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THE ADVENT ON SINAI.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

His robe was of the cloud,
With lightning braided o'er;
His heralds the trump note loud,
And the echoing thunder's roar.

On the whirlwind's wing he came,
And the mountain's awful height
Was wrapt in smoke and flame,
By the God's descending might.

He spake, and earth was dumb,
Like the sea when the winds are laid,
Like the night when the insect hum
Is hush'd in the verdant glade.

He gave his fiery law
In many an awful word,
And the nations shook with awe
As His threatening voice they heard.

Again to earth He came,
In guise of a man forlorn,
And changed was His crown of flame,
For one of the rending thorn.

The law His hands had given
He now fulfilled and kept,
And opened the way to heaven
For those who in anguish wept.

And He again shall come,
Thrones shall before Him fall,
And every voice be dumb,
Or own Him Lord of all.

Then heaven along with earth
Shall to its centre shake,
And up to a brighter birth
The whole creation wake.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

THE PHYSICIAN'S FEE.

By Charles P. Hsley.

CHAPTER I.

"Mother, are you unwell?" and the daughter looked up from the work on which she had for the last half hour, been busily and silently engaged. Her mother had been similarly employed; but her work, some unfinished music, was lying on her lap, while her head rested upon her hand, as if she were in deep thought.

"Mother, are you unwell? you look pale."

"No, my child," replied the mother, in a sad, calm tone, more sorrowful than it was her wont. The daughter put aside her work and took her parent's hand, gazing, with a troubled look, into her face. A tear glistened in the eye of Mrs. Lemand, at this delicate though forcible demonstration of filial affection.

"Ellen," said she, as she drew her child to her bosom, and imprinted a kiss on her fair forehead, "sixteen years ago, this evening, your father bent affectionately over my sick couch, to gaze upon his first-born—his daughter—yourself, my dear child! and twelve years ago, this same evening, I bent over his sick couch. The angel of death was there also, and I became a widow!" The tears of the mother and daughter were mingled.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemand were of English birth. They were married in their native land; but soon after, left for this country. They were not, by any means, rich, but enjoyed a comfortable independence. Mr. Lemand came over as agent for a house in Liverpool, and resided in New York. Here Ellen was born. After a residence of about five years in New York, the house in which Mr. Lemand was engaged became bankrupt. A few fragments were all that he was enabled to save from the wreck; and, broken in spirits, poor in health, Mr. L. was left to struggle along in a strange land as he best could. For two years he strove to regain the footing he had lost; but he only "wrestled with the air." He was taken sick, and soon died, leaving his wife and child a slender stock to support them on the rough journey of life.

Mrs. Lemand had no friends in England to whom she could appeal in her extremity.—She had rich relations, or rather an uncle; but she never had any intercourse with him, and probably her existence was entirely unknown to him—at best, uncared for. She soon found her little stock running low, and she began to cast about for means of support. She was not one of those who sit

down in idleness, repining at their lot, and murmuring at the decrees of Providence. She had faith in the "promises," and her heart had a leaning place of which the world knew not. Being expert with the needle, she made application among her few acquaintances for needle-work, and by constant industry was enabled to keep want from the door, and bestow upon her daughter that education, which, in adversity or prosperity, is alike a blessing. Ellen grew up all a fond mother's heart could desire.—She early made herself useful, and soon the united efforts of the mother and daughter allowed them to add some of the luxuries to the necessaries of life. Their dwelling was retired from the noise and bustle of the city. It was a humble though pleasant abode. The hand of taste was visible in all that appertained to it. The rooms were plainly, though neatly and comfortably furnished, and contentment, if not happiness, reigned there.—Such was the situation of affairs on the evening when our story commenced.

It was the anniversary of her daughter's birth, as well as her husband's death. No wonder the brow of the mother was shaded. The graves of buried hopes were re-opened: the fountains of memory loosed. It was the resurrection hour of departed joys. She thought of the trials she had passed through—of her far-off home, where, in childhood she was blest with a mother's love, and a father's care, and a sister's companionship—of her lost partner. All these came thronging on her thoughts—the white and the dark spots—the shadows and sunbeams of life. No wonder the teardrop stood in her eye. Again and again she pressed her child to her bosom; for she was the only earthly treasure that remained to her—the sole link that chained her affections to this world.

"May thy path through life be less thorny than thy mother's, Ellen! Nevertheless, not my will be done!" As she gave utterance to this humble reliance, her eye brightened, and the shadows flitted from her spirit, and the wonted smile of content again lit up her countenance.

