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# THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

No. 24

## TRUTH BY MISTAKE.

A romantic adventure of Captain O'Neil.

BY L. A. WILMER.

"Which is the proper man,  
And which the spirit? Who decipher them?"

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

If the trite and malicious remark, that "it requires a wish child to know his own father," may be construed as implying a want of wisdom in those who cannot best that species of knowledge, we fear our hero (like most of the heroes and demi-gods of antiquity,) will not be held as an intellectual prodigy by the judicious public. A cloud, as dark as the grave, hung over the story of his birth, and the only authentic record which bore any relation to that interesting event, was a line or two in the parish register, stating that "a male infant child, having the name of Shadrach O'Neil pinned to his cap, had on such a day, at six o'clock in the morning, been picked up at the gate of a public square, in the town of Drogheda.

Not having any materials to fill up the chasm, we are obliged to leap over the space of twenty-five years, and we now discover Mr. Shadrach O'Neil, a good-looking young exile of Erin, just arrived in the land of freedom and jolly cakes, and indulging freely in those dreams of wealth and advancement which it is the happiness of many of his countrymen to realize. But every man must have a beginning, and Mr. Shady O'Neil's, by some short-sighted persons, would be thought rather unpromising. He had "shipped," as he termed it, on board of one of those vessels which traverse the majestic Chesapeake, for the purpose of transporting oysters and other marine delicacies to the luxurious tables of Baltimore and Philadelphia. The crew of one of these "fairy frigates," generally consists of three persons, viz: the captain, mate and cook. Now, the reader who has a common share of sagacity will perceive that this kind of sea-service, if we may so call it, offers great inducements to the adventurer. In the navy an individual, if he rises at all, must rise by very slow gradations; and even in mercantile vessels of the larger class, there are a great many steps to preferment, so that there is a very considerable distance between the mast head or the caboose, and the quarter deck; but in those vessels engaged in the oyster trade, there is often a rapidity of promotion which cannot fail to satisfy the most inordinate ambition. We have heard of several instances wherein young men of more than usual cleverness have been elevated to the rank of captain on their third or fourth voyage. This was the case with Shadrach O'Neil, who, commencing in the humble capacity of cook, became a commander, and as our informant says, a very able one, when his bark (the "Gullinipper,") on her homeward-bound passage, had thrice hailed the triple capitation of North Point; a promontory which, like another Cerberus, guards the entrance of our river.

In the enjoyment of this honorable distinction we must leave Shadrach O'Neil for a time, while we introduce several other characters who are to figure in this scrap of history. As a wheelwright forms his spokes, fellers, and hubs separately, ere he unites them in a complete article, so the several portions of our narrative, though seemingly disjointed at first, shall be clapped together hereafter, and then roll onward, as we hope to the entire satisfaction of the reader.

Mr. Thomas Passmore was a merchant of respectability; that is, he kept a commission store, and had tolerable credit at the bank of Maryland, (before the great tragedy.) Mr. Passmore was a very old gentleman, a widower, and childless. To relieve the solitude of his mansion, he had a niece, (a bouncing girl of eighteen,) under his guardianship.

This young lady had been the daughter of an Irish gentleman, named M'Allister, who married the sister of Mr. Passmore, and, dying, left this only child and some 15 or 20 thousand dollars for her use, in the charge of her maternal uncle aforesaid. Mr. M'Allister (before his death, of course,) had entered into a contract with a friend and countryman of his, who had an only son, the object of which contract was a matrimonial alliance between the son and daughter of the contracting parties. Well, thus stood matters at the time of Mr. M'Allister's death, and thus matters stood at the date of the transactions we are about to recite.

Miss Nancy M'Allister (for her name was Nancy—not a very romantic name, it is true; but that was the fault of her sponsors in baptism,) Miss Nancy M'Allister was not remarkably pretty, though far from ugly. She was passably intelligent, exceedingly volatile, and, if we may subscribe to what counsellor Phillips says respecting the Irish females, instinctively virtuous. But Miss Nancy, very naturally, had conceived a dislike for the person whose fate was to be united with her own; for which dislike she had something more of justification than the mere fact of being compelled to marry him. Old Mr. O'Neil, the father of Nancy's betrothed, had resided in Boston for some eight or ten years, and his son had grown up to manhood during that period. Miss Nancy had not seen him since he was a boy, but her recollections of his person and manners were not such as young ladies generally love to cherish. She made no allowance for any improvement which might possibly have taken place, but determined to hold him in as little esteem as conjugal duty could liberally be construed to admit of. As for avoiding the engagement, it seemed to be out of the question, as matters had been so arranged that, at the option and to the benefit of Mr. Passmore, a loss of fortune on her part would have been the consequence.

But the time had now arrived when the marriage contract was to be consummated. The younger O'Neil was daily expected in Baltimore to claim his bride, and a letter from the old gentleman informed Mr. Passmore that the youth would take lodgings at the city hotel. Mr. Passmore was to receive a handsome bonus on the wedding day, and he had no particular wish to delay the celebration of the nuptials. Every afternoon he sent his man, Bob Doughty, to inquire at the hotel if the expected bridegroom had arrived. We should have mentioned that this expected bridegroom, from having the command of a volunteer corps in Boston was entitled captain O'Neil; by which title he was mentioned in his father's letter to Mr. Passmore, and inquired for at the hotel, by Bob Doughty.

We hope the reader has not lost sight of our friend Shadrach, to whom we must now return. He had been so lucky as to secure the custom of the city hotel, and supplied that establishment with some of the best shell-fish that ever reposed on the oozy bottom of Chesapeake Bay. He had just received the cash for a whole load of them, and on walking out of the bar-room he encountered Bob Doughty, who had come to make his accustomed inquiry. Taking Shadrach for some person belonging to the "concern," Bob politely desired to know if captain O'Neil had arrived, and was answered by the skipper, with equal politeness, in the affirmative.

"Can I spake to him?" said Bob.  
"Sure and you can;" was the reply.  
"Then I'll see him, if you please."  
"Then jist plase to open your eyes;" said captain Shadrach O'Neil.

Bob, not doubting that the object of his search was before him, delivered Mr. Passmore's invitation to dinner,

which caused some little amazement on the part of the captain.

"The ould gentleman wishes to see you as soon as convenient;" continued Bob.

"And I am always ready to wait on any ould gentleman, barrin ould nick;" answered captain O'Neil, "but may be you could be afther tellin me what your master might hap-pent to want wid me."

"Arra, git out now," said Bob, with a look of some displeasure, "ye have clane forgot the business ye've come after, I suppose, and ye've not got to marry our young leddy, at all."

"Not a bit," said the captain, "is it marrying you mane? Why, then, by the mother of Moses, Shady O'Neil will niver marry the best quane in creation, without his own advice and consent; and so you may tell your master from me, you blackguard."

"Now for shame on the mother's son as you, Shady O'Neil, if that is your name," answered Bob; "I would 'nt blave the like iv you. What, to trate a handsome young leddy in this scurvy fashion, and she got such a power of cash in the bargain; and all afther that ould fadher iv you had put down his knuckles on paper, (and that's all the same as making a promise by word of mouth,) to go and knock it all in the head like a brute baste, as ye are, and bad luck to ye!"

Whether it was the honest indignation expressed in this speech which operated on captain O'Neil, or whether it was some of the facts, such as the beauty and wealth of the young lady, which the speech had developed, we will not pretend to say; however, the eloquence of Bob seemed to produce the desired effect; for the captain, apparently ashamed of his opposition, quietly asked the messenger to conduct him to the dwelling of Mr. Passmore. This was speedily accomplished, and in silence, for the captain seemed to be lost in thought, and Bob was satisfied with the specimen of rhetoric he had so lately exhibited.

Mr. Passmore and his niece were in the parlor when captain O'Neil entered, and his name was announced by the trusty Bob Doughty. The appearance of the captain, considering all things, was better than might be expected. He was quite a handsome young Irishman, and happening to have on his best clothes, his figure was not ungenteel, though somewhat maritime. Miss Nancy, after a glance or two, found herself agreeably disappointed, and began to relieve her father's contract from some of the execrations with which she had previously loaded it. Mr. Passmore examined his visitor attentively through his spectacles, for some minutes, and then said:

"Your name is captain O'Neil."  
"That is a fact, if you niver spake another;" answered Shadrach.

Nancy and her uncle both started. The voice was probably somewhat richer in brogue than they had anticipated. A short silence ensued, during which Shady endeavored to collect himself for the trial which he perceived drew near. He saw that there was some mistake, and he resolved to humor it; for the charms of the young lady had made some impression on his heart, and the account he had received of her fiscal concerns had made a corresponding impression on his understanding.

"Your father writes me he will be here within the week;" remarked Mr. Passmore.

"Och, and may be he will then."

"But he intimates that if we are desirous of bringing this business to a close before he comes, he has no objection."

"That's me own fadher exactly;" cried Shady.  
"But, captain O'Neil, there is one thing which strikes

me as very curious," said Mr. Passmore, with a scrutinizing glance, "that you who, I think, were born and bred in this country, should speak with such a remarkable foreign accent."

"Is it spaking you mane?" replied the captain, much nettled: "and do you pretend to tache me to spake the blessed tongue that I've used iver since I was borned, Mither Passmore? Och, now, if you was n't such an old jintleman I would pity the ignorance iv you, wid all my heart."

"Why, do you wish to make me believe that you speak English?" exclaimed Mr. Passmore, growing a little impatient in his turn, "I tell you, sir, that no person who knew you not would believe that you had been two months out of Ireland."

"I spake nather English nor Irish," answered Shady, "but good 'Merican, such as they spake althegether in the part where I came from, Mither Passmore."

But the old man's suspicions were now somewhat aroused, and he resolved to make a thorough investigation of this mysterious affair.

