroft, the Rev. Wellington Jackson, of Brier Island, N. S., to Mary Jane, fourth daughter of Deacon Andrew Coggins, of the same place.

At Chatham, Miramichi, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. John McCurdy, Mr. Archibald Russell, to Miss Mary Ann Conrod, of Halifax N. S.

**DIED.**

On Thursday, Mrs. Catharine Brush, the relict, of the late Mr John Brush, in the 71st year of her age, funeral on Sunday next, at half past one o'clock, when the friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

On Thursday evening last, in the 73d year of her age, Mrs. Jane Boyd, seur. a native of Elgin Morryshire, N B; Funeral on Sunday next, at half past one o'clock, from her late residence, at Mr Wm Grant's, the friends and acquaintances of the family are respectfully requested to attend.

On Tuesday last, at Three Fathom Harbour, Mr. James Graham, aged 64 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of that place, leaving a Wife and large circle of relatives—by whom his loss is deeply regretted.

At Falmouth, on the 30th ult. after a short illness of two weeks, which he bore with christian fortitude, Jacob Taylor, aged 19 years, son of Nathan Taylor.

At Fort Lawrence, on the 6th inst. Mr. Thomas Chapman, aged 80 years.

At Chester, on the 26th ult. aged 90 years, Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, but for more than 50 years a resident in that place.

At Bermuda, Mr. William Joseph Ezekiah Frith, aged 21 years.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**ARRIVED.**

Saturday, Nov. 18—Brig Humming Bird, Godfrey, St. Vincent, 30, and Bermuda, 12 days—ballast; schr Catharine, Walker, Kingston, Jan. 23 days—ballast, to W. Pryor & Sons.

Sunday, Nov. 19—Schr. Planet, Ragged Isles—dry fish; Stranger Luenburg; Thistle, and Providence, Port Medway—lumber; Jas. Clark, Beck, St. John, N. B. via Yarmouth, 6 days—salt; Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth, 2 days—dry fish and molasses; brig. Falcon, Dixon, Sydney, 5 days—coal.

Monday, Nov. 20—Brigt. Reward, Lyle, Kingston, Jan. 29 days—ballast to H. Lyle. The R. has performed her voyage to Jamaica and back in 53 days: schr. Rambler, Port Medway—lumber.

Tuesday, Nov. 21—Schr. Bachelor, McKenna, Demerara, 22 days—rum, and molasses. to J. Strachan;—left Abeona, two Margarets, and Perseverance, from hence.

Wednesday, Nov. 22—New schr. Ellen, Kelley, Antigonish, 8 days—produce, to the master.

Thursday, Nov. 23—Schr Packet, Graham, Antigonish, 7 days, Beef, Pork, Salmon and Butter, to the Master. Irene, Joyce, Sydney, Troops.

Friday, Nov. 24—Brigt. Abeona, Townsend, Demerara, 28 days, Ram and Molasses, to J. U. Ross.

**CLEARED.**

18th, schr. Anastasia, Power, St. John's N. F.—ale, shingles, &c. by G. Haudley and others; Industry, Falt, Boston—salmon, wood, &c. by T. Bolton; Barque Jean Hastie, Robertson. B. W. Indies—dry and pickled fish, boards, &c. by J. Leishman & Co. brig Fanny, Brown, do.—dry and pickled fish, &c. by A. A. Black; Ambassador, Clark, Berbice, dry and pickled fish, boards, &c. by D. & E. Starr & Co.; brig. Pearl, West, B. W. Indies, dry fish, oil, shingles, &c. by C. West, & Son; Griffin, Ingham, do., dry and pickled fish, beef, pork, &c. by Saltus & Wainwright; schr. Stranger, McEwing, Bermuda, dry fish, coal, butter, oats, &c. by Saltus & Wainwright; Dove, Magdalen Isles, barrels; John, do., salt, pork, &c. by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Sovereign, Wood, P. E. Island, merchandize, by master and others.

Schr. Stranger, McEwing, Bermuda, Coal, Butter, Fish, etc. etc. by R. Brown and others. Schr. Boyal, Conery, U. States, Gypsum, by the master. Anglique, Doyle, Magdalen Islands, Potatoes, by the Master. Brig Westmorland, Smith, Liverpool, G. B., Lumber, Staves, etc. by Fairbanks and McNab.

