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THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER;

A SKETCH.

"And this is love."—L. E. L.

"Is not the coach very late this evening?" cried Nora Burns, as she came skipping down the garden walk of the secluded vicarage of D—. "I'm sure it must be past its time."

"Nay, my dear Nora," replied her elder sister, who was half hidden among the trees, "methinks it is your gay and happy disposition which has outrun even four fleet horses."

"I do not know what you mean, my dear sister, but forgive me, Mary, if I have vexed you, you seem so melancholy."

"I am not melancholy, my dear Nora; but you always look at the bright side of a picture; and I, perhaps do so too much also to be sad. You are all smiles because Charles Driscoll is expected on a short visit to the house which used to be his home. You know, dear, it is now five years ago. Time changes us all: beside, he has mixed much in the gay world of fashion; and although the heart may be still the same, we must not look for the same exterior."

Thus were the two innocent daughters of the vicar of D— employed, as the person alluded to in their discourse, seated upon the box of a London coach, was rapidly whirled onward towards the village. Every turn in the road presented to Driscoll some familiar object, or some new one which the practical might call an improvement: but which, by the lover of nature, would be deemed any thing but picturesque. The tall spires of the church appeared in the distance, and he, too, thought of the playmates of his youth. He recalled before his fancy the pretty little laughing, blue eyed Nora, who, when he had left the vicarage, was but just sixteen; and her more sedate, but no less beautiful, sister. Then came their poor kind mother, who had been gathered to her rest: and the old vicar with his clerical hat, and his mild but impressive manners. However, he had not much time for these musings; the coach stopped; the ivy-clad chimney peeped over the trees as it did of old; and soon the welcoming hands were extended—he was once more in the house of his childhood.

"O, Charles, I am so glad to see you come again!" exclaimed Nora, as running into the room she heedlessly stumbled over a footstool, and almost fell into his arms; then, at the sight of an apparition stranger, she shrunk back, and a crimson blush came over her delicate cheek.

"Come, come, Nora, though I am, perhaps somewhat altered, you need not blush to welcome your fishing companion of by-gone days: I shall think it unkind of you if you do not treat me as you did of old."

"I should think she need not look so much abashed, Mr. Driscoll," replied her sister. "But you know Nora was always so thoughtless, so confiding. And you used to be such great friends," she added, as she turned away her head to hide the tears that were gathering in her large dark eyes."

"Girls, girls!" exclaimed the vicar, as he entered from the garden; "do not give my old pupil such a dolorous reception; one would think you had set him a page of Homer to learn, as a penance for some misbehaviour. Come, cheer up, we will save our tears till there is some sorrowful occasion for them."

If Driscoll was changed from the tall, spare youth of nineteen, to the elegant manhood of refined life, so were the Misses Burns; but Mary the least so, if we might expect a beautiful bloom upon her cheeks, which used to be

pale as the leaves of the lily. Nora had burst from the child into the woman—from the rose-bud to the opening flower of summer?

The two sisters were the very reverse of each other in point of beauty and manners. Mary, the elder, by the death of her mother, had been early left in charge of her father's household; and from the equanimity of her disposition, she was well fitted for the task. She seemed to commune with other than the spirits of this world. The cursory observer would have called her cold and unfeeling; but she had a warmth of affection, a firmness of purpose, which none could imagine but those brought into close and continued intercourse with her. It was a lovely scene to see those two maidens that evening ere they retired to rest, when talking over the improved appearance of their old schoolmate. Mary was seated at the window, ever and anon looking out upon the landscape, revealed in its shadowy softness by the pale light of the moon; as her long white fingers wandered amid the fair hair of her young sister, reclining on a stool at her feet. And now Nora's laughing face, almost hidden by the unbounded curls, was raised, and her blue eyes from beneath their silken veils, rested upon the pure Grecian features of her sister; the dark eyes met that gaze, and a kiss from the red lips was imparted to the blushing cheek of the younger girl. They formed the picture of affection. Their very difference of disposition—the vivacity of the one, and the beautiful pensiveness of the other, seemed to bind them yet closer together. They could be said to be rivals in no one sense; for Mary's tall figure, moulded with more elegance by nature than sculptor's hand could chisel, was but a delightful contrast to the round short form of the merry-hearted Nora. They had no brother, and consequently were all in all with each other.

A month passed over the vicarage of D—, and although he had intended to have stayed but a few days, Driscoll was still there; as much the companion of the old clergyman in his parochial calls, as the loiterer on the steps of his fair daughters. Some in the neighbourhood even rumoured that he was paying marked attention to one of them; but none could tell whether it was to the parson, to Mary, or to Nora. It was therefore set down as village gossip, and he was allowed to ramble with the vicar, flirt with the one daughter, or make poetry for the other, without its being considered as any very great harm.

It was a beautiful autumn evening; the sun was slowly sinking, bathing the west in a deep dyed glow, which faded and faded away until it merely tinged the soft blue of heaven with a gentle strain. The song of the gleaners returning from their toil, floated up the vale, and every here and there the sides of the hills were decked with sheaves of golden corn.

"Here is my mother's grave, Charles," said Mary, as arm in arm they approached the silent city of tombs. "How many changes happen in a few brief years."

"Truly, Mary. But God is always merciful: if he takes one away, he gives another to supply her place. You and Nora must be great comforts to your father. Do you not think he might be induced to spare one of you?"

Mary replied not. Her heart was full; and had there been any one by, the sudden paleness of her cheeks might have told the feelings of her heart. She withdrew her arm from Driscoll's, and sat down upon her mother's grave.

"Nay, Mary, dear," said the youth, tenderly, "do not be offended at the abruptness of my question; I did not intend to wound your feelings. But—but, you have not known what it is to love."

"Love!" ejaculated the trembling girl, as perhaps the moment she longed for, yet feared to arrive, now hovered over her. That moment which must be fraught with the deepest interest to every female mind. That moment when the dream of woman's solitary hour is to be realised—when she is clasped to the heart of the being she most loves on earth.

"Yes, Mary, to love, for I have dared to do it! You can tell me if there be hope. Or—must I leave D— vicarage for ever!"

"Hope is woman's lot."

"You mean, then, there is none? O foolish, foolish heart, be still."

"I did not say so, Mr. Driscoll. There is hope given to us all. But woman hopes, and hopes for years. Hope feeds her soul with visions of earthly happiness; and hope teaches her to look to Heaven for richer and less fading joys."

"Do you then say that she loves me? May I believe it?"

"Who—who loves you?" faltered the maiden, as she hid her face from his view.

"Your sister, Nora!" continued Charles, heedless of the almost falling form of her whom he had thoughtlessly made his confidante, "her image has been before me ever since I left D—; in the crowded ball, the opera, no where have I seen one like Nora Burns. But she is so light-hearted, so innocently beautiful, I dare not sully her happiness even by the sweet pains of love."

"It is so. My God enable me to bear it," scarcely articulated Mary in a voice so low that it was not heard by the lover, as she slowly rose from her parent's grave. "Mr. Driscoll, may you be happy. Your secret is in good hands. Believe me, you need not despair."

"Thank you, thank you, for ever, gentle Mary. Heaven alone knows how I can show my gratitude!"

Charles Driscoll slept that night with a light heart. Who can tell its lightness: save he who has had its load of love, with which it was bursting conveyed to some kindred object? Man is a being of affection, he was not meant to live alone. We are all miserable when we have not some one to whom to tell our little adventures—some one who will feel an interest in them however trifling—who will listen to us. And how delightful, indeed, to be able to commune over things which are not the mere fancies of time. It is then we feel the whole warmth of our dispositions, that we know ourselves better than we ever did before.

Now Mr. Burns, although a clergyman and an ornament to his cloth, was not one of those fanatics who pretend totally to despise all worldly good, while at the very same moment they have some private advantage in view. He saw, as well as those around him, the advantages of Driscoll's becoming a husband to one of his daughters; still he wished not to influence the affection of either, by the slightest allusion on his part.

Thus things proceeded at the vicarage in that quiet, even sort of routine, which must be so enchanting to those who have no other ambition, than that of doing good in an unpretending way, and making those happy who are around them. The morning's post, at length, brought a letter, requiring Driscoll's immediate attendance in Scotland. Nora had spent the previous day with a family at some distance, and the night proving rather stormy, had not returned home. Up to that moment he had never made an avowal to her of his love; something always came in the way when he had made up his mind to do so. Either she was so full of mirth and girlish mischief, that he feared being laughed at; some party of pleasure was in contemplation, and he did not like to distract her thoughts;

or else, perhaps, he thought that "the question once popped" and being "acknowledged," would be quite enough, from its very common-placeness, to dissipate all the delight of believing that the one sought was necessary for the other's happiness; so it was, however, and when he was forced to quit the vicarage, the opportunity was gone. Procrastination, thou art the thief of time! He must depart without even knowing by one little word from "Nora's own lips that he was beloved." "But," thought he to himself, after he had bidden farewell to his worthy host, and had forced his horse to a gallop, "I will write to her and explain: and in a few days, a fortnight at most, I will come back and claim her as my own."

"Well, my dears," said the vicar one morning at breakfast, as he settled comfortably into his easy chair, "what do you think of our late visitor?"

"O papa! he is such a nice young man," exclaimed Nora in her gay manner, which often betrayed her into expressions which, had she but considered a moment, she would not have made use of: "I do wish he had not gone, or that I had been here to have wished him good-bye, I shall never forgive that tiresome storm. Don't you think he will come back soon, papa?"