"Pray, captain," said he, "what is your father's first name?"

"It's joking you are;" answered Shady, nowise embarrassed, "I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Passmore; a decent ould body like yourself to claver at that rate. And sure me father's name is to be found in the letter he sent you."

"Very true," answered Mr. Passmore; "but it was your first name I meant to inquire; he has neglected to mention that, and it is requisite that I should know it before our business can be settled."

"Arrah, now you talk," replied the captain; "Shady is the name by which I was christened."

"Which is an abbreviation of Shadrach," said Mr. Passmore, so turning to his niece, he nodded intelligently, and added, "Shadrach is the given name of old Mr. O'Neil, after whom I suppose this young gentleman was called."

"That's true enough for you," remarked the captain; "and faith you're not quite so stupid, after all, as you would make folks believe."

While this conversation continued, Nancy regarded the new comer with a great deal of attention; she knew he could not be the gentleman whom he thought proper to personate; for although it had been eight or ten years since she had beheld the latter, yet the features, complexion, hair, eyes, &c. were so different in the two individuals, that no person who had ever seen one could possibly mistake him for the other. But such was the distaste she had conceived for the object of her father's choice, that almost any alternative would have been acceptable, and the alternative which now offered in the agreeable figure of Shady O'Neil, was very much to her fancy; so that she watched the captain's operations with an anxious wish that he might be successful. Matters seemed now to be getting into a very good train, when there occurred a disaster which, to any one but Shady O'Neil who have been overwhelming. A knocking was heard at the door, and presently after, a person in a travelling dress entered the room. He was a short, thick figure, with red whiskers, a face miserably torn to pieces with the small pox, a nose like the spout of one of Mettee's pumps, and a mouth like nothing we have ever met with. Nancy shuddered at this apparition—Mr. Passmore gazed in astonishment, and captain O'Neil alone looked on with his customary indifference.

"Have you any business with me?" at length said Mr. Passmore, in a voice somewhat agitated.

"I am Jacob O'Neil," said the new visitant, "my business, I suppose, sir, has been sufficiently explained by my father's letter."

"Sir, why really this is strange; indeed, very singular, or plural, perhaps I should say, since there are two of you. Why, sir, here is a gentleman who represents himself as captain O'Neil, and he offered me such proof of his identity as I was completely satisfied with, before your arrival."

"And now, ar'nt you ashamed of your ugly self, to be

sure?" exclaimed Shady to his duplicate, "for the likes iv you to be after taking the name of an honest man, you rogue!—and wanting to chate the young leddy and the ould jintleman both, you blackguard. Sure and the young leddy herself knows you are not the capthain O'Neil that is to be the husband iv her. Arrah, does she know it, and be bothered to you, you villain."

The party addressed was speechless. The steady countenance and imposing attitude of Shady O'Neil had a most powerful effect on his nerves, and when he attempted to offer a word in his own vindication, the accents died on his lips.

"Why, then, it's dumb-founded you are," resumed Shady; "and dont you cut a pretty figure there, now, Mither Jacob, as you and yourself? Jist like one of the imps in a poppet show, that look so ugly, and have niver a word to say for themselves at all. Are you going now, or must I break the bones iv you, for a rogue as you are?" continued Shady O'Neil, as he arose and advanced, with a menacing gesture, towards the object of his wrath, who retreated to the door, evidently unwilling to sustain a personal conflict with his athletic name-sake. But here Mr. Passmore thought proper to interfere:

"Hold, my friends," cried he, "it is not thus that this business can be settled." "Niece," he continued, addressing Miss Nancy, "you have seen captain O'Neil—can you not tell which of these persons bears the strongest resemblance to that gentleman?"

"Captain O'Neil was a boy when I met with him," answered Nancy; "but from the recollections I have and the impressions on my mind, this, pointing to Shady, is the right person."

"And what is his name—Shadrach or Jacob?" demanded her uncle.

"The name of the person who is to my husband, please Providence, is Shadrach," answered Nancy, blushing.

"There now, isn't that as straight as a fishhook?" asked Shady, appealing to Mr. Passmore. "Sure and I remember the young leddy entirely. Hav'nt we played lape-frog, hunt slipper, and who knows what, all thegither? Dont you mind the time when ye upset the tay-kettle, Miss Nancy?"

Here Nancy raised her finger, and made an intelligible sign to Shady, signifying that he was going too far in his reminiscences.

"No, faith, that was'nt you ather," he continued, profiting by the admonitory gesture; "but sure and I remember you, by the powers, betther nor the church staple in Drogheda."

"The church steeple in Drogheda!" exclaimed Mr. Passmore, "why then you have been in Ireland, captain O'Neil?"

"Ye may say that," answered Shady, "I've been there for a matter of more than two years at a time."

"So that accounts for your speaking the Irish language so fluently," said Passmore; "that, I must confess, was the most puzzling thing to me in the whole of this riddling affair. Well, sir, turning to the new arrival, you see you stand convicted of being an impostor, and I would advise you to withdraw with all convenient haste, or I shall not answer for the consequences."

Jacob O'Neil advanced to Mr. Passmore, and in a low tone requested a private audience, when both adjourned into another apartment, leaving Shadrach and Nancy to a *tele a tele*. As soon as the door was shut, our captain, with that gallantry which is almost second nature, to an Irishman, knelt at the feet of his mistress, and made an ample confession, in his peculiar dialect, of all the deception he had practised. Much of this confession was unnecessary, but Nancy was gratified with the candor and generosity of the disclosure, and the opportunity which now offered them to come to a mutual explanation.

"And faith, mavourneen," said Shadrach, "I did not tell a bith of a lie, after all, for I'm a true captain O'Neil, every inch iv me, by me sowl, and a better man too than that Mither Jacob, and I'd trate him if he'd jist say nay to it. Och!—and sure we'll be two of the happiest couples in the world, that we will, and we'll kape a pig and maybe a coo, and we'll have livery thing uate and jintale around us."

Here Shady's projects of domestic felicity were interrupted by the re-entrance of Mr. Passmore and Jacob. The former put his hand to his forehead with an air of vexation and perplexity.

"What to say or do," he began; "I know no more than a baby."

Here Shady took up the discourse.

"And the more shame for you Mither Passmore;—is it a baby ye mean?—why then, it's a swate little baby you are, to be sure."

At this sarcasm, the old man walked up to Shadrach, and with anger visibly portrayed in his countenance, said: "I believe you are the impostor, after all; and if it should turn out so to be, you had better put your head in the cage of a tiger than trifle with me thus."

As he spoke, he watched Shady's countenance as if to detect some mark of that trepidation by which guilt is commonly thought to discover itself: but nothing was discernible in that handsome visage, but the same half serious, half comic expression by which it had all along been distinguished.

"Arrah now, its a fool that you make of yourself, Mither Passmore; is it scaring me your ather? by the crook of Saint Patrick, its entirely a thing to be laughed at by Shady O'Neil. If Mither Jacob has been blarneying, have 'nt you the sinse to persave that he's altogether a chate?"

"Ay, that's the question," cried Passmore, "that's what I wish to know; and then——"

"Why then, let him step into the strate," said Shady,—"and we'll fight it out to-be-sure; you might bother the stupid head iv ye all day to disciver the truth, any other way you can fix it."

Truly, if the ancient method of trial by combat had been in use, human justice and judgment would most probably have declared for Shadrach O'Neil. But an arbitration of a more modern,—and with deference to antiquity, of a more rational character, seemed now to be at hand. During the excitement of the conversation above detailed, another person had entered the room, and stood for several minutes, apparently unperceived by the whole party. Soon, however, Mr. Passmore turned and recognised the figure of the elder O'Neil, whom he perfectly remembered, and extending his hand, he gave his new guest a welcome, the warmth of which was possibly augmented by the hopes he now entertained of being freed from his very troublesome dilemma. Nancy cast a blank and disconsolate glance at Shadrach, who roused his energies to prepare himself for what he justly conceived to be the climax of his adventure.

"And now Mr. O'Neil," said Passmore, after the customary greetings were over, "be pleased to inform me which of these persons is your son."

"Which is my son?" echoed O'Neil, in astonishment, why that one in the corner, certainly."

As he said this, he pointed, alas! to the hideous Jacob—Nancy grew paler and paler as the investigation proceeded, but Shady, to his credit be it spoken, preserved his usual undaunted air, amidst all the misfortunes which now threatened him:

"And you have no knowledge of this bold looking individual?" said Passmore.

"Never saw him before in my life," answered O'Neil.

"And yet he confidently reported himself to be your son."

"My son!—impossible!"

"Arrah now, you ould rogue, would you be after deny-ing it?" said Shady, whose slender acquaintance with filial duties made him enact the part of a son but indifferently.

Old Mr. O'Neil gaped and gazed at the speaker, like a wild duck at the decoy, but he seemed to have lost the power of utterance, and was so much embarrassed that Shady was encouraged to proceed, but with what hope or prospect we can form no idea.

"Och-hone!—then I'm not your son at all, Mither O'Neil? and sorrow til ye for saying so. But it's no matter," said Shady.

The old man started and addressed his would-be offspring with the query,

"Is your name Shadrach?"

His voice faltered, and he seemed to be struggling with some powerful emotion.

"Arrah is it, and Shadrach's me name;" was the answer.

"From Drogheda?" asked the senior, with increased anxiety.

"From Drogheda it is; since the cat is let out iv the bag," replied Shadrach.

"And the paper?"

"Sure I preserved it, as the parish officers tould me," said Shady, producing a scrap of paper from under the lining of his hat, and presenting it to Mr. O'Neil.

"And have you a mole on your neck?" asked the old man, in the same tone of eagerness.

"Sorrow a one of your family would be without it, I'm thinking," replied Shadrach, while the old gentleman, with trembling hands, ascertained that there was really a mole, of a peculiar figure, precisely under the left ear.

