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THE PEARL.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1837.

No. 5.

For the Pearl.

TO SOLITUDE.

All hail, ye lonely groves, remote from noise,
Ye gloomy shades where peace and silence dwell;
For you, the world with all its fancied joys,
And visionary bliss, I bid farewell.

(Sweet Solitude) to thy retreats I speed,
Escaped from the impertinence of the prying eye
From the gay world and its enchantments freed,
Where baneful vices virtue far outvie.

To thy retreats where in the darksome grove
In pensive mood sits lonely philomel;
And while she mourns her sad unhappy love
Her plaintive murmurs swell the passing gale.

There let me stray in the sequestered bowers,
Where calm contentment fixes her abode,
In thy green walks adorned with blushing flowers,
At distance from the busy, bustling crowd.

No more bewildered in ambitious maze,
No more beset in folly's rapid stream,
No more deluded by the glittering blaze,
Of Honor, Riches, Equipage or Fame.

J. T. C.

Halifax, N. S. June 22nd, 1837.

From the Quarterly Review.

ASTRONOMY.

Among those natural sciences which have called forth the highest powers of the mind, Astronomy claims for herself the most exalted place. The bodies of which it treats are of themselves calculated to prepossess us in their favour. Their vast and inconceivable magnitude—their distance almost infinite—their unaccountable number; and the rapidity and regularity of their motions, excite, even in ordinary men, the most intense curiosity, and to minds of higher birth hold out the noblest exercise for their powers. But while our judgment thus anticipates its pleasures and its triumphs, the imagination discovers among the starry spheres a boundless field for its creative energies. Drawing its materials from our own globe,—from its variety of life and beauty, and from the condition and destiny of our species,—it perceives in every planetary body a world like our own, teeming with new forms of life and with new orders of intelligence, and regards it as the theatre of events, whose origin, whose duration, and whose final cause, must for ever be involved in impenetrable darkness. Advancing beyond our own system, it recognizes in every twinkling star the central flame of new groups of planets, and pursuing its track only in one out of an infinite number of directions, it describes system beyond system, following each other in endless succession, till it returns exhausted in its strength, and bewildered amid the number, the extent, and the magnificence of its creations.

But while astronomy thus affords to our intellectual nature a field commensurate with its highest efforts, it is fraught with no less advantage to our moral being. The other sciences may, indeed, lay claim to a similar influence, for nowhere is the hand of skill unseen, or the arrangement of benevolence unfelt; but the objects which they present to us are still those of our own sublunary world. They are often too familiar to excite admiration,—too much under our power to excite respect,—too deeply impressed with our own mortality to enforce the lesson which they are so well fitted to suggest. The plains which we desolate, the institutions which we overturn, and the living beings which we trample upon or destroy, are not likely to be the instruments of our moral regeneration. Among scenes, indeed, where man is the tyrant, who can expect him to be the moralist or the philosopher.

How different is it with the bodies which the astronomer contemplates! For man they were not made, and to them his utmost power cannot reach. The world which he inhabits forms but the fraction of an unit in the vast scale upon which they are moulded. It disappears even in the range of distance at which they are placed. When seen from some of the nearest planets, it is but a dull speck in the firmament. Under this conviction, the astronomer must feel his own comparative insignificance; and amidst the sublimity and grandeur of the material universe, the proudest spirit must be abased, and filled for the reception of those nobler truths which can be impressed only on a humble and a softened heart. He, indeed, who has rightly interpreted—the hand-writing of God in the heavens must be well prepared to appreciate it in the record of his revealed will.

Though the study of astronomy thus possesses peculiar claims upon our attention, the history of the science,—of the steps by which it successively attained its present state of perfection is, in another point of view, of nearly equal interest. Commencing in the earliest ages, and carried on with but little interruption to our own day, it forms the most continuous history of the progress of human reason; it exhibits to us the finest picture of the mind struggling against its own prejudices and errors, and finally surmounting the physical and moral barrier which appeared to have set a limit to its efforts; and it displays to us in the most instructive form the labours and the triumphs of men who, by the universal suffrage of ages, have been regarded as the ornaments of their species and as the lights of the civilized world.

THE DEAD SEA.

From Carne's "Letters from the East."

Whoever has seen the Dead Sea, will ever after have its aspect impressed on his memory: it is, in truth, a gloomy and fearful spectacle. The precipices, in general, descend abruptly into the lake, and on account of their height it is seldom agitated by the winds. Its shores are not visited by any footsteps save that of the wild Arab, and he holds it in superstitious dread. On some parts of the rocks there is a thick sulphureous encrustation, which appears foreign to their substance; and in their steep descents there are several deep caverns, where the benighted Bedouin sometimes finds a home. No unpleasant effluvia are perceptible around it, and birds are seen occasionally flying across. For a considerable distance from the bank the water appeared very shallow: this, with the soft slime at the bottom, and the fatigue we had undergone, prevented our trying its buoyant properties by bathing. A few inches beneath the surface of the mud are found those black sulphureous stones, out of which crosses are made and sold to the pilgrims. The water has an abominable taste, in which that of salt predominates: and we observed encrustations of salt on the surface of some of the rocks.

The mountains of the Judean side are lower than those of the Arabian, and also of a lighter colour; the latter chain at its southern extremity is said to consist of dark granite, and is of various colours. The hills which branch from the western end are composed entirely of white chalk: bitumen abounds most on the opposite shore. There is no outlet to this lake, though the Jordan flows into it, as did formerly the Kedron, and the Arnon to the south. It is not known that there has ever been any visible increase or decrease of its waters. Some have supposed that it finds a subterraneous passage to the Mediterranean, or that there is a considerable suction in the plain which forms its western boundary. But this plain, confined by the opposing mountains, is partially cultivated, and pro-

duces trees, and a rude pasture used by the camels of the Bedouins; although in some parts sandy. It has never been navigated since the cities were engulfed; and it is strange that no traveller should have thought of launching a boat to explore it, the only way that promises any success. Mr. H. travelled completely round it, but the journey was a very tedious and expensive one, as it occupied several weeks, and he was obliged to take a strong guard. He made no discovery. The superior of St. Saba related, that the people of the country who had crossed it on camels, in the shallower parts near the southern extremity, had declared to him, they had seen the remains of walls and other parts of buildings beneath the water. This is an old tale, although the waters have the property of encrusting and preserving most substances. Some stunted shrubs and patches of grass, a mere mockery of verdure, were scattered on the withered soil near the rocks. The golden and treacherous apples will be sought for in vain, as well as fish in the lake, which have also been asserted to exist. Its length is probably about sixty miles, the general breadth eight: it might be six miles over where we stood. The sun had now risen above the eastern barrier of mountains, and shone full on the bosom of the lake, which had the appearance of a plain of burnished gold. But the sadness of the grave was on it, and around it, and the silence also. However vivid the feelings are on arriving on its shores, they subside after a time into langour and uneasiness, and you long, if it were possible, to see a tempest wake on its bosom to give sound and life to the scene. We had now passed some hours at the lake, much to the discontent of Ibrahim, who, pacing up and down the shore, and gazing at the caverns, and the summits of the cliffs, was incessantly talking of the probable approach of the Arabs, or their espying us from above. The passage over the wilderness of Ziph had given us a more complete and intimate view of the lake than the usual route to Jericho, which conducts only to its commencement at the embouchure of the Jordan. The narrow beach terminated about two hundred yards below, where the cliffs sank abruptly into the sea. We had now to walk to its extremity along the shores, and over the plain beyond to Jericho, in a sultry day; and we took a last look at this famous spot, to which earth perhaps can furnish no parallel. The precipices around Sinai are savage and shelterless, but not like these, which look as if the finger of an avenging God had passed over their blasted fronts and recesses, and the deep at their feet, and caused them to remain for ever as when they first covered the guilty cities.

Towards the extremity of the sea we passed amidst hills of white chalk, and then entered on a tract of soft sand. Ascending a sand hill that overlooked the plain, we saw Jericho, contrary to our hope, at a great distance; and the level tract we must pass to arrive at it, was exposed to a sultry sun, without a single tree to afford us a temporary shade. The simile of the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," was never more forcibly felt. We pursued our way over the dry and withered plain; the junction of the Jordan with the lake being seen far on the right. It was extremely hot, and I had thoughtlessly thrown away all our fresh water, to fill the leathern vessel with that of the Dead Sea. The route afforded no kind of moisture; springs or streams it was vain to hope for; and my poor attendants threw all the blame on me, and cursed from their hearts the infamous water that precluded the possibility of quenching their thirst. Once or twice I tried to drink it, but its abominable flavour was much worse than the most parching thirst. The plain was often intersected by deep and narrow ravines, the passing of which added to our annoyance and fatigue.

THE JUDGE CONVICTED—FOUNDED ON A FACT.

By William Comstock.