"Very probably he will," replied the elder sister. "He seems," she added in a half-interrogating tone, "very fond of the vicarage."

"You mean of some of its inmates," returned the old man.

"For shame, papa!" exclaimed Nora.

"Father!" ejaculated Mary, as she turned an imploring gaze upon him.

More than the period he had allotted himself had elapsed, and yet Driscoll returned not to the vicarage. He had just returned to his inn from a walk on the barren coast, vexed and weary at his protracted stay, when immediately on entering, his eye glanced at a letter lying upon the table. It was in a hand-writing he did not know. He hastily broke the seal. The contents ran thus:—

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with the greatest pain I write to inform you that my poor daughter was taken suddenly ill a fortnight ago, and since that hour she has not quitted her bed. She is constantly asking if you have returned, or if we have heard from you. All desire kind remembrances; and hoping to see you as soon as possible, I remain, my dear Sir, your's faithfully,

JOHN BURNS.

D—— Vicarage, Oct. 20th, 1828.

"She is indeed very ill. I hope your affairs will be arranged satisfactorily. Pray come."

The appalling tidings came like the destructive flash of forked lightning upon Driscoll's darkened mind. How little had he been taught what was woman's heart! Had he then left his beloved to pine and die, merely from a selfish regard to his own momentary feelings? "Poor Nora," he exclaimed, as folding the letter up, he placed it near his heart. "Poor Nora! I did not think it would end thus. So gay, so pure, so young, to be cut off thus by my hand. God forgive me, if it be so!"

The morning's sun saw our hero on his way from Scotland. His business was not completed, but the voice of a dying girl sounded in his ears, urging him forward. In the silent shades of night he heard a gentle tone perpetually beside him whispering, "Charles, Charles, why did you forsake me?"

To a sensitive mind, the thought of having caused ill to any one, creates painfully acute sensations; but doubly so when it is to one we love,—one for whom, perhaps, we would have laid down our life, and yet from mere carelessness, or folly, that one has been unintentionally injured. In elapsing the butterfly, we have taken the beautiful bloom from its wings, which we can never again restore.

It is a lovely autumn twilight, not a breath of wind passes among the dark leaves, not a sound is heard in the fields, save the chirp of the grasshopper, or the rustling of a bird in its hidden covert. The sun has gone, and the hues of autumn have nearly died away: many of the gar-

ments of the trees lie neglected around their roots; but there is still the yew tree, all covered with darksome foliage, and the ivy climbing even to the vicarage roof. "Emblem of affection," thought Driscoll, as having passed through the shrubbery he paused for a moment, enjoying the calmness and tranquility of the hour; and how soft is the peaceful air, so unlike the close breathings in a busy city. Look! there is still a pale rose hanging o'er the lattice, perhaps the last beauty of the season, clinging yet to its supporter. There is a light at the casement, the white curtains are closely drawn—it may be the home of death." He could hear his heart beat audibly, as he knocked at the vicarage door. There was no answer: he could see no light. He knocked again more loudly in his agitation; a soft foot-fall beat upon the stairs; he heard it glide almost noiselessly along the hall. Surely it was a step he knew. The door opened, and his own Nora, pale, but startled at his sudden appearance, stood before him.

"O Charles! Charles! my poor sister!" she exclaimed, as endeavoring to stifle her sobs, she gently withdrew from his half-unconscious embrace. "I am so glad you have come, for Mary is dying, and she calls for you. Sometimes at midnight she will say, 'Where is Charles? Do not hide him from me; he does not know it. Go—go; tell him that I love him. Tell him my heart is breaking.'"

Driscoll followed the weeping girl into the parlor: to his own selfish hopes, the scene was like a resurrection from the grave. Not a word had been said in the vicar's letter, by which he could have told which daughter it was that was ill; and his own excited fancy could alone believe it was the one in which he was most interested, whom he imagined others knew as well as himself. He sat beside the young creature of his hopes; but at such an hour he could not talk of love. As he gazed upon her fair features, mellowed from their gaiety by sisterly affection into an interesting languor, he could not avoid thinking that he had never before seen so beautiful a being. "Will you not come and see my sister?" said Nora, "for I am sure she is asking for you; and even standing upon the brink of the grave. How she loves you, Charles; and love like hers were well worth possessing: there are few, I am certain, whose affections are like poor Mary's;" and hand in hand, they quickly ascended to the room above.

The apartment was nearly dark, save where the bright moonbeams passed over the pillow of the young sufferer. At the foot of the bed knelt the aged parent, his hands clasped in prayer; and as the words fell from his lips, there was heard a low calm voice murmuringly repeating them. Nora and Charles stood hidden by the curtains of the bed. They had entered noiselessly, and they now scarcely breathed; for it would indeed have been sacrilege to have disturbed the worshippers in this awful sanctuary. The voices of the living and the dying mingled before a throne of grace. The last words of prayer had sunk into a silence. "Father, may I not see you pale moon which casts its sickly light over my bed: I should like to see it yet before I die, for, perhaps—however wrong it may be to think of such things—perhaps it shines upon him. Would that he were here, for I have a duty yet to perform before I go hence; and time is growing short." Again there was silence, for although Nora wished her sister to know that Driscoll was there, yet she feared the shock his presence might produce on her weakened frame would be too much for her.

"She is sleeping now," said a low voice beside the bed.

"No, Nora, I am not," replied her sister, "I shall never sleep again in this world, until I sleep the one long sleep. I thought you would not leave me now that I have but one little hour to stay, but we shall meet, dear sister—do not let your hot tears fall upon my hand—we meet beyond the grave. The Saviour has trod the dark sea; his arms will bear me safely o'er the billows; we shall meet, and love one another even as we have here, only more purely, more blissfully, where the weary are at rest. I wish I could behold Charles before I die;—ah! methought I heard a sob. It was not that of my poor father; God will support him. It is—it is my own Charles!" and

the pale girl, grasping the hand of him she loved, sunk back upon the pillow.

Driscoll gazed upon her marble beauty, which the deceitful bloom had left white as the palest flower. Little did he think when he confided to her the secret of his love, as she sat upon her mother's grave, that he had planted a canker-worm in her heart, that would bring her to a low grass pillow.

There was an awful moment of suspense; at length a happy smile passed over the features of the maiden, she moved slowly aside the long dark silken lashes from her brown eyes. "Thank God, she murmured, 'he has given me strength to die contented.'"

"Forgive me, Mary, forgive me," ejaculated the young man.

"Hush!" she exclaimed with more firmness, "it was a hard trial; but in you, Charles, I have nothing to forgive. I have kept your secret till now. I am now on the brink of the grave—it cannot be improper—it will ease my heart to speak it. Charles—Charles, I have loved you fondly, but it is past! Had I lived, you could not have been mine—it is but right I should die. You could not love me other than as a sister. God's will be done! Be it so. I am growing weaker—fainter. Nora—Nora, where is your hand? You shall, Charles, love me as a sister even in death. I feel it, Nora, now, although I cannot see you—but you too had a secret, though you would not tell it even to me. Yes, you loved Driscoll even before he left us, now nearly six years ago. I have seen it, though I did not believe it. Nay, Nora, do not tremble, your poor sister will never stand in the way of your earthly happiness; but she hopes to share your happiness in heaven. Nora! Nora! do not draw your hand away! Take it—take it, Charles—it is yours. You have loved one another long, although the word has not yet been spoken. Take it, Charles—what God has joined together, let not man put asunder. Keep it, Charles remember me. God—God bless you both! I—my Father—" The light of the moon rested on her pallid face—the lips had fallen—the voice was hushed. The hands of the lovers were clasped together in that of the dying girl. They felt the uniting pressure of the slight struggle as the soul burst from its earthly tenement, and soared away to heaven. They were joined by the cold fingers of the dead. A low sob was heard at Nora's side: it came from her father's heart. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," half articulated the old man, as they slowly and sadly left the room, that now contained nothing but the cold corpse of her who had fallen a victim to England's bane, consumption.

It was an awful scene for those two young beings who had never told their loves, to have its full light thus burst in upon them as they knelt beneath a breathless sacrifice, to hear of affection from lips that would in a few moments speak amongst the angels of heaven, to be wedded o'er a sister's death-bed. It would be impossible to describe the sensations of Nora and Charles. They knew that they were beloved, but what had been the cost of their happiness? It was the sorrow which mingles with every thing serene, and they betook themselves in prayer unto the presence of Him "whose ways are not man's ways." That night the vicarage was a place of gloom; for our holy religion bids us to grieve for the departed, "but not as those without hope." Nora had gained her heart's desire, but—she had lost a sister! She who had been the companion of her days, the sharer in her toils and her joys, who had loved her as a sister can only love, could no longer fold her in her arms, and call her her own dear little naughty pet. They could no longer read the same book together, or sing the same song, or bend over the same spot in prayer! Poor girl! when she awoke in the morning, she turned to look for Mary's smile answering the first glance of her unclosing eyes—it was not there—Nora was alone!

That winter was a dreary one to poor Nora; and even when the spring came, she had scarcely recovered from the dreadful shock.

Time is the healer of all our painful thoughts, and it is

mercifully so ordained. For were we for ever to be wounded with the same fine poignancy of regret, we could not fail being miserable. One by one the friends of our youth depart—the children we have held in our arms, are now perhaps no more; the aged to whom we looked for instruction have been gathered to their fathers! and some who may read this tale may in some brief space of time have passed onward. Flowers fade. “All things around us preach of death!”

