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THE LOST BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By Mrs. Sarah. J. Hale.

Concluded from page 122.

Some there were, who tried to dissuade the young husband from the attempt to recover his bride by force; as the savages, they averred always murdered their prisoners when attacked. They told him it would be best to send a messenger to the Mohawks, who would, doubtless, disclaim all knowledge of the violence which had probably been perpetrated by some stragglers from their tribe, and negotiate for the release or ransom of the captive.

Robert's blood chilled at the suggestion that his rashness might accelerate the death of his wife; but the negotiation for her ransom would be uncertain and the period of her release might be distant. He thought that she could not long survive in captivity; and he hoped to surprise her captors unawares, free her, clasp her to his heart, and hear her sweet voice pronounce his name as her deliverer. As the picture brightened beneath his fancy, he started from his seat and rushed out to see if the morning light might not be discovered. It soon dawned; and completely equipped, the Indian, with his musket and tomahawk, and Robert with a double-barrelled gun, sword, and plenty of ammunition, and each carrying a pack containing provisions and restoratives for Mary, they set off on an expedition fraught undoubtedly with more real perils than the adventures of many proud knights, whose deeds are recorded in historic legends, and emblazoned in the scutcheons of their descendants.

The adventurers entered the deep forest, and, guided by the traces of the retreating Indians, pressed forward, at first, with all the speed they could urge. But Mendowit soon checked his rapid pace, and represented to Robert that the two Mohawks were perhaps scouts from a large party; and that caution must be used, or they might unawares be caught in an ambush. Robert's impatience would never have submitted to this curb could he by any means, have avoided it; but as he could not quicken the pace of Mendowit, he was compelled to conform to it.

Cautiously, therefore, they journeyed on through the old woods, where a civilized being had never before voluntarily ventured. All was silence, save when, at long intervals, the cry of some solitary bird broke on the ear with startling shrillness; or, perhaps, a rustling among the dry branches made the wanderers pause in breathless silence, till a deer, bounding across their path, would plunge into the opposite thicket; while they did not dare to send a bullet after him, lest the report of their guns should alarm the enemy, who might even then be lurking close beside them.

There was, during the pursuit, a fearful apprehension, an undefinable horror on the heart and mind of Robert, far more terrible than the grief he would have felt had he known that Mary was no more. The tortures she might be forced to undergo, haunted his imagination till every sound seemed to warn him to hasten to her relief; and the delays and obstructions which were constantly occurring, made his blood boil with a fury he could scarcely control. His impatience greatly surprised Mendowit, who with all the philosophic calmness of a sage, would take his own time to examine the traces of their fleeing foes, calculate the distance they had gained, and the probable time they should overtake them. This would have been soon accomplished had the Mohawks proceeded straight forward. But, as if anticipating pursuit, these Indians were continually practising to elude it. They would often

trace back their own footsteps, like the doublings of a fox; and when following the course of a river, travel in the water, and cross and re-cross at places which no skill save the sagacity of a red man could have discovered.

These subtle movements convinced Mendowit that there was no large body of Indians at hand; and on the morning of the fourth day he announced that they should soon see the captive. They were approaching the Mountains, and Mendowit was eager to overtake the Indians before they entered the defile which led to the Notch. By the foot prints they ascertained that Mary did not walk, probably could not; and Robert shuddered and clenched his gun with a convulsive grasp, as, at each step, his eye searched around in every penetrable direction, dreading to meet a confirmation of his fears: yet the sight of her mangled corpse would scarcely have added to his heart's agony.

The weather, which ever since they had left Dover, and, indeed, for some time before, had been extremely dry, and hot, now suddenly changed; and they seemed transported to another region. Thick, black masses of clouds enveloped the mountains, and soon covered the whole horizon, and the darkness of night came down at once. Then the wind suddenly rose, and at intervals swept onward with the force of a tornado. It required no effort of the imagination to fancy that the old woods were trembling with the apprehension of some terrible calamity. The trunks of the largest trees quivered, and their lofty heads were bent almost to the ground, as the "mountain wind went sounding by," from a chasm far more awful than the "Roncesvalles strait."

"We must return," said Mendowit, pausing. "We cannot overtake them. The secret path of Agiocochook, Mendowit must not tread."

"You must," returned Robert, sternly, mistaking the cause of his guide's reluctance; "but you need not fight. Only show me the Mohawks, and be there two hundred instead of two, I will rescue Mary."

He was interrupted by a flash of lightning, so vivid that, for a moment, the mountains and their recesses were all revealed; their high heads that reached upward to the heavens; their yawning chasms and deep gullies; the huge rocks, some fixed as earth's foundations, and others apparently suspended in air, ready to topple on the heads of those beneath; the dark trees, their roots and fibres twisted, like serpents, amid the precipices, over which they were bending, and, as it were, clinging for safety. A tremendous peal of thunder followed, its roar shook the earth, and its echoes reverberated through the pent air with a deafening noise. It seemed to have rent the clouds, for in a moment after the rain burst in torrents.

It was vain to attempt moving forward, while the wind and rain beat so furiously; Robert asked his guide where they could shelter. Mendowit pointed to the west side of the mountain, near which they stood, and began hastily to ascend. Robert followed. The path was perilous, and required much caution; but the Indian seemed well acquainted with the way, and easily surmounted the difficulties till he reached a kind of cavern in the side of a precipice, which they both entered in safety.

They were now safe from the peltings of the storm, but not from its uproar. It seemed as if the elements of air, fire and water were allowed to wreak their fury on the shrinking and quaking earth. The lightning that blazed in one continued glare; the rolling of the thunder, that shook, to their foundation, these everlasting hills; the rain, that did not fall in drops, but poured in streams from the black clouds; the howling of the wind, as it raved from the narrow passes, or filled the hollow chasms; the frequent and loud crash of falling rocks and trees—all united

to give to the scene an awful sublimity, which the aroused soul could feel, but no language can ever communicate or describe.

Amid this wreck of matter, and what seemed as it were, the crush of worlds, Robert heeded not his own danger; he only thought of his young and tender bride. At every fresh burst of the tempest, "Oh, where is Mary now?" came over his heart till his knees smote together, and large drops of sweat started on his pale forehead. Then he would rush to the narrow entrance of the cell with clenched hands, and look abroad to see if there was any abatement of the storm; and then, in despair, he would seek the furthest gloom of the cavern, throw himself down on the damp rock, close his eyes, and struggle to banish all thought from his mind.

Thus passed the hours till after midnight, when during a pause of the wind, a strange sound was heard. It was not like a shriek or cry from any human voice, or the yell or moan from a wild beast; it was a deep, dismal sound, an unearthly tone, thrilling the listener like the warning call from some perturbed spirit.

Robert started on his feet. A bright flash of lightning showed him Mendowit rising from his recumbent posture; his hands were falling powerless by his side, and his face expressed an internal agitation and terror which a red man rarely exhibits.

"It is the voice of the Abamocho," said the Indian, in a tone that evidently trembled. "I have heard it once before. He calls for a victim."

"Who is he?" demanded Robert, unsheathing his sword.

"He is the spirit of the dark land!" said Mendowit, shrinking down as if to hide himself from some dreaded object. "He rules over these mountains; he comes in the storm, and none whom he marks for destruction can escape him."

Robert's whole soul had been so engrossed with the idea of Mary, and how to rescue her, that scarce a thought or care for any other human being had entered his mind since he left Dover. The appalling noise he had just heard, and Mendowit's singular manner, now aroused his curiosity, and he enquired of Mendowit why he was so moved at the idea of approaching Agiocochook.

Mendowit, after heaving a deep sigh, thus replied:—"These mountains belong to the evil spirit, Abamocho. This spirit always favors the Mohawks. It was to make them a path, when they were fleeing before the arrows of Tookenchosen, the great sachem of the Massachusetts, that he rent the mountains asunder. The evil spirit sat on a rock; on the highest peak of the mountain. He beckoned the Mohawks to pass by, laying his hand on his breast. They obeyed, and went through the pass in safety. But when Tookenchosen would have followed, the evil spirit threw his arms abroad, and great stones and trees were hurled upon the warriors, till all perished except the chief.

"This was many, many moons before the white men came; but none of our warriors dared venture to Agiocochook to bring away the bones of the slain. At last my father was sachem of the Massachusetts. He was a great chief. His tribe was more numerous than the leaves of the summer forest. A thousand warriors followed his steps; he said he would bring back the bones of his fathers. He called his young men; he took me that I might learn the paths of the woods. I was a child then: I could not bend a warrior's bow—but they went not to fight."

Mendowit paused; and Robert knew by the low tones of his voice, as the sentence died away, that recollections of other years pressed sadly on his mind. After a few moments of deep silence, he resumed:

"We came to Agiocochook. The storm was loud as you now hear. In this very cave my father and I passed the night. We heard the voice of Abamocho. In the morning we saw him seated on a rock. He waved his arm for us to depart. I saw it and trembled; but my father would not go. He sought all the secret places; but the bones of our fathers had perished.

"We returned to our tribe; but the evil spirit sent a curse upon us. Sickness destroyed our young men. The Mohawks scalped our old men and children. My father fell by their arrows—I avenged his death; but I could not prevent the destruction of our nation. Three times I journeyed to Agiocochook, with the powows, to appease Abamocho. We prayed to the Ketan when at home. It availed not."

Again he paused: and Robert, who had listened with intense interest to his story, enquired where the remnant of his tribe dwelt now.

