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THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

A TALE OF LAPLAND.

They who have traversed the dreary wastes of Lapland, full well remember the huts of Koutokeino. The busy merchant or passing stranger who has left the gloomy thicket of Skovbredden, views with rejoicing the lonely cots and log-built parsonage which yield him his first shelter from the rushing of the snow-drift. Yet it is a lonely spot, and, while the blast of the hurricane sleeps, a solemn dulness reigns. The boundless, trackless solitudes which reach from Alp to Alp and vale to vale, till the dwarf birch fails, and the cloud-berry gives its fruit no longer, stretch around the village. The frozen river, the deeply bedded trees, the icy hills, and snow-embosomed plains, present the silent landscape.

On a bleak dark day in January, when the sky threatened heavily, and the wind began to prophecy in sullen tones, a party of travellers set out from Koutokeino on their route to Alten. But, though the journey promised cold and suffering, they were bound on a joyous errand, and many were the reindeer which sped forward on that morning to the scene of a Lapland wedding. And the herd went forth, sportive and healthful, amidst the shouting of the drivers; their bells rang merrily, and their clinking hoofs sent out the well-known sound which is heard from afar. There were also, besides the peasantry, the foged,* two merchants of Alten, and an English wanderer, who had come up from the very borders of the Euxine, and had trod with safety the wilds of Siberia. The pulk† of the Englishman was open, after the custom of the native of Lapland, and he had in vain been urged to travel in the closer sledge which the merchants commonly made use of. His deer, too, was fresh and vigorous, and though he had securely skimmed along the Russian snows, the weather had been favourable, and the country as yet smooth and free from danger. But he who dares the peril of a northern winter, and treads within the arctic circle, must stand prepared for change. The moon shone brightly on the glittering waste, and gleamed cheerfully on the spangled mountains when the group set forth, but, nimbly as they started, they had not reached the passes of the Solivara heights before the cold advanced, and the snow deepened, and the mist hovered in the distance. The light now declined, the precipices were at hand, the fog was hastening onwards, and the deer were at their fullest speed. The party, however, had gained the summit of the hills before this march of night, but they had scarcely gazed upon the deeps below, when the heavens became darkened, and the eastern stars, to which their anxious eyes had often turned, were seen no longer. The dense cloud had shadowed all, but the speed of the journey was unrelaxed. The wappus‡ hurried not. The Laplanders flanked the sides of their deer. It was a race in the night along the frozen Solivara, the highest of the Finmark Alps. The bellowing of the tempest increased the terror of the time, for, in these distant lands, the fatal snow-drift succeeds often to the shrouding mist. There was a general halt. The descent of the mountain presented a formidable danger. The guide, though a well-travelled native, had forgotten the usual pass. But it was determined to go forward, and the least headlong path along the mighty chain was eagerly sought for. The pulks were again put in motion, and the deer approached the gaping declivity. There was no delay. Each driver fastened the rein tightly round his arm, and trusted to his beast. The sledges flew like the lightning. It was still dark, and neither moon, nor star, nor northern flash appeared to mark the track. Deer, carriage, traveller and guide, were

hurried on in equal confusion. The master of the pulk lost his power; the animal, tangled in the trace, his footing; but while man and beast were struggling in the snow, the sledge dashed down the height, dragging along its inmate, and rolling like a ball. Every one was in dread of his neighbour. The sheriff's pulk dashed against that of his nearest countrymen, and there might now be seen driver upon driver, deer by the side of deer, and sledge upon sledge, in the general overturn. Loud shouts sounded on all sides, and "wappus!" "wappus!" was echoed by the routed assembly. But the wappus was himself in jeopardy, and some moments went by before the guide could detach himself from his own pulk in order to give the needful aid. Happy were the foged and his fellows, when safe from storm and frost, they pushed their jaded cattle into Alten. The peasant's heart was joyous as he beheld once more the *gammes** of his country, and looked forward to the brandy bumpers of the wedding. The sheriff blessed himself as he looked upon his dwelling, circled by stately firs, and the merchant was cheered by the sight of the well known *fjord*† where his ships and riches lay. It was indeed Alten, with its grassy waters, its rock towering above the flood, its tall birches, and tufts of pine, with naked summits in the distance high surmounting all.

The nuptial rites had begun before the arrival of the party from Koutokeino. The chapel, two Finmark miles from Alten, had been early crowded with Laplanders, and the holy ordinances of marriage and the sacrament were administered with the customary solemnities. Each Lap was arrayed in his best attire, and paid an attention to the Norsk service—of which he understood not one word—which would have done honour to an English congregation. Conspicuous amongst the assembly were the bride and her spouse. The first with her blue *koften*‡ gaily trimmed with divers colours, her ribands streaming from her head, and hair banded by a golden fillet—the bridegroom, with his blue frock, also, set off with red and white embroidery. The day passed on joyfully; the shops of the merchants were crowded with natives, who quaffed brandy till their money would hold out no longer; and the very stripling girls clubbed together to gain their jovial glass. But the grand festivity was reserved for the evening. The supper, to which the people of the neighbourhood were invited, was given in a large outhouse let for the purpose by the traders of the place. The deep vessels filled with savoury venison, such as a man's heart delighteth in, were already emptied by the frequent fingers of the guests, and the brandy was in like manner drawing nearly to a close, when the foged arrived with his mountain party. He had set off in a boat with haste from Alten, and having called at the house of the guest-giver,§ lost no time in reaching the scene of rejoicing. A fresh present of brandy renewed the mirth, and the worthy sheriff, while he smiled on the happy group before him, could not help reflecting that a plenteous bowl of punch was awaiting his own bidding at the habitation of the general host. But suddenly, amid the greeting and *puurists*|| of the newly-come Laplanders, a buzz was heard through the room, and the countenance of the foged fell. Where was the English stranger? He had been rather behind, and the magistrate had pressed briskly forward. He was in the open pulk, and by chance might have got out, in which case, if left by his deer, his situation would be critical. Where was the wappus? The guide was once more loudly called for, and he admitted that, at the last halt, he had not noticed the Englishman. "The deer," said the wappus, "was mettlesome, but the foreigner was wilful, after the manner

of his countrymen." "He may still come," said the foged, but the speaker's look but ill agreed with the words which tottered on his lips.

The party were in confusion, for the Laps respect the rites of hospitality, and they felt that their guide had deserted the stranger in the hour of danger. But no one moved from his place, and the missing traveller came not. The sheriff forgot his flowing bowl, and the brandy lingered on the table.

Among the numerous guests who had helped to celebrate the wedding, and partake the cheer, was a Lapland girl of Koutokeino. Her countenance beamed intelligence which nature had denied to her kinsfolk, and she had been listening to the story which went round, with an eagerness which promised action rather than idle pity. "And shall we leave the stranger to perish in the snow?" said the maiden, glancing at her neighbours with indignant heroism. "Shame, Laps of the mountain!—Uttereon!" continued she, calling to a youth who sat near her. The appeal was not in vain. A lad of twenty, one of those bold fishers who dare the sudden tempests of the polar main, started up, wrapped his mantle round him, and obeyed the voice which summoned. "Uttereon!" said the girl once more, "we must go back instantly and seek this poor stranger!" The youth made no reply, but, drawing his deer-skin still closer, hastened to the door. The sheriff followed with a numerous concourse, and the boats quickly brought them back to Alten. "Now let us have our sledges, and go forward," said the maiden, again appealing to the courage of the fisherman. The deer were yoked, and the reins fixed, the damsel's pulk being fastened behind that of Uttereon, and others were preparing their cattle to aid the search, when the Englishman's sledge was observed at a distance with the animal in its traces, but no driver to welcome his companions. "Then the worst has indeed happened," cried the foged, "and poor Montague is cast upon the wilderness. It is of no use my friends," he added, looking mournfully towards Uttereon and his associate. "Hopeless; indeed!" exclaimed the fisherman, seeming as though he would unharness his ready beast. "But, hopeless as it may be, it must be done," replied the girl of the mountains, "and let those who fear desert the wretched outcast, and leave him to the mercies of our frost." There needed no more. The pulk was instantly put forward, and many were the hardy peasants who went forth in quest of the stranger. The foged himself could not resist the chance, forlorn as it was, and he dashed on to the rescue among the foremost of the group.

The storm had now ceased, and the brilliant lights of the firmament resumed their glory. All nature seemed to welcome the kind work of benevolence which was in progress. The beautiful Aurora danced above the travellers, and shot forth its varied flames with arrowy swiftness. The wind was no more, and the deer sprang rapidly across the shining wastes. The herd had now reached Skovbedden, a birchen thicket between Alten and Koutokeino, but there was no vestige of the Englishman. It was determined to halt for the night, and a council was held. The foged declared he should return to Alten in the morning; and even Uttereon himself allowed the uselessness of further search. The maiden alone was unmoved, and by her look seemed to upbraid the wavering fisherman for his retreat. The supper of stewed venison being now hastily despatched, the party turned their deer loose, and went to rest, some in sacks, some on pillows of snow, others beneath the coverlet of the newly-risen drift.

But the maid of Koutokeino slept not. She sat by the fire sullen and sorrowful, and as the glare of the flame

* Sheriff † Sledge, like a canoe or cockboat. ‡ Guide.

