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THE PEARL.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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No. 4.

NORICENE.

THE FAIR HAURED GIRL OF THE ALPS.

By J. N. M'Jilton.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal fruit is ashes; in the tomb
The fair haired daughter of the Alps is laid.—Byron.

Who that reads of the Alps, but is lost in wonder at the grandeur and awfulness, the terrors and sublimity, which necessarily involve with every description of those stupendous monuments of the skill and power, of the mighty architect? Well might the French philosopher, at the foot of St. Foy, exclaim, while his eye was rolling in astonishment over the immense piles that surrounded him—"Surely a better philosophy could alone rescue us from the persuasion that they are the pillars on which the heavens are propped. When one observes the immensity of their bases, and the abruptness with which they terminate, we can but imagine that their heads soar far beyond the clouds in which we lose them."

Travellers have endeavored almost in vain to designate the most beautiful and interesting portions of Alpine scenery: like the students of astronomy, who

"Trod from star to star
Up to the firm base of the eternal Triad,"

each new adventure has arrested their senses with newer and more absorbing interest, until they have abandoned the idea of particularizing the excellencies of any localities of a territory presenting as a whole, such a vastness and continuity of wild and wonderful scenery.

The Pass of Guil is one of the most difficult and dangerous of all the narrow footways that wind about these lofty barriers, that lift up their proud summits as if to dare the enterprize and intrepidity of man. Even the terrible St. Bernard, that arrested for a moment the daring spirit of Napoleon, does not produce upon the feeling of the traveller more awful and subduing sensations, than does the frightful scenery of this rock-hewn labyrinth. Nature, the prince of aristocrats, seems to have thrown the whole long continent of the Alps together for purposes of her own, and fixed upon their granite heads, chambers for her sole retirement; but man, her initiated to her secret dwelling places; he has hewn himself a home among her mountain rocks, where he has bid defiance to her profoundest terrors. The frowning Guil has been witness of his daring, and has smoothened at his magic touch.

The rugged ravine which forms a passage for the Guil, is one of the latest places upon earth to hunt a human being, and yet human beings have stood upon the fearful heights that shelve above the stream, and gazed in rapture on the wild and varied grandeur that hang on every side:

"Too wild for pen or pencil to portray,"

No one can possibly form an estimate, from description, of the awful sensations experienced in beholding from this single pathway, for miles on every side,

"Where Alps on Alps arise."

A chasm is before you, deep and bewildering to gaze upon; its almost bottomless abyss, over which the very birds seem fearful of flying, and into which you are momentarily in dread of falling, so much so, that the perpendicular and fistulated rock at your side, is grasped with a firmness that brings the blood to your finger-ends.

"High as the sight can reach,
The terrors magnify,"

And the effect is alone for him who has stood upon a portion of rock smaller than his feet, and supported himself with his hands bearing hard upon a trifling recess, and, while huge pieces of rock were breaking from the summits and rolling with irresistible velocity by his side into the chasm below, has tremblingly waited,—gazed, and won-

dered. Few have possessed daring sufficient to gratify curiosity a second time in so dangerous a situation.

The soldiers of Hannibal wrestled with the icebergs of the Alps, and Napoleon's troops defied their slippery glaciers—these went forth in multitudes that "darkened heaven in their flight"—the spirit of each animated by the intrepidity of his companions and fired by the enthusiasm of their conquering leaders, and the world has wondered at their bravery and admired their resolution. Less have they wondered, and less have they admired, the intrepidity and firmness of the minister of the cross, who, "single-handed and alone," with no prospect of subduing earthly kingdoms or winning earthly fame, has traced his solitary travel over these immense mountains, with no eye upon him but the eye of heaven, to witness his devotion to his holy calling, and his determination to give up his dangerous mission but with life. With no human companion to animate and cheer him, and nothing but the consciousness of duty to warm his bosom, he has climbed the rugged steeps and slid their dangerous descents, to tell his fallen fellow men of the Redeemer's death, and warn him of a future world. Holy ones have perished in their employment, and others, undismayed, have succeeded them, and preached, with faithfulness and zeal, the doctrines of the cross.

In the eighteenth century, Felix Neff left his happy fire-side and friends, to encounter the difficulties of a mission to the inhabitants of the gloomy Alpine regions, and never did a more devoted servant equip himself for labor in his Master's vineyard; with talents that would have shone in the brightest circles of refinement, he left the arena of honor and worldly preferment, and sought amid the wilds of Arvieux for the neglected children of his God, to whom, though they were poor and ignorant and despised, he felt bound, by the brotherhood of his faith.

Dormilleuse was the spot he loved, and a wilder home for man, was never hewn from rocks that bear eternal snows. Here by the flickering firelight he taught the peasant's child to spell its Maker's name, to read and venerate his holy laws; here he made the son and daughter glad in the knowledge of salvation, and here he made the father's heart to leap for joy at the mention of the Saviour's love, and his own throbbed with deep unison of praise when the power of the Highest gave efficiency to his holy labor.

Neff was an itinerating pastor, his flocks were scattered among the mountains; and on foot, with no companion but his staff, he visited them all, and regularly administered to their spiritual necessities. At Dormilleuse he spent much of his time, finding there greater field for usefulness than in any other location in his district. The cottage of De Visa a poor but respectable peasant, was his shelter and his chapel; in it, he was supplied with nourishment for his temporal existence, and in it, he administered in return the bread of everlasting life.

De Visa had one daughter, an only child; his wife he had wept over and laid in her narrow house; the grave was in the garden, but a short distance from the cottage, surrounded by a beautiful bower, planted and cultivated by the father and the child; there was the loved retreat of the bereaved—the place where they prayed and wept and rejoiced together. Noricene alone was left to be the comforter of her beloved parent; she was all his hope on earth, the staff on which he leaned in the midst of his affliction.

"To woo and win her from his arms,
Unnumbered suitors came."

Albert L'Arvon was the choice of the unsophisticated, simple-hearted girl; his piety and regular habits made favorable impressions upon both father and daughter, and their preference was soon apparent, for the young man shared oftener and deeper in the hospitalities of the cottage than

did those who were received merely as friends. The minister gave his hearty sanction to the union of feeling and warmly reciprocated affection of the two young persons in whose happiness he felt so much interested.

Noricene though she had pledged herself to marry Albert, resolved never to leave her father, and on one occasion, when asked by him if she would consent to go with him to some more civilized part of the world—of which he had been often told by the missionary—she paused a moment, evidently delighted at the suggestion, but the remembrance of the tie that bound her father to the cottage came up in her mind, and she broke forth in the following impassioned language:—"No, Albert, the places where those more civilized people live, though they afford a thousand inducements, I can never visit;—I can never leave my father—I will remain at his side, and when his hoary head shall be placed beside the spot where my mother sleeps in death, I'll spring the bower over both their graves, and teach the mountain blossom to bloom in tenfold beauty above them; there shall be my pilgrim shrine; and there with you, my Albert—for I feel that you will stay with me—will I often kneel, and the spirit of my parents shall commune with ours, and tell us of that eternal spring that has neither cloud nor storm, where flowers are forever fresh, and friends shall be separated no more."

In these individuals, as in many others among the hard laboring peasantry, Neff saw the effect of his pious exertions, and rejoiced in being the chosen instrument, in the hand of heaven, of their enlightenment. Their condition was in every respect bettered by his instruction, and as religion was mingled with every lesson; in giving it, he received a portion of his reward, for nothing expands the mind and develops its capabilities in a greater degree than the knowledge of the all wise Creator of all things, and a right conception of his works and of his will to fallen man, depending as he does entirely upon his mercy and goodness; Neff saw new capabilities spring into existence with every line he taught, and he thanked heaven for the rich and abundant blessing.

No heart can love like those tempered by religion. In addition to those intrinsic excellencies which awaken kindred sympathies, and those personal accomplishments, the resources of which afford ample food for admiration, the bosom warmed by religion, has a higher and more exalted theme; it loves the object and source of all love, and has a deeper feeling for all who love that object, than it has for the mass of mankind, whose thoughts and feelings arise no higher than sensual pleasures, and even for these it has more affection than has a heart unwarmed by the heavenly influences of religion, for it has a more exalted view of man, as well in relation to social intercourse with his fellows, as his duty towards his God: besides, the influence of religion tends to soften and refine the hardest feelings, and enlarge and purify the mind; it reveals capacities for affection and enjoyment, that the grosser habits of life would forever hide.

Albert L'Arvon enjoyed religion. This, in the opinion of both the preacher and parent, was an all-powerful recommendation and had its effect upon the guileless and unsuspecting Noricene. She saw the youth who had asked her love, bending in prayer before the same Being to whom, in secret, she had often dedicated the powers of her soul: in meek submission, at their Saviour's feet, she heard him humbly ask for grace to strengthen the infirmities of his nature, and assist him to bear the ills and reverses of a life of doubt and accident: her feeling intuitively mingled with his, and she rejoiced that they were travelling in the same path, with the same Saviour to lead them to one common heaven.

