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# THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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From the New Havener.

## GERTRUDE DALTON.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

Ask, what is human life? The sage replies,  
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes:  
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,  
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good."

COWPER.

"Out, out brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow!"

SHAKESPEARE.

William Melbourne was a merchant of the city of New York, who possessed a princely fortune, and an unblemished character. He traced his lineage through the blood of heroes, to a German prince; and rarely neglected the memory of his fathers, when occasion offered. The revolution, which gave us a national existence, had so far impaired his fortune as to induce him to embark in the mercantile life, in which he had been highly successful, and accumulated wealth "beyond desire." Possessing naturally a kind and generous heart, he might have been the "orphan's father and the wanderer's friend," but the pride of family and wealth, the power to move in pomp and state amid those by fortune less favored than himself, had chilled and dried the once gushing fountains of his heart—had turned back the natural current of his soul, and gave selfishness the empire. His wife was an accomplished and amiable woman. Mistress of all the bright virtues that adorn her sex, she breathed hope into the bosom of affliction, and scattered smiles and joy on all around her.

Alonzo was their only son; and though not brilliant, he had a firmness and energy of character, upon which his anxious parents built their future hopes. Unfortunately for man, talents and genius, without exalted virtues to light them onward, are not unfrequently a curse to their possessor and the world. Alonzo had listened to an unwise father's precepts, and drank in his deeply rooted prejudices; and conscious of being sole heir to a magnificent fortune, he quenched the incipient efforts of his native powers—while pride, selfishness, and the darker passions, ruled his fortune with a rod of iron.

Though Mr. Melbourne esteemed the mercantile as one of the most honorable professions, he nevertheless designed that his son should never embark in it, but live at ease upon that wealth he should leave him. Alas! what a stranger to real happiness must that father be, who would bid his son seek it in a life of idleness and pleasure. Alonzo had recently returned from the University, sapiens in nomine, sinon de facto.

The first thoughts of the anxious parents were directed to the choice of a partner for their son, who might curb his fiery passions—charm him away from the dangers which beset him—and, like a guardian angel, watch over his future destiny.—Gertrude Dalton, the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne, was left an orphan by the premature death of both her parents, when but three years of age; and from that tender and helpless period, she had found the Melbournes kind and affectionate parents. They had spared no expense to adorn a character, rich in every native excellence, with all the higher accomplishments of the age. Gertrude was well worthy of their tenderest care—for heaven had given her commanding talents, combined with a sweetness of temper, which won the involuntary prayers and smiles of all who knew her. You could not gaze upon her polished brow, the large blue interpreter of her soul, or hear the soft full tones of her rich and thrilling voice, and pass unheeding onward to forget. We need not, therefore, wonder if the Melbournes hoped a day might come, when a still tenderer tie would bind to their hearts this noble scion of a kindred stock. Though they well knew how unlike were the proud and fiery spirit of Alonzo,

and the gentle being with whom they would unite him—yet hope whispered to their anxious hearts that Alonzo might reform—Gertrude would make the sacrifice to seal the happiness of her adopted parents. The heart of Alonzo approved of the choice, as he had long since learned it was not a brother's love he bore the sweet companion of his childhood's sports. Of Gertrude's feelings, we may further learn, from a brief conversation, which at this time took place between her and Alonzo.

It was a bright luxurious night in August, when by Alonzo's wish, they sallied forth to breathe the garden air, and banquet on the beauties of the bright queen, that in the "stilly night," holds over the world her vaunted empire. 'Tis then

"There is a dungeon silence in the hour,  
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self control."—BYRON.

They walked for some time in silence, one fearing to breathe the feelings of his heart; the other dreading a declaration, the consequences of which must mark her destiny for weal or woe. This was a bitter hour for Gertrude. She had loved Alonzo as a playmate—but, since she could read his character, her gentle nature shrank from his lowering brow, his haughty glance and unschooled passions. After running over events during their last separation, Alonzo observed—

"But, my fair cousin, you seem quite altered since last we rambled through these flowery walks; you are silent—thoughtful—and seem less joyed at my return than I could wish. Has time dimmed the memory of our childhood hours?"

"Time! the corrector where our judgments err,  
The test of truth—love—sole philosopher,  
For all beside are sophists."

"Time," said Gertrude, "has doubtless brought its wonted change; I am older, perhaps less gay and thoughtless than when last you saw me—but, think not, cousin, I am forgetful of the past, or regardless of the future—for, when memory steals not back to other days, hope cheers, and points our pathway onward."

"I rejoice," said Alonzo, "that the contemplation of the future gives us pleasure."

"Hope and fear, Alonzo, are generally united; that those upon whom fortune and happiness have smiled, may so bear them as if mindful that a storm might wreck their tinsel barque, and leave them hopeless wanderers."

"May no ripple, dearest Gertrude, break the surface of that stream which bears thee onward; but let us now speak of other things. I would fain dwell upon a topic near and dear to my own heart, which will influence deeply the future happiness of my parents. I will not remind you of your past or present situation, nor name the care devoted to your childhood; but plead the wishes of my parents, and my own fond hopes. My parents saw and loved your gentle nature, and as they dwelt upon your budding virtues, longed only for the hour when they might call you daughter by a new and holy tie. But, sweet cousin, you will spare the story of my love; you have seen its progress, and cannot doubt its truth—then briefly, may I hope? Shall my dreams of bliss be realized? Oh! speak fair tyrant, and dispel the doubt that like a dark cloud mantles me.

Gertrude was surprised and alarmed at the earnestness of his manner—she dared not beard the lion by an open declaration that she could never yield—she was too generous to give assurances that would flatter or deceive. Her solicitude and fear were so great as scarcely to allow her utterance, and she faltered.

"Give me time, Alonzo—I am so agitated—I know not—but let us go in."

At that trying moment, the unhappy Gertrude was relieved by the voice of Mr. Melbourne, requiring her presence in the parlor.

Alonzo felt a bitter disappointment at this sudden interruption, but fearing to excite curiosity, smoothed his brow, and led his fair charge home. Gertrude sought her chamber early, and throwing herself upon a couch, wept long and bitterly over the gloomy fate, apparently awaiting her. How could she blast the long cherished hopes of her generous benefactors, and repay the caresses of her early years by indifference or ingratitude? She could cheerfully have given life to spare their bosoms a solitary pang—but, could she bear a living death, and mate for life with one from whose very glance she shrank. Such were the unwelcome thoughts that preyed upon her gentle nature, till

"The iron tongue of midnight had toll'd twelve,"

when "nature's soft nurse" embraced her, and her sorrows were forgotten. The next day Gertrude avoided as much as possible the presence of Alonzo, fearing the renewal of a subject which gave her so much anxiety and pain. Towards eve a note was handed her by a servant, who immediately retired without exciting any general notice. Gertrude retired to her own room with a fluttering heart, (for she knew the seal) and read this brief, but meaning sentence:—

"At nine, beneath the old elm.

"ALFRED."

A tear of joy beamed in her eye as she pressed the welcome token to her lips, and placed it next her heart. Let us now briefly introduce our new acquaintance. Alfred Melten had brought letters from Norfolk, Va., and obtained a situation in Mr. Melbourne's counting-house, at the head of whose business he was soon placed by his probity and talents. He possessed an easy and commanding person, a cultivated mind, generous sentiments, and an exalted sense of probity and honor, which won him universal esteem and confidence.

Alfred and Gertrude had met and loved—loved for the noble qualities each saw mirrored in the other—they had no mercenary views or feelings, for heaven had left both without parents or fortune, but they were rich in generous sympathies and sincere affections. Gertrude had never dared to inform Mrs. Melbourne of her attachment, for she could hope little mercy in the imperious character of her uncle. The interviews between the lovers had of late, therefore, been stolen—and truly "sweeter for the theft."

Beneath the "old elm," Gertrude had wandered ere the appointed hour, and seating herself on the verge of a bubbling little brook, that glided past its base, she gave loose rein to her anxious thoughts. Her reverie was soon broken by a footfall, and the next moment she hung upon the bosom of her lover.

"What an eternity it has seemed, dear Gertrude, since last we met. But, knowing that your cousin had returned, I forbore to ask this kindness longer than I am wont; but now, dearest, like a true knight, I promise to reform, and henceforth you shall ever find me at the post of love and duty. But why so gloomy? What has disturbed thee, dearest Gertrude?"

"Alas! Alfred, my fears were true. Alonzo has avowed his attachment, and the wishes of his parents. I know not how to act. I dared neither to excite his hopes or fears. I have obtained leisure to make up my mind, and now how can, how shall I answer him?"

"I see," said Alfred, "one safe, though perhaps painful course—but Gertrude, are you ready for the sacrifice? Can you prefer poverty and Alfred, to being mistress of this stately mansion, and a boundless fortune? If you are

prepared for this, make known at once your attachment, and plead for their approval. If they are obstinate or cruel, then trust to your Alfred, and the orphan's God."

"And do you think," she replied, "that you can make me waver for a moment? No, Alfred! I loved you, and still do love you for yourself; and let come weal or woe, henceforward I am thine own."

He clasped her to his heart, and kissed the fever from her burning lips, while joy too pure for utterance kept them long silent. At length, knowing the impatient spirit of Alonzo, and the unbending prejudices of Mr. Melbourne, he assured Gertrude that a moment's warning would enable him to place her under the protection of an aged lady, where she could remain in safety, until a brighter day should dawn upon them. They embraced and parted; but their last words had fallen upon the ears, and aroused the jealousy of a man, ripe, when aroused, for desperate deeds.