"Mr. Passmore," said old Mr. O'Neil, "this young man has told you the truth;—he is my son, but I now see him for the first time since his infancy: My wife died shortly after giving him birth; I was then in distressed circumstances, and being desirous of emigrating to America, I was unfeeling enough to expose my child to become an object of public charity. Since my fortune has improved, I visited Ireland for the purpose of bringing over my son, but I could discover no traces of him whatever, and was obliged to return without having accomplished my object. In the mean time I had adopted my sister's son, whose parents were both dead, and this nephew I have brought up as my own child, and——"

"A very pretty creature he is," said Shady.

"And," continued Mr. O'Neil, "it remained a secret with all but himself and me, that he was not my own. And thus Mr. Passmore, I have accounted for what may have caused you some surprise."

"Well Sir," said Passmore, "and what is your further pleasure in this business which has called us together?"

"That Shadrach shall marry Miss McAllister," answered O'Neil, "for the contract requires that it should be my son, who becomes her husband; and I will make a handsome settlement on Jacob, to atone for his disappointment with which atonement I hope he will be satisfied."

Here Jacob expressed his acquiescence and gratitude, and Shadrach advancing shook him cordially by the hand, for the bone of contention was now removed.

"But probably Miss Nancy will not be pleased with the change," added old Mr. O'Neil, "I must make her some compensation by a wedding present, a set of plate, or something of that sort, for I wish to give general satisfaction."

"My dearest sir," said Nancy, "it will be my greatest pleasure to fulfil my father's contract in every particular."

"Well, really, I am lost in amazement at these occurrences;" said Mr. Passmore.

"And so am I too, faith;" said Captain Shadrach O'Neil.

**DEFINITION OF CHARACTER OF WOMEN.**—Women are generally more devoted to their friends than men, and display an indefatigable activity in serving them. Whoever has gained the affections of a woman, is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him: men draw back much sooner in such cases. Frequently in my life, have I had occasion to admire in females the most generous zeal on behalf of their friends. Who is not astonished at the courage shown by a woman when her husband whose misconduct has perhaps a thousand times offended her, is threatened with imminent danger? Who does not know many instances of the most heroic devotedness on the part of the sex? A woman spares no effort to serve her friend. When it is a question of saving her brother, her husband, her father, she penetrates into prisons—she throws herself at the feet of her sovereign. Such are the women of our days, and such has history represented those of antiquity. Happy, I repeat, is he who has a woman for a friend!—*Gall.*

## STANZAS.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

Light on her sunny brow there fell  
A moonbeam soft and pale,  
While her pure bosom's gentle swell  
Scarce stirred its snowy veil;  
Round her white neck in clusters wreathed  
Waved her dark shining hair,  
As low she knelt, and humbly breathed  
A deep and fervent prayer.

She bowed not at an earthly shrine,  
Fashioned by human skill,  
Where rich and lofty strains divine  
From harp and voices thrill:  
Brightly her youthful heart above  
The gleaming soft stars shone,  
As to each wild wind in that grove  
Her soul gave back a tone.

She clasped her hands o'er her bosom fair,  
And I saw her red lips part,  
And the sweet burden of her prayer  
Gushed from her guiltless heart;  
She spoke of love and the quick tears came  
To mine eye, 'till its glance grew dim,  
For she breathed a blessing on some loved name,  
And I knew that she prayed for him.

I saw to her cheek a deep blush spring  
As she gazed on a lock of hair,  
And the brilliant gems of a sparkling ring—  
The gifts that he gave her there:  
On these small tokens she dreamed by night,  
And mused on them day by day;  
With a glance, and a smile, and gifts thus slight,  
He had stolen her heart away.

I saw no more but murmured soft,  
Maiden, I pity thee!  
For the hearts of the fondest change full oft—  
Would that thine own were free;  
'Tis sweet when around two hearts is wove  
Affection's silken chain,  
But oh! 'tis a fearful thing to love  
If we are not loved again.

AMELIA.

## ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE BY THE STATE.

From Lord Malton's History of England.

During the reigns of William, of Anne, and of George I., till 1721, when Walpole became prime minister, the Whigs and Tories vied with each other in the encouragement of learned and literary men. Whenever a writer showed signs of genius, either party to which his principles might incline him was eager to hail him as a friend. The most distinguished society, and the most favourable opportunities, were thrown open to him. Places and pensions were showered down in lavish profusion; those who wished only to pursue their studies had the means afforded them for learned leisure, while more ambitious spirits were pushed forward in parliament, or in diplomacy. In short, though the sovereign was never an Augustus, almost every minister was a Mæcenæus. Newton became master of the mint; Locke was a commissioner of appeals; Steele was a commissioner of stamps; Stepney, Prior, and Gay were employed in lucrative and important embassies. It was a slight piece of humour at his onset, and at his introduction—the "City and Country Mouse"—that brought forth a mountain of honours to Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and first Lord of the treasury. When Parnell first came to court, Lord Treasurer Oxford passed through the crowd of nobles, leaving them all unnoticed, to greet and welcome the poet. "I value myself," says Swift, "upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry." Swift himself became dean of St. Patrick's, and, but for the queen's dislike, would have been bishop of Hereford. Pope, as a Roman Catholic, was debarred from all places of honour or emolument; yet secretary Craggs offered him a pension of three hundred pounds a-year, not to be known by the public, and to be paid from the secret service money. In 1714, General Stanhope carried a bill, providing a most liberal reward for the discovery of the longitude. Addison became secretary of state. Tickell was secretary in Ireland. Several rich sinecures were bestowed on

Congreve and Rowe, on Hughes and Ambrose Philips. Looking to those times, and comparing them with ours, we shall find that this system of munificent patronage has never been revived. Its place has, however, in some degree, been supplied by the large increase of readers, and the higher price of books, and, consequently, the far superior value of literary labour. A popular writer may now receive a liberal income from the sale of his works; and, according to the common phrase, needs no other patron than the public. It is often boasted, that the latter state of things far exceeds the former in independence; yet, however plausible this assertion, it is not altogether confirmed by a closer survey. I cannot find that the objects of such splendid patronage were at all humbled by receiving it, or considered themselves, in the slightest degree, as political or private bondsmen. I cannot find that Swift or Prior, for example, mixed with the great on any other footing than that of equal familiarity and friendship, or paid any submissive homage to Lord Treasurer Oxford, or Secretary St. John. In Bolingbroke's "Correspondence" we may still read the private notes of *Mat to Harry*, and of *Harry to Mat*. The old system of patronage in literature was, I conceive, like the old system of patronage in parliament. Some powerful nobleman, with large burghage tenures in his hands, was enabled to place in the House of Commons any young man of like principles and of promising abilities. That system, whether for good or for evil, endured till the Reform Bill in 1832. But, whatever difference of opinion may exist concerning it, there is one point which will be admitted by all those who have observed its inward working—although we often hear the contrary roared forth by those who never saw it nearer than from the strangers' gallery—that a man brought into parliament from his talents felt no humiliating dependence on him by whose interest he was elected—no such dependence, for example, as would be imposed among gentlemen by what seems a far less favour, a gift of fifty pounds. The two parties met on equal terms of friendship. It was thought as desirable for the one, that his principles should be ably supported, as for the other, that he should sit in the House of Commons. Thus, likewise, in literary patronage, when Oxford made Swift a dean, or Bolingbroke made Prior an ambassador, it was considered no badge of dependence or painful inferiority. It was, of course, desirable for Swift to rise in the church, and for Prior to rise in the state; but it was also desirable for the administration to secure the assistance of an eloquent writer, and of a skilful diplomatist. It may, moreover, be observed, that literary profits do not in all respects supply the place of literary patronage. First, there are several studies, such as many branches of science or antiquities, which are highly deserving of encouragement, but not generally popular, and therefore not productive of emolument. In these cases, the liberality of the government might sometimes usefully atone for the indifference of the public. But even with the most popular authors, the necessity of looking to their literary labours for their daily bread, has not unfrequently an unfavourable effect upon the former. It may compel, or at least induce, them to over-write themselves, to pour forth hasty and immature productions; to keep, at all hazards, their names before the public. How seldom can they admit intervals of leisure, or allow their minds to lie fallow for a season, in order to bear hereafter a larger and a better harvest! In like manner, they must minister to the taste of the public, whatever that taste might be, and sometimes have to sacrifice their own ideas of beauty, and aspirations of fame. These are undoubted evils, not merely to them, but to us; and as undoubtedly are they guarded against whenever a fixed and competent provision can be granted to genius. I am therefore clearly of opinion, that any minister who might have the noble ambition to become the patron of literary men, would still find a large field open to his munificence! that his intercourse with them on the footing of equal friendship, would be a deserved distinction to them, and a liberal recreation to himself; that his favours might be employed with great advantage, and received with perfect independence.

## LORD BYRON AND MRS. SPENCER SMITH.

At Malta, Lord Byron became acquainted with Mrs. Spencer Smith, the "Fair Florence" of his "Child Harold." Struck with her romantic history, and charmed and interested by her manners, and even her eccentricity, she became one of those beings who were mixed up with the poetry of his life and thoughts: and his remembrance of her produced many beautiful stanzas expressive of his admiration and regard; the following, which were addressed to her, were written at Malta:—

## TO FLORENCE.

"Oh, Lady! when I left the shore,  
The distant shore, which gave me birth,  
I hardly thought to grieve once more,  
To quit another spot on earth:

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,  
Where panting Nature droops the head,  
Where only thou art seen to smile,  
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,  
Divided by the dark-blue main;  
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,  
Perchance I view her cliffs again.