A twelvemonth sped over the vicarage of D——. Again was the solitary rose seen clinging to the lattice—again were the withered leaves strewn over the gravel walk. It was the day on which Mary had breathed the inspired language of heaven. It was the day of Nora and Charles's wedding. They had fondly wished it to take place on that awful anniversary, that they might through life remember what had been the price of their love; and therefore treasure it through storm and sunshine—through the clouds of woe and the light of joy; even when the last sigh of death should pass over their then rosy lips. Nora tremblingly faltered out “I will;” the same words were pronounced by the clergyman as her poor sister had spoken; the same blessing was bestowed. She was Driscoll's wife. But it was not doomed that the last rose should be plucked from the vicarage garden. After a short continental tour, for they deemed the change would in a degree alienate their minds from grief, the young pair returned to the vicarage to soothe the waning years of the widowed parent by the presence of his only daughter, whose gaiety had now become sobered by affliction into a beautiful calmness; nor did they leave that peaceful home until a new incumbent was appointed to the living.

AN INCIDENT AT LA TRAPPE.

“The prison,” says Wordsworth, “to which we doom ourselves, no prison is.” There are many instances recorded in which a degree of voluntary suffering has been borne, which if compulsory, would be scarcely endured by nature. The celebrated monastery of La Trappe presented to the world an example of a system of self-denial and rigour being undertaken and sustained, compared with which the tortures of a dungeon were easy, and the horrors of exile were light; imposed by a resolution which never flagged, and endured with a constancy which nothing could abate.

The Count Albergotti, soon after his retirement from the world, was visited by one of his most intimate and valued friends; but he refused to see him. This model of friendship, unable to endure a perpetual separation, actually entered the monastery and became a member of the brotherhood. But the count, during the long remainder of their mutual lives, never once raised his eyes to look at him.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, there resided at La Trappe a monk, who was celebrated, even *there*, for the ardour of his devotion, and the rigidness of his seclusion. Regular at the altar, at other times always in his cell, he had never spoken to any member of the household, during the twenty years that he had lived there, and had never once entered the room of a brother. He was an old man, and was rapidly declining in health. Though an invalid, and demanding all the relief which carefulness and attention could suggest, still he was never absent from the matutinal services of the chapel, and never allowed himself the least addition to the plain accommodations which he had always employed.

One morning he arose and found himself much weaker than he had ever felt before. But he did not for a moment think of desisting from the duties of his station, and he went forth before sunrise to attend the usual prayers. It was with difficulty that in returning he reached his cell. Slowly, and with tottering steps he entered, and closing the door behind him, he stretched himself upon his bed, which—like all the beds in the monastery—was a rough board, with no more covering than a single blanket. He laid himself down to die; but the monk was manifestly not at his ease. In a few moments the door opened, and the occupant of the cell next to him entered. It was the first

time, for twenty years, that any other than the owner had passed that threshold; but the intruder did not seem to be unwelcome. It was a monk, who had been a resident at La Trappe for a period scarcely shorter than that of the other; and though always living next to him, and every morning, and every noon, and every evening walking in company with him to the chapel, neither had ever looked upon the other; neither had ever spoken.

“Brother,” said he, and the tone of the speaker had a tenderness unusual in that place of mortified affections—“Brother, is there aught in which I can minister to your comfort?”

“The period of comfort and discomfort,” answered the other, “is for me rapidly passing away. I would raise my thoughts and my feelings from the world, and send them before me into that heaven where my spirit will soon repose; but there is one ligament which yet binds me to this sphere, and as I approach my final agony, it seems to become tighter than ever. At my entrance into this monastery, I left behind me in the world a much-loved brother, involved in the whirlpool of dissipation and sin. The doubts which oppress me as to his situation, if indeed he still lives, are the source of the disquietude which now hangs over me. If a message from me at this time could reach him, I think that it would not be without effect. If you can convey one to him, tell him of the anguish which I feel for his condition; tell him of the infinite importance of religion; implore him,” and the speaker, as he grew more excited, raised himself upon his arm, and fixed his eye keenly upon the stander-by, “implore him—yet—stay,” pausing and gazing wildly, “who are you? ’tis strange,” and he drew back and stared with eager doubt upon the other. “That face, I have seen it; yet no, it is not.”

“It is!” exclaimed the other, “it is your brother. A few months had elapsed after your entrance into this monastery, when, wearied by the joyless pleasures of the world, and smitten by the noble example which you set before me, I resolved to dedicate myself to piety here. I entered the society. Chance assigned me the cell which adjoins yours. Ardent and tender as was the attachment which I felt to you, I determined, in penance for my sins, to impose upon myself the hard resolution of never addressing you until the moment of dissolution should arrive to one of us. For more than nineteen years I have heard through the apertures in the wall your daily prayers for my safety, and your nightly tears for my absence: agonising as was the effort to repress my emotion, I kept my vow and was silent. My course is nearly run; the reward is at hand. In silence we have worked out our salvation upon earth; but we will speak, my dear brother! we will speak in heaven!”

The dying man raised his eyes and fixed them faintly on the speaker, then sighed; his brother felt a feeble pressure from the hand which inclosed his. A moment, and there stood but one living spirit in that silent cell.

For the Pearl.

FRAGMENTS OF PIOUS THOUGHT.

No. IV.

POWER OF PATERNAL LOVE.

Suppose the case of an ungodly son who has just begun to taste the pleasures of sin; already on the borders of iniquity, he is in imminent danger of pursuing the way of transgressors. Brought into the house of his nativity, behold him enclosed within the once happy family circle: draw near and listen to the godly admonitions of his father—he reminds his unhappy child of the guardian care so long exercised over him—of the unutterable kindness ever experienced towards him—of the great comfort he had expected from his manhood—but the father has done, and the big tears are now rolling down the mother's cheeks—she essays to speak but her words are choked in their utterance—again and again she summons up all her energies to the painful task but to no purpose, and sobbing in agony beyond conception, all she can sigh out

is, O my son! my son! her grief is too poignant and her heart too full for expression in fleeting words—she cannot remind her son of the helplessness of infancy, and how she protected it—of the danger of childhood, and how she guarded it—of the long and dreary nights of sickness, and how she endured them, but there she sits overwhelmed with gloom and distress. But a kindly sister is present—O see her gently taking the hand of her brother, and with a look which language can never describe saying, O my brother go not with the transgressors—heed the authority of thy father—be persuaded by the tears of thy mother—O send not our parents with sorrow to the grave. It is enough—the son is now bathed in tears—parental love has struck the flinty rock and the waters gush forth in torrents. Behold then the power of a father's voice, and a mother's tears, and a sister's love. And our Father in heaven, speaketh he not to his wayward children on earth—uttereth he not his voice, supreme in authority, moving in kindness, and melting in redeeming love? O it is the invitation of our Father in heaven which brings back the wanderer—it is the love of the Father which subdues the heart of the prodigal—it is the mercy of our heavenly Father which forgives the sins of all penitent believers. And desperate is the condition of that individual upon whom the voice and love and mercy of the “Father of his spirit” have no effect—he is but one remove from the wretchedness of the lost.

No. V.

A COMPARISON.

In the natural world we are sometimes terrified with the gloom and fury of the storm. The heavens appear to frown on all terrestrial things—streams of vivid fire dart along the sky—bursts of awful thunder resound among the battling clouds, and reverberating from mountain to mountain, all nature seems to be convulsed with agony and fear. So in the moral world, the threatenings of divine revelation darken the whole spiritual hemisphere—the thunder of the divine displeasure waxes louder and louder—the lightnings of his indignation glance fitfully and fearfully along, while ever and anon God uttereth his mighty voice, and the hills melt, and the earth quakes, and wave resounds to wave, and deep proclaims to deep, and in all the majesty of the eternal is testified “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” But though sometimes we are visited with the tempest, yet in the natural world we have most commonly the pleasant and agreeable. What a glowing sight is a beautiful landscape on a fine day! The yellow fields waving with corn—the vineyards smiling with fruit—the stream meandering along the vale—the forest trees lifting their giant heads on high and upon the grass adorned hills and upon the whole scene, coming down in radiance and splendour, all the glories of a setting sun. But a brighter landscape may be viewed—a more magnificent sight is spread out before our moral vision, for in the Bible are rich pastures and still waters and refreshing streams—and here too the rose is without a thorn, and the fruit has no blight—the ground is unmolested with pits and snares, and no cloud ever darkens the sky. And every ripple of the stream tells of mercy—and every shrub and flower dis-^{seals} the fragrance of love—and every zephyr of wind wafts the promises, while throughout the length and breadth of this joy-inspiring land, God himself walks, and in the soft utterance of his voice, it is heard “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”

SILVANUS.

DEATH.

An unseen, cold and uninvited visitor,
Who hustles by the porter at the gate,
And the loquacious knave at the door,
Although it be a palace: rushes up
Unceremonious, to the inner chamber;
Giveth no card of entrance—doth not knock
Before he enters, though a king be there!
Undraws the curtains of the princely couch,
And tips his arrows in the very room
Where monarchs breathe their last.

From the Lady's Book.

CHARLES BRANDON.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

"Do you remember Charles Brandon?" asked my friend: I was sitting at the window lost in reverie, and gazing listlessly at the eddying waves of a November fog, which had for hours been clinging to the bosom of our common mother, like remorse to the heart of a dying sinner. "Do you remember Charles Brandon?" My day dream was dispelled, and with that name unheard for years, came thronging to my heart bright visions of early days.

