

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE PEARL.

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1887.

No. 18.

SUMMER'S GONE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Hark! through the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!
There, when my bruised heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footsteps stealeth,
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen,
And sadly my wrong thoughts ponder,
On what hath been.
Summer's gone!

There, in our own green bowers
Long ago,
Our path through the tangled flowers
Threading slow;
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We've watched in its crimson shining
The sunset glow.
Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth,
Thou art gone.
Summer's gone!

Still on my worn cheek playeth
The restless breeze;
Still in its freshness strayeth
Between the trees.
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease;
But who shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recall thy greetings—
Loved in vain!
Summer's gone!

SCOTTISH RURAL COURTSHIP.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come-na unless the back-yett be a-je;—
Synce up the back-stile, and let me body see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.—BURNS.

In no country whatever is the great and engrossing business of courtship conducted in so romantic a manner as among the rural people of Scotland. Excepting among the higher classes, who have time entirely at their own disposal, night is the season in which "lovers breathe their vows," and in which their sweethearts "hear them." Let the night be "ne'er so wild," and the swain "ne'er so weary," if he has an engagement upon his hands, he will perform it at all hazards; he will climb mountains, leap burns, or wade rivers, not only with indifference, but with enthusiasm; and, wrapt in his plaid, he will set at nought the fury of the elements or the wrath of rivals. The poetry of our bards is full of allusions to this custom of immemorial origin. Burns, in particular, has delighted to sing of the meetings of wooers and wooed at the "gloaming," or twilight, and the season of darker night. His song of "The Lea-Rig" will readily recur to recollection:—

Although the night were ne'er sae wet,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary, O.

And, also, his fully more tender strains of "My Nanny, O":

But I'll tak my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nanny, O.

I have known several instances of young men, who toiled all day at the plough, the harrows, the scythe, etc., walking fifteen miles to see their sweethearts, after the hour of nine in the evening, and returning in time for their work on the ensuing morn; and this, be it observed, was not done once or twice, but repeatedly—week after week, for several months. Twenty miles of a journey, upon an errand of such a nature, is regarded as a trifle by many a young farmer who has a spare horse to carry him.

During these stolen interviews, if a mutual attachment subsists between the parties, another assignation is always made; and never was oath more religiously kept than is this simple compact, ratified by no other ceremony than a parting kiss, or a tender shake of the hand. Time appears to have laden wings with both, until the hour of meeting again arrives; when the swain sets out anew with alacrity, be it rain, sleet, snow, murky or moonlight. His fair one, true to her trust, has by this time eluded the vigilance of father and mother, of maid or man-servant, and has noiselessly lifted the latch, undrawn the door-bar, or escaped by the window, and awaits him, with fond impatience, at the favourite spot which they have consecrated to their love. He joyfully beholds her in the distance as he approaches, gliding like an apparition from the house, and sauntering about until his arrival; and she, not less attentive to every thing that is stirring, perceives him like a shadow amid the distant dimness, watches him as his figure becomes more distinct, recognises his gait, his air, his every peculiarity, and at last, on the strength of her conviction, runs to throw herself into his arms, and bid him welcome.

In this way courtships are so secretly conducted, that it is frequently never known, excepting among the near friends of the respective parties, that a couple are more than commonly acquainted, until the progenitor, from his seat upon Sunday, publishes the banns of their marriage. People are extremely fond of discussing topics of that nature—of scrupulously weighing the merits of each party in the balance; of dropping oblique hints, and sly insinuations, and of prying, with impertinent curiosity, into motives and conduct—some of them, for the sake of indulging an envious or malevolent disposition, and others from a hope of discovering some flaw or failing which may keep their own in countenance, and save them from the appearance of singularity. For this reason, it is always deemed a most fortunate and happy event should two lovers manage to bring matters to a crisis before the public ears have begun to tingle with a report of their intentions. Then it is only a sudden buzz, which gradually dies from the moment of their marriage, and they are left, with characters unsifted, to pursue their matrimonial course in tranquility.

But perhaps the fair one's charms have been so powerful as to draw around her a crowd of admirers; and in that case, neither the courtship nor the marriage can be accomplished in a corner. The favoured suitor has almost on every occasion to make his way, either by force or by dint of stratagem, to the door, the window, or whatever place he and his love have appointed as the scene of their meeting. She, pestered by crowds of others (who, though void of hope, still continue to prowl about for the purpose of molesting the more fortunate,) can rarely escape from the house, or admit her lover into it, without being seen, and teased with importunities, or taunted with the name of him upon whom she hath set her heart. In this way, some of the most wonderful hits and misses, escapes and seizures, take place at times, that ever were known in the art of manœuvring; and the intuitive quickness with which she can distinguish the true from the false voice

among many that whisper at her window in the course of an evening, almost exceeds credibility.

Such, in nineteen instances out of twenty, is the mode of courtship among the country people in Scotland; and a practice which would be considered monstrous and most improper in town life, is, in the rural districts of the country, a matter of an ordinary and innocent nature.

The following story, founded on fact, is characteristic of this night-wandering spirit among our countrymen:—

In a purely pastoral district of Dumfriesshire, there lived, about ten years ago, a young shepherd, whom, for the sake of particularity, I shall call Robert Thomson. His father rented one of the large sheep farms into which that part of the country is divided, and his son was entrusted with the "looking of the hill," and the care of his several shepherds.

Robert was young, and from the age of seventeen his time had passed joyfully along, under the influence of a first love. The object of his attachment was half a year younger than himself, and a truly beautiful creature. No fabled Sylvia or Delia ever had any right to compare with her for sweetness of temper, a handsome form, dark locks, and darker eyes, and a face which made every other maiden envious who beheld it. Her name also was a sweet one; at least to a Scottish ear—Agnes Hawthorn. She lived at a distance of four miles into what may be called the interior of the pastoral district, where her father rented also a large sheep farm, bounded on the one side by that of Mr. Thomson. Houses are always thinly scattered in a country of that description, but those of farmers in particular; and with the exception of one that intervened about midway betwixt them, Mr. Hawthorn and Mr. Thomson were nearest neighbours to each other. Two high mountains, with a deep valley between, reared themselves in opposition to Robert's nightly visits to his fair one; but he was an adept in the art of surmounting such obstacles, and, aware of the endearments that awaited him beyond them, he valued not the mosses, the streams, or the rocks, that lay in his path, or whether the night was a clear or a gloomy one.

No place can be desert where a beautiful woman resides; and upon this principle, though the houses around the dwelling of Agnes Hawthorn were "few and far between," hardly a night passed over her head on which her dwelling was not beleaguered by a host of wooers. But Robert Thomson was the "apple of her eye." To him alone she would withdraw the curtain of the window, to whisper that her parents were not sleeping sound enough to permit her to unbar the door, or to ask him if no other youth was lurking near, who might discover her exit from, or his entrance into, the house. This was a most necessary precaution, and one which Robert never failed to use upon every visit—always encompassing the house once or twice before he approached the window, and never pattering upon the glass until he had satisfied himself that no human eye was privy to his movements. But men see not, like cats or owls, in the dark; and Robert, with all his vigilance, was one evening so unfortunate as to be discovered by a party of three other shepherds, who, though all come a-wooing for their "ain hand," had clubbed together for the purpose of watching, when they found their several efforts to gain admittance, or even an answer to their entreaties, in vain.

A peat stack, as is common in such places, was built against one of the gables of the house; and upon a daise of it, which was brought a good way down by frequent subtractions for the fire, the watchful triumvirate slyly perched themselves. The colour of the peats and of their clothes happened to be so similar, that discovery was almost impossible, and there had they the pleasure,

or rather the mortification, of seeing their successful rival in a short while make his appearance, and, after completing his customary search, gain admittance at the door. They had no certain knowledge, however, of the person whom they had seen, for a plaid totally concealed him from the crown of the head to the knees. But whosoever he might be, they were resolved for once to turn the sweets of the courtship into bitterness.

No sooner had the door been cautiously closed, and all within sunk into perfect stillness, than the whole three, with a heavy *tramp*, advanced to the window, and wetting the tips of their fingers and rubbing them repeatedly along the glass, kept up a squeaking noise, so loud as to be heard at a considerable distance. The lovers were by this time seated at the parlour table, with a candle burning before them. A large oaken press, displaying on its front the rude carving of former times, stood behind them in a corner, from which the young and innocent Agnes had taken, in the open simplicity of her affection, a new silk handkerchief, on which with nice art, she had sewed the name of her Robert; and this she had just presented to him; and breathed a wish that he would wear it for her sake. Robert had pressed the sweet lips by which the wish was uttered, and was cradling her head upon his breast, and vowing how much, for her sake, he valued the present, when the sound of the spies without interrupted him. "Do you hear that?" said Agnes, starting. "Can it be the tread of men, or do you think it is some of the cattle that lie without?"

"I saw nobody when I came in. It must be some of the cattle." The loud squeaking upon the glass of the window instantly resolved their doubts. "You have been observed," said Agnes, alarmed; "some men were here before you came, and tapped long at the window without my answering them; and they have no doubt been watching, and now mean to be revenged."

"It can only be me that they wish to molest," replied Robert with an encouraging smile; "and," added he, rising and casting his plaid over the left shoulder, and knotting it beneath his right arm, "if I can only get out to the bent, they'll be fleetier than any person I have yet seen, if they catch me."

"Stay," said Agnes, clinging to his arm; "they may cause a stone, or perhaps a shot, to overtake you, if their feet fail them in the chase. And who knows but they may be ready at the door to seize you, the moment it is opened?"

"But then your father and mother will be awakened: and I would rather run the greatest risk without, than be taken by them within."