* Huts. † Firth. ‡ Frock § The person who furnishes entertainment for strangers. || Lapland expressions of friendship.

blazed on high, she could not help casting a wistful eye abroad, as though the deary thicket contained one other inmate than those with whom she journeyed. Full of these anxious thoughts, she rose and left the sleepers, whose forms looked giant-like as they lay stretched in the brightening gleam. The cold was still intense, but, clad closely in furs, she ventured beyond the bivouack, and went to that part of the thicket which lay towards her own village. In a moment her attention was arrested. An object, hid for the most part beneath the snow, attracted her eager view. It was no buried hut, for there were no habitations in that direction, nor was it the birch, whose stunted top so often peeps above its icy bed. The mind of the lap misgave her, and she hurried to the spot; but no sooner had she put forth her hand than she started back in amazement. It was the touch of the well-known *rhen pæsk** the winter garment of her country. In an instant she roused the slumbering travellers, and led them to the place where, beyond doubt, a body was now lying, and in another moment it was disinterred from the clinging snow. The high shoes, the broad belt which held the pæsk, the squirrel tippet, and the lofty cap, proclaimed at once the traveller of the north. "It is the Englishman," cried the foged, grasping his brandy-cask, and advancing toward the stranger. The damsel stepped forward, and put her hand upon his breast. "It is warm, and he still lives," exclaimed the girl with triumph. But no time was to be lost for the frost had already seized its victim, and he, whose deer had fled from its too venturesome master, had laid himself down to die. A few more minutes and he had been a stiffened corpse, bleaching in the Alpine blast. But the snow and the brandy did their usual marvels, and while Uttereon was redeeming himself in the eyes of the Kouto-keino maiden by chafing the helpless limbs, the foged was pouring his drops of life into a bosom which soon heaved to thank him for his zeal. The sad story was soon told. The young and unruly deer (as had been foreseen) threw its driver from the open pulk, and bounded on to Alten. To pursue it was vain, and the wretched traveller had with difficulty returned to the wood of birches where hope and strength, and spirit, had yielded to the fiercest cold of Lapland.

In a week after his return to Alten the Englishman had recovered. He sent instantly for the girl to whom he held himself indebted for his life. "Maiden," said he "to repay you for this great kindness, I might try to do great things. I might—as some of my countrymen have done by yours—I might take you to England, I might marry you for this generosity. But I will not snatch you from your kindred, your friends, your home." The tears flowed from the cheeks of the mountain Lap at the mention of her home. "Tell me," continued he, "what can be done for you?" The girl made no reply, but beckoned to some one from without, and Neil Uttereon immediately appeared. They made an obeisance to the traveller. "My friends," said the Englishman, "this is dealing nobly by me—I understand it well—" He paused for a moment. "Will one hundred dollars be of service to you?" "One hundred dollars," exclaimed Uttereon briskly, "will make me the master of two hundred deer; and with, care"—added he, turning to his companion, "we may be the richest of the mountain Laps." "Take them, my friends," said the Englishman, "and may God's blessing rest upon you." "Tak, tak,"† repeated twenty times, were the hearty acknowledgments for this gift, while the donor could only say *welbekomme*,‡ and bid them a kind farewell.

Uttereon and his betrothed hastened to the house of their pastor, and in a few days there were well-founded rumours of another Lapland wedding.

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—A very splendid grant towards the funds for providing additional churches in the destitute parts of the metropolis and its suburbs has been lately made. Mrs. Hurdman, a wealthy and pious lady, has bequeathed the sum of 80,000l, for the erection of new churches in the metropolis, which has been placed at

the disposal of the Bishop of London, under the control of the Rev. Mr. Dobsworth appointed by the donor trustee of the gift. In accordance with a wish expressed by the benevolent lady, the erection of a new church in the parish of St. Saviour, Southwark, will be shortly commenced.

HYMN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

A hymn more, oh my lyre!
Praise to the God above,
Of joy, and life, and love,
Sweeping its strings of fire!

Oh! who the speed of bird and wind,
And sunbeam's glance, will lend to me,
That, soaring upward, I may find
My resting-place and home in Thee?
Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,
Adorest with a fervent flame—
Mysterious spirit! unto whom
Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go
Up from the cold and joyless ear
Back to the God who bade them flow,
Whose moving spirit sent them forth:
But as for me, oh God! for me,
The lowly creature of thy will,
Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,
An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?
To breathe with them the light divine,
From God's own holy altar flowing?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long—
A portion of heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song?

Oh! watchers of the stars of night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the air—
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
Oh, say, is He—the Eternal there?
Bend there around his awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?
Or are thy inmost depths his own,
Oh, wild and mighty sea!

Thoughts of my soul! how swift ye go!
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow,
To the far aim of your desire!
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me—
Returning like the patriarch's dove,
Wing-weary, from the eternal sea?
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow Paradise!

All-moving spirit!—freely forth
At thy command the strong wind goes
Its errand to the passive earth,
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose;
Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine,
So, weary of each earthly thing,
My spirit turns to thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,
From its dark caverns, hurries on,
Ceaseless by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star, and noon-tide's sun—
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'er-wearied, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast—
So turns my soul to Thee!

Oh thou who bid'st the torrent flow,
Who lendest wings unto the wind—
Mover of all things! where art thou?
Oh, whither shall I go to find
The secret of thy resting-place?
Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may search the space
Of highest heaven for Thee!

Oh, would I were as free to rise,
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne—
The arrowy light of sun-set skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,
Which melt in heaven at twilight's close,
Or aught which soars unchecked and free,
Through earth and heaven, that I might lose
Myself in finding Thee!

CONSTANTINOPLE SLAVE-MARKET.

"The slave-market is a vast uncovered court, surrounded by a roofed portico or piazza. Under this portico, which on the side of the court has a wall about waist-high, there are doors opening into the chambers in which the merchants keep their slaves. These doors are thrown open, to enable the purchasers, as they walk about, to see the slaves. The men and women are kept in separate chambers; and the women are unveiled. Besides the slaves in the lower chambers, a great number are grouped in a gallery under the portico, and in the court itself. We commenced our examination. The most remarkable group consisted of some Abyssinian girls, about twelve or fifteen in number. They were seated close together in a circle, and their faces were all turned to the spectators. Most of them were remarkably beautiful. They had almond-shaped eyes, aquiline noses, thin lips, a delicate oval contour of face, and long hair as dark and glossy as the raven's wing. The pensive, melancholy, and languishing expression of their countenances, renders the Abyssinian females in spite of their copper-coloured complexions, extremely lovely and interesting. They are tall and slender as the palm-trees of their country, and their arms are remarkable for beauty of form and grace of motion. The girls whom I saw in the slave-bazaar had no clothing but a long robe of coarse yellow cloth. On their ancles they wore bracelets of blue glass beads. They were seated motionless, with their heads resting on the palms of their hands, or on their knees. When thus gazed at, their meek and melancholy eyes were like those of the goat or the lamb, whom the peasants lead with strings round their necks to be sold at our village fairs. Sometimes they whispered one to another, and smiled. One of them, who held a little child in her arms, was weeping, because the merchant wanted to sell it separately to a dealer in children. Not far from this group, there were seven or eight little negro children, from eight to ten years of age. They were tolerably well dressed, and appeared very healthy. They were amusing themselves at an oriental game, which is played with small pebbles, arranged in various ways in holes dug in the sand. Meanwhile the merchants and buyers took first one and then another by the arm, examined them narrowly from head to foot, patted them, made them show their teeth, that they might judge of their age and state of health, and the children, when released, eagerly joined their play-mates, and renewed their game. I next went under the covered porticos, which were covered with slaves and purchasers. The Turks engaged in this traffic were walking about among the groups, superbly dressed in *serres pelisses*, and with long pipes in their hands, looking anxious and pre-occupied, and casting a jealous glance at every stranger who peeped into the rooms in which they kept their human merchandise; but as they supposed us to be Arabs or Egyptians, they did not venture to refuse admittance to any of the rooms. Itinerant dealers in *serres* and dried fruits were walking about the gallery, selling refreshments to the slaves. I slipped a few piasres into the hand of one of them and directed him to distribute the contents of his basket among the negro children, who eagerly devoured them.

I remarked a poor negress, about eighteen or 20 years of age, remarkably handsome, but with a sullen and melancholy air. She was seated on a bench in the gallery, richly dressed and with her face unveiled. Round her were about a dozen other negresses, dressed in rags, and exposed for sale at very low prices. The negress above mentioned held in her lap a fine little boy of three or four years of age, magnificently dressed; her child, who was mulatto, had a handsome and noble countenance, a beautiful mouth, and the finest eyes imaginable. I played with the boy, and gave him some cakes and sweetmeats, which I had purchased at a neighbouring shop; but the merchant snatched them from his hands, and threw them on the ground, an expression of anger and offended pride. She held down her face, and wept. I imagined that she was afraid of being sold separately from her child, and requested M. Morlach, my obliging guide, to purchase together with the child for me. I would have bought

*Reindeer cloak.

†Thanks.

‡Welcome.

the interesting boy without separating him from his mother. We addressed ourselves to a broker with whom Mr Morlach was acquainted. The broker spoke to the owner of the slave and her child. He at first seemed inclined to accept our terms. The poor woman wept bitterly, and the boy threw his arms round his mother's neck. But the bargaining was all a pretence on the part of the merchant, and when we agreed to give him the very exorbitant price he set upon the slaves, he took the broker aside, and told him that the negress was not for sale. He stated that she was the slave of a rich Turk, who was the father of the boy; that she had evinced too haughty and over-bearing a spirit in the harem; and that, to correct and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazaar, under pretence of intending to get rid of her, but with secret orders that she should not be sold. This mode of correction is frequently resorted to, and when a Turk is out of humour with his female slaves, his usual threat is that he will send them to the bazaar.

To offer many remarks upon such a scene would only be to weaken the effect the description must produce in every well-regulated mind. Surely every female reader should especially be grateful to God for christianity; no other system has ever placed her sex in its proper station in society. Let English females bless God that they were not born in Turkey.—*Lamartine.*

THE BRIDE.