The morning was dark, and the snow lay in piles about the street. A severe coldness was in the atmosphere, and as the bleak wind whistled around the gables of the Court-house, it seemed to sing of other days, in melancholy cadence. It seemed to tell of broken hearts and of every description of human suffering. The wanderers abroad wrapped their cloaks more closely about them, and shivered as much with nervous agitation as with the cold. I was abroad myself on that day; and, although I was at the time a mere youth, yet I have never forgotten the impression which the events of a few hours made upon me. I had been brought up in the strictest manner. I had scarcely been permitted to look upon vice; and to gross immorality I was an utter stranger. But on this bleak and melancholy morning I chanced to pass by the Police Court. I saw several persons hastening into the building in which the court was held, and in order to escape the severe cold I also entered. I had never been in a court of justice before, and I looked around with no small curiosity upon the various arrangements within. I stood outside of the railing with several others, mostly persons of low character, who appeared to have come in for no other purpose but to warm themselves. The judge was on the bench. He was a grave, dignified man, about forty-five years of age. The other officers of the court were in the places assigned for them, and a universal silence reigned on every side. At length the judge seemed to start from a reverie and cried, 'Bring in the prisoner.' An officer immediately seized his pole and went out the door. The few spectators now started up from the lethargy into which they had fallen, and began to look with some interest toward the door at which it was expected the prisoner would enter. They did not wait long before the door opened, and the officer returned, followed by a woman of most wretched appearance. I shuddered and trembled until the railing by which I held vibrated beneath my hand. I had not supposed that human nature could become so utterly cast away and degraded. Could it be possible that the 'human form divine' could ever present such an image of squalid misery? She staggered into the room, and I caught a glimpse of her face. Her face and bosom were covered with filth. Large blotches disfigured her every feature, and around one of her eyes was a circle of black the consequence of a brawl, in which it appears she had been engaged at the time of her arrest. On her head was a straw bonnet, through which the winds found free access, and from under its ragged crown a few tangled gray locks straggled forth. Her dress was insufficient to keep the piercing air from her person, and her red swollen feet were half exposed by the apology for shoes which she could hardly be said to wear. She did not appear to be in the least abashed, but advanced directly to the stand, drew up her rags around her, and, throwing back her straw bonnet, looked steadfastly at her accuser. He was one of the town watch; and, having been sworn, he stated that he had found the prisoner fighting and making loud outcries in the street—that she appeared to be very much intoxicated, and was very impudent.

At this stage of the proceedings the judge asked the watch-man if he had ever seen her in that situation before.

'No sir,' returned the witness. 'It is easy to see by her appearance that she is a woman of abandoned character; but I never saw her before in my life, and desire never to see her again.'

The judge then asked if any body knew where she belonged. An officer arose and stated that he did not know where she belonged, but he knew that she came to town only a few days ago. He also said that the quarrel in which she had been engaged arose from the circumstance, that her landlady, who was very little better than herself, had turned her into the street at midnight, for stealing.

'Stealing!' cried the wretched woman, looking at the last speaker. 'Perhaps you call it stealing; but if to take a rug to cover over the blue and shivering limbs of my poor child is stealing, then—'

'Your child!' cried the judge, 'have you a child?'

Every eye was fixed in surprise when the vagrant opened an old plaid cloak and disclosed beneath its shreds the pale starved countenance of a girl, who appeared not more than six years of age, but who in reality had seen ten miserable Summers and Winters. If the appearance of the mother had been supremely disgusting, that of the girl was so pitiful and wo-begone, that I felt the tears gush into my eyes and my bosom heaved with an emotion which I could not restrain. Even the judge appeared melted, when he saw this little skeleton frame clinging to the waist of its miserable mother, its eyes wildly and timidly cast around her as if she feared that she should be separated from the disgusting wretch who gave her birth.

The judge quickly recovered his firmness however, as if afraid to exhibit a weakness unbecoming his station. He said in a stern voice! 'Has not this woman been here before, Woman, have not I seen you before?'

She turned at the sound of his voice and fixed her eyes upon him in one long and steady gaze. 'Those who had fair view of her countenance say that she had not looked long in the face of the judge before a sudden paleness overspread her features, and her eyes seemed ready to burst from her head. Having surveyed the judge in silence for some time, she replied to his question in a low sepulchral voice that made me tremble, 'Yes, yes we have met before.' The peculiar tone and manner in which the prisoner uttered these simple words produced a death-like silence throughout the court-room. The spectators crowded as near to the railing as they could, and every eye was bent upon the singular wretch who stood at the bar of justice. The judge appeared at first a little struck by her strange conduct; but a man who had seen such a variety of prisoners was not likely to be thrown off his balance by any peculiarity in their conduct. He therefore proceeded with the trial, and asked her if she wished to ask the witness any questions. As he spoke in a sterner tone than he had done before, the little girl, beginning to be apprehensive that evil threatened her mother, wept and sobbed audibly. The prisoner proceeded to ask the witness a few questions and now much surprise was evinced by the officers of the court, at the choice language which proceeded from the swollen and chapped lips of so unprepossessing a figure. The questions were answered by the watchman; but there was a bungling hesitancy in his replies, which seemed to intimate that he had found in the squalid wretch before him a more ingenious questioner than he had anticipated. In short, so unsatisfactory were his replies, that the judge asked if there was not another witness in that case. No other witness was at hand, and therefore the judge turned to hold a short colloquy with the prisoner. 'Are you not ashamed,' said he, 'to let that little girl starve while you are able to work and maintain her decently?'

'Who would give work to me?' returned the other, fixing the same earnest gaze once more on the face of the judge.

'It is your own fault, if you have arrived at such a degraded condition that nobody will receive you into their house,' cried the judge. 'But you seem to have seen better days. You have an alias to your name, I understand. What is your other name?'

'It is not to be pronounced in such a place at this,' said she still fixing her unquailing eyes on the magistrate. 'You might recollect it if you heard it.'

'Enough,' said the judge. 'You acknowledge that you have been in this court before. I thought I had a faint recollection of your features.'

'Ah!' cried she, elevating her hand, and her head, 'we have met before.'

'You confess that you have been brought before me the second time,' said the judge. 'What have you to say for yourself why you should not be sentenced to six months in prison?'

The prisoner looked down and remained silent a moment, when she again looked upon the judge and said, 'I will tell you where I came from, and all about it. You shall also know my true name.'

'Proceed, then,' said the magistrate, placing himself in an attitude for listening, 'and see that you tell me the truth.'

'O, yes, I will tell you the truth,' cried she, with a low laugh. 'Ye may not be always so fond of hearing the truth.'

'You waste time,' said the judge. The prisoner stilled her child, and proceeded.

'The present condition to which you see me reduced is the consequence of treachery in one whom I supposed to be my lover.'

'A very common plea,' interrupted the judge. 'Your lover must have been greatly enamored of such a beautiful object as you are. I admire his taste.'

'He was considered respectable,' said the prisoner, 'and I thought him respectable. Nay, he is to this day regarded as a very respectable gentleman.'

'Where does he live?' said the judge.

'You shall know all in good time,' returned she. 'My father was a wealthy husbandman in one of the Middle States. I was his only child, and his heart was bound up in me. When a cloud crossed my brow, he was miserable until I appeared cheerful again.'

'Is the old man alive now?' said the judge. 'Truly, he must be proud of such a daughter.'

'He is not alive,' cried she. 'No no. His gray hairs have gone down in sorrow to the grave. The seducer came. I believed the tales he told me. He swore eternal constancy. He promised to take me to the city, and introduce me to his friends, who were some of the first in the land. I thought there was no guile in his mouth. My innocence.—'

'This a tale which you have picked up from some novel,' said the judge. 'I'll be bound that you have told it before in half the courts in the country. It is very improbable that you were ever seduced. You have wilfully taken up this course of life. For shame! Take her away, carriage stable.'

'No no—not yet,' cried the prisoner. 'I can prove what I say. I can bring such evidence that the seducer of my innocence and the murderer of my father shall himself own his crimes, and stand before you in all the horror of guilt.'

Observing that every one in court was impressed by her earnest manner and being himself strangely interested in the fate of this wretched being, the judge motioned to her to continue her story.

'The crafty man who wrought my ruin,' said she, 'belonged to——. He was a lawyer who was said to be rising in his profession, and whose personal and mental qualities were calculated to captivate the heart of a young simple maiden, such as I was then.'

'How long ago was that?' said the judge.

'When I first saw this bad man,' said she, 'it was eleven years ago.'

'But you are now fifty I should say.'

'No, sir: Sorrow and sin have made dreadful inroads upon my constitution since my father died. I am but thirty-one years of age. It was eleven years ago, last October, since I first—'

'Stop! stop!' said the judge. 'This cannot be true. You cannot have sunk so low in so short a time. You are older, much older than that.'

It was observed that the judge pronounced these words with a great deal of emphasis, and that his countenance was suffused with blood. He was supposed to be in passion with the prisoner, on account of her attempting to deceive him with respect to her age. She quietly answered him, but fixed her eyes on his face as she did so, 'do not deceive you. There are those who understand deception better than I. I say that this lawyer led me step by step, until he effected my ruin. Since then I have been a cheerless and homeless wanderer, with the poor child, over the world. I have sometimes subsisted on the wages of sin. At first I was obliged to have recourse to such business, in order to support myself and my perishing little one. At length poverty deprived me of what little pride I had. I became wholly abandoned. God! to what misery has one false step reduced me! The eyes of the judge now glanced frequently at the man, and at every glance his countenance became

pale. At length he said, "Take her away, constable! Away with her!"

"Hold!" said she to the officer. "First let me tell your judge my other name. A moment ago he was anxious to hear it. Now let him have it. My true name is Clarissa Huntingdon."

The judge sprang upon his feet, as if he had been shot by a musket ball. In a voice almost choked with rage and agitation, he stammered and roared, "Do your duty, officers. Away! Away! I tell ye, with that woman."

"Nay, then," cried she, flinging off her tattered cloak, and holding the wasted form of her purple-faced child on high—"Look! look! Charles, look upon your child! See, her little fleshless arms are stretched to you for protection. Her shivering limbs need clothing. She is hungry, very hungry! Look, Amelia, look upon your father! See how well dressed he is! See how plump his cheeks are! He does not live on offals. He can get bread to eat. He did not sleep on straw last night. Ha! ha! ha! He owns his child. He looks at us. Speak to him. It is your father!"

For a moment the eyes of the judge glared wildly upon his child and the woman whom he had ruined. His countenance became still more flushed. He made a frightful gesture with his arm. That member fell lifeless to his side. His eyes rolled up in his head. His head sunk upon his shoulder, and he fell back upon his seat. In another moment a loud noise announced that the heavy form of the judge had fallen from his seat to the floor. Assistance was rendered in vain. His guilty agitation had caused an attack of apoplexy, to which he was subject, and his spirit had flown to the bar of that God whom he had so much offended.