"I have many a bye corner where I can hide you till all danger is past. Do stay, I beseech you!"

"No, no. The consequences to you might be worse than you are aware of, and I will never seek my own safety at the hazard of yours. I will make my escape in spite of them."

Agnes had no time to reply, for the noise which the fellows were now making without, had already caused a stir in the bed-chamber of her father and mother. "What's a' this din about?" had been twice demanded in a half-sleeping tone by Mr. Hawthorn, and Mrs. Hawthorn was heard to be out of bed, and rumaging about in search of a candle. Robert pressed the hand of his Agnes in silence, and, snatching his thick hazel staff, proceeded to the door which he quietly and quickly opened, and was out upon the hill-side in an instant. The three spies, who expected no such thing, and who were congregated around the window at a short distance from the door, stood for a moment gazing upon one another in astonishment, before they recovered presence of mind to start in pursuit. "He's out! he's out!" was their first exclamation; when away they darted after him, each casting over his shoulder the end of his plaid, and holding his cudgel horizontally by the middle in his right hand. A low hill, with a gentle acclivity, lay before the house of Mr. Hawthorn, over which was the path that Robert every night trod to visit his daughter; and in this direction he now led out his pursuers in his way homewards. He had gained about twenty paces on first starting, and it was evident, as he ascend-

ed the hill, that he was capable of still increasing the distance.

With what joy did Agnes behold him, as she stood trembling in the threshold of the door, stretching away like a deer before his pursuers, and setting their cries and menaces at defiance! The house looked towards the south; the moon had about an hour previous risen opposite to where Agnes was standing, and by her pale cloudless light the anxious maiden was enabled to mark, with considerable precision, the motions and progress of her lover, and of those who followed him. But as they neared the summit of the hill which formed her horizon, the figures of the whole became more indistinct, and their respective distances less discernible. The hill was level for a short breadth on the top; and as Robert, from the moment of his setting foot upon the edge of this table-land, appeared at a distance to be standing while passing over it, Agnes beheld with inexpressible anguish the forms of his three foes emerging in the weather-gleam, and apparently approaching him, until at last the whole group melted away like apparitions beyond the horizon.

"He's caught! he's murdered!" was her first exclamation, as she sprang from the door, and ran with unconscious speed towards the summit of the hill. Her parents were by this time a-foot, with two shepherds and a female servant, who rushed out also on hearing the wild cry of Agnes, whom they fancied to have been in bed. But their surprise, and the bewilderment of mind which people feel on being suddenly roused from profound slumber, prevented them from perceiving the course which the hapless girl had taken, until distance rendered her invisible. Then a sad and unavailing search through and around the premises, was all they could resolve upon.

Agnes, in the meantime, had run, or rather flown, to the opposite side of the hill, at the foot of which lay a deep linn, with a burn leaping along its rocky bottom, at a depth of many fathoms from the edge of the precipices that on either side overflung it. The water was murmuring solemnly through the stillness of the night; the low breeze was sighing plaintively among the hazels and rowan-trees, that waved like spectres beneath the moonbeams over the hideous chasm which their foliage partly concealed; and as, on reaching the summit, no mortal was visible to the eye of Agnes, the impressiveness of the scene hushed at once the tumult of her feelings, and awakened her to a sense of her lonely situation. Her limbs, which but a little before seemed possessed of more than human swiftness, now felt the palsy effects of their late efforts, and her spirit, subdued by apprehension for her lover's fate, and by the awe which crept upon her in the midst of her solitude, completely annihilated her energy. She fainted and sunk upon the hill side, where nearly half an hour passed over her before recollection returned.

"I will search for him in the linn," were the first words she uttered to herself, as she rose from the spot on which she had fallen, and proceeded feebly to execute her purpose. "Surely," said she in a half audible voice, while descending to the bottom of the chasin, by a steep and difficult path which she had chanced to discover—"surely nothing unearthly will harm me in this awful place, since spirits know the errand on which I am come!"

"Nor nothing human either, my dear girl!" said a person at her side in a low voice, who rose up from a crouching position, and caught her in his arms. Agnes shrieked, but the sound was inaudible; for the unknown, anticipating such a result, had thrown a fold of his plaid over her mouth. "For the love of heaven, my angel, be silent!" said the stranger, whispering in her ear, and folding her in a still closer embrace; "do you not know your Robert? I thought my whispering had been more familiar to you. But how, in the name of wonder, have you come here?" This was a question which Agnes was in no capacity to answer; for this discovery had so wrought upon her feelings, that for a long time she lay utterly speechless upon his breast. At length she recovered so far as to be able to articulate, "I came to seek for you. Oh, let us leave this, and return home! I am dying with fatigue and terror."

"We will, shortly, but we are watched at present; and how you have got in here unnoticed, is perfectly miraculous. Do you perceive the point of that rock opposite, which almost overhangs us here on this side of the burn?" "I do," was the reply. "Well," continued Robert, "one of the fellows is perched there, to trace me, if possible, within the linn, for they saw me entering it, and seem to be perfectly aware that I am at no great distance. The other two are stationed above us on this side; and unless we can find some way of getting out either above or below the place where you entered, we must assuredly be taken. We are safe enough so long as we remain here, however, for they know what advantage I have over them should they offer to descend. This pool at our feet should receive the whole three, were they to approach me."

Agnes was convinced of their danger; but from having got in unmolested, she was of opinion that to get out in the same manner was equally possible, and she therefore urged her lover to the undertaking. "I look upon my own danger as of no consequence," was Robert's reply to this entreaty; "indeed, until you appeared I regarded the whole affair as matter of amusement. But now, with my dear Agnes under my protection, the case is altered. I cannot think of placing you in danger, where the odds is so much against me."

"They will not harm a woman," returned she; "and neither shall they you, if prayers and tears have any avail, should we happen to be caught."

"Before you utter prayers or shed tears for me," said Robert proudly, "I shall be past the power of hearing them. Come! for you are in so faint and agitated a state, that there is as much danger in remaining here, as in facing the mean fellows who have shown so much enmity towards me."

With his arm round her waist to support her, he now left his hiding-place, and with some difficulty reached the brow of the linn. "Ho, watch there!" cried the spy from the opposite side, "I see him; he's beside you." A moment's time was not to be lost. Robert placed the fainting Agnes on the ground, and springing forward upon the two fellows as they started from their lair, he with one push precipitated them both over the precipice into the deep pool beneath.

A loud angry exclamation was heard from their companion across the linn, while the loud plunge of the hapless wights half drowned his voice; "you have killed them! Their blood be on your head!"

"I have only ducked them well, as you should also be," replied Robert, in a half-merry and half-angry tone. Then snatching up his Agnes, who was not yet so far recovered as to know what had passed, he made for the top of the hill with all speed. When there, a cry or two brought the whole of Mr. Hawthorn's distressed family around him, to whom, as they proceeded towards the house, he related the whole of the adventure, and frankly avowed his love for the fond and faithful Agnes. The parents were unable to reprove the romantic pair, while rejoicing at the recovery of their daughter; and though Mrs. Hawthorn once or twice endeavoured to knit her brows, and utter something to each of a "serious and weighty nature," she was obliged to content herself with remarking, "Weel, weel, bairns, young folk maun hae their daffin' out; an' if ye like ane anither as ye say, dianna keep your meeting ony langer secret, to be rintin' ye'rael's into ' this pliskies o' this sort agin." Her advice was gratefully received and faithfully followed; and in a few months more Robert had only to remain by his own fireside when he wished to enjoy the company and conversation of his Agnes.—*Dumfries Magazine*.

INNOCENT ENJOYMENTS.—We have no more reason to be ashamed of innocent enjoyments than we are of eating blackberries, because they stain the mouth.

OUR TRUE NOURISHMENT.—We should imitate trees, which draw their nourishment as much from the heaven above as from the earth beneath them.

THE BIBLE.

Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray:
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller's way!

Bread of our souls whereon we feed;
True manna from on high!
Our guide and chart! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky!

Pillar of fire—through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark—
Our anchor and our stay!

Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep!
Beacon! when doubts surround;
Compass! by which our course we keep:
Our deep-sea lead—to sound!

Riches in poverty! Our aid
In every needful hour!
Unshaken rock! the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress—tower!

Our shield and buckler in the fight!
Victory's triumphant palm!
Comfort in grief! in weakness, might!
In sickness—Gilead's balm!

Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope—when we go down to dust—
Of immortality!

Pure oracles of Truth Divine!
Unlike each fabled dream,
Given forth from Delphi's mystic shrine,
Or grove of Academe!

WORD OF THE EVER-LIVING GOD!
WILL OF HIS GLORIOUS SON!
Witho! These how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

RESIGNATION.

The distressed husband sat by the bedside of his dying wife. Summer had paid its annual visit but once since they stood before the holy altar and pledged their mutual faith. Uninterrupted joy had crowned their union. Their passage from the single to the married state had been like the passage of a traveller from the shrubless desert to the land of fruits and vegetation. No unkind words had e'er fallen from their lips—no self-will and obstinacy had e'er been manifested—nothing had occurred to make them regret the step they had taken. They realized the benefits of that institution which the wisdom of God appointed and which all must enjoy, if their ungoverned tempers do not mar it.