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,  
Through scorching clime and varied sea,  
Though Time restore me to my home,  
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire  
All charms which heedless hearts can move,  
Whom but to see is to admire,  
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word in one who ne'er  
With such a word can more offend;  
And since thy heart I cannot share,  
Believe me, what I am—thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee,  
Thou lovely wanderer, and be less?  
Nor be, what man should ever be—  
The friend of Beauty in distress.

Ah! who would think that form had past  
Through Danger's most destructive path,  
Had braved the death-winged tempest's blast,  
And 'scaped a tyrant's fearful path?

Lady! when I shall view the walls  
Where free Byzantium once arose;  
And Stamboul's oriental halls  
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,  
That glorious city still shall be—  
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,  
As spot of thy nativity:

And though I bid thee now farewell,  
When I behold that wondrous scene,  
Since where thou art I may not dwell,  
'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been."

He also apostrophises the same lady in the stanzas beginning "Chill and mirk is the nightly blast," published in vol. vii. p. 311, of his "Life and works;" they were written during the thunder-storm which he encountered at Zitta, in the mountains of Pindus; and in a letter to his mother, he says:—"This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary lady, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. S—S—, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago. She has since been shipwrecked; and her life has been, from its commencement, so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Bonaparte, by taking a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet five-and-twenty. She is here, on her way to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here I had scarcely any other companion. I have found her very

pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Bonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in danger if she were taken prisoner a second time."

## THE BEGGAR AT THE BARRIER DE PASSEY.

From the French.

Many years since, when I was a young man about twenty years of age, I used very frequently to spend the Sunday with my mother, who resided at Versailles, this being the only day of the week on which I could leave Paris. I generally walked as far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat in one of the public carriages to my mother's house. When I happened to be too early for the diligence, I used to stop and converse with a beggar, whose name was Anthony, and who regularly took his station at the Barrier de Passey, where, in a loud voice, he solicited alms from every one who passed, with a degree of perseverance that was really astonishing. I generally gave him a trifle, without inquiring whether he deserved it or not, partly to get rid of his importunities. One day in summer, as I waited for the diligence, I found Anthony at this usual post, exerting his lungs, and bawling incessantly his accustomed form of petition—"For the love of heaven, bestow your alms on a poor man—Messieurs, Mesdames, the smallest trifle will be gratefully received."

While Anthony was in this manner pouring his exclamations into the ears of every one who came within the reach of his voice, a middle-aged man of respectable appearance joined me. He had a pleasant expression of countenance, was very well dressed, and it might be seen at a glance that he was a man in good circumstances. Here was a fit subject for the beggar, who quickly made his advances, proclaiming in a loud voice his poverty, and soliciting relief. "You need not be a beggar unless you please," replied the gentleman, "when you can have an income of ten thousand crowns."

"You are pleased to jest, sir," answered Anthony.

"By no means," said the gentleman, "I never was more serious in my life. Listen to me, my friend. You perceive that I am well dressed, and I tell you that I have every thing that a reasonable man need desire."

"Ah! sir, you are a fortunate man."

"Well, but, my friend, I would not have been so if I had sat and begged as you are doing."

"I have no other means of gaining my living."

"Are you lame?"

"No, sir."

"You are not blind, or deaf, and you certainly are not dumb, as every passer-by can testify. Listen: I shall tell you my history in a few words. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, I was a beggar like yourself; at length I began to see that it was very disgraceful to live on the bounty of others, and I resolved to abandon this shameful way of life as soon as I possibly could. I quitted Paris—I went into the provinces—I begged for old rags. The people were very kind to me, and in a short time I returned to Paris with a tolerably large bundle of rags of every description. I carried them to a paper-maker, who bought them at a fair price. I went on collecting, until, to my great joy, my finances enabled me to purchase rags, so that I was no longer forced to beg for them. At length, by diligence and industry, I became rich enough to buy an ass with two panniers, and this saved me both time and labour. My business increased, the paper-makers found that I dealt honestly by them; I never palmed off bad rags for good ones; I prospered; and see the result—in place of being a poor, despised beggar, I have ten thousand crowns a year, and two houses in one of the best streets in Paris. If, then, my friend, you can do no better, begin as a rag merchant, and here," he continued, "is a crown to set you up in your new trade; it is more than I had; and, in addition, please to take notice, that if I find you here another Sunday, I shall report you to the police." On saying this, the old gentleman walked off, leaving Anthony and myself in a state of great surprise. Indeed, the beggar had been so much interested in the history he heard, that he stood with open mouth and eyes

in mute astonishment, nor had he even power to solicit alms from two well-dressed ladies who passed at that moment. I could not help being struck with the story, but I had no time to comment upon it, as the diligence had arrived, in which I seated myself, and pursued my way. From that period I lost sight of the beggar; whether the fear of the police, or the hopes of gaining ten thousand crowns a year, had wrought the change, I was not aware; it is sufficient to say, that from that day forward he was never seen at the Barrier.

Many years after, it happened that business called me to Tours. In strolling through the city, I stepped into a bookseller's shop to purchase a new work that had made some noise. I found there four young men, all busily employed, while a stout, good-looking man was giving them orders, as he walked up and down with an air of importance. I thought I had seen the face of the bookseller before, but where I could not for the moment tell, until he spoke, and then I discovered him to be my old friend Anthony. The recognition was mutual; he grasped my hand, and led me through the shop, into a well-finished parlour; he lavished every kindness on me; and, finally, gave me his history from the time we parted at the Barrier. With the crown of the stranger he began, as he had advised him, to collect rags; he made money; became the partner of a paper manufacturer; married his daughter; in short, his hopes were fulfilled; his ambition gratified, and he could now count his income at ten thousand crowns. He prayed every day for blessings on his benefactor, who had been the means of raising him from the degraded condition of a common beggar. Anthony is so convinced of the evil and sin of idleness, and of subsisting on the alms of others, that, while liberal and kind to those who are willing to work, no entreaties, no supplications, ever prevailed on him to bestow a single sou on those who would not help themselves.

## ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

"Let it then be your study in early life to cultivate that sound condition of the mind, by which its powers are not kept in bondage to the mere objects of sense, but are trained to the habit of bringing down upon it the habitual influence of the truths which are the objects of faith. Devote yourselves with eager enthusiasm to the high acquirements of science; but cultivate also that habit of the mind by which science shall continually lead you to the Eternal Cause. And, while you are taught to follow the planet through the wondrous regularities of its movements,—when you find the comet, after being lost for a century, returning at the appointed period from the solitudes of its eccentric orbit,—when you extend your view beyond the system in which we move, and penetrate into that field in which ten thousand other systems revolve around ten thousand other suns in ceaseless harmony,—oh, rest not in a cold recognition of the facts; but take one single step, and say, 'These are thy wondrous works,—thyself how wondrous!' And rest not here, but take yet another step, and recognise this Being as the witness of all your conduct, as the witness even of the moral condition of the heart. Seek after purity of character, for you cannot go where you are not followed by that eye; aspire after purity of heart, for that eye extended even there. And feeling your inability for this mighty undertaking, seek continually a power from God, a power which he alone can give,—a power adapted to your utmost want, and which is promised to every one that asks it. In your progress through life, indeed, you will not fail to meet with those by whom this momentous truth is treated with derision, as the vision of fanaticism, unworthy of a philosophical mind. But never allow yourselves to be imposed upon by names; and never suppose there can be any thing philosophical in the belief, that an influence should be exerted on the mind by him who framed the wondrous fabric. And be assured you follow the dictates of the most exalted philosophy when you commit yourselves to Him as the guide of your youth; when you resign yourselves to that guidance, and ask that powerful aid, both for your conduct through this life, and your preparation for the life which is to come."—Dr. Abercrombie.

## SATIRE AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The vile taste for satire and personal gossip will not be eradicated, I suppose, while the elements of curiosity and malice remain in human nature; but as a fashion of literature; I think it is passing away; at all events it is not my forte. Long experience of what is called "the world," of the folly, duplicity, shallowness, selfishness, which meet us at every turn, soon unsettles our youthful creed. If it only led to the knowledge of good and evil, it were well; if it only taught us to despise the illusions and retire from the pleasure of the world, it would be better. But it destroys our belief—it dims our perception of all abstract truth, virtue and happiness; it turns life into a jest, and a very dull one too. It makes us indifferent to beauty, and incredulous of goodness; it teaches us to consider self as the centre on which all actions turn, and to which all motives are to be referred. While we are yet young, and the passions, powers and feelings, in their full activity, create to us a world within, we cannot look fairly on the world without; all things then are good. When first we throw ourselves forth, and meet burrs and briars on every side, which stick in our very hearts; and fair tempting fruits which turn to bitter ashes in the taste, then we exclaim with impatience, that all things are evil. But at length comes the calm hour when they who look beyond the superficialities of things begin to discern their true bearings; when the perception of evil, or sorrow, or sin, brings also the perception of some opposite good, which awakens our indulgence, or the knowledge of the cause which excites our pity. Thus it is with me. I can smile, nay, I can laugh still, to see folly, vanity, absurdity, meanness, exposed by scornful wit, and depicted by others, in fictitious light and brilliant. But these very things, when I encounter the reality, rather make me sad than merry, and take away all the inclination, if I had the power, to hold them up to derision. Your professed satirists always send me to think upon the opposite sentiment in Shakespeare, on "the mischievous soul sin of chiding sin." I remember once hearing a poem of Barry Cornwall's (he read it to me) about a strange-winged creature that, having the lineaments of a man, yet preyed on a man, and afterwards coming to a stream to drink, and beholding his own face therein, and discovering that he had made his prey of a creature like himself, pined away with repentance. So should those do, who having made themselves mischievous mirth out of the sins and sorrows of others, remembering their own humanity, and seeing within themselves the same lineaments—so should they grieve and pine away, self-punished. I abhor the spirit of ridicule, I dread it, and I despise it. I abhor it, because it is in direct contradiction to the mind and serious spirit of christianity; I fear it, because we find that in every state of society in which it has prevailed as a fashion, and has given the tone to the manners and literature, it has marked the moral degradation and approaching destruction of that society; and I despise it because it is the usual resource of the shallow and the base mind, and, when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy which is twice blessed, seems to me twice accursed! evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it.—Mrs. Jameson.

