

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

By DR. SOUTHBY.

She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed; when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed
Clay in the potter's hand! One favour'd mind
Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man,
Framed with like miracle, the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labor; like this soldier here,
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,
Be moulded by his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.

And there are
Who say that this is well! as God has made
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
The many for the few! Court-moralists,
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a-week
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now
Tolling and troubled, they may pick the crumbs
That from the rich man's table fall, at length
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus,
Themselves meantime secure their good things here,
And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord!
Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoin'd,
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
Who shed their brethren's blood, . . . blind at noon-day
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!

O my God!
I thank thee, with no Pharisaic pride
I thank thee, that I am not such as these;
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
That feels, the voice that in these evil days,
Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself,
And cries aloud against iniquity.

SKETCH OF A BATTLE.

Genius and taste have lent their utmost powers to throw a charm over the horrors of war. All ancient literature, and the greater part of modern, have been its guilty eulogists; and thus have men been led to admire a monster as foul, malignant and terrible, as ever stalked over the earth, or kennelled in the infernal pit.

Thanks to the influence of the gospel, in checking this general prostitution of literature. It is now fashionable to describe war for the purpose of holding it up to the abhorrence of mankind; and the best minds of modern times, the most gifted poets, the most powerful orators, the wisest statesmen, and the profoundest philosophers, are fast coming to pour their indignant and withering rebukes on this parent of a thousand abominations and woes.

The following description of a battle scene, we quote from the vivid pen of Mr. Quincy, late mayor of Boston, and now president of the oldest and best endowed university in the United States.

"It is impossible, without recurring to feelings and sentiments of a higher and purer nature than those induced by common life, to conceive the deep moral depravity, and the cruel, blood-stained scenes of ordinary warfare. Alas! how must they be viewed by higher intelligences and virtues!

"Imagine one of these celestial spirits descending upon our globe, and led by chance to an European plain, at the point of some great battle on which the fate of states and empires is suspended.

"On a sudden, the field of battle opens on his astonished vision. It is a field which men call glorious! A hundred thousand warriors stand in opposing ranks. Light gleams on their burnished steels. Their plumes and banners wave. Hill echoes to the noise of moving rank or squadron, the neigh and tramp of steeds, the trumpet, drum, and bugle call.

"There is a momentary pause—a silence like that which precedes the fall of the thunderbolt, or the desolating rage of the whirlwind. In an instant, flash succeeding flash, pours columns of smoke along the plain. The iron tempest sweeps, heaping man, horse and car, in undistinguished ruin. In shouts of rushing hosts, in shock of breasting steeds, in peals of musketry, in the roar of artillery, in the clash of sabres, in thick and gathering clouds of smoke and dust, all human eye, and ear, and sense are lost. Man sees nought but the sign of onset. Man hears but the cry of onward.

"Not so the celestial stranger. He witnesses the real scene naked in all its cruel horrors. He sees lopped and bleeding limbs scattered; gashed, dismembered trunks, out-spread, gore-clotted, lifeless; brains bursting from crushed skulls; blood gushing from sabred necks; severed heads, whose tongues mutter rage amidst the palsy of the last agony. He hears the mingled cry of anguish and despair, issuing from a thousand bosoms in which a thousand bayonets are turning; the convulsive scream of agony from heaps of mangled, half expiring victims, over whom the heavy artillery wheels lumber, and crush into one mass bone, and muscle, and sinew; while the fetlock of the war-horse drips

with blood, starting from the last palpitation of the burst heart on which his hoof pivots.

"This is not earth," would such a celestial stranger exclaim; "this is not earth—'tis HELL! This is not man, but demon-tormenting demon!"