"Young man," said Mendowit, rising with a melancholy but majestic air, while the lightning showed his tall form, and the gray locks that waved in thick masses over his venerable forehead; "young man, I once led a host more numerous than the trees of yonder forest. I was chief of a mighty nation—now Mendowit dwells alone. I am the last of my tribe." As he ended he sank down, and covered his face with his hands.

Robert's life had been a laborious, but a very happy one. He was naturally of a cheerful temperament, and had seldom, even in imagination, dwelt on the dark shades of human life. He had felt, as youth and health are prone to feel, as if earth were made purposely for the happiness of man, and existence would never have an end. A few hours had taught him solemn lessons of the vanity and change of all created things. Without and around him was the destroying tempest, dashing to atoms the works of nature; within, was Mendowit, an image of moral desolation.

Robert sat down; and while the picture of human vicissitudes was presented thus vividly mournful to his mind, mingled with the thought of his own heart-sickening disappointment, he wept like an infant. The tears he shed were not merely those of selfish regret. He wept the miseries to which man is exposed, till his mind was insensibly drawn to ponder on the sins that must have made such miseries a necessary punishment. And never had he breathed so contrite a prayer as now came from his soul, humbled before that Almighty Power who only can say to the mourner, "peace!"—to the tempest, "be still!"

A sweet calm at length fell on Robert's tossed mind: the calm of child-like confidence in the goodness and wisdom of God. He felt that all would finally be found to have been ordained in mercy, that all his trials were for the best, and he sunk into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till aroused by Mendowit.

It was late in the morning; the storm had ceased; and they sallied forth to examine the appearances without. An exhalation, like smoke, arose from the dripping woods and wet grounds beneath and around them, concealing most of the devastations the storm had wrought. The clouds were moving slowly up the sides of the mountain, still entirely shrouding its tall peaks; but they did not wear the threatening hue of the preceding evening. They had discharged their contents, and their lightened folds were now gradually melting and ready to disperse before the rising sun, though his beams had not yet penetrated their dark masses.

The wind was entirely hushed, and not a sound, except the solemn, monotonous roar of a distant waterfall, broke on the stillness. While Robert was contrasting the almost breathless tranquility he now gazed upon, with the wild uproar of the preceding night, Mendowit touched his shoulder; looking around he beheld the features of the Indian distorted, while he gazed and pointed upward towards a huge mountain that rose at some distance before them. Above its tall peak reposed a black cloud, and it was the appearance of this cloud which had so terrified Mendowit.

"It is the Abamocho," said he, in a suppressed, hollow tone. And certainly by the aid of a little imagination, it might be likened to a human form of gigantic proportions. The dark face, drawn against a cloud of a lighter hue, was seen in profile; a projection of a cloud from the body, that might pass for an arm stretched forward a vast distance; and then a shapeless mass of vapour, that an Indian might call a robe, fell down and covered the surrounding precipice.

"Your evil genius," said Robert, half laughing, as he glanced alternately at his guide and the cloud, "has, to my thinking, a most monstrous and evil-looking nose."

"Hugh!" said Mendowit, interrupting him. That part of the cloud which formed the arm of the spirit was beginning slowly to move towards the body, and it incorporated with it in such a manner that the Indian might well be pardoned for thinking Abamocho had folded his arm on his breast.

Mendowit had held his breath suspended during the movement of the cloud, and his deep aspiration, as he emphatically said,—

"Abamocho is pleased; we may now go in safety!" sounded like the breathing of a drowning man, when he rises to the surface of the water. After hastily refreshing themselves, they descended from their retreat, and began their progress through the defile.

The storm had obliterated all traces of the Mohawks, but there were no diverging paths; those who once entered the pass must proceed onward. It was now that Robert became fully sensible of the devastations of the storm. Their way was obstructed by fallen trees, fragments of rocks, deep gullies, and roaring waterfalls, pouring from the sides of the mountains, and swelling the Saco, till its stream nearly flooded the whole valley. They proceeded silently and cautiously for more than an hour, when Mendowit suddenly paused, and whispering to Robert, "I scent the smoke of a fire," sunk on his hands and knees, crept forward softly as a cat circumventing his prey. A few rods distant lay a huge tree, uprooted by the late storm; sheltered behind this, Mendowit half rose, and through the interstices of the roots, examined the prospect before them.

He soon signed for Robert to advance, who, imitating the posture of his guide, instantly crept forward, and at a little distance before them, beheld—Mary. She, with the two Mohawks, was seated beneath a sheltering rock, whose projection had been their only shelter from the storm. The height of the rock did not allow them to stand upright; but the Indians had kindled a fire at one corner, and were now partaking their rude meal. Their backs were towards Robert, their faces fronting their prisoner, who, wrapped in a covering of skins, reclined against a projection of the precipice.

Just as Robert gained his station, one of the Mohawks was offering some food to Mary; she uncovered her face, and by a gentle motion refused the morsel. Her cheek was so pale, and her whole countenance looked so sunken, and wo-be-gone, that Robert thought her expiring. His heart and brain seemed on fire, as his eyes flashed around to discover if any advantage might be taken ere he rushed on the foe. At that moment the Mohawks, uttering a horrible yell, sprang upon their feet, and ran towards the Saco. He raised his gun; but Mendowit, seizing his arm, drew him backwards, at the same time exclaiming,—"The mountain! the mountain!"

Robert looked upward. Awful precipices, to the height of more than two thousand feet, rose above him. Near the highest pinnacle, and the very one over which Abamocho had been seated, the earth had been loosened by the violent rains. Some slight cause, perhaps the sudden bursting forth of a mountain spring, had given motion to the mass; it was now moving forward, gathering fresh strength from its progress, uprooting the old trees, unbedding the ancient rocks, and all rolling onwards with a force and velocity which no human barrier could oppose, no created might resist.

One glance told Robert that Mary must perish; that he could not save her.

"But I will die with her!" he exclaimed; and shaking

off the grasp of Mendowit as though it had been a feather, he rushed towards her, shouting, "Mary! Mary!" in a tone of agony. She uncovered her head, made an effort to rise, and articulated, "Robert, dear Robert!" as he caught her in his arms, and clasped her to his bosom as a mother would her babe.

"Oh, Mary! must we die? must we die now? were his agonizing expressions.

"We must, we must," she cried, as she gazed, for the first time, upward, on the rolling mountain. "Why, why did you come?"

He replied not, but leaning against the rock pressed her closer to his heart, as though he would screen her from the devouring storm; while she, clinging around his neck, burst into a passion of tears, and laying her head on his bosom, sobbed like an infant. He bowed his face upon her cold, wet cheek, and breathed one cry of mercy; yet even then there was in the hearts of both lovers, a feeling of happiness, ay, joy in the thought that they should not be separated, that they might die together.

The mass came down, tearing and crumbling, and sweeping all before it. The whole mountain trembled, and the ground shook as though an earthquake were passing. The sun was darkened by the storm of water, stones, and branches of trees, which, crushed and shivered to atoms, filled the atmosphere, while the blast swept by like a whirlwind, and the crash and roar of the convulsion were far more appalling than the loudest thunder.

It might have been one minute or twenty—for neither of the lovers took note of time—when in the hush as of death-like stillness which succeeded the uproar, Robert looked around, and saw that the consuming storm had passed by. It had passed, covering the valley farther than the eye could reach, with ruin. Masses of granite, and shivered trees, and mountains of earth were heaped high around, filling the bed of the Saco, and exhibiting an awful picture of the desolating track of the Avalanche.

Only one little spot had escaped the general wreck, and there, safe as though sheltered in the hollow of His hand, who notices the fall of a sparrow, and locked in each others' arms, were Robert and Mary! Beside them stood Mendowit, his gun firmly clenched in his hand, and his quick dark eye rolling around him like a maniac. He had followed Robert though he did not intend it—probably impelled by that feeling which makes us loath to see danger alone, and thus had escaped. The two Mohawks were doubtless crushed and destroyed, for they appeared not again.

Should any traveller to the White Mountains hereafter be anxious to ascertain the spot where the lovers are supposed to have stood during this convulsion of nature, he will find it near the small house which escaped destruction in an avalanche, which occurred in these mountains a few years since, very similar to the one we have attempted to portray.

The feelings of the three individuals, so miraculously preserved, cannot be described. Robert and Mary both wept for a long time; and though Mendowit did not shed tears, he preserved that deep silence which speaks the awe that the exhibition of Almighty power always impresses on the heart of the child of nature.

What a change the mountain exhibited! Where the tall pine had waved, perhaps for thousands of years, was now a naked rock, down which a furious torrent dashed and foamed. As Robert gazed upon it in wonder, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds, and shone on the summit of the mountain, and on the spray of the waterfall, blending the rock with all the colors of the rainbow. Mendowit saw it, and a smile passed over his rigid features. "Our homeward path will be prosperous," said he; and so it proved. They made a litter for Mary, and bore her on it by day, and her husband sheltered her in his arms by night, till they reached Dover.

Robert and Mary lived long and happily in their dwelling on the banks of the Cochecho. In all the subsequent attacks of the Indians on Dover, they were unmolested, and their devoted affection, which continued unabated even to extreme old age, was often ascribed to the dangers they had suffered and escaped together.

Mendowit thought himself richly repaid for his share in the expedition. He had, besides, a new gun, powder and knife, both the guns of the Mohawks, which he managed to carry to Dover as trophies of his complete success in tracking their paths. And, moreover, he enjoyed, till the day of his death, the friendship and hospitality of Robert and Mary. Their house was always his home, when he chose to make it so; and when he slept that deep, cold sleep, which, sooner or later, will close the eyes of all who dwell beneath the sun, these faithful friends saw him laid decently in the grave, and their tears fell at the remembrance of his virtues and his services.