Affliction at last inflicted its torturing blow. The tender wife was laid low upon the couch of sickness, and notwithstanding all the efforts of skill to save her, the disease raged with increasing power as if it were the appointed instrument for her removal. The husband seemed to have a presentiment of her decay. He leaned over her, and as he marked the progress of her decline, feeling convulsed his bosom and caused him to weep in all the bitterness of a wounded spirit. 'Twas a fearful thing for him to see her slowly wasting away. Any thing else his heroism could have stood—loss of fortune and health he could have borne; but to behold that eye which had been constant brightness becoming dim—to hear that voice which had never spoken but in love utter it's broken accents, and to feel that hand which had so often returned the warm press of affection, scarcely retaining its heat, it was too much, and he bowed his head and gave vent to the emotions which had burst their bounds. Strange providence which separates the loving and the lovely, and leaves the unhappily connected to pursue their thorny path. But hush, our murmuring hearts;

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

I cannot, I cannot sustain your loss. Oh, Mary, humanity.

is too feeble to bear such a burden. What can reconcile me to it?"

A moment he paused, and then he rose and exclaimed—
"What can reconcile me to it?"

The words died away. As if summoned by them to appear, a strange form stood before him. Its countenance was stern and strongly marked. The softer graces had not written their characters upon it. It spoke, but its voice was unmusical: "Thou wishest assistance in thine hour of trial. I come to bring it. I have left my retreat and hurried to thy aid. My name is Philosophy—my descent is divine, and my work is glorious. I have brought thee the healing herbs from my garden. They are sovereign remedies. They can cure any wound and heal all afflictions. For thy inward health take them and sorrow shall no more weigh down thine eyelids and oppress thy spirit."

The form vanished. The afflicted one hurried to obey its orders. He took of its herbs, but still his woes continued, and in the agony of his grief he cried again, "what can reconcile me to it?"

Another form appeared. It was different from the former. Modesty and amiability sat upon its features—its step was perfect gracefulness, and its voice was music itself. "I come, sufferer, I come to thy relief. Thy heavenly Father has sent me from the courts of light to bind up thy broken heart. I bring thee the balm of Gilead. I bring thee the unfailing consolations of grace. Rest to thee, sufferer, rest thou mayest find on this bosom. Strength thou shalt have in this arm." And as she spoke she presented the cup, and the sufferer took and drank. Calmness was restored, and though he still felt as a man, yet he felt, at the same time, as a Christian. Resignation spread its placid smile over his countenance, and raising his eyes to the heavens, he exclaimed, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."
A. A. L.

ACTS, xviii. 11. "And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux."—To this day the names of the vessels belonging to the ports of Italy and Sicily are almost invariably sacred: and at Messina, or Naples, may be seen the Swift, the Dart, the Enterprize, or the Wellington, from Liverpool, lying beside the Santa Elizabetha, the Santa Maria della Providenza, the Santissimo Core di Jesu, etc., with corresponding figures conspicuous on the prow. At the same time in the cabins of these latter will be found a Madonna or a saint, in wax, wood, or paper, with a lamp suspended before it. In Sicily, the smallest boat which is paddled along shore by a fisherman or porter, would be thought not more ill appointed without an oar, than without a guardian angel for insurance against calamity.—*Blunt's Vestiges.*

JOB, ii. 10. "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh."—In these words it has been supposed that Job refers to the Idumean women, who were accustomed to reproach their gods when displeased with them. Such a practice appears still to prevail among some to whom paganism cannot strictly be imputed. When disappointed by his tutelary saints, an Italian or Sicilian will sometimes proceed so far as to heap reproaches, curses, and even blows, on the wax, wood, or stone, which represents them. The same turbulent gusts of passion displayed themselves in the same way amongst the Romans, who scrupled not to accuse their gods of injustice, and to express their indignation against their faithless protection by the most unequivocal signs. Upon the death of Germanicus, stones were cast by the populace at the temples in Rome, the altars were overturned, and, in some instances, the lares thrown into the streets. And Augustus thought proper to take his revenge upon Neptune for the loss of one of his fleets, by not allowing his image to be carried in procession at the Circensian games which followed.—*See Blunt's Vestiges.*

A delicate mind in a frail body, is a drop of dew in a tender flower-cup, which the least thing can crush or exhaust, and which exhales away before the sun has reached its meridian."—*Jean Paul.*

Selected for the Pearl.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

No. 1.

IMPATIENCE.—I have seen the rays of the sun, or of the moon, dash upon a brazen vessel, whose lips kissed the face of those waters that lodged within its bosom; but being turned back and sent off, with its smooth pretences or rougher waftings, it wandered about the room and beat upon the roof, and still doubled its heat and motion. So is sickness and sorrow entertained by an unquiet and discontented man. Nothing is more unreasonable than to entangle our spirits in wildness and amazements, like a partridge fluttering in a net, which she breaks not, though she break her wings.—*Bishop Taylor.*

PRAYER.—Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a great mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.—*Ibid.*

VICE AND VIRTUE.—He that can apprehend and consider Vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered Virtue, unexercised and rubreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—*Milton.*

Solitude and society may be illustrated by a lake and river. In the one, indeed, we can view the heavens more calmly and distinctly; but we can also see our own image more clearly, and are in danger of the sin of Narcissus; while, in the river, the view both of the heavens and of ourselves is more broken and disturbed; but health and fertility are scattered around.—*Wolfe.*

Passion, when we contemplate it through the medium of imagination, is like a ray of light transmitted through a prism; we can calmly, and with undazzled eye, study its complicate nature, and analyze its variety of tints; but passion brought home to us in its reality, through our own feelings and experience, is like the same ray transmitted through a lens—blinding, burning consuming wherever it falls.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

MERCY.—She comes arrayed in robes of light,
Surrounded with a rainbow bright;
The lightning's flash, and thunders roar,
As she descends, prevail no more.

There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space—a portion of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done and what we have suffered makes us old.—*James.*

WARFARE OF NATURE.—All is warfare. The wave rages round the rocks and the islands, the wind struggles with the waves and with the forest; and in the blue sky worlds contend with worlds; yea, even the soft shining stars are but fierce suns and raging volcanoes. Man alone can, if he will, possess his spirit in peace amid the universal turmoil.

The shroud is to man like the covering used by gardeners to protect their plants from sun and rain—it shuts him out from the storms of adversity, and the fierce glow of passion.

TRUTH AND FICTION.—We should turn as doth the earth, alternately, to the sunlight of truth, and the moonlight of fancy, but not exclusively to either.

Birds of Paradise always fly against the wind, and heavenly-minded souls move against the current.

STANZAS.

Look to the tow'rs of heaven above,
And ask of reason's God,
If peopled by his boundless love
They are by seraphs trod ?
The silver moon that beams on high—
The distant orbs of light—
Dwells there a race that never die,
Angelic, pure, and bright ?

Or was our curse entailed on all
The worlds that round us glow !
Share they with us the mortal thrall :
The pangs of human wo ?
Share they the blessings of His word :
To cheer their lost estate ?
Or darkly live, the voice unheard
Proclaims him good—as great ?

Oh surely not for us alone,
These brilliants of the sky !
A waste of fire, each glitt'ring zone
That fills the raptur'd eye !
Or mortal frail, or seraph fair,
With beauty's radiance crowned ;
Rejoicing hymn His praises there,
Who shed such glory round.

A MADMAN'S MANUSCRIPT.

By Boz.

"Yes! a madman's? How that word would have struck to my heart many years ago! How it would have roused the terror that used to come upon me sometimes, sending the blood hissing and tingling my skin, and my knees knocking together with fright! I like it now, though. It's a fine name. Show me the monarch whose angry frown was feared like the glare of a madman's eye; whose cord and axe were ever half so sure as a madman's gripe. Ho! ho! It's a grand thing to be mad! to be peeped at like a wild lion through the iron bars; to gnash one's teeth and howl, through the long, still night, to the merry ring of a heavy chain; and to roll and twine among the straw, transported with such brave music. Hurrah for the mad-house! Oh, it's a rare place!

"I remember days when I was afraid of being mad; when I used to start from my sleep, and fall upon my knees, and pray to be spared from the curse of my race; when I rushed from the sight of merriment or happiness, to hide myself in some lonely place, and spend the weary hours in watching the progress of the fever that was to consume my brain. I knew that madness was mixed up with my very blood, and the marrow of my bones; that one generation had passed away without the pestilence appearing among them, and that I was the first in whom it would revive. I knew it *must* be so; that so it always had been, and so it ever would be; and when I cowered in some obscure corner of a crowded room, and saw men whisper, and point, and turn their eyes toward me, I knew they were telling each other of the doomed madman.

"I did this for years; long, long years they were. The nights here are long sometimes—very long; but they are nothing to the restless nights and dreadful dreams I had at that time. It makes me cold to remember them. Large dark forms, with sly and jeering faces, crouched in the corners of the room, and bent over my bed at night, tempting me to madness. They told me in low whispers, that the floor in the old house in which my father died, was stained with his own blood, shed by his own hand in raging madness. I drove my fingers into my ears, but they screamed into my head till the room rang with it, that in one generation before him the madness slumbered, but that his grandfather had lived for years with his hands fettered to the ground to prevent his tearing himself to pieces. I knew they told the truth—I knew it well. I had found it out years before though they had tried to keep it from me. Ha! ha! I was too cunning for them, madman as they thought me.

"At last it came upon me, and I wondered how I could ever have feared it. I could go into the world now, and laugh and shout with the best among them. I knew I was

mad, but they did not even suspect it. How I used to hug myself with delight, when I thought of the fine trick I was playing them after their old pointing and leering. When I was not mad, but only dreading that I might one day become so! And how I used to laugh for joy when I was alone, and thought how well I kept my secret, and how quickly my kind friends would have fallen from me, if they had known the truth. I could have screamed with ecstasy when I dined along with some fine roaring fellow, to think how pale he would have turned, and how fast he would have run, if he had known that the dear friend who sat close to him, sharpening a bright, glittering knife, was a madman, with all the power, and half the will, to plunge it in his heart!

