

From Fisher's Christian Keepsake.

THE LAND OF REST.

O land of rest, we look to thee
When darkness round our pathway lies,
When tempests blow
And waters flow,
Sweeping the lovely from our eyes:
No storm thou know'st, or treacherous sea,
And therefore do we look to thee!

O land of rest, we look to thee
Whene'er iniquities prevail,
When all within
Is dark with sin,
And Satan's wiles our peace assail;
Where thou art, nought impure shall be,
And therefore do we look to thee!

O land of rest, we look to thee,
As exiles homeward bound may turn,
Where to their eyes
The cliffs arise,
Of the dear land for which they yearn;
Our home thou art, sad exiles we,
And therefore do we look to thee!

SUFFERINGS OF GUADELUPE VICTORIA.—Guadalupe Victoria was one of the most distinguished of the leaders in the first Mexican Revolution. At the head of a band of co-patriots, he performed, in 1815, several exploits not less remarkable for daring and success than those related respecting Wallace and other heroes of that class. At length, in 1816, the superior numbers of the Spanish forces, under Miyares and Apodaca, overpowered the patriots of Mexico, and the strength of Victoria became much reduced. To pursue the interesting narrative presented in Mr. Ward's *Mexico in 1827*—"Notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Victoria's men, their courage was of no avail against the superior discipline and arms of their adversaries. In the course of the year 1816, most of the old soldiers fell; those by whom he replaced them, had neither the same enthusiasm nor the same attachment to his person. The zeal with which the inhabitants engaged in the cause of the revolution was worn out; with each reverse their discouragement increased; and as the disastrous accounts from the interior left them but little hopes of bringing the contest to a favourable issue, the villages refused to furnish any further supplies, the last remnant of Victoria's followers deserted him, and he was left absolutely alone. Still his courage was unshaken, and his resolution not to yield, on any terms, to the Spaniards, unshaken. He refused the rank and rewards which Apodaca proffered as the price of his submission, and determined to seek an asylum in the solitude of the forest, rather than except the *indulto*, on the faith of which so many of the insurgents yielded up their arms. This extraordinary project was carried into execution with a decision highly characteristic of the man. Unaccompanied by a single attendant, and provided only with a little linen and a sword, Victoria threw himself into the mountainous district which occupies so large a portion of the province of Vera Cruz, and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. His after history is so extremely wild, that I should hardly venture to relate it here, did not the unanimous evidence of his countrymen confirm the story of his sufferings, as I have often heard it from his own mouth. During the first two weeks, Victoria was supplied with provisions by the Indians, who all knew and respected his name; but Apodaca was so apprehensive that he would again emerge from his retreat, that a thousand men were ordered out, in small detachments, literally to hunt him down. Wherever it was discovered that a village had either received him or relieved his wants, it was burnt without mercy; and this rigour struck the Indians with such terror, that they either fled at the sight of Victoria, or were the first to denounce the approach of a man whose presence might prove so fatal to them. For upwards of six months he was followed like a wild beast by his pursuers, who were often so near him, that he could hear their imprecations against himself, and Apodaca too, for having condemned them to so fruitless a search. On one occasion he escaped a detachment, which he fell in with unexpectedly, by swimming a river which they were unable to cross: and on several others he concealed himself, when in the immediate vicinity of the royal troops, beneath the thick shrubs and creepers with which the woods of Vera Cruz abound. At last, a story was made up, to satisfy the viceroy, of a body having been found, which had been recognised as that of Victoria. A minute description was given of his person, which was inserted officially in the *Gazette* of Mexico, and the troops were recalled to more pressing labours in the interior.

But Victoria's trials did not cease with the pursuit; harassed and worn out by the fatigues which he had undergone, his clothes torn to pieces, and his body lacerated by the thorny underwood of the tropics, he was indeed allowed a little tranquillity; but his sufferings were still almost incredible: during the summer, he managed to subsist upon the fruits of which nature is so lavish in those climates; but in winter he was attenuated by hunger; and I have heard him repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being

long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses or other animals that he happened to find dead in the woods. By degrees he accustomed himself to such abstinence, that he could remain four, and even five days, without tasting any thing but water, without experiencing any serious inconvenience; but whenever he was deprived of sustenance for a longer period, his sufferings were very acute. For thirty months he never tasted bread, nor saw a human being, nor thought, at times, ever to see one again. His clothes were reduced to a single wrapper of cotton, which he found one day, when, driven by hunger, he had approached nearer than usual to some Indian huts, and this he regarded as an inestimable treasure. The mode in which Victoria (cut off as he was from all communication with the world) received intelligence of the revolution of 1821, is hardly less extraordinary than the fact of his having been able to support existence amidst so many hardships, during the intervening period. When, in 1818, he was abandoned by all the rest of his men, he was asked by two Indians, who lingered with him to the last, and on whose fidelity he knew that he could rely, if any change should take place, where he wished them to look out for him? He pointed, in reply, to a mountain at some distance, and told them that, on that mountain, perhaps they might find his bones. His only reason for selecting it was its being particularly rugged and inaccessible, and surrounded by forests of a vast extent.

