

committed some summary act upon the inebriated wretch had not the same delicate form interposed to prevent the consummation of the deed. She approached timidly, and fondly begged the monster to go home. He swore by the living Maker that he would never return. Little did he think as he uttered the oath, that the vengeance of that God his sacrilegious lips profaned, was at that moment hanging over him, and that the angel of Death was waiting upon the waters to bear him, with all his sins upon his head, into the presence of the Creator he had mocked. He shook his fair girl from him with a curse, and staggered to the railing. A cluster of boats was at some distance from the shore and a few voices singing one of Russel's songs. The drunkard contrived to clamber on the uppermost rail, and having seated himself, called to the singers to perform something lively, or d—his eyes he would come out there and sing for himself. These were the last words he uttered. In endeavouring to change his position, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water, to rise no more. Great exertions were made by the boats to render him assistance, and more than one daring fellow plunged into the sea; but all in vain.—The tide was running strong at the time, and we may hear of his body being washed upon the opposite shore in a few days.

The poor girl was almost frantic—she rushed to the water's edge, crying "Father! dear, dear Father! For Heaven's sake, save my father!" It was indeed her father. He had once enjoyed a handsome property, but liquor ruined him. He sold his house for it, and at last his garments. His wife had died from want, and his daughter had supported him and three brothers by the labor of her hands. He swore he would never again enter her house, because she would not give him liquor—he cursed her and died while a curse against himself yet hung upon his lips. The daughter did not leave the spot before midnight, and her cries appalled the stoutest hearts around her. Twenty dollars were raised among the spectators, but when handed to her, she exclaimed, "No! no! give me my father."

Poor girl, she called in vain. That father was in other presence. She was borne from the place by some friends, and when I left the spot, the lightness of heart which had drawn me to the scene, had departed, and I felt it almost a sin to be happy amid the wretchedness man makes for himself.

For the Pearl.

TREES.

I have often thought that a very pretty chapter might be written about Trees. A sermon might be composed on them, if their organization, and the analogy subsisting between them and the animal kingdom were made the subject of discourse. But away with such dry considerations. In my opinion, there is a good deal of poetry connected with trees, and it is this about which I wish to say a few words. A tree is a beautiful sight: its branches, filled with green leaves, spreading abroad, shielding from the sun's rays and heat. There are a host of associations about trees which throw around them no common interest.

How enchanting is a walk, shaded by trees, and covered with short grass, like a meadow. It seems to invite our walk; and when we are boys and girls it is a favourite place of resort, after the sun has gone to rest, and the moon keeps watch above our heads and throws her silver beams lavishly about our path, mellowed by their passage through the thick branches and leaves. The thought of it is fascinating. And then this is the place and this the time when we vow our love's constancy; when we tell how it has grown like yon poplar, as fresh as its leaves, and sweet as the fragrance of the foliage, and withal as firm and as lasting as the oak, and as burning as the just-retired sun. A little love nonsense follows,—such as hearts being such queer things, and how ours were meant for each other,—and then you see the pretty head hang down, and you may guess something is about being settled,—so they walk away. A few nights after you may see them walking the same place: not as before, they being now married.

Quick work this! But would you believe? it's all through the trees. If those trees had not been there, they might never have seen each other's face as man and wife. In a few years, you may observe a couple walking beneath the same trees, with a little girl between them. It is the same. By and bye they go away to some other country, and stay a long time, and forget all about the trees. But at last they come back to their old town again. So after the bustle is over, they go out to walk; and how curious it is,—without ever thinking of them, they come across the old trees; and then what a burst of recollections! Both begin to speak at the same time, and interrupt each other, and in the end find out that neither can say a word. The sight of the staunch old oaks and poplars, where they had so often waited for and walked with each other, and talked, and laughed and cried, and quarrelled and made up,—all come so suddenly and unexpectedly, that it is really some time before they remember they are standing before the fine old trees again.