AMONG the crowd who were hastily promenading the streets on Christmas eve was Charles West; and, if his step degenerated into a stride and then a run, he might be pardoned. Charles West was a new-made bridegroom. The transition from the dirty, cold street to a warm parlor was in itself pleasurable; added to that, to be welcomed home by a bright-eyed girl, all smiles and blushes—for the honeymoon was barely passed—was absolutely too paradisaical for the earth. Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles seated himself beside her he was certainly a very happy fellow. Alas! he had as yet only drunk the bubbles of the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which lighted the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how soon husbands see clouds on their liege lady's brows. It was the first Charles ever saw there, and it excited the tenderest inquiries. Was she unwell?—did she wish for any thing? Emma hesitated, blushed and looked down. Charles pressed to know what cast such a shadow over her spirits. 'I fear you will think me very silly, but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon.'—'Not for that certainly,' said Charles smiling. 'O, I did not mean that, but you know we began to keep house nearly at the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpeting. Mary would have me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, and he has brought too, and they are such loves!' Charles bit his lip. 'Mary,' She continued, 'said you were doing a first rate business, and said she was sure you would never let that odious wilton lay on the parlor, if you once saw that splendid Brussels—so rich and so cheap—only seventy-five dollars.'

Now the odious 'wilton' had been selected by Charles' mother and presented to them, and the color deepened on his cheek as his animated bride continued, 'Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it? There are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it.'—'Emma,' said Charles gravely, 'you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one which will answer very well, and is perfectly new.' Emma's vivacity fled, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed. He drew out his watch and put it back, whistled, and finding a periodical on Emma's table began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well toned, and he soon forgot his embarrassment, when, looking into Emma's eyes, how was he surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent on her hand, evident displeasure on her

brow, and a tear slowly trickling down her cheeks! Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there were more of them—and he reflected a minute before he said, 'Emma, my love, get your bonnet and cloak on, and walk with me, if you please.' Emma looked as if she would like to pout a little longer, but Charles said: 'come' with such a serious gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to accede, and, nothing doubting but that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several squares in the direction of Brent's, until they at last stood before the door of a miserable tenement in a back street. 'Where in the world are you taking me?' inquired Emma shrinking back. Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting the latch they stood in a little room, around the grate of which, three small children were hovering closer and closer, as the cold wind crept through the crevices in the decayed walls. An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eye and flushed cheek spoke of deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely suffered to keep her from freezing, while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness, was vainly endeavoring to draw sustenance from its dying mother.

'How are you, Mrs. Wright?' quietly inquired Charles. The woman feebly raised herself on her arm. 'Is that you, Mr. West? O, how glad I am that you are come! your mother?'—'Has not been at home for a month, and the lady who promised her to look after you in her absence only informed me to day of your illness.'—'I have been very ill,' she faintly replied, sinking back on her straw bed. Emma drew near. She arranged the pillow and bedclothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak. Charles observed it and felt satisfied. 'Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you were married.'—'Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer.'—'Bless you, Mr. Charles West, bless you for a good son of a good mother! May your young wife deserve you—and that is wishing a good deal for her. You are very good to think of me,' she said, looking at Emma, 'and you are just married.' Charles saw Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the poor woman coal that night. The moment they reached home, Emma burst into tears. 'My dear Emma,' said Charles, soothingly, 'I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look upon the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing \$75. You may spend it as you please.'

It is unnecessary to say that the 'odious wilton' kept its place; but the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, and it formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—The annual distribution of prizes at the London University took place on Saturday at two o'clock. The theatre of the institution was filled in every part. Earl Fitzwilliam presided. Dr. Elioston, the Secretary, read the report. The Noble Chairman then proceeded to deliver the prizes, consisting of gold and silver medals, and certificates to those pupils who had made the greatest proficiency in the several branches of anatomy, anatomy and physiology, practice of medicine, surgery, midwifery, materia medica, medical jurisprudence, chemistry, comparative anatomy, and botany. His lordship, in his subsequent address, said he would urgently impress on the minds of the students of anatomy not to forget the immaterial in the material subjects they examined. (Loud cheers.) He trusted they would not, in their investigation into the material parts of man, forget that that matter had been animated by an immaterial essence all but divine. (Renewed cheers.) He hoped they would rise from the contemplation of God's material works to the contemplation of God himself. (Great applause.) They would find this the most effectual way to promote their own interests and happiness in this life, and they would at the same time refute the calumny which had been so industriously circulated, that the institution was not favourable to religion. (Cheers.)

THE FOSSIL FLOWER.

Dark fossil flower! I see thy leaves unrolled,
With all their lines of beauty freshly marked;
As when the eye of Morn beamed on thee first,
And thou first turn'dst to meet its welcome smile:
And sometimes in the coals' bright rain-bow hues,
I dream I see the colors of thy prime,
And for a moment robe thy form again
In splendor not its own. Flower of the past!
Now as I look on thee, life's echoing tread
Falls noiseless on my ear; the present dies;
And o'er my soul the thoughts of distant time,
In silent waves, like billows from the sea,
Come rolling on and on, with ceaseless flow,
Innumerable. Thou mayest have sprung unown
Into thy noon of life, when first earth heard
Its Maker's sovereign voice; and laughing flowers
Waved o'er the meadows, hung on the mountain crags,
And nodded in the breeze on every hill.
Thou may'st have bloomed unseen, save by the stars
That sang together o'er thy rosy birth,
And came at eve to watch thy folded rest.
None may have sought thee in thy fragrant home,
Save light-voiced winds, that round thy dwelling played,
Or seemed to sigh, oft as their winged haste
Compelled their feet to roam. Thou may'st have lived
Beneath the light of later days, when man,
With feet free-roving as the homeless wind,
Scolded the thick-mantled height, coursed plains unshorn,
Breaking the solitude of nature's haunts
With voice that seemed to blend, in one sweet strain,
The mingled music of the elements.
And when against his infant frame they rose,
Uncurbed, unawed by his yet feeble hand,
And when the muttering storm, and shouting wave,
And rattling thunder, mated, round him raged,
And seemed at times like demon foes to gird,
Thou may'st have won with gentle look his heart,
And stirred the first warm prayer of gratitude,
And been his first, his simplest altar-gift.
For thee, dark flower! the kindling sun can bring
No more the colors that it gave, nor morn,
With kindly kiss, restore thy breathing sweets:
Yet may the mind's mysterious touch recall
The bloom and fragrance of thy early prime:
For He who to the lowly lily gave
A glory richer than to proudest king,
He painted not those daisy-shining leaves,
With blushes like the dawn, in vain; nor gave
To thee its sweetly-scented breath, to waste
Upon the barren air. E'en though thou stood
Alone in nature's forest-home untrud,
The first-love of the stars and sighing winds,
The mineral holds with faithful trust thy form,
To wake in human hearts sweet thoughts of love,
Now the dark past hangs round thy memory.
Salem, (Mass.) 1837.

FLOGGING IN INDIA.—A few months ago the following case occurred in the Bengal army.—A Christian Sepoy deserted from his regiment, returned shortly afterwards, was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be corporally punished. The commanding officer thought himself prohibited from confirming the sentence by Lord William Bentinck's order abolishing corporal punishment in the native army. He referred the subject, however, for the opinion of the Judge-Advocate-General, who gave it as his opinion that the sentence was correct, and might be carried into effect, as "the General Order of the 24th of February, 1835, does not extend to Christian drummers or musicians, (to which prescribed trade the unfortunate individual happened to belong,) and only affects native soldiers not professing the Christian religion."—*Madras Paper.*

THE INDIAN DEVOTEE.—The following is related by the late Reverend Mr Swartz, then a Danish Missionary in the East Indies. A certain man, on the Malabar coast, had inquired of various devotees and priests, how he might make atonement for his sins; and at last he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunted, through his sandals; and on these spikes he was directed to place his naked feet, and to walk, if I mistake not, two hundred and fifty coss, that is about four hundred and eighty miles. If, through loss of blood, or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, he might wait for healing and strength. He undertook the journey, and while he halted under a large shady tree, where the Gospel was sometimes preached, one of the missionaries came, and preached in his hearing from these words.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." While he was preaching, the man rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, "This is what I want!" and he became a lively witness that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin.

From the Knickerbocker.

A DAY AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

CRAWFORD'S INN, AUGUST 5th, 1835. Our first feelings, on awakening this morning, were those of disappointment; for we had proposed, after an early breakfast, to commence the ascent of Mount Washington; but instead of the clear atmosphere and joyous sunshine which we had anticipated, the sky was dark and lowering, a drizzly rain was falling, and a light silvery mist veiled the summits of the White Hills. Amusement within doors there was none, for the "Register" composed the library of our host; and its varied columns we had already conned from first to last. In its pages we met with many a well-known name. Far distant friends it brought before us; and as we looked upon the familiar characters, read the course of their wanderings, and perhaps a passing remark, memory revived the past, imagination blended it with the present, and amid the solitude of mountains and the discomforts of an inn, fancy surrounded us with a group of friends. Pleasant, very pleasant, is it, to think that those we love have tarried in the spot, and inscribed their names for a similar purpose in the self-same pages.

Breakfast concluded, we determined, in defiance of the weather, and the prediction of our host that the rain would continue till the morrow, to visit the Notch, some six miles distant. We were soon seated, four in number, in a small, antique carriage, which, to judge by its appearance, might have belonged to the pilgrim-fathers. The rain had rendered the sandy road more firm, and drawn by four fleet horses, we sped on merrily over hill and valley though field and forest, beneath towering trees and past smoking stumps, and in a short time alighted a few rods from the Notch.