The green fields of childhood glowed around me, and 'mid the dear familiar faces of friends long departed, that seemed to smile once more in mine, flashed again with all its wonted fire, the soul-speaking eye of the ill-starred Brandon. I see him now just as he looked when with his young orphan sister he first became a resident of our village. His handsome features wore the high stamp of intellect, and his dark brown hair turned gracefully from a broad and polished forehead. His complexion was clear, though dark, and his keen hazel eye, shining at one moment with surprising and almost fearful brightness, then unexpectedly assuming an expression of alluring softness, won at once the unresisting heart. His presence often inspired a kind of awe in others, for which they vainly endeavoured to account; and, ever and anon, a sarcastic smile played about his face, and when his path was crossed, the very essence of pride and scorn was visible in the contemptuous smile which wreathed his curling lip. As a successful lawyer his name spread far and wide, and each day graced his brow with some new laurel. Possessing great suavity of manners, among his friends he held the rank of general favourite.

And his sister—with what reverence of affection did she bow to this, the guardian spirit of her youth—acknowledging no law but his opinion, and seeking no higher reward than his approving smile. How careful should we be of the influence we exert on others, and doubly cautious should those be on whom God has bestowed a power of intellect to sway at will their fellow men.

Brandon was a sceptic, and the writings of Paine, Voltaire, and Rousseau, were too often the companions of his leisure hours. His moral character, however, stood fair, and for acts of disinterested benevolence no one might win a brighter name. But what avails the semblance of purity, when the heart is corrupt; the veil soon falls, and the character appears in all its deformity.

'Twas midnight, and Caroline Brandon sat alone anxiously listening for the coming footsteps of her brother. The clock struck two, her heart already oppressed with strange forebodings, died within her. She knew no cause for this delay, and his absence at such an hour, was a thing too unusual to leave it in her power to await the issue calmly. I was sad to mark the mental anguish which betrayed itself in the quick changes of that lovely countenance. Why is it that the young heart must be thus torn with either the real or imaginary dangers of its friends? Why must the rosy cheek grow pale, and the sparkling lustre of the eye be dimmed, with so often watching the sinking star, which guides the destinies of those we love? But so it is, and although the next morning saw Charles Brandon at the side of his sister, apparently as gay as ever, still the half-suppressed sigh, the flushed brow, the absent thoughts and the unbidden horror, which often convulsed him, soon revealed to the keen eye of affection, a mind but ill at ease. From that day a cloud rested on the spirit of Caroline Brandon: the subsequent burst of which was like the lightning's flash, that levels the pride of the forest. Fearful to her was the interval which now ensued. Anxiety, apprehension, and dread, shook her whole frame. To interrogate him she could not—she dare not.

At length the village court house was filled. Every countenance told that a cause of terrible interest was hastening on. The prisoner was announced, a thrill of anxiety ran from heart to heart throughout the crowded audience, and when Charles Brandon took his place at the bar, his erect mien, his dignified step, and the clear marble paleness of his brow, which the gay breezes of heaven had

not fanned for months, with the saddened smile which lingered about his features, awakened in every heart a sympathy strong beyond expression, and inspired a hope next to assurance, that in his bosom guilt had no hiding place. Had that heart been unfolded to them as a page to read, they would have learned that at the very moment while he stood thus before them, remorse was busy there, and his soul was writhing under the horrors of guilt—the dread of inevitable disgrace—and the hastening certainty of his doom. The trial proceeded with the usual forms, and after a laborious, patient and thrilling investigation, the counsel on either side poured forth a torrent of burning eloquence. The judge solemnly and feelingly charged the jury. The assembly dispersed, and the jury retired, with the fate of a fellow mortal pending on their decision. As the sun that night went down in the west, methought his last beams shone sadly forth, as if conscious of the fatal verdict to be determined and pronounced, ere he again illuminated with his ascending rays the cold realities of earth.

Twilight had scarcely disappeared: when the distant light of the court room but too plainly told that the die was cast, and the destiny of Charles Brandon irrevocably fixed. Again the prisoner was led forth, and again he appeared with the same proud air that marked his first entry. Calmness and sadness had alike fled from his features and in their place sat firm determination and unqualified scorn. Yet those who knew him could well read in that quick and restless eye, a tear of the agonizing suspense, which was then weighing down his heart, and thrilling wildly on his burning brain.

At that moment he would willingly have offered up his stained life a sacrifice on the altar of virtue and principle. But the decisions of justice could not be stayed. A death-like stillness reigned throughout the anxious multitude—not a creature moved—the verdict—the fatal and appalling verdict was declared—and Charles Brandon stood forth, a murderer!

Brandon had played *once—twice*—his funds were exhausted—*thrice*—his sister was beggared. How dreadfully did he retrieve his fortunes. Temptation met him; and for the paltry sum of a few thousands he became a murderer! As the word "guilty" fell from the lips of the foreman, a slight confusion stayed for an instant the melancholy proceedings of that august court, and, quick as thought, Caroline Brandon was at the side of her brother. Whatever might have been in the soul of Brandon, he had not shrunk before the crowd, but the sight of his sister at such an hour as this, was like a dagger to his heart; his stern lip quivered: and a tear trembled on his eyelid; for there she stood pale and motionless. Her eye first rested on him, then turned imploringly on his judges, till suddenly starting like one in the bewilderment of a dream, she exclaimed,—

"Charles, let us fly this horrid place." But soon the dark reality seemed again to come over her, and like a bird "stricken in its upward flight," she bowed her head in silence, and covering her face with her hands, knelt at his side. The court paused not long. The formal question dictated by law was put upon the prisoner. He deigned them no reply, but proudly raising himself, the haughty flash of his eye seemed to dare the utmost shafts of fate. Sentence accordingly passed, and Brandon was conducted a convicted murderer, back to his gloomy cell.

Caroline had imbibed the sentiments of her brother, and was herself a wanderer from her God. Yet successfully did the Christian minister show her, in this dispensation, the overruling hand of an all-wise Providence and with tears besought the prodigal's return. She groaned, and wept, for sorely was she stricken.

"Pray for me," she sobbed. He did pray for her, and that prayer, so deep, so fervent, ascended like incense before the throne of God and descended like balm upon her wounded spirit.

'Twas a black day, but the warring of the elements sounded gratefully upon the ear of Brandon, for it accorded well with the storm that was raging in his soul, and as he gazed upon the fatal drag, still in his possession, he smiled bitterly and triumphantly at the idea that his life

was yet in his own power, and a moment's brightness passed along his brow. Then thought chased thought—could he again look upon the death-like countenance of his sister—must the last tie that bound her to earth be broken? And remorse for the wreck he had made, worked madness in his brain.

The sheriff had visited the various cells under his charge and returned to his room absorbed in deep meditation. The dreadful duty yet devolving on him, weighed down his whole soul. It was a duty, the thought of which filled him with agony, and tears, scalding tears, flowed powerfully down his manly cheek. A rap echoed from his door, and Caroline Brandon accompanied by a priest, stood before him. He paused as in the presence of a superior spirit—well he knew her errand. She had come to bid adieu to all that was dear to her on earth. Charles was the last of her race, but the deadly Siroc of guilt had breathed upon him, and they must part. As she thus stood, the light that beamed from her dark eye, her calm manner, and her firm tone, all testified that the bitterness of parting was past, and the unconquered spirit

"Rising o'er the lead
That crushed till then, looked forth from its abode,
And o'er the storms and passions of the earth,
Shed the deep calm of its immortal birth."

The door turned harshly on its hinges, but she heeded it not, and with a hasty step, she soon reached the cell of her brother. He was lying on a bed in one corner of the room, his face buried in his pillow. She called his name. He answered not. She gently raised his pillow,—lest she should too suddenly break his slumbers. His ghastly features startled her, and placing her hand upon his forehead, she shrieked! She fainted! Her brother was dead—yes, Charles Brandon was dead. And there, the haughty being who had trampled alike on the laws of God and man, lay, a thing of naught!

Months have rolled away. The tolling of the bell announced that a spirit has gone from the earth. The priest stands at the head of the grave. Strangers surround the bier. The solemn rites are finished, and Caroline Brandon sleeps by the side of her ill-fated brother.

THE FEMALE MANIAC.

Separated from the rest stood one whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and shewed a dejection of that decent kind which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned.

The keeper, who accompanied the visitants, observed:—This is a young lady, who was born to ride in a coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard be true, by a young gentleman, her equal in society—but by no means her match in fortune. Her father would not bear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors if she ever saw him again. Upon this the young man took a voyage to the West Indies, in hope of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress;—but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. The news soon reached the young lady, who at the same time was pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect upon her sordid parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though his story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it a tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she now turned upon Harley. "My William is no more," said she, "do you weep for my William? Blessing on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry, and it burns!" She drew near to Harley.—"Be comforted,

young lady, said he, your William is in heaven." Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am growing naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray, and sometimes I sing; you shall hear me, hush!