"Riches became mine—wealth poured in upon me, and I rioted in pleasures, enhanced a thousand fold to me by the consciousness of my well-kept secret. I inherited an estate. The law, the eagle-eyed law itself, had been deceived, and had handed over disputed thousands to a madman's hands. Where was the wit of the sharp-sighted men of sound mind? Where the dexterity of the lawyers, eager to discover a flaw? The madman's cunning had overreached them all.

"I had money. How I was courted! I spent it profusely. How I was praised! How those three proud, overbearing brothers humbled themselves before me. The old, white-headed father, too—such deference—such respect—such devoted friendship; why, he worshipped me. The old man had a daughter, and the young men a sister, and all the five were poor. I was rich! and when I married the girl, I saw a smile of triumph play upon the faces of her needy relatives, as they thought of their well-planned scheme, and their fine prize. It was for me to smile. To smile! To laugh outright, and tear my hair, and roll upon the ground with shrieks of merriment. They little thought they had married her to a madman!

"In one thing I was deceived in all my cunning. If I had not been mad—for though we madmen are sharp-witted enough, we get bewildered sometimes—I should have known that the girl would rather have been placed, stiff and cold, in a dull, leaden coffin, than borne an envied bride to my rich, glittering house. I should have known that her heart was with the dark-eyed boy whose name I once heard her breathe in her troubled sleep; and that she had been sacrificed to me, to relieve the poverty of the old, white-headed man, and the haughty brothers.

"I don't remember forms or faces now, but I know the girl was beautiful. I know she was; for the bright moonlight nights, when I start up from my sleep, and all is quiet about me, I see, standing still and motionless, in one corner of this cell, a slight and wasted figure, with long, black hair, which streaming down her back, stirs with no earthly wind, and eyes that fix their gaze on me, never wink or close. Hush! the blood chills at my heart as I write it down—that form is hers! the face is very pale, and the eyes are glassy bright; but I know them well. That figure never moves; it never frowns and mouths as others do, that fill this place sometimes; but it is much more dreadful to me, even than the spirits that tempted me many years ago. It comes fresh from the grave, and is death-like.

"For nearly a year I saw that face grow paler; for nearly a year I saw the tears steal down the mournful cheeks, and never knew the cause. I found it out at last, though. They could not keep it from me long. She had never liked me; I had never thought she did; she despised my wealth, and hated the splendour in which she lived: I had not expected that. She loved another! This I had never thought of. Strange feelings came over me, and thoughts forced upon me by some secret power, whirled round and round my brain. I did not hate her, though I hated the boy she still wept for. I pitied—yes, I pitied the wretched life to which her cold and selfish relations had doomed her. I knew that she could not live long, but I resolved to kill her.

"For many weeks I thought of poison, and then of drowning, and then of fire. A fine sight, the grand house in flames, and the madman's wife smouldering away to cinders. Think of the jest of a large reward, too, and of

some sane man swinging in the wind for a deed he never did, and all through a madman's cunning! I thought often of this, but I gave it up at last. Oh! the pleasure of stopping the razor day after day, fooling the sharp edge, and thinking of the gash one stroke of its thin, bright point would make!

"At last, the old spirits who had been with me so often before, whispered in my ear that the time was come, and thrust the open razor into my hand. I grasped it firmly, rose softly from the bed, and leaned over my sleeping wife! Her face was buried in her hands. I withdrew them softly, and they fell listlessly on her bosom. She had been weeping, for the traces of the tears were still wet upon her cheek. Her face was calm and placid; and even as I looked upon it, a tranquil smile lighted up her pale features. I laid my hand softly on her shoulder. She started—it was only a passing dream. I leant forward again. She screamed and woke.

"One motion of my hand, and she would never again have uttered cry or sound. But I was startled, and drew back. Her eyes were fixed on mine. I know not how it was, but they cowed and frightened me, and I quailed beneath them. She rose from the bed, still gazing fixedly and steadily upon me. I trembled; the razor was in my hand, but I could not move. She made toward the door. As she neared it, she turned, and withdrew her eyes from my face. The spell was broken. I bounded forward, and clutched her by the arm. Uttering shriek upon shriek, she sunk upon the ground.

"Now I could have killed her without a struggle, but the house was alarmed. I heard the tread of footsteps on the stairs. I replaced the razor in its usual drawer, unfastened the door, and called loudly for assistance.

"They came, and raised her, and placed her on the bed. She lay bereft of animation for hours; and when life, look, and speech returned, her senses had deserted her, and she raved wildly and furiously. Doctors were called in—great men, who rolled up to my door in easy carriages, with fine horses and gaudy servants. They were at her bedside for weeks. They had a great meeting, and consulted together in low and solemn voices in another room. One, the cleverest and most celebrated among them, took me aside, and bidding me prepare for the worst, told me—me, the madman! that my wife was mad. He stood close beside me at an open window, his eyes looking in my face, and his hand upon my arm. With one effort, I could have hurled him into the street beneath. It would have been rare sport to have done it; but my secret was at stake, and I let him go. A few days after, they told me I must place her under some restraint; I must provide a keeper for her—I went into the open fields, where none could hear me, and laughed till the air resounded with my shouts.

"She died next day. The white-headed old man followed her to the grave, and the proud brothers dropped a tear over the insensible corpse of her whose sufferings they had regarded in her lifetime with muscles of iron. All this was food for my secret mirth, and I laughed behind the white handkerchief which I held up to my face, as we rode home, till the tears came into my eyes.

"But though I had carried my object and killed her, I was restless and disturbed, and I felt that before long, my secret must be known. I could not hide the wild mirth and joy which boiled within me, and made me when I was alone, at home, jump and beat my hands together, and dance round and round, and roar aloud. When I went out, and saw the busy crowds hurrying about the streets, or to the theatre, and heard the sound of music, and beheld the people dancing, I felt such glee, that I could have rushed among them, and torn them to pieces, limb from limb, and howled in transport. But I ground my teeth, and struck my feet upon the floor, and drove my sharp nails into my hands. I kept it down; and no one knew I was a madman yet.

"I remember—though it's one of the last things I can remember: for now I mix realities with my dreams, and having so much to do, and being always hurried here, have no time to separate the two, from some strange confusion in which they get involved—I remember how I let

it out at last. Ha! ha! I think I see the frightened looks now, and feel the ease with which I flung them from me, and dashed my clenched fist into their white faces, and then flew like the wind, and left them screaming and shouting far behind. The strength of a giant comes upon me when I think of it. There—see how this iron bar bends beneath my furious wrench. I could snap it like a twig, only there are long galleries here with many doors—I don't think I could find my way along them; and even if I could, I know there are iron gates below, which they keep locked and barred. They know what a clever madman I have been, and they are proud to have me here to show.

"Let me see; yes. I have been out. It was late at night when I reached home, and found the proudest of the three proud brothers, waiting to see me—urgent business, he said: I recollect it well. I hated that man with all a madman's hate. Many and many a time had my fingers longed to tear him. They told me he was there, I ran swiftly up stairs. He had a word to say to me. I dismissed the servants. It was late, and we were alone together—for the first time.

"I kept my eyes carefully from him at first, for I knew what he little thought—and I gloried in the knowledge—that the light of madness gleamed from them like fire. We sat in silence for a few minutes. He spoke at last. My recent dissipation, and strange remarks, made so soon after his sister's death, were an insult to her memory. Coupling together many circumstances which had at first escaped his observation, he thought I had not treated her well. He wished to know whether he was right in inferring that I meant to cast a reproach upon her memory, and a disrespect upon her family. It was due to the uniform he wore, to demand this explanation.

"This man had a commission in the army—a commission, purchased with my money, and his sister's misery. This was the man who had been foremost in the plot to ensnare me, and grasp my wealth. This was the man who had been the main instrument in forcing his sister to wed me; well knowing that her heart was given to that puling boy. Due! due to his uniform! The livery of his degradation! I turned my eyes upon him—I could not help it—but I spoke not a word.

"I saw the sudden change that came upon him, beneath my gaze. He was a bold man, but the colour faded from his face, and he drew back his chair. I dragged mine nearer to him; and as I laughed—I was very merry then—I saw him shudder. I felt the madness rising within me. He was afraid of me.

"You were very fond of your sister when she was alive"—I said.

"He looked uneasily round him, and I saw his hand grasp the back of his chair: but he said nothing.

"You villain," said I, "I found you out; I discovered your hellish plots against me; I know her heart was fixed on some one else before you compelled her to marry me. I know it—I know it."

"He jumped suddenly from his chair, brandished it aloft, and bid me stand back—for I took care to be getting closer to him, all the time I spoke.

"I screamed rather than talked, for I felt tumultuous passions eddying through my veins, and the old spirits whispering and taunting me to tear his heart out.

"Curse you," said I, starting up and rushing upon him; "I killed her. I am a madman. Down with you. Blood, blood I will have it."

"I turned aside with one blow the chair he hurled at me in his terror, and closed with him; and with a heavy crash we rolled upon the floor together.

"It was a fine struggle that, for he was a tall, strong man, fighting for his life; and I, a powerful madman, thirsting to destroy him. I knew no strength could equal mine, and I was right. Right, again, though a madman! His struggles grew fainter. I knelt upon his chest, and clasped his brawny throat, firmly with both hands. His face grew purple; his eyes were starting from his head, and, with protruded tongue, he seemed to mock me. I squeezed the tighter.

"The door was suddenly burst open with a loud noise,

and a crowd of people rushed forward, crying aloud to secure the madman.