Alonzo, observing the absence of Gertrude, and hoping to meet her in the garden, had strayed thither, and seen the close of an interview which gave a death-blow to his dreams of happiness. The cause of Gertrude's coldness flashed in a moment over his mind—the veil was rent. Alfred Mellen was his rival. He had seen enough; and turning, hastened away, while hate and jealousy swelled his bosom, and all the dark thoughts of his gloomy soul were coursing through his maddened brain. He could have sacrificed his love—but thus to give place to a poor nameless clerk, was too humiliating to his pride—and, in the chambers of a mind capacious for desperate thoughts, he willed the ruin of that fair being to whom he had so recently avowed an inviolable love.

Gertrude now saw the madness of further delay, and she determined at once to kneel, and plead with the generous spirit of her aunt. Mrs. Melbourne was a woman of keen sensibility; and when she had learned the history of Gertrude's love, though disappointed and dissatisfied at this unexpected shipwreck of her projects—yet she felt it not only foolish, but cruel, to war with the affections of the heart. She therefore bade the weeping Gertrude be comforted, and expect in her a mother's tenderness and truth. But, when Mrs. Melbourne told Gertrude's story to her husband, all his family pride awoke. It was too humiliating that his son should be rejected for a beggar, and he meanly resolved at once to discharge and disgrace Alfred—and if Gertrude persisted in her attachment, to refuse her even the shelter of his roof.

Meantime, Alonzo thought by a bold game to intimidate his rival. He therefore wrote Alfred a note, reminding him of his boldness in daring to become his rival for the affections of his cousin, and called on him either to relinquish his pretensions, or appoint a time and place to meet and end the contest, *ab ultima ratione*.

To this Alfred simply replied: "When Miss Dalton bids me cease my pretensions, I shall obey, but not till then. Your threats and impudence I equally despise; and being unambitious for a bravo's glory, I shall not comply with your last request."

This answer only added fuel to the flames, and Alonzo threatened to post the cowardice of Alfred in the public prints. It must be remembered that as yet, reason had not complete dominion over the passions, and "honorable murder" was still sanctioned by public sentiment. After consulting with his friends, Alfred yielded with a beating heart to what he thought the tyranny of custom.

They met. Alfred fired into the air, and received the ball of his antagonist in the left side. His physicians entertained hopes that he would soon recover. Alonzo hastened from the scene, and journeyed South, until immediate excitement should cease.

When Mr. Melbourne heard of his son's guilt and flight, and the danger of Alfred—so far from being moved to pity for the sufferer, he called down new curses upon his head, and commanded his weeping niece never more to behold him. But a woman's love shrinks from neither toil or danger; and Gertrude, despite her uncle, stole time to watch by the couch of her lover, with the devoted ten-

derness of a ministering angel. Ah! who shall tell the unalloyed joy of two young hearts, rich in each other's love, when thus communing and feeding their imaginations on dreams of future bliss! Their intercourses were brief and sweet; and every passing hour seemed to mould their spirits into one. Says the "wizard of the North,"

"Love is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind."

At length the vigilance of Mr. Melbourne discovered the visits of Gertrude, and with brutal cruelty he charged her with ingratitude to him, and treachery to his son; and warned her that if she ever again beheld this destroyer of his peace, she must leave his house forever. It was in vain that Mrs. Melbourne plead for the devoted girl. His callous bosom heard not love nor pity, and the voice so soothing to his troubled spirit in the hour of gloom, was now repulsed with cold indifference. Truly, "there is no passion more spectral and fantastical than hate."

In this dark day of trial, the timid Gertrude rose above herself and played the heroine. She heeded not the whispers of a heartless world. Buoyed up by the purity of her own thoughts, and trusting for protection to the orphan's God, she bade a sad farewell to the home of her childhood. Gertrude knew well the delicacy of her situation, but felt firm in her parity of purpose, and implicit confidence in the honor of the man she loved. I will not name the surprise, the sorrow, and yet the rapturous joy with which Alfred listened to the generous sacrifice of this confiding girl. But let a veil protect this scene. I will not desecrate by utterance, the hallowed thoughts that reigned in their bosoms at this eventful period.

But sorrow had now stricken a virtuous heart. The conduct of her son—her only child—was a barbed arrow in the bosom of Mrs. Melbourne, and seemed to sap the life-blood from her heart. It needed but this last sad stroke—the desertion of her adopted daughter—to bow her to the tomb. Mr. Melbourne saw, when now too late, the ruin he had wrought. Alas! nor son, nor daughter, nor beloved wife, would long remain to cheer him. He had made a solitude around him, but found no peace. Sorrow never comes single handed, nor did it now; for at this unwelcome moment he received the painful intelligence of his son's death. Alonzo had taken ship at Baltimore for Charleston. They were wrecked in a storm, and every soul but the captain and four seamen were lost. This filled the measure of the old man's grief; he bowed his head and wept, while his injured wife sank to the very verge of the grave.

The day after they had learned Alonzo's death, Mr. Melbourne received a roll of papers from the hands of a stranger, who briefly said "they are thine," and hastily withdrew. He broke the seal and began to read, but ere a moment had elapsed, a deadly paleness mantled his features—his hand trembled—a cold sweat stood upon his brow—he groaned, and fell senseless to the floor. He was soon restored from this melancholy shock, and pointing to the parcel he had let fall, bade them read and know all. The mystery is soon told. Melbourne, when young, had been sent to an uncle in the South to receive his education. He there became enamored of a beautiful young lady, who rewarded his attachment by the fervid love of her own mellow clime. Being too young to hope for liberty to marry, he had won his love to a secret union. Scarce six months had elapsed before he received letters commanding his immediate return. His father was peremptory—he could not take his lovely bride—he dared not avow his union. He struggled for a time with his feelings, but interest finally triumphed over honor, and he hastily fled from his once loved Mary, and left her to sorrow and dishonor. The news of his sudden departure had well nigh bereft her of reason; for she "found herself as all wives wish to be who love their lords." She finally threw herself upon the mercy of her parents, and was forgiven; and in a short time became the mother of a son. But yet she could not dissipate the gloom which preyed upon her spirits; and she suddenly resolved to seek her husband in the north. Lea-

ving letters of explanation and apology to her parents, she took ship for New-York, but by stress of weather, was driven into Norfolk, Va, where, worn down by fatigue, and broken-hearted, she sank into an early grave. To a gentleman in Norfolk, who seemed interested in her fate, she committed her infant, with this packet containing his history and name. She left money and jewels for his support and education. Her dying requests were religiously observed.

I need scarcely say that Alfred is this orphan. From the moment he learned his real situation, he had disclaimed his father's name. He had sought a situation in his father's establishment that he might learn his character, and, if it suited his pleasure, to claim a portion of his fortune. As soon, therefore, as he heard of his brother's death and saw the bereavement and desolation of his house, he had thrown off the mask that he might cheer the last hours of his unhappy parent. Mr. Melbourne had supposed that his wife and child had both perished; we can only imagine, therefore, with what transport he embraced his long lost boy.

Alfred and Gertrude were soon united by the "silken tie," that bound their willing hearts together for many blissful years. Mrs. Melbourne blessed her new children, and slumbered with her fathers—while her husband lingered to rejoice in the happiness of triumphant virtue.

Yale, Sept. 1837.

TALBOT.

### SUMMER EVENING.

Continued from page 133.

As gold is often mixed with base alloy,  
Painful experience shows a likened case  
In love; when some base passion can destroy,  
At least, obstruct, or drive her from her place.  
But when so high an evil impulse runs,  
And the usurper, faith and love o'erthrows,  
We slight the blissful portion of her sons,  
And seek delight, amidst a maze of woes.  
When pride or selfishness obtains the rule,  
Or bold impatience breeds a war within,  
Then man forgets himself, and plays the fool;  
So to escape correction, flies to sin.  
Here love is first ejected—then condemned,  
Then bears the ignominy of the whole;  
Whereas to patience her rewards extend,  
That points to hope, the anchor of the soul.  
In worth and purity true-love is gold:  
Of all its lasting properties possess,  
To prove its truth be cautious, yet not cold,  
If false 'twill fail, if true 'twill bear the test.  
The fire that dies within a faithless heart,  
Would in a true one still renew its flame;  
Would by its exercise new life impart,  
To strengthen courage, till it o'ercame.  
Love will through all eternity survive,  
And with her presence all existence fill,  
There is a voice that gives the charmer life,  
But not a voice that hath the power to kill.

To practice good, and do that good aright,  
Is all the perfectness we can attain:  
And this cannot proceed from human might,  
Whence every effort, every thought is vain.  
And shall we then refuse to follow good?  
No, let us supernatural aid invoke;  
And when with more than human strength endowed,  
The most obstructive barrier may be broke  
For all, in him, who only rules the skies,  
We should for virtue, and success depend:  
The God of Love, who every good supplies.  
Love's rise should be, its centre, and its end.

But cease,—the approach of night must break my theme,  
The gayest colours now are sober made,  
The stars obscurely through the ether gleam,  
The distant heights are indistinct in shade,  
The cattle to their lowly rest are gone,  
No traces of the sun's resplendence left,  
He now pursues the opening of the morn,  
And of his light we're nearly now bereft.  
Save, that the crested half illumined moon  
Pale, quivering, sheds her cool and faint return.  
But she declining, will be absent soon;

To light far distant nations from her urn.  
There, the lone wolf for carne wildly strays ;  
The daring leopard, or the greedy bear,  
The hungry lion, and fell tiger preys  
On helpless innocents, that wander there,  
O God, defend the traveller from their power  
From their unmerciful relentless power  
Shield him, from their inclement dreadful jaws  
Or if he dies, regard him in that hour,  
How blest are we, in safety here to tread  
These lonely paths; secure from savage tribes  
Tranquil, as with no enemy to dread ;  
That others nightly of their peace deprives.  
This grateful walk new vigour seems to give  
To all my frame, and in a pleasing voice  
It seemed to say, at once enjoy and live :  
And leads my heart to admire and rejoice.

