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THE STAR OF HOPE.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND BELLE-LETTRES.

Vol. I. HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1834. No. 20.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY MISS MARY BOYLE.

With fevered brow, she sought the freshening air,
 And cast one wild though fearless glance on high;
 Burst from her parted lips the uttered prayer,
 Burst from her weary eyes, the heavy sigh.

A loud, an earnest, deep, convulsive prayer,
 The hope of years condensed in a word,
 She called on Heaven a sister's life in spare,
 And God's bright mercy hid her prayer be heard!

Abandoned in agony, her head she raised
 To that blue sky, where worlds of brightness roll,
 As on a planet's radiant orb she gazed,
 Mysterious hope rekindled in her soul.

And, O! while joying in a sister's love,
 In gentle fellowship they pass their days,
 Still may the frequent glance she sends above
 Ne'er fall unmoved upon that planet's rays!

Alas, fear it not—where'er her footsteps roam,
 Though far the clime, and distant be the soil,
 That star shall win her wandering spirit home,
 And lift the incense of her praise to God.

Naples, 1834.

MARK.

BY PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA.

In Two Parts—Part one.

A writer in Blackwood, in reviewing the poet's of Bishop Corbet, of facetious memory, insists that the church has been more distinguished for wit and humour, than any other of the learned professions. This may not hold true in these refined days, and especially with us, where the strength of a man's principles is apt to be measured by the length of his face, and where a large portion of the community seem to think that

'To laugh were want of goodness, and grimace.'

But it was not in the time of Corbet, of South, of Swift, and of Sterne. Even in the present day, the name of Sydney Smith is identical with a grin, and evangelical Rowland Hill himself could not keep down the busy devil of fun within him. But these are only exceptions. The taste of the age has declared itself, rightly enough, perhaps, against the mixture of things sacred and jocose; and the clergyman who is so unfortunate as to possess a fund of wit, must seek some other field for its display than the desk, happy if he be allowed to indulge it even in private, without a brotherly hint from that benevolent class of individuals, whose chief business in life is to attend to the foibles of their neighbours. To the student, however, it is a treat, to turn aside from the staid formality and correct dulness of the present age, to the times when it was permitted to a man to follow the bent of his genius, however deviant; when illiterate audiences, more filled with the spirit of faith than with that of criticism, were as much edified by their preacher's jokes as by his homilies; and when even the good man, dreaming as little as Shakspeare himself that his tragic-comedy would fall under the ban of posterity, went on, springing off alternately the heavy ordinance of learned denunciation, and the lighter artillery of jest and jibe, at the head of the conscience-stricken sinner.

Our business, however, is not with the English worthies of this school, with whose merits and defects we are sufficiently familiar, but to introduce the reader to another genius of the same stamp, who flourished at Vienna, where he held no less a position, than that of preacher at the emperor's court.

The name of PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA is probably new to most of our readers; for few of our German scholars ever peep into those ponderous folios in which earlier days delighted; or trace up the stream of German literature higher than Wieland or Klopstock. To such it would be idle to expatiate on the crabbed beauties which adorn the Nibelungen-lied, the Minnesingers, old Hapsbachs, or Abraham's Sancta Clara. We trust, however, that in the latter they will find enough of oddity, at least to render some slight acquaintance acceptable. His true name was ULRICH MEYER, and he was born in Suisbia, (the Ireland of Germany,) in 1642. At the age of twenty, he became a barefooted monk, of the Augustine order, and in 1669, was invited to Vienna, in the capacity of court preacher, an office he filled till his death, in 1709; preaching and writing the while with untiring zeal and industry. At a future time, we may brush the learned dust off some other volumes of his works: at present, we will take up one of his choicest bits of quaintness, the discourse called 'Mark' composed of a series of warnings to the people of Vienna, written soon after the plague, which swept off seventy thousand inhabitants in six months. We have been obliged, of course, to take some few liberties in our version. Where one of his bad German puns proved utterly untranslatable, we have endeavored to fill its place with an English one, equally as bad, and as near the original as possible. It will be seen that here and there he varies the steady progress of his prose, and breaks into a rhyming pace, something between a canter and a hobble; showing that the amphibious measure adopted by the 'wondrous boy that wrote Aloy,' is not altogether original. Without farther preface, we shall proceed to our extracts. Thus, then, discourseth our reverend friend, in his exordium, of the signs that, as usual, preceded the pestilence:

'Signs in the heavens were furnished by the baleful and malevolent aspects of the planets. Signs in air are usually changeful weather, and heavy rains. Clouds, too, are so deemed; but in my poor judgment, the plague was caused not only by unwholesome nebulae, but by wicked nebulous. Signs of water are abundance of fishes cast on shore, crabs, frogs, and toads; and it is certain, when sharks are found plying round courts of Justice, when honesty sidles off like a crab, and when toadies are found in the high places, that God commonly sends a pestilence. Signs of earth, are, when idle, noxious weeds and herbs infest the ground; and of a surety, when such plants as sanguinary, dandy-lions, mushrooms, and painted-ladies, grow plentifully, it is easy to see what is meant thereby!'

'In the days of the dictator, Cæsar, an ox spoke; in the days of the prophet Balaam, an ass spoke; in the time of the Emperor Maurice, a metal image spoke; in the time of of Beda, the stones spoke; but at this time, in Vienna, when a sick man lay here in one corner, a dying man groaned there in the other; a few steps off lay one already dead, and the bodies choked the way of the passers-by; in Vienna, the very stones spake, and warned the people to repentance. 'Up, and awake, ye sinners! The axe is laid to the root of the tree! God's anger is at the threshold; the voice of the Almighty is calling you to eternity: the archangel Michael holds the balance, to weigh your life! Up! up! and repent, for this is the only prop to which to hold fast in the day of destruction! The penitent knockings of your heart, be sure, can alone open the door of heaven; your hearty sighs are the only music that please the ear of God.' Thus spake all the streets and alleys, and the playmen, and warned them to seek a plaster for the wounds of their conscience.

'Tayorns are wont to be the abode of vice and licence; for it is no secret, that when the blessed Virgin came to Ba-

shlehem with Joseph, she had to lodge in a stable; and there was no room for her in the town; and it is a truth, that God seldom finds any room at all, because all things will lodge there, as a lamb to be kept in a hog, an eagle a crow, and a dove a hawk, is a great miracle; for do we not see daily, that men drink like hogs at the White Lamb; that the Golden Eagle swallows all lowly birds, and that the Red-tailed Hawk swallows those days, the reverse happens; and do I witness every day, busy in counting up the drinks, and the drinkers, they are dead by the door the next morning! Their faces were sprinkled, not with water, but with tears. Instead of shouting, was sighing, and—wonderful to say!—there was more whining in them than wine.

After discoursing in this manner concerning the plague and its incidents, by way of prologue, he proceeds to his practical deductions, addressed to all classes; and first he invokes mankind generally, heading the invocation, 'MARK—MAN'—the sign of the cross to be made, 'not for nothing, that the word live, spelled backwards, is like a cloud, that fantastical child of the summer, which is no sooner born, than the rays of the sun menace to make an end of him. Just so our life is our winter morning! Our first breath is a sigh on the way to death, and the very rocking of the cradle, warneth how tottering is our existence.' 'Summer comes after spring; Saturday comes after Friday; four comes after three, and death comes after life.

'Life and glass, they shake and they break;
 Life and grass, how soon they pass!
 Life and a hare, how fleet they are!

'Life is certain only in uncertainty, and is like a leaf on the tree, a foam on the sea, a wave on the strand, a house on the sand.'

'Stop me not, while I sing my song before thy door. To-day read, to-morrow dead; to-day your grace; to-morrow, 'God be gracious;' to-day, a comfort to all, to-morrow, under the pall; to-day, dear, to-morrow, the bier; to-day hurra, to-morrow, psha!

'Omnes morimur! I have seen that we must all die; I have seen that death is a player, and a roguish one, for he bowls the men down and setteth them not up again, and attacketh not the pawn alone, but the king; I have seen that were I to gather together the limbs of a dead emperor, and mix them up with water, they would not be of size enough to stop the mouth of sneering Michal, when she opened it to laugh at David her lord.

'Joshua, the hero, before he stormed the city of Jericho, made a vow to the Lord that none of his army should plunder aught. God knows, it's hard for soldiers to keep from it; and though they have little to do with schools, they know wondrous well, that in default of the *dativus*, they must take to the *ablativus*. Yet, spite of the ordinance, a soldier named Achan crooked his fingers, and helped himself to the booty. And lo! when he was caught, and brought before the aforesaid hero, what answered he: 'Abstuli, abscondi in terra, et fossam humo aperui.' Such is the answer of Death, the great robber and plunderer of all things. Tell me, Death, where are Matthias the Emperor, and Matathias, the prophet? Where are Eleazer and Eliezer? Where are Leo, and Leonius, Maximus and Maximinus? 'Abstuli et abscondi in terra,' says Death.

The Pater next takes up the religious world commencing, as usual, 'Mark! Sir Priest!' and dilateth on the importance of the office, as follows:

'What is worthier than piety and spiritual men, who have turned their backs on the world, knowing that world and wild are words that differ little in name, and

none in fact. For what is this world, but a garden full of thistles; a sugared poison, a gilded dunghill; a sack full of holes: a silver hook, a shop full of fool's-caps; a drug-store, full of nauseous purges; a flowery deceit? The apostles likened the kingdom of God to a grain of mustard-seed, not to a sugar-plum; to sour leaven, and not to sweet-meats.

After reminding us that Peter, in the fulness of his zeal, smote off the high priest's servant's ear, and was reproved therefor, he goes on to give a reason for it, which we do not recollect to have met in any of the commentaries: "If he had been the footman of any nobleman, or lady, merely," says he, "the Lord would perhaps have winked at it, had he cut off his whole head; but the servant of a high-priest was to be respected."