## LADIES IN AMERICA.

So much more has naturally been observed by travellers of American manners in stages and steam-boats than in private houses, that all has been said, over and over again, that the subject deserves. I need only testify that I do not think the Americans eat faster than other people, on the whole. The celerity at hotel-tables is remarkable; but so it is in stage-coach travellers in England, who are allowed ten minutes or a quarter of an hour for dining. In private houses, I was never aware of being hurried. The cheerful, unintermitting civility of all gentlemen travellers, throughout the country, is very striking to a stranger. The degree of consideration shown to women is, in my opinion, greater than is rational, or good for either party; but the manners of an American stage-coach

might afford a valuable lesson and example to many classes of Europeans who have a high opinion of their own civilization. I do not think it rational or fair that every gentleman, whether old or young, sick or well, weary or untired, should, as a matter of course, yield up the best places in the stage to any lady passenger. I do not think it rational or fair that five gentlemen should ride on the top of the coach—where there is no accommodation for holding on, and no resting-place for the feet—for some hours of a July day in Virginia, that a young lady, who was slightly delicate, might have room to lay up her feet, and change her posture as she pleased. It is obvious that, if she was not strong enough to travel on common terms in the stage, her family should have travelled in an extra, or staid behind, or done any thing rather than allow five persons to risk their health and sacrifice their comfort for the sake of one. Whatever may be the good moral effects of such self-renunciation on the tempers of the gentlemen, the custom is very injurious to ladies. Their travelling manners are any thing but amiable. While on a journey, women who appear well enough in their homes, present all the characteristics of spoiled children. Screaming and trembling at the apprehension of danger are not uncommon; but there is something far worse in the cool selfishness with which they accept the best of every thing, at any sacrifice to others, and usually, in the south and west, without a word or look of acknowledgment. They are as like spoiled children when the gentlemen are not present to be sacrificed to them, in the inn parlour, while waiting for meals or the stage, and in the cabin of a steam-boat. I never saw any manner so repulsive as that of many American ladies on board steam-boats. They look as if they supposed you mean to injure them, till you show to the contrary. The suspicious side glance, or the full stare, the cold, immovable observation, the bristling self-defence the moment you come near, the cool pushing to get the best places, every thing said and done without the least trace of trust or cheerfulness, these are the disagreeable consequences of the ladies being petted and humoured as they are. The New England ladies, who are compelled by their superior numbers to depend less upon the care of others, are far happier and pleasanter companions in a journey than those of the rest of the country.—Miss Martineau.

## GOOD TALKERS.

No man since Sheridan has actually been a good converser. A mere man of anecdote may be amusing, but he is not a good converser, he is a walking jest-book, an edition of Joe Millar in coat and breeches; a reciter of scraps out of Dryden or Pope, with now and then a stanza from Byron to show that he has not grown too old for the rising generation, is not a good converser, but a walking commonplace book, a mutilated copy of "the elegant extracts." A repeater of the reminiscences of the last century who plagues the table still with newspaper paragraphs, new fifty years ago, assumes a superiority for having lived in the days of the departed great, though he lived no more connected with them than a rat in one of their stables; the man who rises in his chair, and settles all questions by, "Sir, I saw Mr. Fox, nay, saw him frequently; he was a short man, with a round stomach and a large head; I heard him speak, sir, and I shall never hear such eloquence again, though the one-half of his speech was lost in his own sputtering, and the other half in the applause of the house." This reminiscent is not a good converser, but a walking turnpike, through which the great and the little pass alike, and leave nothing but halfpenny tickets behind. But incomparably the most alarming of the whole tribe, the *bore par excellence*, is the academic, whose life, between the college and the churchyard, seems to be one great gulf, the world a nonentity, and no image in his mind but the absurdities of some head of a college, dead, &c. fifty years ago, and as obscure in his life as ever he was in his grave. The quoter of Horace, to prove that a venison-pasty is not a plum-pudding, deliberately talking Aristotle over his sherry, and in his moments of confidence mouthing the last half dozen lines of the Iliad; this man is

not a good converser, but a public nuisance, and ought to be extinguished by petition to the two houses of the legislature; he is a fly leaf of Lilly's Grammar, scratched over with the autographs of booby scholarship.

Sir James Mackintosh was an ambitious converser, and therefore not a good one. He overdid his work, had a prodigious memory, with prodigious quotations, ticketed like an attorney's pigeon-holes, and between long recitations from Dryden, and forgotten fragments of the *Edinburgh Review*, was among the most innocent and intolerable men of his time. Sir Walter Scott was clever in all things, and therefore in conversation. All his recollections were Scottish, and though amusing and characteristic, Englishmen were but slowly brought to give up their souls to the memories of the Hopes, the Blairs, and MacKenzies of Auld Reekie. Yet there was a perpetual animation about Sir Walter, a readiness to be happy, and make everybody else happy; an absence of all discoverable sense of self, and a kind of conversational goodwill to all round the table, that made him always pleasing. He had the true conversational temper. No affectation of superiority, no harshness of remark, no severity in looking at men or times, no occasional sullenness. He was always in the vein, and never without some pleasant anecdote, just of the right length, and just odd enough to amuse. It is a thousand pities that in the latter years of his life he did not write his *recollections*. It would have been one of the most amusing pieces of nature and eccentricity in the world. But he was no wit. His pleasantries were of the memory, and except by the quaintness which seems to be impressed on the Scottish idiom, and the dry humour, which seems equally national, he seldom "set the table in a roar."

The Marquis Wellesley would be a good converser, except for the misfortune of his having gone to Eton. The "fifth form" rises before him as the Weird Sisters before Macbeth. It perpetually molests, mystifies, and masters him. He quotes all through his walking hours. If he drops asleep, which he does of late, in the best company, he slides from a discussion on Perigord pie into a sarcasm from Juvenal, or an episode from Silius Italicus. His walking hours are rendered unhappy to himself and mankind by alternate citations from Martial and the "Marrattah war." But, of all men, living or dead, Sheridan was the best converser. Poor Richard! poor, indeed! thy life was an old "almanack," a catalogue of sunrises and sunsets, fasts and feasts, and all not worth a penny when the year was done. \* \* \* He was the wit of wits after all; and the departing genius of conversation, crushing together the bones and brains of all the conversationists before or since, ought to build a monument of them over the spot where this pleasant and unhappy, powerful and feeble, brilliant and extinguished luminary of the table, the Commons, and the stage, is wedded to the worm. "Sheridan, too, had his conversational faults. *Nemo omnibus horis.*" Which, being interpreted, is no one can be always telling the best stories, and saying the most sparkling things in the world. He was uneven. He was either all cloud or all sunshine. But from the cloud sometimes shot a flash that was more brilliant than all sunshine.—[From the shrewd and entertaining *World we live in*,—Blackwood's Magazine.

FAITHFUL ELOQUENCE.—The eloquence of the pulpit shone conspicuously in the introduction of a sermon by the celebrated Massillon before Louis XIV. king of France, from the words of the Redeemer, Matt. v. 4; "Blessed are they that mourn." The preacher began—"If the world addressed your majesty from this place, the world would not say, Blessed are they that mourn." The world would say, "Blessed is the prince who has never fought, but to conquer; who has filled the universe with his name; who, through the whole course of a long and flourishing reign, enjoys in splendour all that men admire—extent of conquest, the esteem of his enemies, the love of his people, the wisdom of his laws." But, sire, the language of the gospel is not the language of the world."

## HEAT—COLD—CLIMATE—AIR.

THE known powers of nature may be reduced to two primitive forces, *attraction* and *repulsion*. The first is the cause of *gravity*; in other words, it is by the attraction which exists between the mass of the earth and all bodies near its surface, that everything has a natural tendency downward; that, in fact, all matters naturally fall to the ground, &c. The second principle is the cause of *elasticity*, and this, by counteracting the effects of attraction, prevents the matter of the universe from becoming a solid mass.

Ancient authors believed, and it is still popularly understood, that there are only four distinct species of elementary or original matter, namely, fire, air, water, and earth. Modern science has however discovered that none of these are to be considered as *elements*, or *primary substances*; while, on the other hand, it has increased the number of elementary principles to fifty-two. But as the popular arrangement is sufficient for our present purpose, we will not depart from it.

There is reason to believe that fire, heat, or caloric, is the only permanently elastic substance in nature. When it penetrates the pores of any body, it uniformly causes the expansion of such body. A bar of iron is lengthened by being heated, metals and other substances are melted by heat, and by heat water is converted into vapour. There is therefore ample ground for believing that all fluidity is the effect of heat. The natural state of water is ice; and air itself, were there any means of producing a sufficient degree of cold, might probably be reduced to a solid mass.

As all fluidity has heat for its cause, so we find that a much greater degree of heat is requisite to keep one substance in a fluid state than another. Iron, for instance, requires more heat to keep it in fusion than gold; gold much more than tin; but much less suffices to keep wax, much less to keep water, much less spirit of wine, and at last exceedingly less for mercury (quicksilver), since that metal only becomes solid at 187 degrees below the point at which water freezes; mercury, therefore, would be the most fluid of all bodies, if air were not still more so. Now, what does this fluidity, greater in air than in any other matter, indicate? It appears to indicate the least degree of adherence that can be conceived between the parts of which it is composed, supposing them to be of such a figure as only to touch each other at one point. The greater or less degree of fluidity does not, however, indicate that the parts of the fluid are more or less weighty, but only that their adherence is so much the less, their union so much the less intimate, and their separation so much the easier. If a thousand degrees of heat are required to keep water in a fluid state, it might perhaps require but one to preserve the fluidity of air.