"Light be the earth on William's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave!"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the keeper's there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again? I would not have you to weep: you are like my William, you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor William; 'twas the last time we ever met!" " 'Twas when the seas were roaring—I love you for resembling my William; but I shall never love any man like him." She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. "Nay that is William's ring, said she, you cannot have it, indeed, but here is another, look here, which I plaited to day, from some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl, but my heart is harmless, my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats!" She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening.—"Hark! one, two, three! be quiet thou little trembler; my William is cold! but I had forgotten the ring." She put it on his finger. "Farewell, I must leave you now." She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips; "I dare not stay longer, my head throbs sadly; farewell." Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the keeper's hand—"Be kind to that unfortunate"—He burst into tears and left the house.—*McKenzie.*

THE CREST OF THE WORLD.—One of the finest instances of descriptive power that we have met with, is contained in a passage of the last work of Washington Irving: where the prospect from a lofty peak of the Rocky Mountains is painted with an affluence of language and elegant aptitude of expression which bears with it all the force and the charm of poetry. The traveller, after indescribable toil, has gained the summit of the mountain, far in the region of eternal snows. Here, says Mr. Irving, "here a scene burst upon the view of Captain Bonneville that for a time astonished and overwhelmed him with its immensity. He stood, in fact, as it were upon that dividing ridge which Indians regard as the crest of the world and on each side of which the landscape may be said to decline to the two cardinal oceans of the globe. Whichever way he turned his eye it was confounded by the vastness and variety of objects. Beneath him the Rocky Mountains seemed to open all their secret recesses: deep, solemn valleys, treasured lakes; dreary passes; rugged defiles, and foaming torrents: while beyond their savage precincts the eye was lost in an almost immeasurable landscape—stretching on every side into dim and hazy distance, like the expanse of a summer's sea. Whichever way he looked, he beheld vast plains, glimmering with reflected sunshine; mighty streams, wandering on their shining course toward either ocean: and snowy mountains, chain beyond chain, and peak beyond peak till they melted like clouds into the horizon. For a time the Indian fable seemed to be realized; he had attained that height from which the Blackfoot warriors, after death, first catches a view of the land of souls, and beholds the happy hunting-grounds spread out below him, brightening with the abodes of the free and generous spirits."

BEAUTY.—The following is an extract from Dr. Howe's address before the Boston Phrenological Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed;—"Most heartily do I agree with the sage who said, with a sigh—'Well, philosophers may argue and plain men may fret, but beauty will find its way to the human heart.' And it should be so, for so hath the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the

sea, and the skies with bright and beautiful objects, which he may contemplate and admire. Else, why is the earth and every thing upon it, so varied of form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river canal-like to the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of a leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendour of the noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an everturning kaleidoscope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture of the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight or sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them: and by so doing, he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a source."

W O M A N.

By the author of "Clinton Bradshaw."

How beautiful is woman's life,
When first her suppliant woos and kneels;
And she, with young and warm hopes rife,
Believes he deeply feels!

Then day is gladness—and the night
Looks on her with its starry eyes,
As though it gave her all their might,
Over men's destinies!

Rapt watchers of the skyey gleam!
Then men are like astrologers,
Who gaze, and gladden at the beam
Of that bright eye of hers!

And if a frown obscure its light,
'Tis like a cloud to star-struck men;
Through the long watches of the night—
Oh! for that beam again!

How heart-struck that astronomer,
A gazer on the starry zone,
When first he looked in vain for her,
The lovely Pleiad gone!

But men watch not the stars always—
And though the Pleiad may be lost,
Yet still there are a thousand rays
From the surrounding host!

And woman, long before the grave
Closes above her dreamless rest,
May be man's empress and his slave,
And his discarded jest!

Still may that Pleiad shine afar,
But pleasure-led o'er summer seas,
Who dwells upon a single star,
Amid the Pleiades!

Man courts the constellations bright,
That beam upon his bounding bark,
Nor thinks upon the left lone light,
Till all above is dark!

Then when he knows nor land nor main,
And darkly is his frail bark tost,
He courts the separate star again,
And mourns the Pleiad lost!

R E P E T I T I O N S.

BY WILLIAM COX.

There are few things in writing more disagreeable and ungraceful than the ill-chosen and uncalled-for repetition of the same word. It is, as it were, a sort of insult on the language, indirectly accusing it of a want of copiousness and variety: at the same time, be it noted, the fastidious avoidance of the same word, or set of words, when they will best express the meaning, evinces a want of nerve and directness of purpose on the part of the writer, and a consequent sacrifice of sense to mere sound, that is not at all desirable. There is, however, occasionally a singular beauty and propriety in close and frequent repetitions. They give a depth, a force, a simplicity to the sentence or verse they are employed in, that the most elaborate selection or unlimited variety would fail to impart. Of all modern writers, Coleridge seems to have been the greatest master of the felicitous effect to be given by the frequent use of the same words, and to have availed himself of this know-

ledge with the most decided success. His "Ancient Mariner" abounds with instances—

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It crack'd and growled and roared and howled,—
A wild and ceaseless sound."

Again, after the fated ship becomes becalmed—

"Day after day, day after day,
We struck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water every where
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot: O Christ!
That ever this could be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

But the most remarkable instance in this poem, or perhaps in the English language, is the Mariner's exclamation after the death of his crew, when he is left the only breathing thing on board—

"Alone, alone, all, all alone—
Alone on the wide, wide sea!"

What a picture of immensity, of wild and fearful solitariness, deep and settled despair, is conjured up by these two lines; and yet there are only eleven words in them, and of the eleven, one is used four times, two others twice each. Instances, though not to the same extent, might be adduced from nearly all the poets. Shakspeare sometimes uses repetitions almost tediously, as in the badinage between Portia and Bassanio about the ring: sometimes impressively, as in Queen Margaret's advice to Buckingham—

"O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns he bites; and when he bites
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him; beware of him:
Sin, death and hell have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him."

But perhaps no English poet has on the whole, availed himself of the repetition of words with the same closeness, frequency, and effect as Coleridge.

A R O G U E O U T W I T T E D.

"Talking about roguery, there was a curious incident occurred some time back, in which a rascal was completely outwitted. A bachelor gentleman, who was a very superior draftsman and caricaturist was laid up in his apartments with the gout in both feet. He could not move, but sat in an easy chair, and was wheeled in and out of his chair to the sitting room. A well known vagabond, ascertaining the fact, watched till the servant was sent upon a message. The area door, communicated with the kitchen. Down went the vagabond, entered the kitchen, walked up stairs where as he expected, he found the gentleman quite alone and helpless. 'I am sorry to see you in such a situation,' said the rogue; 'you cannot move and the servant is out.' The gentleman started. 'It is excessively careless of you to leave yourself so exposed; for, behold the consequences, I take the liberty of removing this watch and seals off the table and putting them into my own pocket, and as I perceive your keys are here; I shall unlock these drawers, and see what suits my purpose.' 'Pray help yourself,' replied the gentleman—who was aware that he could do nothing to prevent him. The rogue did so accordingly: he found the plate in the side board, and many other things that suited him, and in ten minutes having made up his bundle, he made the gentleman a low low and decamped. But the gentleman had the use of his hands, and had not been idle—he had taken an exact likeness of the thief with his pencil, and on his servant returning, soon after, he despatched him immediately to Bow street, with the drawing and account of what had happened. The likeness was so good, that the man was immediately identified by the runners, and was captured before he had time to dispose of a single article. He was brought to the gentleman two hours afterwards, identified, the property found on him sworn to, and in six weeks was on his way to Botany Bay.—*Captain Marryat.*

THE EGYPTIAN INSPECTOR OF WEIGHTS.

A person who was appointed Mohh'tes'ib shortly after my visit to this country (Moos'tuf'a Ka'shif, a Koord) exercised his power in a most brutal manner, clipping men's ears (that is, cutting off the lobe or ear lap,) not only for the most trifling transgression, but often for no offence whatever. He once met an old man driving along several asses laden with water melons, and, pointing to one of the largest of these fruits, asked its price. The old man put his finger and thumb to his ear lap, and said, 'Cut it, sir.' He was asked again and again, and gave the same answer. The Mohh'tes'ib, angry, but unable to refrain from laughing, said, 'Fellow, are you mad or deaf?' 'No,' replied the old man, 'I am neither mad nor deaf; but I know that, if I were to say the price of the melon is ten fud'dahs, you would say 'Clip his ear;' and if I said five fud'dahs, or one fr'dah, you would say, 'Clip his ear;' therefore, clip at once, and let me pass on.' His humour saved him. Clipping ears was the usual punishment inflicted by this Mohh'tes'ib; but sometimes he tortured in a different manner. A butcher, who had sold some meat wanting two ounces of its due weight, he punished by cutting off two ounces of flesh from his back. A seller of koonah'feh (a kind of paste resembling vermicelli) having made his customers pay a trifle more than was just, he caused him to be stripped, and seated upon the round copper tray on which the koonah'feh was baked, and kept so till he was dreadfully burned. He generally punished dishonest butchers by putting a hook through their nose and hanging a piece of meat to it. Meeting one day a man carrying a large crate full of earthen water-bottles from Semennoo'd which he offered for sale as made at Ckin'e, he caused his attendants to break each bottle separately against the vender's head. Moostuf'a Ka'shif also exercised his tyranny in other cases than those which properly fell under his jurisdiction. He once took a fancy to send one of his horses to a bath, and desired the keeper of a bath in his neighbourhood to prepare for receiving it, and to wash it well, and make its coat very smooth. The bath-keeper, annoyed at so extraordinary a command, ventured to suggest that, as the pavements of the bath were of marble, the horse might slip and fall, and also that it might take cold on going out; and that it would, therefore, be better for him to convey to the stable the contents of the cistern of the bath in buckets, and there to perform the operation. Moos'tuf'a Ka'shif said, 'I see how it is; you do not like that my horse should go into your bath.' He desired some of his servants to throw him down, and beat him with staves until he should tell them to stop. They did so; and beat the poor man till he died.