A SINGULAR STORY.—It was well nigh six o'clock, and my old friend Corkingdale, very well dressed of course, was on his way to the 'Wells.' There was to be a new grand aquatic spectacle, and as usual, with real water. It was fated, however, that Corkingdale was to meet with another entertainment in the same element; not announced in the bills. He had just arrived here, or hereabouts, when all at once he perceived something floating in the river, which if not a woman, was certainly a man in woman's clothes. In either case the duty was the same; and in a moment, the little man perfumed and powdered, and in a bran-new suit was plunging in the water like a Newfoundland dog. The object proved as was expected, to be a human body not yet a corpse; in short he had the happiness to prolong the life of an unfortunate female; and was so well satisfied with his own performance, that he abandoned all intention of going to the theatre. So far so good, and as any other man might have acted; but with poor Corkingdale the matter took a more singular turn, namely, a turn for pulling people out of rivers. The Humane Society unfortunately sent him a silver medal; and from that hour the desire of saving increased upon him as it does with a miser. He neglected his business to take long daily rambles by the Serpentine, or where else there seemed a chance of gratifying his propensity; and above all, he haunted the place of his former exploit, under the very common expectation, that what had occurred once would happen again in the same locality; and curiously enough, the calculation was partly to be realised. At the same hour, on the same day of the same month as before, I was walking with him on the road to the Wells, when lo! at the identical spot, we perceived a boy in the last stage of distress, wringing his hands, weeping aloud, and gazing intently on something which seemed to have disappeared in the river. We of course inquired what was the matter; but the poor fellow was too overcome to speak intelligibly, though he was able to intimate by signs, that the cause of his agony was in the water. In such case every moment is precious, and merely throwing off his new hat, Corkingdale was instantly diving in the stream, where he kept under indeed so long, that I really began to fear he had been grappled by some expiring wretch at the bottom. At last however he emerged but it was only to ask a more explicit direction. By this time the poor boy was more composed, so as to be able to direct the search a little more to the left, which was with the current. Accordingly down went Corkingdale a second time, in the direction pointed out, but with no better success; and when he came up again, between agitation and exertion, he was almost exhausted. At last he was just able to articulate, "gracious heaven! nothing—not a shred." The anxiety of the poor boy in the mean time seemed extreme. "Laws bless you sir, forever and ever," said he, "for going in, sir, but do just try again—pray, pray do sir." Corkingdale did not require urging, "Quick, quick," making himself up for another attempt; "tell me—man or woman?" "Oh how good on you, sir," cries the boy, poor fellow, quite delighted at a fresh hope; "Oh, how very good on you, sir, but it's nobody sir, but a hook—a hook for fishing!—And Oh mighty! if you don't find it—for I've got never a fardin for to buy another!"

ELEPHANT SHOOTING—Extract of a letter from Ceylon dated 20th January, 1837, in the Wellasses District. "We had excellent sport, having bagged 106 elephants among four of us in three days, but I had a very narrow escape from shooting my friend G—. We had all followed three elephants into a thick bit of jungle, and came up with them at an opening of, perhaps, twenty feet square. G— and I went at the same bird, which after taking some shots from both of us, and one or two from our companions, got into the cover, but suddenly burst out again abreast upon G—, who was close behind it, and who, being unloaded, halted back, and stumbled over the trunk of a dead elephant, sufficiently within reach of the live one. In the mean time a Cooly had put a fresh gun into my hand, and, as I fired, G—, in rising from his stumble, brought the top of his cap on the line of sight. I saw the cap jerk and open, and the elephant drop at the same instant. The cap was of wicker-work, covered with blue nankeen, and in shape a hunting-cap, fitting close to the head; the ball had opened full four inches of it; his hair was not cut, but still it was a frightfully close shave."

A CURIOUS INSTANCE OF TASTE. "I fear you will think I am grown a downright gossip when I tell you a bit of scandal that has reached me about the Moorish young ladies. They are fond of puppies. For that matter, you will perhaps reply, that the finest ladies of Europe also frequently show a predilection for that species of animal, both canine and human. Well, but likings take different modes of expressing themselves. A Canadian Indian was once asked if he had known the Bishop of Quebec? 'Yes, yes.' 'And how did you like him.' 'Oh! vastly.' 'But how did you happen to know him?' 'Happen to know him! Why, I ate a piece of him!' In like manner my Mau-

ritanian beauties are devouringly fond of puppies. You only fondle them, but they gobble them up by litters in their consciousness. It is said, however, that they do this not so much from a carnivorous propensity, as from a belief that this sort of flesh is very fattening, and the fat of a Mahometan beauty is her glory."—Campbell's Letters.