The wretched Clarissa and her daughter were taken charge of by a brother of the deceased judge—a pious and benevolent man, who had frequently exerted himself, without much effect, for the reform of his heartless brother.

The child was so well attended to, that she not only lived, but became a healthy and interesting child. Let no one despair of reforming his abandoned fellow, when I state that even the debased Clarissa became a decent and orderly woman, and died in the hope of hymning the praises of Christ at the resurrection of the just.

A DISPUTE BETWEEN MEN OF HONOUR.

The pleasant satirical "Pickwick papers" furnish the following amusing description of a dispute between two young gentlemen of honour, which seems to have been conducted with much spirit on both sides.

The belligerents vented their feelings of mutual contempt for some time in a variety of frownings and sneerings, until at last the scorbutick youth felt it necessary to come to a more explicit understanding on the matter, when the following clear understanding took place.

"Sawyer," said the scorbutick youth in a loud voice.

"Well, Noddy," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said Mr. Noddy, "to create any unpleasautness at my friend's table, and much less at yours, Sawyer—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman."

"And I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside," said Mr. Gunter, "but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbours by throwing the person who has just spoken out the window."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"What I say," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I should like to see you do it, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"You shall feel me do it in half a minute, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I request that you'll favour me with your card, sir," said Mr. Noddy:

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Why not, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, sir," replied Gunter.

"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning," said Mr. Noddy.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servant to lock up the spoons," replied Mr. Gunter.

At this point the remainder of the guests interposed, and remonstrated with both parties on the impropriety of their conduct, on which Mr. Noddy begged to state that his father was quite as respectable as Mr. Gunter's father, and that his father's son was as good a man as Mr. Noddy, any day in the week.

As this announcement seemed to prelude to a commencement of the dispute, there was another interference on the part of the company: and a vast quantity of talking and clamouring ensued, in the course of which Mr. Noddy gradually allowed his feelings to overpower him, and professed that he had ever entertained a devoted personal attachment towards Mr. Gunter. To this Mr. Gunter replied, that, upon the whole, he rather preferred Mr. Noddy to his own brother. On hearing which admission, Mr. Noddy magnanimously rose from his seat, and proffered his hand to Mr. Gunter. Mr. Gunter grasped it with affecting fervour; and everybody said that the dispute had been conducted in a manner which was highly honourable to both parties concerned.

TO A CHILD TWO YEARS OF AGE.

By N. P. Willis.

BRIGHT be the skies that cover thee,

Child of the sunny brow—

Bright as the dream flung over thee

By all that meets thee now.

Thy heart is beating joyously,

Thy voice is like a bird's,

And sweetly breaks the melody

Of thy imperfect words.

I know no fount that gushes out

As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou mightest ever be

As beautiful as now—

That Time might ever leave as free

Thy yet unwritten brow—

I would life were "all poetry,"

To gentle measure set,

That nought but chastened melody

Might stain thine eye of jet—

Nor one discordant note be spoken,

Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these

With woman's lot are wove,

Wrought of intenser sympathies,

And nerved by purer love.

By the strong spirit's discipline,

By the fierce wrong forgiven,

By all that wrings the heart of sin,

Is woman won to heaven.

"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—

God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,

Thy witching tone and air;

Thine eyes beseeching earnestness

May be to thee a snare.

The silver stars may purely shine,

The waters taintless flow—

But they who kneel at woman's shrine

Breathe on it as they bow—

Ye may fling back the gift again,

But the crushed flower will leave a stain.

What shall preserve thee, lovely child!

Keep thee as thou art now?

Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,

At God's pure throne to bow?

The world is but a broken reed,

And life grows early dim:

Who shall be near thee in thy need,

To lead thee up—to Him?

He, who himself was "undefiled:"

With Him we trust thee, lovely child!

SCIENCE RIVALLING FICTION.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

The marvels of romance are daily exceeded in the proportion as fact frequently transcends fiction in its strange and infinitely diversified developements. Was the lamp of Aladdin, in the Arabian Nights, with all its mysterious virtue, to be compared with the lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy, by which the miner is enabled to pursue his perilous researches in the bowels of the earth, and dig out its hidden treasures in the presence of one of the most tremendous powers of nature, which, like the hundred-sighted dragon of the Hesperides, watching the golden apples, seems placed there to interdict the approach of man. He, nevertheless, by means of no magic circle, but a slight inclosure of wire-gauze, guarding the incendiary light from the attack of the fire-damp spirit, labours unharmed, and breathes under an atmosphere of death, which (should the enemy, in some neglected moment, break through the slender fence) would explode, and involve himself and his companions in instantaneous destruction.

Again, what has classic mythology or legendary fable conceived more marvellous to the ignorant beholder, or more admirable to the instructed mind, than the prodigies of mechanical invention held in motion by the power of steam, which man can now compel to do his pleasure both on land and at sea; while by it he exhausts subtanean rivers, traverses metallic roads, and transports innumerable burdens with incredible speed over the surface of the earth, or moves in like manner upon the world of waters, without dependence on wind or tide? Or when, as the cotton-manufacture, he compels its service in the most multiform, powerful, complex, and delicate machinery ever invented, at once exercising the force of Briareus, with his hundred arms, and with

"The spider's touch (so) exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

Here innumerable wheels, on their axles, seem themselves to be instinct with spirit, and their work carried on by an impulse as hidden as that which rolls the stars through the firmament;—like the stars, too, in their revolutions, presenting to the uninitiated eye

"Mazes intricate,
Eccentric, interwolved; yet regular
Then most when most irregular they seem."

Meanwhile the mechanism like that of the heavens, all perfect in its parts, from the largest to the most minute, and all depending on the rest—so combines every movement, that as with one accord they perform a common purpose by the aggregation of individual efforts. What strikes the eye and affects the mind of a stranger (judging by my own experience some years ago) is, that the living agents appear to have little more to do than to superintend the unintelligent apparatus, to minister to its wants, as a bird feeds her young, and to furnish materials for the transforming process, by which the prompt machine receives the flake from the cotton-plant, and separating the gross from the fine, twists the subtle filaments for the warp or the woof. These, again, being transferred to the power-loom are as rapidly converted into the web for use, as the fibres themselves,

"That turn the adamantine spindle round,
And wield the abhorred shears,"

can spin, weave, and cut off as they are completed, the threads and webs of mortal lives; millions new coming, millions running on, and millions just ending, without ever one being forgotten in its turn.

THE DEATH-BED OF AN EMPRESS.—The death-bed of the Empress Maria-Louisa of Austria, was a very remarkable one. When she was near her dissolution one of the ladies in waiting said she was sleeping. "No," said she, "I could not sleep, if I would indulge repose, but I am conscious of the near reproach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep; I wish to meet my dissolution awake." She died shortly after.

From the Lady's Book.

THE BLIND GIRL'S STORY.

By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

All is still and solitary—the lamp burns on the table, with wasting splendour. The writing-desk is open before me, with the last letter unfolded—the letter I have cherished so fondly, though every word seems an arrow to my conscience. I cannot solace myself by the act, yet I must give utterance to the feelings with which my heart is bursting. On these unwritten sheets I will breathe my soul—I will trace its early history, and, perchance, his eye may see them when mine are veiled in a darkness deeper than that which once sealed them. Yet what shall I write? How shall I commence? What great events rise up in the records of memory, over which imagination may throw its rich empurpled dyes? Alas! mine is but a record of the heart—but of a blind girl's heart—and that Being who bound my eyes with a fillet of darkness, till the hand of science lifted the thick film, and flooded them with the glories of creation, alone knows the mysteries of the spirit he has made. His eye is upon me at this moment, and as this awful conviction comes over me, a kind of death-like calmness settles on the restless sea of passion. Oh! when I was blind, what was my conception of the All-seeing eye! It seemed to me as if it filled the world with its effulgence. I felt as if I, in my blindness, were placed in that rock where Moses hid, when the glory of the Lord passed by. Would that no daring hand had drawn me from that protecting shade. The beams that enlighten me have withered up the fountains of joy, and though surrounded by light, as with a garment, my soul is wrapped in the gloom of midnight. I was a blind child—blind from my birth—with one brother, older than myself, and a widowed father,—for we were motherless—motherless, sisterless—yet blind. What a world of dependence is expressed in those few words. But, though thus helpless and dependent, I was scarcely conscious of my peculiar claim to sympathy and care.

My father was wealthy, and my childhood was crowned with every indulgence that wealth could purchase, or parental tenderness devise. My brother was devotedly attached to me, giving all his leisure to my amusement—for I was looked upon as hallowed by the misfortune which excluded me from communion with the visible world—and my wishes became laws, and my happiness the paramount object of his household. Heaven, perhaps, as a kind of indemnification for depriving me of one of the wonted blessings of life, moulded me in a form which pleased the fond eyes of my relatives, and, as it was my father's pride to array me in a most graceful and becoming dress, my sightless eyes being constantly covered by a silken screen, I was a happy child. If it had not been for the epithet, *poor*, so often attached to my name, I should never have dreamed that mine was a forlorn destiny. "My poor little blind girl," my father would exclaim, as he took me in his lap, after his return from his business abroad—"My poor little sister," was the constant appellation given me by my affectionate brother, yet I was happy. When he led me in the garden, through the odorous flowers, I felt a kind of aching rapture at the sweetness they exhaled—their soft, velvet texture, was ecstasy to the touch, and the wind-harps that played amid the branches of the trees were like the lyres of angels to my ears. Then the songs of birds, with what thrilling sensations would I listen to these harmonists of nature, these winged minstrels of God's own choir, as they lifted their strains of living harmony in the dim corridors of the woods. They painted to me the beauty of the world, and I believed them—but I could conceive nothing so beautiful as sound. I associated the idea of every thing that was lovely with music. It was my passion, and also my peculiar talent. Every facility which art has furnished to supply the deficiencies of nature was given me, and my progress was considered astonishing by those who are not aware of the power and acuteness of touch bestowed upon the sightless. I love to linger on the days of my childhood, when sunshine flowed in upon my heart in one unclouded stream. The serpent slumbered in the bottom of