THE CHASE.—A noble ship of 600 tons was on her outward passage to India, with a valuable cargo of specie and American goods. Before doubling the Cape, a suspicious looking vessel was discovered dead to windward under a press of canvass, bearing down upon the Indianman—the experienced eye of the Captain instantly enabled him to determine that she was a small tight schooner—an acquaintance with which would not be desirable. He had few arms—and although his crew was true as steel, they could not contend with a well armed pirate. The ship was therefore put away before the wind and every rag of canvass packed upon her that she could bear. The eye of the captain rested for a time upon his bending masts covered with canvass to the very truck—was then turned upon his gallant crew, who collected, having entire confidence in his skill and courage, and at last settled long and steadfastly upon the chase. She gains—she gains, and there are many hours yet of day-light. A ship has the advantage of a small craft with a flowing sheet—but yet she gains. The danger is pressing, is imminent, and lo! a new and terrible enemy appears, far to leeward—a black cloud rises slowly from the horizon, and gives but too surely, an intimation of what may shortly be apprehended. The ship cannot shorten sail, for the chase will be upon him—and the captain's plan was instantly laid. Every man was ordered to his post—the heavens grew more portentous every moment—but the pirate did not start a tack or sheet, as the captain hoped he would, and allow him to gain a little before the hurricane came on. The wind freshens—the masts yield to the tremendous pressure which they have to sustain—the teeth of the stoutest seamen are set firm, in the apprehension that they will go by the board. The steady eye of the captain is fixed upon the gathering tornado—at last it comes,—the ocean in the distance is white with foam, and he who was before so quiet is now animated to tremendous exertion. "Let go all fore and aft," rung out clear and loud—"clew up, and clew down,"—"lay aloft," were orders which followed each other in quick succession, and were as quickly obeyed—the flapping sails are rapidly secured—the wind lulls—the tornado is upon them, taking them aback—the ship falls off—she bends to the gale, until her yard-arms are in the waves—she begins to move through the water with a constantly accelerated motion.

The Pirate, with the quickness of perception so common among men of their class, instantly comprehended his advantage. He was near two miles dead to leeward of the Indianman, which made greater headway under her bare poles than he did—the hurricane could not last long—he would therefore be close on board of her when it passed over, and she must then fall an easy prey to him.

The captain of the noble merchantman saw it all—there was but one fearful way to escape. He had a gallant and staunch ship under him—she had not yet sprung a spar, nor split a sail: he had an extremely valuable cargo, and his men he could not see them strung up to the yard arm, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales"—he therefore set his foresail and close reefed main-sail, which urged his ship through the water with great velocity. The little black pirate saw the plan, and, attempted to make sail, but all would not do, and he saw that his only chance for safety was if possible to elude the shock, at the very moment of the expected concussion.

The ship came down upon him with terrific precision. "Hard to port!" shouted the pirate to his helmsman. "Hard to port!" echoed the merchantman to his. One tremendous crash—one wild frantic shriek of despair—and all was hushed in death.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The heavens speak forth thy glory, Lord of Hosts.
Night kindleth as the day. The darken'd line
Where hills and skies commune, o'erflows with light
Of rainbow hue. A crimson canopy,
Flecker'd and fring'd and interlac'd with white,
Floats from the zenith downward. Streaming rays
Of changeful lustre traverse every path
Where star and planet do their Maker's will.
—The pure snow blushes, doth it see its God,
Who in His secret chambers gave it birth,
And sent its feathery flakes, a graceful gift
To hoary Winter?

Lo, the glowing skies
Warn thee, O man, with tongues of living fire,
As erst on Pentecost there strangely fell
The flame miraculous, till every heart
Was melted to the truth. Look up! Look up!
The anxious stars are watching the result,
And o'er each orb a bright-winged angel peers,
With lyre new-strung for that high strain which hails
The sinner that repenteth.

So, be wise,
And let this show of God's omnipotence
Guide thee to Him.

Hartford Conn.

July 1837.

MORNING HYMN.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"Let there be light!" The Eternal spoke
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow'd.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day came blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
Whispered again his fiat forth,
And shed the gospel's light abroad.
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the Orient first
Flashes the signal light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul.
To Him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

SONG OF THE DYING.

Disease had well nigh done its work—the flame but glimmered in the socket—one moment more, and it would be out. The dying girl called, by her waving hand, her sister to her, and faintly breathed forth the wish that she would sing—sing some sweet melody that she might leave earth with the tones of inspiring music lingering on her ear. "And what, dear sister, would you choose for me to sing?" "Sing, Harriet, my favourite—I leave earth willingly," said the dying girl. The sister, well knew her choice, and she sat down to the instrument and brought forth its softest, sweetest tones; they were indeed, born of heaven, and never had music a holier influence than when it breathed forth the elevated thoughts of one dying in the beauty of her youth, and yet willing to depart. We looked on her with sacred awe; we felt we were in the presence of a being of another world, who

was soon to know the mystery of death. What a calm and beautiful expression was on her countenance! What a glow was on her cheek, and a brilliancy in her eye, as the notes of the favoured song rose sweet and clear, and seemed to float around the couch of the dying! Oh! is not that religion worth possessing, that enabled her to wear a heavenly smile at the last moment, and show that she felt the words that were uttered, though she could not speak them! And she died as the sister repeated—

"I would not live away, away from my God.
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode."

There was much to wean thee away, fair sister of the gentle speech and tender eye! "Storm after storm" did, indeed, "rise dark o'er thy way," and heaven was fairer to thee than earth. And when the pale conqueror cometh to bear me from this shadowy world, may thy sweet cheerfulness be mine and some gentle one sing me to death's sleep as thou wert. Sweet sister! we part from earth's melody, for the purer and nobler harmonies of heaven! The strains that greet us as we linger on the shores of mortality are not the last, for there are harps and voices in that home which awaits us all, and everlasting songs will be sung to the praise of our Father and our God!

GRASP OF THE HUMAN MIND.—Our earth, as is well known, has the form of a spheroid, a little flattened towards the poles. Its radius is about 1500 leagues. The highest mountains do not rise to more than two leagues above the level of the sea, and there are but few tracts naturally situated below that level; and the greatest depths which have been reached by digging in the quarries, and more especially in the mines, do not exceed 1800 feet. The inequalities of the soil, then, are very trifling, when compared with the whole mass of the terrestrial spheroid; and if the depth of the pits dug from the surface strike us with awe—if the elevation of the mountains, whose summits we perceive to be lost in the clouds, confound us with astonishment, it is only because we judge of them by comparison with the extreme smallness of the objects which surround us. The earth, the superficies of which seems so unequal and rugged, would offer to the eye of an individual, capable of embracing the outline at a glance, only the smooth appearance of one of our artificial globes, at the instant when it comes from the hands of the workman who has polished it. Let us suppose the terrestrial spheroid to be represented by a ball three inches in diameter. If we wished upon this ball to figure, in relief, the inequalities which are seen upon the surface of the earth, the slightest protuberances, almost invisible to the eye, assisted by a microscope, would represent the highest mountains; the slightest scratch which could be made on its surface would be deeper, in relation to its diameter, than are the greatest artificial cavities in proportion to that of the earth; and the vapours which a single breath would cause to be condensed, would perhaps be too thick to represent the atmosphere, even to the height at which clouds are formed. For us, imperceptible atoms, who vegetate in this stratum of humid air, there is no expression to describe our littleness, and the weakness of our means, when we employ them to act upon the globe. Nevertheless, this puny atom has measured the earth, the dimensions of which crush him to nothing; he has measured the sun, a million times greater than the earth; he has calculated the distance which separates it from that orb whose brilliance his feeble gaze cannot sustain; he has recognized in the myriads of stars which sparkle in the firmament, so many other suns spread through the immensity of the universe, around which revolve their respective systems of opaque globes, all of whose movements they regulate. Capable, in his diminitiveness, of raising his ideas to an expanse without bounds, the earth is no more to his enlarged conceptions than a grain of sand lost in the infinity of space. Is there not, in all this, matter for much reflection on the superiority of the human mind, which enables it to comprehend objects of such magnitude, though nature seems to have condemned it to vegetate within so narrow a circle?—*Bertrand's Revolutions of the Globe.*

MAN CONTEMPLATED.

From Gurney's Address to the Mechanics of Manchester.

Let us occupy a few minutes in considering the structure of my friend and brother there, who is sitting in front of me, and whose existence, as we all know, can be traced to a beginning. Let us examine him, body and mind. First, as to his body—it is full of contrivances—full of the evident results of the most profound science, and of the nicest art. How perfectly, for example, is the structure of his eye fitted for the reception of those rays of light, which are falling upon it in all directions from visible objects! How nicely are the rays refracted by its several lenses! How easily do they glide through the pupil! How comprehensive, yet how perfect, is the picture formed on its retina—a picture reversed to inspection from without, but all in upright order to the percipient within! Here, indeed, is the science of optics displayed in its perfection. Then turn to his ear. How finely does it illustrate the principles of acoustics! How nicely are its cavities fitted for the reception and increase of sound! How accurately does the drum in the centre respond to the undulation from without!