The entrance to this wondrous Gap is guarded by two immense rocks, standing like sentinels on either hand, rising to a height of thirty feet, and formed with a regularity which might betoken the hand of art, did not the bending trees waving on their summits, and the wild shrubs shooting from their crevices, all prove them to be nature's workmanship. The distance between these piles, at the entrance about thirty feet, gradually diminishes to twenty; and for full forty yards, this double wall rises perpendicularly, as though an opening through the solid rock had been cut by the chisel of some giant hand. After emerging from this picturesque passage, which one might readily imagine the entrance to some fortress, a few steps brought us in view of the far-famed Gap. The Notch is a breach in the range of the mountains, nearly three miles in length, affording to travellers a convenient and easy passage; whereas had not nature, by some great convulsion, with the effects only of which we are acquainted, thus torn the hills asunder, access from the one border to the other could have been obtained only by climbing the rugged steeps. The walls of this mighty cleft are some six hundred feet in height, and the light-colored granite of which they are composed has been worn bare by numerous and frequent slides. At the moment our eyes rested on the scene, the sun breaking through the clouds, shed its bright beams upon the southern ridge, forming a beautiful contrast with the deep shadows of the opposite precipice. There is a continued descent, in some places steep and difficult, from the western to the eastern extremity of the Notch. The space at the bottom is frequently so narrow, as barely to afford room for the road, which is constructed upon heaps of rock and rubbish, deposited by repeated storms, and for a little stream called *Saco*, which takes its rise in Mount Washington, and for the last mile or two had been flowing gently through a level meadow, but here it dashed furiously along, with ripple and foam, sometimes beside our steps, and often beneath our feet. As we descended the winding path—for the Gap is far from being regular—the scene increased in sublimity and beauty. The precipitous rock became higher and higher, and stood forth in bold relief against the sky, where the clouds were now fast giving way to an azure hue. The outline of the upper edge was clearly defined; and its white lime-stone contrasted beautifully with the blue heavens. Here a mass of rock was seen,

half detached, and ready to fall; and near it, a stunted tree sent forth its crooked top. Several flames, or mountain torrents, having their origin in springs at the summit came tumbling down the sides, forming a striking feature in the picture. You may see the stream rushing from the topmost cliff, and falling some fifty feet, when striking again the rocks, it re-bounds with jet and spray, and then dances gaily from cleft to cragg, until its waters mingle with those of the *Saco*. Scattered trees and bushes lend their foliage to variegate the barrenness of the hill-sides, which bear marks of violent and recent convulsions.

A melancholy tale is connected with the fall of an *avalanche de terre* in the year 1826, a brief statement of which we had read in our "Tourist," but we now heard it from the lips of our guide, who had himself known the parties; and it was related with much fidelity and feeling, while we were standing almost on the very spot where the catastrophe occurred.

A few years since, the Notch exhibited a far different appearance from that which now meets the eye of the wondering traveller. The mountainous steeps as at this moment reared high their tops toward heaven, and the sparkling *Saco* rippled in the vale between. But no fearful convulsion had then disturbed the symmetry of the scene. Frequently in some wider opening, tall trees, rooted near the stream, waved their green foliage over its waters; and in one spot, nearly a mile from the rocky portals, where the precipitous bank gives place to a gentle slope, a stately grove of cedars, formed an oasis of eternal verdure, in this place of flint and barrenness. At the eastern extremity of the Notch, where the Gap is more than half a mile in breadth, the level plain, lying in the midst, now presents the appearance of a desert. Broken rocks and shattered trees are seen every where protruding from the mass of sand and stones which covers the entire spot, and extends for many feet below the surface. Formerly that plain was a verdant meadow, and those trees sheltered the cattle which browsed upon its herbage.

A little to the right, situated beneath a frowning cliff, stands a small house, tenantless and neglected. The wind sighs unheeded through its open doors and sashless windows, and its walls are defaced with the rudely-cut names of numerous visitants and in some places slashed and marred by the careless touch of a wanton hand. The merry laugh which once rung through those deserted chambers, is hushed forever—the lips whose smile cherished and enlivened them, may part no more.

It was in the year—18; that a new settler made his appearance among the few and scattered inhabitants of the White hills. CALVIN WILLEY was a young man, a native of New-England, and possessed of the honourable sentiments and steady habits claimed as characteristics of her sons. He came not alone. A youthful partner, by education fitted to adorn a higher sphere, resigned the attractions which elsewhere courted her, to accompany her husband to this inhospitable region. Whether the beauty of the Notch valley enchanted his eye, or some older settler recommended its fertility, a few months found them comfortably settled in the small tenement we have described and it was supposed that a more eligible site could not have been chosen. The fruits of happy industry were ere long visible around them. Time rolled on—the verdant meadow grew daily more flourishing and productive—a smiling group of children, ready to

—“kiss their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.”

made merry the vacant evenings. The inclemency of the season, and the many difficulties attendant on travelling induced the Willeys to open their house for the accommodation of travellers, and there are probably some now living, who may remember the social circle around the winter hearth, and be able to recount many a story which has made the hills echo with the joyous laugh. Oft has the crackling fire in that now vacant chimney rejoiced the soul of the weary wayfarer.

As yet the violence of no storm had been able to destroy the symmetry of the Notch. The tall cliffs beheld the elements waste their fury around them, and stood unshaken and unchanged; but the time was coming when the proud

oak was to snap, and the pillars of the earth tremble; when that blooming valley was to be buried from the view and that happy family swept into eternity. In the month of August 1836, a few days before the well-known tempest, a storm loosened some high rocks near their dwelling, and caused a small slide, which though harmless in its effects, justly excited fears of similar accidents in future. We have already mentioned, that the house stands immediately at the foot of the mountain, in an exposed situation, yet one not to be compared in point of danger with others near it, for the hill-side, though steep, was covered with verdant turf, and shaded by many noble trees. A few rods from the dwelling, our guide pointed out to us the spot where Willey had erected a rude tent, to which he and his family might fly for safety, should the cliffs again threaten them. Thus prepared against the worst we may suppose they slept in peace, with no thought of danger to disturb their slumbers.

On the night of the twenty-eighth of August, there arose a tempest, "the like of which," said our narrator, was never known." The gathering clouds met, like opposing armies, and terrible was the conflict. The blackness of the night was rendered more gloomy by the darker shadowing of the storm:

“It burst from earth to heaven,
It rolled from crag to cloud.”

and loud peals and frequent flashes attended the descent of unbroken floods. Fragments torn from the toppling cliffs, and sweeping before them the loftiest trees, and most firmly based rocks, were hurled into the vale below. Aun a vivid gleam lighted up the scene of desolation, and the groans of the fractured mountains mingled with the howlings of the storm. Slowly and fearfully passed the night to the trembling inhabitants of the White Hills. Morning broke at last, and the sun's early rays again lighted up this amphitheatre of mountains. The genius of the storm, as if satisfied with his work, was heard no longer. The dark clouds had rolled away, and the deep swelling gust had ceased to roar amid the forest; but the face of nature was changed. Each bubbling brook was now a rapid stream, and each stream an overflowing river. The destructive effects of the tempest were visible on every side. The mountains were marked with the paths of slides a fourth of a mile in breadth, and from one to five miles in length. The Notch especially, presented a scene of wild disorder. Fragments of disjointed cliffs, broken rocks, shattered trees, and huge heaps of earth and stones, occupied the narrow passage. The *Saco*, now a raging torrent had left its wonted bed, and dashed violently along where the day previous the road had passed. While no vestige remained of the tent erected for a secure shelter, the Willey house stood alone amid the ruined waste, and beneath the shelter of the wall, cowered a flock of trembling sheep. The open door seemed to invite an entrance, but no inmate appeared, to offer the welcome of hospitality. A solemn stillness reigned within the apartments, which were soon discovered to be vacant. The clothes of the ill-fated inmates were found by their bed-sides, as though they had fled in a moment of terror. A large slide from the hill above, the fear of which probably induced their sudden flight stopped, as if by a miracle scarcely three feet from the dwelling, and it is supposed that they were swept away by the flood almost upon leaving their own door. The arrival of several strangers the day before, had increased the number of the family, and eleven persons thus met an untimely end. The bodies of some were never found; the mangled remains of others were discovered near the banks of the *Saco*.

“And such is human life: thus gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!”

Is the reflection which forces itself upon the mind of the traveller, as he treads the deserted chambers of that lonely house. He has gazed with delight upon the majesty of nature, and his imagination has revelled in contemplating her beauty. He has stood in mute astonishment at the wreck of mountains, and his mind has acknowledged the omnipresence of *ZAM* "who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm." But that lowly tenement has a melancholy interest, a sneaking silence, to touch the soul. As,

—“there is given
unto the things of earth which time has blest.
A spirit's feeling,

so by its sad associations it moves the sympathies and warms the heart of the coldest and most indifferent, and he turns aside to brush away a tear to the memory of the Willey Family.

NEMO.

For the Pearl.

THE BIBLE IS THE BOOK.