the fountain—had no one gone down into its depths, its venom might have slumbered yet. My first cause of sorrow was parting with my brother—"my guide my companion, my familiar friend." He was sent to a distant college, and I felt for a while as if I were alone in the world, for my father was in public life, and it was only at evening he had leisure to indulge in the tenderness of domestic feeling. He had never given up the hope that I might recover my sight. When I was very small there was an operation performed upon my eyes, but it was by an unskilful oculist, and unsuccessful. After this I had an unspeakable dread of any future attempt,—the slightest allusion to the subject threw me into such nervous agitation, my father at last forebore to mention it. "Let me live and die under this shade," I would say, "like the flower that blooms in the cleft of the rock. The sunshine and the dew are not for me." Time glided away. In one year more and Henry would complete his collegiate course. I was in the morning of woman-hood, but my helpless condition preserved to me all the privileges and indulgences of the child. It was at this era—why did I here dash aside my pen, and press my hands upon my temples to still the throbbings of a thousand pulses, starting simultaneously into motion? Why cannot we always be children? Why was I not suffered to remain blind?—A young physician came into the neighbourhood, who had already acquired some fame as an oculist. He visited our family—he became almost identified with our household. Philanthropy guided him in his choice of a profession. He knew himself gifted with extraordinary talents, and that he had it in his power to mitigate the woes of mankind. But though the votary of duty, he was a worshipper at the shrine of intellect and taste. He loved poetry, and, next to music, it was my passion. He read to me the melodious strains of the sons of song, in a voice more eloquent, in its low depth of sweetness, than the minstrels whose harmony he breathed. When I touched the keys of the piano, his voice was raised, in unison with mine. If I wandered in the garden, his hand was ever ready to guide, and his arm to sustain me. He brought me the wild flower of the field, and the exotic of the green-house, and, as he described their hues and outlines, I scarcely regretted the want of vision. Here, in this book, I have pressed each gift. I remember the very words he uttered when he gave me this cluster—"See," said he, "nay, feel this upright stem, so lofty, till bending from the weight of the flower it bears. It is a lily—I plucked it from the margin of a stream, in which it seemed gazing on its white waxen leaves. Touch gently the briars of this wild rose. Thus heaven guards the innocence and beauty that gladdens the eyes of the wayfaring man. Cecilia, would you not like to look upon these flowers?" "Yes, but far rather on the faces of those I love—my father's—my brother's. Man is made in the image of his Maker, and his face must be divine." "Oh!" added I, in the secrecy of my own soul, "how divine must be the features of that friend, who has unfolded to me such unspeakable treasures of genius and feeling, whose companionship seems a foretaste of the felicities of heaven." It was then, for the first time, he dared to suggest to me a hope that my blindness was not incurable. He told me he had been devoting all his leisure to this one subject, and that he was sure he had mastered every difficulty—that though mine was a peculiar case, and had once baffled the efforts of the optician, he dared to assure himself of complete success. "And if I fail," said he "if through my means no light should visit your darkened orbs, then," continued he, with an expression of feeling that seemed wholly irrepressible, "suffer me to be a light to your eye and a lamp to your feet. But if it should be my lot to bestow upon you the most glorious of the gifts of God, to meet from you one glance of gratitude and love, were a recompense I would purchase with life itself." Did I dream? or were these words breathed to me?—me, the helpless, blind girl! to receive the unmeasured devotion of one of the most gifted and interesting of created beings. I had thought that he pitied me, that he felt for me the kindness of a brother, that he found in me some congenial tastes—but that he loved me so entirely, it was a con-

fession as unlooked for as overpowering. My heart ached from the oppression of its joy. Let not the cold-hearted and vain smile, when I repeat the broken accents of gratitude, trust, and love, that fell from my lips. My helplessness sanctified the offer, and I received his pledge of faith as a holy thing, to be kept holy through time and eternity.

Never shall I forget that moment, when the first ray of light penetrated the long midnight that had shrouded my vision. It was in a darkened apartment. My father, one female friend, and Clinton, the beloved physician—these were around me. Faint, dim, and uncertain, as the first gray of the dawn, was that ray, but it was the herald of coming light, and hailed as a day-spring from on high. A bandage was immediately drawn over my brow, but, during the weeks in which I was condemned to remain in darkness, the memory of that dim radiance was ever glimmering round me. There was a figure kneeling, with clasped hands and upraised head, pale and venerable—I knew it was my father's—for the same figure folded me to his heart the next moment, and wept like an infant. There was one with soft flowing outline, and loose robes, by my side,—and bending over me, with eyes gazing down into the mysteries of my being, shadowy, but glorious, was he who received the first glance of the being he had awakened to a new creation. Slowly, gradually was I allowed to emerge from my eclipse, but when I was at last led from my darkened chamber, when I looked abroad on the face of nature, clothed as she was in the magnificent garniture of summer, when I saw the heavens unrolled in their majesty, the sun travelling in the greatness of his strength, the flowers glowing in the beams that enamelled them, I closed my eyes, almost fainting from the excessive glory. I will not attempt to describe my sensations when I first distinctly saw the lineament of my loved Creator contained nothing so lovely to my sight. To see the soul, the thinking, feeling, immortal soul, flashing with enthusiasm, or darkening with tenderness, looking forth from his eyes, and feel my own mingling with his. No one but those who have once been blind, and not see, can imagine the intensity of my emotions. Next to my Creator, I felt my homage was due to him, and sure it is not impious to apply to him the sublime language of Scripture—"He said, let there be light, and there was light."

Our mansion was transformed. My father gathered his friends around him to participate in his joy. My brother was summoned home. There seemed one continual jubilee. I turned coldly, however, from all these festivities, occupied almost exclusively with one feeling,—could not feign an interest in others I did not feel. I began even at this early period to experience the symptoms of that passion, which has since consumed me. Clinton, though still as ever, the kind, devoted, watchful guardian, hovering round my steps, as a shield me from every danger, Clinton, I saw, shared the pleasures of sociality and returned the smiles kindled wherever he moved. He was a universal favorite in society, and knew how to adapt himself to others—not from a vague desire of popularity, but from a benevolence, a sunny glow of feeling, shedding light and warmth all around. Even then there were moments when I regretted my blindness, and wished I had never seen the smiles and glances, which I would fain rivet for ever on myself. Henry, my brother, once whispered to me, "I was turning, in a languid manner, the leaves of a new book, not caring to play, because Clinton was not being over my chair, "My dear Cecilia, do not let Clinton see too glaringly his power over you. There is scarcely a man in the world who can be trusted with unlimited power. We are ungrateful creatures, my sweet sister, and do not know us half as well as we know each other. You ought to love Clinton, for he merits it, but be not of yourself. Do not love him too well for his peace of your own." Alas! poor Henry—how little have I heeded your brotherly admonitions? But when did passion listen to the counsels of reason—when will it? What cygnet's down proves a barrier to the tempest's

We were married. I became the inmate of a home, fashioned after the model of my own taste. Every thing was arranged with a view to my happiness. The curtains and decorations of the house were all of the softest green, for the repose of my still feeble eyes. Oh! thou benefactor of my life—friend, lover, husband, would that I could go back to the hour when we plighted our wedded vows, and live over the past, convinced, though too late, how deeply I have wronged thee—confiding implicitly in my love and truth, we might live together the life of angels! And we were happy for a while. We withdrew as much as possible from the gay world. He saw that I loved retirement, and he consulted my feelings as far as was consistent with the duties of his profession. I might have been convinced, by this of the injustice of my suspicions. I might have known that he loved me better than all the world beside. During the day he was but seldom with me, as his practice was extensive, and often called him at a distance from home, but the evening was mine, and it seemed my peculiar province, for I shrunk from the full blaze of sunlight. The brightness was too intense, but when the moon was gliding over the firmament, in her sweet, approachable loveliness, and the soft glitter of the stars was around, I could fix my undazzled eyes, and marvel at the wonderful works of God. Clinton was a devout astronomer—he taught me the name of every planet that burned—of every star known to science. He was rich in the wisdom of ancient days, and his lips distilled instruction as naturally and constantly as the girl in the fairy tale dropped the gems of the Orient. I have made mention of a female friend—she was the daughter of a deceased friend of my father, and, as such, came under his especial guardianship. Since my marriage she had remained with him, to cheer his loneliness, but her health becoming very delicate, he sent her to be my guest, that she might receive medical aid from my husband. She was not a decided invalid, but her mother had died of a consumption, and it was feared she had a hereditary tendency to that disease. Alice was a pale, delicate looking girl, with sometimes a hectic flush on her cheek, a frail, drooping form, and extremely pensive cast of countenance. The dread of this constitutional malady hung over her like a death-cloud, and aggravated symptoms slight in themselves. Though there was nothing very attractive in the appearance of this poor girl, she was calculated to excite pity, and sympathy and surely she had every claim to mine. I did pity her, and sought by every attention and kindness, to enliven her despondency, and rouse her to hope and vivacity. But I soon found that my father had encroached sadly on my domestic happiness by giving this charge to my husband. Air, exercise, and gentle recreation, were the remedies prescribed by the physician, and it was his duty to promote these by every means in his power. She often accompanied him on horseback in his rides, a pleasure from which I was completely debarred, for, in my blindness, I was incapacitated, and the lunidity which originated from my situation remained after the cause was removed. It was sometime before I was willing to acknowledge to myself the pain which this arrangement gave me. I felt as if my dearest privileges were invaded. I had been so accustomed, from infancy, to be the sole object of every attention, these daily offices bestowed upon another, though dictated by kindness and humanity, were intolerable to me. Had I seen the congregated world around her, offering every homage, it would not have given me one envious pang—but Clinton, my husband, he was more precious to me than ten thousand worlds. She leaned too exclusively on his guardian care. I tried to subdue my feeling—I tried to assume an appearance of indifference. My manners gradually became cold and constrained, and instead of greeting my husband with the joyous smile of welcome, on his return, I would avert from his the eyes which had received from him their living rays. Frank and unsuspecting himself, he did not seem to divine the cause of my altered demeanour. When he asked me why I was so silent, or so sad, I pleaded indisposition, lassitude—any thing but the truth. I blamed him for his want of penetration, for I felt as if my soul

were bare, and that the eye of affection could read the tidings revealed by my changing cheek and troubled brow. In justice to myself, let me say, that Alice, by her manner, justified my emotions.