"My secret was out: and my only struggle now, was for liberty and freedom. I gained my feet before a hand was on me, threw myself among my assailants, and cleared my way with my strong arm as if I bore a hatchet in my hand, and hewed them down before me. I gained the door, dropped over the banisters, and in an instant was in the street.

"Straight and swift I ran, and no one dared to stop me: I heard the noise of feet behind, and redoubled my speed. It grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at length died away altogether; but on I bounded, through marsh and rivulet, over fence and wall, with a wild shout which was taken up by the strange beings that flocked around me on every side, and swelled the sound, till it pierced the air. I was borne upon the arms of demons who swept along upon the wind, and bore down bank and hedge before them, and spun me round and round with a rustle and a speed that made my head swim, until at last they threw me from them with a violent shock, and I fell heavily upon the earth. When I awoke I found myself here—here in this gay cell where the sunlight seldom comes, and the moon steals in, in rays which only serve to show the dark shadows about me, and that silent figure in its cold corner. When I lie awake, I can sometimes hear strange shrieks and cries from distant parts of this large place. What they are, I know not; but they neither come from that pale form, nor does it regard them. For from the first shades of dusk till the earliest light of morning, it still stands motionless in the same place, listening to the music of my iron chain, and watching my gambols on my straw bed."

At the end of the manuscript was written, in another hand, this note:

[The unhappy man whose ravings are recorded above, was a melancholy instance of the baneful results of energies misdirected in early life, and excesses prolonged until their consequences could never be repaired. The thoughtless riot, dissipation and debauchery of his younger days, produced fever and delirium. The first effects of the latter, was the strange delusion, founded upon a well-known medical theory strongly contended for by some, and so strongly contested by others that an hereditary madness existed in his family. This produced a settled gloom, which in time developed a morbid insanity, and finally terminated in raving madness. There is every reason to believe that the events he detailed, though distorted in the description by his diseased imagination, really happened. It is only matter of wonder to those who were acquainted with the vices of his early career, that his passions, when no longer controlled by reason, did not lead him to the commission of still more frightful deeds.]

PORTRAIT OF MILTON.

The bard of Eden said that a poet "ought to be himself a true poem;" that is, a model of the best and most honourable qualities.

Milton rose at four in the morning during summer, and at five in the winter. He wore almost invariably a dress of coarse gray cloth; studied till noon, dined frugally, walked with a guide, and, in the evening, sung, accompanying himself on some instrument. He understood harmony, and had a fine voice. He for a long time addicted himself to the practice of fencing. To judge by *Paradise Lost*, he must have been passionately fond of music and the perfume of flowers. He supped off five or six olives and a little water, retired to rest at nine, and composed at night, in bed. When he had made some verses, he rung, and dictated to his wife or daughters. On sunny days he sat on a bench at his door; he lived in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.

From without, insults were heaped on this, the sick and forsaken lion. These lines were addressed to him, headed, "Upon John Milton's not suffering for his Traitorous Book, when the Tryers were executed, 1660:"

"That thou escap'dst that vengeance which o'ertook
Milton, thy regicides, and thy own book,
Was clemency in Charles beyond compare,
And yet thy doom doth prove more grievous far;
Old, sickly, poor, stark-blind, thou writ'st for bread;
So, for to live, thou'dst call Salmaius from the dead."

They reproached him with his age, his ugliness, his small stature, and applied to him this verse of Virgil:

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ad emptum." observing that the word *ingens* was the only one which did not apply to his person. He had the simplicity to reply, (*Defensio Autoris*), that he was poor because he had never enriched himself; that he was neither large nor small; that at no age had he been considered ugly; that in youth, with a sword by his side, he had never feared the bravest.

In fact, he had been very handsome, and was so even in his age. The portrait of Adam is his own. His hair was admirable, his eyes of extraordinary clearness; no defect could be perceived in them; it would have been impossible to guess that he was blind. If we were not aware what party rage can do, could we believe that it would make it a crime for a man to be blind? But let us thank this abominable hate, we owe it some exquisite lines. Milton first replies that he lost his sight in the defence of liberty, then adds these passages, full of sublimity and tenderness:

"In the night that surrounds me, the light of the Divine Presence shines more brightly for me. God beholds me with greater tenderness and compassion, because I can see naught but Him. The Divine law ought not only to shield me from injury, but render me more sacred; not on account of the loss of sight, but because I am under the shadow of the Divine wings, which seem to produce this darkness in me. To this I attribute the affectionate assiduities of my friends, their soothing attentions, their kind visits, and their respectful behaviour."

We see to what shifts he was reduced in writing, by a passage in one of his letters to Peter Hiembach.

"That virtue of mine which you call my political virtue, and which I would rather you had called devotion to my country—patriotism enchanting me with her captivating name, almost, if I may so say, expatriated me. In finishing my letter, let me beg of you this favour, that, if you find some parts incorrectly written, you will impute the fault to the boy who writes for me; he is utterly ignorant of Latin, and I am obliged wretchedly enough to spell every word I dictate."

The miseries of Milton were still more aggravated by domestic griefs. He lost his first wife, Mary Powell, who died suddenly; as, also, after a year's marriage, did his second wife, Catharine Woodcock of Hackney. His third wife, Elizabeth Minshell, survived him, and had used him well. He appears not to have been beloved: his daughters, who played such poetical parts in his life, deceived him, and secretly sold his books. He complains of this. Unfortunately, his character seems to have had the inflexibility of his genius. Johnson has said, with precision and truth, that Milton believed woman made only for obedience, and man for rebellion.

Milton, in his last days, was forced to sell his library. He drew near his end. Dr. Wright going to see him found him confined to the first floor of his small house, in a very small room, to which the visiter ascended by a staircase carpeted, extempore with green baize to deaden the noise of footsteps, and to procure silence for the man who was advancing towards everlasting silence. The author of "*Paradise Lost*," attired in a black doublet, reclined in an elbow-chair. His head was uncovered, its silver locks fell on his shoulders, his blind but fine dark eyes sparkled amidst the paleness of his countenance.

On the tenth of Nov. 1674, that God who had discoursed with him by night, came to fetch him; and reunited him in Eden with the angels, amid whom he had lived, and whom he knew by their names, their offices, and their beauty.

Milton expired so gently that no one perceived the moment when, at the age of sixty-six years, (within one month,) he rendered back to God one of the mightiest spirits that ever animated human clay. This temporal life, though neither long nor short, served as a foundation for life eternal. This great man had dragged on a sufficient number of days on earth to feel their weariness; but not sufficient to exhaust his genius, which remained entire, even to his latest breath.

From Jack Bragg.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC SCHOOL.

The following humorous hit at this fashionable system is extracted from Hood's new work, "JACK BING." The scene occurs on board Jack's yacht, where he is entertaining a party of Fashionables, who have introduced themselves with as little ceremony as if they had hired his boat for a morning's amusement; it is sketched with the usual felicity of that popular writer:—

'Lady Lavinia,' said Dr. Munx, 'I do not think you are well. Sudden changes come over your countenance—affected by the motion; clouds swimming before your eyes—giddiness in your head?'

'Exactly so,' said her Ladyship.

'I must take you under my care, Lady Lavinia,' said the Doctor. 'Put you through a three years' course of my infinitesimal medicines, which will enable me to form a just estimate of your Ladyship's constitution.'

'Isn't that rather a long time to wait?' said Hazleby.

'No,' said Munx. 'The new school have determined to do nothing in a hurry. The human frame and constitution are much too delicate to be handled so roughly as the present race of Physicians handle them. In fact we have discovered that all medicines are injurious that are visibly effective, and that unless administered after the new fashions, they eventually increase the complaints for which they are given; hence we argue (and our success has been established,) that it is better to do nothing than to do mischief—When I say nothing,' continued Munx, 'I speak of course comparatively. Our system, in fact, is composed of a combination of what, to the vulgar, appear most ridiculous contradictions: for instance, a great deal of poison kills a man—ergo, a little poison will do him good:—therefore we take care to give him sufficient poison to produce a disorder which we know we can cure, in order to prevent his having some other disorder which we equally well know we cannot.'

'Yes, but Doctor,' said Hazleby, 'the delicacy of your proceeding in the poison line is very striking. My sister-in-law called in one of your schools, unknown to the family physician, and after picking at the pin's head pills of the new school for a month, she got ashamed of her duplicity, told Doctor Fang the whole history of her defection and quackery, and showed him a box containing materials for working out the new and infallible system which were to last her a twelvemonth, expressing to him at the same time the mingled dread and veneration with which the magical remedies inspired her. Fang smiled, and taking the box, emptied its contents into his hand, and swallowed the whole of them at one gulp before the face of his recreant patient, to her infinite horror and astonishment.'

'That is more than any thing you could possibly have said, confirmatory of the safety of our principles,' said Munx.—'Our success, I tell you, does not depend upon the application of a remedy homœopathically, so much as upon the minuteness of the dose; the effects of which are the greater as it approaches the finite bounds of dilution.'

'I perceive,' said Buckthorne, 'that the Poor Law Commissioners have regulated their proceedings upon precisely the same system. According to their dictum,—'the less a man eats and drinks the fatter and stronger he gets. Minute medicaments, in the shape of half ounces of Dutch cheese and half pints of water, 'approaching as nearly as possible to the finite bounds of dilution,' and most judiciously substituted for the beef and beer which the Allopathic asses of other days administered to the old, and weak and infirm, in the hope of nourishing age and strengthening infirmity.'