We said that by their industry they were enabled to add some of the luxuries to the necessaries of life. This was true for a time, when prosperity smiled on the country. But dark shadows began to creep over the land.—The tide of fortune was suddenly checked, and began to recede. Retrenchment became the order of the day. Superfluities were discarded, and the closest economy was studied. Many persons were, consequently, thrown out of employ, and distress began to pervade the poorer classes. Mrs. Lemand escaped not the general doom. Day after day she found less employment for her needle. Many of those who furnished her with work were obliged to inform her they had not more to offer; and those who continued to afford employment were so uncertain in their calls upon her, that she barely earned enough to supply the simplest necessaries of life. Mrs. L. viewed the dark cloud setting over her late sunny prospects with an anxious eye. Winter was approaching. The times became more and more pressing. The inclement season called for new outlays. How were these demands on her purse to be met? Even by the most pinching economy, she barely received enough to live from day to day. She found it necessary at last, to dispose of household articles, from time to time, at a great sacrifice, to procure the means of subsistence. It is a dreadful condition for a female, brought up in independence, to be thus situated. Alas! how many have been thus placed—been thus doomed to witness the gradual wasting away of their little property, to satisfy the cravings of hunger—or, what is nearly as imperative, the urgent solicitations of an icy-berated creditor! To this extremity was Mrs. L. reduced. Article after article disappeared, until she retained scarcely enough for her limited use. And how did Ellen bear this reverse? Like the daughter of such a mother! More anxious on her parent's account than her own, she did all that one could do in her situation, to sustain her, and to alleviate her sufferings. A murmuring word never escaped her lips. Often, when her hoard was reduced so low as to afford hardly sufficient to satisfy one person—often would Ellen plead indisposition, that her mother might not divide the slender stock, although the pangs of hunger were gnawing within her. Notwithstanding this self-sacrifice, she was doomed to see her beloved parent gradually sink under the troubles that surrounded her.

As poverty came upon them, they were obliged to leave the comfortable roof that sheltered them, and take up their abode in the second story of a miserable tenement, in an obscure and unhealthy part of the city. Cutoff from their former employment, they were obliged to have recourse to such work as they could procure. They now depended on the slender pay received for

washing clothes for the boarders of a neighbouring hotel. The burthen of this fell on Ellen, for her mother's health and strength had become so reduced, she was only able to render very slight assistance. Ellen faltered not. She prosecuted her work with an air of cheerfulness, and strove, by every act in her power, to keep up the sinking spirits of her mother. Yet she did not—could not shut her eyes to her parents' gradual failing; and often, when her mother slept, would her firmness give way, and the hot tears soak the midnight pillow.

We have refrained from describing the person of Ellen. We have desired that the reader should first become acquainted with her mind, and feel an interest in her, on account of her good qualities, rather than the beauty of her person. Still, Ellen lacked not those external graces, which, if they do not constitute a woman's chief charm, yet render her an object of greater attention and admiration. In a gay and fashionable assembly she would have shone among the brightest; and yet, never did she appear so lovely, as when, arrayed in her humble garb, she performed, with a willing heart, those menial services for her mother's support.

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold blustering evening in November. A raging northeasterly storm had prevailed through the day, and as night shut in, the wind and sleet swept sullenly through the streets, and drearily against the buildings. The shops were nearly all closed. The lamps shed a dim and flickering light on the slippery pavement, over which, occasionally, some passenger, bending to the blast, would hurry on his way. On this evening, emerging from a narrow, dreary-looking street, a young female was seen struggling along in evident haste. Turning the corner, and passing two or three blocks, she ascended the steps of a large house, before whose door an expiring lamp threw out a few faint gleams. After hesitating a moment, as if to recover herself, she rang the bell. The door was shortly opened by a young man, who hastily inquired her wants.

"Does Doctor Herbert reside here?" was asked, in a timid, irresolute voice.

"My name is Herbert," was the reply, in a tone that evidently showed that the speaker was not altogether pleased with the call.

"Can you not visit a lady—a poor woman," correcting herself—"who is dangerously ill?"

"Will not to-morrow do?" and the young man drew back, casting a significant glance at the driving sleet, as he partly closed the door, "will not to-morrow do—I have an engage—"

"For the love of heaven, sir, do not refuse me!" interrupted the female, in a trembling and beseeching voice—"My mother is sick—very sick—the distance is short—you shall be paid."

"Cannot you find some one else, Miss?" said the physician in a more yielding tone.

"Oh, no, sir! I have been refused by two others. My poor mother I fear is dying. Oh, sir, if you have a mother, you will go with me—if you have not, by her memory I charge you not to slight the orphan's prayer!" And the speaker turned her face full upon the young man. It was very pale, but strikingly beautiful.

Whether the affecting appeal or the lovely countenance influenced the young physician, it matters not; but he hesitated no longer. Hastily throwing on a cloak, he followed the female. Although she said the distance was not great, yet to the young man it seemed interminable. After following her through two or three obscure streets, and as they were plunging down an unlighted and dismal-looking alley, he inquired if they had much farther to go.

"This is the house, sir," said the female, stopping before a mean and shattered tenement, whose crazy frame could hardly withstand the heavy gusts that swept over it—"Take care of the broken step, sir!"

With this caution he picked his way into the low entry, and followed his conductress up a pair of creaking stairs, prepared to witness a scene of squalid wretchedness. A door was opened, and he was introduced to a dimly-lighted room. He started on his entrance. The signs of poverty he surely beheld; but it was not the poverty of crime and intemperance—the disgusting and revolting exhibition he expected to encounter. There was no appearance of disorder—no unpleasant odor—no filthy floor and dirty sack of straw for a bed—too commonly found in the abodes of want. He gazed about him in astonishment. The scanty furni-