A few years ago there used to be carried before the Mohh'tes'ib, when going his rounds to examine the weights and measures, &c., a pair of scales larger than that used at present. Its beam, it is said, was a hollow tube, containing some quicksilver; by means of which, the bearer, knowing those persons who had bribed his master, and those who had not, easily made either scale preponderate.—*Lane's Manners of the Egyptians.*

PICTURES, A JUSTIFIABLE LUXURY.—A man lays out a thousand, nay sometimes several thousand pounds, in purchasing a fine picture. This is thought by the vulgar a very fantastical folly and unaccountable waste of money. Why so? No one would give such a sum for a picture unless there were others ready to offer nearly the same sum, and who are likely to appreciate its value and envy him the distinction. It is then a sign of taste, a proof of wealth, to possess it; it is an ornament and a luxury. If the same person lays out the same sum of money in building or purchasing a fine house, or enriching it with costly furniture, no notice is taken. This is supposed to be perfectly natural and in order. Yet both are equally gratuitous pieces of extravagance, and the value of the objects is in either case equally ideal. It will be asked, 'but what is the use of the picture?' And pray what is the use of the fine house or costly furniture, unless to be looked at, to be admired, and to display the taste and magnificence of the owner? Are not pictures and statues as much furniture as gold plate or jasper tables; or does the circumstance of the former having a meaning in them and appealing to the imagination as well as to the senses, neutralize their virtue, and render it entirely chimerical and visionary? It is true every one must have a house of some kind, furnished somehow, and the superfluous so far grows imperceptibly out of the necessary. But a fine house, fine furniture, is necessary to no man, nor of more value than the plainest, except as a matter of taste, of fancy, of luxury, and ostentation.—*Hazlitt's Literary Remains.*

MERITS OF THE VIOLIN.—With the insinuation that peculiarly belongs to it, this instrument has shown itself capable of being 'all things to all men.' The most varied and opposite emotions lie within its reach. It can

'Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,'

in the most plebeian jig, or summon feelings of the most refined tenderness, to do honour to an adagio from the mind and hand of a Sphor. It is at once the type of rustic gaiety

and the exponent of aristocratic taste. Peasants have delighted to grasp it in the rough embrace of their horny hands; and princes have gladly become the associates of an orchestra, to exhale in its speaking tones the music within their souls. Painters have made it figure with high credit on their canvass; and have even, as we see in Raphael and others before him, consigned to the hand of angels 'its form and pressure.'—*Dubourg on the Violin.*

POISONOUS FISHES.—Oysters have been known to produce various accidents; and, when they were of a green colour, it has been supposed that this peculiarity was also due to copper banks. This is an absurdity; the green tinge is as natural to some varieties as to the *esox belone*, whose bones are invariably of the same hue as verdigris. Muscles frequently occasion feverish symptoms attended with a red, and sometimes a copper-coloured efflorescence over the whole body. These accidents appear to arise from some peculiar circumstances. In Boulogne, I attended the family of Sir James Grant; when all the children who had eaten muscles were labouring under this affection, while not another instance of it was observed in the place. In the Bahama Islands, I witnessed a fatal case in a young girl who had eaten crabs; she was the only sufferer, although every individual in the family had shared the meal. The idea of the testaceous mollusca avoiding copper-bottomed vessels, while they are found in abundance on those that are not sheathed, is absurd; this circumstance can be easily explained by the greater facility these creatures find in adhering to wood. There is every reason to believe that the supposed poisonous oysters found adhering to the coppered bottom of a ship in the Virgin Isles, and the occasional accidents amongst the men that ate them, were only so in the observer's imagination, and that part of the ship's company were affected by some other causes. Another report, equally absurd, was that of the fish having gradually quit the Thames and Medway since coppering ships' bottoms has been introduced! The following may be considered the fish that should be avoided:

The Spanish mackerel,	<i>Scomber caeruleo-argenteus.</i>
The yellow-billed sprat,	<i>Clupea thrissa.</i>
The baracuta,	<i>Esox baracuta.</i>
Grey snapper,	<i>Coracinus fuscua.</i>
The porgie,	<i>Sparus chrysops.</i>
The king-fish,	<i>Scomber maximus.</i>
The hyne,	<i>Coracinus minor.</i>
Bottle-nosed cavallo,	<i>Scomber.</i>
Old wife,	<i>Balistes monoceros.</i>
Conger-eel,	<i>Muraena major.</i>
Sword-fish,	<i>Xiphias gladius.</i>
Smooth bottle-fish,	<i>Ostracion globellum.</i>
Rock-fish,	<i>Perca marina.</i>

I have known accidents arise from the use of the dolphin on the high seas; and, while I was in the West Indies, a melancholy instance of the kind occurred, when the captain, mate, and three seamen of a trading vessel died from the poison; a passenger, his wife, and a boy were the only survivors, and were fortunately picked up in the unmanageable vessel.—*Curiosities of Medical Experience by Dr. Millingen.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837.

JULY PACKET.—Her Majesty's Packet Nightingale arrived here on Thursday morning, bringing London dates of the 6th of July. The news are not so important as was expected. The policy of the Queen's government will doubtless be materially effected by the ensuing general election—in the meantime, all parties are in the field, hoping to ensure a majority of members on their side. The following items of intelligence we have gathered from our file of London Newspapers—

GENEROSITY OF THE LATE KING.—The Windsor correspondent of the *Times* gives the following well-told version of a well-known instance of the late King's generosity:—It was my fortune many years ago to be present in the House of Lords during the time when the present intrepid Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench was, as Solicitor-General to Queen Caroline, making his speech in her defence. His late Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, was seated at the end of the gallery erected for the occasion on the right side of the throne in the House of Lords. Mr. Denman was summing up the charges which had been made against her Majesty, when he as well as many other persons below the bar heard the Duke of Clarence, who was conversing, I think, with Lord Falmouth, utter a charge against her Majesty far more atrocious than any on those on which the Bill of Pains and Penalties was justified. Mr. Denman suddenly stopped short, and then exalting his voice, and looking at the

place where his Royal Highness was seated, exclaimed—'If there be any worse charges than these, which are insinuated against her Majesty, let them be made in public, not whispered in private. If there be any man who now hears me, and makes such charges, to that man I say'—and his finger almost fell on the Duke of Clarence as he said it—'Come forth, thou slanderer.' The sensation created in the House of Lords by the last four words and by the pointed gesture which accompanied them, I shall never forget. I believe that there was a call of 'order;' but I am sure that no interruption was given to the orator. Here then was cause of offence, grave and serious, personal as well as political. Did the Duke of Clarence, when raised to the throne, seek to revenge the insult, as he might deem it, which the intrepid advocate had cast on him in the necessary discharge of his duty? Quite the reverse. He told Sir T. Denman, shortly after his appointment to the office of Solicitor-General under Lord Grey's Administration, that he only honoured him the more for the resolution and courage with which he had performed his arduous duty. I had the satisfaction of hearing Sir T. Denman make a declaration to that effect in the House of Commons in a very brief but eloquent and touching speech. And an additional proof that his Majesty felt towards Lord Denman the sentiments of respect which he expressed, was subsequently given by his elevating him to the peerage after he had been raised to his present eminent judicial situation.

THE COURT.—The Queen did not quit Kensington on Wednesday. Her Majesty received the Sheriff of London, and appointed the 12th of July for the reception of the address. All the city parishes, most provincial towns, and nearly all the counties, have prepared addresses to her Majesty. The Duke of Elchingen and General Baudrand, deputed by the King of the French to congratulate her Majesty on her accession to the throne, were introduced to the Queen, at Kensington, on Thursday, by Count Sebastiani. Dr. Stanley did homage for his see of Norwich. The Queen gave audience to Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. The Duchess of Sutherland and Colonel Cavendish attended her Majesty.—On Sunday, the chapel at Kensington Palace was crowded, but neither the Queen nor any member of the Royal Family was present, her Majesty having had service performed in her apartments by the Dean of Chester. The Queen took a drive as far as Finchley, on Sunday evening, between five and seven o'clock, and also on Monday and yesterday evenings, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent.

The Queen has signified her intention of taking up her residence in Buckingham Palace in about a fortnight. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent will occupy apartments in that Palace at the same time with her Majesty.

ALTERATION IN THE ROYAL ARMS.—The Royal Arms of England will vary much from those worn by her Majesty's five predecessors. The Sovereign being a female, they will be borne on a lozenge instead of a shield, and the imperial crest of a lion surmounting the crown will be discontinued, as will also the escutcheon of Prentence bearing the arms of Hanover surmounted by the crown of that kingdom. The arms will in future consist of the four grand quarters only—namely, England in the first and fourth, and Scotland and Ireland in the second and third quarters.

During the recent proclamation of the Queen at St. James's Palace, Mr. O'Connell was in the front rank of spectators, and exerted his stentorian lungs, when her Majesty came to the Balcony, with such effect as to attract universal attention.