It is yet doubtful whether light consists of the same matter with elementary fire or not. The great source of light is found to be the sun, from which it is projected to the earth in the space of about eight minutes; and as the sun is computed to be distant ninety-five millions of miles, light must of consequence travel at the rate of about two hundred thousand miles in one second of time.

Light may be reflected as well as projected. The light which we receive from the moon is only reflected as from a mirror. The light of the sun is three hundred thousand times stronger than the light of the moon.

The air we inhale is composed of 21 parts of oxygen to 79 of nitrogen gas, which are mixed with vapour and small quantities of other gases.

The effects of heat in producing a noxious quality in the air, are well known. The torrid regions under the line are always unwholesome. At Senegal, the natives consider forty as an advanced time of life, and generally die of old age at fifty. At Carthage, where the heat of the hottest day ever known in Europe is continual—where, during the winter season, these dreadful heats are united with a continual succession of thunder, rain, and tempests—the wan and lived complexions of the inhabitants might make strangers suspect that they were just recovered from some dreadful distemper. The habits of the natives are influenced by the same causes as their colour, and all their motions are relaxed and languid; the heat of the climate even affects their speech, which is soft and slow, and their words generally broken. Travellers from Europe retain their strength and colour, possibly for three or four months, but afterwards suffer such decays in both, that they are no longer to be distinguished by their complexion from the inhabitants. Here, however, this languid and spiritless existence is frequently drawled on sometimes even to eighty. Young persons are generally most affected by the heat of the climate, which spares the more aged; but all, upon their arrival on the coasts, are subject to the same train of fatal disorders. In the memorable expedition to Carthage, more than three parts of our army were destroyed by the climate, and those that returned from that fatal service, found their former vigour irretrievably gone. Of the expedition to the Havannah, not a single part of the army were left survivors of their country's climate is an enemy that even heroes cannot conquer.

The distempers that proceed from those climates are

many: that, for instance, called the *Chapotonadas*, carries off a multitude of people, and extremely thins the crews of European ships, whom gain tempts into those regions. The nature of this distemper is but little known, being caused in some persons by cold, in others by indigestion. But its effects are generally fatal in three or four days: upon its seizing the patient it brings on what is there called the black vomit, after which none are ever found to recover.

A different set of calamities prevail in some climates where the air is condensed by cold. In such places the train of distempers known to arise from obstructed perspiration, are very common—eruptions, boils, scurvy, and a loathsome leprosy, that covers the body with a scurf and ulcers. These disorders also are infectious, and not only banish the patient from society, but generally accompany him to the grave. The men of those climates seldom attain to the age of fifty; but the women, who lead less laborious lives, live longer.

One fact our senses teach us, namely, that although the air is too fine for our sight, it is very obvious to the touch. Although we cannot see the wind contained in a bladder, we can very readily feel its resistance; and though the hurricane be colourless, we know that it does not want force. We have equal experience of the spring, or elasticity of the air; a bladder filled with air, when pressed, returns again, upon the pressure being taken away.

So far the slightest experience teaches us; but, by carrying experiment a little further, we learn that air also is heavy; a glass vessel, emptied of air, and accurately weighed, will be found lighter than when weighed with the air in it. Upon computing the superior weight of the full vessel, a cubic foot of air is found to weigh 527 grains, while the same quantity of hydrogen gas weighs no more than 40 grains. This is familiarly illustrated in balloons, the ascent of which is at the present time so common in this country. The balloon ascends because the gas with which it is filled is lighter than the quantity of atmospheric air which would fill the same space as the balloon itself, and the ascending power of the balloon, and consequently the weight it will carry, is in proportion to the actual difference between the weight of the gas and the weight of the air. When it is required that the balloon shall descend, some of the gas is let out of the balloon through a valve, just as water might be let out of a barrel. The gas that remains in the balloon is still lighter than the air, measure for measure, but the proportions between the gas originally contained in the balloon and the weight the balloon carries, are destroyed; the balloon with its burden becomes heavier than the air it displaces, and, consequently, the balloon descends.

We learn, therefore, that the earth, and all things upon its surface are in every direction covered with a ponderous fluid, which, rising very high over our heads, must be proportionally heavy. For instance, as in the sea a man at the depth of twenty feet sustains a greater weight of water than a man at the depth of but ten feet, so will a man at the bottom of a valley have a greater weight of air over him than a man on the top of a mountain.

If by any means we contrive to take away the pressure of the air from any one part of our bodies, we are soon made sensible of the weight upon the other parts. Thus, if we place the hand upon the mouth of a vessel whence the air has been expelled, we feel as if the hand were violently sucked inwards; this is nothing more than the air upon the back of the hand that forces it into the empty space below.

As by this experiment we perceive that the air presses with great weight upon everything on the surface of the earth, so by other experiments we learn the exact weight with which it presses. First, if the air in a vessel be exhausted, and the vessel set with the mouth downwards in water, the water will rise up into the empty space, and fill the inverted glass—for the external air will, in this case, press up the water, where there is no weight to resist, just as one part of a bed being pressed makes the other parts that have no weight upon them rise. In this case, as we said, the water being pressed without, will rise in the glass, and would continue to rise to a height of thirty-two feet. Hence we learn, that the weight of the air which presses up the water is equal to a pillar, or column, of water, thirty-two feet high, for it is able to raise such a column, and no more. In other words, the surface of the earth is everywhere covered with the weight of air, which is equivalent to a covering of thirty-two feet deep of water, or to a weight of twenty-nine inches and a half of quicksilver, which is just as heavy as the former.

It is found, by computation, that to raise water thirty-two feet requires a weight of fifteen pounds upon every square inch. Now, if we are fond of computations, we have only to calculate how many square inches are in the surface of an ordinary human body, and allowing every inch to sustain fifteen pounds we may amaze ourselves at the weight of air we sustain. It has been computed that the ordinary pressure of the air on a man amounts to within little short of forty thousand pounds!

The elasticity of the air is one of its most amazing properties, and to which it should seem nothing can set bounds. A body of air, that may be contained in a nut-

shell, may be diluted by heat into a sphere of unknown dimensions. On the contrary, the air contained in a house may be compressible into a cavity not larger than the eye of a needle. In short, no bounds can be set to its confinement or expansion, at least experiment has hitherto found all attempts indefinite. In every situation air retains its elasticity, and the more closely compressed, the more strongly does it resist the pressure. If, in addition to increasing the elasticity by compression, it be increased by heat, the force of both soon becomes irresistible; and it has been well said, that air, thus confined and expanding, is sufficient for the explosion of a world.—From Buffon, Goldsmith, Cuvier, &c.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER 18, 1837.

From the Acadian Telegraph.

Papers by the *Cordelia* furnish dates from the Continent of Europe to Oct. 10th. Don Carlos was closely pursued in his retreat from the vicinity of Madrid to the Basque Provinces; his health is said to have suffered excessively.

The French expedition against Constantine, Algiers, had started on the 1st. Oct.

The Queen of Spain had signed the treaty of amity with Mexico. The Crown thus abandons all claim to that territory.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.—The 85th Regiment left town on Monday morning on their way to St. John, N. B. The Halifax and Dartmouth Steamer took the men on board at the Steam Boat Wharf, to convey them to Sackville, whence they were to proceed to Windsor, and meet the Steamer for St. John there. His Excellency witnessed the embarkation of the division. The steamer hoisted the Union Jack, which with the throng of "red coats" on her deck, gave her an unusual appearance. As she moved from the wharf the assembled crowd gave hearty cheers, which were responded to by the fine band of the Regiment playing *Auld Lang Syne*.

As the steamer got into the stream, the *Rambow* frigate came down in full sail. While passing the Steamer, a number of her hands blew up the ratlines, and she sent twice three hearty cheers, as farewells to the departing troops. The Steamer responded, and the acclamations were again taken up by the people on the wharves.

On Saturday last, an Address signed by Her Majesty's Council, the Magistrates, and several other inhabitants, was presented to Colonel Munnell of the 85th.

The Address testified to the good conduct of the 85th, to the sincere regard and good will which existed towards the officers in the inhabitants, and to the assistance rendered by the regiment on occasions of calamity; it concluded with good wishes, and an expression of confidence that the Regiment would gain the good regards of whatever people they should be stationed among.

The Colonel returned thanks for this compliment, expressing regret at the sudden removal of the Regiment from Halifax, and a hope of return and renewal of social intercourse, and wishes of happiness and prosperity.

ANOTHER FIRE.—Tuesday afternoon a fall of snow, accompanied by heavy squalls, gave a very wintry appearance to our streets. At night full the snow changed to sleet and rain, which came down heavily, impelled by North east gusts of wind. About half past eight the alarming cry of fire was raised, and the citizens were roused from their quiet hearths to brave the rigours of the night. The alarm was found to proceed from a large wooden house in Albemarle street, called Rutledge's—but in which Messrs. J. & M. Tobin had the chief interest, by mortgage. The fire was in the garret story of the house, and soon burst from the roof, depressed by the heavy rain, but excited by the strong blasts of wind. It was a fearful struggle: a canopy of black clouds above, torrents of rain falling, and squalls driving and howling without intermission. The fire departments, and military, and many of the inhabitants, mustered quickly, and used strenuous exertions to subdue the common enemy. Copious streams of water were served on each side of the burning pile, from the engines of the Garrison and the Town; and the adjoining house to the north was partially pulled down and the ruins water-drenched. Fortunately the house to the southward, on which the flames and embers were blown, presented stone walls and slate roof to the danger, and while it escaped itself it formed a barrier in that direction. After about three hours hard labour the fire was subdued, with almost the entire loss of the house in which it originated, and the partial loss of the next.