Noricene plighted unconditionally her faith to Albert.

the rocks they climbed together, the wild flowers that perfumed their resting places upon the mountains,—the stars that gazed in seeming gladness on their mutual joy, were all the witnesses of their vows of everlasting love. As months rolled on they became more and more closely united, the stream of their affections gathered new tributaries every day, and the waters increased with every new occurrence. Neff beheld their increasing fondness for each other with pleasure; he was glad to give his fair haired daughter of the Alps, as he called her, to one so worthy of her as Albert. Old De Visa's heart danced for joy at the prospect of the satisfactory settlement of his daughter, and the peaceful and happy life that seemed before his family, and the hope that they should all eventually meet in the better world on high was the ultimatum of his felicity: he often reflected upon the partner of his early pleasures and wept with gratitude when he thought of beholding her a saint redeemed in his father's house above.

One beautiful moonlight evening Noricene stole unobserved by the little company in the cottage, to indulge in a ramble through the garden. Moonlight among the Alps, presents a scene of surpassing beauty. The contrast of silvery radiance with the deep shade distinctly delineated;—the moon herself seeming, as she really is, a sphere floating through space detached from the blue expanse beyond—light thrown from the sun, reflecting from some mountain of crystal upon her surface and radiating to a thousand points, dimming the bright orbs that spangle the breadth of the horizon, and reaching through the forty miles of atmosphere that gathers about the earth, representing crag and cliff and the long phalanx of forest trees in perfect outline. The pale phosphorus-like flame breaking through the deep fissures of huge frowning rocks and pouring through the openings of the trees painting with perfect exactitude every feature, the mingling of shadow from the rugged heights thrown promiscuously upon ravine, stream and plain, and above all, and the reflection from some snow capped summit, miles above the beholder, is exceedingly lovely: 'tis then the moon looks like a living thing coursing proudly on her cloudless passage, transferring life to hills of snow, that breathe her diamond lustre back and catch new radiance from her mightier beam.

The moonlight scenes painted around the dwelling of Noricene were too vivid for description, like the untold joys that revelled in her bosom, sensation was their only home and fancy's finger never touched realities so sweet. She visited in her ramble each well known spot, that had contributed so often to her happiness, and which memory had sanctified to love.—In her return to the cottage she thought to stop a moment at the dearest of them all—the place where her mother slept. During her absence, her father with Albert and the minister left the cottage, and were feasting richly on the "joy of grief" upon the spot that death had rendered doubly dear to them all. Noricene paused a moment at the entrance of the bower, fearful of intruding upon the hallowed scene before her, the next she was in her father's arms, and a while they wept in silence. De Visa's tongue became eloquent. "O!" he exclaimed, "when shall we join our hands in that eternal house, whose maker and builder is the living God, our harps that sometimes hang on willows here below shall wake to ceaseless, everlasting song, and fill the courts of yon bright world with praise;—no sickness there, no death shall stop the strains but through the live-long sabbath of the skies one endless shout shall employ our willing tongues to Him who in his own precious blood has washed and made us white."

With the consent of all concerned, Albert and Noricene fixed upon a day that was to make them one in fate forever. The cottage was to be their home, and De Visa their companion, until death should divide the little flock. Nothing intervened to interrupt their happiness, all was peace and pleasure, and blissful anticipation. Time rolled on by the "might of his wings," and brought the wished-for period. The lovers appointed the day, custom fixed the hour for their marriage: in the evening an hour after sunset, the sacred ceremony by the minister and the blessing of the father and friends were to be pronounced. Neff

promised to be at the cottage for dinner, Albert, to come before the sun should hide himself behind the snow upon the hill top. The busy "note of preparation" was over at the cottage long before the time for dinner. Noricene laboured, assisted by a few of her female friends with unusual activity, and they all sung the while like birds, whose only care was to sport upon the mountain winds. Sweetmeats and pastry were prepared, and every thing the humble retirement afforded was provided that would make the entertainment agreeable, and the guests happy: some few acquaintances were invited to dine and spend the afternoon with the minister. They came early decked for the bridal to sport with the young betrothed. Rapidly flew the hours, for

"Lightly falls the foot of time;
That only treads on flowers."

The sun-dial shadowed twelve ere the light hearted group were aware of it: they forgot to take the note of time and moments went like the wind. Theirs were the joys of nature uninterrupted by the cold rules of etiquette; it was the mingling of heart with heart, and in the gush of feeling unrestrained there was real pleasure beyond all the studied efforts of more refined life.

"I wonder what can detain our aged friend," said Noricene to her father with some anxiety; "I never knew him to be a moment behind his engagements."

"I know not," replied De Visa, "some unforeseen circumstance has prevented his coming no doubt; he has always been very punctual, but perhaps this time he—"

"O, I hope he is well," returned the impatient Noricene, interrupting her father and very perceptibly agitated, "did he complain of any thing when he left the cottage?"

"Not that I know of," replied the old man, partaking somewhat of his daughter's suspicion.

"Come girls," cried Noricene, with a trembling voice, "let us away to the mountain, we'll meet the missionary and bring him to his dinner."

"And scold him too," was the reply of several.

Noricene snatched up her sun bonnet and was soon hid among the hills; the girls all followed, running to overtake her, but she went like a deer and kept her distance ahead.

Upon the tallest summit of the pass of Guil they met the minister; one of the members of his flock had been injured by the falling of a tree and detained him at La Chalp. Civilities were exchanged, and they prepared to return to the cottage. But where is Noricene? A hundred questions were asked and left unanswered. Perhaps she was among the hills concealing herself for sport, perchance she had gone to the cottage and was waiting to surprise them when they returned;—but there was no path by which she could get back unnoticed. Conjectures were a few moments indulged in, when the company separated to climb among the cliffs. De Visa alarmed at their stay, left his home tenantless and joined them. Albert too, who was before his hour and finding the home of his beloved without an occupant, unconsciously took the road to the pass. The father was in agony: he wrung his hands and wept. Neff endeavoured to console him but wanted consolation for himself. The name of "Nori" resounded over the mountains,—the echo of a thousand valleys repeated Nori—and the stillness of death succeeded. Old Sicho the faithful dog who had twice rescued the lost one from death when she was a child, went howling from place to place; after a long absence he returned and seizing the missionary by his coat pulled him towards Dormillense, this he repeated several times, then laid himself at the feet of his master writhing and moaning in most pitiful accents. It was enough for the poor old peasant. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away" said he, "and my trial is come? For what purpose shall the bright heavens shine and the beautiful valley be green before me. Nori is gone and I am left alone in my sorrow."

"Trust thou in God," replied the missionary; "he will hew a shelter in the rock for thy safety and his right hand shall be thy salvation." So saying he followed the dog down the pass towards the cottage; about half way down the animal made a halt, and reaching his head over the

precipice howled more piteously than before; as the company approached him, he sprang from the passage and was hurried in the torrent below.

"Power of the highest!" exclaimed Neff as he looked over the rock and saw the body of the unfortunate girl; her long light hair had caught in a fissure and held the body on the edge of the stream; the waters were rolling by it with fearful violence.

De Visa fell senseless on the narrow rock and was prevented with difficulty from rolling over the form of his daughter into the foaming surge; he was carried in a state of insensibility to the cottage. Until midnight did Albert labor to recover the cold body of his betrothed, that instead of his, had become the bride of death. When the moon buried herself behind the mountain he stretched himself upon the pass, and held his dismal wako by the body of the dead.

Through that long, solitary night, alone he kept his silent watch; ever and anon lifting himself up from his damp couch to cast an earnest glance upon the light form tossing to and fro in the writhing waters of the mountain torrent, that it escaped not from him forever. The flood of wild thoughts which rushed over his agitated soul during that lonely waking of his betrothed, were such as left their dark lines forever channelled in his memory. The fearful concentration of a thousand heart-breaking reflections, almost made him a madman; and when the dim light of the early morning kindled faintly upon the hills, it found him faint and feeble as a child.

At the early dawn he renewed his exertions, and accomplished what no human being would have imagined possible; the pale corpse of his beloved he drew up dripping from the defile and carried it in his arms down the pass to the cottage, the effort overcame his strength and he fell fainting by its side. She sleeps upon the bosom of her father beside her mother's grave. Albert extended the bower over both the graves, and the pilgrim-shrine of his beloved became the flowery temple, where the missionary and himself rehearsed in the hearing of the peasantry of Dormillense, the doctrines of redemption, and told them of the better world where death shall trouble not and where the weary are at rest.

