

on to New-York with me, I being considered on board the Steam-boat, and in the cars, as his servant. I arrived at New-York, on the 1st of January. The sympathy and kindness which I have every where met with since leaving the slave states, has been the more grateful to me because it was in a great measure unexpected. The slaves are always told that if they escape into a free state, they will be seized and put in prison, until their masters send for them. I had heard Huckstep and the other overseers occasionally speak of the Abolitionists, but I did not know or dream that they were the friends of the slave. Oh, if the miserable men and women, now toiling on the plantations of Alabama, could know that thousands in the free states are praying and striving for their deliverance, how would the glad tidings be whispered from cabin to cabin, and how would the slave-mother as she watches over her infant, bless God, on her knees, for the hope that this child of her day of sorrow, might never realize in stripes, and toil, and grief unspeakable, what it is to be a slave!

PEACE ON EARTH.—One of the most interesting passages of Riley's narrative is the account of an interview between the Captain and a Moor, whom he met immediately upon coming off the desert. The Captain and his companions, while wandering with the Arabs had frequently been termed 'Christian dogs,' and every kind of insult had been piled upon their heads, because they were not Mussulmen. This Moor appeared to be endowed with extraordinary wisdom, and told Captain Riley that we were all the Children of one Father, whether Christian, Mahomedan, or Pagan—that we were all brethren, and equally under the care of Heaven. It would seem that this Moor was even more enlightened than most men in Christian lands. There is but little excuse for the professed believer in Christ, however, when he permits the bitterness of sectarianism to seal his heart against his neighbor. It is evident that one of the principal objects of Jesus Christ was to break down the partition wall which sectarianism had reared between the Jews and the Gentile—to destroy caste and exclusiveness and restore to the human family that feeling of Universal brotherhood without which religion is but a name, often productive of more harm than good. How severely did he reprove the bigoted Pharisees, who, wrapped up in their self-righteousness, looked upon the publicans as vastly their inferiors, as if a *knowledge* of the law were of more importance than *obedience* to it.

The parable of the good Samaritan, no doubt, offended the high professors among the Jews—and the Samaritan woman was surprised that Jesus being a Jew should converse with her. In order to reprove their sectarianism, Jesus told the Jews that all were not of Abraham who were called Abraham; and by many parables and in his own conduct, he taught them that the grace of God was not penned up and confined by any of the arbitrary boundaries which men in their selfishness and their short sighted malice had set up.

On one occasion his disciples came to him and said, 'We saw one casting out devils that followed not with us, and we forbade him.'

That was equivalent to saying—'one who does not worship at our church,' or 'who does not believe in our religion.'

But the reply of Jesus was one that would sit uneasily on the minds of some at the present day of light, and superior knowledge. 'Let him alone, for he who is not against us is for us.'

The Jews made a great parade about their descent from Abraham, but Jesus told them plainly that they were not Abraham's children, because they did not the works of Abraham.

Although Peter had been much in the presence of Jesus and had listened to his words, yet he was not prepared, save by a vision, to adopt the sentiment that 'God is no respecter of persons: but, in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.'

It is too common to overlook this important part of Christ's mission—the breaking down of the partitions that prejudice, pride, selfishness, and bigotry have built up. While the Christians were persecuted—while their faith was kept lively and active, they bore in mind the words of their Great Teacher; but when power and influence were added to the church, when it became an object to the worldly minded to be a Christian, the apostacy commenced, and the church soon lost its original purity and excellence. It will never recover itself until recurrence is had to first principles; until flinging aside the tradition of men, we go back to the simple teachings of Jesus, the most important of which is the Universal Brotherhood of mankind.—*Boston Pearl and Galaxy.*

SIMPLICITY.—All the works of God are admirable, whether we consider them in reference to the wisdom of their contrivance, or the beneficence displayed in their ends. But notwithstanding the wisdom and benignity which meets us, and excites our wonder at every step we advance in the kingdoms of nature or grace, there is nothing more remarkable than the simplicity of the means by which God is pleased to accomplish his purposes. Examples of the simplicity of wisdom are ever at hand. The exhalations and clouds, which water and refresh the earth, rise and descend through the agency of heat alone. All the winds, from the gentle zephyr that plays upon the water at eventide, to the

hurricane that uproots the sturdiest trees, and sweeps away the labored monuments of man, are produced by one and the same cause—heat.

Even that singular phenomenon, the waterspout, may be ascribed in some measure, if not altogether, to some modification in the agency of heat; for it is sometimes attended with an extraordinary depression of temperature, as the writer once experienced in the Southern Pacific. To turn our eyes from the sublimer objects of nature to those that seem less assuming, we see the honey-suckle twining round the neighboring shrubs simply through the action of heat upon the sides exposed to the influence, just as a sheet of paper bends when held to the fire.

As one of the most familiar instances of simplicity of contrivance, we might cite the aspen. Had it been proposed as a problem, to find what should be the nature of a leaf that would quiver in the slightest possible agitation of the air, it could not have been more clearly solved than by the mere inspection of the leaf and its leaf-stalk.

If the aspen leaf were held up in the hand so that its edges pointed north and south, the edges of the stalk would point east and west; but in the leaf of the elm, both the leaf and the stalk would point in the same direction; or, as commonly explained, the plain or level of the leaf is exactly perpendicular to the plain of the foot-stalk.