'Quite right, quite right,' exclaimed the doctor. 'The Allopathic system exactly defined.—The gross masses of beef, the lengthened potations of beer, exactly correspond with the powerful remedies hitherto prescribed, which, we have now so satisfactorily ascertained, produce of themselves, symptoms which did not characterize the original malady.'

'I agree with you there,' said Buckthorne. 'The original symptoms were hunger and thirst, the beef and beer overcame those and replaced them by different ones.'

'The whole thing resolves itself into this one principle,' said Munx—'Minuteness of application.'

'What,' said Lady Lavinia, 'do you call a minute application?'

'Why,' said Munx, 'it is difficult to explain to your ladyship. The only admissible vehicles for homœopathic medicine are amadine, the saccharine basis of milk, and alcohol reduced to a certain specific gravity at 66° of Fahrenheit.'

'What a lovely name for a medicine,' said Lady Wattle—'Amadine! I think if I had a daughter born now I would christen her Amadine.'

'Why,' said Munx, 'that—that—I—the word is a good word—it is classical and euphoric, but the material—the English—the vulgar name of the article it designates,—is starch.'

Here a laugh arose at the expense of her ladyship.

'Starch, sugar of milk, and spirits of wine, and water,' said Munx, 'are the vehicles.—The medicines must be made in a laboratory sheltered from the sun's rays, yet

so ventilated as not to be liable to the odious odours which so dangerously distinguish the atmosphere of an apothecary's shop; the scales to weigh them must be so sensitively delicate, as to turn with the hundredth part of a grain, and the largest vessel in the laboratory need only be a minim measure graduated to a hundred drops.'

'You should send to Lilliput, Doctor, to get practitioners,' said Hazleby. 'I wish Swift were alive, to give us a history of your proceedings.'

'The rice is not always to the swift,' said Munx, facetiously: 'our principle is admirable. We administer nothing but dried vegetables, or imperceptible minerals. Only look at our tinctures; when it comes to that, we get our extracts, mix them with spirits of wine, and stop them up in little bottles. What do we do with those tinctures—make them by taking out of our little bottles little bits of our invaluable mass—half the size of a poppy seed—add alcohol in the proportion of twenty minims to one grain of the mash; let it stand in a warm room, let the pellucid liquor drop out of it—keep it. That's the secret for Tinctures—Then for regulating their modifications—Eleven grains of sugar of milk, diligently triturated for an hour with one of the medicament, whatever it is, added again, to eleven grains of sugar and milk, and triturated for another hour, produces another degree of attenuation; while one hundred drops of gin and water—we call it alcohol—Hodges, Booth, or spirits of wine, as circumstances require, mingled with a grain of the medicament—ninety nine minims to one of the combination—expands the quality of the medicament another degree, and so on for every subsequent dilution. The degrees of expansion and attenuation are regularly adapted to the disease and constitution of the patient. Indeed the table of expansions is a very curious and scientific paper; the degrees run thus—the highest point to which the calculation is carried being one grain,

I.	First deg. of expansion,	-	A hundredth part.
2.	Second,	-	Ten thousandth.
I.	Third,	-	A millionth.
II.	Sixth,	-	Billionth.
III.	Ninth,	-	Trillionth.
IV.	Twelfth,	-	Quadrillionth.
V.	Fifteenth,	-	Quintillionth.
VI.	Eighteenth,	-	Sixtillionth.
VII.	Twenty-first,	-	Septillionth.
VIII.	Twenty-fourth,	-	Octillionth.
IX.	Twenty-seventh,	-	Nonillionth.
X.	Thirtieth,	-	Decillionth.

And then for the intervening expansions, we stick certain dots and scribbles on the little bottles, which are perfectly intelligible to the initiated.'

'I declare,' said Lady Wattle, 'I never heard any thing so satisfactory in my life: one grain of predicament, no bigger than a poppy seed, to be expanded to a decillionth. What elasticity it must give to the system.'

'Elasticity,' said the Doctor; 'the sensation produced by an adherence to the system is indescribable, and then the convenience,—a whole dose of liquid is absorbed by four grains of sugar of milk, and if in powder, may be converted into an ample draught by a single dew drop.'

'Bravo! Doctor,' said Hazleby: 'a noble remedy. But now in a case of a violent accession of inflammatory symptoms, eh? What could you do then? use your infinitesimal,—eh? You might as well play a boy's squirt into a burning powder mill.'

'Oh,' said Munx, 'I do not admit the possibility of any thing of the sort you imagine while the patient is under the regimen of the Homœopathic School.'

'Regimen,' said Lady Lavinia, 'what! must not eat or drink during the time we are swallowing the pins' heads and poppy seeds?'

'You may eat every thing, replied Munx,—every thing,—fish, flesh and fowl, (except ducks, geese, pork, veal and shell fish.) Eggs, weak black tea and cocoa are good. Milk you may have, and fruits boiled that are not acid. Drink, toast and water, barley water, weak brandy and water, one twelfth brandy—no wine, certainly no spices—no green tea, no coffee, no salads, no malt liquor, and, above all, no parsley, no onions, and no raw fruit of any kind: duck is death; pork, poison; and parsley,—perdition. One decillionth of a parsley leaf settles you; in fact, parsley, pork, and perfumes are destructive.'

Jack, who having seen Dr. Munx eat most ravenously of veal pie, ham, and salad, watched him swallow glass after glass of his champagne, and beheld him munching pine apples as if they were turnips, could stand this absurdity no longer.—'Well, Doctor,' said he, 'how do you find this mode of training and feeding suit your own book?'

'Oh!' said Munx, 'it perfectly coincides with the doctrines I have advocated in my book which I have published on the subject.'

'Not a bit of that,' said Jack: 'I won't have that at no price. I mean how does it agree with yourself?'

'Oh,' answered Munx, hesitating, 'I—I—I don't attend to the rules myself: I—I—have no constitutional disposition to any particular disease myself. I—that is I—'

'I think,' said Jack, 'pineapple is raw fruit; and the pie, which you have eat half of is veal: the ham shows plenty

of bone, the salad bowl, which was before you, is empty, and, as far as the champagne goes—'

'By the way,' interrupted Munx, who was the most independent of all pretenders—Jack himself not excepted—'I hope it isn't all gone, Hickman;' and he addressing Jack's steward, 'have you got any more champagne in ice?'

'Aye, aye, Sir,' was the prompt reply, to the utter confusion of Jack, who found himself in almost as helpless a position on board his own boat as a constitutional king with a cabinet full of overbearing ministers.

'Depend upon it, continued Munx, 'my dear Lady Lavinia, if you pursue a regular course of these medicines for 8 or 10 years, you will imperceptibly find your life extended. I merely state that abstinence'—(Mind, Hickman, don't pour the champagne over)—and that future generations will bless the discoverers of so magnificent an accession to the world of science in its most important department.'

WHITE ELEPHANT.—The lion of the day in Madras, at the present moment, is a white elephant, which has been sent from Coimbatore by the government, in charge of a wet-nurse, en route to Ava, to be offered as a present by the honourable company to the king of that country. It appears that when the news got abroad, that Coimbatore had had the honour of giving birth to such a rare animal, the intelligence was conveyed with all possible expedition to Ava, where it caused such a commotion as has been seldom witnessed; and the prime minister and all the chief officers of state were despatched to Rangoon to await his arrival. There they are now, for any thing that we know, and the white elephant is in Mr. Waller's stables, looking so much like a black elephant, that none but a connoisseur could tell the difference. We must do the white elephant the justice to state, however, that his skin is not quite black, and the hair, on various parts of his body, is gray or whitish. His eyes are blood-red, which is the distinguishing mark of an Albino in all animals; and it is supposed that his skin will become whiter as he grows older.—*Madras Herald, Feb. 8.*

The visit of the Countess Lepano (Murat's widow) to the King of the French, is said to have ended in her obtaining, as an indemnity for her property of the palace Elyse Bourbon, and her chateau of Villiers, an annuity of 100,000 francs.

WRITING FOR THE STAGE, AND LONDON AUDIENCES.—'To write for low, ill-informed, and conceited actors, whom you must please—for your success is necessarily at their mercy—I cannot away with. How would you, or how do you think I would, relish being the object of such a letter as Kean wrote t'other day to a poor author, who though a pedantic blockhead, had at least the right to be treated like a gentleman by a copper-headed, two-penny tear-mouth, rendered mad by conceit and success? Besides, if this objection were out of the way, I do not think the character of the audience in London is such that one could have the least pleasure in pleasing them. One half come to prosecute their debaucheries so openly that it would degrade a brigand. Another set to snooze off their beef-steaks and port wine; a third are critics of the fourth column of the newspaper; fashion, wit, or literature, there is not, and, on the whole, I would far rather write verses for mine honest friend Punch and his audience.'—*Lack-harts Life of Scott.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1837.

LIVERPOOL, AUGUST 24.

The dinner at Guildhall, to which the Queen is invited by the city of London, is expected to cost more than \$100,000.

Letters from Hanover state that his Majesty, after his return, will convoke the present States, having given up the idea of assembling them under the Constitution of 1819. This is important, if true, as the States of 1819 had only a consultative voice, whilst the present States are deliberative.

The Cholera has manifested itself at Venice, Trieste, Lyons, Marseilles, Berlin, Breslau, and probably at Rome also.

A European Congress continues to be spoken of as likely to meet, for the purpose of examining the situation of Southern Europe.

The long existing disputes with the black Emperor of Hayti, at St. Domingo, are at length to be settled. The former Consul, M. Carlier is going out in the capacity of Administrator between the old French colonists and the Republican Government, and his fiat will be backed by Admiral Mackau with the French West India squadron.