**MEMORANDA.**

The schr. Ann, Lute, owned by Mr. W. B. Welner, of this Town, from P. E. Island, bound to Halifax, with produce, went ashore at Little Harbour—cargo and vessel lost—crew saved and arrived here. A new schr. from Pernal Bay, T. Ineman, master, Peter Pratt, owner, and another from Murray Harbour, David Hughes, owner, were in company, but were seen no more after the first squall of snow which overtook them.

The schr. Contract, Nickerson, from Halifax for Cornwallis, was wrecked on the Gull Rock Bay on Brier Island on the 10th inst. Cargo, W. India produce and merchandize saved, but materially damaged.

The schr. Medora, C. leb, arrived at Pictou from Portland, fell in with in lat. 43 31, lon. 63 10, brig Victoria, 45 days from Antigua for Halifax, in distress for want of provisions. Supplied her.

The Schr. Pride, Sellon, master, from Jamaica, for New York, was cast away about the 10th October, at Cat Key. Crew and cargo saved.—Extract of a Letter from the Captain.

The wreck of the Br. whaler Anastasia, was fallen in with (no date) full of water. A slate remained attached to the stump of the mizenmast—with the inscription—"left on the 30th on a raft—steering S. W. without water."

The brig Mary Ann, Wilson, of St. John, N. B. from Liverpool, G. B. bound to Pugwash, went ashore on Sable Island, Oct. 28.—Vessel sold.

Margaret, Milgrove; Margaret, Doane, and Perseverance, Williams, to sail in 14 days from Demerara. Brig James, Kirkby, hence, in passage out, experienced a heavy gale of wind, which did considerable damage.

Margaret, Milgrove, passage out, fell in with wreck of schr. William, of Frankfort, deserted by crew. Schr. Besty, Mitchell, Musquodoboit, was lost on Tuesday evening, in Eastern Passage, Crew saved. Annandale, P. E. I. and schr from Quebec, for Halifax, put in to Mary Joseph. Launched at Yarmouth, brigantine Germ, 80 tons.

List of Labrador voyages this year from Lunenburg,—schr. Brothers, owned by Sponegall and Rudolf, 780 qtls; schr. Chance, by J. C. Rudolf, 536 do; schr. Corsair, by M. Ernest and Sons, 600 do.

**Prices Current.**

SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1837.

FISH, COD, mer. pr 17s.6	Hamburg, sup. 40s.
Madeira 16s.	Rye, 35s.
HERRINGS, No 1 pr bbl 25s.	CORN MEAL, 32s.3
2 15s.	COALS, Sydney, pr, ch.30s
Bay Chaleur 15s.	Pictou, 28s.
Digby 5s	Lingan, 27s.6.
MACKEREL, No. 1 2 37s.6	CORD WOOD, dry, 17s.
3 32s.6d.	GYPSUM, pr. ton, 7s.0.
ALEWIVES, No. 1 27s.6d.	BOARDS, W. P. pr M. 65s.
SALMON, No. 1 70s.	S. Pine, 60s.
2 65s.	STAVES, W. O. Am. 250s
COFFEE, Jam good pr lb 1s3	Canadian 250s,
Caba, 8d	R. O. Am. 150s.
SUGAR, Mus. brt. cwt. 40s	Canadian 450s.
MOLASSES, pr gal 2s	Nova Scotia 80s.
SPERM OIL, bst pr gal 6s.6.	SHINGLES, long ced 15s.0d.
WHALE, 3s.	Pine, 12s.
SEAL, pale, 4s.	BEEF, N. S. pr bbl. 42s.6
COD, 2s. 9d.	Canada prime 45s
DOG FISH, 2s. 6d.	PORK, Canada 85s.
WHEAT,—	Nova Scotia 80s
Can. white pr bush.	BUTTER, pr lb 1s1d
German, 7.6	
BARLEY 3s.6	
INDIAN CORN, 5s. 3d.	
OATS, 2s. 0d.	
PEAS, 5s. 0d.	
EXCHANGES.	
FLOUR, U.S. sup pr bbl 50s	On London, 60 days, Pri-
Old 40s	vate, 17 pr ct. prem.
Canada, sup. 47s	30 days government 17½
Fine 47s	New York, 30 days par at
Middlings 45s	Sovereigns 25s.6d.
	Doubloons, Mex. 5 per ct,
	Dollars

**AUCTION.**

BY J. H. REYNOLDS,

On Brown's wharf, on Monday next, at 12 o'clock.

