

For the Pearl.

AN ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF ADAM CLARKE, L. L. D. F. R. S., etc. etc.

Yet once again I touch the hallow'd lyre
For years alas! forgotten, not unstrung,
The dews of heav'n cold trickling from the wire
Where once the buoyant sound of gladness rung;
The tear was on my cheek when last I hung
Its frame from converse with the blustering wind,
And still the mournful strain which last I sung
Is more congenial to my pensive mind,
In sorrow's school severe, long chasten'd and refin'd.

Not unbesitting to my former theme,
In slow sad numbers flows the tragic song,
Which wakes my harp's last essay, yet I deem
Some holier pen than mine may bear along
To future times the feelings of the throng,
O'er earth or ocean that lament the doom,
That bore with a relentless hand and strong
(Tho' science shone in virtue's proudest bloom)
A Clarke from his high sphere, down to the humble tomb!

Ye stars that saw him gilding your pale light,
With pure seraphic lustre not your own,
As disembodied far above yon height,
His spirit soar'd to the Eternal's throne,
And left behind no glory like his own;
Like yours, if pluck'd from yon ethereal plain,
And ages on their tardy pinions flown,
His light in this dark world may long remain,
Exalted to the view, clear and without a stain.

Oh! who to such stupendous heights could rise,
Where science lingers in the sick'ning dream,
And gaze upon the sun with eagle eyes
And gazing not grow giddy with the beam;
Excursive fancy sinks, while round her teem
The mysteries of fate and freedom join'd;
He, heaven-instructed, saw the awful theme
Strip'd of its wonders, and his searching mind
The wide discover'd points of deep dispute combin'd.

Nor less the pulpit own'd the skill sublime
That cloth'd each thought as judgment might require.
When the great Preacher spoke of love divine,
Or warn'd his flock of Heaven's eternal ire;
At night impure in practice or desire,
Himself a follower of the crucified,
Meek but not mean, warm without passion's fire,
From vice and folly free on either side,
And noble without trace of arrogance or pride.

But death, insatiate monster aim'd his dart,
Red with the blood of millions lately slain,
His ruthless point found entrance in his heart—
He sank the victim of resistless pain—
To sleep—a trophy of the tyrant's reign,
With kindred dust united, to he lies;
Till the great trump shall sound its lofty strain;
Then shall his sun with brighter beams arise,
And hold its course thro' clear unclouded skies!

FABRICATION N. B.

II.

BEDS OF GREAT RIVERS.—“If a flood of waters was to descend for the first time from a mountainous source, and spread itself along a level country, and increase by means of the waters that continually followed with equal violence and rapidity, what would be the natural consequence? If the first rushing waters found no bed ready to receive them, no channel through which to flow, they would spread themselves in all directions, and roll on in a state of wild and uncontrolled inundation, or rush tumultuously down some steep declivity, to overflow the lower ground. Most assuredly they could not form for themselves a narrow and confined channel, below the level of the plain, and between upright banks. Let any one, for instance, survey the course of the Rhine, and see that majestic river flowing for upwards of thirty miles, from the Seven Mountains to Cologne, through a vast and level plain, and in a bed, whose uniform breadth appears in the distance, like an azure ribbon drawn along that plain, and he will be sensible that the gradual diffusion of even a considerable stream could not have formed for that river the deep channel through which it flows. For let us consider what the bed of a river really is. It is a vast and extensive trench, and we know that in the forming of a trench, considerable labour is required; the soil must be thrown out with care and the stones removed. But this could not be done by the action of the waters. The Danube, for example, could never have won its way to the Black Sea, a distance of seven hundred leagues, and often through a level country; where the land, on either side the banks, slopes considerably; yet over these the waters are prevented from falling, by the restraint of their banks, when without them, the surrounding country would be liable to perpetual inundations. In tracing the original formation of these river-beds, and of the valleys through which they occasionally pass, we must again refer to the era of the deluge. When the waters which had overwhelmed the earth began to roll towards the place that was assigned them, they must have produced on the soft and yielding earth, effects proportioned to their rapidity and weight. Currents of such mighty power, when driven forward by the wind that was made to pass over them, were fully adequate to furrow the soil, and to excavate the valleys. The

winds, therefore, and the currents, produced those undulations on the surface of the earth, which are either gently sloping hollows, or deep valleys, or those deeper channels that form the beds of rivers, which are so turned in many places from the nearest seas, and conducted through extensive inland regions, that it is impossible to contemplate them, without being forcibly struck with the excellency of their arrangement. This is especially discoverable in the Danube, and the Ganges, the Nile, and the Amazon. The direction of all these rivers is determined by the valleys in which they begin to flow. The first formation of those valleys must therefore be ascribed to Him who sendeth the springs to flow among them, and who by their means gives drink to every beast of the field. Were it not for this admirable method of irrigating the earth, the whole system of vegetation must necessarily perish.