Reported Insurrection at Bombay.—We copy the following from the Globe of last night. We know not what degree of credit to attach to so serious an announcement.

and we wait for more authentic intelligence before we believe it to be true.—*London Standard, August 23.*
 The Linnet (homeward bound Brazilian packet) spoke the Caledonia of Liverpool, from Bombay, out eighty-five days, in latitude 45 deg. 20 m. W, longitude 30 deg. 10 m. which ship communicated the intelligence of the town of Surat having been burned, and 25,000 houses destroyed, by insurgents, on April 25th; and that the city of Bombay, as well as the provinces are in a most disturbed state. Particulars could not be afforded by the packet. The flagship Winchester had quitted Bombay for the coast, with troops, the insurgents having cut off entirely one regiment."

From the Acadian Telegraph.

Intelligence from Newfoundland represents the catch of fish as only about half that of former years.

On Friday week, Benjamin Bisset and John McDonald were proceeding to their nets at Three Fathom Harbour, when a sea upset their boat. McDonald held to the boat and was saved; Bisset was drowned. The deceased was 24 years of age, of good morals, and much esteemed. His cousin Gordon Bisset died the day previous, and both were interred the Sunday following, at Cole Harbour.

CANADA.—180 vessels, from British Ports, entered the Port of Quebec on the 14th of September. The scene from the heights is represented as having been very interesting.

The Woodstock N. B. Times, says, that it is supposed there will be provisions sufficient for two years raised in the County this year. The reports of abundance from every quarter are particularly gratifying after the prospects of last Fall, and the scarcity of Spring.

SUBLIMITY IN SUICIDE.—A man lately went over the Niagara Falls. He jumped into the Rapids above the Falls, on the Canada side. He delivered his coat and hat to a spectator, with directions that they should be given to his wife, and remarked that he was going to take his last leap. No cause was assigned for the mad act.

Extract of a Letter, dated Tryon, P. E. I., September 29, 1837.—We have had several hard frosts lately, but the crops having very far advanced, show no symptoms of being affected. Providence has been extremely kind this season, blessed the labourers with an abundant harvest, and fine weather to secure it; all around me for miles the Grain is ready for stacking. Yet many of the farmers have their crops in stacks or in barns, as if all be well, on this day week, the Harvest will be nearly if not quite ended. This gives cause for thankfulness, and is a much fairer view of the picture than I gave some short time since; and I trust there will be a sufficiency of food for man and beast, till another year's harvest time, and an overflow of gratitude to the wise disposer of events for his goodness in providing for us another year.

SABLE ISLAND PONIES.

"And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
 In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led."

So might Stephen Deblois, Esq. have said or sung on Saturday last, when he presided over the sale of a batch of wild horses. Fifteen of the natives of Sable Island, just landed, and stabled on the Queen's Wharf, had been advertised for sale. A good company collected at the hour, and the bidding for the unshorn, unbroken, little steeds, was well contested. They were of various colours, shapes, and sizes,—black, brown, and red,—some as if nature had made them in caricature of horses, and others of graceful and powerful form,—some slender things little larger than good greyhounds, and some, to use an expressive illustration made at the time, which could "haul half a cord of wood up from the wharf, right away." Several of them exhibited much repugnance at coming to the auctioneers' stand, and acted the wild horse in miniature very creditably; but their groans—some of the athletic hands from the Island—were found too rough and resolute for such notions of liberty. One could scarcely refrain from contrasting the former and future lives of those strangers. From the sandy island, desolate and billow-beat, where the summer morning and the winter midnight, brought no variety except, from calm to tempest;—the scene, sky, sand and sea,—the forage, reedy herbage,—the stall, a hillock's lee side,—the change from that state to the servitude of truck or saddle,—to the populous town,—and to the meadow and the stable,—afforded a poetic contrast which a maker of verses might turn to good account. The Ponies varied in prices from L2 to L10. Some of the purchasers mounted and rode away, others had much trouble—to the no small amusement of the boys—in securing and bringing away their wild stock.

Fire.—The Grist Mill owned by Mr. Jamieson and others, in the vicinity of Dartmouth, was destroyed by Fire

on the morning of Tuesday last. A stock of grain and flour was also destroyed. The loss has been estimated at L1300,—no insurance, it appears, had been effected. Lots of grain destroyed, were owned by persons in Town. The Mill was a few hundred feet in the rear of the Dartmouth Windmill,—it was worked by a stream of water. The ruins were still smoking on Thursday evening, and the Millers, instead of their usual avocations, were employed in the melancholy task of clearing away the smouldering wreck. The water wheel, and aqueduct, seemed nearly uninjured; and, we suppose, a new building will soon renew the scene of industry which the site presented a few days ago. It has been said, that the fire originated from the friction of the machinery.

FISH MARKET.—Our boasted fish market is shorn of its glory at present. A handful of poor Cod fish, salt and fresh,—a few wretchedly small mackerel, and an occasional hundred of herring, formed the best exhibition of the last ten days,—instead of the overflowing abundance which we were in the habit of enjoying. A scarcity of Mackerel, equal to the present, at this time of year, is very unusual,—and, we understand, several years have elapsed, since a capture of such small fish was made. Some persons thought the catch of diminutive mackerel was indicative of a total failure, but fishermen say otherwise, and they yet hope for good hauls of good fish. This is a matter of much consequence to the community; to the poor, mackerel and potatoes are the chief dependence for the winter months.

MARRIED.

At St. John, N. B. on Sunday 24th inst. at St. Malachi Chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Dunphy, Mr. Jonas Johnson, formerly of Halifax, to Johannah, only daughter of Mr. Timothy Collins, of that place.
 At Truro, on Thursday last, by the Rev. John Waddell, the Rev. James Waddell, Master of the Central Academy, Charlotte Town, P. E. Island, to Elizabeth, daughter of E. S. Blanchard, Esq.

DIED.

Last evening, in the 65th year of his age, JOHN YOUNG, Esq., Member of the House of Assembly of this Province—Funeral will take place on Tuesday next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.
 Thursday, Mr. Phineas H. Moseley, ship carpenter, aged fifty four years, a native of Boston, and for many years a resident of this place. Funeral to take place on Sunday next, at half past one o'clock, from his late residence, Upper Water Street. His friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.
 On Wednesday morning, in the 60th year of her age, Eliza Frances, widow of the late Mr. Charles Wright, of this town.
 In the Poor's Asylum, John Beckyer, aged 64, a native of Scotland; Nancy Flowers, aged 50, a native of Halifax; William Sutherland, aged 47, a native of Scotland.
 At Great Village, Londonderry, on the 17th September, Martha, wife of Mr. Thomas Egan, in the 37th year of her age.
 At Annapolis, on the 16th ult. Miss Lydia Margaret Messenger, aged 24 years, after a lingering sickness.
 At Round Hill, Annapolis, on the 18th ult. Thomas Spurr, Esq. aged 74.
 At Windsor, on the 31st Aug. Mr. James Clarke, a native of Banffshire, Scotland, in the 62d year of his age.
 At Hoxton, near London, on the 11th of August, in the 60th year of his age, and 38th of his ministry, the Rev. Joshua Marsden, Wesleyan Minister. Many in this city will recollect the period when Mr. Marsden resided in this city, as a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. At an early period of his ministry he was sent a missionary to Bermuda, where he resided for several years, and subsequently went to Nova Scotia, and at Halifax married the daughter of the venerable David Seabury, Esq. (now of this city,) brother of the late Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut. Early in the summer of 1812, Mr. Marsden with his family, arrived at New York, on their way to England, and before an opportunity offered for their departure, war was declared against England; consequently he was detained. The New York Conference assembled shortly after, and taking into view the peculiar situation of Mr. Marsden, appointed him as one of the stationed preachers in this city, where he preached for about two years with great acceptance. He remained until nearly the close of the war, when he availed himself of a cartel, and sailed for his native country.—N. Y. PAP.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AT HALIFAX.—Saturday Sept. 30.—Schr. Mary, Arichat; Angeline, Bedeque, P. E. I., to the master; Industry, Kimble, Gaspe, to S. Binney; Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B., to master; Am. schr. Emperor, Studley, Philadelphia, to J. H. Braine.
 Sunday, October 1.—Schs. Margaret and Trial, St. Mary's; Mayflower, Sydney; Msny, Arichat, Shannon, Boudrot, Bridgeport; barge Omphale, Douglas, Quebec, to S. Binney.
 Monday, October 2.—Barque Sally, McKenzie, Liverpool, to W. A. Black & Son.
 Tuesday, October 3.—Schr. Industry, Long, Boston, to the master; True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool, N. S. Greyhound, Landry, New York, to S. Cunard & Co.
 Wednesday, October 4.—Schr. Splendid, Swaine, Turk's Island, to J. Strachan; brig. William, Boudrot, Jamaica; to J. Allison & Co. brig. London Packet, Harvey, do. to Frith, Smith & Co.; schr. Collector, Whalen, Boston, to J. McAuliff. Left Brig Acadian, Lane, at Boston, from hence, 4 days passage, to sail for Halifax about the 8th October; brig Kate, Hall, Tobago and Dominica 20 days, to W. Roche.
 Thursday, October 5.—Schr. Two Brothers, Margaret's Bay; Humility, Barrington; Lucy, Pictou. Two Sisters, do. Dolphin, Bridgeport; Mary Jane, P. E. Island, to B. Wier.
 Friday, October 6.—H. M. B. Sappho, from a cruise; brig. Olivia, Tucker, Kingston, to J. Allison & Co. schrs. Mahone Bay Pkt., Burin; Isabella, Sydney; Richmond, Bridgeport; Enterprise, St. Mary's; Diana & Margaret, Sydney; Ion, Cann, Yarmouth.