The sleep of the righteous is sweet; and the memories which come over our hearts as we linger above their narrow dwelling are very pleasant, no matter how they have passed away—whether in the lingering disease or in the sudden visitations of death. There is a light resting upon their tombs which strikes a ray far into the shadows of the dark valley.—*Baltimore Athenaeum.*

PRAYER.—The river that runs slow and croops by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into a little hollowness, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with devotion; but when it runs with vigorousness, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to creep into its little hollows, but runs into the sea through its and useful channels. So is man's prayer; if it moves on the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling incident, and stays at the corner of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and does not arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends down showers of refreshment.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

PULSATION.—The Pulse, in the time of Hippocrates was, probably, not more than sixty beats in a minute from which, probably, originates our smallest division of time, denominated the *moment*, or *second*, which divides the day into eighty-six thousand four hundred parts. The human species refine, probably the pulse quickens, so completely are we machines, that, like a clock, the faster we go the sooner we run down.—*London Saturday and Medical Journal.*

For the Pearl.

FRAGMENTS OF PIOUS THOUGHT.

III.

THE IMPORTUNATE BEGGAR.

ON a fine day in the summer of 1829 we left the smoke and din of London, to visit one of the beautiful villas which abound in the vicinity of the great metropolis. We were passing along elated with joyous feeling, inhaling the balmy air, and gathering reflections from every object around, when we were accosted by an individual who solicited a small pittance at our hands. Not more noticeable were his clothes from their threadbare aspect, than they were from their remarkably neat and cleanly appearance. The peculiar manner in which his request was urged, and indeed his *tout ensemble* indicated a superior education and circumstances very different from those in which he now appeared before us. The piteous tone of his voice, together with his care-worn countenance, at once moved our sympathies, and we were in the act of extending relief, when covetousness, reminding us of former deceptions and of the many base impostors which prowl in every direction, in a moment closed our purse. We proceeded in our course, and safely landed our little silver piece at the bottom of our pockets, comforting ourselves with the thought that indiscriminate charity was a monstrous evil. But our reverie was of short continuance, for the moan of the stranger again pierced our ears, when, hoping to escape it we quickened our pace. Swiftly we footed the ground and as swiftly did the poor beggar pursue us: finding escape hopeless, we stopped and listened to a tale of woe which caused our very heart-strings to vibrate—and then there were pleadings—O what pleadings! for the sake of his wife and little ones. It was enough—covetousness “unclenched his sinewy hand,” and our small silver coin was fished up, and with a number of others was presented to the importunate beggar.

To us this case was not without moral instruction. We stood reproved for our want of holy fervency and importunity in prayer, and we trust the reproof was made a lasting blessing. Oftentimes when the fire has burned dimly on the altar, and our hosannahs have been uttered faintly and feebly, have we been aroused and our dormant energies enkindled, by the recollection of the warmth and earnestness of the poor beggar suing for a few pence. His *temporal necessities* were not greater than are the *spiritual wants* of the children of men. Let a man be rich as Croesus, wise as Plato, and powerful as Cæsar, yet without the favour of his God, he is poor indeed. He is in fact a moral pauper, lacking every good thing, and without hope in the world. The beggar applied for relief to one who had never promised aid—but man, feeling the pressure of his moral wants may apply to God, whose exceeding great and precious promises, constitute the glory of his written word. The exhaustless treasury of divine grace is exhibited to every applicant of the divine mercy, as an inducement to his asking largely, that his joy may be full. And for what was this poor beggar so earnest in his appeals—for a little of the pelf of earth, while approaching to God we ask for favour that is better than life, peace that passeth all understanding, and joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. Is not that man a wonder, who acknowledges his spiritual wretchedness and destitution, and yet coldly and indifferently presents his prayers to Almighty God for help and deliverance? Friend, art thou the man? And does our poor beggar manifest more importunity for the things of earth than thou dost for the glories of heaven? The reader must give the reply while again we subscribe ourselves,

SILVANUS.

SHE IS THINE.

A correspondent in the London Morning Post relates the following:—“It will be remembered that an extraordinary excitement was created some months since, in the fashionable circles, by the secret marriage of a lady, equally celebrated for her wealth, beauty, and accomplishments, to the younger branch of a family, more illustrious for its talent, than remarkable for any other possessions. Upon

the discovery of the marriage by the father of the lady, a variety of circumstances prompted the demand of that kind of satisfaction which an exchange of pistol balls is supposed to communicate. A message was delivered from a friend of the obdurate and indignant parent to a distinguished nobleman, the husband of one of the ladies, whose honour was supposed to be implicated by the transaction. A ‘meeting’ took place, happily without serious consequences. A considerable time elapsed before a reconciliation took place; and that event was, we believe, the result of accident. ‘*She is Thine,*’ has ever since been the reigning favourite in the most *distingue* circles, and is invariably introduced on ‘bridal occasions:’ add but to this, that it is a reigning favourite with the queen of British song, (Mrs. Wood,) and another cause of its universal popularity will be discovered. The father of the bride, happening to hear the exquisite music of ‘*She is Thine,*’ took up the ballad, and casting his eyes over the poetry, became so much affected that his carriage was ordered, and he returned home. That night a letter of forgiveness was forwarded to his daughter.

She is thine—the word is spoken;
Hand to hand, and heart to heart!
Though all other ties are broken,
Time these bonds shall never part.
Thou hast taken her in gladness,
From the altar’s holy shrine;
Oh, remember her in sadness,
She is thine, and only thine!
In so fair a temple never,
Aught of ill can hope to come;
Good will strive, and striving ever,
Make so pure a shrine its home!
Each the other’s love possessing,
Say what care should cloud that brow;
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou!

From the Church of England Magazine.

THE JEW AND HIS DAUGHTER.

As I was going through the western part of Virginia, (says an American writer,) an old clergyman gave me a short account of a Jew, which greatly delighted me. He had only lately become acquainted with him. He was preaching to his people, when he saw a man enter, having every mark of a Jew in his face. He was well dressed, and his looks seemed to tell that he had been in great sorrow. He took his seat, and listened in a serious and devoted manner, while a tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After the service, the clergyman went up to him and said, “Sir, do I not address myself to one of the children of Abraham?” “You do,” he replied. “But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian church?” The substance of his account was as follows:—he had been well educated, had come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fruitful banks of the Ohio. He had buried his wife before he left Europe, and he knew no pleasure but the company of his beloved child. She was indeed worthy of a parent’s love. Her mind was well informed, her disposition amiable; she could read and speak with ease various languages; and her manners pleased all who saw her. No wonder, then, that a doting father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey, should place his whole affections on this lovely child. Being a strict Jew, he brought her up in the strictest principles of his religion.

It was not long ago, that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire; her strength decayed; and it was soon too certain that death was creeping upon her frame. The father hung over her bed with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often tried to talk with her, but could seldom speak except by the language of his tears. He spared no expense or trouble in getting her medical aid: but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a wood near his house, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of her chamber. He was now to take a last farewell of his child; and his religion gave him but a feeble hope as to meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand. “My father, do you love me?” “My child, you know that I love you; that you are more dear to me than all the world beside.” “But, my father, do you love me?” “Why, my child, will you give me pain? have I never given you any proof of my love?” “But, my dearest father, *do* you love me?” The father could not answer. The child added, “I know, my dear father you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you: will you grant one request? O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter; will you grant it?” “My dearest child ask what you will, though it take every farthing of my property; whatever it may be, it shall be granted, I will grant it.” “My dear father, *I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth.*” The father was dumb with surprise. “I know (added the dying girl) I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that he is a Saviour; for he has made himself known to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, though I have never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him, that I shall ever be with him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him; and I pray that you may know him; and when I am no more, you may bestow on *him* the love that was formerly *mine!*”

The labour of speaking here overcame her feeble body. She stopped, and the father’s heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind: and ere he could recover his spirits, the soul of his dear daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to that Saviour whom she loved and honoured.

The first thing the parent did, after he had buried his child, was to procure a New Testament. This he read; and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered amongst the meek and happy followers of Christ.

SIN.

