

From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

## THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Father, guide me! Day declines,  
Hollow winds are in the pines;  
Darkly waves each giant bough  
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;  
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,  
Which erewhile with breezy swell,  
From the purple mountains bore  
Greeting to the sunset-shore.  
Now the sailor's vesper hymn  
Dies away,  
Father! in the forest dim,  
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill  
Of the leaves that late hung still;  
In the dull and muffled tone  
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;  
In the deep tints of the sky,  
There are signs of tempests nigh.  
Ominous, with sullen sound,  
Falls the echoing dust around,  
Father! through the storm and shade  
O'er the wild,  
Oh! be thou the lone one's aid---  
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume  
Homewards through the hoding gloom,  
O'er my way hath flitted fast,  
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd,  
From the chesnut's ruddy bark,  
And the pools now low and dark,  
Where the wakening night winds sigh  
Through the long reeds mournfully,  
Homeward, homeward, all things haste---  
God of night!  
Shield the homeless---midst the waste,  
Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,  
Now my babe is laid to rest;  
Beautiful! his slumber seems  
With a glow of heavenly dreams.  
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,  
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,  
Where his mother bends to pray,  
For the loved and far away.  
Father! guard that household bower,---  
Hear that Prayer!  
Back, through thine all-guiding power,  
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night---  
Not a star sends quivering light  
Through the massy arch of shade  
By the stern old forest made.  
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes  
All my pathway open lies,  
By thy son, who knew distress  
In the lonely wilderness,---  
Where no roof to that blest head  
Shelter gave---  
Father! through the time of dread,  
Save, oh! save!

## EFFECT OF MARSHES IN PRODUCING FEVER.

There can be no doubt that fever is always prevalent in the neighbourhood of marshes. Warden, in his account of the United States of America, remarks, 'All low parts of the United States along the banks of rivers and lakes, and near the borders of stagnant waters, and in marshy situations, where vegetable or animal substances, in a state of decay, are exposed to the action of the autumnal sun, are subject to an intermittent or bilious fever. In every low situation, where the rich vegetable soil is first exposed to the action of the sun, or where the water disappearing presents to its action a muddy surface, deleterious emanations are produced, which, ascending to the surface of a neighbouring hill, become the cause of disease there, as well as near the surface where they originated.' He gives a great number of instances of fevers having broken out in America in the neighbourhood of marshes; and he also cites, from various authors, cases showing the pestilential effect of marshes in Europe on the health. The Pontine marshes in Italy are well known to have produced for centuries numerous febrile diseases. Lancisi physician to Pope Clement XI., relates, that in the vicinity of Rome, thirty persons of both sexes, and of the highest rank, being on a party of pleasure near the mouth of the Tiber, the wind suddenly changed, and blew from the south across putrid marshes; and that such was its effect, that all except one were suddenly seized with tertian fever. An inundation of the rivers in Hungary, which covered many parts of the country with stagnant waters, is said to have occasioned the loss of 40,000 of the Austrian army. The annual overflowing of the Nile has produced the same effect, from the earliest times, at Alexandria and other places. In August, 1765, a continued or remitting fever was produced among the soldiers and marines stationed in the island of Portsea, in the neighbourhood of stagnant waters, and a great number of them were carried off. Warden remarks, that 'the most extraordinary fact regarding marsh miasmas is that their influence is more sensibly on the summits of the neighbouring hills than on the very borders of the

marsh whence they emanate. An invisible and pestiferous vapour, which rises by its lightness, or is wafted by currents of air, hovers on the summit during the hot season, and soon paralyses the strongest constitutions.' He gives several instances where such pestilential exhalations had produced fevers at the distance of two miles. The short duration of human life in marshy districts has been remarked by all writers on population. For example, the average duration of life is at least one-third lower in Holland than in England or France. In Switzerland, according to the observations of Muret, the probability of life, or the age to which half the born live, was as follows:—In nine parishes of the Alps, 47 years; in 41 parishes of the Pays de Vaud and Jura, 42; in 12 parishes where grain was cultivated, 40; in 18 parishes among the great vineyards, 37; in one marshy parish, 24!—*Tail's Magazine* July, 1839.

## THE CHINESE NAVY.

Having seen the men of war at Canton, I have had a view of the best part of the Imperial navy. The vessels are here better manned, the cannon of a superior cast, and the whole construction is first rate. The largest of these seldom carry more than twenty guns, which are either thrown on deck, or mounted upon a paltry carriage. How they manœuvre in a pitched battle it is impossible to conjecture, though a diffuse naval code for the guidance of the naval officers is in the possession of the commanders. The great question is, whether wind and waves will permit them to act according to their rules. All the ports of the coast as far as the Yang-tze Keang have their stationary navy, but the principal stations where High Admirals command, are Canton, Amoy, and Ningpo. They have under their immediate command often no less than 16 vessels of various dimensions, the least carrying four guns. I have often seen on board an Admiral's junk from 2000 to 3000 men, who crowd the deck to suffocation. They have also a river navy, which is far better equipped and more numerous than the marine, especially on the Yang-tze Keang, and other large rivers—and it may be said that China possesses the largest navy in the world. Its use is to maintain peace on the high seas, and not to wage wanton war. Such a laudable object does not require those destructive weapons which other nations have invented for martial combat, and in the waters of the central kingdom, crackers and squibs are more serviceable, than Congreve rockets and chain shot. Whilst the men of war of other countries traverse the ocean, the Chinese are otherwise employed. During the greater part of the year they stay in the harbour, and when cruising, they never go out of sight of land, and do not exceed their jurisdiction, which perhaps extends about 80 miles along the coast. This makes them acquainted with all the creeks and islands about, and they retain their domestic habits. Dreadful, however is their lot, when they are blown off the land, and utter despair the consequence. In such cases they either give themselves up to the direction of the winds, and float about until they reach the shore, or steer courageously towards the south, where they must hit upon some island or other.

## GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHMR.

If not the longest on record, the fit of public gratitude to Grace Darling, is among the most remarkable. The pulpit and the stage, the saloon and the servant's hall, the palace and the cottage have rung with her praises. Admiration has been carved in stone, engraved on copper, painted, printed and distributed in fifty thousand forms. If all these tributes could find their way to the lighthouse on the Fern Islands, they would fill up its every nook to the exclusion of their object. Never had fisherman's daughter such a monument as the mezzotint before us. It is a plate of enormous size, exquisitely engraved by Lucas, in his best manner, from a picture by H. P. Parker and J. W. Carmichael, both countrymen of the Darlings, both artists resident in the town of Newcastle, intimate with the local scenery of their picture, and perfectly well acquainted with the persons who give it interest. The stormy sky skimmed by the curlews—backs the abruptly rising rock; which cast up by a violent effort of nature, appears as if still under the heaving influence of volcanic action. It presents a natural wall of crags, with rugged battlements and bastions, and, as it were, towers and curtains. Beneath, the sea, in quiet weather, lies twenty fathoms deep, and the plumb-line descends almost perpendicularly by the edge of that terrific precipice, while the rock itself above the water rises boldly, to the south-west, but declines, dipping into the sea, to the north and east. Indeed the Islands in a storm look like a mighty flock of large sea monsters playing with the deep. Now, when the steam-vessel has been by a gigantic wave cast at a dash upon the rock, where the trembling remnant of the rescued are shivering and ready to fall, through fear and cold, into the sea; when the lights stream like meteors through the storm-cloud; when our thought is a hope that there may be no one in the light-house, which looks as if doomed to be swept away, while that a ship of war can live in such a sea appears impossible; now we see the little coble—a mere skiff on the labouring waters, surrounded by floating fragments of the wreck, dashed over by the wave, screamed over by the storm-bird, and in it an old man and young girl. We recog-

nize the faces, we see the smile of humanity and benevolence, and we witness the eager struggle with the elements of death to save the lives of others. This is an engraving that would be an ornament to any house, and we hope it will be the means of inspiring others with the heroic ardour of Grace Darling.—*Atlas*.

## A DRY FOUNTAIN.

There is, or was, in Florida, a beautiful sheet of water known by white men and Indians as the Silver Spring, which before this year's drought, had never failed and was relied on by all living things in that region as exhaustless. Its pretty name was naturally suggested by its bright aspect. In the depth of the forest, and bordered by a matted growth of live oak and other evergreens, a circular or oval hollow about sixty yards in diameter shelved down through sand of perfect whiteness, to its centre, where the spring gushed upward so vigorously as to agitate the surface some fathoms above, filling the entire basin with water of delicious purity and coolness, through the diamond transparency of which were seen fish of different kinds and various colors, which always refusing a bait, were believed by the Indians to be enchanted or blessed spirits; and under the blaze of a tropical summer, a sensual fancy could hardly have imagined, even in the land of flowers a more delightful heaven than the bath of the Silver Spring.—There was ample room and verge enough for a little boat in which visitors amused themselves floating over the secluded little lake. On a visit, a few weeks since, some officers found the spot deprived of half its beauty and of all its wonted freshness. The silver sands were dry as the desert; the spirit fish and water had vanished; and thickly strewn in the woods round, were the bleaching skeletons and withering carcasses of horses, deer, wild cows, and a variety of other animals, which had perished of thirst. The dry basin somewhat resembled the crater of a volcano, for thought there was not a drop of moisture, the boiling motion of the spring was kept up in the sand—and on thrusting down the foot or a stick, the gas escaped in puffs distinctly audible. A poet might make something out of all this.—*Charleston Mercury*.

DAVID CROCKET.—This eccentric character had the reputation of possessing ready wit, though in our intercourse with him we never could discover an aptness in his retortations, or a quick sally when he was cornered. The anecdote that we are about to relate, rather goes to prove that he was not always off his guard.

While holding a seat in Congress, he contracted a dislike for the Hon. Mr. W—, who was not at all considered a model for manly beauty, and who, also, wore spectacles to conceal his cross-eye. The Colonel was, at an exhibition of wild beasts in Washington, when he was called on to express his opinion of a large baboon that figured amongst the rest of the animals.

"If he only wore a pair of goggles," said Crockett, "he would be as like Mr. W— as two peas."

Turning round, he saw Mr. W— by his side, and, in order to smooth over the affair, continued with perfect collectedness—

"Is that you, W—? Well, I owe an apology somewhere—and I don't know whether to make it to you or to the monkey."

Beauty deserts us; but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us even to the grave.

The *Picayune* says there is woman in New Orleans, who has hit on the expedient of carrying *loadstone* in her pocket to make herself attractive.

'I know thou hast a wife at home,  
I know thou hast a child,  
By that subdued domestic smile  
Upon thy features mild.'

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Bleeding at the nose, if it be ever so violent and protracted, may be permanently stopped by the individual using some salted beef, which has been grated fine with a grater, in the same way that he would take snuff. Two or three pinches are said to be sufficient to stop any fit of bleeding.

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