



PRIZE POEM,

Written by THOMAS WELLS, Esq. of Boston.

[A compliment of One Hundred Dollars, or a piece of Plate of that value, offered by the Managers of the New-Orleans Theatre, has been awarded to the Writer of the following Prologue:—There were not less than forty competitors for the Prize.]

When first o'er Learning, Persecution trod,  
And fettered Letters felt his iron rod;  
Long, long in darkness bound, the Muses slept,  
Each haunt left barless, and each Harp unswept:—  
Till, bursting through the gloom, dramatic fire  
Apollo darted o'er each slumbering Lyre;  
Through clouds of Dullness shot his attic light,  
And chased the shades of Superstition's night;—  
Loud, then, broke forth from every tongue,  
The Temples echoed,—and the Chorus rung—  
Warm with new soul, young Musicsnote the strings,  
To Song gave life—to Inspiration wings!  
Genius, by Freedom roused, shook off his yoke,  
And, from his deep, oblivious dream awoke!  
Awoke! and saw the Drama's towering dome,  
Swell its asylum arch, and call him home;—  
Allured to higher worlds he took his flight,  
And rose to realms of empyrean height;  
Explored the winding paths, of Fiction's bowers,  
And gathered, for the Stage, his deathless flowers.  
Her ample page, redeeming Learning spread,  
And, o'er the night of Mind, her radiance shed;  
Taste polished life—the Arts refined the Age—  
And Virtue triumphed as she reared the Stage.

Patrons! this night, our cause to you we trust,  
As Guardians of the Drama's rights—be just!  
Support from you, the child of Thespis draws,  
Warm in your sun, and thrives on your applause;  
At your tribunal, he expectant stands,  
And craves indulgent judgment at your hands;  
Your willing smiles, then let his efforts share,  
And, to your shelter, take the Buskin's hair!  
O, let your presence, let your plaudits, cheer  
Our Protean toil, and give us welcome here!  
And yet, no purchased favor we would ask;  
Unbiased, and unbought, fulfil your task.  
Before your critic bench, we humbly bend,  
And, to your righteous voice, ourselves commend;  
No servile suplicants, to your court, we sue,  
But, praise and censure, claim alike, from you;  
Assembled here, to your decree submit,  
And hail in you the arbiters of wit.  
And now, in scenic beauty drest, then Come—  
The shield of Morals, and of Song the home.—  
The nurse of Eloquence—the school of Taste—  
Hence, be thy altars by the Muses graced.  
Within thy walls, perhaps by Genius led,  
Shall future Shakespeares sing, or Garricks tread;  
In Roman grace, and majesty of mien,  
Some Kemble reign, the Monarch of the scene;  
Her fire of soul, some Siddons here impart,  
Shoot through each quivering nerve, and storm the heart.

On rapid wing, still speeds the auspicious time,  
When, Bards our own, the Olympic Mount shall  
climb;  
When, round their consecrated shrines, shall throng  
Our buskined Heroes, and our sons of Song;—  
In attic pride, our Drama then, shall rise,  
And, nobly daring, claim the Thespian prize:  
To classic height exalt the rising age,  
And give, to peerless, lasting fame, the STAGE.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

*The excessive Love of Distinction and Power which prevails wherever the Spirit of Despotism exists, deadens some of the finest feelings of the Heart, and counteracts the Laws of Nature.*

In a system of manners, which renders the possession of riches more honourable than the possession of virtue, which attaches a degree of merit to hereditary rank and nominal distinctions, above all that personal exertions can possibly acquire, the natural ideas of right and wrong are confounded; and man, becomes a depraved, artificial animal, pursues pre-eminence in society, by counteracting nature, as well as by violating justice.

That he counteracts nature, under such a system, will be evident, on considering the present state of conjugal union among those who appear to place the chief good of man in riches, splendour, title, power, and courtly distinctions. LOVE is every day sacrificed, by the loveless of the species, on the altar of pride.

The fine sensibilities of the heart, if suffered to influence the choice of a companion for life, might lead to family degradation. "Nature, then, avoid!" (exclaims Aristocracy.) Love is a vulgar passion. The simplest damsel, that slumbers under the roof of straw, feels it in all its ardour. Daughter, you have nobler objects than mere nature presents. Remember your birth! You must make an alliance which may aggrandize the family, which may add title to our riches, or new brilliancy to our title."