Sin is a kind of insanity. So far as it goes, it makes man an irrational creature: it makes him a fool. The consummation of sin is, ever, and in every form, the extreme of folly. And it is that most pitiable folly which is puffed up, with arrogance and self-sufficiency. Sin degrades, it impoverishes, it beggars the soul; and yet the soul in this very condition, blesses itself in its superior endowments and happy fortune. Yes, every sinner is a beggar: as truly as the most needy and desperate mendicant. He begs for a precarious happiness; he begs it of his possessions or his coffers, that cannot give it; he begs it of every passing trifle and pleasure; he begs it of things most empty and uncertain—of every vanity, of every shout of praise in the vacant air; of every wandering eye he begs its homage: he wants these things, he wants them for happiness, he wants them to satisfy the craving soul; and yet he imagines that he is very fortunate; he accounts himself wise, or great, or honourable, or rich, increased in goods, and in need of nothing. The infatuation of the inebriate man, who is elated, and gay, just when he ought to be most depressed and sad, we very well understand. But it is just as true of every man that is intoxicated by any of his passions, by wealth or honour or pleasure, that he is infatuated: that he has abjured reason. What clearer dictate of reason is there than to prefer the greater good, to the lesser good. But every offender, every sensualist, every avaricious man, sacrifices the greater good—the happiness of virtue and piety—for the lesser good, which he finds in his senses or in the perishing world. Nor is this the strongest view of the case. He sacrifices the greater for the less, without any necessity for it. He might have both. A pure mind can derive more enjoyment from this world, and from the senses, than an impure mind. This is true even of the lowest senses. But there are other senses besides these; and the pleasures of the epicure are far from equalling even in intensity, those which piety draws from the glories of vision, and the melodies of sound—*ministers as they are of thoughts and feelings, that swell far beyond the measure of all worldly joys.*—*Dewey’s Discourses.*

TIME AND THE TRAVELLER.

AN APOLOGUE.

A TRAVELLER, contemplating the ruins of Babylon, stood with folded arms, and amid the surrounding stillness thus expressed the thoughts which the scene inspired:—"Where, oh where is Babylon the great, with her impregnable walls and gates of brass, her frowning towers and her pensile gardens? Where are her luxurious palaces and her crowded thoroughfares? The stillness of death has succeeded to the active bustle and joyous hilarity of her multitudinous population—scarcely a trace of her former magnificence remains, and her hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, have long been sleeping the sleep of death in unknown and unmarked graves! Here thou hast been busy, O Time, thou mighty destroyer."

The traveller having finished his soliloquy, there appeared before him a venerable person of mild aspect, who thus accosted him:

"Traveller, I am Time, whom thou hast called the mighty destroyer, and to whose ruthless sway thou hast attributed the melancholy desolation which is here spread out to the view. In this charge thou hast wronged me. Mortals have mistaken my character and office. In their pictorial representation, I am always exhibited as wielding a scythe, as if my only purpose was to mark my way with havock. But behold me! although aged, my step has the elasticity of youth; my hands grasp no instrument of destruction; my countenance expresses no fierce and cruel passions. Deeds of devastation are wrongly attributed to me, and I here appear to vindicate my name. Since this beautiful world sprang from chaos, I have lent my aid to perpetuate its beauty, and to impart happiness to its inhabitants. My reign has been mild and preservative. I have marked the course of the sun, the moon, and the stars, and during the thousands of years in which they have rolled in mighty expanse, I have diminished naught of their lustre—they shine as bright and as sweetly, they move on their course as harmoniously as they did when the world was in its infancy. Look at the everlasting hills; they stand as proud and as permanently as they did when they rose up at the command of their mighty Creator. Contemplate the ocean in its ceaseless ebb and flow; I have not diminished its mighty resources. But the works of man you will say are corroded by my touch, and the beauty and life of man flee before my approach. Even in this you wrong me. I have witnessed the rise and fall of empires, and have seen countless generations of men pass from the stage of human life, but in neither case have I hastened their doom. Sin has been the great destroyer—the vices of men have scattered desolation over the fair faces of creation. The thousands who have fallen on that battle-field have not fallen by my hand; the scattered ruin of these once mighty cities whose memorial has nearly perished, have not been strewn by my hand but by the hands of earthly conquerors, who have trodden down in their march of conquest the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor. The great works of man originating in pride, have been subverted by folly and cruelty. Cities once proud, populous and magnificent, have utterly disappeared, not by the operation of time, but in the conflicts of men, and in the execution of the just judgments of God.

"Most diseases derive their origin or their virulence from human vice or folly, and wars resulting from the lusts of men, swell the lists of the dead. Many a furrow is marked on the brow of man, which is attributed to Time, in which Time has had no agency; and many totter to the grave who go there prematurely, and not by the weight of years. Men once lived nearly a thousand years, and now they seldom fulfil three score years and ten. It is not because I am now more emphatically destroyer, but because their sins and follies have curtailed the term of their existence. Even the works of men in ancient days, might have still stood to be gazed upon, if no other influence than mine had been exerted. The stones of Jerusalem's Temple are no longer recognized, but they might now have occupied their place of glorious structure, had not God otherwise decreed in punishment of man's sins. Look at the Pyramids of Egypt; there they still stand, the lofty and strong monuments of former ages;

I have merely effaced the names of their vain glorious builders. Traveller! I am not a mighty destroyer. I am the friend of man; I afford him precious opportunities; I mitigate his severest woes; I afford him seed-time and harvest, summer and winter in agreeable vicissitude; let him be virtuous; let him perfectly obey the high behests of God his Maker and Redeemer, and then it will no longer be said I mar his works." The venerable personage disappeared when he had thus spoken, and the traveller mentally acknowledging the justice of his vindication, pursued his travels, to mark with greater discrimination the wide-spread desolation which had been brought into the world by human crime.—*New York Mirror.*

LOOKS AND TONES.

Yes! there are looks whose beams impart
Such thrills of rapture through the heart,
That in those beams we'd wish to dwell
Forever in one witching spell;—

Looks softer than the azure hue
Of some meek violet bathed in dew,
And brighter than the glancing stream
That sparkles in each sunny gleam.

And there are tones we often hear
Welcome as music to the ear;
Tones that when gone, within the mind,
Still leave an echoing cord behind:—

A cord which memory oft will touch;
And then the tones we love so much,
Like some long silent wished-for strain,
Float sweetly on the ear again.

As Horeb's rock at God's command,
Burst forth unto the prophet's wand—
And as they drank the flowing wave
Which to their hearts fresh vigor gave;—

So does the stream of love congealed
Gush forth at once dissolved, revealed,—
Thus do our feelings flow to meet
Those looks of love, and tones so sweet.

Sure there are none can list unfelt,
While music's tones around them melt,
Nor can there be a heart but owns
The magic power of looks and tones. [*Louisville Jour.*]

For the Pearl.

ON NATURE.

Nature has for the reflecting mind endless charms, and variety suited to please all ages, and every disposition; guided by an unseen but all-powerful hand, she dispenses her blessings to all; and the beautiful balance she maintains throughout her works, is not her slightest charm. Where she withholds beauty of feature, or elegance of form, some pleasing quality, extraordinary talent, or useful property, is given, which amply makes up the deficiency. The flowers whose beauty renders them most ornamental, lend not to the air the sweetest perfume. It is not the gaudy Macaw, or the graceful Goldfinch, whose notes most delight the ear; nor has the Nightingale their beautiful plumage. The Elephant's unsightly form does not make him less fit to perform his useful part, for the inhabitant of the "luxurious east;" nor does the delicate figure of the deer render it a less pleasing object to the eye. All nature's works seem peculiarly adapted for the benefit of man; the inhabitant of the palace and the cottage, the aged and the youth, have an equal share in her bounty and may contemplate alike, her beauties; but cold and insensible is the heart, that views her without pleasure.

Nature does not, however, convey to all the same ideas; the hand that gave her such variety gave also to mankind as great variety of sentiment;—many who gaze on charms that delight the eye, have hearts that cannot feel from whence they proceed; while others can see alike in the "mountain wave," and the calm "unruffled deep," the power that gave to the "boundless ocean"—*bounds*, and hear alike in each, the voice that said, *To here, shalt thou flow; and "here shall thy proud waves be said."* The ad-

mirers of nature consider her most grand and instructive in her extremes. When the hurricane with irresistible fury carries all before it, and every wave threatens to overwhelm the tiny bark, that forms but a speck on the surface of the vast ocean; when all has been done for its safety that man can do; and the mind has time to contemplate the grandeur of the scene, and to contrast nature with art, divine strength, with human weakness.—Then can the heart that thinks aright (feeling that the elements acknowledge an Almighty controul;) truly enjoy this burst of nature. Even when we behold the ocean calm and still, not a wave or a ripple in motion, when it reflects the azure of heaven, and in its bright mirror doubles the charms of surrounding objects where no leaf stirs to the breeze, and the heart is free from earthly cares, with what delight can it roam over this silent scene, and with what truth can we say, that nature, though silent, still speaks to the heart.

A SAILOR.

FROM EVENINGS WITH CAMBACERES.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

"Count d'Orsenne one day accompanied the Emperor on a reconnoitering excursion. The Emperor had been complaining of thirst, and some one seeing a vivandiere, or sutler woman, at a little distance, called to her. The woman did not know Napoleon, or any of his escort. She gave the emperor a glass of spring water mixed with a little brandy, and then curtsied for payment.

"There, my good woman," said Napoleon, pointing to Count d'Orsenne, "there is the Emperor, ask him for the money. He pays for us all."

The vivandiere blushed, and looked embarrassed; then turning to the Count, she scanned his splendid uniform with the eye of a connoisseur, and said:

"He! pooh, nonsense! Do you think I am fool enough to believe that. The Emperor is not such a coxcomb. You, Sir, look much more like him yourself."