Here dwells a cottager exempt from pride,  
From envy, care, and half the ills of life,  
His partner for their offspring helps provide ;  
And to the husband well explains the wife.  
Himself a Woodman, not yet reached his home,  
Feels pure delight in all his treasures there ;  
As she, expecting he will shortly come,  
In decent order sets his homely fare,  
Which done she sets herself again to spin.  
Her children with the sun to rest retired ;  
Except the buzzing wheel all still within,  
She works, and sings, with true content inspired.

Though poor my lot, and plain my cot,  
I have content within :  
When morning breaks, my heart awakes  
And I my work begin.  
My minutes fly, my days pass by,  
And both with pleasure move,  
And when night-falls, the good man calls,  
And deth my fondness prove.  
I've little wealth, but blest with health,  
I envy none I see ;  
I love my home, nor wish to roam,  
So happy here I'll be.  
Learned I'm not, nor rich, I wot,  
But I my living earn ;  
And all my kind, I keep in mind  
To do them good in turn.

So humble, so content; how rich, how wise ;  
How truly so, beyond the vain esteem  
Of her, who for her happiness relies,  
On glittering dust, or honours splendid dream !  
The husband when returned, salutes the wife,  
Then she the like—with more than full returns ;  
Thus love, though simply told, cements their life,  
With which each faithful heart sincerely burns.  
With gratitude they own the hand that gave,  
With gratitude they share their frugal-store,  
They have their daily bread, nor more they crave,  
Content with this, they covet nothing more.  
They then in simple talk together join,  
Alike to please and edify the mind ;  
Then read a chapter from the book divine,  
Where they sweet comfort, and instruction find.  
Then with accustomed reverence bow the knee,  
And offer up their evening sacrifice  
Of praise and prayer, with such humility,  
Such faith, as wings its way beyond the skies.  
Last, they betake them to required rest,  
Peace, which worlds cannot give, or take away,  
Becalms the hearts, of this dear gift possess,  
Blessing of Him, whose bounty crowns the day.  
Enviably lot ! The sweetest paths of life  
Are not the greatest. Those who're enriched in  
Faith are indeed rich : and e'en here arrive  
At peace, which realizes heaven within.  
They love their God, his word, and people too,  
Devote their talents to his praise and love,  
What they desire, they unto others do :  
And seek the promised recompense above.  
The village maidens, and the rustic swains,  
Have played their sports adown the mossy green—  
Now negligently rove, and leave their games,  
Thus here and there, a rambling group is seen  
Returning home: and as they walk, they tell  
Of fearful things, which wondrously appeared.

At such a time, and where they know full well ;  
And how that such an one, was sadly scared,  
Passing along the church-yards lonesome way,  
The awful bell, so made her heart to beat ;  
And then she saw ? \* \* \* \* O they can hardly say—  
Too far to see—too fearful to repeat.  
Ah where the hearts attached, each trifle pleases ;  
The one we love, can seldom say too much ;  
That licensed tongue, the fluttering heart appeases ;  
Gains our indulgence, by each sentient touch.  
Now farewell day ! With all thy colours bright,  
And all the softened tints of evening grey ;  
Which now approach, the dark empire of night,  
Or in its shades are banished far away.  
How true an emblem this of life's decline :  
When we approach the last long sleep of death,  
When we all earthly treasures shall resign ;  
And chief of all resign our vital breath.  
'Tis not important then where we have trod ;  
In flowery paths, or in the stormy way,  
The question is if we have walked with God,  
In peace confirmed against the solemn day.  
A solemn thought, that on the silent earth,  
Numbers exist, that ere to-morrow die :  
Many who revel now in giddy mirth,  
Or seeking pleasure, to perdition fly.  
Many who think not, or who think amiss  
The callous atheist, who himself denies ;—  
The sensualist, who here receives his bliss,—  
The desperate sinner, who his conscience flies.  
Yes,—however various, some of each must fall ;  
Some on the right hand, others on the left,  
Must bear, and must obey that final call  
Which varies much,—but yet to all is death.  
Of all the scenes, which nature's student knows,  
None can more pleasing, should more useful prove,  
Than that which each returning evening shows  
Which ought to serious self enquiries move :—  
To gratitude for all that we receive ;  
To wisdom earning moments as they fly,  
As still each day should teach us how to live ;  
So every evening, we should learn to die.  
We may experience daily retrospect  
Of well-spent hours ;—or if we find them not  
We can resolve our habits to correct ;  
And better practice may through grace be got.  
But there's a night that can but once arrive,  
From which our footsteps cannot be retraced ;  
Our joy we must from virtue then derive  
When meekness is exalted—pride abased ;  
Then will the never dying conscience vex,  
The heart that silenced oft its warning voice,  
And then no sorrows will the soul perplex,  
Which has the one thing needful made its choice.  
Let each reflect on this ; and day by day,  
Give humble praise for what they each afford ;  
Look up, and ask for grace to speed her way,  
Till all appear before our sovereign Lord  
On Zions hill ; and there partake the bliss  
Which that delightful glorious morning brings,  
When shall, the eternal Sun of Righteousness ;  
On us arise with health upon his wings.  
To him give praise, whose sacred name we bear ;  
Which angels chant in never ceasing strains.  
Let every creature some return prepare  
To Him; who over all creation reigns.  
O give him glory, with our fleeting breath,  
All ye that breathe : let even silence wake  
To praise, till all these scenes are closed in death ;  
But while I live, my praise, that silence break.

TEULON.

INDUSTRY.—It has been said with truth; that man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a brier or a thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier in the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyment are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

Translated from De la Martine's Tour in the East.

## SKETCH AT SEA.

At length the captain, holding a nautical watch in his hands, and looking silently towards the east for the precise moment when the disk of the sun, partly refracted, seems to kiss the wave, and to float there a moment before sinking beneath it completely, elevates his voice, and exclaims, "To prayer!" The conversation subsides, the plays cease, the sailors cast into the sea their yet lighted cigars, they doff their Greek caps of red wool, hold them in their hands, and kneel between their masts. The youngest amongst them opens the Prayer-book, and chants the "Ave Maristella," and the litanies, in tones tender, plaintive, and subdued, which seem to have been inspired by the sea, and that sleepless melancholy which is born at the declining hours of day, when all the souvenirs of earth, of their cottages and hearths, ascend from the hearts into the thoughts of these simple men. Darkness is about to descend upon the billow, and envelope, until to-morrow, in its dangerous obscurity, the path of the mariner, and the lives of so many who have Providence alone for a beacon, and the invisible hand which sustains them on the wave for an asylum. If prayer were not born with man, it is here that it would have been invented by men: alone with their thoughts and frailties, in presence of the abyss of the heavens, where their vision is soon lost; of the abyss of the seas, from which a fragile plank alone divides them; amid the roaring of the ocean, which thunders, hisses, howls, and sounds as with the voices of a thousand ferocious beasts; amid the violence of the winds, which make their shrill sounds amid the ropes, at the approach of night, which magnifies every peril, and multiplies every fear. But prayer never was invented; it was born with the first sigh, with the first joy, with the first pain of the human heart; or rather, man was created for prayer alone; to glorify God, or to implore him, was his only mission here below; every thing else perishes before him or with him; but the song of glory, of admiration, or of love, which he raises to his Creator whilst passing on the earth, does not expire; it mounts on high, it reverberates from age to age in the ear of God, as the echo of his own voice, as a reflected ray of his own magnificence; it is the only thing which can be completely divine in man, and which he can exhale with joy and pride; for this pride is a homage to Him who alone can receive it, to the infinite Being. Scarcely had these thoughts, or others which resembled them, been silently considered, when a cry of Julia came from that part of the vessel which looked towards the east. A conflagration at sea! A ship on fire! We hurried to see that distant fire on the waves. In reality, a large spark of fire floated on the sea toward the east, at the line of the horizon; then, in a few moments, slowly ascending and growing rounder as it increased, we discovered the full moon, inflamed by the vapor of the west wind, and emerging gently from the waves, like a mass of heated iron which the smith draws from the furnace with his tongs, and suspends over the water in which it is to be extinguished. In the opposite portion of the sky, the disk of the sun, which had just descended, had left the east like a bank of golden sand on the shores of some unknown land.—Our eyes wandered from one direction to another between those two magnificent spectacles of nature. By degrees the brilliancy of the double crepuscule was extinguished; myriads of stars were born overhead, as if to trace a path for our masts vibrating between them; the first night-watch was ordered; every thing which might obstruct the manœuvres of the crew was put aside, and the sailors came alternately to the captain, and said, "May God be with us!" I continued to walk some time in silence on the deck, and then descended, returning thanks to God in my heart for having allowed me thus to see this unknown face of nature. My God, my God, to see thy works under all their forms, to admire thy grandeur on the mountains, or on the seas; to adore and bless thy name, which no language can adorn—this alone is to live! Multiply our days, to increase love and admiration in our hearts! Then turn the leaf, and teach us to read in another world the endless marvels of the book of thy magnificence and thy goodness.