We leave the divines for the present, and turn to his next 'mark,' which is addressed to the learned, whereon he expatiates with a fellow-feeling; and makes some displays of learning, which will certainly excite astonishment, if not admiration. His introduction is as follows:

'MARK—LEARNED MAN!'

"The well known, that Lot's wife was changed by God's decree into a pillar of salt, because, contrary to the divine command, she looked back; but why she was changed into a pillar of salt, and not into a thorn-bush, which is as curious and sharp as she was herself, is because when she entertained the angels who visited her husband, she put no salt to the meats, that she might be free of these frequent visitors. Salt has ever been held the symbol of science and wisdom, as is shown, not only by its being the first syllable in the name of King Solomon, but inasmuch as Christ says to his disciples, 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' As meat without salt, so is man without knowledge. As the poet saith:

'A table without a dish,
A poud without a fish,
A soup without bread,
A tailor without thread,
A horse without a tether,
A cobbler without leather,
A ship without a sail,
A pitcher without ale,
And a man without wit,
Do well together fit.'

'Have, with especial care, examined Holy Writ, and find that therein the word husbandman occurs thirty-six times; the word field, three hundred and fourteen times; the word sow, twenty times; the word grow, five hundred times; the word corn, fifty-seven times; the word reap, fifty-two times; the word barn, twenty-one times; the word thresh, fifteen times; the word hay, forty-eight times: but the word *straw*, only once,* and that with no great commendation, where Rachel sat upon it to hide the golden images from her father Laban. Since, therefore, the word *straw* occurs but once, I am free to conclude, that it was holden for something most contemptible. And as worthless as straw is, so is a man of straw, without learning.'

And again:

'What is more lovely than knowledge? He who hath it, cuts the gordian knot better than the Macedonian monarch, and can answer all the puzzling questions about which other men busy their brains in vain. As thus: Why doth a man who hath eaten his fill, till his body is stuffed like a travelling journeyman's knapsack, weigh less than before? The philosopher knoweth the reason. Why doth he who has drank too much wine, commonly fall over forward, while he who hath drank too much beer, generally falleth over backward? The philosopher knoweth the reason.'

And again he discusseth learnedly of lawyers:

In the Old Testament, there was a wondrous drink for women, which many a one had to swallow, albeit she did not complain of thirst. For whenever a man conjectured that his spouse was faithless, he led her to the priest at

the altar, who handed her a liquor, mixed with a thousand curses, the which, were she wrongfully accused, harmed her not; but were she really guilty, lo! she was incontinently filled therewith, and swelled up like a sack of Bohemian hops, and pined away; and thus they cunningly learned who was innocent and who guilty. 'Well,' saith one, 'why happeneth not the same now-a-days?' 'Tis as necessary as in those times, and men would crowd to buy such a drink, at whatsoever price.' To this I answer, that such miracles are no longer needful; for the lawyers, with their *exaltationes, notutiones, protestationes, connotationes, replicationes, contestationes, appellations, acceptationes, certiorationes, confirmationes*, and the like, make guilt or innocence as clear as day. But mark we how Death treats all this choice Latinity: 'What kind of tongue,' saith Death, 'is this, wherein the Latinists address me? By my life, I understand not Latin! My father, the Devil, a substantial man, and my mother, Sin, a notable dame as any, to save expense, gave me no learning; therefore I care not a fig for your Latinists. The Almighty has truly taught me somewhat, but I find my studies differ mainly from yours; for in my grammar, *mors* is *generis communis*; in my syntax, the verb *vivo* has no *infinitivum*.'

He next addresses soldiers, whom he comforts with the thought that they need not despair of eternal life, bad as their calling is; for, saith he:

'St. John, the angel of the apocalypae, tells us, in his description of the heavenly Jerusalem, how he saw in his trance, that this metropolis of God was built four-square, and each side garnished with three doors; whence we can safely conclude, as St. Dionysius hath it, that from all quarters and parts of the world, there is access to heaven. 'St. Athanasius wisely observeth of the people of Israel, that when they entered on a campaign, the ark of the covenant, wherein were stored the laws of Moses and the ten commandments, was carried before the host, that the warriors might have God's law continually before their eyes. Hear this ye Christian soldiers! The ten commandments were the avant-guard of the army of Israel; with you, God help us! they too commonly are sent to the rear.'

'Who's there?' 'No friend!' 'Who is no friend?' I, says Death. 'Holla there! Guard, turn out!' 'My loving friends,' replieth Death, 'I cannot laugh in my sleeve, for I have none; but I can't help grinning, at finding you think to frighten my scythe with your pikes and halberts. That would be a joke! How many of the Jews have I not destroyed? The sum total, as Holy Writ testifieth, 854,002,067! And now shall I be afraid of you! No, no! Order arms! Albeit your leader, Mars, and I, *Mors*, are kinsmen in name, I cannot abide neutral, but declare open war on you! Let him who doubts my power, go to Vienna, and ask of the first sentinel he meets! Inasmuch as Vienna is a rampart of all Germany against the Turk, it is girt with thick walls, and strong towers. The heavenly city, Jerusalem, is described by the chronicle as having twelve great gates; now as Vienna hath six, it may justly be called half a heaven. It hath always been the wont of the soldiery at Vienna to keep their main force in the city, and a guard at St. Peter's church-yard; but this time, Death, against the officers' will, changed their ordering, and almost all the troops were bidden to *lie at ease* in the church-yard, while Death went the rounds, from post to post, on the walls.'

Let us quote the conclusion of this branch of his address:

'Let the body die, then, be it in fire or in water, on earth or in air—what matters it! Let it die, this dunghill, this nest of worms, this lamp of filth, this dying worm, this clod of earth; let it die, this perishing rottenness, this tricked-out decay, this painted sepulchre, this congregation of diseases, this bundle of rags, this six feet of nothing! Let it die!—let it perish! Let it decay, this living hospital, this sport of chance, this little heap of earth—when, how, where it may—it matters not! But I beseech thee, by thy soul's salvation—I sound it in thine ears, with unlifted hands, let not the soul perish! This curious and precious handiwork and image of God—the priceless and unending jewel of eternity—this pure

and peaceful-sister of the spirits made blessed—oh let not this perish by sin, for this is the only death that is terrible indeed!

There are passages like the above, scattered here and there, which will show that our author was something more than a mere pulpit-joker, and that he had within him all the elements of high eloquence. Our conscience, indeed, reproaches us, at times, that we are not doing the old worthy justice, but picking out his knotty points and excrescences, to amuse our contemporaries with their odd twists and turns, and air of hoar antiquity, rather than laying open the sound core and pith that lie beneath them. But our object—and we hope it is an excusable one, in these trying times—is rather to beguile the reader into a smile, than edify him by serious discourse, a plenty whereof is to be found at every corner, without going back for it to Pater Abraham a Sancta Clara.

For the present, we leave our 'man of mark,' reserving his homily to maidens, his advice to parents, touching the use of the rod; his counsels to the rich, etc., for a future number.—Knickerbocker.

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

—When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly there appeared amongst us a stranger, of a very remarkable and very cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all the happiest we shall ever see), perhaps rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form, at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little ball-alley in the days of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of New-market. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and was full of waggery, thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to share of them; and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to the school at Middleton. In short, he made a man of me. I recollect it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar; and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from Court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room; his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed: "You are right, sir; you are right. The chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor!" He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory.

LIBERTY.

Amongst the highest mountains did I meet
A lovely creature in her native house,
Fairer than sunset in the ocean-foam,
Yet whose white robes flowed blood-stained to her feet.
Whilst shone her eyes with love benignly sweet;
One seemed she framed not land and sea to roam.
Her robes the tempests, and the heavens her dome—
A constant star, no meteor wildly fleet.
"Whence is this blood," I cried, "O being fair?"
"They that adore me shed it for my sake;"
"Sarily she spake, and sighed, "Nor is it rare."
Yet love and truth alone my temple make;
These are the pillars that no storm can shake
Of Liberty, that loves the mountains best."
Metropolitan for Sept. RICHARD HEWITT.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY.

H Y M N

To conclude the Summer Evening.

Continued from page 147.

Father Almighty, Gracious Lord,
Whose hand hath spread these scenes abroad,
Whose works they are, to thee I'd raise
An evening-sacrifice of praise.
Each opening day proclaims thy love;
Each night thy tender mercy proves,
Each living plant, and blooming flower,
Bears witness to thy gracious power.

Ungrateful man forgets the grace,
That freely shines in every place,
The love in which he should confide,
Which doth for every want provide.
But senseless, thus, O let not me
With a rebellious world agree.
For while thy mercy crowns my days
My life should teem with ceaseless praise.

The birds that in the expanse do fly,
The beasts that in the pasture lie,
The fish that cuts the living deep,
Thine eye regards, thine hand doth keep.
Where'er thy wondrous works are found,
Thine equal goodness doth abound,
Our tongues must fail thy power to tell,
Oh love, that doth all love excel.

Thou didst create, and dost sustain
Creatures, thy glory to maintain:
Thy grand design, shall never fail;
Thy truth shall o'er all might prevail.
Through thee alone, we lift our head,
From thee derive our daily bread,
So let me thy salvation see,
Let thy great name all hallowed be.

Glory to thee, for this day's good,
For wants supplied, for strength renewed,
For thy secure conducting hand,
For thy support in which I stand;
O God, my strength, sustain me still,
Defend my steps from every ill,
Forgive my sins, controul my ways,
And let thy favours crown my days.

Eternal refuge, and defence,
Revive this night my drooping sense,
To balmy sleep compose my dust,
Whilst to thy care my soul I trust.
O let me find my rest in thee;
Let thy kind arms, my pillow be,
Until thy word dispels the night
And bids the sun return his light.

Shepherd of Israel, at whose voice,
Thy numerous feeble flocks rejoice;
Feed thou my soul in pastures fair;
And guide me safe through every snare.
Through all my life do thou attend,
To guide and save me to the end:
Until thy vassal death shall come,
To bid my wearied spirit home.