These instances, with a countless multitude of others which might be drawn from all quarters of creation, suggest to us the wisdom and propriety of making simplicity the reigning principle of our lives. Our plans should be simple; the means selected for carrying them into execution, simple; the whole bent and tenor of our conduct in prosecuting them, simple. The student in literature or science will find that his proficiency is comprehensive and well founded, in proportion to the simplicity of the method pursued. The Christian, whose heart is longing for the solution of some difficulties, or a right apprehension of things hard to be understood, will find them in patient and simple study of the word of God: and the man who desires to be saved from the punishment of hell, and inherit the kingdom of heaven, must cast away the complexities of all other systems, and rely alone on the simplicity which there is in Christ. Happy the hearts that "in simplicity and godly sincerity, by the grace of God, have their conversation in the world." 2 Cor. i: 12.—*Methodist Protestant.*

SOCIETY.—When neighbors dwell together in peace, visit in friendship, converse for useful improvement, or harmless amusement, take part in each other's prosperity and adversity, concur in the government of their families, are candid to excuse and careful to conceal each other's casual or accidental failings; studious not to form real and dangerous faults; who abide in their calling, and quietly pursue their own business, and meddle not with the temporary concerns of others, a blessing will attend their labors, and success will smile upon their designs. Their intercourse will be easy, pleasant, and virtuous; and a foundation will be laid for the happiness of succeeding generations. But if each is bound up within himself, and looks with indifference on all around him, or beholds his inferior with contempt, and his superior with envy; if every meeting is filled with impertinent and angry controversy, and every visit employed in tattling and backbiting, if neighbor defames neighbor, and each watches for advantage against the other—if an acquaintance receives you with feigned smiles of pleasure and friendly greetings, and debases your character when your back is turned; if every brother will endeavor to supplant, and every neighbor to walk in slander, one had better flee to the solitary mountains, and dwell alone in the earth.

IS THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE A FAILURE?—In October last as the train of cars between Philadelphia and New-York stopped at the half-way place, while the locomotive and tender were being supplied with wood and water, several of the passengers got out to stretch their limbs and look round. In the apartment where our informant sat, (a valuable member of the legislature of New-York,) was a red-faced, "genteel wine-drinker;" and within a few feet of them, in full sight, was the bar, 'with all that could tempt the eye and please the depraved taste' of the quaffer of alcoholic stimulus. Said the genteel wine-drinker to an intelligent looking young man, "Friend, just pass this sip, and tell the bar-keeper to hand me a glass of his best Madeira;" who with a low bow replied, "Excuse me, sir; I am pledged not to furnish it to others, as well as not to use it myself." A slight blush, and a bite of the lip, and the sixpence was returned to the pocket. But soon it was between thumb and finger, and extended toward another passenger who was walking by, with "Please, sir, hand this sip and order me a glass of wine." "Sir," said the fellow passenger, "I think it wrong to drink poison, and cannot, therefore, be a partaker with you, sir." A deep-crimson suffused his cheek: and a curl of the lip, indicative of deep chagrin, marked the countenance of the wine-drinker. At that moment the cry, "All aboard! all aboard!" was heard. The sip still remained clenched between the thumb and finger of the red-faced gentleman, and he evidently was very unwilling to lose his accustomed stimulus; so, with the cry "All aboard!" he laid his hand,

with a sip in it, on the shoulder of a very pleasant-looking young man, who was standing between him and the bar, and said, "Just pass this; and order me a glass of wine, quick!" With a smile of conscious superiority, the young gentleman replied; "I am in the situation of the two gentleman you have already asked." Our informant, the Hon. F. G. is also a "cold water man." The wine-drinker sat pensive, and made no further attempt to procure alcoholic stimulus, until they arrived at New-York. We hope he did not then, and never more will. Firmness, coupled with gentlemanly decision, on the part of the friends of Temperance, especially when they travel and mingle with their fellow-men, would do much to correct the fashion, as it regards the use of intoxicating drink.—*Alb. Temp. Rec.*

For the Pearl.

SCOTTISH SCENERY. No. 5.

CARTLANE CRAGS.

"The auld lang-leggit bridge" deserves a song—
Spanning across the dark and deep ravine
Upon whose sides precipitous are seen
The varied hues of foliage which belong
To birch and pine and smiling evergreen—
Beyond the bridge is shown the moss grown cave
Where legend says Sir William Wallace brave
Lurk'd 'mongst the crags by prying foes unseen.
Below the fertile vale and banks of Clyde
Are in luxuriance spread—the rapid tide,
Fed in its progress by a thousand rills—
From distant mountains and adjacent hills—
A glowing landscape—full of loveliness—
A page from Nature in its brightest dress.

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NATIONAL CONFIDENCE.—"There never was, and probably never will be, said Captain Mornington, 'so powerful an example of the influence of national confidence and courtesy, remaining unimpaired even during the continuance of a ferocious engagement, as that which Talavera exhibits. All morning the battle raged, and the day assault was as unsuccessful as the night attack had proved. Both armies had lain upon the ground, but none had slept—the trooper with his horse's bridle round his arm—the soldier in momentary expectation of a fresh attempt, listened in every noise for the enemy's approach. No wonder then that a sultry day in July found both sides overcome with heat and hunger—and by a sort of common consent, long before noon, hostilities ceased, and the French cooked their dinners, while the English had wine and bread served out. Then it was that a curious scene ensued. A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause that the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops produced, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other, fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their brandy-flasks and wine-skins. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would appear more like an allied force, than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed—the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard-contested field; and, to the honour of both be it told, each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies without distinction. Suddenly—the bugles sounded—the drums beat to arms—many of the rival soldiery shook hands and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes after they were again at the bayonet's point."—*From the Bivouac.*

HELPLESSNESS OF WOMAN.—There is a beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching—timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough, for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact; and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach.

Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek,—and, alas! I fear me, that however he may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers to the last; until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home, where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest.

The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity: we have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence, with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on amid the heat and the hurry of existence with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home-affection.—*Miss Pardoe.*