Of Genesis,—origin, and generation of all things:—Exodus,—emigration from the land of destruction, and condition of spiritual bondage: Leviticus,—the ritual ceremonial, and institutes of the holy nation, the royal priesthood Arithmoi—Numbers,—the divine computation and reckoning of times, persons, and things: Deuteronomy,—the new edition of the law of Jehovah; the new and better covenant. Joshua, Jehovah our Saviour, the captain of our salvation: Judges—the coadjutors of the Judge of all the earth: Ruth—fulfilment, satisfaction of the hopeful: Samuel—heard of Jehovah: Oh, thou that hearest prayer unto thee shall all flesh come. Kings—King of righteousness and King of Peace, Messiah, Christ, anointed of Jehovah: Christians reigning in life through him: Kings and Priests unto God. Chronicles—the memorials of the Lords inheritance: Ezra,—help in the ways of Zion: Nehemiah,—refreshing, consolation, restoration, and rest of Jehovah: Esther,—mysteries hidden from the world.—Job,—him who weeps in secret places for lost souls: Psalms,—the songs of Zion, the mountain of the House of Jehovah,—the canticles of the sweet singers of Israel: Proverbs,—the apothegms of the wise; fragrant citrons, in reticules of silver; words in season of the beloved of Jehovah: Ecclesiastes,—the preacher of righteousness; the simplicity of preaching to save them who believe: Canticles,—of the peaceable, the perfect, him who recompenses, the voice of the beloved; the melodies of the voice of the bridegroom: Isaiah,—the salvation of Jehovah manifested: Jeremiah,—Jehovah's glory; God manifest in the flesh: Lamentations of the man of sorrows;—who hath seen affliction by the rod of God's anger: Ezekiel,—the strength of God, seen in showing mercy: Daniel,—the sentence or decision of Jehovah: Hosea,—the Saviour: Joel,—the willing and performing covenant God: Amos, weighty truths: Obadiah,—servants of Jehovah, the justified by faith: Jonah,—adore the comforted: Micah,—the poor and humble, him who smites the shepherd, the Lord is there: Nahum—the penitent, their guide the comforter; Habakkuk, him who embraces, the wrestling angel: Zephaniah,—the secret counsel or voice of Jehovah: Haggai,—festivals and solemnities; Zachariah, the Lord's retrospect: Malachi,—Jehovah's voice. Behold! the Shiloh cometh! The Apostle of Israel; the angel of the covenant. The ambassador of the Lord of Hosts. The Gospel,—good tidings of great joy to all people concerning the new covenant of Jehovah, of Matthew; a reward: Mark, illumination; Luke, manifestation; John, the grace, or mercy of Jehovah: Acts of the Apostles,—Shiloh, the messengers or ambassadors of Jehovah, the angels of the churches,—And their messengers addressed the Romans,—to the powerful: Corinthians—those who are satisfied;—Galatians, the white as milk pardoned; Ephesians,—the desirable people; Philippians the warlike: Colossians, the patient under correction: Thessalonians, the more than conquerors: Timothy, esteemed of God, precious in his sight: Titus, honourable; Philemon the affectionate: Hebrews, the children of him who came over; took on him the seed of Abraham. By James,—Jacob, the younger chosen before the elder. Peter,—Ebenezer, a pillar of deliverance:—monument of the mercy of Jehovah: John, the donation, gift, or beneficence of Jehovah. Jude, whose praise is not of men but of God. Revelations, beams of the Sun of Righteousness; manifested glory shining for thy light is come; and the glory of Jehovah is ascended upon thee; the true light, and the last—Omega.

How ample the title, how varied the instrumentality, how munificent the bestowments of this inestimable—yet slighted volume!! Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift! Both happy and wise is she who searcheth continually for its wisdom, waiting daily at her gates, and watch-

ing at the portico of her temple. Ho! all ye lovers of pleasure! Here are pleasures greater far than east or west unfolds! Lovers of gain! Find ye here the true riches: immense, unsearchable, unavailable by force or guile! Lovers of fame! Embrace here the honour that cometh of God only; which will live, and brighten,—when the fine marble monument, and sculptured urn, are turned to dust, and scattered to the winds! Lovers of Science! Lovers of Truth! Behold! here what ye seek in pristine majesty unallayed, and in all the bold relief of naked beauty!

TEULON.

MORNING.

“The morn is up again—the dewy morn
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom.”

Morning has many charms. It has attractions for every age and beauties for every condition. Who can see the new day coming forth from the gates of the east, making the heavens to smile and the earth to rejoice in her gladness, without emotions of the most pleasing character? Who can witness the gradual departure of darkness and not have his soul filled with thankfulness to him, who says to it, “go and it goeth?” Who can hear the choir of nature warble their sweet Hosannahs to the returning light and not involuntarily break forth with them into singing?

Invigorated by the sleep of the night, we rise with the early dawn and commence the activity and bustle of life. We return, as it were, to our existence—we begin anew the being which repose suspended. Our faculties again perform their prescribed duties. Judgment reassumes her throne—Imagination ceases her sports and becomes sober. The voice of conscience is heard and the passions flow in their accustomed channels. Mind again has supremacy. The weary body of yesterday is now bouyant—every power vigorous—every nerve strung. “Like giants refreshed with new wine,” we go out into the world. A new spirit is infused into us. Freshness is in every feeling and sprightliness in every motion.

Morning is the time for study. Mental labor performed at this time of the day, is less apt to injure us than at any other period. Whoever has tried it knows that this is the hour for the improvement and expansion of the soul. It is Intellect's time, sacred to its purposes, dedicated to its profit. When did Wesley—Clarke—Buffon and a host of others amass the treasures of knowledge? When did they dig for their pearls? Not when the physical energies were exhausted—not when their minds were heavy and inactive but when body and spirit were both free and unoppressed. Then they explored the fields of science—plucked its fruits and gathered its flowers—then, they left this dull world behind them and soared “on the wings of eagles.”

Morning frequently serves us the double purposes of memento and type. It teaches us to recur to the past—it leads us forward to the future. When we have seen the sun showing his bright face above the eastern horizon and tinging every thing with his first beams, we have thought of the period when o'er the infant earth, he rose for the first time—when night's long, unbroken, reign was ended and he began to rule. When we have heard the birds sing their melodies, we have thought of the hour when Paradise was vocal with their notes. Gloomy have been the feelings which have come over us when such reflections have been passing through our minds. We have lamented that so sweet a morn as that, should have been so soon darkened. We have sighed for our Eden and in bitterness have wept, that an envious tempter should have polluted its soil by his footprints and poisoned the air with his breath.

We have thought too of a morning, that is to come. The future has a morn to disclose, which cannot be described, 'T is the morning of eternity—that great and solemn morning which is to begin—never to end.

Who can paint the characteristics of this illustrious morning? Who? Could we recall the departed spirits of Paul or John, they might do it for us. They might do it justice. But we are earthborn, ignorant creatures, how incapable are we in grasping it! Let the fancy, that has been long trained and that can easily sustain itself in the highest flights, be brought to this subject and it will find it too heavy a task—The morning of eternity. Let us be sa-

tified with what we know. We can form an adequate idea of its grandeur. Here is a theme, which poetry cannot sing—a scene, that the canvass cannot represent. Here, genius feels its incompetency and art acknowledges its feebleness. Here language utterly fails and here from the mightiest intellects is extorted the confession, “we see through a glass darkly.” It belongs to that class of subjects, which shall never be understood, until the energies of our minds are improved to the highest degree of perfection.

FLOARDO.

AFFECTION FOR A CITY.—“We have an affection for a great city. We feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and enjoy ‘the sweet security of streets.’ The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to us. We find sermons in the stones of side-walks. In the continuous sound of voices, and wheels, and footsteps, we hear ‘the sad music of humanity.’ We feel that life is not a dream, but an earnest reality; that the beings around us are not the insects of a day but the pilgrims of an eternity; they are our fellow-creatures, each with his history of thousandfold occurrences, insignificant it may be to us, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small, that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach unto us the gospel of a great and good providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers, and wants, and passions, and deeds, preach this same gospel. He is the great evangelist. And though oftentimes, unconscious of his mission, or reluctant to fulfil it, he leads others astray, even then to the thoughtful mind he preaches. We are in love with Nature: and most of all with human nature. The face of man is a benediction to us. The greatest works of his handicraft delight us hardly less than the greatest works of Nature. They are the masterpieces of her own master piece. Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art wherein the hand of genius is visible, please us evermore, for they conduct us into the fellowship of great minds. And thus our sympathies are with men, and streets and city-gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build nests in the arms of saints and apostles. And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley many-sided life of man; and finally learn, if we are wise, to ‘look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation: joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as all in all, God, Creation, Virtue.’”

AMERICAN SLAVERY.—At the Annual Meeting of the Midland Baptist Association, held in May last, the following resolution was passed:—

“This Association embrace the present occasion, offered by this annual meeting, to express their tender Christian sympathy with such of their Baptist brethren in America as are abolitionists, under the very trying circumstances in which they are placed. In thus renewing the expression of their good-will to their transatlantic brethren, they would take the liberty of reminding them, that the American President is not the first who has issued his mandate, forbidding the disciples of Christ to speak any more in their Master's name, and that in their belief, his high behest will prove futile with the fulminations of the Sanhedrim and of the Vatican, with every other despotism both ancient and modern. And this Association assure their American brethren that they will be borne on their hearts at a throne of grace during the interesting and tremendous conflict in which they are engaged, till the great victory in the cause of truth, righteousness, peace, and love shall be achieved.”

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1837.

THE CONSUMPTION.—WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!!!