When the last Trumpet gives its sound,
May I secure in Christ be found,
When quick and dead shall hear thy voice,
May I behold thee and rejoice;
Oh when that day springs from on high,
In fairer worlds beyond the sky;
To me thine attributes display
Through one eternal blissful day.

TEULON.

GASPARINI THE ROBBER.—At Rochefort there is a convict, a native of Italy, whose ingenuity in putting travellers under contribution might have furnished the face-tious Grimaldi himself with a banditti scene in a pantomime. This hero was for some years the Turpin of France, and was much dreaded by travellers: Gasparini, though guilty of many robberies on the highway, has never been accused of wanton cruelty. He some years ago undertook alone to stop a diligence as it was passing through a wood at nightfall. Here he drew up his forces, which literally

consisted, not of bloody-minded robbers, but of half a dozen well-stuffed coats, fixed on poles, with formidable caps, presented arms, and other appendages well-suited to inspire the travellers with terror. When the diligence arrived, he ordered the postilion to stop; he then made the conductor and passengers alight, and in a resolute tone, pointed to his supposed companions, whom he had ranged on the skirts of the wood, and desired the trunks to be opened, out of which he took what he thought proper. He then said to the trembling travellers, 'Do not be alarmed, gentlemen; allow me to take what I require, and depend on it my troops shall not advance a step further; from them, I assure you, you have nothing to fear.' This modern Rolando was sentenced to hard labor for life in the galleys. It appeared on the trial that when the gendarmes went to scour the wood, they were not a little surprised to find half a dozen robbers, who appeared determined to stand their ground. They summoned them to a surrender, and on receiving no reply fired a volley, and then attacked the *manukins* sword in hand. Of course they met with but feeble resistance, and laughed heartily at the joke.

LEGENDS OF THE ROSE.—The following details respecting the rose are taken from a very able and scientific work, now in course of publication, entitled *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*.—"The Romans were fond of roses. Cleopatra received Antony at one of her banquets in an apartment covered with rose-leaves to a considerable depth; and Antony himself when dying, begged to have roses scattered on his tomb. The Roman generals who had achieved any remarkable victory, were permitted to have roses sculptured on their shields. Rosewater was the favourite perfume of the Roman ladies, and the most luxurious even used it in their baths. In the east the rose has always been a favourite with the poets. They represent the nightingale as singing for its love, and many beautiful verses are derived from this fable. In a curious fragment, by the celebrated Persian poet Atter, entitled "Bulbul Nahem, the Book of the Nightingale," all the birds appear before Solomon, and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the broken and plaintive strains which he warbles forth all the night, in a sort of frenzy and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned, questioned and acquitted, by the wise king, because the bird assures him that his vehement love for the rose drives him to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which are laid to his charge. The Turks believe that roses sprang from the perspiration of Mahomet; for which reason they never tread upon a rose-leaf, or suffer one to lie on the ground; they also sculpture a rose on the tombstones of females who die unmarried.

BEAUTIFUL APPEAL TO AN ATHEIST.—I cannot believe that a mind like yours can walk abroad through this beautiful world, beneath its glorious canopy of light, and not feel, and sometimes tremble, at those evidences of Almighty being and agency, that flame from the sun, sparkle in the stars, echo in the thunder, breathe in the winds, murmur in the waters, exhale from the flowers, and warble from the groves. And I am sure that sometimes in your hours of depression and sorrow, your desolate spirit sighs for brighter hopes and surer foundation than any on which you can now repose. You are beginning to take the downward path of life; the hey-day of youth and enterprize is past—you have tasted about all that this world has to give; death has again and again invaded your domestic circle, and every year as age approaches, one star after another will drop from your sky.

To the christian, surrounded by the sharers of his hopes, these loved and parting lights of life glide away to wait his arrival in a purer sphere; to you they are sinking to blackness forever. And as each year your passage to the tomb becomes more desolate and dim, no glimmer of hope arises to cheer, but all around is darkness, silence, and interminable gloom.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The mystic science is not mine
The Eastern record teach,
I cannot to each bud assign
A sentiment and speech;
Yet, when in yonder blossomed dell
I pass my lonely hours,
Methinks my heart interprets well
The eloquence of flowers.

Of life's first thoughtless years they tell,
When half my joy and grief
Dwelt in a lily's opening bell,
A rosebud's drooping leaf—
I watched for them the sun's bright rays,
And feared the driving showers,
Types of my girlhood's radiant days,
Were ye, sweet transient flowers.

And sadder scenes ye bring to mind,
The moments ye renew
When first the woodbine's wreaths I twined,
A loved one's grave to strew;
On the cold turf I weeping sprang
My offering from the bowers,
Ye seemed meet tribute to the dead,
Pale, perishable flowers.

Yet speak ye not alone, fair band,
Of changefulness and gloom,
Ye tell me of God's gracious hand,
That clothes you thus in bloom,
And sends, to soften and to calm
A sinful world like ours,
Gifts of such purity and balm
As ye, fresh dewy flowers.

And while your smiling ranks I view,
In vivid colours drest,
My heart, with faith confirmed and true,
Learns on the Lord to rest;
If He the lilies of the field
With lavish glory dowers,
Will he not greater bounties yield
To me, than to the flowers?

Still still they speak—around my track,
Some faded blossoms lie,
Another spring shall bring them back,
Yet bring them, but to die:
But we forsake this world of strife,
To rise to nobler powers,
And share those gifts of endless life,
Withheld from earth's frail flowers.

O may I bear your lessons hence,
Fair children of the sod,
Yours is the calm mute eloquence,
That leads the thoughts to God:
And oft amid the great and wise,
My heart shall seek these bowers,
And turn from man's proud colloquies,
To commune with the flowers.

Metropolitan, for September.

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.—There is no language which can speak more intelligibly to the thoughtful than the language of nature; and it is repeated to us, as it were, every year, to teach us trust and confidence in God. It tells us that the power, which first created existence, is weakened by no time, and subject to no decay; it tells us, that, in the majesty of his reign, a thousand years are but as one day, while in the beneficence of it, one day is a thousand years; it tells us, still farther, that, in the magnificent system of his government, there exists no evil; that the appearances, which to our limited and temporary view, seen pregnant with destruction, are, in the mighty extent of his providence, the source of returning good; and that, in the very hours when we might conceive nature to be deserted and forlorn, the spirit of the Almighty is operating with unceasing force, and preparing in silence the renovation of the world,

For the Pearl

SONNETS ON BLOMFDON

When the creator with Almighty hand Formed this fair world—a sample of His power To draw fresh Halleluia from the band Of shouting Seraphim, who on that hour Thronged the celestial battlements, to view The infant orb dance thro' the ether blue.

'Twas then thy form, on stately strength arose, Proud and majestic, o'er the sleeping sea; Like some suspicious centinel who knows The muttered curse—the threat of mutiny, And growing jealous of his country's good Erects himself in warrior's attitude.

Alone on Majesty long hast thou stood, While king and Empire's mouldered fast away, Even o'er the desolation of a Flood Thy brow arose fresh from a world's decay Embodying as it were, for human eye The Eternity of truth and man's high destiny.

Why standest thou in silence, whilst the change Of Planets and of ages round thee pass? So memory's revolting scenes estrange Thy fancy, sickening with the horrid mass Of human crime and mortal misery That thickens o'er our bloodstained history.

I've passed thee when the fission of the storm Couch'd on thy crest and gathered in the blast, While listlessly the wearied sailor's form Stretched on the deck beneath the kofty mast, Unheeding that the fiend leaves little room Between the awful warning and the doom.

Then with a din and sudden vengeance throws The fatal squall, swift on the astonished bark, Turning the sailor's dream of sweet repose To the last shriek of death, while dangers dark Surround the groaning vessel's parting side, And whelm her deep, beneath the rushing tide.

Still on thy savage visage is a charm That lulls the troubled bosom into rest, Yea, on thy brink I'd meet the last alarm, That calls the spirit from this anxious breast, To soar with easy bold her upward flight By angels guided from thy topmost height.

I know not why th' oppressive sigh should rise To dim the sunshine of this parting hour; I know not why affection's holy ties Have bound my heart to love thy rugged power: Full well I know no pang thy bosom read Yet to thee, turns my soul as to a friend.

Is it because thy features never change Sincere in all thy harshness,—still the same? Not like the friend whose fairest smile will range, A changing to the fancy's wandering flame, Perhaps it is that once in early days A parent spotted near thy shady base.

I turn from thee, perhaps no more to greet Thy face rejoicing o'er a happy land Yet on thy height shall memory rear a seat Round which shall all life's brightest visions stand, And gazing o'er each scene in ecstasy Recall a joy in every hill and tree.

C. F. H.

AN INDIAN BATTLE

Near the village was a large plain. It had on one side a lofty and dense forest—on the other, two lakes; the one about a league in circumference, clear of trees, but so deep that three or four feet from the bank no footing could be found. The second, which was at a greater distance from the village, was more than half a league in width, and appeared like a vast river, extending as far as the eye could reach. Between the forest and these two lakes, the Indians formed their squadrons, having the lakes on their

right flank; and the forest, on the left. Their bows and arrows were concealed in the grass in order that they might appear to be totally unarmed. Their force might be about ten thousand chosen warriors, decorated with lofty plumes, which increased their apparent height; and being drawn out with somewhat of military order, they made a beautiful display.

The cacique and Herbaudo de Soto came forth, on foot, each accompanied by twelve of his people, and each burning with the same spirit and determination against the other. The Spanish troops were to the right of the governor; the infantry drawn up near to the forest, and the cavalry advanced into the plain.

It was between nine and ten of the morning, when De Soto and Vinchaco arrived at the spot which the latter had fixed upon for the seizure of the governor. Before the cacique, however, could make his preconcerted signal, a Spanish trumpet gave a warning blast. In an instant, the twelve Spaniards rushed upon the cacique. His attendant Indians threw themselves before him, and endeavoured to repel the assailants, but in vain. He was borne off captive.