**Beef, Pork, Butter, Lard, &c.**

Landing per Schr. Packet, per Antigonish. Nov. 25.

**BESSONETT & BROWN,**

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

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

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

Nov. 17.

6w.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**

And for sale at the several Books Stores in Town,

A WORK ENTITLED

**SACRAMENTAL EXERCISES**, chiefly in the language of Holy Scripture. Intended to furnish the Christian Communicant with a profitable Spiritual Exercise, during the period of the dispensation of the Divine Ordinance. By W. F. Teulon.

**EVENING SCHOOL.**

**MR. BURTON'S EVENING SCHOOL**, will open on Monday the 9th of October ensuing.

Residence opposite the New Methodist Chapel in Brunswick Street. Sept 29.

**Burton's Blacking.**

**T**HE high character which this Blacking has upheld for several years, will it is hoped induce Dealers in the Article and the Public generally to give it their countenance. September 29.

**SELLING OFF,**

**AT VERY REDUCED PRICES!!!**

**JOHN F. MUNCEY.**

**B**EGS RESPECTFULLY to announce to his friends and the Public, that, with a view of closing his business for the season, preparatory to leaving for Great Britain, for the selection of a NEW STOCK for the ensuing Spring, the remainder of his Stock of GOODS, consisting of a general assortment of *British Manufactured Goods*, all of this year's importation, will be offered for sale at Very Reduced Prices, commencing on Monday next, the 3d instant.

STORE in Granville Street, opposite the Warehouse of Mr. Henry Mignowitz. Oct 20.

**HENRY G. HILL,**

**Builder and Draughtsman.**

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

**PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.**

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

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

## BUONAPARTIANA.

Translated from various French Authorities.

What a period was that, in which the all-powerful will of the man, who now sleeps the sleep of death on the rock of St. Helena, assembled, as if by a stroke of the wand, emperors, kings, and most of the grandees of the earth!—Napoleon had called to Erfurth the principal actors of the French theatre: Talma, Mlle. Duchesnois, Mlle. Mars, the captivating Georges, the "charmant" Bourgois, appeared several times in the course of a week to play their finest parts before the august assembly; and a little theatre that had been found in the ancient college of the Jesuits had been fitted up with a promptitude and elegance really French.

Immediately before the stage were placed two arm-chairs for the two emperors, and, on either side, common chairs for the kings and the reigning princes. The space behind these seats began to fill rapidly (says Mme. de Schopenhauer); we saw statesmen and generals from most of the powers of Europe enter, men whose names were then celebrated and have since become historical. There were Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Lannes, Duroc, and many others equally renowned; it appeared as if the greatness of the master was reflected on the features of each: Goethe with his calm and dignified physiognomy, and the venerable Wieland,—the Grand Duke of Weimar had called them to Erfurth. The Duke of Gotha and several German princes grouped round the two veterans of German literature.

A rolling of the drums was heard,—"It is the Emperor!" said every one. "Fools, what are you about?" cried the drum-major; "don't you see it is but a king!" And, effectively, it was a German sovereign who entered the salon; and three other kings soon after made their appearance. It was without noise, without any show at all, that the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, entered; the King of Westphalia, who came later, eclipsed them all by the splendour of his rich embroidery and jewels. The Emperor Alexander with his majestic figure came next. The grand box, in front of the stage, dazzled one's eyes with the glittering brilliancy it threw around. The queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, was seated in the centre; and, near her, the charming Stephanie, grand duchess of Baden, attracted attention more by her captivating graces than by her dress. A few German princesses were seated near the reigning ones; the gentlemen and ladies of their court occupying the back part of the box.

Just at this moment, Talleyrand appeared in a sort of box, contrived for him on a level with the *parquet*, because the infirmity of his feet did not allow him to sit in the *parquet* itself. The emperor and the kings stood conversing with the minister who was comfortably seated. Everybody was at the *rendezvous*; he, alone, who had convoked all these grandees was missing—he made them wait some time.

At length another rolling of the drums was heard, but much louder than the first; all eyes were directed with an anxious curiosity towards the entrance door. He appeared at last, this most extraordinary man of that inconceivable epoch. Dressed in the most simple manner, as usual, he slightly bowed to the sovereigns present, whom he had kept waiting so long, and filled the chair on the right of the Emperor Alexander. The four kings took their seats in the chairs without backs, and the spectacle began.