Notwithstanding the tempest and torrents of rain, the working parties stood their ground with excellent spirit until the danger of spreading was over. The military as usual were very efficient, and the civilians (with some few skulking exceptions, which will always be found on

such occasions in crowds) did their duty cordially and manfully.

The house in which the fire originated was insured for nearly its value, the loss of the adjoining, will, we suppose, be made good by assessment on Town property.

A Ship called Northumberland, 545 tons, was launched from the yard of T. S. Smith, Esq., Pugwash, on Oct. 28. She is described of excellent construction, and was to sail for London in a few days.

The Hon. A. C. Botsford, Neville Parker, Wm. Crane and J. W. Weldon Esqrs. have been appointed additional members of the Executive Council of New Brunswick.

The Yarmouth Herald of Nov. 10 states that the small pox had been introduced into that County from St. John. The individual diseased lives in a remote situation, and hopes are entertained that the spread of the disease will be prevented.

Next Thursday is appointed to be observed as a day of Public Thanksgiving for preservation from Pestilence, and for the abundant harvest with which we have been favoured.

We are sorry to learn that the yellow fever has made its appearance at Bermuda. All intercourse between Her Majesty's Ship Cornwallis and the shore had been prohibited. The Admiral had not landed. [Journal.]

Passengers in the Acadian for Boston, Messrs Primrose, Blood, Fulger, Miss Prepper and 6 in the Storage. In the Admiral Colpoys, Mrs. Hetherington and Children.

Reverend Mr. Taylor has returned from the Country, and will preach to-morrow morning, afternoon and evening.

MARRIED

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Morrison, Mr. Joseph Vineover, to Miss Harriet Saunders, both of this town. On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Morris, Mr. John Frederick, to Isabella, fifth daughter of Mr. Henry Neal, both of this town.

At Boston, on Tuesday, the 25th Oct, by the Rev. Paul Dean, Mr. John B. Bolton, of this town, to Miss Sarah Ann Davies, of that city.

On the 27th Oct., by the Rev. Mr. Burton, Mr. Thomas Johnson, to Miss Mary Dyer, (coloured folk) of this town.

At Parrsboro, on Thursday, 19th Oct., by the Rev. Mr. Coston, Thomas Dewolf Dickson, Esq., Collector of Her Majesty's Customs there, to Miss Christiana Taylor, of St. Mary's.

At Quebec, Oct. 21st, by the Rev. Mr. Coke, Andrew Morrison, Esq., merchant, to Miss Eliza Wise, daughter-in-law of the Hon. Justice Thompson.

DIED

Early on Wednesday, aged 61, Samuel Head, Esq. M. D. and for many years a Magistrate of this town. As a husband, a father, and a friend—he was affectionate, kind, and sincere; as a physician and magistrate—he was humane, benevolent, and just. By his numerous relations and friends, his memory will be long and dearly, from the recollection of his many estimable and endearing qualities—and by the poor, for his charity and sympathizing kindness.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Margaret Toole, a native of Ireland, in the 75th year of her age.

On Tuesday evening, Maria Frances, second daughter of Mr. Whidden, Esq. age 10 years.

At Annapolis, on the 9th September, Jerusha Morse, consort of Mr. Handley Morse, in the 43rd year of her age.

In the Poor's Asylum, George Dyer, aged 84 years, a native of Halifax. — Amelia Lawler, aged 20 years, a native of Dartmouth.

On Sunday evening after a tedious illness, which he bore with fortitude and resignation, Thomas Harrison, in the 55th year of his age, leaving an afflicted family to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father.

On Monday morning, Mr. George Maloy, a native of County Wexford Ireland, aged 63 years.

At Shubertacadic, on the 20th ultimo, after a short illness, in the 43d year of her age, Mrs. Mary Marshall, of Devonshire, England, leaving a husband and eight small children, whose loss is irreparable.

On the 6th Nov., at Clyde River, in the County of Shelburne, in the 88th year of his age, Mr. Gavin Lyle, Senr., an old and respectable inhabitant of that place.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED

SUNDAY, Nov. 12—Barque Britania, Crowder, Liverpool 6. B. 50 days—salt and dry goods, to Fairbanks & McNab and others; Hebe, Wright, London, 44, and Deal, 39 days—wheat, flour, goods, brandy, and gov't stores; mail packet, Roway, Burnoy, Bermuda, 13 days; schrs. Geo. Henry, Denmark, New York, 20 days—flour, sp'ls, &c. to J. H. Braine; experienced very boisterous weather, was hove on her beam

ends, and lost bulwarks, &c. cargo shifted and slightly damaged; schrs. Robin Hood, Annapolis, produce; Lucy, Pugwash, dry and pickled fish; Mary, Torbay—dry fish and oil; Snow Bird, Shelburne, pickled fish; Susan, Diana and George, Sydney, dry fish, coal; Maloney, Queen Adelaide, Hope, Emily and Albion, from P. E. Island, with produce; St. Peter, Gaspe, dry and pickled fish.

MONDAY, Nov. 13—Schr. Messenger, Siteman, Miramichi, 14 days, dry and pickled fish, &c.: Willing Lass, Watt, do. 16 days, alewives, salmon, &c.; Dove, Cormier, Mag. Isles, 7 days, dry fish to J. Allison & Co.; Nancy, Sovereign, and Four Brothers, P. E. Island, produce; Margaret, P. E. Island, produce.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14—Schr. Wm. Penn, Shelburne—dry fish and oil; John Henry, Mahone Bay—lumber; Britannia, prospect—pickled fish; Active, Argyle—dry fish and oil; Swain and Rising Sun, Bridgeport—coal; Jessie, McInnis, P. E. Island—produce; Rambler, Campbell, do.—produce; Planet, LeHawe—lumber and staves; James, Cape Breton—dry and pickled fish and oil.

WEDNESDAY—Schrs. Margaret, Furlong, Eurin, N. F. 10 days—fish &c. to P. Furlong; Emerald, Farrill, Jamaica, 31 days—ballast, to N. LeCain & Son.

THURSDAY—Schr. Two Sons, Smith, Barrington, 2 days—produce, from the schr. Star, stranded near Barrington; the brig reported returning from sea, has anchored near the Eastern Passage. Schrs. True Brothers, Liverpool, N. S. flour. Sophia, LeHawe, lumber. Sarah, Fly and Atlantic, Argyle, fish and oil. Echo and Active, Shelburne, do. Teazer, Barrington, property saved from Cordelia. Vernon, Shelburne, fish. Elizabeth, Done, Falmouth Jam. 25 days, ballast, to J. Strachan; Caroline, Windsor, produce. North America, Bears, N. Y. 9 days, tobacco, to J. H. Braine. Admiral Colpoys, Darrell, Kingston, 27 days, rum, to Frith Smith & Co. Friday—Schr. Speculator, Fredrick, Lunenburg.

CLEARED.

Nov. 11th, Barque John Porter, Pernette, Demerara—dry fish, lumber, shingles, cigars, oil, &c., by Fairbanks & McNab; schr. Armide, Smith, St. John, N. B.—rum, sugar, flour, by S. Binney; Ion, Flint, St. John, N. B.—gov't stores; Adelaide, Murray, Yarmouth—merchandise, by the master. 13th, Govt. schr. Victory, Darby, St. John, N. B.—military baggage; brig. John, Young, Falmouth, Jam., by D. & E. Starr & Co. 14th—Acadian, Lane, Boston—fuel, &c. by J. Clark; Rifleman, Hancock, E. W. Indies—fish, apples, &c. by T. Hancock. 16th—Nancy, Bichan, B. W. Indies, by J. Strachan; Condor, Lerigan, Jam. by J. and T. Williamson; Alva, M'Lean, B. W. Indies, by J. and M. Tobin. Britannia, Covill, St. John N. B. by W. Pryor, Junr. Thalia, Shand, Jam. by S. Cunard and Co. and others.

MEMORANDA.

The schr. Eliza, Furry, hence for Miramichi, was lost on the Petipas shoal, on the 3d inst.—principal part of the cargo saved, and taken to Canso.

Liverpool, Nov. 13—The brig Cordelia, of and from Boston, went ashore on Wednesday night last on Cape Sable—vessel bilged in several places—crew, cargo and passengers saved.

Harbour Maïson, Magdalen Islands, 28th Oct.—The brig Canton, of Whigby, Garbutt, master, left Gaspe, Oct. 19, with a cargo of deals, homeward bound, and struck on the west end of Brian Island. The Capt. accompanied by the Boatswain, Carpenter, and 2 seamen, left the wreck in the gig to land his wife and child on Brian Island, since which they have not been heard of. About an hour after the gig left the brig, the mate, three seamen and 2 boys, left with the jolly boat, but could not effect a landing at Brian Island—but did here in safety. On the following morning the brig was driven over to the east side of this Island, lying among breakers, where I left her on Wednesday last. On returning from the wreck I observed a boat on the shore, which induced me to land, and it proved to be the gig with Canton on her bows; it had been picked up by the inhabitants with four oars and a trunk of wearing apparel, &c. As the mate informs me that nothing was taken in the gig when she first left the brig, I am led to suppose they at first effected a landing and returned, when in endeavouring to reach the shore a second time, the boat must have upset and all hands perished. I have dispatched a vessel to Brian Island to bring off any persons that may be there. 29th—Since yesterday the bodies of two seamen have been picked up on the beach, and I am now using every means to obtain the remainder. [Keefer's Reading Room.]

Extract of a letter to Mr. Keefer, from Captain Jones, of the Am. packet brig Cordelia:—

Barrington, November 12—It becomes my painful duty to announce to the public, through your Reading Room, the loss of the old and favourite Cordelia, on the morning of the 10th instant. I made Seal Island Light, and judged it 7 miles distant, and steered East South East, which course ought to have given the Cape a large berth; she struck on Cape Sable a little before six in the morning, it was very dark at the time.—The most of the cargo is landed in a damaged state. I have not time to say more.—T. J. Jones.