Enlightened by the sentiment in my own bosom, I could not but mark that the hectic flush always became brighter when Clinton approached, that her glance, kindling as it moved followed his steps with a kind of idolatry. Then she hung upon his words with an attention so flattering. Was she reading, reclining on the sofa, apparently languid and uninterested, the moment he spoke she would close her book, or lean forward, as if fearful of losing the faintest sound of that voice, which was the music of my life. I could have borne this for a day, a week, a month—but to be doomed to endure it for an indefinite term, perhaps for life, it was unendurable. A hundred times I was on the point of going to my father, and telling him the secret of my unhappiness, entreat him to recall my too encroaching guest, but shame and pride restrained me. Chilled and wounded by my coldness, my husband gradually learned to copy it, and no longer sought the smiles and caresses my foolish, too exciting heart, deemed he no longer valued. Oh! blissful days of early confidence and love! were ye forever flown? Was no beam of tenderness permitted to penetrate the old frost-work of ceremony deepening between us? It is in vain to cherish love, with the memory of what has been. It must be fed with daily living offerings, or the vestal fire will wax dim and perish—then fearful is the penalty that ensues. The doom denounced upon the virgins of the temple, when they suffered the holy flame to become extinct, was less terrible. Alice, when the mildness of the weather allowed, almost made her home in the garden. She must have felt that I shrunk from her society, and I knew she could not love the wife of Clinton. She carried her books and pencil there—she watched the opening blossoms, and gathered the sweetest, to make her offering at the shrine she loved. My husband was evidently pleased with these attentions, flowing, as he thought, from a gentle and grateful heart, and his glance and voice grew softer when he turned to address the invalid.—*To be continued.*

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

I walked out in the morning, when the mild spring had spread her verdant mantle upon the fields and called forth the blossoms and the bud—when the green shrub was expanding its leaves like the wings of the newly-fledged bird and the rills leaped gladly along in the sunlight, and I marked and enjoyed the freshness and beauty of the scene; but a little flowret that bloomed lonely by the pathway, arrested my attention, and I turned aside to contemplate its hues, and admire the delicacy of its form. It was lovely yet meek, and rich with fragrance, which it flung upon the light wings of the passing wind; and I thought it an emblem of a young and guileless heart, it stood so unprotected in its innocence. I would not pluck it, although it looked so fair and inviting, but let it bloom upon its slender stem, to meet the next passer by, and charm him with its sweetness. I returned in the evening and sought for the gentle flower, but the cruel tread of the heedless stranger had been upon it and crushed it, and it lay upon the ground broken and bleeding, unnoticed and alone. And I thought it, as it lay thus before me, an emblem of the human heart, when its delicate pride had been wounded by the thoughtless or designing, who pass on their way and leave the stricken one to mourn in the silent desolation of the heart. I moralized on the fate of the dying flower, and received from it a lesson that sunk deep into my mind. It taught me that only the great, and wealthy are secure from aggressions like this; and that their claims and pretensions are acknowledged and respected, while the innocent and unpretending are slighted and despised, and their merits unseen and unrewarded. Yet let not the proud one exult in the ascendancy which fictitious advantages may have given him, nor the child of indigence lament the lowliness of his lot; for peace and contentment may visit the cottage, when they shun the lordly mansion, and the cares and discontents of the rich are excluded from the quiet hearth-sides

of the poor—while even amidst his bitterest repinings, the oppressed may find a consolation; he knows that the wave of time is sweeping onward forever; man may wish to stay its course when the heaven above him is unclouded; and that all the myriad barks which crowd its bosom will alike be dashed upon the shore of oblivion, and their shattered wrecks shrink beneath the surface of its waters.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Family religion is of unspeakable importance. Its effect will greatly depend on the sincerity of the head of the family, and on his mode of conducting the worship of his household. If his children and servants do not see his prayers exemplified in his temper and manners, they will be disgusted with religion. Tediousness will weary them. Fine language will shoot above them. Formality of connexion or composition they will not comprehend. Gloominess or austerity of devotion will make them dread religion as a hard service. Let them be met with smiles. Let them be met as for the most delightful service in which they can be engaged. Let them find it short, savory, simple, plain, tender, heavenly. Worship, thus conducted, may be used as an engine of vast power in a family. It diffuses a sympathy through the members. It calls off the mind from the deadening effect of worldly affairs. It arrests every member, with a morning and evening sermon, in the midst of all the hurries and cares of life. It says, "There is a God!" "There is a spiritual world!" "There is a life to come!" It fixes the idea of responsibility in the mind. It furnishes a tender and judicious father or master with an opportunity of gently glancing at faults, where a direct admonition might be inexpedient. It enables him to relieve the weight with which subordination or service often sits on the minds of inferiors.

BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE.

If Longinus knew anything of the sublime in writing, the scriptures must be full of it; since his whole work, compared with their several parts, seems but a comment on the beauties; and if there be anything in what has been written by Quintilian of the force of oratory, the power of self-assistant arguments, there we behold it all. No work was ever at once so animated, and so correct; so plain, and so full of elegance. What is said of architecture, is equally true of style; that simplicity is the source of all true beauty, and that a profusion of misplaced ornaments and figures, while they strike the eyes of children and idiots, accuse the structure, to the discerning eye, of barbarism. Different authors have made approaches toward excellence, in the different manners of writing, but it is this work alone, that we are to look for perfection in all; nor is this a wonder, when we recollect that the others are the products of limited and imperfect conceptions, this of unbounded and infallible; that they are human, this divine.

THE COUNTRY.—The country begins to be delightful—like one beloved, it is all smiles, beauty, and good humour: the blossoms are its smiles—the many-tinted green its ever-varying beauty—and the bland breath of summer imparts to it, and reveals its own felicity. The spirit of enjoyment is abroad—we hear its musick in the wood, and the murmuring rivulet: its whisperings among the young leaves and the aspiring grass! The whip-poor-will echoes it in his evening lay, and the many songs of the morning proclaim how full of happiness is nature!

LETTER H.—In a dispute, whether H was really a letter, or a simple aspiration, the celebrated preacher, Rowland Hill, contended that it was a letter; and he concluded by observing, that if it be not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being ill. [Hill without H] all the days of his life.

SENSIBILITY, CORPOREAL.—That curiosity which certain writers regard as an innate principle, is the desire in us of being happy, and of improving our condition: it is no other than the development of corporeal sensibility.

CAVERNS. There may be some times a difficulty in explaining the origin of those fissures and cavities which so frequently intersect strata, and are especially numerous in mountainous countries, and in limestone rocks. They may, however, be usually traced to the sinking or elevation of strata by volcanic forces, or to the action of water. Some singular theories have been proposed to account for the formation of caverns, and we remember one that assumes their elevation by the expansion of gases given off by dead bodies buried in the strata. Caverns generally consist of a series of galleries and apartments, to which the first open space is but the vestibule. Rivers take their rise in some caverns, and in others they are lost. But this is not the only proof of the existence of subterranean waters, for we are assured of the fact by the phenomena which attend the activity of the volcanic force, by springs and other appearances. It is stated by a traveller, that in some of the caverns of Norway, the roar of the subterranean torrents may be heard as they bound along their contracted channels, beneath the floor of their gloomy recesses. A rivulet flows through the Peak Cavern, in Derbyshire. The entrance to this beautiful cave is a deep depressed arch, 120 feet wide, and 40 feet high; the cave itself is about 800 yards in length. From some caverns that of Mount Eoto, near Turin, for example, an intensely cold wind proceeds and others give out malignant vapours. The roofs of some are covered with stalactites, pendent masses of calcareous matter, presenting singularly fantastic forms. The grotto of Antiparos, situated in an island of the same name, one of the Cyclades, has been long celebrated for the variety and beauty of the incrustations which cover its ceiling, walls, and floors.

SPRINGS.—Springs, which frequently give birth to rivers and lakes, are found in nearly all districts. There is no class of natural appearances that presents more varied and interesting phenomena, and few that more deserve the attention of the geographer. Springs which are constantly flowing, without any apparent diminution of quantity, are called perennial; others are called periodical springs. An intermittent spring is one that flows at fixed intervals, such as that of Como, in Italy, described by Pliny, which rises and falls every hour; and that at Colmars, in Provence, which rises eight times in an hour. There are also some spouting springs, such as those of Iceland, which rise to a great height, and the phenomenon is probably produced by the fall or pressure of the water contained in a reservoir at a considerable elevation above the aperture from which the water is thrown. Many springs are undoubtedly connected with the sea, for they rise and fall with it: this is the case with nearly all those in Greenland.

If we turn from modern to ancient records, still more remarkable statements in relation to springs will be discovered, but there are few of them that command belief. The Greeks whose warm and vivid imaginations gathered flowers of inexpressible beauty from every portion of nature, with which fancy wrought a garb to cover ignorance, were never weary of tracing the history of their fountains, and the deities who presided over them. There were some springs that caused death, some leprosy, and some gave the power of prophecy: oblivion was the result of tasting the waters of some, and the mystic stream of Arethusa gave beauty. The man who has devoted any time to the perusal of the writers of antiquity, and stored his mind with the fable and imagery which give life and energy to all their descriptions, can hardly fail, when he thinks of the natural appearances that prompted them, to recall to mind the impressions which the first perusal could not fail to produce.