Look at that most convenient of levers—my brother's arm; with what ease does he apply its forces! How nicely are its elbow and its shoulder adjusted for their respective purposes; and how admirably is the whole completed by the addition of a hand! Think of the union of strength and pliancy which distinguishes his spine—an effect produced by machinery of the most elaborate description! Contemplate his joints—the hinge where a hinge is wanted—the ball and socket where his comfort demands that peculiar structure; all lubricated by ever-flowing oil; all working with a faultless accuracy! Think of his muscles, endued with that curious faculty of contraction, by which he is enabled to move his members! Think of the studied mechanical adjustment by which, without ever interrupting each other's functions, these muscles pull against each other, and keep his body even! Then turn your attention to his blood; a fluid in perpetual motion—supplied with pure air in one stage of its journey, and, in another, with the essence of his food; and conveying the elements of life, every few moments, to every part of his body; driven from the heart by one set of vessels, and restored to it by another; those vessels, most artificially supplied with valves to prevent the backward motion of the fluid; while the pump in the centre is for ever at work, and makes a hundred thousand strokes in a day, without even growing weary! I will not now dwell particularly on the still more complicated structure of his nerves, on the chemistry of his stomach, on the packing of the whole machinery, on the cellular substance which fills up its cavities, on the skin which covers it, on the sightliness and manly beauty which adorn the fabric. I will rather turn to the mind, which does, indeed, complete the man—its subtle powers of thought, memory, association, imagination—its passions and affections—its natural and moral capacities. Surely we must all acknowledge that our brother is a wonderful creature indeed—an effect for which it is utterly impossible to imagine any adequate cause, but the contriving intelligence and irresistible power of an all-wise Creator.

You tell me that our friend has a father—a grandfather—that he looks back on an indefinite series of progenitors. This fact only strengthens my case. Certain it is that his own structure, both of mind and body, contains numerous and unquestionable proofs of design. Where there is design, there must, of necessity, be a designer. The parent as we are all perfectly aware, is not that designer. Our understanding can find no rest in the mere medium of production. We are compelled to have recourse to an unseen, and superior power, and to confess that the designer is God. But if the workmanship displayed in the formation of the individual proclaims the wisdom and power of God, still more conspicuously are they manifested in a succession of generations—in the wondrous capacity bestowed on every kind of living creature, to produce its own likeness.

Were it possible that a series of successive finite beings

should exist from eternity, (a notion which in my opinion disproves itself,) and, supposing it to be possible, were it probable, or even certain, that mankind have so existed—our argument from a design to a designer, would still remain untouched. It would continue to apply with resistless force to every individual of the species.

But it so happens that we are able to trace not only every individual man, but our whole race to an undoubted beginning. That beginning, which took place about six thousand years ago, is plainly recorded in scripture, and the record is supported by the conclusions of science.

TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one leads me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation, which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded; a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope; but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

THE ART OF WAR AND MEDICINE CONTRASTED.

How striking is the contrast between the art of medicine and the art of war! The last has for its object the destruction, the first the preservation of the species. The mind of the warrior teems with machinations of ruin, and anxiously, revolves, among different schemes that present themselves, which shall carry destruction to the widest extent and with the surest aim: his progress is marked by devastation and blood, by depopulated fields and smoking villages, and the laurels which he wears are bedewed with the tears of widows and orphans. The acclamations which he wins from one portion of his species are answered by the curses and execrations of another; and the delusive splendour, the proud and imposing array, with which he contrives to gild the horrors of his profession, are but the pomp and retinue of the king of terrors.

The art of healing proceeds with a silence and a secrecy, like the great processes of nature, to scatter blessings on all within its reach; and the couch of sickness, the silent retreat of sorrow and despair, are the scene of its triumphs.

The little applause which is bestowed on physicians, compared with what is so lavishly heaped on conquerors, conveys a bitter reflection on human nature; by showing how much we suffer ourselves to be the dupes of our senses to extol the brilliant rather than the useful: whereas, a just and impartial estimate would compel us to assign to skilful practitioners of medicine the very first rank among merely human professions. For when we consider the variety of ills to which we are exposed, and how large a portion is derived from bodily infirmities, it will appear that we are more indebted to their assistance than to that of any other class of persons whatever.—*R. Hall.*

SUMMER EVENING

Continued from page 115.

Thus Albert listened, thus his thoughts returned,
His constant heart in meditative mood,
Now fired with love, in glowing ardour burn'd,
And now responding, he his way pursued.
"O thou dear object of my love unfeigned
Dear Emeline! My treasured all!
Where art thou now? O why not bless me still?
Appear thou lovely maiden—at my call.
The birds around carol their choicest strains,
But absent thou, no melody will cheer
Thy only voice is music to my soul:
O come that voice! Let me such music hear!
Nature's rich odours might my sense regale,
But thou, sweet flower, art absent from the eye
Thou canst not share with me in these delights,
And therefore nought can true delight supply.
Enchanting subject of my humble song,
I catch thine image in the lucid stream:
Fancy I find thee 'mid the gleaming trees,
While thro' my soul thine eyes unsullied beam.
Shall I forget thee? No! not while I live!
But while these eyes their duty can perform,—
Long as these feet the paths of life shall tread—
For ever, thou my constant heart shall warm.
Love the blest theme, and thou the object dear,
Wilt lead me often to retrace these scenes:
My hopes revive, and bid me yet possess
The prize, toward which anticipation leans.
Ye smiling lawns, farewell! Your beauties wear
In sylvan verdure flourishing remain
For my love's sake, ye hours fly swift away!
That I with her, may wander here again.
Witness my love ye fields, ye verdant lawns!
Think not that it shall falter or decay:
While fleeting time expires, I'll constant prove;
Farewell!"—I homeward wend my weary way.
As turns the cart from the reviving spring,
Where he his thirst had slaked, so turned he;
Imagined happier than the scepter'd king
Of empire spacious as the rolling sea.
Mending his pace, he leaves these scenes behind
And soon the summit of the hill he gains,
Now disappears,—his peaceful rest to find
Whilst all around unbroken silence reigns.
Blest are the souls, whom love descends to bless!
Happy the hearts which feed the sacred flame!
Which makes each action of the life confess,
And every thought bear witness to the same
Witness the truth, and help it to prevail,
That love is not confined to time or place,—
That 'tis a life that death cannot assail.—
That 'tis divine, in origin and grace.
A virtue—ranked supreme above the rest,
A lovely power, pursuing and pursued,—
Through which alone are men or angels blest;
By her alone with happiness endued.
A soul commanding principle within—
Evinced by many a bright enduring sign;
The fountain whence supernal joys begin,
A passion which no interest can confine.
A labyrinth,—a paradise profound,—
With many an intricate yet pleasing path;
Where pleasing flowers, and lovely fruits abound
Tasting of heaven, though scattered o'er the earth.
The essence of society divine,
Parent of heaven's benevolence and joy,
Which doth the great and good in one combine,
Dispensing virtue's pleasures and employ.
It is the curb of temper,—end of strife,
The genuine religion of the heart,—
It is the precious cordial of our life,
Which courage doth,—and purest zeal impart.
Whate'er is lovely, and demands respect,
All virtues, mingle in her beautiful train:
She doth all evils banish or correct;
And good unreckoned marks her holy reign.
Her parent, is the Eternal great first cause,
She lived with him before all worlds were made,
Before he gave to nature, nature's laws;
Or his strong hand o'er awful chaos sway'd.
And when his Word went all creating forth,
His attributes in truth were each unfurled;
Then love appeared, enrobed with nobler worth,

And formed the basis of a happy world
 Next—God in love his image did bestow
 On man, then all humanity was blest
 With every varied pure delight below,
 And her safe conduct to a heavenly rest.
 Extol that love that did our being raise
 And all the appendices of life bestow,
 Which makes our health, and crowns our fleeting days
 Whilst humble tenants of this world below.
 That love which sent his dear and only Son
 To earth, beneath our burden low to lie;—
 To ransom all mankind by guile undone,—
 To bear our guilt, be tortured, bleed, and die.
 Which hell's infernal chain asunder broke,—
 And heaven's immortal portals open wide,—
 Which sheltered us from the avengers stroke,—
 And does in ways of heavenly wisdom guide.
 To love we owe our happiness and peace,
 Our hope, the close companion of our way;
 Where'er she dwells all goodness must increase,
 And every vice must her rebuke obey.
 Essaying a description of her grace—
 Unequal, I must lay the task aside.
 Her pure effulgence beams through boundless space
 All bliss,—all virtue, is in love implied.
 Thou power divine, yet pleasing attribute
 Of highly honoured man: which raises him
 So wondrous high above the unthinking brute,
 And proves indeed, a deity within.
 May thy sweet influence reach to every soul!
 In thee may we delight to live and move;
 To whom our passions in thy just control,
 For know,—Th' eternal God himself is love.
 Though, feebly drawn this miniature attempts
 T' unveil her queenly form who peerless sits:
 And show that our dark enemy invents
 To soil her glory, numerous counterfeits,
 Which once embraced defeats her best designs,
 And that the common choice too oft admits
 Of spurious passion, which her rule confines;
 To mean and narrow limits; this begets
 Dislike and strife, unsettledness and woe,
 Chilling indifference, or supine neglect,
 And half the piercing ills that mortals know,
 Who their own happiness and peace reject.
 Alas! how little tastes the world at large
 Of that invigorating fruitful spring,
 Which knows no limits to its free discharge,
 And does for ever health and pleasure bring!
 How many are deceived by specious means
 Employed beneath the sanction of her name,
 Who never to malicious purpose leans;
 Nor ever glows with an unhallowed flame.
 How many vilely cast themselves away,
 Where her bright countenance ne'er beamed a smile;
 How many weary with inconstant play,
 And count devotion but an empty toil.
 While empty souls, are tossed with vain caprice,
 Too light to fix in undivided rest;
 And as with age their follies oft increase;
 With neither love nor lover are they blest.
 And some with rigid coldness walk the earth,
 Quite self sufficient, they all love decay,
 They give to nought but melancholy birth,
 They useless live, and unlamented die.
 Others would be both sanguine and sincere,
 But for some cherished idol in reserve
 This to renounce, is what they cannot hear;
 Thence lose their object as they sure deserve.
 Some hearts, on fancy's giddy current borne,
 Prove but as constant as the shifting wind;
 Failing as dew-drops of the blushing morn,
 Such, can in every place an object find.
 Some flourish a romance they never feel,
 Swear that a lady's eyes produce them food,
 Unnaturally urge the vain appeal,
 And pass the fulsome flattery a-la-mode.
 But these not e'en the least relation hold,
 To that true love that heaves the faithful breast,
 Nature alone that treasure can unfold,
 For she alone is of the gift possessed.
 But many yet object the fearful things
 Which seem to be love's consequences rife
 As grief and dark despair, which torment brings,
 And oft the halter, or the fatal knife:

Some drag themselves through lonesome paths to death
 * * * * *
 But no! for these love drops the pitying tear
 For all that err, compassions kind she hath;
 For all that droop, some balm to soothe and cheer.