At the same time, De Soto leaped upon his favourite steed Acaytuno, and spurred him upon the thickest of the enemy, with that headlong valour which always distinguished him in battle. The Indians had already seized their weapons. Their first ranks were thrown into confusion by the impetuous charge of De Soto; but as he pressed forward, a shower of arrows came whistling about him. They were principally aimed at his horse, the Indians always seeking most to kill these animals, knowing their importance in battle. Four of the arrows wounded the generous animal in the knees, four pierced him in the breast, and he fell to the earth dead, as if shot by a piece of artillery.

In the meantime, the Spanish troops, at the trumpet signal, had assailed the Indian squadrons, and now came pressing up at this critical moment, to the aid of their general. One of his pages named Viota, a youth of noble birth, sprang from his horse and aided De Soto to mount him. The governor, once more on horseback put himself at the head of his cavalry, and spurred among the Indians. The latter had no lances to defend themselves; and being assailed by three hundred horse, broke and fled in every direction. A great number of those who were in the rear, took refuge among the entangled thickets of the forests; others threw themselves into the large lake and escaped, while others scattered themselves over the plain, where more than three hundred were killed, and a few taken.

The worse fate attended the vanguard, composed of the bravest warriors, who are always doomed to fare the worst in battle. After receiving the first impetuous charge of the cavalry, they fled; but being unable to reach either the forest or the large lake, more than nine hundred threw themselves into the smaller one. Here they were surrounded by the Spaniards, who endeavoured by threats and promises, and occasional shots from their cross-bows and arquebusses, to induce them to surrender. The Indians replied only by flights of arrows. As the lake was too deep to give them footing, three or four would cling together, and support each other by swimming, while one would mount upon their backs, and ply his bow and arrows. In this way, an incessant skirmishing was kept up all day long; numbers of the Indians were slain; all their arms were exhausted, yet no one gave signs of surrendering.

When night came, the Spaniards posted themselves round the lake, the horse by two and two, the foot in parties of six, near to each other, lest the Indians should escape in the dark. Some of the latter, endeavoured to save themselves by covering their heads with the leaves of water-lilies, and swimming noiselessly to the shore; but the watchful troopers perceiving the turmoil and bubbling in the water, would spur their horses to the bank, and drive the Indians again into the channel, in hopes of tiring them out and thus forcing them to capitulate; for while the Spaniards threatened them with death if they did not yield, they offered them peace and friendship if they would surrender.

So obstinate were they, however, that midnight arrived before one of them had submitted, although they had passed fourteen hours in the water. At length, however, the intercessions of Juan Ortiz, and the four Indian interpreters, began to have effect. The most weary would render themselves one and two at a time, but so slowly, that by the dawn of day, not more than fifty had surrendered. The residue, seeing that these were kindly treated, and being admonished by them, now gave themselves up in greater numbers, but still slowly and reluctantly. Some, when near the bank, would return to the middle of the lake, until the love of life compelled them to yield. At length, at ten o'clock, two hundred came to the shore at the same time, and surrendered themselves, after having been swimming four and twenty hours. They were in a wretched condition; swollen with the water they had swallowed, and overcome with fatigue, hunger, and the want of sleep. There still remained seven Indians in the lake—men of such unconquerable spirit, that neither the prayers of the interpreters, the promises of the governor, nor the example of their comrades, who had surrendered, had any effect upon them. They treated all promises with scorn, and defied both menaces and death. In this way they remained until three in the afternoon, and would have remained there until they died. The governor, however, was struck with admiration of their courage and magnanimity, and thought it would be inhuman to allow such brave men to perish. He ordered twelve Spaniards, therefore, expert swimmers, to go into the lake with their swords in their mouths, and draw these warriors forth. The Indians were too much exhausted to resist. The Spaniards seized them by the legs, the arms, and hair, drew them to land, and threw them upon the bank, where they lay extended upon the sand, more dead than alive; having, according to the Spanish narrator, been for thirty hours in the water, apparently without putting foot to the ground, or receiving any other relief; an exploit, adds the Inca historian, almost incredible, and which I would not dare to write, if it were not for the authority of so many cavaliers and nobles, who in the Indies and in Spain, assured me of the truth of it, besides the authority of him who related this history to me, and who, in all things, is worthy of belief.

The heroic obstinacy of the seven Indians had extorted the admiration of the Spaniards. Moved to compassion by their present deplorable state, they bore them to the encampment, and used such assiduous means, that they were restored to animation in the course of the night. The next morning the governor summoned them before him, and pretending to be angry, demanded the reason of their desperate resistance, and why they had not surrendered themselves as their companions had done.

Four of them, who were in the prime of manhood, replied that they were leaders, or captains, chosen as such by their cacique, from his confidence in their courage and constancy. Their actions were to justify his choice. They were bound to set an example to their children, to their brother warriors, and above all, to such as should hereafter be appointed as leaders. They felt as if being alive, they had failed in fulfilling their duty and vindicating their honour; and while they acknowledged the kindness of the governor, regretted only that he had not let them to perish in the lake. "If you want to add to your favours," said they, "take our lives. After surviving the defeat and capture of our chieftain, we are not worthy to appear before him, or to live in the world."

The governor listened with admiration to the heroic words of these savage warriors, and when they had finished, he turned to their three companions, who had remained silent. These were young men not more than eighteen years of age, sons and heirs to caciques of the adjacent provinces. The governor demanded of them their reason for persisting so desperately in their defence, as they were not leaders, nor bound by the same obligations as their companions.

They replied with a proud and lofty air, that they had been initiated to hostility, not through a desire for gain, or through any impetuous spirit against the Spaniards, but merely from a thirst for glory. That although they were not chiefs, yet as the sons of caciques, and destined to

day to be caciques themselves, they felt bound more than all others to signalise themselves by every action, and by a contempt for suffering and death. "These, O offspring of the sun," said they, "are the reasons for our obstinate hostility: if they are sufficient in your eyes, pardon us; if not, we are at your mercy. Strike us dead, for nothing is prohibited to the conqueror."

FLORIDIAN ARCHERS.

One day a party of twenty horse and fifty foot sallied out on a foraging expedition to gather maize. After they had collected an ample supply, they placed themselves in ambush in a hamlet about a league from their quarters, in hopes of entrapping some Indians. In the highest part of what appeared to be a temple, they placed a sentry, who, after some time, descried an Indian moving stealthily across the public square: casting around furtive glances, as if he dreaded a concealed foe.

The sentinel gave the alarm, and Diego de Soto, nephew to the governor, one of the best soldiers in the army, and an excellent horseman, spurred into the square to capture him. Diego Velasquez, master of the horse to the governor, followed at a distance on a hand gallop, to aid De Soto in case of need.

The Indian, seeing them approach, trusted for safety to that fleetness of foot for which his countrymen were remarkable. Finding, however, that the horse gained upon him, he took refuge under a tree, as the natives were accustomed to do when they had no lances to defend them from the horses. Here, fixing an arrow in his bow, he awaited the approach of the enemy. Diego de Soto came galloping up to the tree, but, not being able to ride under it, wheeled close alongside, and made a thrust with his lance over his left arm at the Indian as he dashed by. The latter evaded the blow, and, drawing his arrow to the head, let fly at the moment that the horse was abreast of him. The shaft buried itself just between the girth and the stirrup-leather; the horse went stumbling forward fifteen or twenty paces, and fell dead without further motion.

Diego Velasquez spurred up to the relief of his comrade, and, brushing by the tree, made a lunge with his lance in the same manner. His luck was the same—the Indian dodged the lance, shot another arrow just behind the stirrup-leather, and sent the horse tumbling forward to take his place beside his companion. The two cavaliers sprang upon their feet, and rushed upon the Indian, lance in hand. The savage, however, contented himself with his good fortune, and made off for the woods, just keeping an even pace ahead of them, scoffing and making grimaces, and crying out, "Let us all fight on foot, and we shall then see who is the best." With this taunt he took refuge among the thickets, leaving the cavaliers to mourn over the loss of their gallant steeds.

Some days after the misfortune of these two horsemen, Simon Rodriguez and Roque de Yelves set out on horseback, to gather fruit that grew in the woods skirting the village. Not satisfied with plucking it from the lower branches, seated in their saddles, they climbed the tree to gather it from the topmost boughs, fancying it of better flavour. While thus busied, Roque de Yelves gave the alarm of Indians at hand, and throwing himself from the tree, ran to recover his horse: but an arrow, with a barb of flint, entered between his shoulders and came out of his breast; he plunged forward and lay stretched upon the ground. Rodriguez was too much terrified to descend. They shot at him like a wild beast, and he fell pierced by three arrows. Scarce had he touched the ground, when they scalped him and bore off the trophy in triumph. The arrival of some Spaniards to the rescue, saved the scalp of poor Roque de Yelves. He related in a few words the event, and, making confession, immediately expired. The horses of the slain Spaniards fled toward the camp, at the tumult and attack of the Indians. Upon the thigh of one of them was perceived a drop of blood. He was taken to a farrier, who, seeing that the wound was no greater than that of a lancet, said that there was nothing to cure. On the morning of the ensuing day the horse died. The Spaniards, suspecting that he had

been struck by an arrow, opened the body at the wound, and, following the trace of it, found an arrow, which had passed through the thigh, and lodged in the hollow of the breast. They were perfectly amazed at the result of the examination, for an arquebuse could scarce have sent a ball so far.—*Irving's Conquest of Florida.*

BETHLEHEM.

I set out for the village of Bethlehem, six miles to the east of Jerusalem, signifying "the house of bread," from the fertility of the soil, which is distinguished from another Bethlehem, in the tribe of Zebulun, and the scene of events which, to Christians, must ever invest it with the deepest interest.