FOR SALE.

THAT desirable HOUSE in Hollis street, occupied by the Subscriber; there is a well of excellent water in the cellar, a tank for rain water, with a pump to each, metal ovens, stoves, &c. No expense has been spared to render it a comfortable and convenient residence for a family. Further information may be obtained on application to.

February 12.

EDWARD ALISON.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgly, in Barrington Street, next door to Mr. A. Reid's Store near St. Paul's Church. Possession may be had 1st May, 1838. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to the Proprietor, D. D. Stewart, Esq. Newport, or to B. Murdoch, Esq. at his Office, next door to the premises.

February 2.

TURNBULL & FOUNDS
TAILORS;

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the Public, that they have commenced business in the above line, in the house adjoining Mr. Nordbeck, in Granville Street, where all orders in their line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Feb 17.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA,

Halifax, Thursday 1st February, 1838.

A DIVIDEND of Four and one-half per cent on the Capital Stock paid in has been declared, agreeably to the Act of Incorporation, for the half year ending the 31st January, and will be paid at the Bank on or after the 3rd March next.

By order of the President and Directors,

JAMES FORMAN, Cashier.

INDIA RUBBERS.

THE Subscriber has just received 150 pairs Indian Rubbers assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order. Opposite Cunard's Wharf.

Jan. 27.

(3m.)

WILLIAM WISSWELL.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

To be sold at Private Sale the following highly valuable Real Estate,

ALL the DWELLING HOUSE, Lot of Land and appurtenances formerly owned and occupied by the late Hon. James Fraser, deceased, consisting of the dwelling house and Lot fronting in Water street, measuring forty six feet six inches in front by one hundred and thirty six feet in depth—also the lot of land in rear thereof, fronting westwardly on Argyle street, and measuring in front sixty three feet by sixty four in depth. These premises will be sold either together or in separate Lots, at the desire of purchasers.

Also, The Warehouse and buildings formerly occupied by Messrs. Fraser and Co. as a store and counting house, situate in the middle range of buildings on Marchington's Wharf, adjoining the property of the late John Barron.

Also, a lot of ground in the south range of Marchington's wharf, adjoining the Ordnance property, measuring twenty two feet in front by twenty six feet in depth.

The terms and particulars may be known on application at the office of the Subscriber, who is authorized to treat for the sale of the above premises.

February 2.

JAMES F. GRAY.

NEW AUCTION AND COMMISSION
ESTABLISHMENT.

THE necessity which has for some time existed in Halifax, of having an AUCTIONEERING ESTABLISHMENT, where Goods sent could be promptly sold and settled for, has induced the Subscriber to come forward, in the hope that the concern which he is about to establish, will meet with that public patronage which he believes on trial it will fully merit. The Business will be conducted on the following system.—All Goods sent for public Sale, will positively be sold—no articles being put up, which are either limited or allowed to be withdrawn—all purchases to be paid for on delivery, and the proceeds to be handed over to the owner on the day succeeding the Sale; and as these regulations will be rigidly adhered to in all instances, the Subscriber trusts that they will be found advantageous for both Buyer and Seller, as the former may rely that the Sale will be positive, and the articles themselves will always command a fair price from the competition which such a system must produce; and the fact that the money will be forthcoming on the day succeeding, will recommend itself to the favorable notice of those who may be inclined to patronize it. Business will be commenced on Thursday next, the First day of February, and parties wishing to send Articles will please leave a Note of them previous to that time, in order that they may be properly advertised, and they may rely that confidence will at all times be strictly preserved. Articles will also be received for Private Sale; and as the premises occupied by the Subscriber are in a central part, and one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Town, quick Sales may be reasonably expected. The smallest favor will be carefully attended to.

JAMES NORVAL.

Corner of Duke and Water Street

The usual assortment of Groceries and Liquors kept constantly to hand.

Jan 26.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

Will be published every Friday evening, at the printing office of Wm. Cunnabell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and index.

TERMS: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and six-pence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names. All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance. Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.