TEULON.

THE SIMOOM OF THE DESERT.

The following extract is from Fatale Sayegher's Travels among the Arabs:—"We took the road to Heggies, resting every night with one of the tribes which overspread the desert. The fifth day, after passing the night under the tent of El Henadi, we rose with the sun, and went to saddle our dromedaries, but found them, to our great amazement, with their heads plunged deeply into the sand, from whence it was impossible to disengage them. Calling to our aid the bedouins of the tribe, they informed us that the circumstance presaged the simoom, which would not long defer its devastating course, and that we could not proceed without facing certain death. Providence has endowed the camel with an instinctive presentiment for its preservation. It is sensible, two or three hours beforehand, of the approach of this terrific scourge of the desert, and turns its face away from the wind, buries itself in the sand, and neither force nor want can move it from its position, neither to eat nor drink, while the tempest lasts, though it should last for several days. Learning the danger which threatened us, we shared the general terror, and hastened to adopt all the precautions enjoined upon us. Horses must not only be placed under shelter, but have their ears stopped; they would otherwise be suffocated by the whirlwinds of fine little sand which the wind sweeps furiously before it. Men assemble under their tents, stopping up every crevice with extreme caution, and having provided themselves with whatever is placed within their reach, throw themselves on the ground, covering their faces with a mantle, and stir no more till the destructive hurricane has passed. That morning, it was tumult in the camp; every one endeavoured to provide for the safety of his beasts, and then precipitately retiring under the protection of his tent. We had scarcely time to secure our beautiful Nedgde mares before the storm began. Furious gusts of wind preceded the clouds of red burning sands, whirling round with fierce impetuosity, and overwhelming or burying under their drifting mountains whatever they encountered. If any part of the body is by accident exposed to its touch, the flesh swells as if a hot pan had passed over it. The water intended to refresh us with its coolness, was boiling, and the temperature of the tent exceeded that of a Turkish bath. The tempest lasted ten hours in its greatest fury, and then gradually abated for the following six; another hour and we must have suffocated. When, at length, we ventured to issue from our tents, a dreadful spectacle awaited us: five children, two women and a man, were extended on the still burning sand, and several bedouins had their faces blackened as if by the action of an ardent furnace. When any one is struck on the head by the simoom, the blood flows in torrents from his mouth and nostrils, his face swells and turns black, and he soon dies of suffocation. In 1813, a caravan of two thousand persons was buried in the sand, between Muscat and Aleppo, and only twenty escaped."

SOCIAL AFFECTION.—Society has been so aptly compared, to a heap of embers; which when separated, soon languish, darken and expire; but if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat; a just emblem of the strength, happiness, and the security derived from the union of mankind. The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers, dark and useless: they neither give nor receive heat; neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion led? How often in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth? And how in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint?

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

The grateful and the benevolent delight in such records as the following: the former because they are reminded of God's goodness towards themselves; the latter, because they rejoice in his goodness towards others. The narrative occurs in an interesting volume by the Rev. C. S. Stewart, entitled, "A Visit to the South Seas." The ship was passing round Cape Horn.

"Every face was beaming with brightness at the propitious termination of our long voyage; and in the punctilious silence rigidly extracted, in bringing a man-of-war to anchor, I was yielding myself to thoughts of grateful adoration, at the kind providence which had brought so large a company of us in health and safety over so wide a waste of sea, when the first order in lessening sail, 'Furl the royals,' was given by the commanding officer. It was scarce done, before the hitherto unheard and appalling cry, 'A man overboard! A man overboard!' passed rapidly from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck; and as, the moment after, it was known that one of the crew had fallen from the fore-royal yard a height of more than 150 feet, into the sea, a shudder of horror passed over every one, in the persuasion that he was utterly lost!

"I was standing, at the moment, on the signal-locker at the stern, the ship moving at the rate of five knots, and had time only to turn round, before the poor fellow rose struggling to the surface in our wake. He was stunned and struggling and incapable of lifting up his face from the water, but still appeared to understand the calls of the officers, cheering him to every effort, till assistance could be rendered. The life-buoys were already cut away, the ship ordered about, and two boats manned and lowering; but in the haste and excitement, the tackles became entangled, the boats on touching the water were incapable of being unbooked, and the headway of the ship was still such, that in an instant, both were filled and swamped! thus, instead of one poor fellow struggling for life, fourteen of our number were in hazard of death!—three lieutenants, one midshipman, and ten of the crew. Knowing that, by remaining on deck, I should only be in the way of others, in every possible effort for the rescue of such as might escape, I hastened to my state-room, to give vent to the feelings overpowering me, in ardent supplication and tears unto the Hearer of prayer, that he would have mercy upon us, would spare us the judgments of his providence, and redeem from death the lives exposed to a watery grave.

As to the poor fellow who had fallen from aloft, I at once gave him up as lost; thinking it impossible, that, after the shock which he must have received in striking the water from such a height, he could keep himself afloat the additional time which would now be requisite to his rescue; but, happily, one of the life-buoys floated so near him, as to attract his bewildered observation, and seizing it, he was enabled to retain his grasp, and keep himself from drowning till picked up by a boat, lowered as soon as possible, with better success than the first two.

"Most happily, instead of many being drowned, all escaped with life; some who could not swim, by clinging to the boats, three by getting upon the life-buoys, and three by swimming. A moment's longer delay, however, in the arrival of a boat, and one, if not two, of these last must have perished. One of the lieutenants, after struggling till entirely exhausted, and begging aid from a companion at his side (which to have given would only have been to involve both in the same fate), exclaimed, 'Then I must go!' and had twice sunk and risen again, and was already a third time under the water, probably to rise no more, when the boat approached so near, that one of the crew seeing the extremity of the case, by throwing himself into the water, and seizing the drowning man by his hair, succeeded in drawing him into the cutter. He was entirely insensible, however, when brought on board, and after being resuscitated, endured great agony till thrown into a deep sleep.

"The scene was a severe shock for the time, but the kind providence manifested in the issue of the casualty, crowned the whole with conspicuous mercy."

THOUGHTS ON THE BEAUTIES OF THE CREATION.

The more attentively we consider the face of nature, the more deeply we pry into its mysteries, and make ourselves acquainted with its secrets, the more do we acknowledge the wisdom of the Creator,—the more do we feel that “the Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work.” Every advance in science, every new discovery in the structure and organization of the bodies that surround us, does but increase our admiration, and confirm our assurance that

The hand that made them is divine.

The *Geologist* investigates the crust of the earth. He observes the nature of its strata,—the position superiorly of such as are porous and permeable deeper down, those that are tenacious and resisting. He recognises in this arrangement the source of “the rivers that run among the hills.” He observes that had this order been reversed, the rain which falls from heaven would have deluged the surface of the earth without penetrating its bosom, and would in wild devastating torrents have swept from its face those fruits and plants that it now so beneficently nourishes and evolves.

The *Chemist* analyses what were formerly looked on as elementary substances. In the air he finds two gases, one of which is by itself fatal to animal life, while an undue proportion of the other would change the air we breathe into a corrosive poison; yet they are mixed in such proportions as to form the compound most suited to support that curious vital phenomenon, respiration. And whether this compound be examined in the depths of the lowest mines, or at the greatest heights to which men have ascended, the proportions of this combination are found to be unvaried. He examines the earths; he considers their use for the growth and support of plants; and he asks himself what should they consist of for this purpose. Plants he finds to contain oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and salts. The two former can be derived from the air that surrounds the water which moistens them: for the latter, they are dependent on the soil in which they are rooted. However various the composition of this soil, it consists essentially of two parts. One is a certain quantity of earthy matters such as clay, lime, and magnesia: the other is formed from the remains of animal and vegetable substances, which, when mixed with the former constitute common mould. The rain, then, percolating through this mould, dissolves the soluble salts with which it comes in contact, together with the gaseous, extractive, and other matters formed by the decomposition of animal and vegetable remains. Saturated with these nutritious matters it is presented to the roots, by them it is readily absorbed and sent as sap to the leaves, there, by exposure to air, to undergo the final process of assimilation.