The Emperor was much amused at this remark, and he gave the woman a double louis.

Count Dora, who was one of the party on the evening when Prince Cambaceres related the above anecdote, said,

"Your amusing story, Monseigneur, reminds me of another also relating to one of those camp-following nymphs called vivandieres. You know how carefully the Emperor preserved his incognito when he was with the army. It was well that he did so; for he frequently ventured into places where, had he been known, he would have incurred the greatest risks. During one of the campaigns in Germany, the Emperor, wrapped in his celebrated great coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by two orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty looking female, who by her dress, was evidently a vivandiere. She was weeping and was leading by the hand, a little boy, about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman and her distress, the Emperor pulled up his horse by the road-side and said:

"What is the matter with you, my dear?"

The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered:

"My mother is crying, Sir, because my father has beaten her."

"Where is your father?"

"Close by here. He is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage."

The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman and inquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being fearful lest the Captain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon, I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion, his habitual suspicions occurred to his mind, and he said,

"MALPESTE your husband has been beating you; you are so afraid of getting him into trouble, that you will even tell his name. This is very inconsistent! May not be that you are a little in the fault yourself?"

"Alas, Captain! he has a thousand good qualities, although one very bad one—he is jealous—terribly jealous; and when he gets into a passion, he cannot restrain his violence."

"But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy he may inflict on you some severe injury—perhaps kill you."

"And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him, for I am sure he would not do it wilfully. He loves me too well for that."

"And, if I guess rightly, you love him."

"That is very natural, captain; he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy."

So saying she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture, in spite of the heart of iron, of marble, or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

"Well," said he, turning to the woman, whether you and your husband love each other I do not choose that he should beat you—I am—I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to his Majesty—tell me your husband's name?"

"If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell you, for I know he would be punished."

"Silly woman! All I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve."

"That would make me very happy, Captain: but, though he ill treats me, I will not get him punished."

The Emperor shrugged up his shoulders, made some remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped off.

When he was out of the woman's hearing he said to the officers, who accompanied him:

"Well, gentlemen! what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuileries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband."

In the course of a few minutes, the baggage of which the boy had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the 52d. Napoleon despatched one of the officers, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

"Have you a vivandiere in your company?"

"Yes sire," replied the Captain.

"Has she a child?"

"Yes, little Gentle, whom we are all so fond of."

"Has not the woman been beaten by her husband?"

"I was not aware of the circumstance, till some time after the occurrence. I have reprimanded the man."

"Is he generally well conducted?"

"He is the best behaved man in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, and without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Does he know me by sight?"

"I cannot say, Sire—but, as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not."

"Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to conduct him before the General of the division."

On inquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine looking man, about five and twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said in a familiar tone:

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman; and is a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"Bah, General!" if women are to be believed, they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking—you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice: do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins; but I am much

mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and, if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

"Ma so! General, my wife is mine, and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor; Sire, you look to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife."

Napoleon laughed, and said: "My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word produced its usual magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said:

"Oh, sire! that quite alters the case. Since your majesty commands. I of course obey."

"That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Every body speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure, rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant, and, when you arrive at Munich, apply to the Grand Marechal du palais, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you may buy a sutler's caravan; which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy and at some future time he shall be provided for. But mind, never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

"Ah, Sire! I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness."

Two or three years after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you well know, has a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he has once seen. On one of his marches, he met and recognized the vivandiere and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying:

"Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made to me?"

The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet.

"Oh, Sire! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women."

"Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives."

A few pieces of gold were presented with these words; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of vive l'Empereur, uttered amidst tears and sobs by the mother and her son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole battalion."

AN AFFECTIONATE ELDER SISTER.

"I have seen one in the early bloom of youth, and amid the temptations of affluence, so aiding, cheering, and influencing a large circle of brothers and sisters, that the lisping student came to her, to be helped in its lesson—and the wild one from its sports, brought the torn garment, trustingly, to her needle—and the erring one sought her advice or mediation—and the delighted infant stretched its arms to hear her bird-like song—and the cheek of the mother, leaning on so sweet a substitute, forgot to fade."

"I knew another, on whose bosom, the head of a sick brother rested, whose nursing kindness failed not, night or day, from whom the most bitter medicine was submissively taken, and who, grasping the thin cold hand in hers, when death came, saw the last glance of the sufferer's gratitude divided between her and the mother who bare him."

"I have seen another, when the last remaining parent was taken to God, come forth in her place, the guide and comforter of the orphans. She believed that to her who was now in heaven, the most acceptable mourning would be to follow her injunctions, and to fulfil her unfinished designs. Her motto was the poet's maxim:

"He mourns the dead who lives as they desire."

As if the glance of that pure, ascended spirit was constantly upon her, she entered into her unfinished labors. To the poor, she was the same messenger of mercy; she

bore the same crosses with a meek and patient mind. But especially to her youngest sisters and brothers, she poured out, as it were, the very essence of her being. She cheered their sorrows, she shared and exalted their pleasures, she studied their traits of character, that she might adapt the best methods both to their infirmities and virtues. To the germ of every good disposition, she was a faithful florist—to their waywardness, she opposed a mild firmness, until she prevailed.

"She laid the infant sister on her own pillow, she bore it in her arms, and rejoiced in its growth, and health and beauty. And when it hasted on its tottering feet to her, as to a mother, for it had known no other, the smile on that young brow and the tear that chastened it, were more radiant than any semblance of joy, which glitters in the halls of fashion. The little ones grew up around her, and blessed her, and God gave her the reward of her labors, in their affection and goodness. Thus she walked day by day, with her eye to her sainted mother, and her heart upheld by the happiness which she diffused—and as I looked upon her, I thought that she was but a 'little lower than the angels.'"

ADVICE TO SMOKERS.—If you have ever learnt to chew or smoke that Indian weed called tobacco, I entreat you will at once drop it wholly, cleanse your mouth, and never again defile yourself with it. Nicholas Monardus, a German, has written a large folio on the virtues of tobacco, but it would take many such folios to prove it worthy of a place among civilized men. Let a man be thrown from a shipwreck on a desert island, and in a state of starvation, and he would rather die than eat this weed, though the island may be covered with it; and no youth can use it, either in chewing or smoking, without the decided and permanent injury to his appearance, health and progress in study. Let a company spend the evening in smoking the cigar, and what is the effect? They all awake in the morning, restless, feverish, low-spirited and dissatisfied—the mouth clammy and bitter, stomach uneasy, and each one feels like pouring out the vital principle in yawning. The custom certainly seems most at home in a filthy ale-house or bar-room. All experienced people will tell you that the habit of using tobacco, in any shape, will soon render you emaciated and consumptive, your nerves shattered, your spirits low and moody, your throat dry and demanding stimulating drinks, your person filthy, and your habits those of a swine.—*Todd's Student's Guide.*

MRS. PETER JONES.—Most of the readers of the public press probably recollect the publication of a romantic story of a young lady of London, possessed of wealth and great personal beauty, who, two or three years ago, became enamoured of Peter Jones, a Seneca Indian, a missionary, and married him, in despite of the remonstrances of friends and the scandal of the world. Mrs. Jones migrated to the west soon after her marriage, with her aboriginal lord; but at last, having become disgusted with the life he led her, she secretly abdicated his wigwam, and returned to England in the packet of the 16th May. During the sojourn of Mrs. Jones in the west, she became the mother of two children, both of whom are dead. The romance of this young woman almost equals that of Lady Esther Stanhope. The purity of Mrs. Jones' love might have been sublime, but her taste was execrable. Life in London for life in a wigwam! Only think on't.—*New-York Star.*

THE DOCTOR IS RIGHT!—A Dutchman, who had been a long time in the free use of ardent spirits, was at length persuaded to give it up and join the temperance society. A few months after, feeling quite unwell, he sent for a physician, who prescribed for his use one ounce of spirits. Not understanding what an ounce was, he asked a friend who told him eight drachms make an ounce, "Ah," exclaimed the Dutchman, "the doctor understands my case exactly. I used to take six drachms a day, and I always wanted two more!"

ANECDOTES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

OLD BIRDS ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH STRAWS.—A cat, belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to her mistress that she would pass the night in her bed-chamber, which was four stories high. Outside of the window was the parapet wall, on which the lady often strewed crumbs for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds and kill them. One morning, giving a "longing, lingering look," at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitering, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at, and succeeded in getting down. She then carried it to the favourite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. After awhile the birds came, and she resumed her favourite sport of killing the dupes of her sagacity.

THE SPARROW PROTECTED.—M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat, which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day a cat, belonging to a neighbouring house, had seized upon this sparrow and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought, bleeding and half dead to her master. She seemed, from her manner, really to sympathize very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin.