In vain have the Loves and the Graces moulded her shape and face with the nicest symmetry. In vain has art added her finest polish to the work of nature. Poor IPHIGENIA must be sacrificed! Her heart, peradventure, has chaste sentiments, and happy would she be, if she could renounce all the embarrassments of high fortune, and emulate "the turtle-dove of the vale." But no; she must not "tell her love." Perhaps the object of it is only a commoner: perhaps he is only a younger brother; perhaps he has little to recommend him but youth, beauty, honour, and virtue. He cannot keep her so equipped. He has no mansion-house. Yet her heart inclines to him, and both GOD and nature approve her choice; but neither her heart, nor GOD, nor nature, will be heard, when pride and aristocratical insolence lift up their imperious

voice, and command her to remember her rank, and keep up the family dignity.

Lord \*\*\*\*\* is introduced as a suitor, under the father's authority. Lord \*\*\*\*\* influences five or six boroughs, and the junction of such an interest with that of the family must, in all human probability, secure a riband and perhaps a marquise.

His lordship is 40 years older than poor Iphigenia. His life has been spent, from infancy, in the midst of luxuries and pleasures, to speak of it in the softest terms. He has a lively juvenile perverseness about him; but his face is that of an old man—pale, or rather yellow, except his nose, which is decorated with a settled redness, and his forehead, which is variegated with carbuncles. Several of his front teeth are gone, having been sacrificed to Venus by the god Mercury. His breath—ye poets, bring your roses, your honeysuckles, your jasmines—not for comparison—but, if possible, to drown the stench which, while he solicits Iphigenia's hand, is like that which issues from a putrid carcass, or the apertures of a bog-house. Nothing offensive, however, oozes from his neck, the deep holes of the king's evil having lately been completely cicatrized by a skillful quack doctor, as a measure preparatory to his approaching nuptials.

Behold, then, the suitor, alighting from a high phæton, beautifully adorned with coats of arms, not only on the sides and back, but on the lining, drawn by four cream-coloured ponies, and followed by two fine figures of men in white liveries, with horses richly caparisoned, and displaying, in every part, where it is possible, coronets of silver.

Iphigenia appears delighted at the honour of his proposal, though her heart, when she reclines on her pillow, feels a pang of regret which no language can describe. The struggle between love and pride is violent; but it passes in secret. She hears of nothing among her companions, but of the great alliance she is going to make with an ancient and illustrious family. Splendid mansions, glittering carriages, birthday dresses fit before her imagination. Above all, the delightful idea that she shall take precedence of those who now think themselves her equals and superiors, dispels every thought of LOVE. As to the MAN, the husband, he is scarcely considered at all, or he must be considered with disgust. But his title, his house in town, his mansions and parks in the country, his parliamentary interest, the favour in which he stands at court, the brilliant appearance he makes in the realms of fashion; these, added to a father's influence, determine Iphigenia at once to forget the object of her love, and give her hand to deformity, disease, putrescence, and folly. She marries: the family estates and influence are united, and the battered, worn out bridegroom becomes, in time, a MARQUIS.

The puny offspring of such connubial alliances are trained in the same idolatrous veneration of rank, title and grandeur; and WOMAN, formed to love and be loved, sacrifices her happiness to family pride, and lives and dies a legal prostitute, without once tasting the exquisite and natural delight of virtuous, equal, and sincere affection.—I laugh from the cradle to believe herself a superior being, she is cheated of the happiness which falls to the lot of those who view their fellow-creatures as one great family, and are not too proud to partake of the common banquet of life, and to choose a partner like the turtle of the vale.

Now mark the consequence. In no rank of society is conjugal happiness more rarely found than among those who have imbibed most copiously the aristocratical principles of selfish pride. The present age abounds with public and notorious instances of infelicity of this sort in the highest ranks of society. It would be painful to dwell upon them. I drop a tear of pity on the lovely victims to despotism, and let the curtain fall.

But surely that degree of PRIDE, nursed by ill-constructed systems of society, which leads to the violation of the first law of nature, and produces misery of the severest kind, ought to be disgraced and reprobated by all who have hearts sufficiently tender to sympathize with the sufferings of their fellow mortals. Love, and the natural affections between human creatures, are the sweet ingredients which Providence has thrown into the cup of life, to sweeten the bitter beverage. And that state of society, which divides man of his nature, which renders him a factitious creature, which hardens his heart with selfishness, and swells in him the morbid tumours of vanity, deserves execration. It increases all the natural misery of man, and withholds the anodyne.