## THE PELICAN ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"A single pelican was floating there, and, like myself, he was alone."—*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea and the Holy Land.*

Lone bird, amid yon sacred sea,  
Dimpling with solitary crest,  
The sleeping wave of Galilee,  
Where shall thine oary foot find rest?

Hast thou a home, 'mid rock or reed,  
Of this most desolate domain?  
Where not one ibex dares to feed,  
Nor Arab tent imprints the plain?

What know'st thou of Bethsaida's gates?  
Or old Chorazin's desert bound?  
What heed'st thou of Capernaum's fate,  
Whose shapeless ruins throng around?

Once, when the tempest's wing was dark,  
A sleeper rose and calm'd the sea,  
And snatch'd from death the endanger'd bark:  
This was the flood—but who was he?

He heard the surge impetuous roar,  
And trod sublime its wildest crest;  
Redeemer! was you wat'ry door  
Thus by thy glorious feet imprest?

Oh! when each earthly hope and fear,  
Each dreaded loss, each fancied gain,  
Shall, to my swimming sight, appear  
Like the lost cities of the plain,

Then may my soul, enslaved no more,  
Launch boldly on my Saviour's sea,  
And part from time's receding shore,  
Lone, peaceful pelican! like thee.

## BISHOP GEORGE AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging on his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of hills that bounds the horizon of that rich and picturesque country in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty-five miles since morning, his pulse throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained by one who had recognised the veteran soldier of the cross, and who had ministered to him, for his Master's sake, of the benefits himself had received from the hand which feedeth the young lions when they lack, and he had travelled on refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile had he journeyed over since then, and now, as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when that day's pilgrimage should be accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxiously-looked-for haven of rest. A middle-aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I do n't know," said she, coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller, which was not the most promising, "that we can take you in, old man. You seem tired, however, and I'll see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to night, will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and, consequentially swaggering up to the old man, examined him for some moments inquisitively, then asked a few impertinent questions, and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, and feeling his smoothly-shaven chin as often, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel entered the house.

The traveller aged and weary as he was, dismounted and led his faithful animal to the stable, where with his own hands he rubbed him down, watered him, and gave him food, and then entered the inhospitable mansion

where he had expected so much kindness. A methodist family resided in the house, and, as the circuit preacher was to be there that day, great preparations were made to entertain him, and a number of the Methodist young ladies of the neighbourhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered, not one of whom took the slightest notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on—and his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolity and foolishness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in trifling repartee with another, who was anxious to seem interesting in his eyes. The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshments had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed, grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddlebags a well worn bible, he seated himself in a chair, and was soon buried in thoughts holy and elevating, and had food to eat which those who passed him by in pity and scorn dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old, worn-down traveller to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Toward eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and without pause or prayer hastily threw off his clothes, and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was to be the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose up, and after partially disrobing himself, knelt down and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul soon arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his own neglect of this duty. The old man now rose from his knees, and after slowly undressing himself got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre, and would not voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position the stranger lay for some time in silence. At length the younger of the two made a remark, to which the elder replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two, and made more room.

"How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?"

"Thirty-five miles."

"From where?"

"From Springfield."

"Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey, for one of your age."

"Yes, this poor old body is much worn down by long and constant travel, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much."

The young minister moved over a little. "You do not belong to Springfield, then?"

"No, I have no abiding place."

"How?"

"I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears."

Another move of the minister. "How far have you travelled on your present journey?"

"From Philadelphia."

"From Philadelphia!"—in evident surprise. "The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?"

"It adjourned the day before I started."

"Ah, indeed!"—moving still farther over toward the front side of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodations. "Had Bishop George left when you came out?"

"Yes, he started at the same time I did. We left in company."

"Indeed!" Here the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space. "How did the bishop look? He is getting quite old now, and feeble, is he not?"

"He carries his age tolerably well. But his labour is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength."

"He is expected this way in a week or two. How glad I shall be to shake hands with the old veteran of the Cross! But you say you left in company with the good old man—how far did you come together?"

"We travelled alone for a long distance."

"You travelled alone with the bishop?"

"Yes—we have been intimate for years."

"You intimate with Bishop George?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Bless me! Why did I not know that? But may I be so bold as to enquire your name?"

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied, "George."

"George! George! Not Bishop George?"

"They call me 'Bishop George,' meekly replied the old man.

"Why—why—bless me! Bishop George!" exclaimed the now abashed preacher, springing from the bed. "You have had no supper! I will instantly call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?"

"Stop, stop, my friend," said the bishop, gravely. "I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toil-worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop George surely is not. He is at best but a man, and has no claims beyond those of common humanity."

A night of severer mortification, the young minister had never experienced. The bishop kindly admonished him and warned him of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and directed him to trust more in God and less in his own strength. In the morning the bishop prayed with him long and fervently, before he left the chamber, and was glad to see his heart melted into contrition. Soon after the bishop descended and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies. He mildly silenced them, and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the bishop, taking up his saddlebags, was preparing to depart.

"But surely, bishop," urged the distressed matron, "you will not thus leave us?" Wait a few minutes—breakfast is on the table."

"No, Sister L——, I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor, toil-worn traveller worthy of a meal, and your bishop has no claim but such as humanity urges." And thus he departed, leaving the family and minister in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not rise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as a deacon, and Bishop George was to be the presiding Bishop. On the first day of the assembling of the conference, our minister's heart sank within him as he saw the venerable bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation that he was soon obliged to leave the room. That evening, as the bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr.—— was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful inquiries, and found since they had met before, a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble and pious as he was before self-sufficient and wordly-minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher wept as a child, even upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At that session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.—*Baltimore Athenaeum.*

## FILIAL AFFECTION.

The long reign of Winter was past, and a milder sun had revisited the earth. The scene was inviting, and I quit for an hour the bustle of a town, to admire the beautiful works of God as unfolded in the volume of nature. Having escaped from the hum of business in which I was accustomed to act, I ascended a little eminence, that I might gain a fairer view of the scenery around. The earth was clothed with beauty, the air filled with the music of happy beings, and the ocean bore upon its bosom the treasures of successful commerce. All things seemed to speak the beneficence of a Supreme Being, and I wondered if with such innumerable proofs of his goodness, above, around, beneath and within them, any of his children could violate his commands.

At that moment my attention was arrested by observing two men at a distance, the one apparently lifeless upon the ground, and the other endeavoring in vain to convey him to a dwelling not far remote. He raised the powerless body from the earth, removed it a few paces toward the dwelling, but could proceed no farther. He placed it again upon the ground, and seated himself by its side, as if determined not to forsake it. With mingled emotions of sympathy and curiosity I hastened to the spot. Judge what was my surprise and pity and disgust, when I found a man in the vigor of life, waylaid and spoiled by that treacherous assassin, Intemperance, and a mere youth at his side, attempting in vain to screen his infamy from the eye of the world. I asked the lad—for his countenance beamed with intelligence—what motives induced him to manifest such kindness to one who had well nigh forfeited his claim to our compassion. 'Alas,' said he, 'it is my father;' and the tear rolled down his cheeks. I now perceived I had expressed myself incautiously, and endeavored to heal the wound which I seemed to have inflicted. 'I know,' said the youth, 'he has forfeited his claim to the compassion of others, but not to mine. He has ruined his reputation, his family, and I fear his never-dying soul; but how can I surrender the strong ties of nature? How can I forget the author of my being, and the protector of my infant years?' I commended the warmth of his affection, and secretly admired that it should continue unabated, when the object on which it rested was become so wofully changed. 'Sir,' said the youth, as if discovering the tenor of my thoughts, 'have you a father?' I replied that I had. 'Forgive me if I make the supposition, that in the solemn providence of God you were called to look upon his lifeless clay. Suppose even that his death was hastened by crime. Would you on that account refuse him the last acts of kindness?' I answered that every feeling of my nature would revolt at the thought of it. 'Then,' said he, 'you are prepared to appreciate the motives which actuate me. I look upon my father as dead. True, he breathes, and the blood circulates in his veins; but is this all that constitutes human life? Where is the eye that once beamed so affectionately upon me? It is closed. Where are the strength and activity of manhood? They are fled. Address him—he hears not, answers not. Handle him—he perceives it not. But for me the vulture might feed on his mangled limbs, and the swine trample on the image of God.'—'And yet,' I replied, 'the death of which you speak is not like the dissolution of soul and body, final and irrevocable. He will soon revive.'—'Alas,' exclaimed the youth, 'had you once seen him returning into life, covered with the horrors of his own corruption—had you heard his midnight groans, and witnessed the gnawings of remorse within him—had you seen him struggling to reform, and at last seizing the oblivious cup as the only refuge from despair, you would not, you could not have mentioned this frightful reanimation, as an alleviation of his condition. It is this very state from which he shrinks as an insupportable burden. No; it is nothing to be laid quietly in the grave with the common guilt of men, compared with the endless succession of assassinations which he inflicts upon his own body, and the final catastrophe to which they inevitably lead. He dies a thousand deaths. O, my father! my father!' The scene had now become painful to my feelings, and I wished to retire. But how could I forsake this affectionate youth,

while discharging with such emotion the duties of filial piety? I offered him my assistance, and we conveyed the miserable victim of intemperance to his dwelling. And here the fountains of my compassion were opened anew. An interesting group of children and a disconsolate wife mourned over their sorrows with all the emphasis of grief, and refused to be comforted. I wished to administer the consolations afforded by the gospel to those who innocently suffer, but my sympathies were overpowered, and I withdrew, overwhelmed with a sense of the cruelty, the guilt, the deadly and irreparable mischief of Intemperance.

## SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Few persons conversant with the world have failed to remark that, in the race of life, men of moderate means and attainments frequently outstrip competitors, endowed equally by the smiles of fortune and the gifts of genius. It is told of Chancellor Thurlow, on being consulted by a parent as to the best means his son could adopt to secure success at the bar, that he thus addressed him—"Let your son spend his own fortune, marry, and spend his wife's, and then go to the bar; there will be little fear of his failure." Whence this recommendation? The man of certain independent means, Thurlow's observation had taught him, does not lay his shoulder to the wheel as he who is urged on by the "*res augusta domi*," and hence, as the simple result, he is distanced. The illustration of this truth may be observed every day, particularly in the learned professions. It should be ever borne in mind, that success in life is not regarded by the wise man as an *end*, but as a *mean* of happiness. The greatest and most continued favours of fortune cannot, in themselves, make an individual happy; nor can the deprivation of them render altogether miserable the possessor of a clear conscience and well-constituted mind. The sum of human enjoyment is not, cannot be, derivable from one source; many circumstances must contribute to it. "One principal reason," remarks Bentham, "why our existence has so much less of happiness crowded into it than is accessible to us, is, that we neglect to gather up those minute particles of pleasure which every moment offers to our acceptance. In striving after a sum total, we forget the ciphers of which it is composed; struggling against inevitable results which we cannot control, too often man is heedless of those accessible pleasures, whose amount is by no means inconsiderable when collected together. Stretching out his hand to catch the stars, he forgets the flowers at his feet, so beautiful, so fragrant, so various, so multitudinous." In conclusion, another most fertile source of human disappointment arises from having entertained views of life altogether incompatible with the imperfect character of human nature, or the declared end of our probationary residence on this earthly planet. "What is it," inquires Goethe, "that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation? It is, that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions—that enjoyment steals away from their hands—that the wished-for comes too late—and nothing reached or acquired produces on the heart the effect which their longing for at a distance led them to anticipate."

## CHRISTIANITY.

Philosophy can only heave a sigh, a longing sigh, after immortality. Eternity is to her an unknown vast, over which she soars on conjecture's trembling wing. Above, beneath, around, is an unfathomable void, and doubt, uncertainty or despair is the result of all her inquiries.

Christianity, on the other hand, having furnished all necessary information concerning life, with firm and undaunted step crosses death's narrow isthmus, and boldly launches forth into that dread futurity which borders on it. Her path is marked with glory. The once dark, dreary region brightens as she approaches it, and benignly smiles as she passes over it. Faith follows where she advances, till, reaching the summit of the everlasting hills, an unknown scene, in endless varieties of loveliness and beauty, presents itself, over which the ravished eye wanders, without a cloud to dim or a limit to obstruct its sight.

In the midst of this scene, rendered luminous by the glory which covers it, the city, the palace, the throne of God, appears. Trees of life wave their ambrosial tops around it—rivers of salvation issue from beneath it. Before the angels touch their harps of living melody, and saints in sweet response breathe forth to the listening heavens their grateful songs. The breezes of Paradise waft the symphony, and the bending sky directs it to the earth. The redeemed of the Lord catch the distant sound, and feel a sudden rapture. 'Tis the voice of departed friendship—friendship, the loss of which they mourn upon the earth, but which they are now assured will be restored in the heavens; from whence a voice is heard to say, 'Fear not ye; death cannot injure you; the grave cannot confine you. Through its chill mansion Grace will conduct you up to glory. We wait your arrival. Haste, therefore—come away.' All this Christianity will do for you. It will do more than this. It consecrates the sepulchre into which your bodies, already touched by death, will presently descend. There, mouldered into dust, your flesh shall rest in hope. Nor will the season of its humiliation last for ever. Christianity, faithful to her trust, appears for its redemption. She approaches and stands before the tomb. She stretches out her sceptre and smites the sepulchre. Its moss-grown covering rends asunder. She cries to the silent inhabitants within it. Her energizing voice echoes along the cold, damp vaults of death, renewing skin and bones and dust and corruption, and mortal puts on immortality. Her former habitation, thus refined and sublimated by the resurrection, the exulting soul re-enters, and henceforth the measure of her joy is full.

**WOMAN.**—Woman! truly she is a miracle. Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, of waywardness, and sometimes of folly; annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come—rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then. How her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose! Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird, any thing she loves or pities, to protect, and see her, as in related instances, raising her white arms as a shield, and as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, awaken her energies into action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and the brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, or goes forward to the scaffold with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a mystery, a miracle.

Providence has gifted man with reason; to his reason, therefore, is left the choice of his food and drink, and not to instinct, as among the lower animals; it thus becomes his duty to apply his reason to the regulation of his diet; to shun excess in quantity, and what is noxious in quality; to adhere, in short, to the simple and the natural; among which the bounty of his Maker has afforded him an ample selection: and beyond which, if he deviates, sooner or later, he will suffer the penalty.—**PROVERB.**

**FAME.**—'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,  
That surest shine, or highest rise;  
The feather sports upon the wave—  
The pearl in ocean's cavern lies.

**AVARICE.**—To spare's the wish of little souls,  
The great but gather to bestow:  
You current down the mountain rolls,  
And stagnates in the swamp below.

Where secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off.—**DR. JOHNSON.**

## WIND.

The equilibrium of the atmosphere may be destroyed, and streams or currents of air be produced, by a variety of causes, but change of temperature is by far the most important. Air, as well as other bodies, expands by heat, for its particles are thrown to a greater distance from each other. Heated air, therefore, must be bulk for bulk lighter than cold air, and will consequently rise and give place to that which is cold and heavier. If the air resting upon any spot be more heated than that which surrounds it, there will be a constant flowing in of cold streams from every direction, and those persons who are situated to the north of the spot will experience a north wind, while those to the south a south wind; but those who are on the spot where all these several currents meet will suffer violent and tempestuous weather. When this process is extensive and violent, hurricanes and whirlwinds are produced.

We may often learn principles that may be applied to the investigation of nature, from comparatively insignificant results. Artificial winds are constantly circulating through our houses. Smoke rises because it is mingled with hot air, and the deficiency of air which is thus produced in an apartment, is supplied by the cold air which rushes through the crevices of the doors and windows. But our fires communicate at the same time an increased temperature to a portion of the air in the room, which consequently rises; and it will always be found, in every building, that the hottest air is at the top. On this account there are always two currents in a room, one outward, and another inward, as may be easily proved; for, if a lighted candle be placed near the top of the door, the flame will be blown outward by the heated current which is making its escape; and if at the bottom, it will be blown inward by the cold current which is rushing in. The same process is going on in nature on a larger scale, and the principle which explains the one is applicable to the other. Take the land and sea breezes, which occur in all the Islands of the torrid zone, as a proof of this statement. During the hottest part of the day the winds set in from every direction toward the centre of the Island, for the sun's rays produce more heat by their reflection from land than from water. When the sun ceases to throw its rays upon the region, the land cools, and that portion of air which had been heated by them will begin to descend, and currents will be produced off the land, occasioned by the spreading or equalisation of the atmosphere.

But the principle to which we have referred is not sufficient in itself to account for all the phenomena we witness as the results of air in motion. The air resting upon the equatorial regions being more heated than that which surrounds the pole, there must be a constant current of cold air rushing from the poles to the equator, and a counter current of hot air from the equator to the poles. We might therefore anticipate, that all countries in the northern hemisphere would experience a constant north wind, and in all the southern hemisphere, a constant south wind, except so far as local obstructions might interfere. No such results, however, are produced; but within thirty degrees of the equator in each hemisphere, constant winds are blowing, called the trade winds; that in the northern hemisphere from the northeast, that in the southern from the southeast.

It is true that there is a never-ceasing under-current of air from the polar regions to the equator. But, in consequence of the revolution of the earth from west to east, the atmosphere is influenced by a force acting at right angles to that which results from the heating of the air at the equator. As an atmosphere must necessarily participate in the motion of the body it surrounds, and as the velocity of the earth's circumference must increase from the poles to the equator, so the velocity of the atmosphere from west to east must increase in proportion to its advance towards the equatorial regions. Let us then imagine a current of cold air rushing from the poles to the equator to occupy the place vacated by the heated air, and throughout its progress to be influenced by a constantly increasing rotary motion from west to east, and it will be evident that, as two forces are acting upon it, it cannot implicitly obey either, but must take an intermediate path, and in fact describe a curve line, the convexity of that line being turned towards the east. The cause of the tradewinds will now be easily deduced. In the northern hemisphere there is a current of air from the north to the equator; but, being impressed by a force tending to drive it eastward, that is to say, being under the influence of the earth's rotation, it takes an intermediate course, and a northeast wind is produced. In the southern hemisphere there is a current from the south to the equator, but this being also under the influence of a force tending to drive it eastward, a southeast wind is produced.

Some writers have referred to the influence of the solar and lunar attraction upon the atmosphere as a general cause of winds. There can be no doubt that the two luminaries, by their attractive force, have an influence upon the atmosphere somewhat similar to that which disturbs the ocean, but their effect upon it is of little or no importance in our present inquiry, and it is quite certain that the tradewinds, so far from being produced by, exist in spite of their attraction.