The *Botanist* here steps in, and adds his mite to that beautifully continuous train of evidence, which, like the golden chain of the poet, binds together heaven and earth. He observes the beautiful adaption of the plant, to the soil in which it is intended to grow. The stately red mangrove springs in a wet and boggy soil which could scarcely support it erect against the first passing breeze. But how wisely is this cared for! It arises from several roots each root rising some feet above the earth before it unites with its fellows to form the trunk: further, slender shoots about three inches in circumference, quite bare, and jointed, grow from the trunk and branches in great abundance, then descend into the earth, take root, and thus afford support to the parent stem. The cocoa, which is a large tree of the shores of the torrid zone, grows in pure sand, which it interlaces with such a prodigious quantity of fibres, as to form around it a solid mass. It is on this basis that it withstands the most furious tempests in the midst of a moving soil.

A constant supply of moisture is necessary to the life of the plant; and when the thirsty soil fails to impart this through the root, how beautiful is the provision that enables the leaves to absorb the aqueous vapour from the atmosphere, and by the faculty they possess of radiating heat so to reduce their temperature during the night, as to cause the deposition on themselves of “the gentle dew from heaven.”

Heat is essential for evolving and maturing the delicate organs on which the reproduction of the plant depends. The organs are situated in the centre of the blossom, which, gathering the rays, reflects them in on its tender charge; an effect very much increased by its general incurved form. But what colours are most favourable to the reflection of heat?

Science has shown that light colours reflect, while dark absorb. But although this fact was so long undiscovered by science, how skillfully has it been taken advantage of by Almighty Wisdom! “Consider the lilies of the field.” Is not the dazzling whiteness of the snowdrop, the delicate tint of the hyacinth, the narcissus, and the early anemone intended to reflect the chill rays of a wintry sun, and to increase to the utmost the scanty heat it affords? Is not this intention assisted by their general low-lying position, which exposes them to all the heat the earth radiates? While the deep colours and lofty stems of the summer and autumnal flowers, clearly evince that such contrivance was

here needless and was therefore omitted. With equal care are they guarded against the effects of a too-scorching heat; and while with us they are found in the meadows, enamelling the soil, between the tropics they are raised aloft, and made the ornaments of the forest which by its foliage shelters them from the blaze of the mid-day sun, while, by their situation, they are sufficiently removed from the parched and burning earth.

How beneficent was it of Divine goodness to ordain, that corn, so necessary to the support of man, should grow not on bulky vegetables, requiring much space and length of time for reproduction, but on small slender plants, which spring up almost as soon as the seed is put into the ground. In the former case, the destruction of a crop would have been followed by famine for many years; in the latter, there is nothing more than inconvenience for a few months.

But, beyond all measure, the most interesting as referring to the curious and intricate of the works of the Almighty, are the discoveries of the *anatomist* and *naturalist*. Every step he makes in the acquaintance with nature, every new fact that he discovers, opens to him such a boundless exhibition of wisdom, goodness, and mercy, that,

Transported with the view, he's lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

He observes the countless tribes of fishes “that have their way in the deep, and occupy themselves in the great waters.” How admirably is their shape adapted to cleaving their way through the watery element; how powerful the muscles of the tail, by which chiefly they are propelled; how ingenious the situation and construction of the air-bladder, by which they are enabled to rise or sink at pleasure; but, above all, how beautiful is the mechanism of their respiration! That which to animals with lungs would be painful and laborious, is, by the substitution of gills, rendered easy, and free from trouble. The fish fills its mouth with water, and, instead of swallowing, suffers it to pass through its gills. To each branch of the gills is distributed a vein and artery, by means of which the blood is exposed to the vivifying principle contained in the water, or in the air which is held dissolved in the water; and thus the same change is produced as in us by the passage of the blood through the lungs,—it is arterialized, and rendered fit for the nutriment of the body.

In birds the great object seems to have been lightness, to enable them to soar through the spacious fields of air, the element it was intended they should occupy. For this purpose their bones are hollow, and filled with air; their lungs are continuous, with a number of air-sacs; which run down into the abdomen, occupying much space with little weight, while, at the same time, they assist in the rapid aeration of the blood, so necessary to animals of such quickness of motion and rapidity of impulse. Their wings are widely extended, in comparison with the size of their bodies, by which means they are enabled to condense a considerable body of air, which, by its elasticity, assists them in their flight. To enable them to maintain their position in the air, it is necessary that the centre of gravity should lie beneath the line of their wings, else they would tumble over in their flight. To attain this object, one of the large muscles for elevating the wing is actually placed with the depressors of the wing on the front of the breast, and made to turn, as it were, over a pulley, to gain the back of the pterion, and enable it to exert its proper action. The means by which a bird, while sleeping, maintains its hold on the branch, is equally admirable. The tendon running from the muscle, which is situated high up on the thigh, to the extremities of the talons, runs behind the joint, or elbow, of the leg. As the bird sits down, this joint is bent, and the tendon passing over it, is, of course, strained; from which results, mechanically, the closure of the talons round the object on which they are placed, and thus, without any muscular exertion, the hold is kept while the bird sleeps.

And now, as we approach man, and the higher order of animals, facts crowd on us in such countless abundance, in such rich profusion, that we know not how to reject, or which to select. They are too important to be curtailed, too numerous to be inserted at the end of an article. But, before we part, let us glance with our mind's eye over the few, but interesting, facts we have collected. Let us observe their exquisite ingenuity—their beautiful adaptation and suitability to circumstances. And shall we then attribute them to a blind chance,—an indiscriminating destiny. No; we shall not so far insult our reason. Voiceless though they be, they declare, in language not to be misunderstood, the existence of an ever-wise and ever-bounteous Creator, “God over all, blessed for ever.”

P. B. I.

TITLES OF OLD BOOKS.—The following are the titles of some of the books which were in circulation in the time of Cromwell. The authors of those days must have thought there was “something in a name.”—“A most delectable, sweet-perfumed Nose-Gay, for God's saints to smell at.”—“A pair of Bellows, to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry.”—“The Snuffers of Divine Love.”—“Hooks and eyes for Believers' Breeches.”—“High

beeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness.”—“Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant.”—“A sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a hole in the wall of an earthen vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish.”—“The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with devotion.”—“Salvation's Vantage Ground! or, a Louping Stand for heavy believers.”—“A shot aimed at the devil's head-quarters, through the tube of the Cannon of the Covenant.”—“A Reaping Hook well-tempered for the Stubborn Fens of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of Salvation.”—“Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed Wm. Hummie's handful of Honey Suckles, and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties now newly augmented.”

VITALITY OF INSECTS.—“If the head of a maniferous quadruped, or of a bird is cut off, the consequences, of course, are fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure, or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Loeuwenhoek had a mite which lived eleven weeks, transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Valiant caught a locust at the cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a stout pin through the thorax; yet the feet and antennae were in full play after the lapse of months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain.

A fleshy integument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived six months. Spallanzani cut the heart out of three newts, (in Scotland called asks,) which immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for 48 hours.—A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognise a precipice on approaching to the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived 18 days. Col. Pringle decapitated several libellulæ, or dragon flies, one of which afterwards lived for four months, and another six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on above a few days.

MUSIC.—Haydn used to relate, with much pleasure, a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music? “Certainly,” replied the shopman, “I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's.” “Oh,” returned Haydn, “I'll have nothing to do with that.” “How sir, you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! And pray what fault have you to find with it?” “Oh, plenty; but it is useless talking about it since it does not suit me: show me some other.” The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, “No, sir, I have music, it is true, but not for such as you;” and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humour, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop: “Haydn!—ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music.” The Englishman laughed; an explanation took place, and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.—*Life of Haydn.*

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—We have now in our possession the tooth of some unknown animal, which weighs about three and a half pounds, and measures seven and one-fourth inches long, four and one-fourth inches wide, and nineteen inches over. It is in a good state of preservation, with the exception of the parts uncovered by the enamel, which is partially decayed by being exposed to the air. This tooth, with a number of other fossil remains, was dug up from about eight feet under the surface of the ground, near the Paw Paw, in Van Buren county, about forty miles north of this place; by some persons who were digging a mill-race. We can give no possible conjecture to what sort of animal this tooth belonged, unless it was to the great mastadon, the history of which animal is only to be found in the traditions of the Indians.—*Niles (Mich.) Gazette.*

ENORMOUS HEAPS OF GRAIN.—A Sheffield gentleman, on whose veracity we have the strictest reliance, informs us that on passing the Vistula, a fortnight ago, he saw at Dantzic, heaps of wheat on each side of the river, five or six feet deep, of considerable breadth, and extending nearly 7 miles. It is preserved from the effects of the weather by a peculiar kind of matting and soft cloth. Several thousand persons are constantly employed in turning this immense quantity of grain, and exist upon it, the simple preparation of their meals being, to boil the corn in the waters of the Vistula: they reside in straw huts, erected adjoining the scene of their employment. This as-

tenishing superabundance of produce, consisting of nearly 600,000 quarters, has been brought from Galician and Poland, to its present situation, for the purpose of being imported to foreign countries as it is well known the Corn Laws prevent its introduction here.
Sheffield Iris of July 20.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1837.