No one theory is sufficient to account for all the singular appearances presented by springs, though it is probable that some one cause is more active than others, and may be the general agent, while others modify its results. Some persons have attributed springs to the passage of water from the sea along subterraneous channels into elevated natural reservoirs. But as water cannot ascend above its level, this theory cannot account for any of those springs which are situated above the level of the ocean, and consequently the doctrine of capillary attraction has been called in to aid the hypothesis. It is well known that water will ascend small tubes and threads to a considerable height above its ordinary elevation, and it has been supposed that such forms may exist in the interior of the earth, and the water be thus raised above its level. But this theory cannot assist the speculator, because a liquid does not flow through a capillary tube, though it may be raised in it beyond the ordinary level. There is no doubt that many springs have their reservoirs at an immense depth below the surface of the ground from which the water is thrown; and it is more than possible that the water may be raised by the pressure of confined vapours, which struggling for enlargement, force it through the fissures connected with its reservoirs. Dr. Hutton attributes springs to the percolation of water through rocks into natural cisterns, from which it is discharged at a level lower than that of its collected volume. There are many perennial springs in mountainous regions, and there is, perhaps, no other theory than this that will account for them. The fall of rain, and the melting of snow upon the summits of

mountains, produce a considerable body of water, part of which penetrates the permeable strata, and is thrown again to the surface at a lower elevation along some fissure, or in the line of stratification.—*Wm. M. Higgins.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1837.

INNOCENT PLEASURES FOR THE PEOPLE. (Continued.)—As a substitute for the acting theatre, Dr. Channing recommends public recitations of poetry and the Drama. The present depraved condition of the stage is such that its continuance is no longer to be desired—its measure of iniquity is full, and for the sake of the public morals, it is to be hoped, its days are numbered. But whatever objections may be urged against the modern theatre, the most rigid moralist can have none against the recitation of pieces in prose and verse. The following are the sober remarks of Dr. Channing on this interesting subject:

“I approach another subject, on which a greater variety of opinion exists than on the last, and that is the theatre. In its present state, the theatre deserves no encouragement. It is an accumulation of immoral influences. It has nourished intemperance and all vice. In saying this, I do not say that the amusement is, radically, essentially evil. I can conceive of a theatre, which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do and dare and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of a spectator is stirred from its depths; and the lethargy, in which so many live, is roused, at least for a time, to some intensity of thought and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose, when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings. But how little does the theatre accomplish its end? How often is it disgraced by distortions of human nature, and still more disgraced by profaneness, indelicacy, low wit, such as no woman, worthy of the name, can bear without a blush, and no man can take pleasure in without self degradation. Is it possible that a Christian and a refined people can resort to theatres, where exhibitions of dancing are given fit only for brothels, and where the most licentious class in the community throng unconcealed to tempt and destroy? That the theatre should be suffered to exist in its present degradation is a reproach to the community. Were it to fall, a better drama might spring up in its place. In the meantime, is there not an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us? I mean recitation. A work of genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm, and powers of elocution, is a very pure and high gratification. Were this art cultivated and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible to the most beautiful compositions, might be waked up to their excellence and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way of spreading a refined taste, through a community. The drama, undoubtedly, appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation; but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakspeare, worthily recited, would be better understood than on the stage. Then, in recitation, we escape the weariness of listening to poor performers, who, after all, fill up most of the time at the theatre. Recitation, sufficiently varied, so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well of pathos, beauty and sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls below it. Should this exhibition be introduced among us successfully, the result would be, that the power of recitation would be thus extensively called forth, and added to our social and domestic pleasures.”

In another part of his address, the Doctor throws out a hint that he is in favour of the formation of public walks and gardens for the healthy recreation of the people—“what we now waste,” he observes, “would furnish this city (Boston), in a course of years, with the chief attractions of Paris, with another Louvre, and with a Garden of Plants, where the gifted of all classes might have opportunity to cultivate the love of nature and art.” We are pleased to learn that the advocates of the temperance cause in England are taking a similar enlightened mode of enforcing their benevolent system. In a letter to Mr. E. C. Delavan, chairman of the executive committee of the American Temperance Union, Mr. Buckingham a member of the British parliament says—“I am happy to state that in the British House of Commons there is a gradually increasing feeling in favour of our views; so that I hope I shall be able this session, to carry through both houses, my bill for the formation of public walks and gardens for the healthy recreation of the labouring classes, and for the establishment of literary and scientific institutions in every town, to draw off, by counter-attractions of a healthy and

agreeable nature, the crowds that now nightly seek excitement in the public houses.” At a small expense might not a few beautiful and attractive walks be made in the suburbs of Halifax, and we think, to the benefit of the health and morals of the place.

By men of ascetic piety, all this true philosophy will be considered as the perversion of reason and the overthrow of religion. Accustomed to regard all amusement as subversive of the interests of christianity, the recommendation of their union by a minister of the gospel, will excite their supreme disgust. Infidels may have done harm to the simple and lovely religion of the Bible, but we verily believe, that all their efforts have not proved half as injurious, as the perverted representations of many professors of religion. According to these, from the moment you make choice of the service of God, you are debarred ever after of all worldly enjoyment, as they are pleased emphatically to designate it—your eyes must be closed to the beauties of creation—your ears stult to the melody of sound—the paths of literature must remain untrodden by you—all science and all learning must be renounced, while no further enjoyment must be expected from social intercourse with your species. No wonder that such gloomy notions of religion frighten the young and cause them to look upon it more with awe and terror, than with love and delight; for if these views be correct, religion is at war with nature, at war with reason, at war with all pleasure and enjoyment. But no this is not religion—she is exceeding fair—the bloom of health is on her cheek—beautiful drapery infolds her frame—she moves with alluring steps—in her hand she holds a radiant cup filled with nectar, and she kindly bids you drink and be happy for ever. But we shall allow the Doctor to plead his own cause, and with the subjoined extract we shall close these remarks, commending the whole of his address to the favourable notice of the reader—

“To some, perhaps to many, religion and amusement seem mutually hostile, and he who pleads for the one, may fall under suspicion of unfaithfulness to the other. But to fight against our nature, is not to serve the cause of piety or sound morals. God, who gave us our nature, who has constituted body and mind incapable of continued effort, who has implanted a strong desire for recreation after labor, who has made us for smiles much more than for tears, who has made laughter the most contagious of all sounds, whose Son hallowed a marriage feast by his presence and sympathy, who has sent the child fresh from his creating hand to develop its nature by active sports, and who has endowed both young and old with a keen susceptibility of enjoyment from wit and humor.—He, who has thus formed us, cannot have intended us for a dull, monotonous life, and cannot frown on pleasures which solace our fatigue and refresh our spirits for coming toils. It is not only possible to reconcile amusement with duty, but to make it the means of more animated exertion, more faithful attachments, more grateful piety. True religion is at once authoritative and benign. It calls us to suffer, to die, rather than to swerve a hair's breadth from what God enjoins as right and good; but teaches us, that it is right and good, in ordinary circumstances, to unite relaxation with toil, to accept God's gifts with cheerfulness, and to lighten the heart, in the intervals of exertion, social pleasures. A religion, giving dark views of God, and infusing superstitious fear of innocent enjoyment, instead of aiding sober habits, will, by making men sullen and sad, impair their moral force, and prepare them for intemperance as a refuge from depression or despair.”

COMPETITION NOT OPPOSITION.—We are sorry to perceive that our learned brother of the Acadian Recorder has managed to lose his temper, and along with it, of course, all his wonted blandness and amenity. He treats us rudely and wrongly, but as we think it is bad policy to get angry in print, we shall not follow his example. We know better the respect which is due to our readers than to deface the brilliancy of the Pearl, by any ebullition of rancorous feeling.

We have given great offence, it seems, in presuming to send forth into the world a weekly periodical, and the head and front of our offending is that, we have no ‘leftful right’ to do so, as we have not been duly articulated in the printing business. It matters not that we employ a regular printer, or that we have chosen ground in the field of literature not occupied by any other journal. The Recorder must have a fling at us, because we are not mechanics. In Great Britain and the United States, of course all the proprietors of newspapers, are printers, and we betide any luckless wight who is unfurnished with a diploma from the printing college, who may venture

future period, to issue a political or literary journal. Let the Churchman and Messenger look out, for if we mistake not, they are involved in the same condemnation with ourselves.

But as we are not mechanics, it seems, we are wrong in having mentioned to a few individuals, that any advertising favours would be kindly received, and inserted on the same terms as the other journals. We are not charged with having spoken disparagingly of the Recorder, nor with offering to advertise on lower terms, but our great crime is having solicited a share of advertising patronage. The object of advertising any notice is, as we understand it, to give a wide publicity to that notice—and as the two papers have a very different list of subscribers we are at a loss to know how we circumvent the Recorder by asking a friend for an advertisement. He talks of *beggary means*, but we have yet to learn that what is considered perfectly honourable among the first mercantile houses in the world, and is daily practised by their travelling agents, is disreputable in the printing line. But the Recorder assumes that he has an undoubted right to all the advertisements and we to none—let him prove his assumption and his complaining about *interference, circumvention, &c.* may be more musical in the ears of the community.

We have before stated to the public that our great object in issuing the Pearl was not pecuniary gain, and we now inform the Recorder that it is very far from our wish to injure the circulation of his paper—we do not desire a single advertisement to be taken from him to fill up our columns. We cannot, however, but express our regret, that the Recorder should adopt the most effectual means to hurt himself—a few more such exemplifications of the law of gentlemanly courtesy, as his editorial of last week contained, and the Recorder may prepare himself to record his own obituary—but has his paper already become so faint and languid, and does it so greatly need reviving, that he talks so pertly of turning doctor?—does he so ardently long for a *pearly* solution to clarify his intellect and render his ideas more vivid and brilliant, that he so bravely threatens our dissolution with his sharp acid? But as for the *ton de garnison* language of his opposition piece, let him be assured once for all, that we contemplate all that sort of thing with infinite composure.