Bethlehem, thou sacred spot,
Henceforth be thou my paradise! O God
Eternal, infinite! thou, who thy Son,
Thy only, Son, hast given, to save the race
Of Adam's long-bewail'd posterity,
Holy art thou.

I entered this sacred village with feelings which quite overpowered me, the birth-place of our adorable Redeemer, and the very cradle, I may add, of the Christian world. Truly was the prediction fulfilled, "In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts." One circumstance most forcibly struck me on entering an archway or gate. On the left were wells of antique structure, each three feet in circumference, which unquestionably must have been the same that David longed to drink from, when he waged battle with the Philistines, who occupied the place, and which was well adapted for a garrison. These are just by the gate; and were so much filled with earth, that I was reminded, to stop them up was construed into an act of hostility. (2 Sam. xiii. 14—16.)

But it is impossible to find language sufficiently strong to describe my emotions on setting my feet on this chosen spot of earth, where the "holy Child" was born, in all the helplessness of sinful and suffering humanity, reposing in the arms of his mother, in a mean stable: I can only say, that at this deeply interesting moment my heart was filled with the most profound and awful reverence, accompanied with heartfelt gratitude, when calling to recollection those ever-memorable words, "To you a child is born, to you a son is given, the Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;" and who, passing by the nature of angels, took upon him that of man, leaving the bosom of the Father for an heritage of the greatest poverty. Here was produced that inscrutable mystery of godliness,—God manifest in the flesh, in whom things most opposite, which never met before, existed in harmonious union,—the divine and human nature, mercy and truth, peace and righteousness. There reigned around at the moment a truly glorious solemnity amidst the serenity and stillness of the day, and in unison with that train of reflection which the inspection of such scenes raised to a high degree of excitement. The sun shone most brilliantly, and in its beams I beheld a piece of glass, or metal, on the roof of the convent, which sparkled with a beauty altogether indescribable, like a star; and, by a singular coincidence, it was exactly over the spot of the nativity. The evening was calm, as if the general pulse of life stood still; and as the host of heaven one by one appeared in the fine deep-blue sky, like the patriarch of old I yielded to the pensive influence of the hour in such a place, and walked forth at eventide to meditate in the valley beneath, where the heavenly host appeared to the shepherds watching their flocks.

After describing the Franciscan convent, the narrative proceeds thus: I was conducted to a small staircase by the monks, of about twenty steps, leading to the chapel of the nativity underground. This is thirty-eight feet long by twelve broad, and ten in height, lined and floored with marble. Before the altar forty mussy silver lamps are kept constantly in a state of illumination. On the east side of it is that identical spot where the Son of the most high God came forth, and was cradled in obscurity.

Glory to God on high, who gives
Love's grace, and peace on earth;
Let every sex and age adore,
And sing our Saviour's birth.

From Travels in the Holy Land by William Rae Wilson, F. S. A.

This is most interestingly marked by a star of white marble, inlaid with silver, surrounded with a radiance of glory, and with the following inscription: *In hoc loco Maria Jesus Christus natus est.* To the right of the altar, at the distance of seven paces, is pointed out a low recess, hewn out of the rock, raised about two feet above the floor, and scooped in the form of a manger, and of white marble, where the infant Jesus lay, which belonged originally to a caravansary, or inn (Luke ii. 7, 12, 16). Here also lamps of silver, always burn, though hitherto instead of that ever blessed light which shines here, and its healing influence upon the nations. I knelt on my knees, agreeable to the practice of pilgrims the spot of the nativity, although no kind of ceremony was necessary to enhance, or to express, that sublime sense I entertained at this moment of those eternal obligations which, in common with the whole race of mankind, I am under to that glorified and exalted Being, who, in this place, entered upon his estate of humiliation and suffering.

[After describing other places connected with the Gospel, the account concludes thus:] I now departed from this deeply interesting spot, at the moment when the brethren of the convent were engaged at their devotions. At this time the organ with its solemn tones, an instrument employed in the earliest ages, and so eminently calculated to attune and elevate our affections to the Supreme Being, sounded its sacred notes, accompanied by the faint murmur of a juvenile choir. This, combined with the consideration that my feet were passing over that blessed ground where a child was born, whose name was, Counselor, Wonderful, the Prince of Peace, and only begotten of the Father, and whom the Almighty had commanded all the angels to worship, was most deeply affecting, penetrated the very heart, and overpowered me with profound veneration. "If I forget thee, O Bethlehem, may my right hand forget its cunning."

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.—If friendship be delightful; if it be above all delightful to enjoy the cordial friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world; how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with a closer union than any casual friend, can go still further back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or hatred; who have honoured with us those to whom we have paid every filial honour in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, as the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard, and to whom we owe an acceptable service, in extending our affection to those whom they love? Every dissension of man with man, excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those, whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

CREATION.—The whole material creation, from the blade of grass to the cedar of Lebanon; the whole range of animal life, from the lowest insect that crawls the earth to the highest of all the works of the visible creation—man the original lord thereof; the invisible world, with all its thrones, dominions; and powers, all originated in one cause, all are sustained by one means, all are appointed unto one end. That cause was Christ, the Word of God, by whom all things were made; that means, is Christ, through whom all things consist; Christ Jesus that end, to whom all things were created.—*Dublin Christian Herald.*

SUBORDINATE OBJECTS OF CREATION.

"It is surprising to find that men evince so much unconcernedness, and so little knowledge, in regard to the subordinate objects of creation. We walk into the fields of a summer evening, we notice perhaps here and there groups of sheep and cattle, the song of birds in the hedges, the fragrance of the heath, the grateful green of the grass, and the serene azure of the skies, and we return home charmed by the sensations which even these few sources of pleasure awaken in the mind. But how infinitely more numerous and more exquisite would not those sensations have been, had we gone forth with intelligence alive to the world of organized being, which invites our attention at every step we take! We pass by with contempt, nay with disgust, the worm which we chance to see in a furrow. But with what very different sentiments should we not have contemplated this humble creature, had we known that he has in fact duties to fulfil of the first importance, and that he performs them with incomparable industry? It is his province to consume, on the surface of the ground, the softer parts of decayed vegetable matter; the more fibrous parts he conveys into the bosom of the earth, where they also decay in the course of time. Whatever he consumes or carries away, returns therefore sooner or later to the soil, in a form better adapted for the sustenance of vegetable life, and in this way he is constantly engaged in lending assistance to the plough, or in supplying its place wherever human industry happens to be yet unknown.

But the utility of the most despised of living beings does not stop here. He loosens the soil at the roots of trees and plants, and facilitates their irrigation from the clouds. He assists very materially in draining the surface of the land of superfluous moisture, by excavating subterranean channels through which it escapes; and he moreover furnishes, in his own proper substance, a ready prepared banquet for almost every thing that moves in or on the earth, in the atmosphere, or the water. The mole hunts him through the pastures, and penetrates the earth in pursuit of him when he retires thither for protection. The birds feed upon him all the year round. He is not an unwelcome present to the beetle race, and, as the angler well knows, he is looked upon by fishes in general as the most irresistible of dainties. Although they are thus exposed to universal depredation, the earth still teems with a constant succession of these creatures. Reaumur calculates that they exceed in numbers the grains of all kinds of corn collected by mankind. We may thus appreciate the extent and activity of their agency, in assisting to convert life into death. They are to us so many pledges for the unerring execution of the promise, that while the earth remains, the winter shall always be followed by the spring. We learn from them, moreover, that nothing absolutely perishes; the yellow leaf no sooner falls, than it is appropriated by these sedulous husbandmen to the purposes of future vegetation—so admirable is the economy of that portion of the universe to which we belong!

It is the prevailing error of our education that we are at first made acquainted with insects only to abhor or to torture them, and that as we grow up to maturity, we are permitted to remain as ignorant of the various orders of beings that fill up the links of existence beneath our own rank, as if they appertained to another planet. The truant well knows where he shall find at the bottom of some brook a shapeless little combination of wood and straw, which he sees moored to a pebble, or cautiously moving along with the current. He opens the mass, and finds within it, nicely housed, a small white worm, which he immediately destroys by fixing it on his hook, and there all his knowledge of the insect terminates. He would scarcely be induced to treat it in this manner had he learned that this apparently insignificant creature exhibits as much sagacity and practical knowledge in his way as the fox or the elephant. Although just emancipated from the egg, he at once spins and weaves for himself a silken vestment, with which he surrounds every part of his frame, except his head and the forepart of his body, which is furnished with six legs. This coat is not, however, sufficient to protect him from his numerous enemies. He therefore attaches to it externally the small shells of other animals, minute fragments of gravel, particles of sand, or any other substance which he finds most convenient for his purpose. If he made his citadel too heavy, he would be soon fatigued by dragging it along; therefore, having in the first place rendered it as compact as possible for his protection, he adds to it a chip of wood or a bit of straw, in order to point the barthen in the water, and this he does with as much precision as if he had been instructed in hydrostatics. If he be born in a parish where reeds abound, he cuts off a piece of the stalk with a knot in it; and makes it his habitation; or if there be no reeds in his vicinity, he finds probably some loose leaves, in which he wraps his precious person, thinking that, from the nature of the material, he may escape the observation of curious fish and prying schoolboys. It is his destiny to lead a very different life from that in which he first becomes acquainted with existence, and this he knows as well as we do. Before he quits the water, he falls into a sort of sleep, during

which his transformation takes place. For this purpose he retires completely into his castle. To guard himself from his foes, the obvious course would be to shut it up altogether. If he did this, however, he would no longer have air or water, which are essential to his existence; he therefore constructs, of strong silk threads of his own manufacture, a grating, which, with more than the skill of a chemist, he makes insoluble in water, and thus behind his portcullis he has free access to the elements, and at the same time defies all intruders. When the proper season arrives, he puts on his wings, and sports over the surface of his native streams in the form of the May-fly.