SINGULAR INTERPOSITION.—A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favourite, but, on turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety and dropped the bird, without doing it any injury.

EFFECT OF THE HUMAN EYE ON WILD BEASTS.—Mr. King, in his narrative of the journey performed under the command of Captain Back, to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, speaking of the great American wolves, says that their courage ceases with the gaze of man—a fact of which the Indians are quite aware, and frequently turn to a good use. "I am not only convinced," adds he, "that a courageous man, unless he becomes the aggressor, with very few exceptions is perfectly secure from the attacks of the brute creation in a wild state: but that they will invariably shun him if there is only space enough to admit of their escape. I have frequently, for experiment's sake, approached the rein-deer with closed eyes, without alarming them, when a single glance made them bound with fear.

A SINGULAR DEVICE.—A singular circumstance, exhibiting, in a remarkable degree, the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signy-le-Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day, looking through the hedge of his garden, observed a wolf walking round about his mule, but unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the wolf ran off to a neighbouring ditch where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory; but in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spouted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leaped upon him and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

SENSITORS OF EARTHQUAKES.—The following anecdote of the sensibility of cats to approach from earthquakes, is well authenticated. In 1783, two cats, belonging to a merchant of Messina, Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, these two animals seemed anxiously to work their way through the door of a room in which they were. Their master, observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and

out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after, there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses of the city fell down, of which number the merchant's was one; so that he was indebted for his life to the singular foresight of his cats.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The stanzas of J. T. C. will appear in our next. We hope "A Sailor" will find "Nature" sufficiently fruitful to supply us with articles for some months to come.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1837.

INNOCENT PLEASURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—What a rich and exquisite gratification it is, to take up the work of some great master-spirit of the age! Such an intellectual feast we have enjoyed in the perusal of "an address on Temperance" by the celebrated Dr. Channing, and which has lately been issued from the American press. We know not whether most to admire the address for the beauty of its composition, or the originality and profundity of its views. Many publications on the all-absorbing question of temperance we have read, but one so profound, so rational in its views, has never fallen under our notice. We greatly mistake if the new light thrown on the subject and the original suggestions tendered by Dr. Channing, do not prove of inestimable service to the great temperance cause. From the pen of the worthy Doctor much was to be expected, and no person will be disappointed in his expectations who carefully reads his address: in his hand even the most common place idea is rendered brilliant by the mode of its conveyance—every thing he touches becomes pure gold. Here we have no horrifying descriptions of the bloated countenance of the drunkard—his trembling, palsied limbs—his desolate, cheerless home—his squalid children—his heart-broken wife—these surface evils are scarcely noticed, while the depths of the wretched man's misery are disclosed, and so vividly presented as to have a tenfold effect on the mind of the philanthropist and the Christian. This is as we like it—we have been fairly tired out with the incessant *ding dong* of purpled cheeks—tainted breath—inflamed lips—clouded intellect—wan and haggard countenance—emaciated wife—starved children—from Beecher down to the last penny tract—that we feel it refreshing to peruse a work in which the old cuckoo note remains unsung, while the essential evil of intemperance, the *voluntary extinction of reason*, is broadly and clearly depicted. Nay, these outward evils which have formed the Alpha and Omega of many a piece of declamation, the Doctor is wishful, should ever follow the commission of the sin of drunkenness. "It is to be desired" he remarks, "when a man lifts a suicidal arm against his highest life, when he quenches reason and conscience, that he and all others should receive solemn, startling warning of the greatness of his guilt; that terrible outward calamities should bear witness to the inward ruin which he is working; that the hand-writing of judgment and woe on his countenance, form, and whole condition, should declare what a fearful thing it is for a man, God's rational offspring, to renounce his reason and become a brute." We fully concur in these views: to look at the consequences of vice, and not at the vice itself, is the mark of a meagre and unchristian philosophy. On the causes of intemperance, the Doctor speaks like one, well acquainted with the movements of society and their various evils—the heavy burden of care and toil which is laid on a large multitude of men—the intellectual depression and the ignorance to which many are subjected—the general sensuality and earthliness of the community—the want of self-respect which the present state of society induces among the poor and laborious, and the love of excitement which distinguishes our times, are among the causes of intemperance enumerated in the address.—Two modes of action are then recommended for the suppression of this great evil. "To rescue men," observes the Doctor, "we must act on them inwardly or outwardly. We

must either give them strength within to withstand the temptations to intemperance, or we must remove these temptations without. We must increase the power of resistance, or diminish the pressure which is to be resisted. Both modes of influence are useful, but the first incontestably the most important." On the latter topic, the Doctor expatiates with his usual vigour and judgment. To many narrow minded persons, his remarks will be received with a burst of ignorant condemnation—but to others of more capacious intellect and enlightened judgment, they will be read with the attention their importance demands. We subjoin the following interesting passage:

"I have said, a people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. By innocent pleasures, I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting the system; such as recur frequently, rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and in spirit; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with and are favourable to a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness, that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour; and the state of society should be adapted to this principal of human nature. France, especially before the revolution, has been represented as a singularly temperate country; a fact to be explained, at least in part, by the constitutional cheerfulness of that people, and by the prevalence of simple and innocent gratifications, especially among the peasantry. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement; these motives are excluded in a cheerful community. A gloomy state of society, in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness, if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess, because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried; because, in losing the consciousness of his condition and his existence, he loses little which he wishes to retain. The laboring classes are most exposed to intemperance because they have at present few other pleasurable excitements. A man, who, after toil, has no resources to blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of a man to take up with those of a brute. Thus the encouragement of simple, innocent enjoyments is an important means of temperance."

Music is the first innocent enjoyment recommended by Dr. Channing. That this accomplishment would be of benefit to the cause of morals and religion, and that it might be made "a lightener of toil, a cheerer of society, a relief of loneliness, and a solace in the poorest dwellings," there can be but one opinion. On this subject we have the following excellent observations:

It is now proposed that this shall be made a regular branch in our schools, and every friend of the people must wish success to the experiment. I am not now called to speak of all the good influences of music, particularly of the strength which it may and ought to give to the religious sentiment, and to all pure and generous emotions. Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favourable bearing on public morals. Taste and art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource; home will gain a new attraction; social intercourse will be more cheerful; and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society, perhaps no one produces so much unmingled good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds. Alas! yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.

Having thus eulogized music as an elegant and useful accomplishment, the Doctor next touches on "the poetry of motion," *dancing*. For his notice of this healthful exercise, he will, doubtless, be branded by many well-meaning but miserably contracted people, as a *reoy with man*: whether these individuals by their blackening process of defamation, will exhibit themselves as *very righteous persons* is another and a very different question. Viewed in the light of the annexed extract, and strongly abjuring the dancing of the theatre and ball-room, we must say with the great and good Dr. Watts, "we confess we know no evil in it."

Dancing is an amusement which has been discouraged in our country by many of the best people, and not without reason. Dancing is associated in their minds with balls; and this is one of the worst forms of social pleasure. The time consumed in preparation for a ball, the waste of thought upon it, the extravagance of dress, the late hours, the exhaustion of strength, the exposure of health, and the languor of the succeeding day—these and other evils, connected with this amusement, are strong reasons for banishing it from the community.

dancing ought not therefore to be proscribed. On the contrary, balls should be discouraged for this among other reasons, that dancing, instead of being a rare pleasure, requiring elaborate preparation, may become an every-day amusement, and may mix with our common intercourse. This exercise is among the most healthful. The body as well as the mind feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth naturally overflows in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is, to realize perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature? It is to be desired that dancing should become too common among us to be made the object of special preparation, as in the ball: that members of the same family, when confined by unfavourable weather, should recur to it for exercise and exhilaration; that branches of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation, in which the young form a part. It is to be desired that this accomplishment should be extended to the labouring classes of society, not only as an innocent pleasure, but as a means of improving the manners. Why shall not gracefulness be spread through the whole community? From the French nation we learn that a degree of grace and refinement of manners may pervade all classes. The philanthropist and Christian must desire to break down the partition walls between human beings in different conditions, and one means of doing this is to remove the conspicuous awkwardness which confinement to laborious occupations is apt to induce. An accomplishment, giving free and graceful movement, though a far weaker bond than intellectual or moral culture, still does something to bring those who partake it near each other.

We shall resume the subject next week, in the meantime we leave these remarks, to the careful and dispassionate consideration of all classes of our readers.

English News have been received in town, via the United States to the 24th of May. A selection of the most interesting items we give below.

BOSTON, JUNE 21.

The New York papers contain extracts from London papers to the 23d of May, and Liverpool to the 24th.—They furnish some interesting news items.