It were an interesting problem in moral philosophy to ascertain exactly how much truth is required to neutralize a given quantity of error—and thus to ascertain how large quantities of each may be introduced into society without effecting any remove from that original happy state of ignorance which belongs to it, or of the most plausible reasons for a continuance of its boastings of large attainments of knowledge, whether of good or evil. Then by a judicious management of the process, moral light and darkness—truth and error—faith and credulity, might be made to stand in even scale; and mankind might become wonderfully more gifted, without being a whit more wise. In this issue there would be nothing to offend the eyes, nothing of a personal, nothing of an offensive nature; every fashionable folly and vice, might flourish without our being deemed foolish or vicious—every form of belief might prevail, because in admitting all we could run to no extreme—and without a simple love of injustice or falsehood, a man might practice both, by keeping on such friendly terms with honesty and truth, as to have their passport to reputation and honour, which the world will always bestow on such *deserving characters*. Some persons of small experience will be bold enough to call this double dealing, hypocrisy and other hard names, but this on their part is evidently fanatical—as is every thing that does not at any time accord with the prevailing course and custom of the world. That all persons are not so weakminded we have evident proof in that prevailing course and custom, fashion or taste; and not in that only, considered as the actions of mankind, but equally in its language and literature; in which we must see a considerable exemplification of the design, above spoken of—partially effected and drawing to its consummation, so that we may secretly hope that ere long the invidious distinctions between truth and error will be entirely done away, and that neither the bright sunshine of the one, nor the palpable darkness of the other, will more mens eyes offend, but the calm and voluptuous twilight compounded of both, steal softly over our spirits, inspire us all with bewitching sensations, and lull the earth to profound and universal repose. To this end mainly contribute, all those fascinating and adored authors who so charmingly mingle fiction with history,—theory with experiment,—and speculation with discovery, as prevents our seeing where either begins or ends, or whether in fact they begin or end at all.

'Homogeneity! All's neuter there, In sweet confusion lost!

We are led to speak thus by the article 'Important Discovery—The Consumption' in the *Novascotian* of June 29th quoted from the *New York Daily Express*; which imports to consider consumption curable by surgery, though counted by the physician immedicable. What an age of wonders! We suspect this prodigiously wonderful piece was authorized either by one who was sufficiently provoked if not abused by some of the modern daring exploits in zoetomy, or that was a proselyte to the refined and enlightened views promulgated in this *****

The statements made in the article named respecting the relative situation and function of the lungs may be proper and ingenious enough. They are said to be comparable to a pair of bladders confined within two bellows, and made to receive and remit, or *inspire and expire*, the air obtained at the nozzles—*nostrils*—by the activities of the muscles of the chest and abdomen. Either of them may then be collapsed by the pressure of external air permitted to enter the recipient and act upon its outer surface. From this simple fact, a *very simple* inference is drawn and misnamed, a discovery: viz, that hereby 'a lung may be placed at rest; and the great obstacle to the cure of consumption is removed.' And now the shout of triumph comes rolling on, and the hosts of the literati cry, 'There is hope for the consumptive patient! The plan is feasi-

ble! The greatest discovery in the art of healing, in modern times!' Does motion then ingenerate the tubercles which are the exciting cause of this disease, and impediment to the healthy functions of the lungs? And is the quiescence of an expanded, excited, and obstructed lung to be restored with all the facility of collapsing a blown bladder by the supercession of a vacuum? Then say we, we live in happy times. We will now quote a few lines from this note of discovery: 'The system of cure here proposed is founded on a careful consideration of these facts'—not on the fact that any consumption has been cured by this method. 'So long as the lung is kept continually in motion by the passage of the air through every portion of it, an ulcer or any other disease of it which may exist cannot possibly heal.' But consumption consists not in ulcers, but rather of scrofulous indurations which require action and excitation in order to their removal. Again, both ulcers and even consumptions, as well as other diseases have healed and disappeared from the lungs in numerous instances (as proved by inspection,) under the ordinary circumstances objected to.

We are next conducted to the *operation hypothetic*, one not as yet performed. Now we are told 'that this is neither difficult nor dangerous'—to the operation—but no description of it is offered. We should like to be informed whether each of the lobes is to be perforated, and at what point—whether the channel of communication is to be made good through the shoulder or the pericardium,—or that the breast or shoulder is to be amputated as a preliminary stage of the work. Also whether we may presume on the patient's retaining her ribs on the side in question in the expedient referred to so touchingly in the following beautiful lines of prose: 'To be brief, where applications, incisions, inspections &c. are required they are *easily made*. If it is found necessary to remove any diseased part it can be effected,'—say easily—for 'the operation is not half as severe as one half of those *daily performed*.' What chivalrous days! in this city—Grand Cairo! 'And as to its practicability we will not throw away reasons,'—for *they are scarce in the market*:—and you know any thing may be done to the willing—'those who are aware,'—eng: the wise 'will not wonder,'—which is the work of fools—'that a deceased lung which has ceased to perform its functions should be seized,'—by a Jackall, 'and taken out *mainly* from its location in the body,'—dead or alive, 'much less need they be alarmed'—Ah no we an't alarmed! because we an't going to go through the operation!

Next thing comes a cure for the tooth-ache. We are told it is infallible! R. Fill your mouth with ice or cold water and sit on a good clear fire till it boils! Dont be alarmed, it's a good, thorough cure, they say infallible! But being rather sceptical we doubt this: as a reason, suffice it to say that we once knew a person who tried it before dressing in the morning, and fasting, but through pain and blame, and weakness coming on before the heat had well reached his mouth, the experiment laudable as it is, failed, and actually made him worse than before. Now we were thinking that the novel chest boring operation might fall through from similar causes; but softly says our friend, 'were the operation the *most terrible*, as it is the *most trifling*, there would be no cause for apprehension,'—I guess not, 'that a system in so low a state as that of a consumptive would not be able to bear the shock,' *that's true*. 'Persons reduced to the very confines of the grave by any long protracted disease in one of the extremities,'—lungs—*this is coming to the point*. Proceed—'undergo amputation better.' Ha. Ha. Ha. 'The danger of the operation is less—the pain is less'—it is in fact,—*the operation—less the patient!*

Pity it is that money's so scarce that we cant form a company for tunnelling across the Atlantic, it is a thing we long to see accomplished, a deeper scheme you will seldom get a hearing of—and if accomplished it would do more good than all the steam navigation and rail roads in the world. What that we know of would produce unanimity, commerce, the arts and sciences, or even religion like it—that we dont know. But then people are so weak handed, and weak minded, and full of paitry and

fitful objections—and simply and foolishly because they have never seen a thing done, they think it never can be done, and so never set about it. In conclusion we return thanks! hearty thanks! to our discoverer for his laudable attempts to illustrate our principles, and get the better of such puerile fears, and antiquated prejudices.

MISS MARTINEAU.—The work of this gifted lady, entitled 'Society in America' is meeting with a strange fate in the United States. Professedly an admirer of republican institutions, she is regarded by republicans with malice and all uncharitableness. Her comments on the fundamental principle of their constitution, that all men are free and have equal rights, are too stern and uncompromising for our democratic neighbours. The time will come when they will no longer endure sound doctrine. Already the groans of their abused captives and the clanking of their fetters, are musical in their perverted ears, compared with the fair and sober interpretation of their much boasted and annually trumpeted charter of independence. O shame to humanity! While the accursed chain of the oppressor rattles in their hands and the love of tyranny reigns in their hearts, are they rending the heavens with their vociferations of freedom—themselves revelling in all the sweets of liberty, but with their feet on the necks of thousands of their miserable slaves. An Algerine with all his savage and blood-thirsty disposition was a perfect model of consistency to such a revolting character as this! And yet such is your genuine republican of the United States—a freeman yet a despot—incessantly prating about his rights and yet shamelessly claiming

'To buy and sell, to barter, whip and hold
In chains, a being of celestial make.'

himself a being of mighty pomp and consequence, his slave not worthy to be considered as belonging to the common brotherhood of man. Verily we cannot but sigh over such monstrous inconsistency. And Miss Martineau has dared to flash the truth in their face—the stigma of infamy already upon them, she has rendered deeper and more indelible—she has cried aloud and spared not—and now she is branded by free Americans as a *fanatical abolitionist*. Never before was such high dignity conferred upon her—such a badge is ornamental and honourable, and especially when placed upon you by the advocates of slavery. For ourselves we should desire no greater honour than this!

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—An accident of a truly melancholy nature, happened at the Steam Mill, in Chatham, on Saturday morning last.

Two lads, George Ford, aged 15, and John Kelly, aged 17 years of age, while playing, it is supposed, near one of the shafts connected with the cross-cut saws, the clothes of the former became entangled thereon, and on finding this to be the case, he clasped Kelly in his arms, when both were whirled round with the machinery. Ford must have met with an instantaneous death, as his head at every revolution of the shaft, came in contact with one of the beams of the building, and the other lad was dreadfully maimed and bruised. The physicians were in immediate attendance, and in the course of the day, it was found necessary to amputate Kelly's right leg, at the thigh. He now lies in a very precarious state, with but slight hopes of his recovery.

An inquest was held on the body of the first named unfortunate youth, before M. Cranney, Esq. one of the Coroners of the county, when a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.—*Miramichi Gleaner*.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—We learn that this useful Institution has already been of signal benefit to these Colonies. Owing to the stoppage of the great American Banking Houses in London, a large amount of Bills drawn by the Canada Banks and by two of the chartered Banks in this city, were refused payment. The moment the Directors of the Bank of British North America found such to be the case, they, for the credit of the Colonies, immediately stepped forward and relieved the protested Bills.

We understand the Manager of the Halifax Branch is already there, and that the officers for the Branch in this city are on their way out.—*St. John Courier*.

LOWER CANADA.—The Provincial Legislature is summoned to meet on the 18th August. Some outrages are said to have been committed in the rural districts, upon those who adhere to the Government, by the supporters of

the Papineau party. Lieutenant Colonel Raizone has been dismissed from the command of the 8d Battalion of the Militia of Two Mountains, for refusing to read the Governor's Proclamation at the head of his Battalion.

From the Acadian Telegraph.