The accession of a very young female to the throne of this country is an event unprecedented in the history of the kingdom. Indeed, without regard to sex, the youthful Princess assumes the full regal power at an earlier age than any of her predecessors. The previous instances of young princes ascending to the exalted station of an English Monarch have been in the cases of minors, which have consequently required the interposition of regencies. Henry III., Richard II., Henry VI., Edward V., and Edward VI. were all minors, and a regency, that fruitful cause of intrigue and evil ambition, was required under each. All the other Sovereigns of England had, at least passed the ordinary nonage of 21 years before they wore the crown.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.—In pursuance of a resolution passed by a numerous body of Westminster electors, a deputation, consisting of Joseph Brown, Esq. John Thurston, Esq., and the chairman, Gilbert Pouncey, Esq. waited on Lord John Russell on Friday morning to request his lordship to become a candidate for the representation of Westminster. The deputation was very cordially received; but we understand his lordship declined the honour, as two candidates in the Reform interest have announced themselves—namely, General Evans and Mr. Leader.—*Chronicle.*

Sir Francis Burdett has by public advertisement announced his intention to retire from the representation of Westminster:—"A fresh and more violent attack of the painful disease which has of late so incessantly afflicted me (he says), having in consequence of a slight accident recurred, feelingly convinces me of the absolute necessity of resigning into your hands the important and honourable trust to which you were recently pleased to re-elect me. I take this step less reluctantly, as being fully aware how unequal I should henceforward prove to the fulfilment of the duties justly expected from your representative."—He concludes by a high eulogium on Sir George Murray, whom he wishes to be his successor.

The King's Will.—His Majesty bequeaths to each of his sons and daughters 2,000l; a small sum, perhaps, had not the King been in the habit of dividing, from year to year his amount of savings among his offspring. The sum of 40,000l, to be received in virtue of a policy of life insurance, is left to the trustees, the interest to be paid annually in equal shares among his children.

TRADE.—The reports from the manufacturing districts are more cheering. Although there is not a very great improvement in the demand, yet prices are firmer, and goods more saleable.

THE BANK.—The statement of the quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England from 4th April to 27th June, is given in Friday night's Gazette, as follows.—

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Circulation . . .	£18,202,000	Securities	£26,932,000
Deposits	10,424,000	Bullion	4,750,000
	£28,626,000		£31,682,000

On a comparison of the above with the last return, it appears that the circulation has been diminished by 217,000l; the Deposits increased by 2,000l; the Securities diminished by 640,000l; and the Bullion increased by 327,000l.

The Duke of Cumberland, now King of Hanover, is likewise Chancellor of Dublin University; and a warm discussion is now going on, whether his Majesty can retain that situation consistently with the adjuration oath:—"No foreign princes, prelate, or potentate hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power or authority, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within this realm."

THE CROPS.—The accounts from all parts of the Kingdom concur in stating that the prospects of the harvest are of the most encouraging description.

Meetings for the purpose of loyally and dutifully addressing the Queen, have been held at Manchester and other large towns.

In a very full convocation, at Oxford, holden on Wednesday last, it was unanimously agreed to present, by a deputation, to her Majesty, our most Gracious Queen, a dutiful and loyal address of condolence on the decease of our late beloved Sovereign, and of congratulation on her Majesty's Accession to the throne of her ancestors. And in the same convocation it was also unanimously agreed that a respectful address of condolence be presented to her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

THE RECENT EXPLOSION.—We learn from the *Hull Packet* that, on Sunday week, another person died from injuries received in consequence of the explosion of the steam boiler of the Union. His name was John Wilkinson 40 years of age, from Chesterfield. The jury returned another verdict of manslaughter against Gamble, the engineer.

The splendid new steam ship, Victoria, lately launched at Hull, in the presence of 20,000 persons, is said to be one of the largest steam-vessels ever launched in England. Her length over all is 205 feet; her breadth within the paddle-boxes 30 feet; burden 816 ton measurement. She is to be propelled by two engines of 200 horse power, and has four circular boilers.

SPAIN.—A communication from the Carlist army was received at Toulouse on the 28th ult. Don Carlos quitted Solsona on the morning of the 19th, passed the night at Soria, and halted the next day at San Fructuos. On the 21st he entered the important position. Don Carlos places himself between the Baron de Meer, who is at Corvera, and Barcelona, and cuts off all communication between the Commander-in-Chief and the capital at Catalonia. According to more recent accounts, the Carlists were under the walls of Barcelona, with the Baron de Meer, in the immediate neighbourhood, and an action was daily expected.

Letters from St. Sebastian give us a deplorable idea of what is going forward at that fortress: their date is of the 25th. Neither money nor means of transport were forthcoming to convey the legion away from the scene of de-

gradation and folly. Internal dissensions were doing that for the legionaries which the Carlists had failed to accomplish; for the letters are filled with details of riot, imprisonments, and violence. General O'Connell, it was said, had pledged himself if the arrears were not forthcoming on the 30th of June to throw up his command.

FREE PORTS.—We understand that the privileges of Free Ports are to extend to Newcastle, Chatham and Douglstown, and that instructions have been received for the removal of the Custom House to the Town of Chatham.—*Miramichi Gleaner.*

The passengers by the American ship Panther have been allowed to land, and collections have been made in the different places of worship for their relief.—*Jour.*

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hetherington, Capt. Benjamin Donne, of the brig Granville, to Miss Letitia, eldest daughter of Capt. H. Harrington, of Yarmouth.

DIED.

At Preston, on Saturday, in the 25th year of his age, Mr. Richard Grant.

In the Poor's Assylum, Henry Richardson, aged 20 years, a native of Ireland. Also, on Friday last, in the 72nd year of her age, Jane, relict of the late Capt. John Cuthbertson, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town. Funeral to take place on Sunday at 1 o'clock, from the Poor House.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AT HALIFAX.—Saturday, August 12.—H. M. Ship Vestal, Com. Jones, Quebec; schr. Edward & Sarah, Labrador, to Fairbanks & McNab.

Sunday, Aug. 13.—Schr. Seaflower, Arichat. Acadian Lass, Canso. Springfield, Sydney; Loyal William, Fauvell, St. Thomas, 20 days, to D. & E. Starr & co.

Monday, August 14.—Schr. Irene, Doane, St. John's N.F., 12 days, to S. Binney. North America, Beers, Quebec, 12 days, to A. Morrison and S. Binney.

Tuesday, August 15.—Schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 2 days, from the wreck of the brig Rob Logic.

Thursday, August 16.—Brig Fanny, Brown, St. L. 16 days, to A. Black. His M. Packet Brig Nightingale, Lieut. Fortescue, Falmouth, 30 days; Mail Boat Velocity, Healy, Bermuda, 10 days. H. M. B. Serpent, Com. Warren, Bermuda. Brigs Nancy, Bichan, Kingston. William, Lewis, P. E. Island. schrs. Concord, Canso. Elizabeth, Lingan.

Friday, August 13.—Brig Planet, Dumaresque, St. Vincent. brig Reindeer, Morrison, Trinidad. schr. Planet, Williams, Falmouth. Brig Hippolite, Feraan, Port Antonio. Schrs. Catharine, McNeil, Trinidad. Nancy, Barrington, and Nancy, Sydney.

H. M. Brig Ring Dove, Nixon, 25th June from England.

CLEARANCES.

AT HALIFAX.—Friday, August 12.—Brig Elizabeth, Billingsby, Gulf of Mexico; schr. Margaret, George, St. John's N.F., by Frith, Smith & Co. brig Phoenix, Gage, Richibucto; Victory, Banks, Boston, by T. & L. Piers & Co. brig Cordelia, Jones, Boston, by the master; Transit, Williams, West Indies, by J. & M. Tobin; schr. Placide, Harrison, do. by W. Pryor & sons; Yarnmouth Packet, Tooker, St. John, N. B. by W. M. Allan & others; Mary Ann, Vincent, Newild, by Archbold & Wilkie. 14th—schr. Union, Reynolds, St. Andrews N. B. by S. Biney and H. Lyle; brig Condor, Judd, Kingston, Jam., by J. & T. Williamson. 15th. schr. Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. by H. Mignowitz, G. C. Whidden. A. Keith, and others. 17th, Ship Edmund, Sirang, Quebec. Brig Rob Roy, Smith, B. W. Indies.

CARD.

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

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

SALES at AUCTION.

BY **W. M. ALLAN**,

On Wednesday 23rd instant, at 11 o'clock, at the Residence of Commodore Sir Thomas Usher, in the Naval Yard.

HIS Household Furniture, Wines, Horses, Carriages, &c. &c. among which are—a superior grand Piano Forte, mahogany Dining Tables, Rose Wood, Round and Card Tables, elegant Brussels and Turkey Carpets and Rugs, Rosewood and Mahogany Chairs, elegant London made Sofas, Easy Chairs and Ottomans, &c. &c. Dinner and Breakfast Sets of China, a great variety of Cut Glass, Ivory handled Knives and Forks, Superior Hall and Table Lamps, Kitchen Utensils, &c. &c.

Some very superior Champagne, Hock, Claret, Madeira, Sherry, and Bucellas WINES, old rum and London Brown Stout, a pair of superior Carriage Horses, and a first rate Mare, accustomed to carry a Lady; an excellent London built Close Carriage, a Family Waggon by O'Brien, Close Sleigh, with lamps, &c. complete, English made Harness and Saddlery, Stable Furniture, &c.

The Catalogues will be prepared, and the articles may be viewed the day previous to the Sale. August 18

Evening Sales by Auction,

AT **R. D. CLARKE'S AUCTION WAREROOMS,**

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

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

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

In the Press,

And shortly to be Published in a convenient form for the pocket—16mo. Price 2s. neatly bound in silk,

SACRAMENTAL EXERCISES, chiefly in the language of Holy Scripture. Intended to furnish the Christian Communicant with a profitable spiritual exercise during the period of the dispensation, of the Divine Ordinance. BY **W. F. TEULON.** Aug. 18.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH SEED STORE.

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

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

E. BROWN, Agent.
Brunswick St. August 12. 4w.

LUMBER AND SHINGLES.