CLEARANCES.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20.—Schr. Britannia, Covil, St. John, N. B. by S. Binney and others. brig Hypolite, Ferran West Indies, by C. West & Sons. schr. Nautilus, Duncan, Sydney, by W. Pryor & Sons. 30th, brig Dove, McDonald, Burin, by G. Handley. Am. brig Cord e

lia, Jones, Boston, by H. Fay, S. Binney and others. Sp. brig Matilda, Palmet, Cadiz, by Creighton & Garsie. schr. Waterloo, Eisan, Burin, by A. & J. McNab. October 3.—Armide, Smith, St. Stephen's, N. B., by Fairbanks & McNab. 4th—Schr. North America, Bears, New York, by J. H. Braine. Hilgrove, Bell, Trinidad; by Saiter & Wainwright

PASSENGERS.

In the Cordelia for Boston, Miss Knowles, Mrs. Kendall, Hon. E. Collins, Messrs. S. H. Harrington, Bennett, Peabody, Captain Snow, and 6 in the steerage. In the Sally, Mr. John Mc Kenzie.

Prices Current, Halifax.

Carefully Corrected. (Duties Paid.)

SATURDAY, OCT: 7, 1837.

FISH, COD, mer. pr qnt. 17s 6	Hamb, sup. in bond 40s
Madeira 16s	Rye 35s
HERRINGS, No 1 pr bbl 22s 6	CORN MEAL, 32s 3d
2 15s	
Bay Chaleur 15s	COALS, Sydney, pr ch. 28s
Digby 4s 9d	Pictou 25s 6d
MACKEREL, No. 1 2 26s	Lingan
3 27s 6d	CORD WOOD, dry, 16s
ALEWIVES, No. 1 27s 6d	
SALMON, No. 1 70s	GYPNUM, pr ton 7s 6d
2 65s	
COFFEE, Jam good pr lb	BOARDS, W. P. pr M. 60s
Cuba, 8d	S. Pine, 50s
SUGAR, Mus. brt. cwt. 40s	STAVES, W. O. Am. 250s
MOLASSES, pr gal 2s	Canadian 250s
	R. O. Am. 150s
	Canadian 150s
SPERM OIL, bst pr gal 7s 6	Nova Scotia 80s
WHALE, 3s	SHINGLES, long ced 17s 6d
SEAL, pale, 3s	Pine, 15s
COD, 2s 6d	
DOG FISH, 2s 3d	BEEF, N. S. pr bbl. 45s
	Canada prime 50s
WHEAT, —	PORK, Canada 90s
Can. white pr bush.	Nova Scotia 85s
German, 8s	BUTTER, pr lb 1s 2d
BARLEY 4s	
INDIAN CORN, 5s 3d	EXCHANGES.
OATS, 2s 6d	On London, 60 days, Pri-
PEAS, 5s 0d	vate, 16 pr ct. prem.
	30 days government 17½
FLOUR, U.S. sup pr bbl 47s 6	New York, 30 days par a 2½
Fine 40s	Sovereigns 25s 6d
Canada, sup.	Donbloons, Mex. 2½ pr ct.
Fine	Dollars 5 to 7½ pr ct.
Midlings	

SALES at AUCTION.

BY WM. M. ALLAN,

On TUESDAY next the 10th Instant, at 12 o'clk At the Residence of the late Captain M'Grath in Grafton Street.

A VARIETY of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, Consisting of Tables, Chairs, Carpets, Fenders, and Fire Irons, Feather Beds, Tea Sets, a few Pictures and Books, a Camera Obscura, together with a lot of Kitchen Utensils, Boxes, Chests, &c. &c. &c. Halifax, 6th October, 1837.

Evening Sales by Auction,

AT R. D. CLARKE'S

WAREROOMS,

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

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

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

TO HOUSEKEEPERS, & C.

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

A great variety of Stoves,

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

WANTED.—A Woman as Cook in a private family—who can be well recommended. Apply at the Novascotian Office. October 6.

From the Metropolitan.

SEPARATION.

The sweetest flowers, alas! how soon,
With all their hues of brightness wither,
The loveliest just bud, and bloom,
Then, drooping, fade away for ever!

Yet if, as each sweet rose-bud dies,
Its leaves are gathered, they will shed
A perfume that shall still arise,
Though all its beautiful tints are fled.

And thus while kindred bosoms heave,
And hearts, at meeting, fondly swell,
How soon, alas! those hearts must breathe,
The parting sigh!—the sad farewell!

Yet from such moments, as from flowers,
Shall friendship with delight distil,
A fragrance that shall hold past hours
Embalm'd in Memory's odour still.

THE SCOTTISH PASTOR'S ADMONITION.—Of the late venerable Dr. Waugh, his biographer records that, in his ministerial visitations, his nationality was often strongly displayed, and this with most beneficial effect, both in sentiment and in language. When, without any adequate cause, any of his hearers had failed to attend public ordinances so regularly as he could have wished, and would plead their distance from the chapel as an excuse, he would exclaim, in the emphatic northern dialect, which he used on familiar occasions to employ,—"What, you from Scotland! from Melrose! from Gala Water! from Selkirk! and it's a hard matter to walk a mile or two to serve your Maker one day in the week! How many miles did you walk at Selkirk? "Five?" "Five! and can ye no walk twa here? Man! your father walked ten or twall (twelve) out, and as many hame every Sunday i' the year; and your mither too, aften. I've seen a hunder folk and mair, that aye walked six or seven, men, women, and bairns too; and at the sacraments folk walked fifteen, and some twenty miles. How far will you walk the morn to mak half-a-crown? Fie! Fie! But ye'll be out wi' a' your household next Sabbath, I ken. O, my man, mind the bairns! If you love their souls, dinna let them get into the habit of biding awa fra the kirk. All the evils among young folk in London arise from their not attending God's house." Such remonstrances, it may easily be imagined, were not often urged in vain.

A MONKEY'S MEMORY.—Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions: but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fireplace, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one side of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney! Before he was blown up, he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day; he came down a black, carbonated nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The thump with which he pitched upon the hot ash in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house cased singed, and looking scared. He recovered with care, but, like some other personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself, and was troublesome, you had only to take down the powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

APPETITES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—In this great age of gastronomy and made dishes of every delicacy that can pamper the appetite, the following seems like fiction:—What would a fine lady say to see such a meal as the following laid before her at six o'clock in the morning? It is a tavern bill from a landlord in the good city of Chester: "Breakfast provision for Sir Godfrey Walton, the good ladie Walton, and their fair daughter Gabriel, three pounds of saved Salmon, two pounds of boiled mutton and onions, three slices of pork, six red herrings, six pounds of leaven bread, one choppin of mead, five coppins of strong beer."

ANECDOTE OF A HIGHLAND SOLDIER.—No man who has lived among the peasantry of Scotland, will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him, but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side and sung him "Lochaber no more." The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "Lochaber me mair!—I maun gang back—Na!" The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenock, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave.

GREATNESS OF MIND.—A Corsican, the leader of a gang of banditti, who had been famous for his exploits, was at length taken and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was tried and condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man, coming up to the commanding officer, said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am: I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape: he was not at all to blame; besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here—I am the man. I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me, and I came to die myself." "No," cried the French officer, who felt as he ought the sublimity of the action, "thou shalt not die, and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavour to reap the fruits of thy generosity: thou deservest to be henceforth an honest man."

AN ELEGANT EPITAPH.—In the churchyard of a village called Bisbrooke, in Rutlandshire, Eng., there is a large stone raised to the memory of a waggoner; on the top is a representation of a wagon and horses, a gate, a green hedge, and a wagoner; each side is decorated with implements of husbandry. After the age of the person, time of death, etc., there are the following lines:

"Here lies the body of Nathaniel Clarke,
Who never did no harm in the light nor in the dark;
But in his blessed horses taken great delight,
And often travelled with them by day and by night."

AN OUTLAWED MONARCH.—A merchant, says Selden in his Table Talk, had recovered costs against the King of Spain in a suit, which, because he could not get, he was advised to have him outlawed for not appearing, and so he was. As soon as Gondomar—the Spanish Ambassador—heard that, he presently sent the money, by reason, if his master had been outlawed, he could not have the benefit of the law, which would have been very prejudicial, there being then many suits depending betwixt the king of Spain and English merchants.

QUAINT COURTSHIP.—The celebrated Dr. Doddridge once wrote thus to a lady whom he afterwards married—"You have made a greater advance upon my heart in a few hours than I intended to have allowed you in as many weeks; indeed you have possessed yourself of so much room in it, that, unless you consent to be a tenant for life, our parting will be exceedingly troublesome, and it will be a long while before I shall get it into repair again!"

STOVES, ONIONS, & C.

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

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

EVENING SCHOOL.

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

Real Japan Blacking.

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

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

HUGH CAMPBELL,
No. 18, Granville St.

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

CHAMPAGNE, Claret, Burgundy, Hock; Saunterne, 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 Bonded Warehouse.
Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy, Curacao and Maraschino.
Barclay and Perkin's best London E. own 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 lumps, Robinson's patent Barley and Groats, Cocoa, and West India Coffee.
Soda and wine Biscuit with a general assortment of Groceries usual in his line. Halifax, June 17.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH SEED STORE.

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

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

E. BROWN, Agent.

O. H. 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.

HENRY G. HILL,

Builder and Draughtsman.

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

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.

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

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

IMPROVED AROMATIC COFFEE

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

LOWES & CREIGHTON,
Grocers, &c.

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

PRINTED every Saturday, for the Proprietor. By Wm. 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.