Something may be said in excuse for the more amiable part of the species, when they discard love from their bosoms to indulge pride. Their parents too often inculcate the lesson of pride from the earliest infancy; and teach them to think nothing really beautiful and lovely, which is not marked by fashion, or varnished by titles, riches, and hereditary honours. The men in general set them the example. They lavish their love on the courtesan, and follow prudence in the choice of a wife; that is, they seek not a heart that beats in unison with their own, but a legal connexion which increases their fortune, or aggrandizes their situation. A marriage of love, at an age when the heart is most prone to it, is considered as a folly and a mistake, unless it advances the man in society. The women learn to retaliate, and to give their hands without their hearts; gratifying pride at the expense of love.

When truth, justice, reason, and nature, are little regarded, in competition with the desire of distinction, which is the case wherever the spirit of despotism has insinuated itself, all true and solid happiness will be sacrificed for the appearance of superiority in birth, in possessions, in houses and carriages, and above all, in court favour. The tenderest ties of consanguinity, affinity, and friendship, snap asunder when opposed to the force of any thing which is likely to contribute to personal splendour or family pride, political consequence, influence at elections, and finally, to the honours conferred by royalty. The little aspirants at subordinate degrees of despotism, are continually crawling up the hill, ever looking at the brilliant object on the summit, and leaving below, all that love and nature teach them to embrace.

From this principle, unnatural as it is, arises the anxious desire of aristocratical bigots to make, as they express it, an ELDEST SON; to starve, or at least to distress, a dozen sons and daughters, in order to leave behind them one great representative, who may continue to toil in the pursuit of civil pre-eminence, for the gratification of family pride. The privileges of primogeniture establish petty despots all over the land, who are interested, and sufficiently inclined, from pride as well as interest, to promote the spirit of despotism. They would have no objection to the feudal system, in which the only distinction was that of lords and vassals. Not contented with engrossing the property which ought to be shared among their brothers and sisters, they claim privileges in consequence of their property, and would appropriate the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest for their recreation in the field, and their luxury at the table.

ARCTIC CURIOSITIES.

A gentleman of Maidstone, who has a valuable collection of natural curiosities, has within these few days much enriched his museum by the introduction of a variety of birds, some dresses of the Esquimaux, and several highly curious things brought home by the explorers of the Arctic regions. We have been favoured with a sight of these, and were highly gratified. There are two dresses of this singular people curiously made of skins, partly with the hair side outwards and partly not. These consist of two coats, one apparently made from the skin of the wolf, the other from the skin of the bear. The former has the fur inside, and the latter outside. They have a hood which goes over the head and comes close round the chin. In front they fit the body closely round the waist, like a vest, but descend over the hips behind in a tail. The seams, which are sewed particularly neat, considering the rude implements employed, are down the sides under the arms, and it is evident that to get into these garbs the wearer must push his head and body up into them. The breeches are made apparently to wear loose and descend below the knee; the rough side of this part of the dress is outward; those worn by the females, we learn, have the fur inside. There are two pair of men's boots, one a winter pair with the hair on, the other a summer pair with the hair off. The boots worn by the female are particularly droll and curious; they come up much higher than any fisherman's, and in circumference nearly as large as a person's body.

These are considered the most essential part of the Esquimaux dress; they are their pockets, their tool-boxes, as also their provision cupboards. A pair of mittens, which much resemble our hedges' gloves, complete the habiliments of this extraordinary race. Among the other curiosities are two small figures made by the natives to represent the male and female Esquimaux, in their costume. Three small models of canoes, ingeniously made by a native, and only about fourteen inches long. These do much credit to their skill; they are made of whale bone, covered with skin. A knife and spoon made of bone; also a comb formed of the same material, having the teeth very cleverly cut. A bow and several arrows; the latter are pointed with different substances; one is of bone, another of slate, another of wood, and one of iron; these are smoothed into a lance-shaped head, which appears to have been done by friction with stone. The string of the bow is formed of the gut of fish, having undergone the process of mastication; the thread used by the natives is of the same material. The spear and instrument employed for taking large fish are highly curious and ingenious, as is also a pair of spectacles used by the natives to protect their eyes from the drifting snow. The birds, of which there are several species, are in excellent preservation, and the plumage of some of them very beautiful.—(Maidstone Journal.)