And then again, under the trees is such a lovely place to enjoy a Pic Nic. The boys and girls have a set of games beneath the old forest trees, and you may hear the hearty laugh and its echo resounding through the forest, so joyful and melodious. And

then they tie a rope to a couple of trees, and make what is commonly called a Swing; and the boys swing their sweethearts, and they laugh and scream, which is all the better fun for the rascals, who seem to delight in frightening the poor girls; and when they tell them they want to "come down," make believe they said they wanted to be swung harder, and pull away until, poor girl, she is taken down half dead with laughter and fright. And then the broad branches afford such nice shelter from the sun, while they have a three-handed reel, or a regular set of quadrilles, and some old joker is scraping the fiddle to keep time. Then they set out a table beneath three or four sturdy old oaks, filled with branches and covered with leaves,—eat and drink heartily and laughingly, and drink toasts to all their sweethearts, who, in exchange, sing a song about "The Troubadour," or "The Sailor's Grave," or "Poor Bessy was a Sailor's wife, and he was off at sea," or some other "affectin' ditty": and then they separate and stroll about in parties of two and two, and look for black or huckle berries, talking something about love all the time. So, as evening approaches, they all pack up and start, well satisfied with their day's fun.

Now all this, as I said before, comes of the trees. If those trees had not been there, assuredly there would have been no Pick Nick.

O! ye beautiful trees! beautiful in summer—and not bereft of beauty, as some would say, in winter, when the icicles hang about your branches,—how many vows of love have ye witnessed! Ye bear no forbidden fruit here; and the best concerning ye is, the associations of childhood, and youth, and love, are connected with ye: when we used to play beneath your branches, or climb your sturdy and rugged limbs, or walk beneath ye in the lovely moonlight with our sweethearts. And now we remember all. Blessings on ye, ye trees,—may ye never wither; may many more children gambol beneath your branches, and may many more vows of love be breathed under your shade.

Your obedient servant,

HALIFAX, AUGUST.

RED LEAF.

For the Pearl.

HISTORY.—INTRODUCTION.

If man, as an intelligent being, compare himself with non-intelligent animals, he at once is made sensible of the great superiority of the former; convincing him of his possession of something of which they are deprived,—that he is a participator of their nature only so far as bodily circumstances are concerned,—that he possesses powers of mind more than sufficient to counteract their physical strength,—and that the exercise of this intellectual energy is ever-during, while all the sagacity of the latter perishes with the decease of the body. The advance of years, in childhood, establishes our assent to the truth of these facts; we are brought up in the very light which they diffuse, with evidences of their validity continually passing before us, and the progress of time does not decrease our belief of them. What a noble power is the mind!—Noble, considered as to what it can accomplish;—noble, because it is eternal;—noble, because of its Author;—noble, because that Author is himself all mind! Man walks the earth,—and though he had wings, he could rise only a little higher,—the mind traverses the boundless extent of space,—and only awaits entire release from its earthly tenement to ascend to the throne of the Most High.

It was the mind of Newton that penetrated where sight availed him nought;—and it was its different degree of energy and character in men that are now no more, that suggested inventions and made discoveries,—accounts of which and of whom give such lustre to the biographic and historic page.

The mind is not meant to exist upon its own resources,—it is supported by nourishment as the body: but the food of which it partakes is purely of a character adapted to its own nature. As matter exists by matter,—so is the energy of one mind kept alive by the vigour of another. This I take to be the rule; and whether, like most rules, it has exceptions, I am doubtful; but shall be thankful for correction if wrong. I am not sure whether the generality of minds would be worthy their name, were it not for the "geniuses"—but their intercourse with the works of men, mighty in intellect, raises them as much higher in the scale of "mental illumination," as the source whence they derived their knowledge is still above them. The results of the efforts of human genius and industry are,—the various subjects which make up the broad circle of KNOWLEDGE. Which of those subjects claim most our attention, I am incapable of judging; or whether their claims be equal, I know not. As regards interest, History appears to be a favourite branch of study, and in particular, that of England. And this branch would seem to possess a claim upon our attention, which all can not advance. The history of a country is the history of its inhabitants,—and when we study History, we are contemplating the conduct and actions of our own species; whether, therefore, they be good or bad, they present us with an example to follow on the one hand,—or, on the other, with a warning, by the evil which ill conduct produced.