You think yourself abused and put on,
Tis natural to make a fuss;
To see it and not care a button,
Is just as natural to us.

PROPRIETOR.

BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Meeting of Ministers and Messengers, composing the Associated Baptist Churches of Nova Scotia, was held here the past week. It commenced on Saturday, and terminated on Wednesday evening—and has created no ordinary degree of interest. The audiences were large and highly attentive. We understand there were 30 Ministers, and a number of Lay Messengers, besides the Rev. Mr. Crandall, Representative from the Baptists in New Brunswick, and the Rev. Mr. Wilson, from the State of Maine, Rev. C. Tupper, Moderator; Rev. Wm. Chipman, Clerk; J. W. Nutting, Esq. Assistant Clerk, together with the usual Committee.

The following, among other resolutions, were passed:—
Resolved, That this Association form itself into a Sunday School Union, and appoint a Committee to make all the needful arrangements for such Union, and report at the next Association.

Resolved, That the Churches of this Association do all they reasonably can to encourage and support Sunday Schools during the present year, and that they send to the next Association the Statistics of their Schools.

Resolved, That the Missionary Society adopt the Christian Messenger, and that the Churches throughout the Province use their influence to promote its circulation.

This was voted on condition that persons pledge themselves for a sum sufficiently large to secure the Missions against any loss. About 40 persons on the spot made themselves accountable for £5 each per year.

The circulation of this Paper is now 800 Copies, and the list is steadily increasing.—*Farmouth Herald.*

LIVERPOOL, N. S. June 20.—Arrived, brig Dove, Collins, Demerary, 26 days. The master reported to the Health Officer that he had the bodies of two of his seamen on board, who had died on the passage, a few days before he made the land. That they had not died

of the fever as he believed, and that they were in their coffins, buried in the sand ballast on board. On report of the Health Officer to the Board of Health, an order was immediately given to remove the vessel out of the river to a proper distance from the Town, till she should be fumigated, and every precaution taken in case it should be a contagious disease. The bodies were interred under the directions of the Board at a late hour of the night, and the ballast in which the coffins were buried, was thrown overboard before the vessel was allowed to return to the wharf.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—*The first Tea Ship*—On Saturday last, the brig Clifton, Captain Worsell, of London, arrived at this Port direct from Canton, in 123 days, with a full cargo of Teas, to Messrs. W. H. Street & Ranney. This is the first arrival of a vessel at our port from any part of the "Celestial Empire." *Another Full Ship.*—The Whale Ship James Stewart, owned by Charles C. Stewart, Esq. of this city, arrived at this port on Saturday from her second whaling cruise, with a full cargo. She has been absent 21 months, and in that time has completely circumnavigated the globe;—the distance from New Zealand to this port she performed in 90 days, which is very fast sailing. Her cargo consists of 2,200 barrels black Oil; 300 do. Sperm; 24,000 lbs. Bone,—independent of 540 brls. black oil, and 6,000 lbs. bone shipped to London in March, 1836. This voyage must prove highly encouraging to the enterprising owner and all concerned.

Among the *Novelties* brought home by the James Stewart, is a native of the Island of New Zealand, a fine athletic active looking fellow. He shipped voluntarily, has been on board about 13 months, and we learn is quite active and useful on board the ship, going aloft with the expertness of an old sailor. His colour is somewhat similar to the Indians of this country; the left side of his nose and his face is tattooed.—*St. John pap.*

Two **ROGUES**, calling themselves *Hickson and True*, came on here about a fortnight since to exhibit the powers of a Solar Microscope, and after cheating almost every body with whom they had any thing to do and passing off some bad paper, sailed for Portland on Sunday last.—*Novascotian.*

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Committee beg to give notice that the premiums proposed to be awarded of \$16 and \$8 for the best and second best cultivated Gardens, will be open to any competitor at Dartmouth, as well as the Peninsula of Halifax.—*Id.*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The House of Henry J. Boutiller's widow, situated in Margaret's Bay, was burned down on Monday last, and a child nearly two years old was burned to death.—*Id.*

Mr. Spike has issued the first number of the *Farmer and Mechanic*, a neat quarto sheet, filled with useful matter.

The Acadian exhibited a profusion of flags on Tuesday last, the Anniversary of American Independence, and Captain Lane entertained a large party on the occasion.—*Tel.*

LATEST.—The New Brunswick Observer of July 4, furnishes London dates to June 3.

Public business was in a state of vexatious postponement: the Budget had not been opened, for substantial reasons. *Lord Melbourne* proposed the elevation, to the peerage, of Sir C. Wrottesley, Sir Hanbury Tracy, Paul Methuen, and Viscount Lismore,—the *King refused*.—The Irish Tithe Bill had been postponed,—the Irish members required it is said, total abolition, and *refused to support the Administration on any other terms.*—The Bank of England had discontinued negotiations with the American houses,—extensive failures were expected to result.—Vessels had been chartered to carry 1000 of the distressed Highlanders to Van Dieman's Land.—Trade was dreadfully dull in Manchester,—the only hope was occasioned by the supposition that matters could not become worse: Kendall, Barnstable, Leicester, and parts of Scotland furnish accounts nearly similar.—The Duke of Orleans had been married to the Princess Helen. 400 Workmen were getting out Granite for the New houses of Parliament.—*Tel.*

It is rumoured that the Governor of New Brunswick has ordered the Militia to hold themselves in readiness on account of the Boundary excitement in Maine.—*Id.*

MARRIED.

At Dartmouth, on Monday morning, 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Geary, Mr. Joseph Willmot, to Miss Magdalene Teney.
On Sunday morning, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Thos. Clifford Kinnear, merchant; to Sarah Ann, relict of the late Mr. J. W. Brown.
At Pictou, on the 28th June, by the Rev. J. McKinlay, Mr. W. Gordon, to Miss Amelia Miner, both of that place.
At Bridgetown, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, John Michie, Esq. merchant, to Miss Bethiah D. daughter of Captain John Robertson, of the former place.
At Onslow, on Tuesday the 18th June, by the Rev. J. Baxter. Mr. Thos. Chisholm, of Pugwash—formerly of Pictou, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Chisholm, of Onslow. Same day, by the

same, Mr. Alex. Christie, of Onslow, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr. Joseph Laidlaw, lately from Scotland.

DIED.

On Tuesday evening, Abigail, wife of Mr. Michael McKenna, in the 32d year of her age; leaving a disconsolate Husband and three young children to bewail the loss of a fond wife and loving mother.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Schr. Concord, Canso; Britannia, Covill, Barrington; William Walker, Smith, St. Andrew's, 4 days.
Monday, Schr. Enterprise, LeBlong, Sydney, 5 days; schr. McGregor, Guysboro. The Messenger reports the ship ashore at Torbay Point, was from London, bound to Quebec, with a general cargo of Dry Goods, Cocoa, &c. most of the cargo saved, and part on the way here. Schr. Florida, Hoffman, St. George's Bay, N.F. 2 days. On Friday last, off Canso, saw a ship of War and a full rigged brig, with Troops on board for the Gut of Canso; Sloop of War brig Serpent, Com. Warren, Fort Royal, Jam. 21 days.
Tuesday, schr. Maria Esperance, Gerrior, Quebec, 30 days; schr. Swan, Leonard, Sydney.—Reports on Sunday last, saw a brigantine run alongside of a large sized schr. and immediately after the schr. was on fire, then hauled her wind for them; but bore away for two other schr. more to the Southward—wind north; schr. Lady, Babine, Quebec, 17 days, schr. Rising Sun, Landry, Quebec, 15 days; Alicia, Curry, Miramichi; Hazard, Crowell, Burin, N.F.; Lucy, Gerrior, Quebec, 3 days. Spoke ten miles below Quebec. schr. Mermaid, LaVache, hence for Montreal, saw within sixty miles of Quebec, brig Herald, Berwick, and schr. Emily, LeBlong, hence for Quebec. Am. brig Sparkler, Boyce, Providence, U.S. 3 days, bound to Pictou; schr. Meridian, Crowell, Carhouear, N.F. 13 days; schr. Deffiance, Nickerson, Pugwash, 6 days; brig Catharine, Smart, Hamburg, via Portsmouth, 44 days.
Wednesday, schr. Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth, 3 days; Eight Sons, Millard, Grenada, 18 days. Left brig Red Breat, at Grenada, to sail in 12 days for Halifax.
Thursday, Schrs Van, Ragged Islands; Leander, Lunenburg; Maria Louisa, Sydney; Mary, Pope's Harbour, Gracious, Pictou; brig Sarah, Antigua, H.M. Ship, Rainier, Cart. Bennett, West Indies.
Friday, Gov. schr. Victory; schr. Mayflower and Mary, Sydney; Mary Ann, Musquodoboit.

CLEARED.

Saturday, 1st July. Schr. Amaranth, Coffin, St. Andrews; Convivial, Hampton; St. Andrews; Neutrality, Elwell, Portland; Industry Long, Boston; Union, Shaw, W.I.; Reliance, Hancock, N. F.; George Henry, Deustadt, Gaspe; Robert Noble, Smith, Falmouth, Jam. 5th, Schr. Lady, Bond, St. John, N.B.; Minerva, Caldwell, Bay Chaleur.

Sales at Auction.

BY DEBLOIS, MITCHELL, & CO.

Have for sale at their Room, by Auction, on Tuesday next, at twelve o'clock,

A VARIETY OF DRY GOODS,

among which are,

A Bale of Satinface, for summer wear; a few pieces Clothes and Cassimeres, a case of Hosiery and Comforters, Muslins, a variety of Quilling and Laces, Pins, Habit Gloves, Counterpanes, and other articles. The sale positively without reserve.