THE COURT OF A VIRGIN QUEEN—Which England can now boast once more, will probably be a very different thing from the assemblages of which her late kings have been the centre. The English court, indeed, has for many years existed wholly in name; so completely have the pretensions of royalty to sway the concerns of social life been supplanted by "the fourth estate" of fashion which grew up during the long minority of George the fourth, and which, first fostered by the great whig families who were with him in the opposition, soon rivalled the aristocratic circle of St. James, and finally completely threw into the shade the humdrum court of old George the third. This dominion of fashion as opposed to royalty, was decidedly democratic in its tendency. Birth and office were no longer the indispensable requisites for admission into her mysterious circle. Taste, talent, or whim, constituted equal passports to the favour of the eccentric goddess; and in her court, unlike those of mortal princes, all who had once gained admission were peers, and met upon a footing of perfect equality. Nay, her levelling influence extended not less to principles than to men, and if the characters of the English exclusives have been justly painted by their compatriots, profligacy and virtue were equally honoured among them when equally graced with wit and accomplishments; while the flimsy veil of fashion was all sufficient to cover the brazen front of shame and shield the most open offender, against contumely and disgrace. With the accession of a maiden queen to the throne of England, all this must become changed. Many of the ladies of rank who have long given its prevailing tone to the first class of English society, will probably not be admitted to the presence of a woman whose purity is unimpeachable, and who has the power to choose her own society. "The exclusives" thus exiled from court will lose caste accordingly, while the court itself taking its complexion from its sovereign, will, in turn, give the general tone to society. Nor will this wholesome influence upon taste and morals stop here. The field of literature, so far as light letters are concerned, will evince it in the growth of a better taste than that which has long prevailed: and there will be a sudden cessation in the manufacture of those farragos of twaddle and profligacy, yecept "the fashionable novels," which are imported so abundantly into this country to infect the manners and poison the morals of our people.—*N. Y. Mir.*

STATE OF TRADE.—The following very gratifying announcement is copied from the *Liverpool Times* of August 15:—"Now that the ferment of Electioneering is ended, and that things are returning to their natural course, it is a great satisfaction to see that the trade and commerce of the country are reviving, and that monetary affairs are again becoming easy and tranquil. The sales of Cotton in Liverpool in the week ending on Friday last, amounted to the unusual quantity of 40,280 bales; and the sales, both on Saturday and yesterday, were 5,000 bales. In sheep's wool there is also an increased demand, and a tendency to rise. The account from Manchester, Leeds, Leicester, and Nottingham are also much more cheerful than they have been for some months, and all concur in representing things in a favourable light. Monetary matters are in a very satisfactory state, gold having become abundant, and discounts as easy as is desirable. A good harvest, with which we now seem likely to be blessed, will cause the year to close far better than it commenced, and probably considerably better than there had been any reason to hope for, even a short time ago."

TEXAS.—In the course of debate in the House of Representatives, on the affairs of Texas, Ex-President Adams said:—"No power on earth could do it but the people of the United States and the people of Texas; and an immense majority of the people of the United States would, he believed, prefer a total dissolution of the Union to the annexation to it of the republic of Texas."

From the Acadian Telegraph.

Postscript.

From Papers by the Georgian, to August 22.—The Elections have ended, Ministers have a clear majority of 38 on all trying questions,—a much larger on general measures. The *Liverpool Times* says, that the Tories have not gained a dozen votes with all their immense exertions. Great praise is given by English Reform papers to the firmness of the Irish Constituency. The majority, is said to be quite enough for all practical reforms, although not for organic changes. Quite enough to prevent Tory domination. Not one of her Majesty's Ministers has lost a seat. The *Medway Steamer* was destroyed by fire off Northfleet. 150 passengers were on board. Only one was lost, that was by indiscretion. She was run ashore. She left London the same day for Gravesend.

77 miles of the London and Birmingham Rail road will be opened on January 4.

Mr. Hume says that the majority against him were not Middlesex residents, but voters put on for the purpose by the Tories. He polled 1300 more than at his last election; 4000 "faggot voters" had been added since then.

Lord Lyndhurst, of "alien" and other notoriety, and whose late grief for the loss of his daughter attracted public attention, is married to a Miss Goldsmid. Her father was a Jew! herself has been a Roman Catholic for years!!

Dr. Stanley was installed Bishop of Norwich in August. His sermon was in aid of the Funds of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; it was decidedly charitable and liberal, on religious Dissent and Education. At a dinner in support of the Society, his Lordship was asked permission to have his sermon printed, and allusion was made to that request being omitted before. The Rev. Lord Bayning avowed the omission was intentional, on account of the opinions advanced in the sermon. This avowal was received with cheers by the Clergy and others present. A meeting of the Corporation was called in consequence. This body disavowed any participation in the insult, and renewed the request respecting the sermon. The Bishop answered; and concluded by saying, that he would at all times support those political principles he had through life avowed, as he conceived them to be conducive to the happiness of mankind, and consequently to the glory of God.

SPAIN.—The Carlists were within three leagues of Madrid; on the 12th they retreated. Espartero entered Madrid on the same day; the Militia were enthusiastically preparing to march against the enemy, but subsequent movements made this unnecessary. The Cholera is said to be at Rome. The English College has been placed at the disposal of the Board of Health as an Hospital.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—It is said that Parliament will meet on Tuesday, the 7th November, for the dispatch of business.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Robert Kelley, Esq. (Yarmouth) on the 20th inst. by the Rev. John Ross, Mr. Alexander Lawson, Editor and Proprietor of the *Herald*, to Miss Francis Campbell, Ring. At St. John, N.B. on Sunday 24th inst. at St. Malachi Chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Dunphy, Mr. Jonas Johnston, formerly of Halifax, to Johannah, only daughter of Mr. Timothy Collins, of that place.

DIED.

Monday forenoon, in her 27th year, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Thos. Cumming. At Chatham, Miramichi, on Sunday the 17th inst, Harris, son of Mr. H. Wiswell, aged 9 months. At Cole Harbour, on Thursday 21st. inst. much and deservedly respected by all who knew him, Gordon, second son of Mr. James F. Bissett, in the 21st year of his age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

Saturday, Sept. 23. Am. brig Cordelia, Jones, Boston, to D. & E. Starr & Co. R. D. Clarke, and others, schr North America, Bears, St. George's Bay, to Master. Sunday, brig. Pictou, Doane, New York, to R. D. Clarke and others; brig Indus, Burnell, Hamburg, to Fairbanks & Allison. On the 19th inst experienced a heavy blow from S.W. in which she lost main-top and fore-topgallant masts, taking overboard with them. Sinen, one of whom succeeded in saving, after towing with the wreck nearly quarter of an hour: the other two, J. Thomas and S. Batcock were drowned; Maria, Girroir, Boston, to J. Allison & Co. Emily, Sydney. Monday, New brig. West, LaHave, to C. West, & Son; schr. Mary, Pettipas, Sydney; Enterprise, LeBlanc, Miramichi, to A. Fraser; Priscilla, Sutherland, Fortune Bay, to the master; Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg; Spanish brig Andalusia, Douglass, Boston, to S. Binney. Tuesday, Schr. Ann Berry, McDonald, St. John, N. B. via Yarmouth; Favorite, Crowell, St. Andrews, via Barrington, to master; Hope, Johnston, Shelburne; Fair Trader, Liverpool, N.S.; Tusket Lady, Yarmouth; Stranger, Ragged Islands; Emily, Crowell, Fortune Bay, to Fairbanks & Allison. Thursday, schr. Armide, Smith, St. Stephens, to Fairbanks & Allison. Schr. Alicia, Miramichi, to S. Cuard & Co. schr. Lady, Bond, Brown, to M. B. Hamilton. Barque Georgian, Marshall, Liverpool. G. B. to D. and E. Starr and others. schr Union, Conrad, Boston, schr Ben Furr, Miramichi.

Friday, brig Jane, Walker, Norfolk, to J. Allison and Co. brig. Sophia, Crockett, Turk's Island, to C. West and Son. schrs Hero, Liverpool, N.S. Meridian, Kemble, Burin, to G. P. Lawsod. H. M. S. Champion, Com. King, Quebec.

CLEARANCES.

September 22d brig Grand Turk, Ingham, St. John's, N. F.; schr. Bahamian, Hudson, Nassau, N. P. by Deblols & Merkel; Trial, M'Farlane, St. John, N. B. by S. Binney; Willing Lass, Watt, Bay Chaleur, by S. Cunard & Co. and Bogga & Hartshorn; 23d brig Acadian, Lane, Boston, by John Clark; brig Herald, Place, B. W. Indies; schr. Edward & Samuel, Balcon, Newfoundland, by J. Strachan. Mary and Margaret, Magdalen Islands. Henrietta, do. by J. Allison & Co. 26th. brigs Reward, Lyle, Kingston Jamaica, by H. Lyle. Norfolk, Matthews, Philadelphia, by J. Clark. George Henry, Denstadt, New York, by J. H. Bratne. 27th, Tamer, Packard, St. John, N. B. by Saltus & Wainwright. Hazard, Crowell, St. John, N. B. by D. and E. Starr & Co. At London, Aug. 12, brig John Lawson, Halifax. At Liverpool, Sept. 20, brig Nova Scotia, Dominica.

PASSENGERS.

In the William from Rum Key, Capt. Nelmes.—In the Coquette, for St. John's, N. F., Mr. Duncomb, Miss Nixon, Miss Howe, Mrs. Carson.—In the Cordelia from Boston, J. J. Sawyer, Esq. and Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. Champion, Mr. Bennet, Capt. Crowell, and 4 in the steerage.—In the Pictou from N. York, Mr. and Mrs. Ross and daughter, Miss Brown, Miss Braine, Miss Hill, Mr. Davis, and 10 in the steerage.—In the Indus from Hamburg, Mr. A. Knaut.—In the Acadian for Boston, Messrs. Petre, Dickenson, McKenzie, Miss Shannon, Miss Knowles, and 8 in the steerage.