The tradewinds in some parts are subject to a change of direction every six months, and they are then called monsoons. This variation in the tradewinds is produced by the annual revolution of the earth round the sun, which causes the north pole to be directed towards that luminary one half of the year, and the south pole the other half; one being the summer of the northern hemisphere, the other the summer of the southern. When the northern hemisphere is especially exposed to the sun's rays, Arabia, Persia, India, and China, being greatly heated, raise the temperature of the atmosphere that covers them, and the colder air from the regions south of the equator rushes towards the parts. It will therefore follow that for one six months the tradewind is in this instance produced by a current of air rushing from the equatorial regions; but, when the summer of the southern hemisphere approaches, then the direction of the current changes, and the colder air rushes towards the ocean and countries near the southern tropic, which are then the most heated.

It is not always easy to determine with precision the causes which disturb the equilibrium of the aerial ocean. There are so many active agents exerting their influence, and in such an infinity of ways, that it is equally difficult to separate or to combine their effects. But although some objections may be made to the explanations we have given, yet there can be no doubt that the causes which have been supposed to operate in disturbing the equilibrium of the atmosphere are the most important, however their results may be obstructed by not less active though minor local agencies.

From the parallel of 30 deg. to the pole, in both hemispheres, the winds are irregular both in direction and violence. But in all countries there is a tendency to periodical winds more or less marked. Even in the Island of Great Britain, which, from its situation, having a continent on one side and an ocean on the other, must necessarily have a variable climate, there is a certain prevalence of periodical winds; easterly winds usually prevail during the spring, and during the remainder of the year westerly winds are most common.

The irregular winds are most feared by voyagers and travellers, and the most violent of these are the whirlwind, the harmatan, and the sirocco.

The whirlwind appears to be produced by the contact of two or more currents blowing from different parts, and is usually produced by a temporary and local, though violent agitation of the atmosphere. The harmatan is not uncommon in the western coast of Africa, and is probably produced by an interruption of the direction of the tradewinds in the course of their progress over the sandy deserts of Africa. It is generally attended with an oppressive heat and heavy fog, and is said to be the forerunner of a hurricane. The sirocco is occasioned by the passage of a current of air over the heated sands of Africa, which render it so dry and rarified as to unfit it for respiration; it is therefore chiefly characterized by its unhealthy qualities; but in passing over the Mediterranean Sea it absorbs so large a quantity of moisture, that a suffocating and oppressive fog is produced.

We often hear of the destructive effects of a violent wind, but we are happily, experimentally, unacquainted with them. The noblest works of man are not unfrequently destroyed by its energetic efforts, and countries are sometimes devastated by its fearful blast; but in no country are its effects more to be dreaded than in some parts of Africa. During the storms that often rage in the deserts, the loose and unstable sand is frequently carried into the air, in such dense clouds as to intercept the rays of the there omnipotent sun, while at other times it is raised by the whirlwind into massive and gigantic pillars. The traveller who has to cross the extensive deserts of Africa, may consider himself fortunate if he passes them without beholding either of these terrific phenomena. It must be a magnificent but fearful sight to see a number of prodigious pillars of sand, stalking with greater or less velocity over the unmeasured waste, their tops reaching to the clouds, and sometimes based on the attenuated air. Should they, however, happen to cross the path of the traveller, there is little chance of escape. But if this phenomenon be sometimes destructive to a kafir, how much more so the sand-wind, or hurricane. Denham had the misfortune to encounter a sand-storm in crossing the desert, and has briefly but graphically described its effects. The unlimited expanse seemed to be filled with particles of sand, and the eye of the traveller could only penetrate the space of a few yards around him; the sun and the clouds were obscured, and a suffocating and oppressive weight rested upon all; the horses refused to face the sandy clouds which threatened to overwhelm them, and both man and beast suffered under an oppressive thirst which could not be alleviated.

It is not necessary to compare the amount of evil produced by the atmosphere under such conditions, with its beneficial influence upon the human species. Every phenomenon may be considered in two ways; there are a light and a shady side, and we may be perfectly satisfied that no agent is active for the mere purpose of destruction. The traveller may be sometimes overwhelmed by the vast masses of sand that the disturbed atmosphere bears on its wings as it hurries over the desert, and the pleasant country

may be sometimes over-turned in its fury, but the same agent still ministers to our wants and pleasures; it carries over the swilling bosom of oceans the riches and intellect of foreign climes, aids man in his heaviest toils, and bears life and health upon its balmy wings.

SOUND AND SENSE.—That in the formation of language, men have been much influenced by a regard to the nature of the things and actions meant to be represented, is a fact of which every known speech gives proof. In our own language, for instance, who does not perceive in the sound of the words *thunder*, *boundless*, *terrible*, a something appropriate to the sublime ideas intended to be conveyed? In the word *crash*, we hear the very action implied. *Swoop*—"at one fell swoop"—seems as if it actually echoed the murderous action by which the whole family of the poorthane was fancied to be destroyed. *Imp—elf*—how descriptive of the miniature beings to which we apply them! *Fairy*—how light and tripping, just like the fairy herself!—the word, no more than the thing, seems fit to bond the grass blade, or shake the tear from the blue-eyed flower. *Pea* is another of those words expressive of light diminutive objects: any man born without sight and touch, if such ever are, could tell what kind of a thing a pea was, from the sound of the word alone. Of those picturesque words, *sylvan* and *crystal* are among our greatest favorites. *sylvan*!—what visions of beautiful old sanlit forests, with huntsmen and bugle horns, arise at the sound! *Crystal*!—does it not glitter like the very thing it stands for? Yet crystal is not so beautiful as its own adjective, *Crystalline*!—why the whole mind is lightened up with its shine. And this superiority of crystalline over crystal is exactly as it should be, for crystal can only be one comparatively small object, while crystalline may refer to a mass—to a world of crystals.

It will be found that natural objects have a larger proportion of expressive names amongst them than any other thing. The *eagle*—what appropriate daring and sublimity; the *dove*—what softness; the *linnet*—what fluttering gentleness! The beauty of flowers can be heard. "That which men call a rose" would not by any other name smell as sweet. Suppose it was called *trumpery*—it would be put down below the poppies immediately, and never cultivated more. *Lily*—what tall, cool, pale, lady-like beauty have we here! *Violet*, *jessamine*, *hyacinth*, *anemone*, *geranium*!—beauties all of them to the ear as well as to the eye. The name of the precious stones have also a beauty and magnificence above most common things. *Diamond*—*sapphire*—*amethyst*—*beryl*—*ruby*—*agate*—*pearl*—*jasper*—*topaz*—*garnet*—*emerald*—what a carcanet of sparkling sounds! A necklace of the words, writ in fair capitals, would tell (almost) as well as the actual jewelry.—*Chambers' Jour.*

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1837.

DULL WEATHER.—Here we are in a mood most grave and melancholy, attempting to compose for the benefit of our readers, but what can a poor editor write in dull weather. With no sunshine without, it cannot be expected that there should be any within—and in the absence of the sun, the mind must continue as thick and hazy as the clouds which now hang so gloomily over the earth. Many and great have been the ideas we have cogitated on this sombrous morning, but they have vanished, as soon as conceived, reminding us by their fleetness of the many miserable creatures who have within the last three hours, hastily passed our door, crunched with sleet and rain. Pity on your men of profundity who before they will go down into the unfathomable well of their originality, must close shutters and wrap themselves in midnight darkness, as if afraid of the light of heaven—pity on your metaphysical geniuses who, when engaged in their abstruse and unintelligible studies, abjure the sight of the human face divine and the innocent prattling of little ones—pity on your vast mathematicians who cannot abide the prospect of nature either in its sweet or terrific forms, when absorbed in the solution of their intricate problems. With such unearthly beings we hold no communion of sentiment. The sunshine we love—the presence of wife and children we love—and the glorious landscape we love, and never more than when with pen in hand, we wish to render durable our views and opinions. With the regent of day looking us in the face, the air around the cranium is so rarified that all the mists of ignorance are dispelled from the brain—with the loved ones of earth before us, the mind becomes attuned to them.

worthy of the attention of social beings—and with a goodly prospect in sight, our ideas seem to tower with the trees and to flow transparent as the waters of the limpid stream.

But let us describe our condition. We have most gloomy weather—we sit a solitaire in a solitary room, and the harbour instead of reflecting on its bosom the smile of the distant hills, looks as sullen and haggard as the miser parting with a cent for some necessary of life. Shall we introduce the news of the day? But we are as destitute of any—as alas! in these bad times are the coffers of many of gold. Shall we record battles and sieges and rumours of wars, but none have been fought and raised, excepting the warfare of waves with the rocks, or the struggling of winds with the tides. Shall we mention events of tragic interest? But we know not where to find them except in the destruction of myriads of thoughtless insects by the severity of the late frost. With no news—no battles—no events partaking of the marvellous—with no wonders to cause the multitude to gape and stare, it is undeniably clear, and the pattering of the rain drops at this moment confirms it, that it is our duty to return our pen to its martial position in the inkstand. There rest thee thou faithful quill, until brighter days and clearer skies beam on thee.

**JOHN YOUNG, Esq.**—Our Obituary list of this week contains the death of this highly talented individual. For about five months his constitution has been giving way under a disease of the intestines—he died at his residence of Willow-park on Friday evening, and his remains were followed to the tomb on Tuesday by a numerous concourse of respectable citizens. For about twenty years Mr. Young has stood conspicuously forth in this country as a public man, and we believe that his death will be very generally felt as a public loss. Indeed he has left few men behind him, combining so much varied and valuable information, with the same power to impart it either orally or through the press. Under the anonymous signature of 'Agricola,' he succeeded in arousing attention to the dormant condition of our agriculture in 1818, towards the close of which year the Central Board was formed under the immediate patronage of Lord Dalhousie, to whom was dedicated the Volume of letters revised and published in 1822. In 1825 Mr. Young was returned to the Provincial Parliament, as Representative for the County of Sydney, and has since taken a prominent share in the business of that Assembly. This is not the place nor the occasion for elaborate criticism of his course as a Legislator—for nice balancings of praise and censure. We feel that a fine intellect has gone down into the tomb—that an acute and powerful writer—a logical and eloquent speaker, is lost to a country where, as yet, talent is not very abundant, and the general mind of which the deceased did much to arouse and enlighten; and we cannot shake off the feelings of sorrow and regret occasioned by his loss.—*Novascotian.*

From the Acadian Telegraph.