THE Subscriber has for sale at his wharf, in Upper Water Street, 100 M. feet best pine LUMBER. Also, 400 M. best prime Miramichi SHINGLES, previously advertised. **ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.** August 5, 1837—4w.

HENRY G. HILL, Builder and Draughtsman.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has discontinued the Cabinet business, and intends to devote his time exclusively to **PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.**

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

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

WANTS SITUATIONS,

A PERSON, as Gardener and Steward and useful man about house, well recommended,—also 2 Grooms,—Also a General Servant, could act as Butler, &c.—The above persons are late from Ireland. Apply at this office. August 4.

ACCOUNT OF A MAN BURIED ALIVE.—I witnessed a singular circumstance at Jaisalmer. A man who had been buried a month on the bank of a tank near our camp was dug out alive in the presence of Esur Lul, one of the Ministers of the Muhur wul of Jaisalmer, on whose account this singular incident was voluntarily interred a month ago. He is a youngish man, about thirty years of age, and his native village is within five kos of kurnaul; but he generally travels about the country to Amjeer, Kotah, Eder, etc., and allows himself to be buried for weeks and months, by any person who will pay him handsomely for the same. The man is said, by long practice, to have acquired the art of holding his breath by shutting the mouth and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with the tongue, he is sewn up in a bag of cloth, and the cell is lined with masonry, floored with cloth, that the wild ants and other insects may not easily be able to molest him. The place in which he was buried at Jaisalmer is a small building about twelve feet by eight feet, built of stone; and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and a half feet wide, and the same in depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in his shroud, with his feet turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands pointed inwards towards the chest. At the expiration of a full month, that is to say, this morning, the walling up of the door was broken, and the buried man dug out of the grave. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together, that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument, to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered the use of his senses, and the use of his limbs; and when we went to see him was sitting up, supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low gentle tone of voice, saying that we might bury him again a twelve month if we pleased. He told Major Spiers, of Ajmeer, of his powers, and was laughed at as an impostor; but Cornet Macnaughton put his abstinence to the test at Hokur, by suspending him for 13 days, shut up in a wooden chest, which he says is better than being buried under ground.—*Correspondent of the East India Magazine.*

"AND THE SENTINEL CATS SIT THEIR WATCH."
—The transactions of the Horticultural Society state that Robert Brook, Esq. of Milton Lodge, near Woodbridge, (Eng.) has four or five cats, each with a collar, and light chain and swivel, about a yard long, with a large iron ring at the end. As soon as the gooseberries, currants, and raspberries begin to ripen, a small stake is driven into the ground, or bed, near the trees to be protected, leaving about a yard and a half of the stake above ground; the ring is slipped over the head of the stake, and the cat, thus tethered in sight of the trees, no birds will approach them. Cherry-trees and wall-fruit trees are protected in the same manner as they successively ripen. Each cat, by way of a shed, has one of the largest sized flower-pots laid on its side, within reach of its chain, with a little hay or straw in bad weather, and her food and water placed near her. In confirmation of the above statement it may be added, that a wall of vines, between two and three hundred yards long, in the nursery of Mr. Kirke, at Brompton, the fruit of which, in all previous seasons, had been very much injured by birds, was, in 1831, completely protected in consequence of a cat having voluntarily posted himself sentry upon it.

PRAIRIE SCENES.—I never saw isolation, (not desolation) to compare with the situation of a settler on a wide prairie. A single house in the middle of Salisbury plain would be desolate. A single house on a prairie has clumps of trees near it, rich fields about it; and flowers, strawberries, and running water at hand. But when I saw a settler's child tripping out of home-bounds, I had a feeling that it never would get back again. It looked like putting out into Lake Michigan in a canoe. The soil round the dwellings is very rich. It makes no dust, it is so entirely vegetable. It requires merely to be once turned over to produce largely; and, at present, it appears to be inexhaustible. As we proceeded, the scenery became more and more like what all travellers compare it to, a boundless English park. The grass was wilder, the occasional footpath not so trim, and the single trees less majestick; but no park ever displayed anything equal to the grouping of the trees, within the windings of the blue, brimming river Aux Plaines.—*Miss Martineau.*

PATENT MEDICINE.—The ministers of Hygeia throughout the Union, are likely to have the wind taken out of their sails by a distinguished professor of the healing art, who diffuses his manifestoes through the medium of the Union Times, a little newspaper published at Berlin, in Pennsylvania. His great medicine, the *KAJEEB BRJWIN*, or *Grand Imperial Renovator*, comprises none of the numerous preparations of mercury, or other poisonous compounds, but is described as "mild and pleasant in its nature and operation, being compounded of a vegetable accidentally found by a Baratarian lunatic, in a lucid

interval, while searching for bird's nests in a mangrove swamp, and thus providentially brought into notice, for the benefit of an afflicted world." In order to show the estimation in which it is held, a few of the briefest of the certificates to the illustrious perfecter of the system are subjoined to the advertisement from which we copy the following accounts of remarkable cures.

"DEAR DOCTOR—I was stone blind for sixteen years, and tried the Thompsonian medicines, from numbers one to twenty, and got worse—of course. Bought a bottle of your invaluable medicine, and by merely looking in it, was restored to sight immediately.—Your grateful friend, *Laputa, November, 5, 1835.* JAMES STONE."

"MY DEAR VON HUMBURG.—Some ten years since, I was so unfortunate as to catch the '*mania-a-potu*,' which united with that worst of contagions, the '*Brand-reth-phobia*,' continued to delude my system in an extraordinary degree. From the combined effects of these two epidemics, I have been in the Insane Hospital forty-nine times. Cured by my wife shouting six times in my ear, '*kajeeb brjwin*!' A. C. DEWBERRY, M.D.
Philadelphia, January 9, 1837.

[Translation.]

Caffraria, July 25, 1829.

"DEAR DOCTOR.—About twenty years ago I had my shoulder dislocated by a stroke from a lion, and with all the exertions of all our doctors, I could not get it reduced, Though I took the hygeian medicines, I suffered, extremely until within a year. I bought the '*kajeeb brjwin*,' and was immediately cured by rubbing the contents of one bottle on the end of my nose.—Gratefully yours, etc. JAMES GULL."

Newlin, May 20, 1835.

"Sir,—I was taken with a violent attack of the bilious fever. The canker collected on my stomach in prodigious quantities. I took lobelia under a Thomsonian, until I threw up everything but my boots and spurs. I was so low that I had the death-rattle in my throat, and the death-dew on my brow, for six weeks. Cured by reading the directions enveloping the bottle. Your medicine is invaluable. WILLIAM THROGMORTON."

[Translation.]

Chamanni, May 29, 1830.

"ILLUSTRIOUS SIR—Hunting last fall, I was buried by an avalanche—frozen stiff—dug out by neighbours this spring—thawed by two bottles.

"PIERRE JEAN JACQUES."

Wilmington, August 21, 1827.

"DEAR BARON—I was blown up by the explosion of a powder-mill a short time ago, when happening to remember that I had some of your '*kajeeb brjwin*,' I took but one drink, and came down as light as a feather. Your friend, JAMES AIRY."

"MY DEAR SIR—For twenty years I was deaf as a post. Nothing gave me relief. Bought your medicine—smelt the cork, and was as sound as a trout in a minute.—Ever yours, FREDERICK VON STRETCHER."
Barataria, February, 18, 1827.

Lyons, February 18, 1831.

"MON CHER DOCTEUR.—I was in one scrape—sacre—terrible. I was engaged to play at de concert—de compagnie was assemble—de maire was dere, et tout de nobilite. When tuning my violin—de parbleu—de strings ecraser—break, and ne plus—no more good in de city. What I do. I rub one leetle of your '*kajeeb brjwin*,' on de dos—back of my scedle, when de strings grow out surprising long, and I jouer bien, and save my credit.—Mille graces a votre medicine. PIERRE FRANCOIS."

These are but a few of the seven hundred and ninety-one thousand, seven hundred and sixty-nine certificates, which, in the month of March, 1837, had already been filed; yet they will give some faint idea of the universal usefulness of the "*Kajeeb Brjwin*, or *Grand Imperial Vegetable Renovator*;" and doctor Von Humburg only asks of the skeptical to give him a call and try for themselves.

N. B. Doctor Jansen Von Humburg is the sole agent for this county; and all the "*Kajeeb Brjwin*" offered by Thomsonian doctors, or anybody else, is worthless and spurious.—*N. Y. Mir.*

CARD.

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

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

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

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, Burgandy, Hock: Santerne, Vin-de-Grave, Blackburn's and others sup. Madeira, Fine old Brown, and pale Sherries, fine old Port, Marsala, Teneriffe, Bucellas, Muscatel and Malaga } WINES.

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

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy. Curacao and Marechino.

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

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

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

MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL ACADEMY.

THOMAS BURTON,

BEGS leave to notify to his friends and the public, that he has opened an Academy in

Brunswick-Street, opposite the New Methodist Chapel, where he intends instructing youth of both sexes, in the following branches of education, viz. Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, generally. Likewise, Maritime and Land Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the Italian and modern methods of Book-keeping by double entry. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and advancement of such pupils as may be committed to his care. July 8.

C. H. BELCHER.

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER, OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX.

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

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

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

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

PRINTING INK, in Kegs. June 17, 1837.

REMOVED.

THE SUBSCRIBER

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

IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE.

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

LOWES & CREIGHTON, Grocers, &c.

Corner of Granville and Buckingham Streets. June 8, 1837.

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

TERMS.—Fifteen Shillings per annum—in all cases one half to be paid in advance. No subscription taken for less than six months.