SALES at AUCTION.

LEDGERS, JOURNALS, &C.
BY EDWARD LAWSON.

At the Exchange Coffee House, on Wednesday, 4th of October next, at 12 o'clock.

A LARGE assortment of STATIONARY, consisting of LEDGERS, JOURNALS, DAY BOOKS, LETTER BOOKS, Waxes, Folscap, Letter, Blotting, Printing, and Wrapping PAPER. In LOTS to suit Purchasers. Sept. 29.

Evening Sales by Auction,

AT R. D. CLARKE'S
WAREROOMS,

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

FOR the Sale of BOOKS, SILVER, GILT, and PLATED WARE, JEWELLERY, WATCHES, Fancy, Ornamental, and other GOODS. Terms, always cash.

Articles for Sale must be sent the day previous to the Sales. Liberal advances will be given if required. August 4.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS, &C.

THE SUBSCRIBER begs to intimate, that on his late visit to the UNITED STATES, he selected at the different Manufactories, and imported in recent Arrivals,

A great variety of Stoves,

Comprising almost every description of COOKING, FRANKLIN, HALL, OFFICE, KITCHEN, and other STOVES, there manufactured nearly all of entirely New Patterns and Descriptions here, and at unprecedented Low Prices. September 29. ROBERT D. CLARKE.

STOVES, ONIONS, &C.

FRANKLIN and Cooking STOVES, Water Pails, Chairs, half and quarter boxes RAISINS, RICE, Preserved Ginger, White Beans, in bags, bunches ONIONS. Pieces Baiting, and 100 American CHAIRS. Just received per Cordelia from Boston, and for Sale low by B. WIER.

Near the Ordnance. ALSO.—A few bbls. CUCUMBERS, in excellent order for pickling. 3w. Sept. 29.

EVENING SCHOOL.

MR. BURTON'S EVENING SCHOOL, will open on Monday the 9th of October ensuing. Residence opposite the New Methodist Chapel in Brunswick Street. Sept 29.

Real Japan Blacking.

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

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

A SERMON will be preached, and a Collection taken, in the New Wesleyan Chapel (Brunswick Street) on Sunday Evening next, in aid of the Funds of the Sunday School. Sept. 29.

SUPERSTITION.—The following anecdotes, recorded in the very interesting voyage of Messrs. Bennet and Tyerman round the world, are extracted, as showing the absurdity and groundlessness of some superstitious fears.

"Our chief mate told us, that on board a ship where he had served, the mate on duty ordered some of the youth to reef the main-top-sail. When the first got up, he heard a strange voice saying, "It blows hard." The lad waited for no more; he was down in a trice, and telling his adventure. A second immediately ascended, laughing at the folly of his companion, but returned even more quickly, declaring that he was quite sure that a voice not of this world had cried in his ear, "It blows hard!" Another went, and another, but each came back with the same tale. At length the mate, having sent up the whole watch, ran up the shrouds himself, and when he reached the haunted spot, heard the dreadful words distinctly uttered in his ears, "It blows hard!" "Aye, aye, old one! but, blow it ever so hard, we must ease the earings for all that," replied the mate undauntedly; and, looking round, he spied a fine parrot perched on one of the clues, the thoughtless author of all the false alarms, which had probably escaped from some other vessel, but had not previously been discovered to have taken refuge on this. Another of our officers mentioned, that on one of his voyages, he remembered a boy having been sent up to clear a rope which had got foul above the mizen-top. Presently, however, he returned back, trembling, and almost tumbling to the bottom, declaring that he had seen "Old Davy" aft the cross-trees; moreover, that the evil one had a huge head and face, with prick ears and eyes as bright as fire. Two or three others were sent up in succession; to all of whom the apparition glared forth, and was identified by each to be "Old Davy," sure enough. The mate, in a rage, at length mounted himself, when resolutely, as in the former case, searching for the lugbear, he soon ascertained the innocent cause of so much terror to be a large horned owl, so lodged as to be out of sight to those who ascended on the other side the vessel, but which, when any one approached the cross-tree, popped up his portentous visage to see what was coming. The mate brought him down in triumph, and "Old Davy," the owl, became a very peaceable ship-mate among the crew, who were no longer scared by his horns and eyes; for sailors turn their backs on nothing when they know what it is. Had the birds, in these two instances, departed as secretly as they came, of course they would have been deemed supernatural visitants to the respective ships, by all who had heard the one, or seen the other."

INSECT MANUFACTURES.—A most extraordinary species of manufacture, which is in a slight degree connected with copying, has been contrived by an officer of engineers residing at Munich. It consists of lace, and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted:—Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant on which the species of caterpillar he employs feeds, he spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat substance, of the required size. He then, with a camel-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. This stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen, which spins a strong web; and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them, measuring twenty-six and a half inches by seventeen inches, weighed only 1.51 grains, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made weighs four grains and one-third, whilst one square yard of silk gauze weighs one hundred and thirty-seven grains, and one square yard of the finest patent net weighs two hundred and sixty-two grains and a half.—*Babbage's Economy of Manufactures.*

HAVOC OF WAR.—The siege of Troy lasted ten years, eight months. It is said there died 870,070 Grecians, 670,000 Trojans; at the taking of the city after, were slain 276,000 men, women, and children of all sorts. Cesar killed a million, Mohammed the second Turk 80,000 persons; Siccus Dentatus fought in a hundred battles; eight times in single combat he overcame, had forty wounds before, was rewarded with one hundred and forty crowns, triumphed nine times for his various services. M Sergius had thirty-two wounds; Scæva the centurion, I know not how many; every nation hath their Hectors, Scipios, Cesars, and Alexanders. Our Edward the Fourth was in twenty-six battles afoot: and as they do all, he glories in it; this is related to his honour. At the siege of Jerusalem 1,100,000 died with sword and famine. At the battle of Cannæ, 70,000 men were slain, as Polybius records, and as many at the Battle Abbey with us; and it is no news to fight from sun to sun, as they did, as Constantine, and Licinius, etc. At the siege of Ostend, a poor town in respect, a small fort, but a great grave, 120,000 men lost

their lives, besides whole towns ruined, and hospitals full of maimed soldiers. There were engines, fire-works, and whatsoever the devil could invent to do mischief, with 2,500,000 iron bullets, and shot of forty pounds weight, three or four millions of gold consumed. What plague, what fury, brought so devilish, so brutish a thing as war, first into men's minds? "From whence come wars and fightings among you? come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" James iv. 1.—*Burton.*

HUNTING SPIDERS.—There is a tribe of hunting spiders that leap like tigers on their prey, and, what is more extraordinary, have the faculty of doing so sideways. One of these jumped two feet off an humble bee. They approach the object of their intended attack with the noiseless and imperceptible motion of the shadow of a sun-dial. If the fly move, the spider moves also, backwards, forwards, or sideways, and that with so much precision as to time and distance, that the two insects appear as if bound together by some invisible chain, or actuated by the same spirit. If the fly take wing and pitch behind the spider, the head of the latter is turned round to meet it so quickly, that the human eye is deceived, and the spider appears to be motionless. When all these manœuvres bring the fly within its spring, the leap is made with fearful rapidity, and the prey struck down like lightning. The redeeming trait in these cruel creatures is their affection for their young.—*Family Library.*

THE HUMAN BRAIN.—It is a curious fact, that in the brain of man, no less than 80 per cent. of the weight is water. According to the analysis of Vanquelin, 100 parts of human brain, consist of 80 parts of water; 4.53 of white fat; 0.7 of red fat; 1.12 of osmazone; 7 of albumen; 1.5 of phosphorus united with the fats; 5. 15 of sulphur, biphosphate of potash, phosphates of lime and magnesia, and other salts. Of such materials is the thinking organ of man composed. The spinal marrow and nerves are similarly constituted. The ratio of water in the brain of the calf is also 80 per cent.—*Lardner.*

CARD.

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

W. F. Teulon General Practitioner; next House to that of H. Bell, Esq. M. P. A. Aug. 18.

Agricultural Fair.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a fair will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday the 3rd and 4th of October next, at the Fair ground at Windsor, for the exhibition and sale of

HORSES, HORNED CATTLE, SHEEP AND SWINE, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, Seeds and Agricultural Produce.

As this Fair has been revived for the encouragement of the Farmer, to afford him a more extensive market, by collecting together the Producer and the Consumer, and the Buyer and the Seller, it is obvious that it cannot be sustained, without the cordial co-operation of those for whose benefit it is designed. The patronage therefore of the practical Farmer is respectfully and earnestly solicited. It is also hoped, that the Market will be countenanced by the friends of agriculture from the Metropolis and elsewhere. By order of the President,

E. HARDING,

Clerk of the Peace for Hant's County.

Note.—This Fair, which was unavoidably postponed last Spring, in consequence of the great Agricultural distress existing at that time, and the extraordinary backwardness of the season, will positively take place as above advertized.

Windsor, September 13.

HUGH CAMPBELL,

No. 18, Granville St.

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

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

WINES.

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

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy. Curacao and Mareschino.

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

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

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

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH SEED STORE.

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

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

E. BROWN, Agent.

O. H. BELOCHER.

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.

HENRY G. HILL,

Builder and Draughtsman.

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

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.

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

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

IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE

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

LOWES & CREIGHTON, Grocers, &c.

Corner of Granville and Buckingham Streets. June 3, 1837.

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

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