Court of Vice Admiralty, Halifax. Case of *Schr Sarah Ann*. The judgment in this case was pronounced on Monday last, by C. R. Fairbanks, Esq. Judge of the Court. The decree was in substance as follows: that both vessels were in fault (the *Sarah Ann* for not endeavouring to avoid the collision, and the *Atlantic* for not taking earlier precautions), and that each shall contribute in equal proportions to the damage occasioned. That the value of the *Atlantic*, cargo, &c., and the damages done to the *Sarah Ann*, shall be ascertained by reference to merchants who shall be appointed,—and that each of the parties at issue shall bear one half of the whole loss; provided that the part to be borne by the owners of the *Sarah Ann*, shall not amount to more than the value of that vessel at the time of the collision.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—An extract of a letter, dated St. John's, July 5, gives the following intelligence. The House of Assembly had met, and had chosen *Dr. Carson*, Speaker, unanimously. Mr. Wakeham had been appointed clerk, and Mr. Beck, Sergeant at Arms. The services of Mr. Archibald, the late clerk, had been mentioned with approbation, and he has been informed that he may take a seat at the clerk's table whenever he wishes. On the next day, the Governor sent his instructions to the House, relative to the appointment of clerks. It was supposed that the House would be prorogued for a time, until the Governor should hear from England. The democratic scale loses nothing of its weight, it seems, in this Colony. Doctor Carson has been long a leader of the radical party, and was for some time Editor of the Newfoundland Patriot.

MARRIED.

At Yarmouth, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. Alfred Gilpin, M. A. William H. Keating, Esq., Barrister at Law, to Eliza Walford, second daughter of Captain A. V. S. Forbes, late of his Majesty's 64th Regt.

DIED.

On Saturday last, after a short illness, Miss Sarah Murdoch, aged 55.
At Gaspe, on the 27th April, Mrs. Hannah Openshaw, wife of the late Lieut. John Openshaw, of the Royal Invalids, Jersey, in the 76th year of her age.
At Yarmouth, on the 7th inst., aged 71, Mrs. Elizabeth Bond, relict of the late Joseph Bond, Esq.
At Eastport, U. S., on the 2d inst., Mrs. Heaster Kerwick, widow of the late Mr. James Kerwick, formerly of Halifax, N. S. aged 72 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday—Sloop *Lady Dwyer*, Pictou, 8 days; brig *Bermudian*, Newbold, Porto Rico, 15 days; Packet brig *Acadian*, Lane, Boston, 65 hours; schr. *Robust*, McCallum, Miramichi, 9 days.
Sunday—Schr. *Nimble*, Popall, Nassau, 16 days; True Brothers, Liverpool; Wm. & Sarah, Barrington; brig *Lady Chapman*, Gilbert, Bermuda, 6 days; schr. *Industry*, Long, Boston, 6 1/2 days; *Phoenix*, Page, Liverpool; ship *Edmund*, Strang, Liverpool, G. B., 45 days; Am. ship *Panther*, Barker, Sligo, 49 days, bound to New York, 161 passengers, experienced very bad weather, lost main and mizen topmasts and fore top-gallantmast—to the American Consul.
Tuesday—Schr. *Sarah*, Tooker, St. John, N. B., via Barrington, 6 days; *Willing Lass*, Watt, Bathurst, 11 days; James McMab, Jeffries, Canoe, 6 days; Susan, Spry Harbour.
Wednesday—Brig *Condor*, Judd, Kingston, 23 days, left brigs *Nancy* and *Hugh Johnson* of this port; schr. *Mary*, Torbay; schr. *Good Intent*; schrs. *Commerce*, *Mermald*, *Fancy*, *Trial*, *Charles*, *Brothers*, *Nancy*, *Louisa*, *Sydney*; schr. *Queen Adelaide*, Arichat; schrs. *Rambler*, and *Ann*, Cow Bay, schr. *Susans*, Annapolis, schr. *Emily*, Bondroit, Sydney.
Thursday—Brig. *London Packet*, Harvey, Bermuda, 8 days, schr. *Gypsy* sailed the day previous. Spanish brig *Cassiopea*, Mattinas Havannah, 16 days, Am. brig. *John Bartlett*, Dellingham. Philadelphia, 8 days, schr. *Speculator*, Frederick, Lunenburg, schr. *Rambler*, do., schr. *Leander*, Liverpool.
Friday, schr. *Endeavour*, Liverpool, N. S.
Saturday, schr. *Grasshopper*, Landry, St. John, N.F.; Spanish *Xebeque*, Lancero-Juan, Matauzza, 16 days,

CLEARED.

20th—brig *Cordelia*, Jones, Boston, *Sarah*, Evening, Demerara, 21st. Belfast, Burns, West Indies; schr. *Waterloo*, Esau, Bay Chaleur. 22d. brig *Griffin*, Ingham, B. W. Indies. 24th. ship *John Porter*, Robertson, Liverpool. 25th. Dispatch, McDrath, St. John, N. F.; *Calm*, Landry, Chaleur Bay. 26th. *Arnide*, Smith, St. John, N. B.

SAILED—Wednesday morning, H M Packet *Swift*, Lieut. Welch, for Falmouth.

For Freight or Charter.

THE BRIG. ELIZABETH, coppered, 121 tons, carries a large cargo, apply to **EDWARD LAWSON**, July 28. Broker.

PROSPECTUS

Of a new MONTHLY PERIODICAL, to be entitled "THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL JOURNAL." (OF NEW-BRUNSWICK and NOVA-SCOTIA.)

When the imagination wanders over the fertile territory of N. Brunswick, and contemplates the easy and comfortable circumstances of her inhabitants—attained through their industry in developing her vast resources, by exterminating her forests, cultivating her soil, opening roads, settling villages, founding cities, and establishing a healthy and prosperous commerce; and when we reflect, that, as the intelligence diffused by the newspapers of the day is indispensable,—so likewise is the promulgation of science, literature, and correct principles of morality no less necessary to augment and sustain her prosperity;—and recollect the fact that numerous foreign miscellaneous publications obtain in this Province no contemptible measure of support;—we are struck with surprise that she can claim no local periodical devoted exclusively to the above named branches of useful knowledge, and capable of leading the intellect into the various extensive paths of delightful and moralizing entertainment, which modern writers of every clime are continually opening to view.

To supply this deficiency, with assurances of success founded upon the above reflections, and a reliance upon that liberality ever extended in New-Brunswick towards the promotion of learning, the Subscriber has been induced to present this prospectus to the public:—confident that the enlightened and enterprising inhabitants of this Province, while they behold the mists of intellectual darkness rapidly vanishing before the mighty energy of a well supported press in the surrounding States and Provinces, will not suffer their neighbours to surpass them in the encouragement of literature; but, on the contrary, will be prompt in extending the necessary patronage to call into existence the proposed Periodical.

To the people of Nova-Scotia, likewise, the Journal will present a choice fund of peculiarly interesting matter, as in a historical feature, she will command an equal share of attention with her Sister. Under one name both were formerly in unity; and, hand in hand, they now advance—energized by mutual support—to the fulfilment of their brightening destinies: It cannot, therefore, be a work of supererogation for the Journalist to record the peculiarities of their progression.

From indications already exhibited, the supposition cannot be incorrect that there slumbers in both Provinces an extensive source of literary talent. The character and objects of the Journal, and its evidence of permanency, will tend to rouse those dormant powers; and we are not pursuing a phantom in indulging the expectation, that the seeds sown by its stimulating influence, will bear a full crop of intellectual fruit. In order to afford some encouragement to amateur writers, as well as to enrich the Journal with a variety of original reading, the Proprietor hereby tenders a copy thereof, gratis, to any person communicating a description of country, or sketch from life—the scene to be of course in either of the two Provinces: provided that such is found worthy of publication.

The Contents of the Journal will consist of Original Articles; and Choice Selections from approved original works of the day, British and American, comprehending—Interesting Tales, Historical Sketches of countries—men & manners, Biography, Short Essays on the interesting features of Science, and other entertaining and instructive matter.—Politics shall never intrude, except when briefly treated as a science, or as connected with the changes and events historically interesting to New Brunswick or Nova-Scotia, which will, always be faithfully recorded. Among the original articles will occasionally appear—Reports of interesting Lectures and public Debates, in the Literary Societies of this City and Halifax, upon subjects within the range of the above general heads. New Publications will be reviewed as they appear.

The Journal will be printed on fine white paper, in large octavo form, with new and neat small type; each number containing 24 or more pages, besides an extra leaf for the accomodation of advertisers. A copious index or table of contents will be prepared at the conclusion of each year; when the numbers can be well bound for a small additional charge—making a handsome volume of 300 pages. The first number will be issued as soon as there are sufficient names on the list to ensure its permanent existence.

Terms—12s. 6d. per annum: 10s. if paid in advance, or upon the receipt of the first number. [The Journal will certainly be a comparatively cheap publication: It will contain as much reading matter as the "Acadian Magazine," formerly published in Halifax at twenty shillings per annum.] Any person forwarding Five subscriptions will be furnished with an additional copy, gratis. The postage to country subscribers will be 1s. 3d. per year.

Subscription Lists are now open at the several Book-stores in this City. The following Gentleman will also receive and forward subscriptions: Mr. Francis Beverley,

and Mr. J. M. Marsh, Fredericton; Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay, and Mr. E. Brown, Halifax; and the Postmasters throughout the two Provinces, would confer great favor upon the Proprietor by acting as Agents for the Journal.

All Communications for the Journal, (post-paid,) and Letters upon business, must be addressed to the Subscriber,

JOHN CROSSKILL, Prince William St. St. John, N. B. July 12th, 1837.

SALES at AUCTION.

BY DEBLOIS, MITCHELL & CO.