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—The course of lectures of the Mechanics' Institute Session, will commence on Wednesday evening, the 1st of November. The Committee endeavoured, early in the year, to conform to the wishes of many of their fellow members, and to procure a more scientific and a better connected course than those of some prior session. They have succeeded in arranging the subjoined list, which is published as explanatory of what may be expected, and as affording a useful reference to the lecturers and auditors of the session.

- List of Lectures from November 1, to Feb. 28th.
- Nov. 1st. Introductory Address . . . DOCTOR GRIGOR
  - 8th. Mathematics—Proportion . J. FORMAN jr. Esq.
  - 15th. do. Conic Sections . . MR. DONALD.
  - 22d, 29th, & 6th Dec. Mechanics MR G.LO'BRIEN.
  - Dec. 13th & 20th Compound Machinery MR. GOSSIP, senr.
  - 27th. Dec. Annual Meeting.
  - Jan. 3d & 10th, 1839. Electricity and Galvanism. MR A. M'KINLAY
  - 17th & 24th, Pneumatics and Baconian Philosophy . . . DOCTOR GRIGOR
  - 31st & 7th Feb. Gravitation, &c. MR A. MCKENZIE
  - 14th & 21st. Physiology . . . DOCTOR TEULON
  - 28th, Use of the Globes . . . MR G.LO'BRIEN

The exact order of the list, which is so rich in promise, may not be abided by,—as gentlemen nominated for particular evenings, may possibly give way to others who may yet offer,—but the list is according to present arrangement, and will be pretty closely, if not absolutely, abided by. The absence of the President of the Institute, Geo. R. Young Esq. who is now in England, prevents the

appearance of his name in the list; his return may supply that want.

The Institute affords, beside a school for mutual improvement and general information,—a theatre for rational recreation;—and in the dearth of recreation, usual to Halifax winters, the latter mentioned recommendation is one of some importance. During late sessions the Institute has been patronized by audiences so large that the size of the Lecture Room has been found inadequate. As much may be anticipated for the approaching course.

Tickets will be for sale at Mr. McKinlay's Stationary Store, on Monday next;—Prices,—Member's Ticket 7s 6d, Lady's 5s, Youth's 5s.—all tickets to be paid for on delivery. Persons becoming members may obtain a copy of the rules.

**CORONERS INQUEST.**—An Inquest was held at Parrashoro, on the 2nd inst. before C. E. Ratchford, Esq. the Coroner for that place, on view of the body of James Hutton.—Verdict—accidental death by drowning. It appeared on evidence that the deceased with a number of other men was at work on Messrs. Smith & Hartshorne's Mill dam at Moose River on the 30th ultimo; when suddenly a part of the work gave way, precipitating the whole gang into the sea. (It being nearly high water at the time.) Several of the men were slightly injured by the falling timbers &c, and narrowly escaped the fate of the unfortunate young man, who is said to have been the only surviving son and support, of a widow residing in Halifax, who but last winter had another son accidentally shot.

**MARRIED.**

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. James Gosbee, to Miss Agnes Osborne.  
At Boston, September 21, Mr. William Tyler Davies, to Miss Catharine Anna Davies, of Halifax, N. S.  
At Westcock, N. B. on Friday, 29th ultimo, by the Rev. John Black, R. E. Hazen, Esq. to Sarah, daughter of the Hon. Judge Bestford.

**DIED.**

On Wednesday morning, after a short illness, in the 44th year of his age, William B. Robertson, Esq. of the firm of Fiddes & Robertson, Merchants. Remarkable for his high sense of honor and integrity, and his manly and generous conduct through life, which endeared him to all who knew him; his many virtues will long live in the memory of his friends.  
In the Poor's Asylum, Maurice Ryan, aged 51 years, a native of Ireland; John Connolly, aged 52 years, a native of Ireland; Mary Davidson, a native of Halifax, N. S. Also, Mr. Edward Warren, formerly of Dartmouth, aged 54 years, a native of England.  
On Sunday afternoon, very suddenly, in St. Paul's Church, Mr. William Parsons, a native of England, in the 96th year of his age.  
On Sunday morning last, Mr. Patrick Murphy, in the 62d year of his age.  
At Amherst, Cumberland, on the 23d September, Mary Anne, wife of the Rev. George Townshend, Rector of that place.  
On Monday evening, after a short illness, Mr. John Brucher, in the 74th year of his age.  
At St. John, N. B. October 6, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Salome Fader, in the 71st year of her age. Mrs. Fader was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Brizelus, formerly a Missionary at Lunenburg, N. S. from the Society P. G. F.  
At Roxbury, on Thursday last, Miss Elizabeth B. Prout, aged 21 years, a native of this town.  
Drowned, at Moose River, Parrashoro, on the 23d September, Mr. James Hutton, of this town, aged twenty-one years.

**SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.**

**ARRIVALS.**

AT HALIFAX.—Saturday Oct. 7.—Brig John Lawson, Raymond, London, 46 days—flour, to Wm. Pryor, jr.; Schr. Lucy, Rogers, Dominica, 24 days—ballast, to M. B. Almon; lost one man overboard. Am. schr. James, Lunt, Philadelphia, 9 days—flour to J. H. Braine.  
SUNDAY, Oct. 8.—Brig Acadian, Lane, Boston, 3 days—flour, corn meal, rye flour, stoves, onions, apples, &c. to John Clark, D. & E. Starr & Co. and others.  
MONDAY, October 9.—Schr. Four Sons, McLeod, Burin, N. F. 8 days—fish, to Creighton & Grassie; Susan, Sydney, coal.  
TUESDAY October 10.—Schr. William Walker, Smith, St. Andrews, N. B., 3 days—lumber and shingles, to S. Binney.  
WEDNESDAY, October 11.—H. M. Brig Wauderes, Commander Bushby, from the West Indies; schr. Algerine, McLennan, St. Stephen's N.B. 4 days, shingles to the master; brig. Lady Chapman, Gilbert, Jamaica, 26 days, ballast, to J. & M. Tobin.  
THURSDAY, October 12.—Brig Coquette, Wilkie, Bermuda, 10 days—ballast, to W. J. Starr; brig Ambassador, Vaughan, Liverpool, G. S. 50 days—wheat, to W. A. Black & Son; brig. Elizabeth, Musgrove, 6 days—flour and beef, to Saltus & Wainwright.  
FRIDAY, October 13.—Schr. Causo, Causo; Adelaide, Le Have.

**CLEARANCES.**

FRIDAY, October 6.—Schr. Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B.—sugar, pork, flour, &c. by J. & M. Tobin and others; Mary, Pettipas, Quebec—brandy, sugar, &c. by A. Murison. 7th—Brig London Packet, Harvey, St. John's N. F.—pork, porter, &c. by Frith, Smith & Co; schr. Assistance, Coonier, Magdalen Islands—assorted cargo, by D. & E. Starr & Co. Oct. 9th.—Industry, Fault, Boston, fuel, salmon, &c. by H. Fay and others; Eagle, Kimble, St. John, N. B.—fish, flour, &c. by J. Allison & Co.; Irene, Doane, St. John, N. B.—flour, &c. by Stephen Binney. October 10th.—Schr. Ion, Cann, St. John, N. B.—wine, sugar, coffee, &c. by W. & J. Murdoch, J. Allison & Co. October 11th.—Brig Corsair, Thompson, B. W. Indies—lumber, fish, candles, &c. by Fairbanks and McNab.

**PASSENGERS.**

In the Pictou, for N. York, Mr. Rose, and two children, Mr. Dowley, and child, Miss Walsh, Mr. Byers, and 14 in the steerage.—In the Lady Paget, for Liverpool, Major Dalton and Dady, Dr. Brown, Hon. Mr. Stewart.—In the Acadian, for Boston, Mr. and Mrs. W. Witham, Messrs. Marple and Brown, Mastet Wilby, and 6 in the steerage.

**Evening Sales by Auction,**

AT R. D. CLARKE'S WAREHOUSES.

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

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

**STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.**

AN assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves just received, ex Brig Acadian from Boston for sale at low prices—by J. M. CHAMBERLAIN. October 14—3m.

**TO HOUSEKEEPERS, & C.**

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to intimate, that on his late visit to the UNITED STATES, he selected at the different Manufactories, and imported in recent Arrivals, A great variety of Stoves, Comprising almost every description of COOKING, FRANKLIN, HALL, OFFICE, KITCHEN, and other STOVES, there manufactured nearly all of entirely New Patterns and Descriptions here, and at unprecedented Low Prices. September 29. ROBERT D. CLARKE.

**STOVES, ONIONS, & C.**

FRANKLIN and Cooking STOVES, Water Pails, Chairs, half and quarter boxes RAISINS, RICE, Preserved Ginger, White Beans, in bags, bunches: ONIONS Cotton Bating, and 100 American CHAIRS. Just received per Cordelia from Boston, and for Sale low by B. WIER. Near the Ordnance. ALSO.—A few bbls. CUCUMBERS, in excellent order for pickling. 3w. Sept. 29.