On the 19th the House was engaged in several bills introduced by Lord John Russell, to diminish the number of crimes punished with death. Mr. Ewart moved to abolish that punishment for all crimes except murder. The motion was seconded by Mr. Hume, and supported by Mr. Buxton, Dr. Bowring, Mr. O'Connell and others and opposed by Lord John Russell, and the Attorney and Solicitor General. Lord John Russell stated the object of Government to be, to limit the punishment of death to offences against person and life. His bills proposed to repeal punishment of death to 21 out of 37 offences, to which it is applied by the existing code. He looked forward to the possibility of abolishing it altogether, but thought it best to proceed gradually. Mr. Ewart's motion was lost by a bare majority, the votes being for the motion 72, against it 73. The House then went into committee on the Bill, as brought forward by Lord John Russell, and the preamble was 102 to 40. The bill was to be taken up again early the next week.

The Liverpool correspondent of the New York Evening Star has forwarded the following intelligence.

LIVERPOOL, May 24.—I am sorry to say that things are growing worse in Liverpool. The great house of Roskel, Ogden & Co. suspended payment on Wednesday, and the North America (which arrived that night after a sixteen days' voyage) brought them the means of resuming business. They are a most respectable firm, and their mere suspension carries dismay into the hearts of the commercialists here.

Since my last, three other houses have gone. These are Malcomson, Bell & Co. Wadding, Ault & Co. and Phelps, James & Co. The joint smash is to the tune of £340,000. The result is that almost every one is paralyzed, trade is dull, and credit at an ebb. In the various towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the result is the same. We have dreadful accounts from each place, and failures are taking place almost daily.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM SPAIN.—The ship Express arrived at New York, on Saturday from Gibraltar, and among the passengers, was Mr. Neilson editor of the Quebec Gazette, who states, that on the 11th May a Steamboat arrived at Gibraltar from Lisbon, bringing accounts of a severe engagement, which had taken place between the Queen's troops and those of Don Carlos. The result was the defeat of the Carlists, with the loss of six thousand men.

THE PLAGUE.—The plague at the last accounts was making great ravages in the Barbary States, except Tunis, and caused great alarm in Spain, Italy, and the other European kingdoms bordering on the Mediterranean. A cordon of three thousand men had been drawn around Tunis, to prevent all communication with Tripoli, where the pestilence was most active. Nevertheless, the au-

thorities of Gibraltar had prohibited the entrance of the vessels from Tunis into the bay. The Gibraltar Chronicle of the 10th May says, that similar measures had been taken at Malaga, and generally along the shores of the Mediterranean. At Tunis the European Consuls have organized themselves into a board of health, and it was hoped that their precaution would exclude the disease.

The surviving officers and men of the Euphrates expedition had returned to England. Notwithstanding the disasters and disappointments sustained, the plan is still considered feasible, and is by no means given up.

The distress in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland was increasing, although great efforts had been made to relieve it. The want of sustenance &c. had produced sickness of various descriptions, which aggravated the sufferings of the inhabitants.

We are in daily expectation of a change of Ministry. Earl Grey and the Duke of Richmond have been closetted with the King and the former is said to be anxious to resume office as Premier. The Whigs are afraid that Lord Durham, who is returning from Russia, will divide the radical Whig union, and have a trial of his own strength against them. Brougham has written to some of his friends here to say that he will soon be in office again. The Conservatives appear equally sure of a break up in the Ministry.

BERMUDA.—The Royal Gazette of June 13th. contains a notice of a horrid murder, committed on the 11th by Joseph McDaniel, a private of the 30th Regt. on the body of Mrs. Mary Swares, a keeper of a house of entertainment. Jealousy is assigned as the cause of the atrocious deed.

The Legislature of New Brunswick are called to meet for the despatch of business, on the 6th of July. We do not get the reasons of the new Governor for calling the session at this unusual and inconvenient season.—Tel.

YARMOUTH, June 16.—We were visited with pretty severe frost on Sunday night; but whether any damage resulted, we have not yet learnt.—Her.

MIRAMICHI.—The prevailing wind for the last fortnight has been from the East, accompanied with cold rains and nightly frosts; but we have not heard of any injury being done thereby to the crops; on the contrary, the intelligence respecting Agricultural pursuits, is more promising than it has been for the last three or four years, on the present season of the year.—Gleaner.

CANADA.—The Kingston papers of the 6th June, and indeed the Upper Canada papers generally, agree in speaking favourably of the agricultural prospect of the present season.—

Sir Francis B. Head has called the Upper Canada Legislature to meet for the despatch of business on the 19th of June.

A large meeting was held at Quebec, on the 2nd of June. Several strong resolutions passed, protesting against the "oppressions" threatened by the Home Government, and requesting assistance in opposition to them, from the other colonies, and the people of England. A general convention of Delegates had been resolved on. Meetings in various parts of Lower Canada had taken place.—Tel.

LIGHTNING.—On the 13th or 14th inst. a house in Westmorland, N. B. was struck by lightning:—a girl was killed, several others were knocked down and injured, and the house was shattered from the chimney top to the foundation. *Id.*

SUMMER.—Strawberries appeared in market this morning; 1s. 3d. a quart, measure. *Id.*

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. R. F. Uniacke, Mr. F. King, to Miss Catharine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Nicholas LeCain.

At Kentville, on 22d June, by the Rev. George Struthers; Mr. James Martin, to Elizabeth Ann, youngest daughter of Dr. Isaac Webster of that place.

At St. George's Cathedral, Madras, on the 11th of January, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Madras, Capt. Thomas Bowes Forster, Pay-master of the Presidency of Madras, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Sir Peregrine and Lady Sarah Maitland.

DIED.

On Friday last, Lieut. Robert Barker, half-pay, 74th Regiment.
On Saturday last, Mr. Conrad Barkman, aged 82 years.
Suddenly, on Saturday last, Lawrence Barclay, son of Scott Fremain, Esq. Barrister, aged 3 years and 2 months.
At Demerara, June 2d, William Rogers, aged 17, after a short illness of 4 days, only son of the late Mr. Wm. Rogers, of the Royal Engineer Department.
On the 17th inst. on his passage from Demerara to this port, on board schr. Wm. Thomas, second son of Capt. John O'Brien, in the 23d year of his age.

Drowned, from on board the brig Corsair, on her passage from Berbice to this port, Patrick, third son of Capt. James McCarthy, of this town.

On Wednesday morning, in the 65th year of her age, Ann, fourth daughter of the late James Creighton, Esq. sen. of this place.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Brig, Thomas, Dennis, Berbice, 13 days; schr. John Henry, Myers, St. George's Bay, N.F. 8 days; Eclipse, Aerestrop, Trinidad, 18 days; schr. William, Conrad, Demerara, 18 days.
Sunday, schr. Industry, Long, Boston, 5 days; Sable, Hammond, St. John, N. B. via Yarmouth, 6 days.
Monday, Mail Packet Roseway, Crick, Bermuda, 8 days.
Tuesday, Brig. Olivia, Tucker, Ponce Porto Rico, 11 days; schr. Wednesday, schr. Mariner, Gerrard, Montreal.
Thursday, Sloop of War Brig Sappho, Commander Fraser, Plymouth, 9th May, and 7 days from Bermuda—The Flag ship Cornwallis was to sail from Plymouth for Portsmouth, on the 10th May, to remain a week, then sail for Halifax.
Friday, schr. Nancy, Sydney, C.B.; schr. Mary Ann, Prospect. Schr. Mary & Sally, Margaret's Bay; schr. Fancy, do. Schr. Packet, Country Harbour.

CLEARED.

June 23, Sch. Mary, P.E. Island; Diana, Blamfield, Ft. John, N.B. brig Lively, Godfrey, B.W. Indies, 25th, Felicity, Crowell, West Indies; Eliza Ann, Love, Lisbon; Lady Smith, McGrath, West Indies; brig. Coquette, Wilkie, B. W. Indies; schr. Reine, Porrier, Bay Chaleur. 27th, Sarah, Tooker, St. John, N.B.; Matilda, Hannam, B. W. Indies; Jane, Nelmes, Kingston, Jam.; William the 4th, Lewis, Quebec.

PASSENGERS in the Packet Pictou, for New York—Mr. J. Goddard and Family, Mrs. Higgins and Family, Mr. Kirk, and one in the steerage.—In the Cordelia, from New York, Mr. Della Torre, Mr. and Mrs. McIlreath.—In the Robert Noble, from St. Thomas, Messrs. Taylor, and Mr. Walcott.

Sale at Auction.

BY WM. M. ALLAN,

On Tuesday next, 4th July, at 12 o'clock, at the House lately occupied by Maj. TEW, 34th Regt. in Gottingen Street.

THE WHOLE OF HIS EFFECTS, CONSISTING OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

KITCHEN Furniture, Saddlery, Horse Clothing, a lot of Oats, do. of Coal, wearing Apparel, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

A very superior BAY HORSE, a first rate CHARGER, a WAGGON, &c. &c.