To be sold, positively, at 12 o'clock, on SATURDAY, 26th AUGUST NEXT:

ON THE PREMISES,



THE well known and valuable Premises situated between the Province Building and the Market Square, commonly called Cochran's Building. An indisputable title will be given, and the

mode of payment made very easy to the purchaser. The Property is now let at a yearly rent of £586, and all the present leases will expire on the 1st May next. The terms and information as to the title made known by application to M. B. Almon, J. W. Johnston, Charles Twining, A. Stewart, or John C. Halliburton, Esqrs. July 28.

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

On Monday next, on IVES' WHARF, at 12 o'clock,

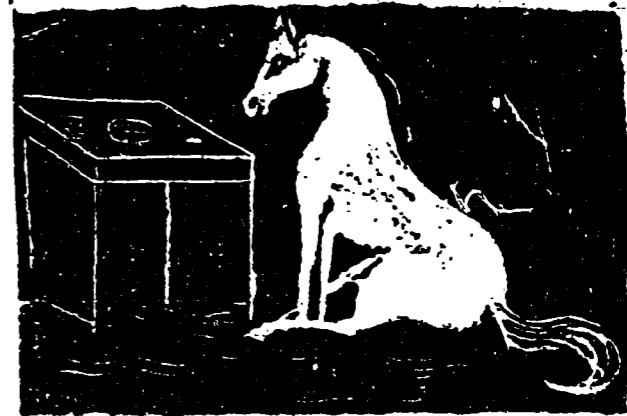
20 PUNS. Strong Demerary RUM, per Jean Hastie.

ALSO,—3 hhds LOAF SUGAR,

4 hhds BRANDY.

200 HIDES.

July 29, 1837.



THE BOSTON AMPHITHEATRE.

Under the Management of MR. H. H. FULLER.

WILL give a variety of splendid Entertainments at Halifax, on Citadel Hill; and as every arrangement will be made for the comfort of the audience, the Manager hopes to receive the patronage of the Inhabitants.

The Performance will commence with the

GRAND ENTREE,

Led by Mr. FULLER. Clown, Mr. ASTEN.

Grecian Exercises,

By Mr. POTTER, who is unrivalled in this country in his profession.

QUANG CÆLIS will appear, and go through the

Chinese Contortions,

Grand Alemande, by Mr. & Mrs. Asten.

GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.

COMIC SONGS,—By Mr. RIPLY.

TIGHT WIRE, By Mr. HOOD,

The milk-white Mare MEDORA will go through astonishing performances.

PEASANT'S FROLIC,—By Mr. HOOD.

Clown's Act of Horsemanship,—By Mr. Asten.

SONG,—Mrs. HOOD.

The whole to conclude with

BILLY BUTTON'S UNFORTUNATE JOURNEY TO BRENTFORD!

Halifax, on CITADEL HILL, on FRIDAY the 4th August, to be exhibited for

EIGHT DAYS ONLY!

Doors open at half-past 2 o'clock, P. M. and performance at 3, P. M.

Price of admission—Box, 3s. 1/2d; Pit, 1s. 10d. Children, half-price.

EXTRAVAGANT EXPECTATIONS OF AN AUTHOR.

The late Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's Church-yard, a well-known publisher of religious works, used to tell a laughable anecdote illustrative of the extravagant notions which authors often entertain of the demand there will be for their works. A clergyman called on him, and said that he wished him to be the agent for a volume of sermons, price 10s. 6d., which he (the clergyman) had resolved on publishing on his own account. The bibliopole asked him how many copies he meant to throw off. 'At least 10,000,' replied the divine. The worthy publisher remonstrated, saying that 250 would be nearer the mark. 'Two hundred and fifty!' exclaimed the theologian, in a tone of stifled indignation at the censure cast on his professional acquirements, as he thought, by the observation. 'Two hundred and fifty!' Why there are at least 10,000 clergymen in the communion of the Church of England, and every one of them will have a copy. Get me 10,000 copies printed,' said the divine, with an air of self-importance, 'and if they are not all sold, I myself will have to sustain the loss alone.' 'Very well,' said the publisher, and the parties bade each other good morning. The volume of divinity appeared, and continued to be advertised in all the magazines and papers for nearly six weeks. In about three months after the publication, the reverend author came to town (he was the rector of a parish in Yorkshire) with the sole view of balancing accounts with his bookseller, and receive the anticipated profits. A statement of accounts was demanded by the clergyman, and instantly furnished by the other. It was substantially as follows:

	£.	s.	d.
To printing and correcting	246	0	0
To paper	482	0	0
To board	180	0	0
To advertising	66	15	0
	974	15	0

The number of copies sold was 45, after deducting commission and allowance to the trade, amounting to 15 15 0

Making the balance due by author to his agents, &c. 959 0 0

The rev. gentleman was quite horror-struck at this statement of accounts. He declared himself a ruined man by the result of his publishing speculation. The worthy bibliopole, seeing he had fairly convinced the divine how grossly he had over-rated the demand for books, told him the account he had submitted to him was drawn out agreeably to the number of the copies he had ordered to be printed; but that he, knowing better about such matters, had instructed the printer to throw off only 250. A thousand blessings invoked on the head of Mr. Johnson, was the emphatic manner in which the reverend author expressed his obligations to his benefactor.—*Great Metropolis.—Second Series.*

SINGULAR PRESERVATION.—In the Annual Register for 1765, and in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. 49, is an authentic narrative of a family remarkably preserved under the snow. The village of Bergemolletto, in Switzerland, was overwhelmed with a valanca, an immense mass of snow, suddenly rolled down from the mountains, March 19, 1755. Some of the inhabitants had just time to escape, but a considerable number were instantaneously suffocated. The wife of Joseph Roccia, two of her children, and her sister-in-law, were in a stable adjoining the house, when the valanca descended upon the village. With these human beings were an ass, six goats, and five or six fowls, all immersed in a narrow space and awful darkness, covered with a heap of snow, forty-two feet in height, two hundred and seventy in length, and sixty in breadth. A situation more dismal, more calculated to create despondency, can scarcely be conceived. Joseph Roccia and his neighbours did all they could, but, from the continued falling of snow, with little effect, towards removing the incumbent weight, in search of their lost families. Several houses were uncovered, and all the bodies found in them were dead. It was not before the 25th of April, that Mrs. Roccia and her companions were taken alive out of their horrid confinement. One of her children died, and the rest were supported almost wholly by the milk of two female goats, which they fed with hay within their reach. The ass and the fowls died, and the unhappy party suffered more from the stench and filth of the place than from hunger. After being five weeks, as it were, entombed alive, what emotions of gratitude and joy must have thrilled their bosoms, when they heard the poles and other instruments at work, removing the ice and snow! nor was Joseph Roccia less astonished and delighted, when a hoarse liquid voice issued from the bottom, which seemed to say, 'Help, my dear husband; help, my dear brother; help.' These sufferers were relieved by the munificence of the King of Sardinia, their Sovereign, and several donations from other hands, which enabled them to rebuild their

house, and retrieve their affairs. In April, 1757, they all enjoyed perfect health, except Mary Anne, who still laboured under dimness of sight, occasioned by her being too hastily exposed to the light.

CONJUGAL CORRESPONDENCE.—A gentleman, by mere chance, one day strolled into a coffee-house in Cornhill, where he met a captain of his acquaintance on the point of sailing for New York, and from whom he received an invitation to accompany him. This he accepted, taking care, however, to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms:—

"Dear Wife,
"I am going to America.
Yours, truly."

Her answer was not at all inferior either in laconism or tenderness:

"Dear Husband,
"A pleasant voyage.
"Yours, &c."

ROYALTY PUZZLED.—William and his followers landed at Torbay, on Nov. 5, 1658. A Mr. John Duke, (of Otterton,) a man of wealth and influence in Sidmouth, joined the hero on his arrival: being presented to the King, who asked him for his name, he replied, with a timid hesitation, "John Duke of Otterton." The prince expressed his surprise, and taking a list of the nobility from his pocket, which he had been led to suppose was correct, looked over it, and then declared that no such duke was to be found there! The gentleman, however, soon rectified the mistake, by repeating his name with an accelerated pronunciation.—John Duke, of Otterton. The mistake being thus corrected, William smiled at it, and embraced John Duke with joy.

PORCELAIN.—The pink colour which ornaments the English porcelain has been hitherto unknown in France, and when required in that country was always bought here. M. Malagatti, of the manufactory of Sevres, has analyzed this colour, till he is now able to compose it. In the course of his experiments, he discovered another colour, similar to crimson lake, which is much more durable than any derived from the animal kingdom, and which may be advantageously employed in oil painting.—*Athenæum.*

A LARGE FLY.—An English gentleman wrote over to a foreign entomologist, to inform him of the death of a friend, caused by being knocked down by a fly. The entomologist upon reading the letter, remarked that the unfortunate gentleman must have been exceedingly small, or else the English flies must be exceedingly large, and of a species quite unknown to him. J. H. F.

C. H. BELCHER,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING,
HALIFAX.

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

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

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

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

PRINTING INK, in Kegs.
June 17, 1837.

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.

MIRAMICHI SHINGLES.

400 M: bed prime Shingles for sale by the Subscriber.
ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.
June 3, 1837.—6w.

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

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

Assorted Liqueurs, Cherry Brandy. Curacao and Mareschino.

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

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

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

THE SUBSCRIBER.

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

STATIONARY, BOOKS, &c. &c.—viz

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

Blank Books made to order.
June 10. 6w. J. MUNRO.

MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL
ACADEMY.

THOMAS BURTON,

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

Brunswick-Street, opposite the New Methodist Chapel, where he intends instructing youth of both sexes, in the following branches of education, viz. Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, generally. Likewise, Maritime and Land Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the Italian and modern methods of Book-keeping by double entry. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and advancement of such pupils as may be committed to his care. July 9.

CARD.

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

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

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

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.

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