“The varied arrangement of those depressions, which are called valleys; and their connexion, both with mountains and with rivers, can therefore only be referred to the one ‘Great Cause from which all things proceed.’ And it is a blessed thing to refer them to that one ‘Great Cause.’ Every thing shall live whither the river cometh, and why? Because a channel is cut for each, and all are collectively directed, where they are most wanted. But if the streams had overflowed, when the waters gushed out, without confinement or direction; many portions of the earth would perish, either because the rivers could not have extended to them; or because the unconfined waters would have stagnated, or have pursued the nearest declivities that tended to the sea. Instead of this, God cut out the rivers among the rocks, and sent the springs into the vallies. He cleft the earth with rivers, and thus watered its separate portions.

“The sea, the sea, the deep proud sea!”

“What a glorious prospect is afforded by its vast expanse! How admirably are all things adjusted for the convenience of this world! What boundaries are set to the wild impetuosity of the billows! At one time high mural rocks forbid their encroachments; at another, smooth sand is placed for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree that it cannot pass it, and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet they cannot prevail; though they roar, yet they cannot pass over it.”—*Mary Roberts.*

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.—A few days since the family of a merchant, residing in Philadelphia, was thrown into a state of the greatest confusion by the sudden disappearance of the youngest daughter. The young lady, on the morning of the 2d instant, left home at an early hour—intending to visit some friends, who resided on the side of the river opposite. Hastening towards the pier to take passage on board one of the steamers which constantly ply to and fro, she was delayed on her way, the lock gates of the dock (forming the bridge) having been opened to afford egress to an American vessel outward bound. The ship being at length towed into the basin, the gates were closed, and the crowd pressed forward to cross the bridge. A rope which had been attached to the side of the vessel, and likewise fastened to a post on the pier head, being at this moment suddenly jerked, came with such violence against the ankles of many of the crowd as to cause their instant subversion; the lady being on the edge of the pier was unfortunately precipitated into the water. A rush was made to the spot from whence she had fallen;—a rope was thrown up; but a gentleman, with great presence of mind, unmindful of the fearful leap, ‘accounted as he was, plunged in,’ and managed with difficulty, to keep the lady above the water, till the arrival of a boat. Landed at the pier stairs, a coach was procured, and in a short time the gentleman set down his dripping charge at the door of her father's domicile. In the evening, he called to enquire after her health, next day repeated his visit, and procured a private interview. The following morning came, but no lady appeared at the breakfast table—the bird had flown, and, as might be expected, her father and mother were quite inconsolable. Things remained in this state till the evening of the 6th, when the arrival of a letter informed the lady that the family was quite safe, she having, in token of gratitude, surrendered her hand and fortune to her deliverer. The worthy merchant, displeas'd at the step, was satisfied to find that his daughter's husband was no needy adventurer, but possessed of a tolerable income.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

A SINGULAR PRISONER.—Some days ago a young man of a village near L'Orient, who had engaged himself as a substitute in the army, gave one half of the sum he received to his only relation, a sister, and, having embraced her, took his departure to join his regiment. Another man, who was present at the parting scene, and afterwards accompanied the recruit to Vannes, returned about 9 o'clock to the abode of the forlorn girl, and knocked at the door. Recognizing his voice she let him in. He immediately demanded half the money she had received in the morning. The poor creature, knowing she had no means of escape or rescue, immediately complied; but he insisted that she should give him the whole, which she did; and, on her protesting that she had given him the last sous, told her she must die, but gave her the choice of having her throat cut, being shot with a pistol,