ANOTHER APPARITION IN HIGH LIFE.

As strange appearances and disappearances, miracles, and horrors, seem to be very much in fashion at present, we cannot withhold from our readers the following narrative, suited as it is to the taste of the time. One circumstance, which may in some measure detract from its credibility, is, that it bears a strong resemblance to one we recollect to have seen in some collection of Ghost Stories. All that we vouch for is the fact that the thing has been much talked of in Staffordshire, and indeed in the immediate neighbourhood of the Noble Marquis who is the hero of the adventure. We give it merely as a current story.

One night during the last summer, a Noble Marquis (then residing at his seat, T—, in S—), dreamt that a savage murder had been committed, and that the murderer was then about to enter his victim in a retired spot in his (the Marquis's) demesne. The fright occasioned by this circumstance caused the Nobleman to awake, but recovering from it, he again disposed himself to rest, and fell asleep, when the same horrid scene presented itself to his imagination, and he again consequently awoke. Rendered a little nervous by this singular and unpleasant repetition, some time elapsed before he could resume his slumber; but at length he did so, when the same appalling vision a third time haunted him, and he once more awoke. After a few minutes his Lordship recovered from the effects of this thrice-repeated dream; but it being then broad daylight he arose, determined to seek by a walk in his park to restore the tone of his nerves. Impressed by the remarkable circumstance that had so occurred, he summoned one or two servants to attend him, and directed his steps toward that part of the park indicated in his dream.

We have already said that piece was unfrequented; but by a sudden turn in the path which led to it, the view of it burst all at once upon the Noble Lord, who was a few paces in advance of his attendants. Alarmed by a sudden exclamation from his Lordship they ran forward, and arrived just in time to see a man rush through the underwood as if to escape, in which he succeeded. All now pressed forward, and on searching the identical spot of which the Noble Marquis had dreamt, they found an excavation in the earth, apparently intended for a grave, upon which the man who fled had been at work; he left behind him a spade, and some other digging implements. The fugitive never was discovered.

Here the matter would in all probability have rested, had only for conjecture, but for the simultaneous light or disappearance of a kitchen maid, or cook, and a footman, from his Lordship's service, without leaving a single trace behind them.—Various rumours were consequently afflat for a considerable time afterwards in the neighbourhood; that which was most generally believed, however, was, that an illicit intercourse had subsisted between the parties; that on account, perhaps, of the pregnancy of the female, the man had murdered, and intended to bury her in the grave which he was actually preparing when interrupted by his noble master.

Notice.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of the late JASPER HARDING, yeoman, of Little Portle Bear, deceased, are hereby requested to send in their accounts, duly attested, within eighteen calendar months from this date; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

JAMES HARDING, Administrator.

Little Portle Bear, }  
Sept. 8, 1823. }

LAW BLANKS,  
For Sale at this Office.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

A very numerous and respectable Meeting of the Halifax Diocesan committee of this Society at the National School, on Wednesday the 1st of Dec.

His Excellency the Right Honourable the Earl of DALHOUSIE in the Chair.

The attention of the Committee was called to the injury which is sustained from the want of some funds which may be applied to the benevolent objects of this Committee within the Diocese of Nova Scotia; as the benefactions of Members of the Society, at their entrance, and their Annual Subscriptions are the exclusive property of the Parent Society.

Whereupon it was unanimously Resolved, That a column be opened in the Subscription Book of this Committee, for the names of such persons (whether Members of the Society or otherwise) as may be pleased to subscribe any sum, not less than half a Guinea, annually, for the benefit of this Committee; with understanding that all persons, so subscribing, although they may not be Members of the Society, shall thereby become Members of this Committee, and be entitled to purchase books at the reduced prices, and to attend and vote at all its Meetings.

JOHN INGLIS, Secretary.

Any Contributions or Subscriptions in pursuance of the above Resolution, will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Treasurer or Assistant Secretary.

A new Catalogue of the Books, on sale by the committee, including the numerous additions which have lately been made to its stock, will soon be ready for distribution.