I propose, with your approval, to write pieces occasionally, on some incident or character connected with History, for insertion in the Pearl. My historical acquirements are not extensive, but,

while productive of personal improvement, my endeavours may tend to familiarize some historical incidents to others.

I have sometimes enquired whether Modern or Ancient History possessed most interest. Considered as of nations which exist in our own day, that of Europe and America engages most our attention; but setting this aside, how may the question be answered? I must confess my own want of sufficient information to solve it. Was ancient Greece famous for her genius, her learning, and her civilization?—and yet there are operations at present going on, of which it knew nothing, and as splendid conquests made as ever it achieved. If a modern Pythagoras, or Epicurus, or Lucretius, or Plato, or Aristotle, or Archimedes, be demanded,—point we to Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Ferguson, Franklin, and a host of others,—with, at the same time, a correct Philosophy, of which the former could not boast. And then if the struggle of Thermopylae be enquired for,—the plains of Agincourt are our monument; if the law of Sparta, which prevented a warrior fleeing the battle-field, be advanced, as a specimen of unexampled devotedness and love of country,—our boast is, that we need no such law. Some great man said, that the Athenians would ever be young and vigorous in knowledge, meaning that the discoveries of future generations would never surpass theirs;—but, while some of their inventions exceed the ingenuity and genius of modern times, more can be said of the "age in which we live."

While the history of England fastens our attention, as being that of a country with which we are closely connected,—the history of the ancient kingdoms and republics, and states and provinces, fascinates, as being an improving and pleasing employment to trace the actions and policy of those unconnected with us, and who lived in a comparatively early age of the world. The history of the Jews claims a perusal, because this people were the especial favourites of Heaven; the Greeks solicit our attention for their learning and genius and bravery; and the Romans excite our wonder, by the spread of their conquests, the eminence in civilization which they attained, and their ultimate decline and fall, from a source which they intended for their further aggrandizement; and as regards some other nations, a tolerable knowledge of them is derivable from their connection with those just mentioned.

More information, it appears, may be gleaned from the study of History than many other subjects,—I mean that description of information which is most necessary. History has reference to every science, and bears record of every invention. What subject better calculated to give us that knowledge of human nature, an acquaintance with which is so necessary and valuable? From this I might argue,—that History should be an early study, and that as Chronology and Geography are the eyes of History,—so History should be the forerunner of all other improvement. This is one opinion; and he that holds it will be thankful for correction, if his opinion be without sufficient foundation. TIME.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 16, 1839.

ITEMS.—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

No later European dates than those in our last, have been received. The great steamers, the British Queen and the Great Western, left N. York, on the 1st inst. People flocked from all quarters to witness the departure of these triumphs of science, and it was estimated that 100,000 spectators lined the banks of the river, and covered the decks of other steamers. The Western left about one o'clock, the Queen, about an hour after, amid the cheers of the multitude, the sounds of bands of music, and the roar of ordnance. The Queen had 103 passengers, the Western 59. Much interest is felt in the return voyage of these noble vessels, and many wagers, it appears, have been laid respecting the first arrival. Nothing like racing will be allowed to take place between them, but, with the usual power, care and skill will afford scope enough for the trial of their respective capabilities. On the day after departure, both vessels were reported to have been seen by the Halcyon, which arrived in Halifax harbour the beginning of this week: the Queen was then, it was said, three miles ahead, all sails set on both vessels. This, however, it appears, cannot be correct, for the N. York Gazette, of August 6th, has the following paragraph:

"The ship Europe arrived last evening from Liverpool, reports that on Friday at 9 A. M. Sandy Hook distant 150 miles, exchanged signals with the Great Western; at 10, saw the British Queen 20 miles astern. The Roscoe also arrived last evening from Liverpool, saw at 1 P. M. on the same day, lat. 40 16, the Great Western, 108 miles from the Hook, and at 2 P. M. saw the British Queen, 193 miles from the Hook, the Great Western 13 miles ahead and about 15 miles farther south."

The Colonial intelligence is not of much consequence this week. Meetings, in favour of Lord Durham's Report, had been held at Dundas and Hamilton, U. Canada, and several other indications appear of the existence of considerable political excitement in that province. An alarm of an attack on Cobourg was given on the 29th of July, and the suspected party, to the number of seven in-