Passengers arrived in Halifax this morning, From brig Cordelia—Hon. E. Collins, Hon. S. B. Robie and Lady, Mr. Smith, two daughters and son, and Mr. Goudge.

APPLES AND ONIONS.

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

Prices Current.

SATURDAY, NOV: 18, 1837.

FISH, COD, mer. pr 17s.6	Hamburg, sup. 40s.
Madeira 16s.	Rye, 37s.6
HERRINGS, No 1 pr bbl 25s.	CORN MEAL, 32s.6
2 15s.	
Bay Chaleur 15s.	COALS, Sydney, pr, ch. 30s
Digby 5s.	Pictou, 28s.
MACKEREL, No. 1 37s.6	Lingan, 27s.6
2 32s.6d.	
3 32s.6d.	CORD WOOD, dry, 17s.
ALEWIVES, No. 1 27s.6d.	
SALMON, No. 1 70s.	GYPSUM, pr. ton, 7s 6d.
2 65s.	
	BOARDS, W. P. pr M. 70s.
COFFEE, Jam good pr lb 1s3	S. Pine, 60s.
Cuba, 8d	STAVES, W. O. Am. 250s.
SUGAR, Mus. brt. cwt. 40s	Canadian 250s.
MOLASSES, pr gal 2s	R. O. Am. 150s.
	Canadian 150s.
SPERM OIL, bst pr gal 6s.6	Nova Scotia 80s.
WHALE, 3s.	SHINGLES, long ced 15s 0d.
SEAL, pale, 4s.	Pine, 12s.
COD, 2s. 6d.	
DOG FISH, 2s. 3d.	BEEF, N. S. pr bbl. 42s.6
	Canada prime 45s.
WHEAT,—	PORK, Canada 90s.
Can. white pr bush.	Nova Scotia 80s.
German, 7.6	BUTTER, pr lb 1s2d
BARLEY 3s.6	
INDIAN CORN, 5s. 3d.	EXCHANGES.
OATS, 2s. 6d.	On London, 60 days, Private, 17 pr ct. prem.
PEAS, 5s. 0d.	30 days government 17½
	New York, 30 days par at Sovereigns 25s 9d.
FLOUR, U.S. sup pr bbl 50s	Doubleons, Mex. 5 to 0 oer ct.
Fine 47s	
Canada, sup.	
Fine	
Middlings 45s	

AUCTIONS.

BY JAMES COGSWELL,

At the Long Wharf, on Tuesday next at 12 o'clock, THE Schooner North America, burthen per register, 86 tons—eighteen months old,—stows upwards of 600 barrels. For terms and farther information, apply to Capt. Bears on board, or to the Auctioneer Nov 18.

LEATHER.

THE Subscriber has received on consignment, ex Schr. North America from New York, 9 Bales cuttings of LEATHER, which will be offered at Public Auction, at his Room on Monday next, at 12 o'clock. JAMES COGSWELL. Auctioneer: Nov 17:

A SITUATION WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN wants a situation in a Dry Good or wholesale Grocery Store, with good recommendations. Apply at this office. 5w Nov 17:

CARD.

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

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



## THE PIRATE.

"I heard a voice upon the sea  
That pierced the waters fierce and free,—  
The loud winds running wild with glee  
Brought it to me ;  
I heard a voice the land-breeze bore,  
That thrilled the mountains to the core,  
And shouted out, from shore to shore,  
'Who are the free ?'  
Reply, reply aloud, air, earth, and sea !  
Shout to the list'ning stars, 'Who are the free !'"

"The cities heard, but heard in vain ;  
It stirred the hill, the vale, the plain ;  
The forest monarchs young again,  
Seemed they to be ;  
But all beneath the conscious sky,  
With trembling heart and quailing eye,  
Look'd round and raised th' accusing cry,  
'Where are the free ?'  
Reply, reply aloud, air, earth, and sea !  
Shout to th' eternal sun, 'Where are the free !'  
"I saw a gallant band at last,  
Upon the boundless waters cast,  
Daring the battle and the blast,  
Rocks and the sea ;  
They heard the voice that pierced the tide ;  
And all in one proud cause allied,  
With tones that shook the world, replied—  
'We are the free !'  
We have no masters on the earth or sea !  
Our home is with the wind—We are the free !"

## PICWICKIANA.

BY E. OZ.

**CURE FOR THE GOUT.**—"The gout, sir," said Mr. Weller, "the gout is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked by the gout, sir, just marry a widdler as has got a good loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout again. It's a capital prescription, sir, I takes it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity." Having imparted this valuable secret, Mr. Weller drained his glass once more, produced a laboured wink, sighed deeply, and slowly retired. "Well, what do you think of what your father says, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with a smile. "Think sir?" replied Mr. Weller; "why, I think he's the wictim o' connubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, when he buried him."

**TRUE PHILOSOPHY.**—"You are quite a philosopher, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "It runs in the family I b'lieve, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "My father's werry much in that line, now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion and breaks his pipe; he steps out and gets another. Then she screams werry loud, and falls into 'stericks; and he smokes werry comfortably till she comes too ag'in. That's philosophy, sir, aint it?" "A very good substitute for it, at all events," replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing.

**A SELF-EVIDENT PROPOSITION.**—"Ah," said the new-comer, "it's a good thing for both of us, is 'n't? Company, you see, company is—is a very different thing from solititude, aint it?" "There's no denyin' that 'ere," said Mr. Weller, joining in the conversation, with an affable smile. "That's what I call a self-evident proposition, as the dog's-meat man said when the housemaid told him he wern't a gentleman."

**WIDDERS.**—"Widders, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, slightly changing colour, "Widders are 'ceptions to every rule. I have heard how many ord'nary women one widdet's equal to, in pint o' comin' over you. I think it's five and twenty, but I don't rightly know vether it aint more."

**CONSOLATORY REFLECTION.**—"Well, it's no use talkin' about it now," said Sam. "It's over, and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey, vether they cuts the wrong man's head off."

**WILLIAM III.**—When Lord Molesworth published his celebrated account of Denmark, many passages in that work were found extremely offensive to the reigning monarch, who by his ambassador, complained of the insult, and demanded from our William III. the head of the author. "Tell my Danish majesty," said King William, "that I cannot by my own authority, dispose of the heads of my subjects, nor can I grant to his majesty any redress, except that I can communicate to Lord Molesworth the nature & this application, who will, I dare say, insert it in the next edition of his book."

## ENGLISH ANNUALS, 1888.

**C. H. BELCHER**, has received the following Splendid Annuals for 1888—viz.—Flowers of Liveliness, Twelve Groups of Female Figures, Emblematic of Flowers; designed by various artists, with poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

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

**Heath's Picturesque Annual**, containing a Tour in Ireland, by Leitch Ritchie, with nineteen highly finished Engravings from drawings by T. Creswick and D. McClise, elegantly bound in green.

**Jennings' Landscape Annual**, containing a Tour in Spain and Morocco, by Thomas Roscoe, Illustrated with twenty-one highly finished Engravings from drawings by David Roberts.

**The Oriental Annual**, or scenes in India, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. with twenty two Engravings from drawings by William Daniell.

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

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

**Forget me Not: A Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present**, elegantly bound, and embellished with Eleven elegant Engravings—

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

Others are shortly expected. Nov. 11.

## FALL GOODS.

J. N. SHANNON.

HAS received, by the Thalia, John Porter, Westmoreland and Jean Hastie,

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

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

November 3. 2w.

## SELLING OFF,

AT VERY REDUCED PRICES!!!

JOHN F. MUNCEY.

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

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

## GUNNABELL'S

## NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK.

**THE** Proprietor of the above named Almanack thanks the Public for the decided patronage which his numbers have received. The

## ALMANACK, FOR 1888.

has been delayed by the late Calamitous Fire, but it will be issued in a few days. It will contain, beside the usual lists, and Astronomical, Chronological, and Miscellaneous matter,—**MATHEMATICAL ANSWERS AND QUESTIONS**,—**DAILY NUMBER**, very useful in calculations,—**AGRICULTURAL**, and **STATISTICAL INFORMATION**,—**CHARADE ANSWERS AND QUESTIONS**, and **COPIOUS INDEX**. Most of these are peculiar to **GUNNABELL'S NOVA-SCOTIA ALMANACK**, the patrons of which are requested to give a few days indulgence, this year, as respects the comparative lateness of its appearance.

November 10

## AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS.

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

BRITISH MANUFACTURE,

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

ROBERT NOBLE.

November 11.

**N. B.**—He has received from Greenock via Liverpool, a supply of Cordage, from the Ropewalk of Muir's & Co. (late McNab's), which can be warranted of the very first quality—fine hemp and little tar.

3w.

## BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK, FOR 1888.

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

## TO FAMILIES.

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

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

## JUST RECEIVED.

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

Also,

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

B. WIER,

Store, Opposite Mr. Hugh Campbell's. Nov. 11. 4w

## FALL GOODS.

**THE** subscriber has received by the ships Thalia and Jean Hastie, his Fall Supply, among which are:—Carpetings, Blankets, Petershams, Flushings, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, plain and figured Merinos, Gros de Naples, Bombazines, Crapes, Plaids, Ribbons, Hosiery, blond, tartan, and cotton felled Shawls, twiked and printed Cottons, Homespuns, Shirtings, etc. which with his previous well selected Stock are now offered for sale at low prices. November 11. 4w J. M. HAMILTON.

## TO LET.

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

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, neatly opposite Major McColla's Carpenter's shop—Scygla-street. June 10.

## THE PEARL.

Published every Saturday, for the Proprietor, by William Gunnabell, at his Office, Stokville Street, south end of Bedford Row. Terms, 16s per annum—half in advance.