All persons having any demands against the Estate of Major Tew, are requested to render them immediately, addressed to either of the Subscribers.

C. B. BRISBANE,
E. BRODERICK,
E. W. BYRON,

} Captains.
} 34th Regt.

June 30.

FLOUR.

Received per Schooner Arichat:

525 B BLS QUEBEC FINE FLOUR,
75 Do. superfine, Philip's inspection for May. For sale by
July 1st. 1837. HUNTER & CHAMBERS.

REMOVED.

THE SUBSCRIBER

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public, that he has removed his Establishment from the Long wharf, to the wharf adjoining, commonly called Brown's wharf, where he has taken that splendid fire proof store, lately erected by the late John Brown, Esq. The store being commodious, he will receive goods on Storage or on Commission; the wharf is roomy and safe for large vessels.
June 30. J. H. REYNOLDS.

C. H. BELCHER.

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING,
HALIFAX.

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

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

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

PAPER HANGINGS and CORDERINGS, as usual assortment, handsome patterns and low priced. Further Supply of these Articles, of rich and elegant patterns, expected from London,

PRINTING INK, in Kegs.
June 17, 1837.

WANTS A SITUATION.

As a Servant, or in a Store, a young man. Apply at this Office.

THE TIDE OF TIME.

By Fanny Kemble.

I do believe
That at our feet the tide of time flows on
In strong and rapid course; nor is one current
Or rippling eddy liker to the rest,
Than is one age unto its predecessor;
Men still are men, the stream is still a stream,
Through every change of changeable tide and time;
And 'tis, I fear, only our partial eye
That lends a brighter sunbeam to the wave
On which we launched our own advent'rous bark.

AN EGYPTIAN BRIDAL.

(From Lane's Account of the Modern Egyptians.)

Soon after his return from the mosque, the bridegroom leaves his friends in a lower apartment, enjoying their pipes and coffee and sherbet. The bride's mother and sister, or whatever other female relations were left with her, above; and the bride herself, and the bellanch, in a separate apartment. If the bridegroom be a youth or a young man, it is considered proper that he, as well as the bride, should exhibit some degree of bashfulness; one of his friends, therefore, carries him a part of the way up to the harem. On entering the bride's apartment, he gives a present to the bellanch, and she retires. The bride has a shawl thrown over her head; and the bridegroom must give her a present of money, which is called "the price of the uncovering of the face," before he attempts to remove this, which she does not allow him to do without some apparent reluctance, in order to show her maiden modesty. On removing the covering, he says, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, be Merciful," and then greets her with his compliment: "The night be blessed," or "—is blessed;" to which she replies, if timidity do not choke her utterance, "God bless thee." The bridegroom now sees the face of his bride for the first time, and generally finds her nearly what he has been led to expect. Often, but not always, a curious ceremony is then performed. The bridegroom takes off every article of the bride's clothing except her shirt; seats her upon a mattress or bed, the head of which is turned towards the direction of Mekkeh, placing her so that her back is also turned in that direction; and draws forward, and spreads upon the bed, the lower part of the front of her shirt: having done this, he stands at the distance of rather less than a yard before her, and performs the prayers of the two rekahs; laying his head and hands in prostration, upon the part of her shirt that is extended before her lap. He remains with her but a few minutes longer: having satisfied his curiosity respecting her personal charms, he calls to the women (who generally collect at the door, where they wait in anxious suspense) to raise the cries of joy, or Zagharat; and the shrill sounds acquaint the persons below and in the neighborhood, and often, responded by other women, spread still further the news, that he has acknowledged himself satisfied with his bride; he soon afterwards descends to join his friends, and remains with them an hour, or more, before he returns to his wife. It very seldom happens that the husband, if disappointed in his bride, immediately disgraces and divorces her: in general, he retains her, in this case, a week or more.

NEWLY INVENTED HAT.—In Paris a new description, with a moveable crown, is now in fashion. The rim is of the usual shape; the crown is also attached to the rim in the usual way; but it is capable of assuming two forms. When pushed out or expanded it is precisely like the crown of an ordinary hat; but when not in use, it can be contracted by a peculiar mechanism into a depth of one inch. This constitutes its peculiar advantage. In travelling it may be put into a trunk, and will not occupy a greater space than a shirt; and at a theatre, concert, or assembly, the wearer may place it under his arm, or even stow it between his coat and waist-coat, and pass through the densest crowd without exposing it to the smallest injury. The crown is made very thin, and when pushed out or ex-

panded exhibits no crumples, but it is in all respects like the crown of an ordinary hat. Its interior frame work consists of two steel rings, connected by four slender steel rods, which are joined on one another like a St. Andrew's cross. One ring is attached to the rim, and encompasses the wearer's head; the other is attached to the top of the crown, which it keeps distended like the end of a drum. When the hat is in its flat or compressed state, a push of the fingers makes the jointed rods open; the crown instantly assumes its full size, and the hat is ready to receive the head. This is done in one second, and occasions no trouble. The crown is again brought down with the same ease, by pulling a part of the lining.

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF DUELLING.—The brave Dutch Admiral Von Tromp, who was a large and heavy man, was challenged by a thin active French officer. "We are not upon equal terms with rapiers," said Von Tromp, "but call on me to-morrow morning, and we will adjust the affair better." When the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch Admiral striding across a barrel of gunpowder. "There is room enough for you," said Von Tromp, "at the other end of the barrel; sit down, there is a match; and, as you were the challenger, give fire." The Frenchman was a little thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting, but as the Dutch Admiral told him he would fight him no other way, terms of accommodation soon ensued.

AMAZONS IN EUROPE.—Female warriors have been found in the heart of Christendom, even since the dawn of this century. We are assured by Bulwer, that the French armies have never been engaged in the neighbourhood of Paris, without there being found many of these females, whom one sees in the saloons of Paris, slain on the field of battle, to which they had been led, not so much by a violent passion for their lover, (French women do not love so violently,) as by a desire for adventure, which they are willing to gratify, even in the camp. Dumourier had at one time, for his aids-de-camp, two delicate and accomplished women, who delighted in the bloody scenes of war. Often, in the most desperate crisis of the battle, said the general, I have heard their slender but animated voices reproaching flight, and urging to the charge: and you might have seen their waving plumes and Roman garb amid the thickest of the fire. After the battle of Waterloo, there were found among the dead, several Parisian girls, who had gone forth with their lovers, and actually fought in their company. Nor was this an uncommon event. "One morning," says Mr. Scott, "when passing through the Palais Royal at Paris, I saw one of these women dressed in military costume, with boots, spurs and sabre. No Frenchman seemed to consider the sight a strange one."

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Has just received, from London & Glasgow, a large assortment of

STATIONARY, BOOKS, &c. &c.—viz

LEDGERS & JOURNALS, various sizes, Day, Cash, and Registrar Books, Writing Papers, various sizes and qualities, Quills, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Penknives, Ink and Ink Powders, Bibles, Testaments, Prayer, Psalm and Hymn Books, English, French and Latin School Books. A large variety of children's Books, Pocket Books, Gunter Scales, Dividers, CHARTS, Wax Taper and Stands, Writing Desks, Travelling Dressing Cases, &c. &c. all of which will be sold at low prices.

Blank Books made to order.

June 10. 6w. J. MUNRO.

MIRAMICHI SHINGLES.

400 M. best prime Shingles for sale by the Sub-ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.
June 3, 1837. 6w.

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.

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; Santorno, Vin-do-Gravo, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherris, fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe, Buccellas, 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.

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. June 10.
Carpenter's shop—Argyle-street.

ALEXANDER McLEOD,

No. 3, George-Street.

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

CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock, Sauterne, Vin-de-Grave, Pale and Red Constantia, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherris, Fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe, Buccellas, 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.

Booth's celebrated Cordial Gin, or cream of the val Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy,

Curacao and Mareschino, Guinness's celebrated Dublin PORTER, equalled for the richness of its quality and fine flavour,

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

Double Soda, Seidlitz, and Seltzer, WATER, Westphalia and Nova-Scotia superior flavored Hams, Cheshire, Wiltshire, double and single Glosier, and napolis Cheese, double and single refined London and Scotch Loaf Sugar, Turkey figs, imperial French Plum, muscatel and bloom Raisins, Almonds, assorted preserved Fruits, preserved Fresh Meats, and Milk; a general assortment of Pickles and Sauces, Olive Oil, do for lamps, Robinson's patent Barley and Groats, Fry's apple Cake and Paste Chocolates, Cocon and Broma, Molasses and West India Coffee, superior Spanish Cigars, an assortment of elegant CUT GLASS, latest patterns, consisting of—rich cut glass Decanters and Wines, Glass Jugs, &c. Soda and Wine Biscuit, with a very general assortment of GROCERIES.

A few boxes Oranges and Lemons just received. Halifax, June 2, 1837.

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