which he produced, or being hung. The natural horror of blood induced her to choose the last mode of death. The villain thereupon searched the house, and finding two ropes, he bound the poor girl hand and foot with one, while he formed a slip-knot with the other, and endeavoured to fasten it to a beam in the room. To accomplish this, it was necessary for him to get upon the table. He had just finished his task when his footing slipped, the table fell from under him, and he was caught by both wrists in the noose he had made for his victim. As he was unable to extricate himself, and had firmly bound his victim, he remained suspended, and she in the position in which he had left her for two nights and a day. On the second morning the neighbours finding the house still shut up, knocked at the door, and being answered by the low moanings of the girl, forced their way in, and found her and the faithless friend of her brother in the situation above described. The poor girl was released, and received every assistance her condition required. The man was taken down, secured, and conducted to prison.—*A late French Paper.*

ORPHANAGE.—Perhaps there is no word that strikes with more force upon the sensibilities of a benevolent person than orphan. To say that an individual is an orphan recommends him at once to our sympathy. That is perfectly right in so far as the tender germs of humanity are concerned, A little child bereft of its parents and thrown helpless and solitary upon the cold charities of a busy and thoughtless world, is an object of great compassion—but when the orphan has reached years of maturity, he can no longer have extra claim upon our benevolence. A majority of us are left orphans before we have descended far in the vale of years, and that person whose parents have died, after he has reached maturity, is more to be commiserated than he who has reached maturity and whose parents died during his childhood. In the latter case, the wound has long since been healed, and the child who has grown up without knowing the tender relations of parent and offspring, can hardly conceive what is meant by persons who compassionate him as an orphan. It is not unfrequently the case that the individual who has been deprived of his parents at an early age, has not only become indurated, but has also learned a great deal of worldly tact and shrewdness. Having been thrown early upon his own resources, he has learned to look well to his own interest—to feign friendship through interest and to have recourse to all the cunning necessary to circumvent his fellows. When you pity such a person for being an orphan, he accepts your compassion and endeavors to impress you with an idea of his forlorn condition merely to pluck from you the benefits resulting from your blind good-will, while perhaps, you, at the same time, are much more to be pitied than he is, having grown up under the protecting care of tender parents, which has partially unfitted you from breasting alone the surges of misfortune, or carving out, with your own hand, a passage to eminence.—*Boston Pearl.*

LANDING AT DUBLIN FORTY YEARS AGO.—A rude machine, rowed by a party of awful-looking savages, was procured to land us at the rate of about half-a-guinea a head—for the idea of sojourning one instant beyond positive necessity in the floating prison where he had been so long confined seemed to be dreamt of in no passenger's philosophy. A gaunt-looking Triton sat in the stern—sheets doing Palinurus. Now there never was a travelling party collected since the Flood without its meddling, inquisitive, praying, ferreting, busy-body, whose spoon was in every one's dish; of course we were not without our specimens, and no sooner was his foot clear of the side than you saw that he was in the agonies of parturition; and hardly was he seated, than turning to the cockswain, whose idiosyncrasy was that of an incarnated potato, he delivered himself to the following effect:—“Pray, Mister Sailor, may I ask if you are an Irishman?” The Triton, being a man of manners, before speaking, deposited the half pound of pig-tail which constituted his quid in the hollow of his sinister fin, and then, with that look and tone to which as yet justice hath never been done by the imitator, replied, “By my show! I am, sir; and she is my boat!”—*Spriting Magazine.*

HEALTH.—Repletion or eating too much, is the cause of most maladies, and this is particularly injurious as we advance in life. Occasional fasting will generally correct indisposition, without medicine, which should be considered only as a desperate resource. We require about a fourth of the twenty-four hours for sleep; but it should be good, and that can only be acquired by a regular digestion, and inhaling of pure air while in bed. If we do not rise early, sleeping with open windows will be a tolerable substitute for that important aid of Health.—*Simplicity of Health by Hortator.*

SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS.—A German paper, speaking of the swiftness of various birds, says, “A vulture can fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador convinced Major Cartwright that wild geese could travel at the rate of 90 miles an hour. The common crow can fly 25 miles, and swallows, according to Spallangain, 92 miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta 24 hours after the departure of Henri IV. from Fontainebleau. If true, this bird must have flown for 24 hours at the rate of 57 miles an hour, not allowing him to rest a moment during the whole time.”—*Newspaper paragraph.*