Those few Members of the Society, whose subscriptions are in arrears, are very respectfully requested to send the amount to Mr. James C. Cochran Assistant Secretary. June 15

Gentlemen of the Army, Navy, Town, and others, are respectfully informed, that

THE following articles, imported in the late vessels from London and Glasgow, are for sale at the CHRONICLE PRINTING OFFICE—at the lowest rates, for cash viz:

Imperial Paper	single
Super Royal	Log book Slates
Royal	Common do large and small
Medium	State Pencils
Demy	Sliding Gunter Scales
Folio Post	Common ditto
Toolbox p. very best gilt	Office Files with Laces
Do black edged	Best and com. Lead Pencils
Do plain	Hudson Bay Quills
Very best Pot	Dutch Quills and Pens
2d quality do	Interior low priced Quills
Comm. low priced do	Crown do
Extra fine 4to Post, wove	Best Dutch Wax
yellow'd and gilt.	Com. do. for bottles
Common do	Crown Office Wafers
Note Paper, gilt & plain	Coloured Wafers in boxes
Very fine Cartridge—on	Office Tape, broad and narrow
log book paper Finest	Green Silk Taste
Common do	Plated and common Tapes
Blossom Blotting Paper	per Stands
Blue do	Green Wax Papers
Music Paper	Black Ink Powder
Bristol Boards	Red ditto
Coarse Paper for Sketches	Japan Ink, black red in small phials
Paste Boards	Durable Ink for marking on linen or cotton cloth with a pen
Large Message Cards—wove and hotpressed	Pewter Ink Chests
Small do	Do Ink holders
Ditto gilt do	Pocket ditto
Sketch Books—neat	Lead Paper Pressers
Ruled Music do	Small Homes
Account Books	Reves' Water Colors, 1 box large and complete
Receipt do	Ditto in small boxes
Best Foolscap quire Books—marble covers	Ditto squares
Do Pot do do	Pounce & Pounce boxes
Copy Books, with picture covers—per gross, dozen, or single	
Copper Plate Slips—by the gross, dozen, or	

CHARTS

British Channel	Chesapeake Bay
Irish do	Halifax to Philadelphia
Bay of Biscay	Cape Cod to Havana
Mediterranean	Nova Scotia
Atlantic Ocean	Newfoundland and Gulf of St. Lawrence
Azores	Labrador
Rio Janeiro	One large Map of the World—four quarters on rollers
Coast of Brazil	
West Indies	
St. Domingo	

BOOKS.

Jacobs' Law Dictionary	Tardy's French pron. Dictionary
Blackstone's Commentaries	Johnson's Poets
Burns' time	Catholic Prayer Books
Johnson's Dictionary	Biblioth. Natural History
Do pocket do	William's Auctioneers Guide
Buchan's Medicine	Campaign in Germany & France
Mackay's Navigation	Essay on Gothic Architecture
Mair's Bookkeeping	Elegant Prayer Books
Willis's Encyclopedia	Beauties of Mackenzi
Walkers pron. Dictionary	Chambaud's Fr. Grammar
Cesar Delph.	Pilgrim's Progress
Ovid do	Nourjahad
Bollingbrook's Works	Mavor's Spellings
Life of Garrick	Dilworth's do.
Pratt's Harvest Home	Selecta e Profani
Chateaubrian's travels	Eutropius
Bell's Tour	Cornelius Nepos
Foster's Letters	Gay's Fables
Paisley's Essay	Evans Sketch of Relig. ons
Thompson's Letters	The Campaign—a Poem
Homor Burlesque'd 2 vols	Faulkner's Shipwreck
Murray's Grammar, Key and Exercise	Mason's Collection
Tutor's Assistant	Quarles's Emblems
Ward's Latin Grammar	Phny's Letters
Goldsmith's Geography	Entick's Dictionary
Life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe	Shakespeare's Plays
Complete Letter writer	Homor's Iliad
Vicar of Wakefield	Milton's Works
She thinks for herself	Thompson Seasons
Destination	Holy Bible, 2 vols
Cowan's Anthopaidea	Stevens Harmonica
Young Man's best Companion	Kirkwood's improved method of Writing
Dakin's Greek Testament	Bibles, Testaments, and Psalters
Art of preserving the sight	

Lavender in pint bottles; sundry Essences  
Windor Soap; London Mould  
very best Hyson Tea &c. &c.  
Halifax, March 22.