50 Reams Wrapping Paper.

July, 8

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

In front of his room, on Tuesday next, 12 o'clock,

- 23 boxes Egyptian Dates,
- 12 boxes, 3 casks best Zante Figs,
- 24 Cannisters Arrowroot,
- 10 bbls. Beef, 5 do. Pork,
- 2 puns. Hams,
- Firkins Lard and Butter,
- 4 hhds Vinegar.
- 2 bbls. Blubber
- 5 boxes White Soap.

July 8.

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.

CARD.

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

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

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

HALIFAX TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A MEETING of the Halifax Temperance Society will be held on Thursday evening next, [13th inst] at half past seven o'clock, in the Acadian School; for the purpose of appointing Officers to serve for the ensuing year. It is hoped the members will feel an interest in the cause and attend. July 7.

THE PROTESTED NOTE.

A Parody on the "Burial of Sir John Moore."

Not a dollar we saw—not a single note,
As fast through the streets we hurried—
Not a friend from his locker would lend us a shot,
And we felt confoundedly flurried.

We "shinned" it hard at the middle of day,
The alleys and corners turning,
'Neath the heated rays of an April sun,
With our flushed cheek hotly burning.

Many and long were the prayers that we made,
And our face bore the impress of sorrow—
But the brokers to lend us we saw were afraid,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow!

No useless pity disturbed their breast—
Self-interest only had bound them,
And we envied the shavers taking their rest,
With their stock-certificates round them.

We thought as we went from the street to the dock—
(Twas now half-past two—we ran fast—)
How the holders of our paper would bear the shock
When they heard we'd laid over at last!

Darkly they'd talk of the merchant that's "gone,"
And over his protests upbraid him—
But little he'd "stopped" if he could have "gone on,"
And his debtors had duly paid him!

But half the needful funds we had raised,
When the clock struck the hour of fate—
And we knew by the Notary's heavy step,
That, alas! it was now too late!

Slowly and sadly we gazed on our note,
As payment he sternly demanded—
And we brushed away a rising tear,
And took the "protest" he handed.—N. F. Mir.

From Bacon's Hindostan.

TIGER HUNTING.

We came up with our elephants about a mile from the belt of jungul where the Tigers were supposed to be: here we mounted for action, loading and carefully re-examining our guns. The best elephants of the number had, of course, been selected for our *haodas*; the others, being only required for beating up the spaces intervening between us, were of less consequence. Upon one of these we put Mirchi, and committing our course and manner of advance to his guidance, we formed a line upon the east side of the jungul, which, fortunately for us, was also the leeward side, so that we had thus two great advantages; the sun at our backs, instead of at our faces, and the wind carrying the noise of our advance from, instead of to, the game. I took the centre of the line, and each friend a flank, the beating elephants walking at intervals. In this order of battle we moved forward, making our way through the high jungul grass in silence; nothing could be more exciting than this slow and deliberate approach upon a powerful enemy.

The sagacious beasts on which we rode seemed aware that we were striking at the higher game, for, as the deer bounded almost from beneath their feet, they took no notice of them, nor did they stop, as is their habit, to allow their rider to take aim; but continued to advance step by step, with a slow and careful pace, as if designing to make as little noise as possible. Every step increased the excitement, and every head of game which was roused by our approach we thought must be the tiger; but we were green hands at the sport, as our friend Mirchi politely told us, for the timid deer are not apt to lie quite so close up to the quarters of their destroyers.

In this manner, we advanced at least half a mile through the jungul, without coming upon any signs of those we sought, and we were naturally beginning to fear that Mirchi had conducted us upon a false scent; but we still held on our march, and soon found the small game less abundant, as the jungul grew swampy and difficult of penetration. I was about to express my disappointment, and to recommend our trying other ground, when my elephant came suddenly upon the half-devoured carcass of a bullock, around

which the ground was trodden down, and the jungul torn in fragments; the slaughter was evidently recent, and no doubt the tiger had made his banquet shortly before day-break. 'Ha! ha!' I cried, 'we have him now; look here, Mahawut, here are his foot-prints, each as large as a *chuppatti*.'

'Such hi khodawund,' replied the obsequious driver, echoing each word of my exclamation, '*ab jeldi milega, oos-ki punja chuppatti ki muafik burra hi.*'

Mirchi came up, and having made his comments upon the carcass, passed a hint to the two marksmen on the flanks to be upon the *qui-vive*; presently, one of the elephants commenced trumpeting through his trunk, and the whole line advanced more warily. This is the most exciting stage of the pursuit; every eye is fixed upon the long jungul grass, watching eagerly for the hidden monster; every waving blade is taken for the tiger, and every gun is raised to smite him. After passing the carcass, we found the jungul much higher than heretofore, it being in some places even with the tops of our *haodos*; but here the ground, though swampy, was not so adhesive as to impede the progress of our line.

My elephant now began to speak, uttering a long low rumbling noise internally, accompanied with occasional nasal squeaks, the signals of alarm and caution, and then a loud shout of enthusiasm from old Mirchi proclaimed the sport in view, though we were greeted neither by roar or charge as is generally supposed to be the case. The only circumstance which attracted our notice was a slight waving of the grass in front of us. 'Mar! Mar!' screamed the old *shikari*, in the vehemence of his excitement, 'Fire! Fire! he will get away.' A shot from the left *haoda* was the first fired, but without effect, for the grass in front of us continued to wave about as if moved by some bulky animal below it, slinking away a-head of us.

'Fire, again!' cried Mirchi, 'do you wish to let him escape?' I fired, but with no better success than my friend before me, except that the grass began to move faster, as if the brute beneath was hastening his retreat. A double shot from the right did as little execution, and old Mirchi, with ardent interest in the pursuit, grew angry at our want of skill.

'Lower down, lower down,' he cried; 'what are the gentlemen doing that they fire at the grass and not at the tiger? Ah! if I had Judge Kummul Sahib, or Broom Sahib, or E-smit Salub in the *haodas*, it would not be so.' A simultaneous discharge from all three batteries was instantly followed by a roar, such as never was heard within the walls of the Tower, or Exeter Change.

'Ha! that is bravely done,' cried the old man, changing his note, and every feature of his aged countenance working with excitement; 'press on now, gentlemen, and give him chase; you are young hands at this sport, and shall make the most of it; press on now, Mahawuts.' And in obedience to his command, we urged our elephants forward at a long trot: they, it may be believed, shared in the general excitement, and exhibited their interest by a mixed concert of trumpeting and rumbling of their thunders within them.

The tiger, for a moment, made a pause, as if meditating vengeance of the injury he had received; but he again stole off, until he unexpectedly found himself in a circular patch of barren ground, quite free from cover: the spot was like a little amphitheatre in the centre of the jungul, which looked as if constructed purposely for the encounter. As he entered upon this bare spot, he turned for a moment, and surveyed with terrible demonstrations of his wrath the formidable line advancing upon him. He was wounded in the hind quarter, whence the blood was slowly oozing; it was a glorious sight to see how proudly the mighty monster stood to reconnoitre us, displaying his tremendous tusks and grinders, as if to warn us off, and then making the heavens ring again, in echo to his awful voice.

By mutual consent our fire was reserved until we entered upon the open ground, and then a shot which grazed his shoulder brought him at once to the charge: raising himself upon his hind legs, he uttered another yell of mingled agony and rage, and with a concentration of all his powers, he rushed at my elephant, evidently with the in-

tention of fixing himself upon its head. Firmly and without wavering, did old Eima (the elephant, a female), stand her ground, though not without preparing for the charge, if it should be made good: this however, was not permitted; for when the tiger was within ten yards of me, having taken a careful aim, I put a ball into his chest; and then a volley was poured in on all sides, which quickly made him bite the dust. Again he rose, again and again he endeavoured to effect a charge upon one or other of the elephants; but we were too strong for him, and a couple of shots through the skull brought him again to the earth, where, with all the tenacity of life attributed to the feline race, he lay, tearing the stumps of jungul in his now impotent wrath, and glaring upon us with his flaming eyes a picture of vengeful antipathy even in the throes of death. I pushed my elephant close up to him, and as we thought, terminated his agonies by putting a ball clean through his skull, for his head sunk upon the ground, and his eyes closed.

O. H. BELCHER.

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING,
HALIFAX.

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

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

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

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

PRINTING INK, in Kegs.
June 17, 1837.

ALEXANDER McLEOD,

No. 3, George-Street.

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

CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock, Sauterne, Vin-de-Grave, Pale and Red Constantia, Black-burn'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. Holland's, fine old Highland Whiskey, Do Irish Whiskey, fine old Jamaica Rum, direct from the Home Bonded Warehouse.

Booth's celebrated Cordial Gin, or cream of the valley Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy, Curacao and Maraschino,

Guinness's celebrated Dublin P O R T E R, equalled for the richness of its quality and fine flavour,

Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout, Edinburgh and Alloa ALES—Hodgson's pale and Fine light Table do., superior bottled C I D E and Ginger Beer.

Double Soda, Seidlitz, and Seltzer, WATER, Westphalia and No-w-Scotia superior flavoured Beer, Cheshire, Wiltshire, double and single Glosler, and Annapolis Cheese, double and single refined London and Scotch Loaf Sugar, Turkey figs, imperial French Plum, muscatel and bloom Raisins, Almonds, assorted preserved Fruits, preserved Fresh Meats, and Milk; a general assortment of Pickles and Sauces, Olive Oil, do for law, Robinson's patent Barley and Groats, Fry's approved Cake and Paste Chocolates, Cocoa and Broma, Madras and West India Coffee, superior Spanish Cigars, an assortment of Elegant CUT GLASS, latest patterns, consisting of—rich cut glass Decanters and Wines, Claret Jugs, &c. Soda and Wine Biscuit, with a very general assortment of G R O C E R I E S.

A few boxes Oranges and Lemons just received.
Halifax, June 3, 1837.

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