Immediately after the performance of the tragedy, which he had seen acted some hundreds of times, Napoleon, having made himself quite comfortable in his chair, fell asleep. Every one knows that it depended entirely on his will to sleep, and that he always awoke at the time he appointed. On that day he had fatigued himself exercising troops in the country for several hours together. It was a singular spectacle to see the man, on whose nod hung the fate of nations, thus given up to a peaceful slumber.—*Mirror*.

**THE BURGOMASTER AND KITTY.**—*A Flemish Courtship.*—"Goot afternoon, worthy friend Kroger!" "Goot afternoon, Burgomaster! This is koud and neighborly. Walk in—Kitty's in the back parlor."

"I'm coom to Kitty; Kitty is noice; I love Kitty." "Well, that's plain and honest; you never told me this before, Mynheer; I'm pleased to hear it; walk in my dear sir, (offering his arm.)"

"Thank'ee, I'll do vera well without your assistance; lead forward; how noice the pig's puddings smell Mynheer."

"Yaw, they were made by Kitty; here she is. Kitty, the Burgomaster!—Burgomaster Schlippenback, Kitty. You will excuse me for five minutes; I see a customer in the shop."

"Lo, Mynheer Burgomaster Schlippenback, what an unusual pleasure!"

"I'm coom a-courting, Kitty."

"A courting! and to whom, pray?"

"To you sweet Miss Kitty Kroger."

"Oh, sir, you do me much pride!" and she drew herself up at least a foot high.

"Yaw, you are vera proud; you mustn't be proud when you marry me, Miss Kitty."

"Oh, no, I'll be any thung you wish me, dear Mynheer Schlippenback."

"That's a goot girl; goot by—I'll come again to-morrow."

"Are you going so soon, Sweetheart?"

"Yaw, I moost go, now I have finished courting you; goot day."

"Well, stay, my dear sir; here are some of the hog's puddings I heard you praising; you'll like them, I know you will, there, put them in your pocket; and here are some sausages from Bologna; there, they just fit the other pocket."

"Thank'ee—goot by; but I say, Kitty, give me a kiss—(buss) thank'ee—goot evening;" and away went the swain, who had begun a love affair as he would have begun a bargain for a cargo of Dutch mackerel.—*Dyke's Tour in Belgium, &c.*

## ENGLISH ANNUALS, 1838.

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

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

**HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL**, containing a Tour in Ireland, by Leitch Ritchie, with nineteen highly finished Engravings from drawings by T. Creswick and D. McClise, elegantly bound in green.

**JENNINGS' LANDSCAPE ANNUAL**, containing a Tour in Spain and Morocco, by Thomas Roscoe, illustrated with twenty-one highly finished Engravings from drawings by David Roberts.

**THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL**, or scenes in India, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. with twenty two Engravings from drawings by William Daniell.

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

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

**FORGET ME NOT: A Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present**, elegantly bound, and embellished with Eleven elegant Engravings—

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

Others are shortly expected. Nov. 11.

## FALL GOODS.

J. N. SHANNON

HIS received, by the *Thalia*, John Porter, Westmoreland and Jean Hastie,

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

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

November 3. 3w.

## FALL GOODS.

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

November 11. 4w. J. M. HAMILTON.

## TO LET.

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

## APPLES AND ONIONS.

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

## AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS.

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

SUPPLY of BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

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

November 11.

N. B.—He has received from Greenock via Liverpool, a supply of C. ruge, from the *Ropewalk of Muir & Co.* (late Mc-Nab's), which can be warranted of the very first quality—fine heap and little tar. 3w

## BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1838.

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

## JUST RECEIVED.

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

Also,

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

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

## CARD.

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

W. F. Teulon, General Practitioner; next House that of H. Bell, Esq. M. P. A. Aug. 16.

## STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

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

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oct. 14—3m.

## TO FAMILIES

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

New-town PIPPINS, Baldwin and other Winter Apples, Boxes, half boxes, and Qr. boxes RAISINS, Superior BATTING for Quilts, An extensive assortment of Franklin, Cooking, Hall and Shop STOVES. R. D. CLARKE. November 10.

## THE PEARL.

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