The pride of man will not permit him to attribute the operations of this tiny insect to any other cause than mere instinct. The doctrine that has hitherto been advanced in support of this principle, is, to say the least of it, fanciful and inconclusive. When Buffon and other naturalists speak of instinct, they describe it as a kind of mechanical impulse, which teaches an animal to provide for its wants, and to defend itself from its enemies. We are unable to understand what a spontaneous mechanical impulse is. If an animal hide himself from pursuers, it must be from a sense of fear; if he turn boldly, and dare the encounter, he must be actuated by the hope of conquering them. Thus, he may entertain both fear and hope; and these are sentiments which presuppose mind. It is the same with the caddis-worm, which we have just mentioned. If its habitation be too heavy, it buoys up the mansion by the addition of some lighter material; if the abode be in danger of floating about at the mercy of the current, the peril of shipwreck is foreseen, and prevented by increasing the ballast! Here are foresight, calculation, mechanical adjustment, all contained in a creature not larger than a pin. If these attributes be called instinct, we shall not quarrel with the phrase; but we submit that there is a marvellous resemblance between such instinct and that general faculty to which men have agreed to give the name of reason.

This infinite diffusion of mental energy throughout all organized existence, is, however, scarcely more wonderful to us than the gift of life itself to the countless races which, either in the air, on the earth, in its interior, or in the waters, appear to be constantly occupied in the furtherance of some great purpose, not immediately obvious to our limited observation. A leaf has actually fallen from a plant on the table at which we write, and we perceive upon it a little reptile, who is consuming it with amazing rapidity. Diminutive as he is, his organization is as perfect for the destruction of that leaf, and for the assimilation of it to the substance of his body, as it is possible to be. The vital fluid circulates through his system with as much regularity as it does through the arteries and veins of man; and if we could become acquainted with its sensations, we should probably, even discover that it has its moments of happiness and pain, affections, tastes, and antipathies, like other animated beings. If we look at the leaves which remain on the plant, we shall perceive, even upon a cursory examination, that they sustain entire colonies of the same, or of different races of insects, in their various stages, from the egg to the fly. If we attempt to count them, we might as well endeavour to number the sands on the sea-shore.

Let us pass from the library into the garden. At the first step we observe a snail, with a gaily painted house on his back, and immediately near him there are twenty others, some adhering to the wall, some making sad work with the young peaches, while others, not so aspiring, are contented with the cabbage plants. A little farther on, we tread amongst a hundred ants, who are emerging from their subterranean city, through a variety of tunnels, and running about, then down again, and then back, with marvellous activity. Now, the approach of a beetle puts them all in confusion; away they scamper. Next, a bee comes murmuring by, but they do not mind the bee, who directs his course to the hollyhock, and burying himself in one of his half-opened chalice, comes out as dusty as a miller. But he will not long remain so. He removes the fragrant burthen carefully from his head and wings, and consumes a portion, which he will secrete shortly in the form of wax, for the purpose of constructing and repairing the cells of his hive; the remainder he puts in his pocket for a future meal. On the ample leaves of this splendid plant, we count in a moment twelve different species of flies; and if we look at the under part of its leaves, we find them, ample as they are, so crowded with eggs, that it would be impossible to press the head of a pin on any portion of the leaf, without destroying one of those depositories of an incipient insect.

A step or two farther brings us to an apple tree, many of whose leaves are rolled up. We open one of these mansions, and discover within it fifty caterpillars living together in perfect harmony. Fluttering their way from shrub to shrub are as many butterflies, clothed in garments of the most brilliant dyes, no two of them perfectly alike; and all of them apparently as happy as butterfly can be. In the air, above these, is a group of gnats, dancing to the sound of their own wings. It is remarkable that they observe a regular succession in their movements; when one is tired, he rests for a while, and his

place is filled up by another. They, moreover, have their places in a kind of quadrille, and following the good customs of the country-dances of former days, the partners frequently meet half-way, and salute each other in a very affectionate manner; then they separate to renew the dance with fresh merriment.

We walk into the fields. The earth beneath our feet swarms with creatures which we do not see; every blade of grass is in itself a populous kingdom. The bloating of sheep, the lowing of cows, the murmurs made by millions of gossamer wings in the higher regions of the air, the distant bark of the dog, the joyous note of the blackbird, the exulting song of the black-cap, the whistle of the thrush, the chatter of the sparrow, the cherub voice of the lark aloft in the summer cloud, fill the atmosphere with a chorus of sounds, which call upon us to praise that benevolent Spirit, who has thus commanded life to glow, and breathe happiness every where around us.

New universes break upon our view the moment we embark on the river, the lake, and the ocean. If we take up a drop of water on the head of a pin, and magnify it by means of the solar microscope, we shall behold it teeming with different races of beings, the stronger of which feed upon the weaker; and still finding, even in that tiny world, more they can consume, range about in it with as much facility and freedom as if it were an Atlantic. Upwards of four hundred different species of animalcules have been already distinguished; and it seems to be pretty well established, that the greater number of these possess an internal structure, quite as perfect as that of the larger animals; and 'comprising,' as Mr. Pritchard informs us, 'a muscular, nervous, and, in all probability, vascular, system, all wonderfully contrived for the performance of their respective offices.' The diversity of form which prevails amongst the multitudes that inhabit a single globule of water, is astonishing. One resembles the sun, another the crescent of the moon a few days old, a third the serpent, a fourth the swallow, a fifth a bunch of grapes; among them will be found miniature figures like a tulip on its stem, a cornucopia, a flask, a lyre, a mandolin, the splendid ornament of precious stones which is worn by the Jewish high priest, a ring, a comet, and countless other objects, such as cylinders, pitchers, and fruit of every description.

The Greenland Sea is indebted for its peculiar colour, which varies between olive-green and ultramarine, to the vast number of medusae it contains. These animalcules are, individually, about one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter; and so great are their multitudes, that, according to a curious calculation made by Mr. Scoresby, if eighty thousand persons had begun, at the creation of our planet, to count the numbers of those little beings that exist only within two square miles of that sea, to the depth of two hundred and fifty fathoms, they would scarcely have completed the enumeration at the present time! But the human mind fails to follow the calculation to the extent of the thirty thousand square miles of the sea in question, which may be said to exhibit one entire field of medusae.

The plan for continuing the created race appears, also, to have proceeded from the same source of incomparable wisdom. The moving globe, which seems to occupy the place nearest to inanimate matter, is appointed to convert the watery element into its own substance; thus fed, it becomes itself the food of animalcules higher in the scale of organization; and these, in their turn, assume a consistency which renders them fit to be the nutriment of the smaller fishes. The smaller fishes serve as food to the larger; the enormous whale, for instance, lives principally on shrimps, minute crabs, cuttle fishes, and other small marine animals; and as these are sustained by the medusae, we may perceive the relation that exists between those animalcules and the whale. Ascending a step higher, we find that there is no fish in the water, with which we are acquainted, which may not be converted by man to the purposes either of food, or light, or convenience, or ornament, in some shape or another. The whale enables him to prolong the day, in the acquisition of that knowledge, which rightly directed, purifies and exalts his intellect. The very instrument by which that animal collects its food assists to improve and strengthen the female figure: to protect us from the rain, and to perfect several parts of the machinery used in our manufactures. The lobster, the porbot, the salmon, the cod, the sturgeon, the mackerel, and the herring, afford luxuries for the tables of every class in society, and the staple of commerce to millions of mankind. If there were no medusae, the whale would soon perish; and if the other tribes of animalcules ceased to be reproduced, the ocean would soon be without an inhabitant."—*Dublin Review*.

The Earl of Dundonald having completed his steam apparatus, and got the sanction of the Board of Admiralty, intends to bring it into operation next month. His Lordship goes in the vessel to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to India.—*London Evening paper Sept. 2.*

A GAELIC PROVERB.—If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

THE PEARL

HALIFAX SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1837.

By H. M. Packet Sheldrake, we have received London news to the 6th of September, from which we extract the following intelligence:—

THE COURT.—The Queen and her illustrious guests remain at Windsor. Her Majesty is in excellent health and spirits, and rides out on horseback nearly every day, attended by many of the court. On Thursday a grand banquet was given to their Majesties of Belgium. The Duchess of Kent and many of the ministers were present. The Queen Dowager arrived at her residence in St. James's Palace on Monday morning from Bushey Park. Her Majesty remained in town till half-past five o'clock, and then left on her return to the lodge in Bushey Park, accompanied by her suite and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar.

Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent, in imitation of the royal progresses of Queen Elizabeth, will, it is rumoured, make a tour of the "British isles" next year, and revisit the princely domain of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. A somewhat similar mode of reception will be employed as was adopted at that princely mansion eighteen years ago, on occasion of the visit of the present Emperor Nicholas to his grace. Chatsworth has since that epoch received many noble additions, and in particular the statue-gallery, which contains the Madame Mere and several other works of Canova, besides several remarkable works of contemporary artists.

St. Leonards is the select spot for the autumnal residence of the Queen Dowager, who has engaged a mansion there for four months, commencing in October.

WINDSOR, Aug 30.—THE KING AND QUEEN of the Belgians came to the Castle last evening in a carriage drawn by four white horses. The Queen returned to the Castle yesterday evening.—*Court Circular.*

CITY DINNER TO THE QUEEN.—The workmen are actively engaged in preparing Guildhall for the reception of her Majesty on the 9th November. The preparations are to be of the most costly and magnificent description.

The petition to her Majesty from the ladies of Birmingham, to put an end to slavery—in truth, not in name—has already received 37,000 signatures, probably the greatest number of female names ever affixed to any public document.

The election of Scottish Peers to serve in the new Parliament took place yesterday week, at the Picture gallery of Holyrood House. There were only eighteen peers present, but twenty seven voted by proxy or signed lists. The following peers were declared duly elected:—Marquis of Tweeddale; Earls of Morton, Home, Elgin, Arly, Leven, Selkirk, Orkney; Viscounts Arbutnot and Strathallan; Lords Forbes, Saltoun, Gray, Sinclair, Colville, and Reay.