**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 syncrasies; normal and diseased, and the arrangements of Divine Providence in reference to the preservation and regeneration of health in the respective functions; he has obtained a habit, a confidence, and a love of the science and art of healing, which he would not willingly exchange for any of the gifted acquirements of life, but to give these efficiency he must secure the favours and confidence of a number. With this laudable object before him he respectfully invites their attention, and promises to use his studious endeavours to emulate the conduct of those worthy members of the profession, who have proved its ornaments, and not that only, but the ornaments of civil and scientific life; and also of Humanity. W. F. Teulon General Practitioner; next House to that of H. Bell, Esq. M. P. A. Aug. 18.

**TO LET.**

A SHOP and Two ROOMS, in Barrington Street, Suitable for a Dry Good or Grocery Store.—Inquire at this Office. Sept. 29.

**MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL ACADEMY.**

THOMAS BURTON,

BEGS leave to notify to his friends and the public, that he has opened an Academy in Brunswick-Street, opposite the New Methodist Chapel, where he intends instructing youth of both sexes, in the following branches of education, viz. Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, generally. Likewise, Maritime and Land Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the Italian and modern methods of Book-keeping by double entry. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and advancement of such pupils as may be committed to his care. July 8.

## ANOTHER WONDER.

Startling as the following facts may appear, the reader may rely on their perfect authenticity :

The farm of Airdre, parish of Kirkbeau, which contains almost every variety of soil, including a section of the giant Criffel, has been for some time in the natural possession of the proprietor, R. A. Oswald, Esq., of Auchincryve. Since a former tenant emigrated, Airdre has been skilfully managed by our friend, Mr. M'Craken, who among other bestial, has a favorite female slow hound, which was gifted by Mr. Murry of Broughton, to the late Richard Oswald, Esq. of Cavens. The present, as the reader knows, has been a most disastrous lambing season, and although Kirkbeau is a mild coast parish, even there the loss of stock has been very great. For a number of weeks the careful shepherds have been as much exposed as his Majesty's mail guards, when the country is blockaded, feeding weak ewes, picking up deserted lambs, which they carry to their masters' or to their own houses, where they are nursed as carefully as orphan children, who are reared from necessity on the pan and spoon. The slow hound noticed what was going forward, and, though fourteen months have elapsed, since she suckled pups, strange to say, milk returned to her in such quantities, that she has already been the means of succouring and saving more than sixty woolly nurslings, that might otherwise have perished. Night and day she may be seen lying on sheep skins before the kitchen fire, with half a dozen lambs around her, distinguishing the weak from such as are somewhat stronger, and devoting to them the most assiduous attention. Repeatedly, when some of the invalids have got a little round, they have been conveyed to the hill side, with the view of mothering them; nearly as often the bitch, when left free, has not only sought out and distinguished her former nurslings, but carried them home again with the greatest care, although the distance is more than a mile. After the servants have retired to rest, Mr. M'Craken, while reading in the parlor, sometimes lifts his candle, and visits the kitchen, to see how his woolly family, with their hairy nurse, are getting along. The lambs, when they see the light, are painfully affected, bleat piteously, and run about the floor; but their guardian soon puts everything to rights, by poking them gently with her nose, back to their former position. Although a more remarkable circumstance, has rarely, if ever, fallen under our notice, and although some may affect incredulity, there are lots of witnesses, whose testimony proves it to be true to the letter.—*Dumfries Courier.*

**PHRENOLOGY.**—Perhaps there is no subject on which so much difference of opinion exists as on phrenology. Take the votes of a hundred men about it, and, ten to one, fifty shall say it is a valuable science, and fifty that it is a mere humbug. Men of science and genius have written works to prove and to disprove it. There are many authentic anecdotes on record, of astonishing delineations of character given at phrenological examinations, by professors—shining evidences in the eyes of true believers. But the other side are also rich in proof to disprove. It is asserted, on unquestionable authority, that a celebrated professor, with his eyes blindfolded, once discovered the intellectual organs developed in an extraordinary degree—not in a human, but a cabbage head—which some mischievous practical joker had submitted to his digital examination. In like manner the organs of destructiveness, and other unchristian propensities, have been found on the sconces of eminent and pious divines, while benevolence and conscientiousness have been discovered prominent on the most notorious malefactors. Bishop and Williams, two of the most execrable villains the world ever saw, who were executed in London, after confessing the commission of more than twenty murders, for the purpose of selling the bodies of their victims to the surgeons, were declared by a learned and celebrated professor to possess the organs of benevolence and veneration in an extraordinary degree, he being unacquainted with any of the circumstances of their case. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we should say that, in an examination of the murderer Thurtell's head, he gave a most accurate description of his character. "I should say," said the professor, "that this man is entirely destitute of all moral perceptions, and that, save in form, there is no distinction between him and a brute." This opinion, which became celebrated all over Europe, was given without the slightest knowledge of Thurtell's history, or any thing connected with it. This affair may certainly balance that of the cabbage. One of the most enthusiastic disciples of the science, we have ever known was Mr. —, a very amiable and worthy man—a phrenologist and a lawyer. He practised for a short time in this city, and on one occasion having a frail fair one to defend, accused of manifold thefts, he adopted a novel mode of argument. He maintained that it was phrenologically, and therefore morally, impossible that his client could be guilty; every bump she possessed was at various points strong. Notwithstanding this, however, the inferior jury convicted the prisoner. He lost his case, and gained the appellation of the "Phrenological

Lawyer. Our friend Gill made a most amusing report of this case, which we presume will appear among the other good things in his forthcoming volume.—*T. H. Huf-land.*

**AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.**—Some very curious anecdotes have been collected and published in France, respecting the eccentric Mr. Egerton, who succeeded to the title of Lord Bridgewater. The writer says, "those who have once seen, nay, those who have never seen this meagre personage drag himself along, supported by two huge lackeys, with his sugar-loaf hat slouched down over his eyes, cannot fail to recognise him. An immense fortune enables him to gratify the most extravagant caprices that ever passed through the head of a rich Englishman. If he be lent a book, he carries his politeness so far as to send it back, or rather have it conducted home in a carriage. He gives orders that two of the most stately steeds be caparisoned unto one of his chariots, and the volume, reclining at ease in milord's landau, arrives, attended by four footmen in costly livery, at the door of its astounded owner. His carriage is frequently to be seen with his dogs. He bestows great care on the feet of these dogs, and orders them boots, for which he pays as dearly as for his own. Lord Bridgewater's costume is an excellent one for the bootmaker; for besides the four feet of his dogs, the supply of his own two feet must give constant employment to several operatives. He puts on a new pair of boots every day, carefully preserving those he has once worn, and ranging them in order; he commands that none shall touch them, but takes himself great pleasure in observing how much of the year he has each day passed, by viewing the state of his boots."

**RADICALLY WRONG.**—It is stated in the papers that Mary B. Stone, a little miss, aged eleven years, who has been since the age of four at the academy of Seth Davis, of West-Newton, Massachusetts, can readily abstract the cube-root of twelve figures, by the rule as laid down by Pike, performing the whole operation mentally, without any other aid whatever. "We are surprised," says the Sun, "that notwithstanding the wholesome change which has taken place in public opinion relative to precocity, Mr. Davis can permit the publication of a fact which thus demonstrates his lamentable ignorance of physiology and proper mental culture. The little martyr to system and the pride of a pedagogue, who has been thus tortured with abstractions at an age when she should have been bounding over the lawn, free as air, and unrestrained by confinement, to attain parrot-like proficiency in matters she cannot mentally understand, should be taken forthwith from the imprisonment of an 'academy,' and the evil done her by misjudged and pedantic attention repaired as well as it may be. It is a monstrous perversion of the intentions of nature thus to build up the mind at the expense of the body—to induce a diseased brain by exciting it to overaction, and to run the risk of causing early death in the manufacture of an infant prodigy."

**THE RIGHT USE OF ABUSE.**—If we be dashed and bespattered with reproaches abroad, we must study to be cleaner at home; and the less we find of meekness and charity in the world about us, we are to preserve so much the more of that sweet temper within our own hearts; blessing them that curse us, and praying for them that despitefully use us, so shall we most effectually prove ourselves to be the children of our heavenly Father even to their conviction, who will scarcely allow us, in any sense, to be called his servants.—*Leighton.*

**HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.**—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation, acquire more accomplishment, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness. This is a comfort to people with large families.

**THE USE OF BOOKS.**—There never was a wit at the bar so ready as Curran. Upon one occasion, where he had laid down some points which did not find favour in the eyes of the presiding judge—"If that be law," said Lord Clare to Curran, "I may as well burn my books." "Better read them, my lord," replied Curran.

**POLISHING.**—A person in public company accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth."

**Real Japan Blacking.**

Burton's Manufactory is removed to Brunswick Street, opposite the New Methodist Chapel.

THE 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.

## 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.

**HUGH CAMPBELL,**

No. 18, Granville St.

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

**CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock;**

Santorne, Vin-de-Grave, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherries, fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe, Bucellas, Muscatel and Malaga

**WINES.**

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

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy.

Curacao and Mareschino.

Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout, Edinburgh and Alloa ALES—Hodgson's pale do Fine light Table do., and Ginger Beer.

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

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

**NEW ENGLAND BRANCH SEED STORE.**

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

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

E. BROWN, Agent.

**C. H. BELCHER.**

**BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,** OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX.

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

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

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

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

PRINTING INK, in Kegs.

June 17, 1837.

**HENRY G. HILL,**

**Builder and Draughtsman.**

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

**PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.**

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

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

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