The Indians treasured up this hint, and as soon as the first news of Iturbide's declaration reached them, they set out in quest of Victoria; they separated on arriving at the foot of the mountain, and employed six whole weeks in examining the woods with which it was covered, during this time they lived principally by the chase: but finding their stock of maize exhausted, and all their efforts unavailing, they were about to give up the attempt, when one of them discovered, in crossing a ravine, which Victoria occasionally frequented, the print of a foot, which he immediately recognised to be that of a European. By European, I mean European descent, and consequently accustomed to wear shoes, which always give a difference of shape to the foot, very perceptible to the eye of a native. The Indian waited two days upon the spot; but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his supply of provisions completely at an end, he suspended upon a tree near the place, four tortillas, or little maize cakes, which were all he had left, and set out for his village, in order to replenish his wallets, hoping that if Victoria should pass in the meantime, the tortillas would attract his attention, and convince him that some friend was in search of him. His little plan succeeded completely; Victoria, on crossing the ravine two days afterward, perceived the maize cakes, which the birds had, fortunately, not devoured. He had then been four whole days without eating, and upwards of two years without tasting bread; and he says himself, that he devoured the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite would allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding them on this solitary spot, where he had never before seen any trace of a human being. He was at a loss to determine whether they had been left there by a friend or a foe; but feeling sure that whoever had left them intended to return, he concealed himself near the place, in order to observe his motions, and to take his own measures accordingly. Within a short time the Indian returned; Victoria instantly recognised him, and abruptly started from his concealment, in order to welcome his faithful follower; but the man, terrified at seeing a phantom, covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed only with an old cotton wrapper, advancing upon him with a sword in his hand from among the bushes, took to flight; and it was only on hearing himself repeatedly called by his name, that he recovered his composure sufficiently to recognise his old general. He was affected beyond measure at the state in which he found him, and conducted him instantly to his village, where Victoria was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The report of his re-appearance spread like lightning through the province, where it was not credited at first, so firmly was every one convinced of his death; but it was soon known that Guadalupe Victoria was indeed in existence, and all the old insurgents rallied around him. In an incredibly short time he induced the whole province, with the exception of the fortified towns, to declare for independence, and then set out to join Iturbide, who was at that time preparing for the siege of Mexico. He was received with great apparent cordiality; but his independent spirit was too little in unison with Iturbide's project, for this good understanding to continue long. Victoria had fought for a liberal form of government, and not merely for a change of masters; and Iturbide, unable to gain him over, drove him again into the woods during his short-lived reign, from whence he only returned to give the signal for a general rising against the too ambitious emperors."

Bansit de Sainte.—More wrote a long poem in Anglo-Norman on the siege of Troy, in which he speaks of Homer as but a contemptible authority, and gives us a curious anecdote, for which we may look in vain elsewhere. "Homer," says he, "was a wonderful poet; he wrote on the siege and destruction of Troy, and why it was deserted, and has never since been inhabited. But his book does not tell us the truth, for we know without any doubt, that he was born a hundred years after the great army was assembled, so that he certainly was not a witness of the events he

describes. When he had finished his book, it was brought to Athens, there was a wonderful contention about it. They were on the point of condemning him, and with reason, because he had made the gods fight with mortal men, and the goddesses in the same manner; and when they recited his book, many refused it on that account; but Homer was such a great poet, and had so much influence, that he ended by prevailing on them to receive his book as good authority."

In April, 1745, a wager for a very large sum of money was laid, that a Mr. Cooper Thornhill did not ride three times between his house at Stilton and Shoreditch, London, in 15 hours, a distance of 213 miles. He was allowed as many horses to do it with as he pleased. He accomplished the feat in 11 hours and a half, and, unquestionably, the state of the roads at the period being taken into account, it was a very remarkable performance. It will probably be under the estimate, including accidental delays from changes and casualties of passage through a long line of country, and those required for the purpose of refreshment, if we deduct an hour and a-half from the space actually spent in the saddle. This would make the rate a continuous speed of better than 21 miles an hour—probably as rapid travelling by animal conveyance as under similar circumstances and distance we should be able to match.—*Sporting Magazine*.

Anecdote of Lord St. Vincent.—While on his West India expedition there were some circumstances attending the procedure of a convoy to Europe on which the Admiral wished to consult the different skippers. A signal was made to this effect: the masters of the merchantmen attended on board the flag-ship; he stated to them the motives which had influenced him to convene them, and requested their sentiments on the subject. Finding that each delivered his opinion as his respective interest dictated, the Admiral endeavoured to show the expediency of unanimity, but without effect; at which, much irritated, he hastily paced the deck, loudly snapping his fingers, singing with a voice of no common strength, "Sing tantararara, rogues all, rogues all; sing tantararara, rogues all;" and repeated it with such vehemence, that the masters, dreading some more impressive marks of the Admiral's displeasure, hastened into their boats and shoved off.—*United Service Journal*.

A Catch.—The following description of a catch by Dr. Calcott, is given in the *Musical World*; the words run thus:—

"Ah! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave?
Go, fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet, richer far, than that, your bloom;
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than one, I fear, have part."

Now, in reading the above, there is nothing particular to be seen; but when the words are sung as Dr. Calcott intended they should be, there is much to hear; for one singer seems to render the first three words thus—"A house on fire," repeating *phia, phia*, with a little admixture of cockneyism, fire! fire! Another voice calls out, lustily, "Go fetch the engines, fetch the engines;" while the third coolly says, "I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger," etc.; consequently, he does not care whether the house be burned down or not. This elucidation will give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and character of a musical catch.

Strange Worldly Advice.—Erasmus, in a letter to his friend Andrew Ammonius, gives him the following advice, as the most effectual method of advancing his fortune, designed to satirize the usual methods that are adopted for this purpose; viz: "In the first place, throw off all sense of shame; thrust yourself into every one's business, and elbow out whomsoever you can; neither love nor hate any one; measure everything by your own advantage; let this be the scope and drift of all your actions. Give nothing but what is to be returned with usury, and be complaisant to every body. Have always two strings to your bow. Feign that you are solicited by many from abroad, and get everything ready for your departure. Show letters inviting you elsewhere, and with great promises."

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