Thames Tunnel—Eruption of the River.—It is with extreme regret that we have to announce that the completion of the Thames Tunnel has again suffered a serious interruption, the river having on Wednesday unexpectedly broken into the shaft, and at once suspended the works. Happily no lives were lost, although the men were at work at the time of the accident, the water having entered so gradually that all had time to escape. We understand Mr. Brunel treats the accident as a mere incident in the course of tunnelling, for which he was quite prepared.

Friday, a short period before low water, several barges filled with clay and bags of clay, were moored over the aperture lately made by the irruption of the river in the Thames Tunnel, and a great number of men commenced throwing the clay into the river over and in the neighbourhood of the place where the water oozed in. Several hundred tons were discharged from the barges.

The reports from the Thames Tunnel are most favourable. There is no derangement whatever of the structure, or of the shield. About 240 feet of the Tunnel are quite free from water.

Mr. Bell Stephens, in his work, the Baesque Provinces, estimates that "seventy thousand persons have already fallen (on both sides) since the war began in Spain, about four years ago. Scarcely a man of 40 years is now to be seen in the Carlist ranks there. The great majority are between 17 and 25."

We have good reason for believing that Parliament will not assemble for the despatch of business before the 15th of November.—*Observer.*

Foreign Affairs in Spain continue in a most deplorable state. Up to the 21st of last month, the Ministry

was incomplete; *Espartero* having refused to take the office of President of the Council, and the applications of the Queen to several others having been unsuccessful. *Bardaxi*, *Pita Pizarro*, and *San Miguel*, were the only persons whom the Queen could prevail upon to accept office. *Mendizabal*, was resolved on the restoration of the *Calatrava* Cabinet, and was actively engaged in thwarting all the attempts of the Queen to secure other Ministers. The majority in the Cortes was said to be with *Mendizabal*.

The insubordination of the troops was daily becoming more alarming. *Espartero* had lost almost all authority over them. This officer appears to have exhausted himself by the vigour of his march to Madrid, and to relapse into indecision and sloth. His soldiery pillaged the neighbouring villages, and held treasonable assemblies in the capital, threatening to dethrone the Queen, abolish the Cortes, and establish a military government. Nobody could foresee the end of this dreadful state of things. Very little was known of the movements of the Carlists, though *Oraa* sent boastful accounts of the havoc he would make among the rebels—when he could overtake them. A mutiny had broken out in the Vittoria garrison: the troops murdered fourteen of the officers, and among them their General, *Gonzales*. In another mutiny at Miranda, General *Esculera* was murdered. Want of pay and food exasperated the men. After a successful marauding expedition, in which he collected much booty, the insurgent chief *Zariategui* safely repassed the Erbo, on the 27th of August.

Accounts from Lisbon, dated the 22d August, were received this morning. They furnish two documents of some importance. The first is the proclamation, dated the 18th, of the Duke of *Terceria* on leaving Lisbon to join *Saldanha*; it may be called the manifesto of the party which will probably succeed in overturning the existing Government.

From the Acadian Telegraph.

The Fish Market still continues woefully deficient. A few poor Mackerel instead of the usual beautiful abundance, have been exhibited for sale. The Fishermen yet entertain hope, but many of them speak bitterly of the fleets of American craft, fishing in the neighbourhood of the Coast, as the chief cause of the scarcity. They intercept the shoals, it is said, take the most of those which appear, and turn the residue from the usual course. About 140 dozen of Mackerel were brought up this morning,—price 2s 6d per dozen.

THE WEATHER.—We have had several very mild days with several hours in each of much warmth, during the past week. Several bunches of Grapes exposed to the weather, continued unhurt in the garden of Mr. Clarke, U. Water st. and some spring flowers put forth second blossoms. This respite from the frost, which threatened so severely last week, is of much consequence, and we trust will enable potatoe growers to gather their crop in safety. Several splendid Dahlias were reared on the Peninsula this summer; a fine collection, succeeded a lot of unsurpassed roses, in Mr. McLean's garden, south suburbs. Numerous Dahlias, in blossom, were struck down by the frost of Monday week.

MARRIED.

At Sackville, on Wednesday, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Archibald Gray, Mr. Andrew Hopewell, to Miss Ann Eliza Houghton, of Sackville.

At Boston, on Thursday 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Howe, of New Bedford, Mr. Charles Boyd Dennett, of the firm of Tuttle, Dennett, & Chisholm, to Miss Rebecca, third daughter of Mr. J. Jennings of this town.

At St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday 17th September, by the Rev. Doctor Ducachet, Mr. William S. Witham, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Kirk, both of this town.

DIED.

Monday morning, after a long and painful illness, Miss Elizabeth Henrietta, the only daughter of the late Richard Harney, Sen. aged 19 years and 10 months.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. John Kemp, a native of Canterbury, England, and lately from Falmouth, Jamaica, aged 27 years.

On Saturday last, in the 68th year of his age, Abraham Newcomb, of Stewiacke.

At Sackville, on the 7th instant, Mr. Edward Smyth, of Kilkenny, in the 60th year of his age, after a few hours severe illness.

At Acacia Grove, Cornwallis, on Thursday the 12th inst. after a short illness, Mr. John Prescott, eldest son of the Hon. C. R. Prescott, of that place, in the 36th year of his age.

On Wednesday evening last, on Windsor Road, Emma Shultz, aged 8 years and 4 months, daughter of Bennet Shultz.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AT HALIFAX—Friday Oct. 13.—Schr. Maria, Cass, Montreal, 18 days—beef and pork, to W. Pryor & Sons; Mary, Garret, Miramichi, 6 days—alewives and shingles, to A. Frazer.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14.—Barque Coriolanus, Darby, Bermuda, 13 days—ballast, to J. Allison & Co. schr. Robert McCallum, Miramichi, 6 days—salmon and alewives, to J. & M. Tobin.

SUNDAY, Oct. 15.—Schr. Stranger, King, Turk's Island, 25 days—salt, to W. H. Rosch; John Ryder, Wilson, Ponce, Porto Rico, 30 days—sugar, to G. P. Lawson; Warner, Gerard, Boston, 6 days—flour, tobacco, hops, &c. to H. Fay and J. Cochrane; Anamain,

Power, St. Mary's, N. F. 9 days—dry fish to G. Handley; Bro. West, Rismu, Pictou, 3 days—butter, pork and coal, to J. Duffus; Government schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 2 days, very leaky.

MONDAY, Oct. 16.—Rival Packet, Liverpool.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17.—Schr. Des Landries, Vibert, Guernsey, 30 days—flour, hams and bread, to S. Binney—3 passengers; H. M. Packet barque Shejdrake, Lieutenant Passingham, Falmouth, 38 days—with the September mail; big Westmoreland, Bennet, Liverpool, G. B. 28 days—wheat and dry goods, to W. A. Black & Son; 8 passengers.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18.—Schr. James Clark, Beck, St. John, N. F. 48 hours—tea, pork, &c. to Robert Noble, brig. Cordella, Jones, Boston, 3 days—stoves, apples, &c. to John Clark; barque John Porter, Pernette, Liverpool, G. B. 39 days—wheat, dry goods, &c. to Fairbanks & McNab.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19.—Schr. Hannah More, Liverpool, N. S. lumber, bound to St. John N. F. put in to discharge deck load. Morning Star, Gabarus, dry fish and oil.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20.—Sarah, Doane, Gaspe, dry fish—Hunter & Chambers; Brig. Halifax, O'Brien, St. Kitts—rum and molasses; Leishman & Co.; schr. Margaret, St. Mary's—lumber; Mary, Ship Harbor, dry fish; John Henry, Myers, St. George's Bay, dry fish and oil, to W. & I. McNeil; schrs. Esperance, Mann, Bonaire, fish, to King & McQuarry; Velocity Packet, Landry, Bay of Islands, fish, to J. & M. Tobin; Collector, Ragged Islands—dry fish and oil; Mary Ann, Sydney, Coal; brig. Transit, Hughes, St. Vincent, St. and Bermuda, 9 days—rum, to J. & M. Tobin.

CLEARANCES.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13.—Emperor, Studley, Philadelphia—salmon, sugar, &c. by J. H. Braine, D. & E. Starr and others; Richmond, Gibraltar, Montreal—rum, wine, oil, &c. by J. Fairbanks, and Cranstoun and Grassie. Oct. 14.—Ship Sally, McKenzie, Shediac—sugar, Swaine, Newfoundland—assorted cargo by W. B. Allison & Co. Am. schr. James, Lunt, Portland—wood, by J. H. Braine. Oct. 16.—Acadian, Lane, Boston—salmon, &c. by J. H. Clark. Oct. 17.—Des Landries, Vibert, Guernsey—flour, molasses, by S. Binney. Maria, Quebec—rum, by W. Pryor and Sons.

Oct. 18.—Elizabeth, Musgrove, Quebec—sugar, candles, etc. by J. H. Braine and Wainwright; Amaranth, Coffin, Barbicos—fish, beef, etc. by Fairbanks and Allison. William Walker, St. Andrews, by S. Binney. Schr. R. Noble, Nemes, Antigua Bay—fish, by J. Allison and Co. Brig. Resident, Crumb, Savannah le Mar—by J. L. Starr, J. Allison and Co.

PASSENGERS

In the Elizabeth, from Quebec—Capt. Cooke, late of the brig. Topas of Yarmouth—In the Stranger, from Turk's Island—Mr. J. Isles.—In the John Ryder, from Porto Rico—Mr. T. Piers.—In the Acadian, for Boston—Messrs. A. Marple, A. Fullerton, J. Richardson, two Misses Fullerton, Mrs. Ackland, Mrs. Bigelow, and 2 children, Miss Paterson and 9 in the steerage.—In the Halifax from St. Kitts, Capt. Mar.—In the Transit from St. Vincent Mr Purvie.

AUCTIONS.

RUM AND MOLASSES.

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

On Ives' Wharf, on Monday next, at 12 o'clock, The Cargo of the Brig. Halifax, O'Brien, Master.

PUNCHEONS and Hhds HIGH WINES, RUM and MOLASSES.

Oct. 20, 1837.

Evening Sales by Auction.

AT R. D. CLARKE'S

WAREROOMS,

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

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

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

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 23d instant.

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

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

An assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig Acadian from Boston, for sale at low prices—by

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

October 14—30.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

The Gipsy.

"Do you want your fortune told, ma'am?" said one of these outcast tribe, as we met, a short time ago, on a broad heath. I shrank instinctively from the bold, half-wild, but earnest, look of her brilliant eyes, and, with a silent nod of the head, walked on. This was followed by a feeling of self-reproach, that I could not stifle: the circumstances were such, that I could not have spoken to the unhappy creature for a number of carriages, donkeys, and disorderly persons, were there clustered together, on the occasion of some neighbouring fair or races; and I had difficulty in conducting two or three children over the disagreeable spot which we were obliged to pass. But the gipsy pressed itself on my mind, whether, if I had been so situated under less unfavourable circumstances, I should have resisted the impulse of natural aversion, and addressed that poor depraved gipsy as an immortal soul, destined to an eternal, unchangeable state of being, and evidently hastening along the path of destruction. I could not satisfactorily answer my own query; there is no aptitude in the natural heart to such work; and it is idle to speculate on what we would do in circumstances merely supposititious. I have like Peter, vaunted, in the hour of safety, that they would go to prison and to death for sinners sake and the Gospel's sake, when the trial actually came, were made ashamed of their vain boasting, and wished their faith others, shrinking with terror from the anticipated hour of temptation, in mistrust of their own experienced weakness, have, out of that weakness, been made so strong, that their names now stand enrolled among the boldest and brightest in the noble army of martyrs. The habit of fancying scenes and situations, with the part that we ourselves should take in them, is more harmful than is generally supposed. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," is the promise given; and we ought by no means to anticipate the day, seeing that we cannot anticipate or calculate the measure of strength that God may see good to furnish.

But I must return to the gipsy. The rencontre with her led me to a long train of thought, which occupied me during the rest of my walk. I was near an abode of poverty, and could not but recall the touching anecdote of the monarch and venerated monarch George III., who, when hunting near Windsor, with his characteristic tenderness of feeling, relinquished the enjoyment of the chase out of compassion to his exhausted horse, and gently riding alone through an avenue of the forest, was led by the cry of distress to an open space, where under a branching oak, on a little pallet of straw, lay a dying gipsy woman. Dismounting and hastening to the spot, his majesty anxiously inquired of a girl, who was weeping over the sufferer, "What, my dear child can be done for you?" "Oh, sir, my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way before it was light this morning to Windsor, and asked for a minister, but no one could I get to come to me to pray with my dear mother." The dying woman's agitated countenance bore witness that she understood and felt the cruel disappointment. The king.—O lovely lesson for kings!—exclaimed, "I am a minister; and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother." Then, seating himself on a pack, he took the hand of the gipsy woman, and blessed the nature and demerit of sin, and pointed her to Jesus, the one and all sufficient Saviour. His words appeared to sink deep into her heart; her eyes brightened, she looked up and smiled; and, while an expression of peace stole over her palid features, her spirit fled away, to bear a precious testimony before the King of kings of that MINISTER'S faithfulness to his awful charge. When the party, who had missed their sovereign, and were anxiously searching the wood for him, rode up, they found him seated by the corpse, speaking comfort to the weeping children. The sequel is not less beautiful: I quote the words of the narrative. "He now rose up, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promising them his protection, and bade them look to Heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants, greatly affected, stood in silent admiration. Lord L. was going to speak; but his Majesty, turning to the gipsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse, said, with strong emotion, "Who, my lord, who thinkst thou was neighbour unto these?"

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—It is very seldom that these Indians take any prisoners, and even the rights to the dead, rather than expose himself to the more dreadful fate which may befall him, according to the custom of the victors. During my residence at Anaco, a party of these Indians, who had returned from the Southern Andes, were passing a night at the distant village of the Indians. The unfortunate prisoners were made to be present at their vengeance, and the offer of considerable presents had no influence over the incessant Indian feud.

ently waited for the next morning. The prisoner looked forward to his inevitable fate with that stupid indifference which has nothing in common with the courage of the hero. The man who more than half-degenerated, has never experienced the happiness of a softer feeling, resigns without emotion the cheerless boon of existence. The noise of the festival in honour of the triumph resounded throughout the night, and at daybreak a large circle of the men and all the women assembled before the fort. The prisoner stood in the centre of a smaller circle, composed of twenty warriors, each armed with a long lance. Three shallow pits had been dug at his feet, and a short stick was put into his hand. In a loud voice he related his deeds, and named the enemies who had fallen by his hand; and as he pronounced each name he broke off a piece of the stick, which he threw into one of the pits and contemptuously trampled under foot. The shouts of the indignant hearers became louder and louder, and the woman, transformed into furies, answered with yell and screams to every new name. One lance after the other was lowered and pointed closer and closer at the breast of the scornful enemy. The last piece of the stick was dropped; the last and greatest of all the names was pronounced; and at the same instant resounded from a hundred throats the fearful wailing of the Chibotoo. Twenty lances pierced the prisoner, who was lifted high into the air, and then fell dead upon the ground.

HABITS OF SHEEP.—They perseveringly follow their leader wherever he goes; but if, in case of sudden alarm, any one of the flock runs forward to escape, and thus takes the lead, the rest generally follow him, regardless of any obstruction. Of this singular disposition, Dr. Anderson once witnessed an instance in the town of Liverpool. A butcher's boy was driving about twenty fat widders through the town; but they ran down a street along which he did not want them to go. He observed a scavenger at work with his broom a little way before them, and called out loudly for him to stop the sheep. The man accordingly did what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, always opposing himself to their passage, and brandishing his broom with great dexterity; but the sheep, much agitated, pressed forward, and at last one of them came right up to the man, who, fearing it was about to jump over his head while he was stopping, grasped the short broomstick in both hands, and held it over his head. He stood for a few seconds in this position, when the sheep made a spring and jumped fairly over him, without touching the broom. The first had no sooner cleared this impediment than another followed, and another, in such quick succession, that the man, perfectly confounded, seemed to lose all recollection, and stood in the same attitude till the whole had jumped over him, not one of them attempting to pass on either side, though the street was quite clear. As this took place during wet weather, the man was entirely despatched over with dirt before they had all passed; and it is impossible to conceive a more ludicrous appearance than the poor fellow made on the occasion.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—If it be asked why the songs of Scotland are more beautiful than those of other lands, and why they carry with them a greater influence? The answer is easy. Those who wrote them, were not writing for a caste, but for a people—they were addressing themselves to a universal mind—they were throwing the robe of poetry over joys and sorrows which they had themselves shared—they were addressing a whole people in language which all understood. Conventionalities were nothing to them. They hallowed the loves of the village maiden—asserted the inherent dignity of man's nature, whether the clay tabernacle was clothed in silk or woollen and blessed the poor man's heart by exalting his affections. Had the song-singers of Scotland not been poor men singing for poor men—had they bowed their knees in lordly halls, and sung for and of the few instead of the many, Scotland had had no popular national songs.

QUAKER WIT.—A Quaker at Norwich, one of the Gurney family, having bought a horse which proved unsound, of a gentleman named Bacon, he wrote to inform him of it, but received no answer. Shortly after, meeting the seller at Norwich, he requested him to take back the horse, which the other positively refused to do. Finding his remonstrances of no avail, the Quaker calmly said, "Friend! thou hast doubtless heard of the devil entering the herd of swine, and I find that he still sticks fast in the Bacon. Good morning to thee, friend!"

STOVES, OILS, & C. FRANKLIN and Cooking STOVES, Water Pails, Churns, half and quarter boxes RAISINS, RICE, & C. Cotton Baling and 100 American CHAIRS. Just received from London, and for Sale by W. & A. GILBERT, No. 10, Old Bailey, London. ALSO, Lard, Butter, & CUCUMBERS, & C.

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

CARD. MR. WM. F. TEULON, Practitioner in Medicine, Obstetrics, &c. having now spent one year in Holland, 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 sufficient 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 system; 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 gilded 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

MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL ACADEMY. THOMAS BURTON, BEGS leave to notify to his friends and the public, that he has opened an Academy in Brunswick-Street, opposite the New Methodist Chapel; where he intends instructing youth of both sexes, in the following branches of education, viz. Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, generally. Likewise, Maritime and Land Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the Italian and modern methods of Book-keeping by double entry. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and advancement of each pupil as may be committed to his care. July 5

HUGH CAMPBELL, No. 18, Granville St. RESPECTFULLY acquaints the Public, that he has received by the late arrivals from Great Britain, a Supply of the following articles, which he sells at his usual low terms. CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock; Santems, Vin-de-Grave, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherris, fine old Port, Marsala, Tenerife, Bucellas, Muscatal and Malaga. Fine old Cognac pale and colored. BRANDIES, Do. Hollands, fine old Highland Whiskey, Do. Irish Whiskey, fine old Jamaica Rum, direct from the Home Bonded Warehouse. Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy, Curacao and Maraschino. Barclay and Perkin's best London Brown Stout, Edinburgh and Alton ALES—Hodgson's pale do. Fine light Table do. and Ginger Beer. Nova Scotia superior flavored Hams; Cheshire and Wiltshire Cheese, double and single refined London Loaf Sugar, muscatal and bloom Raisins, Almonds, selected preserved Fruits, a general assortment of Pickles and Sauces, Olive Oil, for Lamps, Robinson's patent Soap and Grease, Cocoon, and West India Coffee, and wine Bleach, with a general assortment of Groceries, all in his line.

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